

DON'T DIE IN DUBAI

Written by

Christopher Blair Harmon

E-mail Address : darkmarktwain@yahoo.com

INT. KING K-9'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Smoke billows from African American lips. They belong to rap legend, KING K-9 (late 40's). Gray hair dyed black. Eyes, blunted, but dude looks like he's seen some things in his time - and ain't to be played with.

KING K-9
Yo, Nighthawk, pick a sport so I
can whoop your ass.

A mile of side-eye is given by the younger, MC NIGHTHAWK (early 40's). Gold hangs from his neck as the bright colors on his fancy silk shirt glimmer under house lighting. A competitive smile crosses his face.

NIGHTHAWK
You tripping. Only thing you can
do better than me is blowing farts
and rolling blunts.

Nighthawk hits his cannabis with serious intention.

KING K-9
King K-9 will always be the
cannabis ... King. Yeah, I got a
few years on you. That's why you
can't beat your boy at nothing.

Nighthawk coughs and chugs down some water. He looks around the maxed-out game room.

NIGHTHAWK
I concede the Kush crown, but
that's it. Get your Kleenex ready
for crying time. Foosball?

KING K-9
What this look like? A co-ed
kegger party? Pick again.

They both puff as Nighthawk scans the possibilities.

NIGHTHAWK
You gonna get whapped anyway.
Hell, Ping Pong, ... Madden? I'd
suggest poker but I'd feel funny
taking all your cheese.

KING K-9
Cheese? You can catch some butt
cheese and that's about it. Let's
hit up some old-school, pool table
shit. It's over here.

They meander to the billiards and pick their sticks. K-9 racks up the balls.

NIGHTHAWK

Figures you pick something made before Thomas Edison was born, with your ancient ass.

KING K-9

Ancient for real, I got that big 50 'round the corner. But ... Never slippin'. Party time. You showing, right?

King K-9 breaks the balls with a thunderous collision. A few balls go into pockets.

NIGHTHAWK

Love to, but real talk. I got court that day.

The next shot by King K-9 is a dud. Nighthawk steps up.

KING K-9

Court? Damn, dog ... Was looking forward to testeroning and long boning some strippers, like back in the day.

Nighthawk smiles as he runs a few balls home.

NIGHTHAWK

You turning 50 or 30 my man? Best leave that action to the young bucks. Like me.

He misses his shot King K-9 nudges him to the side.

KING K-9

I still gots what bitches need. Who you foolin'? Fuck court. Get your 'head bad' wit the King, fool.

POW, corner pocket with authority.

NIGHTHAWK

Why you sweating, G? You skipped my wedding.

Another good shot from the King.

KING K-9

Your FOURTH wedding. I squawked to you 'bout that situation.

(MORE)

KING K-9 (CONT'D)

Girl was a hoe. I was looking out
for you, nephew. You know me.

King K-9 lines up a difficult shot.

NIGHTHAWK

Player, I hate when you're right.
Remember seeing that shit on TMZ?
Damn near killed me on the spot.

The shot is taken, the ball goes in. K-9 mugs to his friend.

KING K-9

MC Nighthawk don't go out like
that, right? At least you lost her
to a seven foot power forward.
Gold digging-ass, size queen.

NIGHTHAWK

You right. If King Kong was real,
that girl would be riding monkey
dick on the Empire State building.

The last ball goes in. Only the eight ball is left.

KING K-9

Hell to the yeah. That gorilla
would be walking bow-legged before
he leaves - Skull Island. Shee-it.

NIGHTHAWK

But, yo dog ... Even if I was
reincarnated, like ten times, that
was the best pussy I ever had ...
In any lifetime.

Taking his eyes from the table, King K-9 stares his homey in
the eye. Tips his head to the side.

KING K-9

A stripper for a bride? Come on,
player. I taught you better.
(beat)
Left side, corner pocket.

NIGHTHAWK

You right. But still. She was
part Syrian and could belly dance.
I'm telling ya. Whew ... Heaven.

KING K-9

What's so damn special about that?
I been seeing booties clap since I
was a youngblood.

NIGHTHAWK

Ha. Not like what I'm speaking on.
Pure ... Fi-yah, my dude. She
could bring the dead back to life
with her shit.

The bank shot is successful. While the eight ball is still
rolling, K-9 proclaims ...

KING K-9

I win.

The ball drops in.

NIGHTHAWK

That was some tough stuff to cut
loose. You was all-in for me, bro.
I owe you. I'll see if my attorney
can get a delay.

Nighthawk puts his pool stick back, grabs his jacket and
heads towards the door. King K-9 puts a hand on his shoulder
as they exit.

KING K-9

Ain't no thang.

They do a complicated handshake and hug.

NIGHTHAWK

Don't let the party thing or the
aging thing worry your mind, bro.
Count your blessings. Ya heard?
You got plenty, my man.

KING K-9

For sho'.

INT. HOLLYWOOD AGENCY - DAY

A huge talent firm, staff runs around everywhere. All look
stressed except the guy in the leather jacket. BUZZ ALDRICH
(40's) cruises through the office with a smile and greeted
like the ace he is around there.

A fancy banner reading, BOOST TALENT AGENCY adorns the wall.
Buzz bounces up to an office door and knocks. He then lets
himself in.

INT. PABLO'S OFFICE - DAY

Smiling, Buzz has a seat while PABLO (40's) goes through some paperwork and doesn't look up.

PABLO

Good morning, Buzz. Please, have a seat. I know you'd never park your ass in my office unless I told you, right?

BUZZ

Funny. You know this glaucoma medicine ... It makes me want to gravitate my booty to fancy chairs, just like this new one.

An audible fart blasts from Buzz. He giggles as Pablo looks up at him, then shakes his head.

PABLO

You're hopeless.

BUZZ

Had to break it in right.

PABLO

Of course. Look, you have to escort Boo-Boo Sirens to court today. If you're done making skidmarks on my furniture.

BUZZ

Big day. Hopefully she'll get control of her money again. Then pick me as a boyfriend.

PABLO

She's crazy, - not blind. Her case makes Britney's case look like a church picnic.

Buzz gets up quicker than a cheetah.

BUZZ

I got this. Hey, you need a new chair. This one smells funny.

INT. KING K-9'S HOUSE - NIGHT

On the phone, chilling to the MF max, is King K-9. In comparison to the photos on the wall nearby, he has aged. His face shows confusion.

KING K-9

For real, cousin? Damn, I didn't know you was with all that. If you don't get convicted, drop on by to my birthday bash, bro.

Looking exhausted, he looks around his empty mansion and sighs. King K-9 hangs up and shakes his head.

KING K-9 (CONT'D)

What the fuck? Everybody's busy, outta town or on way to the pen. I ain't never seen such a sad, lonely birthday in my life, yo.

He kicks back in the Lazy-Boy and covers his face with his hands. A deep exhale is heard. Then ...

A mini version of King K-9 wearing a devil suit, LITTLE LUCIFER, appears on his left shoulder.

KING K-9 (CONT'D)

What the fuck? Who ...

LITTLE LUCIFER

I'm the muthafucka who can help. I hear ya, bro. What's the point of going on. Just getting older, uglier with less homies to trust.

KING K-9

That's life, I guess.

LITTLE LUCIFER

It ain't got to be. Peep the pics of your friends on the wall. Tupac, Nipsey, Biggie, Left-Eye ... Frozen in time, youthful.

A row of photos showing friends who died young is pondered by King K-9 and his tormenter.

KING K-9

Times are hard on the boulevard today, but I be a'ight.

LITTLE LUCIFER

Really? Lets see what you look like on the geriatric tip.

King K-9 looks on in horror as the devil version ages quickly. The saggy eyes, the balding head and wrinkled skin makes him wince.

KING K-9

Damn, I'm fucked up from the feet
up. Gone man, I seen enough.

Little Lucifer changes back to normal.

LITTLE LUCIFER

Your escape from all this sad shit
is only a fistful of Fentanyl away.
You're old, my brother. Downhill
like a muthafucka from here, out.

The photos of his deceased friends hold his gaze as silence
fills the luxurious room.

KING K-9

I sure ain't looking forward to the
days of adult diapers. But, I
dunno. Ain't an angel supposed to
be on my other shoulder?

LITTLE LUCIFER

I shanked his ass. This here, it's
between me and you. Big game,
boss. Fourth down and inches.
Let's do it. Get the pills.

Both versions of King K-9 stare each other down.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

The entry to the building is packed with fans. Buzz exits a
luxury car, then offers his hand to BOO-BOO (late 30's) who
exits like a Marilyn Monroe knock-off. The fans go nuts.

Buzz guides Boo-Boo through the crowd towards the courthouse.
FREE BOO BOO signs are held high. She blows kisses to them.

INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Lawyers and court staff dash through the halls as Buzz and
Boo-Boo huddle up.

BUZZ

Are you ready? This could mean
your freedom.

Boo-Boo whips her blonde hair and smiles at passers-by who
recognize her.

BOO-BOO

I'm always ready. For anything.

Buzz looks at her curiously.

BUZZ

Not to be a dick, but are you high?

BOO-BOO

Maybe, how about you?

He rolls his eyes and escorts her toward the courtroom.

BUZZ

Not yet, but I might inhale all the
Wowie outta Maui when this is done.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Boo-Boo ecstatically launches herself through the courthouse doors to the roar of her devoted fans. She jumps up and down in her skimpy outfit, overjoyed.

Looking dazed, Buzz strolls out behind her.

BUZZ

You won. I can barely believe it.

BOO-BOO

I have to share this with my fans.

She blows kisses as she dashes away from Buzz. Taken by surprise, he sprints to catch up with her.

Boo-Boo engages fans who want her autograph and pics with her. Buzz stands close by.

BOO-BOO (CONT'D)

I'm okay here. Go take that trip to Maui, dude. I'll be ready when you're done. Celebrate!

BUZZ

Alright. I'll burn one in the limo and be back to get you.

She waves to him as he walks to the vehicle.

INT. LIMO - DAY

Red eyed and goofy smile, Buzz puffs a joint as he watches goofy TIK TOK videos.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

A young guy with a smart-ass look on his face is next in line for an autograph.

SMART-ASS

Hey glad you won. Wish I could've seen you when you were still a young, hot thing.

Boo-Boo's whole demeanor changes.

BOO-BOO

Look fucker, I might be older, but I'm still hot.

INT. LIMO - DAY

Giggling himself silly, a ridiculous video is cut off by an incoming call.

PABLO (V.O.)

Where the fuck are you? She's screwing up again.

Buzz looks over at the crowd. Boo-Boo dances, seemingly topless, on the hood of a car. The joint falls from his mouth as his jaw falls.

BUZZ

Don't worry. I got this.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Panic jumps from every pore in his body as Buzz hauls ass to Boo-Boo's cabaret show. Twerking is added to her routine as he arrives. Buzz leaps onto the car with his leather jacket in hand. He slings it over the topless star.

In the crowd, all cell phones display a red recording light. They 'boo' Buzz as he covers her up. The two jump from the car hood to the ground.

BOO-BOO

They don't think I'm still hot. Maybe I'll go bottomless too.

She struggles with her buckle as Buzz slaps her hand away.

BUZZ

We had enough for today, thank you.
Save it for Christmas gifts. Let's
go, Boo-Boo.

Reluctantly she is whisked away by him as she blows kisses.

INT./EXT. PABLO'S OFFICE - DAY

MC Nighthawk strolls out smiling as he and Pablo hug. A
much less confident Buzz waits outside the door.

NIGHTHAWK

Cool. Keep me updated.

As he turns and sees Buzz, a grin appears.

BUZZ

Hey, Nighthawk. What's shaking?

NIGHTHAWK

Apparently, courthouse titties.

The rapper laughs hard, but Buzz's smile is crushed by the
angry look on Pablo's face. After Nighthawk is gone, Pablo
uses his finger to point Buzz into his office.

BUZZ

Maybe I should, uh, ask to sit down
this time.

PABLO

You asked, and you may not. You
fucked up. Boo-Boo might be deemed
nuts again and returned to her
mom's care because of your neglect.
No more getting high while on duty.

His eyes burn into his employee. Swallowing hard, Buzz nods
in agreement.

BUZZ

Sure. Yes. Absolutely. And I'm
really sorry about--

PABLO

Save it. I have another assignment
for your pitiful ass. If you blow
it, you're done here. You're done
in this industry. You clear?

BUZZ

Uh, okay. Whatever it is, I got this, no problem.

Pablo rubs his chin as he studies Buzz's face.

INT. KING K-9'S HOUSE - DAY

King K-9 sulks and kicks back on the couch. His entourage enters the room unaware of King K-9 and his downward-facing-dog, mood. Big ass CASPER, (late 30's), his dark-skinned, bald-headed body-man leads the pack.

PETEY-PETE (mid 50's) hides most of his gray hair with a Cuban hat, dipped to the side, playa-style. HARPO, the youngest (early 20's) hauls two laptops around his neck and a backpack in his hand.

PETEY-PETE

So did she break you off?

The subject makes Harpo visibly uncomfortable.

HARPO

Well, yeah. Kinda.

CASPER

Ain't no 'kinda' when it comes to pussy. Stop tripping. You hear this King?

They look over at their boss together. Concern sweeps their faces. The elder steps up.

PETEY-PETE

Yo, King, looks like you shit on yourself and ain't got pants to change into. What's up?

King K-9 slowly looks at them, studying him.

KING K-9

Ain't no thang, bro. Just ...

CASPER

Talk. We family.

KING K-9

This turning fifty bullshit is wearing on your boy a little.

They look among themselves.

PETEY-PETE

What the fuck wrong with 'fitty'?
I turned that corner a minute ago.
Still feel like young buck. You
need one dem blue pills or what?

KING K-9

My Johnson is like Swanson Hungry-
man meals. Bitches goggle it down.
It ain't that.

Casper flexes and lowers his voice an octave.

CASPER

You got some fools loc-ing up?
That's what I'm here for. I'll
teach em for picking on an old man.

King cuts his eyes at the snide remark.

KING K-9

Old man? Thanks. You know how to
cheer a brotha up, like strippers
know brain surgery.

HARPO

You are just as popular as ever.
Here. I'll show you the analytic
data on the laptop.

KING K-9

Yo, it ain't none of that. Look.
I kinda wanted a party on the big
day, but everybody's busy.

PETEY-PETE

Fuck em. Dude ... Go to Hawaii,
Bali or some shit.

KING K-9

That's ... Hell dog, I been
everywhere and done everything in
this motherfucking world. I don't
know what I wanna do to make that
day special.

Petey-Pete starts laughing.

PETEY-PETE

You rich ass bitch. Crying like a
white girl because you're bored.
Yeah you don't need a hard-on
pills, you need psyche pills.

KING K-9
 Gone somewhere with that bullshit.
 This is real life, cousin. I think
 I ran out of thrills. Shit is
 kinda boring, ya know?

Silence as the crew studies their leader.

CASPER
 Yeah, you need some pussy my dude.

KING K-9
 Booty is your solution to
 everything. You might be right,
 but not right now. Feel me?

His crew looks concerned. The phone rings, King K-9 answers.

KING K-9 (CONT'D)
 You got me, whatcha need?

INT. PABLO'S OFFICE - DAY

Kicking back in his chair, Pablo sports a wide smile.

PABLO
 Kay-To-The-Nines. How ya doing
 player? A great gig for you just
 landed on my desk. Pays well, get
 you outta town and should be fun.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

King K-9 is hesitant. He runs his hand over his forehead.

KING K-9
 I don't know, my dude. I just
 ain't really feeling like doing too
 much lately.

Buzz watches Pablo on the call. He seems concerned about his
 star client.

PABLO
 Don't be that way, bro. The world
 needs the mighty King K-9. You
 know that shit. I'll send over
 Buzz to give all the info.

KING K-9
 Fine, we can talk, for sho', but
 the answer will probably be ... No.

INT. KING K-9'S HOUSE, FOYER - DAY

Buzz is ushered in by a butler. King K-9 comes out to greet him, still in pajamas. It's easy to tell it's Buzz's first time in these digs. Amazement consumes his face as he looks around at the opulence.

KING K-9

Welcome to the crib, my man. Been a minute since I seen you last.

They do a complicated handshake that ends with a smiling hug.

BUZZ

Your place is awesome, King.

KING K-9

Let me walk you through and expound on this muthafucker. Got some cool shit you can't see nowhere else.

King K-9 points to a glass display case with pipes. Photos of other celebrities getting high with him surround it.

BUZZ

That's a lot of bongs and shit. Knock over a head shop or something?

KING K-9

You know how they retire jerseys in the NFL? I smoked dope with some serious MVPs using these bitches.

BUZZ

No shit? Like who?

KING K-9

That bong there got sparked with Cheech and Chong. My brotha Biggie Smalls smoked that pipe when we did our first song together.

BUZZ

How cool.

King K-9 opens the case. Buzz reaches in and puts a chillum in his mouth.

BUZZ (CONT'D)

Who was smoking this one? Smells kinda funny.

KING K-9

Boo Boo Sirens stuck that pipe in
her snatch before she smoked it.
Girl is a stone freak.

Quickly taking it from his mouth, Buzz makes a face and hands it back to King K-9. Then uses his fingernails to scratch off the taste from his tongue.

BUZZ

Maybe I should ask first before I
put shit in my mouth.

King K-9 chuckles and closes up the display and motions for Buzz to follow.

KING K-9

That's some words to live by, huh?

They enter the plush living room and sit on the custom couch.

BUZZ

King, I'm your boy. After Pablo told me about the gig and your hesitancy, I looked into it more. No bullshit, this one you'll remember forever. It's soon too, mid October.

Shaking his head negatively, King K-9 waves him off.

KING K-9

That's my birthday dog. I was planning ... But hey, everyone's busy. Might as well make some bank. Where's the venue? I don't wanna be in some cowboy town.

BUZZ

Far away from cowboy as it gets.
You'll be a talent judge in Dubai.

Coyly peering over at Buzz, a tiny smile escapes.

KING K-9

Love that place. Okay, what am I judging? Camels or what?

With a smile big enough to drive a oil tanker though, Buzz leans closer.

BUZZ

Belly dancing.

Both of their eyes meet. King K-9 chuckles to himself.

KING K-9
Yeah, Papi. I keep hearing how fly
that shit is. A'ight. Daddy
likes. What about my crew?

BUZZ
They can go too. I'll be the
agency rep.

KING K-9
The baby-sitter, huh?

BUZZ
More like dog-sitter, but yeah. I
don't get in your business, you
know me. Just wanna make it run
smooth. You down?

KING K-9
It's appealing. I'm not sure.

BUZZ
The other judges are Shakira and
Leslie Jones.

After a double-take and grin, King K-9 pounds his chest.

KING K-9
Sign me up, young man. Shit.

A contract is extracted from the inside pocket of his leather
jacket. He puts it on the table.

BUZZ
Let's do this.

Buzz hands him a pen. K-9 hesitates.

KING K-9
I can't go nowheres unless I get a
guarantee of good bud. Can you
promise me that, player?

BUZZ
I'm like OPP. You know me.

King K-9 chuckles as he signs.

KING K-9
Yeah, your ass is naughty by nature
alright. I'll call my boys in,
let's burn a tree, up in here.

EXT. KING K-9'S PATIO - NIGHT

A blunt the size of a linebacker's left foot is passed around. Coughing follows. It's passed to Buzz, he motions that he will slide on it. King K-9 catches it.

KING K-9
You stopped getting lit? You?

Ashamed, his eye contact is minimal.

BUZZ
That whole thing with Boo-Boo Siren. My bad. Was getting stoned at the time. Pablo lost it. Banned me during work.

A grin hits King K-9's face.

KING K-9
That was some wild shit. Swinging them perfect peaks around. Dime in her prime. I'll get with Pablo for you. No worries.

BUZZ
Cool, much appreciated. I better get going, before I partake.

KING K-9
Here, tug on this jay when you get to the crib. Burn it with your girl and send love from K-9.

The blunt is about the same size of the one they blaze. He hands it to Buzz.

INT. KING K-9'S HOUSE - DAY

Packed bags are lined up as King K-9, Buzz and the entourage kick back on the couch. They pass the chillum around but bypass Buzz. He inhales deeply as it goes by him though.

BUZZ
So remember guys, don't bring anything. I have a connect there.

KING K-9
Righteous. Tell me more about the whole belly dancing joint. I wanna be up on thangs.

Smiling, Buzz toys with is phone.

BUZZ

There, just sent you a link. Bring it up on the big screen.

After fooling around with the remote for a while, he tosses it to Harpo.

KING K-9

Here nephew. Show em why you're the hi-tech tyrannosaurus.

In short time, Harpo has the link activated. The video features a young lady in full belly dance uniform. She starts into her moves with a lively beat in the background.

The jaws of the spectators on the couch hang open. Eyes glued to the screen. King K-9 smiles.

KING K-9 (CONT'D)

Maybe we should leave early.

Laughter breaks the silence.

CASPER

Shit, we should been there already. Look at her hurl that meat around. A brotha could get hurt if he ain't careful.

PETHEY-PETE

Imma marry that bitch.

They laugh but Petey-Pete looks ready to go to the diamond store when she's done twisting.

KING K-9

If you grew a Viagara bush, with blue pills instead of blueberries, - you still couldn't handle that shit on your best day.

PETHEY-PETE

Speak for yourself, King. Smelling that titty sweat's all I need to get hard as the Hope diamond.

Buzz and King K-9 smile at each other.

KING K-9

Alright, let's get it cracking. I wanna see that shit face to face, titty to face, booty to face and everything else.

PETEY-PETE

Good booty never sleeps.

They get up, grab their luggage and head out.

INT. LIMO - DAY

On way to airport, they blaze. A King K-9 tune keeps heads bopping. Hot box conditions are extreme in the cab. A thick, beefy cloud, hangs. Buzz smiles as he takes deep inhales, one after another.

BUZZ

Pablo said not to smoke, but he didn't mention this, huh?

He giggles to himself which causes the others to laugh.

KING K-9

Yo, this gonna be a long ass flight. Let's get some THC syrup. Get a good sleep on.

HARPO

Your lab's on the way.

KING K-9

Hey driver. We need to detour for a sec. I need to see the Doc.

INT. GROW LAB - DAY

The crew is greeted by ELLEN EINSTEIN (30's) in her lab-coat as they stroll into the facility. An African American, her braids are covered by a hair net but she's gorgeous anyway.

EINSTEIN

King, so good to see you again.

They hug and smile.

KING K-9

Always a pleasure. Buzz, this here is a certified genius. We call her Ellen Einstein and she delivers with the smarts.

EINSTEIN

The only reason I'm here is because this tough ole gangster here paid my tuition for college.

Humility rushes over King K-9, he struggles with it.

KING K-9

You the one C-Walking all over
these bitches. If there's props,
it falls on you.

EINSTEIN

You're the best. Come on, follow
me. I got what you need.

CASPER

(under his breath)
Sure do.

As they forge ahead, they pass rows and rows of marijuana
plants in various stages of growth.

KING K-9

I need to dip through here more
often. My green ... Heaven.

Petey-Pete pounds fists with him after that statement.

INT. EINSTEIN'S OFFICE - DAY

The guys look around the office. Signs about the medical
benefits of cannabis are prominent on the walls. The counter
she stands at, has various size jars of cannabis, CBD,
shatter and syrup. A bottle of the syrup is removed.

EINSTEIN

We just developed this Indica
strain into liquid form. Perfect
for your long flight. Takes an
hour to feel it. Time it right.

She hands it to King K-9 with a smile.

KING K-9

Boo, timing is everything. Always
has been and always will be. I got
that attitude of gratitude for ya,
all day long.

EINSTEIN

My pleasure. Where are you
gentlemen going again?

KING K-9

Dubai. UAE time, baby.

EINSTEIN

I just read an article this week about a special strain they have. Locals call it The Black Desert Queen. It's double the THC of the best strains today.

Slightly stunned, King K-9 scopes his crew. Seems it's news to them too.

KING K-9

Put in an order for your boy. I'll pick that shit up on camelback if I gots to.

EINSTEIN

I wish it was that easy. You'd have to get it from well connected locals. Expensive too. Only millionaires mess with it.

KING K-9

I'm a top dolla, make you wanna holla, dude. It's on and poppin.

INT. LIMO - DAY

Buzz shakes his head as he looks through the limo's window. The traffic is bumper to bumper.

BUZZ

A traffic jam? Really? This is fucking up our schedule. You guys didn't take that already, did you?

King K-9 holds up the empty bottles.

KING K-9

At least it ain't 'shrooms.

PETHEY-PETE

Would love to see you try to handle a car full of trippin ass brothas though ... Ha. They don't teach that in college.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

All the seats are almost full when the Dubai-bound stoners arrive. Eyeballs that are normally orbs, are more like moist little slits.

Harpo and Casper have a bad case of adult giggles. King K-9 and Petey-Pete just should have gotten wheelchairs to board. They wobble as Buzz directs them to the first class seats.

PETEY-PETE

Yo G, I think my knees are melting.

KING K-9

You and me both, player. My booty needs to get with a cushion right quick. The K-9 is almost on all fours already.

The older gentlemen land on their seats with a heavy thud.

PETEY-PETE

Damn, that was a long walk. Casper, next time your big black ass needs to carry me.

CASPER

Shit, I'm a bodybuilder, not a crane. You need to lose about thirty of them love handles first.

PETEY-PETE

I keeps one for each of my bitches.

Just then a perky young thing with a HOWARD U., sweater and short skirt stops in front of them. She's so star-struck, it looks like she's doing the 'I need to pee-pee' dance.

HOWARD U

King K-9? I can't believe it. You are the king, yo. Can I take a selfie with you?

King K-9 forces his eyes open and takes in the view of the co-ed in front of him. After smiling, he winks at her.

KING K-9

However you want it. I'll be glad to make time - for a fine dime.

Jumping with excitement in the aisle, she then launches herself onto King K-9. Sitting right in his lap, she twists and takes a sexy pic as she kisses his cheek.

His smile widens. King K-9 likey. She giggles, then does a short lap dance while she's in position.

HOWARD U

Mmm, yeah ... I like this seat. Do you big daddy?

KING K-9

You could park it right there for
the whole trip, baby boo.

A line of selfie seekers starts to form. The STEWARDESS
(30's) spots it and rushes over to the celeb.

STEWARDESS

Okay, excuse me ... Please give the
man some privacy. Please return to
your seats.

HOWARD U

But King K-9 wants me to sit here.
It's comfy, but the seat cushion
seems to have a hard lump in it.

She shares a giggle with the stoned, King K-9. Buzz watches
the interaction closely.

STEWARDESS

Uh, yes. Anyway, we will take off
soon. Please return to your seat.

The co-ed pouts, then gives King K-9 a short kiss as she gets
up and straightens her skirt. She looks back at him.

HOWARD U

Good thing I'm a biology major. I
found out where that hard lump came
from right away.

She nods towards his crotch. The stewardess's eyes follow,
then she turns away, smiles then grabs a blanket.

STEWARDESS

Uh, mista K-9. Maybe you can limit
your exposure with this.

Sensing the moment, King K-9 jokes.

KING K-9

Just one? I'll need at least three
blankets to cover up big daddy
long. Feel me?

The stewardess looks a bit stunned, then gets flirty.

STEWARDESS

Feel you? Maybe later.

She winks and straps on the sexiest strut in her arsenal.
King K-9 studies the motion of her ocean. A tsunami is going
on back there. He beams.

HOWARD U
I saw him first.

EXT. DUBAI AIRPORT - DAY - ESTABLISHING

Palm trees in the background are backlight by the morning sun. The ultra-modern airport glistens.

EXT. STREETS OF DUBAI - DAY

The limo winds down the elegant streets of the desert city. Fingers point from windows at some of the opulent buildings and landmarks.

INT. KING K-9'S SUITE - DAY

The tribe opens the door to the luxury room. They stand in the doorway stunned by the exquisite ... Everything. King K-9 moves past them and heads for the couch.

KING K-9
Ah yes. Love me some Dubai.

He plops down and stretches out. The others follow him in, wide-eyed at the surroundings.

PETEY-PETE
Yeah baby. Now this here is living. Don't know if I ever seen some shit like this.

CASPER
Yeah, tell my moms that I ain't NEVER coming home.

HARPO
If I could live in a room like this, I'd be happy to bust suds in the kitchen twenty hours a day.

CASPER
Hell, you'd bend over and be somebody's bitch for a weekend stay. Who you kidding?

King K-9 tucks a pillow under his head.

KING K-9
That syrup, jet-lag and lunch got me droopier than a Crip's pants. I might zone out a minute.

BUZZ

Cool. I have to zip out and meet some people. Be back in a few.

Exhausted, King K-9 rolls over.

INT. KING K-9'S SUITE - DAY

Buzz walks in with a smile on his face. The guys seem rested and are in a frisky mood.

KING K-9

There's the player. How things go? Holla at your boy with them Dubai doobies. I'm awake and I needs to bake.

PETHEY-PETE

Preach, brother.

KING K-9

In other words, soon as I raise up, I wanna blaze up.

Buzz's butt gets familiar with a plush chair.

BUZZ

I called him earlier. Let me check on him.

The digits are hit.

KING K-9

Even some of that hashish will do.

PETHEY-PETE

I heard they make that with camel poop. What the fuck is that?

KING K-9

Cancel the hash order, nephew.

BUZZ

Hi, Ahmed? How's it going? You close, brother?

INT. AHMED'S CAR - DAY

Behind the wheel of his Benz, AHMED (20's) rolls his eyes when he sees the call come in. Dressed in fancy traditional clothes, he hears Buzz's voice, then hits a button on the steering wheel to answer. His accent, thick.

AHMED

Buzz. Hey, what's up my friend?

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

The crew listens to the conversation through the phone speaker on Buzz's cell.

BUZZ

Just waiting on you, dude.

The car slows and pulls into parking garage.

AHMED

Sorry, my usual guy is on vacation.
Had to struggle to get anything.

The heads of the crew all droop in unison.

BUZZ

Okay, see you in a few.

Buzz ends the call. King K-9 gives him - 'the look'.

KING K-9

That boy shows up with a handful of joints and a few roaches, we gonna have a problem.

BUZZ

Once he gets here, we can talk freer. I'm sure he can find all we need. You can't be dry on your birthday. Not happening.

KING K-9

What I'd really like is that Black Desert Queen bud, Einstein was squawking on.

CASPER

Ole girl said that shit's expensive, bro. We don't know none of these bitches from Adam here.

PETHEY-PETE

They'd be crazy to try and burn the K-9. Although, our tools are back in Cali.

CASPER

That's what I mean. For a transaction like that, a heater is like a condom. Protection.

The doorbell rings. Buzz springs up to let him in. Ahmed greets him then seems to glide into the room. His traditional robes are long and accented with magnificent golden embroidery.

AHMED

Ah, the great King K-9. An honor, sir. My name is Ahmed, I'm here to help with translations and any other matters you need.

KING K-9

Ahmed, my man. Thanks, bro. You can help me out with something green and sticky, right about now.

AHMED

Yes, right away.

He puts one foot on the coffee table and lifts his robe a bit. A half-ounce is taped to his leg. He unwraps the tape, then hands it to King K-9.

KING K-9

Righteous.

The entourage breaks out the blunt wraps and go to work rolling it up.

AHMED

My hope is that you like it. My apologies, but my cannabis friend is on vacation at Disneyland. I didn't know of his plan.

KING K-9

I should give you the address of my lab in Long Beach. Quality smoke.

Ahmed looks confused for a moment.

AHMED

Oh, not the one in California. The one in China.

PETHEY-PETE

China? You shitting me? Damn. Next thing you know, they'll have Roscoe's Chicken and Waffles too.

HARPO

That mouse grew into a monster.
They got several in Asia, Europe,
Caribbean and even ocean-liners.

BUZZ

Yeah, that shit's amazing. Started
just from one goofy cartoon.

KING K-9

Walt Disney had his game, pimp-
tight, didn't he? Damn.

As Petey-Pete finishes rolling, an idea hits him so hard, it
makes him blink.

PETEY-PETE

King. I got it, son. You heard of
DOLLY-WOOD? How about K-9 WOOD.
An amusement park for ganstas?

KING K-9

Seriously? You done lost your
mind, fool. Fire that shit up.

Buzz blinks his eyes rapidly, pondering it.

BUZZ

You know, that's not a bad idea.

CASPER

Fucking ganstas don't be stumbling
around on Ferris wheels, my man.
Get real, dude.

BUZZ

Maybe not ganstas, but Hip-Hop
fans? Not everyone who goes to
DOLLY-WOOD is a hillbilly either.

The counter-point makes an impact, seen on Casper's face.

CASPER

Hmm. Truth.

Harpo sparks the herb and passes it down the side.

HARPO

What kinda rides?

KING K-9

How about the ride where you get
pimp slapped if I don't get that
dank in my hand right quick?

He gets it quick and then puffs it quicker.

BUZZ

I think it's worth brainstorming as you get high. Our minds open up. Oh, did you talk to Pablo about my prohibition?

KING K-9

Fuck Pablo and his narrow ass. You grown, toke if you wanna toke. Ain't no narcs in my outfit.

BUZZ

I take that as an invitation. Now, fill your lungs up and follow me.

The huge joint is passed to Buzz and he almost cries. He takes a humongous lung full. Buzz chokes a bit, then lets out a cloud of smoke that is like a fog machine.

ANIMATION - SERIES OF SHOTS

Smoke clears. A huge, packed parking lot. Diverse multitudes descend on K-9 WOOD's entrance.

Many sport the gear of the Gangsta rap era. Raiders are prominent. The cartoon version of King K-9 is enormous out front, on a huge billboard. Blunt in hand.

BUZZ (V.O.)

I see it dude. It's like a Hip-Hop remix of what the big guys already do. K-9 WOOD!

HARPO (V.O.)

Of course. Cool stuff. Oh ... How about low-rider, bumper cars?

Classic gangsta rides, with big rubber bumpers around them and hydraulics, - bash into each other. Each has different customizations and high gloss paint.

Kids and adults of all kinds laugh as they ram each other and are jostled around.

BUZZ (V.O.)

Is it me or is this some good weed? Good job, Ahmed.

PETHEY-PETE (V.O.)

Let me hit that, Buzz Lightweight ... Oh yeah, it's nice.

(MORE)

PETEY-PETE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Hey, I got one. RASTAS OF THE
CARIBBEAN.

(Jamaican accent)

Can you dig it, mon?

Reggae is heard as dread-locked robots play in a band. A huge banner showing, Marcus Garvey is behind them. Red, black, green and gold covers everything.

Other spots show Rastas smoking ganja at a jerk chicken shack ... A Jamaican girl does 'the butterfly' to the beat ... Some farm ganja fields ... Others run from police.

CASPER (V.O.)

Not bad, but what brothas want is
scary shit. Fuck a mansion, how
about, - the HAUNTED CRACK-HOUSE?

LEAN BACK by Fat Joe, (or similar) bangs from the sound system inside. Customers walk through a graveyard with bizarre headstones as they go inside.

On a 'people-mover', visitors cringe as skinny crackheads with bulging eyes rush at them and beg for money. Some look sad, some intimidating.

Ghosts of crackheads enjoy a house party as they smoke through glass tubes. The way they dance is zombie-like and humorous. Decapitated heads sing the chorus.

KING K-9 (V.O.)

Gangsta fans want gangsta shit.
Instead of a Jungle Cruise, have
the 'CONCRETE JUNGLE' Cruise.
Compton with Crips, Bloods, drugs --

Instead of a boat, spectators are taken on a beat-up metro bus. They cruise through neglected streets lined with trash.

As the bus lumber down the graffiti-filled avenue, they see: A drive-by murder ... Half-dressed hookers ... Dice games ... Drug dealers hawking on the corner... Police abusing residents ... Riots and looting.

PETEY-PETE (V.O.)

Maybe it's the Dubai doobie, but I
like that idea. Where do I get a
ticket, bro?

CASPER (V.O.)

Got to have some booties clapping
in there, right?

A row of neon-lit strip clubs, with provocative marquee signs and matching graphics, line a side of a street.

THE NOT-SO-LITTLE MERMAID, THE MARVEL BOOTY-VERSE and WINNIE THE POO-POO, are prominent.

Cuties in skimpy clothes, boogie on balconies to a funky beat, like in New Orleans. Players wait in line.

KING K-9 (V.O.)
 Booties clapping and titties
 slapping all over the place. You
 know how I roll.

Inside, strippers grind on poles as they get rained on with dollars. Players at the bar, buy drinks for 'shawtys' in sexy outfits. Lap dances, not for the faint of heart.

END ANIMATION

King K-9 lets out a cloud of his own as a smile forms.

KING K-9
 Yeah, Ahmed. This is some bomb
 bud. Creative as hell. Here, you
 hit it. What strain we talking?

Ahmed takes a healthy lung-full. Struggles to hold it in.

AHMED
 Ahh. Thank you, sir. We call it
 Kemet Kush.

KING K-9
 Sweet.

Buzz springs up in his seat, looks at the clock.

BUZZ
 Hey guys. We have to get to the
 rehearsal. Almost forgot.

King K-9 gets up, toothy grin.

KING K-9
 Let's ride.

The crew heads to the door.

AHMED
 I appreciate the hospitality, sir.
 I hope to see you again in the
 future.

KING K-9

Sir? You need to drop that nephew,
call me King. If you ain't busy
you can tag with us.

They all continue on towards the door.

AHMED

Really? Thank you, Mr. King.
Eternal gratitude. In Dubai, you
might find investors for such ideas
as the amusement park.

KING K-9

I like your style, homey. Where
you get that outfit? I might have
to get one of them bad boys.

Exiting, they close the door behind them.

INT. AUDITORIUM - DAY

King K-9, Buzz and the entourage enter the ground floor from
the side. Workmen get the stage ready for the performance.

BUZZ

Let's sit back here so we don't
distract them while they practice.

KING K-9

Much respect for the sisters.
Let's squat over here.

The men take their seats and look to the stage. A dancer
does stretching to loosen up. She wears a half-shirt and
yoga pants. She nods to the side, music starts.

The Middle-Eastern beat is augmented by synthesizers and
sound effects. The woman steps forward and starts to belly
dance to the desert rhythm. Quite well.

Starting slow, she uses her eyes to seduce the imaginary
audience. Music builds to a faster pace. Her hips churn to
the rhythmic groove.

KING K-9 (CONT'D)

Damn. She ain't bullshitting.

Although no audience is there, she practices the sexy looks
she will give to the full house. All the eyes of King K-9's
crew are transfixed on her and those moves.

CASPER

Do we HAVE TO, go back to America?

PETHEY-PETE

Them hoes in the titty bars back home could learn some thangs over here. Popping that shit, without her costume. Wow.

CASPER

Do these hoes take their clothes off, like back home? Can you imagine that lap dance?

Ahmed leans towards them.

AHMED

Belly dancing is a cultural thing. No stripping, but if you have the money ... You know how that goes.

KING K-9

I plan to find out how it goes before I leave this muthafucker. They take Yankee cash right?

The song and dancer finishes. The crew applauds with vigor. The dancer locates them in the empty audience and blows kisses their way.

Cackle laughter comes from behind them. Standing there are SHAKIRA (40's) and LESLIE JONES (50's) with their entourage of all women. Leslie has a devilish look in her eyes.

LESLIE

We saw your eyeballs all up in that booty crack. Stand up, boys. Time for a pecker check. If anybody hard, you owe her money.

Laughter can't get held back. King K-9 gives her a hug, then offers her a seat.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Y'all all worked up from that and expect us to sit there? No, no. Not after all that. Maybe a magician or juggler. Maybe.

KING K-9

Missed you, boo. I see you brought the queen of the belly dancers with you. How's Shakira today?

She winks back at King K-9.

SHAKIRA

I'm doing good, Love Dubai.

LESLIE

Stand back from them boys. That big, Black, bald-head brotha could probably get you pregnant standing across the table from him.

CASPER

Let's try.

Leslie turns into a 'side-eye-asaurus' and crushes him.

LESLIE

I implied your dick was hard, never said it was big. That boy, bust a nut and can't shoot farther than his own balls.

Laughs break out.

BUZZ

Harsh.

LESLIE

We got Buzz here, y'all. Party-pooing ass. You should have let Boo-Boo swing them tits around till all the silicone came out.

BUZZ

Next time.

Leaning on King K-9 shoulder, she whispers in his ear.

LESLIE

I know you got that bomb ass weed, big daddy. Hook a sister up.

He grins then slides her a joint they rolled in the room.

KING K-9

I got more coming.

LESLIE

My boy. That's what's up.

KING K-9

Matter of fact, yo, Ahmed. Check with your peoples. I'd like to cop that this evening.

AHMED

I'll call, right now.

Leslie turns towards Ahmed and slowly strolls over to him.

LESLIE

Whoa, look at this pretty
muthafucker. Love them clothes,
boy. What you go by?

AHMED

My name is Ahmed, ma'am. And I am
a huge fan. So funny.

She rubs her fingertips along his shoulders.

LESLIE

Oh, I likes this one, daddy.
Manners too? He in your stable?

KING K-9

Independent contractor.

LESLIE

Is that right?

Now she runs her fingers through his hair. Ahmed's racing
heart can be heard in Egypt.

KING K-9

My boy ain't ready for that good
jelly. You might put him in a
wheelchair with the stuff you got.

LESLIE

I came all the way to Dubai ... And
leave without some Charles Dickens?
Naw, brotha. He'll just have to
buy a solar powered chair and go on
disability.

All laugh, but Ahmed looks nervous.

SHAKIRA

Sorry, I have to meet with the
stage director to go over stuff.

LESLIE

Damn, well. That's okay. You keep
that shit fresh for mommy, pretty
boy. I'll fix you up a chocolate
desert you'll never forget.

The female stars and their entourage wave as they head towards the stage. Leslie points to her booty, then back at Ahmed. She escalates the bounce factor as she strolls.

CASPER

My brotha, look at that. You hit the jackpot. Let me rub your head to get some luck.

Ahmed looks at him funny, then takes out his phone and dials. He gets up and moves away for privacy.

PETHEY-PETE

The head on top of shoulders? Or are you and Leslie gonna fight over the other one?

CASPER

Shut up, with your old ass.

A smile beams from Ahmed as he returns to the seats.

AHMED

Good news. He has some, but we must go get it. He lives far away.

KING K-9

Yo dude, know anything about the Black Desert Queen, strain? I got major paper, price ain't a thing.

AHMED

We will find out. He would know.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

King K-9, Buzz and the crew sit on the floor with large pillows instead of chairs. A short table with the remains of lunch sits before them. The restaurant is adorned with traditional Middle-Eastern decorations and art.

KING K-9

Yo, Ahmed. You did good, G. Love this authentic shit. It's like we got in the way-back machine.

AHMED

My pleasure, Mr. K-9. Yes, old indeed. It has been in business since the 1800's. I have another surprise for you.

The rap star looks perplexed.

KING K-9

You got more surprises than
Aladdin's genie. Let's see what
you got.

AHMED

Just clap your hands, loudly, two
times. Then you will see.

King K-9 looks intrigued, so does the crew. He smiles then
follows his instructions. CLAP CLAP.

From the back of the establishment, comes a violinist,
accompanied by a woman in a belly dancing outfit.

KING K-9

Ha. Check that shit out.

AHMED

This is the traditional way it has
been done for centuries. Intimate,
like this, not on a stage.

The violinist starts to play an Arabic melody. The dancer,
an older woman, DELILAH, in an outfit of colorful veils start
to wind her hips to the song, right next to him.

In call/response fashion, she moves her body to reflect the
riff the musician has just played.

The dancer's sexy eyes draw the crew into her performance.
As the song's pace picks up, so do her moves.

Comfortable and confident, she glides away from the violinist
and closer to the patrons. Close up, they can see her
stomach muscles do tricks that seem impossible, and sexy.

She flips her long dark hair around as she closes in on K-9.
He is all grins. She even uses her heavily jeweled fingers
to entice the on-lookers with exotic movements.

Painted fingernails gently caress his shoulders and chest as
he sits mesmerized. At one point, she bends backwards,
farther than physics has deemed possible. An upside down
smile greets King K-9 as he gives a thumbs up.

She concludes the dance with a lengthy shimmy of her girl
globes, right in front of the celebrity's face.

The whole room applauds with fervor. She puts her hands
together like a prayer and bows to her new fans.

KING K-9

Tell you what, Miss. You got your game down, air tight. The King is loving it. What's your name?

DALILAH

(Arabic accent)

I'm Dalilah. Thank you, so much.

Her accent makes her even more exotic. He reaches in his pocket and gives her a one hundred dollar bill as a tip. Her eyes get as big as her smile.

KING K-9

Buy yourself something dope, girlfriend. Can I ask, how old you are, with your sexy self?

The compliment hits the sweet spot. She twirls around so they can check out her landscape.

DALILAH

I'm proud to say that I'm 51 years old. Do I look it?

The men look among themselves, confounded. King K-9 scopes out the specimen from the bottom to the top.

KING K-9

Damn, ma. You age nice as a muthafucker. Fitty-one? Y'all believe that fellas?

BUZZ

Had me fooled.

CASPER

I'd swipe that, no matter what number you put on it.

She looks confused.

DALILAH

Swipe?

KING K-9

Don't pay that fool no mind. My birthday is this week and I'll be fitty years deep on this crazy ass planet. You give me hope, sis.

Dalilah slinks closer to King K-9 and rubs her glistening cleavage against his shirt.

DALILAH

One day, maybe I give you more ...
Than hope. No?

She winks, he melts.

KING K-9

Babygurl trying to get the King
sprung. Bless you, baby boo. Hey
Buzz, let's get her in the dance
contest. Let the world see them
moves.

Excited, she kisses his cheek. As she jumps up and down in
joy, all eyes at the table follow.

BUZZ

Done. Let me write down who to
call. Tell them the bossman here
sent you.

As he scribbles on a napkin, she sits on Snoop's lap.

DALILAH

King K-9, you'd do that for me?
What can I do for you?

KING K-9

On my birthday, I'll whisper it in
your ear, while we're in the hot
tub. You good wit that?

DALILAH

I love, hot chocolate.

She licks him by his ear, sensually. King K-9 eyes pop wide.

KING K-9

Boys, we best roll up outta here
before the K-9 starts burying his
bone. Like pronto.

INT. AHMED'S CAR - DAY

Playing tour guide, Ahmed points out landmarks of interest as
they drive through the city. King K-9, in the passenger seat
is attentive and in an up-mood.

KING K-9

Bruh, you hooked your boy up sweet
on that last spot. I was worried
about the five-oh staring me down,
and I don't mean, po-po.

PETEY-PETE

Yeah, don't be a pussy about that. You see I did it. I can still out fuck these youngster with one nut tied behind my back.

CASPER

Please. You be banging them bitches, look like Mother Teresa and shit. Age turns some of these fine bitches right the hell off.

The boss turns to face his flock.

KING K-9

It ain't just the coochie. Am I still relevant? Can I still be the player I been? Now, I say fuck yeah. Don't call it a comeback.

BUZZ

Attitude of a champ. That's what I like to hear.

CASPER

Yo, King -- as your security professional, I ain't down with you flippin' around in public like this. Hey Ahmed, much further?

AHMED

Yes. So sorry. He lives on the edge of the desert.

KING K-9

I'll spark up one of these jay-bomb-seys while Ahmed tells us about that Black Desert Queen, green.

Petey-Pete hands King K-9 a lighter. Ahmed checks his mirrors.

AHMED

I only had it once, but it will not be forgotten. So strong, my friend. The best.

KING K-9

You get what you pay for. What's the story behind it?

AHMED

Well ...

ANIMATION

Ancient Egypt in the glory days is seen. Pyramids and palm trees dot the horizon.

A Black woman dressed like royalty, including a head-dress, strolls into her extravagant chambers with two shirtless men on leashes. Servants bow to her.

AHMED (V.O.)

The Black Desert Queen was a real person. An Egyptian princess at one time.

Servants fan her as she cruises down the Nile in a barge.

AHMED (V.O.)

When her older sister was named Queen, she became jealous and furious.

A beautiful face, but the eyes ... So intense. Thick mascara makes them stand out more.

AHMED (V.O.)

If she couldn't be the Queen of the Nile, she decided to be the queen of the magical arts. She stole the secret scrolls of knowledge.

In all black with face covered, ... Except her eyes, she tip-toes around the mystical room holding the sacred scrolls. She slips several of them into her cloak before she slinks into the shadows.

AHMED (V.O.)

When the queen learned of this, it was an embarrassment to the family. At that point she was exiled from Egypt, never to return.

The Queen, in even finer royal fare, points to the desert with anger. The dethroned princess and a few servants, exit the palace, the kingdom and cross barren sand dunes. They stop at an oasis.

AHMED (V.O.)

At the time, Dubai was just a watering hole. She built it into a mighty kingdom with untold riches.

A shining city is quickly built around the oasis. Lavish gardens of cannabis are grown around the new palace.

She sits on her new throne, gangsta-style, smoking a fancy pipe. Hieroglyphics are etched on the wall behind her.

AHMED (V.O.)

The cannabis she grew was wanted
all across the ancient world. Even
back in Egypt.

A decorated goblet fills up with liquid. It is blood. The teen who is the supplier, is bound to a chair, dead.

AHMED (V.O.)

The strain that she designed, can
only be harvested after a blood
sacrifice of a virgin.

The area around the kingdom looks normal in the daytime, but dark clouds rush in.

AHMED (V.O.)

It is said that on the day she
died, all of the sands in Dubai
turned black for a week.

The kingdom shows the beige sand around it, turn darker and darker until it is black.

The Black queen of Dubai's sarcophagus, looks like her face - eyes, hypnotic. It's beautiful, but sinister. The image slowly fades into the darkness.

END ANIMATION

Ahmed glances over to King K-9 as he continues driving. The superstar seems impressed.

KING K-9

Maybe she wasn't queen of Egypt,
but she's the queen of gangsta
bitches around the world.

AHMED

Indeed.

The area they drive through in now more rural.

PETHEY-PETE

I think I dated a reincarnated
version of that hoe. Back in the
eighties. Her name was--

CASPER

Don't nobody care about some voodoo
bitch you let sit on your face.
Yo, Ahmed, much further?

BUZZ

Yeah, I got to piss.

Soon they are in the arid desert. They pass camels and nomads. Ahmed notices his gas is low.

AHMED

More travel is needed. A service station is ahead. We can stop there for fuel and your other needs.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

The place looks like it was built before the oil boom. Ahmed quickly hops out of the car, that's now parked by a pump. He scampers over to open King K-9's door but he's waved off. King slowly gets out and stretches.

KING K-9

Imma be fitty, not a hundred and fitty. Keep that helping hand in your pocket until I need a cane. And not for pimping, feel me?

Ahmed nods as the others get out and get circulation back.

AHMED

Come, I will interpret for you in the store.

They follow in after him.

INT. BLACK SUV - DAY

Partially hidden by trees, down the road, the view of the front door of the gas station is seen clearly through the windshield. Arabic music plays on the radio.

INT. AHMED'S CAR - DAY

Now refreshed with iced drinks, the crew seems more upbeat.

AHMED

We should be there soon. It's not far from --

CLANK-CLANK. The engine knocks loudly. The car stutters as it drives.

KING K-9
What's going down, nephew?

AHMED
I-I don't know.

The Benz backfires loudly. then slows to a crawl.

BUZZ
This can't be happening.

The motor shuts down. Ahmed barely gets it to the side of the road. Once he does, he closes his eyes and leans his head on the steering wheel. The bright spirits of the passengers, fades away.

CASPER
Godammit. This is why you should've just chilled at the room, King. I'm not loving this.

KING K-9
Aw, man. So exactly, how fucked are we?

They look outside the windows. Nothing but desert sands for miles. Sad eyes peer back at King K-9.

AHMED
It might be, let's say, uncomfortable. I apologize.

CASPER
And a security nightmare.

BUZZ
Anyone we can call? Triple A, Uber? Joe Camel?

Ahmed looks deep in thought.

AHMED
Let me try my cousin.

He grabs his phone and steps out the car. They guys hear him speak in Arabic.

CASPER

Ain't this a bitch? Need a Hummer
to drive around in this sandy
muthafuck. Not some Fresh Prince
of Bel-Air shit.

A smile is on Ahmed's face when he returns to his seat.

AHMED

My friends, good news. My cousin
will help us. He's not far away
either.

PETHEY-PETE

Well praise the lord and pass the
pork chops. Sorry, Ahmed. Lamb
chops.

Harpo rolls his eyes, then studies his I-Pad.

HARPO

According to GPS, there's no
stores, hotels or food for miles
and miles.

KING K-9

Times are hard on the boulevard.

King K-9 flips the shades down over his eyes, kicks back and
sips his drink.

EXT. AHMED'S CAR - DAY

A large truck with a huge bed comes to a stop by the stranded
travellers. They joyously bounce out of the car. Ahmed
waves to his cousin, then they hug and speak in Arabic.

BUZZ

I hope he can get it started. Will
get dark in a while here.

The cousin follows Ahmed to the car. The owner pops the hood
and they both peer inside.

KING K-9

Damn. It's hot. Feels like the sun
is about six inches from my face.

They see Ahmed let out a deep breath, rub his forehead and
smile, but its source is not happiness. He drags himself
over to his passengers to deliver the update.

AHMED

The news. It is both good and bad.
The vehicle can go no farther. But
... Follow me.

Ahmed and his cousin lead the way to the back of the trailer. Dread is on the face of the Americans. The cousin unlocks the hatch and removes a chain.

The doors swing open to reveal six modern dirt bikes. The men gaze at the bikes without words, for the longest.

KING K-9

At least they ain't camels.

AHMED

My cousin will rent them to us, at
a discount of course.

The cousin, missing teeth, smiles humbly.

KING K-9

Buzz, hook the man up. I always
wondered what the sequel to, BIKER
BOYZ, would look like. Mount up.

Buzz takes the cousin to the side with Ahmed as the others unload the bikes.

CASPER

What color, King?

KING K-9

Crippin till I die. You know that
blue one's mine.

Now all unloaded, they pick the two-wheeler they like. Buzz and Ahmed return as the cousin prepares to tow the Benz and put it where the bikes were.

BUZZ

Of course you leave me the white
one. Thanks.

KING K-9

Who ain't rode one of these before?

Petey-Pete and Buzz raise their hands, sheepishly.

PETEY-PETE

You sure we can't wait for an Uber?

KING K-9

Harpo and Casper, you train this fool. I'll drop the knowledge on brotha Buzz. Safety, y'all. Don't fuck around and die in Dubai. We want you G's going home healthy.

EXT. DUBAI DESERT - DAY

The six, slick looking bikes, zoom down the two lane road, two by two. Ahmed and Casper lead. Next is Petey-Pete and Harpo. Buzz and King K-9 rock the road from behind.

Dusk starts to settle over the arid landscape. The sun's red rays shimmer over the horizon.

Buzz almost loses control around a turn but straightens himself out.

BUZZ

Close one.

KING K-9

Dirt biking is a white boy sport. You're making your people look bad.

BUZZ

I'll look worse if I dump this bike and skid on my face.

KING K-9

Not by much.

They ride on. A smile is seen on Petey-Pete.

PETEY-PETE

This shit. It's pretty cool. Bring these bitches back to the Cali. I feel like Jesse James.

KING K-9

And I feel like RICK James, BITCH. Super freaking and Arab sheik-ing.

They follow Ahmed around a bend. A village lies ahead.

EXT. JAMEEL'S VILLAGE - DAY

Residents peek out doors to see the noisy visitors. The NEW Biker Boyz come to a stop in the town square.

Emerging from one of the massive tents comes JAMEEL (40's). Tall and lean, his robes flutter around him. His accent is deep and thick.

JAMEEL

Greetings, Ahmed and all. Welcome to my village. I am Jameel. Come, get some water and freshen up.

AHMED

Thank you, brother. Peace and blessings.

The guys dismount and shake off the dust.

BINOCULARS

The crew of Americans are seen as they walk towards the tent.

INT. TENT - NIGHT

The furnishings look very elegant and the area is large. The travellers sit on the floor in a semi-circle around a table that held a feast, moments ago.

Servants clean the area and remove the table. Others bring over a huge hookah pipe. Smiling, Jameel comes over and hands King K-9 two ounces of bud.

JAMEEL

It is my honor to bless you with the best buds in the region. Except for tomorrow's purchase.

King K-9 takes it graciously.

KING K-9

If I don't get back to Dubai more often, somebody slap me. Jameel, you's a straight up, OG, bruh. When you get to Cali, it's my turn.

JAMEEL

Many thanks. The entertainment has just begun, my friend. Behold.

Servants pass out the hoses of the hookah and light the bowl. The gurgle from eight smoke-thirsty mouths is heard as lung after lung reaches capacity. They all have trouble holding in the smoke. Most cough.

BUZZ

Holy shit. I think I need a lung transplant.

KING K-9

And that Black Queen shit is stronger than this here? Daaamn, son. Can the King hang?

PETHEY-PETE

Of course you can. Didn't you say you was Bob Marley, reincarnated?

KING K-9

Brother Bob? Yeah. To smoke this shit, you gotta be Lord Buddha or some other ancient God.

JAMEEL

You are too kind, sir. Our best hashish has been mixed in.

Casper nudges Petey-Pete.

CASPER

(whispers)

Ask him about the camel dookey thing.

PETHEY-PETE

You ask. If that's what makes it good, Imma fill up a suitcase full.

As they hit the hoses again, Casper inhales cautiously and makes a face.

CASPER

Damn. Dookey smoking? Really?

Jameel nods to a man in the corner with headphones on. A laptop in front of him. He nods back. Music starts.

JAMEEL

And now for a special treat.

He claps twice. The tent goes black, but a slow, swirling Arabic melody gets louder. It sounds like sand, caressed by the desert winds.

A blue spotlight shines in the corner. In the light, it is hard to decipher what they see, but it is on a magnificent oriental rug with gold designs emblazoned. Could it be, bodies? It is.

Dancers in slinky outfits are in a pile, laying on the rug. They begin to sway to the music as occasional arms stretch out from the pile in a beckoning way.

The undulating female bodies squirm around, sensually. Wrists and ankles draped in bracelets twinkle in the light.

The music transforms into an Arabic/Hindu dub, with sound effects and echoes. The dancers slowly roll and crawl away from the central pile in alluring fashion. A sole dancer, YASMIN (20's) stays, prostrate, motionless.

The eight dancers pair off and one sits behind the other. They rock side to side to the music, as the one in back, hugs the one in front.

CASPER

Girl on girl. That's what's up.

A drum is struck hard. The seated dancers pop into classic Egyptian poses. Arms out, elbows bent, palms towards the sky. It looks like one dancer has four arms. The choreographed moves are in perfect synch.

The sound of an ancient flute pierces the air, breathy and beguiling. Yasmin arches her back and waves of muscles can be seen contracting on her stomach. Up and down.

KING K-9

Damn.

The pulsating music helps the snake-like movements stand out more. Steaming in her own juices, she squirms around until her back faces the audience. As each drum beat hits, she lifts her butt and slams it back to the floor. It jiggles.

KING K-9 (CONT'D)

Love me some, Dubai. Good God.

When a drum-roll is played, Yasmin bounces each cheek, individually ... And rapidly. She winks at King K-9.

KING K-9 (CONT'D)

Girl is hotter than volcano juice.

BUZZ

Can we get a video of this?

Harpo nods his head at his discreetly covered phone. The red light is already on.

As the music becomes more driving, the dancers rise to their feet.

A traditional group belly dance ensues as Yasmin, blue uniform with mid-rift seen, commands the center-stage. Her skin is darker than the other dancers.

When the music slows back down, the dancers perform on their knees. They then stretch out their bodies. Abs flex as they slither across the rug. The desert temptresses return to the positions they were in when the routine started.

The lights in the tent are restored as the men yell and clap for the breath taking performance.

INT. KING K-9'S TENT - NIGHT

In a dwelling solely for the guest of honor, King K-9 signs autographs and takes selfies with the dancers. His smile confirms his enjoyment.

Yasmin looks on from the side. King K-9 notices her gaze. After the last dancer leaves, she slinks up to the rap star. She struggles with English, -- but not body language.

YASMIN

Pleasure to perform for you, sir.
I, am Yasmin. Selfie? That okay?

He waves her to come closer.

KING K-9

That pleasure thing is a two way street then. You was smoking, Miss Thing. Hell, I wanna pic with you and your fine self too.

The both retrieve their cell phones and click away. The more they do it, sexier the selfies.

YASMIN

Fun? No?

KING K-9

Hell yeah. Nuthin' but. You from here, boo?

YASMIN

Other side of mountain. Best dancer in my area. Do you think this is true?

Her eyes hit the turbos and aim straight at King K-9.

KING K-9

I bet you are the best in a whole lotta things in this joint.

He winks. She moves in closer.

YASMIN

One day, I go to city. Dance there. Get rich, get famous?

KING K-9

Young lady, I can make that dream come true for ya. Tomorrow too soon?

Yasmin is taken off guard and her face shows it.

YASMIN

Uh, me?

KING K-9

I judge a belly dance competition in Dubai. I can get you in. Can you get there?

Her mouth moves but no words come out. Finally ...

YASMIN

Yes, yes. I go. Please, yes.

She hugs him as they sit on pillows. Her excited body jiggles in his arms.

KING K-9

You got talent, Miss Yasmin. Let the world see that shit.

Now inches from his face, she locks eyes. A thousand years of desert sensuality surges from her soul.

YASMIN

One more dance. I show, ... How you say, ... Gratitude?

She smiles and turns on music from her phone. The song is perfect for her dance style. She gets up, twisting and arching her body, then goes into the dance. King K-9 kicks back, sporting a grin.

KING K-9

Aww, do your thing, girl.

She gets close to him, backs away, whips her hair around.

YASMIN

I want to try, uh, like American dancer. With the sexy. I never try before.

KING K-9

You plenty sexy, ma. You don't --

Her manicures nails reach for a bra strap. It's lowered over her shoulder. Then the other one. She holds the top on with on hand as she writhes in front of him.

YASMIN

You like?

KING K-9

I'm a judge, boo. Let me see the full show before ... I crown you.

Yasmin slithers into his lap. She stretches her torso and arches her back so her belly is close to his face. Abs, flex and roll to the beat of the music.

Both shock and joy cover the rapper's face. He licks his lips like LL Cool J when dessert comes.

KING K-9 (CONT'D)

What else them nasty American girls teach you?

Eyes half closed, she barely brushes her lips across his, then slinks to her feet. She tosses her top to King K-9. By the time he pulls it off his face, she has undone her dress and is only graced with a G-String.

King K-9 looks to heaven and mouths the words, 'Thank You', to whoever is listening. Now every muscle glistens as she plays her body, like the virtuoso - she seems to be.

As things wiggle and jiggle, King K-9's jaw hangs open wide enough to catch four hundred flies. Eventually, she regains pole position - on his lap.

YASMIN

Tomorrow is your birthday? No?
Would you like ... My gift?

No words are available in the dimension he finds himself. A nod and smile somehow eases forth. She kisses him passionately and turns out the light.

EXT. DUBAI DESERT - DAY

The Americans and Ahmed are joined by Jameel and several of his men. They travel on foot across the arid plain. The morning sun maliciously peaks over the horizon, frying all under it's domain.

King K-9 looks exhausted. He chugs down some water. Casper looks agitated.

CASPER

Walking? If I knew this shit was gonna go down, ain't no way I'd let my brother go on this trip.

KING K-9

I ain't been up this early since my holding center days. And why can't we take the bikes?

AHMED

Bikes would be badly damaged. Rouged terrain. Could go around the desert but would take many hours. Faster on foot.

Looking to the sky, King K-9 wipes sweat and exhales loudly.

KING K-9

I should be in a resort, pool-side, sipping a cold ass drank and waiting for my crew to come over to throw a birthday party that's off the fucking hook.

BUZZ

You gotta let that go, King. Be in the moment.

KING K-9

Fuck the moment. Especially this one. Where's that, I DREAM OF GENIE, bitch when you need her?

JAMEEL

Is this not an exciting adventure?

HARPO

Come On, old man, roll with it. Grandkids will love this story.

PETHEY-PETE

If he lives to tell it.

Spinning around, King K-9 confronts them both. His voice sounds irritated.

KING K-9
You ain't funny and you stop
calling me - old.

HARPO
No offense, boss.

KING K-9
Whatever. Since my sometimey-ass
friends all had something to do, I
was planning to spend the day
locked in my bedroom. That idea
seems pretty fly right now.

A scowl taints the rapper's face as they march on through the heat, sand and misery.

CASPER
How does somebody get used to this
shit. Fucking hot, son.

Casper pours water over his extremely bald, extremely black, head. Petey-Pete chuckles.

PETEY-PETE
It's still the morning. I guess
bitches just turn to ashes around
noon, huh?

A blast of wind hits them in the face. The dust makes them close their eyes and turn their heads.

AHMED
Mild haboob. Not to worry.
Happens all the time.

HARPO
Hope all this sand don't damage my
equipment.

CASPER
(to Jameel)
Yo, my head is baking, bossman.
Let me wear one of the head-wraps.
Got extra?

Jameel gets one from his men and gives it to Ahmed.

JAMEEL
Here, you show him.

AHMED

You must wipe off the sweat first.

Casper sneaks up behind Petey-Pete and quickly wipes the cranial sweat on to the back of his shirt.

PETEY-PETE

What The? Hey asshole, what the fuck? Nasty bastard.

Casper laughs as Petey-Pete reacts like a camel peed on him. He then goes to Ahmed to get the turban put on.

PETEY-PETE (CONT'D)

I should stitch a few scorpions in that bitch. Maybe the poison they put in your head, will balance out the poison already there.

CASPER

Don't complain old man. Did you a favor by wetting your shirt, cools you down.

PETEY-PETE

If I had my Glock, you'd be the one wetted up now.

Jameel's crew and King K-9 laugh at their antics.

JAMEEL

Americans, you need to get outside more often.

Jagged mountains bake under the solar rays. They keep going, then suddenly, Jameel signals them to stop. He points out an Arabian wolf on the horizon.

PETEY-PETE

That what I think it is?

JAMEEL

Yes. The Arabian Wolf. Alone, they run. In groups, sometimes they kill people.

PETEY-PETE

Hungry as I am, I might eat them first. Here, puppy, puppy.

Comedy helps the crew loosen up.

CASPER

They usually get the oldest and slowest. It was nice knowing you, Petey-Pete.

They cautiously move forward. More wolves are spotted. The eyes of the visitors reflect the nervous moment.

HARPO

Oh shit.

KING K-9

I'm a fellow dog, they ain't gonna eat me. Y'all might be in knee-deep trouble though.

Jameel says something in Arabic to his crew. They hand him wooden batons, then he passes them out.

JAMEEL

Here. Take these. Just in case.

KING K-9

Them killas gots to get close enough for me to clock 'em upside the head? Tell me you joking, bro.

JAMEEL

It helps prove your manhood to survive such an attack and live to tell the tale.

KING K-9

My manhood? I ain't trying to fuck 'em, ... I just don't wanna get my dick bit off.

BUZZ

Yeah, them muthafuckers go for the neck and nads first.

KING K-9

Gimme that stick. Fuckers bite by sack, they die with my nuts in their mouth.

PETHEY-PETE

True that.

CASPER

Take Harpo's nuts, he ain't using them.

HARPO
Y'all ain't right.

Two wolves attack the flanks.

KING K-9
Oh shit, them bitches is blitzing
the QB, yo. Boss up.

The men take a defensive stance with their batons. Eyes wide from adrenaline. Jameel's boys swing their weapons and the wolves retreat, but not far. Yankee meat still seems to appeal to them.

JAMEEL
They will regroup and come again.
Run. Now!

Jameel points to some ruins not too far away.

KING K-9
Mount the fuck up. Ready? It's
Jesse Owens time.

All dash together towards the ruins of an old temple in the distance. The look of fear on the faces as they try to sprint is hilarious.

CAMERA LENS

From a side view, King K-9 and the others haul ass across the sand towards shelter. A red recording light is seen.

EXT. TEMPLE OF THE BLACK DESERT QUEEN - DAY

At the entrance of the ancient temple, WALEED, (40's), a short, slightly chubby man in traditional desert clothes, waves them in. As they get closer, he fires a rifle into the air to scare away the hungry wolves.

Relieved but panting and trying to catch their breath, the distressed travellers gather near the rifleman that saved them. Waleed knows Jameel and they greet warmly. Waleed has a British accent.

WALEED
I have prepared a meal for you, ...
But was not prepared for you see
you be the meal for wild beasts.

JAMEEL

My brother. Eternal thanks. That was much too close.

(towards his crew)

Everyone okay?

Still recovering from their unexpected wind sprint, they nod that they are alright. Waleed walks towards them and grins.

WALEED

Good. Americans? I haven't had any decent hostages in years. Probably get some good money.

Panic is seen in the eyes of the visitors. Some step backwards.

AHMED

America won't pay for black hostages. You may get to meet Jesse Jackson, that's about it.

King K-9 sees Waleed hold back a smile.

KING K-9

Shit, America will give you parade if you decrease the Black population.

CASPER

Word. And that camel over there got more money than my mama. No use taxing nobody at my crib.

WALEED

I see. Well, what about the white boy?

Buzz's eyes get wide and he goes more pale than he already is. Waleed breaks out laughing.

WALEED (CONT'D)

Just kidding, my friend. No danger here. My name is Waleed.

They shake hands.

BUZZ

I'm Buzz. If I smell funny it's cause I almost shit my pants.

All get a chuckle from that. Waleed, arms out-stretched, turns towards the old building.

WALEED

Our people worship the Black Desert Queen and the gifts she's given us. These are the remains of her once mighty temple.

KING K-9

I heard about old girl. Especially about that bomb-ass weed. You holding, boss?

Waleed looks puzzled.

WALEED

Okay, bloke. I understood about every other word, but yes, this is the only place to get this exclusive flower.

AHMED

Thank you for your graciousness, sir. Appreciation to the utmost.

WALEED

Good timing, one harvest is ready and another almost done. Come. Follow me, mate.

INT. TEMPLE OF THE BLACK DESERT QUEEN - DAY

The interior is more spooky than Jameel's tent. Skulls, Egyptian gods and live snakes are seen. The servants pour tea and then the hookah is brought out.

WALEED

Please. Enjoy.

No one can toke it without coughing. Yet, not one soul is discouraged. The gurgle of the water pipe continues as hoses work overtime. Four hits in, King K-9 lays his hose to rest.

KING K-9

What in the fuck, homes. Is that some bomb shit or what? I ain't never ever been so high from just a few puffs.

He stretches out on the pillows they sit on.

PETEY-PETE

I been around longer than your old ass, and yeah, hand that brotha a trophy or gold medal. We found the heavyweight champ, right here.

BUZZ

I second that.

KING K-9

I'll third it, then prove it by coping an 'el-bee'. Your inventory phat enough?

WALEED

Why yes, but the cost is--

KING K-9

Cost don't mean shit to me. Yo, Buzz. Handle that business before your ass fall asleep.

Buzz gets up and goes to a corner with Waleed. The others continue to smoke as they kick back.

AHMED

Yes, this is as I remember it. So sweet, so strong.

Buzz and Waleed return smiling. The product is bundled and taped-up. He gives it to Casper who happily stuffs it into his backpack.

CASPER

Hell to the yes.

WALEED

Have you seen Arabian acrobats yet?

KING K-9

Bruh. Truth? I'm just discovering your culture. And loving the fuck out of it.

WALEED

Wait until you see this.

Wahleed walks to a curtain and pulls it back. Acrobats somersault into the area in front of them. They perform in costumes they must've stole from the, ALADDIN' musical.

Back-flips, gravity defying tricks and juggling are enjoyed by the stoners. Petey-Pete takes special note when, MALEEKA (20's), goes to center-stage.

A contortionist, she does one cringe-worthy position after another. They smile back and forth in flirtation mode. Each incredible move is more impossible than the last.

The troupe brings out a small glass box. Maleeka bends her torso and limbs to fit inside of it. She finishes with twisting her body in a way most people would die from.

After applause, the troupe leaves the area, except for Maleeka. She beckons Petey-Pete to a corner. He grins like a toddler on Christmas morning and dashes over.

KING K-9

Aw, baby girl is one of them
geriatric loving hoes.

BUZZ

An old man molester? Cool,
something to look forward to, other
than going bald.

Petey-Pete pimp-walks back to the crew.

PETEY-PETE

Yo, that fly mommy is Maleeka. I
thinks she's gonna gimme some.
Headed over to her room over there.

He points down a hall in the stone structure.

KING K-9

She blow that back out, don't
expect me to carry your black-ass
back across that desert.

CASPER

If it's too much for you, remember
to call a friend.

Casper grins wide and points to himself. Petey-Pete waves him off. Maleeka saunters over to her new 'zaddy' and locks elbows with him.

MALEEKA

Hello gentlemen. I need to borrow
your friend for a moment.

She blasts them with a provocative smile, then turns to leave with her prize. The old man's feet hardly touch the ground as his dentures shine brightly.

After they are gone, King K-9 scopes out his clique.

KING K-9

One sniff of them old, sweaty,
black balls and she'll hit that
exit door screaming. You watch.

Ancient Egyptian music is played as a HIGH PRIESTESS in a huge feathered head-dress enters the room. She stands next to Waleed. The guests look on attentively as they share the exotic smoke.

HIGH PRIESTESS

And now, we will call up the Black
Desert Queen to bless her holy
crops.

The High Priestess and her lavish traditional outfit spins around in circles, head tilted back, reciting an Arabic spell. Urns around her produce fire, sparks and smoke.

From the thick smoke emerges a woman with dark-skin, tight bod and an outfit that would make belly-dancers blush. To top it off, she wears an fearsome ornamental mask.

Fashioned like an Egyptian death mask, it is high-polished black with red trim. The queen's face on the mask looks sexy but menacing. The huge fake eyes adds to the spooky effect.

HIGH PRIESTESS (CONT'D)

Welcome, Queen. Please take our
sacrifice, for your continued
blessings.

After the High Priestess bows, those of the cult follow. King K-9 and crew seem confused but bow from their seats.

The music picks up and she begins with a normal belly dance. Then she does her sensual dance with one sword, showing amazing grace and skill. With her snake-like moves, the mask seems even spookier.

Then she adds another sword, then another. She balances the blades on her head and shoulders as she spins around and even when she flips around on the floor.

King K-9 and the others are amazed but can barely keep their eyes open as the magic desert herb knocks them sideways.

HIGH PRIESTESS (CONT'D)

A virgin sacrifice is needed for
the Black Desert Queen.

The costumed Goddess does sexy moves near Harpo. As she spins her swords, she grips one ... Then stabs Harpo in the chest.

Blood squirts as the Black Desert Queen runs back into the smoke and seems to disappear.

Screams are shouted by King K-9 , Buzz, Casper, Jameel and Ahmed as they freak out. Harpo slums over.

Waleed and his cult go to their knees chanting. They pay the foreigners no mind.

BUZZ

Holy shit. Let's get the fuck outta here.

KING K-9

Damn straight. Get Petey Pete and boogie.

They go to find the room where she took him, then open the door and look inside.

INT. MALEEKA'S ROOM - DAY

Petey-Pete is on his back as his dream-date weeps next to him. He seems to be dead. Maleeka looks over to them.

MALEEKA

Heart attack. While he was ... Uh ... Inside me. So sorry. So Sorry.

Speechless, the men are frozen in place as they peep their good friend. Still hard under the sheet.

KING K-9

I don't never want no pussy THAT GOOD. You killed my boy with that shit? Damn.

AHMED

We will call authorities to get the bodies and arrest whoever, but we need to leave now.

Buzz looks to the lady with the lethal loving.

BUZZ

Any idea how to get outta here?

MALEEKA

I have truck. Will drive for money.

Digging in his pockets, Buzz hooks her up with some dead presidents. She nods in satisfaction.

MALEEKA (CONT'D)

Follow me.

They run out of the room behind her.

EXT. TEMPLE OF THE BLACK DESERT QUEEN - DAY

Maleeka stays low as she runs towards the beat up truck. The men likewise, look around as they try to stay undetected in a mad dash to the vehicle.

They sneak into the backseat of the truck and hide under stained blankets. King K-9 doesn't like the smell and makes a face.

MALEEKA

Stay down. Stay quiet. I know a short cut.

She guns the truck and speeds away.

EXT. DUBAI DESERT - DAY

The old truck climbs over mountain passes and over rugged trails that jostle the passengers inside.

EXT. JAMEEL'S VILLAGE - DAY

They drop the chief off. He turns to them.

JAMEEL

The loss of your friends brings me great sorrow. May Allah protect you. Many blessings.

EXT. DUBAI DESERT - DAY

The 'hoopty' version of a truck, rumbles across the barren plains. The sun, unincumbered by clouds, blasts away on full power mode. Heat-waves rise off of the highway.

They pull over to an isolated gas station. Yellow signs on the pumps, written in Arabic are prominent.

INT. MALEEKA'S TRUCK - DAY

Frustration is seen on the driver's face pounds the steering wheel in anger.

MALEEKA

Infidels. How dare they be out of petro. We don't have much left.

BUZZ

We got enough to get to the city, or at least another station?

MALEEKA

I guess we'll find out.

EXT. DUBAI DESERT - DAY

The truck chugs across the ancient sands as the highway stretches out in front of them.

Suddenly, the truck starts to slow down. It eventually coasts to a stop on the side of the road. Vague curse words are heard by the passengers.

INT. MALEEKA'S TRUCK - DAY

The faces that don't show sadness, show panic. Heads look out the window as the sun bakes the pavement.

KING K-9

I survived lock-up, drive-bys and crazy bitches with knives. But this? Shee-it.

CASPER

I hear you, dog. Looking kinda hostile out there.

BUZZ

It's getting hostile in here with no AC blowing.

Ahmed pulls out his phone and dials. It rings down to a voice mail.

AHMED

Trying to find a ride, but they don't answer.

He keeps trying as sweat starts to form on their foreheads. Another try, another no-answer.

Maleeka looks them all in the eyes.

MALEEKA

Must I point out the obvious? We must walk. In here, we die.

KING K-9

Don't say that, boo. This day has been nightmare enough.

MALEEKA

But this is truth.

All heads dip in despair, almost in unison.

CASPER

Fine, then. Let's start hoofing it people. Somebody will pick us up. We break them off some cash, then we are back at the hotel pool.

KING K-9

Hope you're right.

CASPER

We got no choice.

EXT. DUBAI DESERT - DAY

The crew piles out of the gas depleted truck and stretch. They cover their eyes from the brightness. Casper straps on the backpack with the exclusive Black Desert Queen herb.

A slight wind whispers across the plains, but the sun is relentless. Buzz squints then puts on his shades, the others follow his example.

BUZZ

Got any water in here?

Maleeka reaches in snatches a two liter bottle of Pepsi, filled with water.

MALEEKA

Good thinking. Let's go.

They reluctantly abandon the vehicle and start a long walk to civilization and survival.

King K-9 looks around at the desolate landscape and shakes his head in self-pity.

KING K-9

This here ... It's the kind of birthday that makes you wish you was never born. And it's all my fault. Damn.

BUZZ

Ease up, dude. We all came here on our own free will.

KING K-9

Yeah, to make my stupid ass happy. This sucks. My boys. What do I tell their families?

Buzz tugs his shirt and they stop.

BUZZ

Dude, focus on getting out of here alive. Negative thoughts only makes it worse.

They start ambling forward. K-9 tries to shake the grief off and follow his friend's suggestion. He tips his head back and looks skyward.

KING K-9

I guess. If this was the Old West, this is the time when vultures start to circle over head.

BUZZ

Still negative. Try again.

CASPER

Right, and our meat will already be cooked before we hit the ground.

BUZZ

Dude, you're not helping.

The crew walks on. Wiping sweat as they venture forward.

KING K-9

Hey, Ahmed. At what point do the mirages start. A funky hallucination would be nice right now. Feel me?

AHMED

First would come, dehydration.

Maleeka pulls out the water and passes it around after drinking first.

MALEEKA

We can't let that happen. Small gulps. Hold the last one in your mouth and keep it wet.

After the bottle is passed back to Maleeka, the container is about half full.

CASPER

Is there enough left to get us to civilization or what?

MALEEKA

If we hold off more sips for thirty minutes we should be close.

The squad shakes their head in despair and keeps walking. And walking. The sun is so hot, they point out sections of the road where it bubbles on the edges.

KING K-9

I got this huge swimming pool in my backyard, son. I hardly get in, because I can't swim. When we get back, I'm taking lessons.

CASPER

I'll join you, bro. Get one of them BAYWATCH bitches with big titties to teach us.

KING K-9

This water talk makes me thirsty. It been thirty minutes yet?

She looks at her watch.

MALEEKA

Only fifteen.

KING K-9

Damn. If you see me dive head-first into a pile of sand, you know I'm having a mirage about my poor, neglected pool.

BUZZ

Too late. I think I'm hallucinating already. Is that a car coming?

All eyes turn to where he points. Dust is kicked up in the distance as not one, but two vehicles maneuver down the sandy highway, in their direction. Towards the city.

They all stop to look. Then as the luxury vehicles get closer, they gesture wildly to get their attention.

AHMED

Take off your glasses, King, so they know who you are.

KING K-9

My eyeballs start on fire, I'm replacing them with yours.

King K-9 takes off the shades and sticks his face out so the cars can see him. The vehicles get closer.

The limo in front slows down. It stops near them and the other car does the same.

BUZZ

We're saved. Thank God.

A window in the back is rolled down. A head sticks out. It's Leslie.

LESLIE

King? What the fuck you doing out here. Thought y'all was car jackers at first. The driver put a clip in the 'nine', just in case.

KING K-9

Sister, it's so good to see you. You're like a chocolate angel.

LESLIE

You got that right.

KING K-9

What say you give us a ride outta here, sweetness?

She unrolls the window more so he can see inside. It's packed with her entourage and staff. No room.

LESLIE

Shit. We stuffed in here like sardines already. Shakira is behind us. Same situation. Plus y'all is sweaty and funky.

KING K-9

Come on, Queen. You can sit on my lap or something.

She gives him the. 'are you serious' look.

LESLIE

Last thing I want is to smell them
sweaty balls up close. The city
ain't far. I'll have the driver
come back and get you.

Ahmed bows to her. King K-9 ponders the offer.

KING K-9

We're running out of water. Y'all
got any to spare?

LESLIE

I'll hook you up, baby boy. In the
meantime, stick your faces in the
windows and cool off a bit. I'll
text Shakira's car to do the same.

Buzz, Maleeka and Casper walk to the second car.

INT. LIMO - DAY

As she fiddles with her phone, King K-9 sticks his noggin
inside the limo filled with women. Ahmed does the same.

LESLIE

Oh, you brought pretty boy with
you? You remember me, slim?

AHMED

Yes ma'am.

LESLIE

Ladies, take care of Mr. Tender
chunks. I got the gangster.

Leslie takes a towel, moistens it and wipes off K-9's face
with it.

KING K-9

Oh, that feels so good, sis.

LESLIE

Know what else would feel good?

She lifts her dress a little and pushes his head towards it.
He pulls back and everyone laughs.

KING K-9

You don't want me on that snatch
today. Especially if it's juicy.
I'd eat it like a watermelon, right
down to the rind.

More laughter.

LESLIE

What the fuck y'all doing out here anyway? A nomad training course or some shit?

KING K-9

Went to get that super herb I mentioned. Got it but ended up losing two of my crew.

LESLIE

They dead? Say what? How the fuck that happen?

KING K-9

Long story. It's fucked up. I'll school you later. Then we can blaze and you can sit on my face till your legs get numb.

Several bottles of water are gathered, put in a bag and handed to the dog king.

LESLIE

Take this shit. Tell you what, get on the back of the car. I think there was a shaded bus stop up a ways. But hang on.

EXT. DUBAI DESERT - DAY

Two limos cruise down the arid strip of highway. Passengers on the trunk of the car hang onto hot metal but the faces look happier.

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

The caravan slows down near the shaded transportation hub, then comes to a halt. The travellers dismount from the back of the luxury vehicles and land on the hot sands again.

Water bottles in a bag, King K-9 goes to Leslie's window. She rolls it down.

KING K-9

Thanks again, sista. You saved my ass. I owe you one.

LESLIE

Just stay alive long enough for the car to come get you. Then I'll help you smoke them Dubai trees. Take care of my pretty boy.

KING K-9

Sure will. Have a safe drive, sweetness.

They wave to the caravan as it pulls away. They have a seat on the benches of the bus stop and sip water.

KING K-9 (CONT'D)

Yeah boy, this is much better. Just five minutes ago, I thought we all might die out here.

BUZZ

That was a close one. Looks like we might even make the contest tonight.

KING K-9

Two of my homies just kicked, yo. I don't know if I'm ready to grin for cameras and shit.

A gust of wind blows sand towards them. They try to cover their faces.

MALEEKA

Make sure it doesn't get in your eyes. Hard to remove.

After the winds subside, they look up to see a car travelling in the opposite direction. It's not a luxury car, not close. It slows as it goes past them.

The driver and two other heads study those at the stop, then drive on.

BUZZ

I wonder what their problem is. Probably never saw a guy as handsome as me before.

CASPER

I'm sure that ain't their issue. As long as they keep it rolling--

With all eyes on the car, they see it do a U-turn and zoom back towards them.

Casper stands and removes the backpack of cannabis and gives it to King-K-9. He takes a street knife from the bag and hides it discreetly on his body.

KING K-9

You think they wanna start?

CASPER

It's best to prepare, my man. They start shit, we're jacking that car and getting the fuck outta here.

Maleeka puts a scarf around King K-9's head as camouflage.

MALEEKA

They don't need to know who you are. Could be worse.

BUZZ

If they just want money, I'll give them a wad and send them on their way. No heroics.

AHMED

I will translate if needed.

The car screeches to a halt in front of the bus stop. Both passengers and driver get out. They leave the car running.

The three march up to the crew aggressively. The leader is a bearded guy who looks like OSAMA BIN LADEN (40's) but with the build of a wrestler. Knives are attached on the sides of all three.

OSAMA

Americans? No?

CASPER

(Jamaican accent)

No mon. We be from the island of Bob Marley, bruh. American? They would have wheels, mon. We take bus, brudder.

The intruders talk among themselves, then point to King K-9.

OSAMA

You lie, my friend. This is famous American. You will be ... Our guests. Get in car. We will get handsome reward.

They take their knives out, but smile, in an ominous way.

AHMED

He is mistaken for star often.
Would we catch bus in countryside
if he was a star?

OSAMA

We'll take that chance. Get in
car, now.

CASPER

(normal voice)
Y'all go ahead. I'll negotiate
with Blackbeard the pirate.

The crew heads towards the vehicle. As they enter, Casper
pulls his knife out.

OSAMA

Foolish American. You will die in
the desert today.

They get in fighting posture.

CASPER

We'll see about that, huh?

Osama swings his blade at Casper. He blocks it, grabs
Osama's arm and flings him into the bus stop wall.

The driver attacks. Casper bends low and stabs him in the
stomach before he makes contact. The man screams and falls
to the ground, bleeding out.

As Osama pulls himself together, the other potential
kidnappers screams something in Arabic and charges Casper.
He has two blades. He swings both at Casper as the American
backs up.

The crew nervously watches from the car. King K-9 looks
around inside. His eyes brighten. A hammer is picked up and
he holds it in his hands.

KING K-9

It's hammer time.

As the knife fighter battles for position, King K-9 opens the
back door and hurls the carpentry tool with all his might.

It just nicks the jacker's head, but is enough to distract
him. Casper lunges like a panther and digs his blade in the
knife-man's chest. He goes down.

Casper grabs his two blades and turns towards Osama.

CASPER

Next?

Osama breathes hard but says nothing and doesn't move. His cold eyes seethe with hatred.

INT./EXT. THUG'S CAR - DAY

Ahmed gets behind the wheel. Guns the engine.

AHMED

Leave him. We must go.

Casper keeps his eyes on his foe as he backs up to the rear door. Osama rises to his feet.

As Casper turns to get in the car, Osama seems shot out of a rocket when he charges towards him.

MALEEKA

Watch out.

As Casper turns to look, the ringleader's blade sinks into his mid-section. Ahmed slams the accelerator. The car moves forward, but Osama is still attached to Casper and the back-door is still open.

KING K-9

Bro. Hang on.

Blood starts flowing from the wound. Casper's eyes start to roll in his head.

CASPER

Tell my moms ... I love her.

Osama stabs him again. Casper grabs the failed kidnapper tight and pushes with his legs. They both are ejected from the moving car and roll in the hot sand that covers the road.

BUZZ

Holy shit.

KING K-9

Noooo! Casper. Come back.

INT. THUG'S CAR - DAY

They slow down and stare at the two bodies in the road through the windows.

KING K-9

Turn around and get him. We can drive him to a hospital. He's a tough brother to kill.

Just as Ahmed starts to turn around ... Osama rises to his feet. He takes his dagger and repeated stabs Casper in the chest. Blood squirts up.

BUZZ

That fucker.

KING K-9

Casper? This can't be happening.

He wipes tears from his eyes.

KING K-9 (CONT'D)

Let me drive. I'm 'bout to put some tire tracks across his back.

BUZZ

No. Don't.

As King K-9 gets out of the stopped car, Osama starts to sprint towards them, knife dripping with blood.

Reluctantly, King K-9 gets back in quickly.

KING K-9

Drive, drive. Get us outta here.

Ahmed guns it and peels out. Through the back window, they see Osama gag on exhaust, burnt rubber and sand. But he keeps coming after them.

After significant distance is between them, they finally see him stop running.

EXT. URBAN AREA - DAY

Brightly colored buildings and skyscrapers shade the car they 'borrowed' as it's passengers head for more comfortable surroundings.

INT. THUG'S CAR - DAY

The faces of all look distraught. No one speaks. King K-9 is very sad and angry at the same time.

KING K-9

Three families? I got three, and each ... Everyone of them will hate me forever. I deserve it. Matter of fact ...

King K-9 tries to throw the back pack with the smoke, out the window. Buzz stops him.

BUZZ

What are you? Nuts? That's worth thousands.

KING K-9

I don't want it no more. All it did was bring grief. I just wanna be home. With my boys alive. I would be -- if it wasn't for you.

The surprised eyes of Buzz are confronted with the angry eyes of King K-9.

BUZZ

No one knew it'd turn out like this. You were upset because no celebrities could go to your birthday bash. And this --

KING K-9

This was supposed to be fun. News-flash. It ain't. Not close. When we get to the hotel, just leave me be. Ya heard?

Buzz looks hurt as he studies the turned-away head, of his client. He visibly struggles to find the right words.

BUZZ

We just tried to make you happy, dude. I'm sorry.

King K-9 refuses to face anyone and stares out of the window.

KING K-9

My head. It's in a bad place. Not sure about judging and being smiley. Not feeling it.

The other passengers look among themselves, perplexed.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

As the crew enters, it's obvious this is Maleeka's first time in digs like this. The architecture is truly amazing and the decorations are outstanding.

MALEEKA

This place ... It's like a dream.
But my imagination could never come
up with --

KING K-9

Buzz, get this young lady a room
for the night.

She squeals with excitement. Heads turn.

BUZZ

Sure thing.

KING K-9

Hell, she saved our lives. Staying
a week here, good on you princess?

Her mouth moves but no sound comes out. But tears form.

KING K-9 (CONT'D)

I'll take that as a - Yessir. Hook
her up. I need some quiet time.

Then Buzz, Maleeka and Ahmed go one way. King K-9 and his bag of flowers go the opposite direction.

As King gets near the elevators, he hears his name being called by a female voice. He looks around, with sad eyes, no one in sight.

Something hits him on the head, then falls to the floor. He looks over at it, shocked. A tampon?

LESLIE (O.C.)

It's about time your dumb ass
looked around. Up here, fool.

He tips his head back and sees Leslie and crew staring down at him. She has another tampon in the chamber to shoot, just in case.

KING K-9

Oh. Hi, boo. This yours?

He points to the warning-shot tampon.

LESLIE

You can keep it. How you get back here so quick? Buses here got hidden tunnels under the city? I already sent the driver back out.

KING K-9

Cancel him. I'm here, but I'm not good. Not at all.

SHAKIRA

What's wrong, Papi?

He casts his eyes to the marble floor. The women take the nearby stairs to the first floor and go to him.

KING K-9

It's crazy. My whole crew. Gone. Over dumb shit out here. What do I tell their peoples?

LESLIE

Another one? Not pretty boy, right? I got plans for him.

KING K-9

Casper, my body man. Whapped ass before they took him out. But now ... I'm not feeling ... None of this. Just wanna ball up.

Before tears can form, Leslie gives him a tight hug.

LESLIE

Your boys would want you to do this. And not be sad. Remember the good times and the blessings you've had.

The elevator for the penthouse arrives. K-9 and his backpack go in alone. The women wave compassionately as he tries to ease out a smile. The doors close.

INT. KING K-9'S SUITE - DAY

Later, in the room alone, the king mourns as he stares at a spot on the floor and scratches his head.

KING K-9

Shit. I didn't know how good I had it. Took y'all, - my friends for granted. I'm so goddamn stupid.

Cries as he remembers good times.

FLASHBACK

On patio near pool, they all clown and laugh

On ride to airport, with focus on Harpo.

Their faces, seeing Dubai for the first time, focus on Casper.

Hookah pipes and belly dancers in authentic tents. Focus on Petey-Pete.

END FLASHBACK

As he strolls over to the large window in the hi-rise, he passes an open backpack and rolling papers. He swipes a lighter from his pocket and lights the blunt on his lips.

KING K-9

This here. This here for all
y'all. Was acting like a little
bitch on my birthday, Led to this.
I'm so fucking sorry.

Staring out the window, King K-9 inhales hard. His eyes moisten. The sun begins to set.

Little Lucifer appears on his shoulder again.

LITTLE LUCIFER

Dumb muthafucka. You should've
listened to me at the crib. Now
look. It's funeral time ... And
it's ALL YOUR FAULT.

King K-9 looks to the carpet, exhales audibly.

KING K-9

Word.

LITTLE LUCIFER

What you gonna do about it? You
really wanna face them families?
You packed them pills. I seen you.
Hell, take 'em now.

K-9 stares out the window at the sparkling city. Through watery eyes, he gets up and goes to his suitcase. He opens a compartment and a small container is pulled out. Little Lucifer smiles.

A puff of smoke appears on his right shoulder. A LITTLE ANGEL, who looks like King K-9 materializes. Little Lucifer looks surprised.

LITTLE ANGEL
Stupid MUTHAFUKA. You brought a
knife to a gunfight.

Little Angel pulls an Uzi from his robe and riddles Little Lucifer with bullets. The devil's body disappears in a smoke cloud. King K-9 is wide eyed.

KING K-9
Holy shit.

LITTLE ANGEL
Toss them pills away or your ass is
next. We ain't come this far, to
go out like a punk. Chin up, chest
out. Handle your shit.

Long pause as he contemplates his trip to the after-life. Finally, he drops the pill container in the trash.

KING K-9
You right. This shit sucks though.

LITTLE ANGEL
You know that. But is you - the
king ... Or what?

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Buzz has a phone pressed to his ear as he tries to find a quiet spot.

BUZZ
Sure, boss ... No problems at all
... Me? Smoke? ... Nope, following
orders ... Yeah ... Okay. Peace.

INT. KING K-9'S SUITE - NIGHT

King K-9 lets Buzz in, reluctantly. No words exchanged. Barely any eye contact. They both are dressed for the event, despite the issues.

BUZZ
Sorry things went down the way they
did. Nobody saw it coming.

KING K-9

Word.

BUZZ

I arranged for the bodies to be shipped back, but it's best not to tell the family till after the event tonight.

He nods back, then King K-9 takes long strides as reaches the couch. He motions for Buzz to join him. King lights a blunt of the good shit as Buzz reaches him. It is passed.

KING K-9

Yeah, shit will be sad enough. We can say something like, we dedicate this to the memory of ...

Buzz tries to hold down the hit as he responds.

BUZZ

(partially holding breath)

Yeah. For sure.

The repressed lungs expel his backed-up smoke. A few coughs are added for good measure.

BUZZ (CONT'D)

Strong shit, dude. But yeah, will even show pics of them if we have time left.

King takes back the blunt and smiles.

KING K-9

Make sure we find some time. Birthday sucked so far. At least I can show love to someone else today. Sorry I snapped at you before.

BUZZ

If my birthday went this bad, I'd snap too.

The blunt goes back around as smiles start to return.

INT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

The theater is already darkened as King K-9 is escorted to the judges table up front. He sits next to Leslie. Shakira's seat is empty.

The stage looks like Ali Baba and his thieves, dumped all of their treasure off for display, tonight. Shimmering sheets are the backdrop as the props range from pyramids to neon camels.

LESLIE

This joint ... Fancy a place as it gets. Whatcha think?

KING K-9

Dope. Wish my boys was here to see all this shit.

LESLIE

There's a few over there.

She points as Buzz goes and sits with Ahmed and Maleeka.

KING K-9

Right.

LESLIE

Look player, there's gonna be titties swinging and booties shaking all up in here. Cheer up. Get your dick hard and enjoy.

KING K-9

Queen ... You are terrible.

LESLIE

You're a quick learner, huh? Our girl is about to take the stage and rip it up. You ready?

KING K-9

Let's do it. Shakira is like the queen of all this.

The lights go down. Only the stage is lit.

LESLIE

Have your boys get you another pair of pants ready. That zipper is 'bout to melt.

A large screen monitor flashes the name, SHAKIRA' in multi-colored lights. The audience is hyped and clap to the Arabic rhythm that pulsates throughout the hall.

The fog machine makes it hazy, but all notice Shakira when she comes on stage. Close-up shots are shown on the screen.

Long, curly, blonde hair looks a bit frizzy ... And looks a lot wild. The spotlight hits her and she transforms. Her spirit animal must be a jungle cat. The way she projects her eyes, relays confidence, power ... And a hunger to devour.

The Egyptian-based percussion continues and Shakira - jumps in, mounts it, then rides it sensually.

She emphasizes the hypnotic beat with her whole entire body ... Especially the hips.

Her top is bra-like, black and silver, with hanging metallic fringes that accentuate, abs, sculpted by Di Vinci himself.

From the front, it appears that she wears a black, slit-dress with a rhinestone hip scarf. Feathers and black fringes run along the slit. A thin amulet hangs below the navel.

When she turns to the side, it's revealed that the black material is pinned to a thong type waist bracelet that fits like a G-string.

Her shapely legs are exposed. Those world famous, 'hips don't lie', as they flex and jiggle with each movement.

Leslie peeks over at King K-9. He's so absorbed, a dentist could remove teeth from his head without anesthetics.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

My girl's bringing it tonight, huh?

KING K-9

Going for the throat. Damn, if she was a vampire, I'd let her bite me. Hell, I'd even roll down my collar for her, if she wear that outfit.

The graceful poses that she does with her fingers -- as she frames her body and uses polished nails to accentuate her torso-driven routine ... Borders on criminal.

The more complex the beat becomes, the more creative her body-popping and zigzag pelvis goes from dramatic to phantasmic. Tribal chants now heard in the song, affects the entire arena at a primitive level - and activates every chakra.

Spins, bounces and shimmies dominate the eyes of the audience. They look as if God created Eve - just so she eventually evolve into ... Shakira.

Tassels and coins attached to her hip-scarf, are shaken mercilessly, as they glitter under the lights. The sweat on her stomach as she features her rolling ab muscles, causes the supple skin to shine even more.

The rock-star has no interest in vocals tonight. A thick rope is thrown to her from the side. She dances with it like it was a snake.

Later, she holds it over her head, then she saunters to the edge of the stage with it taunt, in front of her. Now her belly muscles ripple against it.

Shakira twists the rope around her wrists and lifts her arms above her head, like she's suspended from the ceiling. Now isolated, every flex in her abdomen is seen clearly. Every hip gyration stands out.

The rope slides to her back, as she arches her spine to provocatively shake what Mother Nature gave her. She teases with the image of bondage as she ties the rope around her torso, while she tosses her wild mane of hair around.

Escaping from her own restraints, Shakira now swings the rope around above her like a Gaucho uses a bola. Faster and faster it goes, - she whips the crowd into a frenzy.

Letting the rope wrap around her body, she lets go and allows it to slide to the floor. The stage goes black, silent.

ROAR. The lucky on-lookers erupt with applause that could be heard in Tokyo. The lights come on and she bows graciously to the standing ovation.

Leslie, clapping, immediately turns to King K-9.

LESLIE

It's pecker-check time, brotherman.
Stand up, but don't put my eye out.

He laughs. Continues to applaud until she leaves the stage. Her name lights up on the large screen again as spectators express their appreciation in decibels.

Over the PA system, the ANNOUNCER is heard ...

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

SHAKIRA! Ladies and gentlemen,
let's hear it again for the woman
who brought belly-dancing to the
world. SHAKIRA ...

The large screen fades to black and the stage lighting changes. The spectators try to recover from the opening act.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

And now, representing the paradise
of Dubai, some local talent.
(MORE)

ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Please join me in welcoming Yasmin,
followed by - Delilah.

The lights go down. An usher with a flashlight escorts Shakira to the judge's table.

A fog machine spews clouds across the stage as the lilting sound of an Arabic flute combines to create an otherworldly atmosphere in the auditorium.

Yasmin prances in from the wings in an all-white outfit along with a large white, silk veil. Her face is covered by the material. As she poses, she slowly lowers the veil but stops at her smoky eyes. A hypnotic effect.

The contrast with her costume, to her dark skin, looks stunning. She now runs in circles as the see-through cape flutters behind her in the wake of the stage sprint.

Her dreads are tied up and under her white and silver headband, decorated with rhinestones. Yasmin's belt matches her headband but chains and jewels hang down.

The song still burns slow, but ancient drums are added to the score. Her whole being becomes the embodiment of the melodic texture that's heard.

King K-9 grins wide as he watches his discovery kill it on the stage.

KING K-9

You show 'em, Boo.

LESLIE

Boo? Don't tell me you hit that.

KING K-9

I won't tell you then.

Leslie gives him a tour of Side-Eye City, before the focus is on the stage again.

The slow dance emotes raw sexual energy. It seems to flow from the hips - to the belly - then to the arms and head. The tilt of her neck is even timed to the music.

She peeks her steamy eyes around the veil, then just let's the shimmering silk melt over her entire body. Hands and fingers do their own serpentine dance as she bends backwards slowly, almost touching the floor with her head.

Slinking her way, upright, her hips slowly grind, dip and pop as she interplays with the drums.

The veil is almost like having a dance partner as she spins around inside it and undulates against it. Due to the fog machine's contribution of a misty backdrop, the veil, used like wings, it makes Yasmin appear - angelic.

But not for long. As the music gets more dynamic and rowdy, Yasmin goes with the flow. She dramatically loosens her dreadlocks and flips her hair around to the more up-tempo beat now playing.

Controlled, but feisty - her facial expression tells the story. This veil is not just a prop, it's an extension of her very soul.

To end the routine, she wraps herself in the glistening white material while on her knees. Now mummy-like, with only one hand free, her arm mimics the movements of a cobra. When the song ends, Yasmin collapses flat.

The arena is filled with cascades of applause. Yasmin unwraps herself and acknowledges the love.

As she scampers off the stage, Leslie turns to Shakira.

LESLIE

Girl, look at that. That's some shit you started. Done spread all over the world now. You must be proud, huh?

SHAKIRA

I am. But it's bigger than me. It started in Africa, I learned it in Columbia, now it's global.

LESLIE

That's because your fine ass blew it up. Don't be humble. Own that shit, queen.

Shakira smiles back to her. Leslie spins to face King K-9.

KING K-9

Amen to that, Shakira. Every one of them, owe you some props.

LESLIE

Feeling better, King?

KING K-9

Just wish my crew was here to enjoy it with me. My boys are ... They were, just so funny. They help me relax, you know? I miss them.

LESLIE

If there's one thing I know they'd want - is for you to enjoy your 50th birthday. Morn tomorrow.

KING K-9

Yeah, I feel ya. Speaking of fifty, the next dancer is older than that. You gotta see this.

LESLIE

Damn, you gotta a role model already? Funny how life works.

The house lights dim again and the stage is spotlighted. The staging is set so it seems like nighttime in the desert. Sand dunes props, blown by fans, makes the grains look like crystal flakes in the reflection of the lighting.

High winds are heard over an Oud guitar. From the side, Delilah moseys onto the stage in a Bedouin outfit. Wrapped heavily in black garments ... Only her eyes are seen as she battles the harsh winds. On her head, she balances a vase.

As she gets closer to the dune, she notices something glowing near it. She puts down the vase and investigates. The source of the glowing is an ancient lamp. Delilah wipes it off and puts it on the vase.

Delilah is taken back when the lamp explodes with light emitting from it like a disco ball. A stirring drum track is added to the music and Delilah reacts to it soulfully.

The Gods of Dance compel her to writhe, stretch and sway in her outfit to the rhythm. Soon, the outer garment is removed, along with the headgear.

A series of colorful veils that she wears is now exposed. She dances with abandon and agility as she removes the veils, one by one. Her hips bounce and grind so much they'd make 'MA RAINEY'S BLACK BOTTOM, jealous.

The more the veils come off, the more rowdy and edgy the dance becomes. With the headgear off her gorgeous smile is amplified by thick, flowing hair. She whips her mane around, as if possessed.

With only a few veils left, it's seen that she wears a gold costume underneath. It sparkles in the light as she gives a lesson in the articulation of the hips.

Leslie elbows King K-9.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

She ain't no fifty years old, stop lying, boy.

KING K-9

That's what she told me, I ain't checked her driver's licence, yo.

Near the end of the routine, she lifts the lamp from the vase. Now the container is full of sparkling jewelry. Surprised, she joyously puts on several necklaces and dances with the lamp on her head.

The music fades as the light in the lamp gets dimmer. She covers her magic lamp with the veils on the stage and stuffs it in the vase.

She exits the stage with the vase on her head, a pep in her step and swagger to her stagger.

Delilah comes back out for a bow as the standing ovation rocks the arena to its foundation. King K-9 claps enthusiastically for her.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Let's hear it again for our own queens of dance, here in Dubai. Miss Yasmin and Miss Delilah.

Time is given for the applause to resound, before he continues on.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Before we get into the international competition, we have a last minute entry.

The spotlight shines in the corner of the stage. Haunting Arabic music is played as the sound of thunder is added. The spotlight goes off and now a strobe light is deployed.

A familiar image appears in the strobe. It's the Black Desert Queen, full mask ... And swords.

Terror is seen on the face of King K-9 as his jaw drops. His eyes get big as he is frozen in his seat.

LESLIE

Damn, that bitch looks scary.

KING K-9

She is.

The Queen does a similar act to what transpired at the ruins of the temple. The crowd loves the tricks, but unease is apparent in King K-9. He looks over to Buzz. His buddy signals that he's confused and scared too.

The Queen goes to the edge of the stage and points directly at King K-9. He recoils in his seat. Leslie scopes it.

LESLIE

You okay? Me and Shakira are gonna run to the ladies room before we have to judge the other dancers.

KING K-9

Uh, yeah. I'm good. I think.

They smile as they get up and leave. The Black Desert Queen watches them leave, then performs on stage, right in front of a very nervous King K-9.

The song is very high energy, as are her darting movements. Suddenly, she jumps off the stage. King K-9 cringes as she runs by him and into the section behind him.

Fear on his face, he turns slowly to look behind him. He doesn't see her. The music still plays loudly.

CLANG! Two blades suddenly are crossed under his neck. Instant sweat. The spotlight moves to him. MUSIC STOPS. Frozen with fear. The crowd screams with horror.

The large screen shows the whole thing. He swallows hard and ekes out a request.

KING K-9 (CONT'D)

Please. Please ... Don't.

Silence. Seconds feel like an eternity as his eyes seem to resign themselves to impending doom.

The Queen, who stands behind him, uses her swords to make him tilt his head back so she looks down into his eyes. Her mask looks even more hideous up close.

She bends down close to his ear. He closes his eyes and prepares for the death blow. She whispers ...

QUEEN

Happy birthday, mutha fucker.

Confused, King K-9 opens one eye. The mask is whisked off. Leslie's smiling face beams back at him. She takes the knives away from his throat and the tension melts away from him instantly.

Confetti starts to drop from the rafters. The large screen now flashes, 'HAPPY BIRTHDAY KING K-9' as the house lights go on to show everyone on their feet - clapping and laughing.

His facial expression is a complete blank, mouth hangs wide open. Thoroughly 'PUNK'D', he peeks over at the standing ovation. Leslie giggles and slaps at him playfully.

The actual dancer who played the queen peeks up from rows behind him and waves. Rap and show biz friends are in the audience, clapping. King K-9 finds it hard to come out of the state of shock.

The crowd sings HAPPY BIRTHDAY as four nomads bring out a cake, a hookah and champagne in a chiller, on carts. The nomads stop near King K-9, remove their coverings.

King K-9 can't believe his eyes. It's Casper, Petey-Pete and Harpo. Tears run as he gets up and hugs them., hard. After the bear hugs are passed out, King K-9 stares them down.

KING K-9

You got me, yo. Had me ... All the way. Damn. So ... Whose whack-ass idea was this?

The last nomad removes his covering. It's MC Nighthawk. K-9 almost falls backwards.

NIGHTHAWK

Eat ass you ancient muthafucka.
Got you.

Blinks are all King K-9 can muster as the moment overwhelms him. Finally a smile is formed.

KING K-9

Sure the fuck did. Holy shit.
You. How?

NIGHTHAWK

Told you I owed you one, huh?

KING K-9

But, to do all this?

NIGHTHAWK

I had the minions to the roadwork.
We all got love for you, brotha.

Nighthawk points to K-9's boys, Leslie and Buzz. Pablo winks at King K-9 and gives Buzz a high five. King K-9 and Nighthawk go to the table of conspirators.

KING K-9

That was the best fucking surprise birthday ever. Y'all schemed this up? Why?

NIGHTHAWK

You were in your mansion feeling sorry for yourself. We just wanted you to remember the blessings you had. Everyone was in on it.

Nighthawk motions to the stands where Waleed, Jameel and the kidnapppers sit with their crew. They smile and wave back.

King K-9 deftly looks his homey up and down, rolls his eyes then shakes his head.

KING K-9

You sick, dookey-pants bastard.
(beat)
But ... What a birthday!

FLASHBACK - SERIES OF SHOTS

1. Around the hookah with his friends as he lets out a lung-full of canna-smoke. Eyes like slits. Silly grin.

KING K-9 (V.O.)

I smoked the best herb ...

2, He and crew point out the strange and beautiful buildings as they ride along.

KING K-9 (V.O.)

Explored a new country ...

3. Cruising through the picturesque desert on slick motorbikes.

KING K-9 (V.O.)

Rode the fuck outta some fly ass dirt-bikes.

4. Arabian wolves attack as the Americans sprint across the desert, terrified.

KING K-9 (V.O.)

Shit, even ran from hungry wolves.

END FLASHBACK

Buzz looks apologetic.

BUZZ

Uh, the wolves weren't really in the plan. But hey, it worked out.

KING K-9

You mean--

BUZZ

It didn't happen. Nothing to worry about, right?

Pablo suddenly throws a look of disapproval to Buzz. King K-9 spots the tension between them.

FLASHBACK - SERIES OF SHOTS

1. Eating on pillows at the old time restaurant. Plates of delicious but unusual dishes in front of him.

KING K-9 (V.O.)

Anyway, I ate exotic food ...

2. Howard co-ed on his lap. Then Yasmin getting all sensual at the tent in the desert.

KING K-9 (V.O.)

Gripped a little romance ...

3. A collage of dancers and their 'red-hot' moves.

KING K-9 (V.O.)

And seen more booties popping this weekend than most brothas see in their entire lives.

END FLASHBACK

K-9 embraces the memories with a smile.

LESLIE

Yeah, some people get snow-blind. This fool is 'ho-blind', now.

They laugh and he puts his arms around their shoulders.

KING K-9

Plus, I learned the importance of my friends. And life in general. You can't put a price tag on that.

Boo-Boo is in the crowd and waves to King K-9. She lifts her top as fans go wild and the guys applaud too.

BOO-BOO
Happy Birthday!

He shakes his head, grinning. Delilah slinks over to a mesmerized King K-9 as he watches the bouncing globes.

DALILAH
You still interested in that hot
tub meeting?

Yasmin pops up and snuggles on his arm.

YASMIN
Got room in there for three?

King K-9 turns his face towards heaven.

KING K-9
Whatever I did to deserve this,
I'll double it. What a birthday!

SUPER - MONTHS LATER

INT. LUXURY OFFICE - DAY

Pablo walks Buzz into his new digs. A corner office with a great view. They shake hands and Pablo's face shows he is proud of his best agent.

PABLO
Enjoy. You hear? You deserve it.
But one last thing.

Pablo sits in the brand new office chair - and rips loose a nose numbing fart.

PABLO (CONT'D)
Had to break it in proper, right?

BUZZ
Gee, thanks. I'm just glad you're
not on your period too.

As Pablo leaves, Buzz beams with joy. He takes a magazine to wave away the remnants of the booty bomb that was just detonated by Pablo.

Stink now removed, he sits and takes a spin in his swivel chair. His cell phone rings.

EXT. POOL - DAY

Kicked back, in a flamingo 'floatie' and sporting shades, King K-9 is finally using his gorgeous pool as more than a upscale decoration.

His crew laughs and splashes around in the shallow end with Nighthawk. A Hookah from Dubai, is nearby.

King K-9 takes a deep hit before passing the doobie to Petey-Pete. He talks into his phone.

KING K-9
(holding in smoke)
Hey player. Leslie's got a
birthday next month. Whatcha got?
I owe her one.

A large exhale and plume of smoke follows.

INT. LUXURY OFFICE - DAY

Buzz smiles devilishly.

BUZZ
Oh, I might have a little
something, something.

THE END