



NIKKOLAS

“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.)

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

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

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 BABY G (CONT'D)
One more! Weak ass nigga! 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

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 Mosssss. 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 Fontaaaaaaaine.

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! Noooooooo!

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 nawl! 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
There is a rational explanation, Slick Charles... FONTAINE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Three! I'ma bust ya shit 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, playa--	

... 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...

dooooowwwnnnnnn...

dooooooooooooooooooooowwwnnnnnnnn...

... 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
 Nigga, start talkin'.

CLEANROOM SUIT
 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--

Shit! YO-YO SLICK CHARLES (CONT'D)
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 That motherfucker's dead!
walk this off!

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.

SLICK CHARLES (CONT'D)
 *Told ya...*

WEEEEOOOOO! WEEEEOOOOO! The alarm. From down that LONG HALLWAY... *VOICES... FOOTSTEPS* racing to the scene...

SLICK CHARLES (CONT'D)
Uhh, playa... I think maybe uhh...

Fontaine's too petrified to hear him. The encroaching voices grow louder and LOUDER...

SLICK CHARLES (CONT'D) YO-YO
Move ya ass, fool! *We gotta go!*

... as Slick Charles and Yo-Yo shove a dazed Fontaine back up the stairs.

OUTSIDE - LATER

The gang hauls ass out the door, Yo-Yo and Slick Charles practically dragging Fontaine to his Cutlass.

YO-YO
Gimme your keys..... Fontaine!

He's too shell-shocked; she digs them out of his pockets. Then they stuff Fontaine in the backseat. Pile in. Peel out.

INT. FONTAINE'S CUTLASS - LATER

Yo-Yo, white-knuckling it behind the wheel. Hyperventilating alongside Slick Charles. Fontaine staring blankly into the ether as the Cutlass rockets down the boulevard.

YO-YO
 They following us? They ain't following us, right? Fuck! We're okay, right? Shit!

SLICK CHARLES
 You got a real exotic definition of the word "okay." I mean what the fuck was that?!

YO-YO
 Do I look like a magic fucking 8-ball?! I don't know! Just-- we gotta-- get help or something!

SLICK CHARLES
 Watch the muthafuckin' road!

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 shiiiit, 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
Ooooooooo 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 clenched...

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

Fontaine.

REE-REE

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
Summummabitches...

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. FOUNTAINE'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)

Ooooooo-bedience!

PREACHER (CONT'D)

Eeeeeyaaaaaaay! Cause we are
feeble, simple, bliiiind
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 SHADY 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' dooooown... We goin'
dooooown. Prolly gone die
undergroooooouund. Our whooole
worrrld's up! Siiide doooownnn...*
(then)
I'm goin' dooooown.

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

SLICK CHARLES (CONT'D)	YO-YO
<i>We goin' dooooown. Prolly</i>	<i>We goin' dooooown. Prolly</i>
<i>gone die undergroooooouund.</i>	<i>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!</i>	<i>Our whooole worrrld's up!</i>
<i>Siiide doooownnn...</i>	<i>Siiide 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
Hey watch it, pal!

SLICK CHARLES
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 themselves... 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...

WEEEEOOOOO! WEEEEOOOOO! WEEEEOOOOO!

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?* Woopsy-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?
("Yeeeeeah!")
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 questiooonnn?
 Don'tcha love when I make ya
 moo000ooove? Can I make a
 suggestiooooonnn? Just doooo what I
 tell ya to doo000ooo...*

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 soooooul,
 let me take cooooontrol. And doooo
 what I tell ya to doo000ooo...*

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, oooh my. Won't you doooo what
 I tell ya to doo000ooo...*

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 griiind,
 spin for me three tiiimes... Doooo
 what I tell ya to dooooooo...*

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	YO-YO
<i>Shhhiiit...</i>	<i>Go!</i>

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

THE PARKING LOT.

Hot on their heels, rabid partygoers FLOOD OUT OF THE DOUBLE-DOORS. On some *Dawn Of The Dead* shit.

Fontaine, Yo-Yo, and Slick Charles run like the wind through this derelict shopping center parking lot. They've got maybe forty yards worth of a head start, and it's dwindling fast.

SLICK CHARLES YO-YO
Awww nawl! Aww nawl! Shut up and run!

They burst into the street. Thinking on his feet, Fontaine whips out his .45 and RUNS IN FRONT OF THE FIRST CAR HE SEES.

FONTAINE
Get the fuck out!

The door pops open; the driver quickly falls out.

YO-YO
You for real right now?!

FONTAINE
Got a better idea?!

With no better ideas, Yo-Yo and Slick Charles dive

IN THE CAR.

Fontaine slams the gas. It LURCHES FORWARD. Putting a little distance between them and the mob. But then the car starts SPUTTERING. JERKING.

That's when we realize this car is a piece of shit.

SLICK CHARLES
Muthafucka do you even know how to
drive a stick?!

FONTAINE
I'm tryna concentrate!

YO-YO
Aww lawd, this nigga done stole the
raggediest car in the city.

Fontaine does his best, but he doesn't know how to drive a stick. Slick Charles spies the mob in the REARVIEW MIRROR.

SLICK CHARLES
We supposed to be gettin' away,
these niqgas gettin' closer! Drive!

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 Option number three--	NIXON (CONT'D) <u>Olympia Black.</u>
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--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! Mmmmm-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
 No! Stop!
 Nixon (CONT'D)
 Fontaine, pull that hammer back!

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! 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
Okay. So I checked the church
this morning. Keycard didn't
work. They must've flagged
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
way in--

FONTAINE (CONT'D)

Yo-Yo.....

Yo-Yo.....

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 "Waaaaaaaaah!"

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-- *HOOONK!*

SLICK CHARLES (O.S.)
Biddaaaaayyy! Biddy!

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 Biddy, 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

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

SLICK CHARLES

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.

INT. THE ROYAL MOTEL - ROOM 22 - DAY

Gagged with a pillow case, Fontaine A-201 blinks away just as Yo-Yo and Slick Charles finish tying him to a chair. In lieu of rope they've used extension cords and bed sheets.

FONTAINE A-201
Mmmmm! MmmmmMmmmm! Mmmmmmmmm!

YO-YO
 Sorry, Fontaine. Or whoever you are. We can't have you running around right now.

FONTAINE A-201 (CONT'D)
Mmmmmmmmm! MmmmmmmMmmmmmmmm!

SLICK CHARLES
 You understand, playa.

YO-YO
 Come on.

She heads out. But Slick Charles lingers...

FONTAINE A-201
Mmm! Mmm! Mmm! MmmmmMmmmm!
Mmmmmmmmm!

SLICK CHARLES
 Almost forgot... Now, I know it wasn't you *per se*... But I owe you one.

... and -- *SHAPOW!* -- PIMP SLAPS the taste out of Fontaine A-201's gagged mouth. Pure umami.

FONTAINE A-201
Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm!

SLICK CHARLES (CONT'D)
 Woooooo that felt good. Aight now, sit tight, playa.

INT. UNDERGROUND COMPLEX - PROCESSING - MORNING

Empty. Antiseptic. Three STAINLESS STEEL SLABS. BODY BAGS on top of each. The bodies inside, perfectly still... until ONE BODY BAG SITS UP. There's a violent *RUSTLE*, then it unzips itself, revealing...

... a very much alive Fontaine.

He winces. Presses his hand to the BULLET WOUND IN HIS SHOULDER. His torso's covered in dried blood, his breaths are labored, and he's clearly in the worst pain of life... but somehow this rugged sunuvubitch is still in the game.

YO-YO (V.O.)
 Aight, what's your plan?

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 Gnarls 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 Biddy 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 Biddy 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: Shhhhhhhiiit... 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)
Summummabitch...

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.

NING (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.

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
..... Yeeeeah. I think we
straight now, Big Moss.

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 herselfs.

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 crip 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.