

MOTHERLAND UNDERGROUND

Written by

Christopher Blair Harmon

Email Address [darkmarktwain@yahoo.com](mailto:darkmarktwain@yahoo.com)

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Afternoon sunshine illuminates three very different women as they stroll.

LADY T (20's), with shiny beads laced in her braids, contrast to her dark skin and bright smile that hints of high intelligence and purpose.

What sets her beauty apart is an old scar on her forehead. She does not try to cover it.

Next to her, an older woman, MAMA T, (60's). Slightly chunky, but carries it well. Cloaked in an African dress with matching head-wrap and iced up...her eyes show that she has seen more than most in her time.

On the end, with sagging pants, shaved hair and perma-snarl, stomps CHILLY (Late 20's). Taller and wider than the other women, her gangsta vibe is strong.

SUPER - SEVERAL YEARS AGO

Lady T turns towards the older woman.

LADY T

So what did you think, Mama?  
Watching THE COLOR PURPLE, worth  
your time?

A few seconds lapse as the right words are found.

MAMA T

The strength of a Black woman's  
spirit is hard to show. I liked it.  
You know...we come from a long line  
of fearless sisters.

LADY T

Superhero level. I could never do  
what they did.

After a grunt, Chilly adds...

CHILLY

Me? I'd be stomping them punk-ass  
men, on day one. Tom Boy style.

Mama T searches the parking area for their vehicle.

MAMA T

Violence draws attention. In our business, smarts and cleverness are more important than beat downs, Chilly. Remember that.

CHILLY

You're showing your age, Ma. It's a new time. You should step aside and let me take over.

Shades are slipped over Chilly's pierced nose as Mama T gives her side eye.

LADY T

Sister, if looks could kill, whew. You know Mama ain't going nowhere.

MAMA T

I'd be happy just to get home at this point. Where'd your thuggish ass park the car?

An unwashed CRACKHEAD (20's) bumps into them going in the opposite direction.

CRACKHEAD

Stupid bitches. Watch where you're going Godammit.

Chilly's demeanor changes on a dime.

CHILLY

What the fuck did you call us?

CRACKHEAD

You deaf? I called you bitches. Capital B. Keep your fat asses outta my way.

A Glock from Chilly's purse springs to life in the junkie's face. Chilly scowls, he backs up.

MAMA T

Put that away, girl. He ain't worth it.

CHILLY

Say it again and I'll blast you back into your momma's stank pussy.

CRACKHEAD

Fuck you and your dyke-ass friend.

MAMA T  
Baby, don't do it. Please--

Chilly squeezes the trigger several times. The junkie is blown backwards and goes down. One bullet ricochets off of the car behind the target.

CHILLY  
Come on, Ma. Let's get outta here.

Mama T falls to her knees. Chilly and her sister are stunned. Blood drips from the back of her mom's fancy dress. Lady T screams and catches her body before it hits the pavement.

MAMA T  
(weakened voice)  
I told you. I told you.

Tears come to Lady T's eyes as she hugs her mother. Disbelief encompasses Chilly. Cop cars pull up to the scene. The gun drops to the pavement as her arms reach towards heaven.

INT. CLUB MOTHERLAND - NIGHT

Flows of lowdown BLUES BEATS, has every head in the house bopping. The elegant night spot with Southern attitude is packed with a diverse crowd.

SUPER - PRESENT DAY

All wear clothes from the sexy side of the closet. Blues era. Hips gyrate to the music. Eyes follow a sexy waitress through the crowd as liquor goes down many a hatch.

The source of the outstanding groove is on stage. The MOTHERLAND BLUES BAND is proclaimed on a banner over the musicians.

Out front is the queen-like, Lady T, on lead vocals and she has the whole place lit.

Chocolate brown skin, hourglass figure and bedroom eyes make her a presence to behold. The song, I'M GOING TO HAVE MYSELF A BALL (or similar) is bouncy and happy.

INT. CRACK HOUSE - NIGHT

As the BLUES MUSIC is still heard, we see a roach scurry across a very stained rug. Women's shoes pull up quickly as it goes by.

The feet belong to HONEYDEW (late teens), a scowl forms on her pretty face as she watches the bug.

As she turns her blonde Afro to the side, more of the rundown drug den is revealed.

Two men, ZEE DAWG (30's) and NASHVILLE (20's) grab rock filled little vials and put them in a backpack. When done, Zee Dawg sneers at Honeydew.

They get up, grab guns and the backpack, then exit the door. On the other side, DEADBOLTS are heard, locking her inside.

She looks around the shabby trap house, then goes to the door and listens, no sound. Honeydew dashes to a boarded up window and starts to pry away the plywood.

EXT. CRACK HOUSE - NIGHT

Honeydew wiggles out through the broken window and lands on the grass below. The BLUES SONG still plays as she looks around, then sprints away as fast as she can.

INT. CLUB MOTHERLAND - NIGHT

When the SONG ENDS, ROARING APPLAUSE and WOLF WHISTLES penetrate the air.

LADY T

Thank you. Much love...From the Motherland, to you. Y'all enjoy yourselves, you hear? Have some drank, find someone to hug up on. Life is short, my babies.

Lady T makes her way from the stage in her Bessie Smith inspired outfit.

As she leaves, a very sultry singer in a gown, makes her way to the performance stage. Lady T gives SEDUCTION (30's) a hug and a big smile.

LADY T (CONT'D)

You look great little mommy. My children are hungry tonight. Make sure you feed them well.

Seduction points to some of the juicier parts of her anatomy.

SEDUCTION

It's ON, Lady T. Oh, I'll feed that ass alright.

(MORE)

SEDUCTION (CONT'D)  
Should I let them nibble on this  
first...Or this first?

Lady T winks back playfully.

LADY T  
Yeah girl, serve that hot shit up  
in nibbles. If you hit them with  
the buffet all at once, somebody is  
going to the hospital.

They both laugh. Lady T blows her a kiss as she exits.

EXT. CLUB MOTHERLAND PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Frazzled and afraid, Honeydew reaches the nightclub's property. She hides as a fancy dressed couple go inside.

She tries door handles. Nothing. As she looks around frustrated, more people approach.

Honeydew ducks, then rolls under a LEXUS SUV and watches their feet stroll by. She whimpers into her hands.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Lady T enters. The exotic looking MERCEDES (20'S) and muscle-bound, CHOCOLATE MOUSSE (20's) are already waiting for her.

LADY T  
Hey babies. What's shaking?

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE  
Sounding great out there, Lady T.  
But...We might have situation in  
the parking lot.

Snatching up her smartphone, she pulls up the security cams. Her demeanor changes instantly. Nashville and Zee Dawg comb the parking lot, desperado style.

LADY T  
Send Gladiator over. I got a job  
for his ass.

MERCEDES  
I'll handle it. That brother is  
sweet on me anyway.

A KNOCK is heard at the door. GLADIATOR (30's), a muscular, bald dude who looks like he has been through some battles, all triumphant, enters.

MERCEDES (CONT'D)

Well, looky here. I was just going to fetch you for the boss.

GLADIATOR

Good timing is my thing, Mercedes. What's up?

LADY T

Seen some thuggish fools in our parking lot. You and Mousse chase them off.

She shows them her cell phone.

INSERT - CELL PHONE SCREEN

Zee Dawg and Nashville look angry as they look into cars and trucks, pants sagging.

BACK TO SCENE

Gladiator goes to a cabinet and takes out an Uzi. He hands a 9mm to Mousse.

GLADIATOR

Mess with my ends? I don't play that. Be right back.

LADY T

Send the bitches back to the roach motel they escaped from. And don't wet up my parking lot.

He stuffs the gun under his shirt and they both exit.

EXT. CLUB MOTHERLAND PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Gladiator and Mousse see the two trespassers right away.

GLADIATOR

Say fool. This here is my club. Start shit, get shot. Feel me?

He lifts his shirt to show his body ventilator.

ZEE DAWG

Peace, man. We're just looking for a ho.

GLADIATOR

Ain't we all? Get moving, folks.

Reluctantly the two walk to the edge of the parking lot and get into a LINCOLN, on its last legs.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Gladiator and Mousse enter the room smiling.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

Done and doner. Them punks hit it and quick.

LADY T

Good job, stud. Never been in a fight in my life. Can't wait for Chilly to take over again. Not sure this job is right for me.

GLADIATOR

Oh, woman please. You're as gangsta as they come.

LADY T

Maybe like Michael Corleone, but not sure if I can turn the corner like he did.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

You good, boss. Sweat-less.

LADY T

Hope I can get the nerve when the times call for it. Anyway, I have an outside job for you.

GLADIATOR

Speak.

He pulls up a chair.

LADY T

Remember that crazy blonde last month that had a divorce party?

GLADIATOR

Yeah. What up?

LADY T

She wants you on the solo tip this time. Her crib. Over night.



Intrigued, Gladiator leans forward.

GLADIATOR

That would take some heavy lifting from her bank account. She got ends like that?

LADY T

Little Miss Bonnie has mad ends. That divorce set her up pretty.

GLADIATOR

Do say.

LADY T

Try to make her feel...Sexy and alive again. I know you can. The husband of her best friend came up on our radar. He might be into some bad stuff.

GLADIATOR

Really? We know how to handle bad stuff. I'll work it, see if anything is there. You've seen my track record, Queen.

LADY T

Do dat shit. Boy.

INT. DORM ROOM - NIGHT

A cell phone rings. A brown, female hand picks it up. DEVON (teen) brings it to her ear.

DEVON

Mom? Hi, all okay over there?

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Kicked back in her chair, Lady T nurses a scotch on the rocks as she smiles upon hearing her daughter's voice.

LADY T

Just lovely. And how is my darling daughter today?

INTERCUT

Devon makes a face.

DEVON

Just like yesterday. It sucks. I don't need a boarding school. Why can't I come home?

LADY T

We've been over this a million damn times. Stay there. It's safer and better in the long run.

DEVON

I doubt that. How is grandma?

LADY T

Sassy and gassy. Still bedridden, but still the boss. Don't think I could run this place without her.

DEVON

Yes, you could. If you had half the confidence in yourself, as you do in this crappy school, you'd rule the world. Hey, I gotta go. Love.

LADY T

Love you too, baby.

EXT. CLUB MOTHERLAND PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Mousse walks Lady T out of the club and she locks it up. She hugs Mousse, then strolls across the empty parking lot and unlocks her Lexus with a remote.

A GRUNT is heard. Lady T looks around for its source as she extracts a handgun from her purse.

LADY T

I gotta gun. Get your clown-ass out from under my car.

The barrel aims at the under carriage, her nose, flared.

A female hand from underneath waves to her. Honeydew rolls out from her hiding spot, showing empty hands. Fear etched in her face.

HONEYDEW

Please. Don't shoot.

LADY T

What the HELL are you downing under my ride? You plant a bomb or some shit? Huh?

Tears fall as Honeydew tries to speak.

HONEYDEW

I-I ran away from a crack house.  
They used me. I can't take it.  
Now, they are looking for me.

Lady T lowers the gun. Sympathy shows in her demeanor.

LADY T

I chased some pants-sagging, assed  
thugs away from here earlier. Was  
that them?

HONEYDEW

Yes, ma'am.

The gun is put back in her purse.

LADY T

Get up. Get in the backseat.

Her instructions are followed. Lady T gets in the driver seat and starts the motor.

INT. LEXUS - NIGHT

The unexpected passenger is scoped-out by Lady T as she gazes at her in the mirror.

LADY T

You ain't much older than my own  
kid. Don't pull no shit and I'll  
help you. Understood?

HONEYDEW

Yes. Please. I'd rather die than go  
back.

EXT. TATTOO PARLOR - NIGHT

A nervous looking man paces in front of a neon lit business. DONALD KELLY (40's) who is pale, grey, balding and looks constipated, scowls as a stiff breeze blows through.

He bundles himself in his coat, tighter as his wispy hair blows. He looks at his watch.

Exiting the tattoo shop steps the younger, African American, ALONZO (20'S). Judging from his clothes, he seems to be facing tough times. He bounces over to Donald with a bandage on his arm.

DONALD  
Go okay? Took forever.

ALONZO  
Thanks again, man. Got to cover  
them prison tats so I can get a  
job in this bitch.

Alonzo coughs, then staggers.

DONALD  
Right. My pleasure. Let's get the  
fuck outta here. You alright,  
Alonzo? You don't look well. Let's  
take my car.

INT. DONALD'S RENTAL - NIGHT

Alonzo seems passed out in the passenger seat. Donald grins. He looks in the mirror at the car following him. He unrolls his window and flips a 'thumbs-up', towards them.

INT. SECRET LAB - NIGHT

Men in lab coats and masks gather around an operating table, but the room looks more like an abandoned warehouse than a hospital.

On the table is Alonzo. One of the cloaked men, Donald, checks the vitals on the limp body.

The man signals to the rest that he is dead with a 'thumbs-down'. The others around him applaud.

DONALD  
Genetic purification is now in our  
hands. The Final Solution, is now  
in motion.

Beers are passed out.

DONALD (CONT'D)  
Time to celebrate.

A roar of approval cascades down.

EXT. BONNIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Gladiator walks to the door wearing jeans and a leather vest, biceps blazing. He knocks. A giggle is heard.

The door slowly opens. In front of Gladiator stands BONNIE (40's). Slightly graying blonde hair, above average looks and off the charts horny. She wears a revealing Roman toga.

GLADIATOR

Bonnie. Hey girl, look at you. Wow. The Empress said you needed a little help from the Gladiator.

BONNIE

A little? You must have the wrong lady. I want it all. Even dressed for the part. Are you up to it?

Bonnie spins around so Gladiator gets the 360 of the landscape. He smiles.

GLADIATOR

I'm The Gladiator boo-boo. I'll slay that shit and wait for the standing ovation.

BONNIE

That's what I want to hear. Get in here and let me sharpen that sword.

She grabs him by the vest and pulls him inside.

INT. TRANSFORMATION REHAB CENTER - NIGHT

Lady T and Honeydew stand at the front desk. A NURSE (30's) walks up to them. The normally white uniform has red, black and green stripes across the front. Her eyes, compassionate.

LADY T

Ah, Nurse Edwards. Sorry to disturb you this time of night.

NURSE

Some things can't wait until daybreak. Who do we have here?

LADY T

She got abducted by some pimps from her foster home. Kept her strung out and hooking at a crack house. She finally got away tonight.

The nurse goes to the cowering young lady and gently takes her hand.

NURSE

And what is your name, Missy?

HONEYDEW

My name is Shaylene, but my friends  
call me Honeydew.

The nurse points to a banner that reads, TRANSFORMATION  
SLAVE REHAB CENTER.

NURSE

Lady T 's momma started this place  
for people like you. You've been a  
slave, girl. But them days are  
gone, if you want them to be.

HONEYDEW

Yes. I want that.

NURSE

It ain't easy, but first we got to  
get that poison outta you.  
Understand?

Honeydew sheds tears, then covers her face in her hands.

HONEYDEW

I understand. I'm ready.

Lady T hugs her.

LADY T

I'll be back in a few days. Be  
strong, little sister. We need you.

Honeydew and the nurse walk down the hall as Lady T watches.

EXT. PARKING LOT OF REHAB CENTER - NIGHT

As Lady-T goes to her car, she sees OFFICER BIGGS, in uniform  
(late 50'S) leaning on it, smart-ass style. His gray Afro  
sticks out from under his cap. A shady look is in his eyes as  
she approaches.

LADY T

Get offa my car, fool.

BIGGS

Just doing some serving and  
protecting. You was pulling out of  
the club as I was coming to meet  
you. So I followed.

Annoyed and exasperated, she lets a deep breath out.

LADY T  
Biggs...Look, I just had a long  
night. Tomorrow dude.

He laughs and gets closer to her. She slides her hand into  
her purse, gripping cold steel.

BIGGS  
You out here trying to save souls  
and what-not. You're the one that's  
the fool. I'll let you slide -- but  
it will be six thou, now.

Her eyes narrow. Her face burns with disgust.

LADY T  
Ain't you a piece of work.

BIGGS  
It's my retirement fund and  
freedom...Or prison and paying  
lawyers. You want to join your  
sister in there? I can make it  
happen.

EXT. PRISON YARD - DAY

Lady T's older sister, Chilly stands in a defensive posture.  
Body like a bull, face like a pit-bull...With tattoos. Her  
attitude...Pure killer.

She sneers at the larger, younger and more rugged woman,  
facing off with her.

CHILLY  
This is my house, bitch. It's time  
you learned. I'm the boss here.

The woman swigs, Chilly blocks it, sends back rib cracking  
body blows.

Wounded, the challenger charges. Three jabs to the face slow  
her down. Chilly's uppercut, puts her out.

EXT. PARKING LOT OF REHAB CENTER - NIGHT

Seconds feel like hours during their stare down. Lady T,  
remotely opens the car. The BEEP-BEEP sound surprises Biggs  
and he flinches.

LADY T

Don't piss yourself. I'll have your money...And leave my sister out of your mouth. Officer Biggs...king of the pigs. Remember, greed kills.

She brushes past him and gets in. As she tries to close the door, he blocks it.

BIGGS

Yeah, greed kills. So do angry cops. And they get away with it.

He smiles and backs away as she slams the door and shoots back the evil eye. As she pulls away...

LADY T

I wish my sister was running things. I'm not made for this shit.

INT. MAMA T'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mama T has lively eyes but her body is confined to a hospital bed. She reaches her arms out for a hug from Lady T. Her daughter obliges as she fights back tears.

MAMA T

I apologize for putting you in this position, child. It's because your sister did a very stupid thing. How can I help?

LADY T

I don't know what I'm doing. I'm over my head.

MAMA T

We help people and shutdown crazy shit before it becomes a problem. Not much I can do from this bed but I'll try to coach you up.

Lady T pulls away from her, smiling.

LADY T

Some of what we do...Seems so extreme. I just--

MAMA T

Extreme tactics, based on love. You gotta embrace that.



LADY T  
But like...The sex part?

The mother motions her to come closer.

MAMA T  
Way back, we decided to use what  
Russians call, Red Sparrows, in  
order to get secret information.  
Ours are Ebony Sparrows.

LADY T  
Yeah, the only time some thugs and  
tyrants let their guard down is  
when they pull their pants down.

They share a naughty giggle.

MAMA T  
And that info led to stopping...  
Mass shootings, bomb plots, new  
dangerous drugs and the  
assassination of a national hero.

LADY T  
Not sure that I can do, that well.  
Chilly was--

MAMA T  
Chilly sucked. She didn't see shit  
coming, so we could protect our  
people. A total failure.

Lady T takes a nearby seat.

LADY T  
I know. That's our primary mission.  
To protect the nest, just like  
Harriet did.

MAMA T  
Chilly's only mission was money and  
power. That's not what we're here  
for. Dumb bitch.

LADY T  
Our charter is clear about our  
group's reason to be. I've been try  
to stay true, but I'm not sure I'm  
cut out for this.

MAMA T

Babygurl, what you need is confidence. Hell, I should have told you this sooner. Wait a sec.

The matriarch shifts in her bed to sit-up more. She grimaces from pain.

LADY T

Confidence, huh? I'm a better fighter than I used to be, but this is lots of responsibility.

MAMA T

I had Oracle 'roll bones' to tell my fortune after I was shot. She said you are the best one to take over, do it right and maintain goals of our founder.

LADY T

Really? She's a powerful woman.

Her mother points to a business card on her stand.

MAMA T

That's her card. Call her, girl.

The card is scooped up. The daughter gives her bed-ridden mother a hug.

INT. LADY T BEDROOM - NIGHT

On bed, Lady T flicks off her TV. She looks over at nightstand and spies Oracle's card. She waves it off, turns off the light and rolls over for sleep-time.

EXT. BONNIE'S HOUSE - DAY

A fancy car pulls into the driveway of the upper-class home.

INT. AUDI - DAY

MARYANN (30's) sits quietly but looks impatient inside her luxury car. Classy, she seems dressed for office work, but would look good in any outfit. She glows in morning sunshine.

MARYANN

Come on, bitch. I still have to get my coffee. I better call her.

She digs her phone out, just as it rings. The text reads...

INSERT

Hey babe, have to spend another week in New York. Some coon got popped by a cop and protesters shut down everything. If I have my way, I'll wipe them black bugs out. Just like the a can of Raid. -- Donald.

BACK TO SCENE

Maryann puts down the phone and shakes her head in disgust.

MARYANN

Girl, you have to face it. Your husband is an asshole and a racist too. He's got to go. But how?

She leans back in her seat and stares at the ceiling. A heavy sigh is exhaled as she closes her eyes. Suddenly she opens them and sits up straight and gets out of the car.

MARYANN (CONT'D)

Last thing I need is to be fired because I'm late. Bitch, I'm coming and you better be ready. What a morning.

EXT. BONNIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Maryann, upset, KNOCKS ON THE DOOR. Nothing. She knocks harder this time. Still nothing.

MARYANN

I hope this goofy broad is okay.

She takes her keys and uses them on the door like brass knuckles to make even a LOUDER NOISE. A window on the second floor is opened. Bonnie sticks her head out.

BONNIE

Oh shit. I forgot. I'll be right down. Just a sec.

MARYANN

Were gonna be late. Hurry!

As Maryann waits, she hears giggles from upstairs. She says to herself, under her breath.

MARYANN (CONT'D)

I don't see a damn thing funny  
about this day, bitch. Don't make  
me smack that giggle out of you.

INT. BONNIE'S HOUSE - DAY

The door to the kitchen swings open for Maryann. Bonnie grins back at her with morning hair and beckons her to come inside, quickly.

Bonnie wraps her robe tighter and prances over to the kitchen table. Frustrated, Maryann closes the door and mad dogs her carpool buddy as she stomps over to confront her.

MARYANN

Hey, you know you could have called  
me, right? You're not going in? I  
kinda wasted my time today, huh.

BONNIE

Whoa, back your bus up, sister. I  
just woke up,

MARYANN

You sick or something?

Maryann scoots her chair further away from her. Bonnie giggles and gets up to make coffee.

BONNIE

Yeah, sick from the dick.

Gladiator comes around the corner as he is putting on his vest. Maryann is startled and jumps a little.

GLADIATOR

Good morning, ladies. I didn't mean  
to scare you, ma'am.

MARYANN

No, I just--

Bonnie turns away from coffee brewing and launches herself into his arms. A big hug is followed by a short kiss. Maryann's eyebrows go up. Bonnie peels herself away.

BONNIE

This is my co-worker, Maryann.  
This is the man who will have me  
walking with a limp for the next  
few days, The Gladiator.

Now, Maryann's jaw drops. Uneasy, she waves back and forces a smile.

MARYANN

Hi.

He strolls over and kisses the back of her hand as Maryann looks on, slightly shocked.

GLADIATOR

The pleasure is all mine, Miss Maryann. That's a lovely dress.

MARYANN

Oh, yes, the dress. Thank you.

Gladiator glides back to Bonnie.

GLADIATOR

I hate to slide out before coffee, but I have to be at the gym shortly. Can we take care of that?

The big man winks at her. She smiles and reaches for her purse. She pulls out a stack of hundreds and put it in his palm as they share another pre-Java kiss.

Totally uncomfortable, Maryann clumsily stands up to leave.

MARYANN

I, huh...I better get to work now. Can't be late.

BONNIE

No problem. Our boss can be a real asshole on Mondays. Why don't you let Gladiator walk you out?

Bonnie slyly winks at her office mate.

EXT. BONNIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Maryann looks around herself like she is being followed, as Gladiator walks her up to her Audi.

MARYANN

So, you actually train other athletes at the gym? Fascinating. God knows I could stand to lose some blubber.

Gladiator stands in front of her and moves closer.

GLADIATOR

Girl, you are fine. Don't let  
nobody tell you different, ya hear?  
Having said that, I'd love to train  
you...In anything you like.

She is taken back by the overture. Rather than flirt back,  
she quickly opens the door and gets in the car.

MARYANN

Thanks. I'm married. As of today,  
anyway. But, I'll keep that in  
mind. Nice to meet you.

Gladiator backs away from the car as he says...

GLADIATOR

Bonnie knows how to contact me.  
Just let me know, ma.

She smiles back from inside the car and pulls off.

INT. LADY T BEDROOM - DAY

Awakened by a ringing phone, Lady T looks over to the cell.  
The phone number on the LED matches the one on the card on  
the night-stand. She rubs her eyes and answers.

LADY T

Hello.

INT. ORACLE'S ROOM - DAY

ORACLE (80's) whose head is veiled and seems bald underneath,  
wears black and sits on an Egyptian type throne, regally. A  
nasty thunderstorm is seen outside her window.

ORACLE

I just got off the phone with your  
momma. Had a dream about you.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

LADY T

Oracle? Greetings, ma'am. Dreams?

ORACLE

Rolled them bones soon as I woke  
up. Big danger is coming. Not just  
for you, millions could die.

(MORE)

ORACLE (CONT'D)  
Must dig deep and use all your  
skills to fight it. Attacks will  
come from inside and outside.

Stress covers Lady T's face as she sits up straight.

LADY T  
What? I don't understand.

ORACLE  
Harriet wants YOU to continue the  
tradition, but it won't be easy.  
I'm here to help, but you must seek  
her wisdom.

Lady T is stunned.

LADY T  
My God. What if I fail?

ORACLE  
Millions could die. Must make it  
work and become the leader that  
your community needs to survive  
these hostile times. Come see me.

The un-nerved face of Lady T tries to digest it all.

INT. BONNIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The doorbell RINGS. Bonnie answers the door in workout gear.  
Outside is Maryann.

BONNIE  
Hey girl, come on in.

Maryann enters with a stack of files under her arm.

MARYANN  
Long day. The boss's stupid parrot  
died last night and he was cranky  
as hell.

BONNIE  
I guess Polly doesn't need a  
cracker anymore. Thanks for  
bringing over the Rigby account. I  
can't afford to fall behind.

MARYANN  
No problem. Working out?

BONNIE

Yeah, Gladiator showed me some stretches. Gotta get fit if I'm gonna bang studs and not get crippled.

Maryann takes a seat.

MARYANN

Crippled, huh? The only thing my husband does for me during sex is make me yawn. Last time I had an energetic fuck was when I was twenty. Ozzy concert.

BONNIE

At a concert? I thought I was wild. In front of everybody?

MARYANN

Nope, in the nastiest Port-O-Potty that ever graced the planet.

The ladies laugh.

BONNIE

You like it nasty, huh?

MARYANN

Not hepatitis nasty. I was pretty drunk and crazy that night. But I came my brains out.

BONNIE

That couldn't have been your husband, Donald, was it?

MARYANN

Ha. Heavens no. Heavy metal guy in leather. Wish I kept his number. Donald? He's changed. Might divorce his sorry ass soon.

Bonnie goes to the fridge, grabs two beers and gives her one.

BONNIE

Need to talk?

MARYANN

He's into all this alt-right, FOX news, militia bullshit and he says racist stuff in front of me.



BONNIE

Asshole. Yeah, leave him. Life is too short.

Maryann takes a big swig of beer.

MARYANN

I'm not racist and it disgusts me to hear that kind of talk.

BONNIE

Sounds like you need a stud for rent. I know a few.

MARYANN

Gladiator was quite a specimen. I never tried, uh, chocolate before. Since you swear by it, I think, maybe, well, I'd like to try it.

They both giggle like teenagers.

BONNIE

Just gimme the word. But make sure you are off the following day.

They toast with their beers.

MARYANN

You got a bet.

INT. LEXUS - DAY

Lady T and Honeydew pull in front of a luxury home and park.

HONEYDEW

Damn. You live here?

LADY T

So far so good. Anyway, I'm proud of how you kicked that shit. Come on. You can get out of those cold turkey clothes and workout with me.

INT. LADY T'S HOUSE - DAY

A servant opens the door and smiles as Lady T enters with her new friend.

LADY T

Hey soldier, all good?

The servant nods back affirmatively. The two walk through the elaborately furnished living room, sit on a fancy couch.

HONEYDEW

This place blows my mind. It's all yours? Really?

A smile from the homeowner.

LADY T

All of it. You can do the same if you find your purpose and reach your potential.

HONEYDEW

Me? I don't know about that.

LADY T

You have to see it first. No one can do it for you. Right now, a bath is waiting for you upstairs. I put some clothes out for you too.

A house servant beckons her to follow. Honeydew gets up. She takes a few steps and turns back to her host.

HONEYDEW

Thank you. For everything. But, what is expected of me? Why are you helping?

Lady T kicks back and sinks into the comfy couch.

LADY T

That's my shit. Call it, a family trait. Once you're up to it, you can have a job at my club too.

After Lady T's guest leaves, the homeowner takes a deep breath and strolls over to a door, then walks through.

INT. MAMA T'S ROOM - DAY

A hospital bed is surrounded by flowers. On her back but smiling is Mama T. She seems pleased by her visitor.

LADY T

Hey, momma. How you doing today?

Lady T gives her a hug and kisses her forehead.

MAMA T

I'm alright for an old, crippled up woman, I reckon. How's my baby?

LADY T

Been a long week. I need to workout. I'll stop back shortly.

INT. BASEMENT GYM - DAY

Lady T bench presses weight easily, then moves to have Honeydew try. She struggles with it.

In a mirror, Lady T shows her martial arts defense moves. Honeydew wipes sweat and tries to keep up.

INT. AUDI - NIGHT

Bonnie rocks out to Blues on the radio as Maryann parks in the driveway. The women are in their work clothes.

BONNIE

Love the Blues, you?

MARYANN

Don't know too much about it. Seems cool.

BONNIE

Come on, girl. It's Friday night and payday. Lighten up. What do you have planned for the night?

MARYANN

My dip-shit husband is still out of town. Probably just stream movies.

Bonnie turns to face her.

BONNIE

How about a virtual reality movie starring you and Gladiator?

A smile and a giggle escapes from Maryann.

MARYANN

Maybe. At least I can go to that club with you and look around.

Bonnie smiles and hops out of the vehicle, then bends down and speaks to her through the window.

BONNIE

Proud of you, babe. Pick me up at eight. The theme of the place is the Blues era. Dress accordingly.

Maryann waves to Bonnie as she goes to her door.

EXT. CLUB MOTHERLAND - NIGHT

Bonnie and Maryann exit the vehicle and straighten their clothes. The MUFFLED SOUND OF BLUES MUSIC is heard.

MARYANN

I don't know, does this look okay? All I could find is this flapper outfit.

BONNIE

Whew, you kidding? You're a knockout. I look like Lois Lane.

Bonnie spins around for a full view.

MARYANN

Looks good on you. Hope you find a superman in there.

BONNIE

I'd be happy with Mighty Mouse as long as he has a big dick. Let's go. I'm ready.

They walk towards the nightclub.

INT. CLUB MOTHERLAND - NIGHT

DECIBELS INCREASE as the doorman escorts them through. The club is packed with players in wide brim hats and suits.

To the side, Maryann notices a display of small figurines of men, mostly in suits.

MARYANN

Wow. Those look so realistic.

BONNIE

Yeah and they are probably hung like my ex-husband. Come on. Time to find that good wood.

They walk farther into the club and see the band on stage. Lady T SINGS lead and the crowd is rocking.

The ladies get a table. Then Mercedes comes over. As Maryann looks over the crowd, Bonnie whispers the drink order.

Shots come to the table and the ladies slam them as they bob their heads to the music.

The SONG ENDS and all applaud. Lady T comes down from the stage and mingles as Seduction does the next song.

Couples slow dance in a sexy way to the sensuous song. The ladies take notice. Hands caress hips. Tongue slip through lips, as passion fills the air.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

Damn, you see that? I'm getting hornier than a mountain goat.

Lady T comes up behind them.

LADY T

You came to the right place then. What's shaking, Miss Bonnie?

A big smile and a tight hug follows.

BONNIE

You sounded great, Lady T. How are you doing?

LADY T

Sweet like sugar. Sticky like a booger.

The ladies all laugh.

BONNIE

This is my friend, Maryann. She met Gladiator before and I talked her into coming down.

Lady T smiles and shakes her hand.

LADY T

Welcome to my club. We aim to satisfy, on all levels. Did you want me to call him over?

MARYANN

Well, I--

BONNIE

Absolutely. And have him bring a friend. I want to try everything on the menu eventually.

An uneasy grin is on Maryann as the other women laugh and high five.

LADY T

If you have the appetite, I can feed you all night long. I'll send the Chocolate Mousse for you to sample. Yummy stuff, girl.

Bonnie flutters her eyes and acts sexy.

BONNIE

Tequila for dinner and chocolate mousse for dessert? I must be in heaven.

LADY T

If you ain't now, you will be soon.

Lady T blows them kisses as she turns to walk over to the backstage area. After she is gone, Maryann swats her friend.

MARYANN

Why did you ask for the guys now? I'm not sure about this at all. I don't think I'm ready.

BONNIE

Did you wash your coochie? Then you're ready. Relax.

More shots are delivered by Mercedes. The ladies click glasses in a toast and slam them down.

Bonnie slaps her partner's knee and points to the side of the stage. Gladiator and Chocolate Mousse approach.

Maryann looks nervous but Bonnie waves them over. Bonnie stands and hugs Gladiator with a big grin.

GLADIATOR

Hey little sugar. Miss Bonnie is looking 'Bonita' tonight. That dress fits good.

BONNIE

Thanks, stud. This is my friend, Maryann. You remember her, right?

GLADIATOR

Such a beautiful woman, how could I forget? Welcome to the club. This is my man, Chocolate Mousse. I understand you would like a taste.

Built like a linebacker, the Mousse bends over and kisses her hand. She squeals.

BONNIE

Whew. Spicy Chocolate Mousse. A taste? Hell cutie, I might just have to wolf you down.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

Thank you, ma'am. You look like a delicious morsel yourself.

BONNIE

Time to find out if you are sweet as the dessert...or hung like the beast. Which is it?

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

I reserved a room in the back. Come with me and find out.

Bonnie rubs up next to him and takes his arm.

BONNIE

You two get to know each other. Intimately I hope.

MARYANN

Thanks, Bonnie. Bye, have fun.

Maryann sees Bonnie grab her lover's butt and rolls her eyes.

GLADIATOR

That's quite a lady. Known her long?

She turns to face Gladiator.

MARYANN

Look. I never did anything like this before. I'm just not sure, ya know? It's been a while.

GLADIATOR

I understand. I do. Let's have another drink. If you want to go to a room after that, cool. If not, no harm, no foul.

MARYANN

What you drinking, handsome?

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

Maryann and Gladiator laugh and hold each other as they enter the hideaway.

She seems to be a bit loopy and now uninhibited. The once shy woman sits on the bed and tests the bounciness of the mattress.

GLADIATOR

Is it me, or are you a little less nervous now?

MARYANN

Less nervous? Uh huh. Is it because of you? Oh, most definitely.

GLADIATOR

Is that right?

MARYANN

Get over here, pretty boy. I have something I need a gladiator to slay. You blood thirsty?

He sits on the bed and they start to kiss.

GLADIATOR

Blood thirsty as a vampire, baby.

They collapse onto the mattress in an embrace.

INT. RUNDOWN APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tatted-up, thuggish looking women in their forties, chug forties as they play cards. Gangsta rap bangs in the background. The door swings open as Chilly steps through.

CHILLY

I'm back, bitches. This time, we're gonna take over.

INT. CLUB MOTHERLAND - NIGHT

Lady T SINGS a song with just a piano accompaniment. In the crowd, customers bump and grind. Champagne bottles are popped by happy party-goers.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

Sweaty, exhausted and with messy hair, Maryann giggles.



MARYANN

My God, that was, was...Awesomely awesome. I never had anything like that before.

Toweling off, Gladiator sits up in bed as Maryann melts into the mattress.

GLADIATOR

Yeah, babe. You turned the posture-pedic into a waterbed. Felt like skinny dipping in a warm pond.

MARYANN

Sorry.

GLADIATOR

Don't be. It's all good, ma.

MARYANN

I'm definitely getting divorced now. I've been wasting my life, married to a creep that can't even please me.

Gladiator tests the moisture on the bed and feels it between his fingers.

GLADIATOR

Yes ma'am. Looks like you were a little backed up, for real. Is he a good man in other ways?

FLASHBACK

With a red face, Donald slaps Maryann across the face.

END OF FLASHBACK

Her whole demeanor changes.

MARYANN

To be honest, I think he's turning Nazi. I mean it. Shit is killing me. He was a nice guy. A chemist, good money. Then came FOX news.

GLADIATOR

Mind poison.

MARYANN

Then came joining the militia and complaining about minorities. He's from Alabama, I should have known better. His dad sucks too.

GLADIATOR

Can you afford to leave him?

She chuckles.

MARYANN

Soon, but first I want to solve a mystery. He recently got a whole lot of money, at least 100 thou.

GLADIATOR

Serious paper. Get half of that shit, boo. He invent something?

She gets closer to Gladiator.

MARYANN

I asked. Said he will be the can of Raid for black bugs. Wouldn't say more. I don't know what he's into, but I think he means harm to your people.

The eyes of Gladiator get big as shock covers his face.

GLADIATOR

For real, real? Holy shit.

MARYANN

Yeah. It's serious. I don't know what or how, but it must involve his chemistry background. I'm so sorry. What do I do?

She sobs onto his shoulder, hard and from her soul. Gladiator tries to comfort her.

GLADIATOR

What a horrible piece of shit. Sorry you've been dealing with that. Share any of those views?

Maryann pulls away. Tears in her eyes.

MARYANN

Fuck no! Especially after tonight. I hate that little dick loser and all of his Nazi friends.

Gladiator opens his arms.

GLADIATOR

It's all good, boo. Bring it in.

She sinks back into his embrace.

MARYANN

I wanted a black man to get his racist stink off of me. I wasn't raised to be a Klansman's wife. Do you know who I can tell about this?

GLADIATOR

First thing, let's get dressed. Hey, Maryann, do you believe in God, or at least fate?

She pauses as she puts her clothes on.

MARYANN

I believe in God. No question.

GLADIATOR

Me too. And I think you came to the right place.

MARYANN

What do you mean?

GLADIATOR

I know some people. They might be able to find out where the money came from.

Now dressed, she digs in her purse.

MARYANN

What do you need from me?

GLADIATOR

Just full name and birthdate. Text it to me later.

MARYANN

That's all you need?

GLADIATOR

Yeah, for now.

She hands Gladiator some Benjamins.

MARYANN

You'll get that in a few. Please let me know what you find. And these bills, that's for you. Tip included.

GLADIATOR

So generous. Thank you. Here is my card. I promise nothing will be stolen, we'll just have a look.

They exchange cards. A sultry kiss is planted on Gladiator.

MARYANN

I believe in God, but if you kill him...I could live with that.

A wink and a sly smile is her response.

INT. CLUB MOTHERLAND - NIGHT

Maryann and Gladiator emerge from the back rooms playful and smiling. He walks her over to the bar.

MARYANN

Hey bartender. Got any bottled water? I'm thirsty as hell.

GLADIATOR

Make that two, Mercedes.

On stage, Lady T is LEADING A RAUCOUS BLUES SONG. The bartender delivers the water. He looks at Maryann chugging the bottle as he sips.

To the side, they see Bonnie and Chocolate Mousse headed their way. Bonnie limps.

They have a seat with the couple. Bonnie looks exhausted. She grabs the bottle from Maryann and slams the rest of the water. She crunches the empty container.

MARYANN

Hey.

BONNIE

Girl, I needed that. Order another one. Like now.

Mousse signals Mercedes for another round.

MARYANN

Are you okay?

BONNIE

Now I know how bull riders feel.  
They only have to stay on for eight  
seconds. I'm glad tomorrow is  
Saturday. I'm sleeping ALL day.

All laugh. The water comes and she destroys it. As Lady T  
sings, Gladiator signals her. She waves that she sees him.

MARYANN

I guess we'll get back home now. I  
had a marvelous time. I'm sure  
we'll hook up again. Let me know  
about that matter, okay?

GLADIATOR

I'm all over it, babe.

The couples kiss and hug. The ladies wave as they head  
towards the door.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

That was fun. I need a nap myself.

GLADIATOR

No time for that, bro'. We got  
business.

The SONG ENDS. Gladiator points to the office so Lady T can  
see it. She hands the mic to Seduction and goes in that  
direction. Gladiator makes tracks that way too.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

You need me, my man?

GLADIATOR

For this, we need everybody.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Lady T opens her office door. Officer Biggs is in a chair  
waiting for her. Gladiator and Mousse are motioned to wait  
outside. Lady T goes in, closes the door behind her.  
Unhappy, she pulls an envelope from her purse, slams it down.

LADY T

Here. Now get out.

Biggs slides the envelope into his jacket pocket with a sly  
grin. Across from him, Lady T tries to hold her temper.

BIGGS

Place is packed tonight. I might need to make this a monthly donation.

LADY T

The fuck you will.

BIGGS

Organized crime. Heard of it, Boo? You sell pussy in here. Racketeering, conspiracy and maybe trafficking. That's hard time.

LADY T

Get outta my office. Now.

Biggs goes to the door, satisfied with his dominance.

BIGGS

Free drinks tonight, right?

LADY T

Yes, just go.

After he exits, Gladiator and Mousse go through the door, Lady T closes it behind them. They look distressed.

LADY T (CONT'D)

So, what's up, player?

GLADIATOR

I think I stumbled in on something. Something big.

LADY T

Okay. Let's hear it.

EXT. BONNIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Maryann and Bonnie bring boxes from the car to the house.

MARYANN

Thanks for letting me move some stuff over here while my dipshit husband is gone.

BONNIE

Hope this is all for tonight. I'm wore out. If I fall on my face just leave me there till morning.

MARYANN

You're nuts. It's just necessary stuff like jewelry, important papers, sex toys and batteries.

Maryann sets the box down outside the door. Bonnie stretches her back, as her face shows anguish.

BONNIE

This thing is heavy. You must have a life-sized rhinoceros dildo in there. I claim dibs on it for tomorrow night.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

With a stunned look on her face, Lady T sits on the edge of her chair.

LADY T

I see. Well, that's what we were ordained for.

GLADIATOR

Here's the info about him she gave.

She takes it and looks it over.

LADY T

Mister Donald Jay Kelly, huh? It's time we look into your intestinal tract and see what's rotten.

Getting up, she walks to a super large portrait of Harriet Tubman. Lady T slides the picture over by it's frame. Behind it is a passageway. She puts one foot in and waves the men to follow.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

Secret room? I gotta see this.

GLADIATOR

Watch and learn young brother.

INT. SECRET ROOM - NIGHT

Another large portrait of Harriet Tubman, but in a different pose. It slides to the side and Lady T steps through. The men are steps behind her. The eyes of Mousse get large.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

Wow. I had heard about this place.

The room is a wonderland of computers, technicians and hi-tech gadgets.

LADY T  
Needless to say, you are sworn to  
secrecy about this.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE  
Yes, ma'am.

She marches through the room as he looks around.

LADY T  
Don't fall behind.

Ahead of them is a computer screen that covers a whole wall. On the monitor is a brightly colored digital map of the United States. Blinking red dots are on some parts of it.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE  
Damn. Look at this place. It's like  
CIA junior up in here.

GLADIATOR  
Let me school you, young-blood.  
The music, the nightclub, the brown  
sugar for sale...All of that, is to  
make this work.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE  
Make what work?

They follow Lady T to the man who seems to be giving orders to others. NAAMBE (60), with bald head and grey beard, dismisses his employee as he sees Lady T approach. He is on a platform and comes down to greet her.

NAAMBE  
Good evening, Queen. What's the  
reason for a visit? We got  
problems?

LADY T  
We might. Could be bitter wife blow-  
back, but we should check it out.  
If true, it must be stopped.

NAAMBE  
Let's talk. Who's this big boy?

They take a seat at the nearby table.



LADY T

That's Chocolate Mousse. Was your woman involved too?

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

Don't think so, but she's best friends with the one Gladiator dug out.

GLADIATOR

So, girlfriend tells me her husband is a chemist and he's been sloshing around with Nazis and other losers lately. Said he is up to no good.

Naambe looks intrigued as he sits up in his chair.

NAAMBE

Chemist, huh? Tell me more.

GLADIATOR

She said he got a lot of money from somewhere. Won't tell her how much, but he said he will be like a can of Raid...for black bugs.

NAAMBE

I see. Sounds like we need to get in his ass and look around.

Gladiator pulls out the info Maryann gave him and hands it over to Naambe.

GLADIATOR

We need to check his bank and find out how much cheese he's hiding. I figure you can take it a few steps farther so we can see what he's cooking up.

The older man takes the paper from him.

NAAMBE

Yeah, that's all we need. Should have some answers tomorrow. Will she be a one-timer or regular?

GLADIATOR

The way I turned that out? She'll be president of my fan club soon. The woman has a good heart. Will divorce his ass soon.

NAAMBE

Excellent, we may need more info later. Glad to meet you, Mousse. Keep knocking them boots and keep your ears open.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

Yes sir. Will do.

LADY T

One other thing. We can't locate one of our operates, Alonzo. He went deep cover in prison. After his release, he vanished.

NAAMBE

Alonzo? I know he was one of your favorites. Okay, I'm on it.

Lady T winks at Naambe, then turns to leave. Mousse, still spellbound, rushes to catch up with them.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Entering from behind the portrait, the three look jovial.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

That was DOPE. I had no idea.

LADY T

Nobody does, dear. That's the point. Got it? Be patient. You have much to learn. Welcome to the Underground.

GLADIATOR

He's in now?

LADY T

He's in.

EXT. CLUB MOTHERLAND PARKING LOT - NIGHT

All cars have gone as Lady T strolls to her vehicle. When she clicks the remote, Nashville and Zee Dawg pop up on the other side. They have knives.

NASHVILLE

Yo. Our bitch was last seen on your property. We want her back.

ZEE DAWG  
Like now. Feel me?

They walk around the SUV menacingly, blades out.

LADY T  
I don't know what you are talking  
about. Get outta my way. I'm not in  
the mood.

Zee Dawg and Nashville smile back and forth.

ZEE DAWG  
We ain't playing with you, bitch.

LADY T  
What did you call me?

ZEE DAWG  
A bitch! You heard me now?

Lady T looks at the ground and shakes her head. She then  
takes her earrings off as she stares them down.

LADY T  
Guess I have to beat some manners  
into you...Bitches. You best pull  
up your sagging ass britches, so  
the shit stains don't show.

The two men have a hearty LAUGH.

NASHVILLE  
Funny ho here. Think you're Wanda  
Sykes or some shit?

A roundhouse kick to the jaw is not the answer Nashville  
expected. Now in martial arts mode, Lady T kicks and punches  
the gangsters as they try to cut her. During the fight, she  
disarms them as their blades get knocked away.

She snatches Zee Dawg by the braids and slams his head into  
the vehicle. Lights out. Bouncing on her feet, she sends a  
series of jabs and knees to the confused younger man. When  
he bends over from a body blow, a boot to the chin ends it.

Lady T removes the bodies from hanging on her car. She grins  
as she puts the earrings back on, then enters the Audi.

INT. ORACLE'S ROOM - NIGHT

As she strolls into the room of the high-rise apartment, Lady  
T can see a large swath of the city from windows.

The space is decorated with Egyptian/ sub-Saharan designs. Oracle is without her veil, her bsdhead shines.

Oracle looks her up and down then smiles. She points to Lady T's face.

LADY T  
Greetings, Oracle.

ORACLE  
Harriet had scar on forehead shaped like a bird, just like yours.

Lady T seems self-conscious.

LADY T  
Sometimes I try to hide that with make-up. Does it show bad?

ORACLE  
Don't cover it. Ever. Come here.

Oracle touches it and a spark occurs. Lady T reacts like it's an electric shock, she is amazed.

ORACLE (CONT'D)  
How did this happen?

LADY T  
As a kid, visited my mom at the club. A customer threw a cocktail glass during a bar fight. Hit me in the head. Woke up in hospital. After that, mom sent me to boarding school.

Oracle lights a smudge-stick and covers Lady T's body with smoke. She points to the scar.

ORACLE  
That wound on your forehead comes from a holy place. The bird scar must be activated. Especially for this mission.

She hands her what looks like papyrus paper.

ORACLE (CONT'D)  
Print the 23rd Psalm, in your own handwriting. Burn the paper and put the ashes on the scar, then sleep.

Lady T takes the papyrus and bows to her.

INT. LADY T BEDROOM - NIGHT

A smudge mark on Lady T's forehead stands out as she sleeps.

DREAM SEQUENCE - IN FLASHES

Tattoos on black arms...rows of caskets...Chilly with gun aimed at her...bloody hands with brass knuckles...man in wheelchair...

END OF DREAM SEQUENCE

Lady T sits up in bed as sweat drips from her.

INT. CLUB MOTHERLAND - DAY

Gladiator and Mousse walk in wearing basketball gear. The cleaning crew is doing maintenance as they pass by them.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

Hope this is some important shit.  
I was scorching your old ass on  
them threes from the corner.

GLADIATOR

You got lucky. And if we got called  
in, the shit is more important that  
you could imagine.

They approach the office door to go in. Chocolate Mousse continues praising himself.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

Wasn't no luck. I was dialed in.

GLADIATOR

Hey, Le Bron, shut it down. This is  
serious. You ready or do you have  
to go back to the kiddie table?

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

I'm straight. No worries.

Gladiator knocks, then they walk in.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Lady T sits behind her desk. She motions for them to have a seat. On a table near them is a tablet.

LADY T

Good morning, gentlemen. We got our answer about the chemist, and it ain't good. I sent the info to the tablet. Follow me on it.

Gladiator picks it up and logs in. A photo of Donald, appears. His heartless eyes match the man in the lab coat, seen earlier.

GLADIATOR

I'd pay money for sex if I was married to that too.

LADY T

I don't care if he was the finest man you ever seen, with a dick down to his ankles. This little fucker is evil.

The next image is a work badge. Donald looks younger.

GLADIATOR

He worked for the CDC? WOW.

LADY T

Yep, as a biochemist. Several years. Was fired from the CDC for improper conduct.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

That don't sound good.

LADY T

Naambe found out that he works for a firm, linked to the Russian mob, a South African mining company and an Alabama chemical plant.

GLADIATOR

Wifey said he was from 'Bama.

A photo of a Klansman and son are shown.

LADY T

His daddy was a grand dragon. No reports of crazy behavior in high school or college. But recently, things changed.

He is seen among the Tiki torch fascists in Charlottesville.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

Damn. Looks mad don't he?

GLADIATOR

Imagine what he would look like if  
he found out about his blushing,  
gushing bride on last night's ride.

A front page from an Alabama newspaper is shown.

LADY T

A heist of a large quantity of  
deadly toxins recently happened at  
the chemical plant. We have to stop  
whatever he's up to.

GLADIATOR

Naambe thinks hubby is in on it?

LADY T

He got half a million from a South  
African mining firm and another  
half from what seems to be a front  
for the Russian mob.

Gladiator shakes his head in disbelief.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

Sounds like he's up to his neck in  
this shit.

GLADIATOR

I bet that is what Maryann meant by  
saying he'd be a can of Raid.

LADY T

That would make us the black bugs.  
We need to jump on this quickly.  
Naambe has a trace on her cell  
phone. She's at Bonnie's house.

GLADIATOR

Hey, she wanted me to update her.  
Guess it's time to give a holla.

LADY T

Take him with you to keep the other  
girl occupied.

After the men leave, a knock is heard on the door. Just as  
Lady T is about to say, 'Come in;', it opens. Standing before  
her is Chilly, in a pant suit.

CHILLY

Hey there little sister. I'm out.

Lady T rushes over to her, hugs her tight.

LADY T

Girl, it's so good to see you.  
Wow, you've been working out.

CHILLY

Nothing else to do in the joint,  
other than knocking bitches on  
their backs. How's the business  
going? Looks TIGHT.

LADY T

Running it best as I can. Probably  
not as good as you.

Chilly takes a seat.

CHILLY

You got that right. Not a problem  
anymore. I'm ready to take over.  
Soon as possible.

Taken aback, Lady T takes a seat and studies her sister.

LADY T

Did you talk to mom about that?

CHILLY

That old, crazy bitch still holds a  
grudge. Why waste my time?

Looking uncomfortable, Lady T sighs.

LADY T

I really can't make a move like  
that without her. Everything is  
still in her name.

Abruptly, Chilly stands, doesn't look happy.

CHILLY

Fine. Arrange a meeting with the  
old witch. I'll be back later.

She storms out as Lady T looks angry and confused. Standing,  
Lady T goes to the Harriet painting, studies it.

LADY T

What am I gonna do?

Honeydew dashes in the door and closes it behind her quickly.



HONEYDEW

Just saw Zee Dawg and them bringing  
in another girl to the trap house.  
What can we do?

LADY T

What can we do? Watch. Call the  
crew. We got work to do.

EXT. CRACK HOUSE - NIGHT

Lady T, Honeydew, Gladiator, Mousse, Seduction, Mercedes --  
wear black-ops type outfits, hidden behind bushes. Armed,  
they slide black ski-masks over their faces.

INT. CRACK HOUSE - NIGHT

The front door is kicked in as the masked commandos invade  
the drug den with rifles pointed at pimps.

ZEE DAWG

What the fuck. Chill.

GLADIATOR

(modified voice)

We're taking the girls. And you  
will let us. Understand?

They follow Zee Dawg's eyes to a nearby gun. As he lunges for  
it -- the crew fires. The gun is blown to bits as the pimp  
scrambles back to his seat.

ZEE DAWG

Fine. Take the bitches and go.

The captive women go towards the door.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

(modified voice)

You gotta go, too -- now.

ZEE DAWG

Don't think so.

Mousse pulls a small hi-tech device from his backpack. He  
tosses it and a fire quickly starts. The thugs scream.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

(modified voice)

Fine, stay here then.

EXT. CRACK HOUSE - NIGHT

The dilapidated crack-shack goes up in flames as Lady T and crew march away, victorious.

INT. BONNIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Maryann stands next to Bonnie as she opens the door and lets Gladiator and Mousse inside. Smiles all around.

BONNIE

Well, come on in.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

Isn't that what you said to me the other night at the club?

BONNIE

Naughty, are we? Even better.

She playfully yanks him by his shirt and pulls him in. Gladiator walks in behind him and closes the door. Maryann gives him a big hug.

MARYANN

Thanks for coming by and getting that info so quick. You an FBI agent on the side?

GLADIATOR

Not unless FBI stands for...fine, black and intense.

They all laugh.

BONNIE

Have a seat. Want anything to eat or drink?

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

I can't speak for my bro', here, but I'm starving. Was at the gym earlier.

BONNIE

No problem. Let me see what I can whip up.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

Let me help you, pretty lady. I'm dangerous in the kitchen.

BONNIE

Really? More dangerous than in the bedroom? I gotta see this.

She waves for him to follow her to the kitchen.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

I'll let you decide which one I'm better at. What do you got to work with here?

Bonnie sensually rubs her hips.

BONNIE

All the ham you can eat, baby.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

That's what I'm talking about.

They go through the kitchen door, mid-chuckle. POTS AND PANS ARE HEARD CLANKING around in the next room. Gladiator puts his arm around Maryann, then guides her over to the couch.

GLADIATOR

Sorry I have to deliver bad news about your husband. You doing okay? It's heavy.

She collapses onto the couch, sadness in her eyes.

MARYANN

It's one thing to be married to a bigot. But this asshole is planning to do harm to people.

GLADIATOR

I know. Sounds like he is slipping into the mass murderer category.

Tears fall. She looks away.

MARYANN

I can't wait to divorce that animal. Won't miss him.

GLADIATOR

Not safe now. Sounds like he knows too many thugs. Give me some time. Hopefully we can resolve the situation without exposing you.

MARYANN

He'll be back Monday. I can't live with him in the same house anymore.

She hangs her head in despair. Gladiator turns to her.

GLADIATOR

You have a good heart. I wonder about the great things you could do with a million dollars in your hand. Could be interesting.

MARYANN

Huh? What does that got to do with anything going on?

Gladiator smiles.

GLADIATOR

That's how much he got from his buddies. A Russian and a South African. Know them?

Her whole face changes.

MARYANN

That explains a lot. Wow, I had no idea, but I knew they were creeps. What should I do?

GLADIATOR

Can't blame you for not wanting to stay with him. Maybe say, Bonnie is sick or had a death? Stay at her place?

Finally a smile busts loose.

MARYANN

Hey, that's a great idea. I'm sure that's fine. He won't miss me.

GLADIATOR

He's a fool not to miss you. Look sweetness, you are going through a lot. If you're down, stop by the club, I'll give you a freebie.

She is taken back, then smiles. Her colorful nails playfully dance on his chest.

MARYANN

You've got a deal, mister.

They are about to kiss, but Mousse and Bonnie bust through the kitchen door with full plates and silverware.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

Save that sugar for dessert. The main course is now served.

The meal of pork chops, eggs and hash browns is put on the table. Bonnie and Mousse show pride in their creation.

MARYANN

That looks delicious.

GLADIATOR

Right on time, my people. Shall we jump in?

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

Let's get it.

Everyone has a seat and eats heartily.

INT. MAMA T'S ROOM - DAY

Mama T stares out of the window, unhappiness on her face as her daughters sit by the bed.

MAMA T

Hell no. That's my final word.

CHILLY

Come on, ma. You groomed me for this. I'm ready.

MAMA T

No you ain't. You'll never be. You and that temper. Run it? You wouldn't even be a decent soldier. Takes finesse. You ain't got it.

CHILLY

And she does?

Lady T's eyes spring open when mentioned.

MAMA T

Damn straight. She's doing a great job. Plus, your goofy ass ain't got no one to pass it to after you're gone.

Anger boils over in Chilly.

CHILLY

No shit. I spent my baby making years in the big house.

MAMA T

Whose fault is that? If you would have listened to me. You wouldn't have been there. And I wouldn't be here. Stuck in this fucking bed.

Mama T's eyes burn into her first born. She points to the door and gives the order.

MAMA T (CONT'D)

Get out. Leave me.

CHILLY

But--

MAMA T

Out!

Pained and crushed, Chilly rises with a face ten shades deeper than sad. Then it flips to anger. She stomps off to the door.

CHILLY

This ain't over. Mother.

Lady T watches her slam the door.

MAMA T

Don't you ever, ever -- trust that girl. You hear me?

INT. CLUB MOTHERLAND - NIGHT

Maryann wears a slinky mini-skirt and leads gown-covered Bonnie in through the front door.

BONNIE

Slow down. He's chocolate, but he won't melt.

MARYANN

Melts in my mouth, maybe in my hands too.

BONNIE

I turned my co-worker into a perv. Where's my trophy?

MARYANN

Right here.

Bonnie is on the receiving end of an extended middle finger. In return, Maryann gets a whack on her bottom.

BONNIE

That felt pretty good. You got on underwear or no? Don't tell me.

MARYANN

Smell your fingers and let me know.

Maryann's eyes are drawn to the figurines that are displayed on the side.

BONNIE

Oh, how cute. She wants to play with the dollies.

MARYANN

I can't get over how life-like they look. What an artist.

BONNIE

Hell with life-like, I want life-sized men, especially if they are extra large in the right places.

Lady T sees them and strolls over to the women.

LADY T

Welcome back, ladies. So good to see you again.

She hugs them both.

MARYANN

Had a great time the other night  
Also, thanks for helping...with my problem.

LADY T

We might need a little more help on that issue, but first, you go party and relax yourself. Drinks are on the house.

Bonnie's eyes get wide.

BONNIE

Two Hurricanes for the cyclone sisters. Why? Because we're about to tear the roof off. Are the boy toys around?

LADY T

You crazy, girl. I'll get 'em.  
Should I warn them about the storm?

BONNIE

Warn them? Pray for them. Moisture is already growing. Might be a flood later.

LADY T

I heard about your flood. Nothing a plastic mattress cover won't fix. Let it rain, girls.

LAUGHS from all parties as she glides off to backstage. The drinks come and Bonnie dives in, face first. They look around at the majority Black crowd as they dance and laugh.

BONNIE

We should have been coming here sooner. Such a good vibe.

Maryann seems to agree, with a smile and excitement on her face. Then it suddenly turns solemn.

MARYANN

If they can't lock up my husband before he does whatever dirt he is cooking up, I'll kill him myself.

Bonnie looks to her, with a questioning smirk.

BONNIE

I didn't hear that. But, you know what? I'll help you.

They both crack up LAUGHING. Gladiator and Mousse walk over to them. The happiness groove is contagious.

GLADIATOR

Hey, hey ladies. Looks like you're in a good mood. Glad you could find a moment to stop by.

Bonnie drains her Hurricane dry and slams down the glass.

BONNIE

I left all that lady shit at the entrance. I'm a tigress with a sweet tooth. Deal with me.

GLADIATOR

Looks like you might be fighting for your life tonight, bro. Your last will and testament on file?



CHOCOLATE MOUSSE  
 Funny. Only one way to find out.  
 Just in case, will you be my  
 pallbearer?

GLADIATOR  
 You got it, my man. I won't even  
 show up drunk.

Mousse takes her by the hand and helps her up.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE  
 That's okay. I won't hold you to  
 that. Just don't drop the casket.

Bonnie caresses Mousse's muscular frame and cuddles up.

BONNIE  
 Let's go. I wanna show you my  
 murder weapon.

They smile and wave as they walk away.

GLADIATOR  
 I'm scared of your home girl. If  
 you had a penis, I think you'd be  
 in trouble too.

MARYANN  
 Ha, your right. But Gladiator, what  
 do I have down there?

She gives him the eye and scoots closer.

GLADIATOR  
 You got pussy that is so sweet, I'm  
 risking a diabetic coma just  
 sitting this close.

Giggles are followed by a knee slap. She looks deep into his  
 eyes and smiles.

MARYANN  
 It feels so good to flirt again.  
 To feel...Alive.

GLADIATOR  
 You deserve the best, Boo. You  
 ain't getting it at home? Keep  
 looking.

MARYANN  
 Well I found who I need tonight.

Maryann's manicured nails tap dance on Gladiator's knee.

GLADIATOR

We still have that issue to discuss, but I see it might be hard for us to focus, until that other matter is resolved.

Taking the flirt action to the next level, she stands and sensually sways to the music.

MARYANN

Yeah, mama needs you to resolve a certain matter. Urgently. Wanna lead me to the coliseum, Gladiator?

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

In the semi-darkness, SNORING is heard. Followed to its source, on the bed, sleeps Maryann. Disheveled hair and drool is evidence she is out cold. Also, she is alone.

Entering through the door is Gladiator with two water bottles. He flicks on the light and sits on the edge of the bed. He takes a swig, then jostles Maryann.

GLADIATOR

Hey babe. Yo, we need to roll.

She slowly opens her eyes and stirs. Maryann rolls over to face her booty buddy.

MARYANN

There he is. Wow, I was asleep. How long?

Gladiator passes her a bottle of water and grins.

GLADIATOR

Here, Boo. You need it. You've got to be dehydrated after that. I let you konk out for a quick thirty.

The water bottle is lustfully drained by the damsel. A large exhale is let out.

MARYANN

Damn. That felt great.

GLADIATOR

The water?

MARYANN

And what made me thirsty to start with. That was better than great.

A toothy grin is flashed by the muscular male.

GLADIATOR

Righteous. Love it. It's hero time now. You ready?

She scoots closer to him. Her expression changes.

MARYANN

Eww, those sheets are cold and wet. Sorry if I ruined your bed again.

GLADIATOR

Yep, Little Miss Juicy. Got some rubber sheets under the linen. My real name is Noah. I knew a flood was coming.

MARYANN

A prophet AND a gladiator? Impressive. Could you pass me my clothes, Holy Man?

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Tension is on the face of Lady T as she pours out some Amaretto from a fancy decanter for three. She hands the glasses to Maryann and Gladiator. The host raises her glass in a toast.

LADY T

Here's to you, Miss Thing. You might be the only person standing between sunny days and genocide.

Maryann looks uncomfortable but eases out a grin. They all take a drink.

MARYANN

That's a tall order. I'll tell you all that I know, but I'm no hero. I want that jerk out of my life, for sure. Not sure I can really help that much.

LADY T

Our organization. It is secret and needs to stay that way. We clear?

MARYANN

Yes ma'am.

Lady T hands them a tablet then takes a seat at her desk.

LADY T

Y'all follow along. This is our findings, so far.

A photo of police cars in front of CDC headquarters.

GLADIATOR

What happened at the CDC?

LADY T

The CDC reported a new theft at their facility.

GLADIATOR

Oh boy, every disease and poison in the world is in there. What'd he steal from them?

LADY T

No proof yet that it was him, but the only stuff stolen, was the projects he was working on. A security guard was killed during the raid.

Photo of a young Mexican man holding a baby. Maryann is appalled and cries.

MARYANN

Those assholes. Hate him.

LADY T

Yesterday, a chemical truck out of New Jersey was car-jacked in Queens. The driver is in the hospital. Said he thinks they were skinheads.

GLADIATOR

Good chance that this is related to your husband current visit to the Apple.

MARYANN

It figures.

LADY T

We also hacked his phone. We lifted some photos from it. Shout if you see anyone you recognize.

INSERT - TABLET SCREEN

Photo of Charlottesville crew, he has a Tiki torch. Selfies with different white males are swiped through. Mixed in are a few pics of a younger woman who seems to be a lover.

MARYANN (O.S.)

A girlfriend? Isn't that precious.

Maryann pauses on a selfie that shows him with two men of the same age. VAN MEER (40'S), bearded and smoking a fancy pipe, laughs as IVAN (40'S) happily pours out vodka shots.

BACK TO SCENE

Maryann raises her hand.

MARYANN

Stop. I know these two Ivan and Van Meer. They went to New York City with him. Ivan bragged that he was Russian. I think the other guy is from South Africa.

LADY T

That helps a lot. We'll see what we can find about them. I think they might be financing this.

MARYANN

Come to think of it, they seemed rather wealthy.

Lady T leans forward in her seat.

LADY T

We think something bad will happen soon. Probably with poison, but not sure what.

MARYANN

Poison, huh? Does he think he's Vladimir Putin or what? He never tells me anything about his new hobby. He knows there is a good chance I'd kill him in his sleep.

Lady T puts her hand over Maryann's. She looks her guest in the eyes.

LADY T

Child, I need you to try and bring him in here. That's the only way to find out his scheme.

Maryann looks at Lady T like she just sprouted wings.

MARYANN

Yeah, well, as you know, he's a bigot. He wouldn't be caught dead in a place like this. No offense.

LADY T

None taken. Here, take this. It's a gift certificate that gives free drinks all night.

MARYANN

Wow.

GLADIATOR

He's a heavy drinker, right?

She takes the certificate from Lady T.

MARYANN

Free booze? You're singing his song, now. But how do I explain the way I got it?

GLADIATOR

Say you won it on a raffle at the office.

MARYANN

That will work.

LADY T

Once he's drunk, we may need to seduce him with one of our ladies in order to get the info. Would that be a problem?

MARYANN

Hell, no. I'll pay her rent for a year if she'll keep him.

They all have a LAUGH.

LADY T

And bring your horny little friend,  
He might hesitate leaving you alone  
here if you don't have a buddy.

MARYANN

That won't be a problem.

LADY T

Excellent. Let's try for next  
weekend. Earlier if you see  
something going down. For now,  
drinks are on the house, enjoy.

MARYANN

Thank you. For everything.

Gladiator stands and helps her up.

GLADIATOR

You heard the lady. Free drinks.  
Any chance you could throw in a  
basket of Buffalo wings?

Lady T rolls her eyes and grins,

LADY T

Get outta my office, boy. I swear.  
Fine, I'll have that dead bird fly  
over to your table in a few.  
Anything else, -- boss?

GLADIATOR

I'm set.

LADY T

I'll make them extra hot so they  
burn your begging ass lips off.

Smiling, he comically bows to her, then exits with Maryann.

SUPER - THE NEXT WEEKEND

INT. CLUB MOTHERLAND - NIGHT

Inside the door walks Bonnie, Maryann and trailing behind  
them is her husband, Donald. A contemptuous smirk is on his  
face. He stops just inside of the door. BLUES MUSIC BLARES.

DONALD

I don't know. I'm not a fan of this  
music, to say the least.

MARYANN

Don't be that way, Donald. It's free. Give it a chance.

BONNIE

Yeah, grandpa. Loosen up.

Donald looks around at his surroundings and rolls his eyes.

DONALD

(under his breath)

Look at these...People. Be lucky to not get murdered tonight.

MARYANN

Stop. No one needs to hear that kind of talk.

BONNIE

I had been here before. I survived. Don't be a wussy.

Looking to the side, Donald sees the figurine display.

DONALD

What is this? A doll house? How come this is a colored bar, but they have white action figures? Doesn't make sense.

MARYANN

So you are an interior decorator now? What do you care? You just came for the free booze, right?

He continues to stare at the figurines.

DONALD

Even if I was into this garbage, I'm not dressed to be here.

He points to the sweat pants he's wearing.

MARYANN

I told you not to dress like that. This place is classy.

BONNIE

Right. You look like we are buying worms to go fishing out back.

Walking up from the side comes Lady T in a tight dress that looks like a business suit. A wide smile graces her face.



LADY T

Greetings and welcome to my establishment. My name is Lady T. Are you the lady that won our gift certificate?

MARYANN

Yes. Came as quite a surprise. My friend, Bonnie here had been here before and said it was nice. My name is Maryann.

She smiles and shakes their hands like they are strangers.

LADY T

And the gentleman?

DONALD

I'm Donald. Her husband.

Lady T sizes him up as she looks him over.

LADY T

Welcome, Donald. You look like you are ready to relax. We have a table reserved for you all. Follow me, please.

She escorts the crew through the club. Donald's eyes are wide and he looks at other customers with sourness. She leads them to a table near the front. The three take a seat.

MARYANN

Great seating. Thank you.

LADY T

I will send your server over. Her name is Honeydew. Let me know if you need anything.

The host waves good-bye to them as she strolls deeper into the night club.

DONALD

So what you guys drinking?

MARYANN

Just some white wine for me.

BONNIE

Same here.

Donald leans in close to them.

DONALD

Look, we got a unlimited tab from these darkies. At least get some champagne.

MARYANN

Are you really gonna use that language here? Who are you? You changed.

He sits back in his seat.

DONALD

You don't get it do you? They are trying to replace us. But we can't let them. We're ready to fight.

BONNIE

I smell some David Duke, dookey in the room.

DONALD

You both need to watch FOX NEWS more often. Then you'll get the truth about what's happening.

BONNIE

Such a sad little man.

DONALD

We are under attack and you refuse to recognize it. You're the sad one. Good thing there are men in the world that will do something to stop it.

MARYANN

Jesus, could you put a cork in it?

DONALD

Fine. When we win, you'll thank me. Trust me.

Honeydew slinks over to the table. She sports blonde dreadlocks and a short mini-skirt.

HONEYDEW

Good evening. My name is Honeydew and I will be your server. What can I start you out with?

DONALD

Booze and lots of it. Give me your top shelf Scotch. Do you people even carry Scotch?

HONEYDEW

Why yes. Us people do know what it is and we have a few thirty year old bottles right from Scotland. What can I get you ladies?

MARYANN

Please excuse my husband. We'll take white wine. Both of us, please.

Honeydew hands them menus.

HONEYDEW

I'll get the drinks. Please look over our menu and let me know if you'd like to order. Be right back.

After she is out of sight, Maryann swats her husband's shoulder and scowls.

MARYANN

Do they carry Scotch? How racist.

DONALD

You're the one that ordered WHITE wine. Remember that.

BONNIE

Well, aren't you cute.

MARYANN

Get your mind out off of your skin color and order some food.

He picks up the menu and looks it over.

DONALD

You sure they don't put poison in their grub? I don't see many of our kind in here.

Maryann grabs his attention and points to two tables of white people having a good time.

MARYANN

Over there and over there. See that?

(MORE)

MARYANN (CONT'D)

They are laughing and rocking to the music. Stop embarrassing me, please.

DONALD

Whatever. I'll get the fried chicken. I'm sure it's good. They probably have been making that since Abe Lincoln's wedding day.

She gives him the evil eye.

MARYANN

That mouth. I'm not sure how much longer I can stick around.

DONALD

I don't want to fight with you in front of, them. Understand? I really don't care what you do. You can be replaced. Trust me.

Just as Maryann is about to blast back, Honeydew comes with the drinks. She smiles as she serves them.

HONEYDEW

Here you go, folks. Need more time to order or are you ready?

MARYANN

I'm ready. In more ways than one.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Seduction glides into the room and closes the door behind her. Lady T swirls around in her chair to face her.

LADY T

Hey Seduction, you sweet thing, have a seat. This is a big job. How you feeling?

The young, sexy woman melts into the chair.

SEDUCTION

I'm straight boss. I was briefed by Gladiator and Naambe already. I'm concerned. Not sure if I can swing a Klansman.

LADY T

As long as he ain't gay, you can put him under your spell. We're counting on you, baby.

SEDUCTION

If he's gay, I'll still own that ass. You know me. I got this. Do you have my outfit?

INT. CLUB MOTHERLAND - NIGHT

Seduction dominates the stage. She wears a stunning dress that shows off her chiseled body. A very SULTRY SONG dripping with innuendo is SUNG with a sly grin.

In her BOMB outfit, she slowly descends from the stage and goes over to Donald. She flirts with him and shakes her goodies as she sings. Donald is noticeably drunk and fully engaged with the performance

Gladiator and Chocolate Mousse walk by the table and coyly wave at the women as Donald is distracted. They wink back. Honeydew walks over, takes the dishes and cleans the table.

HONEYDEW

Did you enjoy your meal? Can I interest you in dessert?

DONALD

Yeah, you can plop all that brown sugar down, right here in my lap.

Honeydew is shocked and drops silverware. Maryann slaps his shoulder in anger.

MARYANN

Donald. What a dick. I apologize.

DONALD

Just joking. Get me another Scotch.

The waitress just cuts her eyes at him, then looks to the women, but it is clear she is offended.

HONEYDEW

Anything for you, ladies?

BONNIE

Another wine, please. And don't let this slob destroy your night, okay?

A smile comes forth on Honeydew.

HONEYDEW

Oh, it won't. You can believe that.  
Be right back.

Walking off, she avoids eye contact with Donald.

MARYANN

You're such a douche. The question  
is if YOU are disposable or not.

DONALD

What's the big deal? She dresses  
like a hooker. I'm sure she gets  
that stuff all the time.

Maryann slams her wine goblet down loudly.

MARYANN

Donald. You make me sick. I'm done  
with you.

He pretends to wipe away tears. Maryann looks to the side and  
sees Lady T beckoning her to come over.

DONALD

Boo hoo. You hurt my little  
feelings. Boo friggin hoo.

MARYANN

Urgg. I'm going to the ladies room  
to cool down before I get an  
assault charge.

She gets up abruptly and mugs at him before she steps off  
into the crowd.

Seduction sees it all from the stage. The SONG ENDS and  
Seduction absorbs the APPLAUSE. Donald's eyes are glued to  
her. She waves to him from the stage.

Now walking towards the bar, she passes the table and winks  
at him. He tries to act suave.

DONALD

Now that there is one sexy colored  
girl. I'd take a bite out of her  
fudge brownie anytime.

BONNIE

I thought you hated black people?

DONALD

Not if they look like THAT.

EXT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Lady T discreetly speaks to Maryann near the office and out of Donald's sight.

LADY T

So this is how it will work. If he has nothing to do with this scheme, he will be home tonight. If not, this may be the last time you see him. Could kinda, disappear.

MARYANN

I understand. But really, I don't want his lame ass back.

They LAUGH.

LADY T

It's alright, girl. I feel ya. Stay in the office for a while. Won't be long. Seduction has him hooked already.

MARYANN

That girl is crazy hot. I'd bang her myself.

LADY T

That could be arranged.

Maryann giggles.

MARYANN

You're so bad.

LADY T

Do you want one last look at hubby, in case things go south for him?

Craning her neck, she peeks at him through the crowd.

MARYANN

Only one thing he was ever correct about... Your fried chicken is awesome.

LADY T

Will order you a dinner to-go, on the house, but you're welcome to stay and party a bit.

Maryann hugs Lady T.

MARYANN

I hope you find the information you  
need to stop this psycho.  
Especially if it is what we fear.

ACROSS THE ROOM

At the bar, Seduction stands near Honeydew.

SEDUCTION

I saw our boy giving you a hard  
time. You okay?

HONEYDEW

I'd like to give him an enema with  
this goddam Scotch and seal the  
hole with my foot.

SEDUCTION

That bad, huh?

Honeydew gives her a look that confirms it.

HONEYDEW

Complete asshole.

Mercedes brings the drink order and puts it in front of  
Honeydew. Seduction takes the Scotch and stirs a powder into  
it till it dissolves.

SEDUCTION

Let me serve him this one.

HONEYDEW

It's all yours, sister.

Both women carry libations to the table of the troll.  
Seduction's sexy stroll is off the charts.

SEDUCTION

I'm gonna deserve a Medal of Valor  
and a vacation in Hawaii after this  
job. And maybe an Oscar.

They approach the table. Seduction lags behind.

HONEYDEW

Hi. Here are your drinks, Ma'am.

She sets down the two wines on the table.

BONNIE

Thanks.



DONALD

Where the hell is my--

He freezes as he sees the Black goddess with his drink cradled in her hands.

SEDUCTION

Hello, handsome. I got something brown, strong and tasty for you.

Donald picks his jaw up off the floor and stammers his reply.

DONALD

Uh, gee, yes. Thanks.

SEDUCTION

This seat taken?

She hands him the Scotch and nods to Maryann's chair. Flabbergasted, he can't speak. He tries to smile and awkwardly motions for her to sit.

BONNIE

You're a great singer. Really enjoyed your set.

SEDUCTION

Why thank you. I really love working here. You meet so many interesting people.

A sly grin is sent Donald's way.

DONALD

Great stuff. The singing I mean.

SEDUCTION

My, my. What else could you mean?

She giggles. He looks nervous.

DONALD

Gee, you are such a knockout. I have never been so attracted by a girl, uh, like you.

SEDUCTION

Thanks? I haven't been a girl in many years. You are looking at a full grown woman, baby. From head to toe, but especially...in the middle.

She winks at him and they all laugh.

BONNIE

Good one.

Seduction moves her chair closer to Donald and leans over to expose a sculptured cleavage.

SEDUCTION

This seems to be your first visit, right? Let me take you on a tour of the establishment. What do you say, big guy?

His eyes get wide and his upper lip trembles.

BONNIE

You should go. We'll be here when you get back.

Red-faced and now sweating, Donald stands up.

DONALD

A tour, huh? Sure.

SEDUCTION

Excellent. But no booze is allowed outside of the dance floor. Slam down that hootch and let's get stepping.

Obediently, the already drunk visitor tips his head back and drains the glass. Seduction smiles.

DONALD

I'm ready.

Seduction stands and starts to lead the way. Donald is wobbly as he walks. She takes him by the arm.

SEDUCTION

Oopsy. Be careful. I got you. Right this way, killer.

The two walk through the crowd and disappear into the forest of humanity. Bonnie watches as she sips wine.

BONNIE

Good riddance. Hope they make hot links out of your ass.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

Donald leans heavily on Seduction as they struggle into the doorway. She leans him against the wall.

SEDUCTION

I need to introduce you to a friend  
of mine. Her name is Jenny Craig.

DONALD

My legs. You mind if I have a seat  
on the bed?

SEDUCTION

Oh Donald, are you being fresh?  
Kidding, go right ahead, baby.

He stumbles over to the bed and barely makes it. In short  
time, the sitting is replaced by laying down.

DONALD

Man, I'm so tired. Just need to  
stretch my back.

SEDUCTION

Yes, you do that. Take some big,  
deep breaths and just stretch  
yourself right on out.

After one good exhale, it seems that he falls asleep.

SEDUCTION (CONT'D)

Sleep tight little bedbug. I'll be  
back later. And I'll bring friends.

Seduction smiles and eases out of the door.

INT. CLUB MOTHERLAND - NIGHT

Bonnie grooves to the music as she drinks wine. Coming up  
behind her is Maryann. She has several to-go boxes.

MARYANN

Hey there good looking.

As Bonnie turns to the side, she sees Maryann taking a seat.

BONNIE

I was hoping that was Mousse. I'm  
ready for dessert.

MARYANN

You need to get your hormone levels  
checked, my friend. How did it go?

BONNIE

Played him like a bass fiddle. She  
was so hot, she made ME moist.

Both women have a hearty laugh.

MARYANN

I guess we should head home now.  
Got some chicken for the road.

BONNIE

Chicken? I need some sausage.

MARYANN

Will you please stop?

BONNIE

What?

MARYANN

Hopefully, he will be helping to  
beat the shit out of my husband  
tonight. Besides, we need an alibi  
in case this goes sideways.

Bonnie lets out a huge sigh.

BONNIE

Okay, which bar has the best male  
strippers?

MARYANN

Really? Let's go.

Reluctantly, Bonnie gets up and treks to the door with her  
friend.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Gladiator wears clothes that look like they are from  
Frederick Douglass's closet. He props the door open and then  
backs a wheelchair into the room.

The chair is spun around. Donald slumps in the seat. His arms  
and legs are bound to the chair. He is fully knocked out.

In front of Donald is a conference table of people dressed  
like Gladiator. Lady T is seated at the head of the  
conference table.

GLADIATOR

Welcome, Gladiator. We are just  
waiting on the two newbies.

All of the people at the table have previously been seen in  
the club as her employees. They fill in the other chairs.

No longer are they dressed sexy or for work, they have on clothing from the 1860's also. Seduction is in a stunning gown from the era.

SEDUCTION

It's good to get some young-bloods onto the crew. These two are outstanding.

Honeydew and Chocolate Mousse enter the room, similarly dressed.

HONEYDEW

Did we miss anything?

LADY T

Just getting started.

She motions them over to the last two empty chairs.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

Why did we need to put on these clothes?

Both occupy the reserved seats.

LADY T

Tonight, you are now inducted into the Motherland Underground. As well, you will see one of our most advanced interrogation techniques that we use on those that do us harm.

GLADIATOR

Secrecy is imperative, understand?

They look over at Donald, bound and nodding off.

HONEYDEW

Yes, understood.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

Yes, Sir.

The club owner, slash, Director of Intelligence, raises her hands to the sky.

LADY T

Let us give thanks to the ancestors for their courage. One person in particular is our focus. God bless sister Harriet Tubman.

A huge screen on the wall behind Lady T is illuminated. The image of the conductor of the Underground Railroad is seen.

LADY T (CONT'D)

She is the person who started our movement. I am blessed to be a direct descendant of this marvelous woman. That is why I am referred to as Lady T. It stands for Tubman, baby.

HONEYDEW

Excuse me, I thought her only child was adopted.

LADY T

She kept her natural born children hidden due to the numerous threats on her life and bounties on her head. That DNA in her had to be passed on at all costs.

The famous painting showing Harriet in the wilderness, fleeing North, with freedom seekers in tow is now lit up too.

GLADIATOR

Yeah, she hid hundreds of runaway slaves. A few kids? Easy.

LADY T

She was the greatest spy who ever lived. Although she could not blend in with her oppressors, she became invisible to them. Not only did she free hundreds of slaves, with a price on her head, but she also was a spy against Confederate forces and contributed greatly to their demise.

GLADIATOR

As she did then, we do now. Never again will we go down without a fight.

A photo of the outside of CLUB MOTHERLAND is shown on a screen above Donald.

LADY T

Even if it is a secret fight. Long live the MOTHERLAND UNDERGROUND.

All cheer and give a toast.

## LADY T (CONT'D)

Sister Harriet used what she learned as a spy in the Union Army, to set up a spy network that we could call our own.

## GLADIATOR

Without this agency, there would have been hundreds more lynching cases.

Horrific images of lynchings are shown.

## SEDUCTION

Ida B Wells was one of our members and she was fearless in exposing these murderers who tried to escape justice. She's MY ancestor.

Stoic determination is seen in the face of Ms. Wells, as she graces the screen.

## LADY T

When Klansman-ass, Woodrow Wilson was elected president, things became more dire, but, we survived those dark days.

A photo of the dead prez is displayed. An 'X' has been drawn across his face.

## SEDUCTION

And all the dark days after that.

Clips of historic moments from the Civil Rights struggle are played for the gathering.

## CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

If we are spies, does that mean we are secret agents?

## LADY T

Exactly and be proud. We have stood between obliteration and survival for over a century. We are coast to coast and border to border.

A map of their sphere of influence around the world is displayed and the new members are awed.

## HONEYDEW

Wow.

LADY T

In the last few years we have moved and expanded throughout the African diaspora.

GLADIATOR

Just like the Underground Railroad of old...brave white people have helped us tremendously.

LADY T

Such is not the case with mister Donald Kelly here.

She nods to the wheelchair bound bigot.

HONEYDEW

Other than being an asshole, what did he do?

LADY T

Brother Naambe. Bring us up to speed, please.

Naambe gets up and goes over and stands next to the large screen. In his hand, a clicker. Headlines about the truck heist of toxins is shown.

NAAMBE

The sad little man we have here, has been up to some evil shit. He seems to be involved in a conspiracy to poison thousands of black people. He might even start right here in his hometown. He's also backed by white nationalists from other countries.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

The prince of poison and the king of killing, huh? David Duke didn't even get that nasty, damn.

NAAMBE

Not that YOU know of anyway. But, back to the bigot before us. We are tracing the phone numbers in his cell to find out more.

(beat)

They jacked a truck of poison back east and our network is on this mission as a code red priority.



A photo of a computer room, manned by serious black people working feverishly.

NAAMBE (CONT'D)

My guess is they will try to get those materials out here for the mad scientist here to cook up and put in some form of consumption for blacks to take.

HONEYDEW

So really, we just need to find out the means of how they want to administer it and shut it down.

GLADIATOR

Could be anything we enjoy or is targeted towards us.

SEDUCTION

Jesus, that could be anything.

LADY T

All I know is that there are a thousand things they can put it in and we have a short time to find out.

NAAMBE

Very short. I'm sorry to say...We found Alonzo's body. Badly decomposed. We think he may have caught wind of their plan...Lady T, you okay?

LADY T

Goddamit! This fucker killed him?

Mousse stands and flexes his muscles with his game-face on.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

I got you, Queen. Just step out the room for a quick minute. I'll beat the answer out of that asshole, then make him pay.

She takes a deep breath and tries to refocus. Moist eyes get rubbed by trembly hands.

LADY T

Sit down, boy. Love the enthusiasm. Would enjoy that show...But we have our own way. Is she here yet, Naambe?

He checks his phone.

NAAMBE

E. T. A. is about five minutes.  
I'll go out there to greet her.

He gets up and leaves the room.

INT. BONNIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Maryann is sprawled across the couch as the glare of the TV illuminates tears on her face.

Bonnie enters from the kitchen with a joint she just lit in her hands. She seems playful until she sees her buddy's wet cheeks.

BONNIE

Hey you. Sad about possibly being a widow tonight?

MARYANN

What? Heavens no. Good riddance to that evil worm. They mentioned at the club how his dad was involved with the Tuskegee experiments. Stupid me, I didn't know what that was. I'm watching a documentary about it now.

BONNIE

I'm not sure what that was all about either.

She hits the joint again.

MARYANN

The U.S. Government infected African Americans with syphilis and would observe how the disease spread and what it does to the human body.

Bonnie looks shocked. She sits next to Maryann and passes her the Mary Jane.

BONNIE

Oh my God. For real? No shit? That's some Doctor Evil, comic book villain, Hitler shit. Who played Batman and threw those jokers in jail to rot?

Maryann hits the joint and more tears run down her face. The sad woman's exhale is a mixture of cannabis and sorrow.

MARYANN

No one. Not one goddam soul.  
Hundreds of white people knew. Not  
one person from the government or  
especially the medical profession  
said a word. Guess how long they  
did it?

Bonnie rolls her eyes and shakes her head.

BONNIE

I would hope it was less than a  
year?

Anger and embarrassment is seen on the face of Maryann .

MARYANN

From the 1930's to the 1970's. Can  
you believe that shit?

Bonnie drops the joint on the exchange. She ignores it.

BONNIE

You gotta be shitting me!

MARYANN

And not one of those scumbags went  
to jail. Nobody. They paid a small  
fine, case closed.

Repulsion is seen in the faces of both women.

BONNIE

That's unreal. So disgusting. So  
after we saw the Nazis commit  
genocide, this country kept this  
V.D. adbomination going another  
thirty years? How can black people  
be nice to us after that? It sure  
isn't deserved.

Bonnie finally picks up the joint and lights it again.

MARYANN

It sure isn't. And why didn't we  
learn about this in history class?  
Kinda seems like a cover-up. Which  
makes the whole thing even worse.

BONNIE

Thank God things are different.  
Good chance my home-girl here  
stopped it from happening again.  
I'm getting high with a hero.

They LAUGH.

MARYANN

Thanks. I just hope they can get  
answers from that fat, little demon  
and stop whatever he is planning.  
He can be a hard-headed son of a  
bitch.

She hits the joint again.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

The door swings open and Gladiator steps through. He holds the door open. Two young, Black women step through the door wearing matching African clothing and carrying a decorated, leopard skin bag.

GLADIATOR

The Oracle has arrived. All rise.

Those at the table all stand. The African dressed women flank the door as the Oracle glides through the portal. Elderly, with a bald head and 'black-don't-crack' skin, her look is complimented by Egyptian garb and jewelry.

Her eyes are very light brown which makes her stare almost hypnotic. She nods at Lady T and she motions the others at the table to now sit.

Gladiator escorts her to an ornate seat reserved for her. Her attendants help her sit and then stand on each side of the chair. Oracle cuts her eyes over to see Donald.

ORACLE

Greetings in the name of the most  
high, my children. My services are  
needed I see.

LADY T

Indeed. We need his secrets.

ORACLE

Gladiator briefed me. And I know  
what is at stake. Let us begin.

Gladiator rolls Donald over and parks him right in front of her, face to face. Oracle studies him.

LADY T  
Getting a read on his vibration?

ORACLE  
Yes, and it's all bad. Time to talk  
little birdy.

An OLD TATTERED DRUM is removed from the leopard skin bag by her assistants. .

LADY T  
Behold, the drum of steady  
persistence. Let me explain to the  
new members. Our founder helped a  
boy escape slavery. Years later, he  
was the drummer for the 54th  
infantry, civil war.

Lady T holds up the drum for all to see.

ORACLE  
After the war he found Harriet,  
told her his tale and thanked her  
with this drum, which is now an  
heirloom, with magic power.

She hands it to Gladiator. He smiles and DRUMS OUT A BEAT.  
Lady T begins to HUM what sounds like an old time spiritual,  
others join in.

Oracle closes her eyes and tips her head back. She convulses  
for a moment. When she re-opens her eyes, they look other  
worldly.

Mousse and Honeydew freak a bit, but are calmed by Seduction.

Oracle places her fingers on the temples of Donald.

ORACLE (CONT'D)  
He is ready.

Lady T raises her hand for the MUSIC TO STOP.

LADY T  
What is your name?

With eyes still closed, he answers.

DONALD  
Donald J Kelly.

LADY T

What are you gonna do with this  
poison, Donald?

Oracle closes her eyes, her brows furl.

DONALD

Dad was a scientist in Tuskegee.  
Taught me, the best thing a  
scientist can do -- is make a  
nigger insecticide. Will go down in  
history as a hero.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

Where is your daddy buried? I'd  
like to pay him a visit.

Lady T cuts her eyes towards the newbie.

LADY T

Shh. Did you make one, Donald?

DONALD

At CDC, I found how to have  
chemicals react to melanin levels  
in humans. Was fired because my  
research was dangerous in the wrong  
hands.

SEDUCTION

They were right.

LADY T

How did this get funded? Who is  
behind it?

DONALD

The next day a Russian, backed by a  
South African with all kinds of  
blood diamond money offers me a  
job, continuing this research.

LADY T

So it is ready for roll-out now?

DONALD

Yes, finally I perfected a poison  
that will only affect people who  
are dark skinned.

LADY T

How will it be administered?

All lean forward for the answer.

DONALD

Tattoo guns. All the young niggers love that shit. Will set up parlors to give free tattoos to males in big cities, using our ink.

Mousse studies the tattoos that he already has.

LADY T

So if you are light skinned enough, you will be safe?

DONALD

No affect to white people. Blacks, especially the young thugs, will die by the thousands, maybe millions ... and they will never know why because it is undetectable.

Those around the table look confused.

LADY T

Why the males?

DONALD

They will die off first, leaving all those young hot colored chicks for guys like me. Without the young men, the race will soon die out, or at least become lighter.

Mousse slams his fist in anger.

LADY T

Do your partners have the formula for this?

DONALD

I already gave them two-thirds of the formula. They get the rest for another two million tomorrow.

SEDUCTION

Blood money pays good, don't it?

LADY T

Where is the location of the rest of the formula?

DONALD

It is in my head.

She laughs.

LADY T

That is where it will stay.  
Forever. We are done with you,  
mister Donald. Queen Oracle, he's  
all yours. It is time for justice.

Oracle opens her eyes. They are still supernatural looking.  
She removes her hands from Donald and sits back in her seat.

Lady T begins to HUM the Spiritual again. She nods to  
Gladiator and the DRUMMING begins. Others join in with her.

With TWO HAND CLAPS, one of Oracle's attendants presents her  
with a small ornate bottle. Oracle stands, takes a sip, then  
sprays a mouthful over Donald. Eyes, freaky, wide and  
unblinking, she repeats it two more times.

At the table, Chocolate Mousse and Honeydew exchange glances  
that show they are not believing what they are seeing.

Oracle claps again. The other attendant steps forward and  
bows. In her hand is a wineskin flask. Oracle takes it from  
her slowly.

Grabbing Donald by the hair, she yanks his head back hard.  
Eyes closed, mouth agape, Donald is still motionless.  
Suddenly, Oracle pours the contents in the wineskin in his  
mouth. Some drips down his chin.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

Wow.

Seduction gives him some serious side eye.

SEDUCTION

Keep humming.

Oracle bends down and stares deep into the face of the  
poisoner-to-be. She runs her hands all over his face as her  
extra long gold nails sparkle in the light.

Without warning, she rips open his shirt and slams her  
extended fingers and wide palm onto his bare chest. It makes  
a loud SLAP noise. Donald's body starts to shudder like he is  
being electrocuted.

She removes her hand and his body slumps. Oracle stands up  
straight. Her eyes turn back to normal.

Lady T motions for the MUSIC TO STOP.

LADY T

Are you ready to perform the final  
step, Queen Oracle?



ORACLE

No man can be allowed to do what he  
has planned. Bring him.

Oracle claps her hands. The attendants take back the drum and  
put it in the bag. Oracle heads towards the door as her  
helpers wheel Donald behind her.

LADY T

The Ceremonial room is ready for  
you. Take your time. Again, thank  
you, from us all here. And from the  
ancestors watching from above.

The bald headed mystic bows back. All at the table do a  
momentary, praying hands motion towards her. Oracle opens the  
door. Her entourage rolls Donald into the hall.

ORACLE

It is time to dispense justice.

She closes the door behind her. A moment of silence follows.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

Wow. I had no idea that you did  
this on the side.

Lady T looks over at the astonished new member.

LADY T

On the side? My dear, this our  
primary function. And we take it  
critically serious. The government,  
cops and politicians...they don't  
give a shit about us.

SEDUCTION

And can't be trusted.

LADY T

Protect your own, because nobody  
else will. Sister Harriet could not  
be more clear, during a time when  
the stakes were even higher.

Chocolate Mousse nods like he understands at a deep level.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

For real, huh. So, what happens  
next?

LADY T

Get some sleep. We need you  
tomorrow.

INT. DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Devon hurries to pack a bag as she wipes tears.

DEVON

My God. How bad was the accident?  
Will she be alright?

On the sofa sits Chilly. Devilish smile.

CHILLY

Very bad. We need to go right away.  
I don't want my poor sister to pass  
away without seeing you.

INT. BONNIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Maryann works up a sweat on an exercise bike as Bonnie sweeps the floor nearby. BLUES MUSIC plays on the stereo. The doorbell rings.

BONNIE

I'll get it. Keep logging them  
miles. My fat ass is next.

Bonnie opens the door. Standing before her are Gladiator and Chocolate Mousse, wearing designer suits. She looks happy to see them, but then is immediately embarrassed by her haggard appearance. She tries to touch-up her hair.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

Good morning, fellas. I didn't  
expect company. Was just cleaning.  
Come on in.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

You look good, ma. I ain't hating  
on a clean crib.

When they walk in and see Maryann they wave at her. She stops and smiles back.

MARYANN

Good to see you. I needed a good  
excuse to get off that thing  
anyway.

BONNIE

Why so dressed up?

MARYANN

Right. Is my ex having his funeral today? Hope you don't mind if I mail it in.

They LAUGH.

GLADIATOR

Funny. No, he is alive-ish.

MARYANN

Don't do me no favors.

Maryann grabs a towel and wipes the sweat.

GLADIATOR

The reason we dressed, is all for you. Let me explain. Your boy, he was just days away from unleashing some evil shit.

MARYANN

I believe it. Are we safe now?

GLADIATOR

Yes. Because of you. Both of you. Lady T wanted to thank you for your kindness and bravery.

BONNIE

What's so brave about taking out the garbage? If you don't, it stinks up the house for everybody.

MARYANN

Well said, sister.

They hi five each other.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

Please. Have a seat.

The women settle themselves on the couch and the guys stand in front of each of them.

GLADIATOR

Since the time of the Underground Railroad, and even before that, good hearted white people have helped us fight the forces of oppression and injustice.

MARYANN

Okay. No need to thank anyone here for what we did. It was just doing the right thing.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

Wrong-oh. If not for you guys people would be dropping dead and no one would know why.

Both men dig in their pockets and pull out small jewelry boxes. They open the lid.

BONNIE

Whoa. For moi?

She picks up a golden bracelet with an Ankh and smiles. Maryann takes out the necklace with the same ornament as a pendant. All gold.

GLADIATOR

Let me put it on you.

MARYANN

Really, this is unnecessary.

GLADIATOR

If you don't accept our offer of love, Lady T will be deeply offended. Please.

MARYANN

Fine, tell her that we accept her gift graciously. I have done research on these hate groups since I got involved with you guys.

Maryann pulls her hair to the side and lets him put it around her neck.

MARYANN (CONT'D)

There are literally thousands of groups of armed racist militias and organizations whose sole goal is killing people of color. Blacks do not have that -- and have not had one since Nat Turner.

Gladiator smiles.

MARYANN (CONT'D)

If there is a race with a viable reason to hate the others, it would logically come from the people who have suffered from the hands of the oppressors. But it is the other way around?

Confusion and anger in her voice.

MARYANN (CONT'D)

Those who perpetuated the hate, refuse to let it go.

Bonnie's wrist gets decorated by Mousse at the same time.

BONNIE

Right on, sis. John Brown style.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

For real, huh?

GLADIATOR

We are happy to let you know that the million that was paid to your husband - is now all yours.

Spinning around to face Gladiator, Maryann almost loses her balance. She stares at him wide eyed.

MARYANN

What? Oh my God. But how?

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

We got peoples.

GLADIATOR

I ask one thing before you go on a spending spree. His buddies Ivan and Van Meer are set to meet your husband at the club tonight.

MARYANN

Is that right?

GLADIATOR

Just in case they drop by the house, it's better if you stay here at Bonnie's, until it's clear.

She waves off the idea of going home.

MARYANN

Lay low? I know how to shop online.  
Trust me.

Bonnie plays with Mousse's suit, caressing the lapels.

BONNIE

So, in a hurry to get someplace?

MARYANN

Bonnie, please. They didn't put on  
these fancy clothes just to see us.

Gladiator has a seat on the couch and pats the cushion next  
to him as he smiles at Maryann.

GLADIATOR

Well, actually, you fine ladies are  
the exact reason, we dressed this  
way. You like?

MARYANN

Uh-huh.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

Last time we stopped by was in B-  
Ball gear. That don't work in the  
presence of a millionaire.

BONNIE

Such sweet threads. Maybe we should  
get you out of them before you get  
them dirty.

The look of a hungry tiger is in her eyes. Mousse smiles back  
at her.

Maryann gently rubs her fingers over Gladiators head.

MARYANN

Yeah, I know the perfect hanger to  
handle that job. Let me take a  
quick shower and get it for you.

Bonnie starts to move towards the bathroom.

BONNIE

Me first.

They both fast walk, then sprint to the bathroom as they  
giggle like teenagers and bounce off walls.

## CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

Shower at the same time. Conserve  
water, yo.

He chuckles at his own joke and bumps fists with Gladiator.

MARYANN (O.S.)

Don't give her any ideas.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Biggs, one hand with bourbon, the other with cigar -- exhales a cloud of smoke into the air and sneers as he sits back in the comfy chair. Another pay-off envelope sticks out of the pocket of his uniform.

Lady T, in a tight fitting gown, emits a laugh, shadowed with disgust and shock.

LADY T

You trippin', right? You stuff  
crack in that cigar or what?

BIGGS

Serious as syphilis, baby-girl.  
Good as you look? Yeah, I need some  
ass thrown into the deal.

She scopes this corrupt piece of shit up and down, then strolls towards him with a curious smile. She takes the cigar from him and puffs it herself.

LADY T

Maybe we can work something out.  
I'll get a room ready and come back  
with drinks. Last thing I need is  
jail. Be right back.

BIGGS

Now you're talking. I'm gonna dick  
you down too, get ready.

She opens the door to leave.

LADY T

Me? I'm always ready.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

Biggs sits wide legged on the recliner, grinning like a predator. Lady T is at a dresser behind him. She opens a drawer and digs something out.

LADY T

Let me wear some jewelry so you  
don't think of some other shit you  
want to add to the price.

BIGGS

Sounds sexy. I like that.

As she spins around, the jewelry she wears -- are brass  
knuckles. She quickly pops him in the head. Dazed, he tries  
to get up, but she clutches him by the throat and lands punch  
after punch to his face.

LADY T

Get greedy. Get played.

Blood sprays. More punches. He is knocked out..

Lady T, breathing heavy, looks sternly at her reflection in  
the mirror as she wipes off splotches of blood from her face  
with her left hand. As she raises her right hand, a bloody  
set of brass knuckles adorns it. She removes them.

A KNOCK is at the door. She swings it open. The Oracle and  
her assistants enter. To the side, Oracle sees the well  
beaten face of the bad cop on the bed.

ORACLE

The usual?

The now bloodied envelope of money Biggs had, is slid to the  
Oracle. Lady T kisses the old woman's forehead.

LADY T

After you dispose of the garbage,  
buy yourself something nice with  
that. Ya hear?

INT. RENTAL CAR - NIGHT

In the parking lot of the club, Van Meer smokes a tobacco  
pipe in the driver's seat. He looks back and forth across the  
parking lot cautiously. Next to him, Ivan cuts LINES OF  
COCAINE on a MIRROR. His Afrikaners accent is subtle.

VAN MEER

More? Really, old man. My head is  
already buzzing.

The Russian looks up at him, grinning. His accent is much  
more pronounced.



IVAN

First time with one of these darkie  
bitches. Can't be weak. Strong my  
friend. Like--

VAN MEER

Russian bull. Yes, I know. Heard  
about it all night.

A straw is pulled out and jammed into his nostril and he  
bends over and blows his nose backwards.

IVAN

Ahh. Yes. Bone 'em like one of her  
black bros who play the football.  
Grrr.

He hands the mirror to his partner. Van Meer looks around  
then quickly snorts it up.

VAN MEER

Wow. Grr is right.

He rubs his nose and sniffles more.

They both get out of the car.

EXT. CLUB MOTHERLAND - NIGHT

Van Meer alarms the car. The men walk towards the door. They  
look at the club's other customers as they head inside.

IVAN

Yes, you better lock it up good.  
Look at these monkeys.

VAN MEER

Not so loud. My God, man.

IVAN

I'm not scared of any of them. My  
blood is on fire, buddy.

The coked up Russian shadow boxes as he walks.

VAN MEER

Did you bring the flyers?

He opens up his suit jacket and shows papers that are  
sticking out of his inner pocket.

IVAN

Coupons for free tattoos. They're gonna eat it up. Watch.

VAN MEER

Let me text the Yankee and make sure he's in there.

The South African takes out his phone and starts typing.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

A cell phone on the desk in front of Lady T rings. She looks around the room to Gladiator, Mousse, Seduction and Honeydew. A smile creeps across her face.

LADY T

Looks like we have some company.  
Y'all ready?

All in the room nod affirmatively.

SEDUCTION

Bring their little bad-asses to Mama. It's time for a spanking.

LADY T

Sure is.

She picks up Donald's phone and starts to text back. Lady T speaks her words as she types.

LADY T (CONT'D)

My brothers in the cause. Welcome. Get in here and get your belly full of booze. I'm currently in the VIP room with two big brown jugs in my face. Get started without me.

Lady T holds up the phone, then hits the send button. Seduction and Honeydew get up from their seats.

SEDUCTION

Duty calls. Come on, girl. Let's get it-get it.

HONEYDEW

I'm kinda nervous.

LADY T

We got your back, Queen.

The ladies sashay out into the club as Lady T follows behind them. Gladiator turns on the closed circuit TV system.

INSERT - SECURITY CAM

Gladiator enlarges the frame that shows the entrance. Van Meer and Ivan are waiting in line to get in. They seem to be passing out flyers to other customers.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE (O.C.)  
I wonder what that's all about.

GLADIATOR (O.C.)  
Probably those free tattoo coupons  
Donald mentioned.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE (O.C.)  
Coupons that will never be cashed  
in. At least the printer man got  
some money out of the deal.

In moments, Lady T comes into view near the door.

INT. CLUB MOTHERLAND - NIGHT

Lady T sees the duo passing out, what would be death sentences to her customers. Her angry eyes burn into them. She turns away. Takes a few deep breaths, then proceeds towards the entrance.

Now inside, the men look around. Several beautiful women pass in front of them.

IVAN  
Ya, Donald. Good choice. Just look  
at all that meat.

VAN MEER  
Indeed. Let's get a table.

IVAN  
And start drinking. They better  
have vodka here.

Lady T walks up to them.

LADY T  
Actually, we have a full bar...And  
yes, vodka is included. My Name is  
Lady T. I own this joint. Are you  
gentlemen friends of Donald?

VAN MEER

Yes, we came here to meet him.

LADY T

Welcome. He is indispose with one of our massage girls right now. He said to make yourselves comfortable. Drinks are on his tab. Can I take you to your table?

The foreigners nod yes and flash a reptilian smile. She starts to walk as they follow.

IVAN

Massage girls, no? Tell me more.

They get to the reserved table and she motions for them to have a seat.

LADY T

Yes. The most gorgeous girls and the best massage this side of heaven. I could send a few over if you wish.

IVAN

The sooner the better.

LADY T

No problem. Hey, did I see you passing out flyers? What is that about?

Van Meer pulls one from his pocket and presents it to her.

VAN MEER

We are starting a tattoo ink business soon and we are passing out coupons for the grand opening.

IVAN

He's from South Africa and I'm Russian, so we call it the BOAR AND BEAR INK COMPANY. You like?

LADY T

Clever. You know, I was thinking of getting one, right here.

She extends her middle finger at them like she is flipping them off. With the other hand she points to the area between the knuckle and the first joint.

LADY T (CONT'D)

I want a middle finger, tattooed on my middle finger. That way, when I give it to the assholes I meet, it is double barrel.

The men get a chuckle out of that joke. She keeps it extended at them as they laugh. Although laughing herself, the bird she gives them is no joke, deep down.

VAN MEER

That's funny. You should be entertainer.

LADY T

Interesting you said that. After I find you some girls, I'll be on stage singing my little heart out. Hope you enjoy the show.

She looks around and gets a waiter's attention. He comes over to her.

LADY T (CONT'D)

Take their order. These are VIPs. Treat them good.

The waiter smiles and nods. Lady T walks off into the crowd.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Gladiator and Mousse are rolling with LAUGHTER as they monitor the security cam.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

Flipped that bird all up in that grill, son.

GLADIATOR

Yeah, yeah. And they are sitting there smiling back, looking like Forrest Gump.

The laughing continues.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Standing before Lady T are Seduction and Honeydew in outfits that are so hot, smoke should be billowing from them.

LADY T

Alight mommies, any questions? A lot is riding on this.

The other two women look at Honeydew.

HONEYDEW

First time in a boat and y'all got me hunting whales. Killer whales at that. I'm nice though. Let's get it popping and save some souls.

LADY T

More like saving Soul, Brothers. Seduction. You take the private room on the left and you, the other. Oracle will be here later.

Seduction pops her collar.

SEDUCTION

This one is for Sister Harriet.

INT. CLUB MOTHERLAND - NIGHT

As the SONG ENDS, Lady T goes to the microphone. Smile wide, eyes focused.

LADY T

Welcome to Club Motherland, everybody. We're gonna slide into something grown-up and sexy right about now. 'all ready?

Just then, the two sensuous secret agents park in front of the table that Ivan and Van Meer occupy. The men look like all the spit in their mouths dried right up in two seconds. They struggle to swallow, or even breathe.

In the background, Lady T launches into a robust, raunchy number. The gaze of the men is unflinching. Empty shot glasses that once held vodka are lined up.

IVAN

Well look at you. My God. No tattoos for either one of you.

Van Meer elbows him and gives him a stern look.

SEDUCTION

Huh? I don't understand. Anyway, my name is Seduction. This is my friend, Honeydew.

VAN MEER

Honeydew? Like the fruit? Love it.  
Have a seat near me. Love those  
blonde braids.

She bats her eyes and acts shy as she takes a seat near him.  
Seduction secretly rolls her eyes, then looks back to Ivan.

SEDUCTION

I guess I get Mister Muscles.  
What's your name, handsome?

IVAN

Uh, Ivan. My name. Yes, Ivan.

VAN MEER

Excuse my friend. He's from Russia.  
There's nothing like you two there.

SEDUCTION

Well, thank you. Looks like you are  
running low. I'll go to the bar and  
be right back. Vodka, right?

Ivan nods up and down, then finally speaks.

IVAN

Yes. Yeah, thanks.

Seduction engages sexy stroll number twelve from her  
répétiteur and seems indifferent to all the tongues hanging  
out of men's mouths in the club. She goes to the far side of  
the bar where they can't see her. The bartender goes over.

SEDUCTION

Hey, Mercedes. Two vodka specials.  
Make that three. I think I need one  
myself.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

On the security cam, Gladiator and Chocolate Mousse watch as  
Seduction puts powder in the drinks and stirs it up.

GLADIATOR

Okay, it won't be long now. Stay  
ready. They might get feisty.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

Honeydew half drags Van Meer into the room. He flops down on a chair against the wall. The effects of the vodka and sedative are apparent.

A desk drawer is opened by Honeydew. Inside is seen a lead pipe with a handle. She reaches for it.

VAN MEER

My friend. Don't tell him, okay?  
It's secret. But...I'm really not  
into girls. The guys I know would  
kill me if they knew.

Honeydew pulls her hand away from the weapon and looks upon him with compassion.

VAN MEER (CONT'D)

It's hard to hide the side of me  
that I'm ashamed of, understand?

His tears fall. Honeydew's face shows she's conflicted.

HONEYDEW

Hey, I get it. Don't cry. You  
shouldn't be ashamed. It's okay.

She rubs his shoulders to comfort him.

VAN MEER

Really?

HONEYDEW

Yeah. I don't judge people.

His demeanor changes.

VAN MEER

Good. What I really like are the  
little black boys. Younger the  
better. Got any here?

He winks at her. The eyes of Honeydew bug wide open. Now she looks back at him with repulsion and disgust. She quickly hides it with a fake smile.

HONEYDEW

Let me check my little black book  
in the drawer.

Honeydew pulls open the drawer. Her fingers wrap around the pipe's handle.



HONEYDEW (CONT'D)  
I know just the kid. Ready to lay  
some pipe are we?

VAN MEER  
A kafir boy?

HONEYDEW  
Of course. His name is Leadbelly.

She spins around and cracks him in the head with the metal baton. He tumbles off the chair, onto the ground...then looks back at her through one eye.

VAN MEER  
But--

The pipe, rocks his noggin again. This swing results in a knock-out. Honeydew breathes heavy.

HONEYDEW  
No butt for you. Ever again.

INT. OTHER PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

Ivan takes another vodka shot as he chops cocaine into lines. Seduction looks on.

SEDUCTION  
Hey buddy. You had a lot of vodka.  
Not even buzzed yet?

He does two lines, then smiles at her.

IVAN  
I am Russian. A real man. I drink  
American wussy, under the table.

SEDUCTION  
And you're not sleepy?

IVAN  
Why should I be sleepy? You put  
something in Ivan's drink?

He advances towards her menacingly. Seduction plays it cool.

SEDUCTION  
Just want to make sure you are up  
for two girls. My friend, Sugar G,  
has wanted a real Russian man but  
can't find one around here.

Ivan smiles and sits back down.

IVAN  
I like that. Bring her.

Pretending to be giddy, Seduction goes to the intercom.

SEDUCTION  
Hey girl. Got me that big strong  
Russian of your dreams here. Been  
drinking and but says he still has  
the strength to do us both. You  
free? He's full of energy.

IVAN  
And cocaine.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Lady T listens to the monitor.

LADY T  
(Southern accent)  
I'll speed on over. A Russian? How  
sexy.

The call ends. Gladiator steps from the shadows.

LADY T (CONT'D)  
Go get em.

INT. OTHER PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

Ivan begins to unbutton his shirt while smiling at Seduction.

IVAN  
Let's get started, sweet one.

SEDUCTION  
My friend is on her way. I'll  
freshen up in the bathroom. Be  
right back.

He continues to take his shirt off as she scoots into the bathroom. Moments later, the door of the room swings open hard. Gladiator, muscles flexing, scowls.

IVAN  
What is this? Scam? You people, all  
criminals. You don't scare me, boy.

Gladiator closes the door behind him as Ivan rushes him.  
Ivan pins him to the door and they wrestle for dominance.

A punch to the gut is absorbed by Gladiator and he shoves him away. Ivan sees him take a martial arts stance.

GLADIATOR

Nice try. Come on. Let's get it.

They both go at each other with Asian fighting styles.  
Punches, kicks and head butts are exchanged.

They knock over lamps and chairs as they rumble in the room.

Ivan gets in a punch that knocks Gladiator backwards.

IVAN

I thought you people could fight.  
I've beaten up women tougher than  
you. Weak American trash.

Ivan swings again, but Gladiator ducks it and punishes his mid-section with thunder blows.

As Ivan bends over from the onslaught, Gladiator bounces on his toes, Ali style, then spins and delivers a roundhouse kick to Ivan's chin.

Seduction comes out of the bathroom in time to see the Russian hit the ground, knocked out.

Seduction hugs Gladiator, worthy of his heroics. They stare down at Ivan.

GLADIATOR

Oracle is on stand-by, right? Tell her we're ready.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

This time there are two wheelchairs and two different idiots sitting in them, bound and knocked out. Oracle's attendants are about to roll them out the room.

LADY T

Thank you again, Queen Oracle. I see this conspiracy runs deep.

ORACLE

My pleasure and my duty. I will take care of this garbage. May success and abundance follow you all of your days.

The women hug. Oracle follows her two helpers into the hall with what is left of the foreigners in tow. Lady T looks back to the table where all of the members are in ceremonial garb.

GLADIATOR

I had no idea the Russians hated us that much. Wow.

LADY T

You saw how Vladimir Putin targeted us in the 2016 election. This takes it to another level.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

I guess K.G.B. Stands for Killing Gazillion Blacks, huh?

All chuckle.

LADY T

Hell. I'd laugh harder if it wasn't so true.

They get up and start to leave the room. Lady T's cell phone gives a notification. She looks at it, then smiles.

LADY T (CONT'D)

Hold up, studly. Your girlfriend just sent a text.

A smile breaks out as Lady T reads it to herself.

GLADIATOR

So what's she saying?

LADY T

She's so sweet. She thanked me for the gift and said how much it means to her. For you, she says, aloha.

GLADIATOR

Aloha? Okay, whatever.

LADY T

Ha, you don't understand, baby boy. She wants to take you fellas to Hawaii for a week. Should I say it's alright?

Gladiator and Chocolate Mousse look at each other, dumbfounded.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

Daaaamn. Straight up?

GLADIATOR

You don't have to say it's alright... but you might have to follow that with a bullet to the back of my head.

He laughs hard and shares a hi-five with his bro.

LADY T

Asshole. Go home and pack.

Seduction stands by the door as the happy men walk through.

SEDUCTION

Hawaii? Jesus. Your girl eat cootchie? I wanna go.

Laughs ring out in the hallway.

INT. LEXUS - NIGHT

Lady T starts the car. Her cellphone rings.

LADY T

Yeah, who's this? What?...Why you little shit. Yes, fine. I'll be there. You better not hurt her.

The Lexus peels out, tires screech.

INT. MAMA T'S ROOM - NIGHT

Devon, afraid, sits next to her grandma's bed and holds her hand. Staring at them, Chilly and two of her thug friends. All are armed.

A knock is at the door. Lady T marches in with papers in her hands, then closes the door.

LADY T

You psycho motherfucker. I used to love you. Look up to you. Now I want to rip your throat out.

CHILLY

See mama? Bad tempers run in our family. Why single me out?

MAMA T

I should have singled you out about forty years ago with an abortion. Stop this bullshit and go.

CHILLY

Be glad to. Just sign the deed over to me. I might even give you a cut...If you behave.

MAMA T

I ain't signing shit.

Chilly points her gun at her niece.

CHILLY

So if my sister doesn't have an heir to pass the agency to, we are both in the same boat, huh?

LADY T

Don't even play like that you asshole. Here's the deed. Run everything into the ground, I don't care. Gimme back my baby.

The deed is snatched from Lady T's hands and Chilly shuffles it over to their mom. She slams the deed down on the nightstand with a pen.

CHILLY

Sign it. Avoid the drama.

MAMA T

Our people's lives depend on our agency. In your hands, it'll turn to shit. No thanks. Fuck you.

Chilly motions her head towards Devon and one of her thugs grabs her. Puts a gun to her head as the teens tears fall.

CHILLY

I said sign it, you old, wrinkled hag. We don't have all day.

Mama T stares her convict daughter down.

MAMA T

Wrong. You have all eternity.

Gun blasts from under the bedsheets knock the thug next to Devon into a dresser. The other thug is too slow to react and the old gangsta woman plants lead right between her eyes. Both are dead before they hit the floor.

CHILLY

I HATE YOU!

Two shots enter her mother's chest cavity. Mama T takes her last breath. Eyes wide, tears running -- Lady T is transfixed as her daughter screams.

LADY T  
You...You fucking monster.

CHILLY  
Guess I don't need a signature anymore.

Lady T jumps on her. She knocks the gun away and brawl like mad dogs. Punches, nail scratches, hair pulls and kicks are exchanged.

The larger Chilly swings, knocks Lady T backwards. Chilly goes to pounce on her but, Lady T rolls out of the way.

Now on Chilly's back, Lady T puts her in a sleeper hold. Her sister gags for air.

LADY T  
Go to sleep, bitch. Go to sleep.

Chilly struggles against her hold. Just as she breaks free and pushes Lady T off her...CRACK.

The butt of her gun smashes into her skull. Standing above her, Devon breathes hard, nostrils flared.

DEVON  
She said...Go to sleep.

Mother and daughter hug. Tears flow. They go to the bedside of the murdered matriarch and weep bitterly.

INT. CLUB MOTHERLAND - DAY

An enlarged, framed picture of Mama T, smiles down from its place of honor near the entrance.

Gladiator and Mousse wait by the door in tropical shirts and with packed bags.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE  
Here they come. I'm doing the surfing, the scuba and all that.

Maryann and Bonnie seem to float through the door and into their arms.

GLADIATOR

Mmm. Good to see you, baby. Ready to go?

Lady T scampers up to them.

LADY T

Hold on, y'all.

She hugs both women.

MARYANN

Glad I got to see you before we left. I owe you so much.

BONNIE

I have a question. What the hell did you do with those dirtbag racists? Feed them to stray dogs?

MARYANN

Yeah, you said you didn't kill him. He in a dungeon somewhere?

LADY T

Kinda. He's with his friends. Here, let me show you.

Lady T beckons them over and points. They follow her finger to the figurines by the door. Three new figures have been added to the display.

The likeness to her husband and friends is remarkable. Next to them is a black cop, Biggs.

MARYANN

No. You must be shitting me.

The ladies bend down to take a better look. Eyes bulge.

LADY T

I need to add another one.

The figurine of Chilly is placed next to Biggs.

BONNIE

No wonder they look so life-like.

Stunned, she looks back at Lady T.

MARYANN

So he's still alive and can see me?



LADY T  
Yes. For eternity.

She smiles, then flips off the mini-Donald with both hands.

MARYANN  
Wait. I can outdo that.

She grabs Gladiator by the collar, pulls him face level to the figurine and gives him a sloppy, wet kiss.

BONNIE  
Yeah, teach him. All of them racist  
assholes. Give them something to  
dwell on till the end of time.

After the kiss, they stand back up.

MARYANN  
Fuck you, Donald. Think about  
that... and all the money I took  
from you...and all that chocolate  
covered loving I'm gonna get.

Belly laughs ring out.

LADY T  
Girl, you ain't got a lick of  
sense. You best get going before  
you miss your flight. Come on.  
I'll walk you out.

The crew grabs their bags and head to the door.

A closer look to Donald's figurine shows -- absolute and total...helplessness.

THE END