

SYKE

Written by

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BLACK SCREEN

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.

Q

Yo brother slow.

CHEWY

That's why I need you to take care of my nigga, you know he be losing his mind--

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.

