

THE LAST BLACKFACE PARTY

Written by

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EXT. HIGH BRUSH / DESERT - NIGHT

The moon shines down on the sagebrush and other arid plants. The SOUND OF RUNNING is heard. .. DEEP BREATHS.

QUEENIE (30's), stops running and hides behind a cactus. She is soaked with sweat and panting. An attractive Black woman, even in her farmer's garb.

Her eyes dart back and forth in fear ... But something about her, screams -- she would be a hard sista to kill.

SUPER - 1880'S - ARIZONA

The sound of SEVERAL MEN WALKING THROUGH SHRUBBERY. Queenie sees moonlight reflected off -- METAL GUNS. She ducks lower.

Five men stumble through the thicket with Civil War era rifles and booze they pass around.

LEADER of the crew (40's) is a mean looking cuss. He takes a swig, then brushes the hair from his face. A WHITE CLOTH is pulled from his jacket. His accent, thick and Southern.

LEADER

Hoods up. I think she's close.
Come on out, little Queenie. Me
and the boys just wanna give you a
neighborly kiss. Right, Memphis?

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

MEMPHIS

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

QUEENIE

(whispers)
I know what you're gonna get.

Her fingers yank on a rope at the bottom of the cactus.

She watches as a HIDDEN BOARD near the men springs forward with stunning velocity -- across the chests of two men.

They fly backwards. The long, RUSTY NAILS in the wooden board, DRIP BLOOD.

LEADER

Holy shit. Spence. Peanut. You
okay?

Memphis lights his lantern beside them. Their decimated chests, breathe their last breaths as BLOOD POURS.

MEMPHIS

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

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

LEADER

There she be. Let's go.

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

EXT. QUEENIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

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

LEADER

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

Queenie's voice comes from inside the house.

QUEENIE (O.S.)

Never. I know your kind.

A RIFLE SHOT pierces the night -- and shatters the whiskey bottle in the sweaty hands of Memphis. FIERY WHISKEY AND WARM BLOOD runs down his arm.

MEMPHIS

Goddamn this bitch. See what she done did?

LEADER

I'm done playing. Open fire.

The three men SHOOT ROUND AFTER ROUND into the tiny home. WOOD SPLINTERS, GLASS SHATTERS. HORSES break through the corral and run into the night. Then SILENCE.

The three creep up to the house, slowly. The Leader points to the third guy and motions him to go up to the door. The third guy hides from bush to bush -- until he reaches the stairs that lead to the porch.

He takes one stair, then the next. One the third, his leg falls through the wood. He SCREAMS.

The prairie predator falls backwards and pulls his foot out. A BEAR TRAP has sprung around his ankle. METAL TEETH DIG DEEP into his flesh as BLOOD SQUIRTS.

As his pals run to help, a SHOT comes from inside the home. The BULLET HITS HIM BETWEEN THE EYES. The screaming stops.

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

The Leader KICKS IN THE DOOR and takes a defensive stance as Memphis peers over him, ready to fire.

INT. QUEENIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

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

MEMPHIS

Ha, looks like we got that bitch.

LEADER

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

Memphis looks down on BLOOD AS IT DRIPS ONTO HIS SHOULDER. He's confused.

MEMPHIS

What the--

He looks up just as QUEENIE DISLODGES HERSELF from the beams on the ceiling. IRON SPIKE in one hand, GUN in the other.

Blood splattered and wild eyed -- the she-warrior seems to FLOAT DOWN ON THEM IN SLOW MOTION.

EXT. QUEENIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

GUN SHOTS inside look like STROBE LIGHTS in the darkness. SCREAMS OF MALE AND FEMALE VOICES are heard between blasts. Soon the gunfire stops, as well as the screams. Then ...

INT. QUEENIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

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

QUEENIE

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

A DESERT STORM CAN BE HEARD brewing outside. The sound of
 RAIN and THUNDER follows.

The Leader sits up slowly. He sees Memphis with a SPIKE IN
 HIS HEAD. He WHEEZES from the holes in his chest. Turning
 his head, he sees Queenie in prayer. He tries to laugh.

LEADER

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

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

QUEENIE

Shut up! Asshole. I'm praying.

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

QUEENIE (CONT'D)

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

Queenie closes her eyes. Her heads rolls to the side ... the
 LAST BREATH leaves her lungs.

EXT. QUEENIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

THUNDER RUMBLES overhead. Coyotes and owl sounds penetrate
 the darkness. Through a crack in the door ... Life.

A BLACK CAT with bushy tail emerges from the bullet-ridden
 shack. It GROWLS menacingly as it approaches the intruder
 who wears a bear trap where his boot used to be.

HAIR ON IT'S SLEEK BODY STANDS STRAIGHT UP as it gets closer
 to his face. SHARP TEETH and CLAWS are exposed as LIGHTNING
 FLASHES.

The Tabby HISSSES with passion. Eyes glow in the dark night.

The ferocious feline -- rears back and pounces onto the face
 of the wanna-be killer. CLAWS AND FANGS rip into face flesh.

Blood flies everywhere. All one can see is - RED.

DISSOLVE TO:

SUPER - TODAY - ARIZONA SUBURBS

EXT. QUEENIE'S LAND - DAY

A common TWO-STORY HOUSE WITH GARAGE, sits on the SAME PLOT OF LAND. The MANICURED DESERT LANDSCAPE that surrounds it, adds to it's attractiveness, bur it is eerily empty.

On the side of the garage, a PIGEON SITS ON A SMALL POMEGRANATE BUSH and feeds on the seeds from the fruit ... And shits. A black cat with a bushy tail watches -- then suddenly launches itself onto the bird.

WHITE FEATHERS ... TINGED WITH BLOOD, are all that are left as the protective cat strolls away.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALL - DAY

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

NICK (17) in Letter-man sweater and tie, leans against the wall as he stares into his phone. Two nerdier guys of the same age walk by. ERNIE wears a golf polo and IRVING sports a skinny tie look from the Elvis era.

ERNIE

Hey, Nick. Looking good, dude.

Looking up, Nick smiles at them both.

NICK

Everyday. That's my style.

Guys and girls wave at Nick as they walk by. He nods or waves back.

IRVING

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

NICK

Irving, my friend. It might be best to work you way up to cheerleader first. A hottie like that won't touch rookies.

ERNIE

I hear that the Mexican cafeteria lady is free.

NICK

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

The two chuckle at their friend.

IRVING

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

Coming down the hall is the jersey clad GEORGE 'GWEE' WHEATLY (17) and his smaller girlfriend, HALEY (17) who is in his death-lock of ownership. He dares anyone to look at her. Nick sees them and waves them over.

NICK

Gwee, hey stud, what's up?

GWEE

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

NICK

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

Gwee turns to his shorter companion.

GWEE

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

Haley forces a smile out and starts to step away.

HALEY

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

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

NICK

You got to teach me how to do that.

GWEE

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

The boys fist bump.

Moments later the teens come out of the bathroom. SADIE (17) scoots over to Nick, looking every bit the cheerleader she is. Her non-verbal gestures apologize before her mouth does.

SADIE

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

Haley heels next to Gwee and URSULA (17), draped in jewelry and social superiority, stands with the crew.

URSULA

Blame me. I was showing her my new necklace. You guys like?

It's unclear if the guys stare at the diamond chain or her bountiful cleavage.

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

INT. MEDIA ROOM -DAY

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

NICK

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

BUCKWHEAT

Sorry, Nick. Running late.

NICK

Must be those same chromosomes that make your hair nappy, make you run late too.

A defensive look comes over Buckwheat.

BUCKWHEAT

No jungle bunnies in my family.

GWEE

If there were, we wouldn't let you come in here.

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

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

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

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

The membership laughs.

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

An obvious steroid abuser and iron pumper, JIMBO (17), adds
 his two cents.

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

Nick gives him a disapproving side-eye.

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

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

OTTER
 We second that.

Nick looks over at TERRY (17), a chunky, brown-haired girl,
 sits up defensively under his glare.

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

TERRY
 Asshole. You still want her to buy
 the booze for the Halloween party,
 you better be nice.

NICK

New bylaw. Anyone who buys us
booze can bang anyone they want.
Sorry, Terry.

TERRY

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

NICK

Let's talk about our party. Want
something scary or what?

JIMBO

Hell, yes.

IRVING

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

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

MULVANEY

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

NICK

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

HALEY

How about Goth?

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

NICK

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

Zippy gives him the finger.

NICK (CONT'D)

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

She puts up the other middle finger.

ZIPPY
(she growls)
Drive this. Its dual exhaust.

Even Nick laughs along with that one.

NICK
Whatever. Anymore ideas?

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

URSULA
Hey, I got it. Sexy? That's my specialty. Warpaint and buckskin. That's it. Now that is sexy.

MULVANEY
Cool, I'll be Big Chief Long Dong.

He mocks a Native American chant and gets laughs.

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

Gwee hands Nick a paper he was scribbling on. In caps, is the word ... BLACKFACE. Nick's eyes spring wide open. He giggles to himself.

SADIE
What's it say?

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

URSULA
Speak English.

GWEE
(whispers)
A Blackface party.

A hush comes over the room. Breaking the silence, a black cat on the windowsill GROWLS and HISSES as it stares its piercing eyes through the window.

Otter throws a book at it and it flees. Nick sees the reaction and grins.

HALEY
I love it. God, you are so smart.

A very tall guy in the back, LANCE (17) stands enthusiastically. His Southern drawl stands out.

LANCE

Yeah, that's what I'm talking about. I'm kinda new here. From Louisiana.

(beat)

Anyway, back home, we had them kinda parties all the time. What a hoot. Dress up like some big time jig and get sloppy drunk. Hell yeah.

Some there look worried.

ERNIE

Nothing on the Gram or Twitter. I'm going to law school.

OTTER

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

SADIE

Language please.

NICK

The resolution for, what we'll call, colored kid Cos-play in a haunted house, has passed.

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

GWEE

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

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

HALEY

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

All laugh. Gwee motions to Haley.

GWEE

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

Haley looks hurt and sits back down.

ZIPPY

Don't pick on my sister, asshole.

NICK

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

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

SADIE

(furious)
Your what?

NICK

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

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALL - DAY

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

SADIE

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

She PUSHES HIS CHEST. His eyes stop wandering.

NICK

You know I was kidding.

SADIE

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

The demeanor of Nick changes instantly.

NICK

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

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

Looking at the floor, Nick sighs.

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

Haley steps closer.

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

He looks her directly in the eyes and nods.

NICK
Got it.

SADIE
You better. Let's go.

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

INT. WHITE MUSTANG - DAY

As Nick sits in his car, he looks around nervously. The
STRIP MALL looks shabby. Not his neighborhood for sure.

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

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

NICK (CONT'D)
Holy shit.

ROSIE
You Nick? I'm Rosie.

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

NICK
I thought Rosie was a chick.

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

Nick looks over to see the boring fleet sedan.

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

Rosie opens the door and gets in.

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

Trying not to look like a punk, Nick GUNS THE ENGINE.

NICK
 Cool. Hang on.

EXT. RENTAL HOUSE - DAY

The white Mustang sits in front of an isolated two story house. Nick and Rosie get out and walk towards it.

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

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

NICK
 The ghost appears?

Rosie fumbles through his KEYS.

ROSIE
 She makes her presence known.
 Follow me.

He opens the door and they enter. The PIERCING EYES of a Black cat follow them.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GRAVE - DAY

A PINE BOX COFFIN is seen in the darkness of Earth's womb. It RATTLES FROM SIDE TO SIDE. TWO SMALL LIGHTS where the eyes of the body should be, shine brightly.

INT. RENTAL LIVING ROOM - DAY

Nick follows behind Rosie as they walk into the FURNISHED HOUSE. Rosie flips on the LIGHT so they can see better.

ROSIE

What do you think?

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

NICK

So far, so good.

ROSIE

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

NICK

Nice.

ROSIE

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

Nick gets up and goes to him.

NICK

You can tell me how you think its haunted as we walk through.

ROSIE

Follow me, bruh.

INT. RENTAL KITCHEN - DAY

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

ROSIE

Looks good?

NICK

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

Rosie grins back at him.

ROSIE

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

NICK

Yeah, man. She had that?

The faucets in the sink are turned on to show Nick it functions well.

FLASHBACK

Queenie stands near an old white man with a long gray beard on the porch of a plantation, 'big house'. A huge white column is behind her. She points to his immense farm.

ROSIE (V.O.)

So they say, Had it strong too. Knew huge flood was coming. Owner trusted her, sold it, moved out west. Flood hit property, was then worthless.

Later, we see her standing in the desert in front of her ranch house. The old man strides over to her and hands her the DEED. She smiles and motions that she praises God.

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

QUEENIE

This here is MY LAND. Ya hear that momma? Grandmomma? We finally reached the promised land.

ROSIE (V.O.)

In gratitude, he gave her some Arizona land and she was free before the war even started.

QUEENIE

And ain't a soul on this earth
gonna take it from me.

BACK TO SCENE

Nick absorbs the tale.

NICK

Sounds like a decent white man.

Rosie opens the PANTRY and has Nick take a look.

ROSIE

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

The door to the basement is opened and Rosie FLICKS ON THE
LIGHT. It still looks spooky.

NICK

Not going down there. Thanks.

A chuckle escapes Rosie. He TURNS OUT THE LIGHT.

ROSIE

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

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

INT. FIRST FLOOR BEDROOM - DAY

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

NICK

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

Nick sits up in the bed.

FLASHBACK

EXT. DESERT ROAD - NIGHT

Queenie sprints full speed down the dusty road. Behind her, Klansmen on horseback. She veers off the road and into a thicket of trees.

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

LEADER

(shouts)

We's a coming to get you, Queenie.

QUEENIE (O.C.)

You stay offa my land. It's mine.

MEMPHIS

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

The leaders shakes his head in disgust as they dash into the woods on foot.

LEADER

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

BACK TO SCENE

Rosie moves towards the door.

ROSIE

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

A LOUD CAW, from a crow just outside the window, startles Nick. Rosie motions for him to continue the tour.

INT. RENTAL LIVING ROOM - DAY

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

NICK

Wow. Tortured and murdered? Sounds pretty harsh.

Both walk up the stairs.

ROSIE
They say her ghost has haunted the
property ever since.

INT. GREEN BEDROOM - DAY

The light is turned on. They walk in. It looks acceptable.

NICK
Yep, not bad.

INT. BLUE BEDROOM - DAY

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

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

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

NICK
Wow, really?

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

INT. YELLOW BEDROOM - DAY

Nick does a swift walk through.

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

Rosie moves towards the door.

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

Nick stares back at his realtor, shocked.

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

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

It's clear that Nick doesn't understand.

NICK
Huh, what do you mean?

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

Nick laughs. Rosie doesn't.

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

They leave the room. The CLOSET DOOR CREAKS OPEN, slowly.

INT. UPSTAIRS BATHROOM - DAY

They enter to see a BIG MIRROR AND AN OVERSIZED TUB. Rosie
TURNS ON THE FAUCETS AND FLUSHES THE TOILET to show that it
all functions.

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

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

Nick laughs.

NICK
She ran home to momma huh?

ROSIE
Not directly.

Rosie CLICKS OFF THE LIGHT and they move on.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

This room is the most spacious and the only one with a KING SIZED MATTRESS. Another bathroom is joined to it.

NICK
Not bad, Rosie.

ROSIE
I'll double check the bathroom.

Nick stands in the bedroom and looks around as Rosie verifies the workings of the faucets and toilet.

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

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

NICK
Fuck no.

ROSIE
Sill want to rent it?

NICK
Hell yeah. Wow much?

Rosie takes out a FOLDED STACK OF PAPERS from the inner pocket of his jacket. He sits at the desk in the room.

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

Nick sighs.

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

ROSIE

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

NICK

Whoa dude. This ain't the Versace mansion.

ROSIE

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

Rolling his eyes in financial pain, Nick digs in his pocket and counts out TWENTY, ONE HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS.

NICK

It's all there.

ROSIE

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

He hands Nick a pen and he starts SIGNING. He finishes the last page and hands the PEN AND CONTRACT to Rosie. No sooner than he gets the contract in Rosie's hand. The LIGHTS FLICKER AND GO OUT momentarily.

NICK

What the fuck?

Fear is in his voice.

ROSIE

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

NICK

Really?

ROSIE

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

NICK

Let's get out of here.

INT. RENTAL LIVING ROOM - DAY

On the way out, Rosie sets the HOUSE ALARM on the pad near the door. They exit.

EXT. RENTAL HOUSE - DAY

Once outside, Rosie clicks a REMOTE CONTROL and all the DOORS CAN BE HEARD LOCKING. He gives two to Nick, afterwards.

ROSIE
Don't lose them.

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

They walk to the Mustang. Nick hesitates and looks back at the spooky house before he gets in. A SHADOW CROSSES THE ATTIC WINDOW. Nick blinks his eyes. Scoots for car door.

INT. WHITE MUSTANG - DAY

Nick STARTS THE CAR, puts it in gear - but it does not move. He looks at Rosie confused, then GUNS THE MOTOR, still no movement.

He looks in the REAR-VIEW MIRROR and sees a BLACK COFFIN on his back bumper. Horror. He slams the gas peddle.

This time it LURCHES FORWARD WITH VELOCITY, straight to the road ahead. A TRAILER-TRUCK zips down the street.

Nick is on a collision course with it. He STOMPS ON THE BRAKES, to no avail. Rosie's eyes get big.

ROSIE
Dude!

The truck's HORN blows a warning. The Mustang's BRAKES FINALLY KICK IN, a few feet away from where the driveway ends and where getting flattened by the truck would start.

Both guys look at each other, SWEAT DRIPPING, minds - tripping.

SUPER - NEXT DAY

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

As students pile outside in the Friday afternoon sun, excitement cannot be contained. Except for a few school buses, the area looks like a high end dealership for LUXURY AND MUSCLE CARS.

Nick and Sadie come outside and lean against a rail as Nick searches his TABLET for info. Up close it is seen that he does a GOOGLE SEARCH ABOUT BLACKFACE. Sees many images including GOVERNORS, HOLLYWOOD ICONS AND PRIME MINISTERS.

SADIE

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

The blackface images makes them laugh. He points to Black Piet of European folklore.

NICK

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

They laugh and Sadie swats him.

SADIE

You are so bad.

NICK

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

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

SADIE

Ha, says here that he was a Jew.

Unnerved, Nick takes the tablet and reads.

NICK

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

SADIE

I guess not. Most of it happened in the Twenties and Thirties when lynching was for fun.

NICK

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

SADIE

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

NICK

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

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

SADIE

It's Mulvaney. Ready?

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

JIMBO

All aboard for the darky-town express. You got the last two seats.

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

NICK

Cool. Is this everybody?

MULVANEY

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

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

INT. HUMMER - DAY

The last empty seats are occupied by Nick and Sadie.

SADIE

Who's in the other troop transport?

HALEY

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

NICK

Cool. All set.

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

JIMBO

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

MULVANEY

Let's roll.

The vehicles pull off.

EXT. STREETS OF THE CITY - DAY

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

INT. HUMMER - DAY

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

JIMBO

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

GWEE

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

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

HALEY

Oh my God. Did you see that whore?

GWEE

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

All laugh.

URSULA

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

More laughing.

JIMBO

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

LANCE

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

A shabby dressed black man with disheveled hair and missing teeth wanders too close to the road. Mulvaney HONKS his horn. He jumps.

JIMBO

Outta the way crack-head.

GWEE

Goddamn junkie fuck. Get a job.

They drive past him as he stares at the vehicle.

URSULA

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

CREW

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

Ursula pulls the vial from her purse with a smile.

INT. COSTUME STORE - DAY

All sixteen children of the country club pile in through the doors. It is definitely not Macy's. The store looks like it was built in the Sixties. ROW UPON ROW OF OUTFITS cram the floor. Many others are hung on the walls.

KOURTNEY

This place is a armpit. Whose idea was this?

FELICITY

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

NICK

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

The kids separate in different directions.

SUPER - ONE HOUR LATER

INT. HUMMER - DAY

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

MULVANEY

I'm ready to get outta here.

NICK

Just waiting on, Lance. Here he comes now.

The side door is opened and Lance bounces in, carrying a HOCKEY STICK.

MULVANEY

Just in time.

NICK

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

LANCE

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

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

EXT. STREETS OF THE CITY - DAY

At a red light, the vehicle stops.

INT. HUMMER - DAY

Lance holds up the hockey stick for all to see.

LANCE

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

JIMBO

Huh? Niggers don't play hockey.

LANCE

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

NICK

I don't get it.

Lance smiles wide.

LANCE

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

GWEE

What if you miss?

LANCE

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

SADIE

Before they kill you.

LANCE

Right. It's a hoot. Wanna try?

JIMBO

Sign me up.

The light turns green and they proceed down the road.

NICK

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

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

LANCE

Slow down.

The unsuspecting boy is almost knocked over as the stick SLAPS across his back. Hurt, confusion and anger cover the couple's faces. The boy looks humiliated as the Hummer speeds up and away from them.

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

JIMBO

That was awesome. I'm next.

LANCE

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

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

JIMBO

How about this coonish asshole?

LANCE

Yeah, that's a good one.

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

JIMBO

Shit. Missed him.

LANCE

You know what that means.

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

JIMBO

Really?

LANCE

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

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

GWEE

Look at that pitiful fat fuck. I love it.

The crack head starts to gain on him. Panic is on Jimbo's face as he sees him catching up. The teens throw open the door for him as he gets near. Jimbo dives in. The crack head is relatively close.

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

JIMBO

Stop. Back the fuck up.

The man chasing him stops on a dime and puts his hands up. The crew is on edge. With gun pointed at him, Jimbo takes his time getting in his seat.

MULVANEY

I'm taking off.

NICK

Go, go.

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

JIMBO

Fuck you, nigger. Yee ha.

They leave the man behind as he fumes.

GWEE

I'm next. What a pisser.

LANCE

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

Up ahead, SEVERAL OLD BLACK LADIES carry grocery bags.

MULVANEY

Want them?

LANCE

Yeah, slow right down. Make sure the blade is flat, then just tap them. Aim for the torso.

The hockey stick emerges from the window. Suddenly the old lady closest to the street stops unexpectedly. Lance's planned tap, becomes a KNOCKOUT PUNCH. She flails backward and her GROCERIES GO EVERYWHERE.

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

Gwee and Jimbo crack up laughing. Haley elbows her boyfriend as laughter tears run.

INJURED LADY

Bastard. Get him.

KOURTNEY

You asshole.

LANCE

Oops. Sorry. Guess I lost points.

GWEE

Ha, I think it's hilarious.

A BRICK just misses the windshield and lands in the street. They look over to see BLACK MEN IN ARMY FATIGUES charging the idling Hummer. They have more bricks in their hand.

NICK

Go go go.

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

The truck swerves a bit then speeds up and passes Mulvaney. All occupants extend their middle fingers towards Lance and crew.

LANCE

So touchy. It ain't like I can't afford to fix it. Nigger hockey is a skill. Takes practice like any other sport.

MULVANEY

Let's just get home in one piece.

Nick leans forward.

NICK

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

MULVANEY

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

EXT. RENTAL HOUSE - DAY

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

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

NICK

Well, like it or what?

URSULA

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

NICK

Hell yeah. Lemme show you.

INT. RENTAL LIVING ROOM - DAY

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

NICK

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

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

JIMBO

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

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

URSULA

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

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

ERNIE

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

NICK

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

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

SADIE

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

ZIPPY

I love Ikea. It's almost like camping.

Zippy caresses a chair.

TERRY

You like slumming it, huh?

ZIPPY

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

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

NICK

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

The membership of the conservative club finds a place to sit and soak it in as they soak up some white lines too.

EXT. RENTAL HOUSE - NIGHT

A RED JEEP pulls into the driveway. Black boots step from the driver's side. AMY (MID 20's) gets out. White, CORNROWS IN HER HAIR. She looks the house over, then goes to the door. After she RINGS the bell, she hears SCREAMS.

Amy steps back, shocked. Suddenly she scrambles for something in her purse. A HANDGUN. She pulls it out just as Nick and Terry open the door.

TERRY

Told you guys it was her.

AMY

What the hell is going on in there?

NICK

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

AMY

Okay, Sis. Tell them to unfreak and then, unload this truck. I have places to be.

Jimbo, Ernie, Rudy and Gwee come outside and bring in boxes and boxes of booze into the house.

NICK

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

INT. RENTAL LIVING ROOM - DAY

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

AMY

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

TERRY

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

Terry diverts her eyes. Amy studies her.

AMY

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

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

NICK

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

AMY

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

NICK

Gotcha.

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

AMY

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

Nick rushes to the door and opens it.

NICK

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

Just then, Otter and the boys show up at the door. They are dressed up to be the 'WUTANG CLAN'. And they are in blackface. Amy is horrified as they walk past her, hauling their own beer.

OTTER

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

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

AMY

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

NICK

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

Terry looks to the ground. She is shoved by Amy.

AMY

And you knew about this. Didn't you?

(MORE)

AMY (CONT'D)

You, above all others, knows that the man I love is black. And you pull this shit? Cold fucker.

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

TERRY

Harmless fun. We're Seniors and--

AMY

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

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

TERRY

Otter. Stop it.

AMY

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

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

IRVING

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

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

AMY

Fuck you. And you and you.

She storms out of the DOOR AND SLAMS IT BEHIND HER.

IRVING

Not a Ray Charles fan?

JIMBO

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

HOOTS AND HOLLERS RESONATE through the crowd. Nick gets a BEER AND HOLDS IT HIGH FOR A TOAST. Others follow.

NICK

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

CREW

Yeah ... Par-tee ...

All chug at the same time. Only Jimbo and Nick DRAIN THE
BOTTLES DRY.

JIMBO

Competition, huh? Round two?

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

OTTER

Go.

The chug-fest finishes with Nick as the winner. He raises
his arms in victory. A huge BELCH follows. As Sadie hugs
the champ, her PHONE GOES OFF. She reads the text.

SADIE

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

NICK

Neither of our cars is here.

MULVANEY

I was going to take a run by the
head shop and get a bong and some
papers. I can drop you off.

NICK

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

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

RUDY

One more block, I could have gone
for a touchdown.

GWEE

I know, the offensive line sucks.

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

NICK

Dude, have to run home a minute.
Here is spare set. Be back in a
flash.

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

GWEE

No prob. One for the road, stud?

Nick slams it down.

NICK

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

Another one goes down the hatch.

GWEE

Good shit, huh?

NICK

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

Sadie rushes over to him.

SADIE

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

MULVANEY

Ready?

NICK

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

GWEE

No niggers allowed. Alive or dead.

They laugh and head to the door. Out of the corner of his
eye, Nick sees a SHADOW THAT SEEMS TO RUN UP THE STAIRS.

MULVANEY

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

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

IRVING

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

He walks them over to his friend.

MULVANEY

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

NICK

I think Queenie is here.

EXT. NICK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Nick gets let out of the Hummer in the driveway of a
LUXURIOUS HOME. As he drunkenly walks past his white
Mustang, he looks to the side and sees a BLACK LEXUS with
gold trim parked on the street in front of the house.

NICK

Great. That jerk-off is here.

He hangs his head and shuffles to the back door.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Nick opens the FRIDGE and grabs a WATER BOTTLE as he tries
not to weave back and forth.

MOM (O.C.)

Hon, is that you?

NICK

Yeah, mom. Just got home.

MOM (O.C.)

We're in the living room, dear.

Nick whispers to himself.

NICK

We? Who wants to see his ass?

MOM (O.C.)

Come in and say hello before you go
up to your room.

He rolls his eyes and swigs some more water.

NICK

Sure.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Everything in the room screams opulence, On the couch near the GRAND PIANO are Nick's MOM (40's) and her 'friend', DEON (40'S), who is African American. They giggle together as Nick enters the room with a scowl.

MOM

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

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

NICK

Going okay?

MOM

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

NICK

Cool.

DEON

So how was your day, Nick?

NICK

Sucked. Don't worry about it.

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

MOM

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

NICK

I'm fine.

MOM

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

Seemingly annoyed, Nick roughly picks up his bag and marches towards the stairs.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

After entering, Nick tosses his bag at a chair and it KNOCKS OVER A CAN OF SODA on the night-stand.

NICK
Shit. Really?

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

NICK (CONT'D)
What a day. My girl owns me
because my mom is banging a jig.
Never should have told her.

He covers his face with a PILLOW and SCREAMS into it.

On the outside ledge of his window, the Black feline observes all. It inches closer to the glass. It's EYES GLOW.

QUEENIE (V.O.)
You. You are mine.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mom and Deon stand up and hug.

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

MOM
No. I'll talk to him.

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

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

He kisses her.

DEON

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

She walks him, hand and hand, to the door. The door to the
GUEST ROOM. She opens it and winks at him.

MOM

He needs to cool his jets for a
while before I can penetrate that
head.

DEON

Yep, penetration can be tricky
sometimes.

She pushes Deon into the room as they giggle. The GUEST BED
is in the background.

MOM

Is that right? Tell me more.

The door is closed behind them. The CLICK of the lock is
heard. Then more GIGGLES.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

MOM

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

An eye opens. He then rolls over.

NICK

Let the maid get it.

MOM

So I'm raising a spoiled brat, huh?

NICK

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

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

MOM

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

After a huge exhale, he finally gets up. Nearby PAPER TOWELS aid in the clean up. He throws the wad in the trash and looks back at his mom.

NICK

There.

He flops back on the bed.

MOM

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

NICK

But dad--

MOM

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

NICK

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

Mom is devastated and deeply disappointed, near tears.

MOM

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

Nick jolts up in bed.

NICK

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

He jumps out of bed. Checks his phone.

MOM

Watch your mouth, young man.

NICK

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

MOM

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

EXT. NICK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Running to the car with bag in hand, Nick gets in the Mustang. He fires it up and pulls out.

INT. RENTAL LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

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

Sprinting over to welcome Nick in a bright TENNIS OUTFIT is Sadie. Not only is her skin blackened, but in some essential places, she wears padding.

SADIE

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

She spins around and smiles and Nick keeps cracking up.

NICK

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

SADIE

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

He grabs her by the waist and kisses her.

NICK

Sweet. Any come off on my lips?

SADIE

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

NICK

I might have to put that to the test later.

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

KOURTNEY

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

NICK

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

She giggles and almost falls over.

KOURTNEY

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

NICK

Will he keep his mouth shut?

KOURTNEY

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

NICK

Fine. Okay.

Kourtney spins around in joy, then hugs Nick.

KOURTNEY

Bless you, dude. He be here soon.

SADIE

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

She smiles at Sadie.

KOURTNEY

I love you. I love ... You.

SADIE

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

Nick winks to his sweetheart and her padded ass, as she escorts her hammered home-girl away. Just as he turns from them, he feels two big arms go around him with force, PINNED TO THE WALL, he sees the culprit is ... Gwee?

The gridiron star sports an homage to his apparent hero, O.J. SIMPSON. The white, THROWBACK JERSEY is accompanied with BLOODY GLOVES. Gwee smiles at him through blackened face.

GWEE

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

Rudy, the muscular running back has transformed into 2PAC with FAKE TATTOOS but draped with 'REAL' GOLD JEWELRY.

RUDY

Juice, dats my nigga Eminem. Get up
off my boy dere. But then again, I
gets shot a lot. What you think,
Missy?

Nick looks over to see someone that appears to be wearing a BLACK, GARBAGE BAG as an outfit. Looking closer, it is Terry in MISSY ELLIOTT gear. She pretends to inspect him as 'The Juice' still has him pinned to the wall.

TERRY

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

She assumes the twerker position in front of him. Terry presses a BUTTON ON HER COSTUME and the rear of the outfit inflates like a BLACK BALLOON. All laugh as it bounces and sways as she twerks.

NICK

Holy shit.

TERRY

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

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

ERNIE

Just preparing the putting range
for a hole in one.

TERRY

(sung)

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

After the laughter dies down, Felicity CLEARS HER THROAT and commands attention. Blackened and padded, she wears the SIMONE BILES gymnastic, USA UNIFORM. She moves the couch over for more room.

FELICITY

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

She bows to the applauding friends. Felicity does a short and clumsy FLOOR ROUTINE, on purpose, with emphasis on her padded butt. The humorous exhibition ends and ALL CLAP for her. Rudy comes over and awards her one of his GOLD CHAINS.

RUDY

The champ.

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

NICK

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

GWEE

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

TERRY

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

GWEE

But it would be perfect against my
costume.

Nick looks confused. Terry rolls her eyes.

TERRY

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

GWEE

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

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

NICK

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

Gwee points to the far couch.

GWEE

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

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

NICK

That is excellent. You kidding me?

Zippy wears a huge AFRO WIG, BIG LAPELS, BELL BOTTOMS AND DARK SKIN. Haley has STRINGY HAIR, A RED LEATHER JACKET, MIRRORED SHADES AND A CARAMEL COLORED COMPLEXION.

TERRY

That's what I said too. Got a dark skinned friend looks like Michael Jackson. Got a light skinned friend looks like Michael Jackson.

NICK

Genius move.

He waves at them and they wave back.

GWEE

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

NICK

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

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

TERRY

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

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

NICK

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

BUCKWHEAT

Tanks. Buckdeet try to please, massa.

TERRY

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

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

BUCKWHEAT

Please massa. Don't whup me. I be good nigga. See?

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

TERRY

I could get used to this.

NICK

The good old days.

TERRY

Make America great, again. Right?

A knock is heard at the door. Then again.

NICK

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

BUCKWHEAT

Yes suh. Sorry, suh.

Buckwheat and his LOP-SIDED AFRO shuffle to the door. He opens it, then starts laughing. He waves Nick over. Standing in the door way are PRESTON (R. KELLY) and TOMMY (PRINCE). Nick appreciates the detail in the costumes.

NICK

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

PRESTON

I'm Preston, from her old school. This is my brother Tommy.

(MORE)

PRESTON (CONT'D)

Thanks for letting us come. You should do this every year.

NICK

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

In CORNROWS, SHADES AND LEATHER SUIT, Preston pulls a small WINESKIN from his jacket pocket. The word, 'PISS' is written on it.

PRESTON

Only recycled beer for me please.

All around crack up laughing.

NICK

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

TOMMY

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

Buckwheat looks out the window. Standing near the road is a FEMALE FIGURE IN A BLACK DRESS AND SHAWL. FACE VEILED.

BUCKWHEAT

Never seen her before. Know her Nick?

Nick takes Buckwheat's spot and looks out. No one is there.

NICK

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

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

INT. FIRST FLOOR BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nick enters with his bag, then notices the LIGHT IN THE BATHROOM is on.

NICK

Hey, anybody in there?

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

JIMBO
(mocking Fat Albert)
Hey, hey, hey.

Nick studies him, then laughs on a delayed reaction.

NICK
Jimbo, you crazy bastard. Love it.

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

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

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

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

Jimbo responds in his normal voice.

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

NICK
Hmm. It's not Kourtney is it?

JIMBO
Yeah, how did you know?

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

Nick opens his bag and pulls out a nappy wig.

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

Nick turns to face him.

NICK

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

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

JIMBO

Hey. Hey. ... Hey.

NICK

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

JIMBO

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

NICK

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

JIMBO

Huh?

NICK

You'll see. Meet you out there.

INT. RENTAL LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

RAP MUSIC PLAYS as the EMPTY BEER CANS form a mountain in the corner. At a dining table, is Mulvaney dressed as LIL WAYNE, with dreads and face tattoos. CUTTING COKE INTO LINES is Ursula as the queen (of course), CLEOPATRA.

Jimbo and Gwee SNORT IT UP as soon as they can put out the lines. Zippy, waiting behind them has had enough.

ZIPPY

Stop hogging it, will you?

GWEE

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

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

MULVANEY

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

WHITE BOOGERS stand out against the ARTIFICIAL BLACK SKIN.
Ursula points beyond them.

URSULA

Who the hell?

Everyone turns to see Nick in all his AL JOLSON splendor.
His EYES AND LIPS ARE OVEREXAGGERATED and his suit is from
the 1930's. WHITE GLOVES top it off.

NICK

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

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

ZIPPY

Who are you supposed to be?

NICK

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

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

ZIPPY

Hmm. Never heard of him.

NICK

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

Gwee looks puzzled.

GWEE

And the spades didn't have it
removed yet?

NICK

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

URSULA

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

Suddenly the MUSIC IS TURNED DOWN and the 'WEDDING SONG' is heard from someone's phone. All turn towards the staircase. Descending slowly is a sight that makes everyone double over in laughter.

Lance, with TATTOOS AND NOSE RING, evokes the image of DENNIS RODMAN in one of his most well-known outfits. A WEDDING DRESS. As he descends the stairs, Buckwheat, behind him, carries the train of the dress.

NICK

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

LANCE

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

Wobbling in the HIGH HEELS, he makes it over to the cocaine table. He plops in a chair.

MULVANEY

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

LANCE

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

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

NICK

I appreciate you sharing with us
all the time. Buying from them
wetbacks is dangerous. One day we
will hook you up. Right?

MULVANEY

Thanks, bro'ham.

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

SADIE

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

MONTAGE

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

END OF MONTAGE

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

HALEY

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

ZIPPY

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

She sips her beer and rolls her eyes. As attention turns to the sisters, Jimbo is unnoticed as he SNEAKS PILLS INTO TERRY'S DRINK.

GWEE

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

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

URSULA

Let's do a seance.

All seem enthusiastic about it, except Nick.

NICK

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

JIMBO

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

RUDY

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

Nick mulls it over.

NICK

And you guys will help pay if
something goes wrong?

HALEY

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

All around laugh. Terry sips her drink as Jimbo smiles at
her. Felicity does a Olympic BACK-FLIP.

FELICITY

Let's do it. Anyone know how?

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

URSULA

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

She taps her smart phone and it lights up.

TERRY

She's a witch. Burn her.

URSULA

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

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

PRESTON

Whoa, you okay, babe?

KOURTNEY

Let's go to the couch. So tired.

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

URSULA

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

ONE HOUR LATER

All of the guests HOLD HANDS IN A HUGE CIRCLE in the DARKENED ROOM. Ursula plays the part of the medium.

URSULA

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

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

FELICITY

She came back as a burp? I'm so scared, I could just ...

She does another back-flip. Enthusiastic applause.

OTTER

This shit ain't gonna work.

URSULA

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

GWEE

That was a silent fart. How did you know?

MULVANEY

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

Laughter and drinking resumes.

LANCE

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

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

INT. TOP OF STAIRWELL - NIGHT

A SHADOWED FIGURE looks down on the hellacious high school brats in full party mode. From behind, the onlooker appears to be a female with long dreads, but a SLIME seems to cover her body. Her face, unseen.

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

IRVING

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

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

BUCKWHEAT

Wha-what's that?

He POINTS TO THE FIGURE. Heads turn, but when he flicks on the light, nothing is there.

ERNIE

What's what? Nothing's there.

BUCKWHEAT

But-but, I saw, something.

Elated, Ursula jumps to her feet.

URSULA

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

INT. RENTAL LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

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

TERRY

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

All laugh except, Buckwheat.

ZIPPY

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

No volunteers. Some look uneasy.

GWEE
Take Buckwheat.

He shakes his head, no. Seemingly still shaken.

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

Slowly Buckwheat lifts his arm and points to the top of the staircase. At that moment. THUNDER CRACKS outside. All JUMP. Buckwheat quickly takes a seat on the couch near Preston and Kourtney, then CLUTCHES A THROW PILLOW.

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

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

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

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

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

Haley walks over to the window and peers out the drapes. LIGHTNING FLASHES and more THUNDER is heard.

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

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

TERRY
Damn right. Hey, 2pac. Put on my
theme song. Perfect timing. I'll
give you niggas a show.

Rudy puts MISSY ELLIOT'S, THE RAIN (SUPA DUPA FLY) on. Terry puts on SHADES, goes to the cleared floor and breaks into a FREAKY DANCE. In her hand is a REMOTE. She uses it to INFLATE AND DEFLATE PARTS OF HER BLACK BALLOON OUTFIT.

It is comical to the spectators. Not to the Black cat who watches from the shadows. She hyper inflates her butt inches from Buckwheat's face. All laugh. When finished she gets a STANDING OVATION.

INT. BLUE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Preston and Tommy gently help Kourtney onto the bed. Her wig almost falls off. THUNDER ROCKS THE HOUSE.

PRESTON

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

TOMMY

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

PRESTON

We passed one down the hall.

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

KOURTNEY

Thanks again, Tommy. I just feel so weak.

TOMMY

You'll feel better after you bang my brother.

She rolls her eyes.

KOURTNEY

Very funny. Good night, Tommy. Don't flush yourself down the toilet. Too much shit already in the pipes.

TOMMY

Get wet and wash off all this niggardly sweetness? No way, white girl.

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

KOURTNEY

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

INT. RENTAL KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sadie pours cola over ice and reaches for the RUM BOTTLE. Nick gently pushes her hands away from it.

NICK

Hey, babe. Hold off on that.

SADIE

Isn't this a party, Saint Nick?

NICK

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

She smiles.

SADIE

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

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

SADIE (CONT'D)

I never did two at a time before.

She slips into the room.

NICK

Me either.

INT. RENTAL LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

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

GWEE

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

She pulls back a little and faces him.

HALEY

Right now? Do we have to?

GWEE

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

He stands and helps her up. She is reluctant.

HALEY

Just a quickie, right?

They walk over to the first floor bathroom.

GWEE

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

He points to his FOOTBALL PANTS, Gwee swings the door open for her and follows The Thriller, inside.

INT. BLUE BEDROOM, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Kourtney holds onto walls and sink for stability as she stumbles around. She puts her drink on the counter, then trips and her WIG lands in the DRY TUB. Laughing to herself, she puts it back on.

KOURTNEY

Why am I so wasted?

From her purse, Kourtney pulls out a small SPRAY BOTTLE OF PERFUME. She puts a foot on the TOILET and sprays under the gown, towards the sweet spot.

KOURTNEY (CONT'D)

That should do it.

As she struggles to pop the top back on the canister, it slips out of her hands and it lands in back of her. She turns to find it. She is shocked to see it, at the bottom of the tub, which is NOW FULL OF WATER. Confusion.

KOURTNEY (CONT'D)

Water? What the f--

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

Suddenly she is SHOVED from behind and her body falls into the full tub. Kourtney's VISION IS BLURRED WITH WATER IN HER EYES. She splashes around trying to get up, but cannot. Something is holding her under.

Struggling, Kourtney sees CRYPTIC HANDS holding her down. Her scream is cut short as her HEAD IS HELD UNDERWATER. Soon all movement ceases.

Now the killer is seen. Queenie looks like she just stepped out of her own grave. Although she wears a long dress from the pioneer days, some of her SKIN SEEMS TO BE ROTTING.

Her dreadlocks cover most of her brown face, but her GLOWING EYES shine brightly. Queenie turns from her victim and grabs her drink from the counter. She sips some, then smiles. Drinks some more.

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

Queenie takes the glass in one hand, lifts her dress with the other and seemingly pees in the drink. The LIGHTS FLICKER ON AND OFF. When the lights stabilize, QUEENIE HAS TRANSFORMED INTO KOURTNEY.

KOURTNEY
Be right there, sweetie.

Queenie turns to the mirror and likes what she sees. As she watches her reflection, she does sexy poses and giggles to herself. Reaching into the water, she gets the perfume bottle, smells it, then sprays it where Kourtney did.

The drink is now stirred with her finger as she laughs. The DRINK TURNS BLACK FOR A MOMENT, THEN BACK TO NORMAL.

KOURTNEY (CONT'D)
Here I come, sugar.

INT. BLUE BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

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

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

PRESTON

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

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

KOURTNEY

Finish off my drink, lover. Then
we can get started.

Preston takes it from her and chugs it down in a blink of an
eye. She giggles. They kiss again and go horizontal in bed.
Preston caresses her, then starts SWEATING AND COUGHING.

PRESTON

I-I don't feel good.

His body starts to SPASM. She cuddles closer.

KOURTNEY

Hold me, baby. Us nigger chicks
love that.

All the LIGHTS GO OUT. When they come back on, QUEENIE HAS
HER BODY BACK. Preston's eyes are super wide. She kisses
him again as he struggles to avoid her. He tries to scream
but FOAM COMES OUT OF HIS MOUTH as his BODY SHUDDERS.

QUEENIE

Sexy hair. What a waste.

Queenie rubs her fingers over his cornrows as he dies.

INT. FIRST FLOOR BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sadie is stretched out across the bed on her stomach. She is
topless. Standing near her, Nick SQUIRTS OIL ONTO HIS PALM.

SADIE

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

NICK

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

He begins to rub her back. Sadie GROANS WITH PLEASURE.

INT. RENTAL LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

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

ZIPPY

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

TERRY

I'll roll a doobie while you squat.

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

EXT. UPSTAIRS BATHROOM - NIGHT

Doing the PEE-PEE DANCE, Zippy KNOCKS on the door. She listens, no response. Just as she grabs the KNOB, THE LIGHTS GO OUT.

ZIPPY

Really? Damn.

She takes out her CELL PHONE to use for light.

INT. UPSTAIRS BATHROOM - NIGHT

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

ZIPPY

Hmm, that's strange.

She stands, flushes, straightens her clothes and heads back towards the door. Zippy looks at herself in the mirror, using the phone's light. SOMETHING IS WRITTEN ON THE MIRROR. She tries to illuminate the words.

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

ZIPPY (CONT'D)

Huh?

The LIGHTS SUDDENLY COME ON. Tommy, still dressed as Prince, is seated in the corner. His THROAT HAS BEEN SLIT. Zippy now sees that the words were WRITTEN IN BLOOD. She runs from the room, SCREAMING.

INT. RENTAL LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

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

GWEE
Get me a beer, would ya?

HALEY
Sure.

Just as she turns, she sees her SISTER SPRINTING DOWN THE STAIRS, frightened to death.

ZIPPY
Haley, Haley. Dead, He's dead.

HALEY
What? Whose dead?

ZIPPY
Prince. He's dead.

GWEE
No shit, Sherlock.

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

She SOBS on her sister's shoulder. Haley looks to Gwee.

HALEY
I'll go with her and be right back.

They march to the stairs, arm in arm.

GWEE
Hey, what about my beer?

Zippy flips him off.

EXT. UPSTAIRS BATHROOM - NIGHT

Almost HYPERVENTILATING, Zippy points to the bathroom door. Her finger TREMBLES.

ZIPPY
He, his body. In the corner.

HALEY
Okay, stay close.

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

HALEY

We'll talk later. Ready?

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

INT. UPSTAIRS BATHROOM - NIGHT

The girls walk into a FORENSICALLY CLEAN BATHROOM. The mirror sparkles and is clear. No sign of a body or blood.

ZIPPY

No way. This is crazy.

HALEY

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

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

ZIPPY

I'm not tripping. Dammit.

They look at each others REFLECTION IN THE LARGE MIRROR. LIGHTNING FLASHES outside the window. The power sputters, then goes out again. DARKNESS.

HALEY

Oh great.

As they both scramble for their phones, a SHADOW RISES from behind them.

ZIPPY

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

Haley gets her phone out first. Suddenly the WORDS ARE BACK ON THE MIRROR. Zippy lets out a tiny scream.

HALEY

What? No way.

As they study the words, QUEENIE FLOATS UP BETWEEN THEM. Covered in slime, her DREADS MOVE INDEPENDENTLY LIKE THE SNAKES ON MEDUSA'S HEAD.

They see her REFLECTION. SCREAMS ARE CUT OFF ABRUPTLY AS THE BRAIDS WRAP AROUND THEIR THROATS and begins to constrict. Queenie PICKS THEM INCHES OFF THE GROUND with the dreads as they struggle to breathe. Soon the struggle ends.

Illuminated by two cell phone lights, DARK AND LIGHT SKINNED MICHAEL JACKSON LIE MOTIONLESS. Eyes wide open. As the smart phone powers down, the room goes back to darkness. Only the CACKLE OF QUEENIE is heard.

INT. RENTAL LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The room is completely BLACK AND THE MUSIC IS OFF. Almost at the same time, CELL PHONE LIGHTS COME ON. Some turn on the flashlight app.

GWEE

This sucks.

FELICITY

Damn storm.

Mulvaney gets up and walks towards the door.

MULVANEY

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

The DOOR KNOB WON'T TURN. He looks confused. Gwee uses the remote key. Nothing.

GWEE

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

URSULA

Now what?

RUDY

Might just be the fuse.

JIMBO

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

Stunned, Buckwheat looks around at them.

BUCKWHEAT

No, I'd rather not.

GWEE

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

TERRY

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

GWEE

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

Terry rolls her eyes, then tries to stand up but her LEGS ARE WOBBLY. She balances herself on a table.

TERRY

Damn. My legs feel like they are in cement.

GWEE

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

Buckwheat rushes to her and STEADIES HER BY THE ARM.

BUCKWHEAT

Leave her alone. We got this.

They walk towards the door of the basement.

MULVANEY

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

INT. CELLAR - NIGHT

Buckwheat and Terry hold hands as they descend down the stairs. The FLASHLIGHT APP IS BRIGHT but the darkness is thick. They reach the bottom and Terry hugs him tight.

BUCKWHEAT

Hopefully it is close. You okay?

TERRY

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

BUCKWHEAT

Me too.

After a moment of eye to eye, they kiss.

TERRY

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

The GLOW OF OUTSIDE STREET LIGHTS can be seen through an old
WINDOW -- on the far side of the basement.

BUCKWHEAT

Must be for the root cellar. Come,
it's spooky down here.

There is much CLUTTER. Terry stumbles over some BOXES and
almost falls.

TERRY

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

The light from the phone lands on the FUSE BOX.

BUCKWHEAT

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

Buckwheat fiddles with the fuse box. She looks at him
fondly. The sound of BOXES FALLING is heard behind her. She
swings the light around in fear. Sees nothing. Big exhale.

TERRY

Did you hear that?

BUCKWHEAT

Turn the light back this way.
Almost got it.

As she swings it back around, she sees SOMETHING HANGING FROM
THE CEILING near Buckwheat. A rope? He screws in the fuse.
The LIGHTS COME ON. Horror is on Terry's face. Behind him
is a HUGE FIGURE IN A KKK OUTFIT.

She points and moves her jaw but no sound comes out.

TERRY

D-d-dude.

BUCKWHEAT

Thank you, is just fine, babe.

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

QUEENIE

Blackface is one thing, but ...
Jigaboo shit is another.

Terry falls off the crate and tries running to the stairs. Drugged, she stumbles. She looks behind her. Buckwheat has stopped kicking and is limp as HIS BODY SWINGS. She SCREAMS, then makes it up the stairs, terrified.

INT. RENTAL LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The basement door swings open and Terry bursts through. DRENCHED IN SWEAT, she looks scared to death.

GWEE

Good job on the lights.

JIMBO

Was that you screaming?

Terry struggles to speak.

TERRY

He, Buck, hung him, dead, dead.

She moves a chair in front of the basement door.

URSULA

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

She falls to her knees and starts weeping.

TERRY

I think. I think he's dead.

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

JIMBO

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

He winks at Gwee.

TERRY

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

JIMBO

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

GWEE

You bet.

JIMBO

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

She nods and the two walk to the stairs.

MULVANEY

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

GWEE

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

URSULA

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

As she holds up her comatose phone, others check theirs and see the same issue.

RUDY

This muthafucking storm can kiss my black ass.

LANCE

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

Mulvaney gets up from his seat.

MULVANEY

Just to be on the safe side, I'm getting my shotgun from the truck just in case we have a zombie apocalypse.

OTTER

I'm getting mine too.

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

GWEE

I got you.

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

MULVANEY

What the fuck? Still?

LANCE

That happens to the new houses
sometimes for a little bit.
Windows might be locked down too.

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

URSULA

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

MULVANEY

Best idea of the night.

INT. YELLOW BEDROOM - NIGHT

On her back and passed out, Terry snores and drools. Jimbo
also drools, but for a different reason. Shirtless, he tries
to strip Terry of her balloon suit, but it isn't easy.

JIMBO

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

Unknown to Jimbo, QUEENIE PEEKS OUT FROM UNDER THE BED. He
doesn't see her, suddenly she knocks him off of Terry.

JIMBO (CONT'D)

What the--

Queenie is on top of him as he tries to free himself. She is
slime covered and smiles at him through JAGGED TEETH. He is
muted as her rotted hand is held over his mouth. Terry does
not stir.

QUEENIE

Loverboy, huh? Momma wanna see
what you got. How about a cocktail
first?

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

QUEENIE (CONT'D)

Oh, you're a fighter, huh? Love
it. How's about a kiss, bitch?

Her DARK, ROTTED TONGUE EXTENDS OUT and she FRENCH KISSES him as he tries to avoid her. As her tongue, mops his face, he becomes weaker and fights back less.

QUEENIE (CONT'D)

Now you know how it feels. Raping
bitches still funny? You gotta a
sweet face, sugar. You hungry?

Languid and helpless, Jimbo watches as she stands over him. She LIFTS HER DRESS, THEN SITS ON HIS FACE. Muffled sounds are heard as he tries to breathe. She grinds and rides on his face like it was a stable horse.

Finally, Jimbo's body goes limp. QUEENIE CACKLES and dismounts. GREEN GOO covers his face.

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

QUEENIE (CONT'D)

Later, my sweet. Your time will
come.

INT. RENTAL LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

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

OTTER

This is fucked up.

GWEE

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

ERNIE

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

'Ray' Irving dashes into the kitchen.

GWEE

Good idea. Where is he going?

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

IRVING

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

OTTER

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

LANCE

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

Rudy puts his arm around Felicity.

RUDY

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

OTTER

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

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

RUDY

Some party, huh?

Felicity runs her fingers across his chest.

FELICITY

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

RUDY

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

They giggle and kiss.

FELICITY

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

They walk to the stairs together.

INT. FIRST FLOOR BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

SADIE

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

NICK

(sings)

Mammy. / How I love you, how I love you. / My dear sweet Mammy.

She giggles and kisses him.

SADIE

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

He cuddles close to her and closes his eyes.

NICK

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

INT. RENTAL KITCHEN - NIGHT

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

ERNIE

Fuck this. I need a beer.

He walks to the fridge and hears a RUMBLING inside of it. Ernie looks at the door curiously. Just as he is about to touch it, dishes crash to the floor and shatter behind him. He jumps.

ERNIE (CONT'D)

Shit. Damn near scared the black off of me.

Ernie chuckles to himself as he opens the refrigerator door. His mouth drops. An attractive blonde stares back at him. The SWEDISH GIRL (20'S) does not look happy. She swings something at him and just misses. It is a GOLF CLUB.

SWEDISH GIRL

(Swedish accent)

You cheat on me again? You think I'm stupid? Huh?

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

ERNIE

Ouch. Stop it. Who the hell are you?

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

SWEDISH GIRL

(Swedish accent)

You have had so many whores that you don't know your wife anymore?

The golf club SMASHES INTO THE SIDE OF HIS HEAD. Then ANOTHER TO THE GUT. He stumbles backwards.

ERNIE

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

Another whack comes. This time to the JAW. SEVERAL TEETH FLY THROUGH THE AIR. BLOOD RUNS OUT OF HIS MOUTH.

ERNIE (CONT'D)

Stop. Crazy bitch.

Her eyes get big. She advances towards him as he BACK-PEDDLES. He tries to ward her off with his hands. She swings and HITS HIS FINGERS. They BREAK INSTANTLY AND LAY TO THE SIDE IN HIDEOUS FASHION. The groin is next.

Ernie falls to his knees. He starts to hyperventilate from the pain and cannot scream. Looking down, he sees he is in sand. As he struggles, Ernie notices that he is beginning to sink into the floor. The Swedish girl stands above him.

SWEDISH GIRL

(Swedish accent)

Crazy bitch? Yah. I kill you? Yah yah. Sand trap.

The quicksand is up to Ernie's chest.

ERNIE

No. No please. Why?

The Swedish girl spins around. When SHE FACES ERNIE AGAIN, IT IS QUEENIE. Terror is in the dying man's eyes. Queenie takes her rotted finger and RUBS THE SHOE POLISH OFF OF HIS CHEEK, then puts it in his face.

QUEENIE

This. This is why.

QUEENIE CACKLES as Ernie sinks deeper and then disappears.

INT. GREEN BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mulvaney and Ursula enter the room laughing. They both look around. Ursula plops on the bed and checks the firmness.

URSULA

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

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

MULVANEY

Much better than MOTEL 6. Look at
that. How nice.

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

URSULA

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

She rubs between her legs sensually, then winks at him.

Mulvaney holds back his Lil Wayne dreads as he bends over and SNORTS IT UP. He RUBS HIS NOSE FURIOUSLY.

MULVANEY

Wheww. Good burn. Peruvian I
think.

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

URSULA

Ew, what's that?

Mulvaney looks down to see his NOSE IS BLEEDING.

MULVANEY

Occupational hazard from loving the
nose candy, boo.

They go back to MAKING OUT. BLOOD NOW FLOWS HARD and runs down on Ursula's face. He COUGHS.

Now BLOOD COMES FROM HIS MOUTH. Mulvaney has a SEIZURE. His EYES ROLL BACK as his BODY CONVULSES. In moments, his body goes limp.

Ursula tries to scream but his dead weight on her chest makes even breathing a chore. She struggles to get his body off of her but cannot. A FIGURE COMES INTO VIEW on the side of the bed. Someone in an EXTERMINATOR outfit. Queenie's voice.

EXTERMINATOR

Love this place but lots of varmints running around here. Seen my rat poison? Had it on the nightstand, here.

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

EXTERMINATOR (CONT'D)

Oops. Guess I should have labeled it, but cocaine is poison too, no?

URSULA

Help me. Please.

EXTERMINATOR

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

Ursula GRUNTS AND MOANS as she tries to roll Mulvaney's corpse off of her.

EXTERMINATOR (CONT'D)

Oh, I see one, hold still.

As Ursula looks to the side, a VIPER IS INCHES FROM HER FACE. Her SCREAM is cut short as the viper STRIKES HER THROAT and DIGS ITS FANGS IN.

EXTERMINATOR (CONT'D)

Girl, I told you not to move.

The venom works quickly. She dies, EYES WIDE OPEN. The exterminator's HOOD IS REMOVED. Queenie looks down on the couple and laughs.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - NIGHT

Gwee enters and Lance follows behind him in the wedding dress. They FLICK ON THE LIGHT and look around.

GWEE

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

Lance goes to a door and tries it. It is locked but the DOOR IS OLD AND NON-ELECTRIC.

LANCE

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

GWEE

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

Gwee walks over to the window and must reach over the dryer. HE TUGS AT THE WINDOW. IT JIGGLES. Gwee smiles.

LANCE

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

Smiling back, Gwee pulls his kitchen KNIFE. He chops at the edges to loosen it up. Knife in hand, he shoves the WINDOW AND IT GOES UP. WIND BLOWN RAIN SPLASHES IN HIS FACE. He STICKS HIS HEAD OUTSIDE and yells exuberantly.

GWEE

Yeah, my nigga. Yeah, my nigga.

Suddenly the KNIFE IS TAKEN FROM HIM. Gwee's BODY JERKS. He turns to the side and Lance can see that his THROAT HAS BEEN SLIT. BLOOD SQUIRTS OUT WITH FORCE, getting on the wedding dress. Rotted brown arms grab Gwee under the armpits.

Queenie peers into the laundry room from outside. HER RAIN-SOAKED, HIDEOUS FACE stares at Lance.

QUEENIE

Yeah, my nigga. Yeah, my nigga.

SHE CACKLES LOUDLY as Lance presses himself against the opposite wall, petrified.

LANCE

Jesus. No.

In ONE SMOOTH MOTION, QUEENIE PULLS THE BEEFY, FOOTBALL PLAYER THROUGH THE WINDOW, backwards. The only thing left behind are blood stains.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Holy fuck.

Lance tries the door again. KNOB WON'T TURN. As tears of fear form in his eyes, he puts his shoulder into it. On the third time, THE DOOR GIVES WAY.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Lance stumbles into the garage and almost falls down. Some of his DRESS CATCHES ON THE SPLINTERS OF THE DOOR AND RIPS. Pale legs underneath are revealed. He looks around frantically. The garage door button doesn't open it up.

He puts an OLD CHAIR, A TIRE AND A WHEELBARROW in front of the door as a barricade. Lance tries several hiding spots then settles on a SHADOWY AREA NEAR THE GARDEN TOOLS. Eyes wide, he tries to sink deeper in the darkness.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALL - NIGHT

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

IRVING

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

OTTER

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

The sound of WALKING and SNIFFLING is heard. All look to the ceiling.

IRVING

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

OTTER

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

IRVING

No problem. Meet you downstairs.

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

The next one he comes to, HE HEARS THE SOUND OF SOMEONE HAVING SEX. He turns the knob slowly and LOOKS IN.

Tupac and Simone Biles are grinding and churning against the wall. RAP MUSIC plays on Rudy's phone. Irving REMOVES HIS RAY CHARLES GLASSES to see better.

Suddenly, LONG FINGERS WRAP AROUND HIS THROAT FROM THE BACK. Irving's eyes bulge, He is jerked backwards and shoved against the opposite wall.

Irving comes face to face with Queenie. As he gasps for breath, her grip on his throat tightens.

QUEENIE

What you doing, boy? That's nasty.
But so am I.

Queenie sticks out her EXTRA LONG, DISCOLORED TONGUE. She LICKS THE SIDE OF IRVING'S FACE as he squirms to turn his head away. Her FREE HAND RUBS HIS CROTCH.

IRVING

No.

QUEENIE

Don't you wanna be my nigga?

IRVING

No, please. No.

A fake frown is worn by Queenie as she accepts the fake broken heart. She removes the groping hand.

QUEENIE

It's okay, Ray. I like you better
as a blind man anyway.

With her free hand, she makes a PEACE SIGN. The two extended FINGERS SUDDENLY GROW LONG NAILS. Queenie moves them so they are horizontal with his eyes, then JAMS THEM IN EACH SOCKET. BLOOD RUNS down Irving's cheeks.

A sickening SOUND OF HIS EYES BEING EXTRACTED from his face is heard. Bloody EYEBALLS ARE IMPALED ON THE LONG NAILS. She lets his dead body drop, then puts BOTH EYEBALLS IN HER MOUTH AND CHEWS. The sound of the TISSUE CRUNCHING is heard.

INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

Otter and his crew of five use their cell phones to locate the light switch.

A DIM NAKED BULB attempts to light the vast darkness. They hear a human BREATHING HARD, exerting themselves and the sound of METAL, SCRAPING THE FLOOR.

OTTER
Mulvaney? You here?

Rather than their Ivy League drug dealer, they hear a female voice in response.

GIRL (O.S.)
Thank God. Help. I'm over here.

The guys look among themselves, perplexed. They head to the source of voice. Walking farther, they see a teenage, African American GIRL (16) who is attractive and barely clothed. They stop in their tracks.

OTTER
Holy shit. What's going on here?

A few steps closer, they see tears on her face and one leg shackled to a metal beam.

GIRL
Help me, please. Junkies. They kidnapped me and brought me here. Did horrible things to me, several days. They ran when you guys came.

OTTER
Wow. So you're a sex slave?

She looks down and sobs.

GIRL
The important thing is that now I'm saved. Thank you so much. My clothes are over there. Could you toss them to me?

One of the crew goes towards the clothes, but Otter TUGS HIM BACK. He gets closer to the girl.

OTTER
Hey, look, we will let you go, for sure. But since you are awful pretty, maybe you could show some appreciation to me and the boys.

GIRL
What do you mean? And why do you have that make-up on?

OTTER

We just some bros, looking for
hoes. And I think we found a good
one here, huh boys.

The girl scoots back from them, fear in her voice.

GIRL

I thought you would save me.
You're gonna rape me too?

OTTER

That's an ugly word. It's just an
opportunity to show gratitude that
we let you go. It's better if you
don't fight it. You won't win.

The DEMEANOR OF THE GIRL SUDDENLY CHANGES. She starts
laughing. The laugh turns into QUEENIE'S CACKLE.

GIRL

Bad mistake, snake. Someone is
getting fucked, but it won't be me.

OTTER

And how are you gonna stop us?

She pulls over a beaten up COFFEE CAN FULL OF OLD NAILS. She
pulls a long one out and HOLDS IT AS A WEAPON. The guys
laugh at her.

GIRL

I'm warning you.

OTTER

That's not a weapon, stupid bitch.
But this is.

He pulls a switchblade out and smiles. The girl acts scared,
then laughs.

GIRL

Sissy boy. So evil. I never said
it was a weapon. It's a magic
wand. And I'm about to face fuck
you to death.

OTTER

Now you're talking. Bring it on,
ho. We like it rough.

She points the long nail at each guy individually. HER EYES
CHANGE. Nails in the coffee can RATTLE.

GIRL

My name ain't ho, ... Wigger. But
I will make sure you learn my
proper name -- for eternity.

NAILS FROM THE COFFEE CAN FLY OUT OF THE CONTAINER like a swarm of bees. They go right for the heads of the would-be rapists. ONE BY ONE THEY PENETRATE THEIR FOREHEADS. All FALL BACKWARDS on the floor.

The girl has TRANSFORMED INTO QUEENIE. She makes the SHACKLE FALL OFF, then goes to inspect her craftsmanship. The letter 'Q' HAS BEEN FORMED BY THE NAILS IN OTTER'S FOREHEAD. THE GUY NEXT TO HIM HAS THE LETTER, "U".

All together the name, QUEENIE, is spelled out by combining all nail-penetrated heads. She CACKLES IN DELIGHT.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Lance is barely seen in the darkness. The sound of SOMETHING ROLLING gets his attention. He sticks his head out of the shadows to see a HOCKEY PUCK, ON ITS SIDE, WHEELING OVER TO HIM, slowly. It STOPS AND FALLS FLAT in front of him.

On the opposite wall, a MIST BELLOWS. Out of the FOG, STEPS TEN AFRICAN AMERICANS OF VARIOUS AGES. Lance cringes in fear as he tries to scoot back farther in the darkness. It doesn't work. They point directly at him.

LANCE

Who are you?

They smile back. Suddenly, it becomes very cold and FROST FORMS ON OBJECTS AROUND HIM. Scared, he breathes harder. His breath is seen as the temp drops. Out of the mist, SKATES A HOCKEY PLAYER IN FULL UNIFORM.

Lance looks down to see the floor is now a SHEET OF ICE. As the hockey player abruptly stops in front of Lance, ICE FROM THE BLADES SHOWER THE FAKE DENNIS RODMAN. He tries to stand, but slips down hard on his butt. No longer hidden.

QUEENIE

(behind the mask)

Them? They ain't nothing but
hockey pucks. Remember?

He looks over at the people again, but in their place are BLACK HOCKEY PUCKS.

LANCE

What? How--

QUEENIE
 (behind mask)
 I think it's time to get
 reacquainted.

Queenie flips off her helmet to show her rotted face and scraggly teeth as she smiles at him. The PUCKS ARE LINED UP. Queenie winds up and delivers a SLAP-SHOT TO LANCE'S FACE. His NOSE EXPLODES, BLOOD GUSHES.

LANCE
 Hey. Stop.

SLAP-SHOT AFTER SLAP-SHOT SLAM INTO HIS BODY AND HEAD. Lance tries to fend them off in his wedding dress, which looks comical, especially as he slips and slides. Queenie's EYES GLOW as she unloads the power shots. ONE PUCK IS LEFT.

QUEENIE
 What you did in the hood wasn't
 nigger hockey, but this is. This
 one is for the old lady today.

LANCE
 No. No, let me go.

Queenie STOMPS ON THE PUCK. BLADES SPRING OUT OF THE SIDES of it. She winds up.

QUEENIE
 This is called, the Penalty Shot.

LANCE
 Nooo.

POW. The weaponized puck hurtles at Lance with velocity. He PUTS HIS HAND UP to guard his face. The BLADE GOES THROUGH HIS HAND AND PINS IT TO HIS FOREHEAD.

It looks like A SALUTE. His BODY COLLAPSES into sitting position. Queenie SALUTES BACK. THEN CACKLES loudly.

INT. BLUE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Felicity, as Simone Biles, does SEXY FLOOR GYMNASTICS on the bed for shirtless Rudy as he drinks a 40oz beer from the bottle and grins. RAP music is in the background.

RUDY
 Work it, girl. Yeah.

FELICITY
 Ever see topless gymnastics?

RUDY

If it existed, I'd make myself a judge. Olympics needs that.

FELICITY

Hey 2pac. All eyes on me.

She starts to sway to the music, then strip. Boobs pop out. He smiles wide, loves it.

RUDY

Gorgeous tits, babe. Maybe you should have put shoe polish on them too. You got white jugs and a black body.

They laugh. Rudy takes out DOLLAR BILLS AND MAKES IT RAIN, over her body. Felicity rubs her breasts against his chest as she goes in close. She squeals.

FELICITY

You like that, daddy?

He pulls her close and they kiss. He then puts his GOLDEN GUN MEDALLION he wears, around her neck.

RUDY

Yeah, baby. And that is how much I do. You get the gold medal.

FELICITY

Sexy, awesome and rich. That's how I like my man.

She giggles with joy and does a PIROUETTE normally, then SPINS FASTER AND FASTER. Rudy loves it.

RUDY

That's wild.

FELICITY

But-but, it's not me.

QUEENIE APPEARS FROM NO WHERE. All slimy and with rotted skin, but she WEARS A BALLET TU-TU. She spins Simone by the waist. Rudy JUMPS BACK AND DROPS HIS BEER.

QUEENIE

It's us. And I agree, those boobs should be black.

Suddenly DARK VEINS STRETCH ACROSS FELICITY'S BREASTS. They WITHER AND TURN BLACK LIKE ROTTED MEAT. The couple SCREAMS.

RUDY
No, no. Stop.

FELICITY
Leave me alone, bitch.

QUEENIE
Let's see more gymnastics, my
sweet.

Queenie makes her do SEVERAL BACK-FLIPS. Then the fake Olympian SLAMS THE BACK OF HER HEAD INTO THE WALL with force. She slides down the wall leaving a RED STREAK ON BLUE PAINT, behind her head.

In a flash, Queenie, in tu-tu, sits on the floor UNDERNEATH FELICITY AS SHE SLIDES DOWN the wall. Felicity lands in front of her, almost in her lap, dead.

QUEENIE (CONT'D)
I have to take off points for that
dismount.

RUDY
You ugly fucking demon. I'll kill
you, bitch.

Queenie RUBS HER LIPS on the back of Felicity's bloody head.

QUEENIE
Ugly? That hurts. Do I look cuter
in lipstick?

Then she FLUTTERS HER EYES FLASHES HER SEXIEST SMILE, over jagged teeth. Rudy backs up quickly.

RUDY
Fuck you. Get away from me. This
can't be real.

QUEENIE
I get it. Breast man, huh?

Felicity's rotted breasts SWELL IN SIZE. Queenie grips them with both cryptic hands. She SQUEEZES the huge but grizzly looking boobs and a STREAM OF GREEN GOO SPEWS OUT of the nipples and onto Rudy's bald, 2pac head.

He SCREAMS. Rudy BREAKS HIS BEER BOTTLE and gets in defensive stance.

RUDY
You wanna get dramacidal, bitch?
Bring it.

QUEENIE

Lactose intolerant? Poor baby.

RUDY

You ain't leaving this bitch alive,
you crazy ho.

QUEENIE

Already dead, Makavelli, -- and
you're gonna join me.

He steps to her like he is READY TO STRIKE. She takes the GUN MEDALLION off Felicity. It is tiny but she HOLDS IT SIDEWAYS LIKE A GANGSTA.

QUEENIE (CONT'D)

Oh, so you want to be Thug Life,
that right nigga? I got something
for you.

Rudy makes a face, then LAUGHS. He winds up to slice her with the broken bottle.

RUDY

It's not a real gun, stupid.

Just before Rudy makes contact, she SHOOTS HIM SEVERAL TIMES WITH HIS OWN JEWELRY. He back-peddles from the force. Looking at his torso, he sees huge BULLET HOLES. BLOOD RUNS. He looks bewildered.

QUEENIE

Real enough, my nigga. Huh?

Rudy touches the bloody wounds, stunned with disbelief, then FALLS OVER DEAD.

INT. YELLOW BEDROOM - NIGHT

Terry is still asleep. Jimbo's body has vanished. GUNSHOTS are heard. Terry stirs awake. She looks around.

TERRY

What was that noise? How did I get
here? Shit, I'm missing the party.

She gets off of the bed and strides towards the door.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALL - NIGHT

As she walks to the stairs, she stops.

TERRY
Hey, where is the music?

She passes all the open bedroom doors. No one is there.

TERRY (CONT'D)
That's strange.

INT. RENTAL LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Terry walks cautiously through the seemingly abandoned party spot. EMPTY BEER CANS AND BOOZE BOTTLES litter the area, but no people.

TERRY
What the fuck. Those assholes
better not have left me here.

She goes to the window and looks outside. VEHICLES ARE STILL PARKED IN THE DRIVEWAY. Confusion envelopes her. Terry goes and sits on the couch to figure it out. She throws up her arms in despair.

INT. FIRST FLOOR BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nick and Sadie are fast asleep. KNOCKING at the door is heard. Sadie's eyes flutter open. She shakes Nick awake and shouts to the door.

SADIE
Just a minute.

NICK
What?

SADIE
Somebody is at the door. I'm not
dressed.

NICK
Okay. Alright, just a sec.

Stretching his body to regain circulation, Nick puts on his pants under the sheets, then goes to the door. He opens it and Terry is there. She looks relieved to see him.

TERRY
Thank God you guys are still here.

NICK
What do you mean?

TERRY

Everyone's cars are here, but I can't find a soul.

NICK

What? Oh, bet they are trying to scare you. It's Halloween, right?

TERRY

Could you help me find them? This place is kinda spooky.

He looks over at Sadie.

SADIE

Hi, Terry. Give us a minute. We'll be right there.

INT. RENTAL KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sadie takes three water bottles from the fridge and passes them out.

NICK

Not upstairs, not downstairs. Where did they go?

SADIE

Got it. I bet it was a food run.

TERRY

They better bring something back for me. I'm starved.

NICK

I wonder which cars they took. That's a lot of people.

INT. RENTAL LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The ladies follow Nick to the door. It won't open. He takes out the remote. Still won't budge.

SADIE

The door won't open?

TERRY

Yeah, that storm made the lights go nuts earlier. Me and Buckwheat--

Suddenly her face goes pale. Terry DROPS HER WATER.

NICK

What?

Panic sweeps over Terry.

TERRY

How could I forget?

NICK

Jimbo slipped you some Ludes.
Sorry. Very bad for memory.

TERRY

You let him drug me?

Terry punches him in the chest.

NICK

I found out later. What about
Buckwheat?

She sits on the couch and sobs.

TERRY

He's dead. I saw him die. No one
believed me.

Nick and Sadie look at each other with fear.

NICK

Let me try to call the others.

Nick takes out his phone. It is dead. He shows the girls.
They take out theirs too. All dead.

SADIE

I think we need to get out of here.
And quick.

Nick goes to a window. Stuck. So are the other two he
tries. Frustration builds. The STORM CONTINUES.

NICK

How the fuck do we get the hell out
of here?

TERRY

There was a window for the root
cellar in the basement. It looked
old. Probably not electric.

NICK

Grab your shit and let's go.

INT. CELLAR - NIGHT

Nick leads the way as Terry and Sadie follow. Sadie grips her TENNIS RACKET for protection. The window for the root cellar is on the opposite wall. The LIGHT IS DIM. Lots of FURNITURE AND BOXES stand between the kids and the window.

NICK

Looks like we have to climb over this crap. Be careful.

They start the trek over and around the clutter. Terry, chunky, is SWEATING LIKE HELL, especially in that outfit.

TERRY

I wish I wasn't so damn fat. This is torture.

Queenie appears next to Terry in outrageous RICHARD SIMMONS WORKOUT GEAR, bubbly and bouncy. Nick and Sadie almost fall down in shock.

QUEENIE

You wanna get skinny sister? Let me help. Suck in that belly, girl.

The Missy Elliot outfit STARTS TO SHRINK around her. Soon the costume is way too tight, she FARTS MANY TIMES, THEN BARFS. Terry falls down CONVULSING.

Her friends back away. She VOMITS BLOOD and it also comes out of her nose and ears. The area around her butt expands with a HUGE pile of POOP. NOW DEAD, SHE IS SKINNY.

NICK

Holy shit. That must be Queenie. Hurry, before she comes back.

Nick takes Sadie's hand and almost drags her closer to the window. As they look ahead, they STOP IN THEIR TRACKS. Sadie tears up and turns away as Nick's eyes bulge.

In front of them, PILED ATOP EACH OTHER, are their friends. Mouths agape, some eyes still open, A PUDDLE OF BLOOD HAS FORMED AT THE BASE OF THE HEAP OF CORPSES. Sadie SCREAMS.

SADIE

Oh God. They're all dead.

NICK

Holy shit. Cry later. In order to get out, we have to climb over the bodies.

SADIE
I can't. Look at them.

NICK
We have to. Or we will join them.
I'll push from behind. Go.

Through sobs, Sadie starts climbing and Nick is right behind her. SQUISHY sounds are heard as they STEP ON BLOODY CARCASSES OF THEIR BUDDIES. She uses her tennis racket to help pull herself up when she slips in blood.

Sadie finally reaches the window and POUNDS IT OPEN with the tennis racket. A BREEZE BLOWS IN, rain is minimal. Freedom. She struggles to get out. Suddenly QUEENIE IS THERE.

QUEENIE
Here, let me take that.

She grabs the tennis racket.

SADIE
No, please.

QUEENIE
What got in your head that made you
think blackface is funny? Hmm.
Let's take a look.

Queenie puts both hands around the handle and CRACKS DOWN HARD ON SADIE'S HEAD with the tennis racket. Nick is frozen in horror.

NICK
No. Sadie. Oh God.

He watches as QUEENIE PARTS THE SKULL, then puts her hand in Sadie's skull and PULLS OUT THE BRAIN. She studies it closely as BLOOD DRIPS.

EXT. RENTAL HOUSE - NIGHT

Nick, devastated, squirms over the bodies and SLIPS OUT OF THE WINDOW. He falls down, in fear and shock.

QUEENIE
Looks alright to me, how about you?
I wonder where the problem is.

Queenie takes a BITE OUT OF THE BRAIN. BRAIN JUICE AND BLOOD RUNS DOWN HER CHIN. She chews it up.

QUEENIE (CONT'D)
Not bad, care for a bite?

Nick gets to his feet and runs off, SCREAMING.

NICK
Help. Help, please.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT

Hysterical, Nick runs to his shiny Mustang and fumbles with the keys as he tries to get in. A SPOTLIGHT HITS HIM, then he sees the RED AND BLUE LIGHTS FROM THE POLICE CAR that shines the light.

An OFFICER gets out and walks towards him. The SERVICE REVOLVER IS DRAWN and aimed at him.

OFFICER
Hands up. On your knees, boy.
Now.

Afraid, Nick complies and KNEELS IN THE DIRT on the side of the road. The cop comes up to him.

OFFICER (CONT'D)
What you doing in this neighbor hood, boy? Trying to steal that car? Huh? Face down. Now.

NICK
But the mud. I can't--

OFFICER
Do it or I blow your damn head off.

The gun is put in Nick's face. Again, he complies. He looks up as his chin hits the mud. The cop, now in the headlights, LOOKS LIKE QUEENIE WITH A BEARD, BUT IN WHITE-FACE?

The BOOT OF THE COP STOMPS ON NICK'S NECK. The boot stays there and with force.

OFFICER (CONT'D)
I mean flat. You understand me, boy? What you doing here?

NICK
That's my car.

OFFICER

A Mustang? Come on, your broke black ass is lucky to afford a banana bike. Liar. I hate lying ass coons.

The COP SPITS. A GLOB OF MUCUS RUNS DOWN THE SIDE OF NICK'S FACE. He moves his head to wipe it off in the mud.

NICK

I'm not a nigger, dammit. Look at my license. I'm a--

The other BOOT SLAMS INTO NICK'S JAW. Blood trickles. He SPITS OUT A TOOTH.

OFFICER

I didn't ask for your sass. Shut the fuck up.

NICK

I'm suing you for abuse. Think you are God?

The officer uses his foot to roll Nick over. No sooner is he on his back, than the officer LANDS ON HIS CHEST. KNEE FIRST. The barrel of the WEAPON IS INCHES FROM HIS NOSE.

OFFICER

You people get me sick. You gonna sue me from the grave? Huh? Try something. Go ahead.

NICK

Please. Please. Don't.

OFFICER

There you go, telling me what to do. You asked if I think I'm God? What do you think, nigger? Am I God. Huh?

NICK

But I didn't do anything.

OFFICER

I caught you breaking into that car. You resisted arrest. You tried to take my gun. Somehow the damn thing went off. Am I God?

NICK

Yes. Yes, you are God. Please.

The cop smiles. He gets up but keeps the gun pointed.

OFFICER
Wrong. I'm the devil himself.

The trigger is pulled, BOOM.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nick sits up in the bed, CHEST HEAVING. SWEAT POURS as he looks around at his familiar surroundings. He falls backwards onto his soft pillow. After a moment, he LAUGHS.

NICK
Ha. Just a dream.

He turns to the side. QUEENIE JUMPS FROM UNDER THE COVERS. NICK SCREAMS.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

An ALARM CLOCK GOES OFF, Nick jumps, then TURNS IT OFF. He checks his bed for unwelcome visitors. None. He smiles. Nick jumps out of bed, then HEARS HEAVY BREATHING AND MOANS.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Nick looks for the source of the sounds. His mom's door is open. She is having THREE-WAY SEX WITH DEON ... AND QUEENIE. Nick freaks out.

NICK
No. No way.

His fingers wrap around a nearby HAMMER. Nick charges into the room.

INT. MOM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

At full sprint, Nick goes towards Queenie and raises the hammer. HE SWINGS.

NICK
Get away from that nigger.

Queenie ducks. The HAMMER SLAMS INTO HIS MOM'S TEMPLE. BLOOD SQUIRTS. She falls over dead. Skull cracked.

Nick embraces her body and WEEPS BITTERLY AS HE ROCKS BACK AND FORTH.

NICK (CONT'D)
 Momma. No. No please.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

His EYES FLUTTER AWAKE THROUGH TEARS. Next to him, sitting on the bed is his mom. He hugs her tight. Deon is by the door. He looks concerned.

MOM
 Nick. You okay? We heard you crying. Bad dream?

NICK
 The worse I ever had.

MOM
 Thank God you are okay. What's in the bag?

Mom picks it up and the CONTENTS SPILL OUT. The afro wig and photo of Al Jolson are spotted by her.

MOM (CONT'D)
 What the hell is this shit?

NICK
 Uh, just for a joke. Don't worry about it, Ma.

She stands, clearly emotional. Tears fall.

MOM
 A racist? My son. My own son? Dammit, I didn't raise a Nazi. What the hell are you--

Mom GRABS HER CHEST, then falls to her knees and she STRUGGLES TO BREATHE. She collapses on her back. Nick is paralyzed. Deon comes over, does CHEST COMPRESSIONS. He checks her pulse. He looks down and SHAKES HIS HEAD negatively. He squints at Nick.

DEON
 Little fucker. How could you do this to her? I should stomp that ass. You killed her.

NICK
 No. Don't say that. No.

Nick falls to his knees and hugs his mom.

NICK (CONT'D)
 I'm sorry, Ma. I'm so sorry. I'm
 sorry, please. I'm sorry.

EXT. HIGHWAY TO HELL - DAY

The room fades away quickly and Nick and his mom are in another dimension. It looks like Dante's Inferno all around them. They seem to be on a deserted, elevated road as flames flicker around them in close proximity. Nick is shocked.

He looks over to his mother who raises her arms for an embrace. Nick leans in. Mom suddenly turns into Queenie. Her hands grip Nick's throat.

QUEENIE
 Sorry? How sorry? You
 disrespectful little shit?

Still gripping his throat, she stands to her feet, much taller than before. Twisted smile. Nick's legs dangles inches from the ground as he squirms.

QUEENIE (CONT'D)
 Look at you. You're smart, natural
 leader and even sort of, charming?
 But you spend your time on this
 hateful, racist bullshit when you
 could be a positive force. Why?

A tear falls from Nick as he gasps for breath. His face begs for mercy. She looks deep into his eyes.

QUEENIE (CONT'D)
 I don't just protect my property, I
 protect the nation it sits in.

His hands try to loosen her grip but it's no use.

QUEENIE (CONT'D)
 What kinda future lies ahead for
 this land with heartless brats like
 you running it?

NICK
 Please ...

QUEENIE
 I will spare your life. Only if
 you want to change. If not, you
 can join ... Them.

She turns his head to the side. Horror on his face, he sees his friends dead in the pile. Puddles of blood surround them. Mouths agape.

His head is swung to the opposite side of the highway by Queenie. Now he is shown his dead friends burning in hell. They scream and moan as flames, scorch their skin. Unceasing agony on their faces. Nick cringes.

NICK

I understand. Please, please don't.
I'm sorry. I was horrible. I'll
change. I promise.

Queenie stares through his eye sockets into his mind. She smiles. Her grip is released. Nick falls onto the asphalt and struggles to breath as he backs away from her. Queenie bends down, eye to eye with him. Serious as fuck.

QUEENIE

If you don't ... I'll be back.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nick awakes crying. Mom is there standing over him. He hugs her tightly.

MOM

Jesus, Nick. What's wrong?

Not sure he is awake this time, he PINCHES HIS SKIN. Mom and Deon are confused.

NICK

I'm sorry, mom. I've been an
asshole, big time. I apologize to
you, Ma. You too, Deon. I am
going to change. You watch.

MOM

Well, I'm happy to hear that. I
love you so much. I want you to be
a good man. And I know you are.

Nick hugs mom, and smiles at Deon.

NICK

I'm going out with Sadie tonight.
I better get dressed.

Mom walks towards the door.

MOM

I'm always here for you if you need to talk. Anytime.

DEON

Me too. Anytime.

NICK

Thanks. That means a lot.

The adults leave the room and close the door. Nick grabs his phone. He sees several calls missed. He hits the speed dial. It rings.

SADIE

(over phone)

There you are. Where have you been? The party is about to start. You still picking me up?

NICK

Don't worry babe. I'll pick you up, but that party? Not into it anymore. I'll explain later. I'll get dressed and be right over.

EXT. NICK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

As Nick goes to his car, he takes the bag with the costume and puts it in the trash can.

INT. WHITE MUSTANG - NIGHT

The car is in the PARKING LOT OF A MALL. Sadie sits next to him in the front seat with a BOUQUET OF ROSES in her lap. She looks over to Nick who is dressed to the nines.

SADIE

I'm not going to argue about you buying me roses and taking me on a spending spree on Halloween night, but I don't get it. Why?

NICK

I need to treat you better. Spend quality time. Ready?

RAIN starts to fall, THUNDER is heard overhead. His phone RINGS. He answers. GWEE IS ON FACE-TIME, in black-face and in an OJ Simpson jersey.

GWEE

Hey faggot, you gonna show up or what? We're getting loaded and waiting for your ghost.

NICK

Not coming, bro. Look ... The blackface thing is wrong. I -- was wrong. Leave now. Bad vibes there.

The connection starts to break up. GWEE'S IMAGE STUTTERS AND FREEZES UP as they talk. More THUNDER is heard.

GWEE

Wow, you guys are going to miss it. Halloween, haunted house, lightning storm. What could be better?

NICK

Look. You guys need to get out of there. I think it's going to get, uh ... Crazy soon. Please. Leave.

Gwee gets animated.

GWEE

No suh, massa boss man. We be getting our drank on. Us po' niggas be all up in the party. You needs ta drive over and--

The PHONE GOES DEAD. Nick looks nervous.

SADIE

Must be the storm.

NICK

No. No, it might be something else. From somewhere else.

Nick dials him back. It RINGS AND RINGS. It is finally picked up. Silence. No picture comes up.

NICK (CONT'D)

Gwee? Gwee. Hey dude, say something. Say something, please.

Over the phone, he hears a CACKLE that is far too familiar to him. NICK DROPS THE PHONE.

The LAUGHTER from the phone continues and gets louder as Nick covers his face in his hands and weeps.

SUPER - MANY MONTHS LATER

INT. LEXUS - DAY

Deon, in the driver's seat, twists his torso to face Nick in the backseat. The genesis of a beard enhances the young man's smile. Parking lot in the background.

DEON

Sure you have a ride home?

NICK

Yeah, thanks. Just have to find Sadie. I'm all good.

His mom in the front seat notices the warmth between them now. She turns to Nick.

MOM

My big boy, look at you. Ever since that horrible night, you have been, well, the man I wanted you to become.

NICK

It was a life changer.

His heavy exhale is audible.

DEON

Found them all stacked in the basement like that? Damn. I hope they catch those thugs soon.

NICK

They won't.

(beat)

I think I see Sadie. Got to go. Thanks for the ride. Love ya.

He slides out and CLOSES the back-door. As they watch him pass the front of the car, we see his shirt has, BLACK LIVES MATTER, printed on the back.

Sadie steps from the huge and diverse crowd, then waves to him in her, SILENCE IS VIOLENCE, blouse. BLM banners and signs are held by multitudes as the protest swells.

A tear runs down the cheek of his mother as he disappears in the humanity.

MOM
(emotional)
I love that boy.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Not far from the Lexus ... Up a mighty tree ... A bushy tail wags back and forth. The black cat it belongs to, sits regally on a thick branch, with a sky-view of the protest.

QUEENIE (V.O.)
I love him too. That boy gives me hope.
(beat)
Had to knock all of that evil shit out of him first. Ha. Now look at him.
(beat)
My job here -- is done.

It PURRS contentedly. But the eyes. The eyes GLOW bright.

THE END