

Sewa~Cida Thoughts; The Movie

the biopic of an underground
hip hop artist

By Howard Johnson

Based on a true Story

FADE IN

INT. JAIL DORM - DAY

Food trays are being served in a jail cell.

Inmates are lined up getting trays through a flap.

SewaCida gets his tray and walks away.

Inmate #1 walks up behind Sewa~Cida.

Inmate #1 has is tray in hand.

INMATE #1

Aye, Lil buddy!

He's talking to Sewa~Cida.

Sewa~Cida ignores him and continues walking.

INMATE #1

You hear me, nigga!
Let me get that tray!

Sewa~Cida turns around.

SEWA~CIDA

You aint gettin' shit
over here, partner!
You gone have to take it!

Sewa~Cida keeps walking to his cell.

Inmate #1 looks back at Inmate #2.

Sewa~Cida sits on the bed in his cell.

He bows his head to pray. Inmate #1 approaches.

INMATE #1

You said take it, right.

Sewa~Cida looks up to a punch.

They begin tussling.

The scene shows flashes of a fight insuing.

Inmate #1 and Inmate #2 jump Sewa~Cida.

INT. JAIL DORM - DAY

Sewa~Cida knocks on the flap.

A gaurd opens the flap. He looks through.

SEWA~CIDA

I aint get no trey!

GAURD

You sleep late! You
lose weight!

Pow. The gaurd slams the flap.

SEWA~CIDA

Fuck you, nigga!

Sewa~Cida sits at a metal table in the dorm.

A few bruies across his face.

An old school cat hands Sewa~Cida a buiscit and a boiled egg.

Sewa~Cida nods in appreciation.

Title shows Sewa~Cida Thoughts; The Movie...

Based on a true Story

CREDITS ROLL

INT. MIKE DAWG STUDIO/HOUSE - NIGHT

Studio is a regular bedroom in a house. A computer with a desk chair and a bed. A room full of artists are writing lyrics.

Mike Dawg sits at a laptop making a beat.

Credits continue to roll.

Sewa~Cida is drawing a picture of Mike Dawg sitting in a chair by the computer.

A few other artists are still writing.

Others are smoking weed.

Others are rolling weed.

Some are pouring cups of liquor.

Sewa~Cida is drinking a beer as he draws.

Some artists are silently going over their verses.

Beat continues playing.

Credits continue to roll.

Mike Dawg comes to a conclusion on the beat.

He stops the track and looks back.

Credits stop rolling.

MUSIC STOPS

MIKE DAWG

You drawing, bru! Really!

Mike dawg laughs.

SEWA~CIDA

Nigga I been finish with
my verse!

MIKE DAWG

Oh. Who else finish?

The room is quite.

V-MAN

I'm almost done.

MIKE DAWG

Aight. You ready Sewa!

SEWA~CIDA

Yeah.

MIKE DAWG

Gone in the closet.

Sewa~Cida goes into the closet.

BOOTH/ CLOSET

MIKE DAWG (V.O.)

Check!

SEWA~CIDA

A' Ayyee.

MIKE DAWG (V.O.)

AIIGHT, TIP!!!

Mike Dawg laughs.

MIKE DAWG (V.O.)

How you sound in the
headphones, fool?

SEWA~CIDA

Sound aiight.

INT. MIKE DAWG STUDIO/HOUSE - NIGHT

The room listens to Sewa~Cida spit a dope verse to a hot ass beat.

BOOTH

Sewa~Cida raps.

SEWA~CIDA

We comin up like leaves
that grow. Bitch come
tease me slow. Then give
me head on the bed and
leave the do', open when
you leave cuz some mo hoes
cumming. Gotta keep the
show runnin. Bustin nuts
in mo' stomachs.

INT. MIKE DAWG STUDIO/HOUSE - NIGHT

V-MAN

Set it out Sewa~C!!!

BOOTH

Sewa~Cida continues rapping.

SEWA~CIDA

No he didnt, I done done it.
Like a teen summit cuz
all my teens vomit. Off dat
Paul and gin mixed together.
Tried to tell'em they aint
want it. Thats A 1 and...

Beat stops. Sewa~Cida hears banging outside the booth.

He opens the closet door.

INT. MIKE DAWG STUDIO/HOUSE - NIGHT

ARTIST #1 AND #2 are fighting.

SEWA~CIDA

Gotdam! A nigga cant even drop a verse without yall niggas fighting.

MIKE DAWG

I got some gloves, now. Yall take dat that shit outside!

Artist #1 pushes Artist #2 off of him.

ARTIST #2

Fuck them gloves.

Artist #2 runs out the door.

Artist #1 follows behind him.

Sewa~Cida pours him a cup of liquor.

MIKE DAWG

Dont get drunk like them fools now, nigga! We still got bidness! The show dont stop!

Sewa~Cida hits the liquor. He shakes his head. The liquor is strong. He fires up a cigarette.

MIKE DAWG

Gone back in there!

SEWA~CIDA

Let do it!

V-MAN

Im finna go outside. I gotta see this shit!

V-man goes out the door with his cup.

Sewa~Cida goes back into the booth.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

V-man comes back in the door. He is over excited.

V-MAN

Man you shouldve seen
that shit! E had that
nigga, right! Then bru
hopped out that shit so
quick!

V-man is being extra dramatic in demonstration.

V-MAN

He dumped that nigga on
his head, folk! I swear I
though that nigga was dead!

V-man looks around.

V-MAN

Wait! Where Sewa~Cida?

MIKE DAWG

Over there on the
side of the bed.

V-MAN

He sleep?

MIKE DAWG

Mo' like passed out!

V-MAN

What the? We wasnt
outside that long!

Mike Dawg laughs.

MIKE DAWG

Man, when yall went
outside. He finished
his verse and started
drankin like a fool!

V-MAN

What!?! He drunk all
the liqour?

MIKE DAWG

Damn near.

V-man finds the bottle.

V-MAN

Damn, folk! You owe
me twenty dollas, nigga.

He speaks to a drunken Sewa~Cida.

MIKE DAWG

Then look what else his
ass done left over here.

Mike Dawg holds up a stack of papers.

V-MAN

What dat is?

MIKE DAWG

His Discovery Package.

V-MAN

Whats dat?

MIKE DAWG

Dats the shit detectives
put together on yo case.
Nigga it aint nothing but
felonies!

V-man snatches the papers.

V-MAN

What!?! My nigga aint
do none of this shit!

MIKE DAWG

Thats what it say!
I dont know now!

V-MAN

Now Mike Dawg...You know
that nigga aint good at
nothing but rapping and
getting fucked up.

MIKE DAWG

Ok, now. Thank shit sweet.

V-MAN

What? I aint worryin bout

him touching me! Dats my
nigga! Watch dis'.

V-man sneaks over to Sewa~Cida. He taps him.

V-MAN

Aye, man.

He taps him again.

V-MAN

I brought you a beer.

Sewa~Cida wakes up.

SEWA~CIDA

Where its at?

V-MAN

Its gone cuz you drunk
all my liqour. You owe me
20 dollas, nigga!

Sewa~Cida stretches.

SEWA~CIDA

Aww shit! What time
is it?

MIKE DAWG

Bout 3 in the mornin'.

V-MAN

How you get fucked up
dat quick?

SEWA~CIDA

You said bout 3!!!
Oh shit! I gotta go
meet my folk at the
sto'!

V-MAN

At 3 in da morning,
nigga?! You better
be talking about some
pussy!

SEWA~CIDA

T aint fukin wit me

no mo!

V-MAN

What you done did now?

SEWA~CIDA

Shit! She just mad cuz
I aint come ova there
last night.

V-MAN

Then go!!!

SEWA~CIDA

I aint finna walk way
down there!

V-MAN

Whats more important
than pussy, nigga.
Besides music.

SEWA~CIDA

Dope! Imma holla at
yall niggas.

Sewa~Cida daps up Mike Dawg and V-man.

Sewa~Cida heads to the door.

MIKE DAWG

What time you coming
thru tomar, nigga? You
know we gotta show!

SEWA~CIDA

Yea. I'll be there.

Sewa~Cida reaches for the bottle of liqour.

SEWA~CIDA

Let me hit dat bitch
one mo...

He is interupted by a smack on the hand.

V-MAN

Dont touch that.

SEWA~CIDA

Damn, folk!

They all laugh. V-man picks up the bottle.

V-MAN

What?!? You done already
drunk it all! Can I have
some of *my* bottle?

SEWA~CIDA

Thats wassup! I'm gone.

MIKE DAWG

Be here tommorow, nigga!

Sewa~Cida doesnt respond.

He exits by the picture he drew earlier.

Camera stops on the picture as he exits.

Its an exact replica of Mike Dawg sitting at the computer.

The rest of Sewa~ Cida verse plays.

Scenes skips different sections of the street.

Sewa~Cida walks to the liqour store.

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

The music stops. Sewa~Cida continues rapping to his self.

The parking lot is empty. Yet alive. Junkies are scoring.

Dope boys are posted everywhere.

Jumpout van with police across the street.

A few cars are playing music. A couple is arguing.

He approaches his friend, Lonny, in front of the liqour store.

A tall, slimm, fast talker.

LONNY

Damn, man!

SEWA~CIDA

What?

LONNY

You was suppose to
been here!!!

SEWA~CIDA

I was at the studio.

LONNY

Suicidal, right?

SEWA~CIDA

Naw, nigga. Sewa~CIDA!
No L's at the studio,
bruh.

LONNY

Uh huh. Shit let go. The
spot right back here.

They begin walking.

SEWA~CIDA

What they gone let
us get the gram for?

LONNY

Dont worry about it.
I got this. You got
some money left?

SEWA~CIDA

You got the re up money,
Lonny!

LONNY

I aint got nothing
but a lil bit of dope
left.

They stop walking.

LONNY

We gone be shawt 20
dollas. I thought you
had some money!

SEWA~CIDA

I do but this my money!
You suppose to have the
re up money! What you
do wit it?

LONNY

Fuck it! I know what
we gone do. Let go
to the 'partments.

SEWA~CIDA

Which ones?

LONNY

The ones over there
on 30th. Its some
money over there,
nigga!

SEWA~CIDA

Nigga its money all
around this bitch.

FADE OUT

FADES IN

EXT. 'PARTMENTS - NIGHT

Sewa~Cida stands close to the street watching for cops.

Lonny comes running from behind the 'partments.

He stops. A very big guy is following him from afar.
He yells.

BIG GUY

This aint no dope!
Brang me my money,
punk!

LONNY

Hell naw! Money fold.
Dope sold.

Lonny continues walking towards Sewa~Cida.

They continue walking togetether.

SEWA~CIDA

You flexed dat nigga,
bru?

LONNY

We needed dat 20 to get
the dope!

Big Guy continues to follow them.

BIG GUY

Imma fuck you up when
I catch ya! You and
yo lil partner.

LONNY

Yeen gone do shit,
nigga!

Lonny and Sewa~Cida go around the corner.

LONNY

I got this J that's
gone let us rent her
car. Say I can pay
her when I get the
dope.

SEWA~CIDA

Bet.

LONNY

She stay right here.
I'll be right back.

Sewa~Cida raps to his self as he waits.

SEWA~CIDA

The sewer is the underground.
Thats my side. I'm suicidal
and till the day I die,
its southside. Cusseta
road and the G-code.

LONNY

Aye.

Sewa~Cida looks back.

LONNY

You ready?

SEWA~CIDA

Yea.

INT. THE SMOKER CAR - DAY

Lonny cuts on the radio.

SEWA~CIDA

Fuck the radio. Dis
bitch aint got no cd
player?

Sewa~Cida examines the dashboard.

SEWA~CIDA (cont.)

You need to hear this
shit we did at the
studio last nite!

Sewa~Cida pulls out a cd.

LONNY

Naw, I dont thank one
in here.

Lonny focuses on the road. He bends a few corners and pulls up to
the trap.

SEWA~CIDA

I'll be right here.

Lonny exits the car.

LONNY

NAW, man! Come on!

SEWA~CIDA

Them yo folks, man.

LONNY

I want'em to see yo
face! We aint gone be
here long, my nigga!

They share a stare. Lonny is serious.

LONNY

They need to know who
you is!

Sewa~Cida gets out the car.

LONNY

Come on.

They both walk up to the secluded apartment building.

It sits by itself. Its only 4 down stair units.

Its surrounded by dirt and a little grass.

It sits behind the liquor store. Sewa~ Cida sits on the steps.

Lonny knocks 3 times.

TRAPSTAR (V.O)

Who is it?

LONNY

Its Lonny!

Trap star opens the door.

TRAPSTAR

Wassup, man? I told
ya you was short.

Sewa~Cida looks confused.

LONNY

I got it man. I got it!

Lonny pulls out the money.

TRAPSTAR

Give it it to me!

Lonny hands him the money.

TRAPSTAR

Who is that?

LONNY

Thats my homeboy.

TRAPSTAR

Oh, I know you! Wasn't
you performing at the
club this pass weekend
with them umm.

He snaps his fingers.

TRAPSTAR

Them OBC niggas.

SEWA~CIDA

Yea dat was me.

TRAPSTAR

Dat shit was tight.

Sewa~Cida smiles.

SEWA~CIDA

Keep it like that.

TRAPSTAR

Yep.

SEWA~CIDA

We performing at The
Lounge tommorow.

TRAPSTAR

Bet.

Trapstar pulls a sac out his pocket. He hands it to Lonny.

TRAPSTAR

And stop fucking
wit dis nigga.

He's reffering to Lonny.

Then He speaks to Lonny.

TRAPSTAR

Dont come here shawt
no mo, Lonny!

Trapstar slams the door. Bam.

Lonny and Sewa~Cida head back to the car.

SEWA~CIDA

You been here already?

LONNY

So! I told you we was
short and we got the
dope! Wassup?

Sewa~Cida shakes his head.

LONNY

We 'bout to go uptown.

They both enter the car.

LONNY

And dont be trying to
holla at my sister!

Sewa~Cida smiles. They approach Lonny sisters trap.

She's a dope girl. They drive.

INT. - CAR - DAY

LONNY

Now when we go in here,
now. Imma catch da sales
outside. You gone catch
the sales inside whenever
she aint got it.

SEWA~CIDA

How she aint got no dope
and this her trap?

LONNY

Nigga, we flippin grams!
My sister got cookies!

SEWA~CIDA

Oh. Ok. Lets go!

EXT. LONNY SISTER TRAP - NIGHT

SLOW MOTION

Lonny and Sewa~Cida get out the old school Chevy Nova looking good. Young are mean mugging. They fresh. Old school 74 Nova sits outside.

NORMAL SPEED

They walk up steps to the door. The house is an average size house. Look like a one level two bedroom from the outside.

Dope smokers sit on the steps.

SMOKER

Let me get something!
I get my check today!

Sewa~Cida goes toward his pocket.

Lonny touches him on the shoulder. He shakes his head.

They keep walking up the steps. They reach the door. Lonny knocks on the door. KNOCKx3

LONNYS SISTER (V.O.)

Who is it?

LONNY

Its me, sis!

A beautifull, slim, brown skin girl comes to the door. So ghetto.
She has 3 golds at the bottom and 2 at the top.

LONNYS SISTER

So thats ya lil homeboy,
huh? He kinda cute.

LONNY

There you go!

Lonny walks past her into the house. Sewa~Cida smiles.

SEWA~CIDA

You kinda cute, too!

LONNYS SISTER

You still too young,
baby.

SEWA~CIDA

Young is only in the
mind, baby.

Lonny speaks from the inside.

LONNY

Come on, nigga! Yall can
do that shit later.

SEWA~CIDA

I'll talk to ya later,
baby girl.

Sewa~Cida enters the house.

LONNYS SISTER

Baby?!

SEWA~CIDA "WETTER" PLAYS

SEWA~CIDA STILL WRITING

She shakes her head and enters the house. She closes the door.

INT. LONNY SISTER TRAP - NIGHT

Theres two doors in the back of the house.

The living room and kitchen are connected.

Lonny is at the kitchen table chopping crack and smoking weed. His sister is sitting at the table too. Sewa~Cida sits on the edge of a bed in the living room.

MUSIC STOPS

SEWA~CIDA

Aye, Lonny. Whats your sister name?

LONNYS SISTER

LONNY?!? Why you aint ask me?

SEWA~CIDA

Im sorry! Cuz' he had told me and I just wanted to ask him. I aint mean no harm!

Sewa~Cida smiles.

LONNY

Told ya, boy! I told ya!

SEWA~CIDA

Told me what?

LONNY

Nothing.

LONNY SISTER

Desiree.

SEWA~CIDA

Im sorry, Desiree. You sale beer?

DESIREE

Naw but its a 6 pack in the fridge my ex left over here. You can have the rest of it.

LONNY

Dont get drunk, nigga.

SEWA~CIDA

Fuck you!

LONNY

Fuck dat beer! You need
to come hit dis weed!

Lonny continues smoking. Sewa~Cida notices a folder on the bed.

SEWA~CIDA

Dezzy?

DESIREE

You call me, Dezzy?

SEWA~CIDA

My bad. I mean Desiree.

DESIREE

Thats fine. Thats what
my mama call me.

SEWA~CIDA

Thats wassup! Who folder
this is?

Sewa~Cida shows her the folder.

DESIREE

Thats my ex too.

SEWA~CIDA

He left everything, didnt
he?

DESIREE

He left whatever I didnt
let him come in and get.
You can use it. What you
write? Raps?

SEWA~CIDA

Yea.

DESIREE

Anything better than this
shit, baby boy.

SEWA~CIDA

Yea.

Lonny continues smoking and choppin dope at the table.

DESIREE

Anything.

LONNY

Come here , man.

Sewa~Cida goes over to the table.

They split the dope.

LONNY

So like I said you gone
catch whatever she say
she aint got. Imma be
outside.

SEWA~CIDA

Bet.

Sewa~Cida puts his crack in a matchbox and goes back to the bed.

He begins to write. Lonny walks out the door. Dezzy phone rings.
She answers and heads to the fridge.

DESIREE

No you not coming back
over here. Everything
you got here is going
to yo brother house.

She grabs a bundle of dope out the freezer. Sewa~Cida sees her.

She goes to the back room. She slams the door behind her.

Sewa~Cida goes to the fridge. He puts his hand on the freezer door
handle.

He hesitates to open it. He opens the fridge instead.

He grabs 2 beers and walks to the window. He looks out.

Only the smoker from earlier is on the porch. The one who asked
him for something. The street is empty.

Sewa~Cida opens the matchbox and takes out a few crumbs. He cracks
the door.

SEWA~CIDA

Aye.

The smoker turns around so fast she stumbles.

SEWA~CIDA

Here.

He hands her the crumbs.

SEWA~CIDA

Dont smoke that shit
out here and dont tell
nobody I gave it to you.

She nods her head and runs off the steps.

Sewa~Cida closes the door. Dezzy comes out her room.

Sewa~Cida is shocked.

DESIREE

Aye, lil bruh. Somebody
finna come up here
for a dub! You got dat
much?

SEWA~CIDA

Yea.

DEZZY

Then make that money.

She is still on the phone.

DEZZY

Let me know if somebody
else knock.

She goes back into the room.

Sewa~Cida sits by the window writing in the notebook.

He serves a smoker through the window. Hours go by.

6:45

He continues writing in the notebook and serving.

The smoker he gave the crumbs to brings him a few sales.

9:45

Desiree stays in the back. He serves and writes.

Serves and writes. His phone rings.

CECIL (V.O)

Whats up boi? This Cecil,

nigga!

SEWA~CIDA

I know. I got caller id.
Wassup?

CECIL (V.O.)

Aye I got this cat I want
you to meet.

SEWA~CIDA

I sho hope its a chick!
I gotta enough of male
friends.

CECIL (V.O)

Naw it aint even like dat.
He be making these fire
ass playstation beats and
we be killin' them hoes.
You still be wrtiting dont
cha?

SEWA~CIDA

Hell yea.

CECIL (V.O)

Then shiiit...
What you doing now?

Sewa~Cida looks out the window.

SEWA~CIDA

I'm uptown right now.

CECIL (V.O)

Then hit me when you get
back on this side and I'll
introduce you to'em.

SEWA~CIDA

Bet.

Sewa~Cida hangs up. He lays on the bed and continues writing.

He downs the beer and pops the second one. Then he falls asleep at
the end of the page.

16 bars is at the top of the page.

NEXT MORNING

INT. LONNY SISTER TRAP - MORNING

Someone is banging on the door. Sewa~Cida is passed out the bed.

The banging continues. Dezzy comes running out her room.

She looks at Sewa~Cida on the bed. She shakes her head.

The banging continues she opens the door. Lonny quickly walks in.

He closes the door. He is breathing heavy. His hands rest on his knees.

DESIREE

The hell wrong with you?

LONNY

The police...

He tries to catch his breathe.

LONNY

They was chasing me...

DESIREE

You aint bring them here,
did ya?

Desiree goes and looks out the window.

LONNY

Naw, gull. I lost'em back
there on 23rd somewhere.

Lonny catches his breathe.

LONNY

Wassup wit dis nigga?

He points to Sewa~Cida.

DESIREE

He passed out a few
hours ago.

LONNY

He made some money?

DESIREE

I dont know! I know he
was out here talking to
his self after he

started on that 6 pack.

LONNY

Finna wake his ass up.

Lonny shakes Sewa~Cida leg.

LONNY

Sewa~C! Get yo ass up!
Time to go man!

Desiree pulls a blunt out her pocket. Then a sac out her bra.

She goes to the table. She sits at the table.

She splits the blunt. She breaks the weed inside it.

Sewa~Cida wakes up. He continues to lie down.

SEWA~CIDA

Im sleep, man!

LONNY

Time to go man!

SEWA~CIDA

Aiight, man. Damn!

Sewa~Cida gets up.

SEWA~CIDA

Goodmorning, Dezzy.

She shoots him a quick smile as she finishes rolling her blunt.

LONNY

I know yall aint...

DESIREE

Boy stop.

SEWA~CIDA

Can I get a rag to wash
my face?

DESIREE

You know where they at.

LONNY

Man , hell naw.

Lonny is extra dramatic.

SEWA~CIDA

She fukin wit you, bru.

Sewa~Cida goes to the restroom to wash his face.

BATHROOM

Sewa~Cida looks in the mirror. He splashes his face with water.

DESIREE (V.O.)

You wanna hit the blunt?

Sewa~Cida exits the bathroom.

LIVING ROOM

DESIREE (V.O.)

I dont smoke.

DESIREE

You need to smoke instead
of drankin so much. You
was fucked up last night.

SEWA~CIDA

Its some more beer
in there.

Dezzy shakes her head. Sewa~Cida notices the beer by the bed.

Sewa~Cida fires up a cigarrete and grabs the beer.

He sips it and hits the ciggarete.

Lonny grabs the folder from the bed and sits at the table with his
sister. She passes him the blunt.

LONNY

So you was writing last
night, huh?

SEWA~CIDA

Always writing, man!

LONNY

Wanna go to the studio?

SEWA~CIDA

Hell yea!

LONNY

Its in a church.

SEWA~CIDA

I dont care if its in
the *basement* of a church!
Thought we was going back
to the block 2day?

LONNY

Its Sunday so its gone
be a lil' slow anyway.
We'll go after the studio.

SEWA~CIDA

Bet. Aint you gone give
ol' girl that car back
today?

Lonny replies nonchalantly.

LONNY

Hell yea.

Lonny passes Desiree the blunt back.

DESIREE

When yall coming back?

SEWA~CIDA

Whenever you want us to,
baby.

Lonny laughs.

LONNY

Cut it out! Know you
been drankin'!

Sewa~Cida hits the beer. Dezzy smiles.

Someone knocks at the door. KNOCKx3

DEZZY

Who is it?

DERRICK (V.O.)

Derrick!

SEWA~CIDA

Thats that nigga aint it?

Dezzy is speechless. She just looks at Sewa~Cida.

LONNY

We finna go anyway.
Aight, sis.

Sewa~Cida tears the paper he was writing on out the folder.

He folds it and puts it in his pocket.

DEZZY

Here I come!

SEWA~CIDA

Aight, folk.

Lonny and Sewa~Cida head towards the door.

Dezzy opens the door.

SLOW MOTION

As Lonnie and Sewa~Cida walk out, Derrick walks in.

Derrick notices the beer in Sewa~Cida hand.

He knows its one of his. They share a hard stare.

REGULAR MOTION

The door slams.

EXT. LONNIE SISTER TRAP - DAY

Arguments come from in the house.

DERRICK (V.O.)

Who da fuck dem niggas is?

DESIREE (V.O)

Thats my brother and his
home boy!!!

Sewa~Cida and Lonny look back at the same time.

They are on the steps. Lonny starts to head back to the house.

Sewa~Cida blocks him and shakes his head.

Lonny and Sewa~Cida continue walking to the car.

SEWA~CIDA

Damn dat nigga look

familiar.

LONNY

Boy, you dont know dat
man.

They enter the car.

LONNY

That nigga bout 50 years
old.

SEWA~CIDA

Oh yea.

LONNY

Hell yea.

They pull off.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

Lonny and Sewa~Cida sit in the car. Lonny calls the Pastor on his
phone.

LONNY

Yea we out here.

Lonny hangs up the phone.

Sewa~Cida kills his beer and steps out the car.

Lonny exits the car too.

LONNY

Lets go to the back. He
gone let us in back there.

SEWA~CIDA

Cool.

LONNY

So you gone record what
you wrote or write
something?

They approach the back of the church.

SEWA~CIDA

It depend on what type

of beats he got. And I
got beats on my phone
so...

LONNY

Me too!

SEWA~CIDA

We can use our own beats!

LONNY

Yep!

SEWA~CIDA

I got the beat for this.

Sewa~Cida shows him the paper from his pocket and puts it back in.

LONNY

Lets do it then.
Imma freestyle.

The pastor comes to the back door. He shakes Lonny's hand first.

PASTOR BLOUNT

Good to see you again,
brother.

LONNY

Same here, Pastor.

He shakes Sewa~Cida's hand.

PASTOR BLOUNT

Im Pastor Blount. Whats
your name, son?

SEWA~CIDA

You mean like pass the
blunt? Now thats dope!
Literally.

The pastor laughs.

PASTOR BLOUNT

Actually its B-l-o-u-n-t,
but it does have a ring
to it.

PASTOR BLOUNT

What do you go by in the
studio?

SEWA~CIDA

Sewa~Cida.

PASTOR BLOUNT

You not suicidal, are
you?

Pastor Blount looks suspicious.

SEWA~CIDA

Naw. The sewer is the
underground and thats
my side.

PASTOR BLOUNT

Thank GOD! You do both
accept Jesus Christ
as your personal
Lord and saviour, right?

SEWA~CIDA & LONNY

Yes, sir.

PASTOR BLOUNT

Then come on in.

They all enter the church.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

PASTOR BLOUNT

Have you ever been here,
Sewa~Cida?

SEWA~CIDA

No, sir.

PASTOR BLOUNT

You should come see us
sometime. Lonny used to
be a regular until he
started smelling his self.

Lonny and Sewa~Cida laugh. They walk to the back of the church.

After a few minutes they reach the studio.

STUDIO

Pastor has a seat. Sewa~Cida is looking at the equipment in
astonishment.

PASTOR BLOUNT

I figured if this was
the only way to get him
back in the church...
Why not? No vulgar language,
of course.

SEWA~CIDA

Of course!

PASTOR BLOUNT

Yall got some tracks?

SEWA~CIDA

Yes, sir! You got a
usb cord?

PASTOR BLOUNT

Let me see.

The pastor looks around the studio.

PASTOR BLOUNT

Ok. Hears one.

Pastor finds a usb. Sewa~Cida pulls up the track on his phone.

He hands the phone to the pastor.

SEWA~CIDA

This is it.

He points to the track on the phone. The pastor plugs it up.

The track plays loud. Sewa~Cida gets excited. They all nod.

Sewa~Cida starts rapping immediately.

Pastor and Lonny listens to the hook.

SEWA~CIDA

People sayin its a
blessing just to wake up,
but if I was dead I wouldnt
be stressin' ready to
blaze up. Done made up
my mind dat the sun gone
shine. Just be patient,
but while I'm waitin,
I'm thankin bout dyin
in my mind.

Pastor Blount stops the track. He looks amazed.

PASTOR BLOUNT

Man, you sound like Tupac!

SEWA~CIDA

Everybody say that.

PASTOR BLOUNT

You do!!!

Pastor vibes without the beat playing.

PASTOR BLOUNT

I like it though.

I like it.

FADES OUT

FADES IN

EXT. STREET - CUSSETA RD. - DAY

Lonny and Sewa~Cida walk towards the liquor store.

SEWA~CIDA

Ya pastor cool, bru!

LONNY

I know. Imma go back
later and get the
track when he finish
mastering it.

SEWA~CIDA

Dope.

They continue walking. A van slowly approaches.

They hear the breaks squeeking.

LONNY

Thats them boys behind
us, bru. Imma keep straight.
You go back the other way.
Hit me up when you straight!

SEWA~CIDA

Bet.

A van door swings open quickly. SWOOSH.

MUSIC PLAYS SEWA~CIDA "EXPLAIN MY NAME"

SEWA~CIDA "GUT MUSIC"

Lonny takes off running. Two cops jump out the van and chase Lonny.

COP #1

Get back here!!!

Sewa~Cida runs in the opposite direction.

Two more cops get out and chase Sewa~Cida. The van speeds off.

The chase is on. The camera follows Sewa~Cida.

He runs to a small apartment complex. There's no way out.

COP #2

We got yo ass, now!

Sewa~Cida obviously knows his way around.

The cops are gaining on him.

Sewa~Cida jumps to the door handle of a screen door with one foot.

He pushes off of it and grabs the top of the building.

The screen door handle breaks off. His foot dangles.

His foot finds the wall mailbox just in time.

He pushes his self to the roof. The mailbox falls.

The cop reaches for his foot. He barely skins his shoe.

COP #2

Shit!!! Lets go around.

Sewa~Cida scales the roof to the back. Its a long drop.

He looks back. The cops are almost around the building.

He jumps into some bushes.

SEWA~CIDA

Fuck!

He rolls out the bushes all scrapped up. He continues running.

The cops make it around the building. The chase continues.

Sewa~Cida runs behind three houses. He sees Mario on a back porch. A tall, medium built player type of guy.

He jumps over Marios back gate and runs into his house.

Mario just continues smoking his blunt. The back door closes.

The police run by in full speed.

MUSIC STOPS

MARIO

You better stay yo
ass in there, boy.
They coming back!

Sewa~Cida cracks the door. He whispers.

SEWA~CIDA

Where they at?

MARIO

They thought you went
straight.

Mario remains calm as ever. Still smoking.

SEWA~CIDA

Bet.

Two officers walk by. Mario waves and continues talking to Sewa~Cida without looking back.

MARIO

Where the hell you coming
from?

SEWA~CIDA

They jumped out on me
and Lonny on Cusseta Rd.

MARIO

They gone. Wait a minute
tho! Hey man, I need a
favor.

SEWA~CIDA

Wassup?

MARIO

I need you to hold this
pistol for me!

MARIO

What, nigga?!?! You just
seen me running from the
police!

MARIO

For real, man.

He talks real cool.

SEWA~CIDA

Hell, naw!

MARIO

I just heard'em pull off.
You can come out. You
lead'em in the apartments
again?

SEWA~CIDA

Hell, yea.

Sewa~Cida comes out the house.

MARIO

I know. I just seen the
car ride by.

SEWA~CIDA

What you need me to hold
a pistol for?

MARIO

My ol' lady called the
police on me.

SEWA~CIDA

You aint beat her, did
ya?

MARIO

Hell naw! She was all in
my face, so I mushed her
right.

Mario demonstrates in the air.

MARIO (CONT.)

And she fell. She say she
hurt her elbow.

SEWA~CIDA

So you want me to *leave...*
with the pistal... While
the police on the way!

MARIO

I know they gone search
the house, folk.

SEWA~CIDA

Where she at?

MARIO

In the bedroom. Been
bout' 30 minutes, so
she probably was
bullshittin'.

SEWA~CIDA

Where the strap?

MARIO

Under the porch.

SEWA~CIDA

In the front?

MARIO

Yea.

SEWA~CIDA

Gone get it so I can
get the hell out of here.

MARIO

Aiight. Wanna hit this
blunt?

SEWA~CIDA

Yea.

Mario passes him the blunt.

Mario walks in the house. Sewa~Cida puts the blunt out and waits
for Mario.

Mario arrives a few minutes later. He sits on the porch.

SEWA~CIDA

Here ya go.

Sewa~Cida hands Mario the blunt. Mario hands him the gun.

MARIO

Gone put it in ya
pocket, now!

Its a silver 25 caliber. Sewa~Cida puts the gun in his pocket and
exits the steps.

MARIO (CONT.)

Just bring it back tonight.

SEWA~CIDA

Aiight.

MARIO

You need to stay yo hot
ass in the house.

SEWA~CIDA

Nigga!

They both laugh.

Sewa~Cida continues walking. He looks back.

SEWA~CIDA

I cant tho. I gotta
show to do tonight.

MARIO

You still aint brought
me no music round hear.

SEWA~CIDA

Still working on the
album.

MARIO

Thats wassup! Imma promote
ya, my nigga!

SEWA~CIDA

I already know it!

Sewa~Cida walks back toward him. They dap.

SEWA~CIDA

I'm finna get the hell
out of here.

MARIO

Aiight.

Sewa~Cida looks around for the police and goes through a cut.

It leads him to a trailer park.

He observes the trailers before he completely enters.

He spots his friend Lonny across the street.

Lonny is harassing a fiend. Sewa~Cida runs through the trailer park.

He crosses the street. Sewa~Cida approaches the scene.

SEWA~CIDA

What you doing, nigga!?!

LONNY

This mutha fuka owe me
5 dollas and I'm bout to
slap the...

Lonnie's hand gesture scares the man. The fiend falls to the ground.

SEWA~CIDA

Just take it from him!

Sewa~Cida goes in the man's back pocket and gets his wallet. He takes out a five.

SEWA~CIDA

Here!!!

Sewa~Cida hands Lonny the 5 dollar bill.

SEWA~CIDA

Next time just pay the
man. Damn!

He throws the fiend his wallet. Lonny and Sewa~Cida walk off.

SEWA~CIDA

I gotta get to my mama
house.

LONNY

Wassup?

SEWA~CIDA

I gotta drop sum off.

LONNY

Aiight. You coming back
to the sto'?

SEWA~CIDA

I dont know.

They dap each other up.

Sewa~Cida goes in one direction. Lonny goes the other way. He
points at the smoker on the ground and mouths silently.

LONNY

You lucky.

The feind looks in his wallet. He is still on the ground.

He pullls out a few dollars. He is confused why Sewa~Cida didnt
take all his money.

EXT. CUSSETA RD. - DAY

Sewa~Cida peeks around some bushes to his mothers house.

He sees the police out front. He speaks to his self.

SEWA~CIDA

What the?!? Deez mutha
fukas everywhere!

He peeks again. Then he runs across the street in the opposite
direction.

EXT. CECIL DADS HOUSE - DAY

Sewa~Cida knocks. Knock x3. A few seconds go by.

CECIL (V.O.)

Who is it?

SEWA~CIDA

Sewa~C!

INT. CECIL DADS HOUSE - DAY

CECIL

My, nigga.

A voice comes from the back.

STRANGER (P.O.V.)

Who dat?

Cecil yells.

CECIL

My home boy!

STRANGER (POV)

Who?

Cecil opens the door.

INT./ EXT. CECIL DADS HOUSE - DAY

THE DOORWAY

CECIL

Come in, nigga!

SEWA~CIDA

Come out here for a
minute.

Cecil comes out and closes the door.

EXT. CECIL DADS HOUSE - THE PORCH - DAY

CECIL

Wassup?

SEWA~CIDA

I need you to stash sum
here for me till tommorow.

He shows Cecil the gun.

CECIL

Hell, naw! My dad'll kill
me if he find that shit!
Just leave it ouside some
where.

SEWA~CIDA

Where?

Cecil rubs his chin.

CECIL

Damn, man! Aint nobody
suppose to know my spot!
You see that last step
on the porch?

Sewa~Cida looks at the porch.

SEWA~CIDA

Yeah.

CECIL

It lift up! Just sit it
under there.

Sewa~Cida goes to the last step and tries to lift it.

SEWA~CIDA

Its heavy as hell tho!

CECIL

Just sit it down and
make sure nobody looking.

Sewa~Cida sits the gun down on the porch.

CECIL

Imma sit it under there
for ya.

Sewa~Cida walks to the street to look out.

SEWA~CIDA

You straight!

He keeps looking.

Cecil stashes the gun under the steps.

CECIL

You better not tell nobody
either, bru!

SEWA~CIDA

Nigga, it aint gone be
there forever!

Sewa~Cida walks back toward the steps.

CECIL

Exactly! Now come on in
the house. I want you
to meet somebody.

They both walk up the steps to the house. Cecil opens the door.
They enter.

INT. CECIL DADS HOUSE - NIGHT

Its a very big living room and dining room with lots furniture.
Music equipment is every where. Speakers, a stereo, guitars and a
drum set.

Cecil yells to the back.

CECIL

JT!

A tall, slim guy walks in the living room.

CECIL

This Sewa~Cida.

JT and Sewa~Cida dap.

JT

OHH! OK!
Heard alot about you!

SEWA~CIDA

Vica versa. Cecil told me
you be killin' dem
playstation beats!

JT

Some like dat!

Jt talks with a constant smile on his face.

JT (cont.)

We started a group called
R.A.N. R.A.W. REAL ASS
NIGGAS READY AND WILLING.

SEWA~CIDA

RAN RAW...OK. I like dat!

Sewa~Cida rubs his chin.

SEWA~CIDA

I'm fucking wit O.B.C.
Right now. Official Bloodline
Clique.

JT

I aint sayin get down or
nothing. Im just saying
come through one day.
You could do a feature
or sum!

SEWA~CIDA

Defenitly cool with
that!

JT

Check this out.

JT goes in the living room and presses play on playstation.

The beat is bangin.

SEWA~CIDA

You made that on a
playstation?

Sewa~Cida looks suprised.

JT

Yep.

Sewa~Cida is nodding his head like crazy. He looks out the window.

Still nodding.

JT

What you doing tonight?

SEWA~CIDA

We performing at The
Lounge tonight!

JT

Word!

SEWA~CIDA

Yea. Right now, I gotta go
see why the police was at
my mama house.

JT

Well handle ya bizness,

cuz.

They dap each other up.

JT

Nice to meet you.

SEWA~CIDA

Same here.

Sewa~Cida exits.

EXT. CECIL DADS HOUSE - DAY

THE DOORWAY

Sewa~Cida goes to exit the porch.

CECIL

You forgetting something
aint ya?

Sewa~Cida holds his hand out to dap him up. Cecil hesitates.

SEWA~CIDA

I'll be back in the
morning!

Cecil daps him up. Sewa~Cida heads off the porch.

CECIL

Dont be starting that shit,
man. Thats my spot.

SEWA~CIDA

Ok, folk!

A van pulls up. A tall, older, skinny guy gets out the van.

CECIL DAD

Cecil!!! What yall talking
bout?

CECIL

Nothing, dad.

Cecil enters the house.

CECIL

Aye, play that beat
again.

The door closes. Cecil dad walks up to the porch.

CECIL DAD

What's up, Sewa~Cida?

SEWA~CIDA

What's up, Pop?

Cecil dad goes in the house.

CECIL DAD

Cecil! Brang yo ass here!

The door closes.

EXT. CECIL DADS HOUSE - DAY

Sewa~Cida looks around for police runs across the street.

EXT. SEWA~CIDA MOMS HOUSE - DAY

Sewa~Cida goes up the steps to his mothers door.

He knocks. KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

MAMA (V.O.)

Who is it?

SEWA~CIDA

Howard!

The door opens. Mama is very upset... pissed off.

MAMA

Boy what you done
did?

SEWA~CIDA

I aint did nothing, ma!

MAMA

Boy, the police wouldnt be
knocking on the front door
and searching all through
the back yard if you aint

did nothing! Tell me what
you did!

She is talking at the top of her voice.

MAMA

You need to turn ya
self in!

The door is still open.

Sewa~Cida turns to face the street.

SLOW MOTION

NO AUDIBLE

His mother argues at him. Her gestures clearly show she is very
mad. Sewa~Cida turns toward the street and fires up a cigarette.

NORMAL MOTION

A SUV pulls up. It stops.

Mama yells at the car.

MAMA

AND WHOEVER THAT IS! YOU
BETTER BRANG HIS ASS BACK!

Mama slams the door.

Sewa~Cida exhales smoke. The passenger and the driver get out. Its
Bohog and Mike Dawg. They stand beside the car.

They are ready for the show.

BOHOG

You ready, nigga!

SEWA~CIDA

Yea.

Sewa~Cida runs to the car.

INT. MIKE DAWG CAR - NIGHT

MIKE DAWG

What yo mama was talking
bout?

SEWA~CIDA

Nothing. Lets go to the
liquor store.

MIKE DAWG

Naw, nigga. Get sum to
drink at the club! We
already runnin' late.

SEWA~CIDA

Bet.

MIKE DAWG

Do you know yo lines,
nigga?

SEWA~CIDA

Hell, yea! You know
yours?

MIKE DAWG

Nope!

SEWA~CIDA

You better figure that
shit out now, then!

MIKE DAWG

Cant rush perfection, my
nigga.

BOHOG

Both of yall niggas gone
flop!

They all laugh.

MIKE DAWG

Look behind the back
seat.

Sewa~Cida spots the cooler.

SEWA~CIDA

My, nigga.

Sewa~Cida passes a beer to the passenger, the driver and his self.

They pull up to the club. They hop out.

SLOW MOTION

Clean to death. Fresh as hell. Brushing off they clothes.

NORMAL SPEED

They approach the club. Bouncer in front of the club. A heavy set guy with a deep voice. The line is long.

BOUNCER

Man, yall cant just jump
in front of everybody.

SEWA~CIDA

We performin'!!!

Mike Dawg looks at Sewa~Cida.

His expression says "Calm down, bru."

MIKE DAWG

We on the VIP list.

BOUNCER

Who is yall?

MIKE DAWG

O.B.C.

BOUNCER

Aint no O.B.C.
On the list.

MIKE DAWG

Man, you aint even
looked at the list!

Sewa~Cida looks to his right and sees Derrick in the line.

Derrick looks mad. Sewa~Cida nods at him without smiling.

Bouncer goes over the list of VIP's.

MIKE DAWG

Man, call G-Code out
here.

Bouncer radios G-Code. The crowd is gettin impatient.

BOUNCER (on radio)

Aye, G-Code. You gotta
O.T.C. out here.

MIKE DAWG

O.**B.C**, man.

BOUNCER

I mean you gotta O.B.C.
out here.

G-Code (V.O.) (on radio)

Tell'em come on in.

BOUNCER

Yall go 'head.

Mike Dawg, Sewa~Cida and Bohog pass through the line. They enter the club.

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

The club is huge *and* crowded. G-Code is at the door. He is a bald, very tall, heavy set dark skin guy with a deep voice.

G - CODE

Yall late.

SEWA~CIDA

Aint no time like
the presence.

G - CODE smirks and signals the DJ.

DJ

Next to the stage is the
infamous click that gave
yall...My city, My city,
My city...

CROWD

AYE!, COLUMBUS GEORGIA,
BOY!

DJ

They about to give us
they next single...
"Keep it like dat"!

The beat drops.

Mike Dawg, Sewa~Cida and Bohog walk to the stage. They are all rapping the hook.

MIKE DAWG, SEWA~CIDA AND BOHOG

Why the fuck you looking

at me? Nigga I dont know
you. Nigga you dont know me.
Lets keep it like that.
Keep it like dat.
Lets keep it like that.
Keep it like dat.

Mike Dawg raps his verse first. Crowd is going crazy.

Mike Dawg finishes his verse. Sewa~Cida takes his shirt off.

He twists his hat to the back.

They all rap the hook.

MIKE DAWG, SEWA~CIDA AND BOHOG

Why the fuck you looking
at me? Nigga I dont know
you. Nigga you dont know me.
Lets keep it like that.
Keep it like dat.
Lets keep it like that.
Keep it like dat.

Sewa~Cida begins rapping his verse. A guy with a camera records from the crowd. Sewa~Cida killing the stage!

SEWA~CIDA

And ya dont wanna get to
know, this criminal. Aint
pitching dope, Im pitching
folk. Wit a click dat'll
roll da dro. So tight bet
ya ho'll go. To the mo and
blow.

Sewa~Cida looks directly at Derrick. Lonny's sister boyfriend.

SEWA~CIDA (cont.)

So just stop wit ya mugging.
Or go and get ya glack,
but ya not cuz ya aint bout
bussin nussin, cussin
just to show ya grill.

Gunshots sound off in the club. POW POW, Man screams.

MAN #1

Fuck you, nigga!

A fight breaks out. Chairs start flying.

O.B.C. Runs off the stage. They head towards the door.

Sewa~Cida hat flys off his head. He goes to recover it.

MIKE DAWG

Man, where the fuck you
going!

SEWA~CIDA

I'M FINNA GET MY HAT!

MIKE DAWG

MAN, FUCK THAT HAT!

Sewa~Cida recovers the hat. The hat has SEWA~CIDA on it. Sewa~Cida
kisses the hat.

He continues through the chaos. He sees a fif of Hennessy on the
table. He grabs it and continues to the door.

EXT. THE CLUB - NIGHT

Cars are pulling off. Some people are running.

Some people are looking for their cars. Sewa~Cida stops and checks
the scene. He hits the Hennessay.

He is looking for his friends. They are across the parking lot.

MIKE DAWG

Man, come the fuck on,
nigga!

Sewa~Cida heads across the parking lot slowly. Cautiously.

He's trying to avoiod the gunman.

A BEAUTIFUL, SHORT, RED FEMALE

Aye, Sewa~Cida! You aint
never give me yo number.

SEWA~CIDA

I'm coming, nigga.

Sewa~Cida gives the girl his number.

A BEAUTIFUL, SHORT, RED FEMALE

My car right around here.

Sewa~Cida follows the girl around the corner.

Punch sound.

FADES OUT

FADES IN

EXT. THE CLUB - NIGHT

A man is standing over Sewa~Cida.

The camera is on the man standing over Sewa~Cida.

DERRICK

That's for looking at
my bitch, nigga! Dont
ever let me see you
uptown, nigga!

FADES OUT

FADES IN

EXT. - THE CLUB - MORNING

The sun is shining very bright. A police car sits in the distance.

Sewa~Cida is laying on the side of the club.

A police officer taps Sewa~Cida on the leg. Tap Tap.

OFFICER #1

Sir. SIR!

Sewa~Cida is unresoponsive. Harder taps. TAP TAP.

OFFICER #1

SIR!... SIR!

Sewa~Cida wakes up quick. The sun makes him squint.

OFFICER #1

What are you doing out
here, sir?

Sewa~Cida is still waking up. He feels his lip. Its a little
swole. There's blood on his hand.

OFFICER #1

Ok, lets stand up now.

The officer roughly stands him up.

SEWA~CIDA

Aiight. I'm up, man!

Officer radios for back up.

OFFICER #1 (ON RADIO)

Let me get some back
up out here on Manchester
Expressway. I got a 2301.

Officer gets off the radio.

OFFICER #1

You going to jail for
public intoxication.

SEWA~CIDA

I aint drunk!

Sewa~Cida sees the Hennesay bottle on the ground.

SEWA~CIDA

DAMN!

Another cop car pulls up.

OFFICER #1

Get in the car.

Sewa~Cida gets in. Both police cars pull off.

SEWA~CIDA MUSIC PLAYS "YOU GOTTA LOTTA NERVE"

SEWA~CIDA STILL WRITING

EXT. SEWA~CIDA MAMA HOUSE - DAY

The cop car pulls up. A dectective is talking to Sewa~Cida
parents.

Sewa~Cida is sitting in the back of a police car.

The camera view is through the cop car window.

Sewa~Cida step dad is holding his mom. She is crying.

His step dad is nodding to the dectective.

One little girl is sitting on the porch.

Its Sewa~Cida little sister. She is 12 years old.

She is looking confused.

FADES OUT

MUSIC STOPS

FADES IN

INT. PROBATION CENTER DORM - NIGHT

Bunks are everywhere. Sewa~Cida is sitting on a top bunk. Camera shows a bible page.

Sewa~Cida is underlining a verse.

"Therefore I hated life because everything done under the sun is greivious and vexation of the spirit."

GAURD

Sto' call!

A big guy walks up to Sewa~Cida bunk. He taps His bunk. He is a heavy set, bald head black guy with tatoos all over. Brown skin.

BIG ROME

Sto', man! That bible
aint gone get that sto'
4 ya!

SEWA~CIDA

It already did!

Sewa~Cida jumps off the bunk.

Big Rome and Sewa~Cida go to the sto' call line. The line is getting shorter. The gaurd is passing out bags. Inmates are walking away with store goods.

Big Rome gets his bag and walks off.

Sewa~Cida gets his bag and walks to his bunk. He dumps it out on the bed.

JAMES

Whew!

James walks up to Sewa~Cida with his shirt off. He's a short, slim brown skin skinny guy.

His jump suit is tied at his waist.

JAMES

Uh. Uh. Killing yo ass
with these tats.

A joker smiley face on one side of his chest.

A sad joker face on the other.

SEWA~CIDA

Its all good. I'm getting
started today.

JAMES

What you getting?

SEWA~CIDA

Sewa~Cida on my stomach.

JAMES

Thats yo rap name, right?

SEWA~CIDA

Hell yea. The sewer is
the gutter. The side is
the south. Dig dat!

JAMES

Dig this.

James throws up 2 w's.

JAMES

Westside.

Sewa~Cida throws up a six point star without his hands being
conected.

SEWA~CIDA

Southside.

They both dap and throw up a pitchfork. Big Guy walks up.

BIG ROME

Alright yall with all
that gangsta shit.

BIG ROME

You got sum for me?

Sewa~Cida hands him a container of vaseline and 2 pack of
cigarettes.

BIG ROME

Yall gone back there.
I'm finna grab my

gloves.

James and Sewa~Cida walk to the bathroom area. James has his jump suit tied at his waist still. Sewa~Cida has his all the way on.

SLOW MOTION

SEWA~CIDA "GANGSTA SHIT" PLAYS

ALBUM "STILL WRITING"

They enter the restroom area.

BATHROOM AREA

NORMAL SPEED

4 cinderblocks seperate 3 toilets.

Sewa~Cida hops up on top of one of the blocks.

Big Rome walks into the bathroom.

MUSIC STOPS

Big Rome calls out to the area where the bunks are.

BIG ROME

Ant!

Ant is sitting at a table playing solitary. He looks back at the gaurd shack.

ANT

Yall straight!

Sewa~Cida hops down off the block. He pulls his jump suit half way down and ties it at his stomach.

Big Rome puts a peice of paper on Sewa~Cida stomach. He rubs it with deodorant.

Big Rome peels the sticker off slow. You see Sewa~Cida on his stomach.

Big Rome puts black rubber gloves on.

He pulls the tatoos gun from his peocket.

BIG ROME

You ready?

SEWA~CIDA

Its gone hurt aint it?

BIG ROME

Oh yea. This yo' first
tatoo aint it?

Sewa~Cida replies nonchalantly.

SEWA~CIDA

Hell, yea.

BIG ROME

Then yea, its gone hurt.
Just tell me how you got
here and it'll make the
time go by.

SEWA~CIDA

Aiight.

The tatoo gun begins to hum.

MMMMMM (tatoo gun sound)

The tatooing begins.

SEWA~CIDA NARRATES EVENTS. (POV)

EXT. DIVERSION CENTER - DAY

A big building sits with several windows.

A sign out front says Columbus Diversion Center.

SEWA~CIDA NARRATES EVENTS

SEWA~CIDA (POV)

So I did 15 months for
burglary at The Columbus
Diversion Center.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Sewa~Cida is on a production line. Several people actually.

Camera focused on Sewa~Cida.

Everyone is putting a peice in a box as they come down the
conveyor belt.

SEWA~CIDA (POV)

I was working at Char Broil.
I got out with a lil paper,
right!

INT. BANK - DAY

Sewa~Cida is standing at the counter.

The bank teller is counting 100 dollar bills to him.

EXT. SEWA~CIDA AUNTIE HOUSE - DAY

Two girls sit on the porch. Sewa~Cida is trying to holla at one of the girls.

INT. PROBATION CENTER BATHROOM - NIGHT

Sewa~Cida is getting tatted. Tatoo gun hums.
MMMMM. (tatoo gun sound)

SEWA~CIDA

Then I met this bad ass,
light skin, slimm mutha
fuka name Cassie! Goodness.
Goodness. Gracious.

BIG ROME

She was right, huh?

SEWA~CIDA

Hell, yes!

They both stare into space for a second.

Sewa~Cida & Big Rome sigh simutaneously.

SEWA~CIDA NARRATING POV

INT. SEWA~CIDA MAMA HOUSE - MORNING

Its dark in the house. Sewa~Cida has Cassie by her hand. He is leading her to the back room.

SEWA~CIDA NARRATING POV

SEWA~CIDA (POV)

Anyhow. I used to sneak
her in my room early
in the morning before
my step dad went to work.

A bed room door opens. They enter the room. The door closes.

HALLWAY

A man walks out the opposite bedroom door in work clothes.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Cassie picks money up off the floor. Like 4 or 5 twenties.

She is upset.

SEWA~CIDA NARRATING (POV)

SEWA~CIDA NARRATING (POV)

I used to have money
everywhere.

Cassy is handing Sewa~Cida a stack of twenties.

SEWA~CIDA NARRATING (POV)

She used to always tell
me put my money in the
bank.

EXT. CAR WASH - DAY

A car sits with a for sale sign. Sewa~Cida is signing the bill of sale.

SEWA~CIDA NARRATING (POV)

I bought a a Delta '88
for a stack!

Sewa~Cida gets the keys.

SEWA~CIDA NARRATING (POV)

Wrecked dat bitch the
same day!

INT. PROBATION CENTER BATHROOM - NIGHT

Big Rome stops tatooning.

BIG ROME

What?!?

SEWA~CIDA

Hell yea! Drunk driving
in the rain. Coming down
a hill. Lost control
of that bitch.

EXT. A HOUSE - NIGHT

Its raining. A big body car is partially wrecked inside of a house.

The police is putting Sewa~Cida inside of a police car.

INT. BAIL BONDS - NIGHT

SEWA~CIDA NARRATING (POV)

My mom got me out asap.

A woman is handing money over to a bondsman.

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

SEWA~CIDA NARRATING (POV)

I did a show with my
niggas that night.
They called OBC.

Sewa~Cida, Bohog and Mike Dawg killing the stage.

NO AUDIO

SEWA~CIDA NARRATING (POV)

Some niggas get to
shooting in the club.

Gun shots. POW POW. People running out the club.

SEWA~CIDA NARRATING (POV)

My dumb ass trying to grab
a bottle of Hennesay off a
table instead of keeping
up with my niggas.

Sewa~Cida grabbing the Hennesay of a table.

EXT. CLUB - NIGHT

People are running. Cars are pulling off.

A bad chick walks up to Sewa~Cida.

SEWA~CIDA NARRATING (POV)

I get outside. Some
chick seduced me. So
I follow her around
the corner and a nigga
stole on my ass.

Sewa~Cida getting shoved to the ground.

EXT. CLUB - MORNING

Sewa~Cida getting throwed into the back of a police car.

SEWA~CIDA NARRATING (POV)

The police woke me up
and threw me in the car
like a dead anaconda.

FAST MOTION

A pet control man throws a dead anaconda into a van.

The van door quickly closes.

NORMAL SPEED

INT. PROBATION CENTER BATHROOM - NIGHT

Sewa~Cida is still getting tatoored. The tatoos humms. MMMM.

SEWA~CIDA

My name came up as a
violation.

BIG ROME

For hitting that house.

SEWA~CIDA

Hell yea! And now here
I am.

DORM AREA

A dark skin dude playing solitaire at a table by his self. He
yells to the bathroom area.

ANT

12!

That's the code for the police is coming.

BATHROOM AREA

Sewa~Cida pulls up his jumpsuit and runs to a stall.

He pretends to use the bathroom. Big Rome does the same thing.

In comes the gaurd. A Steven Urkel look alike. Lol.

GAURD

What are you guys
doing in here? Tattos?

James shirt is still tied at his waist. He talks with a smile.

JAMES

Just smoking ciggarettes
and watching porn, like
you do at home.

The gaurd laughs.

GAURD

Naw, man. I dont do any
of that stuff.

SEWA~CIDA

Yea, you do!

BIG ROME

You know you be at
home when the wife gone
like... AHHHHH.

Big Rome pretends to stroke his self as he says it.

They all laugh.

GAURD

Man, you guys are crazy.

Gaurd starts to sweat. He wipes his forehead.

GAURD

I'm getting out of here.
You guys a are nasty.

The gaurd walks away. He slowly turns around.

GAURD

Gaurd on deck. Over
and out.

The gaurd does a quick goofy spin move as he salutes the inmates.

The gaurd exits.

DORM AREA

The camera hits Ant. The gaurd walks by. He is laughing at the gaurd. He is still playing solitary.

BATHROOM

Sewa~Cida pulls his jump suit back down and hops on the cinderblock.

BIG ROME

I'm almost finish. I
just gotta get this
shade on ya name. What
you said going up under
it? ECCLESIASTES 2:17?
Whats that a bible verse?

SEWA~CIDA

Yea.

BIG ROME

Talk 2 me!

Big Rome continues tatooining.

SEWA~CIDA

Therefore I hated life
because evrything done
under the sun is greivous
to me and vexation of the
spirit.

Big Rome stops shading for a second. He has a serious look on his face.

James stands close by in deep thought. Arm crossed.
He nods in agreement.

BIG ROME

Now thats real spill,
youngblood.

FADES OUT

FADES IN

INT. PROBATION CENTER DORM - DAY

A gaurd stands at the entrance to the dorm and calls Sewa~Cida.

GAURD

Howard Johnson! Roll it up!

James runs up to his bunk.

JAMES

Oh, you aint tell nobody
you was going home, huh!

James grabs him off the bunk.

SEWA~CIDA

Stop playing , man.

Big Rome approaches.

BIG ROME

Yea! Its shower time!

Big Rome helps James carry Sewa~Cida to the shower. Ant comes to help too.

Sewa~Cida tries to fight free. The guys are too strong.

SEWA~CIDA

Yall stop playing, man!

They all reach the shower. James turns on the shower.

ANT

Dont fight it, nigga!

They hold him in the shower for a few seconds. Sewa~Cida is soaking wet.

ANT

Now, you can go home!

They let him go. They all laugh.

Sewa~Cida goes to his bunk, grabs his things and slowly exits the dorm.

SEWA~CIDA

Yall play too much, man.

JAMES

Imma hit you up when
I touch down.

SEWA~CIDA

Bet. I'mma send ya
sum too!

ANT

I got like 2 mo years.
I'll catch ya when I'm

free.

SEWA~CIDA

Bet!

Sewa~Cida exits the dorm doors with the gaurd. He realizes he is leaving his friends.

He turns around and salutes them. James salutes back.

Ant has went back to playing solitary. Big Rome is on his bunk reading a book.

Sewa~Cida follows the gaurd out the Probation Center.

EXT. PROBATION CENTER - DAY

A probation center sign is in the background. A gate slowly opens. Sewa~Cida exits the gates.

JT Leans on a green drop top Sebring.

JT

What up, Sewa~Cida?

SEWA~CIDA

JT?

Sewa~Cida looks confused.

JT stretches out his arms.

Sewa~Cida walks up. They dap.

JT

So you ready to join
Mortal Kings?

SEWA~CIDA

If its gone get me a
whip like this...

Sewa~Cida observes the car.

SEWA~CIDA

Hell yea!

JT

Now that's all up to you.
Where to my brother?

They both get in the car.

SEWA~CIDA

I need to hit my mama
house and freshin up.

JT

Next?

SEWA~CIDA

You already know.

They look at each other and respond simutaneously.

SEWA~CIDA AND JT

THE YO!

EXT. SEWA~CIDA MOMS HOUSE - DAY

The car pulls up. They both begin to exit the vehicle.

SEWA~CIDA

You comin in?

JT

I'm getting out the car,
aint I?

SEWA~CIDA

Alright, smart ass.
I think I might like ya.

They approach the door. Sewa~Cida knocks.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

SEWA~CIDA

Cecil must have told you
I was getting out?

JT

Yep.

SEWA~CIDA

Where he at?

JT

They all at the studio
waiting on us.

SEWA~CIDA

Cool. This shouldnt take
long.

Sewa~Cida mom peeks out the window. She is smiling.

MOM (POV)

AWWWW!

Sewa~Cida mom opens the door.

MOM

My baby.

She gives her son a big hug. JT smiles hard.

Mom and Sewa~Cida continue hugging. Sewa~Cida receives the joy.
They let go.

MOM

Look at you looking all
good. Gotcha lil weight up!
Yall come on in.

They all enter the house.

INT. SEWA~CIDA MOM HOUSE - DAY

THE LIVING ROOM

Sewa~Cida by passes the furniture.

SEWA~CIDA

It aint enough.

Sewa~Cida heads to the kitchen.

SEWA~CIDA

You fixed me a plate?

MOM

You know I did.

She looks at JT.

MOM

His lil' greedy but
dont never get full.

Sewa~Cida comes back from the kitchen.

He passes through the living room.

SEWA~CIDA

I'm finna take a shower

and go to the studio.

MOM

You need to sit yo but
down somewhere.

JT

Mrs. Diane, right?

MOM

Yes, sir.

JT

I'm JT.

They shake hands.

JT

My lil girl mama was
in ROTC with Angelica.

MOM

Geli!

JT

Oh. Thats what she called
her too.

MOM

Thats what everybody call
her. You family then!

Have a seat.

JT sits. Mama sits.

MOM

So how you know howard?

JT

Cecil had introduced me
to him a while back. He
told me he could rap and
that he was real good.
He needed a ride home
from jail, so I picked
him up.

MOM

So you want to record
my son?

JT

Yes, mam.

MOM

I aint stupid, now. Just
dont be stealing his music.
People do that a lot now
these days.

Mom stands.

MOM

So yall going to the
studio?

JT

Yes, mam.

MOM

Please bring him back,
JT. I'mma see if he
want me to fix him a
plate before yall
leave.

She exits.

HALLWAY - BATHROOM DOOR

Mama knocks on the bathroom door 3 times. KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

Mama cracks the door. She quikly sees the tatoo on his stomach.

It was reflected through the bathroom mirror.

Sewa~Cida quickly closes the door.

MOM

What was that on yo
stomach? I saw that tatoo,
boy!

Sewa~Cida opens the bathroom door. He is finishing brushing his
teeth. His last goggle.

MOM

What does it say?

SEWA~CIDA

Sewa~Cida.

MOM

I should have known
that. What does it

say up under it?

SEWA~CIDA

Ecclesiastes 2:17

MOM

What you know about
Ecclesiastes?

SEWA~CIDA

I know King Soloman
wrote it!

MOM

You know thats yo birthday,
too!

SEWA~CIDA

What?

MOM

2:17.

SEWA~CIDA

Damn sho is.

He quickly changes his tone.

SEWA~CIDA

Excuse my language.
I guess this music
stuff just meant
to be.

MOM

I guess so. You want me
to fix yo plate?

SEWA~CIDA

Yes, mam. To go, please.

Mom rolls her eyes at him and walks off.

MOM

I know. And you aint
got no maids around
here. Talkin' 'bout "to
go". And you better
bring my plate back!

Mama goes back into the living room.

LIVING ROOM

MOM

He almost ready.

She continues toward the kitchen.

BATHROOM

SEWA~CIDA

I'll be out in a
couple of minutes, bru.

SEWA~CIDA BEDROOM

He throws on a shirt. He lifts it to look at his tat.

He heads into the living room.

LIVING ROOM

SEWA~CIDA

You ready?

JT

Yea.

SEWA~CIDA

Aiight. Let me get this
plate my mama fixed and
Imma be ready.

JT

Cool.

Sewa~Cida walks to the kitchen. His mom is in there.

MOM

Its in the microwave.

Mom points to the living room. She whispers.

MOM

Who is that in there?

SEWA~CIDA

Thats JT, Ma. He make beats.
He got a studio too. I'm finna
go check it out.

MOM

You be carefull, baby.

SEWA~CIDA

I will.

Sewa~Cida takes the plate out the microwave.

The plate shines like a heaenly platter.

ANGELS (POV)

AHHHHHHH.

SEWA~CIDA

Nacho Grandes.

MOM

I knew you was gone
want some.

SEWA~CIDA

Thank you, Mama.

They hug.

MOM

You got yo phone.

SEWA~CIDA

Yes, mam. They gave it
back to me.

MOM

Is it charged.

SEWA~CIDA

No. Imma put it on the
charger when I get there
and call you as soon as
it charges.

Sewa~Cida and his mom walk back into the living room.

LIVING ROOM

SEWA~CIDA

I'm ready.

Sewa~Cida opens the living room door. JT stands.

JT

It was nice to meet
you Mrs. Diane.

MAMA

Same here, baby.

Sewa~Cida and JT exit the House.

Mom is right behind them.

EXT. - SEWA~CIDA MAMA HOUSE - DAY

Mama blocks the shiny sun from her face.

Sewa~Cida and JT approach the car.

SEWA~CIDA

I love you!

MOM

I love you too, son.
Yall be carefull.

SEWA~CIDA

Yes, mam.

They enter the car. The car pulls off.

Mom still stands on the porch. She looks to the sky.

MOM

Just keep ya eyes
on him, LORD.

She enters the house.

EXT. JT STUDIO - DAY

JT car pulls up. Sewa~Cida and JT get out the car.

Sewa~Cida has his plate in hand. He continues stuffing his face.

Chips covered with chilli, cheese and sour cream.

JT

Gotta suprise for ya.

SEWA~CIDA

Whats that?

JT

You heard that song...
My K'S. My k's.
By A.R.?

SEWA~CIDA

Yeah.

JT

Bru suppose to be
coming by the studio.

SEWA~CIDA

Word!

EXT. JT STUDIO - DAY

The car pulls up to a big house. A few guys come out the house.

CECIL

Sewa~ C! My nigga!

SEWA~CIDA

Waddup, boi?!

They dap/ hug.

CECIL

Welcome home. So you
fuckin wit da click now.

SEWA~CIDA

Hell yea!

CECIL

Ok. Thats da move. So
this Mark da sniper.

They dap.

MARK DA SNIPER

Wassup?

SEWA~CIDA

Wassup, my nigga?

CECIL

This Slimm.

They dap.

SLIMM

Wassup, cuz?

SEWA~CIDA

Coolin'.

SLIMM

Heard you got some
skills on that mic?

SEWA~CIDA

Some like dat.

SLIMM

Aint no slacking over
hear, now.

SEWA~CIDA

Never that.

SEWA~CIDA

Let me show you what
this nigga JT working
wit.

Sewa~Cida looks at JT. They all enter the house.

INT. JT BEDROOM/ STUDIO - DAY

On one side is bed, a couch and few chairs. The other side has a
mixer, a beat machine, a keyboard and a mic
stand.

SEWA~CIDA

Ok! Let me hear sum, JT.

JT has a seat at the beat machine. He hits play.

Sewa~Cida is still stuffing his face. A dope beat plays. They all
nod like crazy.

SEWA~CIDA

You got some napkins.

JT

Get some tissue out the
bathroom.

Sewa~Cida sits his plate on the bed.

He goes to get some tissue from the bathroom.

He wipes his hands and mouth. Discards tissue.

He goes and puts the headphones on.

JT

You need some paper.

SEWA~CIDA

Hell naw. I just wanna
hear it in the headphones.

JT

OK.

JT presses a few buttons on the beat machine.

Sewa~Cida vibes with the headphones on. He takes the headphones off.

SEWA~CIDA

Yall gotta hook?

SLIMM

Hell, yea.

SEWA~CIDA

Let me hear it.

Slimm raps a wak hook to the beat.

SEWA~CIDA

Ok. Imma put some wit it.

Sewa~Cida grabs his plate off the bed and heads out the door.
Cecil follows.

EXT. JT STUDIO - DAY

Sewa~Cida and Cecil dap again.

SEWA~CIDA

So whats good, homie?

Sewa~Cida continues stuffing his face.

CECIL

Shit! You! Glad you
out, man. JT got some
real dope beats on that
board in there.

SEWA~CIDA

I beleive it!
I see he upgraded from

that playstation.

CECIL

I'm talkin' bout super
upgraded!1! You know
AR suppose to be comin'
by, right?

SEWA~CIDA

JT told me! Thats big!
He gone drop sum?

CECIL

I dont know. This his
first time comin' through.
You know we gotta check
the nigga out and shit.

SEWA~CIDA

Dat right.

CECIL

JT met him. He say he
a pretty cool cat.

SEWA~CIDA

We'll see. Tell me
how this sound.

Sewa~Cida spits a dope hook for the beat.

CECIL

You just thought of that?

Cecil is suprised.

SEWA~CIDA

Hell yea.

CECIL

That shit crazy.

A car pulls up.

CECIL

I thank thats bru!

A nice car parks.

SEWA~CIDA

OK!

AR jumps out fresh as hell. He is Micheal Jordan down.
He even has a mini MJ breifcase.

JT, Slimm & Marc Da Sniper step outside the studio.

JT

So I see you finally
made it.

AR

Hell yea.

JT

Ok, so thats Marc.
Marc da Sniper.

They dap.

MARK DA SNIPER

Wassup, cuz?

JT

And that's Slimm.

They dap.

SLIMM

Wassup, cuz?

JT

I see you already met
Cecil and Sewa~Cida.

AR

Somewhat.

JT points to Sewa~Cida.

JT

That's the jail bird,
right there.

They all laugh.

SEWA~CIDA

Sewa~Cida, my nigga.

AR

Ok. Thank I heard you
somewhere before.

Sewa~Cida smirks. They dap hands.

CECIL

Imm CT3.

They dap.

AR

Cool.

They all enter the studio.

INT. STUDIO/ BEDROOM - DAY

AR has a seat on the bed. Jt sits at the keyboard. Slimm fixes the mic. Mark sits in a chair. Sewa~Cida and Cecil stand beside Jt.

SEWA~CIDA

What ya got in the
suitcase?

AR

A party pack. My ryhmes.
A couple beers.

SEWA~CIDA

My nigga! I can get one?

AR

Hell yea.

AR passes Sewa~Cida a beer and cracks one for his self.

Then he pulls out his ryhmes.

AR

Let me hear sum, JT.

JT

Aiight. This what we
working on right now.

JT plays a dope beat.

Sewa~Cida raps his verse.

AR

Hell yeah!

He jumps up so crunk, he knocks over his beer.

AR

Oh, shit.!

He quickly picks it up.

AR

Hell yeah! Dat shit go
hard bru!

SEWA~CIDA

Then we do like a lil
chant at the end. Some
like...WE RAN RAW.
WE RAN RAW.

JT

Slimm?

Everybody looks at Slim.

SLIMM

I can dig it.

JT

Bet. Lets do it. If yall
finish it up today,
we can perform it at
Prince Hall tonight.

SEWA~CIDA

What?!! Hell yea!

LATER

STUDIO

Mark Da Sniper, Sewa~Cida, Cecil and Slimm are gathered around the
microphone chanting.

**MARK DA SNIPER,
SEWA~CIDA, CECIL
AND SLIMM**

WE RAN RAW, WE RAN RAW!

EVEN LATER

INT. PRINCE HALL - NIGHT

Mark Da Sniper, Sewa~Cida, Cecil and Slimm finish they set on
stage.

**MARK DA SNIPER,
SEWA~CIDA, CECIL
AND SLIMM**

WE RAN RAW!!!

The crowd claps. Sewa~Cida jumps off the stage.

Mark Da Sniper, Cecil and Slimm follow. Sewa~Cida lost his hat during performing.

A female fan places it on his head as he goes to the bar. He nods in appreciation. She just walks away.

Sewa~Cida reaches a line.

Another male fan hands him the black n mild he dropped. He also walks away.

Sewa~Cida stands in line for a drink.

A female rapper by the name of Gangsta Boo has a crowd around her.

A tall chocolate amazon with a Tennesse accent.

SEWA~CIDA

What's up, Boo?

GANGSTA BOO

Wassup?

SEWA~CIDA

When we gone do a song
together?

GANGSTA BOO

Just hit me up! I aint
hard to find!

SEWA~CIDA

Bet.

Gangsta Boo goes back to talking within her circle.

A female hands Sewa~Cida a 6x9 of Fiend from No Limit Records.

SEWA~CIDA

Whats this for?

EXTRA

Fiend giving out autographs.

SEWA~CIDA

Oh. OK!

The extra walks away. The line shortens.

Sewa~Cida sees Fiend signing autographs. He is suddenly next in line.

SEWA~CIDA

Whats up, man?

FIEND

Wats goin on?

A stocky guy with a New Orleans accent.

SEWA~CIDA

I was actually in line to
get a drink. I aint know
you was giving out autographs.

FIEND

Whats ya name?

SEWA~CIDA

I go by Sewa~Cida.

Sewa~Cida hands Fiend the headshot.

SEWA~CIDA

Can I get at ya bout
doin a track?

FIEND

My number on the bottom
of the picture.

Fiend hands Sewa~Cida the signed headshot.

Camera sees it... "SUICIDAL GO HARD OR GO HOME...FIEND"

SEWA~CIDA

Cool. Thanks.

The next person in line walks up. JT gathers the click.

Sewa~Cida, Mark , Slimm, and Cecil gather round.

JT

Dope ass performance.
Yall wanna stay around
and kick it or what?

MARK

I gotta go to work in
the morning.

SLIMM

Me too!

SEWA~CIDA

Shiiit. I wanna stay but
it look like everybody
got something to do
so I'll just catch
dat ride.

JT

Cool.

INT. JT CAR - NIGHT

SEWA~CIDA

Aye, stop by the liquor
store.

JT pulls into the liquor store. Sewa~Cida gets out the car.

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

JT looks suspicious from the car.

Sewa~Cida enters the liquor store.

INT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

Sewa~Cida spots a friend.

SEWA~CIDA

Black boi! Waddup, nigga?

They dap.

BLACK BOY

Its gone be jumpin in
the projects tonight!
What you got goin on?

SEWA~CIDA

Just left from performing
at Prince Hall. My mama
on this come home shit,
since I just got out.

BLACK BOY

I aint gone be there long.
You can ride wit me. I'll
take ya home. Who ya wit?

SEWA~CIDA

My partners outside in
the car. Imma let em' know.

Sewa~Cida goes to grabs two beers.

Black Boy approaches the register

BLACK BOY

Let me get a fifth of
Hennesay.

Sewa~Cida pays for his beer. They both exit the store.

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

SEWA~CIDA

Aye, man I'm finna
ride wit my homeboy.

JT is upset.

JT

Man. Hell naw. Yo mama
told me to bring yo ass
home.

SEWA~CIDA

He gone drop me off
at da crib. I aint
gone be out that long.

JT

Aight, nigga. You better
take yo ass home dont
be getting me cussed out
and shit.

SEWA~CIDA

I'm good. 'Preciate it
tho bru!

They dap.

SEWA~CIDA

Imma hit you up in a

lil bit.

The car begins to pull off.

SEWA~CIDA

Aiight yall!!!

Sewa~Cida speaks to the crew in the car.

Black Boy is posted till Sewa~Cida finish talking.

They both climb into an all black big body Lac'.

INT. BLACK BOI - CAR - NIGHT

SEWA~CIDA "MARK OF THE BEAST" PLAYS

The film color turns to a gritty black and white. Black cranks up.

Loud motor. Black pulls off hard. Tires squeling. Music continues.

Black Boy

How long you do?

SEWA~CIDA

Jus a few months for a
violation.

Black keeps looking around as he drives. Paranoid.

They pull into the projects. Music stops. Black parks.

They hop out.

EXT. PROJECTS - NIGHT

Its about ten niggas on the corner. Black Boy and Sewa~Cida approach them.

BLACK BOY

Yall know Sewa~Cida,
right?

HOODLUM 1,2, AND THREE

Hell yea. Wadup, nigga?

No daps or hugs exchange. Everyone goes silent.

Everybody drinking and smoking weed.

Sewa~Cida pops his beer.

SEWA~CIDA

So what you been up to,
nigga?

SEWA~CIDA

Ya know me! I eat, sleep,
shit talk rap.

BLACK BOY

AYYYE! OK!

An odd car pulls up. Black Boy becomes alert. An unknown car pulls up and parks across the street.

BLACK BOY

Who dat nigga is?

HOODLUM #1

I dont know that nigga.

BLACK BOY

Fuck he doing round
here?

HOODLUM #2

He be coming round
here to see Keisha.

They all look at each other.

BLACK BOY

I'm finna rob this nigga.
Who coming wit me?

HOODLUM #1

Tell ya homeboy come
wit ya!

Hoodlum #1 points to Sewa~Cida.

BLACK BOY

Whats up, nigga?

SEWA~CIDA

Shiiiiit. Its wateva.

Sewa~Cida pulls a black and white bandanna out this back pocket.

BLACK BOY

Come on.

All the other hoodlums dissapear. Sewa~Cida and Black Boy go around the building.

Sewa~Cida ties the rag around his face. Black peeks around the corner.

A guy exits the strange vehicle.

"GANGSTA SHIT" BY SEWA~CIDA PLAYS

BLACK BOY

COME ON!

Black Boy and Sewa~Cida come from around the building and run up on the guy as he exits the vehicle.

Black Boy points a gun in his face.

BLACK BOY

Put yo mutha fukin
hands on the car!!!

POW! A shot fires. The guy slides to the bottom of the car.

Sewa~Cida goes in the guy pockets. He pulls out some twenties and a i-phone.

Black Boy jumps into the driver seat of the car and pulls off.

MUSIC STOPS

Sewa~Cida begins running. Fast breathing.

SEWA~CIDA

Huh, huh.

Feet running. Fast breathing.

SEWA~CIDA

Huh, Huh.

EXT. J APT. - NIGHT

BOAM BAM BAM. Sewa~Cida beats on the door.

J opens the door.

J

What the hell wrong with
you?

SEWA~CIDA

Black... huh, huh.

He is trying to catch his breath

SEWA~CIDA

Black...huh,huh Jus.
Huh, huh. Shot a nigga!

J

What?!?

J snatches Sewa~Cida into the house and slams the door.

Sewa~Cida collapses on the couch.

J

What da fuck you run
yo hot ass up here fo'?

J looks out the window. He closes the blinds.

J

Need to sit yo azz
down some where,
sometime!

J sits.

J

Know tell me why you
brang yo hot ass up
here.

SEWA~CIDA

I got some money.
Huh, huh.

He is still trying to catch his breathe.

Sewa~Cida throws a twenty on the table.

J

Da fuk yall niggas
done did, man.

SEWA~CIDA

I aint did shit!

J

Stop lying, nigga!

He smirks and grabs the twenty off the table. I'll be right back.

J exits the apartment. Sewa~Cida pulls a cd out of his pocket.

The cd has a fireman on the front. It just says Sewa~Cida.

He puts it in the cd player.

SEWA~CIDA "SOMEONE" PLAYS

Sewa~Cida nods off as it plays.

FAST MOTION

J enters the apartment.

MUSIC STOPS

SLOW MOTION

Sewa~Cida sits a case of beer, a pint of liquor, a bag of weed and cigars on the table.

SEWA~CIDA "SOMEONE" PLAYS

SEWA~CIDA GUT MUSIC

They both begin drinking. Cups are being poured.

NORMAL SPEED

They are playing the playstation. NBA 2K. Some kids come from the back.

J

Yall take yall ass
back in the room.

NO AUDIBLE

They continue drinking. J breaks a cigar. He pauses the game.

J rolls a blunt. Sewa~Cida unpauses the game and scores a shot.

J is upset. He stands and throws his hands in the air.

J cuts off the game. Sewa~Cida is laughing.

They continue drinking.

J passes the blunt to Sewa~Cida. They begin playing again.

Sewa~Cida gets up to use the bathroom. He is clearly intoxicated.

He stumbles to the bathroom.

J

Hey, man.

Sewa~Cida catches his balance. He makes it to the bathroom.

MUSIC CONTINUES PLAYING

Sewa~Cida comes back from the bathroom. He is very intoxicated.

Sewa~Cida hits the couch hard.

MUSIC STOPS

AUDIBLE COMES BACK IN

J

You fucked up, bru.

SEWA~CIDA

I'm scrait. I'm finna
go down here and see if
Black made it back, yet.

J

You better not go down
there! Them niggas dont
know you like dat!

SEWA~CIDA

Fuk dem niggas!

Sewa~Cida words are dragging.

J

I'm telling you dont
go down there! Play
the game, man!

J throws the controler in his lap.

J

You got da stick in
ya lap.

Sewa~Cida gets up and staggers to the door.

SEWA~CIDA

Imma be back.

J

You cant never just
sit yo ass down!

Sewa~Cida exits the apartment.

Sewa~Cida staggers to the block where dude got robbed.

EXT. PROJECTS - NIGHT

Ten hoodlums are posted on the corner drinking and smoking weed.

SEWA~CIDA

Yall seen black?

The block is deep. They all ignore him.

SEWA~CIDA

Where the fuck he
went?

Sewa~Cida is loud.

Hoodlum # 1 gets angry. He walks closer to Sewa~Cida.

HOODLUM #1

I dont know and you
need to watch yo tone,
nigga.

The other hoodlums come closer.

HOODLUM #2

Aye, you need to get
the fuck from round
here bru.

SEWA~CIDA

I aint gotta go nowhere!
Fuck yall niggas!

POW. Hoodlum #1 Punches Sewa~Cida. He falls to the ground.

All the hoodlums begin stomping him out.

SEWA~CIDA "WAR" PLAYS

SEWA~CIDA "STILL WRITING"

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. THE STREET - NIGHT

Sewa~Cida is staggering. Badly bruised.

MUSIC STOPS

EXT. DIANA APARTMENT - NIGHT

The apartments are around 100 in all. Older looking. Sewa~Cida staggers up steps to an apartment and KNOCKS 3X's.

DIANA {POV}

Who is it?

SEWA~CIDA

Howard.

Diana opens the door. She sees Sewa~Cida is badly bruised. She is concerned.

DIANA

What the fuck happen
to you?

SEWA~CIDA

Some niggas jumped me.

DIANA

Who?

SEWA~CIDA

I dont know dem niggas.

DIANA

You need to go to the
doctor.

SEWA~CIDA

No I dont. I'm straight.

DIANA

No you not! Get in
here.

Sewa~Cida enters the Apt.

INT. DIANA APT - NIGHT

Sewa~Cida lays on the couch. She sits next to him. Two little girls stand by. They are 4 an 5.

GIRL # 1

Whats wrong with him mama?

DIANA

Yall gone back in the room!

DIANA

Howard...Baby!

Sewa~Cida is dozing off. She shakes him.

DIANA

Baby, wake up!

Sewa~Cida jumps alert.

SEWA~CIDA

I'm aiight.

DIANA

No you aint. I'm calling
a ambulance.

Diana dials 911 on her phone.

DIANA

Hello. I need a ambulance
at...

Diana speaks to the Sewa~Cida.

DIANA

Baby wake up! You
scaring my kids.

SEWA~CIDA

I'm up!

Diana is back on the phone.

DIANA

My boyfriend needs and
ambulance. He is bleeding
really bad and he keeps
dozing off. Thank you.

She hangs up the phone.

DIANA

Baby stay up! The
ambulance is on the
way.

SEWA~CIDA

Ok.

The kids come back into the living room. Diana yells at them.

DIANA

Come out here one mo'
time!

The little girls run to the back.

Diana puts Sewa~Cida head in her lap. She bows her head.

She feels his chest for a heart beat.

She prays silently.

Someone KNOCKS 3X'S at the door.

DIANA

Come in.

2 Paramedics enter her apartment. Paramedic #1 approaches Sewa~Cida.

PARAMEDIC 1#

Sir, sir. Can you stand
up?

SEWA~CIDA

Yea.

PARAMEDIC #1

Can you walk?

SEWA~CIDA

Yea.

PARAMEDIC #1

Who did this to you?

SEWA~CIDA

I dont know.

PARAMEDIC #1

So you didnt see
the people who did
this to you.

Sewa~Cida is silent. An officer walks in.

Paramedic #2 talks with the officer. Paramedic #1 helps Sewa~Cida stand up.

Paramedic# 2 and the officer exit the apt. They continue talking.

PARAMEDIC #1

Lets walk together.

Paramedic #1 and Sewa~Cida exit the Apt. Diana is right behind them.

EXT. DIANA APT. - NIGHT

DIANA

Call me baby, please!

SEWA~CIDA

I am.

Paramedic #1 Helps Sewa~Cida down the stairs. Parmedic #2 and the officer follow.

They continue conversating. Diana looks at Paramedic #2 and the officer furiously. They seem not to care about Sewa~Cida condition.

Officer #1, Sewa~Cida, Paramedic #1 and Paramedic #2 make it down the stairs. The officer gets in his car.

Officer #1 pulls off. Paramedic #1 gets in the driver seat of the ambulance.

Paramedic #2 Shakes his head at his disrespectfull ass partner. Then he helps Sewa~Cida into the back of the ambulance.

Diana stands at the top of the stairs.

A tear falls down her cheek. She watches the ambulance pull off.

Two little girls come to the door.

Diana yells at them.

DIANA

Take yall ass
back in the house!!!

She goes in the Apt. and slams the door.

EXT. COLUMBUS MEDICAL CENTER - DAY

The ambulance approaches. Paramedic# 1 gets out the passenger seat.

He helps Sewa~Cida into the hospital.

INT. COLUMBUS MEDICAL CENTER - NIGHT

Paramedic #1 Helps Sewa~Cida to the counter. A female nurse is filing her long ass finger nails. She is not paying attention.

Paramedic #2 lingers behind slowly. He is texin on his phone.

Paramedic #1 and Sewa~Cida reach the counter.

NURSE

Have a seat, please.

PARAMEDIC #1

This man needs attention!

Receptionist looks up.

NURSE

If he can stand. He can sit.

Paramedic #2 Shakes his head and exits the hospital.

Paramedic #1 helps Sewa~Cida to a seat.

PARAMEDIC #2

I'll be praying for you,
young man.

SEWA~CIDA

Thanks.

Paramedic #1 walks away. Sewa~Cida waits to be seen. He falls asleep.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. COLUMBUS MEDICAL CENTER - NIGHT

Sewa~Cida sleeps in the lobby of the hospital and is awakend by his phone ringing. RING RING RING

He answers.

SEWA~CIDA

Hello.

P.O. (V.O.)

Are you coming to see
me today, sir?

SEWA~CIDA

Yes, mam.

P.O. (V.O.)

Well your late. I'm waiting.

She hangs up.

MUSIC PLAYS

SEWA~CIDA "CALL IT FAITH"

SEWA~CIDA "GUT MUSIK"

EXT. COLUMBUS MEDICAL CENTER - MORNING

Sewa~Cida touches his face. He flinches. Its painfull. He is
walking.

MUSIC FADES OUT

EXT. PROBATION OFFICE - DAY

Sewa~Cida enters the building.

INT. PROBATION OFFICE - DAY

The office empty. Just chairs and the receptionist.

Sewa~Cida approaches the desk.

SEWA~CIDA

Im looking for Mrs. Floyd.

RECEPTIONIST

What happen to you?

SEWA~CIDA

Fighting.

RECEPTIONIST

You should go to the
doctor.

SEWA~CIDA

I did. They had me just
sitting in there all night.

RECEPTIONIST

Well Mrs. Floyd is in the back. Are Howard Tubbs?

SEWA~CIDA

Yes, mam.

RECEPTIONIST

Good. She's waiting for you.

Sewa~Cida heads to the back. He walks through another door and goes down the hallway.

He enters her office.

MRS. FLOYDS OFFICE

Sewa~Cida has a seat. Mrs. Floyd is sitting at her desk.

She looks very upset.

MRS. FLOYD

MR. Tubbs. Please tell me what happen to you and it better not involve any alcohah.

SEWA~CIDA

It was.

MRS. FLOYD

You know I should lock you up, right now?

SEWA~CIDA

Yes, mam.

MRS. FLOYD

Your charges depend upon you being sober and this is a violation that could send you away for the rest of your sentence!

SEWA~CIDA

I know.

MRS. FLOYD

Do you wanna do 3 years

for drinking alcohol?

SEWA~CIDA

No, mam.

MRS. FLOYD

No, honestly! Tell me
will it be worth it!

Sewa~Cida shakes his head.

MRS. FLOYD

You got two choices,
right now.

Mrs. Floyd gathers files on her desk.

MRS. FLOYD

You can go out those
doors , take a left...

Mrs. Floyd points to the left.

MRS. FLOYD (cont.)

and go to your moms house.
Or...you can go out
those doors and take a right.

Mrs. Floyd points to the right.

MRS. FLOYD (cont.)

There is a Valley Rescue
Mission about 4 or five
blocks down that has
a rehabilitation program
that you really need to
look into. It can do you
some good, son. Either way...

Mrs.Floyd gathers some papers from her desk. She holds up the
paper work.

MRS. FLOYD (continues)

This will be the final
outcome if I see you
back in my office.
Goodbye, Mr. Tubbs.

Sewa~Cida gets up and goes to exit the office.

MRS. FLOYD

Wait.

Sewa~Cida turns around.

MRS. FLOYD

Please take better care
of yourself.

SEWA~CIDA

Yes, mam.

Sewa~Cida exits Mrs. Floyds office.

EXT. PROBATION OFFICE - DAY

Sewa~Cida looks left. Then he looks right. Left. Then right again.

Sewa~Cida begins walking to the right.

MUSIC PLAYS

SEWA~CIDA "OPEN MY BIBLE"

ALBUM "GUT MUSIC"

Sewa~Cida passes The Salvation Army. There are homeless people in
line to eat.

MUSIC CONTINUES PLAYING

Sewa~Cida stops and gets in the line. He looks weak.

His palms are sweating.

MUSIC FADES OUT

SEWA~CIDA

I aint gone make it.

He is talking to his self. Sewa~Cida looks back.

The smoker from Lonny's sister house is behind him.

The fiend he gave the dope to.

Fiend #1

10 mo' minutes, baby!
You need to eat. You'll

feel alot better when
you get something in
your system. And I never
said it but, thank you.

A guys exits the Salvation Army.

THE GUY

Chow call!

INT. SALVATION ARMY - DAY

Firnd #1 and Sewa~Cida eat together in silence. She just stares at the bruised up young man getting his energy back. Sewa~Cida finishes up.

Sewa~Cida sits back in his chair. He breathes hard.

SEWA~CIDA

Man I needed that.

Sewa~Cida sits back in his chair. He breathes hard

FIEND #1

You feel better?

SEWA~CIDA

Yes, mam.

Fiend #1 passes Sewa~Cida a napkin. He wipes his hands.

SEWA~CIDA

I gotta get out of here.

FIEND #1

Well you take care,
baby.

SEWA~CIDA

You too.

Sewa~Cida gets up and exits the Salvation Army.

He simutaneously enters the Valley Rescue Mission.

INT. VALLEY RESCUE MISSION - DAY

MAN AT DESK #1

Can I help you?

SEWA~CIDA

Yea. My probation officer

told me about a program here.

MAN AT DESK #1

There is. But you have to be on the transitional side for 30 days. That should also give you time to decide if its something for you. I'll go get Ed for you. He is the director. Have a seat.

Sewa~Cida has a seat. The man at the desk exits the room.

He quikly returns. The man at the desk sits.

MAN AT DESK #1

Ed will be out shortly. Are you alright, man?

SEWA~CIDA

Yea. Just a little pain.

ED enters the lobby.

ED

Wow, man. What in the world?

SEWA~CIDA

Fighting.

ED

Was alcohah involved?

Sewa~Cida nods yes.

ED

I hear you wanna join the program.

SEWA~CIDA

Yesn, sir.

ED

Do you need some pain pills or something?

Sewa~Cida nods yes.

ED

I'll be right back.

Ed exits the lobby. Sewa~Cida continues sitting. Ed returns quickly.

ED

Here ya go.

Ed hands Sewa~Cida some pain pills and a bottle of water.

SEWA~CIDA

Thanks.

ED

Unfortunately, were full.
If you can come back
tomorrow between 4 and five,
I'll explain the program
to you and we can go from
there.

SEWA~CIDA

Yes, sir.

ED

I hate to turn you around
in this condition, but
the guys come in around
3 and we operate on a
first come, first serve
basis. I'll make sure you
have a bed tomorrow.
Just be here on time.

SEWA~CIDA

Ok. I will.

ED

What's your name?

SEWA~CIDA

C.

ED

Let me give you my
card.

Ed exits and quickly returns with his business card.

He hands Sewa~Cida the card. Sewa~Cida walks away.
Ed looks sad.

ED

C! Be sure to call
me if you cant make
it!

SEWA~CIDA

I will.

Sewa~Cida exits the building.

MUSIC PLAYS

SEWA~CIDA "OPEN MY BIBLE"

ALBUM "GUT MUSIC"

EXT. - THE STREET - DAY

Sewa~Cida walks down hill to the Chattahooche River Walk.

Sewa~Cida finds paper and a pen under a pavillion.

He draws the scene; stones, grass and water, as he
writes poetry.

Camera focuses on the picture he has drawn.

Sewa~Cida falls asleep.

MUSIC FADES OUT

SCENE FADES OUT

SCENES FADES BACK IN

INT. ED'S OFFICE - VALLEY RESCUE MISSION - DAY

Sewa~Cida has shades on. Ed sits at his desk.

Sewa~Cida sits in a seat on the opposite side.

ED

Ok. So this is how
it's gonna work. I like
the shades by the way.

Sewa~Cida manages a smirk through the pain and dark shades on his face.

ED'S VOICE NARRATES THE NEXT FEW SCENE OF EVENTS

INT. VALLEY RESCUE MISSION - DAY

Sewa~Cida makes up his bunk.

ED P.O.V

I'm gonna give you
a give you a sick bed.
That way you wont have
to leave with the other
transits.

INT. VALLEY RESCUE MISSION - DAY

Sewa~Cida sweeps the dorm.

ED (P.O.V.)

But you will have to
clean up as soon as
they leave.

INT. VALLEY RESCUE MISSION - DAY

Sewa~Cida cleans the bathroom.

ED (P.O.V.)

After 30 days, you can
decide if the program
is for you.

INT. VALLEY RESCUE MISSION CHURCH - DAY

Sewa~Cida sits in a church. A pastor preaches.

ED (P.O.V.)

We go to church every
Tuesday and Thursday
from 7 to 8.

INT. VALLEY RESCUE MISSION COMPUTER LAB - DAY

Sewa~Cida sits in a computer lab with a Pastor preaching.

He is surrounded by friends. 3 black guys.

ED (P.O.V.)

Every Wednesday a preacher
comes to do bible study
in the computer lab.

Its optional.

EXT. VALLEY RESCUE MISSION SOMIKING AREA- NIGHT

Sewa~Cida is smoking a ciggarettte.

ED (P.O.V.)

There is a smoking area
in the back. Its the
only place you're allowed
to smoke.

Sewa~Cida looks to the sky.

He is clearly deciding to give up the cigarettes.

ED (P.O.V.)

I seriously advise you
to use this time to
clear your head of any
habits that may effect
your thinking.

Sewa~Cida throws the cigarette in a container full of cigarette
buts.

INT. MOVIE THEATRE - NIGHT

Sewa~Cida is gathered by friends from the computer lab in the
theatre. His bruises are dissapearing from his face.

Chris throws a popcorn at Sewa~Cida. Chris is a heavy set white
dude.

Sewa~Cida jumps.

ED (P.O.V.)

If you decide to join
the program, we'll go
on a few outings.

INT. HOCKEY GAME - NIGHT

Sewa~Cida with friends in a hockey arena on the bleachers.

ED (P.O.V.)

We may even go to a few
hockey games.

EXT. CROSSROADS (REHAB) - DAY

The guys from the computer lab unload luggage from a van.

ED (P.O.V.)

After 3 months here you
will go to Crossroads.

Sewa~Cida is looking a lot better. His dreads have gotten longer.
His face is clear.

EXT. CROSSROADS THE POOL - DAY

Sewa~Cida jumps into a pool.

ED VOICE (P.O.V.)

There's a pool there.

EXT. CROSSROADS THE WILDERNESS TRAIL - DAY

Sewa~Cida is walking a trail in the woods. He has headphones on.
He's carrying a cd player.

ED (P.O.V.)

There's a wilderness trail
there to walk and clear
ya mind.

INT. CROSSROADS CLASSROOM/ EATING AREA/ KITCHEN - DAY

Sewa~Cida is putting food away in a refrigerator. His friends are
around.

ED (P.O.V.)

There is a place to
put your food away
when you all go grocery
shopping.

INT. CROSSROADS CLASSROOM/ EATING AREA - DAY

Sewa~Cida is surrounded by friends as Tim teaches. Tim is an older
Italian, heavy set guy.

ED (P.O.V.)

Tim teaches 3 times a
day. Some days there
will be other teachers
come.

NARRATION ENDS

INT. VALLEY RESCUE MISSION - EDS OFFICE - DAY

Sewa~Cida sits in the chair opposite Ed's desk.

Sewa~Cida has shades on.

ED

Sound like something you
would be interested in?

EXT. CROSSROADS - THE PORCH - DAY

Sewa~Cida is standing with his face completely clear. Shining. His dreads have gotten very long. He's talking to his friend, Chris. Chris is sitting in a rocking chair. Two other guys stand around listening.

SEWA~CIDA

Hell yeah!

CHRIS

C watch ya language! You
know Tim can hear ya!

SEWA~CIDA

I'm just saying. You
know Outkast was suppose
to win that award!

CHRIS

I aint ask you if
they was suppose to
win, now. I say everybody
know they was suppose
to win!

SEWA~CIDA

I know! Then you know
what they had on the
end of that Aquemini
album.

CHRIS

I remember.

Sewa~Cida and Chris speak in unison.

SEWA~CIDA AND CHRIS

The south got sum to
say and thats all I
gotta say!

They both dap and laugh. Tim comes out the building.

TIM

Who's out here doing
all that cussing.

The guys are silent. Sewa~Cida, Chris and two other guys.

TIM

Just because you guys
are graduating, it doesnt
mean you can break all
the rules. Now go ahead
and get loaded up. I'll
be out in a sec.

Tim enters back into the building.

The guys begin loading their luggage into a van.

INT. THE VAN - DAY

CHRIS

C, you know you kinda
young to be graduating
from a rehab, right?

SEWA~CIDA

You graduating too!

CHRIS

I'm mandated, though!

SEWA~CIDA

So!

Tim enters the vans driver seat.

TIM

Alrgight guys, lets hit
the road.

CHRIS

So who all parents are
coming?

Sewa~Cida and two other guys raise their hands.

Chris points at each one.

CHRIS

Lame. Lame. Lame.

They all laugh.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

A van travels fast.

EXT. VALLEY RECUE MISSION - DAY

A van pulls into the parking lot.

The guys begin taking their luggage out of a van.

SEWA~CIDA

What you got going on
after graduation?

CHRIS

I'm headed back to Lagrange.
I dont know nothing about
this city.

SEWA~CIDA

I feel ya. Columbus be a
lil bit more busy than
Lagrange, anyway.

CHRIS

You gone stay in the
back?

SEWA~CIDA

Hell, yea. Find a lil
gig. Stack a lil paper.

The guys continue gathering their things.

CHRIS

I know you cant wait
to get in that studio
wit ya boy!

They all begin to enter the building.

SEWA~CIDA

Boy, who you tellin'.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. VALLEY RESCUE MISSION - GRADUATION CEREMONY - DAY

About 30 people are seated. Tim stands at a podium.

He is passing out awards.

TIM

Christopher Scoffield.

Chris goes to get his award.

Chris poses when he gets his award.

His parents stand and take a picture.

Sewa~Cida just smiles and shakes his head. Chris goes back to his seat.

TIM

Up next we have...

The great... Sewa~Cida.

Tim gives a rolling introduction with his hands.

Sewa~Cida walks up and gets his award. His mother stands, camera in hand.

He looks at the camera. She takes the picture.

The three little girls from the porch are there.

His little sisters. His step dad is there. They all clap.

INT. VALLEY RESCUE MISSION - LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY

There are several washer and dryers around. Sewa~Cida is sitting in a swivel chair by a table. His clothes are washing as he talks on the phone.

TEISHA (v.o.)

So how you like it?

SEWA~CIDA

Its aiight. Two people
to a room, but I'm in
there by myself right now.

TEISHA (v.o.)

Thats cool. Cagles in
Pine Mountain is hiring!

SEWA~CIDA

I cant do Cagle's. I had
to clean that chicken before
and it messed up my skin.

TEISHA (v.o.)

Ohh! Go to one of these
temp agencies. They always
hiring!

SEWA~CIDA

I am.

TEISHA (v.o.)

When, Howard?

SEWA~CIDA

In the morning!

TEISHA (v.o.)

We'll see.

SEWA~CIDA

Hold on 4 a minute.
This my producer.

TEISHA (v.o.)

Bet. Alright. You finna
go to the studio.
Just call me later.

SEWA~CIDA

Aiight.

Sewa~Cida clicks over.

SEWA~CIDA

Hello.

INT - JT CAR - DAY

JT is on the highway.

JT

Wassup, man? You ready?

INT. VALLEY RESCUE MISSION - DAY - LAUNDRY ROOM

SEWA~CIDA

Hell, yea!

INT. - JT CAR - DAY

JT

You talked to your uncle?

INT. VALLEY RESCUE MISSION - DAY - LAUNDRY ROOM

SEWA~CIDA

Yea.

INT. - JT CAR - DAY

JT

Bet. Imma show you the
condos that I was looking
at.

INT. VALLEY RESCUE MISSION - DAY - LAUNDRY ROOM

SEWA~CIDA

Cool.

Sewa~Cida hangs up the phone.

Sewa~Cida exits the laundry room.

THE HALLWAY

Sewa~Cida walks up the hallway. He reaches Ed's office.

Ed is at his computer. Sewa~Cida props on the trim of the door as
he speaks.

SEWA~CIDA

Aye, Ed?

ED

Wassup.

SEWA~CIDA

My producer finna
come get me to go
record in Atlanta.

ED

What time yall coming
back?

SEWA~CIDA

Its gone be late! Probably
like two in the morning.

ED

We'll your in 3rd phase now
and you can come and go
as you please. I just advise
you to let security know.

SEWA~CIDA

Yes, sir.

Sewa~Cida walks back down the hallway. He enters the laundry room.

INT. VALLEY RESCUE MISSION - DAY - LAUNDRY ROOM

Sewa~Cida gathers his clothes.

He puts the wet clothes in the dryer. He folds the dry clothes.

A notebook is full of writing and a cd player is on a table.

He sits at the table. Sewa~Cida puts his headphones on.

He vibes to the beat. He writes. He is lays his head down.

Sewa~Cida falls asleep. He drops the pen.

FADES OUT

FADE IN

Sewa~Cida phone rings. He wakes up. stretches and answers

SEWA~CIDA

Hello.

JT (V.O.)

I'm outside.

SEWA~CIDA

I was knocked out, man!
I'm finna get my clothes
together. I was washing!

JT (V.O.)

Aight. I'm out here!

THE HALLWAY

Sewa~Cida rolls his luggage down a long hallway. He exits some
double doors and passes the front desk.

SEWA~CIDA

I'm out for the weekend.

MAN AT DESK

When do you think you will be back?

SEWA~CIDA

Either today or tommorow.

MAN AT DESK

I dont know who's going to be working the desk, but I will leave a note.

SEWA~CIDA

Thanks.

Sewa~Cida exits the building.

EXT. VALLEY RESCUE MISSION - EARLY MORNING

Still dark. 2Am. Jt stands next to his car.

JT

Sewa~Cida!!! We meet again.
You look good.

Sewa~Cida approaches the car.

SEWA~CIDA

'Preciate it.

JT poops the trunk. He helps Sewa~Cida load his luggage into the trunk.

JT

I hear you stopped drinking.

SEWA~CIDA

Smoking too! One day at a time.

JT

Thats wassup!

They enter the car.

EXT. JT CAR - EARLY MORNING

Car rides along the highway.

INT. JT CAR - EARLY MORNING

JT

Check this shit out!

JT plays a dope beat. Sewa~Cida starts freestyling.

JT is feeling the track and the flow. JT nods.

JT

Dat right.

JT lowers the track.

SEWA~CIDA

Yea, yea. I can defenitely
do something to that!

JT

We can hit the studio
after you drop ya stuff
at ya Uncs spot!

SEWA~CIDA

Cool.

JT

My cousin letting me
record at her crib in
Decatur like I said.
Thats just GOD with your
unc staying in Decatur,
too.

SEWA~CIDA

Yeah, man.

JT

Imma show you this spot
I was looking at getting
out that way. All you
would have to do is write,
write, write!

SEWA~CIDA

Bet! Thats what I do, son!

They dap.

SEWA~CIDA

Aye, play that beat back!

JT

Oh, that aint shit! Its
plenty mo'!

Jt plays another beat. Sewa~Cida falls into the track.

He is thinking of a hook. JT notices Sewa~Cida zoning out to the track and likes what he sees.

EXT. JT CAR - EARLY MORNING

The car rides along the highway.

INT. JT CAR - EARLY MORNING

JT

This the exit right
here.

The car approaches the off ramp.

SEWA~CIDA

This where my uncle stay.

JT

Whaaat!

SEWA~CIDA

Hell yea. Its 5719 Abbeywood
Dr.

JT

Its off Columbia, right?

SEWA~CIDA

Yep.

The car exits the highway.

EXT. JT CAR - EARLY MORNING

Jt car turns into the condos.

INT. JT CAR - EARLY MORNING

They go around a long corner. JT points to a building.

JT

Thats it right there.

SEWA~CIDA

Yea. My unc shit should
be coming up soon.

They continue riding.

SEWA~CIDA

This it right here.

They park. Sewa~Cida begins to exit the car. He opens the door.

SEWA~CIDA

You coming in!?!

JT

It dont matter!

They both exit the car.

They grab luggage from the trunk.

EXT. UNCS CONDO - EARLY MORNING

They approach the door.

SEWA~CIDA

I aint seen this nigga in
about 20 years.

KNOCKx3

UNC V.O.

Who is it?

SEWA~CIDA

Howard!

Unc opens the door. UNC smiles hard.

UNC

Whats up, boi?!?

They hug.

UNC

Man, I aint seen you
in a long time. Yall
come on in. Too gotdamn
cold out there.

They all enter.

INT. UNC CONDO - EARLY MORNING

JT closes the door. JT and Sewa~Cida sit luggage down.

Unc walks to his chair.

UNC

If you walked by me
in the streets, I
wouldnt have even
noticed ya.

Unc is cool as hell. Bout 60. Gettin' around like a jit. Unc sits.

UNC

Yall have a seat!

JT and Sewa~Cida sit on the opposite couch.

UNC

Ya mama told me
everything! Yall the
ultimate duo, I hear!

SEWA~CIDA

Chill out, man.

JT

We'll let you hear
sum later.

SEWA~CIDA

Let you be the judge
of that. Speaking of the
studio, I just came to
drop my things off. We
finna gone head get
started.

Sewa~Cida and JT stand up.

UNC

No introduction needed.
I like that.

UNC stands.

SEWA~CIDA

I'll be back in the
morning.

UNC

Put ya luggage in that

first bedroom upstairs
to the right before you
leave. The other bedroom mine.

SEWA~CIDA

Yes, sir.

Sewa~Cida grabs the luggage and runs up stairs. He returns quickly.

JT and UNC are standing by the door.

UNC

Well, JT. It was
good to meet cha'.

JT

Same here.

Unc daps JT up. Unc and Sewa~Cida hug.

UNC

Its good to see ya,
boy! Yall gone do ya
thang.

SEWA~CIDA

You know what it is.

UNC

I'll be here. I work on
the property. So just
look for me when you
get back!

SEWA~CIDA

Bet!

Sewa~Cida and JT exit.

EXT. UNC CONDO - DAY

Dawn. Unc stands in the doorway. He waves.

UNC

Aiight, now.

SEWA~CIDA

Luv ya, UNC.

UNC

Love you too, boy.

Unc closes the door. Jt and Sewa~Cida walk to the car.

JT

Ya unc cool as hell.

SEWA~CIDA

I see!

They enter the car.

INT. JT CAR - DAY BREAK

SEWA~CIDA

Now lets get to it.

MUSIC PLAYS

"SEWA~CIDA THOUGHTS"

ALBUM "STILL WRITING"

INT. JT COUSIN APARTMENT / STUDIO - DAY

SLOW MOTION

JT and Sewa~Cida are walking up the stairs to the recording area.

Two of Jt's cousins sre coming down the stairs.

A heavy set cute brown skin chik.

The other is a skinny ass cute light skin chik.

Sewa~Cida locks eyes with the skinny, light skin chik. Sewa~Cida smiles at her.

She blushes.

FAST MOTION

JT and Sewa~Cida goes up stairs to the studio.

JT stops at the beat machine and mixing boards.

Sewa~Cida goes into the booth/ bathroom. The booth door closes.

NORMAL SPEED

INT. BOOTH/ BATHROOM - MORNING

MUSIC CONTINUES PLAYING

Sewa~Cida grabs the headphones from the mic stand.

Sewa~Cida adjusts his headphones. Sewa~Cida raps into the mic.

SEWA~CIDA

Preacher told me if I
kill myself that
I'm going to hell.
Im going to hell? I said
well, What about the
government making
money from the drugs
they sale? Need to
place'em with the
thugs in jail.

SONG CONTINUES TO PLAY

FADE OUT

TO BE CONTINUED...