

THE LAST BLACKFACE PARTY

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EXT. HIGH BRUSH / DESERT - NIGHT

The moon shines down on the sagebrush and other arid plants.

Deep breaths...feet speed through the under-brush.

QUEENIE (30s - Black, determined eyes), ends her sprint...hides behind a cactus. She pants, fear on her face...soaked with sweat.

An attractive Black woman, even in her farmer's garb. Her eyes dart back and forth in fright. But...something about her, screams -- she would be a hard Sista to kill.

SUPER - 1880'S - ARIZONA

Several MEN are heard as they stomp through the desert.

Queenie peeks over to behold moonlight reflected off...metal guns. She ducks lower.

FIVE MEN stumble through the thicket with Civil War era rifles and booze they pass around.

LEADER of the crew (40s- white), a mean looking cuss. He takes a swig, then brushes the hair from his face. White material is pulled from his jacket, put on his head. His accent, thick and Southern.

LEADER

Hoods up. I think she's close.

(louder)

Come on out, little Queenie. Me and the boys just wanna give you a neighborly kiss. Right, Memphis?

MEMPHIS (40's - white), a pudgy man whose big head can barely fit in the hood -- snickers.

MEMPHIS

Come on here, wench. You from Dixie. You know what we want.

QUEENIE

(whispers)

I know what y'all gonna get.

Her fingers yank on a rope at the bottom of the cactus. She a hidden board near the men springs forward with sudden velocity...across the chests of two men.

They fly backwards. Long, rusty nails in the wooden board...drip blood.

LEADER

Holy shit. Spence. Peanut. You
okay?

Memphis lights his lantern beside the two. Their decimated
chests, breathe their last breaths, as blood pours.

MEMPHIS

Oh, you little bitch. You gonna pay
for this here.

The Leader comforts Memphis, then cocks his rifle. In the
distance, he spots Queenie run towards a ranch house.

LEADER

There she be. Let's go.

The desert deviants take chase...and notice her slip inside
the house.

EXT. QUEENIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The three men left, take cover near the corral - load their
weapons.

LEADER

You sure done messed up, little
Missy. This here's a citizen's
arrest. Give up now.

Queenie's voice comes from inside the house.

QUEENIE (O.S.)

Never. I know your kind.

A rifle shot pierces the night. The whiskey bottle in the
sweaty hands of Memphis, shatters. Booze and warm blood runs
down his arm.

MEMPHIS

Goddamn this bitch! See what she
done did?

LEADER

I'm done playing. Open fire.

All three men shoot round after round into the tiny home.
Wood splinters, glass shatters. Horses break through the
corral and run into the night. Then...silence.

The three creep up to the house, step by step. The Leader
points to the third guy and motions him to go up to the door.

Cautiously, the third guy hides from bush to bush -- until he reaches the stairs that lead to the porch.

He takes one stair, then the next. On the third...his leg falls through the wood. He screams.

The prairie predator falls backwards and pulls his foot out. a bear trap has sprung around his ankle. Metal teeth dig deep into his flesh...blood squirts.

As his pals run to help, a shot comes from inside the home. The bullet hits him between the eyes. The screaming stops.

The two left, take cover and reload. The Leader motions to follow him. He hops a rail to get on the porch, then approaches the door, Memphis behind him.

The Leader kicks in the door and takes a defensive stance as Memphis peers over him, ready to fire.

INT. QUEENIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Now inside...guns poised for action. Bullet holes are everywhere. Memphis points to blood on the floor.

MEMPHIS

Ha, looks like we got that bitch.

LEADER

You come out now, we'll put you outta your misery, right quick.

Memphis notices blood as it drips onto his shoulder. His face, confused.

MEMPHIS

What the--

He looks up, just as Queenie dislodges herself from the beams on the ceiling. Iron spike in one hand...gun in the other.

Blood splattered and wild eyed -- the she-warrior seems to float down on them in slow motion.

EXT. QUEENIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Gun shots inside, resemble strobe lights in the darkness. Screams of male and female voices are heard between blasts. Soon the gunfire stops, as well as the screams. Then...

INT. QUEENIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Inside, three bloody bodies lay still. Queenie stirs. She opens an eye and sees her blood flowing from bullet holes in her torso. She fights through pain, to pray.

QUEENIE

I know I ain't long for this world,
Lord. Keep my soul here to protect
my land. Done worked too hard for
it. Please.

A desert storm can be heard brewing outside. The sound of thunder follows.

The Leader struggles to sit up. He spots Memphis, a spike in his head. He wheezes from the holes in his chest.

Turning his head, he glares at Queenie...in prayer. He tries to laugh.

LEADER

God? God don't take requests from
nig--

BOOM, BOOM. Queenie lets off two shots to the face. The Leader's body slumps to the side.

QUEENIE

Shut up! Asshole. I'm praying.

The gun falls from Queenie's hand as she stares out the window. Lightning flashes. Her eyes start to fade.

QUEENIE (CONT'D)

Show 'em, Lord. They ain't God.
You-you are. Please, grant
my...Final wish.

Queenie closes her eyes. Her heads rolls to the side...the last breath leaves her lungs.

EXT. QUEENIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Thunder rumbles overhead. Coyotes and owl sounds, penetrate the darkness. Through a crack in the door...Life.

A black cat with bushy tail, emerges from the bullet-ridden shack. It growls with malice as it approaches the intruder who wears a bear trap where his boot used to be.

Hair on it's sleek body stands straight up as it gets closer to his face. Sharp teeth and claws are exposed, as lightning flashes.

The Tabby hisses with passion. Eyes glow in the dark night. The ferocious feline -- rears back and pounces onto the face of the wanna-be killer. Claws and fangs rip into face flesh.

Blood flies everywhere. All is - RED.

SUPER - 2019 - ARIZONA SUBURBS

EXT. QUEENIE'S LAND - DAY

A common two-story house with garage, sits on the same plot of land. The manicured desert landscape that surrounds it, adds to it's attractiveness, but it is eerie and empty.

On the side of the garage, a pigeon sits on a small POMEGRANATE BUSH and feeds on the seeds from the fruit...And shits.

A black cat with a bushy tail watches -- then suddenly launches itself onto the bird.

White feathers...tinged with blood, are all that is left.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL, HALL - DAY

Opulent and immaculate, it is clear that this institution is well funded. The kids look pampered and privileged as they flaunt their upper-crustiness to each other.

NICK (17 - white) in Letter-man sweater and tie, arrogant face - leans against the wall as he stares into his phone. All-American boy looks, but on the outside only.

Two nerdier guys of the same age and race bounce over. ERNIE wears a golf polo and IRVING sports a skinny tie look, from the Elvis era.

ERNIE

Hey, Nick. Looking good, old boy.

Nick smiles at them both.

NICK

Everyday. That's my style.

Guys and girls wave at Nick as they pass. He nods back.

IRVING

Yo, you ever ask Sadie about an intro to her hot friend, Felicity?

NICK

Irving, get real. It might be best to work your way up, before you try cheerleader level. A hottie like that won't touch a no-swig, stoner.

ERNIE

I hear that the Mexican cafeteria lady is free.

NICK

She'd be glad for you to eat that taco. Get some experience.

The two chuckle at their friend.

IRVING

Very funny. No thanks. See you at the meeting.

Coming down the hall is the crew-cut, jersey clad GEORGE 'GWEE' WHEATLY (17 - white) and his smaller girlfriend...

HALEY (17 - white) who is in his death-lock of ownership. He dares anyone to look at her. Nick waves them over.

NICK

Gwee, hey stud, what's up?

GWEE

Going to your gig. Ain't it about to start?

NICK

Sadie is probably in the girl's room, gabbing. Could you ask Haley to go in and send her out?

Gwee turns to his shorter companion. Voice - deep, gruff.

GWEE

Got a job for you, bitch. You heard the man. Go fetch.

Haley forces a smile out and steps away.

HALEY

(baby-doll voice)
Okay. Be right back.

As she scurries towards the nearby restroom, Nick stares at Gwee in astonishment.

NICK

You got to teach me how to do that.

GWEE

Maybe I should charge to teach a course. Too many pussy-whipped snowflakes walking around, afraid to assert their manhood.

The boys fist bump, seconds later the girls come out of the bathroom. SADIE (17 - white) scoots over to Nick, looking every bit the cheerleader she is. Her non-verbal gestures apologize before her mouth does.

SADIE

I'm so sorry, babe. Lost track of time in there.

Haley heels next to Gwee. URSULA (17 - white), draped in jewelry and social superiority, joins the crew. Her voice, elitist.

URSULA

Blame me. I was showing her my new diamond necklace.

She waits for praise and worship. It is unclear if the guys stare at the diamond chain or her bountiful cleavage.

They grin on cue. Gwee reapplies the semi-headlock to Haley and the kids go down the hall in a good mood.

INT. MEDIA ROOM -DAY

A banner reading, YOUNG CONSERVATIVES is just getting put up by BUCKLEY 'BUCKWHEAT' GRAHAM (16). A white guy with nappy hair and low self-esteem. Nick and crew arrive.

NICK

Nice job, Buckwheat. Should already be done by now.

BUCKWHEAT

(stutters)

S-sorry, Nick. Running l-l-late.

NICK

Those same genes that make your hair nappy, make you run late too.

A defensive look comes over Buckwheat.

BUCKWHEAT
No jungle bunnies in my family.

GWEE
If there were, we wouldn't let you
join us, would we?

Gwee smiles and points to the white-only members in the room.
Nick takes his position at the podium.

NICK
Alright, alright, sit your asses
down. It's time to start. Order.

The teens follow the command and look to Nick, content with
his leadership.

NICK (CONT'D)
Welcome to the YOUNG CONSERVATIVES
meeting for October. Also known as
the CAUCASIANS WITH CASH party.

The membership laughs.

NICK (CONT'D)
You know it's true. You wouldn't be
invited if you didn't have both.

An obvious steroid abuser and iron pumper, JIMBO (17 -
white), adds his two cents. Pent up anger in his voice.

JIMBO
No jigs. Not now, not ever. I get
enough of them on the gridiron.

Nick gives him a disapproving side-eye.

NICK
Shh. Still in school. Watch your
words. Point well taken, Jimbo.

OTTER, (18 - white), bald-headed, tatted, in army fatigues,
stands. He is flanked by six guys dressed nearly the same.

OTTER
We second that.

Nick turns to TERRY (17), a chunky, British, brown-haired
girl. She sits up under his glare.

NICK

Not all of us are holding the line.
Are we, Terry? It has come to my
attention that your sister Amy, is,
banging a monkey every night.

TERRY

Asshole. You still want her to buy
the booze for the Halloween party?
You better be bloody nice.

NICK

New by-law. Anyone who buys us
booze can bang anyone they want.
Sorry, Terry.

TERRY

It's not funny. I don't like it
either. He might be bringing his
big King Kong lips over for
Thanksgiving this year, yuk.

NICK

Let's talk about our Halloween
party. Want something - scary?

JIMBO

Hell, yes.

IRVING

Bruh. How about a haunted house. I
heard of a rental spot near the
edge of town, out near the farms.

Just then, MULVANEY (17) pimp-walks in late. Pants sag in
'Wigger' mode. He wears a do-rag and carries a large backpack
as he bops over to jewelry draped URSULA.

MULVANEY

Sorry, I'm late, bro. Getting that
paper, yo. Y'all mention rental
homes? She-it, gots me a customer
that's a realtor.

NICK

Excellent. Work it out. How about
the theme. We're seniors. Let's do
something epic.

HALEY

How about Goth?

Nick points to ZIPPY (16), the spiky-haired girl with the
heavy mascara and piercings. Her vampire smile, bizarre.

NICK

Your sister, already wore out the shock value. And besides, it's geeky, not sexy.

Zippy gives him the finger.

NICK (CONT'D)

Come on now, Zippy. You know your little costume drives guys away.

She puts up the other middle finger.

ZIPPY

(spoiled brat voiced)

Drive this. It's dual exhaust.

Even Nick laughs along with that one.

NICK

Whatever. Anymore ideas?

Mulvaney fixes up a bump for Ursula and she snorts it down.

URSULA

Hey, I got it. Sexy? That's my specialty. War-paint and buckskin. Now that, is sexy.

MULVANEY

Cool, I'll be Big Chief Long Dong.

He mocks a Native American chant and gets laughs.

GWEE

Want edgy? What do you think...Of this?

Gwee hands Nick a paper he scribbled on. In caps, is the word...BLACKFACE.

Nick's eyes spring wide open. He giggles to himself.

SADIE

What's it say?

NICK

How can I say this? We can call it, Hip-Hop, Cos-play, I guess.

URSULA

Speak English.

GWEE
(whispers)
A Blackface party.

A hush comes over the room. Nick sees the reaction of his crew and grins wide.

Just as he is about to speak, a black cat with a bushy tail, appears on the windowsill. It growls, hisses, shows its teeth...as it stares its piercing eyes through the window.

A very tall guy in the back, LANCE (17) stands up and throws a book at it. The cat flees. His Southern drawl stands out.

LANCE
Yeah, that's what I'm talking
about. I hate cats.
(beat)
I'm kinda new here. From Louisiana.
Anyway, back home, we had them
kinda parties all the time. What a
hoot. Dress up like some big time
jig and get sloppy drunk. Hell to
the yeah.

Some there look worried.

ERNIE
I'm going to law school. None of
this can get out.

OTTER
The Governor of Virginia did it.
No one cares about some whiney
coons. I'm on board.

SADIE
Language please.

NICK
The resolution for, what we'll
call, Hip-Hop Cos-play - in a
haunted house, has passed.

All applaud. Nick waves his arms to silence down the excited teens. Gwee stands up and tries to rap Jay-Z lines, under his breath, so it's not heard in the hall.

GWEE
(sung)
*Bounce with me. Bounce with me.
Can I get a FUCK YOU?/To these
bitches from all of my niggaz/ Who
don't love hoes/They get no dough.*

Dancing as she joins in, Haley takes over, muted too.

HALEY

*Can I get a WOOP WOOP/To these
niggaz from all of my bitches/Who
don't got no love/For niggaz
without dubs?*

All laugh. Gwee motions to Haley.

GWEE

Hey, I want my bitch to go as Cardi
B., but she ain't got no ass meat.
Skinny assed white girl. Mulvaney,
got any butt chunks in that magic
bag of yours?

Haley looks hurt and sits back down as others laugh.

ZIPPY

Don't pick on my sister, asshole.

NICK

Calm down. Flat butt-itis, is a
genetic problem all our women have.
Even my bitch.

Sadie shoots him a look that could melt a metal post.

SADIE

(furious)

Your what?

NICK

Oh, oh. I'm in trouble. Meeting
adjourned.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL, HALL - DAY

The children of the elite exit the media room as Nick and
Sadie stand out of ear-shot distance by the trophy display
case. Nick avoids eye contact, but Sadie is locked in.

SADIE

You think I'm going to stand for
that shit? Huh?

She pushes his chest. His eyes focus on her.

NICK

You know I was kidding.

SADIE

Fuck you, tough guy. Play that game with those spoiled brat skinheads, but not me. I know your little family secret.

The demeanor of Nick changes, quick. His eyes, moist.

NICK

That would destroy me. I'm sorry. Okay? What the fuck?

SADIE

I'm not Haley. You shit on me again and I'll go for the throat.

Sadie, inches from his ear...and serious. Nick sighs.

NICK

I'd kill myself if that got out. I swear. Please.

Haley steps even closer.

SADIE

You try to humiliate me again, and I'll give less than a fuck...Then dance on your grave. Do we understand each other?

He looks her in the eyes and nods.

NICK

Got it.

SADIE

You better. Let's go.

She puts out her hand. He takes it, obediently and they head to the exit.

INT. WHITE MUSTANG - DAY

Later, Nick waits in his car, he looks around, seems nervous. The strip mall, shabby. Not his neighborhood for sure.

NICK

Where is this bitch? That's what I get for letting drug dealer set it up. Stupid f--

Suddenly a large, bearded Mexican man stands near the window. Shock covers Nick's face.

NICK (CONT'D)
Holy shit.

ROSIE
You Nick? I'm Rosie.

ROSIE (30's) and his huge smile beams through his beard at Nick as he points to his name tag.

NICK
I thought Rosie was a chick.

ROSIE
Rosalino, bruh. How you doing? Hey you want to take my car or yours?

Nick spots the boring fleet sedan.

NICK
The motor is already running. We can just take this one.

Rosie opens the door and gets in.

ROSIE
Sweet whip, bruh. I'll show you how to get there.

Nick guns the engine.

NICK
Cool. Hang on.

They speed off.

EXT. QUEENIE'S LAND - DAY

The white Mustang parks in front of an isolated two story house. Nick and Rosie get out.

NICK
Halfway decent looking place. You sure its haunted? I expected something scarier.

ROSIE
I look scary, but I am mellow, no? Do not judge by looks, my friend. Wait till you hear the story of the ghost that you will meet.

NICK
The ghost appears?

Rosie fumbles through his keys.

ROSIE
She makes her presence known.
Follow me.

He opens the door and they enter. The piercing eyes of a Black cat follow them.

INT. GRAVE - DAY

A pine box coffin is seen in the darkness of Earth's womb. It rattles from side to side. Two small lights where the eyes of the body should be - shine through the wood.

INT. RENTAL LIVING ROOM - DAY

Nick follows behind Rosie as they scamper into the furnished house. Rosie flips on the light.

ROSIE
What do you think?

The eyes of Nick scan the residence. He plops down on the couch and does the 'bounciness' test.

NICK
So far, so good.

ROSIE
Excellente. It has two and a half
bathrooms, five bedrooms, Wi-fi,
cable TV and is fully furnished.

NICK
Nice.

ROSIE
There is also a basement and an
attic, but since this is a short
stay, doubt you need it. Come, I'll
show you more.

Nick gets up and goes to him.

NICK
You can tell me how you think it's
haunted as we walk through.

ROSIE
Follow me, bruh.

INT. RENTAL KITCHEN - DAY

The cooking area is spacious. Rosie opens the fridge to show that it is spotless.

ROSIE
Looks good?

NICK
Yes, but I want to hear about the ghost. I want my friends to remember this Halloween their whole lives. What do you know?

Rosie grins back at him.

ROSIE
So it started before the Civil War. Folks said this ghost, named Queenie, was a slave down South. Ever see that Stephen King joint called, 'The Shining'?

NICK
Yeah, man. She had that?

Faucets are turned on to show Nick it functions well.

FLASHBACK

Queenie stands near YATES (70s, white), who sports a long gray beard, on the porch of a plantation, 'big house'. A huge white column behind them. She points to his immense farm.

ROSIE (V.O.)
They say she had it strong too. Knew a huge flood was coming. Old man Yates trusted her, sold it, moved out west. Flood hit the property, was then worthless.

Queenie later stands in the desert in front of a ranch house, construction almost complete.

ROSIE (V.O.)
In gratitude, he gave her some Arizona land and she was free before the war even started.

Yates strides over to her, smiles and hands her...freedom papers and the deed.

YATES

Queenie, I should have given you
this years ago. Knowing you, has
changed me...for the better.

She jumps with joy and motions that she praises God.

QUEENIE

Thank you. I'll protect this...with
my life.

After he leaves, Queenie twirls around in the sunshine,
overjoyed. Teary eyed, she points to the heavens.

QUEENIE (CONT'D)

This here is MY LAND...Ya hear that
momma? Grandmamma? And ain't a soul
on this earth gonna take it from
me. Not without a fight they ain't.

BACK TO SCENE

Nick absorbs the tale.

NICK

Sounds like a decent white man.

Rosie opens the pantry, Nick is indifferent.

ROSIE

He was, heck yeah. But after war,
Southerners moved to AZ and didn't
like her owning property.
Said...she didn't know her place.

The door to the basement is opened and Rosie flicks on the
light. A spooky lilts upwards.

NICK

Not going down there. Thanks.

A chuckle escapes Rosie. He turns out the light.

ROSIE

Good, I didn't want to either.
I'll show you the first floor
bedroom, come.

Before he closes the door, two eyes GLOW in the darkness
below. Neither see it as the basement door is shut.

INT. FIRST FLOOR BEDROOM - DAY

The men walk in and look around. The queen sized bed seems inviting. Nick flops on it.

NICK
This will do. Tell me more about
Queenie, my man.

FLASHBACK

EXT. DESERT ROAD - NIGHT

Queenie sprints full speed down the dusty road. Behind her, Klansmen on horseback.

She veers off the road and into a thicket of trees.

The Night Riders come to a stop, then quickly dismount.

LEADER
(shouts)
We's a coming to get you, Queenie.

QUEENIE (O.C.)
You stay offa my land. It's mine.

MEMPHIS
Ain't that cute? Ole girl don't
know the rules yet. Let's teach her
and teach her good.

The Leader and crew dash into the woods on foot.

LEADER
First we kill off all the Injuns
for the land and now we gots to
take it from some jungle bitch?
Life just ain't fair to our kind.

BACK TO SCENE

Rosie moves towards the door.

ROSIE
Poor lady. The Southerners, they
raided the farm. I guess they did
some bad shit, then killed her.

A loud hiss, from a black cat just outside the window,
startles Nick. The cat dashes away.

INT. RENTAL LIVING ROOM - DAY

They amble over to the staircase, as they prepare to inspect the second floor.

NICK

Wow. Tortured and murdered? Sounds pretty harsh.

Both walk up the stairs.

ROSIE

They say her ghost has haunted the property ever since.

INT. GREEN BEDROOM - DAY

The light is turned on. It looks acceptable to Nick.

NICK

Yep, not bad.

INT. BLUE BEDROOM - DAY

The men step inside and look around. Nick seems okay with it. He gives a thumbs-up.

NICK

So with the ghost, has anyone actually seen her or does stuff just disappear and you hear a noise now and then?

ROSIE

I heard that around four years ago, a psychic and some friends did the Ouija board here, but not this house. Supposedly she showed up.

NICK

Wow, really?

ROSIE

Si, let's finish this up. I want to be home before dark.

INT. YELLOW BEDROOM - DAY

Nick does a swift walk through.

NICK
So the Ouija brought her out?
That's wild. It was here, but not
this house? I don't get it.

Rosie moves towards the door.

ROSIE
The house burned down, only one
lady escaped. Said Queenie did it.

Nick stares back at his realtor, shocked.

NICK
(his voice cracks)
So, she can kill people?

ROSIE
You seen NIGHTMARE ON ELM? She's
kinda like, Freddy, I heard. Gets
in folk's heads. Finds something
unique about them. Kills them that
way. That's what they say, anyway.

It is clear that Nick doesn't understand.

NICK
Huh, what do you mean?

ROSIE
In that fire, they found a
cardiologist was missing his
heart...and the hairdresser?
Scalped. Everything above her
eyebrows, just gone.

Nick laughs. Rosie doesn't.

NICK
If that's true, it's funny as hell.
Love it. My kinda gal. I guess its
best not to disturb her beauty
sleep, huh?

After they leave the room, the closet door creaks open, slow.
Inside, something moves in the darkness.

INT. UPSTAIRS BATHROOM - DAY

They enter to see a big mirror and an oversized tub. Rosie
turns on the faucets and flushes the toilet to show that it
all functions.

NICK
Nice looking shit house. You guys
hook it up?

ROSIE
The owner is a lady from Ohio.
Built her dream home, then old
Queenie chased her out. We manage
and rent it for her.

Nick laughs.

NICK
She ran home to momma huh?

ROSIE
Not directly.

Rosie clicks off the light and they move on.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

This room is the most spacious and the only one with a king
sized mattress. Another bathroom is joined to it.

NICK
Not bad, Rosie.

ROSIE
I'll double check the bathroom.

Nick stands in the bedroom and scopes it out as Rosie
verifies the workings of the faucets and toilet.

NICK
The Ohio lady put marble in the
bathroom? Awesome. You said she
didn't go home directly?

ROSIE
No senor. She went to the nut-house
for a few months first. Went loco.
Want to see the attic?

NICK
Fuck no.

ROSIE
Sill want to rent it?

NICK
Hell yeah. Wow much?

Rosie takes out a folded stack of papers from the inner pocket of his jacket. He sits at the desk in the room.

ROSIE

So, since you're a minor, I'm not supposed to rent to you without an adult. Since I endanger my real estate license, I have to charge more. Comprende?

Nick sighs.

NICK

Okay. What numbers are you looking at for one night?

ROSIE

With security deposit, it comes to two thousand, even.

NICK

Whoa dude. This ain't the Versace mansion.

ROSIE

The mansion doesn't have a ghost, but this place does. You want a memorable Halloween, correct?

Rolling his eyes in financial pain, Nick digs in his pocket and counts out twenty, one hundred dollar bills.

NICK

It's all there.

ROSIE

Gracias. Please sign the contract where the check marks are. As far as I know, you are eighteen. That will be the story.

He hands Nick a pen. He finishes the last page and hands the pen and contract to Rosie.

No sooner than he gets the contract in Rosie's hand...the lights flicker and go out.

NICK

What the fuck?

Fear is in his voice.

ROSIE

Oh, that happens to all the homes
out here. Power surge once in a
while. No problemo.

NICK

Really?

ROSIE

Or maybe it is the senorita of the
house, saying...Hola.

NICK

Let's get out of here.

INT. RENTAL LIVING ROOM - DAY

On the way out, the lights return. Rosie sets the house alarm
on the pad near the door. They exit.

EXT. RENTAL HOUSE - DAY

Once outside, Rosie clicks a remote control and all the doors
can be heard as they lock. He gives two remotes to Nick.

ROSIE

Don't lose them.

NICK

It's safe. Let's roll. I've had
enough Queenie for today.

They stroll to the Mustang. Nick hesitates and looks back at
the spooky house before he gets in. A shadow crosses the
attic window. Nick blinks his eyes. Scoots for the car door.

INT. WHITE MUSTANG - DAY

Nick turns the key, puts it in gear - but it does not move.
He looks at Rosie confused, then guns the motor, still no
movement.

He looks in the rear-view mirror. A black coffin rests on his
back bumper. Horror. Nick slams his foot on the gas peddle.

This time, it surges forward with velocity, straight to the
road ahead.

A trailer-truck zips down the street.

Nick, on a collision course with it.

He stomps on the brakes, to no avail. Rosie's eyes get big.

ROSIE

Dude!

The truck's horn blows a warning. The Mustang's brakes finally kick in...a few feet away from where the driveway ends and where getting flattened by the truck would start.

Both guys look at each other, sweat drips, minds - trip.

SUPER - NEXT DAY

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL, PARKING LOT - DAY

As students pile outside in the Friday sun, excitement cannot be contained. Except for a few school buses, the area looks like a high end dealership for luxury and muscle cars.

Nick and Sadie wander outside and lean against a rail as Nick searches his tablet for info.

Up close it is seen that he does a Google search for BLACKFACE. Many images including governors, hollywood icons and prime ministers - scroll by.

SADIE

I have no idea about my costume yet. Sucks that we have to go all the way downtown for a store.

The blackface images makes them laugh. He points to the coonish-looking, Black Piet of European folklore.

NICK

Buckwheat says he is all European, right? I think I found his real daddy.

They laugh and Sadie swats him.

SADIE

You are so bad.

NICK

Says here the king of blackface was a guy called Al Jolson. Even has a star on Hollywood Boulevard. That's my guy. I'll go as the...king of the coloreds.

Sadie takes the tablet to see closer. JOLSON is shown in every "Oh Mammy" pose in his arsenal.

SADIE

Ha, says here that he was a Jew.

Unnerved, Nick takes the tablet and reads.

NICK

Shit. I thought he was a real whiteman. Kinda weird. I always assumed that the Hymies and the darkies were pals.

SADIE

I guess not, huh. Most of the blackface happened in the Twenties through Fifties when lynching was a national sport. This guy probably made it seem alright.

NICK

They had some wild weekends back then, huh? Get liquored up and find a black neck to stretch. Keep 'em in line. Talk about harsh, wow.

SADIE

The members will give you shit if you dress as a black-slash-kike.

NICK

It's a twofer. They should be proud of my research.

She pecks him on the cheek, then points to the side. A silver Hummer pulls up to them.

SADIE

It's Mulvaney. Ready?

The large vehicle seems like it is already full. Jimbo rolls down the window. Mulvaney smiles from the driver's seat.

JIMBO

All aboard for the darky-town express. Hurry up.

Lance swings open the side door. Gwee, Haley and Ursula are already seated.

NICK

Cool. Is this everybody?

MULVANEY

Fuck no. We a running a convoy today. Rudy got a SUV from his dad's dealership.

A new, black Yukon pulls up behind the Hummer. Bald headed RUDY and FELICITY with a four hundred dollar hairdo, wave from the front seats. Nick and Sadie get in.

INT. HUMMER - DAY

The last empty seats are occupied by Nick and Sadie.

SADIE

Who's in the other troop transport?

HALEY

Ernie, Buckwheat, Irving, Zippy, Terry and Kourtney.

NICK

Cool. All set.

Jimbo, up front, reaches under his seat and pulls something out. It is an Uzi gun.

JIMBO

Me too. They start shit with us, I'll fill those brownies full of red hot peanuts.

MULVANEY

Let's roll.

The vehicles pull off.

EXT. STREETS OF THE CITY - DAY

Both trucks make their way down through the rugged roads of the slum. People of color fill the sidewalks as the cars in traffic around them look beat up, worn and dirty.

INT. HUMMER - DAY

Jimbo looks out the window and shakes his head as he glares at the blight of the neighborhood.

JIMBO

Only niggers and spics could live in a shithole like this.

GWEE

Lazy. They deserve it. White people
are at work and these fuckers are
nursing a forty on the corner.

A woman who seems to be a HOOKER with minimum clothing, waves
to the Hummer and shakes her cheeks towards them.

HALEY

Oh my God. Did you see that whore?

GWEE

Half naked and desperate. Just the
way I like it.

All laugh.

URSULA

Looks like you have to get an
outfit like that, Haley. Gave your
man serious wood.

More laughing.

JIMBO

Pick her up on the way back. I'll
have her blow me in front of
everybody.

LANCE

And not share? Back home, we share
sluts like that. We call 'em mud
honeys. Builds teamwork.

A SHABBY-DRESSED BLACK MAN with disheveled hair and missing
teeth, wanders too close to the road. Mulvaney honks his
horn. He jumps. Teens yell out the window...

JIMBO

Outta the way, crack-head.

GWEE

Goddamn junkie fuck. Get a job.

They drive past him as he stares at the vehicle.

URSULA

Disgusting. Anyone want a bump
before we get there? We're pretty
close.

CREW

Hell, yeah...You bet...I'll take
one.

Ursula pulls the vial from her purse with a smile.

INT. COSTUME STORE - DAY

All sixteen country club kids, pile in through the doors. It is definitely not Macy's. The store looks like it was built in the Sixties. Row upon row of outfits cram the floor.

KOURTNEY

This place is a armpit. Whose idea was this?

FELICITY

It's old and funky, but when Broadway shows or movies come to town, this is where they go.

NICK

Okay, meet at the front, no more than an hour. Happy hunting.

The kids separate in different directions.

SUPER - ONE HOUR LATER

INT. HUMMER - DAY

All seats are full except one. The kids are giddy about their costumes. Each has a bag on their laps.

MULVANEY

I'm ready to get outta here.

NICK

Just waiting on, Lance. Here he comes now.

The side door is opened and Lance bounces in, carrying his bag...and a hockey stick.

MULVANEY

Just in time.

NICK

Hockey? The only thing black in the NHL is the puck. We're doing blackface, remember?

LANCE

This isn't for my costume. It's for
the ride home. I'll show you later.
Let's go.

Mulvaney starts it up and signals to Rudy in the other
vehicle they are taking off.

EXT. STREETS OF THE CITY - DAY

At a red light, the vehicle stops.

INT. HUMMER - DAY

Lance holds up the hockey stick for all to see.

LANCE

So back home, we'd get wasted and
drive around darkie town and play a
game we called, Nigger Hockey.

JIMBO

Huh? Niggers don't play hockey.

LANCE

They participate though. Like Nick
said, they look like pucks, so
that's what we use them as.

NICK

I don't get it.

Lance smiles wide.

LANCE

It's like this. See a jig on the
street. You ease the stick out the
window and tap them with it and get
away, you get points.

GWEE

What if you miss?

LANCE

The driver has to let you off a
ways up the street and he drives on
farther. Basically, you then have
to run and get back in the car.

SADIE

Before they kill you.

LANCE
Right. It's a hoot. Wanna try?

JIMBO
Sign me up.

The light turns green and they proceed down the road.

NICK
Tell Rudy's crew what we are doing
so they don't flip. Alright Mister
Slapshot. Show us how it's done.

Lance rolls down the backseat window and looks for just the right 'puck'. A COUPLE who look about fourteen, walk hand in hand as puppy love blooms.

LANCE
Slow down.

The unsuspecting boy is almost knocked over as the stick slaps across his back.

Hurt, confusion and anger cover the couple's faces. The boy looks humiliated as the Hummer speeds up and away from them.

The scene inside the hummer is different as the teens howl with laughter and mock the look on the boy's face.

JIMBO
That was awesome. I'm next.

LANCE
I'd give that one twenty points for
the kid and thirty to see his heart
break in front of his girl.

Lance and Jimbo exchange seats. The eyes of the big man scans the street for targets. A guy who seems to be a CRACK HEAD, comes up.

JIMBO
How about this coonish asshole?

LANCE
Yeah, that's a good one.

The Hummer slows. Jimbo takes a swing at him. The crack head ducks at the last second and avoids the swipe.

JIMBO
Shit. Missed him.

LANCE

You know what that means.

Jimbo's eyes get big. They drive up a ways and pull over. Jimbo gets out, nervous.

JIMBO

Really?

LANCE

We'll be up there near that red car. Glad you wore those Air Jordans. You'll need to be faster than a spade today.

Now fully outside, they see Jimbo turn around to spot the crack head run towards him. Laughter echoes as they pull off and watch through the windows as Jimbo hauls ass to the designated spot to meet them.

GWEE

Look at that pitiful fat fuck. I love it.

The crack head gains on him. Panic is on Jimbo's face as he sees him get closer. The teens throw open the door for him as he gets near. Jimbo dives in. The crack head is still close.

From under the seat, Jimbo pulls out his Uzi and turns to face the crack head with it. He grins wide as he breathes heavy, chest heaving. He shouts...

JIMBO

Stop. Back the fuck up.

The man who chases him stops on a dime, puts his hands up. The crew is on edge. With gun pointed at him, Jimbo takes his time as he returns to his seat.

MULVANEY

I'm taking off.

NICK

Go, go.

Tires screech as they pull away. Jimbo, sweaty and excited, sticks his head out the window.

JIMBO

Fuck you, nigger. Yee ha.

They leave the man behind as he fumes.

GWEE
I'm next. What a pisser.

LANCE
I think I better demonstrate again.
It's all in the technique. Gimme
the magic wand.

Up ahead, SEVERAL OLD BLACK LADIES carry grocery bags.

MULVANEY
Want them?

LANCE
Yeah, slow down. Make sure the
blade is flat, then just tap them.
Aim for the shoulder blades.

The hockey stick emerges from the window. Suddenly the old lady closest to the street, stops.

Lance's planned tap, becomes a knockout punch. She flails downward and her groceries go everywhere.

The INJURED LADY (70'S) bounces on the pavement. Her friends go to aid her as she is sprawled across the sidewalk, wig dislodged. One old lady gives them the finger.

Gwee and Jimbo crack up in laughter.

INJURED LADY
Bastard. Get him.

SADIE
You asshole.

LANCE
Oops. Sorry. Guess I lost points.

GWEE
Ha, I think it's hilarious.

A brick just misses the windshield and lands in the street. They turn around to see BLACK MEN IN ARMY FATIGUES charge the idling Hummer. They have more bricks in their hand.

NICK
Go go go.

They speed away as they watch the angry men launch brick grenades. One hits the back of Rudy's vehicle and busts the window.

The truck swerves a bit, then speeds up and passes Mulvaney. All occupants extend their middle fingers towards Lance and his impromptu hockey team.

LANCE

So touchy. Nigger hockey is a skill. Takes practice like any other sport.

MULVANEY

Let's just get home in one piece.

Nick leans forward.

NICK

Actually, let's go by the rental and get it set up. The party starts in just a few hours from now.

MULVANEY

Can't wait to see it. You navigate and I'll gravitate.

EXT. QUEENIE'S LAND - DAY

Both vehicles park in the driveway. Nick hops out with a large bag over his shoulder. He pulls out keys from his pocket as the crew follows him to the door.

After the remote-key is activated, all the houses' locks are heard as they click open for access.

NICK

Well, like it or what?

URSULA

My family's cabin in the woods is nicer, but this is haunted right?

NICK

Hell yeah. Lemme show you.

INT. RENTAL LIVING ROOM - DAY

The sixteen teens have wide eyes as they check out their surroundings.

NICK

You can put your bags in the first floor bedroom. Then we can get it, party ready. I bought this crap at the costume place.

He pulls out a poster for 'THE JAZZ SINGER' done by Neil Diamond and a framed ad for the original with Al Jolson. There are also 'mammy' figurines

JIMBO

I got a cardboard cut out of the king of one-nighters. Ready?

The life-sized cut out is of Bill Cosby in a goofy outfit from his old show from the Eighties. Everyone laughs.

URSULA

That perv? Look at the poster I found. Can't wait to see the movie.

She unfurls an old movie poster from 'THE MACK'. Over-the-top pimps and prostitutes grace the poster's face.

ERNIE

That's beautiful. Like going to the art museum, ain't it?

NICK

Love it. We'll put up all that shit. We've got this place until tomorrow afternoon. Get comfortable.

Sadie runs her fingers along the couch, pokes the cushion, then scrunches her nose.

SADIE

Looks like Ikea crap. I can live with that. For one night at least.

ZIPPY

I love Ikea. It's almost like camping.

Zippy caresses a chair.

TERRY

You like slumming it, huh?

ZIPPY

What I really like, are haunted houses. What's the story behind this one?

There is just enough spots for everyone, as Nick motions the crew to take seats.

NICK
You want the ghost story, scary
girl? Sit, listen and let me CHILL -
your bones.

The membership of the conservative club get ready to soak it
in, as they soak up some white lines too.

EXT. QUEENIE'S LAND - NIGHT

A red Jeep pulls into the driveway. Black boots step from the
driver's side. AMY (MID 20s, white) gets out. Cornrows in her
hair, she takes in the dark clouds above and the house,
below. Amy spots a black cat as it wags its tail and peeks
through a window.

AMY
Spooky. But hey, it's Halloween.

Amy marches past other cars, goes to the door. She rings the
bell. SCREAMS from inside, shock her. She jumps backwards.

AMY (CONT'D)
Bloody hell?

The British accent is thicker than her sister, Terry's. She
scrambles for something in her purse. A handgun. She pulls it
out with shaky hands just as Nick and Terry open the door.

TERRY
Told you guys it was her.

AMY
What the hell is going on in there?

NICK
Sorry. Was telling a ghost story.
The timing of when you rang the
bell, freaked folks out.

AMY
Okay, Sis. Tell them to un-freak -
and then, unload this truck. I have
places to be.

Jimbo, Ernie, Rudy and Gwee sprint to her Jeep and bring in
boxes and boxes of booze into the house.

NICK
Come on in. I'll get the money for
you in a second.

INT. RENTAL LIVING ROOM - DAY

Amy sips a beer as she waits for Nick. Terry sits beside her. She scans the room.

AMY
Terry, why is all the African
American stuff around? Don't tell
me this is an early Kwanzaa party.

TERRY
Uh, no reason. You know. Just fun.
Something different.

Terry diverts her eyes. Amy studies her.

AMY
You're my sister and I can tell
when you are bloody lying.

Nick comes into the room, counts the cash he will reimburse her with.

NICK
Thanks again, Amy. There is \$350
for the booze, fifty for delivery
and another fifty for tip.

AMY
Works for me. You brats better not
overdose on that shit. If so, I
never seen you before.

NICK
Gotcha.

He motions that he will walk her to the door. Amy hugs Terry then gets to her feet. She points to the posters.

AMY
So what kind of party is this?
These posters and shit are the most
Black people I have seen around you
since I met you.

Nick rushes to the door and opens it.

NICK
Yeah, stuff was here when we rented
it I guess. Crazy.

Just then, Otter and the boys show up at the door. They are dressed up to be the 'WUTANG CLAN'. And they are in...Blackface.

Amy is horrified and repulsed as they stroll past her, beers in their hands.

OTTER

Alright my niggas, we bout to party
in dis bitch.

Amy's eyes narrow and burn into Nick and Terry.

AMY

This? This is the crap you got me
involved in? You little shits.

NICK

It's just in fun. We mean no harm.

Terry looks to the ground. Amy shoves her.

AMY

And you knew about this? Didn't
you? You, above all others, knows
that the man I love is Black. And
you pull this shit? Cold fucker.

Terry reaches out to touch her shoulder. Amy pulls away.

TERRY

Harmless fun. We're Seniors and--

AMY

And you are spoiled brats who think
other people's suffering is a joke.
Don't call me again. You make me
sick. Fucking Nazis.

Otter pretends to play a violin as tears form in Amy's eyes.

TERRY

Otter. Stop it.

AMY

Maybe I should bring my man and his
homies over here. Shit won't be so
fucking funny then.

TERRY

No need for that. Please don't.

AMY

All of you assholes are gonna learn
the hard way. And don't come crying
to me.

Just then Irving comes out of the bedroom as Ray Charles and pretends to be blind, rocking side to side. Amy rubs her hand across her hair in anger and frustration.

IRVING

Can't have no party without da
music man. I be needing me dat
sweet soul mus--.

He looks over to see the tears flow down Amy's cheeks.

AMY

Fuck you. And you and you.

She storms out of the door and slams it behind her.

IRVING

Not a Ray Charles fan?

JIMBO

She don't love us no more. Boo
fucking hoo. We have a party to
throw. Let's hear it.

Hoots and hollers resonate through the crowd. Nick gets a beer and holds it high for a toast. Others follow.

NICK

To the best nigger party since the
end of the Civil War.

CREW

Yeah ..Par-tee...

All chug at the same time. Only Jimbo and Nick drain the bottles dry.

JIMBO

Competition, huh? Round two?

Nick grabs two brews and tosses one to Jimbo. They grin.

OTTER

Go.

The chug-fest finishes with Nick as the winner. He raises his arms in victory. A huge belch follows. As Sadie hugs the champ, her phone goes off. She reads the text.

SADIE

Oh shit. You kidding me? My sister
is stranded after her tennis
tournament and I have to get her.

NICK

Neither of our cars is here.

MULVANEY

I was going to take a run by the head shop and get a vape and some blunt wraps. I can drop you off.

NICK

That would be perfect. We'll scoop up little sis and be back in no time flat.

Nick walks over to Gwee who is doing shots with Rudy.

RUDY

Just one more block, I could have ran for a winning touchdown.

GWEE

I know, the offensive line sucks.

Reaching in his pocket, Nick gives Gwee the extra set of keys, which is another clicker.

NICK

Have to run home a minute. Here's the spare set. Back in a flash.

Gwee smiles and spins around in his chair. He has a full shot glass in his hand.

GWEE

No prob. One for the road, stud?

Nick slams it down, then shudders.

NICK

Whew. Love it. Hit me with another before the old lady snatches me.

Another one goes down the hatch.

GWEE

Good shit, huh?

NICK

Damn right. I'll take my costume and maybe dress at home.

Sadie rushes over to him.

SADIE

Good idea. Might save time. As long as mom doesn't see it.

MULVANEY

Ready to roll out?

NICK

Cool. We're off. Don't do anything I wouldn't do. And remember. No Ouija boards.

GWEE

No niggers allowed. Alive or dead.

They laugh and head to the door. Out of the corner of his eye, Nick spots a shadow that seems to run up the stairs.

MULVANEY

Hey, where are my damn keys? They were just in my pocket.

Irving happens to walk by the stair bannister and stops. He picks up keys for all to see.

IRVING

Hey boss. Dis dem? How come a blind man can see dem and you can't?

He walks them over to his friend.

MULVANEY

That's so whack. I wasn't even by the stairs at all.

NICK

I think Queenie is here.

EXT. NICK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Nick gets let out of the Hummer in the driveway of a luxurious home. As he drunk-stumbles past his white Mustang, he notices a black Lexus parked in front of the house.

NICK

Great. That jerk-off is here.

He hangs his head and shuffles to the back door.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Nick opens the fridge and grabs a water bottle as he tries not to weave back and forth.

MOM (O.C.)
Hon, is that you?

NICK
Yeah, mom. Just got home.

MOM (O.C.)
We're in the living room, dear.

Nick whispers to himself.

NICK
We? Who wants to see his ass?

MOM (O.C.)
Come in and say hello before you go up to your room.

He rolls his eyes and swigs some more water.

NICK
Sure.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Everything in the room screams opulence. On the couch near the grand piano is Nick's MOM (40s, white, blonde).

She reclines next to her 'friend', DEON (40s), who is...African American. They giggle together as Nick enters the room with a scowl.

MOM
There he is. Come here and give
momma a hug.

He leaves his bag by the door and hugs her without looking at Deon. The adults wear workout clothes.

NICK
Going okay?

MOM
Just fine. Got back from the gym a while ago. I lost another three pounds.

NICK

Cool.

DEON

So how was your day, Nick?

NICK

Sucked. Don't worry about it.

Mom squints her eyes at him. A black cat outside the window, stares at them all, but is unnoticed.

MOM

What does that mean? Excuse me,
Deon. I need to talk to my boy.
Sounds like a rough day at school.
I'll meet you in your room.

NICK

I'm fine.

MOM

Go. I'll see you in a few moments.

Annoyed, Nick picks up his bag, marches towards the stairs.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

After he enters, Nick tosses his bag at a chair and it knocks over a can of soda on the night-stand.

NICK

Shit. Really?

Rather than clean it up, he flops into his bed and closes his eyes and sighs.

NICK (CONT'D)

What a day. My girl owns me because
my mom is banging a jig. Never
should have told her.

He covers his face with a pillow and screams into it.

On the outside ledge of his window, the black feline observes all. It inches closer to the glass...eyes glow.

QUEENIE (V.O.)

You. You are mine.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mom and Deon stand up and hug.

DEON

Great workout, Caroline. I better go. It's pretty clear that he resents me being here.

MOM

No. I'll talk to him.

DEON

It's natural for a boy his age. Especially since his dad moved out of town.

MOM

Next year at this time he will be in a dorm. His own man. And I will be my own woman. Deon, I want you to consider moving in after he leaves.

It takes a moment to sink in. He kisses her.

DEON

Okay, babe. I'll consider it. Deeply. You have a good evening, alright? Call me later.

She escorts him, hand and hand, to the door. The door to the guest room. She opens it and winks at him.

MOM

He needs to cool his jets before I can penetrate that thick head.

DEON

Yep, penetration can be tricky sometimes.

She pushes Deon into the room as they giggle. Queen size bed in the background.

MOM

Is that right? Tell me more.

The door is closed behind them. The click of the lock is heard. Then more giggles.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sounds of snoring, leads to Nick, fast asleep. His mom opens the door. She sees the spilled soda and shakes her head in frustration, then shakes him awake.

MOM

Nick. Nick, get up and clean that mess you made before we get roaches or something.

An eye opens. He then rolls over.

NICK

Let the maid get it.

MOM

So I'm raising a spoiled brat, huh?

NICK

She didn't jump the border for nothing. Give her some work.

Big time tension is seen on Mom's face. She screams.

MOM

Son, get up and clean that. Now. I don't need your snide remarks.

After a huge exhale, he finally gets up. Nearby paper towels aid in the clean up. He throws the wad in the trash.

NICK

There.

He flops back on the bed.

MOM

If you are resentful about my relationship with Deon, too bad, you better get used to it. He's a good man, great job and I love him.

NICK

But dad--

MOM

Your dad ran away with a stripper. He doesn't care about you or me.

NICK

Lots of other guys out there. Why a black one? You embarrass me.

Mom is devastated and disappointed, near tears.

MOM

Wow. I can't believe I'm hearing this. You stupid little shit. I love you and always will, but all that hate in your heart will ruin your life and might get you killed.

Nick jolts up in bed.

NICK

Killed for sure. I'm supposed to be at a party now. Shit.

He jumps out of bed. Checks his phone.

MOM

Watch your mouth, young man.

NICK

Great. My ringer was off. Look Ma, it's been real, but I gotta get dressed and fly.

MOM

If you don't straighten up, you can fly out of here and just keep going. I mean it.

EXT. NICK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

In a mad dash to the car with bag in hand, Nick gets in the Mustang. He fires it up and pulls out.

INT. RENTAL LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

As Nick walks in the door, he stops in his tracks, then bends over in laughter. In front of him, his crew are all in costume and the make-up has been thickly applied.

In a sprint over to welcome Nick, in a bright tennis outfit is Sadie. Not only is her skin blackened, but in some essential places, she wears padding.

SADIE

It's about time you made it, Mister. You like it, babe? I'm Serena Williams.

She spins around and smiles and Nick keeps cracking up.

NICK

That's so perfect, oh my God. Love the padding too. You're crazy.

SADIE

Sorry your mom was riding you. Get a drink, get your costume going and lets make this...A Halloween to remember forever. Yee-hoo.

He grabs her by the waist and kisses her.

NICK

Sweet. Any come off on my lips?

SADIE

This is some special shit Lance brought from down South. It doesn't rub off easy.

NICK

I might have to put that to the test later.

As they share a lovey-dovey moment, Kourtney stumbles over to them in a glittery evening gown, nappy wig and a glass tube in her mouth. She slurs her words as she wobbles on heels.

KOURTNEY

Hey, you two. G-guess who I be.

NICK

Other than drunk already? You tell me, soul sister.

She giggles and almost falls over.

KOURTNEY

Whitney Houston, silly. My old boyfriend, Preston. Military school. He wanna come tonight. Okay? Please, please.

NICK

Will he keep his mouth shut?

KOURTNEY

Soldier, bruh. Lots of coke too. Say yes, say yes.

NICK

Fine. Okay.

Kourtney spins around in joy, then hugs Nick.

KOURTNEY

Bless you, dude. He be here soon.

SADIE

Alright, Whitney, give him some room. Maybe you should sit down.

She smiles at Sadie.

KOURTNEY

I love you. I love...You.

SADIE

Maybe I should walk you to the couch, hon. Did you eat today? I can't see why you are so blitzed, so fast.

Nick winks to his sweetheart and her padded ass, as she escorts her hammered home-girl away.

Just as he turns from them, he feels two big arms go around him with force. Pinned to the wall, he sees the culprit is...Gwee?

The gridiron star sports an homage to his apparent hero, O.J. SIMPSON. The white, throwback jersey is accompanied with bloody gloves. Gwee smiles at him through blackened face.

GWEE

Hey bro-hams, foundt me an ole honky boy trying to sneak in here. Anybody know dis here cracker?

Rudy, the muscular running back has transformed into 2PAC with fake tattoos but draped with 'real' gold jewelry.

RUDY

Juice, dats my nigga Eminem. Get up off my boy dere. What you think, Missy?

Nick spins to see someone that appears to wear a black, garbage bag as an outfit. Looking closer, it is Terry in MISSY ELLIOTT gear. She pretends to inspect him as 'The Juice' still has him pinned to the wall.

TERRY

(sung)

*Is he worth it? /Let me work it./
I put my thing down,/flip it and
reverse it.*

She assumes the twerker position in front of him. Terry presses a button on her costume and the rear of the outfit inflates like a black balloon. All laugh as it bounces and sways as she twerks.

NICK

Holy shit.

TERRY

(sung)

*I'd like to get to know ya /so I
could show ya. / Put the pussy on
ya /like I told ya.*

Ernie laughs hard, dressed as TIGER WOODS, in golfing gear. He pulls out a few 'ones' and makes it rain atop the inflated balloon butt as it mesmerizes onlookers.

ERNIE

Just preparing the putting range
for a hole in one.

TERRY

(sung)

*I-I-I can't stand the rain, against
my butt cheeks. / Icky-icky-icky.*

After the laughter dies down, Felicity clears her throat and commands attention. Blackened and padded, she wears the SIMONE BILES gymnastic, USA uniform. She moves the couch over for more room.

FELICITY

And now, for the gold medal...That
sweet chocolate meat, of Simone
Biles.

She bows to the applause. Felicity does a clumsy floor routine, on purpose, with emphasis on her padded butt. The humorous exhibition ends and all clap for her. Rudy comes over and awards her one of his gold chains.

RUDY

The champ.

They kiss, then drift off to a corner. The crew finally gives Nick room to breathe and he heads over and grabs a beer with Gwee, Terry and Ernie.

NICK

Love it. You guys are nuts.
Where's your girl, Gwee?

GWEE

She's here, but, the outfit. I
wanted something else.

TERRY

You're such an idiot. She can't
wear that. Stop ignoring her.

GWEE

But it would be perfect against my
costume.

Nick looks confused. Terry rolls her eyes.

TERRY

It's a blackface party. How can she
appear as Nicole Brown Simpson?

GWEE

Yeah, that was her point. But it
would be cool. Blood dripping from
the neck and shit.

His beer is drained and Nick throws a 'swish' into the
garbage can.

NICK

Got to agree with Missy Elliot on
that one. What did she come as?

Gwee points to the far couch.

GWEE

Her and her sister, the goonie,
have a theme outfit.

Nick doesn't get it at first. Suddenly the light goes off and
he chuckles hard.

NICK

That is excellent. You kidding me?

Zippy wears a huge afro wig, big lapels, bell bottoms and
dark skin.

Haley has stringy hair, a red leather jacket, mirrored shades
and a caramel colored complexion.

TERRY

That's what I said too.

(sung)

*Got a dark skinned friend looks
like Michael Jackson.*

(MORE)

TERRY (CONT'D)
*Got a light skinned friend looks
like Michael Jackson.*

NICK
Genius move.

He waves at them and they wave back.

GWEE
Will it look like I'm a fag if I
sit with her?

NICK
You'll look more like a fag if you
just hang with dudes all night. Go
make up, you douche.

Gwee hesitates, then gets up and goes over to his Moonwalker.
They start to talk and smile.

TERRY
Ain't that sweet? I need another
beer, you?

Nick gives the thumbs up. Buckwheat walks by them and smiles.
He of course is dressed as his namesake, the Eddie Murphy
version.

NICK
Say boy, where's your costume? You
look like that nappy head hooligan
everyday.

BUCKWHEAT
Tanks. Buckdeet try to p-please,
massa.

TERRY
Then fetch us a beer and make it
quick before we tan that black
hide, you hear me?

The wretched Little Rascal, bows and scraps as he moves
towards the fridge.

BUCKWHEAT
Please massa. D-don't whup me. I be
good n-n-nigga. See?

He gets the beers and serves it to them, kneeling.

TERRY
I could get used to this.

NICK
The good old days.

TERRY
Make America great, again. Right?

A knock is heard at the door. Then again.

NICK
You going to jump your jigaboo ass
up and answer that or what?

BUCKWHEAT
Yes suh. S-sorry, suh.

Buckwheat and his lop-sided afro shuffle to the door. He opens it, then laughs. He waves Nick over. Standing in the door way are PRESTON (R. KELLY) and TOMMY (PRINCE). Nick appreciates the detail in the costumes.

NICK
Great outfits. You must be
Kourtney's friends right?

PRESTON
I'm Preston, from her old school.
This is my brother Tommy. Thanks
for letting us come. You should do
this every year.

NICK
Thanks, come on in and get a beer.
Kourtney is around, somewhere. I
still have to change.

In cornrows, shades and leather suit, Preston pulls a small wineskin from his jacket pocket. The word, 'PISS' is written on it.

PRESTON
Only recycled beer for me please.

All around crack up laughing.

NICK
Save our environment one gulp at a
time, my nigga.

TOMMY
Hey, uh, who is that bitch outside?
She gave us the evil eye on the way
to the door.

Buckwheat looks out the window. Standing near the road is a female figure in a black dress and shawl. She turns slow, then points at Buckwheat. Face veiled.

BUCKWHEAT

N-never seen her before. Know her
Nick?

Nick takes Buckwheat's spot and looks out. She is gone.

NICK

Nobody's out there. No one else is
invited anyway. Let me go put on my
shit. Be out in a minute.

The sole 'white person' leaves, goes into the first floor
bedroom, to transform.

INT. FIRST FLOOR BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nick enters with his bag, then notices the light in the
bathroom is on.

NICK

Hey, anybody in there?

The door swings open. A guy in blackface peeks around the
corner in a sweater so colorful it makes Nick wince.

JIMBO

(mocking Fat Albert)
Hey, hey, hey.

Nick studies him, then laughs on a delayed reaction.

NICK

Jimbo, you crazy bastard. Love it.

The costumed clown then does imitations of Cosby facial
expressions and his laugh as he pulls out a cigar.

JIMBO

Yooou...Can call me, Doctor
Huxstable, young man. Where...Are
the white women at? I brought the
prescription...For their partition.

He does the Cosby laugh again as he pulls out a pill bottle
and shakes it. Nick's laugh is full throated.

NICK

If those are the pills he used,
you'll get the panties dropping and
the brain forgetting. How perfect.

Jimbo responds in his normal voice.

JIMBO

I already have a fish on the line.
Just waiting to reel her in.

NICK

Hmm. It's not Kourtney is it?

JIMBO

Yeah, how did you know?

NICK

Saw her a minute ago in the Whitney
costume, hammered. If you gave her
that shit, make sure she doesn't
drink much.

Nick opens his bag and pulls out a nappy wig.

JIMBO

Where did you see her last? I'll
get her to a bedroom, let her
stretch out on a mattress.

Nick turns to face him.

NICK

You just made a cheap lay for
another guy. Dude from another
school came over as her date.

At first stunned, Jimbo gets sad. It is heard in his voice.

JIMBO

Hey. Hey...Hey.

NICK

Perk up, Mr. Cosby. I'm sure you
can find a new home for your knock-
out pills. I gotta get dressed.
Boot-black make-up in there?

JIMBO

A bucket full. He said it's the
best in Louisiana.

NICK

Well, Doctor Huxstable, take your home gynecology kit and your pills and bounce down the road like Fat Albert. It's time for me to become...The Mammy Man.

JIMBO

Huh?

NICK

You'll see. Meet you out there.

INT. RENTAL LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Rap music plays as the empty beer cans form a mountain in the corner. At a dining table, Mulvaney dressed as LIL WAYNE, with blonde dreads and face tattoos, cuts coke into lines.

Next to him, Ursula as the queen (of course), CLEOPATRA.

Jimbo and Gwee SNORT IT UP as soon as they can. Zippy, who waits behind them, has had enough.

ZIPPY

Stop hogging it, will you?

GWEE

All this blackness on the outside, makes me want to be whiter on the inside.

She shoves him out the way as he laughs. Her straw goes to work on the lines.

MULVANEY

Don't fight, chillins. We gotz plenny mo.

White boogers stand out against the artificial black skin. Ursula points beyond them.

URSULA

Who the hell?

Everyone turns to see Nick in all his AL JOLSON splendor. His eyes and lips are overexaggerated and his suit is from the 1930's. White gloves tops it off.

NICK

Oh mammy. Oh mammy. Your little pickaninny needs some blow. Hep me, mammy.

He ends his homage on one knee with jazz hands. Zippy looks up for a second, unimpressed, then gets nasal with the snow again.

ZIPPY

Who are you supposed to be?

NICK

My dear, I'm the father of all this Blackface shit. Al Jolson. The most popular entertainer of our generation.

Zippy lifts her head, pinches her nose and then inhales hard to get those coke crystals in her nose hair, closer to her brain.

ZIPPY

Hmm. Never heard of him.

NICK

Made the first talkie movie, had sold out shows, Hollywood still loves him. His footprints are still on the Hollywood walk of fame.

Gwee seems puzzled.

GWEE

And the spades didn't have it removed yet?

NICK

Like I said. Hollywood loves him. When did they ever care what the jigs think?

URSULA

Right. 'Oscars-so-white'. I think they want to keep it that way.

Suddenly, the music is turned down and the 'WEDDING SONG' is heard from someone's phone. All turn towards the staircase. Descending slow, is a sight that makes everyone double over in laughter.

Lance, with tattoos and nose ring, evokes the image of DENNIS RODMAN in one of his most well-known outfits. A wedding dress. As he descends the stairs, Buckwheat, behind him, carries the train of the dress.

NICK

Holy shit, dude. If we had a contest, you just won it.

LANCE

Fuck a trophy. Gimme some lines and
a cold brewski.

He wobbles in the high heels, as he makes it over to the
cocaine table. He plops in a chair.

MULVANEY

Hey, Brown Sugar, what can I do you
for?

LANCE

Gimme that hi-octane shit. Got to
numb these ankles. Don't know how
bitches do it. I'm taking them off.
Don't want to explain to coach why
I can't shoot jump shots anymore.

Mulvaney dumps a mountain of snow on a mirror and Ursula
chops it and forms lines.

NICK

I appreciate you sharing with us
all the time. Buying from them
wetbacks is dangerous. One day
we'll hook you up. Soon.

MULVANEY

Thanks, bro'ham.

Everybody acknowledges the supplier and fist bumps go around.
Nick and Lance dig into the white lines and make them
disappear.

SADIE

Hey guys, let's get some pics for
our private Facebook page. You okay
with that?

SERIES OF SHOTS

A rap song, with heavy use of the N-word, is sung with glee,
by everyone. Photo shots of all the party-goers in various
pairings and poses. Props are used, to make it crazier and
more outrageous.

BACK TO SCENE

Zippy appears impatient as another pic is taken with dark-
skinned and light-skinned Michael Jackson.

HALEY

What's wrong, girl? Ain't you having fun?

ZIPPY

It's not supposed to be just a 'Halloween party'. I feel the haunted house aspect is lacking.

She sips her beer and rolls her eyes. As attention turns to the sisters, Jimbo is unnoticed as he sneaks pills into terry's drink.

GWEE

Yeah, right. We could have a Sambo party at my house. This Halloween should be graced with a real spook, not the shoe polish ones.

Ursula wipes white crystals from her nose as she is thunderstruck with an idea.

URSULA

Let's do a séance.

All seem enthusiastic about it, except Nick.

NICK

Realtor told me a bad thing happened when a Ouija board was used and--

JIMBO

Pussy-wussy bullshit. Come on, we're Seniors. I want to see it all before I turn into my parents.

RUDY

That's what you paid the extra money for, right?

Nick mulls it over.

NICK

And you guys will help pay if something goes...wrong?

HALEY

Among all of us, we could outright buy this Little Crack-House on the Prairie with our allowances, alone.

All around laugh. Terry sips her drink as Jimbo smiles at her, his predator side - hidden.

FELICITY

Let's do it. Anyone know how?

Ursula makes large sweeping motions with her Cleopatra hands, trying to look mystical.

URSULA

I, indeed, know how to unlock the secrets of the universe. Instead of a crystal ball...I will use the crystal screen.

She taps her smart phone and it lights up.

TERRY

She's a witch. Burn her.

URSULA

Funny, bitch. I'll Google - Séance, and we can go from there.

As they stand and wait for the search, Kourtney gets wobbly.

PRESTON

Whoa, you okay, babe?

KOURTNEY

Let's go to the couch. So tired.

Jimbo looks away as they scoot right past him. Ursula pulls it up and reads it to herself. A smile covers her face.

URSULA

You know what? This could be fun. First let's rearrange the seats in the dining room around a table so everyone can be a part.

ONE HOUR LATER

All of the guests hold hands in a huge circle in the darkened room. Ursula plays the part of the medium.

URSULA

Again, spirit of Queenie. Hear us now. Come before us and show yourself, or at least give us a sign you are listening.

INT. GRAVE - NIGHT

The lid of the coffin, rattles...

BOOM -splits down the middle.

A rotted hand shoots through the wood.

QUEENIE (O.C.)
I hear you baby girl. You ready?

INT. RENTAL LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Silence. Ursula squints open one eye. Jimbo belches loud.
Everyone laughs.

FELICITY
She came back as a burp?

OTTER
This shit ain't gonna work.

URSULA
Not with you assholes burping and
farting your way through it.

GWEE
That was a silent fart. How did you
know?

MULVANEY
She's a psychic dude. Plus it
smelled like a dead zebra that a
tiger vomited up.

Laughter and drinking resumes.

LANCE
Leave that dead bitch in nigger
heaven and let's do some drinking
worthy of our senior year.

The party cheers and raises their glasses to that
proclamation of purpose. Rudy turns the rap music back on.

INT. TOP OF STAIRWELL - NIGHT

A shadowed figure glares down on the hellacious high school
brats in full party mode.

From behind, the onlooker appears to be a female, but a slime
seems to cover her body. Her face, unseen.

The Seniors move seats away from the circular position.
Irving, as Ray Charles, calls to the unofficial servant.

IRVING

Hey, Sambo, I mean, Buckwheat.
Turn the lights on. I'm the only
one that's supposed to be blind
around here.

Buckwheat goes to the wall switch and happens to look at the
stairs at the last second. He freezes in fear.

BUCKWHEAT

Wha-what's that?

He points to the figure. Heads turn, but when he flicks on
the light, nothing is there.

ERNIE

What's what? Nothing's there.

BUCKWHEAT

But-but, I saw...something.

Elated, Ursula jumps to her feet.

URSULA

It worked. She's here. Come on out,
Queenie. Let's party.

Buckwheat is transfixed on the stairs as fear covers his
blackened face. His expression, oddly comical. Terry projects
her voice towards the stairs.

TERRY

Come on and have a beer, girl.
Don't be anti-social.

All laugh except, Buckwheat.

ZIPPY

We want a Halloween to remember,
right? Let's go find her.

No volunteers. Some look uneasy.

GWEE

Take Buckwheat.

He shakes his head, no....still shaken.

ZIPPY

Bunch of pussies. At least show me
where you think she was.

Buckwheat lifts his arm and points to the top of the
staircase.

At that moment...thunder cracks outside. All jump.

Buckwheat sprints over and takes a seat on the couch near Preston and Kourtney, then clutches a throw pillow.

PRESTON

Dude, you almost smashed my girl's ankle. Man-up. Could you?

KOURTNEY

Preston, hey babe. I need to lie down for a while. So wasted.

Nick gives Jimbo...the dispenser of the Cosby cocktail, the evil eye.

NICK

You can use the blue bedroom. Doubt you can get her up the stairs without help.

Preston helps her up and motions for his brother Tommy to help carry her. R.Kelly, Prince and Whitney maneuver up the stairs to the bedroom door and go in.

Haley walks over to the window and peers out the drapes. lightning flashes, rain falls and more thunder is heard.

HALEY

Wow, it's really coming down out there. I thought it would be a clear night.

ZIPPY

A storm is so perfect. You kidding me? Bring it on.

INT. BLUE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Preston and Tommy gently help Kourtney onto the bed. Her wig almost falls off. Thunder rocks the house.

PRESTON

Thanks, man. Sounds like the weather is getting bad. The girls here are either taken or skanky. I understand if you skate.

TOMMY

Yea, slim pickings here. I'll think about it. Right now I have to download piss into a toilet.

PRESTON

We passed one down the hall.

Tommy gives the okay sign and moves towards the door.
Kourtney lifts her head and smiles at him.

KOURTNEY

Thanks Tommy. I just feel so weak.

TOMMY

You'll feel better after you bang
my brother.

She rolls her eyes.

KOURTNEY

Very funny.

He flashes a smart-ass grin and slips out the door.

KOURTNEY (CONT'D)

He's a jerk but he has a point. I
think that your evil little tongue
would feel real good. Help me to
the bathroom so I can freshen up.

INT. RENTAL KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sadie pours cola over ice and reaches for the rum bottle.
Nick pushes her hands away from it.

NICK

Hey, babe. Hold off on that.

SADIE

Isn't this a party, Saint Nick?

NICK

You misunderstand. Got some Ludes
from Jimbo. Not good to mix in
booze. What do you think?

She smiles.

SADIE

Ludes, massage and a good ride?
I'll take it.

He takes out four pills. They both wash them down with the
cola, then refill the glass. The couple walks towards the
first floor bedroom. He opens the door for her.

SADIE (CONT'D)
I never did two at a time before.

She slips into the room.

NICK
Two pills? Me either.

INT. RENTAL LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Gwee watches as Nick and Sadie go to the room. He puts his arm around Haley and pulls her close so he can whisper.

GWEE
You know that treat you gave me
last night? I need another one.
Right now.

She pulls back a little, faces him.

HALEY
Right now? Do we have to?

GWEE
I asked you nicely, didn't I?
Let's go.

He stands and pulls her up. She is reluctant.

HALEY
Just a quickie, right?

They walk over to the first floor bathroom.

GWEE
Quick and rough. But I'll let you
borrow my knee pads.

He points to his football pants. Gwee swings the door open for her and shoves The Thriller, inside.

INT. BLUE BEDROOM, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Kourtney holds onto walls and sink for stability as she stumbles around.

She puts her drink on the counter, trips, and her wig lands in the dry tub. Laughing to herself, she puts it back on.

KOURTNEY
Why am I so wasted?

From her purse, Kourtney pulls out a small spray bottle of perfume. She puts a foot on the toilet and sprays under the gown...towards the sweet spot.

KOURTNEY (CONT'D)
That should do it.

As she struggles to pop the top back on the canister, it slips out of her hands and it lands in back of her. She turns to find it.

Kourtney is shocked to see it, at the bottom of the tub...which is now full of water. Confusion covers her face.

KOURTNEY (CONT'D)
Water? What the f--

She bends down, touches the water. A shadow...is seen on the wall behind her. Kourtney submerges her hand and reaches for the perfume bottle top.

Suddenly she is shoved from behind. Her body falls into the full tub.

Kourtney's vision is blurred by water in her eyes. She splashes around trying to get up, but cannot. Something...holds her under.

As she struggles for her life, Kourtney sees cryptic hands holding her down. Her scream is cut short as her head is held underwater. Soon...all movement ceases.

Now the killer is seen. Queenie looks like she just stepped out of her own grave. Although she wears a long dress from the pioneer days, some of her skin seems to be rotting.

Her dreadlocks cover most of her brown face, but her glowing eyes shine bright...and frightening.

Queenie turns from her victim and grabs her drink from the counter. She sips some, smiles. Drinks some more.

PRESTON (O.S.)
Hey, babe. You alright?

Queenie takes the glass in one hand, lifts her dress with the other and seems to pees in the drink.

The lights flicker on and off.

When the lights stabilize, Queenie has transformed into Kourtney.

KOURTNEY
Be right there, sweetie.

Turning to the mirror, she likes what she sees. She does sexy poses and giggles to herself.

Reaching into the water, she gets the perfume bottle, smells it, then sprays it where Kourtney did.

The drink is now stirred with her finger as she laughs. The drink turns black for a moment, then back to normal.

KOURTNEY (CONT'D)
Here I come...Babe.

INT. BLUE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Preston flexes in front of a mirror, shirtless. Body white, face black. He admires his R. Kelly cornrows as Kourtney/Queenie glides into the room, drink in hand.

KOURTNEY
Hey there sexy man. The kitty is already purring and ready for some...meat. Get over here.

Preston goes to her and gives her a passionate kiss. They sit on the bed.

PRESTON
You'll be the first nigger chick I gave the sausage to.

He laughs as she smiles back, but...her grin is spooky.

KOURTNEY
Nigger chick? I just love that sexy talk. Finish off my drink, honey. Then we can get started.

Preston takes it from her and chugs it down in a blink of an eye. She giggles.

They kiss again and go horizontal in bed. Preston caresses her, then he sweats and coughs.

PRESTON
I-I don't feel good.

His body starts to spasm. She cuddles closer.

KOURTNEY

Hold me, baby. Us nigger chicks
love that.

All the lights go out. When they come back on, Queenie has her body back. Preston's eyes are super wide.

She kisses him again as he struggles to avoid her. He tries to scream, but foam comes out of his mouth. His whole body shudders.

QUEENIE

Maybe you can find a new nigger
chick...in hell.

Queenie laughs, then rubs his cornrows. He dies.

INT. FIRST FLOOR BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sadie, stretched out across the bed on her stomach. She is topless. On his knees, Nick squirts oil onto his palm.

SADIE

I think I'm starting to feel the
Ludes now.

NICK

Sure looks like it from here. Wait
till you feel this.

He begins to rub her back. Sadie groans with pleasure.

INT. RENTAL LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Zippy marches through the room and looks angry. She speaks to Terry.

ZIPPY

Got to piss and some asshole has
been in there forever. I'm going
upstairs. Shit.

TERRY

I'll roll a doobie while you squat.

Terry is given the thumbs up as Zippy fast-walks towards the staircase.

EXT. UPSTAIRS BATHROOM - NIGHT

Zippy does the I-gotta-pee-pee-dance...knocks on the door. She listens, no response. Just as she grabs the knob...the lights go out.

ZIPPY

Really? Damn.

She takes out her cell phone to use for light.

INT. UPSTAIRS BATHROOM - NIGHT

Using the cell phone light, Zippy makes a beeline for the toilet. As she relieves herself, she sees that the wi-fi signal goes in and out.

ZIPPY

Hmm, that's strange.

She stands, flushes, straightens her clothes and heads back towards the door. Zippy looks at herself in the mirror, using the phone's light.

Something is written on the mirror. She tries to illuminate the words.

It reads...I'M EXCITED, DON'T KNOW WHY. MAYBE CUZ, YOU ALL ARE GONNA DIE...

ZIPPY (CONT'D)

Huh?

The lights suddenly come on. Tommy, still dressed as Prince, is seated in the corner. His throat...slit.

Zippy screams. She now sees that the words...were written in blood. She runs from the room...hysterical.

INT. RENTAL LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Gwee ushers Haley out of the downstairs bathroom as she repositions her wig. Gwee kisses her forehead.

GWEE

Get me a beer, would ya?

HALEY

Sure.

Just as she turns, she spits her sister, Zippy...in full sprint down the stairs - frightened to death.

ZIPPY

Haley, Haley. Dead. He's dead!

HALEY

What? Whose dead?

ZIPPY

Prince. He's dead.

GWEE

No shit, Sherlock.

ZIPPY

The other one. I'll show you. We have to do something.

She sobs on her sister's shoulder. Haley turns to Gwee.

HALEY

I'll go with her and be right back.

They march to the stairs, arm in arm. Zippy shudders.

GWEE

Hey, what about my beer?

Zippy flips him off.

EXT. UPSTAIRS BATHROOM - NIGHT

Almost hyperventilating, Zippy points to the bathroom door. Her dark-skinned Michael Jackson finger...trembles.

ZIPPY

He, his body. In the corner.

HALEY

Okay, stay close.

ZIPPY

Why didn't your faggot boyfriend come to help us? You need to dump him. Tonight.

HALEY

We'll talk later. Ready?

Zippy nods as more thunder rolls overhead. Haley turns the knob...swings open the door.

INT. UPSTAIRS BATHROOM - NIGHT

The girls step into a forensically clean bathroom. The mirror sparkles and is clear. No sign of a body or blood.

ZIPPY

No way. This-this...is crazy.

HALEY

Nothing here. Sure you didn't do
'shrooms tonight and forgot?

More thunder is heard as Zippy cuts her eyes at her sister.

ZIPPY

I'm not tripping. Dammit.

They look at each others reflection in the large mirror.
lightning flashes outside the window.

The power sputters, then goes out again. Darkness.

HALEY

Oh great.

As they both scramble for their phones...a dark mass rises
from behind them.

ZIPPY

Shit. This is what happened when I
saw him. I'm scared.

Haley gets her phone out first. The words are back on the
mirror. Zippy lets out a tiny scream.

HALEY

What? No way.

As they study the words, queenie floats up between them.
Covered in slime...her dreads move independently like the
snakes on medusa's head.

The sisters see her reflection...freeze. Breathless.

Screams are cut off abruptly as the braids wrap around their
throats...then, constrict.

Queenie picks them inches off the ground with the dreads, as
they squirm and struggle to breathe. Soon...they go limp.

Illuminated by two cell phone lights...dark and light skinned
Michael Jackson, lie motionless. Eyes wide open.

As the smart phones power down, the room goes back to darkness. Only the cackle of Queenie is heard.

INT. RENTAL LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The area, completely dark - the music, silenced. Cell phone lights come on. Some turn on the flashlight app.

GWEE

This sucks.

FELICITY

Damn storm.

Mulvaney gets up and walks towards the door.

MULVANEY

Got some high powered flashlights
in the truck. Be right back.

The door knob won't turn. He looks confused. Gwee smiles,
uses the remote key. Still locked. He frowns.

GWEE

Shit. The door must have an
electronic lock. Forget it.

URSULA

Now what?

RUDY

Might just be the fuse.

JIMBO

Buckwheat. Fuse box is usually in
the basement. Go check it out and
change it.

Stunned, Buckwheat looks around at them.

BUCKWHEAT

N-no, I'd rather n-not.

GWEE

Don't be a fucking baby. Go do it.
Take fat ass Terry with you.

TERRY

Fuck you, steroid freak. Why don't
you bloody grow some balls and go
down there?

GWEE

Whoa. Nothing personal. You guys are newbies. Rookies always do the grunt work at first. Zip-zap, you'll be back before you know it.

Terry rolls her eyes, then tries to stand up. Her legs wobble like they are rubber. She balances herself on a table.

TERRY

Damn. My legs feel like they are in cement.

GWEE

Nice walk is good for you. Get that cardio going.

Buckwheat rushes to her, steadies her by the arm.

BUCKWHEAT

L-leave her alone. We got t-this.

They maneuver towards the door of the basement.

MULVANEY

Hurry up before my phone dies. I'm a business man.

INT. CELLAR - NIGHT

Buckwheat and Terry hold hands as they descend down the stairs. The flashlight app is bright, but the darkness is thick. They reach the bottom and Terry hugs him tight.

BUCKWHEAT

Hopefully it's c-close. You okay?

TERRY

Yeah. Thanks for caring. I'm not wild about how these jerks treat us both. Sometimes I get so mad.

BUCKWHEAT

M-me too.

After a moment of eye to eye, they kiss.

TERRY

Whew. That was nice. Hey, where is that bloody light coming from?

The glow of outside street lights can be seen through an old window -- on the far side of the basement.

BUCKWHEAT

M-must be for the root cellar.
Come, it's s-spooky down here.

There is much clutter. Terry stumbles over some boxes and almost falls.

TERRY

Sorry, just so tired. Can barely
walk. Don't get it.

The light from the phone lands on the fuse box.

BUCKWHEAT

There it is. Here, hold the l-light
for me.

Buckwheat fiddles with the fuse box. She looks at him with affection.

The sound of boxes, overturned, is heard behind her. She swings the light around in fear. Sees nothing. Big exhale.

TERRY

Did you hear that?

BUCKWHEAT

Turn the light b-back this way.
Almost g-got it.

As she swings it back around, she spots something that hangs from the ceiling near Buckwheat. A rope? He screws in the fuse. The lights come on.

Horror is on Terry's face. Behind him is a huge figure in a KKK outfit.

She points and moves her jaw, but no sound comes out of her mouth. Finally...

TERRY

D-d-dude.

BUCKWHEAT

Thank you...is just f-fine, babe.

Buckwheat smiles, then sees the rope. It is a noose.

The huge Klansman grabs Buckwheat and puts the rope around his neck. The noose magically rises higher, until Buckwheat is suspended, legs kicking wildly.

QUEENIE
(deep voice)
Blackface? Really? You want to be
a nigger? Allow me.

Terry falls off the crate and runs to the stairs on her rubbery legs. She stumbles. Wide eyes search behind her.

Buckwheat is limp. His body swings. She screams...then hauls ass up the stairs...terrified.

INT. RENTAL LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The basement door swings open, Terry bursts through.
Drenched in sweat - scared to death.

GWEE
Good job on the lights.

JIMBO
Was that you screaming?

Terry struggles to speak.

TERRY
He, Buck, hung him, dead...dead.

She moves a chair in front of the basement door.

URSULA
What? Girl, you lost it. Where's
Buckwheat?

She falls to her knees and starts to weep.

TERRY
I think. I think he's dead.

More sobbing. Jimbo goes to her and helps her up.

JIMBO
It's Halloween. He's probably just
fucking with you. Come with me. Lay
down and tell me all about it.

He winks at Gwee.

TERRY
I'm so tired. That sounds good.
But, Buckwheat...

JIMBO

Gwee would be happy to check that out, right my nigga?

GWEE

You bet.

JIMBO

Let's go. You need rest and all of this will make sense later.

She nods and the two trod to the stairs.

MULVANEY

It is kinda strange that Buckwheat didn't come back yet. But I'm not going in that basement for nothing.

GWEE

I hear you, bro. Hey, has anyone seen my bitch lately?

URSULA

Has anyone used their phone lately? I'm not getting any signal at all. It's frigging dead.

As she shows her comatose phone, others check, same issue.

RUDY

This muthafucking storm can kiss my black ass.

LANCE

Fuck, we have hurricanes where I come from. This ain't shit. Just hold up in here. We'll be fine.

Mulvaney gets up from his seat.

MULVANEY

I ain't playing, yo. I'm getting my shotgun from the truck just in case we have a zombie apocalypse.

OTTER

I'm getting mine too.

Both guys go to the door. They can't open it.

GWEE

I got you.

Gwee takes out the remote and points it at the door. The indicator light comes on but the door will not open.

MULVANEY
What the fuck? Still?

LANCE
That happens to the new houses
sometimes. Windows might be locked
down too.

Ursula walks over to Mulvaney and pulls him to the side, then whispers to him.

URSULA
Let's get a room quick before they
fill up. Ride out the storm while I
ride you.

MULVANEY
Best idea of the night.

INT. YELLOW BEDROOM - NIGHT

On her back, passed out, Terry snores and drools. Jimbo also drools, but for a different reason. Cosby sweater off, he tries to strip Terry of her balloon suit, but struggles.

JIMBO
Damn, bitch. Why couldn't you just
wear a skirt tonight?

Unknown to Jimbo, Queenie slides out from under the bed. He doesn't see her, suddenly she knocks him off of Terry.

JIMBO (CONT'D)
What the--

Queenie gets on top of him on the bed as he tries to free himself. She is slime covered and smiles at him through jagged teeth.

He is muted when her rotted hand is held over his mouth. Terry does not stir.

QUEENIE
Gonna sling that dick, huh? Momma
wanna see what you got. How about
something to loosen you up first?

She reaches in his pocket, pulls out the Ludes and smiles. Queenie stuffs the contents into his mouth as he struggles. She covers his nose till he swallows them.

QUEENIE (CONT'D)
Oh, you're a fighter, huh? Love it.
How's about a kiss, bitch?

Her dark, rotted tongue extends out and she French kisses him as he tries to avoid her. As her tongue, mops his face - he becomes weaker and fights back less.

QUEENIE (CONT'D)
Now you know how it feels. Raping
bitches still funny? You gotta a
sweet face, sugar. You hungry?

Languid and helpless, Jimbo watches as she stands over him. She lifts her dress, then sits on his face.

Muffled sounds are heard as he tries to breathe.

She grinds and rides on his face like it was a stable horse. Finally, Jimbo's body goes limp.

Queenie cackles and dismounts. Green goo covers his face.

Next to the corpse, Terry sleeps sound. Queenie kisses her cheek and smiles.

QUEENIE (CONT'D)
Later, my sweet. Your time will
come.

INT. RENTAL LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Gwee, Lance, Ernie and Irving join Otter and his Wu-Tang Clan as they try to find a window that will open. None do.

OTTER
This is fucked up.

GWEE
That's this room. Let's split up so
we can cover the whole house. And
if you see my bitch, tell her I
want to see her, now.

ERNIE
Me, Gwee and Lance can check out
the rest of the ground floor.
Irving, maybe you can join Otter
and the boys as you check upstairs.

'Ray' Irving, nods, then dashes into the kitchen.

GWEE

Good idea, Ern. Where is he going?

As he re-enters the room, it is seen that Irving carries a cache of kitchen knives. He passes them out.

IRVING

We can use these to pry open windows, or self-defense...if it's needed.

OTTER

You've been watching too many Michael Meyers movies, dude.

LANCE

Yeah, you can't stab a storm, dummy. Hey, Rudy. You can join us. Come on.

Rudy puts his arm around Felicity.

RUDY

My girl here, she's a little freaked out by all this. I'll stay with her for now.

OTTER

Nigga, please. Fine. Let's leave Mister Pussy-whipped with the womenfolk. In the meantime, we can save the day.

The men take off in different directions, leaving Rudy and Felicity in the living room alone.

RUDY

Some party, huh?

Felicity runs her fingers across his chest.

FELICITY

We can have a party of our own. You got a big nigga dick that matches that face, player?

RUDY

I sho' does. What say we snatch up a room and do some, boom-boom.

They giggle and kiss.

FELICITY
Let's go. I have a special treat
for you.

They prance to the stairs together.

INT. FIRST FLOOR BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nick and Sadie are under the sheets and seem to be naked.

SADIE
That was a good one. You need to
jigaboo-up, more often.

NICK
(sings)
*Mammy / How I love you, how I love
you. / My dear sweet Mammy.*

She giggles and kisses him.

SADIE
I love you too, my little, Sambo.
What you say we take a nap before
going back to the party.

He cuddles close to her and closes his eyes.

NICK
I'm with you, sister girl. I just
hope them niggas is behaving.

INT. RENTAL KITCHEN - NIGHT

Ernie tries to open the windows. They won't budge.

ERNIE
Fuck this. I need a beer.

He goes to the fridge, hears a sound inside of it. Ernie
studies the door curiously. As he is about to touch
it...dishes crash to the floor, shatter behind him. He jumps.

ERNIE (CONT'D)
Shit. Damn near scared the black
off of me.

Ernie chuckles to himself as he opens the refrigerator door.
His mouth drops. An attractive blonde stares back at him.

The SWEDISH GIRL (20'S) does not look happy. She swings
something at him and just misses. It is a golf club.

SWEDISH GIRL
 (Swedish accent)
 You cheat on me again? You think
 I'm stupid? Huh?

She swings again, but gets his shoulder this time.
 Bewildered, he grimaces in pain.

ERNIE
 Ouch. Stop it. Who the hell are
 you?

The woman turns to the side and pulls out THE MASTER'S GOLF
 TROPHY. She smashes it at his feet.

SWEDISH GIRL
 (Swedish accent)
 You had so many whores that you
 don't know your wife anymore?

The golf club smashes into the side of his head. Then another
 to the gut. He stumbles backwards.

ERNIE
 No. No. I'm not him. This is just
 make-up and--

Another whack comes. This time to the jaw. Several teeth fly
 through the air. Blood runs out of his mouth.

ERNIE (CONT'D)
 Stop. Crazy bitch.

Her eyes get big. She advances towards him as he back-
 peddles. He tries to ward her off with his hands.

She swings, hits his fingers. They break instantly and lay to
 the side in hideous fashion. The groin is next.

Ernie falls to his knees. He starts to hyperventilate from
 the pain and cannot scream.

Looking down, he notices he is in sand. As he struggles,
 Ernie feels himself sink into the floor. The Swedish girl
 stands above him.

SWEDISH GIRL
 (Swedish accent)
 Crazy bitch? Yah. I kill you? Yah
 yah. Sand trap.

The quicksand is up to Ernie's chest.

ERNIE

No. No please. Why?

The Swedish girl spins around. When she faces Ernie again, it is Queenie. Terror...in the dying man's eyes.

Queenie takes her rotted finger and rubs the shoe polish off of his cheek, then puts it in his face.

QUEENIE

This. This is why.

Queenie cackles as Ernie sinks deeper...then disappears.

INT. GREEN BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mulvaney and Ursula of the Nile, enter the room, lovey-dovey. Ursula plops on the bed and checks the firmness.

URSULA

Well, it's better than MOTEL 6,
anyway. Hope there's no bedbugs.

Mulvaney in Lil Wayne costume, looks around, then smiles.

MULVANEY

Much better than MOTEL 6. Look at
that. Nice. Coke for the queen.

He points to the night-stand. Lines on a mirror are already set up.

URSULA

It's about time these losers hook
you up. You supply them all the
time. Hurry and snort that up so
you can snort this up.

Sensual...she rubs between her legs, then winks at him.

Mulvaney holds back his Lil Wayne dreads as he bends over and snorts it up. He rubs his nose with ferocity.

MULVANEY

Whew. Good burn. Peruvian I think.

Ursula uses her finger to motion him to the bed. She starts to take off her Egyptian outfit. Heavy kissing and petting. He is on top of her. Grinding is added.

URSULA

Ew, what's that?

Mulvaney looks down to see his nose is bleeding.

MULVANEY
Occupational hazard from loving the
nose candy, boo.

They go back to making out. Blood now flows hard and runs down on Ursula's face. He coughs.

Now blood comes from his mouth. Mulvaney has a seizure. His eyes roll back as his body convulses. In moments, his body goes limp.

Ursula tries to scream but his dead weight on her chest makes even breathing a chore. She struggles to get his body off of her but cannot.

A figure comes into view on the side of the bed. Someone in an EXTERMINATOR outfit.

EXTERMINATOR
(Queenie's voice)
Love this place but lots of
varmints running around here. Seen
my rat poison? Had it on the night-
stand, here.

Terrified, Ursula tries her best to dislodge the dead man and get free. To no avail.

EXTERMINATOR (CONT'D)
Oops. Guess I should have labeled
it, but cocaine is poison too, no?

URSULA
Help me. Please.

EXTERMINATOR
I am here to serve you my African
queen. Only thing I hate worse than
rats is snakes. Seen any,
Cleopatra?

Ursula grunts and moans as she tries to roll Mulvaney's corpse off of her.

EXTERMINATOR (CONT'D)
Oh, I see one, hold still.

As Ursula looks to the side, a viper is inches from her face. Her scream is cut short as the viper strikes her throat and digs its fangs in.

EXTERMINATOR (CONT'D)
Girl, I told you not to move.

The venom spreads quick, as seen on her face. She dies, eyes wide open.

Exterminator's hood, removed. Queenie stares down at fake Lil' Wayne and Cleopatra and cackles.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - NIGHT

Gwee enters. Lance follows behind him in the wedding dress. They flick on the light.

GWEE
This room looks older than the
other part of the house.

Lance goes to a door leading to the garage, tries it. Locked, but the door is old and non-electric.

LANCE
I think we can bust down this door
if we have to.

GWEE
Let's try that window first so Nick
can keep his security deposit.

Gwee dashes over to the window but reach over the dryer. He tugs at the window. It jiggles. Gwee smiles.

LANCE
Alright, my nigga. We got this
shit, huh?

Smiling back, Gwee pulls his kitchen knife. He chops at the edges to loosen it up. Knife in hand, he shoves the Window and it goes up. Wind blown rain, splashes in his face. He sticks his head outside...yells with exuberance....

GWEE
Yeah, my nigga. Yeah, my nigga.

Suddenly, the knife is yanked from him. Gwee's body jerks.

He turns to the side and Lance, horrified that his throat has been slit open...Number 32 on his OJ gear, covered in red.

Blood squirts out with force, getting on Lance's wedding dress. Rotted brown arms, grab Gwee under the armpits.

Queenie peers into the laundry room from outside. Her rain-soaked, hideous face stares at Lance.

QUEENIE

Yeah, my nigga. Yeah, my nigga.

She cackles loud. Lance presses himself against the opposite wall, petrified.

LANCE

Jesus. No.

In one smooth motion, Queenie pulls the beefy, football player through the window, backwards. The only thing left behind are blood stains.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Holy fuck.

Lance tries the door again. Knob won't turn. As tears of fear form in his eyes, he puts his shoulder into it. On the third time, the door gives way.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Lance stumbles into the garage, almost falls down. Some of his dress catches on the splinters of the door, rips. Pale legs underneath are revealed. He is frantic. The garage door button doesn't open it up.

He puts an old chair, a tire and a wheelbarrow in front of the door as a barricade.

Lance tries several hiding spots, then settles on a shadowy area near the garden tools. Eyes wide, he tries to sink deeper in the darkness.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALL - NIGHT

Irving comes out of the upstairs bathroom and greets Otter and his crew.

IRVING

That window is locked too. Like Lance said, maybe we should just get high and ride it out. After the storm, it should be normal.

OTTER

Right. Let's just get some dope from Mulvaney and wait it out. You seen him?

The sound of footsteps and sniffing is heard. All look to the ceiling.

IRVING

You hear that snorting sound? I gotta a feeling our boy is in the attic.

OTTER

I hear you. Me and the boys will check it out, get this party going again. Think you can check the windows in the rooms, just in case?

IRVING

No problem. Meet you downstairs.

The Wu Tang Clan walks towards the attic stairs. Ray Charles goes down the hall. He tries some doors but they are locked.

The next one he comes to, he hears the sound of someone having sex. He turns the knob, peeks in.

Tupac and Simone Biles, grind and churn against the wall. Rap music plays on Rudy's phone. Irving removes his Ray Charles glasses to see better. His grin, devilish.

Suddenly, long fingers wrap around his throat from the back. Irving's eyes bulge.

Jerked backwards, he's shoved against the opposite wall.

Irving comes face to face with...Queenie. As he gasps for breath, her grip on his throat tightens.

QUEENIE

What you doing, boy? That's nasty.
That's okay...so am I.

Queenie sticks out her extra long, discolored tongue. She licks the side of Irving's face as he squirms to turn his head away. Her free hand rubs his crotch.

IRVING

No.

QUEENIE

Don't you wanna be my nigga? I got that 'ILL nana', baby boy.

IRVING

No, please. No.

A fake frown, worn by Queenie, as she accepts the fake broken heart. She removes the groping hand.

QUEENIE

It's okay, Ray. Really...I like you better as a blind man, anyway.

With her free hand, she makes a peace sign. The two extended fingers suddenly grow long nails.

Queenie moves them in front of his eyes...jams them in each socket. Blood streams down Irving's cheeks. Fingertips poke out of the back of his head

The gut wrenching sound of his eyes being extracted from his face is heard. Bloody orbs, impaled on the long nails.

She lets his dead body drop. Then puts both eyeballs in her mouth and chews. Sounds of teeth on tissue is heard.

INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

Otter and his crew of five use their cell phones to locate the light switch. A naked bulb, flickers on. They hear a someone. Grunts, the sound of metal, as it scrapes the floor.

OTTER

Mulvaney? You here?

Rather than their Ivy League drug dealer, they hear a female voice in response.

GIRL (O.S.)

Thank God. Help. I'm over here.

The guys look among themselves, perplexed. Foraging farther, they see a teenage, African American GIRL (16) who is attractive, clothes ripped. They stop in their tracks.

OTTER

Holy shit. What's going on here?

A few steps closer, they see tears on her face and one leg shackled to a metal beam.

GIRL

Help me, please. Junkies. They kidnapped me and brought me here. Did horrible things to me, several days. They ran when you guys came.

OTTER

Wow. So you're a sex slave?

She looks down and sobs.

GIRL

The important thing is that now I'm saved. Thank you so much. My clothes are over there. Could you toss them to me?

One of the crew goes towards the clothes, but Otter tugs him back. He gets closer to the girl.

OTTER

Hey, look, we'll let you go, for sure. But...your'e awful pretty, maybe you could show some appreciation to me and the boys.

GIRL

What do you mean? And why do you have that make-up on?

OTTER

We just some bros, looking for hoes. And I think we found a good one...here, huh boys.

The girl scoots back from them, fear in her voice.

GIRL

I thought you would save me. You're gonna rape me too?

OTTER

That's an ugly word. It's just an opportunity to show gratitude that we let you go. It's better if you don't fight it. You won't win.

The frightened demeanor of the girl suddenly changes. She giggles. The snickers, turns into Queenie's cackle.

GIRL

Bad mistake, snake. Someone's gettin fucked...but it won't be me.

OTTER

And how are you gonna stop us?

She pulls over a beaten up coffee can full of old nails. She pulls a long one out, holds it as a weapon. The guys laugh.

GIRL

I'm warning you.

OTTER

That's not a weapon, stupid bitch.
But this is.

He pulls a switchblade out and smiles. The girl acts scared, then laughs.

GIRL

Sissy boy. So evil. I never said it
was a weapon. It's a magic wand.
And I'm about to face fuck you
all...to death.

OTTER

Now you're talking. Bring it on,
hoe. We like it rough.

She points the long nail at each guy individually. Her eyes change. Nails in the coffee can rattle.

GIRL

My name ain't hoe...Wigger. But I
will make sure you learn my proper
name -- for eternity.

Nails from the coffee can fly out of the container like a swarm of bees.

They go right for the heads of the would-be rapists. One by one they penetrate their foreheads...all fall backwards on the floor.

The girl transforms into Queenie. Shackles fall off, then goes to inspect her craftsmanship. The letter 'Q' has been formed by the nails in Otter's forehead. The guy next to him has the letter, "U".

All together the name, QUEENIE...spelled out by combining all nail-penetrated heads. She cackles in delight.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Lance, hidden in the darkness. The sound of something rolling, gets his attention.

He sticks his head out of the shadows to see a hockey puck, on its side, wheeling over to him. It stops, falls flat in front of him.

On the opposite wall, a mist bellows. Out of the fog, TEN AFRICAN AMERICANS of various ages...step forward.

Lance cringes in fear, tries to scoot back farther in the darkness. They point directly at him.

LANCE

W-Who are you?

They smile back. Suddenly, it becomes bitter cold. Frost forms on objects around him. Scared, he breathes harder. His breath is seen as temps drops.

Out of the mist, skates a HOCKEY PLAYER in full uniform.

Lance glances down, the floor is now a sheet of ice. After the hockey player skates, he abruptly stops in front of Lance...ice from the blades, shower the fake Dennis Rodman.

He tries to stand, but slips down hard on his butt.

QUEENIE

(behind the mask)

Them?...They ain't nothing but
hockey pucks. Remember?

He looks over at the people again, but in their place are black hockey pucks.

LANCE

What? How--

QUEENIE

(behind mask)

I think it's time to get
reacquainted.

Queenie flips off her helmet to show her rotted face and scraggly teeth as she smiles at him.

The pucks are lined up. Queenie winds up and delivers a slap-shot to Lance's face. His nose explodes, blood gushes.

LANCE

Stop. Godammit.

Slap-shot after slap-shot slam into his body and head. Lance tries to fend them off in his wedding dress, as he slips and slides. Queenie's eyes glow as she unloads the power shots. One puck is left.

QUEENIE

What you did in the hood wasn't
nigger hockey...but this is. This
one...is for the old lady today.

LANCE
No. No, let me go.

Queenie stomps on the puck. Blades spring out of the sides of it. She winds up.

QUEENIE
This is called...the Penalty Shot.

LANCE
Nooo.

POW. The weaponized puck hurtles at Lance with velocity.

He puts his hand up to guard his face. The blade goes through his hand and pins HIS PAW to his forehead.

It appears like a salute. His body collapses into sitting position. Queenie salutes back--Then cackles loud.

INT. BLUE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Felicity, as Simone Biles, performs sexy floor gymnastics on the bed to hip-hop music.

Shirtless Rudy, drains a 40oz beer from the bottle and grins.

RUDY
Work it, girl. Yeah.

FELICITY
Ever see topless gymnastics?

RUDY
If it existed, I'd make myself a judge. Olympics needs that.

FELICITY
Hey 2pac. All eyes on me.

She sways to the music, then strips. Boobs city. He smiles.

RUDY
Gorgeous tits, babe. Maybe you should have put shoe polish on them too. You got white jugs and a jet black body.

They laugh. Rudy takes out dollar bills and makes it rain, over her body. Felicity rubs her breasts against his chest as she goes in close. She squeals.

FELICITY
You like that, daddy?

Rudy pulls her close and they kiss. Next, he then puts his 2PAC...golden, gun medallion around her neck.

RUDY
Yeah, baby. And that is how much I do. You get the gold medal.

FELICITY
Sexy, awesome and rich. That's how I like my man.

She giggles with joy and does a pirouette normally...then spins faster and faster. Rudy loves it.

RUDY
That's wild.

FELICITY
But-but, it's not me.

Queenie appears from no where. All slimy and with rotted skin, but she wears...a ballet tutu.

She spins Simone. Rudy jumps back, drops his beer.

QUEENIE
It's us. And I agree, those boobs should be black.

Suddenly, dark veins stretch across Felicity's breasts. They wither and turn black like rotted meat. The couple screams.

RUDY
No, no. Stop.

FELICITY
Leave me alone, bitch.

QUEENIE
Let's see more gymnastics, my sweet.

Queenie makes her do several back-flips. Then the fake Olympian slams the back of her head into the wall, hard. She slides down the wall leaving a red streak behind her head.

In a flash, Queenie, in tutu, sits on the floor underneath Felicity as she slides down the wall. Felicity lands in front of her, in her lap - dead.

QUEENIE (CONT'D)
I have to take off points for that
dismount.

RUDY
You ugly fucking demon. I'll kill
you, bitch.

Queenie rubs her lips on the back of Felicity's bloody head.

QUEENIE
Ugly? That hurts. Do I look cuter
in lipstick?

She flutters her eyes, flashes her sexiest smile, over jagged
teeth. Rudy backs up quick.

RUDY
Fuck you. Get away from me. This
can't be real.

QUEENIE
I get it. Breast man, huh?

Felicity's rotted breasts swell in size. Queenie, behind her,
grips them with both cryptic hands.

She squeezes the huge, but grizzly boobs and a stream of goo
spews out of the nipples, onto Rudy's bald, 2pac head.

He screams. Rudy breaks his beer bottle and gets in defensive
stance.

RUDY
You wanna get dramacidal, bitch?
Bring it.

QUEENIE
Lactose intolerant? Poor baby.

RUDY
You ain't leaving this bitch alive,
you crazy hoe.

QUEENIE
Already dead, Makavelli -- and
you're gonna join me.

He steps to her like he is ready to strike. She takes the gun
medallion off Felicity. It is tiny but she holds it sideways
like a gangsta.

QUEENIE (CONT'D)
Oh, so you want to be Thug Life?
That right nigga? I got something
for you.

Rudy winds up to slice her with the broken bottle.

RUDY
It's not a real gun, stupid.

Just before Rudy makes contact, she shoots him several times...with his own jewelry.

He back-peddles, examines his torso. Three huge bullet holes...squirt blood runs. His face, bewildered.

QUEENIE
Real enough, my nigga. Huh?

Rudy touches the bloody wounds, stunned with disbelief, then falls over dead.

INT. YELLOW BEDROOM - NIGHT

Terry, asleep. Jimbo's body, vanished. Gunshots. Terry stirs awake. She scans the area.

TERRY
What was that? How did I get here?
Shit, I'm missing the party.

She jumps off of the bed and speeds towards the door.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALL - NIGHT

As Terry dashes to the stairs, she stops.

TERRY
Hey, where is the music?

She passes all the open bedroom doors. No one is there.

TERRY (CONT'D)
That's strange.

INT. RENTAL LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Terry trudges through the abandoned party spot. Empty beer cans and booze bottles litter the area, but no people.

TERRY

What the fuck. Those assholes
better not have left me here.

She goes to the window, checks outside. Vehicles are still
parked in the driveway. Confusion. Terry goes to the couch to
figure it out.

INT. FIRST FLOOR BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nick and Sadie, fast asleep. Knocks on the door, stir them.
Sadie's eyes flutter open. She shakes Nick awake...shouts to
the door.

SADIE

Just a minute.

NICK

What?

SADIE

Somebody is at the door. I'm not
dressed.

NICK

Okay. Alright, just a sec.

Nick puts on his pants under the sheets, then goes to the
door. He opens it and Terry is there...relieved to see him.

TERRY

Thank God you guys are still here.

NICK

What do you mean?

TERRY

Everyone's cars are here, but I
can't find a soul.

NICK

What? Oh, bet they are trying to
scare you. It's Halloween, right?

TERRY

Could you help me find them? This
place is kinda spooky.

He turns to Sadie.

SADIE

Hi, Terry. Give us a minute. We'll
be right there.

INT. RENTAL KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sadie takes water bottles from the fridge, passes them out.

NICK
Not upstairs, not downstairs.
Where did they go?

SADIE
Got it. I bet it was a food run.

TERRY
They bloody better bring something
back for me. I'm starved.

NICK
I wonder which cars they took.
That's a lot of people.

INT. RENTAL LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The ladies follow Nick to the door. It won't open. He takes out the remote. Still, won't budge.

SADIE
The door won't open?

TERRY
Yeah, that storm made the lights go
nuts earlier. Me and Buckwheat--

Suddenly her face goes pale. Terry drops her water.

NICK
What?

Panic sweeps over Terry.

TERRY
How could I forget?

NICK
Jimbo slipped you some Ludes.
Sorry. Very bad for memory.

TERRY
You let him drug me?

Terry punches him in the chest.

NICK
I found out later. What about
Buckwheat?

She sits on the couch and sobs.

TERRY

He's dead. I saw him die. No one
believed me.

Nick and Sadie look at each other, fear rises.

NICK

Let me try to call the others.

Nick takes out his phone. It is dead. He shows the girls.
They take out theirs too. All dead.

SADIE

I think we need to get out of here.
And quick.

Nick goes to a window. Stuck. So are the other two he tries.
Frustration builds. The storm continues.

NICK

How the fuck do we get out of here?

TERRY

There was a window for the root
cellar in the basement. It looked
old. Probably not electric.

NICK

Grab your shit and let's go.

INT. CELLAR - NIGHT

Nick leads the way as Terry and Sadie follow. Sadie grips her
Serena Williams tennis racket.

The window for the root cellar is on the opposite wall. Lots
of furniture and boxes are between the three and the window.

NICK

Looks like we have to climb over
this crap. Be careful.

They trek over and around the clutter. Terry, chunky, sweats
like hell, especially in the Missy Elliott outfit.

TERRY

I wish I wasn't so damn fat. This
is bloody torture.

Queenie appears next to Terry in outrageous Richard Simmons workout gear, with wig. Bubbly and bouncy. Nick and Sadie almost fall down in shock.

QUEENIE

You wanna get skinny sister? Let me help. Suck in that belly, girl.

The Missy Elliot outfit constricts around her. She farts many times, then barfs. Terry falls down, convulses. Her friends back away.

She vomits blood. It also comes out of her nose and ears. The area around her butt expands with a huge pile of poop. Now dead, she is finally skinny.

NICK

Holy shit. That's Queenie. Run.

Nick takes Sadie's hand and drags her closer to the window. Almost there, they stop in their tracks. Sadie tears up and turns away as Nick's eyes bulge.

In front of them, piled atop each other...is their crew. Mouths agape, some eyes, still open. A puddle of blood has formed at the base of the heap of corpses. Sadie screams.

SADIE

Oh God. They're all dead.

NICK

Holy shit. Cry later. To get out, we have to climb over the bodies.

SADIE

I can't. Look at them.

NICK

We have to. Or we'll join them. I'll push from behind. Go!

Through sobs, Sadie climbs. Nick, right behind her. Squishy sounds are heard as they step on bloody carcasses of their buddies.

Sadie uses her tennis racket to help pull herself up. She finally reaches the window and pounds it open, with the tennis racket.

A breeze blows inside, rain is minimal. Freedom. Sadie struggles to get out. Suddenly, Queenie is there.

QUEENIE

Here, let me help you with that.

She grabs the tennis racket.

SADIE

No, please.

QUEENIE

What got in your head that made you
think Blackface is funny? Hmm?
Let's take a look.

Queenie puts both hands around the handle and cracks down hard on Sadie's head with the tennis racket. Nick, frozen in horror.

NICK

No. Sadie. Oh God.

Nick, too shocked to move, is wide eyed as Queenie parts the skull...then puts her hand in Sadie's skull.

She pulls out his lover's brain. She studies it close, as blood drips.

EXT. QUEENIE'S LAND - NIGHT

Nick, devastated, squirms over the bodies in a flash, then slips out of the window. He falls down, in fear and shock.

QUEENIE

Looks alright to me, how about you?
I wonder where the problem is.

Queenie takes a bite out of the brain. Cranial juice and blood runs down her chin. She chews the gray matter up.

QUEENIE (CONT'D)

Not bad, care for a bite?

Nick gets to his feet and runs off. He screams...

NICK

Help! Somebody...Please.

Queenie cackles.

AFTER-LIFE SEQUENCE

EXT. QUEENIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Queenie suddenly materializes on her old property before it was raided by killers. Her body, restored to youthfulness. She seems bewildered.

QUEENIE

What?...How'd I get here?

YATES (O.C.)

I asked the universe to kindly set up a meeting.

She spins around. On the porch, old man Yates occupies a rocking chair. He grins and waves.

QUEENIE

Mista Yates? I don't understand.

He points to an empty rocking chair, nearby. On the table between the chairs, a pitcher of an icy cold refreshment.

YATES

Howdy, Queenie. Mosey on over and take a load off. You been working up a god-awful thirst. Have a taste of the best damn lemonade libation this side of the pearly gates.

QUEENIE

Uh, okay. Thank you.

Still puzzled, she saunters over, takes the unoccupied seat and reaches for the pitcher.

YATES

Hold up, sister. Would sure 'nuff please me to no end...to serve you, for once.

Before she can respond, he fills her glass. She sips...the joy from her taste-buds, shows on her face.

QUEENIE

Daggummit. That sure hit the spot, much appreciated. I was kinda busy. What did you—

YATES

I needs a favor, Miss Queenie. That young-un, Nick...He's one of my kin, down the line. It'd be right kindly of you to spare him.

(MORE)

YATES (CONT'D)

Boy is a born leader, could do great things. Just needs...an attitude adjustment.

QUEENIE

He's a big mouth, hating-ass, bully right now. The path he's on, will lead to him being another racist with tons of money, who wants to humiliate my people and make them suffer. Might even wipe them out.

Yates grimaces.

YATES

I reckon you're right as rain 'bout that. But...YOU can change him. When I was his age, I was a miserable cuss, too. Turned out, I didn't learn right from wrong till I was a gray-beard.

He leans towards her.

YATES (CONT'D)

You helped me see the light. I'm fixin' to ask you to try and turn his hateful ass around, so he don't waste years...like I did.

The eyes of Yates, near tears. As Queenie takes another sip. Her face shows that her mind races. She exhales...

QUEENIE

That there's gonna be a mighty big tribulation, turning that mule around. But hey, I owe you one. I'll do it...but - it might not be pretty.

He smiles wide. They both clink glasses.

YATES

Righteous. Had me a hankering that being purdy ain't on the menu. He done been a bad boy. Reckon I'm okay with that. I'm 'bout to fall over myself in deep appreciation, Miss Queenie.

QUEENIE

I can't force him. What I'll do...is give him a choice.

YATES
Fair enough.

BACK TO SCENE

EXT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT

Hysterical, Nick runs to his shiny Mustang and fumbles with the keys as he tries to get in.

A spotlight hits him, then he notices the red and blue lights from the police car that shines the light.

An OFFICER gets out and struts towards him. The service revolver is drawn...aimed at Nick.

OFFICER
Hands up. You heard me. On your knees, boy. Now.

Afraid, Nick complies, kneels in the dirt on the side of the road. The cop comes up to him.

OFFICER (CONT'D)
What you doing in this neighborhood, boy? Trying to steal that car? Huh? Face down. Now.

NICK
But the mud. I can't--

OFFICER
Do it or I blow your damn head off.

The gun is put in Nick's face. Again, he complies. He looks up as his chin hits the mud. The cop, now in the headlights, looks like Queenie with a beard, but in...WHITE-FACE?

A boot of the cop stomps on Nick's neck. The boot stays there, with force.

OFFICER (CONT'D)
I mean flat. You understand me, boy? What you doing here?

NICK
That's my car.

OFFICER

A Mustang? Come on, your broke
black ass is lucky to afford a
banana bike. Liar. I hate lying ass
coons.

The cop spits. A glob of mucus runs down the side of Nick's
face. He moves his head to wipe it off in the mud.

NICK

I'm not a nigger, dammit. Look at
my license. I'm a--

The other boot slams into Nick's jaw. Blood trickles. He
spits out a tooth.

OFFICER

I didn't ask for your sass. Shut
the fuck up.

NICK

I'm suing you for abuse. Think you
are God?

The officer uses the boot to roll Nick over. No sooner as he
on his back, than the officer lands on his chest. Knee first.
The barrel of the weapon, inches from his nose.

OFFICER

You people get me sick. You gonna
sue me from the grave? Huh? Try
something. Go ahead.

NICK

Please. Please. Don't.

OFFICER

There you go, telling me what to
do. You asked if I think I'm God?
What do you think, nigger?...Am I
God. Huh? Speak up.

NICK

But I didn't do anything.

OFFICER

I caught you breaking into that
car. You resisted arrest. You tried
to take my gun. Somehow the damn
thing went off...Am I God?

NICK

(pleading)

Yes. Yes, you are God. Please.

The cop smiles. He gets up but keeps the gun pointed.

OFFICER
Wrong....I'm the devil himself.

The trigger is pulled, BOOM.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nick jolts up in the bed. His chest heaves. Sweat pours, as he scans his familiar surroundings. He falls backwards onto his soft pillow. After a moment, he laughs.

NICK
Ha. Just a dream.

He turns to the side. Queenie jumps from under the covers. Nick screams.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

An alarm clock goes off. Nick turns it off. He checks his bed for unwelcome visitors. None. He smiles. Nick jumps out of bed, then hears heavy breathing and moans.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Nick searches for the source of the sounds. His mom's door is open. He peeks inside.

She is naked, in a three-way with Deon...And Queenie. Nick freaks out.

NICK
No. No way.

His fingers wrap around a nearby hammer. Nick charges into the room.

INT. MOM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

At full sprint, Nick goes towards Queenie, raises the hammer. He swings.

NICK
Get away from that nigger, mom.

Queenie ducks. The hammer slams into his mom's temple....blood squirts. She falls over dead. Skull cracked.

Nick embraces her body and weeps bitterly as he rocks back and forth.

NICK (CONT'D)
Momma. No. No please.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

His eyes flutter awake through tears. Next to Nick, seated on the bed is his mom. He hugs her tight. Deon, by the door.

MOM
Nick. You okay? We heard you crying. Bad dream?

NICK
The worse I ever had.

MOM
Thank God you are okay. What's in the bag?

Mom picks it up, the contents spill out. The afro wig and photo of Al Jolson are spotted by her.

MOM (CONT'D)
What the hell is this shit?

NICK
Uh, just for a joke. Don't worry about it, Ma.

She stands, clearly emotional. Tears fall.

MOM
A racist? My son. My own son?
Dammit, I didn't raise a Nazi.
What the hell are you--

Mom grabs her chest, then falls to her knees...struggles to breathe. She collapses on her back. Nick, paralyzed.

Deon rushes over, does chest compressions. He checks her pulse. He shakes his head negatively. He glares at Nick...enraged.

DEON
Little fucker. How could you do this to her? I should stomp your little Nazi ass. You killed her.

NICK
No. Don't say that. No.

Nick falls to his knees and hugs his mom.

NICK (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, Ma. I'm so sorry. I'm
sorry, please. I'm sorry.

The room fades away...

EXT. HIGHWAY TO HELL - DAY

Nick and his mom land in another dimension. It seems like Dante's Inferno, all around. They are on a deserted, elevated expressway as flames flicker around them.

In shock, he glances over to his mother, who raises her arms for an embrace. Nick leans in.

Mom suddenly turns into Queenie. Her hands grip Nick's throat like a vice.

QUEENIE
Sorry? How sorry? You disrespectful
little shit?

Full grip on his throat, she stands to her feet, much taller than before...then picks him up. Nick's legs dangles inches from the ground as he squirms.

QUEENIE (CONT'D)
Look at you. You're smart, natural
leader and even sort of, charming?
But you spend your time on this
hateful, racist bullshit when you
could be a positive force. Why?

A tear falls from Nick as he gasps for breath. His face begs for mercy. She looks deep into his eyes.

QUEENIE (CONT'D)
I don't just protect my property, I
protect the nation it sits in.

His hands try to loosen her grip but it's no use.

QUEENIE (CONT'D)
What kinda future lies ahead for
this land with heartless brats like
you running it?

NICK
Please...

QUEENIE

I will spare your life. Only if you
want to change. If not, you can
join...Them.

She turns his head to the side. Horror on his face, as he
sees his friends dead in a pile. Puddles of blood surround
them. Mouths agape.

Now, he is shown his dead friend's bodies, burning in hell.

They scream and moan as flames, scorch their skin. Unceasing
agony on their faces. Nick cringes.

NICK

I understand. Please, please don't.
I'm sorry. I was horrible. I'll
change. I promise.

Queenie stares through his eye sockets into his mind. She
smiles. Her grip is released.

Nick falls onto the asphalt and struggles to breathe as he
backs away from her. Queenie bends down, eye to eye with him.
Serious as fuck.

QUEENIE

If you don't...I'll be back.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nick awakes crying. Mom stands over him. He hugs her tight.

MOM

Jesus, Nick. What's wrong?

Not sure he is awake this time, he pinches his skin. Mom and
Deon are confused.

NICK

I'm sorry, mom. I've been an
asshole, big time. I apologize to
you, Ma. You too, Deon. I'm going
to change. You watch.

MOM

Well, I'm happy to hear that. I
love you so much. I want you to be
a good man. And I know you are.

Nick hugs mom, and smiles at Deon.

NICK

I'm going out with Sadie tonight. I better get dressed.

Mom goes towards the door.

MOM

I'm always here for you if you need to talk. Anytime.

DEON

Me too. Anytime.

NICK

Thanks. That means a lot.

The adults leave the room and close the door. Nick grabs his phone. He sees several calls missed. He hits the speed dial. It rings.

SADIE

(over phone)

There you are. Where have you been? The party is about to start. You still picking me up?

NICK

Don't worry babe. I'll pick you up, but that party? Not into it anymore. I'll explain later. I'll get dressed and be right over.

EXT. NICK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

As Nick goes to his car, he takes the bag with the costume inside...slams it in the trash can.

INT. WHITE MUSTANG - NIGHT

The car is in the parking lot of a mall. Sadie sits next to him in the front seat, bouquet of roses in her lap. She glances over to Nick who is dressed to the nines.

SADIE

I'm not going to argue about you buying me roses and taking me on a spending spree on Halloween night, but I don't get it. Why?

NICK

I need to treat you better. Spend quality time.

Rain trickles fall, thunder rumbles overhead. His phone rings. He answers. Gwee is on Face-Time...in blackface - in an OJ Simpson jersey.

GWEE

Hey faggot, you gonna show up or what? We're getting loaded and waiting for your slave-ghost.

NICK

Not coming, bro. Look...the blackface thing is wrong. I...was wrong. Leave now. Bad vibes there.

The connection starts to break up. Gwee's image stutters and freezes up as they talk. More thunder rolls.

GWEE

Wow, you guys are going to miss it. Halloween, haunted house, lightning storm. What could be better?

NICK

Look. You guys need to get out of there. I think it's going to get, uh...Crazy soon. Please. Leave.

Gwee gets animated.

GWEE

No suh, massa boss man. We be getting our drank on. Us po' niggas be all up in the party. You needs ta drive over and--

The phone goes dead. Nick, terrified.

SADIE

Must be the storm.

NICK

No. No, it might be something else. From somewhere else.

Nick dials him back. It rings and rings. It is finally picked up. Silence. No picture comes up.

NICK (CONT'D)

Gwee? Gwee. Hey dude, say something. Say something, please.

Over the phone, he hears a cackle that is far too familiar to him. Nick...drops the phone.

SUPER - SUMMER, 2020

INT. LEXUS - DAY

Deon, in the driver's seat, twists his torso to face Nick in the backseat. The genesis of a beard enhances the young man's smile. Parking lot in the background.

DEON

Sure you have a ride home?

NICK

Yeah, thanks. Just have to find Sadie. I'm all good.

His mom in the front seat notices the warmth between them now. She turns to Nick.

MOM

My big boy, look at you. Ever since that horrible night, you have been, well, the man I wanted you to become.

NICK

It was a life changer.

His heavy exhale is audible.

DEON

Found them all stacked in the basement like that? Damn. I hope they catch those thugs soon.

NICK

They won't.

(beat)

I think I see Sadie. Got to go.
Thanks for the ride. Love ya both.

He slides out, closes the back-door. As they watch him pass the front of the car, his shirt has, BLACK LIVES MATTER, printed on the back.

Sadie steps from the huge and diverse crowd, then waves to him in her, SILENCE IS VIOLENCE, blouse. George Floyd posters, BLM banners and signs are held by multitudes as the protest swells.

A tear runs down the cheek of his mother as he disappears in the humanity.

MOM
(emotional)
I love that boy.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Not far from the Lexus...Up a mighty tree...A black, bushy tail wags back and forth.

The black cat it belongs to, has a thick branch to perch on, with a sky-view of the protest.

QUEENIE (V.O.)
I love him too. That boy gives me hope.
(beat)
Had to knock all of that evil shit out of him first. Ha. Now look at him.
(beat)
My job here -- is done.

The cat purrs, content. But the eyes. The eyes glow bright.

THE END