

SWEAT

WRITTEN BY
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TEASER

INT. CHURCH - DAY

STEFAN "SWEAT" WIGGINS (36), disgraced comedian, Bruce-Bruce chubby big, struggles to keep his eyes open.

Just as his head nods, his mother, GWEN (60s), a front pew sitting, Southern Baptist nudges him.

GWEN

Boy, wake yo ass up.

ASHANTI (15), Sweat's introverted, genius-level intellect little sister, chuckles.

Sweat kicks her. She punches him. Sweat puts Ashanti in a headlock, but catches his mother's glare.

Sweat straightens up temporarily...before his eyes settle on DESIREE (30s), this ole' thick honey across the room.

Glances exchanged. Sweat motions: Meet me outside Miss Thang.

Nosey ass MRS. JENKINS (70s), takes notice. She heads to the podium, winking at Sweat. Da fuck? Sweat's visibly confused by Mrs. Jenkins' gesture. She begins the announcements.

MRS. JENKINS

Good morning. Good morning. Good morning. God is good everyday!

THE CONGREGATION

And everyday's good cuz of God!

MRS. JENKINS

Amen...

Sweat stands.

SWEAT

I'll be back. I gotta use the bathroom.

GWEN

Don't be clogging up the toilet.

SWEAT

Ma.

Sweat pushes Ashanti as he walks past her.

ASHANTI

Ow dummy.

MRS. JENKINS

Now, on this Sunday, the Lord's
Day, we've got some exciting news.

Sweat looks over at Desiree who gathers her belongings.

MRS. JENKINS (CONT'D)

First, guess who's finally back in
town? The one and only, Stefan
Wiggins.

Sweat freezes. The congregation claps, eyes glued on him. He
waves. Caught.

MRS. JENKINS (CONT'D)

Mister Sweat himself! Back to do
God's work down at the community
center...after all those hiccups in
the news. Amen?

CONGREGATION

Amen.

Gwen sighs. Sweat tries to sit back down.

MRS. JENKINS

And while we're showing love to
Stone Mountain's own, let's extend
some love to the pastor's new wife--

Mrs. Jenkins' demeanor turns a wee bit more...judgmental.

MRS. JENKINS (CONT'D)

--and HOPEFULLY his last, Mrs.
Desiree Dawkins. Stand on up now
girl!

Desiree reluctantly stands up and waves to the congregation,
her form fitting dress leaving little to the imagination.

MRS. JENKINS (CONT'D)

Ain't she something? Just look at
all that...

PASTOR RAY DAWKINS (50s), MLK in the church, community dick
in the streets, grins heavily, nudging his protege, MINISTER
STANLEY MILES.

PASTOR RAY DAWKINS

Won't he do it?

MINISTER MILES

Amen.

Sweat stares in disbelief. Ashanti looks over at her brother.

ASHANTI

Weren't you going to the bathroom?

Sweat has no smart response. He just stands back up.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Sweat turns the corner and bumps right into BRENDA RASHAD (36), slightly aged, Southern Belle. Her two sons, REGGIE (15), the flamboyant giant, and TOREY (14), skinny, asthmatic gangster, trail far behind her.

BRENDA

Oh my god, Stefan!

SWEAT

Brenda? What's up?

BRENDA

Same ole. You know me. How have you been stranger?

SWEAT

I've been good. Where my hug at?

Embrace. Sweat rolls his hand down Brenda's back. Cups some booty. She swats his hand away.

SWEAT (CONT'D)

Damn, you still looking fine as hell after all these years.

BRENDA

This ain't 9th grade no more boy.

Sweat comes in a little closer.

SWEAT

We can turn back that clock.

Brenda likes the attention until-

TOREY

Nigga, if you don't take yo fat-ass hands off my Momma!

Torey jumps in between them and pushes Sweat back.

BRENDA
Torey! APOLOGIZE!

Torey takes a hit of his inhaler.

TOREY
...bitch nigga.

BRENDA
Torey!

SWEAT
Wait, what'd he say?

Reggie picks at his nail.

REGGIE
He called you a bitch nigga.

BRENDA
Jesus take the wheel. Stefan, I am
so sorry!

SWEAT
It's cool. We gotta catch up
sometime.

TOREY
This nigga think I'm playing--

POP! Brenda hits Torey in the neck before he can finish his
sentence. Reggie cracks up. Brenda hits him too.

REGGIE
I ain't even do nothing--

BRENDA
Not one word.

SWEAT
I'm a just...go.

Sweat slips past the family. We hear them from behind.

BRENDA
Always gotta show ya asses like
y'all ain't got no damn home
training, I swear to God!

Sweat ducks into the --

RESTROOM.

He locks the door. Struggles to open up a window which budes barely a 1/4 of an inch.

He pulls out a small bowl and a dime bag from his shoe. He packs his bowl then lights up. Carefully blows the smoke out the window. After a few hits he slides down to the floor. Sweat lights up one more time then lets out a cloud of smoke.

After he does, he opens his eyes...face to the sky. Above him, a smoke detector.

SWEAT

Ah...fuck.

The alarm goes off.

TEASER ENDS

INT. CAR - DAY

Sweat sits in the EXCEL COMMUNITY CENTER PARKING LOT. He pops his bloodshot eyes with eye drops. He gulps, gargles, and spits out mouth wash. Hops out.

EXT. EXCEL COMMUNITY CENTER PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

He immediately hears a voice.

MARQUIS (O.S.)

What's up Sweat! It's been a minute!

Sweat turns around to find big 'fro MARQUIS (20s), after-school teacher, standing next to his car, hand out. Marquis specializes in ALGEBRA AND REVOLUTION.

MARQUIS (CONT'D)

Don't leave a brother hanging.

SWEAT

Nigga, do I know you?

MARQUIS

C'mon man...you use to date my sister.

SWEAT

Hol'up. You Marquis??

MARQUIS

Sweat, I'm just trynna let you know things done changed up since your day.

SWEAT

Man, ain't nothing changed that much. I use to run this lil motherfucker right here -- and I'mma do it again. Who gone stop me?

Dr. Little clears her throat. Marquis turns around.

MARQUIS

Oh! Damn!? Miss Little?

DR. LITTLE

It's good to finally see you again after all these years Mr. Wiggins.

MARQUIS

Good morning Dr. Little. It's such a beautiful day--

Dr. Little glances at the clock then back down at Marquis.

MARQUIS (CONT'D)

I should probably head to my kids though. You know sprint -- or something.

Marquis jogs off. Dr. Little glares at Sweat.

SWEAT

So you a Doctor now? When the hell that happened?

Dr. Little swats the back of Sweat's head like the little petulant child he's always been.

DR. LITTLE

Since the PhD happened. Now watch ya mouth and walk with me.

INT. DR. LITTLE'S OFFICE - DAY

Excellence enshrined. Portraits of children from adolescence to college graduate litter the wall around her PhD plaque.

This woman's been fighting the good fight to save these children's soul for a long time. Dr. Little sits behind her desk while Sweat relives the memories.

DR. LITTLE
I run a tight ship Mr. Wiggins. No
tardiness, no rough housing, and no
excuses.

SWEAT
So you just gone keep calling me
Mr. Wiggins?

DR. LITTLE
That's your name?

Sweat takes a photo off the shelf. SWEAT (9), still chubby,
sweating like a pig, with a trophy in his hand stands next to
a much younger Dr. Little.

SWEAT
You was the one that gave me my
name. Said I was sweating like a
lil pig up on that stage.

DR. LITTLE
Mhm. Times change. You're a grown
man now.

SWEAT
Sometimes I wish I wasn't.

Dr. Little softens.

DR. LITTLE
You've got twelves kids in your
class. It's a little study session
for them until their parents come
get them. All you have to do is
keep them from killing each other.

SWEAT
You giving me all the badasses?

DR. LITTLE
I'm giving you, you. A lil taste of
your own teenage medicine will do
you some good. Plus it'll help that
funky lil image of yours right now.

SWEAT
You know I appreciate this right?

DR. LITTLE
After everything that's gone down,
it's the least I can do.

SWEAT
I really messed up didn't I?

DR. LITTLE
That you did.

SWEAT
You know you was the first person I called.

DR. LITTLE
From what I can tell, you should've hit me up way sooner.

Dr. Little gives Sweat a hug.

DR. LITTLE (CONT'D)
Welcome home.

Sweat takes it all in. It's good to be back.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Rowdy classroom of black boys and girls. KEIDA (15), opinionated, with hair & nails always done, sits on the desk.

KEIDA
It's a fucking health class. I'on even see why we're getting homework.

REGGIE
Maybe your dumbass shouldn't have failed the first time then.

The room laughs.

KEIDA
Nobody asked yo bitch ass to speak up.

REGGIE
I don't need nobodies permission to say shit lil girl.

KEIDA
Bitch boy!

REGGIE
Square up or sit yo ass down.

KEIDA
You messing with the wrong fucking
one REGINALD.

REGGIE
Don't call me that shit like we fam
or something...hoe.

Sweat enters with backpack in tow. He sets his things down.

A CLASSROOM OF BLACK FACES dissect his chubby, Polo wearing,
chain hanging ass as he stands in front of the class.

KEIDA
So that's that Sweat nigga?

REGGIE
You blind?

KEIDA
Bitch.

REGGIE
Trick.

KEIDA
Hoe.

REGGIE
Slut.

KEIDA
Trick.

REGGIE
I already said that.

SWEAT
Y'all done?

Keida whispers under her breathe.

KEIDA
Bitch-ass-hoe-trick.

SWEAT
You know that's the loudest whisper
I done ever heard.

KEIDA
You gon' act like you ain't hear
what he said?

SWEAT

I'm gon' act like I'on see you
sitting on that desk like you ain't
got no home training.

KEIDA

Man that's bullshit.

Keida flops down into her desk, pouting.

SWEAT

My name is Stefan Wiggins. Y'all
done seen me on TV. Prolly watched
a couple of my specials when ya
folks fell asleep. Most folks call
me Sweat. Y'all gone call me Mr.
Wiggins.

TOREY

What about Mr. Hot Cakes?

The whole room snickers. Sweat stares blankly, sighs.

SWEAT

Aight, so this is how y'all gone do
me? Cool. Let's go ahead and get it
out.

The entire room looks around, confused.

SWEAT (CONT'D)

I know y'all not this stupid. You
wanna know what happened that day.
Go ahead and get ya questions out.

TOREY

I just wanna know--

SWEAT

You didn't raise ya hand. Fuck you.
NEXT!

The class snickers again, this time at Torey's expense. Keida
raises her hand.

SWEAT (CONT'D)

Speak.

KEIDA

You was butt naked running down the
street. How'd that even happen?

SWEAT

I popped a couple of something and things got a lil crazy.

Reggie raises his hand.

SWEAT (CONT'D)

Go head.

REGGIE

What kinda something we talking bout? Xans, molly, rush, perk, ecstasy, bennies, ice, poppers, Addy, diablo, N-Bomb--

SWEAT

My god negro, are you the damn plug? Next!

Torey raises his hand.

SWEAT (CONT'D)

Come on.

TOREY

When you karate chopped that old white man trynna help you, how'd it feel?

SWEAT

Wha-what felt? Watchu mean?

TOREY

What it'd feel like to knock a white person out?

SWEAT

Like a lawsuit. Next!

Another STUDENT raises their hand.

STUDENT

Who was that girl with you?

Sweat feels his ass clench up. Now that's a question he ain't trynna answer. Sweat shakes his head.

SWEAT

Her. That was regret.

The classroom gets quiet. Cryptic ass answer.

SWEAT (CONT'D)

Aight, I know y'all got work to do.
Open up them books.

The whole classroom groans. Sweat plops down into his seat, in quite the stupor.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Sweat throws on his shades and pulls out his car keys. His phone rings. The caller ID reads: MOMMA

SWEAT

What's going on, Momma?

GWEN

He did it again.

SWEAT

Where is he?

Gwen's frantic.

GWEN

He said he had to pick you up. I tried to tell'em you're already here, but he wouldn't listen--

Sweat hops into his car and drives off.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

Sweat steps out the Benz to see EDWARD WIGGINS (70s), the down south, cornbread fed type who likes a stiff coffee and still shops at Sears, sitting on the station bench.

Sweat walks up the steps and taps Edward on the shoulder.

EDWARD

Oh! Oh? Damn, boy! Don't run up on yo Daddy like that.

SWEAT

My bad. My bad.

Edward's visibly perplexed.

EDWARD

How'd you get here so quick?

SWEAT

Caught a flight. It's a lil' bit quicker ya know.

EDWARD

Right. Right. Could'a sworn ya Momma told me you was coming in here.

SWEAT

Eh, she prolly forgot, that's it. You ready to head back?

EDWARD

Yea, yea, c'mon let's roll.

Edward and Sweat head down the steps. Sweat moves towards his car. Sweat walks over to his truck then turns back.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Where you going boy? The truck's over here.

Sweat thinks for a moment then pockets his keys.

SWEAT

You right, I'on even know what I was thinking.

Sweat jumps into his Dad's truck.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

Edward drives. The two men laugh.

EDWARD

Boy, I tell you what. You thought you had jokes back in the day!

SWEAT

Man, I still got jokes.

EDWARD

Everything you know you got from me!

SWEAT

If you say so.

EDWARD

Don't deny me now boy.

SWEAT
Ain't nobody denying nothing, but
these skills God given Pops.

EDWARD
Now God made you...

Edward grabs his crotch.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
But THESE brought ya into the
world.

Sweat rolls his eyes.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
Well would you look at that...

Sweat peers out of the window to see a swarm of family and
friends gathered on the front lawn.

A big banner with the words "WELCOME BACK, SWEAT" hangs from
the front the front of the house. SWEAT sighs.

EXT. WIGGINS HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Father & son pull into the driveway to claps and cheers from
the party-goers. It's a full blown celebration. Folks eat,
drink, & two-step to the music blaring from the speakers.

Sweat finds himself immediately bombarded by the crowd with
his mother at the helm. He whispers into her ear.

SWEAT
Did you put him up to this?

GWEN
No? No! I told you what happened.

Gwen swoops past Sweat in his father's direction. His father
downs a beer. Sweat puts on a smile.

SWEAT
(to the crowd)
Aye! Somebody get me a drink!

Everyone cheers. MISS STEVENS (60s), fine, all the
Granddaddies want her, guides him to the food.

MISS STEVENS
You talking about drinking when you
need something in that belly of
yours.

SWEAT

I see you still fine as hell Miss Stevens. You gone mess around and have me put something in you!

MISS STEVENS

BOY SHUT UP!

Sweat piles a plate up.

EXT. WIGGINS HOUSE - LATER

Sweat, Edward, UNCLE WILL (60s), and SHERECE (28), Sweat's cousin, have a heated discussion.

UNCLE WILL

If God says a woman should submit to her man, then she should submit to her man. End of discussion!

SHERECE

You're such a pig, Dad.

EDWARD

I mean he ain't wrong though.

SWEAT

A woman choosing to submit in a relationship is her choice.

SHERECE

Thank you!

UNCLE WILL

That ain't what the Bible say!

SWEAT

The bible says we ain't suppose to eat bacon either but we ain't listening to that.

EDWARD

That's different!

SHERECE

Is it? This is just a symptom of patriarchal standards. You're just taking what you need to stay in power.

UNCLE WILL

If you don't take that feminist nonsense somewhere else!

SWEAT

Uncle Will, listen to what she
gotta say!

UNCLE WILL

I know what the Bible says! I
listen to the Bible and so does her
Momma! Martha!

AUNT MARTHA (50s), Angela Davis in the flesh, turns around
from her table and says--

AUNT MARTHA

What!?

UNCLE WILL

Tell ya daughter you submit to me.

AUNT MARTHA

Submit? Don't nobody submit to your
lil ole'ashy-kneed ass! Shut up!

Sweat, Edward, and Sherece snicker as Uncle Will folds his
arms in frustration.

UNCLE WILL

Ya Momma didn't use to act like
that!

SHERECE

Ok, Dad.

ANTONIO (O.S.)

SWEAT! AY-O SWEAT!

Sweat turns to see a gaggle of people coming down the street.
Every single of one of them on hoverboards.

SWEAT

This fool...

ANTONIO (30s), the "IT" nigga of Birmingham, club promoter,
flashy, the homie in high school you thought wasn't gone be
shit, but re-upped on the come up, pulls into the driveway.

Sweat grabs his plate and heads over to Antonio.

SWEAT (CONT'D)

If ain't the leader of the Ham
himself. My nigga Ant.

ANTONIO

In the motherfucking flesh!

Antonio damn near falls over as he nears grass.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)

Oh, oh. Eh, you gotta come over here bruh. Hoverboard can't get on the grass dog. It'll fuck up the tires.

Sweat walks over and hugs Antonio.

SWEAT

Bruh, it's been too long.

ANTONIO

That's cuz you got all brand new nigga!

SWEAT

There you go.

ANTONIO

It's all good baby! It's just dope to see you! You back?

SWEAT

I'm back.

ANTONIO

Like for real, for real?

SWEAT

Dead ass.

ANTONIO

This nigga. You from New York now?

Sweat pushes Antonio. Ashanti walks up.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)

Look at you! Girl you have-

ASHANTI

Uh, uh.

(to Sweat)

Momma wants you to come say hi to Aunt Loraine and Aunt Shonda.

SWEAT

I'll be there in a second.

ASHANTI

Mhm.

Ashanti walks off.

SWEAT

Don't mind her dog. Whatchu got going?

ANTONIO

Y'all heard that? He asked me what I got going, haha!

He claps twice.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)

OCTAVIOUS!

OCTAVIOUS (20s), Antonio's right hand man, hoverboards beside him and hands him a party flyer. It reads: ASS EFFECT 3 - CALL OF BOOTY. TONIGHT!

ANTONIO (CONT'D)

It's going down tonight! And you, sir, are the guest of honor.

SWEAT

Man, I don't know. I gotta teach the kids tomorrow. I can't be doing all this.

ANTONIO

Just come and check out my spot right now -- for old time's sake.

Sweat looks around. The party's in full effect but--

SWEAT

Aight. Aight.

Antonio claps twice.

ANTONIO

OCTAVIOUS!

Octavious steps off his hoverboard. Antonio gestures for Sweat to get on. The posse hoverboards off as Octavious jogs behind him.

Ashanti and Gwen watch as the group hoverboards off. They roll their eyes and walk inside the house.

EXT. ASS EFFECT 3 - DAY

Antonio, Sweat, and the posse hoverboard up to the front of Antonio's club. Gaudy, neon lights flash atop the building with the words: ASS EFFECT 3.

ANTONIO
Welcome, to the Ass Effect 3!

INT. ASS EFFECT 3 - DAY

They walk into a spottie-ottie-dopa-liscious menagerie of booty. Literally, everything in this club is ass themed.

ANTONIO
Check this out.

Antonio guides Sweat over to an ice cream machine shaped like an ass. He grabs a cone, presses a button and ice cream poops out the booty-hole machine.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)
Want some?

SWEAT
Nigga I don't want no shit-cream.

Antonio shrugs and walks Sweat over to an elevator.

ANTONIO
Watch this.

He claps twice.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)
FELICITY!

FELICITY (20s), the bar tender, walks over to the elevator. She smiles at Sweat. He takes notice. Felicity turns around and starts twerking.

The elevator's system recognizes the twerk and begins to ascend to the second floor. Sweat looks over at cheesing ass Antonio. Impressive.

INT. ASS EFFECT 3 - SECOND FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

A cornucopia of booty and derriere save for one spot on the wall. It's a large photo encased in ornate framing.

The photo depicts Antonio, Sweat and the rest of their crew from high school. Sweat and Antonio walk up to it.

SWEAT
Awww bruh!

ANTONIO
Braids and all dog.

SWEAT

We was really out here wearing some tight ass shit back in the day.

ANTONIO

Dark times.

SWEAT

I can see my nuts in this picture.

ANTONIO

Look like they screaming too.

SWEAT

Nigga.

ANTONIO

Ya balls begging for oxygen in that pic dawg.

SWEAT

Please, shut up.

The two men laugh.

ANTONIO

You know you helped me build all this right?

SWEAT

This all you bruh.

ANTONIO

Nah I'm being serious. I was never on some talented shit like you. You was already doing ya thing on Comic-View before ya even moved away. Wasn't nobody checking for me like that. Folks told me the minute I got out of high school I wasn't gone be shit.

Antonio walks over to the second floor balcony onlooking downstairs. Sweat follows him.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)

But I saw you out there killing it dog. Living ya dream. I couldn't let you be the only one.

Sweat nods. A beat.

SWEAT
That VIP section mine tonight,
aight.

Antonio beams.

ANTONIO
I appreciate that.

SWEAT
I got you bruh.

They dap.

ANTONIO
So what you bout to go do?

Sweat looks down to the first floor where Felicity tends the bar. She looks up at him, smiles, then...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. SWEAT'S CONDO - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Felicity's in doggy position getting her fucking back blown out. She squeals with pleasure while Sweat lays her out with the dang-a-lang.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. SWEAT'S CONDO - BALCONY - NIGHT

The sun sets over Birmingham's skyline. Sweat smokes a black and mild, butt-ass naked, post-coitus. The TV blares. A REPORTER relays the news.

REPORTER
Today marks the one year
anniversary of the Hot Cakes
incident. Comedian Stefan "Sweat"
Wiggins led police on a drug fueled
car chase before jumping out the
car with an unnamed woman, slapping
a pedestrian with a pancake, and
threatening to jump off the Sixth
Street Viaduct.

ON SCREEN VIDEO: Sweat swerves down the streets of DOWNTOWN LA, jumping out the car butt-naked as a woman chases after him. He slaps the taste outta white man's mouth with a pancake. Somersaults. Delicately farts.

Then stands on the edge of the SIXTH STREET VIADUCT READY TO FUCKING JUMP.

SWEAT

Can you turn that off?

Felicity turns off the TV. She walks onto the balcony and wraps her arms around Sweat.

FELICITY

You gotta get all that out ya head.

SWEAT

I'm straight.

FELICITY

Also...

Felicity plops a small bag of pills in Sweat's hand.

FELICITY (CONT'D)

This one's on the house.

Felicity walks off. We hear the front door close. Sweat turns around to reveal the inside of his apartment. Barely furnished. Boxes still stacked up. Sweat takes a second look at the pills.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Gwen watches SNAPPED. Edward reclines in his chair, reading his newspaper. A cup of whiskey nearby.

EDWARD

I don't know why you gotta watch all this crazy shit.

GWEN

Shhh! Damn can't watch nothing without you talking.

Doorbell rings.

GWEN (CONT'D)

Talk during the commercial.

EDWARD

(under his breath)
I'mma talk when I wanna talk.

Gwen gets the door. Sweat stands there in a fresh, new fit.

SWEAT

Hey momma.

GWEN

Hey baby. Don't come in here with all that talking. My show's on.

EDWARD

Gwen, he just stepped in the damn door.

SWEAT

Hey pops.

GWEN

I just wanna watch my damn show.

Sweat chuckles as he heads to the back.

INT. SWEAT'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sweat looks around. His bedroom is the ultimate shrine to every single thing he's ever accomplished.

Photos of his standup routines, posters from movies he's played in, and a swath of trophies and plaques from comedy competitions litter the room.

A glass curio cabinet littered with Sweat's awards sits in the corner. He notices something...off.

He walks over to the cabinet to see a good amount of his stuff pushed to the back. In their stead, a bundle of trophies with the name, ASHANTI WIGGINS, are set in front.

Sweat thinks for a moment.

INT. ASHANTI'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Sweat knocks on the open door. Ashanti's on the bed folding clothes. She doesn't look up.

ASHANTI

What do you want?

SWEAT

You wanna roll to the store with me? Grab something real quick?

ASHANTI

Don't you have a party to host?

SWEAT

What do you mean?

Ashanti tosses Sweat her phone. Antonio's on TikTok rolling with his posse on their hoverboards.

ANTONIO

(on video)

Ayo! What's good with y'all. It's going down TONIGHT! THE ASS EFFECT 3! Ladies before 10! Fellas, bring them dollars to get in! And tonight, we got comedy legend, SWEAT, in the building! You don't wanna miss out!

The hoverboarding crowd behind Antonio chants-

CROWD

(on video)

SWEAT! SWEAT! SWEAT!

Sweat closes the app. Ashanti gives him a REALLY NIGGA look.

SWEAT

Ashanti...

Sweat's phone buzzes. He looks at it.

ANTONIO: Where you at dog?

Sweat looks back up. Ashanti's back to folding her clothes.

ASHANTI

Shut the door behind you.

SWEAT

Tomorrow tho.

Ashanti puts on her headphones.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Sweat leans back against the wall. Thinks, then pops a couple of pills.

EXT. ASS EFFECT 3 - NIGHT

Sweat closes the door to his Benz. The shining, neon lights of Ass Effect 3 cast a flow of colors across his face.

Sweat wipes SWEAT from his brow. He cracks his neck. He starts walking, but everything flows in slow motion. He looks at his hands; they disappear and appear from existence.

As he walks up to the entrance, the line in front of the club parts like the red sea.

NAYVADIUS (30s), swole ass Keebler Elf looking bouncer, pushes him back.

NAYVADIUS
Back of the line.

Sweat rubs his eyes. A 13TH CENTURY KNIGHT shouts.

13TH CENTURY KNIGHT
Does thou not knoweth who stands
before you? It's SIR SWEAT!

The Keebler Elf Bouncer spits out a rainbow.

NAYVADIUS
This nigga could be LeBron and I
still wouldn't give a fuck-

ANTONIO
NAYVADIUS!

Antonio, a specter of death, clothed like a bling bling'd out, rich as fuck Grim Reaper, appears. Nayvadius moves out the way, opening up the entrance chains.

Antonio gives Sweat a look, then glides inside. A dark aura engulfs the entrance. Sweat steps into the abyss.

INT. ASS EFFECT 3 - NIGHT

Sweat stands in the center of the dance floor.

Rain drops pour down from the ceiling but he's still dry.

He turns to see a gaggle of women dancing and twerking as the booty ice cream machine poops ice cream on their bodies.

Antonio, dressed like a 16th century king, stands on the balcony of the 2nd floor looking down on him.

The lights dim. The spotlight falls on Sweat. Antonio points his scepter at him then...POW!

Sweat falls onto a couch. Two half naked bad bitches, one an angel, one a devil, twerk in front of him.

Antonio, now dressed like an 80s pimp, pops and locks beside them.

Suddenly, Sweat's walking through the club crowd, a menagerie of hands and faces twisting to and fro as a storm brews behind him, lightning, hail, and tornadoes wreaking havoc.

He exits the crowd, into --

A VISION:

EXT. THE MISSISSIPPI PLAINS - DAWN

Brenda stands before him, draped in silver and myrrh. To Sweat's eyes -- she's become a goddess -- Mother of all, goddess of birth, death, and reincarnation.

Sweat takes her in his arms. She grips him then slides down. Sweat closes his eyes. Brenda brings her head back up. She opens her mouth and it's dripping with liquid gold.

Sweat flips her around. He slides his dick inside and begins to pump. Brenda writhes in pleasure as gold sprinkles down from her body.

Sweat builds...and builds...AND BUILDS...and with a scream to the heavens he...RELEASES.

VISION ENDS.

CUT TO:

INT. BRENDA'S ROOM - MORNING

Chaos. That's how you'd describe this room. A hurricane of fuck, suck, and cum. Sweat's on the bed, butt-ass naked, balls swinging off the side.

He looks up. POV BATHROOM: Brenda waves from toilet.

Torey and Reggie peep inside the bedroom.

REGGIE

Aye...you mind driving us up to school?

Exhausted, Sweat flops back onto the bed.

END.