

MRS. ANGEL
The Evil Behind The Law
(I Can't Breathe)

By

Tchinda Fabrice Mbuna

The Book: Mrs. Angel

OPENING CREDITS.

BLACK SCREEN.

MAN (V.O)

"We were all made in your image,
but others have remade us in their
image, when we speak for our
freedom or rights. The blood of the
black community is the seed for
redemption."

We deserve our rights, not what one begs for. Kneel is same as neck chains of servitude. We denounce this heinous police habitude. We've seen racism, open and so crude. We've long endured, we've long been subdued. To animals, criminals, and a state of desuetude. These hard facts are juxtaposed with a strong struggle for love and survival in a foreign land and its challenges, as Miss Asunder becomes a major roadblock to the sound love relationship developing between Tchinda and Mrs. Angel. Will love conquer or survive? --Awah Oliver Nde

Title: The Evil Law II (I Can't Breathe)

FADE IN:

NARRATOR (V.O)

The Old Monk has just arrived from a faraway journey after a mysterious shipwreck with other monks en route to America after traveling the world. Just in the worst season of the year, when all monarch butterflies have all migrated for refuge, squirrels are rushing to gather nuts, squirrels' nests are built on trees so high and tall, woodpeckers are all sharing the same tree and fate, and spiders busy creating or spinning larger cup webs...

INT. MONASTERY - DAY

In the sacred temple, MONK AUGUSTINE, MONK THOMAS, and OLD MONK are sitting in a circle and lotus position. The sad look on their faces gives off a dull outlook.

MONK THOMAS

We live by virtue of divine honor and love. It's our philosophy; we deny self-love, nothing is worth

(MORE)

MONK THOMAS (cont'd)
 living for others. Let's live
 together, like sisters or brothers.

MONK AUGUSTINE
 How can you love your neighbor as
 yourself, when your white neighbor
 only loves himself? When your white
 neighbor sees you as prosperous...

MONK THOMAS
 He'll call 911 or his kind of
 police neighbor, they'll say your
 wealth is suspicious labor, they'll
 gang up, then shoot or gun you
 down. They do everything to break
 you down... Even if in you, there
 is no guilt found. As wounded
 lions, they patrol around, seeking
 for blacks to devour.

OLD MONK
 Keep loving one another as brothers
 and sisters. Don't forget to show
 hospitality to strangers. This
 isn't only for the Hebrews, but
 also for the Jew, not just blacks,
 but also some good whites.

MONK AUGUSTINE
 My neighbors are as bad as my old
 ones, we traveled the Atlantic with
 joyful songs, the Liberty Song,
 "Heart of Oak", "The Star-Spangled
 Banner." By unity, we stand,
 divided, we fall. We want our
 freedom to sing "My Country, Tis of
 Thee".

MONK THOMAS
 We all sang songs of freedom and
 unity. Today, our freedom has
 become an importunity. We all
 fought for our divine given rights,
 Today, our rights have become a
 plight, for others to choose when
 to give us at their delight. Aren't
 treated as worse than savage
 throngs?

MONK AUGUSTINE
 Let's love altogether; Or perish
 all together!

OLD MONK
Shalom!

SCREEN TO BLACK.

EXT. MR. TCHINDA'S HOUSE - DAY

A modern bungalow stands in line with other houses in the neighborhood.

SUPERIMPOSE: NEW YORK.

CUT TO:

INT. MR. TCHINDA'S KITCHEN - DAY

MRS. ANGEL is in the middle of preparing dinner. Sweat dots her face from the hotness of the kitchen. A few used dishes are in the kitchen sink.

MR. TCHINDA, dressed in a smock, enters, walking like a chef about to give orders.

MR. TCHINDA
Don't you think I could be likened to Luther sometimes?... Honey, I speak just like him at times. I stay positive in hard times, and I am always faithful to you.

Mrs. Angel turns to him, shaking her head with amusement.

MRS. ANGEL
Self-praise is a destructive delusion. Yesterday, you were Shakespeare. Now you are Luther in hallucination. Tomorrow, who knows who you will be?

Mr. Tchinda beams a smile.

MR. TCHINDA
(playfully)
I am a divine embodiment of all Luther quotes Michel Angelo, Beethoven, and Shakespeare.

Mrs. Angel scoffs.

MRS. ANGEL

We know Shakespeare for his poetry.
We know Michel Angelo for his
painting. We know Beethoven for
music. What do we know Tchinda for?

Mr. Tchinda ponders briefly.

MR. TCHINDA

They will soon know Tchinda...for
poetry. His verse drama and
oratory. They will soon know,
Tchinda...the activist. They will
soon know, Tchinda...the Luther.

Mr. Tchinda puts a pot-fork in the pot that is still cooking
and gets a chunk of meat.

Mrs. Tchinda gently smacks him on the shoulder.

MRS. ANGEL

Stop stealing my meat from the pot.
Don't you know it is still scalding
hot? What is wrong with some of you
men, sometimes?

Mr. Tchinda quickly removes his hand from the pot after
succeeding in picking up a chunk of meat with the fork.

MR. TCHINDA

I am supervising the meat. You know
I am a good cook. I even wrote an
African cookbook back in the days
when I used to be a chef.

Mr. Tchinda struggles with the hotness of the chunk of meat
in his hand.

MRS. ANGEL

Tchinda, you are telling lies. You
have never been a chef, never.

MR. TCHINDA

Well, a prophet is never accepted,
not to talk of being respected,
especially in his very own home.
Even the scriptures say it.

MRS. ANGEL

Tell me the truth, I know your
entire life, where have you been a
chef or cook? Or did you mean to
say you've been a crook? That I

(MORE)

MRS. ANGEL (cont'd)
 accept, that's why I hide my
 checkbook.

MR. TCHINDA
 I was "chef de classe." In Lycée
 Bilingue de Mbouda!

Mrs. Angel chuckles.

MRS. ANGEL
 Well, my meat doesn't need
 supervision. Continue to be "chef
 de classe" of illusions, not a chef
 over my pot of meat.

MR. TCHINDA
 Next time I will not come. You
 should appreciate me coming today.

Mr. Tchinda heads for the living room, still struggling with
 the hotness of the chunk of meat as he tries to eat it.

MRS. ANGEL
 Your presence does not make any
 difference. The last time you came
 to the kitchen, I asked you to boil
 water for breakfast, did you not
 try to burn down the house?

Mrs. Angel goes back to stirring her pot. Mr. Tchinda halts
 in the doorway, turning to her.

MR. TCHINDA
 Must you remind me of the past and
 bygones? Well, you can have your
 kitchen.

MRS. ANGEL
 Of course, African women own the
 kitchen, and the paradise you men
 so desire. I can deny you my
 kitchen, not my paradise...

She winks at him with a naughty smile.

MRS. ANGEL (CONT'D)
 I know you are an expert who knows
 how to make me catch fire.

Mr. Tchinda walks away laughing. Mrs. Angel continues her
 cooking.

INT. MONASTERY - DAY

Monk Augustine, Monk Thomas, and Old Monk sit in a circle and lotus position. Their faces maintain the sadness from the last time.

MONK GULLIVER WIT walks in. He is clad in a tattered robe, and his beard long all wrapped together. His leather rain-boots show aging signs of despair, with multi-colored leathers patched together. He sits among the three monks.

MONK WIT

In all my travels, no good have I seen. Not even in the Americas have I seen. When they invite you to Minneapolis, remember your brother Philando Castile. When they invite you to Minneapolis, remember your brother Jamar Clark. When they invite you to Minneapolis, remember your brother George Floyd. When they invite you to Cleveland, Ohio, remember your sister Tamir Rice. When they invite you to Columbus, Ohio, remember your sister Ma'Khia Bryant.

MONK AUGUSTINE

When they invite you to New York City, remember your brother Eric Garner. When they invite you to New York City, remember your brother Jamel Floyd. When they invite you to Waller County, Texas, remember your sister Sandra Bland. When they invite you to Satilla Shores, Georgia, remember your brother Ahnaud Arbery.

MONK WIT

When they invite you to Louisville, Kentucky, remember your sister Breonna Taylor. When they invite you to Louisiana, remember your brother Alton Sterling. When they invite you to Vallejo, California, remember your brother Sean Monterrosa. When they invite you to Baltimore, Maryland, remember your brother Freddie Gray. When they invite you to Ferguson, Missouri, remember your brother Michael Brown...

INT. MR. TCHINDA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mr. Tchinda and Mrs. Angel are sitting at the dining table about to have dinner.

MR. TCHINDA

Who are you voting for in the upcoming election?

MRS. ANGEL

Well, you should know I don't care about politics. It is nothing but a bag of tricks. A game of murder, blood, and lies.

MR. TCHINDA

But, politics cares about you. There is nothing you can do. It is your fundamental right to vote for the candidate of your choice.

MRS. ANGEL

I have one right, which is "Black Lives Matter", "Asian Lives Matter". Does Congress care about this? What they care about is their politics.

MR. TCHINDA

The fate of America is at stake, things are falling apart, hope is thinner, hearts have been broken. You should care.

MRS. ANGEL

In the case of Shelby County V. Holder, democracy has never been democratic, for the colored, and Asians, who are raped, killed, and called addicts. Is that what we call democracy?

Mr. Tchinda nods, acknowledging her sentiment.

MR. TCHINDA

That is more of the reason why you should vote. This is the right time and the most convenient season.

Mrs. Angel is pissed.

MRS. ANGEL

Why should I care, when Congress isn't defunding the police? When black lives are not at ease? When Asian lives are in hard times, but Congress does just what it pleases?

MR. TCHINDA

We care. In fact, Tchinda cares.

MRS. ANGEL

With the "1033 or LESO program." Has the military not transferred 7.4 billion worth of equipment to states and local law enforcement, who now use it erratically to kill and harm? Who cares about it?

MR. TCHINDA

Everyone cares. Let us "Make America Great Again." I believe in the American dream. We have fallen; but we can stand again.

Mrs. Angel scoffs.

MRS. ANGEL

Have you joined them? We heard the same slogan in 1980, in 1992, in 2012, and in 2016. What has changed?

Mr. Tchinda nods in acknowledgment to Mrs. Angel's sentiment.

Mrs. Angel cuts a piece of chicken and throws it into her mouth.

MR. TCHINDA

Well, Congress is not responsible. Police defunding is the state's duty. Each has its own laws.

MRS. ANGEL

Yes, Mr. Tchinda, the congressman. Congress should stop federal-state grants. Since 1994, the Department of Justice has spent more than twenty-nine billion dollars on Community Oriented Policing Services, Bureau of Justice Assistance, and National Institute of Justice.

MR. TCHINDA

I think Congress is walking towards it. It is just a matter of time.

MRS. ANGEL

Walking is slow. Why won't they run instead? Do they not amble to make it a show, that they love or care about blacks or are interested? Our hearts are bleeding; they are shredded.

Mr. Tchinda is astonished by her persistence.

MR. TCHINDA

Women, always nagging.

MRS. ANGEL

(displeased)

Really. You speak as such too? What's America without us women?

MR. TCHINDA

That's not what I meant. You get me wrong all the time. Did I commit any heinous crime for my speech to breed war anytime?

MRS. ANGEL

It is more than a heinous crime not even having a female president. In 2016, was Hillary Clinton not hard hacked out of office for fear of her political hat?

MR. TCHINDA

Men are better at leadership. She never had the skill-ship to be voted in as the President.

Mrs. Angel glares at him with fury.

MR. TCHINDA (CONT'D)

I'm not biased.

The doorbell rings. Mr. Tchinda and Mrs. Angel look toward the door.

GODLOVE comes in and closes the door behind him.

MRS. ANGEL

Godlove, please come in and join us for dinner.

Godlove walks over to the dining table.

GODLOVE

Hello, Mr. Tchinda, Mrs. Angel.

Godlove sits with them at the table. Mrs. Angel serves him some food in a spare dish.

MR. TCHINDA

You did well coming on time. You saved me from a fire in its prime. If I may ask, and if you don't mind, what then do you believe can make America better?

GODLOVE

A change in politics.

MRS. ANGEL

Let us talk about something better than politics.

Mr. Tchinda beams a smile at Mrs. Angel.

MR. TCHINDA

Politics at this time is unavoidable to discuss. We have to live our American dream, letting go of the extremely evil racial thoughts.

MRS. ANGEL

We're not political surrealists, nor Congress extremists. You can go and meet them there in Congress.

GODLOVE

I have another proposal. How about we go watch a stage-play?

MRS. ANGEL

If it's about politics, count me out.

GODLOVE

(smiling)

Not our kind of politics. Well...religious politics.

MR. TCHINDA

You become that which you hate. That has been many's fate.

Mr. Tchinda shrugs as Mrs. Angel glares at him.

INT. BROADWAY THEATER HALL - NIGHT

We are in the middle of a stage play. Mr. Tchinda, Mrs. Angel and Godlove sit together in the audience.

On the stage: The setting is in the year 1505. A MONK sits in a church reciting the Rosary.

MONK

Hail Mary full of grace, the Lord
is with you, blessed are thou among
women...

MARTIN LUTHER makes his entrance on stage. He looks worried as he walks over to the Monk.

MARTIN LUTHER

I am ill at ease, hope I didn't
disturb your peace? Forgive me if I
did, please!

MONK

We are here for one another's duty.
Chastity, poverty, and
selflessness, "Rule of St.
Augustine's" piety. Hope to help in
your restlessness?

MARTIN LUTHER

Well, has Paul's fate befallen me?

The Monk is dazed.

MONK

We all have our cross to carry.
Paul is Paul; Luther is Luther.

MARTIN LUTHER

On my way from the University of
Erfurt, just on my way from my
parent, Eisleben, a great
thunderstorm stroke. Fear gripped
me; I avowed to be a monk, "Help
me, St. Anne...Help me, St. Anne,"
I cried for mercy but was still
unable to find peace.

MONK

St. Anne, our Lord's grandmother
understands your pains, and
others'. Just as St. Mary does with
Jesus' pains. Without pain,
redemption is in vain.

MARTIN LUTHER

How long when everything seems wrong? I am closer bound to hell than to heaven.

MONK

Even Paul, after his conversion, atoned for Christ's death through his flesh. Be graceful and seasoned in conversation. Endurance of the faith is key, Luther. Pray always to keep your faith fresh.

Martin Luther is more worried than relieved.

MARTIN LUTHER

Where are St. Anne and St. Mary's compassion? I recite the rosary daily. But the more passion, the more I feel depressed. The more I see my short-comings.

MONK

Did you confess your sins today? You must pray daily, lest you fall prey. Satan is out to cause us to backslide, but being steadfast is the only way.

MARTIN LUTHER

Confession is my daily bread. And I confess even when eating bread. Should confession be a profession?

MONK

Luther, every authority is from God, be meek like Moses if you want God's lamp. Christ himself was low and meek as a lamb. To devote your life to serve God in solitude, is to escape from this world and its retribution.

MARTIN LUTHER

Sin remission isn't purchased... Sales of indulgence certificate. However, I do not advocate, for sin purgation or being well. I am guilty and constantly see hell stare at me with wild beast-like haste. Guilt haunts me; my soul is in a hellish chase.

MONK

Luther, it's time for sin
confession. Let's go and pray the
rosary. Then come back to our
discussion. I bear your pain and
misery.

MARTIN LUTHER

I am persuaded that there's truth,
my mind is still captive to the law
of sin and death. Should redemption
be worked for when Christ has died?

The Monk exits the stage. Martin Luther picks up a bible and
begins to flip through the pages.

MONK (V.O)

Luther, come on. Your woes are
common to us. We have our hurt in
different echelons, but must learn
to live along.

MARTIN LUTHER

I'm searching for the truth, I'm
ambuscaded by hurt since my youth.
There is no lie without truth. Only
the truth will redeem me.

MONK (V.O)

Obedience is better than sacrifice.
Don't be wise in your own eyes. We
all long for the same heaven, but
you must learn how to pay the
price.

MARTIN LUTHER

(reading from the Bible)

Romans 1:17... "For in the gospel,
the righteousness of God is
revealed. The righteous will live
by faith."

Martin Luther recites the passage as he begins to exit the
stage.

MARTIN LUTHER (CONT'D)

"For in the gospel the
righteousness of God is revealed...
The righteous will live by faith."
(exiting the stage)

"Either sin is with you, lying on
your shoulders, or it is lying on
Christ, the Lamb of God. Now, if it

(MORE)

MARTIN LUTHER (CONT'D) (cont'd)
 is lying on your back, you are
 lost; but if it is resting on
 Christ, you are free, and you will
 be saved. Now choose what you
 want".

The stage lights go out.

Mr. Tchinda, Mrs. Angel, Godlove, and the rest of the
 audience watch on with enthusiasm.

TRANSIT TO:

INT. CASTLE CHURCH - DAY

Martin Luther and FREDERICK III sit in front row seats.

SUPERIMPOSE: WITTENBERG, GERMANY. OCTOBER 31, 1517.

MARTIN LUTHER
 I'm not astonished by his
 frustration. The excommunication of
 Pope Leo X is a clear sign that we
 need spiritual lavation.

Frederick III nods in agreement.

FREDERICK III
 You've done prudently to speak. Our
 hearts are sin-bound and hope pale.
 The church needs to purge itself to
 address these issues.

MARTIN LUTHER
 All Pope Leo cares about is money,
 and cares little about our sins.

FREDERICK III
 Has Pope Leo X read your 95 theses?
 His belief was nothing but a
 prosthesis.

MARTIN LUTHER
 I sent a copy of the 95 Theses
 Archbishop Albert of Mainz.

FREDERICK III
 I see... He must have sent it to
 Pope Leo X.

MARTIN LUTHER

I am sure he sent it to Rome too.
Using my Abbot, he presaged me
through. To "soothe and quiet me,"
or my canon, when I was still an
Augustinian monk.

FREDERICK III

Well, sales of indulgence debates
have always been an everyday norm
for Augustinian and Dominican
monks. They are debates of the
ages.

MARTIN LUTHER

The Pope has no authority to lease
grace to souls in purgatory. Once
dead, judgment begins. No soul is
redeemed thereafter.

FREDERICK III

Reformation must be done by push or
pull. We cannot remain fools
forever. We know we are full of
sin.

Martin Luther nods in agreement.

MARTIN LUTHER

I will continue preaching. I fear
more of hell-fire than the outreach
of his wrath.

FREDERICK III

You're a professor of theology, you
know the scriptures and what to do.
We are comrades in this war of
theo-ideology. No matter the heat,
we must stand through.

MARTIN LUTHER

We must drive this reformation. St.
Francis of Assisi, Valdes, Jan Hus,
John Wycliff, Erasmus of Rotterdam,
laid the foundation. Now is the
time to build.

FREDERICK III

Charles V needs my electoral
support. I'll give him, but once he
becomes Roman Emperor, I will ask
him to give you another Chance at
Worms to defend your disputation.

MARTIN LUTHER

(curiously)

What of my safety to Worms? Would they give me a fair trial?

FREDERICK III

We're in it together. We must fight hard for this reformation war to ignite, and reunite the weary heart.

A feeling of motivation radiates on Martin Luther's face.

MARTIN LUTHER

I am bolstered within by John Hus's fate to face whatever comes my way. Even if my life will be cut short.

FREDERICK III

I will be your protector. If the trial goes unfair or without appeal, be not alarmed. I have a scheme concealed to stage an abduction attack that will bring you back to Wittenberg. I will provide you thereafter a refuge in Wartburg Castle.

INT. COURT HOUSE - DAY

EMPEROR CHARLES V sits at the high table. The members council are all seated. Their faces show disgust at...

... Martin Luther stands in the prosecution box. He is being questioned by the presiding officer, JOHANN VON ECK.

JOHANN VON ECK

Luther the loot, in your heretic disputation, forty-one are misleading accusations. Why do you dispute the pope's authority on redemption?

MARTIN LUTHER

I only wrote in defense of my faith, and the Christian faith, which is the basis of this argument. Not to make of our Lord's death a game of gain.

JOHANN VON ECK

Of course, defender of faith. I am sure you've read of John Huss' fate?

Johann moves over to his desk and picks up a copy of Martin Luther's "95 theses." Turning to face Martin Luther again.

JOHANN VON ECK (CONT'D)

You're only permitted to answer by Yes or No.

Johann opens the book and begins to read it.

JOHANN VON ECK (CONT'D)

"When our Lord and Master Jesus Christ said, "Repent." Matthew 4:17 "he willed the entire life of believers to be one of repentance." "The pope cannot remit any guilt, except by declaring and showing that it has been remitted by God; or to be sure, by remitting guilt in cases reserved to his judgment. If his right to grant remission in these cases were disregarded, the guilt would certainly remain unforgiven." Did you write this?

Johann looks up at Martin Luther.

MARTIN LUTHER

(firmly)

Yes.

TIME CUT.

JOHANN VON ECK

(reading from the book)

"For the graces of indulgences are concerned only with the penalties of sacramental satisfaction established by man." Did you write this?

Johann closes the book and looks up at Martin Luther.

MARTIN LUTHER

Yes.

JOHANN VON ECK

Would you openly renounce or recant these heresies before this council,

(MORE)

JOHANN VON ECK (cont'd)
and admit the Pope's authority to
forgive and acquit sinners from
their sins and guilt?

Martin Luther remains silent.

JOHANN VON ECK (CONT'D)
If you need more time, we will
grant it to you. Purge your soul of
this sacrilegious crime to defile
the Pope's authority .

The members of council begin to murmur.

Johann gives Martin Luther a death-stare as:

JOHANN VON ECK (CONT'D)
Would you recant your 95 theses
before this council and be
acquitted?

MARTIN LUTHER
"Unless I am refuted and convicted
by Testimonies of the Scriptures or
by clear arguments... Since I
believe neither the Pope, nor the
Councils alone; it being evident
that they have often erred and
contradicted themselves. I am
conquered by the Holy Scriptures
Quoted by me, and my conscience is
bound In the Word of God: I cannot
and will not recant anything. Since
it is unsafe and dangerous to do
anything against the conscience.
Here I stand, I can do no other."
God help me. Amen.

The members of council murmur to each other once more.

Johann is infuriated. He shoots a glance at Charles V.
Charles V nods, authorizing him to proceed.

Johann returns his gaze to Martin Luther.

JOHANN VON ECK
Your confession persuades us that
you're more than a heretic, just as
your predecessors have been. Given
your intolerable behavior, the same
as John Huss, you will follow the
same fate.

Martin Luther shows no signs of fright.

MARTIN LUTHER

"There is no one of the heresies,
which have torn the bosom of the
church, which has not derived its
origin from the various
interpretations of the Scripture."

JOHANN VON ECK

You dare challenge the Pope, And
also taunt defy Papal
infallibility? The Vicar of
Christ...?

Random members of council begin to chant.

COUNCIL MEMBERS

Heretic! Burn him!

Johann glances at the now raging members of council, then
returns his attention to Martin Luther.

JOHANN VON ECK

"The task of interpreting the word
of God authentically has been
entrusted solely to the Magisterium
of the church, that is, to the Pope
and the bishops in communion with
him."

COUNCIL MEMBERS

Yes, we agree!

Martin Luther shakes his head in disappointment.

JOHANN VON ECK

Any further objection, Luther?

MARTIN LUTHER

"The Bible itself is the arsenal
whence each innovator has drawn his
deceptive arguments. It was with
biblical texts that Pelagius and
Arius maintained their doctrines.
Arius, for instance, found the
negation of the Eternity of the
Word... An eternity which you
admit, in this verse of the New
Testament... Joseph knew not his
wife till she had brought forth her
first-born son. He said, in the
same way, that you say, that this

(MORE)

MARTIN LUTHER (cont'd)
 passage enchained him. When the
 fathers of the council of Constance
 condemned this proposition of John
 Huss, the church of Jesus Christ,
 is only the community of the elect.
 They condemned an error; for the
 church, like a good mother,
 embraces within her arms all who
 bears the name of Christian. All
 who are called to enjoy the
 celestial beatitude."

Charles V rises from his seat in rage, pointing at Luther.

CHARLES V
 "For this reason, we forbid anyone
 from this time forward to dare,
 either by words or by deeds, to
 receive, defend, sustain, or favor
 the said, Martin Luther."

The door swing open. Some masked men burst in holding
 swords. They head toward the persecution box.

Johann and the council members are scared. Charles V watches
 in silence.

Martin Luther recognizes the leader of the masked men as
 they reach the persecution box. It is Frederick III.

Frederick III and his men abduct Martin Luther and leave the
 court house.

Johann and the council members are still astonished.

CHARLES V
 "On the contrary, we want him to be
 apprehended and punished as a
 notorious heretic, as he deserves,
 to be brought personally before us
 or to be securely guarded until
 those who have captured him inform
 us. Whereupon we will order the
 appropriate manner of proceeding
 against the said, Luther. Those who
 will help in his capture will be
 rewarded generously for their good
 work."

COUNCIL MEMBERS
 Kill him! Kill him! Burn him! Burn
 Him! Lynch Him! Lynch Him!

BACK TO:

INT. BROADWAY THEATER HALL - NIGHT

We return to Emperor Charles V, Johann Von Eck and the council members leaving the stage.

Mr. Tchinda, Mrs. Angel, Godlove, and the rest of the audience applaud.

The stage lights come on.

MRS. ANGEL

It was a great play, better than politics anyway.

MR. TCHINDA

Politics is everywhere.

MRS. ANGEL

Especially if you're black, politics becomes more political. The law becomes more lawful.

GODLOVE

We must fight for our right. We must learn to have the same foresight.

Godlove takes a look at his wristwatch.

GODLOVE

I have an interview tomorrow. I have to hurry home to study.

INT. JIM CROW'S OFFICE - DAY

In a spacious office. JIM CROW CROW CROW CROW (50s) sits in his chair swinging from side to side. He's heavily built and walks like a military man, always trying to go to war where there's no war. He dresses in a black suit, white shirt, and red tie. A pile of papers is all over the table in front of him.

On the left side of the table is a portrait of his wife, JIM CROW CROW CROWMISH CROW. And to the right side of the table is a picture of his son, CROOK CROW.

On the walls are pictures and frames of business awards he has won over the past years.

LYNCH enters and stands in front of Jim Crow Crow's desk.

LYNCH

Have you heard of the "Le Grand Replacement?" I think it's an excellent racial abasement.

Jim Crow looks up at him.

JIM CROW

Well, a lot of fake news outlets. Is that one of the media's propaganda?

LYNCH

It is a theory by a French novelist...Renaud Camus. It will make you a good populist.

Jim Crow is impressed.

JIM CROW

Of course, no. I'll read if it helps our status quo.

A look of disgust radiates on Lynch's face.

LYNCH

Mass immigration is a threat. We are sinking by an influx of piglets from the jungle of Africa, who are here to graze the pasture of America.

JIM CROW

I agree. So many shithole immigrants. Disguised murderers, rapists, and militants. They're a threat to our democracy.

LYNCH

America must be great again. We need a new congress or government, you know, before it's too late.

Jim Crow's face wrinkles in displeasure.

JIM

Our democracy is in decline. No one respects America again. We were born of a royalty, and we were chosen to rule earth by divine right. And rule we must by which ever means possible.

Lynch beams a smile.

LYNCH

That's why we need you as president. Civil rights have compromised our government. We need presidents, who are real men. America for Americans only.

JIM CROW

You are right. My Whitehouse predecessors have been women in men's suits, and that is why they had weak successors. We need new laws. Cruel and brute laws that will crush blacks for any little transgression.

Lynch nods in delight.

LYNCH

You are divine, and your wisdom is unique. Now, we must work hard. Once you're president, you have the law and the army. Then we can get rid of the black color. We must make America great again.

JIM CROW

Those shithole species need eugenic sterilization, and not civilization in this great country. They came with drugs and mass shootings at every location.

LYNCH

Any black sheep for today's interview?

JIM CROW

Yes. A so-called creature, Godlove.

Jim Crow chuckles.

JIM CROW (CONT'D)

His name sounds like a goo. People like this should be eating pig's dung in a zoo.

Lynch laughs.

LYNCH

Well, that's why we need to get rid of them. They are filled with rebellion and insubordination, and also less productive.

There is a knock at the door. Jim Crow and Lynch turn their attention toward the door.

JIM CROW

Come in.

Godlove enters. He is dressed in white suits. Lynch and Jim Crow look at him irritably.

Godlove proceeds to the front of Jim Crow's desk. Lynch takes his leave, glaring at Godlove in disgust all the way to the door.

JIM CROW (CONT'D)

Sit.

GODLOVE

Thank you, sir.

Godlove sits.

JIM CROW CROW CROW

What's your name?

GODLOVE

Godlove.

Jim Crow gags his mouth with his palm, chortling, leaving Godlove confused.

JIM CROW

Are you here for the interview?

GODLOVE

Yes, sir.

Jim Crow smiles, shaking his head.

JIM CROW

Have you heard of James Somerset?

GODLOVE

Yes, sir. The first slave to be set free.

JIM CROW CROW CROW

You seem to know some history. Where did you learn that from?

GODLOVE

In school, I studied some history, from Africa, Cameroon. I also watched a documentary, to remain intellectually immune.

Jim Crow is impressed, nods his head.

JIM CROW

Impressive. Cameroon, a shithole nation, I guess. Does it exist on the world's map, or is it only a phantom nation?

Godlove is displeased, but maintains his cool.

GODLOVE

Yes, it does. A nation unique in miniature. The cradle of African civilization. A cultural metissage of all nature. Rich in cocoa, cotton, millet, plantation, and more.

Jim Crow's face wrinkles in annoyance. He grabs a world map from his drawer, unfolding it on his desk.

JIM CROW

You speak some rubbish. Can you convince me of this crap on the world map?

Godlove leans over, pointing at Cameroon on the map.

GODLOVE

Cameroon shares a border with Nigeria.

JIM CROW

I hate Nigeria. Is Cameroon as bad as Nigeria? When I hear Nigeria, I only think of virus.

Nodding his head, Jim Crow shrugs in disapproval.

JIM CROW (CONT'D)

What position did you apply for?

GODLOVE

Janitor or Dishwasher.

JIM CROW

Can you change diapers?

Godlove is dazed once again.

GODLOVE

Did you say vipers or wipers?

Jim Crow nods in disappointment.

JIM CROW
 (to himself)
 Now I see and firmly agree. They
 are numbskulls.
 (to Godlove)
 Do you have a college degree?

GODLOVE
 Yes, a master's degree.

JIM CROW
 Is it from the U.S.A.?

GODLOVE
 No, sir.

Jim Crow smirks.

JIM CROW
 Well, that's going to the trash.
 Anything, not the U.S.A., isn't
 American!

GODLOVE
 The job only requires a G.E.D., but
 I have a master's degree.

JIM CROW
 You are right. But not all right
 means always right. Your skin color
 does rob you of this opportunity,
 that's what I mean, Godlove.

Godlove is pissed.

GODLOVE
 Skin color.

JIM CROW
 Are you a US citizen?

GODLOVE
 No, sir.

JIM CROW
 Do you have a green card?

GODLOVE
 No, sir.

JIM CROW
 Well, you seem to be illegal in the
 U.S.A. Did you jump over the "great
 wall"?

Godlove remains silent.

JIM CROW

Your case needs investigation. For the moment, can you be my shit-man? Does this sound like a better offer?

Godlove furiously gets up and gathers his folder. He walks to the door, turns, looks at Jim Crow again, then nods his head in disappointment. He bangs the door hard as he leaves.

EXT. JIM CROW'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A mansion of four-story buildings. Lights are glittering on all four floors of the building.

CUT TO:

INT. JIM CROW'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A portrait of Jim Crow and other family pictures can be seen hanging on the wall.

All chairs in the living room are made of classical woodwork. Ceiling fans are on. ceiling lights are all shining with elegance.

Jim Crow and his wife, JIMMISH CROW, sit on the same love seat that looks like a king-size bed. Jim Crow is busy with his phone.

Jimmish Crow clears her throat.

JIMMISH CROW

Still idling in social media?

JIM CROW

Honey, you won't understand. America needs a living encyclopedia to save our country from these immigrants from the grassland.

Jimmish scoffs.

JIMMISH CROW

Understand what? We all know America is now sinking. But who made you a savior over America, when you don't like people, you hate Africa!

JIM CROW

Well, women cannot understand. I have made my decision, and I have been tweeting about it on Twitter.

JIMMISH CROW

Tweeting or Twittering?

JIM CROW

Both. I am running for the presidential election. We have so many shithole species that we need to purge from our democracy.

Jimmish Crow is displeased.

JIMMISH CROW

Please, stop all this madness. What do you know about politics? Why call other humans "shithole species"?

JIM CROW

America needs a good president, not a puppet who needs others consent.

JIMMISH CROW

We've spent years building a legacy. We've built a strong heritage in business. What of your children and their happiness? Please, have some manners.

Jim Crow ponders briefly.

JIM CROW CROW CROW

You make some sense, I agree. I have grown strong in health, wealth, and fame. What else can life offer me? Now it's time to defend our fate; to defend America. I am God sent.

Jimmish Crow mockingly dusts her hands.

JIMMISH CROW

Did you mean it well to say God sent? God sent without political correctness. Your self-righteousness will be your fall.

JIM CROW

I don't need political correctness.
I've been chosen; I will be
elected. America must be great
again.

JIMMISH CROW

If you can't learn wisdom from
history. The Sumerians' Amorite
Wall, The long wall of Athens, The
great wall of Gorga, The Hadrian's
Wall, The Great Wall of China, The
great walls of Constantinople, The
Berlin Wall. They all failed to
achieve their aim, have you not
learned from their shame?

JIM CROW

Where they failed, I will succeed.
Where they succeeded, I will
supersede "Make America Great
Again," "Keep America Great"
"Promises Made, Promises Kept" "Buy
American, Hire American" "Make our
Farmers Great Again" "Build the
wall, and Crime will Fall."
"Leadership America Deserves."

Jimmish Crow shakes her head in disappointment.

JIMMISH CROW

Any great wall built out of racism,
will never fulfill its purpose.

JIM CROW

(chuckles)

We are in the modern era of
technology. I will use "Aggressive
strategy" to filter those shithole
specimens. America is our land.

JIMMISH CROW

Technological walls aren't
effective. Between 2010 and 2015,
the Customs Border Protection had
nine thousand, two hundred and
eighty-seven with each breach worth
\$784.

JIM CROW

That's fake statistics from the U.S
Government Accountability Office.
Fake...disgusting.

JIMMISH CROW

Nothing is fake as your ambition.
Your propositions are vague. Have
you even thought of our business
associates?

JIM CROW CROW CROW

Business is doing well. I am a
business tycoon, when others fail,
I will excel.

Jimmish Crow gives her husband a questioning glare.

JIMMISH CROW

No, our business is not doing well.
Covid-19 has crippled the economy--

JIM CROW

Covid-19 is a hoax; it does not
exist. It's likely one of the China
Flu or Virus. Anything Chinese does
not last long. It's a hoax, not
even close to adenovirus.

Jimmish Crow's face wrinkles in anger.

JIMMISH CROW

What does not exist? You speak like
a child. This pandemic is raving
the world. The World Health
Organization attests.

JIM CROW CROW CROW

The World Health Organization is
fake. They are China-centric and
very vague. We should not even have
any relationship, they only need
our dollar.

Jimmish Crow gets up on her feet. Rage radiates all over her
face.

JIMMISH CROW

Jim, you're more a problem to this
world. You are to be feared more
than Covid-19. I regret when I met
you at nineteen. I genuinely regret
it.

Jim Crow's lips parts in an evil smile.

JIM CROW

Of course! I am Covid-20, that's what makes me great. And tomorrow, I'll be Covid-21.

Tears well-up in Jimmish Crow's eyes.

JIMMISH CROW

Oh Gosh. Why did I get into this marriage?

She begins to cry. Jim Crow stands to his feet, facing her.

JIM CROW

Hey, don't cry. We are going to "Make America Great Again". I have things under control, you know.

JIMMISH CROW

I am not ready for this humiliation.

JIM CROW

This is rather time for you to be happy. You are going to be the first lady of the United States of America.

Jim Crow picks up a remote control from the coffee table, turns on a classical music and begins to mimic how to dance to the tune. He tries to grab wife's hand to dance with her, but she knocks his hand off.

JIM CROW (CONT'D)

Honey, come, let's celebrate our victory. My life has always been a trajectory of win, win, win.

JIMMISH CROW

Why didn't I foresee this cross? I can't carry it. So, help me, Lord.

Jimmish Crow walks off in disapproval.

INT. MR. TCHINDA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mr. Tchinda and Mrs. Angel sitting on the couch. Mrs. Angel is reading a magazine. While Mr. Tchinda sits idle.

Mrs. Angel looks up.

MRS. ANGEL

Have you spoken with Godlove? What of his interview, do you know how it went?

MR. TCHINDA

No, I haven't. But I can tell by his silence that he didn't get the job.

MRS. ANGEL

You know him better than I do. You should call him. He may be in need, you never know.

Mr. Tchinda picks his phone up from the coffee table and dials Godlove's number.

MR. TCHINDA

His number is not going through. He will come around to tell us if there is anything new.

MRS. ANGEL

Let's try again later. Please turn on the television. Let's see what is going on today. Anti-Asian or racism is a new trend of collision.

Mr. Tchinda retrieves the remote control from the coffee table, turning on the television.

MR. TCHINDA

The media exaggerates everything. Moreso if you're black.

MRS. ANGEL

Well, aren't you part of the fake news movement? Or are you giving up on your political view?

Mr. Tchinda is displeased.

MR. TCHINDA

I didn't say I am part of them. Why must you always compare me to them? Must you keep provoking me?

Mrs. Angel shrugs.

MRS. ANGEL

Well, sometimes you speak just like them. News media and politicians, their words are never true.

MR. TCHINDA

Anywhere, the media is a double-edged sword; when they love you, they will elevate you with words. When they hate you, they will cast you down.

MRS. ANGEL

We're saying the same thing. The media is no one's friend.

Mr. Tchinda nods in agreement.

MR. TCHINDA

"Fake News"...that has always been part of politics. In 36 B.C, Emperor Augustus Octavian's "Fake News" gave him victory over Mark Anthony.

Mrs. Angel smiles at her husband, impressed by his knowledge.

MRS. ANGEL

What else?

MR. TCHINDA

In 1475, Bernardino da Feltre's "Fake News", and "Fake Sermons" of 1475 led to Jewish torture and anti-semitism. I can go on and on.

MRS. ANGEL

Though that era is gone, we still have much to learn from the past. Now, here is my worry, you seem a fake news enthusiast.

She smirks at him.

MRS. ANGEL (CONT'D)

I am an idealist. I believe in one love and one race.

MR. TCHINDA

We believe by speaking and not hiding. Our democracy needs your voice. Your vote counts; it can lead to the betterment of this country. We know our laws are unfair, but we must keep on fighting. We have the same enemy; the Congress and we the people.

MRS. ANGEL

We the people have actually made Congress weak and sick. But how can be great again with all these racial bloodshed?... Rayshard Brooks, 27 years old, got shot for sleeping in his car.

Mr. Tchinda shakes his head pitifully.

MRS. ANGEL (CONT'D)

Daniel Prude, mentally challenged, 41 years old, got shot for running outside naked. Whereas we have millions of strip clubs. George Floyd, 46 years old, killed within 8 minutes and 46 seconds for a \$20 counterfeit bill? The list is too long.

Sadness radiates on Mrs. Angel's face. She looks her husband in the eyes as:

MRS. ANGEL (CONT'D)

When they are denied justice, do we call this "Fake News"? Is this another form of holocaust? We can't call this democracy when the dead are dead and can't defend themselves in the courts of law.

Tears trickle down Mrs. Angel's cheeks.

MRS. ANGEL (CONT'D)

Our younger generation is the target of police brutality and genocide. Do you expect a black man reading a white newspaper to find any "good news"?

Suddenly, GOSSIP HERALD pops up on the television. "Breaking News" displays on a corner of the television.

Mr. Tchinda and Mrs. Angel turn their attention to the television.

GOSSIP HERALD (V.O)

(through TV)

A black man was shot dead by law enforcement officers after attempting a robbery at a grocery store.

Mrs. Angel turns her gaze back on Mr. Tchinda, giving him an "I told you" glance. Tears continue to fall from her eyes.

Mr. Tchinda is annoyed.

MR. TCHINDA

Why always the black man? Fake News. Fake broadcast. The black race is at war for eradication. They want to make us extinct.

MRS. ANGEL

That's democracy for us.

FADE TO BLACK.

INSERT: TRIBUTE TO GEORGE FLOYD

INT. JIM CROW'S OFFICE - DAY

Jim Crow sits behind his desk. He looks happy and cheerful. Lynch sits on the other side of the desk.

JIM CROW

The video has gone viral, but you did well to shoot him down.

Lynch wrinkles his face showing his disgust.

LYNCH

Everything black makes me sick. They are nothing but industrial breeders, only good to be used as sex objects for strip clubs and side chicks.

Jim Crow beams a smile.

JIM CROW

You have my support every time. I don't care how many of them you kill.

LYNCH

Black-Boy came to buy cigarettes with a fake \$20 bill. When the store manager, my daughter, refused, he tried to rough her up. She called me. And when I got there, I just shot him.

JIM CROW

They're all criminals and rapists.
This actually makes me happy, I'll
recommend you for this.

LYNCH

It's actually my priority to kill
them in large numbers.

Jim Crow nods in approval, then ponders briefly.

JIM CROW

They might stage a rebellion.

LYNCH

We'll pay them no mind. We just
have to push your campaign. You're
the only who can save us from them.

JIM CROW

We need a good plan to make others
align with us. We need to gain
their trust.

LYNCH

I can tell you for a fact that real
Americans are hungry for a change.
They need a savior, and none other
is as perfect as you are. We can
start mobilizing our supporters
from here; by giving the staff
incentives as baits.

JIM CROW

Of course, money speaks. Shithole
specimens, aren't they here for the
money?

Lynch frowns.

LYNCH

Indeed, they are. Stupid dummies.
If you want them to lick your ass
or work like a jackass, just give
them money.

JIM CROW

We are on the right track. Let's
slow down our attack on them. We'll
use them to achieve what we want.
Once in power, we deprive them of
their rights. They are dummies, but
we need them.

LYNCH

It's about time we get the campaign running. We can print some t-shirts. They promise the dummies some money and make them shoulder our campaign.

Jim Crow nods in agreement.

JIM CROW

You are right. We need their votes; they need our money.

LYNCH

2017 F.B.I crime statistics show that 53.1% of apprehended cases for manslaughter were Africans or blacks.

JIM CROW

(chuckles)

What do you expect? They have low IQs. Most of them are drug addicts.

LYNCH

66.6% of blacks under 18 years committed robbery, 51.5% stealing motor vehicles and 50.9% are involved in violent crimes.

Jim Crow is impressed.

JIM CROW

F.B.I is not doing so badly. They can do better though. Perhaps, when I become president, we'll get our pride and compliments.

LYNCH

Of course, my president.

JIM CROW CROW CROW

Convene a workers' general meeting. It's time to let them know I'm running for the presidency.

Lynch smiles.

LYNCH

Yes, my president.

Lynch stands up and hurries out of the office.

INT. MR. TCHINDA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mr. Tchinda and Mrs. Angel sit on the couch. They both appear furious watching the news on television.

MRS. ANGEL

Scarcely, a day goes by without you hearing that a black man died of police brutality during a forceful or fake arrest.

Mr. Tchinda shakes his head in disappointment.

MR. TCHINDA

I can't believe a black reporter was sacked from his job, because he refused to twist the facts leading to the killing of Black-boy.

MRS. ANGEL

What a pity.

MR. TCHINDA

He saw police shoot Black-boy after rough-handling him. He was forced to say he was a thief who raised stores. He refused and was killed mercilessly.

Mrs. Angel shrugs.

MRS. ANGEL

The media is always two-faced. They deface the blacks and the Asians, but praise the whites.

Mr. Tchinda gazes blankly into space.

MR. TCHINDA

They're not only reporting, but deporting. They're not only deporting, but distorting. They're not only distorting, but purporting. They're not only purporting, but supporting. They're not only supporting, but consulting. They're not only consulting, but snorting. They're not only snorting, but insulting. They're not only insulting, but presorting. They're not only presorting, but exhorting. They're not only exhorting, but consenting.

(MORE)

MR. TCHINDA (cont'd)
They're not only consenting but
condescending.

Mrs. Angel scoffs.

MRS. ANGEL
Tchinda the Luther, looks like I
woke up your poetry avatar?

MR. TCHINDA
My tongue is the tongue of a ready
writer. Just as the media, swift to
report--

MRS. ANGEL
--Fake News.

The door swings open: Godlove barges in, gasping for breath.
He is in tears.

GODLOVE
They killed him. They're wicked.

Mr. Tchinda and Mrs. Angel are lost for words. They stare at
Godlove in silence.

GODLOVE (CONT'D)
Cold-blooded assassination. Nobody
is saying anything.

MR. TCHINDA
Who killed who?

GODLOVE
Black-boy was shot lifeless by the
police.

Mr. Tchinda shakes his head pityingly.

MR. TCHINDA
May his soul rest in peace.
(to Godlove)
What did they say was his crime?

GODLOVE
He went...he went to buy a
cigarette from a grocery store. He
had only a \$20 bill. He got into an
argument.

Godlove continues to gasp.

MRS. ANGEL

Argument?

GODLOVE

Yes, with an angry white store manager. 911 came and shot him.

MR. TCHINDA

Was 911 called from the store?

GODLOVE

Yes, she called 911. She said he was black, so his \$20 bill was suspiciously fake.

Mrs. Angel is dispirited.

MRS. ANGEL

Heartbreaking. What did we do to deserve this? We can't even live in peace for a minute.

GODLOVE

(wheezing)

The cars were with loaded with cops. They wrestled him to the ground and handcuffed him. They shot him in the head and chest ten times.

Mrs. Angel and Mr. Tchinda are in shock.

Godlove settles on one of the couches.

MR. TCHINDA

What about the surveillance camera?

GODLOVE

No evidence was captured. They claimed their systems were bad.

MRS. ANGEL

Did you see the incident? Or how did you know this then?

GODLOVE

I saw it live. I was in the parking lot. I filmed all the scenes from inside my car.

Godlove shows the couple the video of the incident on his phone.

GODLOVE (CONT'D)

Someone was caught filming the scene. He was beaten and arrested. His phone got destroyed.

MR. TCHINDA

Was he or she black?

GODLOVE

Of course, a black man.

Mrs. Angel shakes her regretfully.

SIRENS ARE HEARD OVER BLACK SCREEN.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Police cars line up creating a barricade on a road. Officers, holding all kinds of guns, stand beside the cars taking cover. Rage radiates across their faces.

A police helicopter flies overhead monitoring the situation.

PROTESTERS (O.S)

I can't breathe! I can't breathe! I can't breathe!

Soon, unarmed PROTESTERS emerge from street corner, moving toward the police barricade. Many carry placards with "BLACK LIVES MATTER", "END POLICE BRUTALITY", boldly written on them.

PROTESTERS

Black Lives Matter! Black Lives Matter! Black Lives Matter!

The police officers slowly advance toward the protesters. Their guns pointed at them. Their anger increases as the protesters draw nearer.

The POLICE COMMANDER holds a megaphone up to his mouth.

COMMANDER

Back up! Before we blow all of you up! We have you surrounded!

More protesters emerge from another street corner, joining up with the other protesters. They all halt, standing together.

A male protester yells:

MAN #1

Show us the body camera footage! We need justice!

WOMAN #1

We need justice for Trayvon!

MAN #2

Yes, we need justice, "No justice, no peace"!

MAN #3

We need justice for Michael Brown.
We need justice for Eric Garner.

INSERT: PLACARD #1

The placard reads "STOP POLICISM, BRUTALISM, AND RACISM. BLACK YOUTHS ARE NOT THUGS"! BLACK YOUTHS ARE NOT SLUGS.

INSERT: PLACARD #2

BLACK YOUTHS ARE NOT BUGS! BLACK YOUTH ARE NOT ON DRUGS! WHY BREAK THEIR NECKS LIKE MUGS? THEY HAVE FEELINGS; THEY TOO DESERVE HUGS...

Some officers begin to take out their tear gas, throwing at the protesters.

A few protesters disperse, running helter-skelter. Most stand their ground.

OFFICER LITTLE BOY turns to the Commander.

OFFICER LITTLE BOY

Can I drop the hammer? This has become annoying. We must end this protest now.

COMMANDER

Not so soon. They will get tired before we know it. Black monkeys.

OFFICER LITTLE BOY

Dumb asses.

INSERT: PLACARD #3

"IF BLACK AMERICANS SCARE YOU, THEN YOU GO INSIDE AND HIDE." UNTIL JUSTICE REIGNS FOR US TO ABIDE BY, IF THERE IS NOTHING YOU CAN DO.

COMMANDER

(to his officers)

Okay. This can't continue. We must
do what we can to disperse them.
Attack them.

The police officers engage the protesters, mass beating and
arresting them.

The protesters stand their ground amid the onslaught.

PROTESTERS

(chanting)

Release the body camera footage!
Release the body camera footage!
Release the body camera footage!

The Commander is infuriated by the wit of the protesters.

COMMANDER

Do what you can to disperse them!
Shoot them; kill them!

Some officers begin to shoot at the protesters killing a few
of them.

Other officers pepper-spray some protesters, stripping them
naked, and dragging them on the rough grounds.

An officer cuts a Black man's throat with a Bear Five Fixed
Blade Knife.

DARKNESS.

INT. JIM CROW'S COMPANY / MEETING HALL - DAY

In a white dominated meeting, Jim Crow stands on the podium.
Lynch stands beside him. The employees are all seated paying
attention to their boss.

JIM CROW

There are hoodlums in the street,
but we are safe here.

Lynch applauds. The employees join in applauding Jim Crow.

JIM CROW (CONT'D)

We're here as a peaceful nation. We
hate hoaxes, we really do. They are
trying to distract us with Black
Lives Matter. We know it's all
hoax, don't pay attention to them.

Many employees fidget. Jim Crow notices the discomfort from employees.

JIM CROW (CONT'D)
We're going to be brief. I promise,
you all would leave here happy.

Lynch leans toward Jim Crow, whispering in his ear.

LYNCH
Jim, CROOK CROW is here. He just
arrived.

JIM CROW
(looking around)
Where's he?

CROOK CROW emerges behind his father and stands beside him.
Jim Crow puts an arm around his son's shoulder.

CROOK CROW
Hello, everyone. I am sorry for
being late.

JIM CROW
(smiling)
This is Crook. The child of my
youth.

The employees begin to prattle.

JIM CROW (CONT'D)
When I was still a boy, I used to
look just like him.

LYNCH
Even now, you're still cute, and
wiser now.

Employees murmur to one another in displeasure.

Jim Crow ignores the murmurs, turning to Lynch.

JIM CROW
Thanks, Lynch. You always make my
day.

LYNCH
(smiling)
Anytime.

Jim Crow returns his attention to his employees.

JIM CROW
 We the people need to make America
 great again.

A female employee whispers to her colleague sitting next to her.

WOMAN #2
 How does it concern us, is this
 what we came to discuss?

Jim Crow beams a smile.

JIM CROW
 I have been your president. Soon, I
 will be America's president.

The employees yell joyously.

JIM CROW (CONT'D)
 Do you believe in me?

EMPLOYEES
 Yes, we do! Increase in the minimum
 wage.

Jim Crow chuckles.

EMPLOYEES (CONT'D)
 Hail Jim Crow for president! Jim
 Crow for America! Jim Crow for
 America! Jim Crow for America!

PRETTY enters wearing a "Black Lives Matter" mask. She stands staring in confusion. Jim Crow sees her and gestures at her to come forward.

JIM CROW
 Come ahead, Pretty...

Pretty walks toward her boss. Lynch is disgusted.

JIM CROW (CONT'D)
 (smirking)
 She's a terrific Cameroonian lady I
 love her hard work; she's a laity.

Pretty stands next to Jim Crow.

JIM CROW (CONT'D)
 It's nasty putting on a Black Lives
 Matter face mask. It makes you look
 ugly. I will give you one that
 nobody will disrespect.

Embarrassed, Pretty removes the mask.

Lynch hands Jim Crow a mask that has "JIM CROW FOR AMERICA" over an image of Jim Crow on it.

JIM CROW (CONT'D)
 (giving the mask to Pretty)
 This is the best mask. Jim Crow for America kills Covid-19 and enhances your immune system.

Jim Crow smiles broadly as Pretty puts the mask on.

EMPLOYEES
 Jim Crow for America! Jim Crow for America!

Jim Crow's smiles widen even more.

JIM CROW
 As I was saying, Crook Crow is your new president. He's an expert in managing crises.

Lynch and some staff applaud.

JIM CROW (CONT'D)
 Pretty will be his office deputy. She is hardworking and very humble.

Jim Crow turns to Pretty, smiling at her.

JIM CROW (CONT'D)
 She's also a smart immigrant.

LYNCH
 Long live Jim Crow Crow!

EMPLOYEES
 Long live Jim Crow Crow Enterprises L.L.C.

INT. MR. TCHINDA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mr. Tchinda and Mrs. Angel sit at the dining table, eating water-fufu and eru in silence.

There is a knock at the door.

MRS. ANGEL
 The door is open.

Godlove and Pretty come in.

MR. TCHINDA
Hello, Godlove and Pretty. Please,
come join us.

Godlove and Pretty join the homeowners at the dining table.
Mrs. Angel serves them some food.

Gossip Herald pops up on television, drawing the attention
of the quartet at the dining table.

GOSSIP HERALD (V.O)
(through TV)
Today has been a bloody one in the
United States of America as law
enforcement officials clash with
Black Lives Matter radical fighters
and Asian nationalist gunfighters.
Two policemen are actually
unconscious and there is still much
tension.

Godlove, Pretty, Mr. Tchinda, and Mrs. Angel are all
disgusted.

GODLOVE
Black Lives Matter and Asian Lives
Matter activists are not violent.
Neither are they radical
gunfighters. Are we all
nationalists?

PRETTY
We are all nationalist fighters,
but some nationalists are rioters.
The media only fights for its
course.

MRS. ANGEL
Everybody is now someone's enemy.
How can we build together with the
white supremacy and black skin
racism? How long can we continue to
deal with this animosity?

MR. TCHINDA
It's not strange, the media knows
when you are white, black, or
Asian.

PRETTY
Well, Jim Crow is running for the
presidency. He says he's a divine
selection, and Charles Darwin's
natural selection.

Mr. Tchinda is surprised.

MR. TCHINDA

Did you say Jim Crow is running for the presidential election?

PRETTY

Yeah. He made his intentions known to us. He claims America needs reform.

MRS. ANGEL

(to Pretty)

Can you trust politicians? They're power obsessed. They'd say anything. But once they're in, they enact laws you didn't imagine.

PRETTY

I can you tell you for a fact he's the Moses of our time. He's fighting black crimes and uniting America.

MRS. ANGEL

They all sing the same song. The news is not in the media yet. It's weird.

PRETTY

I guess not; it's still low profile.

Their attentions are drawn back to television.

GOSSIP HERALD (V.O)

(through TV)

Jim Crow, President of J.C Enterprise LLC, a famous business tycoon, has today declared his aspiration for the presidency. He said America must be saved, and immigration laws or reforms are an emergency.

PRETTY

The election is still far ahead, but I already dread the electoral system. We're vulnerable to cyber attacks.

MR. TCHINDA

We're already used to it. People will stop at nothing to get into power.

GODLOVE

Polling system hacking isn't new. They actually taught that to our Arican leaders.

Mrs. Angel rolls her eyes.

MRS. ANGEL

In Cameroon, we already know who is president before voting. Voters are bribed. Our democracy is caged. The leaders are always ready to dance to any western trumpet.

Godlove shakes his head in disappointment.

SCREEN TO BLACK.

INSERT: TRIBUTE TO DANIEL PRUDE

INT. JIM CROW'S COMPANY / BREAK ROOM - MORNING

BETTY sits at a table shading tears. Pretty walks in. Surprised, she walks over to her crying colleague.

PRETTY

Are you okay? Why are you crying? Did you have an argument with your boyfriend?

BETTY

My brother, Black-Boy, was murdered. They said they caught him stealing.

Pretty is speechless. She stands there in silence for a moment.

James Baldwin's voice is heard in the background.

JAMES BALDWIN (V.O)

"On television, you always see black hands reaching in, you know. And so, the American public concludes that these savages are trying to steal everything from us, and no one has seriously tried to

(MORE)

JAMES BALDWIN (V.O) (cont'd)
 get where the trouble is. After
 all, you're accusing a captive
 population who has been robbed of
 everything of looting. I think it's
 obscene."

Pretty squats in front of her colleague, grabbing her hands
 and staring into her eyes.

PRETTY
 He's gone ahead to prepare for war.
 A time comes when our voices will
 not be ignored. We must continue to
 fight for our freedom, and our
 rights to freedom. Our ancestors
 did before us, we must now carry on
 the fight, knowing that they fight
 alongside us from the great beyond.

BETTY
 (sobbing)
 How long does this have to go on?

PRETTY
 As long as you are black, you will
 continue to face classicism. They
 don't want you happiness here.

Tears continue to trickle down Betty's face.

BETTY
 I am tired already. Blacks are
 being stripped of their rights, we
 are being raped and killed, and
 forced to keep quiet about it.

PRETTY
 That's why we must speak out. The
 time for change is now or never. We
 are in the middle of a racial war,
 and we must all learn to stand up
 for ourselves.

BETTY
 (wiping her tears)
 I am in for this fight.

Pretty nods in agreement.

PRETTY
 We either die fighting for our
 rights, or we are all killed and
 deprived of it.

Another round of tears run down Betty's cheeks.

BETTY

He was my elder brother. He dropped out of school and hawked cookies to make sure I finished.

PRETTY

The white man and the policeman are all wicked. The list of people who have been killed because of their skin color is endless. Can you remember Sarah Baartman, from Eastern Cape of South Africa, who was born to the Khoikhoi family?

Betty nods...yes.

BETTY

Yes, I remember. From my history classes.

PRETTY

Was she not taken to England, then exhibited nakedly to the Egyptian Hall of Piccadilly Circus on 24 November 1810?

Pretty pauses, contemplating with rage.

PRETTY (CONT'D)

Was she not later sold to France, where she was scorned naked and made a public display for her mountainous butts in Palais Royal?

Anger fills Betty's face amid her tears.

BETTY

They owe us an apology. They make us look like idiots by expecting us to act like these histories don't exist.

PRETTY

The women whose breast they sucked; they now call bitches. The women who cushioned their excessive libido. Gone are the days of being naive. There is no white history without us. There is no industrialization without the blacks. We know our history.

Pretty hugs Betty consoling her.

EXT. MARTIN L. K. JR BURIAL CENTER - DUSK

Mr. Tchinda, Godlove, and Mrs. Angel stand in front of the grave of Martin Luther King Jr. The trio stare down at the grave with respect.

The words inscribed on the tombstone read:

BIRTH: 15 January 1929, Atlanta, Fulton County, Georgia, USA

DEATH: 4 April 1968 (Aged 39) Memphis, Shelby, Tennessee, USA

BURIAL: MARTIN. L. K, Jr. Center Atlanta, Fulton County, Georgia, USA

MEMORIAL ID: 582

MRS. ANGEL
 (reading Luther's Epitaph)
 "Free at Last, Free at Last, Thank
 God Almighty I am free at last."

Godlove shifts his gaze to the grave closeby...it's Coretta Scott King's grave.

GODLOVE
 (Reading Coretta Scott King's
 Epitaph)
 "And now abide Faith, Hope, Love,
 These three, but the greatest of
 these is love." 1 Corinthians
 13:13.

A sad look radiates on Mr. Tchinda's face.

MR. TCHINDA
 He was a Messiah for blacks, yet he
 was nicknamed the looter.

Mr. Tchinda shakes his head sadly.

MR. TCHINDA (CONT'D)
 (low tone)
 We're from the land of the living,
 full of conflicts; we're your
 children, called blacks in skin.
 We're here not to reminisce about
 history in the angst past. We're
 here to talk about history now that
 lasts...

Mrs. Angel and Godlove both glance at Mr. Tchinda.

MR. TCHINDA (CONT'D)

Our hearts and souls bleed for peace. Our hearts and souls plead for peace. Our hearts and souls bleed but rip to pieces. They've read your epistolary in disregard. The negro is nothing, but a shithole specimen. In everything they do, even if they work hard, to please their masters, they're still a bastard.

Mrs. Angel shakes her head in pain.

MR. TCHINDA (CONT'D)

We know you fought for all lives to matter. The matter is worse; men emasculate women. Our civil rights movement for democracy is now called a movement for democrazy. No one cares about anyone; like Black-boy, shot dead, without any mercy. May his soul rest in peace...

INSERT: Flashback OF Prayer Pilgrimage to Washington for Freedom, May 17, 1957.

EXT. MARTIN L. K. JR BURIAL CENTER - DUSK

Mr. Tchinda, Mrs. Angel, and Godlove remain standing in front of the grave. Sadness written all over their faces.

Suddenly, white clouds appear, engulfing Mr. Tchinda, Mrs. Angel, and Godlove.

The spirit of Martin Luther King Jr. appears, surrounded by chariots of fire. He opens a portal door, with stairs leading upward to heaven. Mr. Tchinda, Godlove, and Mrs. Angel disappear with him.

EXT. OPEN SPACE - DAY

It's a bright sunny day. A large crowd dominated by whites are gathered in the open space. Their screams resonate in the air. Many wear a Jim Crow campaign t-shirt.

SUPERIMPOSE: PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN, NEW YORK CITY.

Jim Crow into view on the strange, approaching the podium. Lynch follows him behind. The crowd scream and applaud the presidential candidate.

Jim Crow leans toward the microphone on the podium.

JIM CROW

The walls of our democracy have fallen. Shithole specimens are crawling in. They come in as refugees being hunger-stricken. While their intentions are concealed, and evil-driven. They take our job, while we suffer. They kill, rape our girls, and even rob us. It's time to rebuild America again. It's time to make America great again!

CROWD

(yelling)
USA! USA! USA!

Lynch smiles seeing the reaction of the crowd.

JIM CROW

I believe in winning. And as never before, we'll begin to win. America will experience another wind of change, and reformation.

CROWD

(yelling)
Win! Win! Win!

Jim Crow nods in excitement.

JIM CROW

I promise I will build a fence, I will also increase our defense. And we will win. I want you to think like a winner. I promise I will make sure Americans have enough to eat. We must "Make America Great Again!

The crowd cheers and yells:

CROWD

Make America Great Again! Make America Great Again! Make America Great Again!

JIM CROW
I promise, I will make America
terrific. I will build the wall.

CROWD
(yelling)
Build the wall! Build the wall!
Build the wall!

JIM CROW
America first, nothing else.
Covid-19 was a hoax, don't fear,
don't panic. We will win and win
big! You don't need Covid-vaccine.
You don't need any Covid-medicine.

CROWD
No Vaccine! No Vaccine! No Vaccine!

JIM CROW
We've had many fake presidents.
They came to power by mistake. They
were never called or divinely sent.
And they messed up big time. They
allowed pigs of African descent
into our country to bring famine.

CROWD
Jim Crow for America! Jim Crow for
America!

A woman in the crowd yells:

WOMAN #3
What about taxes, I don't want to
pay taxes anymore?

Jim Crow chuckles.

JIM CROW
Don't bother with taxes. I'll lower
the corporate tax rate, and I'll
cut huge taxes for working
Americans. Don't worry; I got this.

The crowd cheer and applaud.

JIM CROW
I will revamp the health care
system. I will repeal the
Affordable Care Act, I promise.
America will be great again, and
back on track.

CROWD

We take America back! We take
America back! We take America back!

JIM CROW

I will increase minimal wages for
workers. You'll all work in
offices, no hawkers. Our jobs will
remain within America; no job will
be exported to Africa. First is the
interest of America...

A man in the crowd yells:

MAN #4

Climate Change!

JIM CROW

(smiles)

Simple, too simple. Climate change
or global warming is another fake
news they are forming, to keep you
in fear, discard the warning. We
have so many enemies, most of them
criminals with felonies, who don't
want our progress.

CROWD

Jim Crow! Jim Crow! Jim Crow! Jim
Crow! Jim Crow! Jim Crow! Jim Crow!
Jim Crow!...

INT. CROOK CROW'S OFFICE - MORNING

In the former office of Jim Crow. Crook Crow sits behind the
desk, fiddling a pen between his fingers, like someone in an
exam hall who is confused about what to write. He dresses in
a black suit, white shirt, and red tie.

He reaches for the office phone on the table and grabs it,
then dials Pretty.

CROOK CROW

Hello.

PRETTY (V.O)

Hello.

CROOK CROW

Good morning. Could you please come
to my office? I need some
instructions; I'm still a novice.

PRETTY (V.O)
Ok, I'll be there soon.

Soon, Pretty walks through the door. She stops in front of the desk.

PRETTY
Yes, sir. What can I assist you with?

CROOK CROW
All is seemingly well, but being hacked is queer.

Pretty is shocked

PRETTY
Hacked?!

CROOK CROW
Yes, we...

PRETTY
No, sir, not we.

Crook Crow gives her a surprised stare.

CROOK CROW
Of course, we... If I am hacked, we're hacked. I was once a cyber-security major. I know what I am talking about here.

Pretty makes a meek face.

PRETTY
Did you learn it for a career? Just wanting to make sure.

CROOK CROW
(sharply)
Yes, I did learn it for a career.

PRETTY
How does "WE" and "I" relate?
You're the one who got hacked.

CROOK CROW
I know what I am saying. If I'm hacked, we're hacked. It's simple and clear.

Defeated, Pretty shakes her head in disappointment.

CROOK CROW

Do you know who's a negro? Do you know how they think and talk?

PRETTY

(pissed)

Of course, a negro, that is a "ne gross."

CROOK CROW

What?... I said negros!

PRETTY

Yes, you said it, and I said a "ne gross."

CROOK CROW

What's that supposed to mean? Are you trying to disrespect me?

Pretty smirks.

PRETTY

It's supposed to mean a "ne gross." You still don't get it, still? It's simple; you don't need any skill to understand that a negro is a "ne gross."

Crook Crow is confused.

CROOK CROW

It sounds brutish to speak meaningless words. Why can't you speak plain English?

Pretty appears indifferent, staring at him in silence. Her rage intensifying by the moment.

CROOK CROW (CONT'D)

That's why we, men, can't have women rule this nation with such rudiment.

PRETTY

You're a racist. You know, light and darkness cannot walk the same path. No doubt racism exists, but it would be wise for you to refrain from it.

Crook Crow chortles.

CROOK CROW

Can a black dumb ass woman from Africa talk about American politics? When Africa is in shambles?

PRETTY

Your people made Africa the way it is. You exploited us for your greed. Now you call it a shambles? We women are born strong. Isn't that why you're so uncomfortable with us being in positions of power?... Because you fear our tenacity. America cannot be great in with hypocrisy.

CROOK CROW

And you think Cameroon is different from us? Your country is as guilty as America.

PRETTY

You can ignore the cries of blacks or Asians today; you can call them negros or whatever you choose to. Police can kill them in streets. But time, time speaks beyond my skin color and words. A woman shall rise, and she'll be our hope and be our light bearer; She will rule America.

Crook Crow bursts out laughing.

CROOK CROW

We all know, if wishes are horses, all beggars will ride. Safe ride, First female American president. America lives and stands for her pride. We're a democracy, not a kingdom, American Queen Elizabeth.

Pretty shakes in disappointment.

PRETTY

I am glad you know that name. I guess it's enough history for you to read. A living congress. An embodiment of power to dismiss and appoint. Power to summon and prorogue Parliament. Power to grant honor. Power to issue and withdraw passports. Power to declare war.

CROOK CROW
 (scoffs)
 That's autocracy, not democracy.
 Tell me, are you voting for my
 father?

PRETTY
 He's your father, not ours. Why
 should I vote for him?

Crook Crow frowns.

CROOK CROW
 My father should be your father.

PRETTY
 I have one father; he's in heaven.
 He's neither white nor black.

CROOK CROW
 Does the so-called father in heaven
 pay your bills?... I guess no. My
 father does pay for your salary.
 Now that I have taken over, I will
 be the one signing and issuing your
 check.

PRETTY
 So?

CROOK CROW
 That makes me your father. When I
 am sick, you're sick. When I am
 broke, you go broke. When I am not
 happy, you're not. Just like the
 house negro and field negro.

Pretty has had enough. She leans over plugging Crook Crow's
 desktop computer into a power-source. She presses the power
 button, and the computer comes on.

CROOK CROW
 (surprised)
 How did you do that?

Pretty is amused.

PRETTY
 A so-called cyber security pro
 unable to power on a computer? How
 odious a feeling.

Betty walks in, approaching Crook Crow's desk.

BETTY
Excuse me, sir.

CROOK CROW
(looking up at Betty)
Yes?

BETTY
I will be off tomorrow to mourn my
brother's demise. Hope you can
permit me?

Pretty turns to Betty.

PRETTY
Be strong. He's a martyr to be
glorified.

CROOK CROW
(to Betty)
You are permitted to go.

BETTY
Thank you, sir.

Betty leaves.

PRETTY
I will be with her to ease her
pain. I won't be coming in
tomorrow.

CROOK CROW
She said 'her brother,' not yours!

PRETTY
(smiles)
She's my sister of the same
struggle. I feel the pain she
feels.

CROOK CROW
A while ago, you said, "WE" isn't
"I." Didn't you?

PRETTY
Mr. Crook, I know what I said. And
that doesn't mean it's for
everyone.

Crook Crow boils with rage.

CROOK CROW
Just get out of my sight.

PRETTY
I will, soon.

Pretty walks out of the office.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

We are in along and bright hallway leading to a gigantic throne. Around the throne is a blind bright light.

Mr. Tchinda, Godlove, and Mrs. Angel are approaching the throne. They look around in confusion.

SUPERIMPOSE: UNDERWORLD

As the trio progress, we begin to see smaller thrones around the gigantic throne. Each has a unique name and golden crown on it. There is peace and serenity as the piercing light begins to turn into the different colors of the rainbow.

The trio edge even closer.

Suddenly, an unseen choir begins to sing tenderly from afar.

CHOIR
Happy are the peacemakers; they
shall be called sons of God. They
hated us as troublemakers. We were
law-abiding, not breakers. They
hated us for our skin color. They
either killed us as traitors, or
they jailed us as peace mutilators.
Happy are the peacemakers; they
shall be called sons of God. We
lived peaceful lives as Quakers, on
the roadside, police stood as
waiters; ready to kill if we had no
papers. Ready to make us guilty as
lawmakers. Happy are the
peacemakers; they shall be called
sons of God.

INT. THRONE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mr. Tchinda, Mrs. Angel, and Godlove enter the hall. They stand glancing at the thrones.

The unseen choir continues to sing in the background.

Suddenly, people dressed in royal white garments as kings and queens emerge from all directions to welcome the trio. Each has on his or her head a crown with their names and ages written on them.

The singing dies down, and trumpets of victory and welcome begin to envelop the atmosphere.

Each of the royally dressed persons comes forward and introduces him/herself to Mr. Tchinda, Godlove, and Mrs. Angel.

ROYALTY #1

I'm Rayshared Brooks, 27 years.

Royalty #1 moves to his throne and sits.

ROYALTY #2

I'm Daniel Prude, 41 years.

ROYALTY #3

I'm George Floyd, 46 years.

ROYALTY #4

I'm Breonna Taylor, 26 years.

ROYALTY #5

I'm Atatiana Jefferson, 28 years.

ROYALTY #6

I'm Aura Rosser, 40 years.

ROYALTY #7

I'm Stephon Clark, 22 years.

ROYALTY #8

I'm Botham Jean, 26 years.

ROYALTY #9

I'm Philando Castille, 32 years.

ROYALTY #10

I'm Alton Sterling, 37 years...

All the Royalties sit on their thrones.

Mr. Tchinda notices pictures of the brutal killing of each of the Royalties around their thrones.

On the left side of the throne room are other kingly seats made of gold and diamond.

Mr. Tchinda, Miss Angel, and Godlove continue to advance slowly toward the big throne seat. They finally stop in front of the great throne, looking around in amazement as the trumpets gradually die, ushering in silence.

The big throne seat whirls around to reveal the person sitting on it.

Mr. Tchinda, Godlove, and Mrs. Angel's eyes widen in surprise... The name on the throne is Dr. Martin. L. K, Jr.

Martin Luther King emerges from the white clouds by the throne, then he settles on it.

MARTIN L.K

Welcome to the Kingdom of Peace.
You've asked, and you will be given. You've sought me, and you've seen me. You've knocked, and the door is opened.

MR. TCHINDA

Luther!

Martin Luther King smiles.

MARTIN L.K

Yes, Tchinda the Luther, I am Luther! You aspired to meet me; here I am. You desired to be like me. You've read my epistles. You are the true son of your father, Abraham. Fear not; no harm shall befall you.

Mr. Tchinda is bewildered.

MR. TCHINDA

You know me by name? You know all my thoughts and aims? You know me so well?

MARTIN L.K

There's no limit to knowledge here. This is a glorious Kingdom of Immortals; where everyone is pure. This glorious kingdom is our final destination. Only the pure at heart will make it here. They will live in freedom, with no frustration.

Godlove looks out through a transparent glass. He sees a multitude of people dressed in whites, living happily with one another.

GODLOVE

Who are these people? They know no sorrow!

MARTIN L.K

They are your brothers; Slain innocently by villains for their color. In pain and screams, they died a cruel fate, but their hope did not and will never fade.

MRS. ANGEL

Can they hope, the black community? Their hope has been crushed to break their willpower for togetherness.

MARTIN L.K

Black color does not exist. If you think that snow is black, the snow becomes black. If you think the sky is pink, then the sky becomes pink. Blacks are made by supremacists. It is a conservative ideology for racism.

MR. TCHINDA

It's worse now. We need strength to keep going. America is falling, blacks and Asians are rioting.

Martin Luther King shakes his head sadly.

MARTIN L.K

All supremacists are mentally weak. They devise strategies of fear to weaken you. Don't give in to their threats. Love is the key that unlocks all doors. Only love will make them see their wrongs. Love is the light that lightens every darkness.

GODLOVE

But there is so much bloodshed.

MARTIN L.K

Non-violent protests must be a way of life. Everyone black must stand together. The Whiteman will not respect your right, if you don't speak up. You must learn to resist without fighting. "Injustice

(MORE)

MARTIN L.K (cont'd)
anywhere is a threat to justice
everywhere."

MRS. ANGEL
How do we resist without fighting,
when our enemies love to feast on
our blood?

MARTIN L.K
Non-violence is an active
resistance to evil. Which is
assertive spiritually, mentally,
and Emotionally. You need to stand
on the rock; you need to become a
rock. Constantly and persistently
petition your case. Let the cry be
known.

MR. TCHINDA
Are we on the right path?

MARTIN. L. K
No direction for civil protest is
wrong. Keep pressing until evil is
purged. The only wrong direction is
misdirection. Non-violence protest
seek to win friendship. You must
win the friendship even when it is
hard. The end goal is to achieve
redemption and reconciliation. To
achieve a common community of love,
peace, and sincerity. We've had the
same enemy for a long time now.
It's neither black nor white. It is
our ego.

Ghandi walks emerges.

GHANDI
"A coward is incapable of
exhibiting love; It is the
prerogative of the brave."

Mrs. Angel, Mr. Tchinda, and Godlove are all shocked.

MARTIN L.K
Love is to the brave hearts, as an
arrow is to a warrior. With love,
nothing is too difficult.

GANDHI

Love is community. "An eye for an eye only renders the entire Community blind." If we all become blind, who then will lead the other blinds?

MARTIN L.K

Non-violence chooses to love in a place of hatred and bitterness. Non-violence chooses to resist the forces of evil behind the law.

GANDHI

"Let your beliefs become your thoughts. Let your thoughts become your words. Let your words become your actions. Let your actions become your habits. Let your habits become your values. Let your values become your destiny. Let your destiny depend on what you do today."

MARTIN L.K

We have much to teach you. Your world is waiting for your return.

The unseen choir chants:

CHOIR (V.O)

Happy are the peacemakers. They shall be called sons of God. We're human like all others. But hated for no reason. We're human like all others. But robbed of life now we can breathe freely. Now we can live freely. Now we have life. Now we're at last home.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

In a Black Lives Matter Community church. PASTOR BLACK stands on the pulpit. He wears a black suit.

A casket sits on a stretcher in front of the altar.

Everyone in the congregation is dressed in all black attire. Betty sits in the front row, with Pretty sitting next to her as she consoles. Weeping and wailing fill the atmosphere as "Amazing Grace" song is sang.

PASTOR BLACK
 (sprinkling holy water on the
 coffin)
 Rest in peace. Rest in peace.

Pastor Black clears his throat, and picks up the microphone.

PASTOR BLACK (CONT'D)
 Let's read from the book of Job
 19:23-27.

Pastor Black opens his Bible and searches for the passage.

PASTOR BLACK (CONT'D)
 Let's read; "Oh, that my words were
 recorded, that they were written on
 a scroll, that they were inscribed
 with an iron tool on lead, or
 engraved in rock forever. I know
 that my redeemer lives, and that in
 the end he will stand on the earth.
 And after my skin has been
 destroyed, yet in my flesh I will
 see God; I myself will see him with
 my own eyes--I, and not another.
 How my heart yearns within."

Pastor Black looks up at the congregation.

PASTOR BLACK (CONT'D)
 Let us pray. Heavenly Father, we
 might be black in the eyes of
 others who see us as a setback, but
 you created one man, Adam. Heavenly
 Father, we might be black in the
 eyes of others who see us as a
 setback, but only one man died for
 our sins, Christ. Who died for us
 and redeemed us with a price. We
 were all made in your image, but
 others have re-made us in their
 image. When we speak for our
 freedom or rights. They say we're
 rapists, criminals, and rebels.
 Like Pharoah, they seek to quench
 our lights. They waste our lives
 and make us live in hell. Father,
 you said in Genesis, "Let's make
 man in our image," not a race. You
 made us in your "image," not by
 mutagenesis. You made man in love
 and gave him grace. The grace to
 communion in one union. You said,
 (MORE)

PASTOR BLACK (CONT'D) (cont'd)
 "Let them have dominion, not over
 other human beings, But the works
 of your hands.

Betty sobs and groans.

PASTOR BLACK
 "Blessed are the poor in spirit."

CONGREGATION
 "For theirs is the kingdom of
 heaven."

PASTOR BLACK
 "Blessed are those who mourn--

CONGREGATION
 "For they will be comforted."

PASTOR BLACK
 "Blessed are the meek--

CONGREGATION
 "For they will inherit the earth."

PASTOR BLACK
 "Blessed are those who hunger And
 thirst for righteousness--

CONGREGATION
 "For they will be filled."

PASTOR BLACK
 "Blessed are the merciful--

CONGREGATION
 "For they will receive mercy."

PASTOR BLACK
 "Blessed are the pure in heart--

CONGREGATION
 "For they will be called children
 of God."

PASTOR BLACK
 "Blessed are those who are
 persecuted for righteousness--

CONGREGATION
 "For theirs is the kingdom of
 heaven."

The Church bell rings from afar. The crying, weeping, wailing from the congregation intensifies.

The Choir begins to sing "All to Jesus I surrender."

PASTOR BLACK

"It is better to go to a house of mourning, than to go to a house of feasting. For death is the destiny of everyone; whether black or white. Whether rich or poor. Whether president, or peasant, or street hawker. Whether a negro, enslaved or freed; the living should take this to heart. We only have one life to live. You might hate me for my skin color. All of us will face the fate called death. All of us will face judgment and justice. There will be one congress, one judge. Who is neither black nor white. Whose name is love, truth, and justice. We're the light of the world. We're the salt of the world. If the negro is not your brother, Black-Boy is my brother.

CONGREGATION

Yes, he's our brother.

PASTOR BLACK

If the negro's pain is not your pain, Black-boy's pain is my pain.

CONGREGATION

Yes, Our pain, brother.

PASTOR BLACK

The blood of the black community is the seed for redemption. The blood of the black community is the seed for freedom. The Lord is my shepherd--

CONGREGATION

I shall not want.

PASTOR BLACK

He makes me lie down in green pastures. And leads me beside quiet waters--

CONGREGATION

"He refreshes my soul. Even though
I walk through the darkest valley,
I will fear no evil, for you are
with me; I will dwell in the house
of the Lord Forever."

A masked man enters the church holding a gun. He shoots
Pastor Black, then runs off.

The congregation becomes rowdy. Some members rush over to
the pastor. They quickly carry him of the building.

EXT. BALCONY - DAY

ROSA PARK stands on the balcony staring out at the still
ocean.

MRS. ANGEL (O.C)

Before you died...

Rosa Park turns to see Mrs. Angel standing beside her.

MRS. ANGEL (CONT'D)

Some people say you were very
tired, so you refused to give up
your seat, which was required of
every black.

Rosa Park smiles.

ROSA P.

I was neither tired nor was I
fearful. We cannot live our entire
life in fear. We have lived in pain
for four hundred years, in the
hands of unmerciful people. The
Whiteman will remain uncheerful. If
you stay silent, he makes you a
fool.

MRS. ANGEL

We've struggled to live a peaceful
life. But they still try to keep us
under their feet. Asians, blacks,
what must we do for civil rights
dreams to come true?

ROSA P.

You have the key and the solution.
We laid the foundation for the
journey ahead. Your sufferings are

(MORE)

ROSA P. (cont'd)
 not over yet, but the end is near
 for racism, and its institutions.
 Be steadfast.

MRS. ANGEL
 Yes, but it has been four hundred
 years, and our cry seems to fall on
 deaf ears.

ROSA P.
 Years are numbers, but justice is
 everlasting. Righteous pain is what
 a coward fears. Nothing is
 permanent; with time everything
 will become alright. You're chosen
 to wipe the tears of others.

Mrs. Angel is surprised.

MRS. ANGEL
 Chosen?

ROSA P.
 Yes, Asians and blacks are living
 in the pain of racism. Some live in
 regrets and fears for years. Some
 have concluded racial battle will
 never be won. But you're chosen to
 lead them and break the jinx of
 racism. Your life is a sacrifice
 for others' breakthroughs. Asians
 and blacks' dreams of freedom must
 be attained.

MRS. ANGEL
 (dazed)
 How can I be chosen? Racism and
 politics are evil hidden in
 democratic speeches. Evil laws to
 breed hatred are called black rot.

ROSA P.
 History often repeats itself.
 Racists often use the law or the
 police to achieve their aim. But
 you must understand yesterday for
 today; you must understand today
 for tomorrow. People who in the
 past have tried to make positive
 changes, had their lives cut short.
 Elijah Parish Lovejoy, Abraham
 Lincoln, Medgar Evers, Fred

(MORE)

ROSA P. (cont'd)
Hampton, Harry and Harriette Moore,
Malcolm X, Martin Luther King, they
were all assassinated.

Mrs. Angel frowns, looking sad.

MRS. ANGEL (V.O)
I hate politics.

ROSA P.
A voice is crying in the
wilderness. A voice of weary and
bitter. A herald of dawn and
trumpet of eagerness. You must not
only hunger for change, but be
ready for change. You're America's
first female president...

Mrs. Angel's eyes widen in shock.

ROSA P.
You've been chosen by divine
selection to conquer hate with
love.

MRS. ANGEL
I hate politics. I hate
politicians. They are no good.

Rosa Park smiles.

ROSA P.
Hate is darkness, but love is
light. Be the light of what you
hate, because it is where your
destiny is. Evil resides behind the
law and congress. For the progress
of the racial battle, you must
become the law. The law to heal
your community. The law that will
abolish racism. The law that will
restore America's dignity.

Mrs. Angel shakes her head in defeat.

MRS. ANGEL
I...I need time to prepare. This
seems like much of a burden to
carry.

ROSA P.

The hearts of your people are ready. Your destiny, also has been made ready. Once the spirit accepts, the master appears. Your likes for years have cried a lot. Great men never aspired to be great. Great leaders never aspired to be great. They all had one thing in common...commitment, desire and vision. If you refuse to stand for your rights, you'll always be wrong.

(smiles)

If you're ready, Madame President and first lady, of the United States of America, let the inauguration ceremony begin.

Mrs. Angel takes a deep breath and exhales. Her face shows determination.

MRS. ANGEL

Yes, I am.

Mrs. Angel's clothes suddenly turn immaculate white. Her body lightens with radiation and glory.

An unseen choir is heard singing a "Civil Rights" song.

CHOIR (V.O)

Freedom is coming very soon.
Freedom to black and Asian Americans. And their light will be seen upon the hill. The lamp, lamb, and light of the world. Freedom is coming. Freedom is coming to America!

GEORGE WASHINGTON walks into the scene. He walks up to Rosa Park and Mrs. Angel with a sad look on his face.

GEORGE W.

The democracy and freedom we fought for across the Atlantic Ocean, today is no longer what we see. I led an army of one voice, an army of one patriotism, an army with one aspiration. I led an army that faced the same fate before the threats of a common enemy. I did not want to become a president, they elected me to become the

(MORE)

GEORGE W. (cont'd)
 father of our today's democracy.
 Where is my honor now? Where is
 the honor of Alexander Hamilton,
 Benjamin Franklin, John Adams,
 Samuel Adams, Thomas Jefferson...
 Where is the honor of James
 Madison? Where is the honor of John
 Jay?

George Washington reveals a scroll in his hand. He unfolds it and glances through it for a moment.

INSERT: SCROLL

The scroll heading reads "American Constitution."

George Washington presents the scroll to Mrs. Angel.

GEORGE W.
 We fought for a legacy of love, not
 racial caste and discrimination. A
 legacy of love, for all your
 children, who love and respect
 America, as a land of freedom,
 liberty, and equality... If
 Congress had judged it necessary to
 dissolve the connection between
 Great Britain and the American
 Colonies, congress and the Supreme
 Court must rule against racial
 segregation, injustice, and caste.
 Remember, in preference to
 attempting to drive them by force
 of arms out of their Country, I
 opened my heart to them, I mean
 Native Americans, Indians for their
 land. There won't have been today,
 been any America without the blood
 of black Americans. There is no
 America today, without the
 sacrifice of Asian Americans. He
 that deprives others of freedom,
 Should also be deprived of freedom,
 He that deprives others of sleep,
 Should also be deprived of sleep.

Rosa Park nods in agreement.

GEORGE W.
 As the father of American
 democracy, I empower you to become
 the first lady of the United States
 (MORE)

GEORGE W. (cont'd)
 of America. Just as I fathered the
 constitution, you will mother the
 constitution with love and
 equality. All lives matter; Black
 lives matter, Asian lives matter,
 American lives Matter!

Mrs. Angel gulps down hard as she collects the scroll.

GEORGE W.
 This is the sacred constitution of
 America; You have our blessings.
 Let my people know; I love America.
 Long Live America.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Pastor Black sleeps in the hospital bed. He has a bandage
 around his right arm all the way to his right shoulder.

Dr. BLACK stands at the bedside staring down at the
 preacher.

Pretty and Betty come in looking worried. They stand beside
 Dr. Black.

PRETTY
 Is he going to be alright?

DR. BLACK
 Yes, he just needs some rest. We
 are all lucky; the bullet hit his
 arm with a slight fracture.

BETTY
 In him, light abides. That's why
 darkness can't prevail.

DR. BLACK
 Few mass shooting cases survive. I
 hope this racial strife will end
 soon. All lives matter; we deserve
 the right to life.

Pretty looks pissed.

PRETTY
 When we drive, racism hates us. It
 follows us everywhere we go. In our
 houses, they shoot and kill us all
 for our skin color.

DR. BLACK

America is plagued with gun crises.
But there is price for every
bloodshed. There are more than
Three hundred and ninety-three
million guns in circulation in the
United States. That is about 120.5
guns for every hundred people, one
million seven hundred children live
With unloaded guns, and one out of
three homes with kids have guns.

Sadly, Dr. Black shakes his head, then turns and leaves the room.

Betty glances at Pretty.

BETTY

Gun control isn't a colored
priority; it is the priority of
most whites. Or just a way to blame
the black community of white racial
crimes and murder.

Pretty nods in agreement.

PRETTY

When you're Asian or black,
everything about you is black.

Pretty Pauses, nods in disapproval.

PRETTY

But when you are white--

BETTY

You're a demi-god. You're acquitted
of all murders. Asian or black
lynching is good news.

PRETTY

If mass shooting matters, I can't
breathe matter too. If invading the
Capitol matters, Asian and black
matter too.

Dr. Black walks back into the room, looking more sad than he was when he left earlier.

DR. BLACK

A pregnant woman was induced to
sleep and raped by a white
gynecologist. Today, the case has

(MORE)

DR. BLACK (cont'd)
 been acquitted. They said it was
 the black woman's fault.

Pretty and Betty glance at each other in shock.

PRETTY
 This is an induced rape crime. Drug
 Facilitated Sexual Assault. What
 did the investigators say?

DR. BLACK
 (scoffs)
 They called her names...jackass,
 badass, black ass.

Betty is infuriated.

BETTY
 Did they see her black ass?

PRETTY
 Was Emmett Till not killed, just
 for looking at a white girl. Was he
 not beaten like a black-snake, and
 his corpse dumped in the
 Tallahatchie River? Was the
 whiteman not trying to burial the
 body quickly, and let the media
 hide the news? Or call it fake
 news? When Till's mother, Mamie
 Elizabeth Till-Mobley, requested
 the corpse back to Chicago? Were
 the murderers not acquitted by all
 the white juries who presided over
 the case for five days and
 sixty-seven minutes?

BETTY
 We're at war!

Dr. Black sighs disappointedly.

DR. BLACK
 This woman is Pastor Black's wife.
 I learned that the day he was
 rushed here. His wife had a
 doctor's appointment with her
 gynecologist, where she had planned
 to join her husband in church for
 the ceremony of Black Boy.

PRETTY

(angrily)

We must march to the Capitol. We must march to Washington, DC. Let them hear us all or kill us all.

BETTY

Freedom now or death for all.

DR. BLACK

Today, I resign. We must all fight this heinous structure called racism against all blacks and Asians. Today I pledge to stand for The National Association For the Advancement of Colored People.

INT. CROOK CROW'S OFFICE - DAY

Crook Crow sits behind the desk. He is playing with a pen in his hand. His dog, AKITA, sits beside him on the floor, wagging his tail.

Pretty comes in. She wears a "Black Lives Matter" face mask. She stops in front of the desk.

PRETTY

You sent for me, sir?

CROOK CROW

Could you get me some coffee?

Pretty is surprised.

PRETTY

That's not part of my job description.

CROOK CROW

A "cook" does not need an alarm clock to crow at dawn on the farm.

PRETTY

Did you mean to say 'a cock does not need an alarm clock to crow at dawn?' Or a cook does not...

Crook Crow's face reddens with anger.

CROOK CROW

You got what I meant. It's only a figure of speech.

PRETTY

In Africa, we say, a cock, not a cook.

CROOK CROW

Wearing a face mask in my office is offensive. You wear it whenever I permit. And the Black Live Matters face mask appears to me as though you mock me. Do not transmit your rebellion to me.

PRETTY

What makes the face mask offensive, or mocking? For writing "Black Lives Matter" in black, and not supposedly with white racist ink? Is that what you think?

CROOK CROW

White is purity...White is golden, and power. But, Black is evil.

PRETTY

Black is unity, that's why it's called solidarity.

Crook Crow sighs.

CROOK CROW

Do you have a boyfriend?

PRETTY

Yes, I do have one.

CROOK CROW

I have a business gala evening, would you mind being my escort for money in exchange? I'll make sure you enjoy the night.

PRETTY

(scoffs)

I think you need to get yourself a good white bitch.

Crook Crow is infuriated. He stands up, walks around the desk, standing face to face with Pretty.

CROOK CROW

I am the new Sheriff in town. When I say go, you go. You must always follow my command.

PRETTY
 Sheriff in town Or Sheriff the
 clown?

Pretty turns to leave angrily. Crook Crow grasps her butt from behind.

Pretty swiftly turns back to face him, glaring at him in disbelief.

Crook Crow takes out a bundle of money from his jacket, slapping it against the palm of his hand repeatedly and provocatively.

Pretty remains in shock. Her rage intensifies with each passing second.

Crook Crow throws the money to the floor, just beside Pretty's left leg. The bundle of cash spills to the floor.

Crook Crow casts a satirical look at the money, then back to Pretty.

CROOK CROW
 How about you keep all this money
 for just ten minutes of pleasure
 with Akita, my dog?

Akita's ears shoot up at the mention of his name.

Pretty sighs, turning to walk out again. Crook Crow swiftly blocks the door, locks it, then stares at her disdainfully.

CROOK CROW
 My words are costly, you know.
 (takes out another bundle of
 money from his jacket)
 Here is ten thousand dollars. Make
 haste, Akita is already horny. Do
 it once, ten minutes, get your
 money.

Crook Crow tries to grasp and fondle her breast. Pretty beats his hand off.

PRETTY
 In Africa, silence is respect.
 You're lucky I am still able to
 hold back the tigress within me.
 I'm going to pretend none of this
 happened. Now, can I take my leave?

CROOK CROW

You have a tigress within. Well, I do have a lion within me, too. A tigress in Africa, can never beat a lion in America.

Gasping heavily, Pretty slaps Crook Crow with her left hand, then twice with her right hand, knocking him down and out.

Crook Crow lies unconscious on the floor for seconds. Blood drips from his mouth, dropping to the floor.

PRETTY

That's how we slap as Africans. Same speed as a brakeless van.

Crook Crow jerks up on his feet. Embarrassed and fuming at the same time.

CROOK CROW

Bitch. Wretched witch. I see I've given you too much privilege.

Crook Crow tries to slap her in retaliation, but Pretty blocks and suspends his hand in the air with her right hand, then uses her left hand to give him another slap that propels him against the wall.

Pretty grasps him on his tie, then grips him so tight on his chest, gathering his shirt into her fist. He struggles to remove her hand from his shirt to no avail.

Suddenly, Crook Crow relaxes on his fruitless defensive action, hoping Pretty will let go of his shirt.

Pretty wrestles him to the ground this time around, then uses her left knee to pin his neck against the floor. The look on her face shows she is ready to suffocate him.

Pretty puts her left hand in her left pocket, her eyes fixed to a wall clock as it ticks.

CROOK CROW

I can't breathe. I can't breathe. Please, let me go. I can't breathe.

PRETTY

Repeat that twenty times.

CROOK CROW

(wheezing)

I can't breathe. I can't breathe. I can't breathe...

Pretty removes a black eyeglass from her chest pocket with her right hand, then wears it on her forehead.

Crook Crow continues to struggle to regain his freedom.

PRETTY (V.O)

We were all born free. We are all born blacks and free. We are all born Asians and free. But everywhere we are, in chains. We are human beings, too. We feel pains; pains of systematic racism, pains of rejection, pains of false indictment and dejection.

CROOK CROW

I can't breathe. I can't breathe... Please, let me go. I will give you a promotion, I can't breathe...

Removing her leg from his neck, Pretty drags him toward the en suite toilet...like a boy dragging a little puppy into the restroom.

INT. TOILET - CONTINUOUS

... Pretty stops before the toilet pot, staring down at Crook Crow in rage. He gets on his kneel, with his hands up in submission.

The toilet pot looks nasty, brownish, and clammy white, that has become brown overtime. The water in it appears dirty, with excreta from three days prior.

CROOK CROW

Please, let me live. I promise to be of a better behavior. Please...

PRETTY

Repeat after me, word for word.
Black Lives Matter.

CROOK CROW

Black Lives Matter.

PRETTY

Asian Lives Matter.

CROOK CROW

Asian Lives Matter.

PRETTY

The negro is my brother.

CROOK CROW

The negro is my brother.

PRETTY

His burden is my burden.

CROOK CROW

His burden is my burden.

PRETTY

I repent for the sins of America.
Police racial killing and heinous
hate. Justice is what we stand for.
We're all one, one nation by fate,
thus, blacks are humans too, not to
be hated. Asians are humans; we
must learn to relate. Not a target
of racial cleansing to kill.

CROOK CROW

I repent for the sins of America.
Police racial killing and heinous
hate. Justice is what we stand for.
We're all one, one nation by fate,
thus, blacks are humans too, not to
be hated. Asians are humans; we
must learn to relate. Not a target
of racial cleansing to kill.

Pretty drags him closer to the toilet pot. Crook Crow almost pukes because of the horrible smell coming from the dirty toilet pot.

PRETTY

Now, drink from this toilet pot, or
I will end your life.

CROOK CROW

Please, don't kill me. Give me
another chance please. Please,
don't kill me. We are guilty, I
plead for mercy.

PRETTY

Quickly! You must drink for eight
minutes and forty-six seconds. Just
as George Floyd was held with a
knee to his neck. Drink or face the
same fate.

Crook Crow plunging his two hands into the toilet pot, begins imbibing the water repeatedly as a camel drinking from an oasis after months of traveling the desert without water.

Pretty takes a look at her wristwatch as Crook Crow drinks the water for "eight minutes and forty-six seconds."

Pretty urges him to his lips. He gulps down his saliva with enthusiasm.

PRETTY

Let your mouth be gagged. Let your tongue be bridled. If you use any racial word in jest, I won't tell you what the outcome will be.

CROOK CROW

Spare my life, I'll do all you ask. I swear by my life.

Pretty sighs heavily. She releases her hold on him, and then walks out of the toilet.

INT. UNDERWORLD / THRONE HALL - DAY

Godlove, Mr. Tchinda, Mrs. Angel, Martin Luther King Jr, Rosa Park, George Washington and several black activists are in the hall. The underworld community and all innocent souls killed by police brutality are in attendance too.

Everyone is singing the last part of "On Christ the solid Rock I stand".

The song ends.

MARTIN L.K

Let's scroll down the scroll. Let's read Luke 9:24. The cross is our primary goal.

Everyone flips their Bible to the passage.

MARTIN L.K (CONT'D)

"If anyone will come after me, Let him deny himself, Let him take up his cross, you must give up your way, Let him follow me"

Some sections of the crowd murmur to one another.

MARTIN L.K (CONT'D)

There comes a time in life when
"every man must decide whether he
will walk in the light of creative
altruism or the darkness of
destructive selfishness."

The crowd applauds.

MARTIN L.K (CONT'D)

Yeah. There comes a time in life
when "we must use time creatively
in the knowledge that the time is
always ripe to do right".

The crowd applauds again.

MARTIN L.K (CONT'D)

There comes a time in life when
"there is nothing more tragic than
to find an individual bogged down
in the length of life, devoid of
breadth."

CROWD

(applauding)

Yeah!

MARTIN L.K (CONT'D)

There comes a time in life that "an
individual has not started living
until He can rise above the narrow
confines of his individualistic
concerns to the broader concerns of
all humanity." There comes a time
in life that "shallow understanding
from people of good will is more
frustrating than absolute
misunderstanding from people of ill
will."

CROWD

Yeah!

MARTIN L.K (CONT'D)

"I Have A Dream,"... "We Have A
Dream," "If you can't fly, then
run; if you can't run, then walk;
if you can't walk, then crawl, but
whatever you do, you have to keep
moving."

CROWD

Luther! Luther! Luther!

MARTIN L.K

"If America is to be a great nation, this must be true, let freedom ring...

CROWD

Freedom now! Freedom now! Freedom now!

MARTIN L.K

"From the prodigious hilltops of New Hampshire."

CROWD

Freedom! Freedom! Freedom

MARTIN L.K

"Let freedom ring, from the mighty mountains of New York. Let freedom ring, from the heightening Alleghenies of Pennsylvania. Let freedom ring, from the snow-capped rockies of Colorado. Let freedom ring, from the curvaceous slopes of California. Let freedom ring, from Stone Mountain of Georgia. Let freedom ring, from Lookout Mountain of Tennessee. Let freedom ring, from every hill and molehill of Mississippi. Let freedom ring, from every mountainside. Let freedom ring from every village and every hamlet, from every state and every city."

CROWD

Freedom now! Freedom now! Freedom now!

MARTIN L.K

We will be able to speed up that day, when all of God's children, "Black men and white men. Jews and Gentiles, Protestants and Catholics will be able to join hands and sing, In the words of the old Negro spiritual: Free at last. Free at last. Thank God Almighty, we are free at last."

CROWD

Free at last!... Free at last!...
Free at last!... Make America Great
Again!

Everyone goes silent.

MARTIN L.K

Here's the dreaded question... Whom
shall I send now? Who shall we send
now?

Martin Luther King Jr's eyes search the crowd.

MARTIN L.K (CONT'D)

Who shall go for us?... "There
comes a time when one must take a
position that is neither safe, nor
politic, nor popular. But he must
take it, because his conscience
tells him it is right."

The crowd remain quiet.

MARTIN L.K (CONT'D)

"The ultimate measure of a man is
not where he stands in moments of
comfort and convenience, but where
he stands at times of challenge and
controversy."

CROWD

Who shall go for us? Who shall go
for us? Who shall go for us?

MARTIN L.K

"Never, never be afraid to do
what's right. Especially if the
well-being of a person or animals
are at stake. Society's punishments
are small compared to the wounds we
inflict on our soul when we look
the other way."

Mr. Tchinda emerges from the crowd and before Martin Luther
King Jr's throne.

MR. TCHINDA

Here I am, Luther, send me.

MRS. ANGEL

(emerging from the crowd)
Here I am, Luther, send me.

Mrs. Angel stands next to her husband.

Godlove emerges from the crowd, standing beside Mr. Tchinda and Mrs. Angel.

GODLOVE

Here we stand, Lord, help us.

CROWD

Black Lives Matter! Black Lives Matter!

MARTIN L. K

"Whatever affects one directly, affects all indirectly. I can never be what I ought to be until you are what you ought to be. This is the interrelated structure of reality..." "Not everybody can be famous, but everybody can be great. Because greatness is determined by service... You only need a heart full of grace and a soul generated by love."

CROWD

Black Lives Matter! Black Lives Matter!

MARTIN L. K

Today, as the Holy Bible says, Carry your cross and follow me daily... Mr. Tchinda, you become the Luther of your generation. My spirit will guide you.

Mr. Tchinda smiles, nodding in acceptance.

MARTIN L. K

Mrs. Angel, you're the first lady of the United States of America. Our founding fathers have given you the constitution's secrecy. You're the constitution; you have our blessings.

Mrs. Angel exhales, then nods in acceptance.

CROWD

Unity and victory! Unity and victory!

Suddenly, a white cloud with a bright dazzling light appears and engulfs Mr. Tchinda, Mrs. Angel, and Godlove.

INT. MR. TCHINDA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mr. Tchinda, Mrs. Angel appear, sitting on the couch. They trade surprise glances.

Godlove appears, sitting on the couch opposite Mr. Tchinda and Mrs. Angel. He stares at the couple in surprise.

GODLOVE

We are back...

INT. MR. TCHINDA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

It's Thanksgiving Day. Mr. Tchinda, Mrs. Angel, Godlove, and Pretty are all sitting at the dining table eating as a family.

A calabash with palm wine inside sits at the center of the table.

Mr. Tchinda sits at the end of the table as the head of the family. By his left hand, on the table, is his drinking horn, which he uses to drink palm wine.

They are dressed in "toghu/atoghu," traditional attire from Bamenda, Northwestern Region of Cameroon. Godlove and Pretty wear a royal "toghu" of the same colors.

Pretty dazzles in her braided hair. Her bracelet and necklace are made of traditional Afritude. Godlove barely keeps his eyes off her as she enjoys some Ndole with ripe plantains with Godlove from the same plate. But he pretends as though he isn't looking most of the time.

Mrs. Angel glances at her husband intermittently as he enjoys his plate of achu, yellow soup, and some vegetables by the side. She smiles in delight.

MRS. ANGEL

How time flies so fast that we
barely notice. We are aging, but
not forgetting where we are from,
The bond of black solidarity never
dies.

Godlove smiles.

GODLOVE

Yes, indeed, time really flies.
That's why we must we must make an
impact.

Pretty turns to Mrs. Angel.

PRETTY

So, what did Martin Luther King tell you? What next are we going to do, to achieve our aims.

MRS. ANGEL

We have to work in unity. What we want is what they want. There's a goal ahead of us of all. Everyone has a role to play.

BETTY

What is the goal? I'm curious to hear the whole story. Blacks and Asians are in anguish.

Mrs. Angel sighs.

MRS. ANGEL

I am running for the presidency.

Pretty is bewildered.

MRS. ANGEL (CONT'D)

I hate politics, but this is the task I have been given to stand against this racial hypocrisy, and to overthrow their evil structure.

PRETTY

This is tough. Being a woman makes it even harder. But we are all women of faith, bold enough to withstand any storm. Victory is calling.

Pretty nods with determination.

MRS. ANGEL

I was not chosen by choice of merit, but by divine election, and chosen by the spirit.

MR. TCHINDA

We may be on our knees now, but not knocked out. We shall stand one day and together shout, we are free at last.

The door opens, Pastor Black enters with a smile on his face..

PASTOR BLACK
 Guess I'm in the right place at the
 right time.

The quartet at the dining table gives him a welcoming smile.

MR. TCHINDA
 Pastor Black, Come on in.

Pastor Black joins them at the table. Mrs. Angel serves him
 some meal.

MR. TCHINDA (CONT'D)
 We shall all fight for this,
 defiling racial discourse. We shall
 live freely. we have waited so
 long, to sing freedom at last.

GODLOVE
 We shall sing an endless freedom
 song. When the lions and lambs
 shall live together freely.

MR. TCHINDA
 I am the Luther of our
 dispensation. We must instill the
 spirit in others. We must march to
 Washington DC... The time is now.

Mrs. Angel beams a broad smile.

MRS. ANGEL
 I love you, Tchinda Luther. The day
 I see any woman look at you, or
 just smile at you, or go as far as
 thinking of you, I'll kneel on her
 neck for nine minutes, twenty-nine
 seconds. I will make sure that she
 can't breathe...

Mr. Tchinda chuckles.

MR. TCHINDA
 (bragging)
 It's not easy anywhere to be a
 Luther, you know. It's not easy
 anywhere to be a Coretta Angel. You
 know, a man can only be as strong
 as the woman he loves. You know...
 Love conquers all.

Pretty chortles.

PRETTY

Quit the bragging game, your
bravery and love must be tested.
Luther and Coretta fought a good
fight, and finished their races in
joy. And they both received their
eternal crowns. You've not even
begun your race, but you want
similar crowns.

MR. TCHINDA

(smiles)

We call this faith, "Taking the
first step, even when you can't see
the whole staircase."

Mrs. Angel laughs.

MRS. ANGEL

There you go. Preach on, baby. You
always make me proud as a lady.

MR. TCHINDA

Wait and see. One Luther lived in
Germany, one lived in America. Now,
I am Luther of CAmerica... One
Luther challenged papal authority,
the other challenged racial
supremacists. I will challenge
racists and anti-Asian haters. One
began the protestant faith, the
other stood on this fate. I will
fight racism and stop its
existence.

MRS. ANGEL

They were all leaders with one
goal. Just as you're a leader with
a heart of gold. They were leaders
with one determination. They were
all given a citation and convicted.
We will be saved from racial
damnation.

PASTOR BLACK

They were all leaders with one
determination. Leaders with one
faith in God. They were men who
disliked injustice.

MR. TCHINDA

They were great reformers and
thinkers, They were threatened,
beaten, and murdered.

Godlove clears his throat to get everyone's attention.
Everyone turn their gaze to him.

GODLOVE

Can we pause this for a while? I
have an announcement to make.

MR. TCHINDA

(curiously)

Another breaking news?

GODLOVE

Pretty and I have decided to wed.

Mrs. Angel smiles delightfully.

MR. TCHINDA

I always suspected something was
going on with you two. I knew
you're in with one another.

Pretty is a little shy.

GODLOVE

I believe it is God's will that
both of us have found true love.
We're both comforted in the same
pains, and soon, we will both gain
freedom from racial chains.

MRS. ANGEL

After my presidential inauguration,
we shall prepare and plan the
wedding. But, first we must save
our people well. We shall see your
first kiss in a loud ovation.

PRETTY

(frowning)

Why wait for so long? Don't you
know starvation kills? I have been
practicing my kissing skills, and I
can't wait to have the first one.

Godlove and Pretty exchange a glance.

GODLOVE

We've rehearsed our nuptial song.
And we've waited for so long now.

PASTOR BLACK

Let's end this debate here...

Pastor Black stands and moves to the center of the room.

PASTOR BLACK (CONT'D)
 Come forth, love birds, and swear,
 that you shall love and live
 together as one.

Pretty and Godlove happily walk over to the preacher,
 grinning from ear.

Mr. Tchinda and Mrs. Angel watch keenly from the dining
 table.

PRETTY
 I swear to love you and
 live with you as one.

GODLOVE
 I swear to love you and
 live with you as one.

PASTOR BLACK (CONT'D)
 I pronounce you husband and wife.
 Pretty, be a good African wife.
 (to Godlove)
 You may now kiss your bride.

Godlove and Pretty share a passionate kiss. Mr. Tchinda and
 Mrs. Angel clap joyfully.

Pastor Black, Godlove, and Pretty move back to the dining
 table, and settle back in their chairs. The newly wed couple
 can't contain their joy.

MR. TCHINDA
 Now I see the matching attire is in
 solidarity with your love.
 Congratulations, you are now
 married.

EXT. COURT HOUSE - DAY

Journalists are waiting by the entrance of the building the
 building. A crowd is also waiting. Many carry placards in
 solidarity with Jim Crow.

A few blacks stand in a corner holding up placards in
 solidarity with Mrs. Angel.

Soon, Jim Crow emerges from the building. Some guards behind
 him. The crowd cheers loudly, while journalists rush over to
 him.

JOURNALIST #1
 The world watched the presidential
 debate. We hear there's a lot of
 tension in the senate. Many
 (MORE)

JOURNALIST #1 (cont'd)
 Americans are anxious in anticipation of what may be the outcome at the polls. How do you think the results of this debate will influence voters?

JIM CROW
 The debate was terrific. But I'll have to admit, my opponent was not smart, I mean, she was not really smart. She was boring, and her views of our democracy were horrible. On the other hand, I was on point with issues that need to be addressed for Americans.

CROWD
 (chanting)
 Jim Crow for president! Jim Crow for president! Jim Crow for president!

JOURNALIST #2
 Do you think Mrs. Angel can win this election? And what if the voters favor her over you?

Jim Crow scoffs.

JIM CROW
 We know she cannot win. Her I.Q is very low, though she's a good candidate. But you know she's coming from. I'm not even sure she finished secondary school. She said nothing reasonable all through the debate.

CROWD
 Make America Great Again! Make America Great Again! Make America Great Again!

Jim Crow basks in euphoria at the crowd's reaction.

JIM CROW
 You can see it for yourself, the people are happy. They loved my debate, and they love me. They know I am ready to serve. I think and speak smartly.

Mrs. Angel comes out of the building. Jim Crow glares at her in a contemptuous manner as she stands beside him.

JOURNALIST #3

(to Mrs. Angel)

How satisfied are you with the debate? What can you tell those who are rooting for you? Was the debate fair and straightforward?

MRS. ANGEL

I am as satisfied as the people. The people are the ones we represent, and not ourselves. I am not aiming to be president for myself, but for the people.

Jim Crow takes his phone out of his pocket as he receives a text from Lynch.

JIM CROW

(to reporters)

I need to respond to this.

INSERT: PHONE SCREEN

The text from Lynch reads "That was great; I watched the debate. You nailed her damn ass. She is really dumb. She can't match your wit in anyway.

JIM CROW

(texting back to Lynch)

I told you, Africans are dumb.

LYNCH

(text)

I am Covid-19 bed-bound. The doctor said I shouldn't leave the house. My eyes are becoming all brown, and I feel like my immune system is all cracked down.

Jim Crow quickly types a reply to Lynch.

JIM CROW

(text)

Covid is a hoax, do not be a clown. Drink some hot tea, ginger, and lemon. If it does not work, then pray. Take care.

LYNCH

(text)

Thanks, my president. But this Covid-19 is no joke. It is more dangerous than an attack from a machine-gun. It's not a good thing.

Jim Crow shakes his head scornfully.

JIM CROW

(text)

If you fear Covid-19, I'm covid-20. Be a man, be courageous. I am more dangerous than Covid-19.

Jim Crow Crow pockets his phone and looks up at the journalists.

JOURNALIST #2

Most predecessors as presidents in American politics have been men, do you think as a woman, you can change these presidential discontents?

JIM CROW

No, she cannot. Big failure. Women can never make good leaders.

CROWD

(chanting)

Kick her out! Kick her out! Kick her out!

JOURNALIST #2

Mr. Jim Crow, please let her answer the question.

Mrs. Angel smiles.

MRS. ANGEL

It's not a question of whether I can, or maybe. It's an affirmation, I have won already. I was born and made ready for this course.

JIM CROW

(mockingly)

You hear her? She talks trash.

Mrs. Angel turns to Jim Crow.

MRS. ANGEL

We have long been marginalized. We have long been deprived of office with bias. We've long suffered from gender racism, and carried the cross of your criticism. We've heard misogynistic words. We've been raped, abused, called fugitives. We've heard all the names, daring, ditsy, hussy, feisty, soft butch, strip club pussy, coward, frigid, butch and femme, breeder, bimbo, cock tease, cock sucker, bleeder. But guess what? We're still the light of life. Our wombs hold the destiny of America; Whether black, Asian, or of African descent. Our love is priceless...

Some supporters of Jim Crow begin to lower their placards. While some male angry supporters begin yelling randomly.

MAN #5

"Go back to the kitchen bitch!"

MAN #6

"Make me a sandwich"

MAN #7

"Stop acting like a girl."

Mrs. Angel turns in the direction of the crowd.

MRS. ANGEL

I might be a woman, soft and fragile. I might look docile or even innocent. What's America without us women? For many years men have been presidents. I dare you to think, just for a moment, of what a woman can do in one or two terms.

MAN #6

Bitch, where is your certificate?
Show us your birth certificate!

Jim Crow chuckles, turning to the crowd.

JIM CROW

She speaks like a terrorist. Maybe she's an anti-Christ.

A few supporters in the crowd begin to chant.

CROWD

Lock her up! Lock her up! Lock her up!

Mrs. Angel smiles.

MRS. ANGEL

One thing I know, love wins. As our forerunners said it, "I have decided to stick with love; Hate is too great a burden to bear." I want all of you men to know, despite your hate, insults, or even fear, the heart of a woman is golden and fair. Our innate strength within is rare to come by. We've learned to forgive. Hate, racism, and revenge is a poison that keeps us blind.

Suddenly, the crowd massively begins to chant.

CROWD

Yes, love wins! Yes, love wins!
Yes, love wins!

Jim Crow is shocked and furious.

MISS ANGEL

We only have one enemy in life. The only enemy against our Elixir of life. We only have one enemy in America, and he's neither black, white, or from Africa. We only have one enemy in our race. That's the enemy we must all rise to face. That enemy is YOU. That enemy is us. I don't want to be a president to defeat your enemy. I want to be president because I defeated my enemy. That common enemy against us, "We The People". That common enemy is, I, Me, Myself.

The crowd chants.

CROWD

Angel for America! Angel for America! Angel for America!

MISS ANGEL

I have long made up my mind. To defeat my enemy of any kind, Enemy of hate, cynicism, and revenge. Enemy of phobia, xenophobia, and revenge. You might not love me for my skin color, but I love your race. I love your culture. I love your accent; I love the way you dress. America is a land of variety and diversity. That is what has made us strong. That is what has made us unique. Diversity is our roots, the axis of our core values. Blacks fought in and with the Continental army, George Washington, our father, knows this truth. Blacks, like whites all, sacrificed their lives, For this very purpose, we're standing here today...

CROWD

Win! Win! Win!

MRS. ANGEL

Yes, we will. You have the right to hate me, but I have the right to love you.

Jim Crow can no longer hold in his fury.

JIM CROW

She's terrible... Don't you think? She looks like she can hack the election. F.B.I must watch her and arrest her. She is likely to cause an insurrection.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Black and Asian American march to the White House. All Lives Matter activists, feminists, and journalists are marching peacefully towards the Capitol. They are hollering and drumming. Mr. Tchinda is leading the march.

Several armed law enforcement officers stand guard in front of the White House as the protesters approach.

Mr. Tchinda and the protesters arrive in front of the White House. He climbs to the podium.

MR. TCHINDA

We're not here to contest the law enforcement of our land. We are here to contest the racial waste of lives in our land by law enforcement officers. As said by our predecessor, Martin Luther King, "I am happy to join with you in what will go down in history as the greatest Demonstrations for freedom in history."

The protesting crowd chant:

PROTESTERS

Freedom now Freedom now! Freedom now!

MR. TCHINDA

As Moses went down to Egypt, asking Pharaoh, "let my people go". We're gathered here today to say, no to racism, no to police mutilation. We're gathered here today to say it could be your daughter or son. We're gathered here today to say Black Lives Matter, Asian Lives Matter, All Lives Matter.

PROTESTERS

It could be your son. It could be your daughter. We all love our sons and daughters.

MR. TCHINDA

We're gathered here today to ask the most dreaded question, "Who's next?"

PROTESTERS

(chanting)

Who's next! Who's next! Who's next!

CUT TO:

INT. JIM CROW'S LIVING ROOM - SAME

Jim Crow Crow sits alone watching the telecast of the protest.

Suddenly, Gossip Herald pops up on the TV. "Breaking News" is boldly written in a corner of the TV screen.

GOSSIP HERALD (V.O)
 (through TV)
 Breaking news, Mr. Lynch, Jim
 Crow's political adviser, finally
 dies today of Covid-19. Other
 sources say he died a miser.

Jim Crow Crow is shocked.

BACK TO THE PROTEST GROUND

Mr. Tchinda is still on the podium, passionately addressing
 the protesters.

MR. TCHINDA
 We're gathered here today to say,
 George Floyd's and Mario A.
 Gonzalez's lives mattered. We're
 gathered here today to say,
 Rayshard Brooks' life mattered.
 Daniel Prude's life mattered.
 Breonna Taylor's life mattered.
 Atatiana Jefferson's life mattered.
 Aura Rosser's life mattered.
 Stephon Clark's life mattered.
 Botham Jean' life mattered.
 Philando Castille's life mattered.
 Alton Sterling's life mattered.
 Michelle Cusseaux's life mattered".

The protesters echo...

PROTESTERS
 Their lives mattered! Their lives
 mattered!

Tears roll down Mr. Tchinda's eyes.

MR. TCHINDA
 "Please, I can't breathe! They
 kneel on my neck! I can't breathe,
 officer! My stomach hurts... My
 neck hurts... They are going to
 kill me"!

INT. JIM CROW'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jimmish Crow sits on the couch. She is frantically
 exasperated. Her eyes are so red with fury. Beside her is a
 bottle of ever clear and Golden Grain drink.

A stick of cigarette burns between her finger. Numerous sticks of cigarettes she had already smoked are on the floor.

Jim Crow sits across from his wife. He is watching post-election commentaries on television.

SUPERIMPOSE: AFTER THE ELECTIONS.

Jimmish Crow guzzles a glass of wine, then inhales and exhales cigarette vapor with all her might of vengeance. She clears her throat.

JIMMISH CROW

You've dragged us into deep mud. We are losing our pride that was once admired. Where and how do you solve all of this? I had warned you it would backfire.

Jim Crow sighs with frustration.

JIM CROW

No need to sing for this pity party. We have not lost our pride. Instead, this is the time to dream higher.

Jimmish Crow scoffs.

JIMMISH CROW

Are you aware we just lost our son? Death just snatched him from us so suddenly. We'll never get to see him again.

Jimmish Crow breaks down crying.

JIM CROW

Your son died in a car accident. He was an addict, smoking and drinking. Instead, let's talk of Lynch, my friend, who died like an unfortunate Goldfinch.

JIMMISH CROW

Jim Crow, can you listen to your mouth so fowl? You are so heartless. You want to mourn another person when we should be grieving for our son?

JIM CROW

That's your son, you're just terrific like him.

JIMMISH CROW

You've lost the election, which I warned you about. And our company is now in decline in this Covid recession.

Anger reddens Jim Crow's face.

JIM CROW

The elections were hacked. You know I won. My political opponent won by fraudulent act. I will fight back.

JIMMISH CROW

Jim Crow, don't be silly. Numbers don't tell a lie. Everybody saw ballots were counted well and fair. You clearly lost.

JIM CROW

I'm not giving up, I'll sue her ass. I'm sure some ballots were dropped or skipped. I will contest this fraudulent election.

JIMMISH CROW

Forget about this crazy politics. You were not born a politician, so do not pretend to be one. Our business is going down the drain, things are falling apart.

Gossip Herald shows up on television.

GOSSIP HERALD (V.O)

(through Tv)

Breaking news, Mrs. Angel has been confirmed as America's first female president. This marks a new history in United States diplomacy.

Jim Crow becomes more infuriated.

JIM CROW

Don't listen to the news, that's fake. They are fake. Don't believe the media; they're uncertain.

Jimmish Crow stares pityingly at her husband for a moment.

JIMMISH CROW

Jim, you can't change this. Not all systems can be changed. Only time changes things.

GOSSIP HERALD (V.O)

(through TV)

In another, the husband of the United States president-elect, Mr. Tchinda, has just won a Nobel prize, for literature and non-violence. But he said, it was not a surprise, though the prize, to him is priceless.

JimCrow can no longer control his rage. He jerks up on his feet.

JIM CROW

I am the chosen one. The messiah for this nation.

(to Jimmish)

Have you read the book of Isaiah 45?

JIMMISH CROW

They gave you prophecy, because they were hungry. They gave you prophecy, but your heart was not clean. They gave you prophecy, but you're a racist, and clannish. That's why the prophecy couldn't come true.

JIM CROW

That's blasphemy. There are six things God hates, "Haughty eyes, a lying tongue, hands that shed innocent blood, a heart that devises wicked imaginations...

JIMMISH CROW

Aren't you guilty of everything you have just mentioned? Evil doers will go to hell, consider your dubious ways, and repent of them.

JIM CROW

I wanted to save America from its fall. They needed a savior; they needed me.

JIMMISH CROW

A blind man leading another blind,
How can you manage America as a
nation? Your anger is wrath, a
clear outcome that you will lead
America into more dilemma.

Jim Crow plops down on the couch.

JIM CROW

My wrath is a curse to shithole
specimen with evil scheme. And put
America first to restore our
self-esteem. America has lost a
great leader of hope, and I hope
they will learn how to cope. We
need more laws; we need black code.
America will come crying for
re-election, but I will deny them.

JIMMISH CROW

You're just an Illusionist. If you
keep going this way, then your days
are numbered.

JIM CROW

Well, let's forget about politics.
Let's talk about having another
baby.

Jimmish Crow scoffs, then shakes her head.

JIM CROW CROW CROWMISH CROW

I am filing for a divorce.

Jim Crow's eyes bulge with shock.

JIMMISH CROW (CONT'D)

This marriage has been nothing
short of bitter experiences. I have
endured it for a long time. I am
tired, and I can no longer
continue.

Jim Crow quickly moves over and sits with her. He is clearly
losing his mind.

JIM CROW

Honey, aside from vexation, let's
focus. Have you read my poem on
Archilochus? It's beautiful, just
like an autumn crocus. It even
surpasses Shakespeare's sonnets.

Jimmish Crow sighs sadly.

JIMMISH CROW

From the president, to a prophet to
a poet? You are really losing your
mind.

Jim Crow gets on his feet. He picks up the remote and turns
on a classical song, then turns to his wife.

JIM CROW

Come, baby, let's dance like the
old days. I will always love till
the end of my days!

Jimmish Crow stands up and begins to walk out of the room.
Tears fall from Jim Crow's eyes as she exits the room.

INT. MR. TCHINDA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mr. Tchinda sits on the couch reading an article. He is
dressed in a neatly cut suit.

Mrs. Angel emerges from the bedroom, dazzling in a well cut
suit.

MR. TCHINDA

My president, have you read this
disturbing report?

MRS. ANGEL

What's the report all about?

MR. TCHINDA

The Saint Valentine's Day Killing.
Seven men were shot dead on North
Clark Street, Chicago. It is not so
current, but these racial pains are
eternal. It will take a long time
to heal.

Mrs. Angel looks sad.

MRS. ANGEL

I was devastated by such an
unfavorable past. I had a deep
thought of 1963, Lincoln
Continental, when my president, JF
Kennedy, was assassinated in
Dallas, Texas. May his soul rest in
peace. If we could actually go back
in time to change the occurrence of
these events.

MR. TCHINDA

We certainly can't. He was wasted by hate of which we are all sad about. We have patiently waited, and now we must change from such a life of segregation, to live one dream.

Godlove, Pretty, Pastor Black, Betty come in. They all glow in their outfits.

GODLOVE

Not yet ready for the inauguration? The motorcade is ready and waiting. Your Presidential Limousine, "The Beast", a well-fortified beast, modified Cadillac One. Unique in its make, for your security's bliss. Military-grade armored body against any attack. Five inches thick body, dual harness steel, with aluminum, titanium, to stop anyone, or unforeseen lethal projectiles.

MR. TCHINDA

Impressive. Now is the fear subsided... Racism is a war of misguided ideologies, we must all remain united.

MRS. ANGEL

We should speak of our hope and unity in symbolism. The signs are clear, let's keep being hopeful. The black beast has defeated the white beast of racism.

Betty smiles.

BETTY

We are climbing the gender ladder. I guess this is the dream we all have been waiting for. This is a victory just at its core.

GODLOVE

How time flies, and all things change with surprise. It first began in 1939, with Lincoln K Sunshine Special. But today, we are talking about, Cadillac "The Beast." If you were white

(MORE)

GODLOVE (cont'd)
 yesterday, tomorrow, you might be
 black. All Lives Must Matter!

Pretty turns to Mrs. Angel with a bright smile on her face.

PRETTY
 Any presidential order in mind?

MRS. ANGEL
 Once president, with the "plein
 pouvoir", I will issue twenty
 executive orders to secure
 immigration borders.
 (turns to Mr. Tchinda with a
 smile)
 I will build Tchinda, a pretty
 boudoir.

Mr. Tchinda beams a smile.

PRETTY
 Remember that you have brothers and
 sisters. Remember, the negro is our
 brother.

MRS. ANGEL
 With my executive power and
 authority. All blacks are
 prohibited in the Capitol.

Pretty, Godlove, Pastor Black, Betty, and Tchinda chorus.

P, G, P-B, B, T
 Since they're blacks, they will be
 on a death row. They will be called
 or seen as a foe. They will be sent
 to Abu Ghraib for trial.

MRS. ANGEL
 Prohibit blacks from falling asleep
 in their cars. Since they're blacks
 they will say they are drunk, they
 will illegally search their car
 trunk. They will say they found
 drugs in tons. They will shoot you
 with guns, then be acquitted of
 their crimes. Prohibit blacks from
 using \$20 bills to buy cigarettes.

P, G, P-B, B, T
 Since they're blacks, they will
 knee on their neck for eight

(MORE)

P, G, P-B, B, T (cont'd)
 minutes and forty-six seconds. They
 will say it's police checks. They
 will say they are crime suspects.

MRS. ANGEL
 Prohibit blacks from seating By the
 window in their own house. Prohibit
 blacks from kissing in public or on
 their wedding day.

Pastor Black clears his throat.

PASTOR BLACK
 That will be after our wedding.
 When our broken hearts must have
 been mended.

Mr. Tchinda, Godlove, Pretty and Mrs. Angel are surprised.

MR. TCHINDA
 Wedding?

PASTOR BLACK
 Yes...

BETTY
 ...Yes, we are getting married. We
 are in love and I cannot continue
 pretending.

Pastor Black's face becomes dull with sadness.

PASTOR BLACK
 My wife's death left a void in me,
 I was brokenhearted, and annoyed.
 But, we can't avoid love.

Pastor Black reaches out and holds Betty's hand.

PASTOR BLACK
 I have found to remedy to my
 heartbreak.

Pretty chuckles.

PRETTY
 (to Betty)
 Betty, you want to join the married
 club? You have a lot to learn.
 Especially, how to find your man's
 knob to open his heart.

Pretty ends her talk with a wink. Betty reciprocates with a smile.

BETTY

We must hurry now, it's a special day.

MR. TCHINDA

We're Africans.

MRS. ANGEL

Not we, you are African. As for me, I am an American. I am always on time.

MR. TCHINDA

(chuckles)

On our honeymoon night, weren't you late? I did not eat the pudding as a newly wed. I was no longer in the mood.

Everyone laughs.

MRS. ANGEL

Must you eat pudding on your honeymoon?

BETTY

Well, men are always impatient.

MRS. ANGEL

(pulling Mr. Tchinda's ear)

Betty, preach, let them hear each.

GODLOVE

Women fix eyelashes as long as broomsticks. They dress for hours, looking for what goes along. We men have been putting up all along. Men are too patient.

Gossip Herald pops up on television. Everyone pay attention to the news.

GOSSIP HERALD (V.O)

(through TV)

Breaking news, Crook Crow, son of Jim Crow, finally died after a police chase. He crashed in an attempt to outpace a truck.

PRETTY

Fate is a fair reward for evil
deeds under the sun. He was the son
of the evil man.

GODLOVE

Was he this evil?

PRETTY

More devilish than the devil.

Betty shakes her head sadly.

BETTY

Free alas. No more rape, or narrow
escape.

Pastor Black is shocked.

PASTOR BLACK

Rape?

PRETTY

Yes, he was a rapist. Threat to
employees until the day I brought
him to his knees.

GOSSIP HERALD (V.O)

(through TV)

In similar news, Jim Crow, former
presidential candidate, and Jim
Crow Enterprise LLC business
tycoon, is closing its doors after
filing for bankruptcy. The news
became public this afternoon. He's
also facing several lawsuits from
former workers for rape and
controversy, drug and sex
trafficking, and sexual indecency.

Pretty looks directly at us as:

PRETTY

Evil shall slay the wicked. It
shall come on him like a blanket.
It is a soul that sins that shall
die, for the wages of sin is death.
And the wages of righteousness are
life and health. Until we all die
and face God.

SCREEN TO BLACK.

ROLE CREDITS.