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

UNKNOWN VOICE
Make sure you watch out for the rollers for me Virge.

INT. CHEWY’S PRISON CELL – NIGHT
A face pops on a I-Phone.
His name is SYKE he is talking to someone in the background, before he turns to acknowledge who he is talking to.

Chewy holds the phone in his hand.

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 finally turns his head to look at the screen.

SYKE
See what I gotta go thru.

CHEWY
You been taking good care of my mama bra.
SYKE
Our mama fool. And yeah she always
taken care of as long as I’m
breathing.

Someone taps Chewy constantly.

That someone is an old school cat by the name of VIRGE (62).

VIRGE
Tell Syke what I said man, tell
Syke what I said.

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

VIRGE
Nobody it’s just me and Q.

Chewy’s facial expression from who Syke said he is with shows
Chewy’s dislike for Q.

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

He tries again but Q interrupts them this time.

Q
Bra you need to come get that shit.
I can’t find that bag nowhere.

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

Q approaches the screen all smiles.

Q
What’s up little brother?

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

Q
You know I got him. Ain’t shit
going to happen to your brother
that don’t happen to me first...
CHEWY
Yeah but you know he kind of hot-headed tho.

Q
Yeah I know but I got dude right here. Ya’ll the only family I got. Plus Ms. Shirl ain’t going to be coming after me if I let something happen to her baby.

This makes Chewy chuckle a little.

Q
You know yo mama crazy...

They both start laughing.

Syke walks back in, and throws the bag on the table.

Q
Where you find it at?

SYKE
It was under the sink, I forgot I moved it earlier.

Q shakes his head.

SYKE
Aye niggas, ya’ll not just gon be talking about me like I’m not right here.

Q gets up and leaves out the room.

Syke sits in his original seat.

SYKE
What was you saying?

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 seventy five, I might just take my own damn head off and hand it to them.

Syke starts laughing.

Chewy gets serious.

CHEWY
It ain’t funny. For that type of money ain’t no telling what these niggas will do out there--

Q is walking behind Syke quickly; Chewy’s eyes broaden he is watching Q in the background advance towards Syke with a gun in his hand.

CHEWY
(screaming)
Bra watch out!!!

Q SHOOTS Syke in the back of the head.

Chewy yells NO!!! NO!!! NO!!! Chewy is now pounding the floor on his knees.

Virge picks up Chewy’s phone, he looks in the screen.

Q grabs Syke’s phone. Blood stains his shirt and his face. He smiles like a maniac.

Q
After that bitch get off the ground crying; tell him, I took that seventy five...

He holds up the bag of money Syke had threw on the table.

Q
And this hundred G’s, is a bonus.

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