

RAPPER WGA REG # 2214083

T.V. SERIES "RAPPER" BY COUNTRIFIED WEDMAN

SEASON 1 E1 RAPPER SERIES BY COUNTRIFIED WEDMAN

TITLE: THE PUBLIC MANIPULATION

01. INT. CONCERT VENUE - NIGHT

A famous rapper named J-Nice (or any popular rapper) is on stage rocking the crowd. The crowd is lit and very excited to see J-Nice perform. The crowd started singing his lyrics, and after the last song, J-Nice thanks the crowd for showing up.

J-NICE

"Thank you Baltimore for coming out! I love you, as always."

J-Nice walks off stage and greets Spitta (a young, hip-hop star) and his crew backstage. J-Nice goes over to Spitta.

J-NICE (CON'T)

"These motherfuckers are lit out here in Baltimore, you feel me? I know you gone tear this shit down. I got 'em ready for you."

SPITTA

"You know how we do."

J-NICE

"I'm having a little something back at the hotel, so after the show, come fuck wit' yo boy."

SPITTA

"That's the play; I'll hit you up."

The two shook hands and shared a slight hug.

The camera cuts back to the stage. The host is on stage about to introduce Spitta.

MC HOST

"Are yawl ready for the headliner? Are yawl ready for my boy to come out here and set this motherfucker off?!..."

This man was a Youtube sensation, has over 20 million followers worldwide, and has 3 songs on the top 25 billboard charts. Without further due, put your hands together for, Spitta!"

The crowd goes nuts! Spitta goes out on stage with his dancers and begins performing. His manager Derick (tall, brown skin, 30-35, charismatic, short haircut, and slightly sophisticated) is watching Spitta's performance from backstage. He is approached by two white men in suits.

MR. BELL

"Hey, Derick!"

Derick turns around and to his surprise, he sees Mr. Bell, White, normal height, overweight, and has some swag.

DERICK

"Mr. Bell! What are you doing here?"

MR. BELL

"You remember my old pal here Jimmy? He's the President of Top Flight Records."

Derick nods his head.

DERICK

"Yes, of course, who could forget Jimmy."

MR. BELL

"He's here to see his artist J-Nice and convinced me to come. I was like, what the hell, why not, my artist is headlining this whole thing anyways."

DERRICK

"Well, glad you could make it."

Mr. Bell walks up beside Derrick and all three men turn to see the crowd going crazy for Spitta.

MR. BELL

"The crowd is going fucking nuts! Look at all that energy out there!"

DERRICK

"That's what happens when you have three songs in the top 25... We get this response everywhere we go."

Mr. Bell is very impressed with what he sees on stage.

MR. BELL

"That's a lot of power... Look, I need you and Spitta to come up to the label Monday around 1 o'clock. Got a few things I would like to discuss with you two."

DERRICK

"Say no mo. We will be there at 1.

02. INT. J-NICE HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

There's a party in the hotel room with the music blasting, people doing drugs, and half-naked women everywhere. Then there's a knock at the door.

J-NICE

"Hey, see who that is at the door."

One of J-Nice's goons opens the door, and it's Spitta and his crew.

J-NICE (CON'T)

"Spitta! What's up my nigga? Come on in and enjoy this shit."

The girls at the party see Spitta and his crew and the party turns up even more. The party DJ (20 to 25 years old, light-skinned, and wearing a baseball hat slightly tilted) plays a popular jam by Spitta.

PARTY DJ

"My man, Spitta, is in the building."

The crowd begins shouting the lyrics to Spitta's song. You see Spitta and his crew drinking and having fun with the girls at the party. J-Nice grabs Spitta and pulls him away from the crowd.

J-NICE

"Let me holla at you, my nigga."

The two go to a quiet private balcony location within the room suite.

J-NICE

"You kilt that shit tonight my nigga!"

SPITTA

"We both kilt it."

J-NICE

"You know my label got at me the other week about renegotiating. You know my one-album deal is almost over. You should be coming up on the end of your deal too, right?"

SPITTA

"Yeah, I don't have long before my contract expires."

J-NICE

"Spitta, we are two of the hottest motherfuckas out in these streets right now. We need to call the shots. My label wants to sign me to a second album and offered me a \$1 million-dollar signing bonus. I told them crackers hell no. If they want me to re-sign they need to give me \$2 million-dollars and they did it."

The two share a chuckle.

SPITTA

"\$2 million-dollars?"

J-NICE

"Hell yeah. I had to stand on business my nigga. I probably could have gotten more. The point is, when it's your time to negotiate, know your worth. If I got \$2 million, I know you can get more... Plus they trying to put a nigga in a few movies and shit. They probably gone come at you too with some offers. We need to milk this shit while it's our time, you feel me?"

Two, sexy girls came bursting onto the balcony.

SEXY GIRL #1

"There you two are! We have been looking all over for you... we need a little attention."

The girls pull the guys inside, grab the boys, and start kissing them. They have the intention of having sex with them. The camera goes dark.

03. INT. DETECTIVE JONES'S HOUSE- KITCHEN- MORNING

Mrs. Jones, (very pretty, light-skinned, African American lady) has on a housecoat and her hair wrapped up. She has cooked breakfast and is pouring coffee as Detective Jones comes into the kitchen, kisses her, and sits down at the table.

MRS JONES

"Breakfast is ready babe. Got your coffee with 2 sugars and cream just like you like it."

DETECTIVE JONES

"That's why I love you babe. Thanks. I'll be home a little later today. We have this safety training we all got to attend after work."

Mrs. Jones is looking at the morning news. The news is speaking on the rise in crime and violence around the city. They are showing a number of stories showcasing the various crimes and violence.

MRS JONES

"This town is just full of violence. That's all they show on t.v., us committing crimes."

DETECTIVE JONES

"I arrest many white people for all kinds of stuff, but I don't see a lot of their crimes on the morning news. We both know what's going on. Ain't nothing changed."

MRS JONES

"That's why I worry about you every day, babe. People are just so crazy nowadays. So, it's good the department is having a safety training."

DETECTIVE JONES

"I'll be alright, babe. Getting home to you is all the motivation I need to be careful out in these streets."

This warms Mrs. Jones's heart, and she goes over and hugs Detective Jones from the back as he sits at the table eating.

MRS JONES

"You're so sweet, babe. I think I'm going to do a little something special for you when you get home tonight."

DETECTIVE JONES

"Oh yea. What's that?"

MRS JONES

"Let's just say, it involves a bubble bath, and me wearing something only for your eyes to see."

The two kiss. Detective Jones gets up and heads toward the door.

DETECTIVE JONES

"As much as I hate to leave, I got to go to work. I will have that surprise on my mind all day."

MRS JONES

"Hey honey, don't forget that our daughter is having dinner with us next weekend. She needs me to help decorate her new apartment afterwards."

DETECTIVE JONES

"I won't forget. See you later tonight."

Detective Jones kisses his wife one last time and leaves.

04. INT. LABEL CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING

Mr. Bell is sitting at the head of a long table in the label's conference room. He is surrounded by well-dressed members of his label with laptops and folders.

MR. BELL

"Ok, as you know, it's time for our monthly status meeting. So lay it on me. What we got?"

CO-WORKER SAM

"Our pop section is bringing in 20% of our total revenue; our country artists are bringing in about 30%; and our hip hop sector is bringing in

50%."

CO-WORKER TAMMY

"The shares in Fleet are up by 12% and there is a 20% jump in new investors."

MR. BELL

"Good to hear. What about our top artists? What are some of the numbers on them?"

CO-WORKER NATHAN

"It looks like our pop artist, Sassy, took a 20% loss this quarter. Her downloads and shows are down, and her latest single is not charting, as well as her first album. Our group, Trouble-Makers, rose two spots on the Billboard charts and their sales are up 10%. Our country artist, Hillbilly Bryan, is starting off slow with his third album but is showing some signs of improvement. We will just have to wait and see what happens, and I will have a more accurate report on him next quarter. We might need to put a little more money into his promotion but I will keep you updated. Our hip-hop artist, Russian Ru-let, is doing well with his second album. His revenue is up 35% from last quarter and could go higher with the new tour schedule. Spitta is by far our biggest money maker. His revenue is up 70% from last quarter, and his record Slug Fest just moved to number 2 on the Billboard charts."

CO-WORKER TAMMY

"Speaking of Spitta, I just received two phone calls about him this morning. He's up for 3 Grammy's; one including best new rap artist along with 4 BET nominations."

CO-WORKER SAM

"Yeah. If I can just jump in and add to it, I received a phone call from a producer at Capitol Films. They have an interest in putting Spitta in

two of their next upcoming films. This could be a good look for him. They want to have a meeting with him and his manager next week on the matter."

MR. BELL

"I'm meeting with them both at 1 p.m. today. I will run that by them."

ATTORNEY KEMMER

"Mr. Bell, you do know that Spitta's one album deal is almost up. We need to concentrate on re-negotiations and putting money behind his sophomore album. If we lose him, Fleet Records could take a major hit and our investors won't be too happy about it."

MR. BELL

"Yes, of course. Negotiation is the reason I arranged to see them today. As a matter of fact, it wouldn't be a bad idea for you, Mr. Kemmer, to sit in on this."

ATTORNEY KEMMER

"Shouldn't be a problem Mr. Bell."

CO-WORKER TAMMY

"I think we need to make whatever accommodations we can to retain Spitta on this label."

MR. BELL

"I agree. Is there anything else? Ok then, everybody get back to work."

The staff members get up from the table and head back to their offices.

05. INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT CHIEF OFFICE - DAY

Chief Officer Lawson is looking at his computer when the district attorney (tall, straight blond hair, Powerful looking, Caucasian lady) comes walking into his office.

ATTORNEY CONLEY

"Chief, you wanted to see me?"

OFFICER LAWSON

"Yeah. Wanted you to know that I got the go-ahead to start the second phase of "Operation Press" this weekend. So you know what that means."

ATTORNEY CONLEY

"Means I won't have a life for the next few months."

OFFICER LAWSON

"It's the nature of the beast. The higher the pay grade, the more you have to be a team player."

ATTORNEY CONLEY

"I understand."

OFFICER LAWSON

"Well, it's time for me to address my staff about all of this. We will talk soon."

Attorney Conley nods her head and turns around to walk out the door but is interrupted by Officer Lawson.

OFFICER LAWSON

"Hey, Conley. Just wanted to add that you've been doing a hell of a job."

Attorney Conley gives a slight smile and nod then turns to walk out the door.

06. INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT CONFERENCE ROOM- DAY

The police chief, Officer Lawson (tall, Caucasian, balding hair, and an intimidating look), addresses a room full of officers and detectives.

OFFICER LAWSON

"As you all know that the press has been on our ass about the rise in crime around the city. We will begin to beef up patrol this weekend. I want cops to be vigilant and on every street corner that's known for violence. If anyone gives you shit, arrest their ass. Detective Jones. You, Selinsky, and Hammer need to make that search and seizure on Alwendale street. We have the warrant

approved, and we will have the gang unit assist you. Detective Wilson, I need for you to talk to all of the witnesses in the Menendez case. Get the report back to me, ASAP. Any questions?"

The room is silent.

OFFICER LAWSON (CON'T)

"Ok. That's it. Everyone get to work."

The crowd begins to leave and Officer Lawson addresses them again.

OFFICER LAWSON (CON'T)

"Oh yeah, don't forget about our safety meeting and training after work. 6 o'clock sharp."

Detective Jones approaches Officer Sanchez's (short, pretty, long hair, Hispanic) desk as she is typing on her computer.

DETECTIVE JONES

"Officer Sanchez. How is my favorite person's day going?"

OFFICER SANCHEZ

"Just another day of protecting and serving. What's up?"

DETECTIVE JONES

"What's the latest on the embezzlement case with Mr. Frank?"

OFFICER SANCHEZ

"We have all of his transactions confirmed, subpoenaed two of his staff members, and are just waiting on some fingerprints to come back from the lab."

DETECTIVE JONES

"What about the extortion case on Judge Radford by Mr. Keller?"

OFFICER SANCHEZ

"As of right now, we have the phone records and surveillance footage of Mr. Keller that should help in getting a conviction."

DETECTIVE JONES

"Anything else?"

OFFICER SANCHEZ

"Some of our evidence includes Mr. Keller's involvement with one of our officers. And since there is a possibility of foul play from a fellow officer, the information has been turned over to internal affairs. So, I would suggest you follow up with Jenny on that. She has more info than I have."

Detective Selinsky (mid-height, black hair, cool guy Caucasian or Asian) and Hammer (big, muscular, intimidating, Black guy) walk over to Detective Jones.

DETECTIVE SELINSKY

"Jones, we need to get a move on if we're going to catch the plug off guard. I figured right about now, they're having their morning blunt."

DETECTIVE JONES

"Alright. Let's roll. We'll meet you out front. Hammer, grab the car."

07. EXT. POLICE DEPARTMENT PARKING LOT - DAY

Detective Selinsky pulls up in his unmarked car blasting a song by Detective Jones. Hammer is driving the car with Detective Jones on the passenger side. Detective Selinsky pulls up and is now next to Detective Jones.

DETECTIVE SELINSKY

"Hammer, have you ever heard this shit before? This was back in Jones's hay days."

Detective Jones chuckles.

DETECTIVE JONES

"I see you got jokes today."

DETECTIVE SELINSKY

"What do you mean? This shit is hard. Hammer, you never heard any of Jones's music? He went by the rap name Countrified back in the days."

HAMMER

"I heard a song or two back in the days."

DETECTIVE JONES

"Let's move out. That blunt is about to be a roach pretty soon."

They speed off.

08. EXT- DERRICK'S CAR- AFTERNOON

Derrick is driving a nice car and is on his cell phone pulling up to a mansion.

DERRICK

"I'm pulling up. Let's roll."

Derrick parks the car out front and seconds later Spitta comes out with a backpack. He jumps in the car and they leave.

SPITTA

"Hey, I got an idea for a song. This shit is going to go hard. Can we swing by the studio, while it's fresh on my mind?"

DERRICK

"We might be able to swing by the studio later. Mr. Bell wants us to visit the label today."

SPITTA

"For what?"

DERRICK

"I don't know. He just said he needed to talk with us. Must be about something good considering he said it after seeing the crowd go ape shit over you in Baltimore."

SPITTA

"He showed up to the show? Why didn't you tell me?"

DERRICK

"I didn't want to bore you with manager shit, especially when you was having a good time with them Baltimore

groupies."

Spitta pulls out a blunt and fires it up. He rolls down the window. He hits it a few times and passes it to Derrick.

DERRICK (CON'T)

"Nawl. I'll smoke later. One of us needs to be sober during this meeting."

SPITTA

"Smoking or not, I'm always on point. I refuse to let a motherfucker play me sideways."

09. INT. GLENDALE PROJECTS- APT BUILDING- DAY

Detective Jones pulls out his gun and sneaks up to the apartment door. He motions for Hammer and Selinsky to stand on opposite sides of the door. The police gang unit is in place with the door battering ram. The police ram the door and everyone enters.

DETECTIVE JONES

"APD! Everyone freeze and get on the fucking ground, right now!"

A gang member pulls out his 9-millimeter and shoots at the cops once they entered. He misses and Hammer returns fire striking the gang member in the upper left shoulder.

DETECTIVE JONES (CON'T)

"Everyone let me see your hands! Nobody move, nobody gets hurt."

Detective Jones gets on his radio.

DETECTIVE JONES (CON'T)

(Into radio)

"We're going to need medical attention up here!"

Detective Jones looks around the room. There are 5 gang members in the house. Bags of dope and weed are on the table. The room is filled with weed smoke and a blunt is lit in the ashtray.

DETECTIVE JONES (CON'T)

"Which one of you is named Racks?"

RACKS

"Who wants to know? And, what the fuck yawl doing here bursting up in my place like this?"

DETECTIVE SELINSKY

"Oh... so you're Racks."

RACKS

"Could somebody tell me what the hell is going on?!"

DETECTIVE JONES

"You know what it is. The man that calls himself Racks from making racks on racks on racks in the neighborhood should know what it is. How long do you think you can sell drugs and we not show up?"

RACKS

"I don't sell drugs. Me and my boys may be guilty of using drugs but not selling them."

DETECTIVE JONES

"Racks, save the bullshit for somebody else. We've been watching you for over 6 months. We have informants that have bought drugs from you, and we have a warrant to search this apartment."

An officer comes in with a drug dog. Medical personnel also shows up on the scene to assist the shot gang member.

DETECTIVE JONES (CON'T)

"Search every inch of this place. Hammer, collect all of the guns and run a trace on them when we get back to the station."

The drug dog shows interest next to a heating vent. The officers open the vent and pull out the drug stash.

DETECTIVE JONES (CON'T)

"So Racks, what do you got to say about this?"

Racks gives Detective Jones a death stare and then speaks.

RACKS

"I ain't got shit to say without my lawyer."

DETECTIVE JONES

"That's probably the smartest move you made all day Get 'em out of here."

The officers cuff all of the members and escort them out of the apartment.

10. INT. FLEET RECORDS LOBBY - DAY

Derrick and Spitta walk to the secretary's counter. The Secretary is a tall, blonde hair, attractive lady.

DERRICK

"Hey, we have a 1 o'clock meeting with Mr. Bell. Could you tell him that we are here?"

SECRETARY WENDY

"Hey! He's been expecting you. One moment please."

The secretary picks up the phone.

SECRETARY WENDY (CONT'D)

"Mr. Bell, Spitta is here for your 1 o'clock meeting. Ok. I sure will."

She hangs up the phone.

SECRETARY WENDY (CONT'D)

"He's waiting for you. You can go right up. But, Spitta could you please do me a huge favor?"

SPITTA

"Yeah. What's that?"

SECRETARY WENDY

"My little brother worships the ground you walk on. He knows the lyrics to all of your songs and he's the biggest fan you ever wanna meet. Ever since I started here, two months ago, he's asked me every day have I met you. Could you please sign an autograph for him? That would make me the coolest big sister ever."

SPITTA

"No problem. What's his name?"

SECRETARY WENDY

"Tyler. Tyler Whitherspoon."

Spitta grabs a pen and paper from her and signs his name.

SECRETARY WENDY (CONT'D)

"Thank you sooo much! One last thing.
Let me take a selfie with you."

Secretary Wendy pulls out her phone and takes a selfie with Spitta.

11. INT. MR. BELL'S OFFICE-DAY

Mr. Bell is sitting behind his desk with Attorney Kenner to his right. Derrick and Spitta walk in.

MR. BELL

"Derrick! Spitta! Glad you two could make it. Have a seat. Can I get you something to drink?"

DERRICK

"Thanks, but I'm good."

Spitta shakes his head "No".

MR. BELL

"Spitta, I just want to say on behalf of everyone here at Fleet Records, that we're happy to have you on our roster. Your first album has done really well for the label, so we would like to talk about re-negotiations. We know that your contract will be coming to an end with us in 60 days. So, we're ready to make you an offer to keep you around for the next three albums."

SPITTA

"Yeah. So what are we talking?"

Attorney Kenner slides Spitta a contract.

MR. BELL

"We would like to start by offering

you \$250 thousand dollars to record your next album. We can give it to you upfront or reimburse you once you're done. We would also like to offer you a 1 million dollar signing bonus."

This gets Spitta visibly upset.

SPITTA

"I thought you said you was happy to have me on your roster."

MR. BELL

"We are, why would you think otherwise?"

SPITTA

"Because of this bullshit offer. My boy, J-Nice, told me that his label gave him \$2-million, and I'm a hotter artist than he is. So, why are you offering me some bullshit?"

MR. BELL

"Spitta, a million-dollar offer for a sophomore album is standard around the industry. Most of my record exec friends offer the same thing."

SPITTA

"With all due respect, I'm not a standard motherfucker. I'm the hottest artist in the game right now and if you want to keep me, my signing bonus needs to be at \$5-million."

MR BELL

"\$5-million?! That's a lot for a new artist such as yourself."

Spitta gets up and motions for Derrick to get up.

SPITTA

"If you can't do that, I will just need to see if other labels are interested in the hottest artist right now."

ATTORNEY KEMMER

"What if we offer you 4 million and put more money into your promotions?"

We also want to talk to you about movie deals and endorsements. We can make you a bigger star than you are right now."

DERRICK

"Let us think about it, and we will get back to you."

12. EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS COURTYARD-DAY

Shaniya (19-21 yrs, light skin, very attractive, and long hair) is holding her books in her hand and walking through campus. Her best friend Carmen (19-21 yrs, brown skin, short hair cut, and very pretty) sees Shaniya and runs up to her.

CARMEN

"Shaniya! Shaniya, wait up!"

SHANIYA

"Girl! Where you been?"

CARMEN

"You don't want to know."

SHANIYA

"I texted and called you last night. What? T- Mobile is having issues?"

CARMEN

"No. I dropped my phone in the sink last night while I was washing dishes. It was totally unavoidable and now I have to go and get a new phone after class."

SHANIYA

"Damn, girl. You have the worst luck."

CARMEN

"Girl tell me about it. Well, at least this is the last day of the semester. Are you ready to take your final in Mrs. Hester's class?"

SHANIYA

"I'm as ready as I'm gonna be."

Two boys (any ethnic background) and a Hispanic girl with long curly hair approach.

SCHOOL BOY 1

"Hey. I know yawl coming to Roary's end-of-semester party tonight?"

CARMEN

"Yeah. We'll be there."

SCHOOL BOY 1

"It's gone be litty! See yawl tonight."

The group walks off.

CARMEN

"I gotta pick up my phone at the t-mobile by your house. So... how about I just swing by and pick you up?"

SHANIYA

"Cool. I should be ready around 8:30 (p.m.)."

CARMEN

"Perfect! Oh yeah, I'm booking myself a day spa treatment next weekend. Need to have a me day to get rid of some of this stress. You want to come?"

SHANIYA

"Sounds like fun, but I'm having dinner with my parents next weekend, and plus, my mom is going to help me decorate the apartment."

CARMEN

"Alright. See you tonight. Good luck on your test."

SHANIYA

"You too. Thanks."

13. INT. STUDIO - DAY

Spitta, his crew, Derrick, and a few girls are in the studio. They have blunts going, and the producer is playing different beats for him.

PRODUCER

"What type of vibe are you looking

for?"

SPITTA

"I'm looking for something up-tempo, maybe some horns and shit. I want to make this shit a hood anthem. I want the streets to go dumb over this one."

PRODUCER

"I got something you might like. What do you think about this one?"

SPITTA

"That shit is litty right there. Turn it up some more."

Spitta began putting lyrics to the beat.

SPITTA (CON'T)

"I go off like a hood trigga, I got a very quick temper, it could be something simple, I'll aim it at your temple, like a hood trigga. I keep the stick grease, in case you talking sleezy, I just come up squeezing..."

The crowd joins in with the hook.

CREW MEMBERS

"Like a hood trigga."

PRODUCER

"Ok. that shit go hard. Looks like you already got the hook."

SWURV

"Hey, Spit. You should go live on they ass and let them know what's coming on this one."

SPITTA

"Good idea."

Spitta pulls out his phone.

SPITTA (CON'T)

"Oh shit, Derrick! Check this shit out. Look. I'm up 2 million followers from last week."

He shows Derrick his phone.

DERRICK

"That's a lot of motha-fuckers."

SPITTA

"That's a lot of motha-fuckers. And...
I'm about to go live with all them
motha-fuckers right now."

Spitta turns his phone towards him and go live.

SPITTA (CON'T)

"What's up, everybody? I know it's
been a couple of days since I went
live or posted anything... but, I
wanted yawl to know that I'm in the
studio about to put together a hood
anthem. This shit is fi'! You hear
that beat? Just remember that beat.
I'm about to put a spit of magic on
that thang, and a masterpiece will
come to light. Wave to my crew."

Spitta takes the phone and shows everyone in the studio. The crew wave towards the phone. Spitta puts the camera back on him.

SPITTA (CON'T)

"As you can see, me and my crew is
lit, working hard, and creating
beautiful music for the streets. Until
next time, I'm out."

Spitta goes offline and puts his phone back in his pocket. He speaks to the producer.

SPITTA (CON'T)

(To producer)

"I'm ready to go in there and lay this
hook while it's fresh on my mind."

PRODUCER

"Ok, let's do it. You're up."

The producer puts on his headphones and Spitta goes into the booth to record. We hear Spitta recording the hook.

PRODUCER (CON'T)

"That sounded pretty good, but let's

take it again from the top."

14. INT. JONES'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Detective Jones comes in the house. The house is dark with candles everywhere and romantic music is playing. He has a dozen roses in his hand. Jones is surprised to see the house filled with romantic candles.

DETECTIVE JONES

"Hey baby. I'm home. Hey baby where you at?"

Jones walks to the bedroom that is filled with candles. He sees his wife standing in the door next to the bathroom wearing a very sexy negligee. Jones is impressed.

DETECTIVE JONES (CON'T)

"Well damn! You look amazing, babe. You right... only my eyes need to see you in that."

MRS. JONES

"Are those for me?"

DETECTIVE JONES

"No. They're for me. Of course, they're for you. Think I was coming to the party empty-handed?"

Detective Jones puts the flowers on the counter, walks over, and starts kissing his wife.

DETECTIVE JONES

"I love you so much. All of this is amazing to come home to."

MRS. JONES

"I figured tonight needs to be a night of relaxation, just you and I."

Mrs. Jones takes a step back and begins to take off her clothes.

MRS. JONES (CON'T)

"Well, what are you waiting for? The water is getting cool and the wine is getting warm."

Jones starts taking off his clothes. We can see his muscles and six-pack when he takes off his shirt.

We see the couple in the tub together covered in bubbles. Mrs. Jones is sitting between Mr. Jones's legs as they sip wine. We hear music playing as they laugh, kiss, and toast the night away.

The camera cuts to Mrs. Jones massaging Mr. Jones back and he flips over and they begin making love.

15. EXT. CARMEN'S CAR- NIGHT

Carmen pulls up in a drop-top car, looking good with a sexy outfit on. She blows the horn, and Shaniya comes rushing out.

SHANIYA

"Ok, girl! I'm coming."

Shaniya gets into the car.

SHANIYA (CON'T)

"Look at you. Who you trying to look all cute for?"

CARMEN

"You never know when Mr. Right will pop up... so, I'm just trying to stay ready so I don't have to get ready, ya feel me?"

SHANIYA

"No you didn't just hit me with the old school pimp quote, like you Sugar Free or somebody."

The girls laugh hard.

CARMEN

"Girl... shut up. You know what I mean."

CARMEN

"This got to be it right here."

The girls pull up to a house. Cars line the road and college students are everywhere. The party is being held by this rich kid named Roary. (Roary is White, has swag, an athletic body, and loves Black women.) Carmen parks the car, goes in her purse, pulls out a makeup kit, and powders her face one last time.

CARMEN (CON'T)

"Girl, how I look?"

SHANIYA

"You looked how you looked 5 minutes ago, beautiful. Now let's go!"

16. INT. HOUSE PARTY- NIGHT

The girls go to the party and every room is packed with people.

CARMEN (CON'T)

"Let's get some drinks."

The camera will show different montages of them partying and drinking.

We see Shaniya and her friend, Carmen, having a good time at the party. They danced with other people, hugged members at the party, and danced with each other. The girls sit down at a table with drinks in hand.

CARMEN (CON'T)

"This is the perfect way to celebrate the end of the year. Can you believe we're going to be juniors next year?"

SHANIYA

"I know right. Time is really flying by."

CARMEN

"Just think about it, girl. Two years from now, you will have a degree in communication. Have you made up your mind, yet, between being a news analyst or a weather girl?"

SHANIYA

"Still deciding. I did get accepted to do that internship at *CNBS*."

CARMEN

"Wait! You got accepted?! Why didn't you tell me?!"

SHANIYA

"I was going to tell you when I called, but remember, your phone wasn't working? So, it kind of slipped my mind after that."

CARMEN

"It's all good. Congratulations!"

SHANIYA

"Thanks, girl."

A popular song, from Spitta comes on.

CARMEN

"Oh! That's my jam right there."

SHANIYA

"Mines too! This song is all over the radio."

The girls start singing the lyrics of the song to each other.

17. EXT. VARIOUS NEIGHBORHOODS - NIGHT

Two cops (Ages 35 - 45, Caucasian) are riding around in their squad car. They pull up to the red light and see a car next to them with 4 Black men inside, and the car is a little smokey with the music blasting. The light turns green, and the Black men proceed.

PATROL COP 1

"Throw the lights on these punks. \$500 bucks they smoking weed or doing something illegal."

PATROL COP 2

"Even tho I know you're right; unless he commits a traffic violation, we can't just pull them over."

PATROL COP 1

"If we do, who's going to stop us? The Chief said to arrest anyone that gives us shit this weekend. Just throw the lights and let me take the lead. If everything pans out, we will let them be on their way."

Patrol Cop 2 hesitates to do it but decides to play along and pulls the car over. Patrol Cop 1 gets out of the car first. He touches the back of his hand on the car before approaching the driver.

PATROL COP 1 (CON'T)

"Roll down your window sir, and make sure I can see your hands at all

times."

The Driver (18-21 yrs-old, Black, Dreads) rolls down the window.

PATROL COP 1 (CON'T)

"Turn the music down please. Sir, can you tell me why your car is smelling like you've all been smoking weed with Snoop Dog?"

YOUNG DRIVER

"I don't know what you're talking about."

PATROL COP 1 (CON'T)

"Ok, now you're insulting my intelligence. Everyone get out of the car!"

The cops draw their weapons and the boys exit the car.

PATROL COP 2

"Everyone put your hands on the trunk.

Patrol Cop 1:

I'll do a search on them while you search the vehicle."

Patrol Cop 1 searches the vehicle and finds a big bag of weed. He throws the weed onto the trunk in front of the boys.

PATROL COP 1

"Who's weed is this?"

The boys look around at each other and no one speaks.

PATROL COP 1 (CON'T)

"What? Everyone too high to speak up? Since no one wants to claim the weed, we're taking all of you down to the station."

17A. EXT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

We see four guys next to a liquor store shooting dice. It's 3 Black men and 1 Hispanic. (all guys are 18-23 yrs)

JEREMIAH

"Shawty, I'm about to send all of yawl asses home broke after this."

The dice shooter rolls the dice and looks up to see a cop car come speeding up to the store, jumping out after them.

JEREMIAH (CON'T)

"Aww, shit! 12 yawl! Break out!"

The cops rush three of the men while Jeremiah runs the other way but is quickly cut off by another squad car. He immediately stops and puts his hands in the air.

We hear music as we see a slew of arrests in predominantly, Black neighborhoods.

Two Black men are pushed up against a fence as the cops put handcuffs on them.

A cop slams a man's head on the hood of a squad car.

Cops have three men standing in a row, with their hands behind their heads and legs spread. They're being searched by the officers. The officer pulls a gun out of one of the men's jeans.

SEARCHING OFFICER

"Look, what we have here."

STREET BANGER LEWIS

"It's not illegal for me to have a gun on me."

SEARCHING OFFICER

"Are you giving me shit?! No, it's not illegal, but it is illegal to have a gun that is 'not registered' on you."

The searching officer hands the gun to another officer.

SEARCHING OFFICER (CON'T)

"Run a search on this weapon."

18. INT. DEKALB & FULTON COUNTRY JAIL- NIGHT

There is a line of men, mostly Black, some Hispanics, and a few Whites waiting to be processed. There is a processing officer (Black, overweight, and balding hair) giving them instructions.

PROCESSING OFFICER

"I need everyone to stay in a straight line. Once you get up to the counter, I need for you to take everything out of your pockets. The quicker we can

get you processed the quicker you will have time to make a phone call."

We see groups of detainees going through the process. The camera cuts back and forth between Dekalb and Fulton County Jail. Camera shows detainees emptying their pockets, getting fingerprinted, taking off their clothes, getting stripped searched, taking mug shots, and entering a crowded cell. We hear the music continuing during this process.

We see some inmates holding onto the jail bars screaming they're innocence as the camera pans by and up out of the building. The camera keeps panning up from the top of the prison as we hear the prisoners complain.

COUNTY PRISONER 1

"This is some bullshit. I ain't do nothing."

COUNTY PRISONER 2

"I'ma sue you motha-fuckers for false arrest."

COUNTY PRISONER 3

"Let me out!"

COUNTY PRISONER 4

"Fuck the police. You all some crooked son-of-a-bitches."

COUNTY PRISONER 5

"This shit ain't right, man. Why yawl fucking with me, man?"

19. INT. COURT HOUSE PUBLIC DEFENDER OFFICE - DAY

We see a series of public defenders speaking with young black men before their plea hearing.

PUBLIC DEFENDER 1

"How do you want to plea?"

JEREMIAH

"Not guilty?"

PUBLIC DEFENDER 1

"Well, Jeremiah. You're really rolling the dice here. Of course we know you know how to roll dice, so, let's talk odds and consequences."

PUBLIC DEFENDER 1 (CONT)

"The district attorney wants to proceed with charges because you're a known gang member, plus she feels she has enough to make the illegal gambling charge stick and a couple of other trumped-up charges. The state is recommending 15 yrs, with a minimum of 80%."

The camera cuts to the second public defender. (Any gender or race, 25-40)

PUBLIC DEFENDER 2

"Sir, I have been appointed to represent you, since you have no outside representation. I want to help you but I also want to be realistic."

The camera cuts to the third public defender. (Any gender or race, any age)

PUBLIC DEFENDER 3

"You're looking at a lot of time."

The camera cuts back to Public Defender 1.

JEREMIAH

"15 yrs? For just shooting dice on the side of a store? Come on... that's extreme."

PUBLIC DEFENDER 1

"According to the district attorney, there's a little more to it than that. The store owner has a restraining order against you being there, and plus, one of your friends had an unregistered gun on him."

JEREMIAH

"What do that got to do with me?"

The camera cuts to Public Defender 2.

PUBLIC DEFENDER 2

"Sometimes life isn't fair. Sometimes you get dealt a bad hand."

The camera cuts to Public Defender 3. The prisoner is almost in tears and confesses his innocence to the public defender.

PRISONER 1

"I promise you. I didn't have nothing to do with it. I don't want to plead guilty to something I did not do."

The camera cuts back to Public Defender 1.

There is an intense stare between Jeremiah and his public defender.

PUBLIC DEFENDER 1

"Let me break it down to you like this. This prosecutor is tough and gets convictions all day long. She will tie any of your friends to paint the picture that you're a gangster. These judges are going to see a gangster and the jury may see a gangster, so, here are your options. I agree with you that 15-years is a bit extreme, even if you combine all charges. So, I got you a plea deal. You will serve 4 yrs, be out in 3 for good behavior. If you plead not guilty, we go to trial and hope society won't look at you as a thug."

Jeremiah feels upset by this but feels he must take the plea and not gamble.

JEREMIAH

"Where do I sign? I still think this is fucked up."

END OF EPISODE 1