SIKE

Written by

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THE SOUNDS OF A PHONE CONSTANTLY RINGING IN FACETIME MODE IS PRESENT:

INT. CHEWY’S DINING ROOM

A face pops on a computer screen.

His name is SYKE he is talking to someone in the background, before he turns his attention to the I-Phone he is holding.

His brother CHEWY is on the phone waiting to be acknowledged.

SYKE
It’s behind the cereal boxes in the cabinet...

His head has not yet turned to face his brother on the screen.

SYKE
I know it’s back there because I put it there.

CHEWY
Aye bra.

Syke puts up the finger telling his brother to hold on, this frustrates Chewy.

There is a deep voice in the background that belongs to Q.

Q
I’m looking hard as hell, just come get it my nigga.

Syke is irritated and turns his head to look at the screen.

SYKE
See what I gotta go thru.

CHEWY
Momma said she need yo ass back here for the holidays.

Someone taps Chewy constantly.

That someone is an old school cat by the name of VIRGE.
Tell Syke what I said man, tell Syke what I said.

Okay, okay, got damn...
(to Syke)
Who you around man?

Nobody it’s just me and Q.

Chewy tries to talk in silence but Syke can’t make out his words.

He tries again but Q interrupts them this time.

Bra you gon have to come get that shit. I can’t find that bag nowhere.

Ain’t no way it’s that hard to find a hundred muthafuckin thousand.
Hold on Chewy, hold on talk to Q.

Q handles the phone smiling ear to ear.

What’s up little brother?

Quit little bro-ing me dog. You taking care of my brother out there?

You know I got him. Ain’t shit going to happen to your brother that don’t happen to me first. I look at ya’ll like family, Ms. Shirl ain’t gon kill me...

This makes Chewy chuckle a little.

You know yo mama crazy...

They both start laughing.

She gotta be crazy after raising you two niggas.
Syke walks back in, and throws the bag on the table.

Q
Where you find it at?

SYKE
Right where I said it was. Sike it was under the sink, I forgot I moved it.

Q shakes his head.

SYKE
Yo brother slow.

Q
Alright Chewy, I’ll see you later, be safe out there.

CHEWY
Yup, you too.

Q gets up and leaves out the room.

Syke sits in his original seat, and begins to pull out stacks of money out of the bag.

SYKE
What was you saying Chewy?

Virge interrupts Chewy from silently talking.

VIRGE
They went up on the ticket on your head.

SYKE
Yeah how much am I worth now?

This seems to excite Syke.

CHEWY
They talking about seventy five thousand bra.

SYKE
Whoa shit, for twenty five more I’m going to take my own head off.

Syke starts laughing, as does Chewy.

Q is walking behind Syke and Chewy is viewing this.

Q shoots Syke in the back of the head.
Chewy is going crazy as Virge is looking in the screen.

Q grabs the phone smiling.

Q

After that bitch get off the ground crying tell him, they gave me that extra twenty five for him.

He places the phone down to view Syke’s dead body, as his eyes are still open with a bullet in his head.