

EPISODE 17 SEASON 2 RAPPER BY COUNTRIFIED WEDMAN

TITLE: ON THE RADAR

295. INT. NEWS STATION STUDIO - DAY

The news guy is reporting the news. Breaking news flashes across the screen before the news guy speaks.

NEWS GUY

"We are coming to you with some tragic news. There are reports that a local book printing factory has exploded killing all 80 people inside. Investigators are saying that it was due to a gas leak. We will keep you updated as more information comes in."

296. INT. TRILL HOUSE RECORDS CONFERENCE ROOM- DAY

Detective Jones is sitting at a table with Andre 3000 and his crew. They just watched the news about the explosion.

DETECTIVE JONES

"There is no doubt that it's game on now. They on us, so it's time to execute the plan."

JOHNATHAN

"I'm already on it. The Chinese started production today."

DETECTIVE JONES

"What about the decoy?"

JOHNATHAN

"I'm on top of it."

SASHA

"Also, I have a virtual meeting later on today with our ground contacts across the country. We should be ready to go."

DETECTIVE JONES

"Good, because our bookstore relationships are no more at this point."

ANDRE 3000

"The good thing about it is that there are still a lot of books in

circulation. The initial impact is done."

SASHA

"Yes. We should have enough books to hold us over until the shipment comes in."

ANDRE 3000

"Great. We still have the means to sell online, right?"

JERALD

"As of now, the site is still up, and sales are continuing to grow."

DETECTIVE JONES

"Ok, I'll catch up with you all later."

Detective Jones leaves the room.

297. INT. PRISON COMMON AREA - DAY

The big, veteran, Black prisoner named Blade, who received the books from the prison guard in the previous episode is sitting in the common area with the books speaking with a group of Black inmates. There are about 7 inmates sitting around him listening intently.

BLADE

Look, I done came to grips that I may never experience life again outside of these walls, but yawl niggas may get a second chance. These books opened me up to a whole new way of thinking. Most of us are here because we didn't know the game was set up for us to fail... I know I got caught up in the matrix of fast money, and trying to impress people that didn't even matter. You can see the truth coming out now that the music we listen to, the movies we love... all that shit is to set us up to land our Black ass right here so the White man can get paid from all of it."

BLACK INMATE 1

"I know when I get out of here this time, I'm not coming back. They got me fucked up if they think I'm falling for their bullshit again."

BLACK INMATE 2

"O.G.? What I got to do to be able to borrow one of those books from you? The only other person that has copies is the Mexican O.G.."

BLADE

"I wouldn't normally let anybody fuck with these books but since the information in it is so important, this is what I'ma do. I'ma start you three off with the black book, and the rest of you can get the white book. You can only get it for two hours. You all will have the same hours each day. When it's time to pass the book to the next man, I don't want to hear no shit, just pass the book. When you're done with one book, you can get the other."

The inmates all nodded in agreement.

BLADE

"Now, even though I want to help yawl niggas, this shit ain't free. Each day you check out the books I'm a need a soup or some type of commissary. If you don't have it, the next man can take your time if he has the right shit to offer. Do yawl understand?"

The inmates nodded in agreement again.

298. INT. PRIVATE COMMUNITY CENTER - DAY

A support group of 15 women is sitting around in a room. The room has couches with colorful pillows. Most of the women are Black but there are other races in attendance. There are light refreshments sitting on a table. The lady that leads this group is Sista Silvia (brown skin, long dreads put up in a ponytail, average body type, purple eye shadow, and professionally dressed). She is speaking to the group of women with Mrs. Jones beside her.

SISTA SILVIA

"Ok ladies. I have a special treat for our discussion today. We've been diving into these books that's been changing our perspective on many different things. So, I used my connect and was able the get the

author's son's wife to pay us a visit... Everyone, this is Mrs. Jones."

The ladies give a small applause to her.

SISTA SILVIA (CON'T)

"Please have a seat and join us."

Mrs. Jones sits facing the group beside Sista Silvia.

SISTA SILVIA

"I would like to first thank you for taking the time out to come by and speak with us. These books are fascinating, and we would hope you could give us your raw take on some of the subjects."

MRS. JONES

"It's truly a pleasure to be here. So, thanks for the invite."

SISTA SILVIA

"Let's dive right into it. I will ask you about certain topics that are in the books, and you just give us your take. If any of you ladies want to ask a question, feel free to chime in. Just so you know, all of the women here are single, and we would like to start off with things that affect our relationships. So, the first topic is the makeup effect... Your thoughts?"

MRS. JONES

"It's basically discussing the consequences of presenting an unrealistic image of yourself to get a desired response. Most women won't leave the house without putting on some type of makeup. Since society allows us to get away with it, we think that's how pretty we really are instead of how pretty we can become with all the accessories. Now when you meet a man, and he sees you all dolled up, this is his perception of you. After you date him for a while and he sees you without makeup, he might have a different opinion about you."

The women uncomfortably agree with her with head nods. A lady raises her hand and asks a question. She is Black, long weave, wears glasses, nice body, and is very attractive.

WOMEN GROUP MEMBER 1

"I agree with the makeup effect but what do you think men really want nowadays? I mean, I'm a boss chick with my own business, my own house, and it still seems impossible to get a good man.

Some of the ladies make a little noise in agreement.

MRS. JONES

"The books are called the art of overstanding. You must overstand what's going on and then you will see why it's hard to find a good man in this day and age."

WOMEN GROUP MEMBER 1

"Can you clarify that a little more for us?"

MRS. JONES

"Sure. As the books tell you, we have entities beyond this world controlling, experimenting, and studying us. There was a time in history when men held most of the jobs. They were the providers, and the women played the supportive role. This type of relationship complimented each other. Now, they locked up most of our Black men, making it harder for them to support their families, and this caused the women to not feel provided for. Then, you take that scenario and combine it with giving women the opportunity to earn a lot of money, and this makes women feel like it's an achievement to support themselves and not depend on a man for anything. You make your own money now but don't want to go 50/50 with a man. Most women still want men to pay on dates, make more money than them, and pay most of the bills while they just keep their money for themselves. So, women are looking for a traditional relationship under un-

traditional circumstances."

The women are all silent and are reflecting on what Mrs. Jones just said.

MRS. JONES (CON'T)

"Next question."

Most women raise their hands.

299. EXT/INT. PHILLIPS MENTAL HEALTH AND COUNSELING - DAY

The camera starts off looking at an office building with a Phillips Mental Health and Counseling Center sign above the entrance. Mrs. Oliver (Caucasian, blond lady, long hair, slim body, age 32-40) sits at her desk and listens to her answering machine.

ANSWERING MACHINE

"Hey, Mrs. Oliver. This is Terrence. I know my wife and I have an appointment with you at 5. We would like to cancel that appointment. She and I have been reading these books called The Art of Overstanding and Keys to the Soul. The books have given us a different outlook on life, and they've really helped our relationship. So, we no longer feel we need the counseling we once were seeking. Sorry for the inconvenience.

Mrs. Oliver checks the next voicemail.

ANSWERING MACHINE

"Hey Mrs. Oliver, this is Ms. Witherspoon, and I just wanted to update you on Brandon's mental health. He's been reading these books that just came out and he says that it's helping him tremendously. He no longer wants to attend counseling. I tried to encourage him to still come see you, but he says he's better now. I'm so sorry about this but if anything changes, I will give you a call."

Mrs. Oliver stops the recording. She picks up the phone.

MRS. OLIVER

"Mr. Tims, could you please come see

me for a quick sec? Ok, bye."

Mr. Tims (tall, White, gray comb-over hair, beard, 50-65) walks into her office.

MR. TIMS

"You wanted to see me?"

MRS. OLIVER

"Yes. Mr. Tims, we have a problem."

MR. TIMS

"Ok. What's up?"

MRS. OLIVER

"Apparently, there are some books that are flooding the streets that are causing people to ditch our counseling. I've been getting several cancellations a day from our clients and all of them are referencing these books. The Art of Overstanding and Keys to the Soul. Do you know anything about them?"

MR. TIMS

"I have heard of those books only because my daughter is a huge rap fan, and she heard some rapper promoting those books. Other than that, I don't know much about them."

MRS. OLIVER

"Well, those books are starting to cut into our bottom line."

MR. TIMS

"I see. Can you do a little research on the books and see if you can order them? Then we can see what the hype is all about and try to discredit or counter some of the points to keep our clients dependent on our counseling."

MRS. OLIVER

"I'll get right on it."

Mr. Tims leaves the office and Mrs. Oliver gets on her computer.

300. INT. HBCU CLASSROOM - DAY

Mrs. Currenton, female teacher (Black, small afro or natural hair, nice skin, 43-50) is at the end of her class. She sees Sasha at the door. She wraps up her class.

MRS. CURRENTON

"Ok, that's it for today. Remember to study chapter 15 because we will have a quiz on it tomorrow."

The students get up and leave the classroom. Mrs. Currenton goes over and greets Sasha.

MRS. CURRENTON (CON'T)

"Sasha, thanks for coming. It's a pleasure to finally put a face to the voice."

SASHA

"The pleasure is mine, Mrs. Currenton."

MRS. CURRENTON

"So, as we discussed, the books are very eye-opening, and we feel that it's necessary for our students to read them. The dean has agreed that we should make the books a requirement in our psychology and social studies classes. We would like to start off by purchasing 150 sets of the books."

SASHA

"I can make that happen. I can have them to you by early next week. Will that work?"

MRS. CURRENTON

"Perfect. I will let the dean know about our conversation, and we will start working on how to implement the books into our program."

SASHA

"Glad I could help."

Sasha walks out of the classroom.

301. EXT./INT. DERRICK CAR/ STREETCHING HALT HOUSE - EVENING

Derrick is driving Spitta to Streeching Halt's house in Atlanta. They pull up at the house.

DERRICK

"Hey Spit, you sure this is a good idea? If word gets back that you're still fucking with this chick, Shaniya won't be too happy."

SPITTA

"Nawl, we good. I'm not trying to spin the block with her like that for real, for real. She said she really needed to see me in person, and that it was really important. So, I'm just here to see what she's talking about. We gone be in and out this bitch."

The two men get out of the car and Derrick rings the doorbell. Streetching Halt opens the door.

STREETCHING HALT

"Hey. Thanks for coming. Please, come in."

The two men enter the home.

STREETCHING HALT (CON'T)

(To Derrick)

"Can I get you anything to drink?"

DERRICK

"Thanks, but I'm fine."

STREETCHING HALT

"Ok. You can make yourself comfortable over there."

(To Spitta)

"Come with me."

Spitta follows her. She stops in the hallway next to a door to speak with him.

STREETCHING HALT (CON'T)

"I guess you are wondering why I invited you over... First, I want to apologize to you for criticizing your move to stop rapping about street shit. I have been reading those books you promoted, and I see how we have been used as pawns to keep influencing our people to do negative shit. And now, we all see how they used us to fill up these prisons. I've now

acknowledged my role in influencing young women. So, I decided to change my music and follow your lead."

SPITTA

"I appreciate that, Streetching. You don't think you could have told me that over the phone tho?"

STREETCHING HALT

"I could have but I wanted you to know what I've been doing?"

Streetching Halt opens the door and they walk in to see J-Nice, The Trouble Makers, Concrete, two popular female rappers, and two more famous male rappers sitting at a table. Spitta walks in and is surprised. He immediately goes over to J-Nice and shakes his hands.

SPITTA

"What's up, my nigga? Damn it's a surprise to see all of yawl here. What is this about?"

STREETCHING HALT

"I reached out to everyone, and we all agree that we must change the music and stop glorifying the bullshit that benefits these record labels and prison shareholders. We believe in what you're doing and saw how you have made a change, but I'm afraid if you go at it alone, you will make the same mistakes as most leaders like MLK and Malcolm X."

SPITTA

"And, what's that?"

STREETCHING HALT

"If you're the head of any movement they will kill you, but if you have multiple artists on the same path as you, then they can't kill us all. So, we all have decided that we're no longer putting out bullshit."

J-NICE

"She's right, Spitta. They can't come at you if all of us are on the same page. Shit, I already let my record exec know that I'm not here for the bullshit no more. This new album I'm

working on is on some conscious shit.
No cap."

SPITTA

"Yeah, I feel that shit. I appreciate that. Let's get to work then. I'm down for some collabs too if anybody wants to fuck with me."

J-NICE

"Shit. You know I'm down."

SPITTA

"Say no more."

Camera fades to black.

302. INT. FLEET RECORDS - MR. BELL'S OFFICE - DAY

Mr. Virch (tall, White, glasses, professional look, brown hair, 40-55) walks into Mr. Bell's office.

MR. BELL

"Hello, Mr.?..."

MR. VIRCH

"Virch is the name."

MR. BELL

"What brings you to my office?"

MR. VIRCH

"Seems like you have a problem and, I may be able to help you out."

MR. BELL

"What problem is that?"

MR. VIRCH

"We have an admission from one of your artists that you told him to start trouble with the rapper, Spitta, and we both know that his friend was killed as a result; which makes you responsible for his murder."

MR. BELL

"Wait a minute, are you some type of cop or something?"

MR. VIRCH

"No, I'm a lawyer but the person that sent me is high up in the ranks of law

enforcement. Trust me this won't end well for you."

MR. BELL

"So, how are you here to help me out?"

MR. VIRCH

"The guy that pulled the trigger is dead. We can put all charges on a dead guy, and you can go on and continue living your life."

MR. BELL

"What's the catch?"

MR. VIRCH

"You must shut down this record label. You have 30 days to do so. This is your only chance. If I were you, I would take that chance and make a living doing something else... Have a nice day Mr. Bell."

Mr. Virch walks out of the office.

303. INT. SAFE HOUSE - DAY

Powerful Man 1 walks in with the Governor. Chief Lawson stands up to greet the Governor. Officer Taylor is also at the safe house.

OFFICER LAWSON

"Governor."

Governor Stallworth grabs Officer Lawson by the collar and pins him against the wall. He is pissed.

GOVERNOR STALLWORTH

"Don't fucking Governor me, you son of a bitch! You told me you had your little flunky on a leash and now all hell has broken loose. You allowed that piece of shit to outsmart you and now look at the mess we're in."

OFFICER LAWSON

"How was I supposed to know that he still had the books? We destroyed all the books that were left. You were there when it happened."

Powerful Man 1 breaks the two men apart.

POWERFUL MAN 1

"It's too late for the blame game. We need to discuss how we're going to fix this mess for good."

All the men sit down at a table.

POWERFUL MAN 1

"From my understanding, Jones has been planning this stunt for quite some time. He was just waiting for the right opportunity. He found it with that rapper guy that's all over the news. He's using him to do all the footwork."

GOVERNOR STALLWORTH

"So, what do you suggest?"

POWERFUL MAN 1

"I suggest we stop fucking around with these idiots and show them who runs shit. We need to send a clear message to the rapper to stop promoting the books. We need to take care of Jones next, make sure he's no longer a factor, discredit the books that are out now, and make sure we stop any reproductions. Then we can deal with this legal bullshit you all have gotten yourselves into."

304. INT. / EXT. LOCAL WASHINGTON RESTAURANT- DAY

Congressman Phillip (White, 55-65, black and gray hair, attractive male, slim body and tall), who represents Ohio is finishing up lunch with his colleague, Congressman Seller, who represents Utah (White, pop belly, black hair, clean shaven, 50-60, professional look and glasses) at a local restaurant. Congressman Phillip leaves a tip on the table.

CONGRESSMAN PHILLIP

"It's time to get back to work; got tons of phone calls to return."

CONGRESSMAN SELLER

"Yeah, tell me about it. How are things going on getting Congressman Rayford to vote for the energy bill?"

CONGRESSMAN PHILLIP

"Still working on it. That's one of the phone calls I need to make."

The two men walk outside and are met with an angry group of constituents. The people are mostly Caucasian with a few other races included. A man named Brady (Caucasian, casually dressed, 45-55, average body type, thinning hair) is holding the books in his hands. A few other people also have the books. Brady shows the books to the congressmen.

BRADY

"Is this why you can get anything done for us in Ohio?"

CONGRESSMAN PHILLIP

"Beg your pardon? I'm not sure what you're talking about."

BRADY

"I'm talking about what's in these books. It all makes sense why we can never get anything done for our district. You guys make all of these promises to get our votes, get here to Washington, and then realize you must play by different rules. How are we supposed to believe in our government when you're all controlled?"

CONGRESSMAN PHILLIP

"Sir, I'm not controlled by anyone. Not sure what you've been reading, but it's not true."

BRADY

"That's bullshit congressman and you know it."

The two congressmen walked off fast.

BRADY (CON'T)

"We will remember this when you're up for re-election."

CONGRESSMAN PHILLIP

"What's the deal with these books? He's not the first person I had to deal with about this. Do you know about these books?"

CONGRESSMAN SELLER

"Well, those books expose a lot of information. The story goes that the

author got a lot of information from a top-level C.I.A. agent and was killed after the books were published over 20 years ago. Apparently, his son is now reproducing and promoting the books."

CONGRESSMAN PHILLIP

"There are tons of books with top secret information in it. Why are those books so controversial?"

CONGRESSMAN SELLER

"Well, I haven't read the books, but from what I hear, the books not only give out top-secret information but also teach the reader how to think; which could be very dangerous."

CONGRESSMAN PHILLIP

"I see. I think we need to take a deeper look into this and meet with our colleagues to see about having a hearing on the matter."

CONGRESSMAN SELLER

"I agree."

305. INT. STREETCHING HALT'S VIDEO SHOOT - DAY

Streetching Halt is doing her video shoot. She has dancers behind her, and she is singing her new song called *Fool me once*.

VIDEO DIRECTOR 2

"Cut! That was amazing. That's a wrap."

Streetching Halt walks off the platform and is met by her label execs, Executive Dave and Kora.

EXECUTIVE DAVE

"Streetching, do you mind telling me more about this video-shoot? We agreed on a budget to shoot the video *Hood Twerk*."

STREETCHING HALT

"Mr. Dave, are you the opp?"

EXECUTIVE DAVE

"Beg your pardon? I'm not sure what you're saying."

KORA

"She's asking you 'are you the enemy?'"

EXECUTIVE DAVE

"Oh, God no. Why would you think that?"

STREETCHING HALT

"Because you seem more interested in me putting out music that continues to degrade my community instead of music that empowers them. I told you that I was done doing music that doesn't uplift my people."

EXECUTIVE DAVE

"Does this have anything to do with the influence of Spitta?"

STREETCHING HALT

"To answer your question, Mr. Dave, yes. I already told you that I will no longer be doing music that doesn't represent positivity for my people. So, you either get on board or drop me from the label."

Streetching Halt walks off leaving Executive Dave and Kora with defeat on their faces.

306. INT. RADIO STATION INTERVIEW - DAY

J-Nice is doing a radio interview in Cleveland, Ohio. He is being interviewed by two women that has a radio show called *The Sister-Sister Show*. Two females host the show. The girls have an average body, Black, any description, and age 26-35.

SISTER HOST 1

"Alright everybody, we have a special guest on *the Sister-Sister Show*. We have one of the hottest rappers out right now... J-Nice!"

SISTER HOST 2

"Welcome to Cleveland, J-Nice."

J-NICE

"It's a pleasure to be in this beautiful city."

SISTER HOST 1

"So, you are performing tonight at Kingz Palace. Tell us a little bit about the show."

J-NICE

"Yeah, I'm rocking the stage tonight and everyone should come out; it's going to be a good show."

SISTER HOST 2

"Cleveland is going to show up for J-Nice, you can believe that. But, I want to talk about your new music. I heard you say that you support what Spitta is doing, and you're now doing music with more positive content."

J-NICE

"Yeah. Music is powerful, and we have been manipulated to be pawns for people that don't want to see the Black and Brown community raise their vibration levels. They stop the rise in our vibration levels by giving people like me money to put out negative music. We got played, but now we're all waking up."

SISTER HOST 1

"I think what you rappers and singers are now doing is amazing. We need more positive music out there. I know we will be playing your music on our station. We're independently owned so nobody can tell us what to play."

J-NICE

"Thanks so much. I really appreciate it."

SISTER HOST 1

"Let me ask you this. I know Spitta has changed the game, but a lot of people are talking about those books he's been promoting. Have you had a chance to read them, and if so, have that influenced you in any way to go the route you're going?"

J-NICE

"Yes. I haven't finished the books yet

but from what I've read, it's some way-out stuff going on. I can see why Spitta is behind the promotion."

SISTER HOST 1

"Well, I've been trying to get my hands on a copy, but the bookstores say they're no longer carrying them around here."

J-NICE

"Yeah, if you text the word 'Overstand' to 545454, it will give you the website where you can order them from there."

SISTER HOST 1

"I will be sure to do that."

SISTER HOST 2

"We want to thank you for dropping in to speak with us today. Everyone, we have 5 pairs of tickets that we will be giving out today. As a matter of fact, we're going to give away a pair of tickets to see J-Nice tonight to the 10th caller. So hit us up... 216 Sisters."

Camera fades to black.

307. INT. JONES'S LIVING ROOM- NIGHT

Detective and Mrs. Jones are sitting on the couch watching t.v. and enjoying each other. They hear a knock at the door.

DETECTIVE JONES

"Are you expecting someone?"

MRS. JONES

"No."

Detective Jones gets up and answers the door. It's Spitta.

DETECTIVE JONES

"Spitta? What's happening? Is everything o.k.?"

SPITTA

"Yeah, everything is cool. I was hoping that I could speak with you and Mrs. Jones for a sec."

DETECTIVE JONES

"Fa sho. Come in."

The two men walk into the living room. Jones sits down by his wife and Spitta remains standing.

DETECTIVE JONES (CON'T)

"What's up?"

SPITTA

"I'm on my way to meet with your beautiful daughter, who said she has a nice homecooked meal waiting for me, but I thought it was right for me to stop by here first."

MRS. JONES

"And, why is that sweetheart?"

SPITTA

"Well, I want you two to know that I really love your daughter, and I want her to be in my life forever. So, I got her this ring and I am going to ask her to marry me tonight. Of course, I wanted yawl's blessing first, before I do so."

Detective and Mrs. Jones stand up.

DETECTIVE JONES

"Son, you have our approval. We would love to have you as a part of the family."

They all hug.

DETECTIVE JONES (CON'T)

"Now get on over there and make our daughter the happiest woman in the world."

308. EXT. / INT. SHANIYA APARTMENT - NIGHT

Spitta knocks on the door and Shaniya opens it. Spitta walks in and it's slow jams playing low in the background. Candles fill the room, and she has two dishes on the table with a silver cover over it. She has a glass of wine on the table.

SPITTA

"Girl, look at you. Making me feel all special and shit."

SHANIYA

"You are special. Especially to me."

The two sit down at the table.

SHANIYA (CON'T)

"I know you're about to be out of town again doing your shows, and I wanted to cook for my man and spend a little time with you before you go."

Shaniya takes the covers off the food.

SPITTA

"Damn, girl... you really can cook. This shit looks delicious."

SHANIYA

"Well, I must credit my mom for all of that. We have smothered chicken, rice, mac and cheese, green beans, and sweet dinner rolls."

Shaniya pours a glass of wine for them.

SPITTA

"Babe, this is what's up. And this food is as good as it looks."

SHANIYA

"I'm glad you enjoy my cooking."

SPITTA

"Me too. Life would be fucked up eating nasty food for the rest of my life."

SHANIYA

"For the rest of your life? You plan on keeping me around for that long?"

Spitta gets up from the table, grabs her by the hand, and leads her into the living room.

SPITTA

"That's what I want to talk to you about... I've met many women in my life, but no one compares to you. I want to have you by my side for the rest of my life."

Spitta gets down on one knee and opens a small black box with a big shiny ring. Shaniya is starting to cry before he even

proposes.

SPITTA

"Shaniya Olivia Jones, will you make me the happiest man on the planet by accepting this ring and becoming my wife?"

SHANIYA

"Oh my God, yes! Yes, baby!"

Spitta slides the ring onto her finger. They start kissing and Shaniya rips off Spitta's clothes, and they make love right there on the couch.

Camera fades to black.

309. INT. PHILLIP'S MENTAL HEALTH AND COUNSELING OFFICE - DAY

Mrs. Oliver is sitting at her desk looking over some paperwork and a young intern (male, Hispanic, 20-25, brown hair, glasses, and casually dressed) walks in with a package.

YOUNG INTERN

"Mrs. Oliver, you have a package."

He sets the package on her desk and walks out. Mrs. Oliver opens the package and sees the books have arrived. She starts reading the black book.

310. INT. PUBLIC RECORDS OFFICE - DAY

The informants approach the counter and speak with a lady (Black, 55-65, brown skin, slightly overweight, gray and black hair, and wears glasses).

RALOSZO

"Mam, we're looking for any public records on Quinton Jones. Can you see if you can find anything for us?"

The lady begins searching on her computer.

PUBLIC RECORDS CLERK

"I have a Quinton Jones born in 1976 to the parents of Cynthia and Earl Jones."

RALOSZO

"Yes. Can you please print out as much as you can on him and his parents, please?"

PUBLIC RECORDS CLERK

"I sure can."

She prints out some information and hands it to Ralosz. Ralosz hands her a \$50 bill for her troubles.

RALOSZO

"Thank you mam.

The two men walk out.

311. INT. SHANIYA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Shaniya is on cloud 9. Her phone rings, and it's her mom. We see the screen going back and forth between them on the phone.

SHANIYA

"Hey, Mom.

MRS. JONES

"Hey, baby. I just wanted to say congratulations because I know you said 'yes' to that ring last night."

SHANIYA

"I did, Mom. I can't believe he asked me to marry him. Wait a minute. How did you know?"

MRS. JONES

"Well dear, any respectful man will come and speak to your father before he pops the question to you. He came by the house last night, got our blessing, and showed us the ring. I'm so excited because now we have a wedding to plan."

SHANIYA

"I know right. I can't believe this is happening."

MRS. JONES

"Well, it's happening. Don't you worry about a thing. I will help you with anything you need."

SHANIYA

"Thanks, Mom."

Shaniya gets an incoming call.

SHANIYA (CON'T)

"Hey, Mom. I got to go; this is Carmen calling in. I want to tell her the news. I'll be by to see you later on today... Ok, Mom. Love you. Bye."

312. INT. / EXT. CONCERT VENUE / SPRINTER LIMO - NIGHT

The show host (tall, Black, dreads, swag, 30-35) is introducing a gangster rapper. The rapper is one of the artists opening up for Spitta.

SHOW HOST

"Alright everybody, put your hands together for our next act from our hometown... Lil Draco!"

The crowd gives out a cheer for the artist. Lil Draco takes the stage and starts performing gangster music. The crowd doesn't want to hear that type of music anymore and boos him off stage. They even start throwing cups and paper at him. Lil Draco gets the message and leaves the stage. The show host returns to the stage.

SHOW HOST

"I guess yawl ain't here to hear no gangster shit anymore. Well, let me bring the man to the stage that we're all here for. The man that changed the game, the man that got us on a positive trajectory. Put your hands together for Spitta!"

The crowd goes wild as Spitta takes the stage.

Camera cuts to:

Spitta, Swurv, Derrick, three goons, and his performance crew are all in the sprinter listening to music and partying. They're heading back to the hotel from a show Spitta just did in Chicago. The word Chicago flashes at the bottom of the screen.

SWURV

(To Spitta)

"Man, these mother-fuckers out here in Chi-town was litty. It's good to see them rocking out to yo new shit too."

SPITTA

"Hell yeah! We gone get the same

reaction everywhere we go. People starting to wake the fuck up now. Hey, pour me some more of that Ace."

Swurv goes over and pours Spitta some more liquor and hands it to him. They continue to party and dance to the music. The sprinter van pulls up at the private entrance of the hotel. There is no one around. As they get out of the sprinter van, three black SUV's pull up. 20 men with guns hop out of the vehicle wearing all black. Man in Black 6 (Caucasian, 6'-6'3", 45-55, professional-looking, muscular body, and black glasses) approaches them.

MAN IN BLACK 6

"Everybody get your hands up where we can see them. You are in no position to play hero."

Spitta and his crew all put their hands up.

SWURV

"What the fuck is going on? We haven't did nothing wrong."

MAN IN BLACK 6

"Calm down. We just need to borrow your rapper friend for a few hours."

DERRICK

"You're not taking him anywhere."

MAN IN BLACK 6

"It doesn't look like you're in any position to make demands. So, this is how this is going to work. We're going to take your friend with us and return him here in 3 hours. If anyone calls the cops, which won't work because the people who are requesting him are basically above the law, you will turn this from a kidnapping to a homicide. It's your choice..."

(To one of the men in black)

"Take 'him."

Two men in black grab Spitta and put him in the back of the SUV. They all load up and take off leaving Spitta's crew stunned and devastated.

DERRICK

"What the fuck just happened?! We got to do something. We can't just let them roll up on us like that."

SWURV

"You heard the man. If we try anything we could be putting Spit's life in danger."

DERRICK

"So, what the hell are we supposed to do?"

SWURV

"I don't know. Guess we have to wait three hours and see if they return him. If they don't then we can make moves."

DERRICK

"Looks like we don't have a choice right now."

Derrick looks defeated.

DERRICK (CON'T)

"Ok, everybody, let's get our things back to the room. Swurv, you and the boys meet me back down here in 2 and a half hours."

313. INT. PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT.

Spitta is led to a room with a small table and a chair. He is met by Mr. Rustler, Frank Solomon, and three other very important-looking men. Spitta is a little nervous but not scared. Spitta sits in the chair.

SPITTA

"Man, what the fuck is going on? Why did yawl kidnap me?"

FRANK SOLOMON

"Mr. Shakeem Miller. You're here because you're causing problems for some very powerful people. To be fair to you, you may not even know the type of problems you're causing, not only for the country but for the world."

SPITTA

"And, how is that? Let me guess, it's a problem not being a pawn and rapping about the bullshit that keeps my people locked up and fucked up?"

MR. RUSTLER

"Yes. That's a problem."

SPITTA

"Answer me this, please. For the life of me, I can't figure out why you mother-fuckers hate Black people so much? Why do yawl feel you have to keep the foot on our necks all the time?"

MR. RUSTLER

"Come on Mr. Miller cut the bullshit. We know you have read the books you've been promoting, so you know why we must keep melanated people under distress and turmoil."

SPITTA

"So, the shit really is true?"

MR. RUSTLER

"It's nothing personal, son. The reptilians are more powerful than us and in order for us to stay in power, we must follow their demands. So, yes they feed off negative energy, and you niggers are their favorite. If we don't give them what they want, this whole thing called life you enjoy will be no more."

FRANK SOLOMON

"So, what you're going to do is get back on your social media and tell your followers that those books are science fiction and not to be taken literally. Trust me if you don't, your entire account will be deactivated across all platforms."

Frank picks up a device and clicks a few buttons.

FRANK SOLOMON (CON'T)

"Try to go live from your phone, Mr. Miller."

Spitta takes out his phone and tries to access his social media platform and it's deactivated.

SPITTA

"The shit ain't working."

Frank uses the device again. He clicks a button.

FRANK SOLOMON

"Ok. Try to go live now."

Spitta accesses his phone again and is able to go live.

SPITTA

"It's back on."

FRANK SOLOMON

"You see we have the ability to shut you down at a moment's notice? You don't want to fuck with us. If you pull any more stunts, we will shut you down and shut you up."

SPITTA

"And, what if I don't?"

MR. RUSTLER

"Son, you'll be making a terrible mistake. We know you're a man with very little family in your life, so we know that you appreciate Emma Jenkins who lives on 344 Marion Street. It would be a real blow to you if something mysterious happens to her."

This pisses Spitta off. Spitta spits on Mr. Rustler's suit.

SPITTA

"Fuck you! You better not lay a hand on my grandma."

Mr. Rustler goes over and smacks the spit out of Spitta. He almost falls out of his chair. Spitta knows he's in no position to make threats at this time.

MR. RUSTLER

"Listen to me, you little shit. You have no power and are in no position to make threats, you're just a pawn like the other niggers like you. Your people are so used to having nothing, that they will kill each other for the crumbs we give them. Now, we're tired of fucking around with you. Change your tune or we will cut off the music, do you

understand?"

SPITTA

"Since you claim to know everything then you should know that your actions are a day late and a dollar short. The movement is not just about me anymore. Too many people have the books and other artists are already up on the game yawl sons of bitches are running. You can't kill all of us, if so, you will validate everything we've been saying."

MR. RUSTLER

"This conversation is about you right now. Cut the bullshit because the next time you're going to feel more than a slap across the face."

(To his goons)

"Return this trash back where you found it."

The men pick Spitta up out of the chair and take him away.

The camera pushes in on Mr. Rustler's and Frank Solomon's face.

314. EXT. HOTEL PRIVATE ENTRANCE- NIGHT

Two black SUV's pull up to the private entrance where Spitta was taken. The second SUV door opens from the back right passenger side and Spitta gets out. He walks towards his crew who are anxiously waiting on him. The trucks pull off.

DERRICK

"Yo Spit, are you o.k.? What the hell, man?"

SPITTA

"Let's talk about it inside."

Everyone walk into the hotel.

315. INT. TRILL HOUSE RECORDS CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Spitta, Derrick, Detective Jones, and Trill house staff are all sitting in the conference room.

DETECTIVE JONES

(To Spitta)

"You said shit just got real. What happened?"

SPITTA

"What happened was these mother-fuckers kidnapped me at gunpoint and took me to some creepy ass room while we were in Chicago."

DETECTIVE JONES

"Who kidnapped you?"

SPITTA

"I don't know. Some important looking White mother-fuckers."

DETECTIVE JONES

"What did they say?"

SPITTA

"They told me to pretty much stop influencing the people the way I am and to discredit the books. They said we were just pawns and energy resources for the reptilians. They said if I go live again, speaking about it, they will shut off all of my social media. Them mother-fuckers shut my shit down and reactivated right there on the spot."

DETECTIVE JONES

(To Johnathan)

"When is the shipment coming in?"

JOHNATHAN

"Tomorrow."

DETECTIVE JONES

"Ok. We need to get those books to our ground contacts across the country immediately. Remember to have them post and re-post where they can purchase the books. It's only a matter of time before they shut down the website and all of Spitta's social media accounts if he promotes it

again."

Andre 3000 opens up a box he has sitting in front of him. There are 12 black phones in the box.

ANDRE 3000

"By now all of our phones are tapped. If you need to communicate with each other, please use these phones."

Andre 3000 passes out the phones.

ANDRE 3000 (CON'T)

"Let's get to it."

Everyone gets up from the table. Spitta approaches Jones.

SPITTA

"Mr. Jones, I need to speak to you for a sec."

The two men go off to a corner for privacy.

SPITTA (CON'T)

"I'm having second thoughts about all of this shit. I mean these motherfuckers ran up on us and took me like it was nothing. Then they threaten to kill my G-Mom, and that's too much for me to handle."

DETECTIVE JONES

"I understand. I will support you in whatever you decide to do. We will definitely beef up security and move differently from this point. Just take some time to think about it. I told you earlier that what you're doing will be met with serious opposition... Hey, don't forget to go by and see your fiancée she's worried sick about you."

316. INT. SHANIYA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Spitta walks into Shaniya's apartment, and she frantically runs up to him and gives him a hug.

SHANIYA

"Baby! It's so good to see you. We have a problem."

SPITTA

"What problem?"

Three men in black come out of nowhere with guns. One man points the gun at Spitta. He raises his hands. Mr. Rustler comes out of the room.

MR. RUSTLER

"I just want you to remember our talk. We are some serious people that you don't want to fuck around with."

Mr. Rustler gives a look to one of his men, and he puts a gun to Shaniya's head.

MR. RUSTLER (CON'T)

"I'm here to show you just how serious we are and how we can fuck up your life tremendously."

The guy shoots Shaniya in the head. She falls dead on the floor with blood all over the floor. Spitta is shocked and screams out.

SPITTA

"No! Shaniya!"

Camera fades to black.

END OF EPISODE 17