

SCRIPT TITLE
UNDER THE JAIL

Written by
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Based on, If Any
True Events

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INT. SKULLY'S BAR - NIGHT

This bar is semi dark and fairly empty, but it has some history judging by the photos of good old times. It has four tables and each seat that sits across from one another has one male and one female occupying them, all are grooving to the music playing from the juke box in the corner.

At the bar is one wino that looks like one more drink will send him in an alcoholic coma. At the end of bar is a lady cougar that looks like she is searching for her prey, she winks at DON (30).

Don is a black man with a lot of flashy jewelry. Everything about him speaks dope boy. He ignores the lady and types in his phone.

INSERT: DON'S I-PHONE

He post a status on facebook, "At Skully's Bar taking my annual drink, toast to success."

He holds up his glass and snaps a photo of himself.

MOMENTS LATER

He's at the juke box playing a song, then stumbles to the bar.

DON
Last round--

UNKNOWN VOICE (O.S.)
No the hell it ain't.

Don squints his eyes to try to focus in on the unrecognizable man.

DON
Who the hell are you?

JEAN (30) walks closer as if Don will remember who he is, but Don just stands there.

Jean has a nice build and is very confident. He also has on flashy jewelry and a mouth full of golds that shines as he smiles.

JEAN
It's me man, Jean fool.

DON
Big Jean from high school.

JEAN
Yeah nigga it ain't Big Jean no
more...
(starts flexing)
More like swoll Jean.

They both laugh as they give each other a hug.

DON
What's up boy? Damn it been like
twelve years, since I saw you. Yo
ass been in that gym boy.

JEAN
Yeah all them jokes ya'll used to
hit me with got yo boy together.

DON
I see. Aye bartender get me another
one and get my boy a...

He looks for Jean to answer.

JEAN
Long island.

DON
I see you still soft nigga. Man get
this nigga a shot of hennessy.

JEAN
And drink that hard shit so my
liver can be all jacked up. No
thank you.

They both have a seat next to one another at the bar.

DON
(touches Jeans chain)
You look like you doing good nigga.

JEAN
Ballin is the right term.

DON
Oh my bad ballin. I never thought
you would be in the streets man,
you was a straight square in high
school.

JEAN

What else is it to do in this raggedy ass town. You either sell dope or play ball and I was too damn fat for hooping.

DON

Ain't that the truth nigga you was a big boy...

Jean shoots him a dirty look by that comment.

DON (CONT'D)

But yeah I jumped off the porch at a early age.

JEAN

I remember nigga, you used to sell dope back in high school, when I wasn't thinking bout none of that shit.

DON

Yeah I was going thru a brick a week back then. That's why it's almost time to retire now.

JEAN

What you mean retire, you still got some ballin to do.

DON

Naw, this ain't for me no more bra, ya'll can have this shit. I'm damn' nere king pin status. If they snatch me up it ain't gon be for no lil shit, they going to lock me under the jail.

JEAN

Under the jail.

DON

(with emphasis)
Under the jail.

JEAN

I thought you lived out of town, what you here for.

DON

Cuz it's good money here. I come back once a year just to drop off and collect. But right now it seem like I can't do neither.

JEAN

Damn I wish it was that sweet for me. I'm stuck in this bitch. My clientele would go crazy if I leave for a few days.

DON

Damn you jumping like that.

JEAN

Like that my nigga.

Don mesmerizes for a bit and smiles with a proud grin.

DON

What you be fuckin with?

JEAN

Shit a little bit of everything, girl, boy, ice, weed, shit I'll sell my drawers if they buying them...

They both laugh.

JEAN (CONT'D)

But my claim to fame been that dog food.

DON

Damn you fuck with that boy bra?

JEAN

Hell yeah.

DON

Nigga how much can you move?

JEAN

I'm going thru about a brick every two weeks.

DON

Damn that ain't bad.

JEAN

Yeah but that shit bout to slow up now that my nigga got popped.

Don looks a little more interested.

DON
Who yo nigga?

JEAN
You know him ya'll was boys back in high school, Rick.

DON
Man that's still my dog. He the reason I'm here now. He got knocked right before I came to pick up my money.

JEAN
Damn it's a small world.

DON
Hell yea it is...

Don thinks to himself for a brief moment.

DON (CONT'D)
So that was you that was moving that shit like that?

JEAN
Half a brick a week my nigga.

Don takes time to think to himself again rubbing his freshly shaved cheeks.

DON
How much you got to spend on some work?

JEAN
Shit I need three bricks of boy right now.

Don takes time to think again.

DON
I told you I came to drop off and I'm loaded right now. That stupid nigga Rick got jammed up, and I can definitely use some help. I'll tell you what, come with the money for five bricks and I'll front you another five. It's going cost sixty a brick.

JEAN

Shit that's way better than Rick's prices.

Jean sits in his chair in a proud manner.

JEAN (CONT'D)

I was just telling my nigga I was going to find us another plug...
(speaking out loud)
I ain't lied to you yet Harold.

DON

Well you found him. And if everything go good I'll let you meet my connect, before I get out the game.

They laugh, then both toast and down there shots.

JEAN

So how we going to do this, cuz I'm going to get the bread tonight?

DON

No we can do that tomorrow, but tonight we got to do some prepping. If we gon do this we gon do this right...

Jean is shaking his head in agreement to what Don is saying.

DON (CONT'D)

We need to go get some phones that only me and you communicate on. But we will make the deal tomorrow at your house, I need to see where you stay.

JEAN

Bet we can do that for sure, but let's go get those phones.

Jean gets up eager to take care of business, and Don pays his tab with a crispy hundred dollar bill. The two exit the bar.

FADE OUT.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - DAY

Don is sound asleep in the king size bed. His phone rings as he struggles to find it throughout the bed.

He grabs his phone but that is not the one ringing. He realizes this and runs to his pants and snatches the flip phone out.

INTERCUT

DON
What's up man?

JEAN
Early bird gets the worm.

DON
I'm up, I'm bout to get dressed now.

He begins to put on his shirt.

JEAN
I hope you ready cuz I'm trying to feed my people as quickly as possible.

DON
Okay that's cool, I got to catch a flight later, so the sooner the better.

JEAN
Okay I'm waiting on you.

DON
Alright. Text me your address.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Don looks up at the high rise, with a duffel bag in his hand. He looks around unimpressed.

DON
(to himself)
He call this balling.

He heads in.

INT. JEANS APARTMENT - DAY

There's a knock at the door.

ATHENA (42) opens the door.

ATHENA

Well hello Don I heard a lot about
you come on in, Jean is just
finishing counting your money.

He comes in to a very tiny almost empty apartment. He has a
look of confusion when he see HAROLD (44) on a lap top at a
round table with one chair present.

Jean comes in, with a suit case and sits it on the table.

DON

Man I said I want to meet you at
your house.

HAROLD

What difference does it make?

DON

I don't even know you.

JEAN

(laughs)

That's my right hand, Harold man he
cool. And that's my aunt Athena...

She wraps a cord around her arm.

JEAN (CONT'D)

She gon test the product man.

DON

(to himself)

I ain't feeling this man.

HAROLD

You ain't feeling what?

DON

I ain't feeling you keep talking to
me.

JEAN

Calm down, calm down we here to do
business right. Is that the work in
that bag bra?

DON

Is that the money in that suit
case?

JEAN

Yeah man.

He drops the bag, and heads for the suit case.

He then opens the suit case.

In the case is nothing but shiny handcuffs.

DON

What the hell is this?

JEAN

This is what you call under the
jail.

Athena unwraps her arm as Don looks around. Harold turns the
lap top around and it shows: MUGSHOT OF INFORMANT RICKY
TAYLOR.

Jean turns and gives Harold a five.

JEAN (CONT'D)

I haven't lied to you yet Harold I
told you I was going to get us
another plug...

He is smiling ear-to-ear. Then turns back to Don.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Now lets talk about that connect of
yours.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END