



*“If you’re black, you got to look at America a little bit different. You got to look at America like the uncle who paid for you to go to college... but molested you.”*

**—Chris Rock**

BLACK...

Rising, animated *CHATTER*. And the *RATTLE* of dice.

GOLD GRILL (V.O.)  
Seven eleven, c'mon, show me love.

**THE CLEAR BLUE SKY**

Monochromatic... until a 747 soars into view, two suspicious ass VAPOR TRAILS tracing its flight path... But nevermind those for now. Let's just DRIFT ALL THE WAY DOWN to the

**SIDEWALK,**

where TWO DICE TUMBLE TO A STOP ON THE PAVEMENT: snake eyes. Hungry hands swoop in, scooping up loose bill, placing bets.

GOLD GRILL  
Man now I *know* these dice loaded.

DREADS TANK TOP  
Yeah, yeah, blame the dice. Nigga shut yo whinin' ass up.

Just your friendly neighborhood dice game. Then... a *SQUEAK*. Wheels in need of WD-40. Heralding the arrival of BABY G, 7-ish, a Capri Sun in his hand; he kickstands his bike...

BABY G  
Y'all seen Fontaine?

GOLD GRILL  
Naw, now move out the way.

Annoyed, Baby G rides off. And we FOLLOW HIM through this derelict Southern neighborhood colloquially known as

**THE GLEN,**

past boarded up abodes and homes barely holding on... old folks fighting unkempt crab grass with push-mowers... a school bus he should probably be on right now... rusted lemons... crackheads...

It's active out here. Folks just... *around*. Baby G sips his juice, continues... We stay with him, until... *CLANKING*. Metal on metal. Baby G's eyes snap to the sound's direction. When he rounds the corner...

BABY G  
Fontaine!

A few yards ahead in somebody's front yard: two SWOLE MUHFUCKAS, huddled over an ad hoc bench, shouting insults at the guy on his back. The guy currently lifting an ungodly number of rusted plates...

SWOLE MUHFUCKA  
One more! Weak ass nigga!

BABY G (CONT'D)  
Hey Fontaine!

FONTAINE racks the weight with no assistance. Lets out an exhausted *GRUNT* before finally sitting up and revealing himself to us. Late-20s... ripped like vintage denim... a face as menacing as his physique...

BABY G (CONT'D)  
Hey Fonta--

FONTAINE  
I heard you the first time, boy.  
Fuck you want?

#### I/E. FONTAINE'S '79 CUTLASS SUPREME - LATER

Candy paint... white walled rims... cocaine-white leather seats... a rag-top... Not so much an automobile as a rolling "*My Dick's Bigger Than Yours*" billboard. Baby G rides shotgun, knee-deep in another Capri Sun.

BABY G  
... and then there's Patrick.  
(sip)  
I can't believe you don't watch  
*Spongebob*. Why not?  
(sip)  
Huh? Fontaine why you don't watch--

FONTAINE  
Cause I don't, aight? Damn.

BABY G  
..... My sister Keisha  
sixteen, she watch it.

Fontaine hooks a left, and THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD... we see an ABANDONED LAUNDROMAT up ahead on the corner.

BABY G (CONT'D)  
There he go. See, I told you.

Across the street from the laundromat: a YOUNG DEALER, no older than 17, posted up. Fontaine looks a bit exasperated as he spies a junkie approach... dap the kid up... scuttle away. Nonetheless, he slows the Cutlass to a creep...



As they pass, Fontaine and the dealer lock eyes. He scowls into the car, right hand resting coolly on his waistband. Fontaine just sighs to himself before speeding back up...

BABY G (CONT'D)  
On one episode, Patrick starts  
workin' at the Krusty Krab--

... hooking a right...

BABY G (CONT'D)  
--but he keeps messin' up so  
Spongebob puts him on the phones--

... then another quick right, through an ALLEY: a shortcut...

BABY G (CONT'D)  
But then Patrick gets mad cause he  
thinks everybody's callin' him a  
crusty crab. It's funny.

One last right, bringing Fontaine back full circle...

BABY G (CONT'D)  
(..... sip)  
My grandma got *Ninja Turtles* on  
tape. She got a tape player at her  
house. You heard of *Ninja Turtles*?

VROOM! The Young Dealer doesn't even realize what's happening  
until the Cutlass is right on his ass.

YOUNG DEALER  
Ay!

He tries to dodge but -- *CRACK!* -- fails. Hits the ground  
hard. Fontaine mechanically hops

### OUT

and stalks towards the Young Dealer, who's *HOWLING* in pain.

FONTAINE  
You hit my car, nigga.

*CRUNCH.* Fontaine stomps on the kid's most-likely-broken leg;  
he *SCREAMS*. Eyes burning with anger.

YOUNG DEALER  
I swear to God, cuz--

FONTAINE  
Swear what?! What you gone do? Huh?

Fontaine CHOKES his ass, but at the last moment shows mercy, releasing his grip. The Young Dealer gasps as Fontaine confiscates his gun and all the cash in his pockets.

FONTAINE (CONT'D)

Did I give you permission to trap  
in my hood?

YOUNG DEALER

Fuck you. When Isaac--

Another stomp. Another SCREAM.

FONTAINE

This yo only warnin', hear me? And  
tell that bitch ass nigga Isaac if  
he want smoke, he know where I'm at.

#### **FONTAINE'S CUTLASS - LATER**

Fontaine sorts through his new cash. Gives Baby G a five.

BABY G

Five dollars? Where the rest?

FONTAINE

Ain't no rest, that's all you get  
for wastin' my time.

BABY G

Maaaann, I'm tired of snitchin'.  
When you gone put me on?

For a moment, Fontaine's hardness cracks as he recognizes Baby G for what he is: a child. But only for a moment.

FONTAINE

Boy if you don't go do some damn  
homework or sum'n. Get the hell out  
my car... Talkin' bout put you on.

Baby G sucks his teeth. Dips. Fontaine can only sigh.

#### **INT. WE GOT DRANKS! MINI-MART - LATER**

Fontaine, grabbing an ANACONDA MALT LIQUOR.

#### **REGISTER - LATER**

Already sippin' that 40. "Have You Seen This Person?" flyers adorn the safety glass: all black men and women.

FONTAINE  
 ... pack of 'Rillos, and let me get  
 one of them scratch-offs.

He drops a few crumpled bills on the counter; as he walks

**OUTSIDE,**

he tries his luck with the scratch-off: *You Lose!* Immediately  
 litters the worthless lotto ticket. When he rounds the  
 corner, he comes across FROG, 50s, homeless. Incoherent,  
 wasted, an empty 7/11 cup in his hand.

FROG  
 It's in the water, youngblood.

FONTAINE  
 (blessing his cup)  
 I know, Frog. I know.

**INT. FONTAINE'S TRAP HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING**

CLOSE on an OLD POLAROID clipped to the refrigerator: A  
 TEENAGE FONTAINE AND A YOUNG BOY, NO OLDER THAN TEN. They  
 look a lot alike. PULL OUT to reveal the kitchen: baking  
 soda... uncut coke... dirty dishes... and Fontaine making  
 PB&J sandwiches. He grabs one of the sandwiches, heads into

**THE LIVING ROOM.**

More unsavory accoutrements. A trap house of the highest  
 order. He makes his way to a CLOSED DOOR. *KNOCKS.*

FONTAINE  
 Mama, you hungry?

MAMA (O.S.)  
 ..... I'm okay, baby. Josephine  
 had a fish fry over at the community  
 center last night. Still full.

**LATER**

Fontaine, on the faux-suede couch. Smashing his lunch with a  
 side of malt liquor. Smoking purp between bites. Watching TV.

ON THE SCREEN... a poorly-shot commercial: hackneyed zooms on  
 a bucket of fried chicken. Inserts of folks lovin' the shit  
 outta said chicken. Motherfuckers dancin' after every bite.  
 Barry White's long-lost brother narrating.

## COMMERCIAL (ON TV)

--Gon' getcha summa dis here limited-time-only Hotbox Spicy Chicken!  
 Cause remember, who needs vices when  
 you got all these herbs and spices  
 at discount prices. So if you're in  
 town, come on down and getcha some  
 of this crunchy-friend golden  
 brown... at Got Damn! Fried Chic--

KNOCK, KNOCK... Fontaine gets up, heads to the door. Listens.  
 But doesn't open it yet. Peephole's covered with duct tape.

A DEEP VOICE (O.S.)(MUFFLED)

.... Domino's, mane.

Must be the password, cause Fontaine unlocks all six latches  
 and opens the door, revealing BIG MOSS, 20s, perspired. Looks  
 the part of a delivery man, right down to the pizza bag.

FONTAINE

Big Mossssss.

BIG MOSS

Wus hannin'.

He follows Fontaine to the couch. Plops down beside him. They  
 open a pizza box. But it ain't pizza inside... it's rubber-  
banded bundles of dead presidents. Fontaine starts feeding  
 stacks into the MONEY COUNTER on the coffee table.

BIG MOSS (CONT'D)

You straight, mane?

Big Moss whips out a battery-powered POCKET FAN. It's loud.

FONTAINE

Isaac keep tryna make a play over  
 by the laundromat.

BIG MOSS

Say the word, we'll roll out.

FONTAINE

Nigga you look like you bout to  
pass out. Go get some damn water.  
 Sweatin' all over my couch.

BIG MOSS

This ol' dusty ass couch...

He heads into the kitchen. Fontaine gets back to the money...

FONTAINE

... This shit light... Ay! The hell  
 goin' on Big Moss...

Big Moss returns, fanning himself, eating that other PB&J.

BIG MOSS  
Say what now?  
(off Fontaine, who's  
staring at his sandwich)  
..... I wasn't thirsty, damn.

FONTAINE  
... This is three bands short.

BIG MOSS  
See what had happened was... I  
couldn't find Slick Charles.

FONTAINE  
He wasn't at the Motel 6?

BIG MOSS  
Nawl.

FONTAINE  
Well where else did you look?

BIG MOSS  
That's pretty much it. That's where  
he usually be..... I can go check--

FONTAINE  
I'll find him.

# **I/E. FONTAINE'S CUTLASS / THE TRACK - NIGHT**

A street you zoom through unless you've got "business" here. PROSTITUTES prowl the corners, heads turning like owls when The Big Dick Cutlass swerves into view. Fontaine rolls down the window as BIDDY, an old PRO in pink spandex, steps forward.

BIDDY  
Hey Fontaaaaaaaaaaine.

FONTAINE  
Where Slick Charles at?

BIDDY  
Oh... He must owe you money.

FONTAINE  
That toot you snortin' ain't free.

BIDDY  
(wiping her nose)  
Well maybe I seen't him, maybe not.

FONTAINE

I just wanna check in with him.

BIDDY

Right. And I just wanna save a lil  
money and go back to school.

(he coughs up a fifty)

... The Royal.

Fontaine drives off. But WE STAY HERE... until we spy the  
headlights of a CHEVY CELEBRITY in the distance pop on... it  
pulls away from the curb... heads after Fontaine...

YO-YO (V.O.)

Fuck you, Slick Charles! I'm  
retiring. For real this time.

**INT. THE ROYAL MOTEL - ROOM 22 - NIGHT**

YO-YO, 20s, eyes that haven't given up hope yet, stuffs her  
shit in a small suitcase: clothes, make-up compacts, stacks  
of half-finished CROSSWORD PUZZLE BOOKS.

SLICK CHARLES, mid-30s, beleaguered, paces by the smoked-  
stained door, garbed in a gaudy purple suit circa The Players  
Ball 1996. Some of his OTHER PROS lounge around lazily.

SLICK CHARLES

Slow down... Just... tell me why my  
Ace Poon Koon is feelin' blue  
instead of brand got damn new.

YO-YO

... So this clean-cut white nigga  
pulls up in a G-Wagon, so my spider  
senses already tinglin'; I mean he  
either twelve or on some Hannibal  
shit, but I get in the car anyway.  
So we go around the corner, hit the  
lights. He pulls his pants down,  
whips out a *razor blade*, cuts his  
junk with it. Looking at me like  
I'm supposed to touch that nasty  
shit. Fuck I look like?

SLICK CHARLES

... Yo-Yo, sweetheart... *ya looks  
like a hoe.*

YO-YO

See, I ain't gotta deal with yo  
bullshit no more. You know why?  
*Block chain.*

(MORE)



YO-YO (CONT'D)

Remember Thursday Tony, the trick I used to see on Tuesdays who lost his house investing in bootleg Bitcoin? Well his plight got me researching the shit. Cryptocurrency's a bubble, everybody knows that. But block chain? That's the future.

SLICK CHARLES

Oh you gone invest in block chain now? That before or after you drop everything to backpack through Patagonia? By the way, did Interpol ever hit you back about that résumé? How's that novel coming?

YO-YO

Kiss. My. Ass, Slick Charles!

**I/E. FONTAINE'S CUTLASS - NIGHT**

Approaching a motel with a half-lit neon marquee:

TH\_ R\_YAL \_O\_EL

*Free HBO and Continental Breakfast*

Fontaine turns into the lot. Parks. Hops

**OUT**

the whip. Spots Yo-Yo coming towards him, making a big to-do of her exit. As they pass each other--

YO-YO

He in room 22.

*Perfect.* Fontaine continues to room 22. *RAPS* on the door.

SLICK CHARLES (O.S.)

Girl that's why I named ya Yo-yo, cause ya always come right baaa--

The door opens--

SLICK CHARLES (CONT'D)

--aaaaahhhh shit!

--and CLOSES just as quickly. But Fontaine's already BRUISING HIS WAY INSIDE before Slick Charles can lock it.

SLICK CHARLES (CONT'D) FONTAINE  
Playa, playa, I can explain! Fuck you, Slick Charles!

SHAPOW! Fontaine SLAPS THE TASTE OUT OF HIS MOUTH. The other pros raise subtle "Oh, damn" eyebrows, stifling laughter.

SLICK CHARLES  
Got dammit! Look, a pimp ain't tryna  
finesse ya, playa! I just ain't as  
liquid as I'd like to be right now!

Fontaine starts digging through his shit...

SLICK CHARLES (CONT'D)  
Hold up now, Fontaine! I am the  
2005 International Players Ball  
"Pimp of the Year!" Show me some  
muthafuckin' respect!  
(Fontaine finds his stash)  
Come on, that's all my contingency!  
These hoes ain't earnin' like they  
usually do with this recent cold  
front. Gimme a few mo' days.  
(Fontaine heads out)  
You's a grinch, ya hear me?

FONTAINE  
Be honest witcha, I been kinda  
annoyed all day. Been itchin' to  
knock a nigga the fuck out. So how  
bout it? You get an extension, and I  
get to knock you the fuck out. Deal?

SLICK CHARLES  
Just take the shit. Dramatic ass.

He does. Slams the door behind him. The girls don't even look up, still painting their nails and watching TV, "oblivious."

SLICK CHARLES (CONT'D)  
... Y'all ain't shit.

#### **INT. FONTAINE'S CUTLASS - LATER**

Fontaine hops in. Takes a moment. Notices the CHEVY CELEBRITY parked right behind him. Bullshit-meter flashing neon red, Fontaine scoops his .45 out the stash-box. Cautiously steps

#### **OUT.**

You can hear the BASS through the car's aluminum frame as Fontaine pounds on the trunk.

FONTAINE  
Ay! Move this shit!

The Chevy's rear window rolls down...

THE RADIO (IN THE CHEVY)  
*Stomp a muthafucka, steal a  
muthafucka! (Skeet, skeet!) Shoot a  
muthafucka, kill a muthafucka!  
(Skeet, skeet!)*

... revealing the YOUNG DEALER FROM BEFORE. ISAAC, 30s, rival dealer and the kid's OG, at the wheel. And just as Fontaine recognizes him, a SNUB-NOSE .38 emerges from the dark window--

**BANG! BANG! BANG!**

No time to shoot back; he recoils, scrambles into

**HIS WHIP,**

throws that bitch in reverse, crashes into the Celebrity.

Fontaine grimaces. Breaths slowing... adrenaline coursing... immobility encroaching... Feels his ribs...

... they're covered in blood.

The Young Dealer appears outside his window. They share a moment of eye contact, and in that moment, we see fear in the kid's heart. Nonetheless, he summons the wherewithal and--

**BANG! BANG! BANG!**

Glass *SHATTERS*... the Young Dealer scrambles... *TIRES SCREECH* as the Chevy burns rubber... Fontaine tries to find his bearings... *Keep your eyes open...* to grit it out... *Keep your fuckin' eyes open, goddammit!...* to hold on... as we--

SLIP INTO HIS POV... and watch the world grow dark... each blink labored, each blink enshrouding us in TOTAL BLACKNESS...

*Blink...* the Little Trees air freshener speckled with blood... *Blink...* Slick Charles watching, horrified, in the distance... *Blink...* shape and form slowly congealing into unidentifiable haze...

..... *Blink.*

**THEY CLONED TYRONE.**

**INT. FONTAINE'S TRAP HOUSE - HIS ROOM - MORNING**

... *But lo!* OUR EYES OPEN... revealing Fontaine's room. When shit finally comes back into focus, he springs the fuck up in bed. Immediately feeling for bullet holes... Not a scratch.

Takes a while for him to shake it off.

**EXT. SOMEBODY'S FRONT YARD - LATER**

Fontaine, bangin' on the weights.

**EXT. SIDEWALK - LATER**

Walking through the hood. Coming across a JUNKIE writhing on the ground. Stepping over him without a second glance.

**EXT. WE GOT DRANKS! MINI-MART - LATER**

Anaconda and a scratch-off: *You Lose!* Litters the ticket as he turns the corner and spots Frog. Pissy drunk. Incoherent.

FROG

Youngbloood. Don't brush ya teef.

He holds up his 7/11 cup. Fontaine blesses him. Continues. But quickly stops when he notices someone in the distance... a man... frantic... dragging himself inch by inch towards the mini-mart... a large red stain on his shirt...

Fontaine squints, steps forwards to get a better look. His eyes must be playing tricks on him: *Is that..... me?*

*ERRRRK!* A beastly, matte-black Charger SWERVES into view, right in front of whoever the fuck that is. The doors open; two MYSTERIOUS MEN pounce out like S.W.A.T. and accost him.

WHOEVER THE FUCK THAT IS (DISTANT)

Wait! Wait! Get off me! Noooooooooo!

And just as soon as they came -- *ERRRRK!* -- they peel off. The hood goes on about its day. For a while, Fontaine just stares at the empty street: *Weird...* Frog laughs.

FROG

Off to see the wizard...

**INT. FONTAINE'S TRAP HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER**

Another PB&J. Fontaine grabs his half. Heads into the

**LIVING ROOM**

and to his mama's door.

FONTAINE  
Mama... Want sum'n to eat?

MAMA (O.S.)  
..... I'm okay, thanks baby.  
I'm watching my stories.

En route to the couch, Fontaine notices the PIZZA BOX on the coffee table. He sighs, the sight of it jogging his memory.

**INT. THE ROYAL MOTEL - ROOM 22 - LATER**

Slick Charles, sitting in a (most likely) pissed-stained chair. Smoking the life out of a Newport when-- *KNOCK, KNOCK!* He almost swallows his cigarette. But he does so quietly. Eyes narrowing. His girls don't knock like that...

*KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK!* Slick Charles steels himself... creeps towards the ratty window curtains... slides them to the side--

SLICK CHARLES  
Jesus!

--and spies Fontaine staring back at him. He damn near dies.

FONTAINE (O.S.)  
Open the door!

SLICK CHARLES (CONT'D)  
*Hell naw!* It's too early for  
the voodoo bullshit!

FONTAINE (O.S.)  
You got five seconds!..... Five!

Slick Charles paces: *You are not goin' crazy, Slick Charles...*

FONTAINE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Four! I'm serious, Slick Charles!

SLICK CHARLES	FONTAINE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
<i>There is a rational</i>	Three! I'ma bust ya shit
<i>explanation, Slick Charles...</i>	open!

Fuck it. Slick Charles opens the door. Fontaine bursts in.

FONTAINE (CONT'D)  
You know why I'm here!

SLICK CHARLES  
Can we talk about the more pressin'  
matter at hand?!



FONTAINE  
And what's that?

SLICK CHARLES  
That you died!

His words land, but Fontaine ignores it. Or tries to.

FONTAINE  
The hell is my money?!

SLICK CHARLES  
Did you not hear me?! You. Got.  
Lit. Up. They *killed* yo black ass!

It's just too insane to believe. Prophetic dream be damned.

FONTAINE  
Don't make me ask you again.

SLICK CHARLES  
You took it! Last night! Went all  
through my personal effects!  
Don't believe me? Yo-Yo stepped out  
on me right before you came. She  
had to saw somethin'.

# I/E. FONTAINE'S CUTLASS / THE TRACK - LATER

Fontaine at the wheel; Slick Charles in the backseat,  
slouched *aaaaall* the way down, dark shades hiding his eyes.

SLICK CHARLES  
Go head. Put the 2005 International  
Players Ball "Pimp of the Year" in  
the backseat. Emasculate me in front  
of my employees.

FONTAINE  
Be glad you ain't in the trunk.

SLICK CHARLES  
I'm lookin' fool, leave me 'lone...  
There she go. In the inconspicuous  
lime green dress.

Up ahead, Yo-Yo's hopping into somebody's car. Fontaine tails  
them around the corner. Pulls up alongside. Rolls down his  
window. Gets the john's attention; he rolls his down, too.

THE JOHN  
You don't see we busy here?

FONTAINE  
My bad Yo-Yo. Gotta steal you  
for a minute.

YO-YO  
That Slick Charles' broke ass in  
the back?

SLICK CHARLES (O.S.) (DUCKED DOWN)  
..... No.

**FONTAINE'S CUTLASS - LATER**

Yo-Yo scoots into the front seat. Slams the door. Sighs.

SLICK CHARLES  
Usually when I hear retirement I  
think Boca Raton... California...

YO-YO  
I am retired. I just need enough  
bread to get to Memphis--

SLICK CHARLES  
Ah, the slippery slope of  
recidivism.

YO-YO  
--And when I get there, I'll find me  
a *real man* who appreciates a woman  
with ambition. Not some McDonald's  
dollar menu has-been ass nigga in a  
Goodwill suit!

SLICK CHARLES  
Ooooooh? This here is baby  
cashmere! This costs more than that  
coochie can crank in a lifetime! I  
ain't no has-been and ain't nothin'  
wrong with my suit!

YO-YO  
(pulling a loose thread)  
Except that the seams are  
coming out! Broke ass bitch!

SLICK CHARLES (CONT'D)  
Stop it!... Stop! This ain't  
*Pretty Woman*! You ain't Julia  
Roberts! Ain't no Richard  
Gere lookin' muthafucka  
comin' to save yo ass!

FONTAINE  
Hey!  
(they both shut up)  
Look... I just need you to clear  
sum'n up for me, then you can be  
right back on ya merry hoein' way.

YO-YO  
... Shoot.

FONTAINE

Did we see each other last night?

YO-YO

Not like that.

FONTAINE

No, like, literally. Did you see me?

YO-YO

You ain't Kevin Bacon, are you?

FONTAINE

What?

YO-YO

*Hollow Man*-- yes, nigga, I saw you.

FONTAINE

... And did you hear gunshots after?

YO-YO

I got ears, don't I? Somebody was lettin' them bitches off. Be honest, I thought it was you.

SLICK CHARLES

Damn girl, you thought I was dead and ain't come check on a pimp?

YO-YO

So I can get shot, too? You know Fontaine crazy. No offense, Fontaine.

FONTAINE

So you ain't see *nothin'*.

YO-YO

I ain't say all that. You know ya girl gotta know what's going on in these streets so I doubled back after a cool lil minute. Think I saw the perpetrators leaving.

FONTAINE

... And?

YO-YO

You twelve now? Damn. I mean, I recognized the whip. I do house calls over on 2nd and sometimes I see it parked a few driveways down.

SLICK CHARLES

Holon, I ain't sanction no--

YO-YO  
 (off Fontaine's look)  
 Let me guess. I'm coming with you.

**LATER**

The gang, if we can call it that, creepin'. Funk Flex's *BOMB DROP* (or a cheap derivative thereof) pipes in on the radio...

THE RADIO (DJ STRANGELOVE)  
*What it is, what it do! It's ya boy  
 DJ Strangelove on the muthalovin'  
 ones and twos!*  
 (AIRHORNS)  
*This that new Ruckus, "Heart Rate  
 Slow!"*

... then a *CHOPPED AND SCREWED BEAT* drops...

THE RADIO (RUCKUS) (CONT'D)  
*Heart rate slow, heart-heart rate  
 slow. Got drank in my cup, eyes-  
 eyes gettin' low. Heart rate--*

SLICK CHARLES  
 Can you change this depressive ass  
 shit? Every time this song come on  
 I wanna go straight to sleep.

Fontaine ignores him. Slick Charles crosses his arms and yawns. For some reason, Fontaine and Yo-Yo yawn, too. Then...

YO-YO  
 This street right here...

They slow to a crawl as Fontaine turns onto the seedy street.

YO-YO (CONT'D)  
 There. Eleven o'clock.

Slick Charles looks around, no Chevy Celebrity in sight...

SLICK CHARLES	FONTAINE
Yo-Yo, sweetheart, this ain't	Shhh, wait...
no joke. Fontaine, play--	

... but there *is* a MATTE-BLACK CHARGER... Parked in the driveway of a trap house. Fontaine kills the engine...

SLICK CHARLES  
 Umm, you got a Rambo-esque look  
 about you right now. I think I'ma  
 just wait in the car--

But Fontaine's already *COCKING* his .45. His eyes meet Slick Charles' in the rearview mirror.

SLICK CHARLES (CONT'D)  
Know what, fresh air sounds good.

Reluctant, Slick Charles and Yo-Yo follow Fontaine

### OUTSIDE.

Crouch-walk towards the house. They reach the door; it's labeled with a brass #1. Curtains cover the barred windows and there's a welcome mat that reads, "*Home Sweet Home.*"

SLICK CHARLES  
So what's the plan? Knock on the door? Say, "*Wussup, I'm lookin' for the niggas who shot me last night?*"

But Fontaine's too busy listening for movement inside. He tries the handle... locked. With no ado, he tries option number two: KICKING THAT SHIT IN.

SLICK CHARLES (CONT'D)	YO-YO
Damn, Fontaine.	Damn, Fontaine.

They quickly slip

### INSIDE.

Dark as fuck, save for the eerie glow of moonlight shining through the windows. Also, empty as fuck. No furniture, nothing on the walls, nada. Unsettling to say the least...

SLICK CHARLES  
*Okay, great. Nothin' to see here.  
Let's shake it.*

Yo-Yo creeps right up behind Slick Charles, leans in...

YO-YO  
*You ain't scared, is it?*

SLICK CHARLES  
(jolted)  
*Hey! This ain't no time for jokes!*

Slick Charles straightens his jacket in a huff as Fontaine stalks deeper, sweeping the shadows with his .45. Curious, Yo-Yo starts poking around, makes her way towards

**THE KITCHEN.**

She opens the fridge, illuminating the room. Peeks inside...

YO-YO

Fridge works.

... It's filled with COFFEE CREAMERS, APPLE SLICES, PEANUT BUTTER, TUPPERWARE. One has a sticky-note attached: "*Don't eat my sandwich, Tanner!!!*" Yo-Yo squints: *That's odd...*

**IN THE LIVING ROOM**

Eyes narrowed, Fontaine pushes open the first door he sees, revealing a HALF-BATH. Taped to the mirror, a LAMINATED CARD that reads: "*Employees Must Wash Hands.*"

SLICK CHARLES (O.S.)

*Yo! Yo-Yo! Fontaine!*

Fontaine and Yo-Yo quickstep to Slick Charles, who's frantically pointing. Their eyes snap to a door halfway down the hall. Bluish light flickers from a crack beneath it... Aww shit. Fontaine edges towards the door...

SLICK CHARLES (CONT'D)

*You goin' the wrong way!*

Salty, Slick Charles tiptoes after him, Yo-Yo pulling up the rear. Feels like Michael Myers is just around the-- *CRUNCH...*

SLICK CHARLES (CONT'D)

*For real, Yo-Yo?! Snack time? Now?!*

She responds with churlish *SMACKING* as she finishes her apple.

FONTAINE

*Quiet.*

Fontaine steadies his breath... clutches his .45... explodes

**INSIDE THE ROOM.**

Card table, few empty Tab cans, a SODA MACHINE, and a CRT TV perched catty-corner up near the ceiling. ON IT... a muted re-run of Don Siegel's *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*...

SLICK CHARLES

A break room in a trap house?

YO-YO

This is some *Twilight Zone* shit...



Fontaine stares up at a grainy Kevin McCarthy as Yo-Yo investigates the soda machine. Slick Charles is checking out the half-eaten sandwich on the table when -- *CLUNK!* -- a can of Tab falls into the tray.

SLICK CHARLES

*Shit!... You know I got a weak heart!*

FONTAINE

*Shut up..... Music...*

Faint, indecipherable, but no doubt about it...

SLICK CHARLES

Nope, nope... Not today, Satan.

He takes a knee, plucks a GOLD PLATED, PEARL INLAID .38 from a hidden SHOE HOLSTER as Fontaine, .45 still at the ready, leads them back into the dark

### HALLWAY.

They inch towards the final door. It's slightly ajar, and the *MUFFLED MUSIC* gets louder with each step. They enter the

### ROOM

to find it, like most of this place, empty. Save for the CLOSET DOOR. The music's coming from the other side... They creep towards it... sweat materializing on their brows... Fontaine reaches for the doorknob... twists it open... revealing a staircase...

... that descends down...

*doooooowwwwnnnnnn...*

*doooooooooooooooooowwwwnnnnnnnn...*

... into the shadows. Deeper than any staircase in a got damn trap house has a right to go. And swelling up from the deep...

SLICK CHARLES

Michael Jackson?

His 1979 gift to Earth, "Don't Stop 'Til You Get Enough," to be specific. *CH-CHICK*. Fontaine and Slick Charles look over, Yo-Yo's cocking the .22 she just plucked from her handbag.

YO-YO

They ain't bout to catch *me* slippin'!

The gang hangs in the doorway. Fontaine eyes Slick Charles...

SLICK CHARLES  
Be my guest.

FONTAINE  
I can always throw you down.

SLICK CHARLES  
(popping his collars)  
A pimp ventures into the unknown...

FONTAINE  
(to Yo-Yo)  
Wait here.

YO-YO  
Aww look at you, so chivalrous and  
*skrong*.

She flips him the bird and cuts in front, following Slick Charles. Fontaine takes one last look around... then descends

### **THE LONG ASS SCARY STAIRCASE.**

We can't see *shit*, but we *can* make out their *FOOTSTEPS*...

THE KING OF POP (O.S.)  
*Don't stop 'til you get enough!*

SLICK CHARLES  
... This some white people shit we  
doin'. Y'all know that, right?

Still, they continue. Then... LIGHT. Growing larger and larger until they cross the threshold into what appears to be

### **A SPRAWLING SCIENCE LAB.**

Beakers and Bunsen burners, Tesla coils and test tubes, real motherfuckin' science shit. There's a Cold War era feel about the place: dim fluorescents bouncing off concrete walls flecked with chipped, forest green paint... scuffed linoleum floors... incongruously cheery, outdated HR posters...

... oh, and the GUY IN THE CLEANROOM SUIT. Dancing his ass off, his back turned to us as he works, his PRISTINE AFRO bobbing to the rhythm.

CLEANROOM SUIT  
*Hoo, I'm meltiiiiing (I'm melting),  
like hot caaaandle waaaaaax...*

Dumbfounded, they watch as he pipettes solutions from vial to vial. Until the groove finally compels him to hit MJ's infamous spin. Mid-twirl, he notices the gang noticing him. When he finishes the 1080, his back is once again turned.

Everyone freezes...

THE KING OF POP (VIA BOOMBOX)  
*Keep on, with the force don't stop!*  
*Don't stop 'til you get enough!*

Slowly, Cleanroom Suit kills the boombox... turns to face his intruders... and we finally see that... despite his luxurious afro... THIS IS A WHITE GUY.

They look at him. He looks at them. They look at him...

... HE BOLTS. Scrambles towards the only other door in the room, a large, metallic hatch riveted into the opposite wall. He presses his KEY CARD against the reader. The door SLIDES OPEN, revealing an ABSURDLY LONG HALLWAY just as Fontaine catches up and SLAMS him up against the concrete.

FONTAINE	CLEANROOM SUIT
Nigga, start talkin'.	Easy, easy! Relax!

FONTAINE  
 I *am* relaxed! The fuck is all this?

CLEANROOM SUIT  
 I'm just a tech! I'm just a tech!

MEANWHILE, YO-YO... is poking and prodding everything in sight, still trying to wrap her mind around this...

YO-YO  
*How is this even...*

... while Slick Charles eyes a mound of mysterious WHITE POWDER piled on a scale at one of the lab stations...

FONTAINE  
 Who are you?!

CLEANROOM SUIT  
 I'm just staff! Don't hurt me!

FONTAINE  
 Staff for what? *On my mama...*

SLICK CHARLES  
 (eyes on that powder)  
 You get those answers, Fontaine.  
 I'll just... be over here...

As Fontaine grills Cleanroom Suit, Slick Charles scoops some powder with his pinky. Tastes it. Rubs it on his gums.

SLICK CHARLES (CONT'D)  
Not cocaine... But...  
(a good bit more)  
Woo, that's good... Got damn.

He grins. Laughs a little. Suddenly a bit giddy.

BACK WITH FONTAINE... as -- *CRACK!* -- he punches Cleanroom Suit square in the mouth. Fontaine jams the .45 right beneath his chin, pushing his head backward.

FONTAINE  
I ain't playin' with yo ass...

CLEANROOM SUIT  
Please, please! You don't wanna do this man, we're everywhere.

FONTAINE  
... Everywhere? Who is "we?"

For a split second, Cleanroom Suit's wide-eyed stare flickers over Fontaine's shoulder. Fontaine clocks it, follows his gaze... to a STAINLESS STEEL SLAB WITH A BODY BAG ATOP IT...

FONTAINE (CONT'D)  
... Slick Charles...

SLICK CHARLES  
You rang?

Fontaine gestures to Slick Charles: *Watch him.* Jittery as he's become, Slick Charles recognizes he's serious. Does as he's told. Ambles over. Trains his .38 on Cleanroom Suit.

SLICK CHARLES (CONT'D)  
(giggling)  
How you doin', brother?

Entranced, Fontaine's legs carry him to the slab. To the body in the bag. The body he's afraid he'll recognize...

BACK BY THE HATCH... Slick Charles twitches involuntarily.

CLEANROOM SUIT  
Jesus, watch it!

SLICK CHARLES  
(laughing)  
Where the hell did they find a white nigga with an afro?

BACK BY THE SLAB... Fontaine reaches out his hand... ready to unzip the bag... and just as his fingertips touch the zipper--

CRASH! Yo-Yo DROPS A BEAKER and--

	YO-YO	SLICK CHARLES (CONT'D)
Shit!		Shit!

--BANG! Slick Charles SHOOTS CLEANROOM SUIT IN THE FACE.

SLICK CHARLES (CONT'D)	YO-YO
Ooooooooooooooh!	Ooooooooooooooh!

SLICK CHARLES  
Look what you did!

YO-YO  
Me?! You just shot him!

SLICK CHARLES  
No I didn't! He's okay!  
(to the corpse)  
Ain't that right, playa? You good!

He's clearly not.

SLICK CHARLES (CONT'D)	YO-YO
Come on, brother! You can walk this off!	That motherfucker's dead!

SLICK CHARLES  
We ain't got time for yo negativity! I need some Wet Wipes! Some Windex! Find me somethin'!  
(to the corpse)  
C'mon, playa. On ya feet. Up ya go.  
(noticing the brain matter)  
Oh God!... Aight, so Fontaine, I know this looks bad, but I swear...

That's when they notice... Fontaine hasn't moved. He's just standing there, staring down at the now-exposed body...

YO-YO  
Fontaine?

... IT'S HIS BODY.

SLICK CHARLES  
Fontaine?

Dead as a door nail, six bullet holes in his chest, but no doubt about it... him. As Fontaine tries to make sense of this, Slick Charles and Yo-Yo walk over. Their jaws drop.





She SWERVES to avoid a passing car. Nerves frayed.

SLICK CHARLES (CONT'D)  
 "We" ain't gotta do shit! I ain't  
 the one who wanted to investigate  
 the spooky trap house! I ain't the  
 one who just saw my own butt naked  
 ass body layin' on a table!

YO-YO  
 Nigga you killed somebody!

SLICK CHARLES  
 We all made mistakes! Let's not  
 start pointin' fingers as to who  
 killed whom! Know what, pull over.

YO-YO  
 If you wanna go, make sure you roll  
 when you hit the ground, cause I  
 ain't stopping!

SLICK CHARLES  
 We just gone ride around all night?  
 Cause y'all ain't comin' back to the  
 Royal with me. No ma'am. I'm puttin'  
 these gator boots down on that.

YO-YO  
 (chewing her lips)  
 ..... Fuck!..... I know a place...

#### **EXT. MODEST DUPLEX - LATER THAT NIGHT**

Nothing fancy. But not the worst home you'll find in the  
 Glen. Yo-Yo quickly leads Fontaine and Slick Charles to the  
 porch. Slick Charles peeks over his shoulder for the  
 boogeyman as Yo-Yo slips the spare key from under a ceramic  
 turtle and opens the door. They hurry

#### **INSIDE.**

Salmon shag carpet. Plastic couch coverings. Porcelain  
 figurines. A wood-paneled TV playing a late-nite talk show  
 for an empty Lay-Z-Boy recliner. Atop the TV is an old VCR  
 and stacks upon stacks of VHS tapes.

SLICK CHARLES  
 Whose house is this?

YO-YO  
 My grandmama's... Don't touch shit.

YO-YO'S ROOM - LATER

CLOSE ON an old photo of a buck-toothed teenage Yo-Yo holding up a first place trophy as she smiles proudly beside her SCIENCE FAIR TRI-POSTER: "OF MICE AND MEMORY -- TEACHING PATTERN RECOGNITION TO LAB MICE."

PULLING BACK... we see a few assorted relics of Yo-Yo's adolescence: more pictures, B2K posters, stuffed animals, couple scholastic awards, and a robust book collection. Fontaine sits idly on her old bed, lost, while Slick Charles thumbs through Yo-Yo's entire catalogue of *Nancy Drew*.

SLICK CHARLES

How many adventures did the bitch go on...

He plucks one of the books: *The Hidden Staircase*. Just as he does, Yo-Yo enters, a styrofoam cup of tea in hand.

SLICK CHARLES (CONT'D)

You ain't got two cups?

YO-YO

I ain't yo mama. But *my grandmama's* sleep in the other room. So keep it down, she got ears like a bat.

Slick Charles slips a flask from his pocket, takes a shot of whiskey. They all sit for a moment...

SLICK CHARLES

I say we go full turkey, stick our heads in the sand, forget this shit ever happened.

YO-YO

Ostrich, stupid motherf-- How'd I let y'all drag me in this shit...

SLICK CHARLES

What do I always say? If it don't smell right, get out the car. This shit here? *Stank*. And I don't--

FONTAINE

That wasn't me...

(then...)

I don't know what that was... but it wasn't me.

YO-YO

No one said it was.

FONTAINE

I'm me.

SLICK CHARLES

That body was full of holes. Just like I saw.

FONTAINE

(getting in his face)

Do I seem real to you? Do I look like a fuckin' ghost?!

YO-YO

Fontaine, *grandmama!*... Listen, none of us know what the fuck that was back there. But... But...

Her eyes catch *The Hidden Staircase* resting beside Slick Charles. A spark. Scoops the book up.

YO-YO (CONT'D)

Look, this kinda stuff happens to Nancy Drew all the time. She comes across some weird, kinky shit that don't make no sense, but in the end, it always turns out to be some regular, vanilla, missionary position shit on the other side.

Fontaine stares at her... then starts for the door.

YO-YO (CONT'D)

Whoa, whoa. Where are you going?

FONTAINE

I ain't got time for this. I'm goin' back.

YO-YO

Look, somebody's fucking with you. You wanna know who. You wanna know why. Cool. But the block is hotter than fish grease right now. Whoever they are, they're probably looking for us as we speak. You go out there, you're liable to lead 'em right back to us and I ain't getting probed for *no nigga*. So just... chill here for the night, okay? Dexter's lab'll be there tomorrow. We will find out what that missionary position shit is, just like my girl Nancy, I promise..... *Now please...*

After a long moment, Fontaine finally relents, lays down on the bed. Frustrated. Exhausted. Tired of talking. Yo-Yo looks at Slick Charles, now sitting in her desk chair. Also beat.

SLICK CHARLES

This some first class bullshit...

He tries in vain to get comfortable as Yo-Yo exhales and curls up on her bean bag.

**EXT. YO-YO'S GRANDMAMA'S HOUSE - THE NEXT DAY**

Pushing noon...

**INT. YO-YO'S GRANDMAMA'S HOUSE - SAME**

Yo-Yo's eyes finally flutter open. She bolts upright when she notices her bed is empty. Scrambles to Slick Charles, shakes him; he comes to in his chair with errant karate chops.

YO-YO

Where's Fontaine?!

**I/E. FONTAINE'S CUTLASS - SAME**

Fontaine driving. Big Moss shotgun, pocket fan in hand. Three other HOMIES crammed in the back. All STRAPPED, all sweating.

BIG MOSS

So these niggas fuckin' witcha,  
huh?... Don't worry, we'll get 'em.

**INT. THE SPOOKY TRAP HOUSE - LATER**

*BOOM!* The door flies open as Fontaine kicks it in. He bursts inside, .45 ready to blow a muhfucka's head off...

... and immediately realizes that he's in the wrong house. Or at least, he must be... because this house is fully furnished. Sofa, TV, smiling family pictures on the walls. The crew floods in behind him. Pocket fan and guns drawn.

FONTAINE

*What...*

Big Moss watches with raised eyebrows as Fontaine races back outside, verifies the address, and returns bewildered.

BIG MOSS

What we lookin for, big dawg?

FONTAINE (CONT'D)

*No, no, no, no...*

Fontaine hurries into

**THE BREAK ROOM,**

but it ain't a break room no more. It's someone's bedroom:  
bed, dresser, dirty clothes on the floor... *The entire fuck?*

BIG MOSS

You good, mane? What's goin' on--

Fontaine pushes past him into the hallway, rushing to the

**ROOM AT THE END OF THE HALL.**

It's a little girl's bedroom now.

FONTAINE

How... It was... Michael Jackson...

His sprints to the closet... rips it open... clothes...  
blankets... board games... but no staircase...

BIG MOSS

Think you might be runnin' low on  
electrolytes? Gotta hydrate, mane.

Incredulous, Fontaine TEARS UP THE CLOSET, pounding on the  
back wall, on the floor... Behind him, the homies watch...

FONTAINE

There was stairs... and a-- a  
lab... underground... and-- and  
this white nigga with an afro.

... and glance nervously at each other. Big Moss squats down  
beside him. Pocket fan *WHIRLING*, obscuring his words.

BIG MOSS

Ay mane... Ain't tryna rush ya, but  
we maybe got ourselves a Goldilocks  
situation here. Should prolly...  
get on up out these people's house.

Fontaine looks at Big Moss and the rest of his boys with  
contempt: *They don't believe me...*

**OUTSIDE - LATER**

He storms out. Bee-lines to his Cutlass. By the time Big Moss  
and co. emerge Fontaine's already *CRANKING* the engine...

BIG MOSS  
Wait hol'up... We ridin' with you!

But Fontaine drives off, leaving them stranded. To make matters worse, Big Moss' pocket fan dies.

BIG MOSS (CONT'D)  
*Mane...*

YO-YO (V.O.)  
You sure you got the right house?

**INT. MODEST DUPLEX - KITCHEN - DAY**

Fontaine broods against the refrigerator as Yo-Yo sits on the counter and Slick Charles searches the cabinets for food. In the living room, the TV's still on from last night.

FONTAINE  
Yes! It's just... different now.  
Like a family lives there.

YO-YO  
What about the lab?

FONTAINE  
Gone! Least the stairs is gone.  
Like they wasn't never there.

YO-YO  
That makes no sense.

FONTAINE  
Either that or I'm goin' crazy.  
Last night... it happened, right?

SLICK CHARLES  
(still foraging)  
I had a nightmare, so I think that means yeah. It happened.  
(then; re: food options)  
No Saltines? Fig Newtons? Nothin'?

YO-YO  
Will you stop?

Yo-Yo sighs: *What now...* Defeated, Fontaine looks to her.

FONTAINE  
What would the Scooby-Doo bitch do?

YO-YO  
... You mean *Nancy Drew*?

FONTAINE  
*The bitch on them books.*

Her face scrunches up... Fontaine gestures: *Any day now...*

YO-YO  
 I'm thinking, shit!

SLICK CHARLES  
 Well can we think somewhere with  
 some food? A pimp's blood sugar is  
 fallin' fast.

Off the TV, where, wouldn't you know it, the commercial for  
*Got Damn! Fried Chicken* is playing...

COMMERCIAL (ON TV)  
*--vices when you got all these  
 herbs and spices at discount  
 prices...*

#### **EXT. GOT DAMN! FRIED CHICKEN - DAY**

CLOSE ON a NEON SIGN of a spinning chicken with shades.  
 Drifting down, we land on an unusually packed parking lot  
 attached to what clearly used to be a Pizza Hut.

It's practically a block party out here as Fontaine's Cutlass  
 pulls into the lone empty spot. They get out. As they make  
 their way towards the door, we notice STICKERED ADVERTISEMENTS  
 on the windows: "Limited Time Only! Hotbox Spicy Chicken!"

YO-YO  
 Lit as fuck out here...

They head

#### **INSIDE**

and take their place in the back of a long ass line.

SLICK CHARLES  
 That new spicy chicken must be  
 jumpin' out the gym.

It is indeed lit AF in here, but we notice at least ONE ANGRY  
 COUPLE ahead in line embroiled in a heated argument.

#### **BOOTH - LATER**

Three Hotbox Spicy Chicken combos land on their table.

SLICK CHARLES

Look at this crunchy, golden skin.  
 (takes a bite)  
 Got damn. That's flavor right  
 there. Y'all better dig in.

YO-YO

*Shiiiiit*, I'm already on it.  
 (takes a bite)  
 It's good. Real good. Got damn.

FONTAINE

(finally taking a bite)  
 Got damn.  
 (a few more chews)  
 So... missionary position.

YO-YO

Right. First things first, as with  
 any mystery, we gotta lay out all  
 the facts... What do we know?

SLICK CHARLES

Well, to start: *he's* dead.

Yo-Yo snickers. Fontaine scowls.

YO-YO

But, plot twist, he's also right  
 here. Which makes... two Fontaines?  
 Which...  
 (laughing at the idea)  
 ... I mean one was bad enough, right?

Slick Charles laughs, too. A bit jittery... Then...

SLICK CHARLES

I'll tell ya what else we  
 know..... *There's a secret*  
*underground trap laboratory.*

*Ba-dum-tish.* Despite himself, even Fontaine chuckles.

YO-YO

And according to Deebo over here...  
 the stairs are gone! So any clues  
 we *did* have are buried a hundred  
 feet underground!

Gangbusters. Fontaine finally succumbs, bursts into laughter,  
 chicken grease dripping from his teeth. The laughter builds  
 on itself -- a feedback loop. Their worries suddenly washed  
 away with a few bites of limited-time-only Hotbox Spicy  
 Chicken. Slick Charles slaps Fontaine on the back.



SLICK CHARLES

There you go! See it won't kill ya  
to smile from time to time!

(to Yo-Yo)

You know, I never seen this  
muthafucka laugh? Not once!

More laughs. But something about that last sentence just flipped a switch in Slick Charles' brain. There's a tinge of confusion in his eyes as he considers the fact that he has never, ever, seen Fontaine laugh. *Strange...*

He takes another bite of chicken, scans the room. Come to think of it, EVERYBODY'S LAUGHING... He sobers even more when, mid-chew, he notices the FRAMED PHOTO of the STORE MANAGER on the wall beside them: it's another WHITE GUY WITH AN AFRO. The only white face in the room. *Stranger still...*

And as Slick Charles swallows that bite... recognition. There's still grease on his fingers. He thinks for a beat... then RUBS THE GREASE ON HIS GUMS... *Hold the fuckin' phone...*

SLICK CHARLES (CONT'D)

Ahhh shit!

Slick Charles SWIPES EVERYONE'S FOOD OFF THE TABLE.

FONTAINE AND YO-YO

The fuck!

SLICK CHARLES (CONT'D)

It's in the chicken!

SLICK CHARLES (CONT'D)

The powder! From the lab! It was in  
the lab! Now it's in the chicken!

YO-YO

Wait a minute, what?!

SLICK CHARLES

Back in the trap lab. I see white  
powder. I think it's cocaine. I  
taste it. It is not cocaine. I start  
laughing. You break some shit. I  
shoot a nigga. We come here. We eat  
the chicken. We start laughin'.

Yo-Yo and Fontaine scope the room. Even that ANGRY COUPLE WE NOTICED IN LINE is cracking up. Slick Charles points out the MANAGER, the same afro'd white guy from the photo on the wall. He's behind the counter, straightening someone's name tag.

SLICK CHARLES (CONT'D)

And that Bob Ross lookin'  
muthafucka served it to us! Are you  
connectin' the dots yet?!

... Well damn. Sobered, they all share a look: Somebody here knows something. Fontaine starts whipping out his .45--

YO-YO  
Nigga chill. We are in public.

FONTAINE  
I just wanna ask a few questions.

SLICK CHARLES  
We all know how you ask questions.

YO-YO  
You don't necessarily have good  
bedside manner. How bout you let me  
go talk to him?

FONTAINE  
..... Five minutes.

Challenge accepted. Yo-Yo stands, adjusts her dress. Turning on the juice, she slinks towards the counter. The MANAGER double-takes as she leans over the register and giggles...

YO-YO  
The ice melted in my sweet tea. Now  
it's nasty. I wanna file a complaint.

#### **KITCHEN - LATER**

The Manager fumbles for the key to his office. On the door, there's a big sign that reads: "*Management Only, Keep Out.*"

MANAGER  
So... the complaint cards are  
just.. right here... in my office.

A fry cook rolls his eyes as the door opens and they slip

#### **INSIDE.**

Tacky wood paneling. Bogus health certificates. And a COLLAGE OF CLOSED-CIRCUIT TVS STACKED ATOP EACH OTHER. Each showing a DIFFERENT CAMERA ANGLE of the dining room... HIDDEN CAMERAS.

YO-YO  
Look at all these cameras. You got  
one in the girls bathroom, too?

MANAGER  
Don't worry about those, honey bun.  
We've been robbed a lot, that's all.

He kisses her neck. She giggles. Pushes him back a little.

YO-YO  
(re: the cameras)  
So this was your idea?

MANAGER  
Not exactly.

YO-YO  
Whose idea was it?

MANAGER  
(pressing up on her)  
Told you don't worry about that.

She kisses him on the cheek. Giggles. Slinks away.

YO-YO  
Did you know I've been here three  
times this week?

MANAGER  
I noticed. Of course I noticed.

YO-YO  
I just can't get enough of that new  
spicy chicken. It's like, every  
time I eat it, I just...  
(a laugh)  
I can't explain it.

He pulls her close again. She pushes away again.

MANAGER  
It has that effect on people. New  
recipe. Top secret.

YO-YO  
Oooo, I like secrets... Go get some.

MANAGER  
What? No, I can't. It's not--  
company policy.

Yo-Yo leans in. Licks his neck. A sneak preview...

MANAGER (CONT'D)  
..... Okay, okay... *Don't move.*

He darts out. Soon as he's gone, she drops the act. Rifles through shit: loose papers... a SMALL NOTEBOOK with a strange-looking GOVERNMENT SEAL... and a HANDHELD VOICE RECORDER. She stares at it... hits REWIND... then PLAY...

MANAGER (V.O.)(RECORDED) (CONT'D)  
 ... pleasure-inducing effects of  
 the compound observed approximately  
 44 seconds after consumption as  
 expressed through extreme laughter  
 and agreeability.

Yo-Yo looks up at the screens. At all those people eating  
 spicy chicken, laughing, unawares. Aww fuck.

MANAGER (V.O.)(RECORDED) (CONT'D)  
 Subject part of the 25% that  
 experienced side-effects of  
 sporadic muscle contractions. In  
 reference to control group Beta 3--

Just then, the door handle turns. Yo-Yo scrambles, hides the  
 recorder just as the manager returns. Holding a six-piece box  
 of chicken. She snatches it. Offers him a drumstick. Giggles.

MANAGER (CONT'D)  
 I could get in so much trouble...

YO-YO  
 That's what makes it exciting.

She pushes him into his chair. He braces himself on his desk,  
 hitting his keyboard. Behind him, A FEW OF THE MONITORS  
CHANGE CAMERA FEEDS. Yo-Yo clocks it. Straddles him to keep  
 him from noticing. Stuffs the chicken in his mouth. Giggles.

YO-YO (CONT'D)  
 That's it, baby.

Almost immediately, he starts giggling. Jittery. She pulls him  
 closer into her bosom. Hits the arrow key over his shoulder.  
 CYCLES THROUGH NEW CAMERA FEEDS, the manager none the wiser.  
 But these new feeds aren't showing *Got Damn!* anymore. Instead,  
 she's looking at the DOLLAR STORE, the CHECK CASHING PLACE,  
 the STRIP CLUB, the LIQUOR MART... Then it hits her...

All of these places are in The Glen.

YO-YO (CONT'D)  
 I need to use the ladies room...

#### **OUTSIDE - LATER**

Yo-Yo, quickstepping out the restaurant, Fontaine and Slick  
 Charles shuffling behind.

FONTAINE  
 What happened?

YO-YO  
*Keep walking...*

Through the restaurant's window, we notice a guy dancing euphorically as he munches on a chicken wing.

**EXT. GOT DAMN! FRIED CHICKEN - SIDE DOOR - LATER**

SHIPPING BOXES WITH THE *GOT DAMN!* LOGO... being unloaded by hands on the back of a NONDESCRIPT WHITE CARGO VAN...

**NEARBY IN FONTAINE'S CUTLASS...**

YO-YO  
 I'm talking The Check Cashing Place,  
 The Dollar Sto', The White Horse--

SLICK CHARLES  
 They watchin' the strip club, too?

YO-YO  
 Everywhere! If it's here in The  
 Glen, they're watching it. But only  
here. I looked on every single  
 screen... only places I saw were in  
 our neighborhood.

FONTAINE  
 ... Who gives a fuck about The Glen?

YO-YO  
 That ain't all... Your boy was  
 taking notes. Observations and  
 shit. About the chicken. What it  
 was doing to people.  
 (off their confusion)  
 Check me out, what's the one thing  
 we *didn't* see down in that lab?  
 There were beakers and Bunsen  
 burners and microscopes and--

FONTAINE  
 Mice..... We ain't see no mice...

YO-YO  
 Somebody's conducting  
 experiments... on us.

SLICK CHARLES  
 You mean like a conspiracy? "*The*  
*Man?*" Watergate. 9/11. *The*  
*Berenstain Bears.*

YO-YO

*Exactly.* And if we find out who's behind it...

(a look to Fontaine)

... we might get some answers about what was in that lab.

SLICK CHARLES

I don't wanna be the cloud that rains on ya cookout, but you forgettin' a very necessary detail here: *we ain't detectives*. So I think it's time to let the real pros step in and take over.

YO-YO

You gonna go down to the precinct?

SLICK CHARLES

Muthafucka I got warrants. But we gotta face facts. We outta clues. Now this lil role play we got goin' on is cute, but you's a hoe. I'm an entrepreneur. And you's a drug dealer.

FONTAINE

So are they...

SLICK CHARLES

Don't go gettin' all mysterious now. "*So are they*" what?

FONTAINE

Dope game 101: Don't trap where ya sleep. *Got Damn!* Fried Chicken is like a street-level dealer. You give him enough white to make a few stacks, and tell him just enough to run his lil corner. At the end of the day, he don't know shit, he don't control shit. Which is why when you tryna take over new turf, you don't go after every lil nigga with a dime bag--

YO-YO

You go after the plug...

The gang eyes that WHITE CARGO VAN. Watches as a WHITE WOMAN WITH THICK BRAIDS and a DELIVERY UNIFORM hops into the driver's seat and pulls off. Fontaine cranks the engine.

**I/E. FONTAINE'S CUTLASS / THE ROAD - AFTERNOON**

An old-school tail-and-surveil. Our gang's following the white van through the hood. Not really saying much.

YO-YO  
Saw this place, too...

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD... we see the van idling in front of *WHO'S THIRSTY? LIQUOR AND SPIRITS*. Fontaine slows to a stop about fifty yards back, careful not to be seen.

SLICK CHARLES  
I don't know about y'all but I'ma  
need to stretch my legs in a minute.

They watch as the BRAIDED WHITE LADY and her COWORKER, a white fellow, start unloading crates of ANACONDA MALT LIQUOR.

FONTAINE  
I drink that every day...

**EXT. THE GLEN - LATE AFTERNOON**

HIGH UP... looking down as the day winds to an end.

**I/E. FONTAINE'S CUTLASS / THE ROAD - LATER**

Everyone's tired. Slick Charles is splayed out across the whole backseat, eyes closed. Yo-Yo's leaned against the window, scribbling lazily in a purple crossword book.

The setting sun shines into Fontaine's eyes; he lets down his sun visor, exposing a SMALL PICTURE CLIPPED TO IT: a YOUNG BOY. The same kid on Fontaine's fridge. Yo-Yo notices...

YO-YO  
... That your kid?  
(he folds the visor back up)  
Touchy subject. Okay.

FONTAINE  
..... It's my brother. Ronnie...

YO-YO  
Sweet looking kid. Hope he doesn't  
take after you.

Annoyed, Fontaine grips the wheel tighter...

YO-YO (CONT'D)  
Oh... shit, he's... I am... sorry--

FONTAINE

You good.

UP AHEAD... the white van pulls into a run-down STRIP MALL. Fontaine parks at the edge of the lot. They spy the workers unloading boxes... disappearing into RAY-RAY'S BARBERSHOP... For a while, they keep watch, sobered... then...

YO-YO

... When?

FONTAINE

... Right before I dropped out. He was in fifth grade. Smart, too... Some bitch ass cop, just lookin' for an excuse. Tried to say he stole some candy or some shit...

SLICK CHARLES

..... Ya'know... in 2005,  
I won the Inter--

Yo-Yo whips around, shoots him the evil eye. As she does, the workers emerge from Ray-Ray's, head back towards the van.

SLICK CHARLES (CONT'D)

What? I thought we was openin' up?

Fontaine doesn't look away from the workers as they grab more boxes and head towards Ray-Ray's next-door neighbor: REE-REE'S BEAUTY SALON. This time, they leave the trunk partially ajar.

You can see it in Fontaine's eyes... the wheels turning...

YO-YO

It's called a tail-and-surveil. Not a tail-and-go-do-some-dumb-shit.

FONTAINE

We been followin' these niggas around all day, and what do we know that we ain't know hours ago? I'm tired of waitin'. So me and you gone go check 'em out up close--  
(to Slick Charles)  
--while you check and see what the fuck else is in that van.

SLICK CHARLES

Why I gotta check the van?

FONTAINE

Cause I'll beat yo ass if you don't.



Fontaine bullies his way out. Yo-Yo hurries after.

SLICK CHARLES  
(reluctantly getting out)  
*One day I'ma pimp smack the shit  
out yo grinch ass...*

### **MEANWHILE, IN RAY-RAY'S BARBERSHOP**

A SHAVING BRUSH, swirling around inside a PURPLE CONTAINER labeled 2 CLEAN SHAVE CREAM... gathering a nice dollop...

RICK ROSS BEARD  
And the doctor said I damn near got  
type-two diabetes up in this bih!

... and applying it liberally to RICK ROSS BEARD's... uhh...  
Rick Ross beard. It covers his face in a thick, white foam.

RICK ROSS BEARD (CONT'D)  
Talmbout I gotta eat better. Bih  
how? Tryna find a got damn farmer's  
market, passed by eighteen got damn  
Mac-Donalds, mane! I ain't tryna,  
got damn, die young, ya feel me?

But as his barber continues to brush the cream on his face,  
Rick Ross Beard's tone starts to mellow out...

RICK ROSS BEARD (CONT'D)  
But shiiiiit, my daddy had it...  
(a tired sigh)  
Really ain't no point fightin' it...

... like he's suddenly lost the will to give a fuck... Nearby,  
RAY-RAY, the eponymous barber, cuts Rick Ross Beard's homie.

RAY-RAY  
But them McFlurries hittin' though!

He spins the chair, and when he does, we see that fade he's  
been working on belongs to none other than ISAAC -- the same  
Isaac who murdered Fontaine in the beginning. Looking in the  
mirror, his eyes suddenly balloon: Fontaine, in the parking  
lot, striding towards Ree-Ree's. Very much alive...

### **IN REE-REE'S BEAUTY SALON**

DING, DING! Fontaine and Yo-Yo enter, take a gander. Every  
dryer chair and sink is occupied. Alive with chit-chat. The  
eponymous REE-REE greets them from behind the counter, her  
hair laid to the Gods, a do reminiscent of Jackie Onassis.

REE-REE

Gone be a minute 'fore I can get ya.

They nod, squeeze between a MAMA bouncing a toddler and a TEENAGER with two-inch acrylics. Spy the van workers restocking a CARDBOARD STAND advertising 2 CLEAN PERM CREAM. On it, A BLACK MRS. CLEAVER showcases a purple perm kit.

### **BACK OUTSIDE**

Slick Charles approaches the white van. Checks his six. Then his four. Then his two. Grumbling as he slips into its trunk.

### **BACK IN REE-REE'S BEAUTY SALON**

A PERM BRUSH, swirling around the purple container of 2 Clean Perm Cream... gathering a nice dollop...

SPLIT ENDS

I'm serious! I'm buying supplies  
with gas money at this point, and  
the school board talking bout  
cutting our pay *again* next year?

... and applying it liberally to SPLIT ENDS' roots...

SPLIT ENDS (CONT'D)

Shittin' me! I got forty kids  
crammed in my class and they gone  
be teaching themselves cause I'ma  
be sliding down the pole at The  
White Horse just to pay rent!

But as the stylist continues to brush the perm into her hair, she starts losing steam...

SPLIT ENDS (CONT'D)

I mean... Really I just grade  
papers, girl...  
(a tired sigh)  
Maybe I'm just... trippin'...

... like she's suddenly lost the will to give a fuck...

UP AT THE FRONT... the van workers take the now-empty box and head towards the back room. Yo-Yo eyes Fontaine; they scoot to the display. She snatches one of the perm kits, pissed.

YO-YO

Oooooooooo these dirty motherf--  
Half the girls on the track use  
this shit! I've used this shit!

FONTAINE

What it do?

YO-YO

You don't know what a perm is?  
 (pointing at a lady)  
 See her hair? See how straight it  
 is? *Maybe she was born with it*, or  
 maybe--

Yo-Yo presents the box: Exhibit A.

YO-YO (CONT'D)

... But apparently that ain't all  
 it does.

She scans the room, trying to decipher what the possible side effects might be. Fontaine grabs a kit. Squints at the label.

FONTAINE

Cyclo... penta... siloxane?

ISAAC (O.S.)

Must be two sides...

Fontaine immediately recognizes that voice... Turns to see Isaac and his crew standing between him and the exit. All still wearing their BARBER CAPES, napkins wedged in the their necks, fades and tapers half-finished. Out of his crew, Isaac's the only one WITHOUT SHAVE CREAM on his face or head.

#### **BACK IN THE WHITE VAN**

Piled high with boxes. Slick Charles rummages through them. One is filled with bottles simply labeled... GRAPE DRINK.

SLICK CHARLES

Is these niggas serious?

#### **BACK IN REE-REE'S BEAUTY SALON**

Disbelief in his eyes, Isaac scans Fontaine for bullet holes. Fontaine seethes. This motherfucker literally murdered him.

ISAAC

Been a minute.

FONTAINE

... Yeah.

Yo-Yo squeezes Fontaine's forearm: *Easy...*

ISAAC  
This don't change shit, you know  
that, don't ya?

FONTAINE  
Hundred fuckin' percent.

REE-REE  
Ay, take that bullshit outside.

ISAAC  
We just talkin'. Ain't that right?

Just then, the van workers emerge from the back. Clocking the situation, they quickly shuffle towards the door.

YO-YO  
*Fontaine...*

The sight of them snaps Fontaine back to the mission.

FONTAINE  
Nah, I'm done talkin'.

Fontaine moves to get around Isaac, but Isaac blocks his path as the workers slip out the door. Fontaine's fists clench...

ISAAC  
Well I ain't...

#### **BACK IN THE WHITE VAN**

Slick Charles has made his way through the mesh metal partition to the front seats, looking for anything useful. He notices a KEY CARD on a lanyard in the cup holder. Examines it: no name, just a picture and ID number...

Just then... *VOICES*... he glances into the sideview mirror... sees the workers returning... *Shhhit*... scrambles back through the partition... past the boxes... towards the trunk door...

#### **IN THE PARKING LOT**

COWORKER  
Yup, that's about to be a 604.

BRAIDED WHITE LADY  
Ain't my department.

The Coworker notices the back door slightly ajar. Shuts it...

**BACK IN THE VAN**

Slick Charles is ducked beneath the back window, having barely managed to avoid detection. *Fuck my life...*

**BACK IN REE-REE'S BEAUTY SALON**

ISAAC

You got some good ass luck, I'll give you that.

FONTAINE

I'll show you luck, nigga.

In the parking lot, the van backs out. Yo-Yo notices Slick Charles giving her the old "What the fuck?!" through the back window. But Fontaine's playing chicken with Isaac...

YO-YO

Y'all can measure dicks later. Fontaine, we gotta go. Now...

ISAAC

So you lettin' hoes tell you what to do, huh?

Fontaine lunges, but Yo-Yo steps between them.

YO-YO

REE-REE

Fontaine.

I said take it outside!

ISAAC

And I said we just talkin'! Damn!  
(back to Fontaine; low)  
I got a haircut to get back to, but I'ma see you round, though...

He moves his hand to his waist... grabs something beneath his barber cape... realizes no one can see his hand... clumsily sweeps his cape aside to reveal the PISTOL HE'S GRIPPING...

ISAAC (CONT'D)

But I'ma see you round, though...

YO-YO

Cool. He'll call you.

Yo-Yo yanks Fontaine past Isaac. Soon as they get

**OUTSIDE,**

they race for the car. No sign of the white van as they hop

**IN THE CUTLASS.**

YO-YO

What is wrong with you! The van's  
gone! *With Slick Charles inside!*

Fontaine pulls into the street. The van has vanished.

FONTAINE

So I'm sposed to let this nigga play  
me like a bitch? Which way they go?!

YO-YO

(digging through her purse)  
I don't know! Pick a direction! *And  
yes!* If you're trying to figure out  
why you saw *your own dead fucking  
body on a slab*, then suppress that  
alpha dog bullshit and let him play  
you like a bitch!

FONTAINE

... What you doin'?

YO-YO

Callin' Slick Charles. You know,  
the pimp you just lost!

Just then, 8-Ball and MJG's 2000 playa's anthem, "Pimp Hard,"  
*CUES* from a cell in the backseat. Yo-Yo lets out a heavy sigh.

**I/E. THE WHITE VAN / STREET - DUSK**

Slick Charles, trying his best to be invisible as the white  
van navigates The Glen.

COWORKER (O.S.)

Good, think we made it in time.  
Cause I did *not* wanna have to wait  
around til they finished... Y'all  
don't know when to stop.

BRAIDED WHITE LADY (O.S.)

You don't know when to stop.

The boxes jostle as the van turns into its destination and  
parks. Slick Charles holds his breath while the workers hop  
out and head towards the trunk.

He folds himself like origami behind a column of boxes as they  
open the door, retrieve the box of Grape Drink, and shut the  
trunk behind them. Then he starts breathing again. When he  
can't hear them anymore, he creaks open the door and climbs

**OUTSIDE.**

His face drops when he realizes where he is... GREATEST MT. ZION AME MISSIONARY BAPTIST CHURCH.

SLICK CHARLES  
*Summumbitches...*

He spies the workers just as they disappear inside: *Just walk away, Slick Charles.* Then, hating himself, he follows them...

**INT. GREATEST MT. ZION - VESTIBULE - SAME**

... inside and peeks his head into the red-carpeted CHAPEL, spying from a distance as the van workers walk down the aisle of the completely empty church towards the altar. We stay right here ON SLICK CHARLES' FACE...

COWORKER (O.S.)  
Shit, I left my card in the van.

BRAIDED WHITE LADY (O.S.)  
Just use mine. I'm ready to go home.

... as he sees something that blows his mind...

**I/E. FONTAINE'S CUTLASS / THE WHITE HORSE - LATER**

Driving slow, scanning the strip club's parking lot...

YO-YO  
I don't see it, do you?

Her phone RINGS. It's a number she doesn't recognize.

YO-YO (CONT'D)  
... Hello?.... Slick Charles?!

**EXT. ACROSS THE STREET FROM GREATEST MT. ZION - SAME**

Slick Charles, at a payphone.

SLICK CHARLES  
Y'all won't believe this shit.

**EXT. GREATEST MT. ZION - EVENING**

The Cutlass arrives. Fontaine and Yo-Yo file out past the church's humble marquee: "*Saturday Evening Revival!*" Head towards the steps where Slick Charles is pacing.

YO-YO  
Don't even look at me--

SLICK CHARLES  
Y'all had one damn job!

FONTAINE  
What you find?

SLICK CHARLES  
... Just bring y'all asses.

He shepherds them up the steps, but when he opens the door--

PREACHER  
First to his word!

--the PREACHER appears. Smiles. Appraises their appearances:  
*A pimp, a hoe, and a drug dealer walk into a church...*

PREACHER (CONT'D)  
Ain't seen you three before.

SLICK CHARLES  
Oh yeah, we usually attend the,  
uhh, other church. Round the way.

PREACHER  
Well you picked a great day to pay  
us a visit. All are welcome!

YO-YO  
Actually, we were just about to--

PREACHER  
*Charm is deceptive and beauty is  
fleeting, but a woman who fears The  
Lord is to be praised.*

Behind them, the first real parishioner has arrived...

PREACHER (CONT'D)  
Ahh, Mrs. Murray! Praise be to you!

... MRS. MURRAY, an elderly woman, tips her church hat.

PREACHER (CONT'D)  
More folks'll be arriving shortly.  
Let's get y'all good seats.

He puts an insistent hand on Fontaine's back. Smiles again.  
Off the church doors, closing behind the gang...



SANCTUARY - THREE HOURS LATER...

CLOSE ON two COMMUNION TRAYS set atop the altar. In one, a few consecrated crackers, all that's left after communion; in the other, the last few plastic cups of GRAPE JUICE.

PULLING BACK... to see the GIGANTIC WHITE JESUS painted on the back wall presiding over the all-black congregation. They've been stirred into a COMPLETE FRENZY by the Preacher's fiery sermon. A PIANIST highlights his more emphatic proclamations.

PREACHER

Let us not forget Proverbs 15:3.  
Let me hear you say, "His eyes!"

CONGREGATION

His eyes!

PREACHER

"Are everywhere!"

CONGREGATION

Are everywhere!

PREACHER

Keeping watch... on the wicked...  
and the good! But also, the wicked.

*E FLAT MAJOR SEVENTH*; the preacher busts a dance move.  
SANDWICHED IN THE THICK OF IT... the gang watches in disbelief: *The hell was in that grape juice?*

PREACHER (CONT'D)

And you know what He wants most out  
of *each and every one of you*... say  
it with me now, I know you know it--

CONGREGATION

Obedience!

PREACHER (CONT'D)

Oooooooooo-bedience!

PREACHER (CONT'D)

Eeeeeyaaaaaay! Cause we are  
feeble, simple, bliiiiind  
thangs. But we don't need  
eyes when He can see it all.  
Trust in His vision!

SLICK CHARLES

*He'd give Jim Jones a run for  
his money.*

YO-YO

*Got the Kool-Aid part down...*

Her eyes linger on the prep table beside the altar, where a near-empty bottle of GRAPE DRINK rests...

PREACHER

It don't matter how bad your life  
is! It don't matter that you bout  
to get evicted!

(MORE)

PREACHER (CONT'D)

("Amen!")

Don't matter that you just came  
down with The Sugar!

("Yes, Lawd!")

Don't matter that your grandson  
Jamal was just gunned down in a  
drive-by shootin' right next to the  
Dairy Queen!

("Tell 'em!")

All that matters is trust! In His  
plan. Let me hear you say "Trust!"

CONGREGATION

Truuuuust!

This time the pianist, sensing the crescendo, starts playing  
something a bit more... secular: the beginning notes of  
Juvenile's all-time booty-shakin' banger, "Back That Azz Up."

*Bum... Bum... Bum... BOM... Bum... Bum... Bum... Bum...*

PREACHER

Say "Truuuuust!"

CONGREGATION (CONT'D)

Truuuuuuuuust!

With no warning, the Preacher lifts his arms like that Giant  
White Jesus painting on the wall and FALLS BACKWARDS... but he  
doesn't hit the ground... cause OUT OF NOWHERE the Deacon  
electric slides into place and CATCHES HIM in his arms.

PREACHER

Eeeeyaaaaaaaaay! Hit me!

The *BEAT DROPS* and the DRUMMER joins in as the Deacon springs  
him back to his feet, where he lands in a seamless two-step  
that belongs more in a strip club than a church. Gets  
straight up bacchanal, the entire congregation HOLY-GHOSTIN',  
BUMPIN' N' GRINDIN'.

SLICK CHARLES

*Now I know it's been a while since  
I been to church, but...*

The delirium escalates. Above it all, Giant White Jesus  
watches on in approval...

### LATER

Service has ended. Finally. The last of the congregation files  
past the Preacher, who glad-hands them on their way out.

PREACHER

Bright and early tomorrow, right  
Mr. Ross?...

(MORE)

PREACHER (CONT'D)  
 I saw those moves, Mrs.  
 Caldwell!... Mrs. Jackson, so sorry  
 about Jamal...

The Deacon is the last one out. As he passes the Preacher:

DEACON  
 Another day servin' His agenda.

PREACHER  
 Amen.

DEACON  
 See you at The White Horse tonight?

PREACHER  
 Amen.

When the Deacon leaves, the Preacher quickly scans the room to make sure it's empty. He smiles at Giant White Jesus. Hits the lights. Closes the chapel door. For a moment, all is still... until THREE SHADOWY BODIES pop up in the pews.

FONTAINE  
 Aight, where they go?

SLICK CHARLES  
 Y'all gone see...

He springs up, leads them up to altar. Feels around.

FONTAINE  
 Fill us in, Slick Charles.

SLICK CHARLES  
 I'm lookin' for the-- the... the  
 shit you put the keycard in.

YO-YO  
 Keycard? We ain't go no keycard.

SLICK CHARLES  
 Y'all ain't got no keycard. Cause  
 ya'll were dickin' around. Lucky  
 for you, Slick Charles was doin'  
 some muthafuckin' *detectin'*.

He whips out the KEYCARD he found in the white van...

SLICK CHARLES (CONT'D)  
 Now watch this churlish bullshit.

... and jams it into a SLOT IN THE ALTAR. Suddenly THE ENTIRE ALTAR STARTS RISING...

Fontaine and Yo-Yo step back... as an elevator ascends from beneath it... baptizing the chapel with austere white light...

SLICK CHARLES (CONT'D)  
Not too late to turn around...

Its doors open, expectant: *Speak now...* Fontaine enters the elevator, but Slick Charles and Yo-Yo seem apprehensive.

FONTAINE  
We ain't come this far...

Yo-Yo steps in: *YOLO*. Resigned, Slick Charles steps in, too. Fontaine presses the only button there is to press: DOWN. As the doors close, Fontaine's already *COCKING* his .45. Once again, they vanish into the unknown. And once again, above it all, Giant White Jesus watches on in approval...

#### **PULPIT ELEVATOR - LATER**

You could hear a pin drop... until...

SLICK CHARLES  
(singing softly)  
*I'm goin' doooooown... We goin'  
doooooown. Prolly gone die  
undergroooooouund. Our whooole  
worrld's up! Siiiide doooownnn...*  
(then)  
*I'm goin' doooooown.*

Fontaine tries to ignore him, but Yo-Yo joins in.

SLICK CHARLES (CONT'D)	YO-YO
<i>We goin' doooooown. Prolly gone die undergroooooouund.</i>	<i>We goin' doooooown. Prolly gone die undergroooooouund.</i>

They look to Fontaine: *Sing along*. You can tell it's a hell no. But he does, despite himself, let out a tiny smile.

SLICK CHARLES	YO-YO (CONT'D)
<i>Our whooole worrrld's up! Siiiide doooownnn...</i>	<i>Our whooole worrrld's up! Siiiide doooownnn...</i>

DING. Game faces.

#### **INT. SECRET UNDERGROUND COMPLEX - HALLWAY - SAME**

Hard fluorescents. The stench of Cold War paranoia. For a moment, all we see is Fontaine's swole ass arm poking out, his .45 turned a cool 90 degrees to the side. Then the rest of him emerges, followed by Yo-Yo and Slick Charles.

No sign of Braided White Lady, or anyone else at the moment.  
Just a strange hallway striped with chipped burgundy paint.

YO-YO  
(to Slick Charles)  
What now?

SLICK CHARLES  
Shit, I don't know! I did *my* part,  
I earned *my* orange slices.  
(to Fontaine)  
What now?

FONTAINE  
Now we look around.

They start sneaking down the hallway.

YO-YO  
Am I the only one getting an old 8-  
track kinda feel--

Fontaine holds up a hand: *Quiet.*

VOICES... coming from the INTERSECTING HALLWAY up ahead. The gang gets skinny, pressing themselves up against a wall just as A TRIO OF MEN IN HAZMAT SUITS pass, swapping office gossip. They walk by the gang, none the wiser as to their presence.

SLICK CHARLES  
We gone stick out like fur coats on  
hoes in here...

Fontaine peeks down the perpendicular hallway... spies one of the men in hazmat suits breaking off into the men's restroom. Fontaine's got that look in his eyes: *I got an idea.*

#### **MEN'S RESTROOM - LATER**

Hazmat Suit's standing at one of the urinals, relieving himself. He's unzipped enough of his suit to do the deed.

In his periphery, someone takes the adjacent urinal... And just as he realizes something's amiss -- *CRACK!* -- Fontaine's fist COLLIDES WITH HIS TINTED FACE-SHIELD--

#### **HALLWAY - LATER**

Fontaine, NOW IN A HAZMAT SUIT, quickly dragging someone's unconscious body across the hallway... shoving him into a BROOM CLOSET with TWO OTHER UNCONSCIOUS MEN, both bound with their own stripped-off clothes. Shutting the door.

Nearby we spot Yo-Yo and Slick Charles ALSO WEARING HAZMAT SUITS. Their faces obscured by the TINTED FACE-SHIELDS.

YO-YO  
(re: her hazmat suit)  
Ooooo this kinda clean though.

They keep moving. Their disguises are quickly tested when a PENCIL-PUSHER rounds the corner. They wave... He waves. *Whew*. Then their eyes land on a LARGE ELEPHANT DOOR at the end of the hallway. Seems important. When they reach it...

SLICK CHARLES  
Cross ya fingers...

... Slick Charles whips out the KEY-CARD. Presses it against the CARD READER. It glows green. With a *WHOOSH*, the door slides aside, and the gang steps into

### THE CENTRAL CONCOURSE.

The connective hub of whatever this place is. Bout as wide across as an airport concourse, extending both ways deep into the distance. Bisected in the center by a similarly-sized concourse. Each dotted with other elephant doors that lead to smaller, off-shooting hallways.

Buzzing about, a plethora of WHITE FOLK. Some in hazmat suits, some in lab coats, some in corporate middle management attire. Some with BLACK FOLK HAIR. Some zipping around on GOLF CARTS, some on segways, some even on bicycles.

It's Area 51 meets *Office Space* down here. 1950's architecture beneath a patina of ultra-modern tech and those same kitschy HR posters we saw in the trap-lab. The gang stares, flabbergasted by the scale. By the weirdness.

There's a HUGE MAP OUTLINING THE GLEN ON THE WALL. Detailing not only the landmarks, but the subterranean structures honeycombed underneath it.

YO-YO  
All this time... these motherfuckers  
been hiding right under us...

Ambling further in, they're almost hit by a BICYCLIST.

BICYCLIST	SLICK CHARLES
Hey watch it, pal!	Pardon me!

SLICK CHARLES (CONT'D)  
... What are all these niggas doin'  
down here?

FONTAINE  
... Let's find out...

Off the gang... *The fuck have we gotten ourselves into...* as the Dramatics' 1977 ode to love, "Spaced Out Over You,"  
*SLIDES IN...*

### **THE "HONEYCOMB HIDEOUT" MONTAGE**

IN THE CENTRAL CONCOURSE... Gliding over the milieu as a GOLF CART chugs into view. The gang, scrunched together behind the wheel, gaping slack-jawed beneath their face-shields. A propagandistic mural depicting THREE SMILING CHILDREN beneath a bombastic letterhead: "*Striving together towards peace!*" The painting gives way to a large sign stenciled on the wall:

### **MANUFACTURING →**

IN THE PRODUCTION NODE... Assembly lines of cleanroom-suited techs, overseeing the manufacture of specially-made goods like Anaconda Malt Liquor. The gang navigates through.

IN SHIPPING... Forklifts and workers, loading shipping palettes of the aforementioned goods into row upon row of unmarked semi-trucks. They sport license plates from Michigan, Arizona, New Jersey, etc...

IN THE CENTRAL CONCOURSE... Driving now through a different section of the underground labyrinth. The walls here have a different earth-toned paint coat and the sign they pass reads:

### **← OVERSIGHT**

IN OVERSIGHT... Walking down a sub-corridor. Thick glass in the walls lets the gang glimpse into the rooms beyond. Through smoke-and-coffee-filled haze, they can make out SEVERAL DOZEN PEOPLE. Arranged like mission control, awash in the bluish glow of STACKED SURVEILLANCE MONITORS and COMPUTER SCREENS. Inside, they chatter like bored NASA employees...

OVERSIGHT TECH  
Got a 604 over on 22nd. Gunshots.  
Send a clean-up crew.

IN THE CENTRAL CONCOURSE... The gang drives, dwarfed by another propagandistic mural. This one: a SMILING SCIENTIST, pointing her index finger at her own noggin: "*Unity Starts Here!*" A flowing American flag gripped in her other hand.

### **RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT →**

IN RESEARCH & DEVELOPMENT... This is where the magic happens:

... an UNCONSCIOUS BLACK MAN lies on a table, electrodes on his head, measuring his BRAIN WAVES. Techs monitor.

... a FILM CREW, shooting the new RUCKUS MUSIC VIDEO in front of a green screen. D4L would be jealous.

... a BLACK WOMAN strapped to a chair, eyelids peeled open as she's assaulted with a deluge of seemingly random commercials and film clips. She convulses, powerless to close her eyes.

... TWO BLACK MEN in an empty room, save for the GIANT SUBWOOFERS in each corner. They bang desperately against the glass of a TWO-WAY MIRROR. ON THE OTHER SIDE, the gang watches amidst other techs and scientists in hazmat suits. One of them TURNS A DIAL, flooding the room with MUSIC: *"Shoot a muthafucka, kill a muthafucka..."*

Slowly but surely, the men turn on each other and start fighting. After a moment, the song changes: "I love you, I love you, kiss me baby, I won't judge you..." On cue, the men stop fighting... start dancing with each other... and kiss...

Blending in with their hazmat suits, the gang spies on it all. (Eagle-eyed observers may recognize the subjects as people on the MISSING PERSONS flyers back in *We Got Dranks!* Mini-Mart.)

#### **INT. SECRET UNDERGROUND COMPLEX - R&D BREAK ROOM - LATER**

Yo-Yo pulls Fontaine and Slick Charles inside. Snack machine. Round tables. Soon as Yo-Yo confirms the coast is clear, they take off their helmets and start freaking out.

SLICK CHARLES  
Eeeeeeeevil muthafuckas!

YO-YO  
Okay, I was wrong. This ain't no vanilla missionary shit. We done crossed the Rubicon! This some sex dungeon, mint chocolate chip bukkake! I mean you realize what they're doing here, right?!

FONTAINE  
Experimentin' on niggas, yeah I was there!

YO-YO  
*Mind control!* Think: the chicken, the communion, the experiments... It's all to fuck with how we feel, what we do, how we think! To control us!



FONTAINE

But why?!

SLICK CHARLES

Do it matter?! We just found out  
they *Clockwork Orange*-in' niggas! We  
they target audience! We gots to go!

FONTAINE

I ain't goin' no fuckin' where til  
I find what I came for!

YO-YO

It ain't just about you, nigga! I get  
it, you wanna know where that body  
came from. But there's other people  
down here! We gotta get help! Tell  
somebody! Blow the lid off this shit!

SLICK CHARLES

Listen playa, this ain't Coolhand  
Johnny off The Boulevard we talkin'  
bout, this Uncle muthafuckin' Sam!  
The major leagues! Now we gotta make  
like my daddy and split!

FONTAINE

... Nah... Not yet.

Fontaine puts his helmet back on... marches back out into the

#### **RESEARCH & DEVELOPMENT HALLWAY.**

Yo-Yo and Slick Charles scramble after him.

SLICK CHARLES

(to a passing tech)

*Hi, how are ya?*

(then, to Fontaine)

*Fontaine. Pssst, Fontaine.*

Fontaine ignores them: *Answers are down here. Somewhere.* Just  
then, he spots... A TECH PUSHING A STAINLESS STEEL SURGICAL  
SLAB. There's A BODY atop it. Covered by a sheet. Yet  
Fontaine still notices the LIFELESS BLACK ARM poking out from  
beneath. Covered in viscous, clear fluid.

Then... the body *GROANS*, and Fontaine realizes that person is  
NOT DEAD. His gaze stalks the retreating tech... then glances  
down at the SMALL TRAIL OF FLUID DRIPPING FROM THE BODY.

YO-YO

*You gone get our asses killed.*

But Fontaine's tracking that trail of fluid...

SLICK CHARLES

Slow down...

... until the fluid disappears beneath a HUGE METALLIC DOOR. Its sign reads: SUPPLY. He stops, staring down at the fluid...

SLICK CHARLES (CONT'D)

Sensational, another big door with some creepy shit behind it. How bout we find one that gets us outta here?

FONTAINE

Nobody stoppin' you.

He snatches the key card, taps it on the reader. The door splits open. Cautious, Fontaine treks

### INSIDE.

Vast. Stygian. Biggest room we've seen so far. Fontaine stumbles forward... slowly takes off his helmet... his eyes not believing what they're seeing...

BODIES... a legion of bodies. Suspended upright in tubes filled with some sort of phosphorescent amniotic fluid. Their glow casting the room in an eerie gold light.

Fontaine's feet drag him forward. Honest-to-God horror in his eyes. Pulling off their helmets too, Yo-Yo and Slick Charles follow, the same look of terrified awe...

They walk through row upon row of body tubes. Human beings suspended in fluid like insects in amber. All naked... All lifeless... All BLACK... All people they recognize...

ON SLICK CHARLES... studying three bodies: they're all the PREACHER FROM MT. ZION.

ON YO-YO... looking up at BIDDY, her eyes closed, surrounded by four other Biddys.

ON FONTAINE... power-walking through row after row. Searching for something he knows is here... On the way, he passes a familiar face that eases his pace, if only for a moment: FROG. Continues on. *Where are you....*

Eventually, he finds what he was searching for... Fontaine. Not him... but him... a perfect replica... floating serenely in his tube... flanked by a DOZEN OTHER PERFECT FONTAINES...

Clones...

Lost, Fontaine stares up at himself... contempt brewing...

ON SLICK CHARLES AGAIN... his face unusually solemn... looking at something OFF-SCREEN... for the first time since we've met him, Slick Charles has nothing slick to say...

SLICK CHARLES

*Damn...*

Yo-Yo steps up beside him... the color draining from her face when she sees what he's been seeing... Doppelgängers. FIVE LIFELESS SLICK CHARLES CLONES.

Suddenly nothing makes sense. Yo-Yo pales, the implications crashing down on her: What about me? She turns... quicksteps through the tubes... scouring each and every clone body... *Say it ain't so, say it ain't so...* then--

**BANG!** The sound of *SHATTERED GLASS* snaps her back to reality. She chases the sound back to Fontaine, who's SHOT ONE OF HIS CLONES. Fluid gushes from the shattered tube. Fontaine steps over his clone's naked, bleeding body, trains his sights on the next clone-- **BANG!**

Glass *EXPLODES*. The Fontaine clone inside flops to the ground like a dead fish. As he lines up his next shot--

YO-YO

Fontaine! Stop!

**BANG!** Another clone gone. Fontaine's shaking with fury, fear, frustration. Yo-Yo grabs his arm, but he shoves her aside.

YO-YO (CONT'D)

What the fuck are you doing?!

**BANG!** On to the next one. But this time Yo-Yo steps in front of the gun. Fontaine shoves her aside again. But she doesn't quit, wrapping her arms around him.

YO-YO (CONT'D)

Fontaine, please. This won't help.  
They're not you... They're not you.

Emotional, Fontaine eventually concedes. Lowers his gun. Lets himself be hugged. Nearby, Slick Charles is slumped on the floor against one of the tubes. Lost, like Fontaine. Then...

*WEEEEEOOOOO! WEEEEEOOOOO! WEEEEEOOOOO!*

YO-YO (CONT'D)

*... Fuck.*

**RESEARCH & DEVELOPMENT HALLWAY - LATER**

The gang, helmets back on, weaving through the human current: scientists, techs, administration... all racing towards the CLONE ROOM. Yo-Yo scans the hallway, spots an ELEVATOR...

YO-YO

*Slick Charles, give me the card!*

... snatches the KEYCARD, presses it against a reader: EGRESS POINT #11: The Rose. Hits the call button. The gang piles

**INSIDE.**

As the doors close, they catch suspicious glances and turned heads. The elevator rumbles upward. They ditch the helmets. Thousand yards stares...

SLICK CHARLES

..... Couldn't leave well enough alone, could you?

FONTAINE

If you don't shut the fuck up, I'm--

SLICK CHARLES

What?! You gon' beat my ass? *Kill me?* Woopy-doo! They'll just warm up another Slick Charles in the microwave! That's what they did to yo ass, right?

FONTAINE

That wasn't me!

SLICK CHARLES

Nigga wake up!... You ain't the Fontaine, you a Fontaine!

YO-YO

Stop!

Fontaine and Slick Charles fume. Yo-Yo's hanging on by a thread herself; she slumps against the elevator wall... Everyone's at a complete loss.

YO-YO (CONT'D)

God I'm tired...

They all are. We sit in silence. Until... *DING*.

**INT. THE ROSE NIGHTCLUB - VIP - SAME**

Crunk. Dark. Bottle service. Ballers. Fake ballers. The back wall is ONE BIG MIRROR. A panel on said mirror SLIDES ASIDE, and out steps the gang. Completely overdressed in their hazmat suits. Yo-Yo almost laughs.

YO-YO

*Of course...*

Fontaine takes a drink off some dude's table. Downs it.

FAKE BALLER

Ay!

He takes one look at Fontaine: this motherfucker looks crazy. Decides better. Yo-Yo starts shimmying out of her suit.

YO-YO

Get rid of these. Hurry.

They slip out of theirs. Follow Yo-Yo out of VIP, onto

**THE DANCE FLOOR.**

Hard to move. Sweaty partygoers, packed like sardines, dance to *BASS-HEAVY* trap music. The gang struggles towards the exit.

**UP IN THE DJ BOOTH**

DJ STRANGELOVE, white with DREADLOCKS, taps his EARPIECE. Listens... listens... finds Fontaine, Yo-Yo, and Slick Charles in the crowd... nods... grabs the microphone...

THE DJ

Y'all feelin' good tonight?

("Yeeeeeeah!")

Yessirrr, that's what I like to hear. Y'all already know who it is, it's ya boy, DJ Strangelove--

(AIRHORNS)

--from 97.1 "The Bang" on the muthalovin' ones and twos. I see y'all in here bout to knock each other out, so I think it might be time to switch up the vibe. Fellas, find the closest dime and pull up! Got that brand new Ruckus, this right here is called, "Suggestion!"

The *BEAT DROPS*, and damn if it ain't smooth as Ronald Isley's sheets. Folks couple up. Swaying to the hypnotic groove.

RUCKUS (OVER THE SPEAKERS)  
*Can I ask you a questiooonnnn?  
 Don'tcha love when I make ya  
 mooOOOoove? Can I make a  
 suggestioooooonnn? Just doooo what I  
 tell ya to dooOOOooo...*

This that baby-makin' shit right here. Party's eating it up.  
 Entranced. The gang keeps their eyes on the exit door...

RUCKUS (OVER THE SPEAKERS) (CONT'D)  
*When the music hits your sooooooul,  
 let me take coooooontrol. And doooo  
 what I tell ya to dooOOOooo...*

Getting harder to move now, bodies writhing, a Caligula.

YO-YO  
 Move... Move...

RUCKUS (OVER THE SPEAKERS)  
*Put one hand in the skyyyyy, my, oh  
 my, ooooh my. Won't you doooo what  
 I tell ya to dooOOOooo...*

Hands start floating up. Waving. Yo-Yo notices her RIGHT ARM  
 LIFTING, a mind of its own. She pulls it down. Looks back at  
 Fontaine, who's got his hand in the air, too.

YO-YO  
 Don't focus on the music! It's one  
 of their songs! Distract yourself!

Fontaine snaps out of it.

YO-YO (CONT'D)  
 Where's Slick Charles?

They double-check their six. He's gone. But the exit's right  
 there in sight.

FONTAINE  
 If he wanna stick around and get  
 caught, that's on him.

YO-YO  
 We can't just leave him.

FONTAINE  
You can't.

Fontaine pushes towards the door, fighting against the music.  
 Yo-Yo watches him disappear into the crowd, hesitating for a  
 moment before sighing and pushing back the way they came.

RUCKUS (OVER THE SPEAKERS)  
*Now before you bump and griiiiind,  
 spin for me three tiiiimes... Doooo  
 what I tell ya to doo000ooo...*

Everyone but Yo-Yo and Fontaine spins around three times.  
 When Yo-Yo finally spots Slick Charles, he too is spinning.  
 Totally succumbed to the music. Dancing with a lady.

YO-YO  
 Slick Charles!

Yo-Yo *CLAPS* in his face but he keeps dancing. Music's too  
 powerful. He's too far gone.

YO-YO (CONT'D)  
 Listen to me! You're hypnotized!

She tries to yank him towards the exit, but there's no moving  
 him. Least until... FONTAINE STEPS IN, scooping him up over  
 his shoulders in a fireman's carry. He eyes Yo-Yo.

FONTAINE  
 ... Don't just stand there!

They're getting the hell out this bitch, come hell or  
 highwater... Almost at the exit...

### **UP IN THE DJ BOOTH**

Strangelove eyes them. Change of plans. He GRABS THE MIC.

DJ STRANGELOVE  
 I know we really feelin' this one,  
 and I don't wanna stop the groove,  
 but I just got one more thing I  
 need y'all to do...

He KILLS THE MUSIC. Points at the gang, who've just made it  
 to the exit. That radio-host affectation gone from his voice.

DJ STRANGELOVE (CONT'D)  
*Get those three motherfuckers by  
 the door!*

BY THE DOOR... the gang looks back just in time to see the  
whole motherfuckin' club turn around at once...

FONTAINE  
*Shhhhiit...*

YO-YO  
*Go!*

No need to say it twice: Fontaine KICKS OPEN THE DOOR, THROWS  
 SLICK CHARLES TO HIS FEET, AND SPRINTS OUTSIDE INTO





FONTAINE

*I'm tryin'!*

POP! That didn't sound good. The car JERKS again. The engine coughs up a lung. Dies. The car's momentum slowly dissipating as it rolls to a lazy stop in the middle of the street. No time to get out. Mob's too close. They sigh...

SLICK CHARLES

I hate you, Fontaine...

... and a second later, the mob arrives... but instead of washing over their car like a tidal wave, they SURROUND IT. Completely encircling them, yet standing back at a polite distance. Empty faces. The gang looks on, confused.

YO-YO

Well, we ain't dead yet... So...  
glass half-full...

Fontaine gets

### OUT.

Yo-Yo follows. Then a begrudging Slick Charles.

SLICK CHARLES

*Gettin' out the car. Why not.*

Fontaine approaches the wall of partygoers. They're not moving. Not speaking. Just staring. Still hypnotized.

YO-YO

The hell are they waiting for?

FONTAINE

I don't know...

And lo... the sound of BASS. Deep. Ominous. Getting closer... The mob SEPARATES, making room for a COCAINE-WHITE 1977 CADILLAC COUP DE'VILLE. Tinted windows rattling from all that knock in the trunk. It glides to a stop before them.

For a second, nothing happens. Fontaine grips his .45. Tight. Then... the driver steps out...

... it's another Fontaine.

Doesn't seem as surprised to see Fontaine as Fontaine does to see him. The back door opens... and out steps a well-coiffed, middle-aged white guy. At ease. In control.

This is NIXON.

NIXON

(clapping)

Yes! Yes! You did it, guys! Let's bring in the cameras!

(off the speechless gang)

The look on your faces. I'm joshin'! For a second though, right?

(hands on his hips; a sigh)

You three... You three caused a lot of paperwork. But hey, not entirely your fault, I'll throw a mea culpa in there.

(to Fontaine)

Had some new hires really screw the pooch on *your* last rotation.

FONTAINE

So you the nigga in charge.

NIXON

No, no, everyone's got a boss. Mine's a real hard-ass... You two would really hit it off... Think of me as more of a branch manager of sorts. Call me Nixon.

YO-YO

Branch manager? You're torturing people down there. *Black* people.

NIXON

Whoa, whoa. First, Yo-Yo, we are not *torturing* anybody. We are researching. Experimenting. Doing science. And we're not experimenting on black people. It's just that everyone we're experimenting on happens to be black. Small difference, worth noting.

YO-YO

Right, so you just happened to pick the poorest, blackest neighborhood to set up shop. Got you.

He chuckles to himself. Digs a pouch of Big League Chew from his breast pocket, stuffs a wad of gum in his jaw.

NIXON

... You're a pretty girl, you're clever... Why not Midtown? Suburbia? Somewhere nice?

(she's not following)

Prostitution, sweetheart.

(MORE)

NIXON (CONT'D)

You can throw a rock and hit a john, no matter where you go. So why pick the most derelict part of town? Why not take your services elsewhere? Make more money?

YO-YO

Get to the point.

NIXON

You stay here. Because *here* is where you know you can get away with it... We don't hate black people. We don't hate anyone, but--

FONTAINE

But you know you can get away with it here...

NIXON

I'm sorry that your neighborhood is where the sausage is made, but we've got to make it somewhere. If it helps, it's for a good cause.

YO-YO

Oh, so you Kevin Bacon.

NIXON

... I don't follow.

SLICK CHARLES

(proud of himself)

*Hollow Man*, muthafucka.

That is clearly not what Yo-Yo was referring to...

YO-YO

... *Telling Lies In America?*

(Anyone?... Nevermind)

You just wanna control people.

NIXON

I can't say I've seen that particular film, but you know what I *have* seen? The news. Turn it on sometime. 24/7 schadenfreude... Three hundred million minds, three hundred million opinions. No common ground. No dialogue. No peace.

(then)

America was an experiment.

(MORE)

NIXON (CONT'D)

A half-baked idea cooked up by aristocratic ideologues in mansions built by slaves. They got to check out, left us with the tab: a country at odds with itself... America. Doesn't. Work. We *need* to control people. If we're all on the same page, then we're not ripping each other's heads off. And *all this* has a chance. That's what we strive for. The techniques we perfect here get rolled out nationwide. With your help, we're saving this country.

SLICK CHARLES

By clonin' pimps and drug dealers?

NIXON

Everyone has a part to play.

(then)

In order for us to continue our work... *here...* we need this place to maintain a certain... flavor. Quality of life... *Je ne sais quoi*.

SLICK CHARLES

Quality of-- this place is a trap.

FONTAINE

And you use us to keep it that way.

NIXON

Gentrification is real, kids. You think if you weren't out there on the front lines every day, these white people wouldn't just roll in here like they owned the place? If we took you guys off the street, there'd be three Starbucks here by next Tuesday and there goes our control setting. You are pillars of the community. It behooves us to ensure you're always *available*.

FONTAINE

... So the only reason I exist is to keep the place fucked up...

NIXON

Don't go all glass-half-empty on me now, Fontaine. You are a patriot.

(then)

Okay, so... now what?

YO-YO  
That a trick question?

NIXON  
No ma'am. There's a choice here to be made. Way I see it, you've got two viable options. One, I can have my good buddy Chester here kill you.

CHESTER, aka the other Fontaine, stares at them, impassive.

SLICK CHARLES  
(leaning into Fontaine)  
*They done named you Chester...*

NIXON  
Two, you do nothing. You go back to your normal lives, you do what you do best, you look the other way.  
(then)  
Now that sounds like a fuckin' fantastic deal! Ain't that right, Chester?  
(guy don't talk much...)  
Chester agrees. Thank you, Chester. I legitimately like you three. Against all odds, we are having this conversation. That says something. So choose. What will it be?

A moment... then Fontaine reaches for his .45--

FONTAINE	NIXON (CONT'D)
Option number three--	<u>Olympia Black.</u>

--but before his hand can even reach it, HE FREEZES...

Stiff as a corpse, save for his eyeballs, which dart around wildly. His hand hovering mere inches away from his gun. Both Slick Charles and Chester are stuck in place as well. Chester, his arms crossed, looks like he's used to the feeling.

Nixon spits out his gum...

NIXON (CONT'D)  
You had to try. Hell, we made you that way. But you really need to understand your position here.

Meanwhile, Yo-Yo stares at her own hands. Unlike Fontaine and Slick Charles, she can move: *I'm not a clone...*

NIXON (CONT'D)

*We own you. That gold chain around  
your neck. That sweet gold grill.  
That .45 you're reaching for.*

YO-YO

*He ain't the only one with a gun.*

Nixon looks up to see Yo-Yo aiming her .38 at his smug ass face. Doesn't seem too worried.

NIXON

*Yo-Yooooo.*

YO-YO

*Unfreeze 'em... Now. 'Fore I put a  
bullet through those fucking teeth.*

NIXON

*Spicy! Mmmm-mmm!  
(then)  
Fontaine...*

Viper-quick, Fontaine's arm shoots out, mind of its own, and clutches Yo-Yo by the wrist. Aims the gun away from Nixon. Doesn't let go. Yo-Yo *YELPS*. Fontaine stares at his hand, wide-eyed, as his grip tightens...

NIXON (CONT'D)

*Wild, right?*

Yo-Yo collapses to her knees as Fontaine's grip crushes the bones in her wrist. He shakes, trying to regain control.

YO-YO

*Fon...taine...*

NIXON

*Fontaine, point that gun at Yo-Yo.*

Despite his best efforts not to, Fontaine savagely RIPS THE GUN FROM HER HAND AND POINTS IT AT HER. Yo-Yo cradles her wrists, reeling. Looks up at Fontaine shaking above her. Slick Charles can only watch in petrified horror.

NIXON (CONT'D)

*My buddy Chester. Slick Charles.  
Fontaine. Know what they have in  
common? *They're expensive.* You? Dime  
a dozen. Just a regular ol' hoe.*

YO-YO

*(to Fontaine)  
Don't let him...*

Veins bulge from Fontaine's temple. He's trying so hard...

NIXON  
 Nope. It's still not...  
 (tapping his forehead)  
 ... getting through...  
 (a sigh)  
 Fontaine, put that gun in your  
mouth.

Fontaine puts the gun his mouth. Nixon's anger bubbles out.

	YO-YO	NIXON (CONT'D)
No! Stop!		Fontaine, <u>pull that hammer</u> <u>back!</u>

Powerless, he does as he's told.

YO-YO  
 Please! Don't hurt him!

Fun-loving Nixon is gone. It's like a switch flipped.

NIXON  
 Fontaine, say your prayers!

Fontaine prepares for the end.

NIXON (CONT'D)  
*Is it getting through to you now?!*  
 The only reason you're still alive  
 is because I don't wanna deal with  
 the paperwork! Your lives are not  
 worth a few hours of my time! Are we  
 all on the same fucking page?!

Silence... Nixon studies the gang. Finds the answer he's looking for. Calms the fuck down. Combs his hair back.

NIXON (CONT'D)  
 ...Okay. Relax, everybody.

Fontaine, Chester, and Slick Charles regain control. Yo-Yo exhales. Fontaine collapses to the ground, spent.

NIXON (CONT'D)  
 Good talk. I knew you'd make the  
 right choice.  
 (taps the hood of the car)  
 Chester, let's go. Get a burger or  
 something. I'm starving.

Chester shuts Nixon's door behind him. Spares Fontaine one last glance, then gets in himself. Drives away.

As the car disappears from view, the hypnosis controlling the partygoers begins to fade as well. They start coming to, lost as to how they got outside.

Off the gang, speechless, defeated...

**EXT. THE GLEN - DAWN**

Sunrise...

**INT. FONTAINE'S TRAP HOUSE - HIS ROOM - DAY**

Fontaine's eyes snap open. Back in his bed. Back in his room. Back in his world. He sits up.

**KITCHEN - LATER**

Closing the fridge, eyes landing on that OLD POLAROID OF HIM AND RONNIE. Grabbing the Wonderbread. Opening a jar of Skippy when-- *KNOCK, KNOCK*. Fontaine pauses, considers... then gets back to spreading peanut butter. A few seconds later:

*KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!* Fontaine sighs.

**LIVING ROOM - LATER**

He unlatches the last of his six latches and opens the front door. Yo-Yo pushes inside. Scans the room until she finds... A STEREO. She plugs in her CELL PHONE...

FONTAINE

Mind tellin' me what you doin'?

... and HITS PLAY. It's *JAZZ*. From the time of the titans. *CRANKS* the volume. Fontaine already knows what's up...

YO-YO

FONTAINE (CONT'D)

Okay. So I checked the church  
this morning. Keycard didn't  
work. They must've flagged Yo-Yo.....  
it. I don't know about all  
the other places, but I'm  
guessing it's more of the  
same. We need to find another Yo-Yo.....  
way in--

FONTAINE (CONT'D)

Yo-Yo...

Fontaine TURNS OFF THE MUSIC...



FONTAINE (CONT'D)

I'm done.

*He serious?* Yo-Yo turns the music *BACK ON*.

YO-YO

What?

FONTAINE

I said I'm done.

YO-YO

... Done? The fuck you talking  
bout? How can you say that?

FONTAINE

Leave it alone.

Fontaine heads back towards his room. Yo-Yo stomps after him.

YO-YO

This is bigger than you. Than us.  
You don't get to just check out.  
This is your home!

FONTAINE

(turning to face her)

Who gives a fuck?! This ain't no  
fuckin' community. This place is  
just a buncha broke niggas with  
nowhere else to go!

YO-YO

Good people live here.

FONTAINE

Who?! The jays? The gangbangers?  
The niggas who pay you to suck they  
dick?

(off Yo-Yo, hurt)

Nah, ain't nothin' good here. Cause  
of me. I'm the dope boy, remember?  
That's who I am. So I'ma go back to  
doin' me.

YO-YO

There's your excuse...

FONTAINE

Excuse? *I was grown in a fuckin'*  
*tube*. I ain't have no say in this  
shit! What's yo excuse, huh?! I saw  
all them trophies in ya room: What  
you wanted to do? Be a doctor?

(MORE)

FONTAINE (CONT'D)  
 Detective? Fuckin' scientist?! Or  
 was *this* the plan all along?

YO-YO  
 ... *You're right*... I was supposed  
 to be in New York, chasing down  
 leads for the Times. Or scuba diving  
 in the Caribbean, you know, looking  
 for lost treasures and shit...  
 Somewhere else... *Anywhere* else...  
 (then)  
 But nope, still in the Glen. Right  
 up the street from the house I grew  
 up in. Right up the street from the  
 motel I share with four other hoes.  
 Right up the street from all the  
 same old shit I always wanted to  
 get away from... *But I am here*...  
 (then)  
 And I can't do it by myself.

FONTAINE  
 ... Then don't do it.

He opens his room door. Done with it.

YO-YO  
 ... Maybe the next Fontaine won't  
 be such a pussy.

FONTAINE  
 ... Maybe he won't... You know  
 where the door is.

With that, he shuts her out. Yo-Yo lingers, the fire in her  
 eyes extinguishing... as Kanye West's 2005 melancholic  
 motherfuckin' diamond, "My Way Home," CUES...

### **THE "THEY LIVE" MONTAGE**

IN SOMEBODY'S FRONT YARD... as Fontaine hits his reps on the  
 same ad-hoc bench we saw in the beginning. On autopilot.

IN FONTAINE'S TRAP HOUSE... on a different day... as the crew  
 BAGS UP COKE. He passes an 8-ball to one of his TEEN DEALERS.

IN FONTAINE'S CUTLASS... another day... as he drives, Big Moss  
 riding shotgun. Big Moss chats, fans himself, but Fontaine  
 just stares out the window. At the detritus. At the poverty.  
 Big Moss hits the radio, starts Bankhead bouncing to one of  
 RUCKUS' SONGS (the same song they shot the music video for  
 down in the facility). Fontaine tunes it out as best he can.

ON THE SIDEWALK... new day... as Fontaine walks down the street. He comes across the SAME JUNKIE he stepped over once upon a time. But this time the sight of him gives Fontaine pause... his shaking... his suffering... hurts to see. Fontaine grits his teeth, steps over him anyway.

IN GOT DAMN! FRIED CHICKEN... yet another day... as Fontaine eats dinner. Through the window he watches as, across the street, an AMBULANCE loads a BLOODY GANGBANGER into its wagon. Fontaine returns to his food as, all around him, customers *LAUGH RIOTOUSLY*.

IN WE GOT DRANKS! MINI-MART... and another... as Fontaine grabs an Anaconda malt liquor off the shelf. At the register he buys cigarillos and a SCRATCH-OFF and heads...

**EXT. WE GOT DRANKS! MINI-MART - DAY**

... outside. He takes a swig. Scratches off one of the bubbles: *You Lose!* He stares at it... thinking... then...

... something compels him to scratch off another bubble... *You Lose!* Then another... *You Lose!* Then ALL OF THEM...

You Lose! You Lose! You Lose! You Lose!  
 You Lose! You Lose! You Lose! You Lose!  
 You Lose! You Lose! You Lose! You Lose!

Fontaine laughs softly to himself. Sits on the curb. Lost.

FROG (O.S.)  
 You loooooose. Always. Hehehehe...

He turns to see Frog holding up his cup. As Fontaine fills it, he takes a long look at the friendly wino: *He wears it well...*

FONTAINE  
 ... How do you do it, Frog?

Frog smiles. It's hard to read. He tips his cup. Takes a swig.

**INT. FONTAINE'S TRAP HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Fontaine collapses into the couch. Chugs the 40. Drinking to get drunk. Already halfway there. Turns on the TV.

COMMERCIAL (ON TV)  
 --limited-time-only Hotbox Spicy  
 Chicken! Cause remember, who needs  
 vices...

Fontaine darkens...

COMMERCIAL (ON TV) (CONT'D)  
*... So if you're in town, come on  
 down and getcha some of this  
 crunchy-friend golden bro--*

*SMASH!* The Anaconda malt liquor bottle shatters the screen.  
Now all is quiet... Fontaine's barely holding on... then...

MAMA (O.S.)  
 Everything okay in there, baby?

A stillness falls over Fontaine: *Can't avoid it any longer...*  
 His eyes finally drift to his mother's door... He stands...  
 approaches it... listens for a moment... *TAPS* softly...

FONTAINE  
 Ay, Mama.

MAMA (O.S.)  
 ..... Yeah, baby?

FONTAINE  
 Can you come out here for a second?

MAMA (O.S.)  
 ..... Not right now, baby. I'm  
 reading The Good Book.

FONTAINE  
 ... Please, Mama.

MAMA (O.S.)  
 ..... I'm tired, baby.

He rattles the doorknob. Locked. Nearly rips it off its hinge.

FONTAINE  
 Mama, open the door.

MAMA (O.S.)  
 ..... I'm okay, thanks baby.

FONTAINE  
 Open the door.

MAMA (O.S.)  
 ..... No thanks, baby.

FONTAINE  
 (KICKING the door)  
 Open this... fuckin'... door!

One last kick BLASTS THE DOOR OPEN. He takes inventory of the room, the last shred of his identity dying at the sight... There's nothing in here. Nothing but a SMALL DESK, A SPEAKER, AND AN AUDIO BOX... Fontaine tries to hold on to his rage, but it melts away as he walks towards the desk...

FONTAINE (CONT'D)

*Mama, I really need you right now...*

MAMA (O.S.)

..... I'm okay, baby. Josephine had a fish fry over at the communi--

CRASH! Fontaine kicks the desk over. Starts hyperventilating, fighting the white hot tears welling in his eyes. His home, suddenly a prison cell. Suffocating him. He scrambles

### OUTSIDE.

Only makes it as far as his front yard. Collapses. Tears burning his cheeks. *SCREAMS*. Punches the earth. Letting it all out until there's absolutely nothing left... then...

BABY G (O.S.)

Nigga, you cryin'?

Fontaine glances towards the street. It's Baby G of all people. On his squeaky ass bike, sipping a Capri Sun.

BABY G (CONT'D)

You *is* cryin! What you cryin' for?

Baby G kickstands his bike. Sits next to Fontaine.

FONTAINE

Man get on somewhere, Baby G.

BABY G

You owe me fifteen dollars.

Fontaine gives up. No getting rid of this kid.

BABY G (CONT'D)

One time, Spongebob and Patrick got so sad, they started crying all over each other, and water sprayed outta their eyes like a water gun, and they fell on the ground like "Waaaaaaaaaaaaah!"

Baby G cracks up. Fontaine watches the kid be a kid... then smirks. And pretty soon that smirk becomes a chuckle. And that chuckle an honest-to-God LAUGH.

He snatches the Capri Sun out of Baby G's hands.

FONTAINE  
Gimme that.

Starts sipping. Baby G plucks another one from his pocket.  
For a good while, they just stare at the sky and sip juice.

FONTAINE (CONT'D)  
You know... you remind of someone.

BABY G  
Who?

FONTAINE  
(a soft smile)  
... Nobody.

**EXT. THE ROYAL MOTEL - DAY**

The Cutlass pulls into the lot. Parks. Fontaine steps out,  
heads toward room 22. En route, he slows down to consider the  
parking spot in which our original Fontaine died.

He *KNOCKS*... *KNOCKS* again... No answer.

FONTAINE  
I know you in there, Slick Charles.  
(*KNOCK, KNOCK*)  
Come on, ain't nobody tryna beat ya  
ass. Open up... I'ma keep knockin'.

We hear the door *UNLOCK*. Fontaine opens it and

**ENTERS.**

Place is a mess. Cheetos bags and empty vodka handles. Broken  
TV. Slick Charles looks worse than the room. His once-  
pristine hair frazzled. Beard overgrown. Suit replaced with a  
stained wife-beater and dingy robe.

He shuffles back to the bed. Sits. Fishes through the ashtray  
for a butt. Lights it. Exhales and sighs at the same time.

SLICK CHARLES  
Yeah, yeah, yeah...

FONTAINE  
When the last time you took a  
shower?

SLICK CHARLES  
I plead the fifth.

Fontaine sighs, too. Eyes what used to be the TV. Gets it.  
Takes a seat beside Slick Charles. Then...

SLICK CHARLES (CONT'D)  
I never won the Players Ball, did  
I? I remember it like it was  
yesterday. I was there. Held the  
trophy in my hands.

FONTAINE  
..... I never had a little  
brother... Still love him, though.

Slick Charles grins a little; Fontaine pats him on the back.

**EXT. THE TRACK - DAY**

A few prostitutes, the veterans, trying to make them daytime  
dollars. Chatting amongst themselves when-- *HOOOONK!*

SLICK CHARLES (O.S.)  
Biddddaaaaaayyy! Bidddy!

Biddy looks up to see Fontaine's Cutlass, Slick Charles  
hanging out the window. Suited and booted again, hairdo  
fresher than real Florida orange juice.

BIDDY  
Fuck you, Slick Charles.

She struts away. The Cutlass ROLLS RIGHT ALONGSIDE HER.

SLICK CHARLES  
Where Yo-Yo?

BIDDY  
No, *"Hey Bidddy, what's shakin'?"*  
Just straight to the golden goose.

SLICK CHARLES  
Come on, live in the spirit of  
cooperation. I'm on a quest right  
now. I ain't forgot about yo ass.

BIDDY  
You took the week off, you ain't  
seein' shit from me.

SLICK CHARLES

Fair enough. Just tell us where Yo-Yo is and we'll electric slide.

BIDDY

... Yo-Yo retired.

SLICK CHARLES

She always retires. And then un-retires. That's why I call her--

BIDDY

Naw, Slick Charles. For real this time. She stacked up all week, just bought a bus ticket to Memphis. Stopped by an hour ago to tell us it's been real.

**INT. GREYHOUND BUS - DAY**

The last few stragglers are boarding... as we find Yo-Yo sitting towards the back, staring out the window... a quiet goodbye to The Glen...

BUS DRIVER (O.S.)

Hurry up, I'm closing the doors.

Yo-Yo inserts her earbuds, cracking open a crossword book as the bus driver prepares to disembark. She scribbles an answer into seventeen across as someone taps her on the shoulder...

YO-YO

(removing her earbuds)

Excuse me?

... Fontaine.

FONTAINE

I said... this seat taken?

Her face drops; she puts the earbuds right back in.

FONTAINE (CONT'D)

You ain't listenin' to nothin'...

With a huff, she snatches them right back out. He takes a seat beside her as the BUS PULLS OFF...

YO-YO

You know this bus is leaving?

FONTAINE

I know.



YO-YO

Then why are you on it?

FONTAINE

... What I said... about you... I was wrong...

YO-YO

You were just calling a spade a spade. It is what it is.

FONTAINE

Nah...

(re: himself and Slick Charles)

We bought into the bullshit. Bout who we was. Who they told us we was sposed to be... Bout The Glen... But you didn't.

YO-YO

Yeah, well, where'd that get us...

FONTAINE

*That got us out the dark.* We wouldn't even know what's goin' on if it wasn't for you.

YO-YO

We?

Slick Charles peeks from between the seats in front of them.

SLICK CHARLES

Present and accounted for. Look, you know I hate this broodin' muthafucka, but he right. Ya like a smarter, blacker, better Nancy Drew.

YO-YO

Oh, so now y'all wanna save the day, huh?

FONTAINE

We don't get to check out, right?

Rather than go back and forth, Yo-Yo just turns away... stares out the window again...

FONTAINE (CONT'D)

Look... If you wanna ride this bus all the way to the ocean, that's cool. We'll be right here. Cause we ain't doin' it without you, Yo-Yo.

She keeps her gaze on The Glen... disdain in her eyes...

YO-YO  
*Yo-Yo: always going nowhere...*  
 (then...)  
 My name's Sabrina, you know...

... but after a moment... resolve...

YO-YO (CONT'D)  
 (to herself)  
*Nah... Nah, fuck these niggas...*

Yo-Yo turns to Fontaine and Slick Charles. She's back.

YO-YO (CONT'D)  
 Their head's on a swivel now. Plus  
 the keycard don't work no more. And  
 even if we *did* find a way back  
 down, we'd need an army.

FONTAINE  
*(Glad to have you back...)*  
 Just... trust me.

A small *"Then let's do this shit..."* smile. Then...

YO-YO  
*Hey stop the bus!*

BUS DRIVER (O.S.)  
 Sit yo ass down!

YO-YO  
 Motherfucker wha--

Off Yo-Yo unzipping her purse, reaching for that .22--

#### **EXT. THE SIDEWALK - LATER**

The Greyhound bus, zooming off, revealing the gang. Posted.

YO-YO  
 (to Fontaine)  
 Aight, what's your plan?

#### **EXT. ISAAC'S TRAP HOUSE - NIGHT**

Fontaine, walking up. The THUGS posted on the porch tense, grab their waistbands. Surprised to see Fontaine alive.

FONTAINE

I ain't come for no smoke. I need  
to talk Isaac.

Off the homies' puzzled faces...

**INT. ISAAC'S TRAP HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER**

Just as trapped out as Fontaine's crib.

ISAAC

Hold on. So you tryna tell me there's  
a bunch of Bill Nye The Science Guy  
lookin' muhfuckas underneath me right  
now, experimentin' on black folk,  
clonin' niggas like you, so they can  
control our minds...

FONTAINE

... Pretty much.

ISAAC

And you need my help. To stop them.  
(laughing to himself)  
... Obviously the answer is no.

Fontaine stands his ground. Can't leave here without a "yes."

FONTAINE

... I know me and you got our  
differences. Nobody tryna be best  
friends and shit. But this is bigger  
than us. This our home, man. And  
these muhfuckas done came in here  
and put they feet up on our couch.  
Mamas, grandmamas, kids... they  
gotta live here, too. And we  
obviously made it hard for 'em, but  
we can't let *them* make it worse.  
Police for damn sure ain't gone  
help. So it's on us. Shouldn't be,  
but it is. If we don't do nothin'  
about it, nobody will.

Isaac leans forward. Really chewing on that. Ready to saddle  
up... but then... he remembers they got beef. Laughs.

ISAAC

What kinda stupid ass sh-- You  
fucked up comin' here my nigga.

Before Fontaine can react -- *BANG!* -- Isaac whips out his Glock and shoots him in the chest. Fontaine *GASPS...* falls to his knees... collapses...

... and dies.

BLACK...

**INT. UNDERGROUND COMPLEX - CLONE ROOM - NIGHT**

Two BORED TECHS, rolling an EMPTY SLAB past rows of clones. Checking a clipboard against the SERIAL NUMBERS on the tubes.

BORED TECH

No salt, no pepper? Nothing?

OTHER BORED TECH

Nope, just the natural flavor of the chicken. Boiling really brings it out.

BORED TECH

Just got a crock-pot so I'll try that when I get home. Anywho, here we are... A-201... A-201...

They've reached their destination: it's the Fontaine section.

OTHER BORED TECH

Fontaine? Geez. Guy's really been fucking up lately.

BORED TECH

Yeah. Supes don't even want us to upload his most recent memories.

OTHER BORED TECH

Seen too much, huh?

BORED TECH

I don't know, I just press the button.

He doesn't press a button, but he does pull a lever, decanting FONTAINE A-201.

**PROCESSING LAB - LATER**

Where old clones get downloaded and their replacements get booted up. Several OCCUPIED BODY BAGS lie on nearby slabs.

Nearby, Bored Tech secures the final electrode to Fontaine A-201's head. Pulls a SCREEN into place like a dental diopter, inches away from Fontaine A-201's eyes. He's just starting to come to. When he speaks, there's no sign of his usual accent.

FONTAINE A-201

Where... am I? What's... going...

OTHER BORED TECH

Don't worry, big guy. You'll feel like your old self in no time...

Other Bored Tech flips some switches. The electrodes on his head BUZZ. The screen FLICKERS TO LIFE. On it: thousands of images, cycling too fast to consciously register.

Off Fontaine A-201, starting to panic--

#### **INT. FONTAINE'S TRAP HOUSE - THE NEXT DAY**

Fontaine A-201 GASPS awake. Feels for bullet holes. *What a crazy dream...*

#### **KITCHEN - LATER**

Making two PB&J sandwiches. The old POLAROID still magnetized to fridge behind him. Young Fontaine and young Ronnie.

#### **LIVING ROOM - LATER**

TV's been repaired. He KNOCKS on his mama's door.

FONTAINE A-201

Mama, you hungry? Made you a sandwich.

MAMA (O.S.)

..... I'm okay, thanks baby.  
I'm watching my stories.

#### **EXT. SOMEBODY'S FRONT YARD - DAY**

Bench pressin' like a beast. Swole Muhfuckas yelling insults.

#### **INT. WE GOT DRANKS! MINI-MART - DAY**

Sippin' on an Anaconda.

FONTAINE A-201  
 ... pack of 'Rillos, and let me get  
 one of them scratch-offs.

**EXT. WE GOT DRANKS! MINI-MART - DAY**

Pouring a little malt liquor in Frog's 7/11 cup.

FROG  
 Watch the planes, youngblood.

**EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY**

Strolling down the street. Stepping over a junkie with nary a second glance. A lion in his jungle. When...

YO-YO  
 Fontaine!

... he spots Yo-Yo coming his way. In a huff.

FONTAINE A-201  
 What you want?

YO-YO  
 Hey, umm, I know this is gonna  
 sound... strange... but I need you  
 to hear me out.

CRACK! A sudden blow to the back of Fontaine A-201's head...

FONTAINE A-201  
 The fuck?!

He whips around and finds Slick Charles. Holding his .38.  
 Looking like he just got caught sneaking out the house.

FONTAINE A-201 (CONT'D)	SLICK CHARLES
Musta lost yo fuckin' mind!	Playa, I can explain!

YO-YO  
 You were supposed to knock him out!

SLICK CHARLES  
 You know I ain't that strong!

As Fontaine A-201 grabs Slick Charles by the collar, ready to murder this fool -- CRACK! -- Yo-Yo pistol-whips him with her .22, finishing the job. They stare at his unconscious body.

SLICK CHARLES (CONT'D)	YO-YO
... I softened him up for--	Just grab his legs.



**EXT. THE SIDEWALK - DAY - FLASHBACK**

We're back where the Greyhound bus left them...

FONTAINE

Not my plan... *His...*

Slick Charles cracks his knuckles. Channeling that 2005 International Players Ball swag...

SLICK CHARLES

First: a change of scenery.

**INT. THE LIBRARY - DAY**

The non-fiction section. Few locals in here reading. Our guys whisper in between the stacks...

FONTAINE

Fuck we in a library for?

SLICK CHARLES

Cause they got cameras everywhere they think hood niggas are. So we gotta be where they ain't.

YO-YO

*The plan...*

SLICK CHARLES

Okay, if we wanna start our own lil modern day Watergate, and un-fuck this clusterfuck we find ourselves ensnared in, we gotta do somethin' that's too big to ignore.

YO-YO

Thank you, Captain Obvious. How?

SLICK CHARLES

We go back to the basics. To the oldest, truest virtue of the pimp game: the finesse.

Yo-Yo rolls her eyes as Gnarl's Barkley's frenetically funky 2008 anthem, "Run," *FUNKS ITS WAY INTO OUR EARS...*

**EXT. SIDEWALK - NEAR THE LAUNDROMAT - DAY - FLASHBACK**

The Young Dealer, serving up a junkie...



SLICK CHARLES (V.O.)  
 No pimp is an island unto himself.  
 It's a dirty game, so first and  
 foremost: *We need friends...*

... when out of nowhere Fontaine CLOCKS HIM IN HIS JAW.

Roughs him up against a light pole; one of those "Have You Seen This Person?" flyers is stapled to it. Kid looks like he's seen a ghost as Fontaine gets right in his grill.

FONTAINE  
 What I tell you bout sellin' on my  
 block?!

Then... Fontaine subtly slips a ROLL OF HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS INTO HIS JACKET.

FONTAINE (CONT'D)  
*I need to talk to Isaac. Tell him  
 to slide through The Track.*

#### **INT. UNDERGROUND COMPLEX - PROCESSING - PRESENT**

Now on his feet, Fontaine looks around for a weapon... spies a BIN FILLED WITH THE BELONGINGS OF PROCESSED CLONES: a crack pipe, gold chains, oh, and his trusty .45. *We're in business.*

#### **INT. ISAAC'S TRAP HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DUSK - FLASHBACK**

Isaac stares at the MONEY ROLL, then at the Young Dealer, who relays Fontaine's message while holding ice to his black eye.

SLICK CHARLES (V.O.)  
 But a pimp knows better than anyone  
 that, like everything in this life,  
 friendship ain't free.

#### **EXT. THE TRACK - NIGHT - FLASHBACK**

A Chevy Celebrity pulls up to the curb, Isaac behind the wheel. Biddy steps to the window. Leans in. Smiles.

SLICK CHARLES (V.O.)  
 Now why do you think a pimp dresses  
 like six gold bouillons stacked up  
 in a pile? Because he knows...  
 somebody's always watchin'...

UP ON ONE OF THE STREETLIGHTS... a SMALL FISH-EYE LENS  
observes from its perch... hidden from view...

**INT. UNDERGROUND COMPLEX - OVERSIGHT - SAME - FLASHBACK**

A panoply of screens, glowing with surveillance. A TECH watches Bidy get in Isaac's car. Then returns to his Sudoku.

**I/E. ISAAC'S CHEVY CELEBRITY - LATER - FLASHBACK**

Biddy, head in Isaac's crotch. Pantomiming a blow job. Dude looks weirded out by all this. From outside, it's pretty convincing. Every time her head rises, she whispers...

BIDDY  
..... *Ten racks.*

ISAAC  
*Ten racks? And all I gotta do is  
shoot him?... Again?*

BIDDY  
..... *That's what he said.*

**EXT. THE TRACK - LATER - FLASHBACK**

Biddy quicksteps back to the watering hole. Whispers in Yo-Yo's ear. Who in turn scuttles to the next corner and whispers in ANOTHER PRO's ear... She's one of Slick Charles' girls, too. It's a game of telephone.

**I/E. FONTAINE'S CUTLASS / THE TRACK - LATER - FLASHBACK**

Parked around the corner from Isaac. That other pro Yo-Yo was whispering to grinds in his lap. Whispers in his ear.

ANOTHER PROSTITUTE  
*Yo-Yo said Bidy said he said he  
wants thirty racks.*

FONTAINE  
*Thirty?! The nigga shot me for free  
last time!*

**I/E. ISAAC'S CHEVY CELEBRITY - LATER - FLASHBACK**

Pantomiming a hand job now...

BIDDY  
*He said fine. "Fuck you," but fine.  
But he told me to tell you one  
thing: You better not miss...*

**INT. UNDERGROUND COMPLEX - PROCESSING - PRESENT**

A BESPECTACLED TECH enters. When he looks up from his clipboard, he notices the EMPTY BODY BAG. Suspicious, he approaches it. But freezes when he feels the gun in his back.

FONTAINE  
I'ma need some directions...

**INT. ISAAC'S TRAP HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK**

Back at Fontaine's "death." He's spilling his heart out...

SLICK CHARLES (V.O.)  
These days, any ol' slick-talkin' average joe can anoint himself a pimp. But the true hall-of-famers are those who possess *all* the mackin' virtues: courage... sacrifice--

FONTAINE (V.O.)  
Nigga you want me to get shot.

... and Isaac ain't buying it...

ISAAC  
... You fucked up comin' here my nigga.

BANG! Fontaine falls, "dead."

YO-YO (V.O.)  
What?!

**EXT. STREET - LATER - FLASHBACK**

The Celebrity pulls into view. Its door opens and a lifeless Fontaine is unceremoniously DUMPED RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET. He rolls around like a rag-doll as it peels off...

SLICK CHARLES (V.O.)  
(ignoring Yo-Yo)  
--thick skin... commitment...

... and, moments later, a MATTE-BLACK CHARGER rolls up. Two FIELD AGENTS hop out, quickly ZIP FONTAINE UP IN A BODY BAG AND TOSS HIM IN THE TRUNK. All in the blink of an eye.

**INT. UNDERGROUND COMPLEX - PROCESSING - LATER - END FLASHBACK**

Fontaine A-201, getting his history and personality zapped into his brain. But this time, we realize OUR FONTAINE is hiding in one of those body bags in the background...

SLICK CHARLES (V.O.)  
... *patience...*

**INT. UNDERGROUND COMPLEX - ADMINISTRATION HALLWAY - MORNING**

The Bespectacled Tech, nodding nervously to passersby. Pushing Fontaine, half zipped up atop the slab. Playing dead. His mouth doesn't move, but the tech can make out his threat.

FONTAINE  
*Try anything and I blow ya dick off.*

We notice a glint of the .45 peeking out. The tech gulps.

**I/E. BIG MOSS' OLDSMOBILE / THE ROAD - MORNING**

Big Moss, driving with his left, fanning with his right. Yo-Yo shotgun, a shotgun in her clutches. Slick Charles, his .38 primed, sandwiched between TWO OF THE HOMIES. Best believe they're strapped, too.

SLICK CHARLES (V.O.)  
... and last, but most certainly  
not least, the willingness to  
protect the ones he loves...

PULLING OUT... to reveal a SQUADRON OF DONKS. A rainbow of candy paint. 24's. Filled to the gills with scary-lookin' hood motherfuckers. Choppers and shotties poking out of every window. It's a mix of all the G's in The Glen. Both Fontaine and Isaac's men. They fan out into a got damn FLYING V.

SLICK CHARLES  
... *by any means necessary.*

**INT. UNDERGROUND COMPLEX - OUTSIDE THE CONTROL ROOM - MORNING**

Fontaine's slab comes to a stop at the door.

BESPECTACLED TECH  
(under his breath)  
*Okay, we're here.*

FONTAINE  
*Open the shit.*

Bespectacled Tech sighs... *Why me...* before tapping his keycard. When the door slides open, Fontaine SPRINGS UP and shoves him through it.

### **INSIDE THE CONTROL ROOM**

A huge CONSOLE littered with SWITCHES. The (PROBABLY HIGH) FACILITIES EMPLOYEE hits a double-take when he sees Fontaine.

(PROBABLY HIGH) EMPLOYEE  
Hey... You can't... be in here?

CRACK! Fontaine pistol-whips Bespectacled Tech, knocking him out. Then trains his .45 on this poor sap.

FONTAINE  
Do what I say and you live.

### **INT. THE DOLLAR STO' - MORNING**

ELEVATOR MUSIC. Folks hunting for early morning bargains. Then... ALL THESE GANSGTERS STORM IN. Yo-Yo and Slick Charles leading the pack. Customers scramble to get the hell out the way as Slick Charles aims his .38 at the STORE MANAGER. Of course he's WHITE WITH BLACK FOLK HAIR...

SLICK CHARLES  
How you doin', playa? Just point us to the door that leads to the freaky underground laboratory and we'll be outta your hair.

Petrified, the Store Manager hesitates -- BANG! -- until YO-YO BLOWS A HOLE IN THE CEILING. She COCKS the shottie.

YO-YO  
Now, motherfucker!

His arm shoots up, points to a DOOR IN THE BACK: his office.

### **INT. UNDERGROUND COMPLEX - CONTROL ROOM - MORNING**

FONTAINE  
Open up all the surface doors.

(PROBABLY HIGH) EMPLOYEE  
Umm... Alright.

He switches a few switches and...

**INT. THE DOLLAR STO' - MANAGER'S OFFICE - SAME**

... violà, the VAULT DOOR SLIDES ASIDE. Another staircase...  
Everybody but Yo-Yo and Slick Charles stare in disbelief.

BIG MOSS  
(fanning himself)  
Well... Let's get it, mane.

Every gun COCKS at the same fuckin' time.

**INT. UNDERGROUND COMPLEX - CENTRAL CONCOURSE - LATER**

Morning underground. JERRY, the bicyclist who almost hit the gang last time they were down here, rides his bicycle down the central concourse. Listening to a podcast in his wireless earbuds. Just another ho-hum, uneventful workday--

BOOM, BITCH! Jerry gets kicked CLEAR THE FUCK OUTTA FRAME.  
Straight up Leonidas "*This is Sparta!*" shit.

The hood has arrived.

They pour in, shooting into the air, causing mayhem. The scientists and pencil-pushers scatter like roaches. Amidst the bedlam, we FIND Yo-Yo and Slick Charles. Slick Charles lets off a COUPLE SHOTS OF HIS OWN, wrapped into the theatrics.

YO-YO  
Bring yo ass, Slick Charles!

They race towards RESEARCH & DEVELOPMENT.

**NIXON'S OFFICE - SAME**

Presidential. Mid-century modern. Nixon, in his swivel chair, chatting on a MAUVE ROTARY PHONE as he plays *Double Dragon* on his ancient gray Game Boy.

NIXON  
... Yes, sir. Side effects are  
already down to 25% of test  
subjects. I think we'll be ready  
for a national rollout by next  
quarter..... Haha, yes  
sir..... Only if you give a  
handicap on the back nine--

WEEEEOOOOO! WEEEEOOOOO! WEEEEOOOOO! Nixon swivels in his chair, glances at his DESKTOP MONITOR. Hits a few keys to pull up SECURITY CAM FOOTAGE of the complex: pandemonium.

NIXON (CONT'D)  
 Nothing, sir. Just a scheduled fire  
 alarm..... Okay, I'll be in touch.

He hangs up... pauses the game... takes a few moments to  
 consider... then opens his desk drawer, digs through  
 scattered Game Boy cartridges and finds his COLT PEACEMAKER.

### CLONE ROOM - SAME

The elephant door opens; Yo-Yo and Slick Charles burst inside.

SLICK CHARLES  
 How we sposed to open these things!

YO-YO  
 (noticing the lever)  
 I'd start by pulling these!

She pulls the lever... a tube drains... a PREACHER CLONE  
 slithers out...

SLICK CHARLES  
 Damn, that's nasty.

YO-YO (CONT'D)  
 Hey, hey... The Lord's  
 calling, pastor!

Yo-Yo's slapping the preacher gently on the face. Like we saw  
 with Fontaine A-201, he's essentially an empty vessel with no  
 apparent personality or accent.

PREACHER CLONE  
 Ughh... What's going... Where am...

YO-YO  
 In the middle of *some shit*. Get up.  
 (to Slick Charles)  
 Start freeing the rest!

SLICK CHARLES  
 There's so many!

YO-YO  
 Then we better hurry! You take that  
 side, I'll take this one!

### VARIOUS ROOMS AND LABS - SAME

Gangsters raising hell in OVERSIGHT, R&D, and MANUFACTURING.  
 A gaggle of scientists make a run for one of the exit  
 elevators... frantically pressing the call button... But as  
 soon as it opens...

... our DICE ROLLERS from the first scene -- GOLD GRILL, DREADS, and TANK TOP -- are right there to say, "What's crackin'?"

THE DICE ROLLERS  
What's crackin'?!

#### **ADMINISTRATION HALLWAY - SAME**

People running as fast as they can, trying to get away from all these scary hood negroes. Fontaine limps down the hallway, holding his wounded shoulder. Brandishing his gun.

FONTAINE  
Move!... Move!

A few brave TECHS decide today's the day to be legends. Try to jump him from behind. One grabs his hand, trying to keep him from firing his gun. But Fontaine's too physical, even with his wound. He fights them off. ELBOWS one. KICKS another. SHOOTs the third. Carries on.

When he nears the corner... CHESTER ROUNDS INTO VIEW. Looking like the T-1000 model. He CRACKS his neck, ready to lay down the law. On Fontaine's face: *Shhhhhhhiiiiit...* A mirror match.

FONTAINE (CONT'D)  
Sorry they named you Chester, dawg.

Fontaine raises his .45 to shoot; Chester's already on the move. BANG! BANG! But he's too quick, the bullets miss. And in a split second, Chester's RIGHT IN FONTAINE'S FACE.

BOM, BOM! A quick TWO-PIECE sends Fontaine reeling. They wrestle for the gun, and eventually it FLIES OUT OF BOTH THEIR GRASPS. It hits the floor and slides a few feet...

#### **BACK IN THE CENTRAL CONCOURSE**

Nixon, in the thick of it, ducking for cover behind a golf cart and returning fire. Until he sees... THE NAKED PREACHER CLONE... wandering in a daze... His expression hardens...

#### **BACK IN THE ADMINISTRATION HALLWAY**

Self on self crime. As menacing as Fontaine is, he's no match for Chester. Add a bullet wound and it's getting ugly. Chester fights with the tactical precision of a Marine.

Pretty soon Fontaine is beaten bloody and gasping for air on the ground. He tries to stand, but gets PUNCHED BACK DOWN.



Dominance asserted, Chester calmly retrieves the .45... looms over his fallen opponent... Fontaine closes his eyes...

... but Chester just TUCKS THE GUN IN HIS BELT and STARTS DRAGGING FONTAINE BY THE COLLAR...

#### **BACK IN THE CLONE ROOM**

They've freed most of the clones. Slick Charles helps an out-of-it SLICK CHARLES CLONE to his feet.

SLICK CHARLES  
Come on, pimp. We got this.

SLICK CHARLES CLONE  
What's going... on... Who... am I...

SLICK CHARLES  
You the 2005 International Players  
Ball "Pimp of the Year," now chop  
them feet! Get to an exit!

#### **BACK IN THE ADMINISTRATION HALLWAY**

Fontaine, clinging to consciousness as Chester drags him in front of an office door. He taps his keycard. Pulls Fontaine

#### **INSIDE THE OFFICE.**

More of a laboratory than an office. Dark. The only light coming from FIVE TANKS RECESSED INTO THE BACK WALL. Fontaine blinks, unsure if he's seeing what he thinks he's seeing. Each tank is filled with the SAME PHOSPHORESCENT AMNIOTIC FLUID AS THE CLONE TUBES. And in each tank...

... there's THE BODY OF A YOUNG BOY. From left to right:

... a DARK-SKINNED BLACK BOY

... a BROWN-SKINNED BLACK BOY

... a LIGHT-SKINNED BLACK BOY

... a WHITE BOY WITH AN AFRO

... a WHITE BOY WITH BLONDE HAIR

Taken together, it's a perverse, Galtonian tableaux of A BLACK CHILD BECOMING A WHITE CHILD. Fontaine gapes at it with a mix of revulsion and confusion. Then...

SOMEONE (O.S.)  
Remarkable, isn't it?

A man is emerging from the shadow. The source of the voice...

SOMEONE (CONT'D)  
I can't let you leave this facility  
alive, of course, but I figured you  
at least deserved to know what all  
of this is for...

He finally steps into recognition: at least sixty... black...  
and looking uncannily like an older version...

... OF FONTAINE.

### **BACK IN THE CLONE ROOM**

Only a few clones left. Slick Charles works one side. Yo-Yo  
the other. ON YO-YO... as she helps up her latest clone.

YO-YO  
That's it. You're gonna be fine.

BANG! A hollow-point buries itself in the clone's chest,  
killing him instantly. Yo-Yo *SHRIEKS*, ducks, looks towards  
the entrance... IT'S NIXON...

ON SLICK CHARLES... as he ducks behind a tube. Unseen.

SLICK CHARLES  
(to himself)  
*Shit, shit, shit... That's a big*  
*muthafuckin' gun...*

NIXON  
I'm hurt, Yo-Yo. You promised you  
wouldn't cause me any more  
paperwork. I hate paperwork... *And*  
*this looks like a lot of fucking*  
*paperwork, Yo-Yo.*

BACK ON YO-YO... as she eyes her SHOTGUN. It's leaning  
against one of the tubes.

YO-YO  
No one's puttin' a gun to your head.

She DIVES FOR IT... scoops it... and FIRES OFF A SHOT... it  
SHATTERS the tube next to Nixon. He takes cover.

NIXON

I see what you did there! That was witty! Maybe we should clone you!  
(then)  
Speaking of which, where are your friends?

ON SLICK CHARLES... sweatin' bullets, listening...

YO-YO (O.S.)

Fucking up your house as we speak!

BACK ON NIXON... as he smiles.

NIXON

Well... one problem at a time.

He springs up-- *BANG! BANG!*

### **BACK IN O.G. FONTAINE'S OFFICE**

O.G. Fontaine looks to Chester, who pulls Fontaine to his knees. O.G. Fontaine takes a good gander. Grabs Fontaine's chin, testing its sturdiness.

O.G. FONTAINE

After so many years... it's still disturbing... Boy, was I handsome.

FONTAINE

(dawning on him)  
You're... me...

O.G. FONTAINE

No... You... are me...  
(ambling away)  
Stripped of my intelligence, clearly. Implanted with a cheap knockoff of *Boyz N The Hood* for a personality. But nonetheless... me.

O.G. Fontaine moves towards the recessed tanks... the floating boys... he observes them...

FONTAINE

What the fuck did you do...

O.G. FONTAINE

What has to be done.

FONTAINE

You're workin' for them...

O.G. FONTAINE  
A marriage of convenience.

FONTAINE  
... Why?

O.G. FONTAINE  
..... Ronnie...

### **BACK IN THE CLONE ROOM**

Yo-Yo and Nixon are still trading shots as Slick Charles gathers his courage...

SLICK CHARLES  
(to himself)  
*Come on, Slick Charles. Join the  
hall of fame.*

He crouch-runs behind another tube. Getting closer.  
Motivating himself with the pimp virtues as he moves.

SLICK CHARLES (CONT'D)  
*Courage... sacrifice...  
(scurries)  
... thick skin... commitment...*

Slick Charles quickly dips behind a tube. Whips out his .38.  
He's got Nixon in his sights now, maybe ten yards away; Nixon  
doesn't realize he's even in the room. Slick Charles steadies  
his aim, waiting for a better shot...

SLICK CHARLES (CONT'D)  
*... patience...*

... and here it is. Nixon, there for the taking...

SLICK CHARLES (CONT'D)  
*... and the willingness to  
protect... the ones... you...*

*CLICK... This motherfucker done ran outta bullets.*

SLICK CHARLES (CONT'D)  
*Summumabitch...*

Nixon FIRES OFF ANOTHER SHOT at Yo-Yo, none the wiser as to  
this failed assassination attempt...

### **BACK IN O.G. FONTAINE'S OFFICE**

On Fontaine's still-stunned face...

FONTAINE

Ronnie... is he...

O.G. FONTAINE

No... He died... Just the way you remember. I made sure you would. It's the one thing of mine I wanted you all to have.

(re: the floating boys)

He is, of course, the reason for all of this...

(then)

See, the people who fund this place... who pull the strings... they don't understand what's so obvious to you and me... Just *thinking* the same isn't enough. That's a Band-Aid. A half-measure. We're too different. No amount of mind control is going to keep a good-ol'-boy from seeing you as nothing more than just some nigger.

Fontaine stares at those floating boys in disbelief...

FONTAINE

You gotta be fuckin' trippin'...

O.G. FONTAINE

378. That's the number of unique genes that separate you in your ghetto from your counterpart in the suburbs. Took me three decades to track down each and every one of them. I think you're familiar with my first test subjects.

FONTAINE

..... In the lab, the tech... The manager...

O.G. FONTAINE

Nice to know some piece of that PhD trickled down... They weren't complete successes. The hair... it's stubborn... But they pass. I've since perfected the process. And soon, we'll begin the true rollout.

FONTAINE

I think niggas might notice if they wake up one morning with blonde hair and blue eyes.

O.G. FONTAINE

It won't happen overnight. But over  
*generations...*

FONTAINE

You can't erase black people from  
America. They been tryin' for 400  
years.

O.G. FONTAINE

I'm trying to save black people.  
I'm trying to save *everyone*. Once  
we're all the same--

FONTAINE

We'll what? Have a big ass Kumbaya?  
The whole world holdin' hands,  
circle-jerkin' each other and shit?

O.G. FONTAINE

We're fighting a war we can never  
win! Assimilation is better than  
annihilation.

FONTAINE

..... You think Ronnie would  
want this?

O.G. FONTAINE

Don't presume for a second that  
because I gave you a few memories  
you know my brother! You didn't  
walk him to school every morning!  
You didn't tie his tie every  
Sunday! You didn't have to go to  
the morgue to identify his body so  
your mother didn't have to see her  
youngest son--

He trails off, so enraged he can't even finish the sentence.  
Composes himself... Then...

O.G FONTAINE

The smell. That's what I remember  
most. Cheap antiseptic solution  
mixed with the dried urine from his  
basketball shorts.

(pointing to his own ribs)

See, he was shot right here. Just  
left of his sternum between  
anterior ribs five and six. Missed  
his heart, but pierced his lung.  
Didn't have to be fatal. But they  
just left him there. Alone. Scared.

(MORE)

O.G FONTAINE (CONT'D)  
 Took him fifteen minutes to die.  
 Right outside the store on cold  
 concrete. When I got to the morgue,  
 I just stood over him for a long  
 time. I knew it was him, but...

Fontaine's on the verge of tears. Hard to hear this.

O.G FONTAINE (CONT'D)  
 They didn't even bother to clean  
 all the blood; by this time it had  
 dried, crusted black. So I found a  
 rag and washed him myself. Cleaned  
 his beautiful skin. The skin that  
 killed him... I spared you that  
 memory...

His eyes drift to that tableaux of boys in the wall...

O.G FONTAINE (CONT'D)  
 The ones who came before you... They  
 were violent. Selfish. Not one  
 displaying the passion, the  
 altruism, that landed you in this  
 room today. Throwing your life away  
 to do what you think is right... I  
 see a lot of myself in you...

### **BACK IN THE CLONE ROOM**

Slick Charles has ninja'd himself close to Nixon...

NIXON  
 Come on, Yo-Yo. How much longer we  
 gonna do this?

YO-YO  
 You can always hurry up and die!

NIXON  
 (BANG!)  
 I like your spunk!

... it's as good a chance as he'll ever get. Nixon steps back  
 to get a better shot at Yo-Yo when Slick Charles DIVES ON HIS  
 BACK. But, just as he does, Nixon FLIPS HIM OVER HIS HEAD,  
 slamming Slick Charles hard onto the floor.

NIXON (CONT'D)  
 Hooooo! Krav Maga! Tuesdays and  
 Thursdays. How are ya, Slick  
 Charles?

SLICK CHARLES  
(a groan)  
Tryna stay outta trouble.

NIXON  
Ain't we all...

Nixon points his peacemaker square between his eyes.

NIXON (CONT'D)  
Hey, Yo-Yo. Gonna need you to come  
out here sweetheart.

Yo-Yo appears from behind cover, shotgun trained on Nixon.

YO-YO  
Touch him, you die...

NIXON  
He'll die, too. You sure you can  
live with that?... How bout you  
slide me that shotgun?  
(off her hesitation)  
*Now!*

She relents. Kicks it to him. *Fuck.*

#### **BACK IN O.G. FONTAINE'S OFFICE**

FONTAINE  
We ain't the same... We can't be...

O.G. FONTAINE  
I know you think you did something  
important here today. But my work  
will continue all the same. It must.  
I *will* change things for the  
better... Hopefully that gives you  
some measure of peace.  
(walking away)  
Chester.

Chester takes out Fontaine's .45...

FONTAINE  
I can't let you do this.

O.G FONTAINE  
I wish I didn't have to.

He nods to Chester, but before Chester can pull the trigger--



FONTAINE  
Olympia Black...

O.G. FONTAINE  
I'm not a clone.

FONTAINE  
Yeah, but he is.

Chester is frozen. Rage in his eyes. O.G. Fontaine has that  
"Oh shit" moment--

O.G. FONTAINE	FONTAINE (CONT'D)
Wait--	Shoot him.

BANG.

O.G. Fontaine still looks surprised as he crumples. Chester  
remains frozen, trapped under Fontaine's command.

#### **BACK IN THE CLONE ROOM**

Nixon sighs.

NIXON  
I really liked you guys. I mean, I  
let you go because you were  
interesting. This job can be so  
*administrative* sometimes. But then  
you go and do something stupid, so--

BANG! A shotgun shell sends Nixon airborne. He lands a few  
feet away. Very much dead. Slick Charles and Yo-Yo both look  
around: *The fuck?!* Standing nearby... Big Motherfuckin' Moss.  
Pocket fan doin' work.

BIG MOSS  
Y'all straight, mane?

SLICK CHARLES  
..... Yeeeeeah. I think we  
straight now, Big Moss.

BIG MOSS  
Bet... Bet... Spooky place, mane.  
What with the tubes and all...  
(they just stare at him)  
Well... Catch y'all up top.

Like Batman, he disappears. Off Yo-Yo and Slick Charles,  
wondering how the hell they made it out of this alive...

**BACK IN O.G. FONTAINE'S OFFICE**

Fontaine picks himself up. Allows himself a second to mourn the original him, lying old and inert at the foot of his life's work...

There's no victory in this moment for Fontaine as he drags himself past a still-frozen Chester... past O.G. Fontaine's oak desk, upon which rests the same photo of Ronnie and a teenage Fontaine that was on his refrigerator...

He doesn't stop.

**INT. THE WHITE HORSE - DAY**

B-team strippers sliding down poles as C-team tippers throw lazy dollars their way... until...

... NAKED CLONES START APPEARING FROM THE CURTAIN... covering themselves, embarrassed and scared. In fact, some of them are CLONES OF THE STRIPPER ON THE POLE; she damn near falls off when she recognizes herself.

**INT. THE CHECK CASHING PLACE - SAME**

More naked, confused clones popping out the woodwork.

**INT. GREATEST MT. ZION - SAME**

Morning service. Naked clones emerging from the altar.

**EXT. STREET - LATER**

Madness. Scores of naked, lost clones littering the streets. The hood is on fire. News vans are already starting to swarm. Folks gawking, taking pictures, videos, Instagrams, all that.

This shit is going viral.

SOME DUDE WITH A PHONE  
(to his IG story)  
They out here clonin' niggas!

Fontaine weaves through this impromptu block party. When...

YO-YO (O.S.)  
Fontaaaaaine! Hey Fontaine!

... Yo-Yo and Slick Charles catch up to him.

SLICK CHARLES

Damn, playa. What the hell happened to you?

FONTAINE

Got shot. Got stomped out by myself. Had to kill my other self.

SLICK CHARLES

Well, from now on, you can call me Abraham Slick Charles.

YO-YO

I'm just glad you're okay.

FONTAINE

So am I.

SLICK CHARLES

They're gonna have a hard time covering *this* shit up...

Scene's a mess... but we notice residents in the neighborhood helping the clones. Giving them water, blankets, jackets, shelter. There's plenty of good in The Glen.

YO-YO

(to Slick Charles)

I think now's as good a time as any to tell you I'm retiring.

Slick Charles smiles. She's for real, for real this time.

SLICK CHARLES

Yeah... might be time for me to hang up the gators myself. Definitely can't go back to The Royal, there's an angry Fontaine tied up to a chair... Maybe I'll roll witcha.

YO-YO

What about you, Fontaine?

FONTAINE

I don't know. I'm only a couple days old. Might be nice to see the world.

YO-YO

How bout we start with Memphis? Got family out there. And a sneaking suspicion that they could use a lil pest control...

Off Fontaine, considering... and just as he begins to grin--

**INT. BEDROOM - DAY**

ANOTHER FONTAINE... *GASPING* awake... *PULLING BACK*... we realize this isn't the same house we're used to...

He gets up... hits his bedside *RADIO*...

THE RADIO (DJ JUICY FROOT)  
*Gooooood morning LA, you know who  
 it is, it's ya girl DJ Juicy Froot  
 on the muthalovin' ones and twos!*  
 (AIRHORNS)  
*And we gone start ya day off right  
 with that new Ruckus, "Lyin' Round  
 The Hooooouse!"*

... starts getting dressed... a BLUE SHIRT, BLUE CHUCKS, and a BLUE BANDANA...

THE RADIO (RUCKUS) (CONT'D)  
*Lyin' round the house, ain't tryna  
 do nothin'. Alarm clock jumpin',  
 but I hit the snooze button...*

This Fontaine, it seems, is a crip.

**HALLWAY - LATER**

*KNOCKING* on his mama's door.

CRIP FONTAINE  
 (a hard Cali accent)  
 Mama, you want somethin' from the store?

CRIP FONTAINE'S MAMA (O.S.)  
 ..... I'm okay, thanks sugar.  
 I'll hit the county building later.

**EXT. SOMEBODY'S FRONT YARD - LATER**

Benching under California palm trees.

**EXT. COME GET THIS DRANK! LIQUOR STORE - LATER**

Walking out. Blessing the local wino with a sip.

**EXT. STREET - SOMEWHERE IN WATTS - LATER**

Drinking his 40. Stepping over junkies.

**INT. CRIP FONTAINE'S HOUSE - LATER**

Chillin' with the crib homies. Smoking. CNN's on in the background. ON THE SCREEN... Breaking news.

REPORTER (ON TV)  
... here in the city of--

Someone coughs out smoke right on cue.

REPORTER (ON TV) (CONT'D)  
--with what can only be  
described... as clones. WDBZ is  
here on the scene, trying to make  
sense of this madness.  
(flagging a clone down)  
Ma'am, please a word.

A groggy, naked clone steps over.

CLONE MA'AM (ON TV)  
I'm... cold...

REPORTER (ON TV)  
(grabbing another clone)  
You sir... where did you come from?

CLONE SIR (ON TV)  
Where am I?

REPORTER (ON TV)  
(let's try one more time)  
Sir... Sir... What's your name?

FINAL CLONE SIR (ON TV)  
Uhh... Uhh...

We recognize this clone... So does one of Crip Fontaine's HOMIES. He damn near chokes on the blunt... squints at the screen with glazed eyes...

... nudges Crip Fontaine... nudges him again...

THE HOMIE  
Ay cuz... Ain't that you, Tyrone?

BLACK.