

THE MOTHERLAND UNDERGROUND

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EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Afternoon sunshine illuminates three very different women as they stroll.

LADY T (20s, Black), with shiny beads laced in her braids, contrast to her dark skin and smile that hints of high intelligence but low self-esteem.

The opposite of flashy, what sets her apart...a scar on her forehead. She does not try to cover it.

Next to her, an older woman, MAMA T, (60s, Black). Slightly chunky, but carries it well. Cloaked in African styles and iced up...her eyes show that she has seen more than most in her time.

On the end, with sagging pants, shaved hair and perma-snarl, stomps CHILLY (Late 20s - Black). Taller and wider than the other women, her gangsta vibe is strong.

SUPER - SEVERAL YEARS AGO

Lady T turns towards the older woman.

LADY T

So what did you think, Mama?
Watching THE COLOR PURPLE, worth
your time?

A few seconds lapse, as the right words are found.

MAMA T

The strength of a Black woman's
spirit is hard to capture in art,
but I liked it. You know...we come
from a long line of fearless
sisters.

LADY T

Superhero level. I could never do
what they did.

After a grunt, Chilly adds...

CHILLY

Me? I'd be stomping them punk-ass
men, on day one. Tom Boy style.

Mama T searches the parking area for their vehicle.

MAMA T

Violence draws attention. In our business, smarts and cleverness are more important than beat downs, Chilly. Remember that.

CHILLY

You're showing your age, Ma. It's a new time. You should step aside and let me take over.

Shades are slipped over Chilly's pierced nose as Mama T's side eye, pierce through her daughter's skull.

LADY T

Sister, if looks could kill, whew. You know Mama ain't going nowhere.

MAMA T

I'd be happy just to get home at this point. Where'd your thuggish ass park the car?

An unwashed CRACKHEAD (20s, Black) bumps into them going in the opposite direction.

CRACKHEAD

Stupid bitches. Watch where you're going. Godammit.

Chilly's demeanor gets dark, on a dime.

CHILLY

What the fuck did you call us?

CRACKHEAD

You deaf? I called you...bitches. Capital B. Keep your fat asses outta my way.

A Glock from Chilly's purse springs to life in the junkie's face. Chilly scowls, he backs up.

MAMA T

Put that away, girl. He ain't worth it.

CHILLY

Say it again and I'll blast you back into your momma's stank pussy.

CRACKHEAD

Fuck you and your dyke-ass friend.

MAMA T
Baby, don't do it. Please--

BOOM. Chilly squeezes the trigger several times. The junkie, blown backwards - goes down. One bullet ricochets off the car, behind what is left of the crackhead.

CHILLY
Come on, Ma. Let's get outta here.

Mama T falls to her knees. Chilly and her sister...stunned. Blood drips from the back of her mom's fancy dress. Lady T screams. Catches her body before it hits the pavement.

MAMA T
(weakened voice)
I told you. I told you.

Tears come to Lady T's eyes as she hugs her mother. Disbelief encompasses Chilly's core.

Cop cars respond to the scene. Chilly's gun drops to the pavement. Her arms reach, towards heaven.

INT. CLUB MOTHERLAND - NIGHT

Waves of lowdown BLUES beats, has every head in the house in bopping mode. The elegant night spot with Southern attitude is packed with a diverse crowd.

SUPER - PRESENT DAY

All wear clothes from the sexy side of the closet. Blues era. Hips gyrate to the music. Eyes follow a sexy waitress through the crowd, as liquor goes down many a hatch.

The source of the outstanding groove is on stage. The MOTHERLAND BLUES BAND is proclaimed on a banner over the musicians.

Out front, is Lady T, on vocals, the whole place, lit. Although self-conscious of her scar...Chocolate brown skin, hourglass figure and bedroom eyes make her a presence to behold.

The song, I'M GOING TO HAVE MYSELF A BALL (or similar) is bouncy and happy.

INT. CRACK HOUSE - NIGHT

As the blues music rings out in the distance, a roach scurries across a stained rug. Women's shoes pull up quickly as it goes by.

The feet belong to HONEYDEW (late teens, light-skinned Black). Revulsion - on her pretty face, courtesy of the bug.

As she turns her blonde Afro to the side, more of the rundown drug den is revealed.

Two men, ZEE DAWG (30s, Black) and NASHVILLE (20s, Black) grab crack filled vials and put them in a backpack. When done, Zee Dawg sneers at Honeydew.

They grab guns, the backpack, then exit the door. On the other side, deadbolts are heard, locking her inside.

She scans the shabby trap house, then goes to the door and listens, no sound. Honeydew dashes to a boarded up window...strips away the plywood.

EXT. CRACK HOUSE - NIGHT

Honeydew wiggles out through the broken window and lands on the grass below. The blues song still plays, as she sprints away as fast as she can.

INT. CLUB MOTHERLAND - NIGHT

When the song ends, roaring applause and wolf whistles.

LADY T

Thank you. Much love...From the Motherland, to you. Y'all enjoy yourselves, you hear? Have some drank, find someone to hug up on. Life is short, my babies.

Lady T makes her way from the stage in her Bessie Smith inspired outfit.

As she leaves, a very sultry singer in a gown, makes her way to the performance stage. Lady T gives SEDUCTION (30s, Black) a hug and a big smile.

LADY T (CONT'D)

You look great little mommy. My children are hungry tonight. Make sure you feed them well.

Seduction points to some of the juicier parts of her anatomy.

SEDUCTION

It's ON, Lady T. Oh, I'll feed that ass alright. What should I let them nibble on this first?

Lady T winks back playfully.

LADY T

You better serve that hot shit up in nibbles. If you hit them with the buffet all at once, somebody is going to the hospital.

They both laugh. Lady T blows her a kiss as she exits.

EXT. CLUB MOTHERLAND PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Frazzled and afraid, Honeydew reaches the nightclub's property. She hides as a fancy dressed couple go inside.

She tries door handles. Nothing. More people approach.

Honeydew ducks, then rolls under a LEXUS SUV and watches their feet stroll by. She whimpers into her hands.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Lady T enters. The exotic looking MERCEDES (20s, Black) and muscle-bound, CHOCOLATE MOUSSE (20s, Black) wait for her.

LADY T

Hey babies. What's shaking?

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

Sounding great out there, Lady T. But...We might have situation in the parking lot.

On her smartphone, Lady T pulls up the security cams. Her demeanor changes instantly.

Nashville and Zee Dawg comb the parking lot, desperado style.

LADY T

Send Gladiator over. I got a job for his ass.

MERCEDES

I'll handle it. That brother is sweet on me anyway.

A knock is heard at the door. GLADIATOR (30s, Black), a muscular, bald dude who looks like he has been through some battles...all triumphant, enters.

MERCEDES (CONT'D)

Well, looky here. I was just going to fetch you for the boss.

GLADIATOR

Good timing is my thing, Mercedes. What's up?

LADY T

Seen some thuggish fools in our parking lot. You and Mousse chase them off.

She shows them her cell phone.

INSERT - CELL PHONE SCREEN

Zee Dawg and Nashville look angry as they peek into cars and trucks, pants sagging.

BACK TO SCENE

Gladiator goes to a cabinet and takes out an Uzi. He hands a 9mm to Mousse.

GLADIATOR

Mess with my ends? I don't play that. Be right back. Ready Mousse?

LADY T

Send the bitches back to the roach motel they escaped from. And don't wet up my parking lot.

He stuffs the gun under his jacket, both exit.

EXT. CLUB MOTHERLAND PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Gladiator and Mousse see the two trespassers right away.

GLADIATOR

Say fool. This here is my club. Start shit, get shot. Feel me?

He lifts his shirt to show his body ventilator.

ZEE DAWG

Peace, man. We're just looking for
a ho.

GLADIATOR

Ain't we all? Get moving, folks.

Reluctantly the two walk to the edge of the parking lot and
get into a LINCOLN, on its last legs.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Gladiator and Mousse enter the room, all smiles.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

Done and doner. Them punks hit it
and quick.

LADY T

Good job, stud. Never been in a
fight in my life. Can't wait for
Chilly to take over again. Not sure
this job is right for me.

GLADIATOR

Oh, woman please. You're as gangsta
as they come.

LADY T

Maybe like Michael Corleone, but
not sure if I can turn the corner
like he did.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

You good, boss. Sweat-less.

LADY T

Hope I can get the nerve when the
times call for it. Anyway, I have
an outside job for you.

GLADIATOR

Speak.

He pulls up a chair.

LADY T

Remember that crazy blonde last
month that had a divorce party?

GLADIATOR

Yeah. What up?

LADY T
 She wants you on the solo tip this
 time. Her crib. Over night.

Intrigued, Gladiator leans forward.

GLADIATOR
 That would take some heavy lifting
 from her bank account. She got ends
 like that?

LADY T
 Little Miss Bonnie has mad ends.
 That divorce set her up pretty.

GLADIATOR
 Do say.

LADY T
 Try to make her feel...Sexy and
 alive again. I know you can. The
 husband of her best friend came up
 on our radar. He might be into some
 bad stuff.

GLADIATOR
 Really? We know how to handle bad
 stuff. I'll work it, see if
 anything is there. You know my
 track record, Queen.

LADY T
 Do dat shit. Boy.

INT. DORM ROOM - NIGHT

A cell phone rings. A brown, female hand picks it up. DEVON
 (teen, Black) brings it to her ear.

DEVON
 Mom? Hi, all okay over there?

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Kicked back in her chair, Lady T nurses a scotch on the
 rocks. She smiles upon hearing her daughter's voice.

LADY T
 Just lovely. And how is my darling
 daughter today?

INTERCUT

Devon makes a face.

DEVON

Just like yesterday. It sucks. I don't need a boarding school. Why can't I come home?

LADY T

We've been over this a million damn times. Stay there. It's safer and better in the long run.

DEVON

I doubt that. How is grandma?

LADY T

Sassy and gassy. Still bedridden, but still the boss. Don't think I could run this place without her.

DEVON

Yes, you could. If you had half the confidence in yourself, as you do in this crappy school, you'd rule the world. Hey, I gotta go. Love.

LADY T

Love you too, baby.

EXT. CLUB MOTHERLAND PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Mousse escorts Lady T out of the club after she locks it up. She hugs Mousse, then strolls across the empty parking lot and unlocks her Lexus with a remote.

A grunt is heard. Lady T looks around for its source as she extracts a handgun from her purse. Ryes wide.

LADY T

I gotta gun. Get your clown-ass out from under my car.

The barrel aims at the under carriage, her nose, flared.

A female hand from underneath waves to her. Honeydew rolls out from her hiding spot, showing empty hands. Fear etched in her face.

HONEYDEW

Please. Don't shoot.

LADY T

What the HELL are you downing under my ride? You plant a bomb or some shit? Huh?

Tears fall as Honeydew tries to speak.

HONEYDEW

I-I ran away from a crack house. They used me. I can't take it. Now, they are looking for me.

Lady T lowers the gun. Sympathy shows in her demeanor.

LADY T

I chased some pants-sagging, assed thugs away from here earlier. Was that them?

HONEYDEW

Yes, ma'am.

The gun is put back in her purse.

LADY T

Get up. Get in the backseat.

Her instructions are followed. Lady T gets in the driver seat, starts the motor.

INT. LEXUS - NIGHT

The unexpected passenger, gets scoped-out by Lady T as she gazes at her in the mirror.

LADY T

You ain't much older than my own kid. Don't pull no shit and I'll help you. Understood?

HONEYDEW

Yes. I'd rather die than go back.

EXT. TATTOO PARLOR - NIGHT

A nervous man paces in front of a neon lit business. DONALD KELLY (40s, white, pale) grey, balding and looks constipated... scowls as a stiff breeze blows through.

He bundles himself in his coat, tighter as his wispy hair blows. Donald checks his watch.

Out of the tattoo shop, steps the younger, ALONZO (20s, Black). His clothes, reflect he has faced tough times. He bounces over to Donald with a bandage on his arm.

DONALD
Go okay? Took forever.

ALONZO
Thanks again, Donald. Got me a
sweet tatt. Bitches will love it.

Alonzo coughs, then staggers.

DONALD
Right. My pleasure. Let's get the
fuck outta here. You alright,
Alonzo? You don't look well. Let's
take my car.

INT. DONALD'S RENTAL CAR - NIGHT

Alonzo seems passed-out in the passenger seat. Donald grins. He looks in the mirror at the car following him. He unrolls his window...flips a 'thumbs-up', towards them.

INT. SECRET LAB - NIGHT

Men in scrubs and masks gather around an operating table, but the room looks more like an abandoned warehouse, than a hospital.

On the table...Alonzo. One of the cloaked men, Donald, checks the vitals on the limp body.

Donald signals to the rest, that he is dead - with a 'thumbs-down'. Others around him applaud.

DONALD
Genetic purification is now in our
hands. The Final Solution, is
finally in motion.

Beers are passed out.

DONALD (CONT'D)
Time to celebrate.

A roar of approval cascades down.

EXT. BONNIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Gladiator walks to the door wearing jeans and a leather vest, biceps blaze. He knocks. A giggle is heard.

The door opens. In front of Gladiator stands BONNIE (40s, white). Graying blonde hair, average looks and off the charts horny. She wears, a revealing Roman toga.

GLADIATOR

Bonnie. Hey girl, look at you. Wow.
The Empress said you needed a
little help from the Gladiator.

BONNIE

A little? You must have the wrong
lady. I want it all. Even dressed
for the part. Are you up to it?

Bonnie spins around so Gladiator gets the 360 of the landscape. He smiles.

GLADIATOR

I'm The Gladiator boo-boo. I'll
slay that shit and wait for the
standing ovation.

BONNIE

That's what I want to hear. Get in
here and let me sharpen that sword.

She grabs him by the vest and pulls him inside.

INT. TRANSFORMATION REHAB CENTER - NIGHT

Lady T and Honeydew stand at the front desk. A NURSE (30s, Black) greets them. The white uniform has red, black and green stripes across the front. Her eyes, compassionate.

LADY T

Ah, Nurse Edwards. Sorry to disturb
you this time of night.

NURSE

Some things can't wait until
daybreak. Who do we have here?

LADY T

She got abducted by some pimps from
her foster home. Kept her strung
out and hooking at a crack house.
She finally got away tonight.

The nurse goes to the cowering young lady, takes her hand.

NURSE

And what is your name, Missy?

HONEYDEW

My name is Sharlene, but my friends call me Honeydew.

The nurse points to a banner that reads, TRANSFORMATION SLAVE REHAB CENTER.

NURSE

Lady T 's momma started this place for people like you. You've been a slave, girl. But them days are gone, if you want them to be.

HONEYDEW

Yes. I want that.

NURSE

It ain't easy. First we got to get that poison outta you. Understand?

Honeydew sheds tears, then covers her face in her hands.

HONEYDEW

I understand. I'm ready.

Lady T hugs her.

LADY T

I'll be back in a few days. Be strong, little sister. We need you.

Honeydew and the nurse go down the hall as Lady T watches.

EXT. PARKING LOT OF REHAB CENTER - NIGHT

As Lady-T goes to her car, she sees OFFICER BIGGS, in uniform (late 50s, Black) leaning on her ride, smart-ass style. His gray Afro sticks out from under his cap. A shady look, in his eyes as she approaches.

LADY T

Get offa my car, fool.

BIGGS

Just doing some serving and protecting. You was pulling out of the club as I was coming to meet you. So I followed.

Annoyed and exasperated, she lets a deep breath out.

LADY T
Biggs...Look, I just had a long
night. Tomorrow dude.

He laughs and gets closer to her. She slides her hand into her purse - grips cold steel.

BIGGS
You out here trying to save souls
and what-not. You're the one that's
the fool. I'll let you slide -- but
it will be six thou, now.

Lady T's eyes narrow. Her face burns with disgust.

LADY T
Ain't you a piece of work.

BIGGS
It's you paying my retirement fund
and freedom...Or prison and paying
lawyers. You want to join your
sister in there? I can make it
happen.

EXT. PRISON YARD - DAY

Lady T's older sister, Chilly stands in a defensive posture. Body like a bull. Face like a pit-bull, with tattoos. Her eyes...Pure killer.

She sneers at the larger, younger and more rugged woman. They face off - with bad intentions.

CHILLY
This is my house, bitch. It's time
you learned. I'm the boss here.

The woman swigs, Chilly blocks it. Sends back rib cracking body blows.

Wounded, the challenger charges. Three jabs to the face slow her down. Chilly's uppercut...puts her out.

EXT. PARKING LOT OF REHAB CENTER - NIGHT

Seconds feel like hours during their stare down. Lady T, remotely opens the car. The BEEP-BEEP sound surprises Biggs, he flinches.

LADY T

Don't piss yourself. I'll have your money...and leave my sister out of your mouth. Officer Biggs...king of the pigs. Remember, greed kills.

Lady T brushes past him and gets in. As she tries to close the door, he blocks it.

BIGGS

Yeah, greed kills. So do angry cops. And...they get away with it.

He smiles and backs away as she slams the door. Lady T shoots back, the evil eye. As she pulls away...

LADY T

I wish my sister was running things. I'm not made for this shit.

INT. MAMA T'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mama T still has lively eyes, but her body - confined to a hospital bed. She reaches her arms out for a hug from Lady T. Her daughter obliges as she fights back tears.

MAMA T

I apologize for putting you in this position, child. It's because your sister did a very stupid thing. How can I help?

LADY T

I don't know what I'm doing. I'm over my head.

MAMA T

We help people and shutdown crazy shit before it becomes a problem. Not much I can do from this bed but I'll try to coach you up.

Lady T pulls a chair over. Searches for the right words.

LADY T

Some of what we do...Seems so extreme. I just--

MAMA T

Extreme tactics, based on love. You gotta embrace that.

LADY T
But like...The sex part?

The mother motions her to come closer.

MAMA T
Way back, we decided to use what
Russians call, Red Sparrows, in
order to get secret information.
Ours are Ebony Sparrows.

LADY T
Yeah, the only time some thugs and
tyrants let their guard down is
when they pull their pants down.

They share a naughty giggle.

MAMA T
And that info led to stopping...
Mass shootings, bomb plots, new
dangerous drugs and the
assassination of a national hero.

LADY T
Not sure that I can do, that well.
Chilly was--

MAMA T
Chilly sucked. She didn't see shit
coming, so we could protect our
people. A total failure.

Lady T scoots closer.

LADY T
I know. That's our primary mission.
To protect the nest, just like
Harriet did.

MAMA T
Chilly's only mission was money and
power. That's not what we're here
for. Dumb bitch.

LADY T
Our charter is clear about our
group's reason to be. I've try to
stay true, but I'm not sure I'm cut
out for this.

MAMA T

Babygurl, what you need is confidence. Hell, I should have told you this sooner. Wait a sec.

The matriarch shifts in her bed to sit-up more. She grimaces from pain.

LADY T

Confidence, huh? I'm a better fighter than I used to be, but this is lots of responsibility.

MAMA T

I had Oracle 'roll bones' to tell my fortune after I was shot. She said you are the best one to take over and do it right.

LADY T

Really? She's a powerful woman.

Her mother points to a business card on her stand.

MAMA T

That's her card. Call her, girl.

The card is scooped up. The daughter gives her bed-ridden mother a hug.

INT. LADY T BEDROOM - NIGHT

In bed, Lady T flicks off her TV. She turns towards the nightstand and spies Oracle's card. She waves it off, turns off the light and rolls.

EXT. BONNIE'S HOUSE - DAY

A fancy car pulls into the driveway of the upper-class home.

INT. AUDI - DAY

MARYANN (30s, white) looks impatient inside her luxury car. Classy, she seems dressed for office work, but would look good in any outfit. She glows in morning sunshine.

MARYANN

Come on, bitch. I still have to get my coffee. I better call her.

She digs her phone out, just as it beeps. The text reads...

INSERT

Hey babe, have to spend another week in New York. Some coon got popped by a cop and protesters shut down everything. If I have my way, I'll wipe them black bugs out. Just like the a can of Raid. -- Donald.

BACK TO SCENE

Maryann puts down the phone, shakes her head in disgust.

MARYANN

Girl, you have to face it. Your husband is an asshole and a racist too. He's got to go. But how?

She leans back in her seat and stares at the ceiling. A heavy sigh is exhaled as she closes her eyes. Suddenly she opens them and sits up straight, gets out of the car.

MARYANN (CONT'D)

Last thing I need is to be fired because I'm late. Bitch, I'm coming and you better be ready. What a morning.

EXT. BONNIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Maryann, upset, knocks on the door. Nothing. She knocks harder this time. Still nothing.

MARYANN

I hope this goofy broad is okay.

She takes her keys and uses them on the door like brass knuckles to make an even louder noise. A window on the second floor is opens. Bonnie sticks her head out.

BONNIE

Oh shit. I forgot. I'll be right down. Just a sec.

MARYANN

Were gonna be late. Hurry!

As Maryann waits, she hears giggles from upstairs. She says, under her breath...

MARYANN (CONT'D)

I don't see a damn thing funny about this day, bitch. Don't make me smack that giggle out of you.

INT. BONNIE'S HOUSE - DAY

The door to the kitchen swings open for Maryann. Bonnie grins back at her with morning hair and beckons her to come inside.

Bonnie wraps her robe tighter and prances over to the kitchen table. Frustrated, Maryann closes the door and mad dogs her carpool buddy as she stomps over to confront her.

MARYANN

Hey, you know you could have called me, right? You're not going in? I kinda wasted my time today, huh.

BONNIE

Whoa, back your bus up, sister. I just woke up,

MARYANN

You sick or something?

Maryann scoots her chair further away from her. Bonnie giggles and gets up to make coffee.

BONNIE

Yeah, sick from the dick.

Gladiator comes around the corner as he puts on his vest. Maryann is startled and jumps a little.

GLADIATOR

Good morning, ladies. I didn't mean to scare you, ma'am.

MARYANN

No, I just--

Bonnie turns away from coffee brewing and launches herself into his arms. A big hug is followed by a short kiss. Maryann's eyebrows go up. Bonnie peels herself away.

BONNIE

This is my co-worker, Maryann. This is the man who will have me walking with a limp for the next few days - The Gladiator.

Maryann's jaw drops. Uneasy, she waves back, forces a smile.

MARYANN

Hi.

He strolls over and kisses the back of her hand as Maryann looks on...taken back.

GLADIATOR

The pleasure is all mine, Miss Maryann. That's a lovely dress.

MARYANN

Oh, yes, the dress. Thank you.

Gladiator glides back to Bonnie.

GLADIATOR

I hate to slide out before coffee, but I have to be at the gym shortly. Can we take care of that?

The big man winks at her. She smiles and reaches for her purse. She pulls out a stack of hundreds and put it in his palm as they share another pre-Java kiss.

Totally uncomfortable, Maryann stands up to leave.

MARYANN

I, huh...I better get to work now. Can't be late.

BONNIE

No problem. Our boss can be a real asshole on Mondays. Why don't you let Gladiator walk you out?

Bonnie slyly winks at her office mate.

EXT. BONNIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Maryann checks around herself like she is being followed, as Gladiator escorts her to the Audi.

MARYANN

So, you actually train other athletes at the gym? Fascinating. God knows I could stand to lose some blubber.

Gladiator stands in front of her and moves closer.

GLADIATOR

Girl, you are fine. Don't let nobody tell you different, ya hear? Having said that, I'd love to train you...In anything you like.

She is surprised by the overture. Rather than flirt back, she hurries to open the door and get in the car.

MARYANN

Thanks. I'm married. As of today,
anyway. But, I'll keep that in
mind. Nice to meet you.

Gladiator backs away from the car as he says...

GLADIATOR

Bonnie knows how to contact me.
Just let me know, ma.

She smiles back from inside the car and pulls off.

INT. LADY T BEDROOM - DAY

Awakened by a ringing phone, Lady T checks her cell. The
phone number on the LED matches the one on the card on the
night-stand. She rubs her eyes and answers.

LADY T

Hello.

INT. ORACLE'S ROOM - DAY

ORACLE (80s, Black) whose head is veiled and seems bald
underneath...wears black and sits on an Egyptian type throne.
A nasty thunderstorm is seen outside her window.

ORACLE

I just got off the phone with your
momma. Had a dream about you.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

LADY T

Oracle? Greetings, ma'am. Dreams?

ORACLE

Rolled them bones soon as I woke
up. Big danger is coming. Not just
for you, millions could die. You
must dig deep and use all your
skills to fight it. Attacks will
come from inside and outside.

Stress covers Lady T's face as she sits up straight.

LADY T

What? I don't understand.

ORACLE

Harriet wants YOU to continue the tradition, but it won't be easy. I'm here to help, but you must seek her wisdom.

Lady T is stunned.

LADY T

My God. What if I fail?

ORACLE

Millions could die. You must make it work and become the leader that your community needs to survive these hostile times. Come see me.

The un-nerved face of Lady T tries to digest it all.

INT. BONNIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The doorbell RINGS. Bonnie answers the door in workout gear. Outside is Maryann.

BONNIE

Hey girl, come on in.

Maryann enters with a stack of files under her arm.

MARYANN

Long day. The boss's stupid parrot died last night and he was cranky as hell.

BONNIE

I guess Polly doesn't need a cracker anymore. Thanks for bringing over the Rigby account. I can't afford to fall behind.

MARYANN

No problem. Working out?

BONNIE

Yeah, Gladiator showed me some stretches. Gotta get fit if I'm gonna bang studs and not get crippled.

Maryann takes a seat.

MARYANN

Crippled, huh? The only thing my husband does for me during sex is make me yawn. Last time I had an energetic fuck was when I was twenty. Ozzy concert.

BONNIE

At a concert? I thought I was wild. In front of everybody?

MARYANN

Nope, in the nastiest Port-O-Potty that ever graced the planet.

The ladies laugh.

BONNIE

You like it nasty, huh?

MARYANN

Not hepatitis nasty. I was pretty drunk and crazy that night. But I came my brains out.

BONNIE

That couldn't have been your husband, Donald, was it?

MARYANN

Ha. Heavens no. Heavy metal guy in leather. Wish I kept his number. Donald? He's changed. Might divorce his sorry ass soon.

Bonnie goes to the fridge, grabs two beers and gives her one.

BONNIE

Need to talk?

MARYANN

He's into all this alt-right, FOX news, militia bullshit and he says racist stuff in front of me.

BONNIE

Asshole. Yeah, leave him. Life is too short.

Maryann takes a big swig of beer.

MARYANN

I'm not racist and it disgusts me to hear that kind of talk.

BONNIE

Sounds like you need a stud for rent. I know a few.

MARYANN

Gladiator was quite a specimen. I never tried, uh, chocolate before. Since you swear by it, I think, well...maybe.

They both giggle like teenagers.

BONNIE

Just gimme the word. But make sure you are off the following day.

They toast with their beers.

MARYANN

You got a bet.

INT. LEXUS - DAY

Lady T and Honeydew pull in front of a luxury home and park.

HONEYDEW

Damn. You live here?

LADY T

That's my crib alright. Anyway, I'm proud of how you kicked that shit. Come on. You can get out of those cold turkey clothes and workout with me.

INT. LADY T'S HOUSE - DAY

A SERVANT opens the door and smiles as Lady T enters with her new friend.

LADY T

Hey soldier, all good?

The servant nods back affirmatively. The two walk through the elaborately furnished living room, sit on a fancy couch.

HONEYDEW

This place blows my mind. It's all yours? Really?

A smile from the homeowner.

LADY T

All of it. You can do the same if you find your purpose and reach your potential.

HONEYDEW

Me? I don't know about that.

LADY T

You have to see it first. No one can do it for you. Right now, a bath is waiting for you upstairs. I put some clothes out for you too.

A house servant beckons her to follow. Honeydew gets up. She takes a few steps and turns back to her host.

HONEYDEW

Thank you. For everything. But, what is expected of me? Why are you helping?

Lady T kicks back and sinks into the comfy couch.

LADY T

That's my shit. Call it, a family trait. Once you're up to it, you can have a job at my club too.

After Lady T's guest leaves, the homeowner takes a deep breath and strolls over to a door, then walks through.

MAMA T'S ROOM

A hospital bed is surrounded by flowers. On her back but smiling is Mama T. She seems pleased by her visitor.

LADY T

Hey, momma. How you doing today?

Lady T gives her a hug and kisses her forehead.

MAMA T

I'm alright for an old, crippled up woman, I reckon. How's my baby?

LADY T

Been a long week. I need to workout. I'll stop back shortly.

INT. BASEMENT GYM - DAY

Lady T bench presses weight easy, then moves to have Honeydew try. She struggles with it.

In a mirror, Lady T shows her martial arts defense moves. Honeydew wipes sweat and tries to keep up.

INT. AUDI - NIGHT

Bonnie rocks out to Blues on the radio as Maryann parks in the driveway. The women are in their work clothes.

BONNIE

Love the Blues...you?

MARYANN

Don't know too much about it.
Seems cool.

BONNIE

Come on, girl. It's Friday night
and payday. Lighten up. What do you
have planned for the night?

MARYANN

My dip-shit husband is still out of
town. Probably just stream movies.

Bonnie turns to face her.

BONNIE

How about a virtual reality movie
starring you...and Gladiator?

A smile and a giggle escapes from Maryann.

MARYANN

Maybe. At least I can go to that
club with you and look around.

Bonnie smiles and hops out of the vehicle, then bends down and speaks to her through the window.

BONNIE

Proud of you, babe. Pick me up at
eight. The theme of the place is
the Blues era. Dress accordingly.

Maryann waves to Bonnie as she goes to her door.

EXT. CLUB MOTHERLAND - NIGHT

Bonnie and Maryann exit the vehicle and straighten their clothes. The muffled sound of BLUES music is heard.

MARYANN

I don't know, does this look okay?
All I could find is this flapper
outfit.

BONNIE

Whew, you kidding? You're a
knockout. I look like Lois Lane.

Bonnie spins around for a full view.

MARYANN

Looks good on you. Hope you find a
superman in there.

BONNIE

I'd be happy with Mighty Mouse as
long as he has a big dick. Let's
go. I'm ready.

They stroll towards the nightclub.

INT. CLUB MOTHERLAND - NIGHT

Decibels increase as the doorman escorts them through. The club is packed with players in wide brim hats and suits.

To the side, Maryann notices a display of small figurines of men, mostly in suits.

MARYANN

Wow. Those look so realistic.

BONNIE

Yeah and they are probably hung
like my ex-husband. Come on. Time
to find that good wood.

They walk further into the club and spot the band on stage. Lady T SINGS lead and the crowd is rocking.

The ladies get a table. Then Mercedes comes over. As Maryann takes in the crowd, Bonnie whispers the drink order.

Shots come to the table and the ladies slam them as they bop their heads to the music.

The SONG ENDS and all applaud. Lady T comes down from the stage and mingles as Seduction does the next song.

Couples slow dance in a sexy way to the sensuous song. The ladies take notice. Hands caress hips. Tongue slip through lips, as passion fills the air.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

Damn, you see that? I'm getting hornier than a mountain goat.

Lady T comes up behind them.

LADY T

You came to the right place then. What's shaking, Miss Bonnie?

A big smile and a tight hug follows.

BONNIE

You sounded great, Lady T. How are you doing?

LADY T

Sweet like sugar. Sticky like a booger.

The ladies all laugh.

BONNIE

This is my friend, Maryann. She met Gladiator before and I talked her into coming down.

Lady T smiles and shakes her hand.

LADY T

Welcome to my club. We aim to satisfy, on all levels. Did you want me to call him over?

MARYANN

Well, I--

BONNIE

Absolutely. And have him bring a friend. I want to try everything on the menu eventually.

An uneasy grin is on Maryann as the other women laugh and high five.

LADY T

If you have the appetite, I can feed you all night long. I'll send the Chocolate Mousse for you to sample. Yummy stuff, girl.

Bonnie flutters her eyes and acts sexy.

BONNIE

Tequila for dinner and chocolate mousse for dessert? I must be in heaven.

LADY T

If you ain't now, you will be soon.

Lady T blows them kisses as she turns to go to the backstage area. After she is gone, Maryann swats her friend.

MARYANN

Why did you ask for the guys now? I'm not sure about this at all. I don't think I'm ready.

BONNIE

Did you wash your coochie? Then you're ready. Relax.

More shots are delivered by Mercedes. The ladies click glasses in a toast and slam them down.

Bonnie slaps her partner's knee and points to the side of the stage. Gladiator and Chocolate Mousse approach.

Maryann looks nervous but Bonnie waves them over. Bonnie stands and hugs Gladiator with a big grin.

GLADIATOR

Hey little sugar. Miss Bonnie is looking 'Bonita' tonight. That dress fits good.

BONNIE

Thanks, stud. This is my friend, Maryann. You remember her, right?

GLADIATOR

Such a beautiful woman, how could I forget? Welcome to the club. This is my man, Chocolate Mousse. I understand you would like a taste.

Built like a linebacker, the Mousse bends over and kisses her hand. She squeals.

BONNIE

Whew. Spicy Chocolate Mousse. A taste? Hell cutie, I might just have to wolf you down.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

Thank you, ma'am. You look like a delicious morsel yourself.

BONNIE

Time to find out if you are sweet as the dessert...or hung like the beast. Which is it?

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

I reserved a room in the back. Come with me and find out.

Bonnie rubs up next to him and takes his arm.

BONNIE

You two get to know each other. Intimately I hope.

MARYANN

Thanks, Bonnie. Bye, have fun.

Maryann sees Bonnie grab her lover's butt and rolls her eyes.

GLADIATOR

That's quite a lady. Known her long?

She turns to face Gladiator.

MARYANN

Look. I never did anything like this before. I'm just not sure, ya know? It's been a while.

GLADIATOR

I understand. I do. Let's have another drink. If you want to go to a room after that, cool. If not, no harm, no foul.

MARYANN

What you drinking, handsome?

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

Maryann and Gladiator laugh and hold each other as they enter the hideaway.

She seems to be a bit loopy and now, uninhibited. The once shy woman flops on the bed and tests the bounciness of the mattress.

GLADIATOR

Is it me, or are you a little less nervous now?

MARYANN

Less nervous? Uh huh. Is it because of you? Oh, most definitely.

GLADIATOR

Is that right?

MARYANN

Get over here, pretty boy. I have something I need a gladiator to slay. You blood thirsty?

He leans on the bed. They kiss.

GLADIATOR

Blood thirsty as a vampire, baby.

They collapse onto the mattress in an embrace.

INT. RUNDOWN APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tatted-up, thuggish looking women in their forties, chug forties as they play cards. Gangsta rap bangs in the background. The door swings open as Chilly steps through.

CHILLY

I'm back, bitches. This time...we're gonna take over.

INT. CLUB MOTHERLAND - NIGHT

Lady T sings a sexy song with just a piano accompaniment. In the crowd, customers bump and grind. Champagne bottles are popped by happy party-goers.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

Sweaty, exhausted and with messy hair, Maryann giggles.

MARYANN

My God, that was, was...Awesomely awesome. I never had anything like that before.

Gladiator towels off as Maryann melts into the mattress.

GLADIATOR

Yeah, babe. You turned the posture-
pedic into a waterbed. Felt like
skinny dipping in a warm pond.

MARYANN

Sorry.

GLADIATOR

Don't be. It's all good, ma.

MARYANN

I'm definitely getting divorced
now. I've been wasting my life,
married to a creep that can't even
please me.

Gladiator tests the moisture on the bed and feels it between
his fingers.

GLADIATOR

Yes ma'am. Looks like you were a
little backed up, for real. Is he a
good man in other ways?

FLASHBACK

With a red face, Donald slaps Maryann across the face.

END OF FLASHBACK

Her whole demeanor changes.

MARYANN

To be honest, I think he's turning
Nazi. I mean it. Shit is killing
me. He was a nice guy. A chemist,
good money. Then came FOX news.

GLADIATOR

Mind poison.

MARYANN

Then came joining the militia and
complaining about minorities. He's
from Alabama, I should have known
better. His dad sucks too.

GLADIATOR

Can you afford to leave him?

She chuckles.

MARYANN

Soon, but first I want to solve a mystery. He recently got a whole lot of money, at least 100 thou.

GLADIATOR

Serious paper. Get half of that shit, boo. He invent something?

She gets closer to Gladiator.

MARYANN

I asked. Said he will be the can of Raid for black bugs. Wouldn't say more. I don't know what he's into, but I think he means harm to your people.

The eyes of Gladiator get big as shock covers his face.

GLADIATOR

For real, real? Holy shit.

MARYANN

Yeah. It's serious. I don't know what or how, but it must involve his chemistry background. I'm so sorry. What do I do?

She sobs onto his shoulder, hard and from her soul. Gladiator tries to comfort her.

GLADIATOR

What a horrible piece of shit. Sorry you've been dealing with that. Share any of those views?

Maryann pulls away. Tears in her eyes.

MARYANN

Fuck no! Especially after tonight. I hate that little dick loser and all of his Nazi friends.

Gladiator opens his arms.

GLADIATOR

It's all good, boo. Bring it in.

She sinks back into his embrace.

MARYANN

I wasn't raised to be a Klansman's wife. Do you know who I can tell about this?

GLADIATOR

First thing, let's get dressed. Hey, Maryann, do you believe in God, or at least fate?

She pauses as she puts her clothes on.

MARYANN

I believe in God. No question.

GLADIATOR

Me too. And I think you came to the right place.

MARYANN

What do you mean?

GLADIATOR

I know some people. They might be able to find out where the money came from.

Now dressed, she digs in her purse.

MARYANN

What do you need from me?

GLADIATOR

Just full name and birthdate. Text it to me later.

MARYANN

That's all you need?

GLADIATOR

Yeah, for now.

She hands Gladiator some Benjamins.

MARYANN

You'll get that in a few. Please let me know what you find. And these bills, that's for you. Tip included.

GLADIATOR

So generous. Thank you. Here is my card. I promise nothing will be stolen, we'll just have a look.

They exchange cards. A sultry kiss is planted on Gladiator.

MARYANN

I believe in God, but if you kill
him...I could live with that.

A wink and a sly smile is her response.

INT. CLUB MOTHERLAND - NIGHT

Maryann and Gladiator emerge from the back rooms playful and sport smiles. They bounce over to the bar.

MARYANN

Hey bartender. Got any bottled
water? I'm thirsty as hell.

GLADIATOR

Make that two, Mercedes.

On stage, Lady T is leading a raucous Blues song. The bartender delivers the water. Maryann chugs the bottle as Gladiator sips.

To the side, they see Bonnie and Chocolate Mousse headed their way. Bonnie limps.

They have a seat with the couple. Bonnie looks exhausted. She grabs the bottle from Maryann and slams the rest of the water. She crunches the empty container.

MARYANN

Hey.

BONNIE

Girl, I needed that. Order another
one. Like now.

Mousse signals Mercedes for another round.

MARYANN

Are you okay?

BONNIE

Now I know how bull riders feel.
They only have to stay on for eight
seconds. I'm glad tomorrow is
Saturday. I'm sleeping ALL day.

All laugh. The water comes and she destroys it. As Lady T sings, Gladiator signals her. She waves that she sees him.

MARYANN

I guess we'll get back home now. I had a marvelous time. I'm sure we'll hook up again. Let me know about that matter, okay?

GLADIATOR

I'm all over it, babe.

The couples kiss and hug. The ladies wave as they head towards the door.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

That was fun. I need a nap myself.

GLADIATOR

No time for that, bro'. We got business.

The song ends. Gladiator points to the office so Lady T can see it. She hands the mic to Seduction and goes in that direction. Gladiator makes tracks that way too.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

You need me, my man?

GLADIATOR

For this, we need everybody.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Lady T opens her office door. Officer Biggs, in a chair smiles back. Gladiator and Mousse are motioned to wait outside.

Lady T goes in, closes the door behind her. Unhappy, she pulls an envelope from her purse, slams it down.

LADY T

Here. Now get out.

Biggs slides the envelope into his jacket pocket with a sly grin. Across from him, Lady T tries to hold her temper.

BIGGS

Place is packed tonight. I might need to make this a monthly donation.

LADY T

The fuck you will.

BIGGS
 Organized crime. Heard of it, Boo?
 You sell pussy in here.
 Racketeering, conspiracy and maybe
 trafficking. That's hard time.

LADY T
 Get outta my office. Now.

Biggs goes to the door, satisfied with his dominance.

BIGGS
 Free drinks tonight, right?

LADY T
 Yes, just go.

After he exits, Gladiator and Mousse go through the door,
 Lady T closes it behind them. They look distressed.

LADY T (CONT'D)
 So, what's up, player?

GLADIATOR
 I think I stumbled in on something.
 Something big.

LADY T
 Okay. Let's hear it.

EXT. BONNIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Maryann and Bonnie bring luggage from the car to the house.

MARYANN
 Thanks for letting me move some
 stuff over here while my dipshit
 husband is gone.

BONNIE
 Hope this is all for tonight. I'm
 wore out. If I fall on my face just
 leave me there till morning.

MARYANN
 You're nuts. It's just necessary
 stuff like jewelry, important
 papers, sex toys and batteries.

Maryann sets the box down outside the door. Bonnie stretches
 her back, as her face shows anguish.

BONNIE

This thing is heavy. You must have a life-sized rhinoceros dildo in there. I claim dibs on it for tomorrow night.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

With a stunned look on her face, Lady T sits on the edge of her chair.

LADY T

I see. Well, that's what we were ordained for.

GLADIATOR

Here's the info about him she gave.

She takes it and looks it over.

LADY T

Mister Donald Jay Kelly, huh? It's time dig up in your intestinal tract and see what's rotten.

Getting up, she goes to a super large portrait of Harriet Tubman. Lady T slides the picture over by it's frame. Behind it, a passageway. She waves the men to follow.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

Secret room? I gotta see this.

GLADIATOR

Watch and learn young brother.

INT. SECRET ROOM - NIGHT

Another large portrait of Harriet Tubman, but in a different pose. It slides to the side and Lady T steps through. The men are right behind her. The eyes of Mousse get large.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

Wow. I had heard about this place.

The room is a wonderland of computers, technicians and hi-tech gadgets that would make NASA jealous.

LADY T

Needless to say, you are sworn to secrecy about this.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

Yes, ma'am.

LADY T

Don't fall behind.

Ahead of them is a computer screen that covers a whole wall. On the monitor is a brightly colored digital map of the United States. Blinking red dots are on some parts of it.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

Damn. Look at this place. It's like CIA junior up in here.

GLADIATOR

Let me school you, young-blood. The music, the nightclub, the brown sugar for sale...All of that, is to make this work.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

Make what work?

They follow Lady T to the man who gives orders to others. NAAMBE (60, Black), with bald head and grey beard, dismisses his employee as he sees Lady T approach.

NAAMBE

Good evening, Queen. A visit? We got problems?

LADY T

We might. Could be bitter wife blow-back, but we should check it out. If true, we gotta put in work.

They take a seat at the nearby table.

GLADIATOR

So, girlfriend tells me her husband is a chemist and he's been sloshing around with Nazis and other losers lately. Might be up to no good.

Naambe, intrigued. Straightens his posture.

NAAMBE

Chemist, huh? Tell me more.

GLADIATOR

She said he got a lot of money from somewhere. Won't tell her how much, but said, he will be like a can of Raid...for black bugs.

NAAMBE

I see. Sounds like we need to get
in that ass and look around.

Gladiator pulls out the info Maryann gave him and hands it
over to Naambe.

NAAMBE (CONT'D)

Yeah, that's all we need. Should
have some answers tomorrow. Will
she be a one-timer or regular?

GLADIATOR

The way I turned that out? She'll
be president of my fan club soon.
The woman has a good heart.

NAAMBE

Excellent, we may need more info
later, keep your ears open.

LADY T

One other thing. We can't locate
one of our operatives. Alonzo. He
went deep cover in prison. After
his release, he vanished.

NAAMBE

Alonzo? I know he was one of your
favorites. Okay, I'm on it.

Lady T nods at Naambe, then turns to leave. Mousse, still
spellbound, rushes to catch up with them.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

They enter from behind the portrait...look jovial.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

That was DOPE. I had no idea.

LADY T

Nobody does, dear. That's the
point. Got it? Be patient. You have
much to learn.

EXT. CLUB MOTHERLAND PARKING LOT - NIGHT

All cars have gone as Lady T strolls to her vehicle. When she
clicks the remote, Nashville and Zee Dawg pop up on the other
side. They have knives.

NASHVILLE

Yo. Our bitch was last seen on your property. We want her back.

ZEE DAWG

Like now. Feel me?

They walk around the SUV menacingly, blades out.

LADY T

I don't know what you're talking about. Get outta my way. I'm late for a meeting.

Zee Dawg and Nashville smile back and forth.

ZEE DAWG

We ain't playing with you, bitch.

LADY T

What did you call me?

ZEE DAWG

A bitch! You heard me now?

Lady T shakes her head, takes her earrings off as she stares them down.

LADY T

Guess I have to beat some manners into you...Bitches. You best pull up your sagging ass britches, so the shit stains don't show.

The two men have a hearty laugh.

NASHVILLE

Funny ho here. Think you're Wanda Sykes or some shit?

A roundhouse kick to the jaw is not the answer Nashville expected.

Now in martial arts mode, Lady T kicks and punches the gangsters as they try to cut her. During the fight, their blades...knocked away.

She snatches Zee Dawg by the braids and slams his head into the vehicle. Lights out.

Lady T bounces on her feet...delivers a series of jabs and knees to the confused younger man. When he bends over from a body blow, a boot to the chin - ends it.

Lady T kicks the bodies from her car, grins, enters the Audi.

INT. ORACLE'S ROOM - NIGHT

As she strolls into the room of the high-rise apartment, Lady T can see a large swath of the city from windows.

The space is decorated with Egyptian/Sub-Saharan designs. Oracle is without her veil, her bald-head shines.

Oracle studies her, then points to Lady T's face.

LADY T
Greetings, Oracle.

ORACLE
Harriet had scar on her forehead
shaped like a bird, like yours.

Lady T seems self-conscious.

LADY T
Sometimes I try to hide that with
make-up. Does it show bad?

ORACLE
Don't cover it. Ever. Come here.

Oracle touches it...a spark jumps. Lady T reacts, amazed.

ORACLE (CONT'D)
How did this happen?

LADY T
As a kid, I visited my mom at the
club. A customer threw a cocktail
glass during a bar fight. Hit me in
the head. After that, mom sent me
to boarding school.

Now Oracle lights a smudge-stick and covers Lady T's body with smoke. She points to the scar.

ORACLE
That wound on your forehead comes
from a Holy place. The bird scar
must be activated. Especially for
this mission.

She hands Lady T what looks like papyrus paper.

ORACLE (CONT'D)
 Print the 23rd Psalm, in your own
 handwriting. Burn the paper and put
 the ashes on the scar, then sleep.

Lady T takes the papyrus and bows to her.

INT. LADY T BEDROOM - NIGHT

A smudge mark on Lady T's forehead stands out as she sleeps.

DREAM SEQUENCE - IN FLASHES

Tattoos on black arms...Rows of caskets...Chilly with gun
 aimed at her...Bloody hands with brass knuckles...Man in
 wheelchair...Her Mother - dead...

END OF DREAM SEQUENCE

Lady T sits up in bed, panic attack - sweat drips from her.

INT. CLUB MOTHERLAND - DAY

Gladiator and Mousse enter in wearing basketball gear. The
 cleaning crew does maintenance as they pass by them.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE
 Hope this is some important shit.
 I was scorching your old ass on
 them threes from the corner.

GLADIATOR
 You got lucky. And if we got called
 in, the shit is more important that
 you could imagine.

They approach the office door to go in. Chocolate Mousse
 continues self-praise.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE
 Wasn't no luck. I was dialed in.

GLADIATOR
 Hey, LeBron, shut it down. This is
 serious. You ready, or do you have
 to go back to the kiddie table?

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE
 I'm straight. No worries.

Gladiator knocks...

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Lady T sits behind her desk. She motions for them to have a seat. On a table near them, a tablet.

LADY T

Good morning, gentlemen. We got our answer about the chemist, and it ain't good. I sent the info to the tablet. Follow me on it.

Gladiator picks it up. A photo of Donald, appears. His heartless eyes match the man in the lab coat, seen earlier.

GLADIATOR

I'd pay money for sex if I was married to that too.

LADY T

I don't care if he was the finest man you ever seen, with a dick down to his ankles. This fucker is evil.

The next image is a work badge. Donald looks younger.

GLADIATOR

He worked for the CDC? WOW.

LADY T

Yep, as a biochemist. Several years. Was fired from the CDC for improper conduct.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

That don't sound good.

LADY T

Naambe found out that he works for a firm, linked to the Russian mob, a South African mining company and an Alabama chemical plant.

GLADIATOR

Wifey said he was from 'Bama.

A photo of a Klansman and son are shown.

LADY T

His daddy was a grand dragon. No reports of crazy behavior in high school or college. But recently, things changed.

He is seen among the Tiki torch fascists in Charlottesville.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

Damn. Looks mad don't he?

GLADIATOR

Imagine what he would look like if he found out about his blushing, gushing bride on last night's ride.

A front page from an Alabama newspaper is shown.

LADY T

A heist of a large quantity of deadly toxins recently happened at a chemical plant. We have to stop whatever he's up to.

GLADIATOR

Naambe thinks hubby is in on it?

LADY T

He got half a million from a South African mining firm and another half from what seems to be a front for the Russian mob.

Gladiator shakes his head in disbelief.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

Sounds like he's up to his neck in this shit.

GLADIATOR

I bet that is what Maryann meant by saying, he'd be a can of Raid.

LADY T

That would make us the black bugs. We need to jump on this quickly. Naambe has a trace on her cell phone. She's at Bonnie's house.

GLADIATOR

Hey, she wanted me to update her. Guess it's time to give a holla.

LADY T

Take him with you to keep the other girl occupied.

After the men leave, a knock is heard on the door. Just as Lady T is about to speak, it opens. Chilly stands before her.

CHILLY

Hey there little sister. I'm out.

Lady T rushes over to her, hugs her tight.

LADY T

Girl, it's so good to see you. Wow, you've been working out.

CHILLY

Nothing else to do in the joint, other than knocking bitches on their backs. How's the business going? Looks TIGHT.

LADY T

Running it best as I can. Probably not as good as you.

Chilly takes a seat.

CHILLY

You got that right. Not a problem anymore. I'm ready to take over. Soon as possible.

Taken aback, Lady T takes a seat and studies her sister.

LADY T

Did you talk to mom about that?

CHILLY

That old, crazy bitch still holds a grudge. Why waste my time?

Looking uncomfortable, Lady T sighs.

LADY T

I really can't make a move like that without her. Everything is still in her name.

Abruptly, Chilly stands, does not look happy.

CHILLY

Fine. Arrange a meeting with the old witch. I'll be back later.

She storms out as Lady T looks angry and confused. Lady T goes to the Harriet painting, studies it.

LADY T
What am I gonna do?

Honeydew dashes in the door and closes it behind her.

HONEYDEW
Just saw Zee Dawg and them bringing
in another girl to the trap house.
What can we do?

LADY T
What can we do? Watch. Call the
crew. We got work to do.

EXT. CRACK HOUSE - NIGHT

Lady T, Honeydew, Gladiator, Mousse, Seduction, Mercedes -- wear black-ops type outfits, hidden behind bushes. Armed, they slide black ski-masks over their faces.

INT. CRACK HOUSE - NIGHT

The front door...gets kicked in, as the masked commandos invade the drug den - rifles pointed at pimps.

ZEE DAWG
What the fuck. Chill.

GLADIATOR
(modified voice)
We're taking the girls. And you
will let us. Understand?

They follow Zee Dawg's eyes to a nearby gun. As he lunges for it -- the crew fires. The gun is blown to bits as the pimp scrambles back to his seat.

ZEE DAWG
Fine. Take the bitches and go.

The captive women go towards the door.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE
(modified voice)
You gotta go, too -- now.

ZEE DAWG
Don't think so.

Mousse pulls a small hi-tech device from his backpack. He tosses it and a fire starts. The thugs scream.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE
(modified voice)
Fine, stay here then.

The thugs sprint away.

EXT. CRACK HOUSE - NIGHT

The dilapidated crack-shack goes up in flames as Lady T and crew march away, victorious.

INT. BONNIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Maryann stands next to Bonnie as she opens the door and lets Gladiator and Mousse inside. Smiles all around.

BONNIE
Well, come on in.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE
Isn't that what you said to me the other night at the club?

BONNIE
Naughty, are we? Even better.

She yanks him by his shirt and pulls him in. Gladiator enters behind him and closes the door. Maryann gives him a big hug.

MARYANN
Thanks for coming by and getting that info so quick. You an FBI agent on the side?

GLADIATOR
Not unless FBI stands for...Fine, Black and Intense.

They all laugh.

BONNIE
Have a seat. Want anything to eat or drink?

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE
I can't speak for my bro', here, but I'm starving. Was at the gym earlier.

BONNIE

No problem. Let me see what I can whip up.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

Let me help you, pretty lady. I'm dangerous in the kitchen.

BONNIE

Really? More dangerous than in the bedroom? I gotta see this.

She waves for him to follow her to the kitchen.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

I'll let you decide which one I'm better at. What do you got to work with here?

Bonnie sensually rubs her hips.

BONNIE

All the ham you can eat, baby.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

That's what I'm talking about.

They go through the kitchen door, mid-chuckle. Pots and pans are heard as they clank around in the next room. Gladiator puts his arm around Maryann, they go over to the couch.

GLADIATOR

Sorry I have to deliver bad news about your husband. You doing okay? It's heavy.

She collapses onto the couch, sadness in her eyes.

MARYANN

It's one thing to be married to a bigot. But this asshole is planning to do harm to people?

GLADIATOR

I know. Sounds like he is slipping into the mass murderer category.

Tears fall. She turns away.

MARYANN

I can't wait to divorce that animal. Won't miss him.

GLADIATOR

Not safe now. Sounds like he knows too many thugs. Give me some time. Hopefully we can resolve the situation without exposing you.

MARYANN

He'll be back Monday. I can't live with him in the same house anymore.

She hangs her head in despair. Gladiator turns to her.

GLADIATOR

You have a good heart. I wonder about the great things you could do with a million dollars in your hand. Could be interesting.

MARYANN

Huh? What does that got to do with anything going on?

Gladiator smiles.

GLADIATOR

That's how much he got from his buddies. A Russian and a South African. Know them?

Her whole face changes.

MARYANN

That explains a lot. Wow, I had no idea, but I knew they were creeps. What should I do?

GLADIATOR

Can't blame you for not wanting to stay with him. Maybe say, Bonnie is sick or had a death? Stay at her place?

Finally a smile busts loose.

MARYANN

Hey, that's a great idea. I'm sure that's fine. He won't miss me.

GLADIATOR

He's a fool not to miss you. Look sweetness, you are going through a lot. If you're down, stop by the club, I'll give you a freebie.

Maryann is taken back, then smiles. Her colorful nails dance on his chest in a flirtatious way.

MARYANN

You've got a deal, mister.

They are about to kiss, but Mousse and Bonnie bust through the kitchen door with full plates and silverware.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

Save that sugar for dessert. The main course is now served.

The meal of pork chops, eggs and hash browns is put on the table. Bonnie and Mousse show pride in their creation.

MARYANN

That looks delicious.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

Let's get it.

INT. MAMA T'S ROOM - DAY

Mama T stares out the window, unhappiness on her face as her daughters sit by the bed.

MAMA T

Hell no. That's my final word.

CHILLY

Come on, ma. You groomed me for this. I'm ready.

MAMA T

No you ain't. You'll never be. You and that temper. Run it? You wouldn't even be a decent soldier. Takes finesse. You ain't got it.

CHILLY

And she does?

Lady T's eyes spring open when mentioned.

MAMA T

Damn straight. She's doing a great job. Plus, your goofy ass ain't got no one to pass it to after you're gone.

Anger boils over in Chilly.

CHILLY

No shit. I spent my baby making years in the big house.

MAMA T

Whose fault is that? If you would have listened to me. You wouldn't have been there. And I wouldn't be here. Stuck in this fucking bed.

Mama T's eyes burn into her first born. She points to the door and gives the order.

MAMA T (CONT'D)

Get out. Leave me.

CHILLY

But--

MAMA T

Out!

Pained and crushed, Chilly rises with a face ten shades deeper than sad. Then, it flips to anger. She stomps off to the door.

CHILLY

This ain't over. Mother.

Lady T watches her slam the door.

MAMA T

Don't you ever, ever -- trust that girl. You hear me?

INT. CLUB MOTHERLAND - NIGHT

Maryann wears a slinky mini-skirt and leads gown-covered Bonnie in through the front door.

BONNIE

Slow down. He's chocolate, but he won't melt.

MARYANN

Melts in my mouth, maybe in my hands too.

BONNIE

I turned my co-worker into a perv. Where's my trophy?

MARYANN

Right here.

Bonnie receives an extended middle finger. In return, Maryann gets a whack on her bottom.

BONNIE

That felt pretty good. You got on underwear or no? Don't tell me.

MARYANN

Smell your fingers and let me know.

Maryann's eyes are drawn to the figurines that are displayed on the side.

BONNIE

Oh, how cute. She wants to play with the dollies.

MARYANN

I can't get over how life-like they look. What an artist.

BONNIE

Hell with life-like, I want life-sized men, especially if they are extra large in the right places.

Lady T sees them and strolls over to the women.

LADY T

Welcome back, ladies. So good to see you again.

She hugs them both.

MARYANN

Had a great time the other night
Also, thanks for helping...with my
problem.

LADY T

We might need a little more help on that issue, but first, you go party and relax yourself. Drinks are on the house.

Bonnie's eyes get wide.

BONNIE

Two Hurricanes for the cyclone sisters. Why?

(MORE)

BONNIE (CONT'D)

Because we're about to tear the roof off. Are the boy toys around?

LADY T

You crazy, girl. I'll get 'em. Should I warn them about the storm?

BONNIE

Warn them? Pray for them. Moisture is already growing. Might be a flood later.

LADY T

I heard about your flood. Nothing a plastic mattress cover won't fix. Let it rain, girls.

Laughs from all parties as she glides off to backstage. The drinks come and Bonnie dives in, face first. They study the majority Black crowd as they dance and laugh.

BONNIE

We should have been coming here sooner. Such a good vibe.

Maryann seems to agree, with a smile and excitement on her face. Then, it turns solemn.

MARYANN

If they can't lock up my husband before he does whatever dirt he is cooking up...I'll kill him myself.

Bonnie looks to her, with a curious smirk.

BONNIE

I didn't hear that. But, you know what? I'll help you.

They both crack up in laughter. Gladiator and Mousse stride over to them. The happiness groove is contagious.

GLADIATOR

Hey, hey ladies. Looks like you're in a good mood. Glad you could find a moment to stop by.

Bonnie drains her Hurricane dry and slams down the glass.

BONNIE

I left all that lady shit at the entrance. I'm a tigress with a sweet tooth. Deal with me.

GLADIATOR

Looks like you might be fighting
for your life tonight, bro. Your
last will and testament on file?

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

Funny. Only one way to find out.
Just in case, will you be my
pallbearer?

GLADIATOR

You got it, my man. I won't even
show up drunk.

Mousse takes her by the hand and helps her up.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

That's okay. I won't hold you to
that. Just don't drop the casket.

Bonnie caresses Mousse's muscular frame and cuddles up.

BONNIE

Let's go. I wanna show you my
murder weapon.

They smile and wave as they walk away.

GLADIATOR

I'm scared of your home girl. If
you had a penis, I think you'd be
in trouble too.

MARYANN

Ha, your right. But
Gladiator...what do I have down
there?

She gives him the eye and scoots closer.

GLADIATOR

You got pussy that is so sweet, I'm
risking a diabetic coma just
sitting this close.

Giggles are followed by a knee slap. She looks deep into his
eyes and smiles.

MARYANN

It feels so good to flirt again.
To feel...Alive.

GLADIATOR

You deserve the best, Boo. You ain't getting it at home? Keep looking.

MARYANN

Well I found who I need tonight.

Maryann's manicured nails tap dance on Gladiator's knee.

GLADIATOR

We still have that issue to discuss, but I see it might be hard for us to focus, until that other matter is resolved.

The flirt action climbs to the next level, as she stands and sways to the music in a sexy way.

MARYANN

Yeah, mama needs you to resolve a certain matter. Urgently. Wanna lead me to the coliseum, Gladiator?

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

In the semi-darkness, snores are heard. Followed to its source, on the bed...Maryann sleeps. Disheveled hair and drool is evidence she is out cold. Also, she is alone.

Through the door, Gladiator grips two water bottles. He flicks on the light, sits on the edge of the bed. He takes a swig, then jostles Maryann.

GLADIATOR

Hey babe. Yo, we need to roll.

She flutters open her eyes and stirs. Maryann rolls over to face her booty-buddy.

MARYANN

There he is. Wow, I was asleep. How long?

Gladiator passes her a bottle of water and grins.

GLADIATOR

Here, Boo. You need it. You've got to be dehydrated after that. I let you konk out for a quick thirty.

The bottle is drained by the damsel. Then, a large exhale...

MARYANN

Damn. That felt great.

GLADIATOR

The water?

MARYANN

And what made me thirsty to start with. That was better than great.

A toothy grin is flashed by the muscular male.

GLADIATOR

Righteous. Love it. It's hero time now. You ready?

She scoots closer to him.

MARYANN

Eww, those sheets are cold and wet. Sorry if I ruined your bed again.

GLADIATOR

Yep, Little Miss Juicy. Got some rubber sheets under the linen. My real name is Noah. I knew a flood was coming.

MARYANN

A prophet AND a gladiator? Impressive. Could you pass me my clothes, Holy Man?

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Tension covers the face of Lady T as she pours out some Amaretto from a fancy decanter for three. She hands the glasses to Maryann and Gladiator. They toast.

LADY T

Here's to you, Miss Thing. You might be the only person standing between sunny days and genocide.

Maryann seems uncomfortable but eases out a grin. They drink.

MARYANN

I'll tell you all that I know, but I'm no hero. I want that jerk out of my life, for sure. Not sure I can really help that much.

LADY T
Our organization. It is secret and
needs to stay that way. We clear?

MARYANN
Yes ma'am.

Lady T hands them a tablet then takes a seat at her desk.

LADY T
Y'all follow along. This is our
findings, so far.

A photo of police cars in front of CDC headquarters.

GLADIATOR
What happened at the CDC?

LADY T
The CDC reported a NEW theft at
their facility.

GLADIATOR
Oh boy, every disease and poison in
the world is in there. What'd he
steal from them?

LADY T
No proof yet that it was him, but
the only stuff stolen, was the
projects he was working on. A
security guard was killed during
the raid.

Photo of a young Mexican man holding a baby. Maryann is
appalled and cries.

MARYANN
Those assholes. Hate him.

LADY T
Yesterday, a chemical truck out of
New Jersey was car-jacked in
Queens. The driver said he thinks
they were skinheads.

GLADIATOR
Good chance this is related to your
husband's visit to the Apple.

MARYANN
It figures.

LADY T

We also hacked his phone. We lifted some photos from it. Shout if you see anyone you recognize.

INSERT - TABLET SCREEN

Photo of Charlottesville crew - he has a Tiki torch. Selfies with different white males are swiped through. Mixed in are a few pics of a younger woman who seems to be a lover.

MARYANN (O.S.)

A girlfriend? Isn't that precious.

Maryann pauses on a selfie that shows him with two white men of the same age. VAN MEER (40'S), bearded and smokes a fancy pipe, laughs, as IVAN (40'S) pours out vodka shots.

BACK TO SCENE

Maryann raises her hand.

MARYANN

Stop. I know these two Ivan and Van Meer. They went to New York City with him. Ivan bragged that he was Russian. I think the other guy is from South Africa.

LADY T

That helps a lot. We'll see what we can find about them. I think they might be financing this.

MARYANN

Come to think of it, they seemed rather wealthy.

Lady T leans forward in her seat.

LADY T

We think something bad will happen soon. Probably with poison, but not sure what.

MARYANN

Poison, huh? Does he think he's Vladimir Putin or what? He never tells me anything about his new hobby. He knows there is a good chance I'd kill him in his sleep.

Lady T puts her hand over Maryann's. She looks her guest in the eyes.

LADY T

Child, I need you to try and bring him in here. That's the only way to find out his scheme.

Maryann looks at Lady T like she just sprouted wings.

MARYANN

Yeah, well, as you know, he's a bigot. He wouldn't be caught dead in a place like this. No offense.

LADY T

None taken. Here, take this. It's a gift certificate that gives free drinks all night.

MARYANN

Wow.

GLADIATOR

He's a heavy drinker, right?

She takes the certificate from Lady T.

MARYANN

Free booze? You're singing his song, now. But how do I explain the way I got it?

GLADIATOR

Say you won it on a raffle at the office.

MARYANN

That will work.

LADY T

Once he's drunk, we may need to seduce him with one of our ladies in order to get the info. Would that be a problem?

MARYANN

Hell, no. I'll pay her rent for a year if she'll keep him.

They all have a LAUGH.

LADY T

And bring your horny little friend,
He might hesitate leaving you alone
here if you don't have a buddy.

MARYANN

That won't be a problem.

LADY T

Excellent. Let's try for next
weekend. Earlier if you see
something going down. For now,
drinks are on the house, enjoy.

MARYANN

Thank you. For everything.

Gladiator stands and helps her up.

GLADIATOR

You heard the lady. Free drinks.
Any chance you could throw in a
basket of Buffalo wings?

Lady T rolls her eyes and grins,

LADY T

Get outta my office, boy. I swear.
Fine, I'll have that dead bird fly
over to your table in a few.
Anything else, -- boss?

GLADIATOR

I'm set.

LADY T

I'll make them extra hot so they
burn your begging-ass lips off.

Gladiator smiles, bows to her, then exits with Maryann.

SUPER - THE NEXT WEEKEND

INT. CLUB MOTHERLAND - NIGHT

Bonnie, Maryann enter as her husband, Donald - trails behind
them. A contemptuous smirk is on his face. He stops just
inside of the door. Blues music blares.

DONALD

I don't know. I'm not a fan of this
music, to say the least.

MARYANN

Don't be that way, Donald. It's free. Give it a chance.

BONNIE

Yeah, grandpa. Loosen up.

Donald checks out his surroundings and rolls his eyes.

DONALD

(under his breath)

Look at these...People. Be lucky to not get murdered tonight.

MARYANN

Stop. No one needs to hear that kind of talk.

BONNIE

I had been here before. I survived. Don't be a wussy.

To his side, Donald notices the figurine display.

DONALD

What is this? A doll house? How come this is a colored bar, but they have white action figures? Doesn't make sense.

MARYANN

So you are an interior decorator now? What do you care? You just came for the free booze, right?

Donald continues to stare at the figurines.

DONALD

Even if I was into this garbage, I'm not dressed to be here.

He points to the sweat pants he's wearing.

MARYANN

I told you not to dress like that. This place is classy.

BONNIE

Right. You look like we are buying worms to go fishing out back.

Lady T in a tight dress that looks like a business suit, steps over. A wide smile graces her face.

LADY T

Greetings and welcome to my establishment. My name is Lady T. Are you the lady that won our gift certificate?

MARYANN

Yes. Came as quite a surprise. My friend, Bonnie here had been here before and said it was nice. My name is Maryann.

She smiles and shakes their hands like they are strangers.

LADY T

And the gentleman?

DONALD

I'm Donald. Her husband.

Lady T sizes him up in seconds.

LADY T

Welcome, Donald. You look like you are ready to relax. We have a table reserved. Follow me, please.

She escorts the crew through the club. Donald's eyes are wide and he studies other customers with sourness. She leads them to a table near the front. The three take a seat.

MARYANN

Great location. Thank you.

LADY T

I will send your server over. Her name is Honeydew. Let me know if you need anything.

The host waves good-bye to them as she strolls deeper into the night club.

DONALD

So what you guys drinking?

MARYANN

Just some white wine for me.

BONNIE

Same here.

Donald leans in close to them.

DONALD

Look, we got a unlimited tab from these darkies. At least get some champagne.

MARYANN

Are you really gonna use that language here? Who are you? You changed.

He sits back in his seat.

DONALD

You don't get it do you? They are trying to replace us. But we can't let them. We're ready to fight.

BONNIE

I smell some David Duke, dookey in the room.

DONALD

You both need to watch FOX NEWS more often. Then you'll get the truth about what's happening.

BONNIE

Such a sad little man.

DONALD

We are under attack and you refuse to recognize it. You're the sad one. Good thing there are men in the world that will do something to stop it.

MARYANN

Jesus, could you put a cork in it?

DONALD

Fine. When we win, you'll thank me. Trust me.

Honeydew slinks over to the table. She sports blonde dreadlocks and a short mini-skirt.

HONEYDEW

Good evening. My name is Honeydew and I will be your server. What can I start you out with?

DONALD

Booze and lots of it. Give me your top shelf Scotch. Do you people even carry Scotch?

HONEYDEW

Why yes. Us people do know what it is and we have a few thirty year old bottles right from Scotland. What can I get you ladies?

MARYANN

Please excuse my husband. We'll take white wine. Both of us, please.

Honeydew hands them menus.

HONEYDEW

I'll get the drinks. Please look over our menu and let me know if you'd like to order. Be right back.

After she is out of sight, Maryann swats her husband's shoulder and scowls.

MARYANN

Do they carry Scotch? How racist.

DONALD

You're the one that ordered WHITE wine. Remember that.

BONNIE

Well, aren't you cute.

MARYANN

Get your mind out off of your skin color and order some food.

He picks up the menu and ponders it.

DONALD

You sure they don't put poison in their grub? I don't see many of our kind in here.

Maryann grabs his attention and points to two tables of white people having a good time.

MARYANN

Over there and over there. See that?

(MORE)

MARYANN (CONT'D)

They are laughing and rocking to the music. Stop embarrassing me, please.

DONALD

Whatever. I'll get the fried chicken. I'm sure it's good. They probably have been making that since Abe Lincoln's wedding day.

She gives him the evil eye.

MARYANN

That mouth. I'm not sure how much longer I can stick around.

DONALD

I don't want to fight with you in front of...them. Understand? I really don't care what you do. You can be replaced. Trust me.

Just as Maryann is about to blast back, Honeydew comes with the drinks. She smiles as she serves them.

HONEYDEW

Here you go, folks. Need more time to order or are you ready?

MARYANN

I'm ready. In more ways than one.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Seduction glides into the room and closes the door behind her. Lady T swirls around in her chair to face her.

LADY T

Hey Seduction, you sweet thing, have a seat. This is a big job. How you feeling?

The young, sexy woman melts into the chair.

SEDUCTION

I'm straight boss. I was briefed by Gladiator and Naambe already. Not sure if I can stomach a Klansman.

LADY T

As long as he ain't gay, you can put him under your spell. We're counting on you, baby.

SEDUCTION

If he's gay, I'll still own that ass. You know me. I got this. Do you have my outfit?

INT. CLUB MOTHERLAND - NIGHT

Seduction dominates the stage. She wears a stunning dress that shows off her chiseled body. A sultry song that drips with innuendo, is sung with a sly grin.

In her bomb outfit, she descends from the stage and slinks over to Donald. She flirts with him and shakes her goodies as she sings. Donald is noticeably drunk and fully engaged with the performance

Gladiator and Chocolate Mousse walk by the table and coyly wave at the women as Donald is distracted. They wink back. Honeydew arrives, takes the dishes and cleans the table.

HONEYDEW

Did you enjoy your meal? Can I interest you in dessert?

DONALD

Yeah, you can plop all that brown sugar down, right here in my lap.

Honeydew, shocked, drops silverware. Maryann slaps his shoulder in anger.

MARYANN

Donald? What a dick. I apologize.

DONALD

Just joking. Get me another Scotch.

She cuts her eyes at him, it is clear Honeydew is offended.

HONEYDEW

Anything for you, ladies?

BONNIE

Another wine, please. And don't let this slob destroy your night, okay?

A smile comes forth on Honeydew.

HONEYDEW

Oh, it won't. You can believe that. Be right back.

She avoids eye contact with Donald as she leaves.

MARYANN

You're such a douche. The question is if YOU are disposable or not.

DONALD

What's the big deal? She dresses like a hooker. I'm sure she gets that stuff all the time.

Maryann slams her wine goblet down loudly.

MARYANN

Donald. You make me sick. I'm about done with you.

He pretends to wipe away tears. Maryann turns to the side, Lady T beckons her to come over.

DONALD

Boo hoo. You hurt my little feelings. Boo friggin hoo.

MARYANN

Urgg. I'm going to the ladies room to cool down before I get an assault charge.

She gets up, turns and mugs at him before she steps off.

Seduction observes it all from the stage. The song ends, applause cascades. Donald's eyes are glued to her. She waves to him from the stage.

Now hessed towards the bar, she passes the table and winks at him. He tries to act suave.

DONALD

Now that there is one sexy colored girl. I'd take a bite out of her fudge brownie anytime.

BONNIE

I thought you hated Black people?

DONALD

Not if they look like THAT.

EXT. OFFICE - NIGHT

He ladies meet near the office, out of Donald's sight.

LADY T

So this is how it will work. If he has nothing to do with this scheme, he'll be home tonight. If not, this may be the last time you see him. Could kinda, disappear.

MARYANN

I understand. But really, I don't want his lame ass back.

They laugh.

LADY T

It's alright, girl. I feel ya. Stay in the office for a while. Won't be long. Seduction has him hooked already.

MARYANN

That girl is crazy hot. I'd bang her myself.

LADY T

That could be arranged.

Maryann giggles.

MARYANN

You're so bad.

LADY T

Do you want one last look at hubby, in case things go south for him?

She cranes her neck, peeks at him through the crowd.

MARYANN

Only one thing he was ever correct about... Your fried chicken is awesome.

LADY T

Will order you a dinner to-go, on the house, but you're welcome to stay and party a bit.

Maryann hugs Lady T.

MARYANN

I hope you find the information you need to stop this psycho. Especially if it is what we fear.

ACROSS THE ROOM

At the bar, Seduction stands near Honeydew.

SEDUCTION

I saw our boy giving you a hard
time. You okay?

HONEYDEW

I'd like to give him an enema with
this goddam Scotch and seal the
hole with my foot.

SEDUCTION

That bad, huh?

Honeydew gives her a look that confirms it.

HONEYDEW

Complete asshole.

Mercedes brings the drink order and puts it in front of
Honeydew. Seduction takes the Scotch and stirs a powder into
it till it dissolves.

SEDUCTION

Let me serve him this one.

HONEYDEW

It's all yours, sister.

Both women carry libations to the table of the troll.
Seduction's sexy stroll is off the charts.

SEDUCTION

I'm gonna deserve a Medal of Valor
and a vacation in Hawaii after this
job. And maybe an Oscar.

They approach the table. Seduction lags behind.

HONEYDEW

Hi. Here are your drinks, Ma'am.

She sets down the two wines on the table.

BONNIE

Thanks.

DONALD

Where the hell is my--

He freezes as he sees the Black goddess with his drink
cradled in her hands.

SEDUCTION

Hello, handsome. I got something brown, strong and tasty for you.

Donald picks his jaw up off the floor and stammers his reply.

DONALD

Uh, gee, yes. Thanks.

SEDUCTION

This seat taken?

She hands him the Scotch and nods to Maryann's chair. Flabbergasted, he can't speak. He tries to smile and awkwardly motions for her to sit.

BONNIE

You're a great singer. Really enjoyed your set.

SEDUCTION

Why thank you. I really love working here. You meet so many interesting people.

A sly grin is sent Donald's way.

DONALD

Great stuff. The singing I mean.

SEDUCTION

My, my. What else could you mean?

She giggles. He looks nervous.

DONALD

Gee, you are such a knockout. I have never been so attracted to a girl, uh, like you.

SEDUCTION

Thanks? I haven't been a girl in many years. You are looking at a full grown woman, baby. From head to toe, but especially...in the middle.

She winks at him and they all laugh.

BONNIE

Good one.

Seduction moves her chair closer to Donald and leans over to expose a sculptured cleavage.

SEDUCTION

This seems to be your first visit, right? Let me take you on a tour of the establishment. What do you say, big guy?

His eyes get wide and his upper lip trembles.

BONNIE

You should go. We'll be here when you get back.

Red-faced and now sweating, Donald stands up.

DONALD

A tour, huh? Sure.

SEDUCTION

Excellent. But no booze is allowed outside of the dance floor. Slam down that hootch and let's get stepping.

Obediently, the already drunk visitor tips his head back and drains the glass. Seduction smiles.

DONALD

I'm ready.

Seduction stands and starts to lead the way. Donald wobbles as he walks. She takes him by the arm.

SEDUCTION

Oopsy. Be careful. I got you. Right this way, killer.

The two walk through the crowd and disappear into the forest of humanity. Bonnie spies them as she sips wine.

BONNIE

Good riddance. Hope they make hot links out of your ass.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

Donald leans on Seduction as they struggle into the doorway. She lprops him against the wall.

SEDUCTION

I need to introduce you to a friend of mine. Her name is Jenny Craig.

DONALD

My legs. You mind if I have a seat
on the bed?

SEDUCTION

Oh Donald, are you being fresh?
Kidding, go right ahead, baby.

He stumbles over to the bed and barely makes it. In short
time, seated position, is replaced by laying down.

DONALD

Man, I'm so tired. Just need to
stretch my back.

SEDUCTION

Yes, you do that. Take some big,
deep breaths and just stretch
yourself right on out.

After one good exhale, it seems that he falls asleep.

SEDUCTION (CONT'D)

Sleep tight little bedbug. I'll be
back later. And I'll bring friends.

Seduction smiles and eases out of the door.

INT. CLUB MOTHERLAND - NIGHT

Bonnie grooves to the music as she drinks wine. Coming up
behind her is Maryann. She has several to-go boxes.

MARYANN

Hey there good looking.

As Bonnie turns to the side, Maryann takes a seat.

BONNIE

I was hoping that was Mousse. I'm
ready for dessert.

MARYANN

You need to get your hormone levels
checked, my friend. How did it go?

BONNIE

Played him like a bass fiddle. She
was so hot, she made ME moist.

Both women have a hearty laugh.

MARYANN

I guess we should head home now.
Got some chicken for the road.

BONNIE

Chicken? I need some sausage.

MARYANN

Will you please stop?

BONNIE

What?

MARYANN

Hopefully, he will be helping to
beat the shit out of my husband
tonight. Besides, we need an alibi
in case this goes sideways.

Bonnie lets out a huge sigh.

BONNIE

Okay, which bar has the best male
strippers?

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Gladiator wears clothes that seem like they are from
Frederick Douglass's closet. He props the door open and then
backs a wheelchair into the room.

The chair is spun around. Donald slumps in the seat. His arms
and legs are bound to the chair. Fully knocked out.

In front of Donald is a conference table of people dressed
like Gladiator. Lady T is seated at the head of the
conference table.

GLADIATOR

Welcome, Gladiator. We're just
waiting on the two newbies.

All of the people at the table have previously been seen in
the club as her employees.

No longer are they dressed sexy or for work...they have on
clothing from the 1860's also. Seduction is in a fancy gown
from the era.

SEDUCTION

It's good to get some young-bloods
onto the crew. These two are
outstanding.

Honeydew and Chocolate Mousse enter the room, similarly dressed.

HONEYDEW
Did we miss anything?

LADY T
Just getting started.

She motions them over to the last two empty chairs.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE
Why did we need to put on these clothes?

Both occupy the reserved seats.

LADY T
Tonight, you are now inducted into the Motherland Underground. As well, you will see one of our most advanced interrogation techniques that we use on those that do us harm.

GLADIATOR
Secrecy is imperative, you dig?

They notice Donald, bound and nodding off.

HONEYDEW
Yes, understood.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE
Yes, Sir.

The club owner, slash - Director of Intelligence, raises her hands to the sky.

LADY T
Let us give thanks to the ancestors for their courage. One person in particular is our focus. God bless sister Harriet Tubman.

A huge screen on the wall behind Lady T is illuminated. The image of the conductor of the Underground Railroad is seen.

LADY T (CONT'D)
She is the person who started our movement. I am blessed to be a direct descendant of this marvelous woman.

(MORE)

LADY T (CONT'D)

That is why I am referred to as Lady T. It stands for Tubman, baby.

HONEYDEW

Excuse me, I thought her only child was adopted.

LADY T

She kept her natural born children hidden due to the numerous threats on her life and bounties on her head. That DNA in her, had to be passed on at all costs.

The famous painting showing Harriet in the wilderness, fleeing North, with freedom seekers in tow, is lit up.

GLADIATOR

Yeah, she hid hundreds of runaway slaves. A few kids? Easy.

LADY T

She was the greatest spy who ever lived. Although she could not blend in with her oppressors, she became invisible to them. Not only did she free hundreds of slaves, with a price on her head, but she also was a spy against Confederate forces and contributed greatly to their demise.

GLADIATOR

As she did then, we do now. Never again will we go down - without a fight.

A photo of the outside of CLUB MOTHERLAND is shown on a screen above Donald.

LADY T

Even if it is a secret fight. Long live the MOTHERLAND UNDERGROUND.

All cheer and give a toast.

LADY T (CONT'D)

Sister Harriet used what she learned as a spy in the Union Army, to set up a spy network that we could call our own.

GLADIATOR

Without this agency, there would have been hundreds more lynching cases.

Horrific images of lynchings are shown.

SEDUCTION

Ida B Wells was one of our members and she was fearless in exposing these murderers who tried to escape justice. She's MY ancestor.

Stoic determination is seen in the face of Ms. Wells, as she graces the screen.

LADY T

When Klansman-ass, Woodrow Wilson was elected president, things became more dire, but, we survived those dark days.

A photo of the dead prez is displayed. An 'X' has been drawn across his face.

SEDUCTION

And all the dark days after that.

Clips of historic moments from the Civil Rights struggle are played for the gathering.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

If we're spies, does that mean we're secret agents?

LADY T

Exactly and be proud. We have stood between obliteration and survival for over a century. We are coast to coast and border to border.

A map of their sphere of influence around the world is displayed and the new members are awed.

HONEYDEW

Wow.

LADY T

In the last few years we have moved and expanded throughout the African diaspora.

GLADIATOR

Just like the Underground Railroad
of old...brave white people have
helped us tremendously.

LADY T

Such is not the case with mister
Donald Kelly here.

She nods to the wheelchair bound bigot.

HONEYDEW

Other than being an asshole, what
did he do?

LADY T

Brother Naambe. Bring us up to
speed, please.

Naambe goes over to the large screen. In his hand, a clicker.
Headlines about the truck heist of toxins is shown.

NAAMBE

The sad little man we have here,
has been up to some evil shit. He
seems to be involved in a
conspiracy to poison thousands of
black people. He might even start
right here in his hometown. He's
also backed by white nationalists
from other countries.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

The prince of poison and the king
of killing, huh? David Duke didn't
even get that nasty, damn.

NAAMBE

Not that YOU know of anyway. But,
back to the bigot before us. We are
tracing the phone numbers in his
cell to find out more.

(beat)

They jacked a truck of poison back
east and our network is on this
mission as a code red priority.

A photo of a computer room, manned by serious black people.

NAAMBE (CONT'D)

My guess is they will try to get those materials out here for the mad scientist here to cook up and put in some form of consumption for Blacks to take.

HONEYDEW

So really, we just need to find out the means of how they want to administer it and shut it down.

GLADIATOR

It could be anything we groove on.

LADY T

All I know is that there are a thousand things they can put it in and we have a short time to find out.

NAAMBE

Very short. I'm sorry to say...We found Alonzo's body. Badly decomposed. We think he may have caught wind of their plan...Lady T, you okay?

LADY T

Goddamit! This fucker killed him?

Mousse stands and flexes his muscles with his game-face on.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

I got you, Queen. Just step out the room for a quick minute. I'll beat the answer out of that asshole, then make him pay.

She takes a deep breath and tries to refocus. Moist eyes get rubbed by hands that tremble.

LADY T

Sit down, boy. Love the enthusiasm. Would enjoy that show...But we have our own way. Is she here yet, Naambe?

He checks his phone.

NAAMBE

E. T. A. is about five minutes. I'll go out there to greet her.

He leaves the room.

INT. BONNIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Maryann, sprawled across the couch, as the glare of the TV illuminates tears on her face.

Bonnie enters from the kitchen with a joint she just lit in her hands. She seems playful until she spots her buddy's wet cheeks.

BONNIE

Hey you. Sad about possibly being a widow tonight?

MARYANN

What? Heavens no. Good riddance to that evil worm. They mentioned how his dad was involved with the Tuskegee experiments. Stupid me, I didn't know what that was. I'm watching a documentary about it.

She hits the joint again.

BONNIE

Good stuff?

MARYANN

The U.S. Government infected African Americans with syphilis and would observe how the disease spread and what it does to the human body.

Bonnie reacts shocked. She sits next to Maryann and passes her the Mary Jane.

BONNIE

Oh my God. For real? No shit? That's some Doctor Evil, comic book villain, Hitler shit. Who played Batman and threw those jokers in jail to rot?

Maryann hits the joint and more tears run down her face. The sad woman's exhale is a mixture of cannabis and sorrow.

MARYANN

No one. Not one goddam soul. Hundreds of white people knew.

(MORE)

MARYANN (CONT'D)

Not one person from the government
or especially the medical
profession said a word. Guess how
long they did it?

Bonnie rolls her eyes and shakes her head.

BONNIE

I would hope it was less than a
year?

Anger and embarrassment is seen on the face of Maryann .

MARYANN

From the 1930's to the 1970's. Can
you believe that shit?

Bonnie drops the joint on the exchange. She ignores it.

BONNIE

You gotta be shitting me!

MARYANN

And not one of those scumbags went
to jail. Nobody. They paid a small
fine, case closed.

Repulsion - on the faces of both women.

BONNIE

That's unreal. So disgusting. So
after we saw the Nazis commit
genocide, this country kept this
V.D. abomination going another
thirty years? How can black people
be nice to us after that? It sure
isn't deserved.

Bonnie picks up the joint and lights it again.

MARYANN

It sure isn't. And why didn't we
learn about this in history class?
Kinda seems like a cover-up. Which
makes the whole thing even worse.

BONNIE

Thank God things are different.
Good chance my home-girl here
stopped it from happening again.
I'm getting high with a hero.

They laugh.

MARYANN

Thanks. I just hope they can get answers from that fat, little demon and stop whatever he is planning. He can be a hard-headed son of a bitch.

She hits the joint again.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

The door swings open and Naambe steps through. He holds the door open. TWO YOUNG, BLACK WOMEN step through the door. They wear matching African clothing and carry a decorated, leopard skin bag.

GLADIATOR

The Oracle has arrived. All rise.

Those at the table all stand. The African dressed women flank the door as the Oracle glides through the portal. Her look is complimented by Egyptian garb and jewelry.

Her eyes, light brown which makes her stare almost hypnotic. She nods at Lady T and she motions the others at the table to now sit.

Gladiator escorts her to an ornate seat reserved for her. Her attendants help her sit and then stand on each side of the chair. Oracle cuts her eyes over to see Donald.

ORACLE

Greetings in the name of the most high, my children. My services are needed I see.

LADY T

Indeed. We need his secrets.

ORACLE

Gladiator briefed me. And I know what is at stake. Let us begin.

Gladiator rolls Donald over and parks him right in front of her, face to face. Oracle studies him.

LADY T

Getting a read on his vibration?

ORACLE

Yes, and it's all bad. Time to talk little birdy.

An old tattered drum is removed from the leopard skin bag by her assistants. .

LADY T

Behold, the drum of steady persistence. Let me explain to the new members. Our founder helped a boy escape slavery. Years later, he was the drummer for the 54th infantry, civil war.

Lady T holds up the drum for all to see.

ORACLE

After the war he found Harriet, told her his tale and thanked her with this drum, which is now an heirloom...with magic power.

She hands it to Gladiator. He smiles and drums out a beat. Lady T begins to hum what sounds like an old time spiritual, others join in.

Oracle closes her eyes and tips her head back. She convulses for a moment. When she re-opens her eyes...they seem other worldly.

Mousse and Honeydew freak a bit, but are calmed by Seduction.

Oracle places her fingers on the temples of Donald.

ORACLE (CONT'D)

He is ready.

Lady T raises her hand for the music to stop.

LADY T

What is your name?

With eyes still closed, he answers...

DONALD

Donald J Kelly.

LADY T

What are you gonna do with this poison, Donald?

Oracle closes her eyes, her brows furl.

DONALD

Dad was a scientist in Tuskegee.
 Taught me, the best thing a
 scientist can do -- is make a
 nigger insecticide. Will go down in
 history as a hero.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

Where is your daddy buried? I'd
 like to pay him a visit.

Lady T cuts her eyes towards the newbie.

LADY T

Shh. Did you make one, Donald?

DONALD

At CDC, I found how to have
 chemicals react to melanin levels
 in humans. Was fired because my
 research was dangerous.

SEDUCTION

They were right.

LADY T

How did this get funded? Who is
 behind it?

DONALD

The next day a Russian, backed by a
 South African with all kinds of
 diamond money, offers me a job,
 continuing this research.

LADY T

So it is ready for roll-out now?

DONALD

Yes, finally I perfected a poison
 that will only affect people who
 are dark skinned.

LADY T

How will it be administered?

All lean forward for the answer.

DONALD

Tattoo guns. All the young niggers
 love that shit. Will set up parlors
 to give free tattoos to males in
 big cities, using our ink.

Mousse studies the tattoos that he already has.

LADY T

So if you are light skinned enough,
you will be safe?

DONALD

No affect to white people. Blacks,
especially the young thugs, will
die by the thousands, maybe
millions ... and they will never know
why, because it is undetectable.

Those around the table look confused.

LADY T

Why the males?

DONALD

They will die off first, leaving
all those young hot colored chicks
for guys like me. Without the young
men, the race will soon die out, or
at least become lighter.

Mousse slams his fist in anger.

LADY T

Do your partners have the formula
for this?

DONALD

I already gave them two-thirds of
the formula. They get the rest for
another two million tomorrow.

SEDUCTION

Blood money pays good, don't it?

LADY T

Where is the location of the rest
of the formula?

DONALD

It is in my head.

She laughs.

LADY T

That is where it will stay.
Forever. We are done with you,
mister Donald. Queen Oracle, he's
all yours. It is time for justice.

Oracle opens her eyes. They are seem supernatural. She removes her hands from Donald and sits back in her seat.

Lady T hums the Spiritual again. She nods to Gladiator and the drumming begins. Others join in with her.

With two hand claps, one of Oracle's attendants presents her with a small ornate bottle. Oracle takes a sip, then sprays a mouthful over Donald. Eyes, freaky, wide...she repeats it two more times.

At the table, Chocolate Mousse and Honeydew exchange glances that show they cannot believe the sights.

Oracle claps again. The other attendant steps forward and bows. In her hand is a wineskin flask. Oracle takes it from her slowly.

Donald is grabbed by the hair. She yanks his head back hard. Eyes closed, mouth agape, Donald is still motionless. Suddenly, Oracle pours the contents in the wineskin in his mouth. Some drips down his chin.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

Wow.

Seduction gives him some serious side eye.

SEDUCTION

Keep humming.

Oracle stares deep into the face of the poisoner-to-be. She runs her hands all over his face as her extra long gold nails sparkle in the light.

Without warning, she rips open his shirt and slams her extended fingers and wide palm onto his bare chest.

It makes a loud SLAP noise. Donald's body starts to shudder like he is being electrocuted.

She removes her hand and his body slumps. Oracle's eyes turn back to normal.

Lady T motions for the music to stop.

LADY T

Are you ready to perform the final step, Queen Oracle?

ORACLE

No man can be allowed to do what he has planned. Bring him.

Oracle claps her hands. The attendants take back the drum and put it in the bag. Oracle heads towards the door as her helpers wheel Donald behind her.

LADY T

The Ceremonial room is ready for you. Take your time. Again, thank you, from us all here. And from the ancestors watching from above.

The bald headed mystic bows back. All at the table do a momentary, 'praying hands motion' towards her. Oracle opens the door. Her entourage rolls Donald into the hall.

ORACLE

It's time to dispense justice.

She closes the door behind her. A moment of silence follows.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

Wow. I had no idea that you did this on the side.

Lady T looks over at the astonished new member.

LADY T

On the side? My dear, this our primary function. And we take it critically serious. The government, cops and politicians...they don't give a shit about us.

SEDUCTION

And can't be trusted.

LADY T

Protect your own, because nobody else will. Sister Harriet could not be more clear, during a time...when the stakes were even higher.

Chocolate Mousse nods like he understands at a deep level.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

For real, huh. So, what happens next?

LADY T

Get some sleep. We need you tomorrow.

INT. DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Devon hurries to pack a bag as she wipes tears.

DEVON

My God. How bad was the accident?
Will she be alright?

On the sofa sits Chilly. Devilish smile.

CHILLY

Very bad. We need to go right away.
I don't want my poor sister to pass
away without seeing you.

INT. BONNIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Maryann works up a sweat on an exercise bike as Bonnie sweeps the floor nearby. Blues music plays on the stereo. The doorbell rings.

BONNIE

I'll get it. Keep logging them
miles. My fat ass is next.

Bonnie opens the door. Standing before her are Gladiator and Chocolate Mousse, wearing designer suits. She looks happy to see them, but then is embarrassed by her haggard appearance. She tries to touch-up her hair.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

Good morning, fellas. I didn't
expect company. Was just cleaning.
Come on in.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

You look good, ma. I ain't hating
on a clean crib.

When they walk in and spot Maryann they wave at her. She stops and smiles back.

MARYANN

Good to see you. I needed a good
excuse to get off that thing
anyway.

BONNIE

Why so dressed up?

MARYANN

Right. Is my ex having his funeral today? Hope you don't mind if I mail it in.

They laugh.

GLADIATOR

Funny. No, he is alive--ish.

MARYANN

Don't do me no favors.

Maryann grabs a towel and wipes sweat.

GLADIATOR

The reason we dressed, is all for you. Let me explain. Your boy, he was just days away from unleashing some evil shit.

MARYANN

I believe it. Are we safe now?

GLADIATOR

Yes. Because of you. Both of you. Lady T wanted to thank you for your kindness and bravery.

BONNIE

What's so brave about taking out the garbage? If you don't, it stinks up the house for everybody.

MARYANN

Well said, sister.

They hi five each other.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

Please. Have a seat.

The women settle themselves on the couch and the guys stand in front of each of them.

GLADIATOR

Since the time of the Underground Railroad, and even before that, good hearted white people have helped us fight the forces of oppression and injustice.

MARYANN

Okay. No need to thank anyone here for what we did. It was just doing the right thing.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

Wrong-oh. If not for you guys people would be dropping dead and no one would know why.

Both men dig in their pockets and pull out small jewelry boxes. They open the lid.

BONNIE

Whoa. For moi?

She picks up a golden bracelet with an Ankh and smiles. Maryann takes out the necklace with the same ornament as a pendant. All gold.

GLADIATOR

Let me put it on you.

MARYANN

Really, this is unnecessary.

GLADIATOR

If you don't accept our offer of love, Lady T will be deeply offended. Please.

MARYANN

Fine, tell her that we accept her gift graciously. I've done research on these hate groups since I got involved with you guys.

Maryann pulls her hair to the side and lets him put it around her neck.

MARYANN (CONT'D)

There are literally thousands of groups of armed racist militias and organizations whose sole goal is killing people of color. Blacks do not have that -- and have not had one since Nat Turner.

Gladiator smiles.

MARYANN (CONT'D)

If there is a race with a viable reason to hate the others, it would logically come from the people who have suffered from the hands of the oppressors. But it's the other way around.

Confusion and anger in her voice.

MARYANN (CONT'D)

Those who perpetuated the hate, refuse to let it go.

Bonnie's wrist gets decorated by Mousse at the same time.

BONNIE

Right on, sis. John Brown style.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

For real, huh?

GLADIATOR

We're also happy to let you know that the million that was paid to your husband - is now all yours.

Spinning around to face Gladiator, Maryann almost loses her balance. She stares at him wide eyed.

MARYANN

What? Oh my God. But how?

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

We got peoples.

GLADIATOR

I ask one thing before you go on a spending spree. His buddies Ivan and Van Meer are set to meet your husband at the club tonight.

MARYANN

Is that right?

GLADIATOR

Just in case they drop by the house, it's better if you stay here at Bonnie's, until it's clear.

She waves off the idea of going home.

MARYANN

Lay low? I know how to shop online.
Trust me.

Bonnie plays with Mousse's suit, caressing the lapels.

BONNIE

So, in a hurry to get someplace?

MARYANN

Bonnie, please. They didn't put on
these fancy clothes just to see us.

Gladiator has a seat on the couch and pats the cushion next
to him as he smiles at Maryann.

GLADIATOR

Well, actually, you fine ladies are
the exact reason, we dressed this
way. You like?

MARYANN

Uh-huh.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

Last time we stopped by was in B-
Ball gear. That don't work in the
presence of a millionaire.

BONNIE

Such sweet threads. Maybe we should
get you out of them before you get
them dirty.

The look of a hungry tiger is in her eyes. Mousse smiles back
at her.

Maryann gently rubs her fingers over Gladiators head.

MARYANN

Yeah, I know the perfect hanger to
handle that job. Let me take a
quick shower and get it for you.

Bonnie starts to move towards the bathroom.

BONNIE

Me first.

They both fast walk, then sprint to the bathroom as they
giggle like teenagers and bounce off walls.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

Shower at the same time. Conserve
water, yo.

He chuckles at his own joke and bumps fists with Gladiator.

MARYANN (O.S.)

Don't give her any ideas.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Biggs, one hand with bourbon, the other with cigar -- exhales a cloud of smoke into the air and sneers as he sits back in the comfy chair. Another pay-off envelope sticks out of the pocket of his uniform.

Lady T, in a tight fitting gown, emits a laugh, shadowed with disgust and shock.

LADY T

You trippin', right? You stuff
crack in that cigar or what?

BIGGS

Serious as syphilis, baby-girl.
Good as you look? Yeah, I need some
ass thrown into the deal.

She scopes this corrupt piece of shit up and down, then strolls towards him with a curious smile. She takes the cigar from him and puffs it herself.

LADY T

Maybe we can work something out.
I'll get a room ready and come back
with drinks. Last thing I need is
jail. Be right back.

BIGGS

Now you're talking. I'm gonna dick
you down too, get ready.

She opens the door to leave.

LADY T

Me? I'm always ready.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

Biggs sits wide legged on the recliner, grinning like a predator. Lady T is at a dresser behind him. She opens a drawer and digs something out.

LADY T

Let me wear some jewelry so you
don't think of some other shit you
want to add to the price.

BIGGS

Sounds sexy. I like that.

As she spins around, the jewelry she wears -- are brass
knuckles. She quickly pops him in the head. Dazed, he tries
to get up, but she clutches him by the throat and lands punch
after punch to his face.

LADY T

Get greedy. Get played.

Blood sprays. More punches. He is knocked out..

Lady T, breathing heavy, stares at her reflection in the
mirror as she wipes off splotches of blood from her face with
her left hand. As she raises her right hand, a bloody set of
brass knuckles adorns it. She removes them.

A knock is at the door. She swings it open. The Oracle and
her assistants enter. To the side, Oracle sees the well
beaten face of the bad cop on the chair.

ORACLE

The usual?

The now bloodied envelope of money Biggs had, is slid to the
Oracle. Lady T kisses the old woman's forehead.

LADY T

After you dispose of the garbage,
buy yourself something nice with
that. Ya hear?

INT. RENTAL CAR - NIGHT

In the parking lot of the club, Van Meer smokes a tobacco
pipe in the driver's seat. His eyes dart back and forth
across the parking lot cautiously.

Next to him, Ivan cuts lines of cocaine on a mirror. His
Afrikaners accent is subtle.

VAN MEER

More? Really, old man. My head is
already buzzing.

The Russian peers up at him, grins. His accent is much more
pronounced.

IVAN

First time with one of these darkie
bitches. Can't be weak. Strong my
friend. Like--

VAN MEER

Russian bull. Yes, I know. Heard
about it all night.

A straw is pulled out and jammed into his nostril and he
bends over and blows his nose backwards.

IVAN

Ahh. Yes. Bone 'em like one of her
black bros who play the football.
Grrr.

He hands the mirror to his partner. Van Meer looks around
then quickly snorts it up.

VAN MEER

Wow. Grr is right.

He rubs his nose and snuffles more.

They both get out of the car.

EXT. CLUB MOTHERLAND - NIGHT

Van Meer alarms the car. The men stumble towards the door.
They look at the club's other customers as they head inside.

IVAN

Yes, you better lock it up good.
Look at these monkeys.

VAN MEER

Not so loud. My God, man.

IVAN

I'm not scared of any of them. My
blood is on fire, buddy.

The coked up Russian shadow boxes as he marches forward.

VAN MEER

Did you bring the flyers?

He opens up his suit jacket and shows papers that stick out
of his inner pocket.

IVAN

Coupons for free tattoos. They're gonna eat it up. Watch.

VAN MEER

Let me text the Yankee and make sure he's in there.

The South African takes out his phone and starts typing.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

A cell phone on the desk in front of Lady T rings. She looks around the room to Gladiator, Mousse, Seduction and Honeydew. A smile creeps across her face.

LADY T

Looks like we have some company.
Y'all ready?

All in the room nod affirmatively.

SEDUCTION

Bring their little bad-asses to Mama. It's time for a spanking.

LADY T

Sure is.

She picks up Donald's phone and send a text back. Lady T speaks her words as she types.

LADY T (CONT'D)

My brothers in the cause. Welcome. Get in here and get your belly full of booze. I'm currently in the VIP room with two big brown jugs in my face. Get started without me.

Lady T holds up the phone, then hits the send button. Seduction and Honeydew get up from their seats.

SEDUCTION

Duty calls. Come on, girl. Let's get it-get it.

HONEYDEW

I'm kinda nervous.

LADY T

We got your back, Queen.

The ladies sashay out into the club as Lady T follows behind them. Gladiator turns on the closed circuit TV system.

INSERT - SECURITY CAM

Gladiator enlarges the frame that shows the entrance. Van Meer and Ivan are waiting in line to get in. They seem to be passing out flyers to other customers.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE (O.C.)
I wonder what that's all about.

GLADIATOR (O.C.)
Probably those free tattoo coupons
Donald mentioned.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE (O.C.)
Coupons that will never be cashed
in. At least the printer man got
some money out of the deal.

In moments, Lady T comes into view near the door.

INT. CLUB MOTHERLAND - NIGHT

Lady T spies the duo passing out, what would be death sentences to her customers. Her angry eyes burn into them. She turns away. Takes a few deep breaths, then proceeds towards the entrance.

Now inside, the men check the scene. Several beautiful women pass in front of them.

IVAN
Ya, Donald. Good choice. Just look
at all that meat.

VAN MEER
Indeed. Let's get a table.

IVAN
And start drinking. They better
have vodka here.

Lady T walks up to them.

LADY T
Actually, we have a full bar...And
yes, vodka is included. My Name is
Lady T. I own this joint. Are you
gentlemen friends of Donald?

VAN MEER

Yes, we came here to meet him.

LADY T

Welcome. He is indispose with one of our massage girls right now. He said to make yourselves comfortable. Drinks are on his tab. Can I take you to your table?

The foreigners nod yes and flash a reptilian smile. They follow her.

IVAN

Massage girls, no? Tell me more.

They get to the reserved table and she motions for them to have a seat.

LADY T

Yes. The most gorgeous girls and the best massage this side of heaven. I could send a few over if you wish.

IVAN

The sooner the better.

LADY T

No problem. Hey, did I see you passing out flyers? What is that about?

Van Meer pulls one from his pocket and presents it to her.

VAN MEER

We are starting a tattoo ink business soon and we are passing out coupons for the grand opening.

IVAN

He's from South Africa and I'm Russian, so we call it the BOAR AND BEAR INK COMPANY. You like?

LADY T

Clever. You know, I was thinking of getting one, right here.

She extends her middle finger at them like she flips them off. With the other hand she points to the area between the knuckle and the first joint.

LADY T (CONT'D)

I want a middle finger, tattooed on my middle finger. That way, when I give it to the assholes I meet, it's double barrel.

The men get a chuckle out of that joke. She keeps it extended at them as they laugh. Although laughing herself, the bird she gives them, is no joke, deep down.

VAN MEER

That's funny. You should be entertainer.

LADY T

Interesting you said that. After I find you some girls, I'll be on stage singing my little heart out. Hope you enjoy the show.

She looks around and gets a waiter's attention. He comes over to her. Lady T speaks loud enough so that they can hear it.

LADY T (CONT'D)

Take their order. These are VIPs. Treat them good.

The waiter smiles and nods. Lady T walks off into the crowd.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Gladiator and Mousse are roll with laughter as they monitor the security cam.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

Flipped that bird all up in that grill, son.

GLADIATOR

Yeah, yeah. And they are sitting there smiling back, looking like Forrest Gump.

The laughs continue.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

In front of Lady T are Seduction and Honeydew, in outfits that are so hot, smoke should be billowing from them.

LADY T

Alight mummies, any questions? A lot is riding on this.

The other two women smile at Honeydew.

HONEYDEW

First time in a boat and y'all got me hunting whales. Killer whales at that. I'm nice though. Let's get it popping and save some souls.

LADY T

More like saving Soul...Brothers. Seduction, you take the private room on the left and you, the other. Oracle will be here later.

Seduction pops her collar.

SEDUCTION

This one is for Sister Harriet.

INT. CLUB MOTHERLAND - NIGHT

As the song ends, Lady T goes to the microphone. Smile wide, eyes focused.

LADY T

Welcome to Club Motherland, everybody. We're gonna slide into something grown-up and sexy right about now. Y'all ready?

Just then, the two sensuous secret agents park in front of the table that Ivan and Van Meer occupy.

The men look like all the spit in their mouths dried right up in two seconds. They struggle to swallow, or even breathe.

In the background, Lady T launches into a robust, raunchy number. The gaze of the men does not flinch. Empty shot glasses that once held vodka are lined up.

IVAN

Well look at you. My God. No tattoos for either one of you.

Van Meer elbows him and gives him a stern look.

SEDUCTION

Huh? I don't understand. Anyway, my name is Seduction. This is my friend, Honeydew.

VAN MEER

Honeydew? Like the fruit? Love it. Have a seat near me. Love those blonde braids.

She bats her eyes and acts shy as she takes a seat near him. Seduction then looks back to Ivan.

SEDUCTION

I guess I get Mister Muscles. What's your name, handsome?

IVAN

Uh, Ivan. My name. Yes, Ivan.

VAN MEER

Excuse my friend. He's from Russia. There's nothing like you two there.

SEDUCTION

Well, thank you. Looks like you are running low. I'll go to the bar and be right back. Vodka, right?

Ivan nods up and down, then finally speaks.

IVAN

Yes. Yeah, thanks.

Seduction engages sexy stroll number twelve from her répétiteur and seems indifferent to all the tongues that hang out of men's mouths in the club. She goes to the far side of the bar where they can't see her. The bartender goes over.

SEDUCTION

Hey, Mercedes. Two vodka specials. Make that three. I think I need one myself.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

On the security cam, Gladiator and Chocolate Mousse observe as Seduction puts powder in the drinks and stirs it up.

GLADIATOR

Okay, it won't be long now. Stay ready. They might get feisty.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

Honeydew half drags Van Meer into the room. He flops down on a chair against the wall. The effects of the vodka and sedative are apparent.

A desk drawer is opened by Honeydew. Inside is seen a lead pipe with a handle. She reaches for it.

VAN MEER

My friend. Don't tell him, okay?
It's secret. But...I'm really not
into girls. The guys I know would
kill me if they knew.

Honeydew pulls her hand away from the weapon and looks upon him with compassion.

VAN MEER (CONT'D)

It's hard to hide the side of me
that I'm ashamed of, understand?

His tears fall. Honeydew's face shows she's conflicted.

HONEYDEW

Hey, I get it. Don't cry. You
shouldn't be ashamed. It's okay.

She rubs his shoulders to comfort him.

VAN MEER

Really?

HONEYDEW

Yeah. I don't judge people.

His demeanor changes.

VAN MEER

Good. What I really like are the
little black boys. Younger the
better. Got any here?

He winks at her. The eyes of Honeydew bug wide open. Now she looks back at him with repulsion and disgust. She quickly hides it with a fake smile.

HONEYDEW

Let me check my little black book
in the drawer.

Honeydew pulls open the drawer. Her fingers wrap around the pipe's handle.

HONEYDEW (CONT'D)
I know just the kid. Ready to lay
some pipe are we?

VAN MEER
A kafir boy?

HONEYDEW
Of course. His name is Leadbelly.

She spins around and cracks him in the head with the metal baton. He tumbles off the chair, onto the ground...then looks back at her through one eye.

VAN MEER
But--

The pipe, rocks his noggin again. This swing results in a knock-out. Honeydew breathes heavy.

HONEYDEW
No butt for you. Ever again. Pedo.

INT. OTHER PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

Ivan takes another vodka shot as he chops cocaine into lines. Seduction looks on.

SEDUCTION
Hey buddy. You had a lot of vodka.
Not even buzzed yet?

He does two lines, then smiles at her.

IVAN
I am Russian. A real man. I drink
American wussy, under the table.

SEDUCTION
And you're not sleepy?

IVAN
Why should I be sleepy? You put
something in Ivan's drink?

He advances towards her menacingly. Seduction plays it cool.

SEDUCTION
Just want to make sure you are up
for two girls. My friend, Sugar G,
has wanted a real Russian man but
can't find one around here.

Ivan smiles and sits back down.

IVAN
I like that. Bring her.

Pretending to be giddy, Seduction goes to the intercom.

SEDUCTION
Hey girl. Got me that big strong
Russian of your dreams here. Been
drinking and but says he still has
the strength to do us both. You
free? He's full of energy.

IVAN
And cocaine.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Lady T listens to the monitor.

LADY T
(Southern accent)
I'll speed on over. A Russian? How
sexy.

The call ends. Gladiator steps from the shadows.

LADY T (CONT'D)
Go get em.

INT. OTHER PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

Ivan begins to unbutton his shirt while he smiles at
Seduction.

IVAN
Let's get started, sweet one.

SEDUCTION
My friend is on her way. I'll
freshen up in the bathroom. Be
right back.

He continues to take his shirt off as she scoots into the
bathroom. Moments later, the door of the room swings open
hard. Gladiator, muscles flexing, scowls.

IVAN
What is this? Scam? You people, all
criminals. You don't scare me, boy.

Gladiator closes the door behind him as Ivan rushes him. Ivan pins him to the door and they wrestle for dominance.

A punch to the gut is absorbed by Gladiator and he shoves him away. Ivan sees him take a martial arts stance.

GLADIATOR

Nice try. Come on. Let's get it.

They both go at each other with Asian fighting styles. Punches, kicks and head butts are exchanged.

They knock over lamps and chairs as they rumble in the room.

Ivan gets in a punch that knocks Gladiator backwards.

IVAN

I thought you people could fight.
I've beaten up women tougher than
you. Weak American trash.

Ivan swings again, but Gladiator ducks it and punishes his mid-section with thunder blows.

As Ivan bends over from the onslaught, Gladiator bounces on his toes, Ali style, then spins and delivers a roundhouse kick to Ivan's chin.

Seduction comes out of the bathroom in time to see the Russian hit the ground, knocked out.

Seduction hugs Gladiator, worthy of his heroics. They stare down at Ivan.

GLADIATOR

Oracle is on stand-by, right? Tell
her we're ready.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

This time there are two wheelchairs and two different idiots sitting in them, bound and knocked out. Oracle's attendants are about to roll them out the room.

LADY T

Thank you again, Queen Oracle. This
conspiracy runs deep.

ORACLE

My pleasure and my duty. I will
take care of this garbage. May
success and abundance follow you,
all of your days.

The women hug. Oracle follows her two helpers into the hall with what is left of the foreigners in tow. Lady T looks back to the table where all of the members are in ceremonial garb.

GLADIATOR

I had no idea the Russians hated us that much. Wow.

LADY T

You saw how Vladimir Putin targeted us in the 2016 election. This takes it to another level.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

I guess K.G.B. Stands for Killing Gazillion Blacks, huh?

All chuckle.

LADY T

Hell. I'd laugh harder if it wasn't so true.

They get up and start to leave the room. Lady T's cell phone gives a notification. She looks at it, then smiles.

LADY T (CONT'D)

Hold up, studly. Your girlfriend just sent a text.

A smile breaks out as Lady T reads it to herself.

GLADIATOR

So what's she saying?

LADY T

She's so sweet. She thanked me for the gift and said how much it means to her. For you, she says, aloha.

GLADIATOR

Aloha? Okay, whatever.

LADY T

Ha, you don't understand, baby boy. She wants to take you fellas to Hawaii for a week. Should I say it's alright?

Gladiator and Chocolate Mousse look at each other, dumbfounded.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

Daaaamn. Straight up?

GLADIATOR

You don't have to say it's alright... but you might have to follow that with a bullet to the back of my head.

He laughs hard and shares a hi-five with his bro.

LADY T

Asshole. Go home and pack.

Seduction stands by the door as the happy men walk through.

SEDUCTION

Hawaii? Jesus. Your girl eat cootchie? I wanna go.

Laughs ring out in the hallway.

INT. LEXUS - NIGHT

Lady T starts the car. Her cellphone rings.

LADY T

Yeah, who's this? What?...Why you little shit. Yes, fine. I'll be there. You better not hurt her.

The Lexus peels out, tires screech.

INT. MAMA T'S ROOM - NIGHT

Devon, afraid, sits next to her grandma's bed and holds her hand. Eyeballs on them, are Chilly and two of her THUG FRIENDS. All are armed.

A knock is at the door. Lady T marches in with papers in her hands, then closes the door.

LADY T

You psycho motherfucker. I used to love you. Look up to you. Now I want to rip your throat out.

CHILLY

See mama? Bad tempers run in our family. Why single me out?

MAMA T

I should have singled you out about forty years ago with an abortion. Stop this bullshit and go.

CHILLY

Be glad to. Just sign the deed over to me. I might even give you a cut...If you behave.

MAMA T

I ain't signing shit.

Chilly points her gun at her niece.

CHILLY

So if my sister doesn't have an heir to pass the agency to, we are both in the same boat, huh?

LADY T

Don't even play like that you asshole. Here's the deed. Run everything into the ground, I don't care. Gimme back my baby.

The deed is snatched from Lady T's hands and Chilly shuffles it over to their mom. She slams the deed down on the nightstand with a pen.

CHILLY

Sign it. Avoid the drama.

MAMA T

Our people's lives depend on our agency. In your hands, it'll turn to shit. No thanks. Fuck you.

Chilly motions her head towards Devon as one of her thugs grabs her. Puts a gun to her head as the teen's tears fall.

CHILLY

I said sign it, you old, wrinkled hag. We don't have all day.

Mama T stares her convict daughter down.

MAMA T

Wrong. You have all eternity.

Gun blasts from under the bedsheets knock the thug next to Devon into a dresser. The other thug is too slow to react and the old gangsta woman plants lead right between her eyes. Both are dead before they hit the floor.

CHILLY

I HATE YOU!

Two shots enter her mother's chest cavity. Mama T takes her last breath. Eyes wide, tears running -- Lady T...transfixed as her daughter screams.

LADY T
You...You fucking monster.

CHILLY
Guess I don't need a signature anymore.

Lady T jumps on her. She knocks the gun away and they brawl like mad dogs. Punches, nail scratches, hair pulls and kicks are exchanged.

The larger Chilly swings, knocks Lady T backwards. Chilly goes to pounce on her but, Lady T rolls out of the way.

Now on Chilly's back, Lady T puts her in a sleeper hold. Her sister gags for air.

LADY T
Go to sleep, bitch. Go to sleep.

Chilly struggles against her hold. Just as she breaks free and pushes Lady T off her...CRACK.

The butt of her gun smashes into her skull. Standing above her, Devon breathes hard, nostrils flared.

DEVON
She said...Go to sleep.

Mother and daughter hug. Tears flow. They go to the bedside of the murdered matriarch and weep bitter tears.

INT. CLUB MOTHERLAND - DAY

An enlarged, framed picture of Mama T, smiles down from its place of honor near the entrance.

Gladiator and Mousse wait by the door in tropical shirts and with packed bags.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE
Here they come. I'm doing the surfing, the scuba and all that.

Maryann and Bonnie seem to float through the door and into their arms.

GLADIATOR

Mmm. Good to see you, baby. Ready to go?

Lady T scampers up to them.

LADY T

Hold on, y'all.

She hugs both women.

MARYANN

Glad I got to see you before we left. I owe you so much.

BONNIE

I have a question. What the hell did you do with those dirt-bag racists? Feed them to stray dogs?

MARYANN

Yeah, you said you didn't kill him. He in a dungeon somewhere?

LADY T

Kinda. He's with his friends. Here, let me show you.

Lady T beckons them over and points. They follow her finger to the figurines by the door. Three new figures have been added to the display.

The likeness to her husband and friends is remarkable. Next to them is a black cop, Biggs.

MARYANN

No. You must be shitting me.

The ladies bend down to take a better look. Eyes bulge.

LADY T

I need to add another one.

The figurine of Chilly is placed next to Biggs.

BONNIE

No wonder they look so life-like.

Stunned, she looks back at Lady T.

MARYANN

So he's still alive and can see me?

LADY T
Yes. For eternity.

She smiles, then flips off the mini-Donald with both hands.

MARYANN
Wait. I can outdo that.

She grabs Gladiator by the collar, pulls him face level to the figurine and gives him a sloppy, wet kiss.

BONNIE
Yeah, teach him. All of them racist
assholes. Give them something to
dwell on till the end of time.

After the kiss, they stand back up.

MARYANN
Fuck you, Donald. Think about
that... and all the money I took
from you...and all that chocolate
covered loving I'm gonna get.

Belly laughs ring out.

LADY T
Girl, you ain't got a lick of
sense. You best get going before
you miss your flight. Come on.
I'll walk you out.

The crew grabs their bags and head to the door.

A closer look to Donald's figurine shows -- absolute and
total...helplessness.

THE END