Ciara

Story By Greg Galloway Written By Keisha Evans & Greg Galloway

WGA Registration # 2125838

Phylly sits in the studio. Sonny, Ciara and his two boys Poncho and Black are smoking as he plays one of his new beats.

SONNY BEATZ

(to Phylly)

What do you think about this one?

Phylly does not hear him; she is lost in the playback of the previous days drama with Sandara and her dad.

Ciara decides to speak.

CIARA

I think it's dope babe.

Sonny ignores her. She is obviously embarrased.

SONNY BEATZ

Phylly?

He snaps in front of her, she snaps out of it.

PHYLLY

Yeah?

SONNY BEATZ

You alright?

One of his boys taps him, then passes the blunt.

PHYLLY

Just got a lot on my mind.

SONNY BEATZ

(while hitting blunt)

What's up?

PHYLLY

I'm just tired of being let down by people.

He nods, then blows out the smoke.

SONNY BEATZ

Here.

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PHYLLY

I don't smoke.

SONNY BEATZ

It'll help with all that shit you're thinking about. Just hit this, and say fuck it.

She contemplates. Then grabs it and inhales slightly. She begins coughing.

SONNY BEATZ

Now say fuck it.

PHYLLY

Fuck it.

Everyone laughs, even her. She passes the blunt to Poncho.

SONNY BEATZ

Alright, alright. Now let's get to work.

She enters the booth pulls out her phone and begins to practice lyrics she's written to see if its a match.

Another one of Sonny, DRE, enters the studio.

DRE

I got the goodies.

He holds up a small bag of white substance. Sonny smiles and nods.

SONNY BEATZ

Good shit.

Dre rolls up a blunt and sprinkles the white substance inside.

Sonny turns on the mic, he leans in and speaks.

SONNY BEATZ

You ready to go?

PHYLLY

(through speaker)

Yeah I think I got it now.

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SONNY BEATZ

Alright, let's turn up.

He plays the music. Dre passes him the blunt, he takes a hit, and then leans back while watching Phylly record.

TIME SPEEDS BY

Phylly smokes with Sonny and his boys.

Her vision becomes distorted -- She blinks.

TRANSITION TO: