

Jux Monologue

INT. JUX[PLEASEINSERT\PRERENDERUNICODE{ÂŽ}INTOPREAMBLE]S
JAIL CELL -DAY

Jux(33)black male sits in a dark Jail cell, with his Orange jump suit. His facial hair suggest he's hasn't used a razor in while. His hands are on his lap as his face looks the least tense as opposed to his muscles. He's alone but can't help form these words.

JUX

Shit,what can I say? We were boyz,
came up together.If a nigga stepped
to me, he stepped to you.(chuckles)
Remember back in school when I
stole that juice from the lunch
room and you swung at the security
guard? Ha,we had to be like 10
years old. Just a couple of young
niggaz tryna get it...I'm sorry my
nigga. I ain't get to step in for
you this time. And the fucked up
thing about this shit, you ain't
here to tell me it's aight...As for
you... Yeah nigga you,I see you out
here shining,living life, getting
enough money and pussy for the both
us.Keep living,cause word on the
dead,when that one zero hit...just
know, its on.