

THE LAST PLANTATION

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THE LAST PLANTATION

EXT. COTTON FIELD - DAY

The SUN sets on a FIELD of COTTON. A DINNER BELL rings out, accompanied by a woman's voice, booming from a distance:

VOICE (O.S.)

Supper Time... it's Supper Time...

At quick intervals, four BLACK FACES pop up from the cotton, smiling wide at the sound of the dinner bell. SAMUEL BEAUX, SR. ("Big Sam") (42), SAMUEL BEAUX, JR. ("Little Sam") (17), LAURENCE BEAUX ("Bo") (12) and MELISSA BEAUX ("Missy") (16).

BIG SAM

My my, that's a welcome sound.

Big Sam casts a glance at the white-columned plantation house and lets out a sigh, takes off his straw hat, wipes his brow and waves. The three kids shake their heads and look at their father like he's an idiot.

EXT. PLANTATION HOUSE - DAY

BEAUREGARD JEFFERSON WHITEY ("Mr. B") (66) sits on the front porch in his white suit, sipping a mint julep. He squints out at Big Sam waving his hat from the cotton field. ABRAHAM LINCOLN BEAUX ("Grandpa Beaux") (66) shuffles up on the porch.

MR. B

That's Sam waving, ain't it.

GRANDPA BEAUX

Yes suh, that's him.

MR. B

Nice boy you got there, Grandpa Beaux, real good boy...

GRANDPA BEAUX

He's 42, so I say he's a good man, real good one.

MR. B

Everybody's getting old, everybody but us... How'd it go today?

Grandpa Beaux hands Mr. B a stack of hundred dollar bills.

(CONTINUED)

GRANDPA BEAUX

Went real good, people never get tired of cotton, no sir. That there's from yesterday's picking.

MR. B

Whew, that's damned fast.

BESSIE (55) comes out on the porch, with a nod of acquaintance to Grandpa Beaux. Speaks to Mr. B.

BESSIE

It's time for supper.

MR. B

You rang that bell so loud the devil himself knows it's time for supper.

BESSIE

If you don't hear any better than you see, might be only the devil who'll be eating.

MR. B

Oh, you got a mouth on you, Bessie, don't she have a mouth on her?

BESSIE

He ain't saying nothing. He knows who butters his cornbread, and so do you, so come on inside.

MR. B

Yes, ma'am, here I come.

BESSIE

(to Grandpa Beaux)

You want a plate or you eating with your folks?

GRANDPA BEAUX

I reckon I'll eat with them.

MR. B

You available later, for a game of chess and a stinky cigar?

GRANDPA BEAUX

Lemme check my dance card.

(CONTINUED)

BESSIE

You not stinking up the big house,
you can play on the stump out
back. Come on, now, the chicken's
getting cold and you got problems
you don't even know about.

MR. B

What problems?

BESSIE

Annabelle.

MR. B

What's wrong with Annabelle?

BESSIE

She's a virgin. And she ain't
happy about it.

Bessie heads inside. Gloom settles over the porch.

GRANDPA BEAUX

I guess time don't stop for nobody.

MR. B

It does if I say it does.

Mr. B rises, determined, and heads inside. As the screen door
smacks shut behind him, Grandpa Beaux shakes his head.

GRANDPA BEAUX

The Big O waits for no man, my
friend. "Sine dubito. Sine dubito."

Grandpa Beaux wanders off, toward the "slave" quarters.

INT. SLAVE QUARTERS - NIGHT

At the dinner table in the Beaux house, it's loud and raucous.
Bo and Little Sam talk over each other, with distinct Jersey
accents. Their mother, SCARLETT (40) asks the boys what they
want for their dinner entree.

SCARLETT

Filet of sole, curried lamb with
chutney sauce, or fried chicken.

Big Sam shares a look and shakes his head. The boys are paying
no attention at all, arguing.

LITTLE SAM

Jordan, Kobe, LeBron!

(CONTINUED)

BO

LeBron, Jordan... and Magic!

LITTLE SAM

What? Magic?!

BO

Championships, baby, championships.

LITTLE SAM

So Jordan, Kobe... and Bill
Russell!

BIG SAM

If you're building a team, you
start with Kareem. Now hush and
tell your mother what you want to
eat.

INT. PLANTATION HOUSE - NIGHT

At the big house, Mr. B presides over the dinner table, with his granddaughter ANNABELLE (17), and grandson WINSTON (18), both blonde and gorgeous. Food on the table consists of Fried Chicken, Collard Greens, Rice & Tomatoes, and Cornbread.

ANNABELLE

I'm 17, why can't I go to Paris?

MR. B

Everybody doesn't automatically
go to Paris when they're 17.

ANNABELLE

But I don't go anywhere. I've
never been off this stupid
plantation!

MR. B

That's enough, young lady.

Annabelle huffs but shuts up. Probably not for long.

MR. B (CONT'D)

My son and his wife - your beloved
parents - lost their lives in
that tragic car.. uh... carriage
accident when they ventured outside
that gate. And I promised that
you and Winston wouldn't suffer
the same fate.

(CONTINUED)

ANNABELLE

Instead, we get to suffer in here!

MR. B

Suffering? Are you aware that, at this very moment, the Hapsburgs are pillaging their way across the Franco-Prussian frontier, slaughtering Slavs, ravaging their women and family pets?

ANNABELLE

I don't care about all that, that's not even in this county! When am I going to meet a boy? This isn't fair!

MR. B

Winston, is this fair?

WINSTON

I'm okay.

MR. B

See... Winston's okay.

ANNABELLE

You don't even know! You just...

MR. B

What don't I know?

ANNABELLE

Anything! You don't know anything!

Annabelle throws down her napkin and storms out of the room. Winston loads up his plate. Mr. B looks at him. He shrugs.

WINSTON

Can you pass the cornbread, Grandpa, I want to chart some stars while the sky's so dark and clear.

INT. SLAVE QUARTERS - NIGHT

Scarlett is hovering over Bo, Little Sam, Big Sam and Grandpa Beaux, all seated for dinner. Missy is not there. There are no Jersey accents.

BIG SAM

Fried chicken, thank you.

(CONTINUED)

SCARLETT

Original recipe or extra crispy?

BIG SAM

Extra crispy... and a biscuit.

Everybody busts out, giving Big Sam hell.

LITTLE SAM

You so country it's embarrassing...

Grandpa Sam notices something ain't quite right. What's that with the extra crispy, it's supposedly the 1800s.

GRANDPA SAM

What you all talking about?

Sudden silence.

SCARLETT

Oh, nothing, Grandpa, they're just teasing their pappy about his stuck in the mud ways, that's all.

GRANDPA SAM

What's about this original recipe, what's that about...

BO

That don't mean nothing...

LITTLE SAM

That's just what mama always makes, you know, the old way...

SCARLETT

Because the last time I cooked it, I fried it to a crisp, remember, when I forgot the stove...

BIG SAM

Burnt is what it was...

BO

And Mama said, "It's extra crispy."

Everybody laughs.

(CONTINUED)

SCARLETT

Speaking of frying something,
where is your sister? Bo? Little
Sam? Doesn't she know it's dinner
time?

Crisis has passed. But Grandpa Beaux keeps an eye peeled.

INT. PLANTATION HOUSE - NIGHT

In the dinning room, Mr. B and Bessie are locked in a heated discussion about Annabelle.

BESSIE

You can't keep her locked up for
the rest of her life.

MR. B

Why the hell not? It's better
than what's out there.

BESSIE

Have you seen her lately? You
seen the hooters on that girl?
So, what do you want, you want
Little Sam and Bo tapping that
thing?

MR. B

What the... you can't talk...

BESSIE

She's going to give it to somebody,
it's just a question of who and
when. Which century do you live
in, anyway?

MR. B

The nineteenth. It's 1862, proper
young women...

BESSIE

(sarcastic)

Oh, sho it is... 1862, that's
right...

MR. B

You watch it now, just watch it...

Bessie's pissed, and she's not watching it.

(CONTINUED)

BESSIE

And you can't keep blaming
everything on those poor jew
people...

MR. B

What jew people...

BESSIE

Them Haps Bergs. They can't rape
and pillage the whole world
forever... nobody's gonna...

MR. B

Hapsburgs, B-U-R-G-S, not B-E-R-G-
S, they're from Austria, they're
not jews, they're... they're like
the opposite of jews...

BESSIE

The opposite... how can you be
like the opposite of a jew...

MR. B

Well... it's Austria, it's like...
like Arnold...

BESSIE

Arnold who?

MR. B

Never mind, she's not going.
Nobody's going anywhere.

BESSIE

For how long, forever?

MR. B

If I have to, yes, forever...
damnit, Bessie, you get me all
riled up. Horse meat and chicken
feathers... you... damnit!

Mr. B storms out, fuming. Bessie stands, fuming.

INT. ANNABELLE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Annabelle, in bra and panties, checks herself in the mirror on
her closet door, pushing her breasts up, checking her profile,
then finally opening the door and posing before a large poster
of Kayne West.

INT. SLAVE QUARTERS - NIGHT

Bo returns to the table from his quick look for Missy.

BO

I don't know where she is.

EXT. PLANTATION OUT-BUILDING - NIGHT

Outside a low building away from the main house, all is dark and quiet. Suddenly, the entire FAR WALL swings up, and a white Lincoln pulls out, lights off. Mr. B is behind the wheel, driving slow and quiet. He feels around for his glasses, can't find them, squints and keeps driving.

INT. MR. B'S LINCOLN - NIGHT

Inside the Lincoln, Mr. B turns on the radio. As he navigates through the trees, "WUSA" comes on with a NEWS FLASH:

NEWSCASTER

This is WUSA / America's Radio Station. Today in Washington, Congress finally approved the President's request to clear the 105mm Howitzer for home use. Despite the protests of the usual left-wing loonies, like "Mothers of Blown Away Children." Please, give me a freaking break. As the President said, when heckled today at a \$10,000 per shrimp campaign reception, "Texas is awful big and those peasants fly mighty durned fast." He probably meant 'pheasants' but what the hell. For those interested in purchasing the 105, the "skin card" system is in effect, so skin tone will be checked, those A-Rab terrorists won't be buying these babies. Well, hell, Percy, it takes a semi to haul the damn things, you think somebody's gonna stick one in their carry-on bag? All in all, it's a good day in America, praise the lord. We'll be right back to talk the talk and walk the walk, on WUSA... like we say, Percy, "WUSA - love it or turn the damn station".

EXT. COTTON FIELD - CONTINUOUS

In an otherwise still, moonlit cotton field, cotton stalks rustle. On a blanket on the ground among the cotton, Missy and Winston speak in muffled voices.

MISSY

You were right... oh, Winston,
it's so... big...

WINSTON

I told you...

MISSY

It is, what you said, like a big
cucumber, or an ear of corn even.

WINSTON

It's not even all the way, yet.

MISSY

You were right about... well,
about white boys... huh.

WINSTON

I guess, yeah.

MISSY

Thank you for showing me. I hope
you weren't embarrassed.

WINSTON

Uh... I didn't just want to show
it to you. I thought...

MISSY

Oh, you mean... about what you
said... the other thing...

WINSTON

Right.

MISSY

(giggling)
"Once you go white, you never go
back" - you mean that thing?

WINSTON

Yeah. Come here, I'll show you.

MISSY

Well... okay.... but that still
doesn't sound right...

EXT. PLANTATION GATE - NIGHT

Mr. B, agitated and distracted, listening to the theme from "Deliverance" on WUSA, clicks a garage door opener and an entire WALL OF IVY in front of him slides open. The moment it's wide enough, he floors it and flies through the opening, swings the wheel to his right and immediately HITS SOMETHING.

He stops and gets out, as the wall of ivy closes behind him. It's a smashed, bent GROCERY CART, previously filled with SODA CANS, which now cover the roadside. DONALD P. DONALD drags to his feet. Mr. B can barely see in the darkness.

MR. B

You worthless bum, watch where you're pushing your welfare cart!

DONALD

I'm no bum, ass hole. I'm Donald P. Donald, immediate past CEO of the End Run Corporation and a proud member of the United States Congress.

MR. B

I don't believe you. What are you doing on my road?

DONALD

Community service.

MR. B

Ah, you're a corporate crook, I call you corporate chefs, you cook the books and stick us with the bill.

DONALD

It was a misunderstanding.

MR. B

Then why are you picking up trash?

DONALD

I'm picking up cans, I leave the trash. There's a good buck in recycling. I wasn't guilty.

MR. B

Right, nobody is...

(CONTINUED)

DONALD

I pled guilty because it was cheaper than paying my lawyer. I put my assets into a blind trust, did my 90 days and saved thousands.

MR. B

You're a bum pushing a grocery cart.

DONALD

Sir, you are mistaken. I am a United States Congressman and a businessman, not that there's a difference.

Mr. B moves in closer, squints at Donald.

MR. B

You're a Congressman?

DONALD

That's right, citizen, and I've never slept with anyone who was not related to me or on my congressional staff. I stand firmly on that. And, who are you with your Colonel Sanders outfit and reckless traffic habits?

MR. B

I know you...

DONALD

Who doesn't...

MR. B

You're the indicted and disgraced congressman and real estate tycoon with a big ego and bad hair.

DONALD

Indicted, yes, but not disgraced. Do you know how much money I made, it's a record for a government official, state or federal.

MR. B

You sold secrets. You're a traitor.

DONALD

If they weren't secrets, who would buy them? Duh.

(CONTINUED)

MR. B

What did they give you, to betray
our country, how much?

DONALD

Those guys? A castle and ponies
for my daughters, big whupp. You
ever pay the heating bill on a
castle?

Mr. B pulls a chrome .45 from a shoulder holster.

MR. B

I am sorry, but I am compelled,
as a citizen of this precious
nation, to execute you...
forthwith... no more fucking
around!

Mr. B's about to shoot him and Donald is about to wet his pants
when a pair of HEADLIGHTS appear. Mr. B stops, looks, and makes
a dash for it, jumps in the Lincoln and peels away.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE GATE - NIGHT

As Mr. B's Lincoln speeds away and an old pickup rattles by,
Donald retrieves a flashlight from the ground near his cart
and points it at the ivy wall. A sign reads RADIOACTIVE WASTE
DUMP with the hazardous waste symbol. He swings the flashlight
beam to the left. There's a road sign: "Welcome to New Jersey,
Home of the Mob and Hoop Earrings." He points the light in the
other direction: an identical sign. Welcome to New Jersey in
both directions. He pulls out his cell phone, taps an app and
checks: "Your location does not exist, please try again."

Donald notices a low humming noise. He shines his light along
the wall and spots it: one of his cans is STUCK IN THE GATE,
keeping it from closing. Donald speaks to his cell phone.

DONALD

Doll face... call Tony.

He listens to the phone dial. Then a CLICK and a voice:

PHONE VOICE (V.O.)

Governor Soprano's private line,
who's calling?

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Mr. B exits his Lincoln at a convenience store, checks the
clip in his .45, sets three theft alarms and heads inside.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

An American Indian, in a business suit but wearing a full head-dress, is in a fast-escalating argument with the store attendant, an Indian from India.

AMERICAN INDIAN

Native American is Indian, you dimwit!

INDIA INDIAN

Not real Indian... I'm Indian, from India, fool! Only one, first one!

These two continue hurling insults while Mr. B grabs a Mountain Dew, beef sticks, powdered mini-doughnuts, Guns & Ammo and Women's Fitness magazines and approaches the counter. The buyer's purchases are on the counter: a bottle labelled "Firewater", an "Official Swiss Army Scalping Knife" and a Playboy special edition: "College Squaws Shed Their Feathers: The Girls of Florida State University".

As Mr. B reaches the counter, the American Indian pulls the clerk over the counter and onto the floor. When the American Indian pulls a hatchet from inside his coat and raises it, Mr. B yanks out his .45 and racks a round.

MR. B

Halt! Put down that hatchet mister!

Two squad cars squeal to a stop outside and four POLICE OFFICERS enter, two holding Dunkin' Doughnuts coffee cups.

OFFICER ONE

Oh, Jeezus, not you two again.
(to the coffee drinkers)
You guys take off, we got it.

The coffee drinkers exit.

OFFICER TWO

(to Mr. B)
Thank you, citizen, but these guys do this all the time.

OFFICER ONE

Who's a real Indian? Who's a real Indian? What a crock. But don't call my football team the Redskins. No, sir. Meanwhile, this one carries a hatchet and drinks firewater.

(CONTINUED)

OFFICER TWO
You'd think it was California.

OFFICER ONE
West Hollywood.

OFFICER TWO
West Hollywood, exactly.

Mr. B holsters his .45 as the fighters untangle themselves.

OFFICER ONE
Whoa, hold on, let me see that.

Mr. B hands over his weapon.

OFFICER ONE (CONT'D)
That's a real nice piece. What's
your load?

MR. B
Underwood Gold Dot HP, 592 ft-lbs
and a muzzle velocity of 1200.

OFFICER ONE
Whoa, mister. That's some serious
shit. You could make a big hole
in just about any kind of Indian.

MR. B
It's a defensive weapon, just
need stopping power.

OFFICER ONE
And more power to you. Hey, an
inside tip. If you shoot them
first, it's a lot safer on your
end. That halt, drop your weapon
stuff doesn't always work.

MR. B
Thank you officer.

Officer One hands the weapon back.

OFFICER ONE
You should come by the range
sometime.

MR. B
Maybe I'll do that, thanks.

(CONTINUED)

Officer Two has the fighters lined up next to each other. He's holding paint chip samples up to the clerk's face.

INDIA INDIAN
What are you doing?

OFFICER TWO
I'm profiling you.

INDIA INDIAN
Profiling is illegal. I protest this.

OFFICER TWO
Sorry, you are mistaken. Profiling by race is bad, but we don't profile by race, only by color.

INDIA INDIAN
That's absurd.

AMERICAN INDIAN
He's right.

OFFICER ONE
(to Mr. B)
I'll be right back, sorry.

He goes to help his partner. Asks the Clerk.

OFFICER ONE (CONT'D)
Lets see your papers.

Officer Two hands him a driver's license.

OFFICER TWO
Doesn't have any papers. He claims he's from here.

INDIA INDIAN
I'm from Pittsburgh.

OFFICER ONE
Right, playing the sympathy card. Go Pirates, right?

OFFICER TWO
He claims that's a driver's license.

He looks at it.

(CONTINUED)

OFFICER ONE
This doesn't look like you.

INDIA INDIAN
That is me. I had on a turban and
sunglasses when that photo was
taken.

OFFICER ONE
Muhammed M. Muhammed?

INDIA INDIAN
It's a popular name.

OFFICER ONE
(to his partner)
Okay, let's take this one in.

He addresses the American Indian.

OFFICER ONE (CONT'D)
You busy?

AMERICAN INDIAN
Not particularly.

OFFICER ONE
You watch the store for a while?

AMERICAN INDIAN
Sure.

Officer Two begins to cuff the Clerk.

INDIA INDIAN
Wait, what are you arresting me
for?

OFFICER ONE
Suspicion.

INDIA INDIAN
Suspicion of what?

Officer One and Officer Two share a knowing smile.

OFFICER ONE
Oh, no you don't, Kemosabe.

AMERICAN INDIAN
That's me...

(CONTINUED)

OFFICER TWO

If we tell you what we think you did, then you'll know what to deny. You tell us what you did and we'll tell you if you're right or not.

OFFICER ONE

Put him on ice, I'll be right there.

Officer Two herds the clerk out. Officer One approaches Mr. B.

OFFICER ONE (CONT'D)

There's something about that guy. Can I get your ID, for the report, sir? Just need the name and address. Assuming it's not Colonel Sanders.

Mr. B forces out a tired smile, hands over his license.

OFFICER ONE (CONT'D)

Get that a lot, do you?

MR. B

Now and then, yeah.

OFFICER ONE

No worries.

(checking the license)

Where is that, 1800 Tobacco Road?

MR. B

It's uh, by the hazardous waste dump.

COP TWO

But, that's in New York, how come you got a Jersey License?

MR. B

It's just over the line, barely, right almost on the line, actually.

COP TWO

And, this number, what kind of a phone number is that? That's not Jersey. What is that?

MR. B

It's a satellite phone.

(CONTINUED)

COP TWO

Satellite phone, shit, what kind
of business you in...

(checking the license)

Mr. Beauregard Jefferson Whitey?

MR. B

Uh... I'm in the cotton business...

EXT. PLANTATION GATE - NIGHT

Mr. B approaches the gate with his lights off. It's wide open and chaos reigns. People are everywhere. Ragged, homeless people walk around shaking their coin cups at everybody, including each other. When Mr. B stops, a squeegee man starts cleaning his windshield. An Asian woman with a back-rub chair waves to him. An Asian man in front of an easel calls out to him, "Draw picture, cheapy, cheapy." Mr. B blows his horn, floors it and flies through the gate, brakes the car hard and jumps out, ready to fight them off or gun them down if he has to. But no one follows him. They come to the line but won't cross it, for some reason. Mr. B slides the gate closed, gets a chain from his trunk and chains the gate shut, pops a tear gas canister and tosses it over the wall. To a chorus of screams, he hops back in the Lincoln and takes off.

EXT. COTTON FIELD - NIGHT

Cotton stalks are moving, rhythmically. Little Sam sings.

LITTLE SAM

"And them cotton balls were
rocking, but they weren't picking
no cotton, in them old, cotton
fields back home."

ANNABELLE

Stop it, Sam, this is a sacred
moment.

LITTLE SAM

I be singing for joy Annabelle,
baby.

ANNABELLE

Then turn on Issac or rap some
Dirty South and hit that thing.
And call me Nicole, please...

A rustling of clothing is followed by a zipper.

LITTLE SAM

Nicole?

(CONTINUED)

ANNABELLE

Oh, my God look, it's so big.
It's as long as my finger. That's
really big, isn't it?

LITTLE SAM

Yeah, I mean, you got really long
fingers, especially if you count
the fingernail and... whoa, girl,
where you... okay, you just go
ahead, climb right on... oh,
okay...

ANNABELLE

Is it in, Mandingo? Are you
ravaging my flaming loins?

LITTLE SAM

I'm ravaging, yeah, I'm ravaging,
just keep your head down.

ANNABELLE

Oh, ohhh, you're amazing, Orenthal,
you're the best... ooh... ooh...

LITTLE SAM

Orenthal, who's Orenthal? I thought
I was Mandingo.

INT. PLANTATION HOUSE - NIGHT

The front door of the big house cracks open and Bessie comes
out, cradling a double-barrel shotgun, meets Mr. B as he comes
up the steps onto the porch. The porch is covered with flyers:
Chinese take-out, Home Siding, Lawn Service, and scattered
copies of The Watchtower.

BESSIE

They came like locusts, like Black
Friday shoppers on crack at Wal-
Mart.

MR. B

Who came?

BESSIE

All of 'em. First the coupon boys,
then a man wanting to put siding
on the big house... Vinyl siding!

Mr. B notices some splattered dark liquid.

(CONTINUED)

MR. B

What's this here, you spill something?

BESSIE

Them was the last ones, the Klan.

MR. B

The Klan? You sure about that?

BESSIE

Positive. They were sneaky. They was wearing orange sheets, to throw me off, and they had bald heads, but they didn't fool me. There was two and one started making a racket on a tambourine, like a signal, so I took care of that right quick.

MR. B

How'd you do that?

BESSIE

I shot him first.

Mr. B feels the world closing in, along with disaster. He looks around the porch, at the copies of The Watchtower.

MR. B

What are these magazines?

BESSIE

That was the other ones, dressed like Jack Webb, skinny black ties, real polite. I shoed them off but I think the buckshot over their head scared 'em. They dropped those. The winds of change be upon us, Mr. Beauregard Whitey. Sho 'nuff.

MR. B

Where's the... Klansman you shot?

BESSIE

There's two of 'em. I put 'em in the smokehouse.

Grandpa Beaux comes around the corner of the house.

(CONTINUED)

GRANDPA BEAUX

Yep, they deader than dead. Double-ought buck, center shot. Whew!

BESSIE

I hit what I shoot at. Ain't that the point?

MR. B

The east gate was open. The chain on the motor broke. I gassed 'em and chained it but they might be back.

GRANDPA BEAUX

We should retire to the situating room and conjugate some permutations.

Annabelle comes strolling briskly up from the dark, smiling all over, bounds up the steps.

ANNABELLE

Hey everybody, what were those big bangs?

MR. B

Fireworks. Where have you been?

ANNABELLE

Little Sam and I took a ride... I mean walk. We went for a walk so I could explain about the Hapsburgs and the slobbering Slavs.

BESSIE

What's that big smile doing on your face?

ANNABELLE

I'm just happy to be here on this beautiful plantation.

She hugs Mr. B and kisses him on the cheek and heads inside.

GRANDPA BEAUX

Basement time.

Grandpa Beaux and Mr. B head inside.

(CONTINUED)

BESSIE

If little Sam is smiling like that, you best stay in the basement...

INT. SLAVE QUARTERS - NIGHT

Big Sam and Scarlett are in bed, snuggled together.

BIG SAM

Don't worry your head about anything. It's all good.

SCARLETT

It's all bad and it's gonna get worse.

BIG SAM

We got time. Come here...

SCARLETT

Stop changing the subject. What are you gonna do?

BIG SAM

Nothing. Everything's fine.

SCARLETT

You are too good to be a slave, Sam, no matter how much it pays.

BIG SAM

We're not slaves. You know that.

SCARLETT

Whatever you call it. So what are we, then?

BIG SAM

We're warm and safe and happy.

He makes another attempt to roll her his way but Scarlett turns the other way.

SCARLETT

You and your father...

BIG SAM

What are you mad about?

(CONTINUED)

SCARLETT

Mr. Whitey, Mr. B... that old man might be half deaf and three quarters blind, but he's not stupid.

BIG SAM

I don't know...

SCARLETT

Not that stupid. You better get a plan, that's all, you better get a plan for when this all blows up, 'cause it's coming. Soon.

INT. PLANTATION HOUSE BUNKER - NIGHT

Grandpa Beaux and Mr. B are in the supposedly secret concrete bunker under the house, watching breaking news on a big-screen television and sipping corn liquor. There's a story on about the convenience store fracas.

NEWSCASTER ONE

A search of the residence of the convenience store clerk reportedly produced materials written in a foreign language. Details are sketchy but, so far, the suspect has refused to complain in anything but English. Investigators are confident, however, that he will eventually confess to something.

MR. B

You see, you never know. You just never know. That skin color test was a really good idea.

NEWSCASTER ONE

Meanwhile, in a surprising turn, the customer, a well-dressed man wearing an Indian headdress and carrying a hatchet has now been linked to a series of killings at convenience stores along the west coast. His attorneys issued a statement, claiming that this man was following instructions from his director, to prepare for an upcoming film role as a bloodthirsty savage.

(CONTINUED)

GRANDPA BEAUX

Now that's just damn stupid.

NEWSCASTER

The director, Blitzer von Blatz, was in private conference with an attractive young production assistant and unavailable for comment. What we do know is that the actor was working non-union under an assumed name so, no matter what transpires with the string of murder charges, he is in heap big trouble with the union.

Mr. B clicks off the television.

MR. B

What an idiot.

GRANDPA BEAUX

I know. It's that damn Strasberg method foolishness. How about trying acting, huh.

MR. B

We've got trouble.

He offers Grandpa Beaux a fat cigar, then lights his own.

GRANDPA BEAUX

Plan Zulu.

MR. B

We weld that gate shut, switch to the backup gate. Then batten it down, lay low. Let it blow over.

GRANDPA BEAUX

The kids is restless. They's growing up, and down and around, and out, in Annabelle's case.

MR. B

Okay, okay, I get it.

GRANDPA BEAUX

Scarlett is giving Big Sam hell about the slave thing. Now we got the Jehovah's Witnesses up the behind. You know they never let you go, once they find you.

(CONTINUED)

MR. B

I don't care. We have to protect everybody, keep it together. We've done it before.

Grandpa Beaux takes a drag on his cigar, approaches the subject with caution.

GRANDPA BEAUX

We been... something or t'other for a long, long time.

MR. B

Uh oh, lecture coming, go ahead.

GRANDPA BEAUX

Your woman's gone; so is mine. There ain't nothing we can do to bring 'em back. And Miss Annabelle's and Winston's parents, you can't bring d'em back neither.

MR. B

I didn't say...

GRANDPA BEAUX

You done the best you could. You got those two all grow'd up and safe and sound. You gotta let her go, her and Winston, eventually.

MR. B

My great great grandpa hauled this plantation up here from Louisiana brick by brick, one step ahead of those carpetbagger vermin. I ain't giving up now. Look what happened to the rest of 'em. Look what happened to Jimmy Stewart's family. Look what happened to Rhett and Scarlett and all of them.

GRANDPA BEAUX

Those weren't real people.

MR. B

They were to me! I promised my son I'd see after his children. He and his beautiful wife were killed for concert tickets, you want to let them loose in that

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MR. B (CONT'D)
world? And for the Foo Fighters?
It's not like it was Ella or Ray,
or the Count, or Boots or Charlie,
even Stevie.

GRANDPA BEAUX
You sure you white?

Mr. B is too emotional to answer.

GRANDPA BEAUX (CONT'D)
I'll put up the camouflage nets;
you weld that gate shut. We'll
use the back-up gate.

MR. B
Okay, all right. Thank you.

Grandpa Beaux rises, slugs back the last of his drink.

GRANDPA BEAUX
The Oreo Brothers, can't beat us.

He grabs the television remote.

GRANDPA BEAUX (CONT'D)
I need to record that Britney
Spears special.

MR. B
So you can watch it later, all
alone in the dark?

GRANDPA BEAUX
Brit and I have a special bond.

MR. B
I know you do. Just don't get any
of it on my sofa.

Mr. B rises, heads out as Grandpa Beaux scrolls the channel
directory on the television. He stops. Throws it down.

GRANDPA BEAUX
Hold up.

Mr. B stops.

GRANDPA BEAUX (CONT'D)
I left something out.

Mr. B stops, waits for the other shoe.

(CONTINUED)

GRANDPA BEAUX (CONT'D)

Your grands and mine, they too
old to keep believing in swamps
and alligators, 'specially when
it snows.

MR. B

The snow has always been tricky.

GRANDPA BEAUX

I had "the talk" with Sam.

Mr. B is quiet, solemn. Acknowledges the inevitability with a
nod to his lifelong friend.

GRANDPA BEAUX (CONT'D)

I don't know how he took it but,
he's agreed to think about it and
not tell until he's settled in
his own mind what he wants to do.

MR. B

It had to come and might as well
be now. If things get bad, we're
gonna need Big Sam to keep the
carpetbaggers out. Might as well
know which way he's gonna jump.

GRANDPA BEAUX

These ain't carpetbaggers, there
ain't any more carpetbaggers.

MR. B

Sometimes I forget. We'll do what
we have to do and that's all we
can do. I'll weld that gate, you
get some sleep, or watch Britney.

GRANDPA BEAUX

There's sumpin' else.

MR. B

What now?

Grandpa Beaux retrieves a photo, hands it to Mr. B.

MR. B (CONT'D)

What's this?

GRANDPA BEAUX

Footprints.

(CONTINUED)

MR. B

From when? Where?

GRANDPA BEAUX

A little while ago, from underneath
Annabelle's window.

Mr. B stares at the photo. Looks up at Grandpa Beaux.

GRANDPA BEAUX (CONT'D)

If I know my loafers... those are
Bruno Magli, size 12.

MR. B

But he's... that's impossible.

GRANDPA BEAUX

That Annabelle's discovered OJ?
No, you right. But Little Sam's a
size 12. And he has an eye for
Italian fashion.

MR. B

Your house is on the Jersey side
of the property.

GRANDPA BEAUX

That might explain it.

MR. B

I knew it.

GRANDPA BEAUX

Huh?

MR. B

I... I was hoping you borrowed
it. I was meaning to ask you.

GRANDPA BEAUX

Borrowed what?

MR. B

My player and my Issac Hayes "Hot
Buttered Soul" CD.

GRANDPA BEAUX

I'm a pop and rock man.

MR. B

It's all unraveling, all around.

(CONTINUED)

GRANDPA BEAUX

Not yet, you old Cracker. Team Oreo! Let's go weld some shit shut and load some shells.

Mr. B grabs a second wind and rises.

MR. B

Damn right! We fight to the last man is down.

GRANDPA BEAUX

It's just you and me.

MR. B

Who's counting. Team Oreo! Hoowah!

The two old friends start into a hug but stop short, finding a limit to this bonding moment. Mr. B heads for the door.

MR. B (CONT'D)

You set Britney to record?

Grandpa Beaux follows, breaks into "Baby One More Time."

GRANDPA BEAUX

When I'm not with you,
I lose my mind.
Give me a sign...
Hit me baby one more time!

EXT. PLANTATION GATE - DAY

The fence now displays several new signs: AIDS Hospital, Sex-Offender Half-way House, Chemical Warfare Test Site, and Leper Petting Zoo. Frustrated JEHOVAH'S WITNESSES and HARE KRISHNAS mill about. A Jehovah's Witness walks up with a cotton stalk.

JEHOVAH WITNESS

This was brought out by Brother Thomas. There are cotton fields.

A Hare Krishna takes the stalk, tugs on a cotton ball. It comes off. It's a cosmetic puff, stuck onto the stalk with tape.

INT. OFFICE OF THE GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK - DAY

New York GOVERNOR SOPRANO, wearing a Yankees hat and Mets jacket, examines two maps spread on a conference table, along with Donald P. Donald and a GOVERNOR'S AIDE.

DONALD

See, that's it.

(CONTINUED)

On both maps is a small section marked with a hazardous waste dump label and logo.

GOVERNOR

This makes no sense.

DONALD

Exactly. On the Jersey map, it's in New York. On the New York map, it's in Jersey.

AIDE

Which is fascinating but why do we care? It's a hazardous waste dump.

GOVERNOR

It is interesting, I think.

AIDE

There are no registered voters in that location, sir.

GOVERNOR

Good point. Never mind.

AIDE

Besides, sir, there's the game... and the riot in Yonkers.

The Governor takes off his Mets jacket, slips into a Yankees jacket held up by his Aide.

GOVERNOR

Right. See if they can reschedule the riot, call whoever started it, see if they can take a break, regroup, rearm, whatever... start up a little later. We can catch a couple of innings, chopper over to the riot, rally the troops, get back to the game for the end, then go visit the families of whoever gets beaten, and still get back before the fund-raiser.

The Aide hustles out.

AIDE

I'm on it.

DONALD

But, Governor Soprano... Tony...

(CONTINUED)

GOVERNOR

I can't take you, Donald; there's no room in the chopper.

DONALD

No, the land, the map...

GOVERNOR

There are no voters there.

DONALD

Remember my generous contribution to your last campaign?

GOVERNOR

You donated to both of us, you prick. Besides, you're a felon, can't accept any contributions unless you launder it through the Vatican gift shop.

DONALD

Well that's easy, but...

GOVERNOR

End of discussion. Play ball!

The Governor grabs a baseball glove, ready to leave.

DONALD

I was thinking what a great site it would make for a new stadium... with your name on it.

The Governor stops dead in his tracks.

GOVERNOR

Let me see that map.

He reviews the map, grabs a phone. His Aide answers.

AIDE (O.S.)

I'm on with the rioters now, sir.

GOVERNOR

Get the mayor and the Yankees on the phone and call the economic development authority. Tell 'em I need an approved environmental impact study ASAP. They can leave it blank, I'll fill it in later.

(CONTINUED)

AIDE (O.S.)

Yes, sir. Riot first or Yankees,
mayor and EDA?

GOVERNOR

Multi-task, son, multi-task.

The Governor hangs up.

GOVERNOR (CONT'D)

Asphalt stops hazardous waste,
right?

DONALD

I'm pretty sure it does, yeah.

EXT. PLANTATION HOUSE - DAY

Mr. B sits on the porch in a straight-back chair. He has a 10" Colt Buntline revolver in a holster on his hip, the double-barrel shotgun, and a squirrel rifle. He puffs on a cigar, scanning the horizon. Grandpa Beaux sidles up.

GRANDPA BEAUX

All quiet, except for outside the
old gate. A bunch of 'em wandering
around but they'z confused. Every
sign we got is up.

MR. B

Okay.

GRANDPA BEAUX

What you doing with those old
guns?

MR. B

Can't sit out here with an Uzi,
can I? Even clueless Winston might
notice.

GRANDPA BEAUX

True.

MR. B

We go to the arsenal if the shit
hits. For now, I can blast 'em.

GRANDPA BEAUX

Can you see 'em to blast 'em?

(CONTINUED)

MR. B

Clear enough, but I would not advise anybody trying to sell me any siding today.

In the distant background, not remarked upon by either man, is what appears to be a Mexican YARD MAN puttering about, raking leaves, trimming shrubbery, and such as that.

EXT. SLAVE QUARTERS - DAY

Outside their "slave" house, Big Sam and Scarlett prepare baskets for the day's supposed cotton picking.

BIG SAM

Things might be about to blow up, big this time.

SCARLETT

Good. It's about time.

BIG SAM

I'm worried, baby. I'm seriously worried about Little Sam; he thinks he knows, but he don't.

SCARLETT

He's smart, he'll be fine.

BIG SAM

You kidding me? He's a black man with a five inch penis; he won't last a day out there.

SCARLETT

He has a nice personality, that's more important than a big penis.

Big Sam chuckles and shakes his head.

BIG SAM

Now who's living in a fantasy?

SCARLETT

I'm worried about Missy, though. All she wants to do is study the stars; how you gonna make a living looking up in the sky?

BIG SAM

When did she tell you she wanted to look up in the sky for a living?

(CONTINUED)

SCARLETT

She's out there most every night,
studying the stars with Winston.

BIG SAM

Scarlett, honey, have you seen
what that boy's packing? Missy
might be looking at the sky, but
I don't know what it's got to do
with Astronomy.

SCARLETT

What? No. I don't believe that.

BIG SAM

It's part of life. You got that
thing with the batteries that you
love so much you gave it a name
and its own birthday, even with
me around.

SCARLETT

That's different.

BIG SAM

Anyway, get ready for the world
to come knocking. Pops had a talk
with me last night.

SCARLETT

About what?

BIG SAM

About what we all know already.

SCARLETT

He told you?

BIG SAM

It's coming to a head.

SCARLETT

What are you thinking?

BIG SAM

I don't know.

SCARLETT

Well, sometimes things get decided
for you.

EXT. PLANTATION HOUSE - DAY

Back on the porch, Mr. B is on alert. Grandpa Beaux whittles a stick. Bessie comes outside.

BESSIE

I didn't ring the lunchtime bell.

MR. B

Good.

BESSIE

You want to come in and eat or
you want a plate out here?

MR. B

Not hungry.

GRANDPA BEAUX

Not hungry.

BESSIE

It's real quiet.

MR. B

I gave everybody the day off,
told 'em to stay out of sight and
not to sing any spirituals, just
in case.

BESSIE

That's real smart. You never know
when those children might feel
that old Negro spirit.

Mr. B cuts her a glance.

GRANDPA BEAUX

Now, now, leave the poor blind,
deaf man alone. He's on watch.

BESSIE

He should watch his brain, 'cause
it's going fast.

Mr. B starts to respond but the silence is broken by the distinct sound of approaching SALSA MUSIC. In seconds, a wreck of a car, several different colors, comes flying through the trees and slides to a stop. There's a Virgin Mary on the dash and fringe around the windshield. A roof sign reads, "Caliente Pronto - 24 Hour Delivery." Mr. B levels the shotgun at the driver's door. It flies open and a YOUNG MAN exits, holding a plastic take-out bag and a ticket.

(CONTINUED)

YOUNG MAN

I got 2 Bean Burritos, 1 Chile Relleno, and 1 "Commerativo" placemat autographed by J-Lo. That's a dollar ten with the coupon, without tip.

All three on the porch look from one to the other.

MR. B

Who ordered this?

They all get it at the same time and heads turn. The Yard Man stands in the distance, hedge clippers in his hand. He smiles a sheepish smile, shrugs.

GRANDPA BEAUX

We's fucked.

BESSIE

Double up, times two.

EXT. SLAVE QUARTERS - DAY

Big Sam and Scarlett are putting away the cotton picking baskets when the roar comes, up over the trees. They look up as a black on black helicopter swoops up over the treetops and passes directly overhead. They share a look that echoes the words of Grandpa Beaux and Bessie.

EXT. PLANTATION HOUSE - DAY

The helicopter slowly settles down in front of the plantation house as the delivery car scoots away. The doors of the helicopter swing open and the Governor steps out, along with Donald P. Donald, and a number of security officers. Mr. B strides down the steps with his squirrel rifle leveled. Grandpa Beaux grabs the shotgun and joins him. The Governor's security staff draw their weapons. Standoff.

MR. B

What do you want? This is private property.

The Governor addresses them, as if he's giving a speech to a crowd, though there are only three of them.

GOVERNOR

Citizens... the government of New York requires this land for an important public development project vital to the quality of life for millions of people.

(CONTINUED)

MR. B

You can't have it.

GOVERNOR

Then we'll condemn it.

MR. B

On what grounds?

GOVERNOR

That we want it.

The Governor's Aide comes scrambling out of the helicopter and sprinting over, mobile device in hand.

AIDE

Governor. Your nephew, the Attorney General, reports the legislature just passed a new law four minutes ago, by total coincidence.

DONALD

What's it say, you ninny?

AIDE

Oh, right.

He reads from his screen.

AIDE (CONT'D)

It reads as follows: "If the Governor wants Mr. Whitey's land to give away in a sweetheart deal to the Yankees, he can have it."

DONALD

I'm no lawyer, but that sounds pretty much on point to me.

GOVERNOR

So, when can I condemn it?

AIDE

Right now, I guess.

GOVERNOR

I hereby condemn this land. Play ball!

BESSIE

You can't do that, you pasty white man, it's illegal!

(CONTINUED)

GOVERNOR

It might be illegal, but it's the law. You heard the man.

Another sound rises. A bus arrives, and pulls to a stop. The door opens and the Yankees baseball team files out and begins loosening up. Following them are guards with shotguns, who spread out and watch.

DONALD

What's with the guards?

AIDE

Anybody makes an error this year, even in practice, they're supposed to shoot them.

GRANDPA BEAUX

Tough team.

AIDE

No shit.

Big Sam and Scarlett appear, with Bo and Missy. Big Sam moves to the front, nods to Mr. B, Grandpa Beaux and Bessie. He glances back at Scarlett, who nods slightly.

BIG SAM

We'll help you bury 'em. Go Mets!

Mr. B beams. Grandpa Beaux looks upon Big Sam with pride. The Governor and his Aide flinch, but not Donald.

DONALD

Hey, people, we've got you outnumbered. Don't be stupid.

Donald turns, stuffs a wad of bills into the Aide's pocket, grabs the Governor to give him a hug.

DONALD (CONT'D)

Congratulations, Governor!

The Governor gives Donald a big kiss on the mouth. Donald recoils, jerks loose.

DONALD (CONT'D)

What the...

GOVERNOR

Oh, I'm so sorry, I'm just so Jazzed. Go Yankees! Mets suck!

(CONTINUED)

AIDE
Governor... uh...

The Aide's frozen, eyes like saucers, mouth open. The Governor and Donald turn.

EXT. PLANTATION HOUSE - DAY

Striding through the front door of the big house and onto the porch are Annabelle, Winston and Little Sam. Annabelle is a bandito pinup, ammo belts crisscrossing her ample chest, poured into stretch cammo pants and combat boots, carrying a very large gun. Winston's a total gangsta, strutting the gangsta strut and carrying an AK-47. Little Sam is all Mandingo, no shirt, a pistol in his belt and a large machete in his hand.

ANNABELLE
Let's waste 'em, but don't hit
the shortstop, I want to tie him
up and turn a double play.

WINSTON
Annabelle, you're my sister!

ANNABELLE
You're not invited. Mandingo!

LITTLE SAM
Yeah, A-Lo, I'm down. Don't shoot
the shortstop.

All three lock and load and stride down the front steps.

EXT. PLANTATION HOUSE - DAY

In the front yard, the Governor freaks at the sight.

GOVERNOR
Okay, okay, don't shoot. Here's
what I'll do. Mr. Whitey, we'll
set aside, just for you, a sky
box at the new stadium, fully
stocked with bimbos, cigars and
whiskey.
(to Annabelle)
You, attractive, buxom young A-
Lo, I will personally escort you
to the Hamptons and introduce you
many attractive people with out-
of-season tans and excellent teeth.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GOVERNOR (CONT'D)

(to the others)

You black people... I mean good Democrats, I am sure we can get you terrific jobs on the grounds crew or working the VIP buffet during the games.

Annabelle shoulders her weapon.

ANNABELLE

Time for a new asshole, asshole.

The Governor's Aide approaches with his phone, waving his arms.

AIDE

Wait, wait, I have news.

WINSTON

Let me pop a cap on the nigga.

Bo tugs on his dad's arm.

BO

Hey Pops, whaddup? Winston's no name for no gangsta, what the fuck is this?

MISSY

It ain't what's in a name, it's what's in yo' Haynes... or yo' Calvins...

SCARLETT

Who's that, who's Calvin, what's that mean?

BIG SAM

Never mind, Scarlett, can we please find out if anybody's gonna get killed here today, all right?

SCARLETT

Oh, fiddle-de-de, fine then, I'll just worry about it tomorrow.

The Governor's Aide is about to burst with news.

AIDE

Listen, listen, I just got off with the mayor of New York City...

(CONTINUED)

GOVERNOR

I don't want to talk to her, she's running against me.

AIDE

She's agreed to pave over Central Park, including the sailboat pond, and build a new stadium, in the middle of the city!

GOVERNOR

She can't do that! Who's side are you on, Dave? You're fired.

AIDE

I'm trying to keep you from getting mowed down.

From the distance, the Yard Man shouts.

YARD MAN

You want I mow something, Señor?

Donald has punched in a speed dial number on his phone.

DONALD

Madame Mayor, it's me, DPD, yes the man myself! Listen, you're so right on this Yankee thing and, if you give me the taxpayers' money, I will personally build the stadium for you, cost plus 15 percent. No problem, no problem. We can put some ducks in a little pond in center field next to Babe Ruth. Done. Caio, Bella.

GOVERNOR

We'll sue the bitch! It's E Pluribus Unum, Ex Post Facto...

Meanwhile, Donald is moving toward the helicopter. A Yankee GUARD yells to the team.

GUARD

Okay, boys, back on the bus. Let's go, hustle up.

The team loads on the bus. The helicopter lifts off, blasting everybody with its wash and the bus heads off. The Governor and his Aide are left alone. They turn toward the angry group and their guns. Annabelle and Little Sam have disappeared.

(CONTINUED)

GOVERNOR

I hereby un-condemn this land!
There you go. Sorry for any
inconvenience. Now, if you could
see your way to let us, or at
least me, live... if you would be
so kind.

Mr. B looks to Grandpa Beaux, then the rest, then Bessie.

BESSIE

It'd be a lot more digging. And
somebody might miss a Governor.
Might be a supermarket needs
opening or something.

Nods all around.

MR. B

All right, skeedaddle.

GOVERNOR

What?

The Aide is typing on his cell phone, looks.

AIDE

That means get out of here.

GOVERNOR

I know, I was just, clarifying.

The Caliente delivery guy comes driving up, toots his horn.

MR. B

Now what?

He sticks his head out the window.

YOUNG MAN

Somebody call an Uber?

AIDE

Yes, yes, that's us.

He runs to the car, followed by the Governor. They hop in and
off they go, back through the trees.

GRANDPA BEAUX

I guess somebody found the back-
up gate.

(CONTINUED)

MR. B

Looks that way.

Mr. B walks over to Big Sam, looks him in the eye and takes his hand, shakes it.

MR. B (CONT'D)

I want to thank you, Sam, for standing with me, with us.

He speaks to all.

MR. B (CONT'D)

I want to thank all of you, for standing together to protect Le Deux Plantation. And I want to tell you I'm sorry, I truly am, for the way things have turned out, for not telling you the truth all this time, and for not being able to protect...

BIG SAM

Hold on, Mr. B, Mr. Whitey.

MR. B

What? I mean it. It's time to...

BIG SAM

We have something to show you.

Murmurs pass through the group. Sam looks around, eyes everyone of them. They all nod in their own way. Big Sam signals Bo, who whips out a cell phone, hits a few quick keys and send. In less than ten seconds, an engine screeches to life from back behind the big house and the boom thump of heavy Dub Step Music precedes the arrival, around the side of the house, of Little Sam, driving a fully pimped-out stretch limo golf cart. If Mr. B's eyes could pop out of his head, they would.

MR. B

What the...

BIG SAM

Just wait. We're going for a ride.

Little Sam pulls up. On a glare from Scarlett, he turns the music down, a bit. Big Sam loads Mr. B on the cart and joins him, along with Scarlett and Grandpa Beaux. The others follow along as the cart turns and heads past the house, toward the back fields. Mr. B looks to Grandpa Beaux.

(CONTINUED)

MR. B

What's this all about?

GRANDPA BEAUX

You about to find out how blind
you really is.

EXT. PLANTATION BACK FIELDS - DAY

As the pimped out golf cart limo rolls along, approaching the fields at the back of the plantation, Mr. B squints at row upon row of crops with which he is not familiar. There are no cotton balls. It is, in fact, a huge expanse of robust, healthy, thriving, MARIJUANA plants. Little Sam stops the cart at the near edge of the fields. No one speaks. Mr. B gets out and walks toward the field. He stops. Big Sam is at his shoulder, the others gathered just behind them.

MR. B

What is it?

BIG SAM

Marijuana. Medicinal marijuana.

MR. B

Medicinal.

BIG SAM

That's what we call it.

MR. B

I see.

BIG SAM

It's prime grade, genetically engineered, cold weather resistant, of course, very potent and very expensive.

MR. B

We sell it?

BIG SAM

We have a nationwide distribution system. Missy keeps the books.

MISSY

I got my Harvard MBA on the Internet. It's a great product, amazing retail demand, and the bribes and kickbacks are more than offset by the profit margins, a total no-brainer.

(CONTINUED)

LITTLE SAM

Dad and I cultivate and harvest.
The trucks come in through the
back.

BO

I'm the tester.

MR. B

Is that why you don't talk much?

BO

Yeah, dude, I'm usually ripped.

Mr. B's face drops.

MR. B

The cotton, the singing in the
fields?

GRANDPA BEAUX

You don't see so good. And your
memory's not too good, neither.

BESSIE

Yeah, a little "Old Man River"
every few days and me yelling
"Supper Time... it's Supper Time"
pretty much fooled yo fool ass.

GRANDPA BEAUX

Bessie, why woman? Can't you just
let it be?

EXT. PLANTATION BACK FIELDS - DAY

In approaching dusk, the sound of hoofbeats rises behind them and all turn to see two men approaching on horseback. One is the American Indian from the convenience store, in full Indian garb, including headdress. The second man is RANDOLF, a thin white man in cheap tie, white button down shirt, brown polyester pants and a pocket protector with pens arranged by color. He is barely hanging onto his horse. The two come to a halt and dismount, Randolph less than gracefully, but obviously happy to be back on terra firma. The American Indian speaks throughout like an Indian from a bad Western, not at all like he did at the convenience store.

AMERICAN INDIAN

How, settlers.

(CONTINUED)

RANDOLF

Hello, folks. I am Randolph Swine, Junior Assistant Agent in Training of the Bureau of Indian Affairs.

BESSIE

Everybody sleeping around these days, what is wrong with folks?!

RANDOLF

What? Oh, affairs, right, good one. Okay, allow me to explain why I... we...

Randolf freezes. He remains frozen as everyone stares at him.

AMERICAN INDIAN

You wait. It go away.

Just like that, Randolph snaps back to life.

RANDOLF

Sorry folks, I was on a union-mandated break, five seconds every five minutes, and I almost missed the last one. They really help the stress. I used to work at the Post Office but the pace was too much for me.

MR. B

What the holy hell are you doing here, riding up on my property?

RANDOLF

Right, right. I am here, to officially claim this land for Mr. Lyin Ho, here, in the name of his ancestors, the Native American Indian.

MR. B

What the hell....

BO

Dude, the Native American Indian is not a tribe. And this was Shinnecock territory way back. Mean peyote farmers, I shit you not.

(CONTINUED)

RANDOLF

Thank you, small person, but we have no choice. The rest of North America has already been stolen from the American Indian fair and square and it's all located in one state or another that all want to keep it. This is the only unclaimed land left in America so, ha, tag, you're it.

He thinks it's funny. Nobody laughs.

WINSTON

Where's Annabelle?

LITTLE SAM

She got on the team bus... wench.

WINSTON

Let's waste this vermin and fertilize the crops.

MISSY

You preach it, Winston, baby.

Mr. B creeps closer to the American Indian, squinting.

MR. B

Hold it, I know you. You're the maniac from the convenience store.

AMERICAN INDIAN

You see through forked eyes, white man, I am Lyin' Ho, himself.

MR. B

This man is no Indian, he's an actor. He's wanted for working non-union, and chopping up people with a tomahawk.

The American Indian whips out his tomahawk and raises it. A shotgun blast explodes his chest and he flies backwards, very much dead. Everyone turns to Scarlett, holding the shotgun. She looks at them all.

SCARLETT

What?

BIG SAM

Nothing, honey. Good going.

(CONTINUED)

BESSIE

You wanna put him in the smokehouse
with the other ones?

BIG SAM

What other ones?

GRANDPA BEAUX

Long story, son, for later.

SCARLETT

Missy, Bo, go fetch some shovels.

MISSY

But Miss Scarlett, I don't know
nothing about burying no bodies.

WINSTON

We can get the back hoe and bury
the lying ho fake Indian.

Bo thinks that's hilarious, cracks up laughing. By himself.

BESSIE

You wanna shoot Barney Fife, too?

RANDOLF

Wait, ho, hold on. Since Mr. Lyin'
Ho has been... since the accident
has accidentally... since he shot
himself loading that shotgun.

BO

You can't do that, see, the barrel
is... dude, you just... can't.
Whew, I'm crashing people.

Meanwhile, Little Sam has fished through the Indian's saddle
bags and come out with some documents.

LITTLE SAM

His real name is Carmine Longo. I
guess he's an Italian Indian.

GRANDPA BEAUX

What else you got there?

LITTLE SAM

Tickets to the Policeman's Ball.

Looks pass between Grandpa Beaux, Big Sam and Mr. B.

(CONTINUED)

LITTLE SAM (CONT'D)

It says "Comp" on them, what's that?

MISSY

It means free, and trouble coming.

RANDOLF

Gentlemen... uh, excuse...

GRANDPA BEAUX

What?

RANDOLF

Might I mount up and escape now, before the inevitable raid of these marijuana fields by the authorities who arranged those tickets for their scumbag snitch, Lyin' Ho Longo? I don't want to get caught mid-escape with another mandated work break coming up.

At that point, the low sound of approaching airplanes can be heard in the distance and the group, other than Randolph, all turn their faces skyward, toward the sound. Randolph slips to his horse and mounts up.

EXT. PLANTATION BACK FIELDS - DAY

Three crop dusters come into view over the trees, in formation. Bo starts to wave.

BO

Check it out, big flying bugs!

BIG SAM

Stop waving, those aren't bugs.

BO

I think I got into some angel dust, they look like bugs. The legs ain't moving all around?

GRANDPA BEAUX

No, but our legs best be moving.

MISSY

What kind of planes are those?

MR. B

Crop dusters. But they're not here to dust.

(CONTINUED)

The planes drop low over the fields and begin to spray.

LITTLE SAM

What is it?

MR. B

The word is herbicide.

BESSIE

Is he a jew? Herb is a Jewish name, I know that one.

GRANDPA BEAUX

Don't embarrass yo' self Bessie.

BIG SAM

Herbicide is a chemical that kills things. Like our marijuana crop.

MISSY

Herbicides are used to manipulate or control vegetation. They act by inhibiting amino acid production, cell division, or photosynthesis, or by mimicking natural auxin hormones, which regulate plant growth.

Heads snap around in her direction.

MISSY (CONT'D)

Inorganic Chemistry. One of my three minors. Harvard online.

WINSTON

Isn't she amazing?

MISSY

No, you are.

WINSTON

No, you are.

BO

They killing our weed?

BIG SAM

They killing our weed.

Mr. B begins walking, back in the direction of the big house. Grandpa Beau begins to follow.

(CONTINUED)

BESSIE

Where you going?

Both men stop. Mr. B turns back to them.

MR. B

We don't really sell cotton?

BIG SAM

No, sir, we don't.

MR. B

Then we're finished. It's over.

GRANDPA BEAUX

He's right.

MR. B

Time to pack up. I don't even know if we own this property since it's never been on a real map.

Mr. B turns back to continue his trek, but is confronted by yet another unexpected sight.

EXT. BEHIND THE PLANTATION HOUSE - DAY

A gleaming black, block-long Mercedes rolls up and stops. The back door opens and out steps a nattily-dressed, slick on slick black lawyer, R. REGINALD REGINALD, ESQ. All business. Checks over the group.

REGINALD

Pardon the intrusion, kind folks, but I am looking for one Abraham Lincoln Beaux.

GRANDPA BEAUX

That'd be me, who's asking?

REGINALD

I am R. Reginald Reginald, Esquire, Mr. Beaux.

BESSIE

Now that there's a good name.

REGINALD

Thank you, sister. I have some good news for you, Mr. Beaux, and your little family of black folk.

(CONTINUED)

GRANDPA BEAUX

What would that be? You got Britney
in that land yacht?

REGINALD

No sir, no Britney, just Naomi.

He snaps his fingers and his leggy ASSISTANT appears from the back of the Mercedes. She reaches back into the car and drags out a huge, golf-tournament-size check mounted on foam board, and brings it over, displaying it to the crowd. The check is made out to "The Slave Family" for \$1,000,000.

REGINALD (CONT'D)

The moment I learned of the
discovery of this horrible
enslavement, I filed suit against
the state, the federal government
and the Confederacy.

BIG SAM

The Confederacy?

REGINALD

Yes, sir. They've still got an
office in Richmond.

SCARLETT

He must be really good. He already
won and got the money.

REGINALD

I won't say I'm the best, but I'm
better than who's in second place.

BESSIE

He's clever. I like him.

GRANDPA BEAUX

You like him 'cause he's pretty.

BESSIE

You wanna explain Britney to these
folks?

LITTLE SAM

So, we have a million dollars?
We're saved?

REGINALD

You are saved! And freed from
enslavement! Let's go up to the
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

REGINALD (CONT'D)

big house and go over the retainer agreement and other papers.

GRANDPA BEAUX

What other papers?

REGINALD

Signing over Le Deux Plantation to you folks, since I fully intend to win it for you in the lawsuit I have already filed against Mr. Beauregard Whitey for unlawful slavery.

BO

Whoa, I'm back, what say you, slick talking black man?

REGINALD

Whaddup small stoned dude? We should have a verdict as soon as Judge Jefferson returns from lunch with my other two assistants, lovingly nicknamed Two Pillows and Trunk Jelly. Let us un-congregate and re-congregate in the oppressor's abode.

Reginald's assistant ushers Grandpa Beaux to the limo while Reginald tends to Bessie, who gladly takes Reginald's arm.

REGINALD (CONT'D)

Who's the dead Injun?

BESSIE

He's not a real Injun, he's just an actor, he shot himself, accidentally.

REGINALD

Who's the manufacturer of the firearm?

GRANDPA BEAUX

That's an LC Smith 12 Gauge, why?

REGINALD

I'll sue them in the morning. Did the fake injun actor have next of kin? A grieving agent? Anybody?

(CONTINUED)

BESSIE

But he shot himself.

REGINALD

People don't shoot themselves;
guns do.

Reginald, Bessie, Grandpa Beaux and Reginald's assistant pile into the limo. Big Sam, Little Sam, Bo and Missy pile into the golf cart and follow the limo back toward the house. Mr. B and Winston are left to follow, on foot.

WINSTON

What will we do now, Grandpa?

MR. B

We could try selling my fried
chicken recipe but I don't know.
Who's gonna buy a chicken recipe
from an old man in a white suit?

INT. PLANTATION HOUSE DINING ROOM - DAY

Reginald Reginald has several legal documents spread out on the dining room table. Grandpa Beaux looks on, while Naomi rubs his back and neck, gently humming the chorus to Britney's "One More Time." Big Sam stands with Grandpa Beaux, looking on. At the other end of the table, Scarlett, Missy, Little Sam and Bo slam back some champagne. Bo puffs on a fatty.

REGINALD

The whereas clause means that,
whereas this happened, then that
happened, and therefore, minus
expenses, sums will be paid over
to you in perpetuity, ipso pronto.

GRANDPA BEAUX

Where's it say all that?

REGINALD

Right there, in the whereas-es.

BIG SAM

What's that writing?

REGINALD

Oh, it's all written in Latin.
That makes it even more legal.

GRANDPA BEAUX

Is that right?

(CONTINUED)

REGINALD

That's right. You know what, I'm thinking, we should all go out tonight, celebrate. I think Naomi should join us, would you like that, Mr. Beaux?

GRANDPA BEAUX

Do the rest of you have to come along?

A far too big laugh from Reginald and a sexy smile from Naomi and all is well. At that very moment, a MOVIE DIRECTOR bursts into the room, in a beret and a bush jacket, rose tinted glasses. He's at the far end of the dinning room table.

DIRECTOR

Greetings, greetings, people. Might I have a word with someone in the know?

MISSY

That could be me, what's up? Lights, camera, action?

DIRECTOR

Very funny. Yes, I am here, actually, on behalf of the Screen Actors Guild, which we now have to call SAG-AFTRA, which sounds ridiculous, no snap to it. Anyway, the cops moonlighting on my current film, informed me that a fugitive, union-busting actor might be on these premises.

BO

Follow the buzzards.

DIRECTOR

What buzzards? Are his agents here?

LITTLE SAM

Real buzzards, out back.

REGINALD

Pardon me, hot shot, but I am here conducting business with this emancipated slave family, if you don't mind.

The Director immediately moves to Reginald's end of the table.

(CONTINUED)

DIRECTOR

Slave family? I heard about that.
Who's the slave family?

GRANDPA BEAUX

I'm the head... we not really...

The Director virtually rips Grandpa Beaux from Naomi's grasp, pulls him to one side.

REGINALD

You need to put your X on this.
Sir...

DIRECTOR

Yo, brother man, I can dig the
slave thing, whaddup my homes?
Listen, do you... can you do the
whole "yassuh massuh" jive and
all that? Do you feel me, my
brutha?

GRANDPA BEAUX

I don't wanna feel you. I was
getting felt and now you's
interrupted me.

Reginald turns to Big Sam.

REGINALD

Can you make an X...
(points to the page)
Right there, on this line.

BIG SAM

Will it be legal?

REGINALD

An X by any related party, in
Latin, is perfectly binding, as
the lovely Naomi and I will
witness. Would you like a massage?

Big Sam glances at Missy, gets a glare.

BIG SAM

Not right now, thank you.

DIRECTOR

Listen, Mr. Beaux, sir, this is a
hell of a story. If you would
consider signing over the rights
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
 to your story, I would like to
 launch into production immediately,
 tonight if possible. I see it
 now, in lights. We will call it...
 The Last Plantation.

GRANDPA BEAUX
 A movie? About us?

DIRECTOR
 Yes sir.

GRANDPA BEAUX
 Can Britney Spears play Annabelle?

DIRECTOR
 Who's Annabelle?

GRANDPA BEAUX
 Mr. Whitey's hot granddaughter.
 She ran off with a shortstop, we
 think. Britney's perfect for it.

DIRECTOR
 Whatever you want. Your world is
 my oyster. You have my word.

LITTLE SAM
 Hey, goofball, what does that
 mean?

Reginald is being upstaged and he's frustrated, but he's got
 his X on the documents so he's tolerating the interruption.

SCARLETT
 You gonna make a movie about us?

DIRECTOR
 That's right, little lady, a big
 fat motion picture. Who are you?

SCARLETT
 I'm the wife to that one...
 (indicating Big Sam)
 And the mother of these three. My
 name is Scarlett.

DIRECTOR
 What! Scarlett? That's incredible.
 I am over the moon, totally over
 the moon. It's perfect!

(CONTINUED)

SCARLETT

Really? You think I can play myself?

DIRECTOR

Oh no, out of the question. You're totally not right for it.

SCARLETT

Oh.

DIRECTOR

We'll find something for you. You do have a certain quality, a sheen.

SCARLETT

Okay, let's take a vote. All for a big movie all about us?

They all raise their hands. Naomi comes over and raises Grandpa Beaux' hand for him. Big Sam frowns. The Director keys his cell phone.

DIRECTOR

We're green lit.

He disconnects.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Congratulations!

A STUDIO EXEC hustles into the room, briefcase in hand.

STUDIO EXEC

I am totally over the moon about this project, love it, love it, absolutely frigging love it.

He sets his briefcase on the table and pops it open, pulls out a contact that must total 1,000 pages.

STUDIO EXEC (CONT'D)

I had a schedule and budget done. We're green lit at 75 million. The picture will star two black best actor and actress Academy Award winners... now that two of them have acted well enough to win the damn thing. Sidney Poitier was a long damn time ago.

DIRECTOR

I know, right?

(CONTINUED)

STUDIO EXEC

The Beaux family will receive 60% of producer net, as outlined in the footnotes to subparagraphs 111 thru 122 of Exhibits 41 thru 84. If you will just sign here, here and here...

The Beaux family, except for Big Sam and a puzzling Missy, are jumping around like crazy as a grinning Grandpa Beaux puts his X everywhere indicated. In the midst of the celebration, Mr. B and Winston shuffle in, stunned still by the visual insanity. The Studio Exec tosses the contract into his briefcase, drops a copy on the table, and is out the door, along with the Director, already on his cell phone.

DIRECTOR

Has Denzel done a slave picture? Well, check, damnit. I need him on set tomorrow. Or call Jamie. And Halle, of course.

Back in the dining room, Reginald's assistant drags the oversized check up onto the dining room table and turns it face down. Reginald hands Grandpa Beaux a big marker pen the size of a baseball bat.

REGINALD

Just put your X on the back of this check. We will deposit it right away into our trust account...

Grandpa Beaux takes the pen and puts an X on the back of the check.

REGINALD (CONT'D)

...deduct our contingency and agreed expenses, and remit all balances and sums as may be due and payable in accordance with the aforesaid agreement of the parties, hubba hubba.

BO

Is that Latin too?

REGINALD

That's Latin for cha-cha-ching! Come, Naomi, we must make this deposit before we leave for Paris.

(CONTINUED)

And, just like that, Reginald and Naomi, the silent but very effective assistant, are also gone like the wind.

LITTLE SAM

Whoa, that was fast.

SCARLETT

They are important people.

MR. B

Who were those other two?

BIG SAM

A movie director and a studio executive.

BESSIE

I don't wanna say anything, 'cause I know what y'all gonna say, but he for sho' looked Jewish to me.

MISSY

They're all Jewish. But I have a question.

BIG SAM

What's that, sweet Missy with the worried face?

MISSY

What does "Producer Net" mean?

They all look to each other and shrug. Winston checks his cell, reads a text. Not happy. Grandpa Beaux goes to Mr. B.

GRANDPA BEAUX

I just want you to know, no matter what they say, you always got a place here. It don't matter who owns it.

MR. B

I guess.

BIG SAM

He's right, Mr. B. All these kids be running off now. I don't know how green that grass is, but you know they gotta find out.

LITTLE SAM

Where's Annabelle?

(CONTINUED)

WINSTON

She's gone.

MR. B

She went for a ride, but she'll be back shortly.

WINSTON

No she won't. I got a text. She's gone. She's gonna be a Yankees cheerleader. They're gonna let her sleep in the clubhouse.

MR. B

Baseball teams don't have cheerleaders.

WINSTON

They do now. Thanks to you.

Winston storms out of the room. Little Sam storms out right behind him. Mr. B is crestfallen.

GRANDPA BEAUX

Don't fret, Mr. B. If it's the shortstop, that's Rafael Ignacio Jesus Hernandez Jones, just signed for ten mill per game for twenty years. And he's real good, can go to the hole like you never...

MR. B

Stop. Stop... I don't want to hear...

BIG SAM

To his right, run to his right, to the hole behind third base... make that throw.

MR. B

Oh, oh, right. Sorry, Old Blackie, my bad, I'm upset.

BO

Hey, Granpa Beaux, how come Mr. Whitey call you "old blackie" all the time?

GRANDPA BEAUX

Well, I'm old, and... duh...

(CONTINUED)

BO

Yeah, okay. It's that simple huh.

SCARLETT

Now what?

Grandpa Beaux and Mr. B share a look.

GRANDPA BEAUX

Mr. Beauregard Whitey and I are gonna go sit on the front damn porch and smoke a stinky cigar and drink some corn liquor.

Bessie starts to say something, then clams up.

MISSY

I need to get on line and check out producer net; something smells.

BIG SAM

I need to get the back hoe and bury what's left of Lyin' Ho.

BESSIE

If I'm gonna say, "Dinner is served," instead of "Supper Time!" I best be getting to it.

SCARLETT

I'll help.

WINSTON

I'll help Missy.

MISSY

Oh, goodie.

LITTLE SAM

I'm gonna go be mad and react harshly to inquiry for no perceptible reason.

That stopped the flow. Right over everybody's head.

GRANDPA BEAUX

Well, don't hurt yo'self. Let's go, Mr. B, sun be down soon. Those darkies be singing in the fields.

The two old men share a laugh as they head to the porch.

EXT. PLANTATION HOUSE PORCH - DAY

Mr. B and Grandpa Beaux are relaxing on the front porch, with what looks like mint juleps and fat cigars.

GRANDPA BEAUX

This is killing Bessie, us sitting out here, stinking up her porch.

MR. B

I guess it really is her porch now.

GRANDPA BEAUX

She's not related directly so she won't get the porch. It's my porch.

MR. B

Which I probably don't own. We'll see when Reginald Reginald sues me for unauthorized slavery.

GRANDPA BEAUX

That should be a good one. Let's puff up. I got a feeling Bessie's peeking through the curtains.

They both take a hefty puff and exhale, a peaceful moment, immediately interrupted by the high whine of an approaching engine, coming fast up the road tied to a trailing dust cloud.

MR. B

Dog balls and chicken spit, now what.

Screaming up the main drive and sliding to a stop in front of the house are two identical Lamborghinis. The driver's doors swing up and open. From one steps a buffed, spit-shined, Armani-draped sports AGENT. From the second car, a slinky young long-legged MINDY unfolds herself, Bébé clad, legally dressed but barely. She smiles at Mr. B and Grandpa Beaux, reaches back inside and pulls out a large red bow, which she wraps around herself. The Agent approaches the porch, hands both men a card.

MR. B (CONT'D)

RMF, LLP? Agents to the Stars?

AGENT

RMF... Rich MoFo's, which we represent, 419 of the top 420 athletes in the world today.

(CONTINUED)

GRANDPA BEAUX

419?

AGENT

Fuck curling, who says that's a sport anyway. Stupid Swede, Igor Borst. Like he's going to endorse what, stones, brooms? Ridiculous.

GRANDPA BEAUX

I feel you, bro.

Mr. B stares at Grandpa Beaux.

MR. B

Feel you, bro?

AGENT

I understand from the new cheerleader and clubhouse pet for the Yankees, all of whom are our clients, that a young black man here has a 50 inch vertical leap?

GRANDPA BEAUX

I guess that would be Little Sam?

Winston comes out onto the porch, checks the bombshell.

WINSTON

That would be Little Sam. He could jump right over the fence, and has. Two steps, boom sha!

AGENT

I would like to speak with Little Sam, and sign him in time for tonight's Bulls game at the Garden. And I'd like to present him with this lovely token of our appreciation.

WINSTON

The car?

AGENT

Is the bow on the car, dumb ass? But yes, the car, and a driver, to drive him, you know, around the world, so to speak. Just so he's there for tip off.

(CONTINUED)

MR. B

You want Little Sam to go play in the NBA? And he gets the bimbo and the car?

AGENT

No bimbo at all, sir. No, this is Mindy. She's a lovely girl, studying to be a stripper, but supports herself moonlighting as a board-certified cardiologist.

GRANDPA BEAUX

That's impressive. She's real impressive, yes sir, absolutely.

MR. B

What happened to Britney?

AGENT

We are suggesting Shalom Shabatx X as a name change if that's acceptable. Can you point me in his direction before Mindy melts the Lamborghini?

MR. B

But he's only 17 and all he's done is grow cotton... or, grow crops. He can't go off to play basketball.

AGENT

Sir, Shalom Shabatx X has been playing pick up games with the Knicks and selling them weed forever. We just didn't know about his leap until Ms. Annabelle Hot Sauce told my Yankee clients.

MR. B

That's my granddaughter, sir.

AGENT

Whew, sizzle time. Yankees can't even practice, the guys won't come out of the dugout.

MR. B

Okay, okay, enough.

(CONTINUED)

AGENT

Okay, take a chill bean, I got to go find him myself.

MINDY

Pill.

AGENT

What?

MINDY

Pill, not bean.

AGENT

Yeah, take some pills, whatever.

WINSTON

He's in his room, feeling rueful.

AGENT

I'll be back. Keep an eye on Mindy so she doesn't misplace what's left of her virginity.

With that, he bounds up the steps. Winston eyes Mindy. Mindy eyes Winston, who tries amping up his gangsta attitude. Until Little Missy comes outside and scopes the scene.

MISSY

Don't even twitch in that direction.

WINSTON

She's lookin' at me, I ain't lookin'... what, like I'm supposed to get invisible so she can't see me. Don't crack on me, girl.

MISSY

You can get invisible now or you can get gone later. What it be, gangsta?

Winston shuts up.

MISSY (CONT'D)

Did you hear, Shalom Shabatz X gonna be a big hoops brother. That dude says he got him a college degree and everything. And when the Knicks play the Pistons, we can go see him. Hey, Grandpa Whitey, you looking pale'ish.

(CONTINUED)

MINDY

How's your blood pressure, sir?

MR. B

Fine.

GRANDPA BEAUX

I think mine is elevated. All kinds of things be elevated.

Mr. B noticed, addresses Missy.

MR. B

Wait, what? Grandpa?

Missy glares at Winston.

MISSY

You didn't tell him?

WINSTON

I been busy and he's an old homie anyway. Who gives a crack-ass damn about him, my bee-ach.

Missy turns and punches Winston in the mouth. He yells.

MISSY

Don't pull that bee-ach shit with me. You respect or you will be getting no more of my sweet ta ta. Take that to the bank and put it in your "do not deposit" account.

Winston tends to his lip while Missy turns to Mr. B.

MISSY (CONT'D)

I'm going to teach at the University of Michigan. They've got a quota for minorities and, as a former actual slave, I shot right to the top. I'm teaching my own course, "Money Laundering and Tax Evasion," basic corporate finance.

MR. B

But, what about "Grandpa?"

(CONTINUED)

MISSY

Gangsta here be grown, he can
speak for himself, if his mouth
ain't broke.

Winston tries to recapture his swagger.

WINSTON

I'm going to Eastern Michigan in
the RAP Masters program, gonna be
a white gangsta rapper and be
seriously down ON IT, mutha fuka,
and drink me some serious Remy
and 7-Up and shit, Ypsilanti ain't
got no major white rapper so I be
the first.

MISSY

But no hoes, 'cause....

WINSTON

No hoes, 'cause, well... Ypsilanti
be only like 8 miles from Ann
Arbor.

MISSY

And his Mamba snake might just
reach that far...

WINSTON

Missy! Damn, it's Grandpa and
Grandpa.

MISSY

What, nigga... if you gonna be a
gangsta, you gotta be all rude
and shit and talk about your penis
all the time, and hoes and double
up, smack that, loving fat girls
and all that kinda shit so, like
the Army says, be the best nigga
you can be. If you got the snake
that ate New Jersey, tell 'em
about it.

WINSTON

I guess, yo, and yo, baby.

MISSY

Just don't be waving it around
Ypsilanti for no free samples or
I will slice it off and put it in
a hoagie for you.

(CONTINUED)

MINDY
Hoagies are big in Michigan.

MISSY
I hear that.

MINDY
I did my internship at Detroit
Med.

MISSY
Major in plastic surgery, sister?

MINDY
All real, all day. Wanna see?

GRANDPA BEAUX
Yes!

Missy hits him with a look.

GRANDPA BEAUX (CONT'D)
I was... never mind. Maybe she
could just move that bow a little
bit.

MISSY
So, we getting married. So, I'll
have two grandpas, one of each.

Mr. B and Grandpa Beaux are both speechless. For a change.

EXT. PLANTATION HOUSE PORCH - DAY

The front screen door busts open and out comes the Agent,
followed by Bessie, Bo and Little Sam, who's wearing Knicks
basketball warmups, a massive gold watch, diamond ear stud and
assorted jewelry on his neck, wrists and fingers. His smile
reveals one gold-capped tooth up front. He's got the NBA sway-
and-walk down pat. When he sees young Mindy, his grin almost
breaks his face.

AGENT
Mindy's a real big basketball
fan, she loves it when you do
that spin move and take it to the
hole...

MR. B
Enough with the hole already!
what is wrong with you people?

(CONTINUED)

AGENT

What's his problem?

GRANDPA BEAUX

He's just lost his plantation.
Could you get Mindy to move that
bow a little and maybe bend...

Bessie smacks Grandpa Beaux in the back of the head.

BO

Who's the other ride for?

AGENT

You want it, little man?

BO

How much? I got cash.

AGENT

It's yours. Don't insult me.

He throws Bo the keys. Little Sam saunters out to Mindy, to say howdy hoe.

BESSIE

He's 12 years old.

AGENT

So drive slow. It's all set, crack
and crack pipe are in the glove
box, weed and taser in the trunk.

BO

Perfect.

AGENT

I'll need a ride back.

BO

Done. Maybe we hit a club?

AGENT

Or two?

BO

Print that, homes.

Mindy is snuggling on Winston and it's getting hot. When she reaches down to get acquainted better, he jumps back.

LITTLE SAM

Uh... I... yeah, I mean...

(CONTINUED)

He's highly agitated, pacing. Something's wrong.

LITTLE SAM (CONT'D)

You know, maybe I don't need to play ball, I mean, I wanted to go the the U of Cairo and study the ancients. I speak three languages already. I don't need to hoop, you know.

AGENT

You spend an hour with Dr. Mindy, Shalom Shabatz X, and you'll be speaking all kinds of new languages. You'll be speaking in tongues.

MINDY

I certainly hope so.

LITTLE SAM

But, I don't...

Mindy speaks to him in French. Shows in ENGLISH SUBTITLES.

MINDY

(in French)

I will sing your name while you help me hit the high notes.

Little Sam answers her, in French.

LITTLE SAM

(in French)

Thank you; that's very thoughtful.

GRANDPA BEAUX

Hell, boy, if you don't want her, I'll read her in Braille and write you a book report.

BIG SAM

Uh, Mr. Agent, RMF...

Big Sam confers with the Agent in whispers while the others mutter among themselves. Scarlett speaks to Mindy.

SCARLETT

Little Sa... Shalom Shabatz X has a wonderful personality.

(CONTINUED)

MINDY

Thank you, m'am. That might come in handy, too, I suppose.

WINSTON

But, he's not "long" on personality, if you feel that.

Missy smacks his arm. Winston covers his mouth in defense. Bo, tired of the nonsense, bops to his car and pops the trunk. The Agent breaks into a smile, heads over to Little Sam and slaps him on the back.

AGENT

No worries, homes. This is nothing, nothing at all...

Bo is checking out his taser, shouts out.

BO

That gospel... it definitely nothing at all, like a damn Vienna sausage...

AGENT

I've got the perfect guy in Manhattan, the best. Used him myself, added nine solid inches just like that, presto, boing-o, he'll fix you right up.

LITTLE SAM

Yeah, well I...

AGENT

Meanwhile, you just use a strap-on, Mindy won't mind, she's used to it... I mean, she went to Catholic girl's school so, you know... whatever. Or she makes do with the pool boy, we get you in for some "surgerie de la sausage" and you're swinging it in no time. You wanna feel mine, it's a log, man, I tell you, go ahead, if you want, just grab some.

LITTLE SAM

Uh, no, thank you though. Thanks.

AGENT

Mindy?

(CONTINUED)

Little Sam turns to Mindy. She's holding up the keys to the car and a little pink pocket rocket.

MINDY

Voila. The key to the car, and
the key to me.

LITTLE SAM

I don't have a license.

MINDY

No problem. I drove on the Formula
One circuit for a year but I didn't
care for it. I drive the car and
you drive me. Tres Bon.

They hop in Mindy's car, it roars to a start, she punches it,
spins a 180 controlled turn and takes off down the drive.

WINSTON

Grandpa, we need to get going,
too. Missy's got her first class
tomorrow and I got a gang meeting
tomorrow night. If we could, we'd
like to borrow the Lincoln. I can
bring it back but we got clothes
and shit to move, you know.

MR. B

You know about the Lincoln?

WINSTON

Yeah, sure. Everybody knows.

MR. B

I'm just a big old fool.

WINSTON

Yeah, pretty much.

MR. B

Yeah, okay. Keys are in it. Tanks
full. That's bulletproof glass,
too. Reinforced steel. Real solid.

WINSTON

Thanks, Gramps.

Winston tries giving Mr. B a hug, awkwardly. Missy gives him a
peck on the cheek.

(CONTINUED)

MISSY

If we do get hooked and have a baby, if it's not too dark, could we bring it around to see you?

MR. B

You can bring it around if it's half green and half purple, I won't care.

Missy gets serious.

MISSY

Yeah, but that's not what I asked you. Half green and purple is easy. I'm talking about black. You still can't say that, can you?

MR. B

I... of course you can bring the child... wherever I might... wherever that is.

MISSY

Okay, forget it. We out. Bye all.

Hugs and byes and she and Winston head off for the secret garage. Bo slams his trunk and heads over, speaks to Mr. B.

BO

That's harsh, Dog. You stay strong.

Mr. B just stares.

BO (CONT'D)

Okay, then. Yo, I'm gonna roll with this fool, don't wait up.

SCARLETT

Bo? Bo... you're still 12.

BO

Just a number mama, just a number.

He heads for the car, playing with his keys.

BO (CONT'D)

Let's hit it, Versace.

AGENT

It's Zegna, actually, mostly.

(CONTINUED)

They hop in the car, Bo starts it, revs the engine and tries to replicate Mindy's exit, swerves, almost wipes out the porch, stabilizes and takes off down the drive. Silence once more settles over the big house and the plantation grounds.

BESSIE

I got things to do.

She heads inside.

EXT. PLANTATION HOUSE PORCH - DAY

Mr. B, Grandpa Beaux, Big Sam and Scarlett wait, in silence.

MR. B

Okay, that's that, then.

GRANDPA BEAUX

What you gonna do?

MR. B

I don't know. Hadn't had a lot of time to think about it. Maybe I'll move to Florida. These Louisiana winters are killing me.

That's good for a laugh.

GRANDPA BEAUX

I knows what you mean, that Bayou Snow can be tough.

Grandpa Beaux looks at the silent Big Sam and Scarlett.

GRANDPA BEAUX (CONT'D)

I guess we Beaux folks got some things to talk over.

MR. B

You got that movie deal, that's good, and the million dollars. I guess you do have a lot to go over.

Scarlett's been watching Big Sam and she reads his mind.

SCARLETT

You thinking of staying, aren't you?

(CONTINUED)

BIG SAM

Maybe. We'd have to figure out some rent for Mr. B and build another house for us.

MR. B

Wait, what? This'll be your house.

BIG SAM

This will never be our house. We'll build another house.

MR. B

But you're free now, why would you want to stay on a plantation?

BIG SAM

You wrong, Mr. B. We've always been free. We've known everything about this place since the kids were babies. We weren't slaves, you were. You've been a slave to your own fear and your narrow-minded view of the world.

SCARLETT

He's not to old to change.

GRANDPA BEAUX

Don't know about that. He's way older in his head than the rest of him.

BIG SAM

Maybe he is. Maybe he ain't.

MR. B

I'm gonna take a walk, take a last look at the place.

GRANDPA BEAUX

You want a stinky cigar for the walk?

MR. B

That would be nice.

Grandpa Beaux sets about going inside when a front window slides open and the Yard Man sticks his head out. He speaks to them in perfect, unaccented English.

(CONTINUED)

YARD MAN

Hello, pardon me, but did you folks read these contracts?

INT. PLANTATION HOUSE DINING ROOM - DAY

The Yard Man has copies of the movie contract and legal retainer agreement spread out on the dinning room table.

YARD MAN

I'm actually here illegally but who isn't, right? I've been trying to learn landscaping, do the whole Mexican American dream thing.

SCARLETT

That's very enterprising.

YARD MAN

Thank you. That's why I've been raking and snipping and clipping, I messed up some but I was getting the hang of it. After today, I think you're all fucking crazy so I'm going back to Mexico and finish my dissertation in Ancient Mesopotamian Languages and then probably take that Oxford teaching assistant thing.

BIG SAM

Mess of what?

YARD MAN

Mesopotamian. Today, basically parts of Kuwait, Iran, Iraq, Syria, Turkey.

MR. B

No Latin? Is Rome around there?

YARD MAN

No, but I speak and write Latin anyway, just a hobby.

SCARLETT

A hobby. That is very resourceful.

GRANDPA BEAUX

What's about the papers? You said...

Yard Man turns to the papers.

(CONTINUED)

YARD MAN

The movie deal is in English but, first, this legal retainer with the R. Reginald Reginald firm.

GRANDPA BEAUX

That's the million dollar one.

YARD MAN

Yes. It does say that "The Slave Family" receives one million dollars. But, deducted from that amount are, first, Mr. Reginald's contingency fee. Which, since the case was filed and settled within an hour, is eighty percent. Next are deducted his expenses, which include: his car lease, condominium mortgage, cell phone bill, children's college tuition, somebody named Naomi's bikini waxing, and xerox copies, all of which comes to \$1,000,040. Meaning, if I read this correctly, you owe Mr. Reginald forty bucks.

BIG SAM

That's not good.

YARD MAN

Not so much, no. Next, the movie.

SCARLETT

Missy said something smelled.

YARD MAN

I could smell it even while I was hauling off that Indian from back by the pot fields. And no wonder.

GRANDPA BEAUX

Oh, thank you for that. We forgot he was back there.

YARD MAN

No worries. Okay, the movie budget is \$75 Million. You are guaranteed a 60% share of the net profit... "producer's net" they call it. The producer is a shell, the studio is the investor and distributor and, according to paragraph 255-

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

YARD MAN (CONT'D)

Z, you only recover after investors have recouped twenty-two times their original investment, which would amount to one billion, six-hundred and fifty million dollars. You signed a back end deal on a northbound mule.

BIG SAM

That's not good, either.

YARD MAN

No, sir. Probably not. Anyway, I was just polishing your silverware and saw these documents. And, like I say, Latin's a hobby, so...

SCARLETT

Can we still be in the movie, in a small supporting role? A cameo?

YARD MAN

I guess you can audition. I don't know about all that.

BIG SAM

But no money.

YARD MAN

Not likely. Maybe scale, or union background. Movie union contracts are another hobby but this is a different situation.

Gloom has claimed the room.

GRANDPA BEAUX

Does it matter that the lawyer had me put an X on everything instead of signing my name?

YARD MAN

You can sign your name?

GRANDPA BEAUX

Can't you?

BIG SAM

Is that good?

(CONTINUED)

YARD MAN

I've taken some bar exams for fun, but I'm not a lawyer. However, it looks to me like... you're back in the plantation business!

The Beaux group all whoop it up. Big Sam spins Scarlett around. Mr. B watches and smiles. And then they hear it, a familiar sound, the whoop whoop whoop of helicopter blades.

EXT. PLANTATION HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The group all exit the house and head down the steps as the same black on black helicopter settles once again to the ground in front of the house. Even worse, stepping out is the same evil being, Donald P. Donald. He strides toward them carrying rolled up blueprints and leading a pasty-faced, sweating, portly man in bad polyester tie, PADDY O'RYAN. Mr. B grabs the squirrel rifle, Grandpa Beaux the shotgun.

MR. B

You're trespassing on my... our property. Get off of I'll blow your head off like I should have the first time.

DONALD

Hold your fire old fart. Allow me to introduce Paddy O'Ryan, Chair of the Metropolitan Development Authority and Kickback Commission.

GRANDPA BEAUX

So what? You see any leprechauns?

DONALD

Mr. O'Ryan is here to verify that I now own this property, in accordance with papers filed in the proper place in the proper manner.

PADDY

Is this going to take long? It's almost happy hour at the Holiday Inn and, if you're late, everybody eats all the drumsticks and all's that's left is cheese cubes.

DONALD

With what I paid you, you can buy your own Holiday Inn.

(CONTINUED)

BIG SAM

Grandpa Beaux only X'd the papers;
so it didn't count.

DONALD

Who cares. What papers?

Other sounds rise through the trees, diesel engines, growing louder. They're coming from all sides... bulldozers.

DONALD (CONT'D)

I paid back taxes on this property, in New York and New Jersey, just in case, back to 1860. That plus three hookers and a case of Jameson's to Paddy here; a pretty penny, but worth it. This is the perfect location for the Donald P. Donald Ostentatious Hotel and Putt Putt Emporium. I much appreciate your running me down the other night, you old bastard. Good luck to you, and to you slave folks, in your future endeavors. You've got ten minutes to clear the premises.

An agitated ASSISTANT has exited the chopper and hustles up.

ASSISTANT

The Donald, Mr. The, sir... the Miss Galaxy finalists are assembled but Miss suspiciously dark Uruguay says she thinks a blow job talent category is undignified.

DONALD

Even if it's me?

ASSISTANT

Shockingly so, Mr. The, yes.

DONALD

Donald, numbskull, The is the first name, or the thing before... forget it. Did you...

ASSISTANT

Yes, sir, I disqualified her immediately. But we should hurry back, the... uh... special judge's formula has only got about another
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ASSISTANT (CONT'D)
hour and there are three more
finalists lined up.

Donald spins on his heels and heads back toward the chopper.

DONALD
Clear these trees, and the house,
the volcano goes there, and get
those people out of here.

ASSISTANT
Yes, sir, right away sir.

He walks a few steps toward the group and flicks his wrist.

ASSISTANT (CONT'D)
You people, shoo.

He spins and follows Donald to the chopper, jumping in as the door closes and the bird rises. A pickup truck arrives and a foreman gets out, spreading blueprints out on the hood. Mr. B's shoulders sag. He scans Le Deux one last time, starts to walk away, down the drive. Grandpa Beaux taps him on the shoulder. He turns his head, sees the fat stinky cigar in Grandpa Beaux' hand.

GRANDPA BEAUX
I was saving it, but we got more.

Mr. B takes it.

MR. B
Thank you. I'm going to take a
stroll.

GRANDPA BEAUX
You want us to take that squirrel
rifle? We'll go to our place while
they tearing down the big house.

MR. B
No, thank you. I might just see a
squirrel out there somewhere.

BIG SAM
Mr. B...

MR. B
You just never know. You just
never know what a sorry old bastard
who's not worth a donkey's gizzard
might find out there.

(CONTINUED)

SCARLETT

Mr. B... future grandpa in-law...

MR. B

You are one sweet woman Scarlett.

SCARLETT

I didn't know a donkey had a gizzard but I figure you're worth at least one of them.

MR. B

Thank you, Scarlett. Tell Rhett I'm sorry, truly sorry.

He heads up the drive, with his squirrel rifle under his arm.

SCARLETT

Rhett?

BIG SAM

He's a little confused right now.

GRANDPA BEAUX

Not every day a man loses a whole plantation and his family.

BIG SAM

Not every day, pops, not every day.

EXT. PLANTATION ROAD - DAY

Mr. B, trudging along the plantation drive, stops, contemplates his rifle, and turns to head off into the trees, when an AIR HORN behind him almost splits his ear drums. He spins around, raising his rifle, only to find a huge, customized Motor Coach, with Bessie behind the wheel. She's laughing her ass off. She puts it in park. The door whooshes open and out she steps. She is very nicely turned out, hair, makeup, stylish pants suit, the whole package. Mr. B's mouth is wide open.

BESSIE

You need a ride, you old cracker?

MR. B

What? Where... what...

BESSIE

You might as well come on. You got nowhere to go and nobody else'll have you.

(CONTINUED)

MR. B

Soda crackers and peanut juice,
Bessie, you scared the hell out'a
me. Where'd you get this thing?
What're you up to?

Bessie's enjoying every minute.

BESSIE

Well, now... You know how much
you like your pancakes?

MR. B

Sure, a good pancake is like God's
butter-fried beret, but what's
that got to do with...

BESSIE

And you know how you love that
Aunt Jemima syrup I had to buy
and save just for you?

MR. B

Will you get to the point, woman!

BESSIE

Aunt Jemima is my real aunt, Aunt
Annie, Annie Jemima. Or she was...
she choked on a waffle and passed
last year. She was 110.

Big Sam and Scarlett quietly step down off the bus.

MR. B

I don't... wait... you saying
your aunt made that syrup? It
didn't come from the store? You're
not making the sense of a Catholic
parakeet, are we taking the bus
to get... I got no time for
pancakes right now!

BESSIE

Hold on, just rest your brain,
Beauregard. It's about to overflow
and spill out on the ground.

MR. B

You never... Beauregard?

(CONTINUED)

BESSIE

Okay, let me put it how you can understand it. I'm the richest black woman who's ever going to offer you a ride so, if you coming, you better move your cracker ass.

He looks to Big Sam and Scarlett while Bessie heads back to the bus and climbs on.

BIG SAM

I'd get on the bus, if I was you.

MR. B

You coming?

BIG SAM

No, sir, we're staying right here.

MR. B

How? They're bulldozing the...

BIG SAM

Scarlet and I leased space in the complex with laundered drug money. We're gonna open Mamma Scarlet's Soul Food and Jazz Club. It'll be a real Jersey speakeasy joint, where Pops can play craps and smoke stinky cigars and listen to jazz, you know, a place where you bring your girlfriend Friday night and the wife on Saturday? A real traditional Jersey roadhouse.

SCARLETT

Doesn't that sound great? I'm over the moon about it!

Mr. B starts to mist up, gives each of them a sincere hug. Bessie revs the bus engine and releases the air brake. Mr. B heads for the bus, gives Big Sam and Scarlett a last small wave, and climbs on.

INT. MOTOR COACH - DAY

Inside the beautiful, customized motor coach, Bessie gives the air horn a couple of final blasts and hits the gas, as Mr. B stumbles toward the back, and toward Grandpa Beau, sitting at the custom bar with a full Cognac and a very fat stogie. He smiles, holds a cigar out to Mr. B who, still three-quarters confused, takes it.

(CONTINUED)

BESSIE

Don't you dare light those things!

She's got her eye on them in the mirror. Mr. B puts the stogie in his mouth and leaves it. Grandpa Beaux slides a snifter of Cognac over to him.

GRANDPA BEAUX

I like the Groperrin No 22. Hope that's okay.

Mr. B takes the snifter, still too stunned to speak. He's looking out the windows, as Le Deux passes by.

GRANDPA BEAUX (CONT'D)

That plantation's not back there, no more than it was in Louisiana. It's in you, and in me, in all of us, and it always will be. You done all right, Beauregard Whitey. Bo is named after you, by the way. You a good man and you did the best you could.

BESSIE

He's a narrow minded bigot who thought he knew better than other people what was good for 'em and he's scared to death of anybody who ain't exactly like him.

That stops Grandpa Beaux in his tracks. She's not done.

BESSIE (CONT'D)

But he is who he is for a lot of reasons, and he's got a big heart. He loved those grandchildren so hard he almost killed 'em. So, that's the way it is.

She looks directly at Mr. B in the mirror.

BESSIE (CONT'D)

And don't you think it was no easy thing for me to stop and pick you up, you old crab, but I think it was the right thing. We'll see soon enough. And, if it wasn't, we can always throw you out the back.

Mr. B knows enough to keep it simple.

(CONTINUED)

MR. B

Thank you.

Grandpa Beaux winks at him. Mr. B looks up at Bessie. Back at Grandpa Beaux, who cracks a small smile.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The custom motor coach cruises down a divided highway. In the next lane is an SUV with three occupants.

INT. SUV - DAY

Inside the SUV are a MAN and WIFE and, in the back seat, their 10 year old SON. The back seat and the rear of the vehicle contain several shopping bags and containers marked "Department of Defense Outlet Mall" along with high-grade military firearms and explosive ordinance. The radio is tuned to WUSA.

NEWSCASTER

Like we say, folks, we're WUSA.
Love it, leave it... or turn the
damn station. We've got the news
the others don't want you to hear,
right here. And remember, citizens.
If you turn us off or tune us
out... the terrorists win.

In the back seat, the Son is checking out a long tube with a handle, and a sight, which he fiddles with, to see how it flips up. Over the radio chatter, he shouts.

SON

This is so cool, dad, I can't
wait to get home so we can fire
off this motherf...

The boy accidentally pulls the trigger, launching a missile through the open window and directly into the motor coach, which explodes in a ball of fire.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Bessie's motor coach is rolled over on its side and burning. On the shoulder, Grandpa Beaux is kneeling over Mr. B, who is coughing and sputtering back to life. Both of them are charred and covered in soot. Mr. B's eyes flutter open and he sees a worried Grandpa Beaux face, bent over close to his.

MR. B

What? What happened, where...

(CONTINUED)

GRANDPA BEAUX

We were hit by a missile by accident. We were in a Muslim free zone so it wasn't a terrorist. It was just some kid playing with his dad's missile launcher, happens all the time. An innocent mistake. The kid feels terrible about it. Bus is blown to hell and back, though.

Mr. B tries to get up, but is hurt pretty bad.

MR. B

Bessie, where's Bessie... is she...

GRANDPA BEAUX

Down lover, she' okay. She gonna have to get a new wig but she's okay, the missile hit back midway. She's gone to find some lard to dip her head in for the little singe it got but she's fine.

Mr. B feels like something's off. Something in the air. There are no rescue vehicles there yet. Just Grandpa Beaux.

MR. B

So, I was... I was out, I guess.

GRANDPA BEAUX

You sho' were.

MR. B

How... it seems like... was I breathing at all?

GRANDPA BEAUX

Not much. Not any, in fact.

MR. B

How did... did I have that...

GRANDPA BEAUX

Okay, okay, somebody had to do it, so it was me... but I didn't enjoy it, if that's what you're wondering. I'm saving my good stuff for Britney.

Sirens rise in the distance, coming on fast.

(CONTINUED)

MR. B

Once you go black, you know...

GRANDPA BEAUX

I do know, and you definitely going back.

MR. B

You saved my life, you old bastard.

GRANDPA BEAUX

I guess we'll find out if that was a good idea, on down the road.

MR. B

On down the road.

Mr. B gropes for Grandpa Beaux' hand, claps it with his own, as two State Patrol cars come to a quick stop and a trooper exits each, quickly surveying the scene. Grandpa Beaux starts to sing, bad or good, it doesn't matter.

GRANDPA BEAUX

Way down upon the Swanee River...
Far, far away...

Mr. B sings an answer, weakly, but managing.

MR. B

When I was playing with my brother,
Hap-py was I...

TROOPER ONE and TROOPER TWO spot the two men, singing.

TROOPER ONE

What the hell?

Mr. B and Grandpa Beaux finish the fractured verse: "Oh, take me to my kind old mother, there let me live and die."

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The two Troopers approach the two crazy old men.

TROOPER ONE

Gentlemen, are you all right? We have medical assistance in route.

GRANDPA BEAUX

We doing okay, thank you son.

(CONTINUED)

TROOPER TWO

Excuse me, but I'm looking for a
a kindly old black man and a crusty
old white bastard.

GRANDPA BEAUX

That would be us. I'm Abraham
Lincoln Beaux... like the French,
B-E-A-U-X, and this here is
Beauregard Jefferson Whitey, Sr.

TROOPER TWO

Thank you, sir. If you gentlemen
are able to travel, I have been
asked to escort you into Manhattan
to Madison Square Garden for the
Knicks-Bulls exhibition game.

Grandpa Beaux and Mr. B share a look and raised eyebrows.

MR. B

I'm gonna need a new suit.

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - NIGHT

Mr. B, in a new white suit but accessorized nicely with silk
shirt and stylish tie, sits courtside with Grandpa Beaux to
his right, two empty seats between them, and Bessie on his
left left, dressed fine with a new wig adorning her head. The
teams are going through pre-game drills. Little Sam jogs over,
decked out in his Knicks uniform, big smile on his face, tries
to trade fist shakes of an unknown variety with Mr. B and
Grandpa Beaux and gives Bessie a quick neck hug.

LITTLE SAM

Yo, fam. I can't believe you made
it, after the missile and all.

BESSIE

We wouldn't miss this for anything.
You look so handsome.

LITTLE SAM

Whoa, handsome? Stop it. Shalom
Shabatz X don't do handsome.

GRANDPA BEAUX

You looking... something good.

MR. B

What he said. Who are these other
seats for?

(CONTINUED)

LITTLE SAM

You see. I gotta go, gotta sky
and jam and shit.

MR. B

Yeah, you go do that.

LITTLE SAM

We can hang later. Mindy's in
surgery and then has stripper
class, but she'll catch up.

And he's off, back to join the pregame drills. Mr. B glances at the empty seats, looks to Grandpa Beaux, who shrugs, then looks up to see a ravishing Annabelle standing with a buffed, handsome, athletic person well known to everyone, RAFAEL IGNACIO JESUS HERNANDEZ JONES, who extends his hand to Mr. B.

RAFAEL

Hello, Mr. Whitey, sir. I'm Rafael
Ignacio Jesus Hernandez Jones;
I'm honored to meet you.

Mr. B looks at Annabelle, whose waiting to see what's going to happen. Mr. B stares at the hand, finally manages to take it.

MR. B

Hello.

RAFAEL

My friends call me Karl.

MR. B

Why?

RAFAEL

I have no idea.

Bessie grabs Annabelle and gives her a big hug while Rafael extends his hand to Grandpa Beaux.

RAFAEL (CONT'D)

Hello, Mr. Beaux, a pleasure.

They shake hands like normal people and Rafael turns to Bessie.

RAFAEL (CONT'D)

I'm supposed to call you Miss
Bessie, so I'm told.

BESSIE

That's right, handsome. Thank you
for bringing my Annabelle.

(CONTINUED)

RAFAEL
You're very welcome.

BESSIE
Sit, sit, sit down.

RAFAEL
Is that alright?

Mr. B doesn't answer.

GRANDPA BEAUX
Of course, we got these two empty
mystery seats anyway, sit.

Rafael starts to sit next to Grandpa Beaux but Annabelle slips past him to that seat and leaves Rafael to sit next to Mr. B, who's still got a cloud over his head. Rafael sits. They all try to pretend to watch the warmups, until Mr. B speaks.

MR. B
You got my granddaughter living
in the Yankees' clubhouse?

RAFAEL
No, sir. That wouldn't be right.
I bought the clubhouse, cuts down
on the commute. They're building
another one for the team.

Mr. B has a lot to digest.

MR. B
Oh.

RAFAEL
Annie... show him.

Annabelle holds up her left hand, where she is sporting a massive diamond ring. Bessie lets out an adoring ohhhhh.

BESSIE
That's so... beautiful, and big.

ANNABELLE
It was Queen Elizabeth's engagement
ring. She couldn't wear it anymore
with her fingers swelling.

RAFAEL
I got it on EBay, but it still
cost me two games' salary, 20
mil, but Annie's worth it.

(CONTINUED)

ANNABELLE

I'm 18 on Saturday, so we're getting married... if it's okay with you, Grandpa.

MR. B

If you're 18, it doesn't matter what I say.

ANNABELLE

Yes, it does.

It takes a moment, because Mr. B is misting up and can't speak.

MR. B

Bless you, sweetheart. Bless you both, you and... Karl.

ANNABELLE

Guess where we're going on our honeymoon?

MR. B

Paris.

ANNABELLE

Rafael Karl has rented the Eiffel Tower.

RAFAEL

I'm having it closed in, you know... for privacy.

Annabelle grabs his arm and hugs it hard.

ANNABELLE

Definitely.

MR. B

Okay, okay, that's great.

GRANDPA BEAUX

You see, you blind bastard, you done okay. And you looking suav-ay in those duds. Don't he look suav-ay, Bessie?

BESSIE

He looks like he looks. He is what he is.

GRANDPA BEAUX

For better or worse?

(CONTINUED)

BESSIE

Somewhere in the middle o'that.

With that, the public address announcer raises the volume.

ANNOUNCER

And now, ladies and gentlemen, if
you will please rise and direct
your attention to center court,
join us in the singing of our
national anthem, led by none other
than America's Hot Thang, Miss
Britney Spears!

The crowd erupts and all eyes go to center court where Britney holds her mike, smoking hot, and begins to sing, a cappella. Mr. B salutes the flag. The others place their hands over their hearts. Grandpa Beaux places his hand over his heart and bounces it against his chest, his heart pounding for Britney.

BRITNEY

Oh, say can you see...
By the dawn's early light...

GRANDPA BEAUX

Believe it, baby. It's always
better in the morning...

The Garden is suddenly shaken by a series of huge, gut-vibrating downbeats and Britney launches into a kick-ass, funk, dub-step version of the National Anthem. The crowd bounces and shakes to the rhythm as we rise up above the court to view the scene from the rafters.

FADE OUT.