

Bad Vibes Forever

Written by

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This film is loosely based off of the life of the one and only goat, Jahseh Onfroy AKA XXX Tentacion. I did as much research as I possibly can for this script. Hope all vrothers out there enjoy what I wrote.

Bad Vibes Forever 2K16, Dagger Dicks out for X.

INSPIRED BY A TRUE STORY.

Title card over black.....

I.

JAHSEH

Another title card.....

POMPANO BEACH HOUSING PROJECTS, FLORIDA

1

INT. LIVING ROOM - ONFROY HOUSEHOLD - MORNING

1

The house is small and cluttered. There's clothes, a small antennae TV, action figures and toys laying around in the living room. All that can be heard is something being POUNDED into one of the walls.

A WOMAN can be heard SCREAMING.

A MAN walks out into the living room SQUEEZING his hand tightly on the throat of the WOMAN who was SCREAMING. Her name is CLEOPATRA ONFROY(18). A young Jamaican woman with a model build, and eyes of exhaustion.

The man's name, TEJRIC(30's). *All you need to know is that he's a big ass hood nigga.*

He PUNCHES Cleopatra's head into the wall again. Her face is bruised and bloody, tears running down her face.

TEJRIC

Where the fuck my money at bitch!!
Where my fuckin cash!!

CLEOPATRA

I don't got it today!! How many
times I gotta tell you!!

Tejric JERKS her neck back and SLAMS it back into the wall.

TEJRIC

You gonna gimme somethin to make
up for the cash you stupid dopey
bitch.

Tejric THROWS Cleopatra's body over a glass table, SHATTERING it. He PUNCHES her in the head and bends her over.

Cleopatra BURSTS into tears. Tejric PUNCHES her in the back of the head.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

TEJRIC (CONT'D)
Shut the fuck up!!

Somebody watches this unfold from the dirty carpet stairway. It's an Afro Latino little boy.

He's short, with an oversized Tommy Hilfiger sweater on. His name is JAHSEH ONFROY(4). He's CLEOPATRA's son.

His eyes are cold and chinky, pitch black looking.

Jahseh inhales and exhales wildly as he squeezes his hands into fists. He RUNS up the stairway.

2 INT. JAHSEH'S BEDROOM - ONFROY HOUSEHOLD 2

Jahseh walks over to his mirror and PUNCHES it. The SHATTERED pieces COLLAPSE onto the carpet. He grabs a large shard and starts RUNNING downstairs.

3 INT. LIVING ROOM - ONFROY HOUSEHOLD 3

Tejric starts undoing his belt and unzipping his jeans. Little foot stomps can be heard approaching. *It's Jahseh.*

He SCREAMS at the top of his lungs as he JUMPS on top of Tejric's leg and BITES into it. He grips his teeth as hard as he can, the flesh on Tejric's leg making a GUSHING RIPPING noise.

Tejric SCREAMS IN PAIN.

TEJRIC
AAAAAAHHH!!!

He JERKS Jahseh off his leg by the hair and SLAMS him into the shattered glass table.

TEJRIC (CONT'D)
You done fucked up now you little
shit.

Jahseh starts STABBING Tejric in the leg FEROCIOUSLY before he's able to do anything.

CLEOPATRA
JAHSEH STOP!!!

Jahseh keeps on STABBING Tejric. He starts aiming hire. Cleopatra YANKS him off of Tejric. Jahseh tries to fight the restraint, KICKING and PUNCHING at the air.

(CONTINUED)

She THROWS him onto the couch and holds him back by the chest. He's panting fast and heavily in anger. She points her finger in his face.

CLEOPATRA (CONT'D)
You better calm the fuck down boy
don't play with me.

Jahseh starts to breathe slower, calming down. There's blood splattered all over his face and sweater.

Cleopatra walks over to Tejric and KICKS him in the ribs.

CLEOPATRA (CONT'D)
Get the fuck outta my house.

Tejric struggles to get up off the carpet.

His legs tremble as he makes his way out of the house. Jahseh scowls at him as he makes his way out.

Cleopatra walks over to Jahseh and kneels down in front of him. She looks him right in the eyes.

CLEOPATRA (CONT'D)
(long beat)
You saw what just happened to me?

Jahseh nods his head "yes".

CLEOPATRA (CONT'D)
Don't you ever let nobody touch
you like that. If they do, make
sure like hell they don't do it
again.
(beat)
You understand me?

Jahseh looks at his mother, and responds through his serious facial expression. *He understands.*

SLAM TO BLACK.

An exhausted looking young woman with a raggedy bathrobe on buttons up a young boy's dress vest. Her name is CLEOPATRA (20's). *We saw her earlier.* The young boy looks around silently as she does this. He is JAHSEH ONFROY(10).

CLEOPATRA

This your first day of 5th Grade.
I swear to god boy. If I get any
calls I'm smashin up that goddamn
TV of yours.

JAHSEH

(long beat)
What if somebody touches me?

She hands him a dirty ripped bookbag and PUSHES him
towards the door. Jahseh looks back at her confused. She
looks at him for a second.

CLEOPATRA

You look nice. Like a prince.
(beat)
Get your ass out this house.

She walks to the kitchen. Jahseh walks out of the house.

CUT TO:

INT. CAFETERIA - POMPANO BEACH ELEMENTARY SCHOOL -
AFTERNOON

The cafeteria is crowded. Kids sit around with their
friends and play with their Yu-Ghio cards, talk to their
friends, and play with their Gameboys.

One angry little kid sits alone. It's Jahseh. He just
stares around at the other kids chilling with their
friends, enjoying their lunch period.

He takes something out of his pocket. A pen.

He starts drawing on his hands, almost like he's creating
comic strips. He draws a man with a skull mask fighting a
samurai. A ghost battling Satan. Naruto fighting a
gigantic creature with spikes on it.

A short little girl walks up to him with her Power
Rangers lunch box and sits at his table. She's Latina
with long black hair. Her name is NENA REYES(10).

NENA

What you doing?

Jahseh stares at her for a second, and then goes back to
drawing.

(CONTINUED)

NENA (CONT'D)
How come you're sitting by
yourself?

Jahseh stops drawing. He slowly looks up at Nena.

JAHSEH
(long beat)
I don't have any friends.

NENA
I'll be your friend.

JAHSEH
Why?

NENA
Because you don't act like
everybody else and being different
is cool.

Jahseh goes back to drawing. Nena puts her lunchbox on
the table and unzips it. She pulls out a bacon eggs and
cheese sandwich and two Sunny D's.

NENA (CONT'D)
You have anything to eat?

Jahseh looks around.

JAHSEH
No.

Nena rips the other half of her sandwich off and hands it
to Jahseh. She gives him the Sunny D too.

NENA
Here. My mom always gives me extra
juice.

Jahseh starts eating the sandwich. He beasts on it, as if
he hasn't had a decent meal in a long time.

NENA (CONT'D)
What's your name?

JAHSEH
Jahseh.

NENA
Cool I'm Nena.

5 CONTINUED: (2)

Nena puts her hand out for a handshake. Jahseh awkwardly reaches his hand out. They shake hands.

CUT TO:

6 EXT. SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - POMPANO BEACH ELEMENTARY SCHOOL 6

Nena and Jahseh walk passed the colorful jungle gym and watch the kids playing tag.

NENA
(to Jahseh)
How come you never hang out in the
playground?

JAHSEH
I have nobody to talk to.

NENA
You could pretend you have
somebody to talk to.
(beat)
Like an imaginary friend.

JAHSEH
My mom said that's weird.

NENA
What's wrong with being weird?
Being different from everybody
else is cool.

The school bell RINGS. Everybody starts RUNNING back into the school. Jahseh starts walking away from Nena.

NENA (CONT'D)
Jahseh!!!

He stops and turns around.

JAHSEH
What.

NENA
You wanna be my friend?

JAHSEH
Sure.

CUT TO:

7

INT. ART CLASSROOM - MOMENTS LATER

7

Jahseh sits in the back of the classroom by himself at the last circle table in the classroom. He's drawing something on a piece of paper. Specifically, skulls with daggers stabbing into them.

Three boys RUN over to Jahseh's table. They're BULLIES. One of them SMACK the crayon out of his hand.

BULLY#1

What you drawing weirdo?

The snatch the paper out of his hands. The three BULLIES start looking at the drawing, and start chuckling.

BULLY#1 (CONT'D)

You're so fuckin sus. How do you even think of this shit? Weird ass nigga.

BULLY#2

He got all the time in the world to think of it while his momma shakin her ass in the strip for bread.

BULLY#1

(chuckling)

She a bad bitch too. I'd fuck. She'd prolly let me.

The two boys high five each other.

Jahseh squeezes his hands into fists.

BULLY#2

That's prolly what he sees when he be on the pills.

(chuckling)

Just like his momma.

Jahseh JUMPS at BULLY#2, pinning him down to the ground.

CRACK!

He PUNCHES him in the face once and starts PUNCHING him REPEATEDLY. The TEACHER and two SECURITY GUARDS RUN towards Jahseh and start TUGGING him off of Jahseh.

Jahseh tries to fight the restraints.

CUT TO:

8

INT. PRINCIPLE'S OFFICE - HOURS LATER

8

Jahseh and Cleopatra sit across the principle's desk in student chairs. Jahseh just scowls and looks forward. Cleopatra doesn't take her eyes off him for a second.

PRINCIPLE HEALY(40's) sits in front of the two of them, his eyes targeting Jahseh.

PRINCIPLE HEALY

Miss Onfroy I take it you know why you're here today?

CLEOPATRA

Yes. You told me on the phone.

PRINCIPLE HEALY

Well, it seems we can't find a way to handle the problem because your son.... Won't talk.

(to Jahseh)

Isn't that right Jahseh?

Jahseh just scowls at the principle.

Cleopatra touches Jahseh's shoulder.

CLEOPATRA

Why'd you beat that boy ass.

Jahseh exhales and speaks in an angry, mellow tone.

JAHSEH

He was talkin about you and I got mad.

She starts to tear up and get tense.

CLEOPATRA

You listen to me.

(beat)

I'm a grown ass woman, okay? I don't need my little ass kid gettin in trouble for me for some petty ass shit. Got it?

Jahseh nods his head "yes".

She looks up at Principle Healy.

CLEOPATRA (CONT'D)

So what's the consequence?

(CONTINUED)

PRINCIPLE HEALY

Two week suspension.

Cleopatra sucks her teeth in frustration.

CLEOPATRA

Damn he really gotta stay home?
There's nowhere else you could put
him?

PRINCIPLE HEALY

Is there a problem at the house?

Cleopatra starts twitching and looking around.

CLEOPATRA

No.

CUT TO:

INT. ONFROY HOUSEHOLD - NIGHT

Cleopatra sits in the living room, smoking a blunt with hand, and holding a bottle of CIROC in the other. She's surrounded by pill bottles of xanax and morphine, some of them emptied.

Jahseh stands at the stairway, peeking at what she's doing. He walks over to her and watches her.

He looks at the pill bottles.

JAHSEH

(to Cleopatra)
What's that?

Cleopatra's eyes roll back, and then she regains her state of mind. She looks at Jahseh and scowls at him.

CLEOPATRA

You don't see me doin somethin?!?
Get the fuck outta here!!

Jahseh walks back upstairs with his head down. Cleopatra starts slipping again. The high is taking over.

CUT TO:

10

INT. JAHSEH'S BEDROOM - ONFROY HOUSEHOLD

10

Jahseh walks over to his small antennae TV and press the power button. He tunes the channel to TOONAMI JETSTREAM.

Jahseh watches the fight scenes in the anime and starts trying to duplicate the fighting moves.

Cleopatra walks over to the floor and watches him do this. She's still under the influence, but she studies her son closely. The way he fights. His potential.

This is all overshadowed by her high. She just groggily walks over to him.

Jahseh stops when he sees her. She kneels besides him and grabs his hands. Jahseh gets tense.

CLEOPATRA

I'm not gonna hurt you.

Jahseh calms down, and lets his mom lifts his hands.

CLEOPATRA (CONT'D)

You see these?

(beat)

These are your guards. They'll protect you from any and everything.

(beat)

Imma make sure you know how to use them correctly.

CUT TO:

11

INT. RAGING TIGER'S MIXED MARTIAL ARTS DOJO - MORNING

11

Jahseh walks into the dojo with a black duffle bag. He walks up to a man in a red martial arts uniform. His belt is black. This is SENSEI ANGEL(late 30's). He has a strong build, and tattooes on his hands. Each one means something.

Sensei Angel turns around and sees Jahseh staring at him.

SENSEI ANGEL

Who are you?

(beat)

You the new student?

Jahseh nods his head "yes".

(CONTINUED)

SENSEI ANGEL (CONT'D)

What? You don't speak?

(beat)

What's your name?

Jahseh just looks around with a scowl on his face.

SENSEI ANGEL (CONT'D)

(long beat)

Listen, we're not doing that. If I ask you a question, you answer it or walk your ass right out that door.

Jahseh flares his nostrils and clenches his fists.

JAHSEH

Jahseh.

SENSEI ANGEL

Shouldn't you be in school right now--- Jahseh???

JAHSEH

(long beat)

I got suspended.

SENSEI ANGEL

Let me guess.... It was a fight wasn't it.

JAHSEH

Yes.

SENSEI ANGEL

What the other kid do?

JAHSEH

He talked about my mom.

SENSEI ANGEL

Okay, well if you gonna keep on training here I'm gonna have to teach you to channel that anger.

CUT TO:

12

INT. RAGING TIGER'S MIXED MARTIAL ARTS DOJO - AFTERNOON 12

Sensei Angel stands behind a punching bag. Jahseh stands on the opposite side of it, KICKING and PUNCHING the bag, repeating the same combination of attacking moves OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

SENSEI ANGEL

All that anger you got in you,
turn it into energy! Hit that
bitch as hard as you can!

Jahseh starts going FASTER and FASTER.

He SCREAMS IN FURY and KICKS the bag. His body flies back a little and he HITS the ground. He's starting to calm down, panting and sweating.

Sensei Angel sits down beside him. He tries to pat Jahseh's back, but Jahseh moves away.

Sensei chuckles.

SENSEI ANGEL (CONT'D)

You know what just happened there?
(long beat)
You kept that energy as anger. You
gotta learn how to channel it.
Turn it into something else.

JAHSEH

What if I can't do that.

SENSEI ANGEL

Trust me, Jahseh. You could
definitely do it. Anybody can.
(beat)
If you allow yourself a moment to
think before you act, you could do
it.

Jahseh looks up at Sensei Angel, curious about his statement.

SENSEI ANGEL (CONT'D)

Look at it this way.
(long beat)
People who think before they plan
what they do are the smartest
people in the room.
(beat) (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SENSEI ANGEL (CONT'D)

A cop that shoots first before asking questions is a stupid ass mothafucka. A serial killer that could think out his plan before doing it, instead of straight up killing someone on impulse is smarter than the cop.

JAHSEH

(long beat)

So you want me to be a serial killer?

SENSEI ANGEL

No. I want you to think about what you do before you do it.

(beat)

Next time you think about beating someone's ass, you gotta make sure it's worth the consequences.

(beat)

You got me?

Jahseh nods his head "yes". Sensei Angel points a finger at him and widens his eyes. A warning.

JAHSEH

Yes Sensei.

SENSEI ANGEL

Open that mouth more. You gotta let people hear what you have to say.

He fist bumps Jahseh.

CUT TO:

EXT. POMPANO BEACH HOOD - NIGHT

The houses are old and fucked up. The gates surround the dead grass in the backyards. NAS' song "THE WORLD IS YOURS" can be heard BLASTING in the background, coming from juke boxes and car radios.

Jahseh walks down the blocks rapping along to the song coming from the juke box.

Two big, tall men notice Jahseh coming down the block. These are MEXICAN CHULOS. They start walking over to him. Jahseh starts to tense up.

(CONTINUED)

MEXICAN CHOLO#1
AY NIÑO!!!!!!

Jahseh stops moving. The Chulos look at him. Jahseh sees a pistol on one of their sides.

MEXICAN CHOLO#1 (CONT'D)
What's your name.

Jahseh just scowls at them, flaring his nostrils. MEXICAN CHOLO#2 pulls out a pocket knife and flips the blade out. He walks over to Jahseh and grabs him by the back of the neck.

He presses it against his throat.

MEXICAN CHOLO#2
You gonna speak the fuck up or
what lil homie?

Jahseh KICKS the thug in his nuts. He starts groaning loudly in pain. The other thug pulls out his pistol.

NENA (O.S.)
Hi Jahseh!!!!

The Chulos and Jahseh look at what's in back of them. A short little girl that we saw earlier. NENA.

MEXICAN CHOLO#1
Sweetheart go back inside. Daddy's
handling business.

NENA
Daddy that's my new friend from
school I told you about!! That's
Jahseh!!

MEXICAN CHOLO#1
What did I tell you about hangin
out with these bad ass kids Nena!!

Nena skips over to the three of them. She looks at Jahseh and smiles.

NENA
You wanna come inside?

He looks at ~~MEXICAN CHOLO#1~~ PAPA REYES (late 20's). Papa Reyes nods his head.

PAPA REYES
Go ahead.

The two of them start walking down the block towards Nena's house.

NENA
(to Jahseh)
How come you haven't been coming to school?

JAHSEH
(re: Nena)
I got suspended.

NENA
Why?

JAHSEH
I beat some kid's ass cuz he was talking about my mom.

NENA
Don't say that!! It's a bad word!!

JAHSEH
What's a bad word?

NENA
(whispers)
Ass.

JAHSEH
(chuckles)
No it's not.

NENA
You laugh? I didn't know you do that kinda stuff!

CUT TO:

Jahseh walks behind Nena as she guides him into the house. He slumps as he walks, a little bit nervous. leads him to the kitchen, where he mother, YAMMY REYES(early 20's) is making dinner.

Yammy looks at Jahseh.

YAMMY
(to Nena)
Who's this?

(CONTINUED)

NENA

This is Jahseh. He's my friend. I told you about him last week.

Yammy turns around and smiles at Jahseh.

YAMMY

You Cleopatra's kid?

He nods at her.

YAMMY (CONT'D)

We used to be friends in High School.

(beat)

How she doing?

Jahseh clenches his fists and looks around. He lowers his head and looks down with a face of sadness.

Yammy notices that her comment made Jahseh upset.

YAMMY (CONT'D)

Forget about that question.

(beat)

You hungry?

JAHSEH

(long beat)

No.

YAMMY

You ate anything today?

JAHSEH

No.

Yammy puts her hand on her waist and gets sassy.

YAMMY

You better sit your ass down and eat this food then.

Jahseh sits down at a chair in front of the kitchen counter. Yammy scoops portions of the sizzling food on the pan and scoops it into two dish plates. She puts a spoon on the side of both.

CUT TO:

Jahseh and Nena both eat the delicious meal. Jahseh eats it as fast as he can.

(CONTINUED)

He's eating like he's been homeless for years. Yammy and Papa Reyes watch them eat from the other side of the counter.

PAPA REYES

Damn, Yammy look at this kid.

(beat)

He homeless or somethin?

YAMMY

I don't know but he eats faster than a mothafucka.

(to Jahseh)

Jahseh! You be eatin at home?

Jahseh stops eating and looks Yammy.

JAHSEH

Sometimes.

YAMMY

Why not all the time?

JAHSEH

(long beat)

Once in a while, my mom leaves the house and never comes back.

Yammy puts her hand over her mouth heartbroken. Papa Reyes shakes his head.

YAMMY

(to Papa Reyes)

We gotta do something about this.

Papa Reyes walks over to Jahseh.

PAPA REYES

Listen up lil homie. From today on, you come here every night for dinner, and every morning to have breakfast and pick up your lunch.

(beat)

You hear me?

Jahseh looks up and nods.

YAMMY

You wanna sleep here tonight?

JAHSEH

Okay.

(CONTINUED)

YAMMY

Nena gotta Xbox in her room so you
guys could go play.

CUT TO:

All the lights are shut off. Nena and Jahseh sleep on
different levels of a small bunk bed. The small TV gives
the room a dim light.

The TV's muted, making a conversation between Papa Reyes
and Yammy extremely audible.

Jahseh's eyes flutter open. He walks over to the door and
peaks at downstairs.

He could see Papa Reyes holding his wife as she washes
the dishes that the kids ate from, and the pan that she
cooked from.

PAPA REYES

That kid ain't livin right.

(beat)

The crackhead bitch gave birth to
him she can't even take care of
him.

YAMMY

She's not a bitch Julio. She just
got into bad shit.

PAPA REYES

Didn't her man get arrested for
murder? Wasn't he the one that
introduced her to drugs and all
that shit?

YAMMY

(long beat)

Yeah. She used to be a good girl.
She just got involved with the
wrong putos.

PAPA REYES

Pray to god that boy don't end up
like his papa.

Jahseh goes back to bed.

CUT TO:

15 EXT. ONFROY HOUSEHOLD - MORNING 15

Jahseh walks toward the beat up house. The windows are shattered open, and the furniture lays out on the ground, broken as if it was thrown out.

Jahseh twists the doorknob and walks into the house.

16 INT. ONFROY HOUSEHOLD - CONTINUOUS 16

The place is wrecked. The TV's been smashed in half, the refrigerator destroyed, every piece of glass shattered. Jahseh's mouth opens in shock.

He looks up at the couch and sees someone sitting there. A young woman. *He's not surprised by her. He's seen her before. They look somewhat related.* This is his aunt from his father's side. PLACIDA ONFROY(early 20's).

Placida has tears in her eyes. Jahseh's clueless confused face breaks her heart even more.

PLACIDA
You're coming with me.

JAHSEH
Where's my mom.

Placida gets up and walks over to Jahseh. She grabs his hand. Jahseh JERKS his hand away from hers.

PLACIDA
Let's just go Jahseh.

Tears start running down Placida face.

JAHSEH
Where's my mom?!?!?

Placida picks up Jahseh and starts CARRYING him out of the house. He KICKS, PUNCHES, and SCREAMS as she does this.

17 EXT. ONFROY HOUSEHOLD - CONTINUOUS 17

Jahseh KICKS at the door and starts crying as he SCREAMS the same thing over and over again:

JAHSEH
WHERE'S MY MOM?!? WHERE'S MY
MOM?!? WHERE'S MY----- ???

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

Placida gives up and drops Jahseh. She's panting.

JAHSEH (CONT'D)
WHERE'S MY MOM??!?!?

PLACIDA
SHE LEFT OKAY?!?!? SHE LEFT AND SHE
SAID SHE DOESN'T WANT YOU NO
MORE!!

Jahseh pauses for a second.

His face wrinkles up. Placida walks over to him and embraces him.

He just BURSTS into tears. He breaks down. Something he isn't used to doing. Placida starts crying too. She's heartbroken by his reaction.

CUT TO:

18 INT. SOCIAL STUDIES CLASSROOM - DAY

18

The student sit quietly as person by person in the classroom present something. Jahseh and Nena sit in the back of the classroom with each other.

A little blonde haired white boy waves at Nena and winks at her. Nena smiles and sticks up the middle finger at him.

Jahseh smiles.

JAHSEH
I think he likes you.

NENA
I don't care.

JAHSEH
Why? He seems cool.

NENA
I like girls.

Jahseh looks puzzled.

JAHSEH
Girls could like girls?

(CONTINUED)

NENA

Anybody could like whoever they want.

JAHSEH

(long beat)

I didn't know that.

A young woman with a warm smile and bulky glasses walks over to the black board. She's the SOCIAL STUDIES teacher.

SS TEACHER

I'm sure you all know that one day you'll all grow up, and get a career. A career is something you do for a living that gets you money, but it's also something you're good at. Some of you might like this career, some of you might just do it for the money.

(beat)

Now. I want you all to tell me what you personally want to do as your careers.

MONTAGE

- A STUDENT presents to the class. The SOCIAL STUDIES TEACHER watches them and the class.

STUDENT#1

When I grow up, I wanna be and astronaut.

- STUDENT#2 presents.

STUDENT#2

When I grow up I wanna be an alien destroyer!!

- STUDENT#3 presents.

STUDENT#3

When I grow up, I wanna be a lawyer like my dad.

- NENA represents.

NENA

When I grow up, I wanna be a rockstar.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (2)

- Jahseh presents.

JAHSEH
I don't know.

END OF MONTAGE

SLAM TO BLACK.

Title card over black.....

II.

YUNG DÅGGER DICK

19 INT. JAHSEH'S BEDROOM - AUNT PLACIDA'S HOUSE - MORNING 19

Three teenage boys are in the cluttered bedroom. They're setting a vocal recording up. There's dirty wrinkled clothes all over the place, and video games. The boys smoke weed while they do their business, fogging up the room.

One of the boys sets up a beat on an iMac. The Mac is wired to speakers. His name is MAURICIO TORRES(16).

Another boy plugs up a stand with a mic attached to it. His name is ROB SANTANA(16). Rob is tatted up with curly hair and tattoos.

A young man stands at the mic, ready to start singing. We've seen him before. He has an afro with a blonde patch in it, striking good looks, and peircing black eyes. This is JAHSEH ONFROY(16).

JAHSEH
Ya'll ready for this?
(beat)
We gon' do this shit the right
way.

Mauricio presses play on the beat. The hook starts. It BLASTS through the speakers.

Note: This beat is the instrumental to one of XXXTENTACION's first songs, "VICE CITY".

The beat drops, and Jahseh starts spitting his rap through the mic.

(CONTINUED)

JAHSEH (CONT'D)

(rapping)

I seem depressed, always being
bothered never less// Keeping me
out of prison and putting me to
the test// They ask me what is
happiness, you write it on a
cheque// Or you feel it on the
sweat, when your dick is in the
breast, huh.

(hook reversed)

Mauricio and Rob get hype off of the bars that Jahseh just dropped. They start jumping up and cheering.

JAHSEH (CONT'D)

If death is what it seems// Why is
it so vividly portrayed within my
dreams?// Fear of understanding,
the Devils running his course//
Pitchers not receivers, it's
coming straight from the source//
Remorse, as this time becomes a
factor// Minds full of greed
exposing your benefactors//
Backwards, pace backwards//
Everybody is superficial, only
breaching the surface// Surface,
upon the Earth// Flames engulf the
Earth// And prized possession they
incinerate// This is far beyond
any director tried to
demonstrate// See the record,
here's the record, take the
record, set it straight//
Perplexed, only receive slumber
when that heaven gates// And this
is fairly simple for your breath//
Try and contemplate your
conversates// Hesitating,
navigation in the traits// Back to
a time where minds were just
matter// If you stated opinion
then bones would begin to
shatter// It didn't matter back
then, cause there was no reacting,
acting up// Chevy in black,
accurate fact put the black in
fact// If you thought that, you
are free, you should disregard
that// All fact

(hook)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JAHSEH (CONT'D)

Young X'ster, call me a young
Dexter// My hypothesis, is, death
ain't shit// I'd rather die than
be alive in this life.

(end of rap)

Mauricio and Rob stop recording and start laughing and going crazy. The song was good. Jahseh smirks a little.

MAURICIO

XXX TENTACION AKA YUNG DAGGER DICK
UP IN THIS BITCH!!!

**Note: Dagger Dick/noun/(Dag·er Dik)- A long penis that correctly hits the G-spot.*

MAURICIO (CONT'D)

That shit was fire my nigga!!

ROB

Nah man it was a'ight.

MAURICIO

Nigga shut up! You just mad nobody
listen to your shit cuz it's
trash!

Jahseh laughs.

ROB

Man fuck outta here. Imma go
places. My shit's deadass
visionary.

MAURICIO

Yeah mhm. Tell that to your two
subscribers.

Mauricio lays back on the bed and starts smoking his blunt again.

MAURICIO (CONT'D)

(to Jahseh)

How come you never be in school
bro?

JAHSEH

Cuz I'm always gettin suspended.

ROB

(laughing)

Your auntie's deadass gonna snap
one of these days bro.

(CONTINUED)

JAHSEH

Well I deserve it bro.

(beat)

I'm a fuckin dickhead.

MAURICIO

I swear bro you be actin mad
comfortable with not being in
school.

JAHSEH

Yeah cuz I have zero friends bro.

MAURICIO

You get mad bitches though.

JAHSEH

They're not my friends.

(beat)

I fuck em once and it's done.

MAURICIO

True.

(beat)

How come you don't got no friends
though? You mad cool.

JAHSEH

Niggas think I'm weird and bitches
only love me for the dagger dick.

All three boys laugh at the joke.

Somebody starts walking up the staircase. They're
STOMPING their feet as they walk up. *Angrily presumably?*

Jahseh grabs the bag of weed and starts SHOVING it under
his mattress. Rob and Mauricio throw the blunts out the
window.

The person BURSTS into Jahseh's room before they could
finish hiding everything. It's PLACIDA ONFROY(20's).
She's angry.

PLACIDA

(to Rob and Mauricio)

The fuck are ya'll doin in here!!

(to Jahseh)

Get your ass to school!! You're
gonna be late!! Nena's waiting
downstairs for you!!

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (4)

Jahseh RUNS over to his desktop and sprays axe all over his clothes. He RUNS out of the room GRABBING his bookbag on the way out.

PLACIDA (CONT'D)
(to Rob and Mauricio)
What ya'll waitin for!! Actin like
you niggas don't have school too!!

Rob and Mauricio start RUNNING down the stairs with their bookbags as well.

CUT TO:

20 EXT. AUNT PLACIDA'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

20

The boys walk over to a car BLASTING "THE FIGHTER" by THE FRAY. Inside the car, NENA REYES(16) with shades on, smiling in the passenger's seat.

She starts HONKING the horn because she can.

MAURICIO
Wow! Nigga gets her driver's
license and she think she's god.

NENA
WHAT'S UP BITCHES!!! GET YOUR
ASSES IN THE CAR!!

JAHSEH
(laughing)
This nigga said ass was a cuss
word 6 years ago.

The three boys get into the car, Jahseh sitting in the front seat.

He gives Nena a bro handshake.

JAHSEH (CONT'D)
What's good nigga! Haven't seen
your ass the whole summer.

NENA
(chuckles)
Yeah, Mama send me to military
boot camp after that fight I had.

JAHSEH
(smacks the door from
his open window)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JAHSEH (CONT'D)

At least you got this new whip out
of it right?

NENA

Fuck yeah.

VROOM! Nena STOMPS on the gas pedal and start driving.

NENA (CONT'D)

You been stayin your ass outta
trouble?

MAURICIO

Of course the fuck not! This nigga
got suspended last week.

Nena gives Jahseh a deep stare of disappointment.

NENA

What you did.

JAHSEH

(long beat)
This bitch ass nigga was bullying
a defenseless kid so I threw the
teacher's hole puncher at him.

NENA

(laughing)
Oh shit. Jahseh you're a crazy
mothafucka.

JAHSEH

Nah. I just hate bitch ass niggas.
(long beat)
Plus, I thought about before I did
so I'm not crazy.

Nena, Mauricio, and Rob.

MAURICIO

Man, you be takin that MMA shit to
heart.

ROB

(beat)
Bro we gonna need some money for
more recording equipment.

JAHSEH

Easy.
(beat) (MORE)

CONTINUED: (2)

JAHSEH (CONT'D)

We'll just jack a nigga house
after school.

MAURICIO

You got the pistol on you?

JAHSEH

Of course nigga.

MAURICIO

(laughing)

Bet.

CUT TO:

EXT. POMPANO BEACH HIGH SCHOOL - MOMENTS LATER

MUSIC CUE: "VALENTINE" by XXXTENTACION

Nena stops the car. They're in front of Jahseh's school.
It's big, with white as the main building color. This is
POMPANO BEACH HIGH SCHOOL.

The different groups of people can be seen hanging
outside. THE JOCKS, THE GOTHs, THE PREPPIES, THE HOOD
KIDS, and THE COMIC GEEKS.

Jahseh is just Jahseh. He has no group.

He walks out of the car and shakes all three of his
friends' hands before he walks toward the school.

Nena drives away, and a group of JOCKS in blue and yellow
varsity jackets approach Jahseh.

JOCK#1

What's good crackbaby!!

Jahseh flares his nostrils and keeps on walking. He
clenches his hands into fists.

JOCK#1 (CONT'D)

You just gonna ignore us like
that?

JOCK#2

Bet. We'll beat your ass later
faggot!! Just wait on it.

CUT TO:

22

INT. POMPANO BEACH HIGH SCHOOL - MOMENTS LATER

22

Jahseh walks through the hallways. Several people turn to look at him. Their faces with different expressions. What's going through their heads? You must be wondering.

Freak. Faggot. Weirdo. Anti-Social mute. Stupid shit. Fuckface. *All the thing people are thinking about Jahseh.*

Jahseh masks his feelings with his trademark scowl. People SHOVE passed him as he walks through the hallway.

He walks to one of the many blue and yellow lockers in the school. He puts the combination into the lock, opening it. He pulls out a notebook with crude drawings on it. He starts shoving the notebook into his bag.

He SLAMS his locker and walks to class.

CUT TO:

23

INT. EARTH SCIENCE CLASSROOM - AFTERNOON

23

A stocky middle aged man with glasses teaches the students from the front of the classroom, while writing on the black board with chalk. He's the Earth Science teacher, MR. WEISER(late 40's).

Jahseh sits in the back of the classroom, bored out of his mind. He's writing something in the notebook from earlier. *Music.*

Mr. Weiser realizes this, and slumps his face down at Jahseh as a sign of anger and disappointment.

MR. WEISER

Mr. Onfroy, that better be school work you're working on over there.

Everybody starts looking at Jahseh. A group of JOCKS sitting at the corner of the room start grinning mischievously at him.

JOCK#1

Uh oh he's gonna shit his pants again.

The whole class BURSTS INTO LAUGHTER. Jahseh squeezes his hands into fists. Mr. Weiser walks to his desk and snatches the notebook.

(CONTINUED)

He starts looking through the notebook. Jahseh gets tense. His leg trembles and he breathes heavily.

MR. WEISER

(sarcastic)

Ooh. What are you Mr. Onfroy? Some kind of poet?

Jahseh doesn't answer.

JOCK#2

Poet Mr. Weiser? Poets don't wear faggot jeans like Jahseh.

Everyone starts laughing, even Mr. Weiser.

MR. WEISER

(laughing)

Okay guys. Let's not pick on Jahseh. We all know he can't defend himself. You're just gonna scare the crap out of him.

JOCK#1

Yeah cuz he's pussy!!

Jahseh JUMPS from his seat.

JAHSEH

SHUT THE FUCK UP!!!

The whole class goes silent. JOCK#1 and JOCK#2 get up from their seats and walk over to Jahseh.

They start getting in his face.

JOCK#1

Or else what? What the fuck you gonna do!?

JOCK#1 PUSHES Jahseh.

JOCK#1 (CONT'D)

Fuck you gonna do Jahseh?

(long beat)

You're pussy.

Jahseh gives JOCK#1 a cold stare. We've seen this before. His piercing black eyes stare into JOCK#1's soul. The rage running through his veins can be seen in this stare.

JAHSEH

(grimly)

Touch me one more time and I will
kill you.

When he says that he's going to kill him he means it.

MR. WEISER

CAN YOU BOYS SIT DOWN!!!

JOCK#1 SLAPS Jahseh.

JOCK#1

I thought you were gonna kill me
pussy?

Jahseh quietly starts to sit down..... *No he doesn't.*

CRUNCH!!

He GRABS his chair and SMASHES it into JOCK#1's head,
knocking him down. Jahseh JUMPS on top of him and start
PUNCHING his head into the floor.

Everybody starts SCREAMING. Some students start recording
the fight.

Mr. Weiser RUNS out of the classroom in panic.

JOCK#2 JERKS Jahseh off of JOCK#1 and THROWS him at the
desks near him. Jahseh gets right back up and PUNCHES him
down. He digs two of his fingers up JOCK#2's nose and
TWISTS them, causing JOCK#2's nose to make a SNAPPING
sound.

JOCK#2 starts SCREAMING IN PAIN, the other students
yelling things like "Worldstar!!!" And "Oh my god
stop!!!".

SECURITY GUARDS start RUNNING into the classroom with Mr.
Weiser behind them.

They PULL at Jahseh and JERK him off of JOCK#2. They
start DRAGGING him out of the classroom. He KICKS and
PUNCHES, trying to fight the restraints.

CUT TO:

24

INT. PRINCIPLE'S OFFICE - HOURS LATER

24

The HIGH SCHOOL PRINCIPLE plays with his tiny stapler as he scowls at Jahseh. Jahseh just look back at him, uninterested in what he has to say.

(CONTINUED)

HS PRINCIPLE

Do you realize that you could've
been arrested today?

Jahseh just continues to look at him with the same face.

HS PRINCIPLE (CONT'D)

What am I kidding? You probably
don't care.

Somebody walks into the office. She sits down in the
chair next to Jahseh's. It's Auntie Placida.

PLACIDA

The fuck did he do this time?

(beat)

He brought weed to school again?

HS PRINCIPLE

No. He beat two kids to the point
where we had to call an ambulance
for both of them.

Placida looks at Jahseh angrily.

PLACIDA

(to Jahseh)

Why.

JAHSEH

(long beat)

They called me pussy then they
started touchin me.

Placida sighs and buries her face into her hands.

PLACIDA

Sick and tired of this shit.

She looks up at the Principle.

PLACIDA (CONT'D)

What's the consequence.

HS PRINCIPLE

Well, this is the first time
Jahseh's getting in trouble for
something like this, so I'm gonna
say a one month suspension.

CUT TO:

25

INT. AUNT PLACIDA'S CAR - NOON

25

Jahseh looks at the window with one ear phone in his ear. He's listening to "6 FOOT 7 FOOT". His head is laid on the car window as he look out at the scenery outside. Aunt Placida drives with an expression of anger on her face.

PLACIDA

(to Jahseh)

I'm fed up with your shit Jahseh!!
Why can't you just be a pacifist!!
Let shit slide!!

JAHSEH

(re: Placida)

Cuz I ain't suppose to be lettin
niggas touch me like that.

PLACIDA

Why?!?

JAHSEH

It's my principles.

(beat)

I can't.

PLACIDA

It's not that you can't. It's just
that you're so invested in that
bullshit your mom put in your
head.

(beat)

You're not a fuckin soldier.
You're a kid.

Jahseh looks into the distance, a little upset by the comment that Aunt Placida made.

PLACIDA (CONT'D)

Look.... I didn't mean in it like
that. All I'm saying is that
raising you as an actual child
wasn't a priority of hers.

(beat)

All she did is teach you how to
fight, and it became your first
instinct.

JAHSEH

Why you always gotta talk down on
my mom like that? You actin like
she ain't your sister.

(CONTINUED)

PLACIDA

That's not what this is about,
Jahseh. This is about me wanting
you to understand that you can't
continue on solving everything
with violence.

Jahseh goes quiet again and puts his head phones back in
his ears. He just looks out the window and thinks. But
like most moments, we don't know what he's thinking
about.

CUT TO:

EXT. AUNT PLACIDA'S HOUSE - NOON

Jahseh sits on top of the roof, watching the cars pass by
as he writes in his scrappy book of rhymes.

A young woman watches from the house next to Aunt
Placida's. She's sitting on top of the stairway railing.
She twitches as she lights up a cigarette while she holds
it between her lips. Her name is GENEVA(16).

Jahseh looks at her, and then looks away when she looks
back at him. She starts staring at him, and then smiles.

Geneva takes a puff of her cigarette and takes it out of
her mouth.

GENEVA

So, you just sit in uncomfortable
places to get good views too?

Jahseh looks around confused as to who she's talking to.

GENEVA (CONT'D)

(to Jahseh)

Yes. I'm talkin to you, cute guy
on top of that house next door.

Jahseh chuckles.

JAHSEH

(beat)

You think I'm cute?

GENEVA

That's what I said right?

(long beat)

What's your name?

(CONTINUED)

JAHSEH

..... Jahseh. What's yours.

GENEVA

Don't worry about it.

Jahseh looks at the house Geneva sitting on the steps of. He realizes that the windows are shattered, the light are out, and the place has charred burns from the outside.

JAHSEH

You do realize that house is abandoned right?

GENEVA

And?

Jahseh shrugs his shoulders.

JAHSEH

Just sayin.
(beat)
So do you live there?

GENEVA

(in fake British accent)
Something like that.

Jahseh chuckles.

PLACIDA (O.S.)

JAHSEH IT'S TIME FOR DINNER!! GET YOUR ASS IN THE HOUSE!!

Geneva chuckles. Jahseh smiles at her. He looks around for a little bit.

JAHSEH

(long beat)
See you around I guess.

GENEVA

Yeah.

Jahseh slowly and cautiously climbs through his window.

CUT TO:

27

INT. BATHROOM - AUNT PLACIDA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

27

Jahseh's completely naked with a red designer cap on, his phone in his hand. The front camera of the phone captures Jahseh's v-line and his waist up. He squints his eyes and bites his lip and then---

CLICK SNAP!

Jahseh takes the photo and presses the home button on his phone. He makes his way to the TUMBLR icon and taps it. He posts the picture, then starts refreshing his feed tenaciously.

Moments later..... Hundreds of likes start floating into his feed. Heart emojis from several females and males, compliments, flirtatious lines, all of the above.

This makes Jahseh smile and laugh. *He enjoys the attention.*

CUT TO:

28

INT. JAHSEH'S BEDROOM - AUNT PLACIDA'S HOUSE - MOMENTS
LATER

28

Jahseh rests in his dark room, staring at the chipped ceiling. His earphones are in, the song he recorded earlier playing in them.

His window opens, Jahseh completely oblivious to this. Somebody climbs through it, and sits on his bed. *It's Geneva.*

Jahseh JUMPS out of the bed and HURLS toward her. He THROWS her down to the ground and raises his fist. He's tense and fueled with hostility and fury.

GENEVA

CHILL IT'S ME!! CHILL THE FUCK
OUT!!

Jahseh realizes who it is, and puts his fist down. He exhales.

JAHSEH

You scared the shit outta me. I
thought you were a roach or
somethin.

Geneva and Jahseh both laugh.

(CONTINUED)

He gets off of her and they both sit on the bed together.

JAHSEH (CONT'D)
Why you snuck into my house like
this?

GENEVA
I wanted to know if you wanted to
go somewhere.

JAHSEH
What you had in mind?

GENEVA
The beach.

JAHSEH
(long beat)
This late at night?

GENEVA
Yeah. Why not?

Jahseh chuckles.

JAHSEH
You mad interesting.

CUT TO:

29 EXT. POMPANO BEACH - MOMENTS LATER 29

Jahseh aids Geneva as she jumps over the entrance gate of the beach, which clearly reads NO TRESPASSING. Jahseh starts climbing up himself and JUMPS in from the side where the beach is.

CUT TO:

30 INT. POMPANO BEACH - MOMENTS LATER 30

Geneva and Jahseh sit on the sand and look out at the ocean as waves run through them wildly. Geneva smokes a cigarette as she watches the waves.

JAHSEH
So..... Where did you come from?

GENEVA
Don't worry about it.

(CONTINUED)

JAHSEH

C'mon stop playin. You gotta at least tell me your name.

(beat)

You broke into my house remember?

GENEVA

(long beat)

Geneva..... My name's Geneva.

JAHSEH

You got any parents? Where you came from?

GENEVA

That's a long story.

JAHSEH

I could wait.

GENEVA

I don't know you like that. You don't need to know.

Jahseh touches Geneva's hand.

JAHSEH

You could trust me.

GENEVA

(long beat)

Okay.... So imagine this. Your parents call you insane. They treat you like you're an animal. They send you to this shithole they call a "mental hospital" for these problems they claim you have.

(beat)

You know what I did about it?

JAHSEH

What?

GENEVA

I ran away.

JAHSEH

Damn. That's some crazy shit.

Geneva gets closer and embraces Jahseh's arm.

(CONTINUED)

GENEVA

C'mon you gotta be fair. I told you something you wanted to know. You can't just fuck me over like that.

Jahseh looks at the ocean waves, and smirks a little. He looks at Geneva.

JAHSEH

I'll tell you one thing though.

(beat)

I get in a a lot of trouble, and I got suspended today.

GENEVA

What did you do?

JAHSEH

These two kids was callin me pussy so I beat the fuck out of them.

GENEVA

(laughing)

You?... You took down two whole niggas?

JAHSEH

I know. I'm a skinny little nigga. Nobody thought I had it in me.

GENEVA

Was it your first fight?

JAHSEH

Hell no. I been gettin in fights since I was little.

GENEVA

You seem more like the "fuck yo bitch" and run away type.

JAHSEH

Fuck yo bitch?

(beat)

I barely even know how to talk to girls.

GENEVA

Have you ever had a girlfriend?

(CONTINUED)

JAHSEH

Yeah.... It was something like that.

GENEVA

How long did it last?

JAHSEH

A couple months.

GENEVA

How come you guys stop talking?

Jahseh looks around.

JAHSEH

(beat)

I don't wanna talk about it.

Geneva touches Jahseh's hands and move closer to him.

GENEVA

You could open up to me. I won't hurt you.

JAHSEH

Who's to say you won't leave like everyone else I care about?

GENEVA

Were the people that left you mentally insane?

JAHSEH

(smiles)

No.

GENEVA

(ecstatic/sarcastic)

Exactly.

SECURITY GUARD (O.S.)

AYO WHAT THE FUCK?!?!?

Jahseh and Geneva turn around, stunned by the broad loud voice. They see a SECURITY GUARD with a flashlight looking at them from the other side of the gate.

JAHSEH

We should probably be dippin the fuck out by now.

(CONTINUED)

GENEVA
You're tellin me?

Geneva grabs Jahseh's hand and they start SPRINTING out of the beach.

CUT TO:

EXT. AUNT PLACIDA'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Jahseh and Geneva keep sprinting, laughing with each other out of breath as they do it.

They stop in front of Jahseh's house. Geneva looks at him passionately and blushes.

GENEVA
That was fun.
(beat)
We should do it again some time.

JAHSEH
Yeah.

GENEVA
Till I see you again
(leans in to Jahseh)
Jah-seh.

Geneva and Jahseh share a passionate kiss.

The two of them hear the entrance door to one of the houses open. *It's Aunt Placida.* She watches Jahseh and Geneva kiss. She lays her hand on her hip and raises her eyebrows.

PLACIDA
Imma needa start guarding the fuckin windows cuz your dumbass thinkin you Spider-man or some shit.

Jahseh turns around and smirks, mischievously. Geneva walks away blushing and playing with her hair.

PLACIDA (CONT'D)
(to Jahseh)
Get your ass inside "playa".

CUT TO:

Jahseh, Nena, and Mauricio walk around chatting and laughing with each other. Mauricio smokes a blunt as they talk.

MAURICIO

So you tellin me that some crazy
asylum bitch breaks into your
window and you didn't smash?

NENA

Why do you feel that Jahseh gotta
fuck every girl that comes his
way.

Mauricio sucks his teeth.

MAURICIO

You lookin at this nigga right?
(beat)
Tell me he ain't a young jit. I
know you dyked out and all but you
gotta admit it.

Nena SLAPS Mauricio's arm.

NENA

Don't call me that.

MAURICIO

Chill the fuck out!!

JAHSEH

(to Mauricio)
So you think I'm a young jit?

MAURICIO

That's what I aid right?

JAHSEH

You tryna say I'm sexy my nigga?
You think I'm sexy?

The three of them burst into laughter.

MAURICIO

You a clown my nigga.

JAHSEH

What ya finna do today?

MAURICIO

Pull up to that Fried Chicken spot
36 and get lit at Roach's birthday
bash.

JAHSEH

Roach got his party today?

MAURICIO

Yeah nigga.

JAHSEH

(laughing)
We gon' show up in that bitch and
cause some fuckin mayhem. It's
gonna be lit.

MAURICIO

Before we do that, we gonna need
some money.

JAHSEH

You finna run up on a nigga house?

MAURICIO

(grinning)
Yeah bro. You already know.

NENA

Where we gonna hit?

MAURICIO

The suburbs nigga. Fuck you
thought? White people the easiest
targets.

NENA

What if they got a strap or some
shit.

Jahseh pulls a DESERT EAGLE out of his ripped jeans.

JAHSEH

Shit.... I got myself a little
strap too.

Jahseh smiles at the two of them. Mauricio and Nena
chuckle in excitement.

CUT TO:

MUSIC CUE: "GOD BLESS THE DEAD" by TUPAC SHAKUR

33

EXT. SUBURBAN FRAT HOUSE - MORNING

33

Jahseh, Nena, and Mauricio speed walk to the house with hoods over their heads. The house is big, almost mansion looking.

The three teenagers RUN up the front steps.....

CUT TO:

34

INT. SUBURBAN FRAT HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

34

Three Caucasian males cyphe in the living room of the high class household, while they watch cartoons on the wide screen TV. One of the males looks familiar. His nose is patched up with band-aids and tape, and his face covered in bruises. This is the JOCK from Jahseh's class. Next to him, the JOCK'S BROTHER and a FELLOW FRAT BOY.

JOCK

I swear once he comes back to school, I'm fucking that kid up.

The door BUSTS off it's hinges. Jahseh comes CHARGING through the door. *He kicked it down.*

All three of the boys JUMP off the couch, stunned. Jahseh pulls out his pistol quickly without hesitation. He cocks it and aims it at the JOCK.

JAHSEH

SIT THE FUCK DOWN 'FORE I BUST A CAP IN YOUR FUCKIN ASS!!

JOCK

(shocked/confused)
WHAT THE FUCK?!? THAT'S JAHSEH!!!

JOCK'S BROTHER

YOU FUCKIN NIGGER!!

The JOCK'S BROTHER CHARGES at Jahseh. Jahseh SHOTS him in the leg.

JOCK'S BROTHER (CONT'D)

FUCK!!!!

Everyone looks at Jahseh, stunned that he actually pulled the trigger. *Even Nena and Mauricio.*

Jahseh turns around and looks at the JOCK and PISTOL WHIPS him down to the floor. He SCREAMS IN AGONY.

(CONTINUED)

He STOMPS on him TWICE and KICKS him in the side.

JAHSEH
WHERE'S YOUR FUCKIN CASH NIGGA?!?!?
I WANT YOUR CASH AND YOUR FUCKIN
JEWELRY!!

JOCK
FUCK YOU ASSHOLE!!

Jahseh STOMPS on the JOCK'S face. He aims the Eagle at his face.

JAHSEH
I AIN'T ASKIN YOU AGAIN NIGGA!!
(to Nena/Mauricio)
RUN THESE OTHER NIGGAS TOO!!

Nena KICKS the JOCK'S BROTHER in the face and start CHOKING and YELLING at him.

The FELLOW FRAT BOY raises his eyebrows in fear. Mauricio looks at him and smirks. He grabs a lamp on a glass table and SMASHES it on his head.

He KICKS him in the stomach, knocking him off the chair.

He start PUNCHING him in the face REPEATEDLY.

MAURICIO
RUN YOUR MOTHAFUCKIN POCKETS
NIGGA!!

Mauricio KICKS him again and starts digging in FELLOW FRAT BOY'S pockets. He pulls out his wallet and starts taking cash from it. *Hundred dollar bills.*

MAURICIO (CONT'D)
Jackpot.

Jahseh digs in the JOCK'S pockets and pulls out loose change and a gold bracelet.

Nena digs in the pockets of the JOCK'S BROTHER and finds nothing, leading her to get irritated and PUNCH him in the face.

MAURICIO (CONT'D)
(looks to Jahseh)
What now?

JAHSEH
Look around for jewelry and shit!!

NENA
(to Jahseh)
What're we gonna do with these
niggas though. Leave them there?

JAHSEH
NAH! I'LL THROW THEIR ASSES IN THE
CLOSETS!! WE ONLY GOT A COUPLE
MINUTES TILL NIGGAS CALL THE
COPS!!

Nena and Mauricio start RUNNING upstairs. Jahseh GRABS the JOCK by the collar and starts DRAGGING him to the closet. The JOCK tries to fight back, but Jahseh PISTOL WHIPS him again. His face is gushing blood.

Jahseh BUSTS open the closet in a long hallway that leads to the kitchen and THROWS the JOCK in it. The JOCK starts YELLING.

JOCK
YOU JUST WAIT TILL I GET MY FUCKIN
LAWYER!! HE'LL NAIL YOU AND YOUR
BADSHIT CRAZY CRACK FAMILY!!

CRUNCH!!

Jahseh STOMPS him in the face, knocking him unconscious. He SLAMS the closet door closed.

CUT TO:

Nena and Mauricio trash the rooms as they look for jewelry and cash, BUSTING doors in, and BREAKING every drawer and cabinet open.

Mauricio finds a diamond pearl necklace in one of the drawers. He chuckles and grins.

MAURICIO
YO IT'S MOTHAFUCKIN CHRISTMAS
TODAY!!!

CUT TO:

FELLOW FRAT BOY tries to make a run for it. Jahseh THROWS the TV remote at the back of his head. He falls down to the floor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Jahseh JUMPS on top of him and start PUNCHING him in the face, over and over again until he's unconscious. Jahseh stands up and starts DRAGGING him to the closet as well.

CUT TO:

Nena BUSTS a glass display in a cluttered room open. Presumably the room of a teenage boy. Inside the display is a gold trophy.

Mauricio RUNS into the room and sees Nena looking at the trophy like she just saw the Lord and Savior.

MAURICIO (CONT'D)

(to Nena)

Fuck is you gonna do with that?

NENA

It's real gold!! Niggas would pay some good bread for it!!

MAURICIO

Yeah!! At a pawn shop or some shit!!

Somebody comes RUNNING upstairs. *It's Jahseh.* His eyes are wide open. He's panicking.

JAHSEH

WHAT THE FUCK IS YA'LL DOIN?!?
LET'S GO!!! LET'S FUCKIN GO!! THE
COPS BOUTTA PULL UP!!

Nena and Mauricio start SPRINTING down the stairs with Jahseh. They BUST out through the back doors and start RUNNING and HOPPING over the gates of the nearby households to get farther away.

CUT TO:

INT. MARYLAND FRIED CHICKEN - NOON

Jahseh, Nena, and Mauricio eat off of trays filled with french fries, fried chicken, and jumbo shrimp. Mauricio is wearing the gold bracelet from earlier, while Nena wears the pearl necklace.

MAURICIO

That shit was wild.

(beat)

Felt like I was playin real life
GTA or somethin.

(CONTINUED)

JAHSEH

But we did this shit before. It ain't our first run up.

MAURICIO

Nah.... I know. But you never pulled a gun on a nigga before.

Jahseh playfully puts his thumbs up and gives Mauricio a toothy grin.

JAHSEH

(JOCK impression)
Pretty rad right?

MAURICIO

(stoner impression)
Yeah bro. All for the bogies am I right?

All three of them start laughing.

JAHSEH

A'ight let's check the agenda.
(beat)
Walk around in the neighborhood for a lil bit.... Check. Run up on a fuck nigga.... Check. Last but not least----

MAURICIO

Get lit at Roach's party.... Not done as of now.

JAHSEH

Bet. What we waitin for then?
Let's get this shit movin.

CUT TO:

Jahseh, Nena, and Mauricio walk towards a worn out house. Vibrant party lights can be seen from the windows, while the party music blasting from inside can be heard outside.

Jahseh leads as they walk up to the entrance. A tall man with a big build blocks the door. He's wearing a baggy red T-shirt. Tattoos can be seen all over his arms. This is BIG TURC.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAHSEH
(to Big Turc)
We got invited. Let us through.

Big Turc wipes his nose and shrugs his shoulders. Jahseh starts to get angry. He squeezes his hands into fists.

JAHSEH (CONT'D)
Imma give you three fuckin seconds
to move from that door nigga.

The door opens. A small young man with a tear drop tattoo walks it. This is ROACH(19).

ROACH
Jahseh? What's good nigga?

Jahseh and Roach bro hug.

JAHSEH
Happy birthday man. It's been a
while.

Jahseh walks into the party, grilling Turc. Nena hugs Roach, followed by the Mauricio giving him a handshake. They follow Jahseh into the party.

CUT TO:

INT. ROACH'S CRIB - CONTINUOUS

It's crowded and noisy. People drink, smoke, and dance at every turn. Jahseh looks around and smiles.

NENA
(to Jahseh)
What do we do now?

JAHSEH
We gon' turn this bitch up.

Jahseh RUNS over to the DJ's platform and JUMPS on top of it. He walks over to the DJ and shakes hands with him. *He knows this guy.*

DJ
What's good Jahseh. What you want?

JAHSEH
Put an instrumental on, put the
bass all the way up. Distort that
shit. Imma turn this bitch out.

(CONTINUED)

DJ

Bet.

The DJ gets the instrumental ready and starts playing around with it.

The crowd stops dancing and looks at the DJ confused. The DJ gets on the back.

DJ (CONT'D)

We gotta little talent that's
about to do a little performance
for us... I present to you, my
nigga Jahseh Onfroy!!!

Nobody cheers. Silence.

The DJ starts the beat. The cold opening gets people's interest. Jahseh grabs the mic.

JAHSEH

FUCK ALL THAT SHIT!! YA'LL CAN
CALL ME **XXXTENTACION** AKA **YUNG**
DAGGER DICK!! I ASSURE YOU, IN THE
NEXT COUPLE OF SECONDS, THIS BITCH
WILL BE LIT!!

The cold piano opening to the beat continues. Jahseh nods his head, and repeats the words "Aye and Yuh" for a couple of seconds, and then..... The beat pauses for a couple of seconds.

Jahseh pulls his shirt off.

He then chuckles mischievously. Everybody in the crowd looks confused.

JAHSEH (CONT'D)

This bitch will be lit in.... 3..
2.. 1.

THE BEAT DROPS.

Jahseh starts RAPPING over it in a distinct way. He's mixing rapping with a screamo heavy metal type sound. The beat combined with his voice makes the crowd go WILD.

People start JUMPING UP AND DOWN, splashing their drinks everywhere, and DANCING WILDLY.

Nena and Mauricio watch on, proudly as Jahseh performs for the first time. Roach approaches them.

(CONTINUED)

ROACH

Why didn't ya'll tell me this
nigga could rap like that?

NENA

He didn't want us to.

ROACH

Goddamn.

Jahseh finishes his performance. Everybody starts
CHEERING and SCREAMING his newly profound rap name....
XXXTENTACION.

A young woman watches him from the crowd. She's extremely
attractive with a body like one of those women from the
rap videos. Her name is DARLENE(early 20's).

Jahseh JUMPS off the platform and Darlene approaches him.

DARLENE

Damn you are fine, XXXEXTENSION.

JAHSEH

(laughs)

It's pronounced *Tentación*.

Darlene blushes and gives Jahseh a big smile.

DARLENE

(seductively)

Ooh, say that again..... Slowly.

JAHSEH

Tentación.

Darlene giggles and embraces Jahseh. Nena and Mauricio
chuckle from a distance as they watch Darlene flirt with
Jahseh.

MAURICIO

He boutta get it tonight.

NENA

(laughing)

Xxxnotavirgin.

They both BURST INTO LAUGHTER.

JAHSEH

People don't usually be walkin up
to me like this on the random.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

37

CONTINUED: (3)

JAHSEH (CONT'D)

(beat)
What you want?

Darlene touches Jahseh's chest.

DARLENE

I want you, *XXXTentación*.

She leans into Jahseh and kisses him. Jahseh blushes when she breaks apart from him.

DARLENE (CONT'D)

Let's go fuck.

Darlene pulls Jahseh by the hand to go upstairs. His blush turns into a full on grin.

CUT TO:

37A

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - ROACH'S CRIB - MOMENTS LATER 37A

Roach, Nena, and Mauricio sit on the couch smoking and chatting amidst the loud music and the loud people. Nena has a young woman sitting on her lap. *Another model type like the one Jahseh's presumably fucking right now.*

ROACH

Where Jahseh at?

NENA

(laughing)
He smashin some Latina bitch upstairs.

ROACH

(laughing)
My nigga Jahseh losin his V card right now.

NENA

Yeah.

Somebody comes through the entrance door. A young woman. GENEVA. She walks over to ROACH.

ROACH

Geneva? You got here mad late.

GENEVA

Yeah my bad. I left my lighter here last night.

(CONTINUED)

37A CONTINUED:

ROACH
Where?

GENEVA
Upstairs.

ROACH
A'ight go check. If anything goes
missing I'm comin for your ass
though.

GENEVA
(chuckles)
Got it.

Geneva starts making her way upstairs.

CUT TO:

38A INT. A BEDROOM - UPSTAIRS - ROACH'S CRIB

38A

Darlene MOANS and SCREAMS as Jahseh thrusts in and out of
the paradise in between her legs with his genitals. He
pulls her hair with one hand and grasps her waist with
the other. *They're having hot sex.*

JAHSEH
What's my name.

DARLENE
(moaning)
Yung Dagger dick.

Jahseh starts thrusting faster.

JAHSEH
Say that shit louder.

DARLENE
YUNG DAGGER DICK!!!

The door to the bedroom opens. Somebody walks in.

It's Geneva. Her mouth drops open in surprise, and her
eyes start to tear up.

Jahseh freezes in place, shocked.

Geneva starts to cry.

GENEVA
Fuck you.

(CONTINUED)

38A CONTINUED:

She storms out of the bedroom. Jahseh slides out of Darlene, picks up his pants, and RUNS after her.

39A INT. LIVING ROOM - ROACH'S CRIB 39A

Geneva comes stomping down the stairs. She quickly storms passed Roach, Nena, and Mauricio angrily.

They all look at her, confused.

Jahseh suddenly comes RUNNING downstairs, JUMPING over steps as he chases after Geneva.

MAURICIO

He fucked that up didn't he.

NENA

Yup.

40A EXT. ROACH'S CRIB - CONTINUOUS 40A

Geneva starts to cry as she crosses the street.

JAHSEH

Geneva!

Geneva stops walking.

GENEVA

What the fuck do you want?!?

Jahseh stops running when he's right in front of her. He looks at her confused.

JAHSEH

What's good with you?

GENEVA

Nothing!! Just leave me alone.

She starts walking again, but Jahseh grabs her hand.

JAHSEH

Just tell me why you're so mad!!
We not even dating!!

GENEVA

Did you ever think that maybe I
might have feelings for you!

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

40A CONTINUED:

GENEVA (CONT'D)

I thought you were different from everyone else! You're just another asshole fuckboy!

JAHSEH

Geneva.... I'm sorry. I didn't know.

Geneva ignores Jahseh and storms off.

CUT TO:

41A INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - HOURS LATER

41A

The place looks pitch black. The only source of light is coming from the bright moon outside.

Geneva sleeps on a ripped up mattress with no stand, surrounded by bags of junk food, bottles of water, and cans of soda.

The walls are cracked, with chip paint concealing it's ugly color.

The place is completely silent.

Footsteps start planting themselves into the noisy wood upstairs.

Geneva wakes up, curious as to what's going on.

Silence again..... *Then a song plays. It blasts on a speaker.*

"CATCH" by XXXTentacion.

Geneva sits up on the bed, and then stands up from it.

She starts walking toward the living room, then over to the broken wooden stairway.

She starts to walk upstairs, a smile going across her face because of the affect of the song's rhythm. *It's chill and soothing.*

The song gets louder and louder as she walks towards a specific room. Inside of it, Jahseh sits at the opened window with a speaker.

Geneva tears up.

Jahseh settles the speaker down.

(CONTINUED)

41A CONTINUED:

This is their moment.

JAHSEH

I'm sorry.

Geneva places her arms around Jahseh's neck and they kiss. *A long. Passionate. Kiss.*

CUT TO:

42A STREETS OF POMPANO BEACH HOOD - MORNING

42A

Mauricio and Jahseh smoke blunts as they walk throughout the neighborhood. Mexican Cholos blast their 90's West Coast rap music across the street.

MAURICIO

So you really out here tellin me
you didn't fuck?

JAHSEH

Yeah.

MAURICIO

Why my nigga she a jawn!

JAHSEH

Me not fuckin had nothing to do
with her being ugly. I just....
It's cuz she different from the
rest. She makes me feel emotions.

(beat)

You feel me?

MAURICIO

Jahseh feels love? That's some new
shit.

JAHSEH

Not love..... I don't know what it
is.

MAURICIO

Yeah okay.

(beat)

You got a call from Nena?
Anything?

JAHSEH

Bro you already know what day it
is today.

(CONTINUED)

MAURICIO

Damn. I almost forgot. It's the anniversary.

JAHSEH

Can't believe it's been four years already. That's some crazy shit.

MAURICIO

Word.

JAHSEH

What crazy shit we gonna do today?

MAURICIO

Nothin bro. We gotta stay lowkey. Mad niggas telling me that the cops are going around lookin for us cuz of the break in.

JAHSEH

We could stop the investigation.

MAURICIO

Fuck you mean?

JAHSEH

Go back to that nigga's house and press him.

MAURICIO

We deadass should.

JAHSEH

Let's check on Nena first. Gotta make sure she don't do nothin crazy.

MAURICIO

Yeah.

CUT TO:

Jahseh knocks on the door, while Mauricio stands behind him. They wait for the door to be answered.

The knob turns, and the door opens. A woman walks out. This is YAMMY REYES(20's). *We've seen her before. She cooked for Jahseh that one night.*

(CONTINUED)

43A CONTINUED:

YAMMY

Jahseh! How you doin'?

Yammy smiles and then gives Jahseh a big hug.

JAHSEH

I'm alright.

(beat)

Is Nena doing a'ight?

Her smile turns into a frown.

YAMMY

You know what day it is Jahseh. Of course she's not a'ight.

JAHSEH

Can I go check on her?

YAMMY

Yeah. No problem.

Jahseh looks at Mauricio.

JAHSEH

Wait out here. Imma be back.

Jahseh walks into the house.

CUT TO:

44A INT. REYES HOUSEHOLD - MOMENTS LATER

44A

Jahseh walks up the carpet stairway. Nothing has changed since the last time we saw him and Nena here.

He makes his way into Nena's bedroom.

Inside..... Nena sits in the corner rocking back and forth. Jahseh looks at her, heartbroken. His eyes glisten a little bit with tears.

JAHSEH

What's good kid.

Jahseh sits down beside Nena and puts his arm around her, and then looks at her for a long beat.

(CONTINUED)

JAHSEH (CONT'D)

You remember..... That day in 7th grade when we was running to the beach and tried to hop over that gate? The gate caught me and my shorts ripped off leaving me butt ass naked?

Nena looks at Jahseh, her eyes filled with tears, a little smile crackling through her frown.

JAHSEH (CONT'D)

We thought we was gonna get in some much trouble that day. The collars dragged us over to your crib and Papa had a serious ass face. We thought we was gonna get beat.

(beat)

But nah. He said "You shoulda pulled a Spider-man if you wanted to get your ass over that gate so bad".

Nena giggles and cries at the same time. She buries her face in Jahseh's chest.

NENA

I miss him so much.

JAHSEH

Me too.

(beat)

But losing somebody don't mean you stop in your tracks..... You gotta learn how to think about the happy moments and move forward.

Nena starts to slowly go back to crying.

NENA

But I can't.

JAHSEH

You can't say that cuz you haven't tried.

Nena buries her face in Jahseh's chest again.

CUT TO:

45A

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL JOCK'S HOUSE - DAY

45A

Jahseh and Mauricio walk over to the penthouse sized house they we once saw them ransack.

They both have on dark colored hoodies to hide their faces. Jahseh pulls out his pistol and shoots a menacing look at the house.

MAURICIO

You ready.

JAHSEH

Yeah. Lets do this shit.

CUT TO:

46A

INT. HIGH SCHOOL JOCK'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

46A

The JOCK walks to the couch with a plate of egg and cheese, biscuits, and sausages. Just as he's about to sit down----- *the door BURSTS off the hinges.*

Jahseh and Mauricio RUN IN. The JOCK JUMPS off of the couch in surprise and starts SPRINTING to the kitchen.

All the two boys can hear is the JOCK SLAMMING his hand on something.

JOCK (O.S.)

C'MON BOY!! LET'S GO!!

MAURICIO

Who the fuck is this nigga talkin to?

Ferocious GROWLING starts coming from the kitchen. It gets louder, and louder until.....

A brolic and vicious Rottweiler comes CHARGING at the two boys. Their eyes widen in shock. They are terrified of this dog.

JAHSEH

FUCK!!

Jahseh starts SPRINTING. The dog JUMPS on Mauricio's leg and starts biting on it.

Jahseh turns back and aims the pistol at it.

He PULLS THE TRIGGER.

(CONTINUED)

46A CONTINUED:

He KICKS the dog off of Mauricio's leg and then WRAPS his arm onto his shoulder so that he could carry him out.

Jahseh starts RUNNING out of the house, most of Mauricio's weight on his shoulders.

The JOCK RUNS out of the house after them.

JOCK
YOU'RE FUCKED JAHSEH!! YOU'RE SO
FUCKED!!

CUT TO:

47A EXT. AUNT PLACIDA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

47A

Jahseh looks at his phone as he walks to the house. He slides into his contacts and taps on the one that says "MAURICIO".

He starts text messaging him.

**Note: All text messages go across the screen in text bubbles. Green ones from Jahseh, gray from the people he texts.*

TO MAURICIO:
What's good bruh. How you holding up??

FROM MAURICIO:
I just got out the hospital. Doctors was sayin the shit should heal up in a month.

TO MAURICIO:
I fuck wit that vision.

FROM MAURICIO:
Lmao. U at ur crib yet?

TO MAURICIO:
Yeah I'm outside.

FROM MAURICIO:
Doctors said I should pop pills and sleep if the shit start hurtin so Imma KO rn.

TO MAURICIO:
Ight rest up bro.

(CONTINUED)

47A CONTINUED:

FROM MAURICIO:
Night night. Hug the choppa sleep
tight.

TO MAURICIO:
Lml.

Jahseh walks to the door and grasps the knob.

48A INT. AUNT PLACIDA'S HOUSE - NIGHT 48A

The door knob turns. Jahseh walks in.

He looks up, surprised at what he's looking at. His eyes
widen, and tear up. He clenches his jaw and his fists.

JAHSEH
Why're you here.

We see what Jahseh's looking at. Two people sitting on
the couch watching him. Aunt Placida, and.... His mother.
We've seen her before. She was exhausted, angry, and
overworked. She different now. Brighter. Her name is
CLEOPATRA ONFROY(30's).

JAHSEH (CONT'D)
(to Aunt Placida)
What is this?

Jahseh SLAMS the door open and storms out of the house.

49A EXT. AUNT PLACIDA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 49A

He starts making his way across the street, frustration
and anger written all over his face. Tears trickle down
his face. This is too much for him to take in.

Cleopatra RUNS out of the house after.

CLEOPATRA
Jahseh!
(beat)
Jahseh come back!

She catches up to him and grabs him by the shoulders. She
turns him around.

Jahseh PUSHES her off.

He starts crying. This is the first time he's shown
emotion in years.

(CONTINUED)

49A CONTINUED:

JAHSEH
WHY THE FUCK ARE YOU HERE!! WHY
ARE YOU HERE!!

CLEOPATRA
I know I was gone for a long time.
I'm sorry okay? I'm---

JAHSEH
WHERE WERE YOU!! I NEEDED YOU!!

Cleopatra starts crying. She chokes on her words.

CLEOPATRA
Jahseh I'm sorry.

JAHSEH
I NEEDED YOU AND YOU LEFT ME!!
(beat)
SIX YEARS!! SIX YEARS!!

Cleopatra pulls Jahseh in for a hug. She wraps her arms tightly around him. His frantic exhaling turns to slow calm breathes after a couple of minutes.

CLEOPATRA
I'll never leave you again.

Jahseh cries in her arms. They're comforting each other. Something the two of them have never done before.

CLEOPATRA (CONT'D)
I promise.

CUT TO:

50A INT. JAHSEH'S BEDROOM - MORNING

50A

Jahseh sleeps nice and sound, snoring and drooling. His phone vibrates non stop, waking him up.

He looks to the floor, and sees his iPhone hooked to the charger, the screen glowing with notification graphic. Their all from Soundcloud:

YOU'VE GOT 53 NEW FOLLOWERS.

YOU'VE GOT 109 NEW FOLLOWERS.

YOU'VE GOT 300 NEW FOLLOWERS.

(CONTINUED)

50A CONTINUED:

These notifications put a big grin on Jahseh's face. His excitement causes him to let out a kiddish giggle.

He bites on the pillow and starts JUMPING around in his bed. He's never been this happy before.

51A INT. THE KITCHEN - AUNT PLACIDA'S CRIB

51A

Jahseh RUNS down the steps into the kitchen. Aunt Placida cooks breakfast while Cleopatra sits in the living room. He has a big smile on his face.

PLACIDA
(to Jahseh)
What you so happy about?

Jahseh shows her the notifications.

PLACIDA (CONT'D)
What does that mean?

JAHSEH
My music gettin somewhere! I'm
gettin big!

CLEOPATRA (O.S.)
You do music?

Jahseh's grin turns into a serious face. He looks over to his "mother".

JAHSEH
Yeah.

CLEOPATRA
What kind of you music you make?

JAHSEH
I don't make a kind of music. I
just be trying out everything.

CLEOPATRA
At least that's helping you stay
out of trouble.

Aunt Placida looks around, and Jahseh looks down at the floor, uncomfortable and guilty.

JAHSEH
Yeah.

Knock. Knock.

(CONTINUED)

51A CONTINUED:

Somebody knocks on the door.

Knock. Knock.

They knock again.

Jahseh walks over to the door and opens it slowly.

The door BURSTS open, and several people come RUNNING through the door. *It's the police.*

Placida and Cleopatra JUMP up in fright.

POLICE OFFICER#1 PUNCHES Jahseh down and starts TACKLING him. Jahseh tries to fight the restraint.

JAHSEH (CONT'D)
FUCK OFF ME NIGGA!!

POLICE OFFICER#1
JAHSEH ONFROY WE HAVE A WARRANT
FOR YOUR ARREST!!

CLEOPATRA
Warrant? What you mean warrant?

POLICE OFFICER#1
JAHSEH ONFROY, YOU ARE WANTED FOR
TWO COUNTS OF HOME INVASION AND
ONE COUNT OF ASSAULT WITH A DEADLY
WEAPON!!

Cleopatra lays her hand over her mouth, flabbergasted and heartbroken. This isn't what she wanted for her son at all.

POLICE OFFICER#1 PRESSES Jahseh's face into the floor.

CLEOPATRA
GET OFF OF MY SON!! WHAT THE FUCK
ARE YOU DOIN!!

Aunt Placida and Cleopatra RUN over to Jahseh.

POLICE OFFICER#2 pulls his glock out of the holster.

POLICE OFFICER#2
Ma'am step back or I will ruin
your morning.

JAHSEH
DON'T THREATEN MY FUCKIN MOMS
NIGGA!!

(CONTINUED)

51A CONTINUED: (2)

POLICE OFFICER#1 PUNCHES Jahseh in the spine.

POLICE OFFICER#1
SHUT THE FUCK UP! YOU HAVE THE
RIGHT TO REMAIN SILENT!

POLICE OFFICER#1 pulls something out of his utility belt.
A taser. He aims it at Jahseh's back and PULLS THE
TRIGGER.

Before Jahseh could yell anything else out, the volts hit
his body and he start SHAKING VIGOROUSLY until he falls
unconscious.

His head hits the floor with a THUMP.

SLAM TO:

52A INT. BROWARD COUNTY JAIL - MORNING

52A

MONTAGE

POLICE OFFICER#1 (V.O.)
You have the right to remain
silent and to refuse to answer
questions.

Jahseh gets patted down by two officers. One physically
pats his body down while the other uses a metal detector
on him.

POLICE OFFICER#1 (V.O.)
Anything you say may be used
against you in a court of law.

He gets his fingerprints scanned on the booth looking
scanner. The guards enter his information into the
system.

POLICE OFFICER#1 (V.O.)
You have the right to consult an
attorney before speaking to the
police and to have an attorney
present during questioning now or
in the future.

Jahseh starts to strip himself down. He picks up the
folded dark blue jumpsuit waiting for him, and starts
slipping it onto his body.

(CONTINUED)

52A CONTINUED:

POLICE OFFICER#1 (V.O.)
If you cannot afford an attorney,
one will be appointed for you
before any questioning if you
wish.

Jahseh stands sideways in front of a blank grey wall.

POLICE OFFICER#1 (V.O.)
If you decide to answer questions
now without an attorney present,
you will still have the right to
stop answering at any time until
you talk to an attorney.

SNAP!

That's the first mugshot.

POLICE OFFICER#1 (V.O.)
Those..... Are your Miranda
rights.
(beat)
Enjoy your stay at Broward county
fuckhead.

He turns, and stares straight at the camera, with his
expressionless face, his eyes filled with ferociousness
and anger.

SNAP!

SLAM TO BLACK.

A MONTH LATER

53A INT. THE CAFETERIA - BROWARD COUNTY PENITENTIARY - 53A
MORNING

Jahseh sits by himself, eating his oatmeal from it's
metal bowl. He thinks off into the distance as he eats
it. He thinks hard. About everything. Everything that led
up to this very moment.

A young man watches Jahseh from the table next to his. He
looks like he wants to say something to him, but he
doesn't know what to say.

Jahseh just keeps to himself while all of this goes on.

The young man finely decides to stand up with his
breakfast tray and walk over to Jahseh.

(CONTINUED)

53A CONTINUED:

We get a clear look at him. Somewhat tall, pretty built, baby blue and red durag on. His name is STOKELY GOULBOURNE(18).

He stands in front of Jahseh and raises his hand to get his attention. Jahseh looks at him, expressionless.

STOKELY

(beat)

Your name's Jahseh right?

JAHSEH

Who's asking?

STOKELY

Just me.

JAHSEH

Why?

STOKELY

(chuckles)

You know Darlene right?

JAHSEH

Yeah. I fucked.

STOKELY

That dick musta been good cuz she's deadass obsessed with you.

A smile starts to slowly make its way onto Jahseh's face.

JAHSEH

How so.

STOKELY

She be lettin mad niggas fuck.....
But after she met you, she be tellin niggas to pull her hair and shit while she be callin them Yung Dagger Dick.

Jahseh start laughing.

JAHSEH

Sit down.

Stokely sits in front of Jahseh.

JAHSEH (CONT'D)

What's your name nigga.

(CONTINUED)

STOKELY

My name's Stokley. But niggas call me Ski.

JAHSEH

Ski?

STOKELY

It's my Soundcloud name. Ski Mask the Slump God.

JAHSEH

(chuckles)

I fuck wit that.

STOKELY

I heard you did a performance at Roach's crib.

JAHSEH

You know Roach?

STOKELY

Of course nigga. That's my bro. He made sure I was eatin good when I had no crib.

JAHSEH

Yeah. He's that nigga.

STOKELY

So you on your music shit? Or was you just gettin buck wild?

JAHSEH

Nah I'm on my music shit. I'm tryna make it out there eventually. I don't know. I just wanna be heard. You know?

STOKELY

Yeah bro. I feel you.

JAHSEH

Spit a lil somethin. I wanna hear what you got.

STOKELY

Now I'm stuck in the pound, the cops gettin near I don't make a sound, mmm. Nigga I'm up on my grind, been sellin some dimes, I just wanna shine, mmm.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

53A CONTINUED: (3)

STOKELY (CONT'D)

Now I fuck on yo bitch, the pussy
like water, the pussy is magic
just like Harry Potter, I bust in
the trick I'm feelin fantastic, I
fit my whole dick the pussy
elastic, the nut is so big, my
body go spastic, I got so much
cash put that in the basket, ayy.

Jahseh chuckles.

JAHSEH

That shit was good. I like your
flow. It's different.

(beat)

You should start pushing your
music shit further.

Stokely looks around, unsure of himself

STOKELY

I don't know man. It's not really
goin nowhere man.

JAHSEH

Don't mean you give up. You keep
goin till you see results, you
feel me?

STOKELY

Yeah. I feel that.

CUT TO:

54A INT. JAHSEH'S JAIL CELL - NIGHT

54A

Jahseh sits laid back and chill on the top mattress of
the bunk bed. He thinks deeply as he looks at the
ceiling, playing with a pen in his hand while a
composition notebook lays on his lap.

The notebook has the words **BAD VIBES FOREVER VOL. 1**
written on it.

Jahseh starts mouthing lyrics he could write down, but
doesn't do it.

Loud metal THUMPS can be heard coming from outside the
room. Somebody's KNOCKING on Jahseh's cell door.

It's a security guard. His name is OFFICER JACOBS(40's).

(CONTINUED)

OFFICER JACOBS
ONFROY!! WE GOT A NEW CELLMATE FOR
YOU!!

Jahseh jumps off of the bed and walks over to the door curiously. He looks through the window and sees Officer Jacobs holding the cuffed inmate by the shoulder. He's Caucasian, frail and slender, with red dyed hair. He looks around frantically like a crack fiend.

Jahseh notices how sketchy this man is.

JAHSEH
What's his name?

OFFICER JACOBS
Inmate 27436. That's all you need
to know.

Officer Jacobs opens the cell door and guides INMATE 27436 inside. He unlocks his cuffs with a special key and points at the bottom mattress of the bunk bed.

OFFICER JACOBS (CONT'D)
(to Inmate 27436)
You're gonna sleep right there.
Don't start any trouble.

Jahseh watches this conversation. Inmate 27436 starts to stare Jahseh up and down, with a smirk. His intentions don't look too pleasant.

Officer Jacobs starts walking out of the room.

JAHSEH
(to Officer Jacobs)
You know how this is gonna go
right?

OFFICER JACOBS
Yeah. Set the ground rules, the
warning, all that shit.

He walks out of the room, and shuts the door.

Jahseh turns around and looks at the inmate.

JAHSEH
(to Inmate 27436)
What's your name?

INMATE 27436

(bites lip)

Arnell.

Jahseh gets tense. He knows this guy's acting sketchy.

JAHSEH

A'ight cool. My name's Jahseh.

(beat)

I'm gonna set some ground rules.
First one, don't put your hands on
me.... Ever. You got that?

ARNELL

Yes.

JAHSEH

Second one. Don't touch my shit.

ARNELL

A'ight.

Arnell looks at Jahseh up and down again, then licks his
lips. Jahseh squeezes his hands into fist.

JAHSEH

Oh.... And what you doin right now
is a whole rule on it's own.

ARNELL

What?

JAHSEH

Look at me funny, and I'll kill
you. I'm being deadass.

Arnell stops looking at Jahseh.

ARNELL

My bad.

JAHSEH

It's a'ight. Just keep it in check
and we good.

Jahseh turns off the lights and jumps back into his bed.

CUT TO:

55A

INT. THE CAFETERIA - BROWARD COUNTY PENITENTIARY - DAY 55A

Jahseh and Stokely converse once again. Jahseh shows Stokely the rhymes he wrote in his notebook.

STOKELY

This shit bumps boy. When you wrote this?

JAHSEH

It's my prison notebook. When I get locked up, I write my shit in here.

STOKELY

I fucks wit that.

JAHSEH

The guards gave me some gay ass cellmate yesterday. Nigga was actin like he tryna take booty or some shit.

STOKELY

(chuckling)
You talkin bout Arnell?

JAHSEH

Yeah. How you know?

STOKELY

They took him outta my room.
(beat)
Nigga made me feel mad uncomfortable.

JAHSEH

Yeah he was staring me up and shit. I told em next time he pulls that shit Imma deadass murder him.

STOKELY

That nigga done moved throughout the cell block like 5 times.

JAHSEH

Deadass? I never saw that nigga in any cellblock. Where's your cell?

STOKELY

Block C.

(CONTINUED)

JAHSEH

Oh shit! Word?

STOKELY

Yeah.

JAHSEH

We should do some collabs when we get outta here.

STOKELY

I'm tryna get this brand going and shit. a clothing company. Imma call it Very Rare.

(beat)

When you get outta here you should join that bitch.

JAHSEH

Bet.

(beat)

Yo you never told me what you in here for?

STOKELY

You either.

JAHSEH

House invasion and possession of dangerous weapon.

Jahseh goofily raises his thumbs up and gives Stokely a toothy smile.

STOKELY

So you on your savage shit.

JAHSEH

Nah. I just like having an unlimited amount of fun.

(beat)

Your turn. What you in here for.

STOKELY

I got caught with 3 ounces of bud.

A beat up whip blasts BUSTA RHYMES parked right next to a sidewalk. Inside the whip, STOKELY looks at his phone, dosed in high brand clothing(Bape, Supreme, Vlone, all of it).

56A CONTINUED:

He's holding a blunt in the other hand, which is laying on the windowsill.

STOKELY (V.O.)
I got caught with 3 pounds of bud.

Next to Stokely, three large bags of marijuana.

STOKELY (V.O.)
Let's just say I wasn't too smart about that shit.

On his phone somebody texts him. The contact name reads "NIGGA JUST GIMME MY MONEY".

FROM NJGMM:
Bro u got the (leaf emojis, wind emoji).

TO NJGMM:
Yeah nigga I been posted for hours. Wya.

FROM NJGMM:
A couple mins away.

TO NJGMM:
ii bet.

JAHSEH (V.O.)
So how you got caught.

POLICE SIRENS RING OUT from behind Stokely's whip. He jumps in his car seat out of panic.

Before he's able to JUMP out the car, he's hit powerful volts from a taser.

His body hangs halfway out the car, unconscious and *completely out cold*.

STOKELY (V.O.)
Niggas hit me with the electric slide. I deadass blacked like I was having nappy time.

JAHSEH (V.O.)
(chuckling)
I'm weak.

57A

INT. THE CAFETERIA - BROWARD COUNTY JAIL - CONTINUOUS 57A

JAHSEH

That was your first offense?

STOKELY

The first time I got caught yeah.
How bout you?

JAHSEH

Nah this ain't the first. I been
to juvey and bootcamp. This is
just another walk in the park for
me.

Stokely chuckles.

He looks at Jahseh's notebook, then looks up at him.

STOKELY

What that mean?

JAHSEH

What?

STOKELY

Bad Vibes Forever.

JAHSEH

It's kinda like a movement I wanna
start.

(beat)

It represents me. And my fucked up
life. How everything good in my
life always ends up in shit.

STOKELY

Depressing as fuck, but I fuck
with the idea.

CUT TO:

58A

INT. SHOWER ROOM - BROWARD COUNTY PENITENTIARY - NOON 58A

Jahseh's in his thoughts again as he scrubs his body down
in the steaming water. He thinks about his mother, Aunt
Placida, Geneva, everybody.

CUT TO:

59A

INT. JAHSEH'S JAIL CELL - MOMENTS LATER

59A

Arnell lays on his mattress reading a newspaper. The cell door opens, and two SECURITY GUARDS guide Jahseh into the room, and walk away, after they shut the door behind him.

Jahseh just got out of the showers. His prison jumpsuit is laid out on his mattress for him. He walks over to the mattress and grabs the jumpsuit.

Arnell starts staring at him.

ARNELL

You be hittin the gym?

JAHSEH

Yeah.

Arnell licks his lips.

ARNELL

I feel that.

Jahseh starts to get tense.

He pulls the towel off and throws it onto the mattress. Arnell licks his lips at the sight of Jahseh's nude body, then he bites his bottom lip.

ARNELL (CONT'D)

You a virgin bro?

Jahseh shoots Arnell a look. *You did not just ask me that fuckin question.*

JAHSEH

(serious toned)

No.

Arnell caresses his own leg.

ARNELL

A'ight cool.

Jahseh eyes go dead. He clenches his jaw at the same time. He slips on his jumpsuit, but ties it at his waist.

He grabs the towel and walks over to the cell room's camera. He wraps it around the camera, then walks over to the door window. He's looking out for guards. No guards near.

(CONTINUED)

59A CONTINUED:

ARNELL (CONT'D)
What you lookin for?

Jahseh just chuckles for a beat. He then looks up at Arnell, who looks confused, and a little nervous.

JAHSEH
I warned you my nigga.

Jahseh quickly walks over to Arnell and PUNCHES him in the face. Arnell CHARGES at him. Jahseh STOMPS him in the groin and PUNCHES him down again.

He walks over to Arnell's mattress and RIPS out the foam covering the steel mattress stand.

He GRABS Arnell by the neck and..... CRUNCH!

Jahseh SMASHES Arnell's head into the stand OVER AND OVER again. Blood SPLATTERS EVERYWHERE.

He HURLS Arnell at the door and starts STOMPING him out. Arnell SCREAMS FOR HIS LIFE.

CUT TO:

60A EXT. CELL BLOCK C - CONTINUOUS

60A

OFFICER JACOBS converses with TWO SECURITY GUARDS at their desks, at the end of the hall. They're eating McDonald's.

OFFICER JACOBS
You saw the game yesterday?

SECURITY GUARD#1
Yeah. Curry really do got the devil in him. I ain't never seen that boy take a L.

One of many walkie talkies on the desk starts to make crunching noises. Someone's trying to communicate through.

WALKIE TALKIE LINE
Visitor for Inmate 12398. Onfroy, Jahseh.

OFFICER JACOBS
Speakin of boys with the devil in them.

(CONTINUED)

Jacobs stands up from his seat and walks out of the lunch station, into the hallway of cells.

Over the dead silence, he hears something. A THUMP. It gets louder and louder as he walks closer to Jahseh's cell. The THUMP turns into full on banging.

OFFICER JACOBS (CONT'D)

SHIT!!

He RUNS over to the cell. All he could is the blood splattered window of the cell door

Jacobs pulls out his key and frantically stabs it through the key hole.

He twists it in vigorously and KICKS the door open to find Jahseh SMASHING Arnell's head into the door.

He RUNS over to Jahseh and PULLS him off of Arnell from the back. Jahseh tries to fight the restraints.

JAHSEH

GAY ASS NIGGA!! FUCKIN FAGGOT!!

OFFICER JACOBS

JAHSEH CALM DOWN!!

JAHSEH

I WARNED HIS SUS ASS!! I WARNED HIM!!

Officer Jacobs pulls out his walkie talkie and presses a button on it. He's communicating with all the other officers.

OFFICER JACOBS

We're gonna need some medics in Cell C12.

Jahseh starts to take slow calm breathes. Officer Jacobs lets him go.

He looks at Arnell, who's now on the floor twitching, with a puddle of blood underneath his cracked head.

Medics start SPRINTING from down the hall, with a hospital bed and everything. Jahseh makes way for them to run in.

Officer Jacobs guides Jahseh out of the room with him. They stand outside the cell.

(CONTINUED)

60A CONTINUED: (2)

Across the hall, an inmate watches all of this unfold. It's STOKELY. He looks at Jahseh with widened eyes. He's shocked.

Jahseh notices him, and grins at him, blood splattered all over his body and his prison uniform.

Officer Jacobs puts his hand on Jahseh's shoulder.

OFFICER JACOBS (CONT'D)
(to Jahseh)
Get yourself cleaned up. I'll have
a jumpsuit waitin for you.
(beat)
Your mama's in the visiting room.

Jahseh's face switches to a serious one.

CUT TO:

61A INT. SECURITY GUARD BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

61A

Jahseh clasps his hands together and fills them with water like a bowl. He splashes the water onto his face and starts to smoothly rub off the blood.

He takes his hands off of his face, and looks at himself in the mirror for a beat.

JAHSEH
Bad vibes.

CUT TO:

62A INT. VISITING AREA - MOMENTS LATER

62A

The place is full. Family members visit their loved ones that they'll probably never see again. Lovers visit their locked up spouses. Children visit their parents. Parents visit their children. All of them, heartbroken by the imprisoned shells of their loved ones.

CLEOPATRA sits at a desk reading a VOGUE magazine. The visiting door opens, and the guards walk in with somebody. It's Jahseh.

He's chained up in hand and leg shackles.

Cleopatra stands up and gives her son a big embracing hug.

(CONTINUED)

The two of them sit down. They look at each other for a beat.

CLEOPATRA

We never got time to have a proper conversation. How you been?

Jahseh nods.

JAHSEH

I'm good.

CLEOPATRA

C'mon. You gotta gimme more than that. What you been doin? How've your days been?

JAHSEH

Fine.

CLEOPATRA

Jahseh.... Please.

Jahseh starts to get tense and squeeze his hands into fists.

Cleopatra looks at his hands, and notices faded red stains on them. She looks even closer, and sees crimson particles in his nails. *Brain particles.*

She starts to tear up. She can't believe that this is her fault. She raised him like this.

CLEOPATRA (CONT'D)

What did you do.

JAHSEH

Nothing.

CLEOPATRA

What did you do Jahseh.

JAHSEH

(long beat)

I almost killed some gay nigga.

Cleopatra bursts into tears.

CLEOPATRA

Do you know that these mothafuckas will keep you in here?

JAHSEH

And you care why.

CLEOPATRA

What you mean "You care why"?
You're my son! Of course I care if
your ass rot in here for the rest
of your life!

JAHSEH

NOW I'M YOUR SON?!? YOU LEFT ME
FOR SIX FUCKIN YEARS!! SIX YEARS!!
NOW ALL THE SUDDEN YOU COME BACK
AND I'M YOUR SON AGAIN?!? FUCK
OUTTA HERE!!

Jahseh storms out of his seat.

JAHSEH (CONT'D)

(to Guards)

Send me back to my cell.

The guards walk over to him and start guiding him out of
the visitor's area.

Cleopatra buries her face in her hands as she cries hard.
She feels as though she's failed as a parent.

CUT TO:

INT. THE CAFETERIA - BROWARD COUNTY PENITENTIARY -
MORNING

Jahseh plays with his food, with deep thoughts of
frustration running through his head. Stokely walks up to
his table and sits down.

STOKELY

You good bro?

Jahseh snaps out of his thoughts.

JAHSEH

Yeah. I'm a'ight.

STOKELY

(long beat)

You wasn't playing when you said
you was gonna kill that nigga.

(CONTINUED)

JAHSEH
(chuckles)
You thought I was?

STOKELY
I just thought you was being
extra. I didn't know you was
actually bout the shits.

Jahseh laughs.

STOKELY (CONT'D)
So they gonna add it to your
sentence or some shit?

JAHSEH
Nah. The guards on blind duty.
They gon' act like they saw
nothing.

STOKELY
A'ight. You lit.

JAHSEH
So we've already agreed that once
we get outta here we gotta focus
on this rap shit right?

STOKELY
Yeah. Music uploads everyday
nigga. We gotta get out there. How
many followers you have?

JAHSEH
Shit. I got a whole fanbase.

STOKELY
We gonna need those niggas. Best
way to keep them on you is to talk
to them.
(beat)
You gotta make your fans feel for
you. Gotta make them feel like
you're friends with them. Like
they see you everyday.

JAHSEH
How we do that.

STOKELY
Periscope and shit. What you do so
far?

(CONTINUED)

JAHSEH

I text my fans sometimes.

STOKELY

That's good. You gotta amp that shit up more. Give them your number when they're in need of help.

(beat)

You feel bad vibes, they feel bad vibes, help them get through it.

JAHSEH

I fuck with that idea.

STOKELY

Just think about it closely bruh.

(beat)

We get this fan base rolling, then we on our way to coming up.

JAHSEH

(smiling)

When we get out this bitch, it's finna be hectic.

SLAM TO BLACK.

Title card over black.....

III.

XXXTENTACION

JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA

EXT. MOSH PIT CONCERT - NOON

MUSIC CUE: "YUNG BRATZ" by XXXTentacion

A slender young man, Travis Scott braids, average body type, and slumped shoulders stands in fighting stance. His name is CARLO(20's). Around him, a crowd of people watches, CHEERING and YELLING. Some people have their phones out with the flash on.

On the opposite side of him, everybody hypes up a young man walking through the crowd, to get to the center, like Carlos. He's the opponent of this fight.

(CONTINUED)

We get a clear look at him. A short teenage boy with a lean, ripped body, a good amount of tattoos, one of them includes the name "CLEOPATRA" tattooed across his chest, beaded twists in his hair, and piercing black eyes. His name, is JAHSEH ONFROY(18).

He gets in fighting stance himself.

Everybody in the crowd SCREAMS "yung" repeatedly.

Carlos moves in and SWINGS at Jahseh. Jahseh DODGES and PUNCHES him in the side of the head.

Carlos SWINGS, and misses again. Jahseh PUNCHES him for a second time.

He CHARGES at Carlos' stomach like a bull and lifts him up, right before SLAMMING him down to the pavement.

Carlos puts him in a headlock. Jahseh PUNCHES Carlos in the groin OVER AND OVER again. Carlos loosens his grip because of the distracting pain.

Jahseh starts PUNCHING him in the face repeatedly while he's open. Blood starts spurting out of Carlos' face with each skull splitting punch.

Carlos KNEES Jahseh in the stomach, PUSHING him off.

Jahseh PUNCHES him in the jaw, TWISTING his body, back up face down. Jahseh JUMPS on top of him and squeezes on his neck, CHOKING HIM OUT.

He PUNCHES Carlos in the back of the head.

A ROWDY CROWD MEMBER turns his flash on.

ROWDY CROWD MEMBER
YO X!! TURN AROUND SO I COULD A
PIC OF YOU TWO!! YOU MAKE A CUTE
ASS COUPLE!!

Jahseh laughs. He JERKS Carlos up and puts him in a headlock. He lays down on the pavement, Carlos in his grasp. Carlos is unconscious, his face bloodied and cut up

Jahseh smiles for the camera.

SNAP!

CUT TO:

65A

INT. MOSH PIT CONCERT - MOMENTS LATER

65A

Red and white stage lights beam everywhere. The crowd goes wild as several teenage boys walk onto the stage, some of which we've seen before.

Jahseh stands front and center, while they stand in back of him. The first boy, his right hand man where's a bleached denim jacket, and designer clothing hide to toe. He has a baby blue cap on, and a good amount of face and body tatts. This is STOKELY GOULBOURNE(20).

Next to him, a Latino male with face tatts and curly Spanish hair. His name is WIFI(20).

Jahseh speaks into the mic.

JAHSEH

You know how we roll in this bitch. Bad Vibes Forever 2k16, Very Rare Boyz 2k16. Gettin lit in this bitch 2k16.

(beat)

When that song starts I wanna see some bloody noses, and some broken jaws. This is ain't the pussy ass nigga pit, it's a mothafuckin mosh pit.

Everybody in the crowd start SCREAMING.

JAHSEH (CONT'D)

Without further a do.

THE SONG STARTS. Jahseh's starts to perform "I LUV MY CLIQUE LIKE KANYE WEST".

The performance is vibrant and energetic. People splash their bottles of alcohol everywhere.

The beat quiets down..... Jahseh speaks into the mic.

JAHSEH (CONT'D)

On the count of 3, I want all of you to repeat after me..... Eat a clip, suck a dick little bitch, members only be the clique suck a dick little bitch.

Jahseh let's the beat go on for a little bit.

JAHSEH (CONT'D)

3,2..... 3,2,1 AYY!!!!

(CONTINUED)

65A

CONTINUED:

65A

The beat DROPS again. The crowd starts to SCREAM what Jahseh told them to. He starts to make his way to the edge of the stage. He's about to jump.

Jahseh RUNS backwards, and then SPRINTS off the platform.

He JUMPS into the crowd. The audience catches him and starts rocking him around. Everybody CHEERS.

Jahseh laughs and smiles. This is fun and exciting.

CUT TO:

66A

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

66A

The door handle twists. The door opens. Jahseh, Stokely, Isiah, and the rest of the VERY RARE BOYZ walk in.

**Very Rare Boyz is the clique Jahseh and Stokely formed after they got out of the dog pound.*

WIFI

That shit was lit. We gotta start performing in mosh pits more.

JAHSEH

It's not really bringin in the bread though.

(beat)

How else Ski gonna get his designer shit? Soundcloud?

STOKELY

(chuckling)

Shut up.

Catastrophic sounds of things being thrown around and broken can be heard coming from the bathroom. A young woman can be heard SCREAMING IN ANGER.

Everybody stops in their tracks.

A young Latino male RUNS into the hotel bedroom from the bathroom. He has weird imagery portrayed in his many tattoos, much like Jahseh and everyone else. His name is MAURICIO TORRES(18).

Mauricio looks worried, with his eyes opened wide, and a small scratch on his face.

(CONTINUED)

66A CONTINUED:

JAHSEH
(to Mauricio)
What's good bruh?

MAURICIO
Geneva. She's going crazy again.

JAHSEH
Withdrawal?

MAURICIO
I don't know. I think it's the
mental illness shit. I tried to
give her her meds and she boxed me
up.

Jahseh RUNS to the bathroom.

67A INT. THE BATHROOM - HOTEL ROOM

67A

GENEVA(18), a small Latina girl with dead eyes THROWS
around glass and bottles in a horrific rage. She SCREAMS
and YELLS obscenities as she does this.

Jahseh BURSTS through the bathroom door and tackles down
Geneva.

Geneva KICKS and SCREAMS, trying to release herself from
his grasp.

GENEVA
GET OFF OF ME!! GET THE FUCK OFF
OF ME!!

Geneva SCREAMS.

JAHSEH
Calm down.

GENEVA
GET OFF!!!

JAHSEH
I love you.

Geneva bites Jahseh's arm until it starts gushing blood.

JAHSEH (CONT'D)
I love you.

GENEVA
GET THE FUCK OFF OF ME!! GET OFF!!

(CONTINUED)

67A CONTINUED:

JAHSEH
(to Mauricio)
YO MAURICIO GIVE ME THE MEDS BOY!!

Mauricio RUNS into the bathroom with a plastic pill bottle and a bottle of water.

He tosses the pill bottle to Jahseh.

Jahseh forces Geneva's mouth open and pours two pills into it. He puts his hand over her mouth so that she can't spit it out.

She lets out muffled scream. Jahseh twists the water bottle open and in a split second, he forces the water down Geneva throat.

She gasps as she swallows the pills down. Jahseh moves his hands away from her and stands up.

JAHSEH (CONT'D)
That wasn't so hard was it?

Geneva's eyes roll back, and she falls unconscious.

68A INT. THE BEDROOM - HOTEL ROOM

68A

Jahseh walks back out carrying Geneva, to find everybody sitting around watching Stokely and Wifi play video games.

STOKELY
Bro she good?

JAHSEH
Yeah. She just had another episode.

STOKELY
We gonna have to pay for that shit now.

JAHSEH
It's whatever. We type rich now.
Plus, this my wife right here.

Stokely grins, revealing his DIAMOND GRILLS.

STOKELY
Your wife lookin pretty dead. You should wake her up.

(CONTINUED)

JAHSEH

At least I have a wife STOKELY.
She might not be breathing, but
Imma still fuck.

Everybody laughs.

WIFI

Ya'll mad nasty.

STOKELY

Necrophilia's the new wave. Fuck
you mean.

WIFI

Where's our next show?

STOKELY

Pompano nigga. Gotta pack tonight.

JAHSEH

Home sweet home.

Jahseh gently places Geneva onto the bed. He pours the
pill bottles in his mouth. He walks into the bathroom and
comes back out drinking the bottle of water.

STOKELY

We gettin lit tonight?

JAHSEH

Did I not just down some fuckin
pills?

(beat)

Of course nigga.

CUT TO:

The Very Rare squad CRUISE around in a RED MASERATI
GRANTURISMO. They BLAST hip-hop music and JUMP around to
the music. Stokely is the driver.

Jahseh uses his phone to Snapchat all the fun that
they're having.

CUT TO:

70A

EXT. LIT ASS RAVE - MOMENTS LATER

70A

Stokely parks the car and everybody starts hopping out of the whip. Wifi and Mauricio jump out of the car's opened roof.

Everybody else walks out from the car doors. They start walking toward the rave, but Jahseh stops all of them.

JAHSEH

I know ya not tryna enter that bitch sober.

Everybody laughs. Jahseh pulls out several medicine bottles. The bottles are labeled "FUN MIX" with sharpie. He tosses them to each of the VERY RARE BOYZ.

Everybody pours six pills into their hands. Which type of pills? You may ask. Colorful ecstasy pills, Xanax pills, and Oxycotton.

They throw the pills into their mouths, and put the bottles in their pants.

VERY RARE BOY#1

(mouth filled with pills)

What now?

JAHSEH

We race to the party and see who could chug this shit down wit a drink first.

STOKELY

(chuckling)

Bet.

All the VERY RARE BOYZ start to RUN to the rave.

CUT TO:

71A

INT. LIT ASS RAVE - MOMENTS LATER

71A

MONTAGE

MUSIC CUE: "GONE" by SKI MASK THE SLUMP GOD

- The boys walk into the rave, their faces blank, and their bodies twitching. Jahseh starts perspiring.

(CONTINUED)

71A CONTINUED:

- Jahseh downs the pills with a bottle of Jack Daniels with Stokely. His vision starts to distort, becoming overly saturated and colorful while everything around him starts to move in HYPER SLOW-MOTION.

- Jahseh and Wifi get twerked on by a large group of white girls. They poor booze all over the girls' butts and breasts.

- Jahseh downs another bottle of Jack, then VOMITS.

- Stokely sucks on one of the white girls' bare breasts. She's extremely busty.

- Wifi gets into confrontation with some random nigga that pushes passed him. He PUNCHES him in the face and they start FIGHTING.

- Jahseh pours four more pills into his mouth, and chugs it down with a bottle of CIROC.

- The Rare Boyz start to groggily skip out of the rave with the white girl groupie.

END OF MONTAGE

CUT TO:

72A INT. HOTEL ROOM - HOURS LATER

72A

Music can be heard BLASTING from across the hall. Geneva starts to wriggle around a little. Her eyes flutter open, and she stretches.

She sits up on the bed, then winces in pain. She touches the back of her head, and looks at her hand revealing a blood stain.

73A INT. THE HOTEL HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

73A

Geneva walks to the room across the hall. The music get LOUDER and LOUDER. She puts her ear to the door. She could hear MOANING and bed CREEKING.

This infuriates her. She pulls something out of her pocket. A room key.

She swipes it, and a green light blinks on the handle. She twists it open then opens the door, revealing.....

74A

INT. RARE BOYZ HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

74A

The Rare Boyz, including Jahseh, are all engaged in an orgy with the groupie of busty white girls. They're smoking weed, and drinking Jack as they do this.

Geneva walks over to the speaker and STOMPS it out until it no longer produces sound.

Everybody stops stroking.

Silence.

GENEVA

Are you deadass right now?

(to Jahseh)

ARE YOU FUCKIN DEADASS RIGHT NOW?!!

One of the Rare Boyz rolls his eyes.

RARE BOY#2

C'mon son! Who the fuck gave her a key?

Geneva runs over to the White Girls who are having sex with Jahseh. She starts PUNCHING and DRAGGING them.

GENEVA

GET THE FUCK OUTTA HERE!! GET THE FUCK OUT!!

Jahseh JUMPS off of the bed and wraps his arms around Geneva's waist tightly. He starts carrying her off of the two white girls.

75A

INT. THE HOTEL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

75A

Geneva SCREAMS and KICKS as Jahseh carries her out. He drops her in front of their hotel door.

Long beat as room service stares at Jahseh and he stares at them back, awkwardly. He's still high.

Jahseh has his pants and his boxers down to his knees, and a condom around his penis. He looks kind of goofy.

Geneva SLAPS him, bringing his attention back to her.

(CONTINUED)

GENEVA

I GIVE YOU MY ALL!! I QUIT SHOOTIN
UP NEEDLES FOR YOU AND YOU GO UP
IN THERE WIT YOUR BUM ASS FRIENDS
AND FUCK A BUNCH OF WHITE HOES!!

JAHSEH

(muffled)

Look. I'm doped up and shit and I
wasn't thinkin straight. I'm
sorry.

Geneva SLAPS him again.

GENEVA

YOU THINKING STRAIGHT NOW?!?! YOU
BITCH ASS NIGGA!!

Jahseh's eyes go dead and he GRABS Geneva by the neck and
SLAMS her into the wall.

JAHSEH

If there's one thing you're not
gonna do is put your fuckin hands
on me.

Geneva chuckles.

GENEVA

Boy, you lucky I'm on my fuckin
meds.

She SHOVES Jahseh off of her and walks back into their
hotel room.

Jahseh PUNCHES the wall in anger, cracking it a little
bit. He starts to look at the ground, getting deep in his
thoughts.

Stokely walks out of the Rare Boyz' hotel room and puts
his hand over Jahseh's shoulder.

STOKELY

Pull your drawals up. We gonna
have a little talk outside.

Jahseh turns his head to face Stokely.

JAHSEH

You got some bud on you?

STOKELY

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

75A CONTINUED: (2)

JAHSEH
A'ight let's go.

CUT TO:

76A EXT. THE HOTEL - PAST MIDNIGHT

76A

Jahseh and Stokely sit on top of car as they smoke weed and look out at the stars. Jahseh sits on the hood, while Stokely sits on the roof.

STOKELY
What happened to you two?

JAHSEH
Who? Me and Geneva?

STOKELY
Yeah. Ya used to be so happy together. On some Poetic Justice shit.

JAHSEH
I don't know man. It's like..... After her mental shit got worse, and I started going places, we drifted apart.

STOKELY
I feel you. I ain't never seen you go off on her like that before. Not like today.

JAHSEH
I snapped man. All the crazy shit I put up with from her, and she went off on me for this one thing.... I just got angry.

STOKELY
She got no type of reason to get tight though. She cheated on you a couple months ago.

JAHSEH
Still. I shouldn've lost my cool like that bruh. I was on the verge of killin her. That ain't right.

STOKELY
Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

JAHSEH

Never had a daddy there to tell me how to channel my anger. Only so much my moms could do.... You know?

STOKELY

Yeah I feel you.

(beat)

What happened to your pops? You never told me.

JAHSEH

He got locked up for life. Haven't seen him since I was like three.

STOKELY

Damn.

JAHSEH

I wasn't even old enough to speak my nigga.

(beat)

But they took him from me. My life been cold since the womb bruh. I'm not even tryna bitch.

STOKELY

(long beat)

Now that we got all this money, maybe it's time for a fresh start.

JAHSEH

Nigga I know I can't change. Them house invasions, the aggravated batteries, all them shits is me for real. It's just who I am. It's how I was raised.

STOKELY

Bullshit. You know you could change. You just don't want to cuz you love this lifestyle.

JAHSEH

And you don't?

Stokely looks down at the hood and smirks for a beat. The two of them laugh.

JAHSEH (CONT'D)

That's what I thought. You love this shit.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JAHSEH (CONT'D)

(beat)

The bitches, the cars, the bread,
the thrill who wouldn't?

STOKELY

You talkin like we already came up
though. We still on this mosh pit
shit bro.

JAHSEH

We almost there. Give it time.

STOKELY

Word.

JAHSEH

I miss the hood man. I miss my
auntie and my moms, Nena too.

STOKELY

I don't really got nobody back
home but you bro.

JAHSEH

My family's your family now. Don't
forget that.

STOKELY

(long beat)
Love you bro bro.

JAHSEH

Love you too.

CUT TO:

Jahseh and Stokely walk over to the luggage pick up
portion of the airport. They wait for their luggage to
reach them.

While they do this, Jahseh pulls out his phone. He turns
it on. Graphics start to show up. He taps on one that
says contacts, and taps on the one labeled "MAMA".

He puts the phone to his ear.

It rings. And then someone answers. It's Jahseh's mother.
Cleopatra.

(CONTINUED)

CLEOPATRA (O.S.)

Jahseh? Hey baby what's good?

JAHSEH

Hey mom. I just got off the flight. I'm in Pompano. Imma go say hi to everyone then pull up.

CLEOPATRA (O.S.)

You got another show today?

JAHSEH

Yeah. It's at 3. That's mad time to hit everyone else.

CLEOPATRA (O.S.)

A'ight. Whatever you do stay out of trouble. You gettin somewhere and I don't want you fuckin up.

JAHSEH

Yeah. Imma try.

CLEOPATRA (O.S.)

Don't gimme that *try* bullshit. You're gonna *do*.

JAHSEH

Alright ma. I love you bye.

CLEOPATRA (O.S.)

Love you too, bitch.

JAHSEH

(chuckling)
You tryna fight?

CLEOPATRA (O.S.)

Bet I got you later with these hands. Bye!

JAHSEH

(laughing)
A'ight I'm scared.

Cleopatra hangs up from the other side. Jahseh puts his phone away.

Jahseh walks toward the luggage pick up machine and picks up his bags once he sees them approaching.

(CONTINUED)

77A CONTINUED: (2)

Stokely picks his bags up right after Jahseh. They walk over to a cafe in the airport, where GENEVA sits down drinking coffee and using her phone.

Jahseh walks over to her.

JAHSEH (CONT'D)

(to Geneva)
You comin with us?

Geneva doesn't take her eyes off of her phone. She looks somewhat uncomfortable by Jahseh's presence. She doesn't even want to look him in the eyes.

GENEVA

No.

JAHSEH

Where you gonna stay?

GENEVA

With Roach.

JAHSEH

(long beat)
A'ight. I love you.

Geneva doesn't answer. She just continues to use her phone. This makes Jahseh upset. He flares his nostrils and walks away.

Stokely watches this whole thing take place. He stops Jahseh by holding his arm.

STOKELY

You sure ya don't wanna talk it out?

JAHSEH

No.

(beat)
I'm at the point where I no longer give a fuck.

He pats Jahseh's back.

STOKELY

Maybe if we see fam it'll help you keep your head up.

JAHSEH

Yeah. Word.

(CONTINUED)

STOKELY

Just break up with her ass bro.
She been makin your life a living
hell. Got you depressed and shit.

JAHSEH

I can't bro.

STOKELY

What you mean you can't? You're
not happy. She's not happy. Call
that shit off.

JAHSEH

I can't. I love her too much.

STOKELY

(sarcastically)
Let's see how that works out.
(beat)
You know damn well, her out of all
people could turn on you in a
split second. You know who she is.
You know what she's capable of.

JAHSEH

I do. But I'm not giving up on
her either.

STOKELY

You will regret it. I'm warning
you.

Jahseh shoots him a look. He knows that Stokely's right.
Then again, he feels a sense of denial because of the
love that blinds him.

CUT TO:

POMPANO BEACH HOUSING PROJECTS, FLORIDA

The place hasn't changed a bit. Chulos still stand next
to the sidewalk of their territory inside their whips,
blasting their ratchet Spanish tracks.

Jahseh and Stokely walk through the block with suitcases
and diamond crested jewelry around their wrists and neck.

The CHULOS stare at them deeply as the boys walk through.

(CONTINUED)

78A CONTINUED:

Stokely notices one of them look Jahseh, but turns away uncomfortably when they look back at him.

The Chulo who was staring at Jahseh starts to walk up to them. He's heavily tatted with a gold ring in his nose like a bull. His name is ENDARIO(30's).

His hands are behind his back. Stokely looks at him very cautiously. The thought that he might have a gun is very worrying.

He starts walking up to the quickly. Stokely tenses up. Endario pulls his hand from behind his back and.....
Shakes Jahseh's hand.

ENDARIO

What's good homes? Heard you been grinding on the road with your music shit.

JAHSEH

Yeah nigga. We gonna be rich.

Stokely eases up, and exhales deeply. Endario looks at him.

ENDARIO

Who's this pato?

JAHSEH

This is my bro Ski. He's my partner in crime. We came up together.

Endario looks at Stokely, and then he shakes his hand.

ENDARIO

(to Stokely)

What's good homes. You live around here?

STOKELY

I'm from the Venice. At least the shitty part anyways.

ENDARIO

Oh. You from Lauderdale pato?

STOKELY

Yeah.

Endario pulls something out from the back of his baggy jeans. It's a GLOCK 9.

(CONTINUED)

78A CONTINUED: (2)

ENDARIO

Let me show you what we do to
Conos from Lauderdale.

Jahseh puts his hand on Endario's shoulder.

JAHSEH

Chill, chill. Ain't no need for
that. He cool.

Endario puts the glock back in his jeans. He grills
Stokely for a long beat, then starts talking to Jahseh
again.

ENDARIO

Nice to see you brother.

He hugs Jahseh.

JAHSEH

Word two.

Stokely just looks at the two of them, terrified by the
whole ordeal that just took place.

CUT TO:

79A EXT. REYES HOUSEHOLD - MOMENTS LATER

79A

Jahseh walks up to the front steps. He walks over to the
door and rings the doorbell. Nobody answers.

He knocks on it several times, and then somebody walks
out. It's a beautiful Latina woman. This is YAMMY
REYES(30's). She's almost like a second mother to Jahseh.

She looks shocked by his appearance. Like he's been gone
for a long time.

YAMMY

Jahseh! Oh Dos mio it's been so
long!

She gives Jahseh a hug. He smiles. Yammy turns around and
look at the stairway in the house. She yells to somebody
upstairs.

YAMMY (CONT'D)

NENA COME DOWNSTAIRS!! YOU GONNA
WANNA SEE THIS!!

(CONTINUED)

NENA
(from upstairs)
NO I DON'T GIVE A FUCK!!

YAMMY
AY, YOU WATCH THAT MOUTH!! YOU
REALLY GONNA WANNA SEE THIS
THOUGH!!

Jahseh chuckles. Somebody starts stomping down the stairs. They start walking towards the door. It's a young teenage Latina in a Florida Gator's Jersey and some fashionable joggers. Her name is NENA REYES(18).

NENA
(to Yammy)
What ma!!

YAMMY
Look whose at the door stupid!

Nena looks closely, and then finally notices Jahseh, who's standing at the door smiling. Her face of irritation now turned into one of pure excite.

NENA
Jahseh!!!

She RUNS over to the door and JUMP HUGS him, wrapping her body around him like a monkey.

JAHSEH
(laughing)
I missed you too nigga.

Nena gets off of Jahseh and looks at Yammy.

NENA
(to Yammy)
Ma, You mind if I go out for a
little while.

YAMMY
You have your phone on you?

NENA
Yup.

YAMMY
Alright.
(beat)
Be back by 7.

JAHSEH

Nah that won't be necessary. I got a show at 3 so I'll just bring her back.

YAMMY

A'ight Jahseh. You two knuckleheads just needa stay outta trouble.

JAHSEH

(chuckles)

Okay. Bye Mama Reyes.

Nena walks out of the house with Jahseh. Yammy closes the door. She looks at Stokely and smiles at him.

NENA

As I live and breathe, the god of the slumps himself.

Stokely chuckles. Nena walks over and shakes his hand.

Jahseh looks at Stokely and points at the house.

JAHSEH

Yo we gonna chill for a little bit. Crash here for awhile a'ight?

STOKELY

A'ight.

He gives a Stokely a face of warning. A playful one.

JAHSEH

Don't go in there and fuck my mommy figure.

Stokely and Nena laugh.

STOKELY

A'ight. Can't make any promises.

Jahseh breaks into laughter.

JAHSEH

Ayy!!

CUT TO:

80A

STREETS OF POMPANO BEACH HOOD - MOMENTS LATER

80A

Nena and Jahseh walk through the hood eating bags of chips and drinking soda.

NENA

So you two superstars now, huh?

JAHSEH

Somethin like that. We makin bread here and there. We gonna be at the top one of these days.

NENA

One of these days? Look at ya. Got your glacial ice on and shit. You already there.

JAHSEH

(laughing)

Not even. Me and the boys still livin in hotels. Lemme not forget that we live off a Chinese food and Popeyes diet.

NENA

Damn it's like that?

JAHSEH

Yeah. We will make it there though. No doubt about it. Even got new music on the way and shit. We releasin a tape called 'Members Only' this summer.

NENA

Alright. I fuck with that grind.

JAHSEH

What you been up to?

NENA

I been on my modelling grind. Turns out the industry has a softy for dyke bitches.

Jahseh chuckles.

JAHSEH

How you doin with the females? You been slingin hoes?

(CONTINUED)

NENA

Nah man. I got me a respectable female. I settled down.

JAHSEH

You went soft, huh.

NENA

Man shut the fuck up. What's good wit you and your female, huh?

JAHSEH

(long beat)

We don't talk about that.

NENA

Nigga don't play with me. We technically blood siblings. What's good with the two of ya.

JAHSEH

Nothing good.

NENA

What happened?

JAHSEH

Well. She was sendin nudes to some trash ass rap nigga, her illness gettin worse, and she type gets mad at me for everything.

NENA

(long beat)

Didn't she cheat on you with a whole nigga a couple months ago?

Jahseh looks down at the concrete, thinking deeply. A tear starts to glisten in his eye. He looks around and blinks in an effort to keep it in.

JAHSEH

Yeah.

Nena starts to get irritated. She SLAPS Jahseh's shoulder.

NENA

Why the fuck you still with her then!! She hurtin you!! Never have I seen you cry over a female like this!!

(CONTINUED)

JAHSEH

I know I should leave her....
But....

NENA

But nothing my nigga! Drop her!!
She's destroying you on the
inside!

JAHSEH

I love her. I can't.

NENA

Jahseh you a soldier!! Fuck you
mean you can't leave her!!

JAHSEH

She was the only one that
understood me, Nena. She was there
when I wanted to die, she was
there when I was in the gutter. I
love that girl for real.

NENA

Keyword. Was. If I were you, I
would drop her before shit gets
worse and you're pushed to the
edge. I know where your mind goes
when you're pushed to the edge.

CUT TO:

**The montage is muted. The music plays over the silence.*

MUSIC CUE: "RIP ROACH EAST SIDE SOULJA" by XXXTentacion
ft. Ski Mask the Slump God

MONTAGE

- A dark stage. Low level production. Not that big scale,
but crowded with people. Specifically fans. They cheer
and SCREAM. Red spotlights lights BLAST on, with powerful
brightness and target the stage.

A group of young man RUN out from backstage. It's Jahseh
and Stokely, RUNNING out from the back with the VERY RARE
BOYZ. *They're throwing a performance.*

- A young man, red braids in his hair, and tattoos all
over his abdomen sits on a bed using his phone in his
hotel suite. In particular, he's surfing through his
Instagram feed. His name is ROB.

(CONTINUED)

A banner graphic rolls down his phone screen. It's a phone contact. The name reads "GOLDIE" with dripping water, and tongue emojis. The message reads: I'm outside daddy.

Rob walks over to door and slowly twists the knob. He JERKS it, and then release it, revealing a young woman. We've seen her numerous times. It's GENEVA.

- An Haitian American male knocks at the door of a traphouse. He's short and innocent looking, with a baggy white T-shirt and some dark denim jeans. One other man, big and husky walk in back of him. These two men are ROACH(20) and TEJRIC(25). They walk into the living room revealing THREE perilous, predatory looking MEN sitting on the couch. These men are POISON SUPPLIERS. Roach pulls something out of his pockets..... Money.

- Jahseh and Stokely JUMP up and down, perspiring wildly, screaming the lyrics to their songs into the mics. The fan JUMP UP AND DOWN and get rowdy with them.

- Rob thrusts in and out of Geneva with intense speed, as he grabs her waist hard. She grips the bedsheets as her mouth open and her eyes close from the immense pleasure she's feeling right this instant. This is not sex. This is fucking.

- Roach slams the money down onto a chipped wooden table laid out in front of the three men. They look at the money for a beat. One of the POISON SUPPLIERS scratches his chin and chuckles. He grins at the other two and says something to them. All three of them laugh. Roach starts to get tense. His hands ball up into fists. Tejric reaches into the back of his jeans and reaches onto something.

- Jahseh RUNS to the edge of the stage and JUMPS into the crowd. They spread their hands out, catching Jahseh as he lands into their grasps. They start to slowly roll him out to the exit, Jahseh screaming into the mic with a smile across his face.

- Rob performs missionary on Geneva, shaking the bed wildly. She grasps her hands onto the headboard to keep balance due to the wild rocking from Rob's gyrating.

- POISON SUPPLIER#1 and Roach engage in a loud verbal argument. Roach KICKS over the wooden table in steaming pile of anger. The other two POISON SUPPLIERS pull out shotguns and aim them Roach. In a split second, Roach pulls out a GLOCK. Tejric BLASTS on of the poison suppliers in the shoulder.

80A CONTINUED: (4)

POISON SUPPLIER#1 BLASTS him in the chest with shotgun fire. He collapses to the floor, limp. POISON SUPPLIER#1 looks over to Roach and targets the shotgun barrel at his head.

SLAM TO BLACK.

KABROOM! KABROOM!

Powerful blasts of shotgun fire ring out.

CUT TO:

81A INT. POMPANO BEACH CEMETERY - MORNING

81A

A dark cloudy sky. A small drizzle of rain descends from the sky. Rows of tombstones are lined up, their designs and rock composers distinguishing them.

Focus is paid to a specific tombstone. One where two young man stand over. Bouquets of flowers and folded T-shirts laid next to it. The name on the tombstone: REYNOLD "ROACH" REAGAN.

The two young men standing over the grave, JAHSEH and STOKELY. Jahseh's face is blank and emotionless. Stokely is teary eyed and saddened.

Jahseh holds something under his arm. A black T-shirt. He pulls it out from under his arm and unfolds it, unveiling a printed image. A collage of Roach, smiling and grinning, surrounded by words. The words read:

REST UP TO AN EAST SIDE SOULJA 6-23-97 TO 1-5-16.

He lays the shirt onto Roach's tombstone.

CUT TO:

82A INT. NEW ONFROY HOUSEHOLD - MOMENTS LATER

82A

We're in the kitchen of a middle/high class suburban household. It's very different from the other environments seen previously in Pompano.

Marble coats the kitchen counter. Bowls of mixed food ingredients sit on it as fizzing and popping can be heard coming from the stove.

At the stove, a middle aged African American woman cooks something with the ingredients on the counter.

(CONTINUED)

Her name is CLEOPATRA ONFROY(30's). We've seen her before. She's Jahseh's mother.

The doorbell starts to RING. Cleopatra walks over to the door.

CLEOPATRA

Who it is?

STOKELY (O.S.)

It's the superstar boys!!

Cleopatra smiles and opens the door. Stokely and Jahseh walk in. Stokely gives her a hug.

CLEOPATRA

Jahseh, I don't get a hug?

Jahseh ignores her existence, hood over his head, his face still blank and emotionless.

He walks into the living room and sits on the couch, making no movements, just sitting still, staring into the distance.

Cleopatra looks at him confused. She then looks to Stokely.

CLEOPATRA (CONT'D)

Is this about Roach?

Stokely nods his head.

STOKELY

We went to the grave today. He was lookin too good.

CLEOPATRA

He never holds up well with death. Especially since his auntie passed.

STOKELY

Yeah. I just don't want him to go out and do somethin stupid, you know.

CLEOPATRA

I tried to get him a therapist....
But you know how he is.

STOKELY

Yeah. He deals with his demons on the inside. It ain't good but we could try our best to help him cope.

JAHSEH (O.S.)

Did you know I was gonna go to his crib that night?

Stokely and Cleopatra turn to Jahseh, who's still sitting on the couch, very still.

JAHSEH (CONT'D)

He was gonna host a party. Me and Nena was gonna go, and I was gonna tell Stoke to pull up.

Stokely starts to get teary eyed again.

JAHSEH (CONT'D)

Saved us a hangover off the Henny, right?

Jahseh PUNCHES the glass table in front of him into wall, SHATTERING it, then STORMS off the couch. He walks out of the living room and disappears from Stokely and Cleopatra's site.

STOKELY

(to Cleopatra)
I'll pay for that.

CLEOPATRA

I swear if he wasn't grievin right now, I'd beat his ass.

Stokely RUNS in the direction Jahseh stormed off to, revealing a back door down the hall from the living room. He looks through the glass black door.

He sees Jahseh standing at the balcony, holding something with both his hands. An orange light sprouts from them. Stokely slowly walks to the door and opens it.

He clearly sees what Jahseh's doing now. He's lighting a cigarette.

Stokely walks over to his side. Now they both look over the balcony. Jahseh thinks deeply, blank faced.

Jahseh looks over to the balcony, at the pavement in between the basement and the pool.

(CONTINUED)

He puts the lighter back in his pocket, and starts smoking.

JAHSEH

If I were to jump right now, would it bring peace?

STOKELY

What's peace to you exactly.

JAHSEH

Preservation..... Preservation of the lives for those I care about.

STOKELY

You think everyone dies because of you?

JAHSEH

(chuckles)

I think?

(angrily)

Look at this shit. My auntie, Rob, Tej, Roach, Papa Reyes, Jocelyn, Miranda, Vicky, all of those people died when I entered their lives. I fuck everything up for everyone. I fuck up life and I turn it to death.

STOKELY

Or maybe, it was set in those people's plans to go. What if their purpose was to help you grow stronger. What if this pain, is something you're meant to go through to make you stronger.

JAHSEH

I'm a piece of shit. If anything, it should be the other way around.

STOKELY

There's two ways this pain my take you my nigga.

(beat)

Either this leads you up to the death of everything you've.... We've tried to build, or this will all lead to the final breaking point... Your ascension.

82A CONTINUED: (4)

JAHSEH
You philosopher now nigga?

STOKELY
Nah I just don't want you to do
anything stupid.

Jahseh flicks the cigarette over the balcony.

JAHSEH
It's too late to stop me from
doing anything stupid.

He walks back into the house, leaving Stokely to stand
there by himself.

CUT TO:

83A INT. NO JUMPER PODCASTING STUDIO - DAY

83A

Jahseh and the RARE BOYZ walk into the small office.
There's mics waiting for them at each of their seats. It
smells of marijuana and alcohol.

Jahseh sits down, Stokely sitting beside him. They
haven't talked since the incident this morning. They
barely look at each other. Wifi notices the disconnect.

Somebody walks into the room. It's the interviewer. A
young Caucasian male covered in tattoos. He looks like a
skater. His name is ADAM.

He looks at Jahseh and Stokely who he notices seem to be
in bad moods.

ADAM
You guys are lookin tense as fuck.
(beat)
You wanna roll up?

Jahseh and Stokely look at each other. Jahseh grins at
him.

JAHSEH
Mmmhmmmmmmmmmm.

STOKELY
Mmmhmmmmmmmmmm.

ADAM
That's the spirit!!

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

83A CONTINUED:

Everybody smokes marijuana laughing and having a good time as they do the interview. Jahseh starts to play with his Adidas jacket as if it's making him uncomfortable.

Adam speaks into his mic.

ADAM (CONT'D)

This is No Jumper. We're here with upcoming rapper XXXTentacion.

(to Jahseh)

Why don't you introduce yourself to us and introduce your clique.

Jahseh storms into his mic with frenetic excited energy. He points at the RARE BOYZ.

JAHSEH

My name is XXXTentacion AKA Yung Dagger dick and I'm here with the DIRTY DICK VERY BOYZ!! WE IN THIS BITCH!! CraigXen dirty dick in this bitch, WifiBudu AKA Wifi's Funeral in this bitch, Ski Mask the Slump God in this bitch, Got Bruno dick her down in this bitch, and we got Adam from No Jumper.

Everybody laughs.

ADAM

So tell us a little bit about yourself. The basics.

JAHSEH

Well, my name's Yung Dagger Dick, you already now that. I was born in The Plantation, then I grew up in North Lauderdale.

ADAM

North Lauderdale?

JAHSEH

Yeah it's like in the hood of Broward, you know deep in South Florida.

ADAM

(long beat)

So what was your upbringing like? What're your parents like.

(CONTINUED)

JAHSEH

Well I was raised for a period of time by my mom.

ADAM

Tell me a little bit about her.

JAHSEH

Well my mom's is mean. She's probably the only female that could beat my ass. I wouldn't fight her for shit.

ADAM

(laughing)

How bout Ronda Rousey?

JAHSEH

Nah. I'd throw hands with Rousey.

ADAM

Well she did just take a L on that fight she had recently. You watch MMA?

JAHSEH

That fight was hefty. Shit was fire.

ADAM

Yeah that fight was amazing.

(chuckles)

Quick discussion of women's MMA.

Jahseh chuckles.

JAHSEH

I love MMA. I've actually met Tyrone Spong and Sean Evans. Pretty cool guys. All fuckin cool guys.

ADAM

You're a fighter?

JAHSEH

Yeah. I've been fighting since I was a little kid. I throw hands here and there. You know..... At least three times a week.

Everybody laughs.

(CONTINUED)

ADAM

So back to your mom. So you lived in the hood. But what was it like living for you.

JAHSEH

Well.... My dad got locked up for life when I was like 4, so my mom had to raise me by myself while at the same time she was still a kid.

(beat)

It was hard. I had to stab my first nigga at six cuz my mom used to be around niggas that would just take advantage of her. She wasn't no prostitute or nothin but she was struggling.

ADAM

What were the circumstances like for the reasoning of why she had to live like that.

JAHSEH

Well she came here from Jamaica, and she was young with no one to help her so she just ended up in that situation.

ADAM

What was your relationship with your mom like?

JAHSEH

I would kill for my mom. But there were times that she could no longer care for me cuz she couldn't afford it, but I couldn't understand that. She taught me all the rules are go by today. My morals are a direct result of what she taught me.

ADAM

Was there any specific moment that like... You realized that?

JAHSEH

Yeah. Actually, when I was in middle school, there was this bitch right.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

83A CONTINUED: (4)

JAHSEH (CONT'D)

Her and her boyfriend used to fuck around with me because I made fun of them, and one day she slapped me. So I went to my mom one day and asked her if it's okay to hit a girl. She told me that if I give her a warning and she continues, it's considered harm so I have the permission to defend myself.

ADAM

So what'd you do about it?

Jahseh grins at Adam.

JAHSEH

I slapped that bitch and kneed the fuck outta her face.

Everybody in the room stays silent for a beat, surprised by the end of Jahseh's story. Suddenly..... They all laugh hysterically.

CUT TO:

84A INT. SMALL RECORDING STUDIO - NIGHT

84A

A dark, almost pitch black room with phones and installed red bulbs as the only light sources. It's loud. Very loud. Blasted music, cussing, laughing, and stomping, all coming from the RARE BOYZ.

The Rare Boyz sit around on the studio sofas, smoking marijuana and using their phones. Jahseh and Stokely develop beats on Stokely's laptop.

They nod their heads, grinning, in tune with the rhythm of the beat.

Somebody starts knocking frantically at the studio door. It's not audible because of all the loud activities going on.

The person knocking starts to SCREAM. It sounds more like a high pitch SHRIEK.

WIFI stands up from the sofa and walks over to the door. A couple of the boys stop what they're doing when they hear the scream.

(CONTINUED)

84A CONTINUED:

Wifi twists the knob and opens the door. Geneva BURSTS in and SHOVES him out of the way. She starts CHARGING at Jahseh with her phone.

She HURLS it at him. He ducks down, and the phone SLAMS into the glass casing shielding the singing booth. The phone SHATTERS on the casing.

Jahseh looks up at her with a face of rage.

JAHSEH
THE FUCK IS WRONG WITH YOU!!!

Geneva points at her eye, which is puffed up and almost the same color as dark purple.

GENEVA
THIS SHIT!!

Jahseh's anger turns into worry. He's worried about what happened to Geneva and a little heartbroken that she's hurt.

JAHSEH
Who did this to you.

Geneva pulls out a lighter and a cigarette. She puckers the cigarette in between her lips and starts lighting it.

JAHSEH (CONT'D)
Geneva..... Who did this.

GENEVA
My side nigga damn!!

Everybody goes silent. Stokely shuts off the music. Jahseh squints, confused as to what he just heard.

JAHSEH
Who? Repeat what you just said?

Geneva chuckles and starts stepping backwards.

GENEVA
What? You actin surprised like I wasn't gettin my pussy slung by other niggas before.
(beat)
And guess what.... I'm pregnant you bitch ass nigga.

Geneva starts laughing hysterically.

(CONTINUED)

84A CONTINUED: (2)

Jahseh's eyes go dead, and start to widen. He squeezes his hands into fists.

Geneva's laughter turns into silence. Tears start to glisten in her eyes.

GENEVA (CONT'D)

What nigga!! Fuck you gon' do!!
What!! You fuckin pussy!! What you
gonna do!!

She's hiding her fear behind talk. She knows deep inside that this man will kill her with no problem.

Jahseh smiles. Everybody looks at him confused. His smile turns into a chuckle. Geneva's mouth opens, air barely coming out. She's terrified.

He quickly walks over to her.

CRACK!!

Jahseh SWINGS at Geneva's head, knocking her down to the ground. She starts sniffing, tears dripping from her face to the floor. She's about to cry.

He STOMPS her in the head, making her cry harder. He PUNCHES her again. Then again. He starts PUNCHING her repeatedly.

Stokely and the RARE BOYZ just watch him do this, helpless and guilty.

All that can be heard are the THUMPS and CRUNCHES of Jahseh's punches.

Stokely starts trembling, then finally decides to RUN over to Jahseh and pull him off of Geneva. Her body's limp, and her face is swollen and bloodied.

She tries to cry while she gurgles blood from her mouth.

Jahseh tries to fight his restraints.

STOKELY

You need to chill the fuck out!!
You really wanna catch a case for
her?!?!

JAHSEH

Fuck that bitch!! I want her
dead!! I don't wanna see her alive
again!!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

84A CONTINUED: (3)

JAHSEH (CONT'D)

(to Geneva)

I HATE YOU!! DIE BITCH!! DIE!!

Jahseh KICKS her in the rib before Stokely DRAGS him to the door, then out of the studio.

The other Rare Boyz look at Geneva, terrified with a little bit guilt for not doing anything.

GENEVA

(gurgling blood)

Please..... Help me.

CUT TO:

85A EXT. SMALL RECORDING STUDIO - NIGHT

85A

The door BURSTS open, and Stokely RUNS out, carrying Jahseh who's KICKING and CUSSING. He's furious, and he just wants to kill Geneva right now.

Stokely lets him go. Jahseh tries to RUN back in. Stokely PUSHES him further away from the door.

STOKELY

You not goin anywhere until you calm the fuck down.

Jahseh starts to trade in his tense fast paced breathes for slow calm ones.

Tears start to flow down his face. His expression turns into a frown of sorrow and despair. He's heartbroken.

JAHSEH

I loved her yo..... And she did this to me again.

(beat)

I'm done.

STOKELY

Good. Everybody been waitin for you to say that.

JAHSEH

I don't know why I snapped like that bro. I don't know what happened to me.

STOKELY

That was your breaking point. Your ascension.

(CONTINUED)

JAHSEH

Ascension nigga? My ass gettin
locked up on the real.

STOKELY

We don't decide what happens from
here on out. But there is an
ascension making way, and it will
take it's course soon.

JAHSEH

Ain't no ascension happening for
me Stoke. I'm a sad case. Ain't
nothin coming for me but *Bad Vibes*
Forever.

POLICE SIRENS start to SOUND OFF. They start getting
LOUDER and LOUDER as police cars approach the studio.

The vibrant blue and red signal lights shower Jahseh and
Stokely as the cars HALT in front of the studio.

Two cars are pulled up, the classic black and white
whips. Officers start CHARGING out the cars with pistols
trained at Jahseh.

POLICE OFFICER#1

HANDS BEHIND YOUR FUCKIN HEAD!!
LAY YOUR HEAD ON THE HOOD!!

Jahseh unclenches his bloody cut up fists and slowly
places them behind his head.

An AMBULANCE TRUCK starts PULLING up to the studio.

Jahseh slowly walks over to the police car in front and
bends down, laying his forehead on it.

PARAMEDICS start to make their way out of the Ambulance
truck's back door aiding each other as they carry a
stretcher to the studio entrance.

The Officers place Jahseh's hands behind his back and
handcuff him. His face, is not one of sadness, but one of
anger. He no longer feels any guilt.

The officers place him into the back of the police car.

He looks out the window, and sees Geneva, being carried
out on a stretcher with a neck cast on and tubes running
oxygen through her mouth.

(CONTINUED)

85A CONTINUED: (2)

He gives her a menacing hateful look. He will forever hate her for pushing him this far.

CUT TO:

86A INT. PROCESSING ROOM - BROWARD COUNTY PENITENTIARY - 86A
MOMENTS LATER

Jahseh stands in front of a plain gray background. His face, emotionless and distant as he looks into the mugshot camera.

SNAP!

That's the first mugshot. Jahseh turns sideways.

SNAP!

That's the second mugshot. He walks over to a touch screen panel and presses his thumb down on it. It scans the finger and graphics pop up showing his information.

He then walks over to an Officer holding a bin for him. Inside the bin, his prison uniform that he will be wearing.

The officer holding the bin, OFFICER JACOBS(40's). He shakes his head at Jahseh.

OFFICER JACOBS
I'm really starting to think you like it here Onfroy. Looks like Imma have to get used to seein your knucklehead ass as a regular.

Officer Jacobs hands Jahseh the bin.

JAHSEH
You not gonna see me here again.
(beat)
This is my ascension.

Three officers walk over to Jahseh and start escorting him out of the processing office.

SUPER-IMPOSE:

Jahseh Onfroy was arrested on one count of aggravated assault on a pregnant woman and assault with a deadly weapon. He was also charged on counts of House Invasion.

(CONTINUED)

86A CONTINUED:

Geneva later dropped the charges and admitted to falsifying her pregnancy.

Six Months after his arrest, Jahseh was released under the circumstances of probation lasting six years.

His music gained the attention of thousands, captivating new fans due to his arrest.

Jahseh is now performing shows at well known events with his vrother Stokely AKA Ski Mask The Slump God, and other well known artist.

MUSIC CUE: "NETHERRACK" by XXXTENTACION

THE END