

Fight Night

THE MILLION DOLLAR HEIST

EP. 102

Written by

Shaye Ogbonna

Directed by

Craig Brewer

"ROUND TWO: FIGHT NIGHT"

FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT - 6/20/24

Will Packer Media
Hartbeat



ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. NOT TO BE DUPLICATED WITHOUT PERMISSION. This material is the property of Universal Television LLC and is intended solely for use by its personnel. The sale, copying, reproduction or exploitation of this material, in any form is prohibited. Distribution or disclosure of this material to unauthorized persons is also prohibited.

FIGHT NIGHT

Ep. #102

Final Shooting Script - 06/20/24

CAST LIST

GORDON "CHICKEN MAN" WILLIAMS Kevin Hart
FRANK MOTEN Samuel L. Jackson
DETECTIVE JD HUDSON Don Cheadle
VIVIAN THOMAS Taraji P. Henson
RICHARD "CADILLAC" WHEELER Terrence Howard
ANDRE MUSE Melvin Gregg
ANGELO DUNDEE.....Vincent Pisani
BABY RAY HUMPHREY Jalyn Hall
BUNDINI BROWN.....Tywayne Wheatt
BOONE DAVIS Terrence Terrell
CHARMAINE Brittany Guess
CHIEF HERBERT JENKINS Jayson Warner Smith
COLT HANNEY Alan Heckner
DANIEL SMALLS, ESQ..... Adam Drescher
EMERSON DORSEY Sam Adegoke
FAYE WILLAMS Artrece Johnson
JAVIER "JAVI" LOPEZ Celestino Cornielle
LAMAR Michael James Shaw
LENA MOSLEY Chloe Bailey
MAXINE DOWNES Teresa Nelson
MCKINLEY ROGERS Sinqua Walls
MUHAMMAD ALI Dexter Darden
DETECTIVE BILL MASON Ben VanderMey
ROMEL Jeff Sprauve
SENATOR LEROY JOHNSON RonReaco Lee
SILKY BROWN Atkins Estimond
SULLY THE JANITOR/SULLIVAN COLES Alonzo Ward
TOMMY "TWO HANDS" HAYES Justen Ross
WANDA Leslie Black
WILLIE BLACK Myles Bullock

ADA Jeffery Charles Morgan
ANNOUNCER Brian Troxell
COURT CLERK Kate Brown
GUN STORE CLERK Pierce Lackey
JUDGE SHELDON MERTON Elliot Grey
MAN IN STALL Steven G. Turner
PERSON IN CROWD Zae Diggs
USHER Chris Carlisle

FIGHT NIGHT

Ep. #102

Final Shooting Script - 06/20/24

THE SILVER SKILLET SERVER James Logan
JERRY QUARRY (NS)..... Spencer Mulligan

FIGHT NIGHT

Ep. #102

Final Shooting Script - 06/20/24

SET LIST

INTERIORS:

- COURTROOM
- CHICKEN MAN'S PARTY HOUSE
 - CHICKEN MAN'S CLOSET
 - BASEMENT
 - BATHROOM
 - LIVING ROOM
 - FRONT DOOR
- MUNICIPAL AUDITORIUM
 - LOBBY
 - RING
 - FLOOR
 - UPPER DECK
 - MAIN ARENA
 - RINGSIDE
 - MAIN AISLE
 - CENTER AISLE
 - ALI'S DRESSING ROOM
 - BATHROOM
- SYLVAN HILLS BUNGALOW (SAFEHOUSE)
 - BIG MIKE'S DINER
- UNDERGROUND ATLANTA SWAP MEET
- SYLVAN HILLS NEIGHBORHOOD THE SILVER SKILLET (FKA THE VARSITY)
- GUN STORE
- ANDRE MUSE'S GETAWAY CAR (GOLD TRANS AM)
- MCKINLEY'S WORK TRUCK

EXTERIORS:

- SYLVAN HILLS BUNGALOW (SAFEHOUSE)
- STREET CURB
- STREET NEAR CHICKEN MAN'S PARTY HOUSE
- MCKINLEY'S MOTEL ROOM
- CHICKEN MAN'S PARTY HOUSE FRONT STEPS
- BACKROOM POKER GAME ALLEY
- ANDRE MUSE'S TRALER
- PROJECTS STREET CORNER
- THE SILVER SKILLET
 - LOADING DOCK
- HARDWARE STORE
- CHARMAINE'S HOUSE
- CAR SHOW PARKING LOT
- MUNICIPAL AUDITORIUM ENTRANCE
- ANDRE MUSE'S GETAWAY CAR (GOLD TRANS AM)
- ALLEY
- TBD REMOTE LOCATION
- DOWN THE BLOCK FROM CHICKEN'S PARTY HOUSE
- SOUTH FULTON HIGHWAY
- MCKINLEY'S WORK TRUCK

ACT I

SS1

VARIOUS IMAGES - 1962 - DAY (FB-D1)

SS1

[SS DENOTES SHOOTING SCENE - ADDED IN EDITOR'S CUT]

A PHOTO MONTAGE: JIM CROW, SEGREGATION, JFK, MLK, THE CUBAN MISSILE CRISIS

DISSOLVE TO:

1

INT. COURTROOM - 1962 - DAY (FB1-D1)

1

CLOSE on the front page of the ATLANTA JOURNAL NEWSPAPER. The the headline: *PRESIDENT TO ADDRESS THE NATION ON CUBAN MISSILE CRISIS.*

CHICKEN MAN (O.S.)
Daniel... Daniel... DANIEL.

The paper's swiped away, revealing DANIEL SMALLS, ESQ. (30s, white) very much giving Saul Goodman vibes. He turns to his anxious client GORDON "CHICKEN MAN" WILLIAMS (ten years and about ten pounds ago).

CHICKEN MAN (CONT'D)
How the hell can you read' the paper at a time like this?

DANIEL SMALLS, ESQ.
Well Chickie, last I checked, we're a cunt hair away from nuclear war.

CHICKEN MAN
Oh, come on, man. My goddamn life on the line and you worried about that bullshit?

REVEAL we're in a packed courtroom. A disinterested WHITE PUBLIC DEFENDER stands before the judge with his AFRICAN-AMERICAN CLIENT.

WHITE PUBLIC DEFENDER
Your honor, at this time, my client would like to plead guilty.

A WHITE JUDGE, SHELDON MERTON going through the motions...

JUDGE MERTON
Very well. 90 days. And you will pay a \$120 fine. Next case.

(CONTINUED)

Judge Merton caps off each case by stamping the court docket.
STAMP... STAMP... STAMP... like an ominous funeral march.

Chicken Man and Smalls are seated amongst the DETAINEES,
waiting to be called.

CHICKEN MAN

Now you sure this play's gonna
work?

DANIEL SMALLS, ESQ.

It's fool-proof. Arresting officers
never show up for these things.
Cops hate courthouses. Just follow
my lead, you get six months. Three
with good behavior.

Chicken Man peers over to the gallery, brimming with burned-
out Black families, including a very pregnant FAYE WILLIAMS
(late 20s) and GORDON JR., a precocious toddler.

CHICKEN MAN

Yeah, well. I gotta be out in
three. I can't miss the birth of my
child.

DANIEL SMALLS, ESQ.

You worry too much.

CHICKEN MAN

You just do what you said.

DANIEL SMALLS, ESQ.

You're gonna give yourself an
ulcer, okay. Relax.

JUDGE MERTON

Very well. And you will pay \$120
fine. Next case.

The AFRICAN-AMERICAN client is confused.

COURT CLERK

Williams, Gordon!!!

Go time. CUT TO --

MOMENTS LATER

Chicken Man and Smalls stand before the Judge Merton.

JUDGE MERTON

Racial profiling is a serious
allegation.

(CONTINUED)

1

CHICKEN MAN

I know that, your honor. But it
don't change the fact that it's
true. I can come here an' try and
sell ya a bill of goods and say I
was simply at the wrong place at
the wrong time, but I swore on that
bible and I don't take that likely.
I don't think nobody here does?
Amen?

The gallery crowd on his side, they AMEN.

GALLERY

Amen.

CHICKEN MAN

Now, y'all done try to charge me
with this possession with intent.
Only intent I've ever had was
taking care of my god-dang my
family right over there.

Chicken Man gestures to Faye in the gallery, she waves.

CHICKEN MAN (CONT'D)

I can't say the same about them
white boys that y'all got corralled
with.

DANIEL SMALLS, ESQ.

It's all right there in my brief,
Your Honor. My client was
apprehended by this racist officer,
along with three other white men
with lengthy criminal records. But
Mr. Williams -- a Black, local tax-
paying citizen -- was the only one
charged. Now considering this
state's fraught history with race
relations, seems something ain't
clean in this milk.

Judge Merton raises an eyebrow, considers Small's brief.

JUDGE MERTON

I'm inclined to consider these
allegations. Especially since the
arresting officer didn't bother
showing up to defend himself --

The courtroom doors fly open --

(CONTINUED)

In swaggers JD HUDSON. In full dress blues, looking like an avenging sheriff in a Peckinpah Western...

JUDGE MERTON (CONT'D)
And you are?

JD
JD Hudson -- the arresting officer,
Your Honor. Forgive my tardiness,
we were running nuclear drills at
the precinct.

Judge Merton cuts his eyes at Smalls and Chicken Man --

JUDGE MERTON
(to Smalls)
Is this the racist that you were
referring to?

DANIEL SMALLS, ESQ.
Your Honor -- there's a lot more to
the story --

Judge Merton shuts Smalls up with a raised hand. Trains his scowl on Chicken Man.

JUDGE MERTON
The defendant is sentenced to two
years at Forsythe Labor camp. Now
get this hoodlum out of my
courtroom.

CHICKEN MAN
Hoodlum?! Hold on, now. I'm being
wrongfully arrested!

Chicken Man, stunned, as the COURT OFFICERS close in. Chicken Man trains his ire on JD and marches up to him, irate --

CHICKEN MAN (CONT'D)
You got some nerve! You hear me?

JD
Get yo' hands offa me!

JUDGE MERTON
Order! Order!

CHICKEN MAN
You taking me away from my family!
You goin' to hell!

JD
After you, hoodlum.

(CONTINUED)

The Court Officers slam Chicken Man's head on the table as they cuff him...

Faye, devastated, corrals an inconsolable Gordon Jr, wailing out of confusion. It's a horrific scene that we've seen play out too many damn times...

Judge Merton STAMPS the court docket -- Donny Hathaway's soulful rendition of THE NATIONAL ANTHEM rises on the track...

CREDITS.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.) - PRE-LAP
*Please rise for the national
anthem! Sung by Mr. Donny Hathaway!*

INT. MUNICIPAL AUDITORIUM - RING - NIGHT (N13)

DONNY HATHAWAY -- in the flesh -- belts out the climactic last verse in a ring packed with FIGHT OFFICIALS, DIGNITARIES, and INTERNATIONAL MEDIA -- it feels like the center of the cultural universe, right in the cozy confines of Atlanta's Municipal Auditorium...

On Ali in his zone, shadowboxing, flanked by his long-time cornerman ANGELO DUNDEE, and BUNDINI BROWN.

Amongst the Ali contingent is DETECTIVE JD HUDSON -- our crusading cop from the teaser, saluting as is his custom when hearing the anthem...

SENATOR LEROY JOHNSON -- Atlanta's political wheeler-dealer responsible for booking the fight -- flanks JD.

In our explosive pilot, Johnson tasked JD with guarding Ali during his time in Atlanta -- it's been an eventful experience...

As the anthem continues, we CUT TO:

INT. CHICKEN MAN'S PARTY HOUSE - NIGHT (N13)

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM continues as --

MCKINLEY RODGERS barrels in, shotgun first, and knocks down the party house BODYGUARD

BLACK FOLKS scamper in every direction as MASKED GUNMEN swarm the party house, moving from room to room.

(CONTINUED)

MCKINLEY ROGERS
Everybody get on the fucking
ground! Get on the ground!

Snatching up anyone and everyone they find --

MASKED ROBBER
Everybody get the fuck down!

A sister snortin' a line in the closet. A poor brother on the toilet. Even our sexpot thief MAXINE DOWNES ain't safe -- she's greeted with a shotgun while rollin' a joint...

As frazzled partygoers are herded into the living room, we find VIVIAN THOMAS -- Chicken Man's business partner/lover -- doing her best to stay calm, taking in the harrowing scene...

SPLIT/SCREEN:

- Donny Hathaway continues to sing the National Anthem.

- The Robbers are like a well-oiled machine: A BURLY ROBBER ties up a couple of BOUNCERS... three other ROBBERS begin to relieve people of their valuables...

Another ROBBER crosses to an AM RADIO, broadcasting the Ali/Quarry fight...

3A

INT. MUNICIPAL AUDITORIUM - UPPER DECK - SAME (N13)

3A

Chicken Man -- looking like the Ebony Man in his snakeskin tuxedo jacket -- watching from the nosebleed seats. Feeling like a million bucks, he's ready for a night that will change his life...

Then, he spots SILKY leaning down to FRANK MOTEN and speaking in his ear. Evidently, bad news.

Frank glares up at Silky, furious, has a few choice words, sends him on his way.

Chicken Man considers this exchange, decides he better go find Silky.

CUT TO:

3C **EXT. MUNICIPAL AUDITORIUM - NIGHT (N13)**

3C

Just outside the arena -- the crowd of Ali fans and haters has swollen significantly. Tensions rise. Scuffles start to break out...

CUT TO:

3D **INT. MUNICIPAL AUDITORIUM - RING - NIGHT (N13)**

3D

And we're back in the ring, as Donny brings it home, and the crowd comes alive.

SPLIT/SCREEN:

- ALI shadowboxes in the ring
- Chicken Man settles in for the fight
- JD scans the horizon, hand on his heart

SS2 **INT. CHICKEN MAN'S PARTY HOUSE BASEMENT - NIGHT (N13)**

SS2

The robbers barrel down into the basement, guns a-blazing. We find MAXINE, in the midst of the madness. The robbers force her behind the gambling tables.

3D **INT. MUNICIPAL AUDITORIUM - RING - NIGHT (N13)**

3D

And we're back in the ring.

ANNOUNCER

And now for the main event.
Introducing: from Bellflower,
California, he's wearing blue
trunks. He weighs 197 pounds...

SENATOR LEROY JOHNSON -- Atlanta's political wheeler-dealer responsible for booking the fight, approaches JD --

SENATOR JOHNSON

Congratulations, Detective. You got
him to the ring.

JD

Yep. Well, I hope you remember that
when the proper time comes.

SENATOR JOHNSON

Look at you, gettin' political. I'm
proud. But it ain't over yet.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SENATOR JOHNSON (CONT'D)

They say it's gettin' unwieldy
outside. I'm going to my seat.

As JD scans for threats as the announcer introduces --

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

He weighs 213 and-a-half. The
return of the champion: Muhammad
Ali!

5 **INT. CHICKEN MAN'S PARTY HOUSE - NIGHT (N13)**

5

Things have calmed down. The Robbers lord over the party
guests who have been herded into the living room. Vivian and
Maxine look on, as one of the Robbers holds court --

LEAD ROBBER/MCKINLEY ROGERS

Now I'm sorry y'all had to go
through that. But I assure you we
ain't here to hurt nobody. We just
here for the money.

VIVIAN

Do you see any money here? This
just a house party!

LEAD ROBBER/MCKINLEY ROGERS

Just a house party?

The Robber flaunts one of Chicken Man's gaudy, DIAMOND-
ENCRUSTED INVITATIONS.

LEAD ROBBER/MCKINLEY ROGERS (CONT'D)

Well that's a lot of diamonds for a
simple house party. In fact -- it's
a flashing "rob me" sign. A'int
that right, Vivian?

Vivian's blindsided. How does this guy know her name?

VIVIAN

(plays dumb)

You must have me confused wit'
somebody else.

On the Robber, his nice demeanor fading --

LEAD ROBBER/MCKINLEY ROGERS

Vivian Thomas. Down Woman of Gordon
"Chicken Man" Williams, proprietor
of this house, small-time
numbersman-turned-party host. That
ring a bell?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

5

LEAD ROBBER/MCKINLEY ROGERS (CONT'D)

Now I suggest you stop fuckin' wit
me, 'cuz I ain't as dumb as I look,
and these here guns, they do work.

ON Vivian, realizing this is anything but random.

LEAD ROBBER/MCKINLEY ROGERS (CONT'D)

Now for the rest of the night y'all
got one job: to make this here look
like the foxiest party all year!
Y'all hear me? I said y'all hear
me?

MAXINE

Man, what kind of fucking clown
operation is this?

LEAD ROBBER/MCKINLEY ROGERS

Fuck you say?

MAXINE

How in the fuck we 'posed to act
like we partyin'?

LEAD ROBBER/MCKINLEY ROGERS

An' yo' name is, suga?

MAXINE

Nigga, don't act like --

Vivian shoots Maxine a look that says: *calm down*.

LEAD ROBBER/MCKINLEY ROGERS

(chuckles, then)

You a sharp one, ain't ya, Maxine?

The Lead Robber grabs Maxine up, in one fell swoop.

LEAD ROBBER/MCKINLEY ROGERS (CONT'D)

We gone get fuckin' radio working.
Then I want a guy and a girl
shakin' what they mama gave 'em
like they life depends on it, 'cuz
tonight it does. That good enough
for you?

(to Maxine)

Now sit yo' ass down!

The Leader Robber SHOVES Maxine to the ground.

LEAD ROBBER/MCKINLEY ROGERS (CONT'D)

Now if any y'all get sick or feel
tired, let my colleague over here
know --

(CONTINUED)

The Lead Robber points to his BURLY PARTNER.

LEAD ROBBER/MCKINLEY ROGERS (CONT'D)
And we will swap ya out
accordingly...

The Lead Robber crouches in front of Maxine, speaks sweetly again --

LEAD ROBBER/MCKINLEY ROGERS (CONT'D)
Now, Vivian, Maxine -- hey. What's
your name, darlin --

LENA
Lena.

On LENA MOSLEY (20s), one of the casino girls (we'll get to know her better real soon.)

LEAD ROBBER/MCKINLEY ROGERS
Lena -- y'all gonna be acting as
our distinguished hosts. Y'all gone
be at the door greetin' every
swingin' dick that walks through.
Are we clear.

Vivian and Lena nod, confirming. Maxine holds firm.

MAXINE
How long we 'posed to do this?

LEAD ROBBER/MCKINLEY ROGERS
As long as it takes.

The Lead Robber kneels, getting in Maxine's face.

LEAD ROBBER/MCKINLEY ROGERS (CONT'D)
We not gone have a problem tonight,
are we?

VIVIAN
No. No, not from us.

LEAD ROBBER/MCKINLEY ROGERS
That's what I like to hear. Now
everybody, rest up. It's gone be a
long night.

As we PUSH IN on the Lead Robber, his deep brown eyes filling the frame, we FADE TO BLACK.

BLACK

SUPER: ONE MONTH BEFORE FIGHT

(CONTINUED)

Sam Cooke's TROUBLE BLUES plays as we FADE UP TO:

EXT. SYLVAN HILLS NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY (D2)

A residential street lined with PICKET FENCES, RETAINING WALLS, and CENTURY-OLD CRAFTSMANS. BLACK CHILDREN play in the street, while an OLD COUPLE monitors from their porch. We zero in on a modest BUNGALOW under renovation.

INT. SYLVAN HILLS BUNGALOW (SAFE HOUSE) - DAY (D2)

Freelance house painter MCKINLEY ROGERS (30s) finishes up a long workday. CLOSE ON his familiar deep, brown eyes as he slathers a top coat on the wall.

EXT. SYLVAN HILLS BUNGALOW (SAFE HOUSE) - DAY (D2)

McKinley loads up his shitty WORK TRUCK, another day's work in the books. He watches the kids play with a tinge of melancholy. He waves goodbye to the old couple, takes off.

INT. BIG MIKE'S DINER - NIGHT (N2)

A neighborhood cafeteria pops with the dinner rush. McKinley shuffles along with his tray. A gum-chewing WORKER slops an over-cooked Salisbury steak on his plate.

MOMENTS LATER. McKinley dines alone in a back corner table, digging into his parched hunk of meat. Off this --

INT. MCKINLEY'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT (N2)

McKinley, alone in his dingy room, gets a beer out of the mini-fridge. He takes a sip, sits, starts doing curls with a dumbbell. Faraway look on his face.

A light KNOCK at the window. McKinley moves closer. Through the blinds, he sees EMERSON DORSEY (the intimidating hustler from Ep. 101 who lost the Frank Moten party to Chicken Man)...

EMERSON
You gone invite me in?

MCKINLEY
What's in the bag?

Emerson holds up a bottle of dark liquor --

(CONTINUED)

EMERSON
Negro communion.

MOMENTS LATER

REVEAL the now half-empty bottle on McKinley's lopsided table as the fellas cackle and reminisce. Emerson settles, gets serious.

EMERSON (CONT'D)
If it weren't for you, I'da come home in a box. You saved my ass more times than I care to mention.

MCKINLEY
Just doin' my job, soldier.

EMERSON
Fuck that. You wasn't like the rest of us. Scared out of our minds. Shittin' water, pissin' blood.

McKinley finishes his drink, pours another.

EMERSON (CONT'D)
How's your lil' girl?

McKinley beams, pulls out his wallet, a tiny photo of a CUTE LITTLE GIRL with big cheeks and pigtails.

MCKINLEY
She be nine on her next birthday.

EMERSON
Nine! Damn. Please tell me you ain't brought that child in here.

MCKINLEY
Charmaine would never allow that.
(drinks, then --)
She remarried. Got a nice house in Greenbriar.

Emerson eyes the paint stains on McKinley's coarse hands, takes in this humble abode. Water DRIPS from the leaky roof onto the table. Emerson slides the astray over to catch it.

EMERSON
What you doin' for work these days?

MCKINLEY
I'mma solid citizen now.

(CONTINUED)

EMERSON

I can see that's working out well.
(beat)
I got a line on something if you
looking for some extra bread.

McKinley knows where this is headed, shuts it down.

MCKINLEY

I got an early day tomorrow.

Emerson takes this as his cue. Gets to his feet.

EMERSON

Good to see ya, Mac. Let's do this
again 'fore I head back to the Big
Apple.

The war buddies give each other a pound and a hug. As
Emerson heads out --

EMERSON (CONT'D)

(turns, remembering)
Damn. I'm the asshole that forgot
to tell ya how much the job pays.

MCKINLEY

Dorsey, I done told ya --

EMERSON

I know -- you a solid citizen now.

With that Emerson walks out.

10A

EXT. MCKINLEY'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT (N2)

10A

McKinley steps out onto the second-floor landing, watching
Emerson swagger down the steps.

MCKINLEY

How much?

EMERSON

(without breaking stride)
Twenty K.

On McKinley, losing the battle with the curiosity building in
his gut...

MCKINLEY

Who we robbin'?

Off Emerson, flashing a drunk smile, we CUT TO:

11

INT. MUNICIPAL AUDITORIUM - LOBBY - NIGHT (N13)

11

Chicken Man grabs a pack of sicks. SULLY (50s), the number-playing janitor from the statehouse scene in Ep. 101, rushes up, flaunting a NUMBERS TICKET.

SULLY THE JANITOR

Aye, Chicken -- I hit the number!!!

CHICKEN MAN

Get outta here!

SULLY THE JANITOR

\$250 smackaroos!

CHICKEN MAN

Okay, this is what I want you to do. I want you to come by the house in a couple days. Imma have Vivian settle up witcha.

SULLY THE JANITOR

A few days? How come I can't get my money now?

CHICKEN MAN

'Cuz we at the fight, Sully.

SULLY THE JANITOR

But -- Chicken!

CHICKEN MAN

I got you! A couple of days!

SULLY THE JANITOR

I be there!

Sully walks off as Chicken Man runs into Silky.

CHICKEN MAN

Big night, tonight. Huh?

Silky rolls his eyes, clearly perturbed.

SILKY BROWN

Yeah.

CHICKEN MAN

Hey, man. When ya gonna get some face time with Frank, Silky?

SILKY BROWN

The Black Godfather a'int got time for yo' country jive.

(CONTINUED)

CHICKEN MAN

Okay, bet he'll have time for me when I when I sit all that fine country ass in his lap. Here's what I'm thinkin -- I's thinking maybe I I go and ride over to the party wit' him. That way I get some face time. One-on-one. Talk to him about our future. Strategize, ya know?

SILKY BROWN

Man, Frank ain't comin'.

On Chicken Man, blindsided.

CHICKEN MAN

Whatcha mean Frank a'int coming? Hold on now.

SILKY BROWN

He in a mood. A bad mood. Had a land deal fall thru on the West Side he was workin'. These pencil-pushin' mother-fuckers at the Statehouse just blocked him from buying property. Something about some bullshit in the Zoning and Development Department.

CHICKEN MAN

Zonin' and Development?

SILKY BROWN

Yeah.

CHICKEN MAN

Hold on now. Now, wait that's my way in. What if I could help him this land thang. Maybe go talk to the right people, make the right moves. Me and you come out smellin' like roses.

SILKY BROWN

Man, it's above my pay-grade.

CHICKEN MAN

Well, Silky. Do this then. Get him to the party. Lemme talk. Lemme handle it.

Silky Brown cuts him off -- heated.

(CONTINUED)

SILKY BROWN
Man! STOP!

CHICKEN MAN
Whatchu talkin' about?

SILKY BROWN
Man, can't you see this? You a'int
got shit nobody wants, alright?
A'int no pitch. A'int no party.
A'int no future. Frank's out. DAMN!

Silky Brown moves on. Off Chicken Man, stunned, everything
he's worked for gone in an instant...

END OF ACT I

ACT II12 INT. MUNICIPAL AUDITORIUM - RING - NIGHT (N13)

12

CHYRON: ROUND 1

DING! Ali and JERRY QUARRY touch gloves, the fight gets underway. Ali bops around the ring, his balletic footwork on full display.

Off Ali, Ever the showman, flashing his iconic smile to the FIVE THOUSAND souls in attendance...

13 INT. MUNICIPAL AUDITORIUM - FLOOR - NIGHT (N13)

13

We move over the mostly WHITE FLOOR CROWD, with a few BLACK CELEBRITIES and DIGNITARIES sprinkled in, including CHIEF JENKINS seated with SENATOR LEROY JOHNSON, our Black power-broker state legislator from the pilot episode...

We land on FRANK MOTEN, who we also met in 101, taking in the action from his second-row seat.

Flanking Frank: his main muscle LAMAR, New Jersey gangster RICHARD "CADILLAC" WHEELER, and SILKY BROWN -- relegated to an aisle seat -- where he has to crane to see the fight. Human telephone pole WILT CHAMBERLAIN, in front of him, OFF THIS.

We PUSH IN on JD patrolling near the ring. He locks in on his guys: ROMEL, COLT, and PAUL -- posted at various points in the arena.

DETECTIVE MASON approaches JD --

[From Sc. 41A]

DETECTIVE MASON

I see you got Colt and Romel on
your shitty detail. Why didn't you
ask me to be part of the team,
Detective?

JD

Whatchu want, Mason?

OFFICER MASON

Maybe I should ask your social
worker wife to speak on my behalf.

(CONTINUED)

JD
You like to beat on people, huh?
Kids, women too, probably. You ever
try it with a grown man... who
wasn't wearin' handcuffs?

Mason stares daggers into JD. JD stares back.

JD (CONT'D)
You want to?

OFFICER MASON
Enjoy the fight, Detective.

JD
Thank you. You too.
(mutters)
Piece of shit.

We WHIP back to the --

13A **INT. MUNICIPAL AUDITORIUM - RING - NIGHT (N13)**

13A

As Ali dances with Quarry, he clocks JD, ringside, pointing to a COMMOTION the balcony. A WHITE MAN and an AFRICAN-AMERICAN MAN scuffle. JD spots it.

Ali reflexively looks in that direction, and is blindsided by a vicious hook from Quarry.

JD (INTO WALKIE TALKIE)
Paul! Colt! Break that up! Get in there!

The crowd GROANS. Ali retreats to the ropes, protecting his chin as Quarry pummels him with kidney shots.

15 **EXT. STREET CURB - DAY (D7)**

15

SUPER: TWO WEEKS BEFORE THE FIGHT.

CLOSE on Chicken Man's DIAMOND-ENCRUSTED PARTY INVITATION.

McKinley and Emerson posted up in McKinley's WORK TRUCK. Nursing a bear of a hangover, McKinley guzzles coffee as he studies the gaudy invite.

MCKINLEY
How you come upon this?

(CONTINUED)

EMERSON

Found 'em circulating in the city.
Can't knock his hustle.

MCKINLEY

(scans the street)
Your man's late.

EMERSON

Willie Black'll be here.

MCKINLEY

How long you known this kat?

EMERSON

Long enough. He a character, but
dependable.

MCKINLEY

Well, if he ain't here by the time
I finish this here cup a' joe, I'm
out.

McKinley sips his coffee, then --

MCKINLEY (CONT'D)

Hey -- What ain't you tellin' me,
soldier?

EMERSON DORSEY

'Bout what?

MCKINLEY

'Bout this job. Like who's
bankrollin' it up in New York? An
why you farmin' this out, stead of
doin' it y'all's selves.

EMERSON DORSEY

We just hittin' a lick on some pimp
tryin' to cash in on the fight. You
always was overthinkin' shit --

BOOM-BOOM-BOOM. Sounds like a body hitting the car roof.
McKinley splashes himself. Emerson reflexively reaches for
his gun.

EMERSON DORSEY (CONT'D)

Fuck, man!

WILLIE BLACK (20s) an alluring package of charismatic menace
cackles outside the car.

(CONTINUED)

15

WILLIE BLACK

You niggas almost pissed yo'self,
didn't you?

Emerson groans, holsters his gun. McKinley seethes. As
Willie Black slides into the back seat --

EMERSON

Willie Black, this is Mac. Mac.
Willie Black.

WILLIE BLACK

Mac, huh? Yo' a'int love you? She
named you after a hamburger stand?

McKinley glares.

EMERSON

Get yo' simple ass in this van.
This is gonna be fun.

WILLIE BLACK

Smell like chitlins' in this
muthafucka.

17

EXT. CHICKEN MAN'S PARTY HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER - DAY (D7)

17

This is the same scene from the pilot, except we're in
McKinley's POV as he shuffles up the front lawn with Willie
Black. Dressed in painter's coveralls, both attempt to blend
in with the other workers.

As they approach the front door, Vivian cuts them off --

VIVIAN

Uh -- hello. Where y'all going?

MCKINLEY

We the painters, ma'am. We just
came to drop off.

VIVIAN

(scrutinizes them, then:)
Keep that shit in the basement.

MCKINLEY

Yes, ma'am.

WILLIE BLACK

Thanks, Mama.

Willie leers a bit too long. It's unnerving.

(CONTINUED)

17

VIVIAN
I ain't yo' mama, jack.

McKinley nudges Willie Black inside --

18

INT. CHICKEN MAN'S PARTY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS - DAY (D7)

18

As soon as the guys clear Vivian, Willie squares up on McKinley.

MCKINLEY
Bit of advice when you casing a
joint? Best idea not to be noticed.

WILLIE BLACK
Thanks, pops. But don't you ever
put yo' fuckin' hands on me again.

Willie Black brushes past McKinley, heading in. OFF McKinley,
already over this negro...

SERIES - THE GUYS CASE THE PLACE

McKinley moves through, exploring every nook and cranny.
Taking mental note of every window, closet, and potential
entry and exit point.

20

INT. CHICKEN MAN'S PARTY HOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY (D7)

20

McKinley trails a ROULETTE TABLE GUY down a hallway,
approaching a door that opens up to a creaky set of stairs.
McKinley enters, getting his first eyes on the cavernous,
concrete-encased space.

The place hums with activity as WORKERS refurbish the former
epicenter of Chicken Man's numbers operation to a veritable
casino floor.

On McKinley, taking it all in, nodding to himself, intrigued
at the possibilities...

He spins the roulette wheel. It lands on the unlucky number
13 slot.

SS3

EXT. CHICKEN'S PARTY HOUSE - FLASHBACK - DAY (FB-D7)

SS3

FLASHBACK to Ep. 101, Scene 49.

Chicken Man walks over to his busybody neighbor, MRS. JENKINS
(60s).

(CONTINUED)

CHICKEN MAN
Hey, Mrs. Jenkins, look. It's just
a little commotion -- we just doin'
a little spring cleanin' over here.
That's all.

MRS. JENKINS
It's October, nigga.

19 **INT. CHICKEN MAN'S PARTY HOUSE - BATHROOM/HALLWAY/CHICKEN** 19
MAN'S CLOSET - DAY (D7)

From inside the party house, we hear the muffled
confrontation of Mrs. Jenkins and Chicken Man.

Meanwhile, Willie Black continues to rifle through the party
house bathroom, hallway and --

Willie Black rifles through Chicken Man's eclectic wardrobe,
impressed at the fashionable collection. He goes to try on
one of Chicken Man's coats, but can't get it over his
shoulders.

As Willie Black returns the coat to the rack, he clocks
Chicken Man's safe in the back of the closet. Flashes an evil
grin like he's discovered buried treasure.

WILLIE BLACK
How you doin', baby?

SS4 **INT. CHICKEN MAN'S PARTY HOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY (D7)** SS4

McKinley tries to blend in amongst the basement workers while
Willie Black leers at a numbers girl in a green dress.

WILLIE BLACK
Hello, green.

They leave supplies and walk up the stairs. They exit to --

21A **EXT. STREET NEAR CHICKEN'S PARTY HOUSE/INT. MCKINLEY'S VAN -**
DAY (D7)

Now we're in the POV of McKinley and Willie. They cross to
McKinley's work van and glance back at the house. They hop
in.

WILLIE BLACK
That shit's open, E. Its wide
fuckin' open.

(CONTINUED)

EMERSON

What about you, Mac?

MCKINLEY

It's risky. Lot of nooks and
crannies. Not to mention we don't
know shit idea about security. A
lot of unknown variables.

WILLIE BLACK

Can we ditch this hick muthafucka
and get some real niggas down here.

EMERSON

Nigga, for once in your life will
you shut the fuck up?

(to McKinley)

Okay, soldier. Enough fuckin'
around. Are you in or you out?

McKinley's thinks, then --

MCKINLEY

It's crazy, but doable.

EMERSON

So?

MCKINLEY

We gone need about five other
motherfuckers just as crazy.

McKinley's in. Emerson buoyed. Willie Black frowns. Off
McKinley, as he fires up the engine, we FADE OUT.

ACT III

22

EXT. BACKROOM POKER GAME ALLEY - NIGHT (N7)

22

PUSH IN on a steel door as it bursts open -- TWO MEN come flying out, crashing into the piss-stained alley. BOONE DAVIS (30s a lovable brute) emerges, dusting himself off.

BOONE DAVIS
Y'all mu'fuckas get home safe, ya hear?

As Boone turns to go back in --

MCKINLEY (O.S)
You still benching 250?

Boone stops short, grins.

BOONE DAVIS
I'm up to 325 now, muthafucka.

MCKINLEY
325, my ass.

McKinley emerges from the shadows. The men greet each other with a hug. Meet Boone Davis. Our muscle.

BOONE DAVIS
What's up, brotha?

MCKINLEY
What's up, man.

23

EXT. ANDRE MUSE'S TRAILER - DAY (D8)

23

A dusty-ass DOUBLE WIDE TRAILER in the South Atlanta woods. We hear the sounds of raucous sex inside.

McKinley perched on the stoop, puffing on a Cool Breeze. Willie Black checks out the GOLD MUSCLE CAR SEDAN in the driveway.

The SEX SOUNDS persist as McKinley checks his watch. He and Willie Black exchange glances, both impressed.

Orgasmic SCREAMS fill the air. Then cease.

WILLIE BLACK
Brotha's got stamina.

(CONTINUED)

MCKINLEY
Always has.

WILLIE BLACK
High-spirited.

The door finally opens, WANDA (20s, big, sexy) comes out, disheveled and satisfied.

ANDRE MUSE (20s, too handsome for his own good) emerges behind her.

ANDRE MUSE
What y'all want?

MCKINLEY
Lookin' for a wheelman.

Willie Black leers at Wanda as she slides into her car.

Off Andre, intrigued...

EXT. PROJECTS STREET CORNER - DAY (D8)

ANGLE ON a small drug operation running like clockwork.
CORNER BOYS serve the local fiends. BABY RAY (18 but looks 13), acts as a lookout from a nearby stoop.

SPLIT/SCREEN: McKinley and Willie Black watch from McKinley's truck as BABY RAY does his thing.

WILLIE BLACK
That little muthafucka look young as fuck. My twelve-year-old cousin got more hair on his chest than this lil' nigga. How you know this muthafucka, man?

MCKINLEY
I know his mama from high school.

WILLIE BLACK
That yo' baby? Don't tell me you're the pappy.

SPLIT/SCREEN: Baby Ray whistles out a signal. The corner boys heed it -- turning down an eager-looking BLACK CUSTOMER, who pulls a badge and a gun. He's an undercover cop! His WHITE PARTNER, posing as a junkie pulls his badges too --

WILLIE BLACK (CONT'D)
Nice move.

(CONTINUED)

MCKINLEY

Lil' Ray could spot the fuzz from
the moon.

The young hustlers scatter -- it's every man for himself as the Black Cop and his White Partner give chase. The Black Cop snags a DOPEBOY TEEN, shoving him against the fence. Baby Ray, calm as a cucumber, watches from his stoop. McKinley smirks, impressed.

INT. UNDERGROUND ATLANTA SWAP MEET - DAY (D8)

Welcome to Underground Atlanta -- a subterranean market/entertainment hub. TOMMY "TWO HANDS" HAYES (22), a not-so-amateur pick-pocket, slinks through the weekend crowd.

He spots a half-open purse, hanging off a woman's shoulder and moves in to his next victim.

As Tommy checks his haul, he's cut off by McKinley and Willie Black.

MCKINLEY

What's shakin', youngblood?

TOMMY

What's good, Mac. Just working.
Who's this ashy nigga wit you? Mean
muggin' --

Bad move. Willie Black snatches up Tommy.

McKinley steps in, peels Willie Black off Tommy.

MCKINLEY

Relax, okay. Relax.

WILLIE BLACK

What the fuck we even need this lil
orphan lookin' muthafucka for?

MCKINLEY

(to Tommy)

Give it back.

TOMMY

Give what back? I a'int take
nothin' from this nigga.

MCKINLEY

Now. Give it back. Now.

Tommy sighs, then hands Willie Black back his wallet.

(CONTINUED)

WILLIE BLACK
(flabbergasted)
What the fuck? Muthaf-- nigga. you
tryin' to see Jesus?

TOMMY
I'm sorry, man. As a peace
offerin', how about this --

Off Willie Black, incredulous --

SS5 **EXT. THE SILVER SKILLET - NIGHT (N8)** SS5

Establishing of THE SILVER SKILLET

26 **INT. THE SILVER SKILLET - NIGHT (N8)** 26

A local greasy spoon. FIND McKinley in a corner booth with
Willie Black.

WILLIE BLACK
We should knock this spot over too.

MCKINLEY
No we shouldn't.

WILLIE BLACK
Cash business. Security that's been
here since Jesus was born. Shit, do
this place a favor if we robbed it.

MCKINLEY
How long you been runnin' with
Emerson?

WILLIE BLACK
I don't run with nobody. I'm what
they call a free agent.

MCKINLEY
Then how you get brought into this
score?

WILLIE BLACK
Why you asking so many damn
questions. You 60 Minutes, or
somethin'?

MCKINLEY
Nigga, I like makin' conversation,
brotha.

(CONTINUED)

WILLIE BLACK
Make something else.

The moment is interrupted by LENA, the finest waitress in here by a country mile. We recognize her as the party worker who 'questioned' McKinley in ACT ONE.

She fixes McKinley with a glare that could cut steel.

LENA
What you want, Mac?

MCKINLEY
(smooth)
Two minutes. All I need.

Lena smirks.

LENA
I wouldn't brag about that.

Willie Black chuckles, smitten.

LENA (CONT'D)
Anyway. Unless you ordering, we done.

MCKINLEY
Okay, we'll get out of your hair.

LENA
Okay.

SPLIT/SCREEN: McKinley eyes Lena as Lena pushes back.

LENA (CONT'D)
Okay, what a'int you tellin' me?

EXT. THE SILVER SKILLET - LOADING DOCK - NIGHT (N8)

Lena smokes. Trains her scowl on Tommy, who's now joined the party as McKinley makes his pitch...

MCKINLEY
The job's pretty clean. An inside woman puts us over the top.

LENA
Just get some broad off the street.

MCKINLEY
Come, on. This ain't a "some broad off the street" kinda gig.

(CONTINUED)

Willie Black pushes up on Lena.

WILLIE BLACK

An' you certainly ain't that, baby.

LENA

Hello.

WILLIE BLACK

My name Willie Black. I put this
shit here together. Listen here.
When you get off, maybe you and me
should discuss some things. Talk
about money?

LENA

Yeah?

WILLIE BLACK

You look like you like money. I got
that money, baby. We can do that
shit together.

Willie Black gets a little too close. Big mistake. In one
swift move, Lena has a HAIR PIN/RAZOR BLADE to Willie Black's
throat.

LENA

Put your greasy hands on me again,
you gone get the business end of my
blade. We clear, bitch?

WILLIE BLACK

(smiles, unfazed)
Crystal, baby?

Lena coolly slides the weapon back in her hair. Then drops her
cigarette, stamping it out.

LENA

No thank you.

TOMMY

Yeah, ashy ass nigga!

LENA

(gesturing to Tommy)
He out too.

TOMMY

Naw' Lena! You on't speak for me.
I'm grown!

(CONTINUED)

LENA

Excuse me?!

TOMMY

(to McKinley)

Told ya' she wouldn't go for it.
Now she finna tell my mamma!

Tommy stalks away like a spoiled child.

LENA

You damn right. I'm callin' auntie
on my next break!

TOMMY

Yeah, you been a snitch!

Lena curses under her breath. Glares at McKinley.

LENA

You know he even go inside. He been
caught stealin' so much they got
his picture plastered up on the
back wall. You know how
embarrassin' that is? At my place
of work?

MCKINLEY

I know. But alright, look. Tommy
ain't a boy anymore. This way, we
can keep eyes on him. Keep him with
us and stop him snatchin' wallets
anymore. Make him some real money.
(to Tommy)
Right?

TOMMY

Right!

SILVER SKILLET SERVER (O.S.)

Hey, Lena. Jackson is on the war
path. He threatenin' to dock yo'
pay again.ANGLE ON Lena's greasy-looking COWORKER, craning out the back
door.

LENA

I'm taking my break.

SILVER SKILLET SERVER

Lena, I don't make the schedule.
You gotta take it up with Jackson.

(CONTINUED)

LENA
You talk to Jackson!

SILVER SKILLET SERVER
Goddamn!

The Server clocks McKinley and Willie Black, then goes back inside.

Lena considers McKinley. He was her first crush. Kiss. Everything but...

LENA
What time's the meetin'?

Off this --

28 **INT. BIG MIKE'S DINER - DAY (D9)**

28

Our newly-formed crew, squeezed at a back booth. McKinley maps out the robbery plan on the table, he draws CRUDELY DRAWN MAP IN THE SALT --

MCKINLEY
Now, the street dead ends into a cul-de-sac, so there's only one way in and one way out.

LENA
We gone need a set up on that back street.

MCKINLEY
Exactly. Andre -- that's where you come in.
(draws lines)
You gonna be posted here with the walkies actin' as our eyes and ears. So if you see anything go south, Imma need you to hop on that radio and be ready to drive like Richard Petty and them --

ANDRE MUSE
That cracker can't hold a candle to me, jack.

(CONTINUED)

WILLIE BLACK

Speaking of crackers, how this high-yella muthafucka gettin' the same cut as of he gonna be sittin' in the car flickin' his dick while the rest of us be doin' the heavy liftin'.

MCKINLEY

E'ryone gets an equal share.

WILLIE BLACK

Says the fuck who?

MCKINLEY

Says the mu'fucka puttin' this crew together. Now if you don't like it, you can take yo' ass outside. And we can all go our separate ways.

Willie Black backs off. For now.

MCKINLEY (CONT'D)

Boone, you and I gonna be on the front door. Willie Black, Tommy and Baby Ray, y'all gonna be working the basement with the hostages.

BABY RAY

Hostages? Ain't nobody say nothin' 'bout no hostages.

BOONE DAVIS

Lettin' people leave not exactly the brightest idea, kid.

WILLIE BLACK

Big Ass Isaac Hayes took the words right outta my mouth.

BOONE DAVIS

Aye. Get yo' boy in line before I make him go outside and pick a switch.

MCKINLEY

Now, we gone be there for a while, everybody. Partygoers go in through the front door, they get a front-row seat to the gun show. We shuttles em' to the basement and hold them til midnight.

(CONTINUED)

BABY RAY

If this party as live as you say
it's gone be, how we gone fit all
those people in the basement?

MCKINLEY

'Cuz it's a big-ass basement.

WILLIE BLACK

Bigger than a muthafucka.

MCKINLEY

The cut's Twenty K each. More money
than we all pull in a year.

And with that, McKinley's got everyone's full attention.

LENA

Damn.

MCKINLEY

So, we in?

EXT. CHARMAINE'S HOUSE - DAY (D9)

McKinley, looking halfway decent in a shirt and tie, stands in front of a DUPLEX in Greenbriar, a coveted location for Atlanta's budding Black middle class.

McKinley dusts off a thrift store TEDDY BEAR before knocking on the door.

After a moment, the door opens, revealing McKinley's ex -- CHARMAINE (30's), a no-nonsense sister who's fool-suffering days are long behind her.

MCKINLEY

Afternoon, Charmaine. How you doin'?

CHARMAINE

I expressly remember telling you
about showin' up here unannounced.

MCKINLEY

I know, I know. I got this for
Shelly, figured I'd come drop it
off. I was in the neighborhood.

Charmaine cringes at the half-soiled stuffed animal.

(CONTINUED)

CHARMAINE

She playin' at a friend's house.
I'll take it.

MCKINLEY

Well, can't call over there? Tell
'em her her daddy's here -- got a
present for her?

CHARMAINE

No, Mac. I'm not disrupting her day
for some paint-stained dime-store
teddy bear. This is why I told you
to call first.

MCKINLEY

Now, look. I got a right to see my
daughter, Charmaine.

CHARMAINE

Well, you can take that up with the
judge. I'm sure he'll have a good
laugh when he see yo' record.

McKinley lingers, defiant.

CHARMAINE (CONT'D)

Joe gone be home any minute.

McKinley gets the point, turns to leave. On Charmaine,
watching...

29A

EXT./INT. CHARMAINE'S HOUSE/MCKINLEY'S WORK TRUCK (D9)

29A

McKinley slides back behind the wheel, lost in thought. A TAP
on his window pulls him out of his reverie. It's Charmaine.
McKinley opens up.

CHARMAINE

Give me the bear.

McKinley hands over the stuffed toy.

MCKINLEY

Her name's Doreen. At least that's
what it say on the tag.

On McKinley, eyeing Charmaine.

MCKINLEY (CONT'D)

I'm trying, Char.

Charmaine considers McKinley, then --

(CONTINUED)

CHARMAINE

Find a decent place in a decent
part of town and we can talk about
you bein' in her life.

Charmaine and McKinley share a look, bonded by a complicated history. Charmaine heads back to the house. Off McKinley, staring at himself in the mirror, we PUSH IN on his deep, soulful eyes...

33 **INT. MUNICIPAL AUDITORIUM - MAIN ARENA - NIGHT (N13)** 33

Late in the first round, Quarry peppers Ali with body shots, but this time Ali slips out of trouble -- staves off Quarry with a jab that hypes the crowd. Ali feeds off it, bouncing around the ring.

For a second, it looks like Ali's showing some life... until once again Quarry buckles Ali with a kidney shot. Ali has no choice but to wrap up Quarry, prompting BOOS from the crowd.

34 **INT. MUNICIPAL AUDITORIUM - UPPER DECK - NIGHT (N13)** 34

On Chicken Man, watching Frank.

He turns, clocking a pair of OPERA GLASSES being used by the WOMAN seated next to him. OPERA GLASSES WOMAN rubber necks around.

CHICKEN MAN

Ma'am, may I borrow your eyes,
please?

OPERA GLASSES WOMAN

Sure, but Imma need them back.

OPERA GLASS WOMAN hands over her glasses to Chicken Man.

Chicken Man uses them to look down at the main floor.

POV: OPERA GLASSES

A TELEPHOTO LENS scans the crowd, moving over the first few rows, taking in the rich, famous, and connected. We move ringside, wiping past a BLACK MAN standing outside the ring --

We wipe back to the man. It's JD Hudson.

ON CHICKEN MAN

As he pulls back the binoculars, he fixes his scowl on JD, ten years of rage bubbling to the surface.

(CONTINUED)

CHICKEN MAN
(mutters to himself)
You Uncle Tom muthafucka.

If he had a gun he'd shoot JD right now. But he shakes it off. He's got bigger fish to fry. He goes back to the binoculars:

POV: OPERA GLASSES

Moving from JD to the first few rows. We finally FIND our target: SENATOR LEROY JOHNSON (our wheeler-dealer Black politico from Ep 101) in prime second-row seats.

SUPER-TIGHT PHOTO-LENS on Senator Johnson. Something shiny glints on his lapel: His STATEHOUSE PEN.

Chicken Man gets an idea, trains the glasses on the UPPER DECK on the opposite end of the arena. TELEPHOTO ANGLE ON: SULLY THE JANITOR, in his seat with his STATEHOUSE PEN.

WE PUSH IN ON THE BELL. *Ding-Ding!* End of ROUND ONE.

OFF Chicken Man, sporting a Kool-aid grin, a plan taking shape...

ACT IV

38

EXT. CAR SHOW PARKING LOT - NIGHT (N10)

38

SPLIT/SCREEN: A DEFUNCT SHOPPING PLAZA repurposed for a neighborhood lot party -- featuring fancy cars, ghetto queens, and barbecue that'll make you slap your pastor.

Leaning on the hood of the El Dorado, Chicken Man holds court, recruiting girls for the party.

CHICKEN MAN

Ladies, dig this now. Quick question for ya. When y'all eat chicken, do you lick yo' fingers after?

SPLIT/SCREENS: Chicken moves on to another pack of LADIES.

CHICKEN MAN (CONT'D)

Listen, I'm having a stone-cold groove little get together that ya need to be at. A'int just gonna be any get together I'm talking all the major players, all the major partners.

SPLIT/SCREENS: Chicken succeeds, collecting numbers, as he does.

CHICKEN MAN (CONT'D)

That's right, that's what I thought now. Lemme get yo' name and number.

SPLIT/SCREEN: Chicken scribbles into his pad.

CHICKEN MAN (CONT'D)

Okay, now. Imma be in touch -- give ya all the information you need, alright? Hey, you pick up that god-dang phone. Alright, now!

CROWD GIRL

I know that's right.

ANGLE on Lena in the crowd, watching Chicken Man's every move.

She's dressed to impress, her dress practically painted on. Cleavage propped to the heavens.

(CONTINUED)

She throws a signal to Tommy "Two Hands" Hayes -- he makes his move, bumps into Chicken Man as they cross --

TOMMY
Excuse me, boss.

CHICKEN MAN
Watch yaself, youngblood. It's a jungle ou'chere, ya hear me?

Tommy crosses with Lena, hands something off to her. Then Lena makes her way to Chicken Man, tapping his back.

LENA
'Scuse me. Yo' name Gordon?

Chicken Man turns, likes what he sees.

CHICKEN MAN
Who askin'?

LENA
Department of Motor Vehicles.

Lena holds up a DRIVER'S LICENSE next to Chicken's face.

LENA (CONT'D)
This you?

CHICKEN MAN
(mortified)
Where'd you get that at?

LENA
Found it in this. You must have dropped it back there.

As Lena hands him his wallet, Chicken Man can't help but drink her fine ass in.

CHICKEN MAN
Now you have me at a loss. 'Cuz I don't know your name.

LENA
Lena.

Chicken Man takes her hand, kissing it softly.

CHICKEN MAN
Lena, huh? You look familiar, Lena.

LENA
I do?

(CONTINUED)

CHICKEN MAN

An' I don't forget no damn face...
(takes in her legs)
...or no gams. Never have.

LENA

I must just have a familiar face
then.

CHICKEN MAN

...nah...
(thinking)
...Silver Skillet.

LENA

(caught, but smooth)
Oh, you good. Uh-huh.

CHICKEN MAN

It's a steel trap, baby.

LENA

You see me there?

CHICKEN MAN

Mm-hmm. More importantly, I see you
now.

LENA

Of course you do.

CHICKEN MAN

I'll see you again.

LENA

Okay.

Chicken Man moves on to another group. Lena sashays on to Tommy, who has been watching from a distance -- the play's worked perfectly...

LENA (CONT'D)

Men.

TOMMY

Good job.

LENA

I know.

FADE TO

SUPER: ALI V. QUARRY - ROUND TWO

A streak of blood on Ali's white trunks as he fends off a flurry of shots from Quarry.

Quarry's got Ali pinned in the corner, right above where JD's posted. Distracted by JD in his eye-line, Ali holds on for dear life, tying up a frustrated Quarry.

The fight bell **DINGS** bailing out a frazzled Ali.

38A **INT. MUNICIPAL AUDITORIUM - BATHROOM - NIGHT (N13)** 38A

CLOSE ON the same STATEHOUSE PIN we saw on Senator Johnson, now being affixed on the lapel of a dark suit. PULL OUT TO REVEAL the suit's on Sully the Janitor, as Chicken primps and prepares him for his big hustle.

SULLY THE JANITOR

Okay, now. Tell me one more time:
why I got to be wearing this suit?
(adjusting the suit)
'Cuz it's a bit long for my taste.

CHICKEN MAN

Well next time I'll go and I'll
Gucci and 'em. It a'in't nothin'
but a little window dressin'.
That's all it is. Alright?

Chicken Man opens a stall revealing a MAN standing in his UNDERWEAR. Chicken Man hands him Sully's clothes.

CHICKEN MAN (CONT'D)

Like I said, Imma get your threads
back to ya inside of two rounds.

MAN IN STALL

Like I said, each round's another
fifty bucks.

Chicken Man SLAMS the stall door and turns to Sully.

CHICKEN MAN

Look here now. Let's go the plan
again. Now you gonna walk out there
with me. When I introduce you,
whatchu gonna say?

(CONTINUED)

SULLY THE JANITOR
(struggling to remember)
I'm the Senator Johnson's right-
hand man. And you know, I am, in a
way... 'cuz anything he needs --

CHICKEN MAN
No, Sul. I said you're the Chief of
Staff. The Chief of Staff, Sully.
That's important.

SULLY THE JANITOR
Okay. Got it. Chief of Staff.

CHICKEN MAN
Okay, now you runnin' things in
there. You the big dawg, okay. Them
people in there reportin' to you.
Now the office I need you to --
Sully -- Sully--
(Sully adjusts his pin)
Sully, you listenin'?

SULLY THE JANITOR
I'm listenin'!

CHICKEN MAN
Ya fiddling and stuff!

SULLY THE JANITOR
Okay, okay!

CHICKEN MAN
Ya got to remember: the office of
"Zoning and Development."

SULLY THE JANITOR
Zoning and Development. You know
they up on the third floor. And
they be pouring they coffee in the
trash. They can't be be doin' that.

MAN IN STALL
(from the stall)
Gimme my damn suit back.

Chicken Man SHOUTS, frustrated.

CHICKEN MAN
NIGGA, BE COOL NOW!
(back to Sully, calmer)
Just... be cool.

(CONTINUED)

SULLY THE JANITOR
Be cool. Okay. Be cool.

Sully nods, a little nervous.

40 **INT. MUNICIPAL AUDITORIUM - RING - NIGHT (N13)** 40

A RING GIRL circles with a ROUND 3 SIGN.

ANGLE ON Ali in his corner, sucking wind, Bundini and Dundee tend to him...

DUNDEE
You good champ, you good?

ALI
That white Boy got bricks for
hands...

DUNDEE
Keep playin' around with this brute
and it's good night!

Ali SEES JD pointing up at a hot-spot in the crowd, directing
UNIFORMS to the trouble.

BUNDINI BROWN
Where's your head, boss, 'cuz it
ain't here.

Ali eyes JD at his ring-side post, then whispers to Bundini.
Off this --

41 **INT. MUNICIPAL AUDITORIUM - RINGSIDE - NIGHT (N13)** 41

Bundini approaches JD.

BUNDINI BROWN
Hey, cop! Come here. You gotta
move.

JD
We gotta a problem?

BUNDINI BROWN
Yeah. You.
(off JD's confusion)
You ever been in a fight? At some
point thinking got's to go out the
window. Now, every time he see you,
he think. Now come, on. Win this
for us.

(CONTINUED)

41

JD
Yeah, yeah, alright.

ON JD, nodding, understanding exactly what that means. JD
whispers to another office.

JD (CONT'D)
I need you to take my post, right
here. Keep an eye out. Just had a
bogey in here.

JD starts walking away, feeling banished.

41A

INT. MUNICIPAL AUDITORIUM - FLOOR/MAIN AISLE - NIGHT (N13)

The BELL rings for the next round. Chicken Man and Sully turn
the corner down the main aisle, both getting into
character...

SULLY THE JANITOR
Where they at, what row?

CHICKEN MAN
Down front.

BAM! Chicken Man runs into -- JD Hudson. Our two heroes size
each other up, years of mutual disdain bubbling below the
surface.

Chicken Man's smile quickly fades.

CHICKEN MAN (CONT'D)
Well a'int this a sumabitch.

JD
Guess they just let anyone in here.

CHICKEN MAN
I wonder if the the champ know how
hard you go for the White Man?

JD
I a'int got time for your bullshit
now, Chicken. Gone get out my face,
man. Hoodlum.

Chicken Man exits. Off JD, staring daggers...

DING-DING! ROUND THREE BEGINS!

END OF ACT IV

ACT V41B OMITTED

41B

42 INT. MUNICIPAL AUDITORIUM - FLOOR/MAIN AISLE - NIGHT (N13)

[Sc. 42 & 42B have merged. Sc. 42A: OMITTED]

As the action heats up in the ring, we find Frank seated with his crew. Though Cadillac is having a good time, Frank is distracted. He looks over to see Lola Falana seated nearby.

He smiles at her. She politely waves, and then returns to chatting sweetly with a GORGEOUS YOUNG BLACK CELEBRITY.

On Frank, stung. The moment is interrupted by Chicken Man popping into view --

CHICKEN MAN

Hey! Whatcha think? You think Ali's got this in the bag, or is the fix in?

FRANK MOTEN

(tolerating Chicken Man)

One punch could change everything.

CHICKEN MAN

Yeah, I hear you. You right about that one. I feel like he could do a lot more stingin'. Too much floatin', if you ask me.

SILKY BROWN

(cuts in)

Chicken -- this ain't the time.

Chicken Man gives Sully a subtle nod...

CHICKEN MAN

I got you, Silky. I got you. Hey, Frank! Frank! Frank, do me a favor, man. I gotta have you meet somebody. Good friend of mine. Come over here. Good friend of mine. Really, really good friend of mine. Sullivan Coles. He work down over there at that State Department for Senator Leroy Johnson.

(CONTINUED)

SULLY THE JANITOR

(wooden, rehearsed)

I'm the Chief of Staff for Senator Leroy Johnson. I take care of everything he needs. Whatever you need. I can get it.

CHICKEN MAN

Now, Frank, what he mean is: this man basically run that whole department. You need it, you can get it. I'm talking sanitation, public safety. You need things, real estate zonin'...

(to Sully)

What's that department, Sully?

SULLY THE JANITOR

(more rehearsed)

It's he Zoning and Development Department up on the third floor.

This grabs Frank's attention. Cadillac and Lamar take notice.

FRANK MOTEN

You the man in Zoning and Development?

SULLY THE JANITOR

Up on the third floor.

FRANK MOTEN

(interested)

Well you and me need to rap. I've had some issues with them. Maybe you could help me, Mr...?

ON Silky Brown, stunned as Frank extends a hand to Sully.

SULLY THE JANITOR

I'm Sully.... I work for Senator Johnson. I tell you what else, he give me this here pin. You know he was the...

CHICKEN MAN

The first Black Senator in the Statehouse since Reconstruction! Frank know that shit! You a'int got to explain it.

SULLY THE JANITOR (CONT'D)

The first Black Senator in the Statehouse since Reconstruction!

Chicken Man tries to move on. Leans in to Frank.

(CONTINUED)

CHICKEN MAN (CONT'D)

Just an example, man. See, I know all types of cats. All of 'em. I'm talkin' straight hustlers down to your Statehouse squares. I'm the man that can connect you to whatever, whenever. You hear me? A man like myself is doin' a lot of movin' in this town, which means I gotta 'Cause, see, that's what you gotta have my fingers in all kinds of pies. You understand me?

Sully spots Senator Leroy Johnson passing to his seat. He joyously calls out to him.

SULLY THE JANITOR

Hey! There he go! SENATOR JOHNSON!

To Chicken Man's horror, the Senator bounds over.

SENATOR JOHNSON

Sully! Look at you! You got yo' fancy threads on, you got yo' front-row seats!

(to Frank)

Man's been with me ten years. I a'int never seen him look this sharp.

Based on the Senator's behavior, it actually looks like Sully's the Senator's guy...

SULLY THE JANITOR

(beaming about the suit)

Ain't I clean?

SENATOR JOHNSON

You are clean!

SULLY THE JANITOR

Oh! This here Frank. He's a good man.

The Senator shakes hands with Frank. On Chicken Man, looking ill, his con crashing and burning in real-time...

FRANK MOTEN

Frank Moten. Pleasure to meet you, Senator.

SENATOR JOHNSON

Pleasure's mine... Pleasure's all mine, Senator.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SENATOR JOHNSON (CONT'D)

(sees Chicken Man)

Oh... I know you! I know you! You
got that funny nickname. Is it..
don't tell me... Barbecue Jones?

They all laugh. Especially Frank. Chicken Man plays cool.

CHICKEN MAN

You always givin' me mess. It's
Chicken Man.

SENATOR JOHNSON

I see this man down at the
Statehouse more than I see the damn
governor. Got his fingers in all my
staff's pockets.

CHICKEN MAN

(laughing to Frank)

Come on, now. Frank, what I tell
you, now. Got to have your fingers
in all types of pies. That's what
I'm tryin' to do for you, Frank.

SUDDENLY, in the ring, Quarry takes Ali to the ropes and
bends him back with punches to the body. White Folks erupt.

SENATOR JOHNSON

Aww shit. I gotta get back. I got
to go. Frank, very nice to meet
you! See you again.

FRANK MOTEN

Yes, sir.

CHICKEN MAN

I'll connect y'all, Frank!

SENATOR JOHNSON

Please do. Please, please do.
Sully, Imma see you first thing
Monday morning.

The Senator begins to step away. Chicken Man exhales. Frank
regards Chicken Man with more interest and respect. Victory.

UNTIL -- the Senator steps back to put his arm around Sully
and announces to Frank and Chicken Man:

SENATOR JOHNSON (CONT'D)

And, Frank: lemme tell you
somethin' real quick. I want y'all
to take care of my man Sully. Lemme
tell you somethin'.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SENATOR JOHNSON (CONT'D)

This is the best damn janitor in
the whole state of Georgia. Oh, I
see the pin! I see you, Sully.

The Senator is off. Frank's eyes turn cold. Chicken Man has no words -- he's been caught. Before he can offer an explanation, Silky Brown leans in.

SILKY BROWN

Chicken. It's time to go.

Frank burns with anger as Chicken Man heads off, his proverbial tail between his legs...

END OF ACT V

ACT VI

44

INT. BIG MIKE'S DINER - NIGHT (N11)

44

EMERSON

So, how we lookin'?

MCKINLEY

Crew's all in place. Got
everything's planned down to the
minute.

EMERSON

Right on. Right on.

(downs his drink)

Alright, brother. I am on the last
flight out to LaGuardia.

MCKINLEY

(confused)

Oh, you ain't stayin' for the
fight?

EMERSON

My work is done. For now. I'll
reach out after, hip you to where
to meet my fence. Come on, gimme
some.

MCKINLEY

Hey, why me?

EMERSON

Because you earned it, soldier.

The former vets say goodbye with a soul handshake.

EMERSON (CONT'D)

Hey, I'll see you when you rich,
huh?

McKinley watches Emerson swagger away, poker face fading,
still unsure of what he's getting himself into.

FADE TO:

45

INT. CHICKEN MAN'S PARTY HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT (N13)

45

The CAMERA PANS over THIRTY HOSTAGES under duress. Men on one
side; women on the other.

(CONTINUED)

Baby Ray and Tommy "Two Hands" Hayes circle the perimeter, guns out.

Willie Black posts up by the RADIO, enthralled by the Ali/Quarry fight.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
*It's been a rocky start for
Muhammad Ali. Quarry's had his
number for these first two
rounds...*

Willie Black turns to Baby Ray and Tommy.

WILLIE BLACK
Fucking hungry, man.

BABY RAY
Shoot, me too.

WILLIE BLACK
(to Dealer)
What about you, nigga? You hungry?

DEALER
No, I'm good. I'm good. I'm good.

Willie Black scans the room, eyes landing on an attractive female hostage, BARBARA SMITH.

WILLIE BLACK
You... come here. Bitch, come here.
What's ya name?

BARBARA SMITH
Barbara Smith.

WILLIE BLACK
Barbara Smith. Alright, Barbara
Smith. I want you to take yo' ass
upstairs, look at me, I want you to
take your ass upstairs, go get me
and my nigga a couple of pieces of
chicken. Alright? Heat that shit
up, alright? I want it hot. I wanna
see the steam coming up off that
mu'fucka. Alright, Barbara?
(off Barbara's hesitancy)
Go.

Barbara heads upstairs.

WILLIE BLACK (CONT'D)
Come here.

(CONTINUED)

Before she goes, Willie snatches her necklace off and adds it to the robbers' loot.

WILLIE BLACK (CONT'D)
Go, Barbara. Two pieces, Barbara.
Thighs, bitch.

Willie Black TURNS UP the radio --

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
*Muhammad Ali has come roaring to
life under the bright lights of the
Municipal Auditorium here in the
heart of what was once The
Confederacy...*

Off this --

46 **INT. MUNICIPAL AUDITORIUM - RINGSIDE - NIGHT (N13)** 46

On Ali, a little more pep in his step, darting Quarry's flurries. Quarry quickly swings himself out, and his two left feet ain't helping either.

He's been rope-a-doped to oblivion, and he's quickly becoming barbecue chicken for the champ...

The crowd comes alive.

47 **INT. MUNICIPAL AUDITORIUM - CENTER AISLE - NIGHT (N13)** 47

On JD, at his new position in the Center Aisle, scanning for threats as the crowd's energy spikes. He clocks a frustrated Mason, on his feet, yelling and cursing in the direction of the ring.

JD assesses the crowd -- the white folks growing nervous. He then peers up at the --

UPPER DECK

Black folks coming alive, shadowboxing like they're in the ring... Something's happening in the ring, and JD -- his back to the action -- is the only one in the building who can't see it...

JD can't hold back his curiosity any longer, he turns to the ring to witness --

(CONTINUED)

ANGLE ON THE RING

Muhammad Ali has finally shown up -- going to work on Quarry. Now Ali's got Quarry in the corner, giving him the business.

ON JD

For a fleeting moment, he's forgotten he's a cop. JD mimicking every Ali punch, reveling in the moment...

JD

Let's go champ. Let's go champ!

ON ALI

As he peppers Quarry with a jab, slicing Quarry's eyebrow. Blood starts to trickle...

ON JD

His eyes glisten. His breath catches in his throat. As he and five thousand souls witness:

The most reviled Black man on the planet. Beating the ever-living shit out of a White Man in a Confederate city.

This is history. This is hope. The manifestation of 400 fucking years of eating sugar-powdered shit.

And just like that, it's over. The REFEREE mercifully steps in, pausing the fight.

That cut over Quarry's eye, now a bloody, puss-oozing gash. Quarry is quickly ushered to his corner where the FIGHT DOCTOR inspects the ugly wound. The arena goes silent...

ANNOUNCER

Quarry's gonna need help with that cut. It looks like a bad one. Ref Tony Perez is standing over in corner watching the medics go to work. And Perez is calling for the doctor.

On JD, bracing along with the crowd...

Finally, Ref waves his arms, ending the fight.

Ali raises his arms to the heavens.

An angry Quarry has to be restrained.

Black Atlanta exalts.

48

EXT./INT. MUNICIPAL AUDITORIUM - NIGHT (N13)

48

What was once a small crowd has now swollen to over A THOUSAND. A volatile mix of Black/White, Ali Fans and Ali Haters.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Well, that's it. The ref has signaled the fight is over.

PERSON IN THE CROWD

They called it! Ali won!!!

The crowd erupts. It's absolute pandemonium.

Amongst the insanity, we find a disconsolate Chicken Man pushing through the horde. In the middle of the chaos, our hero couldn't be any lower. Off this --

50

INT./EXT. ANDRE MUSE'S GETAWAY CAR - NIGHT (N13)

50

The post-fight blares on Andre Muse's car radio. Suddenly headlights wipe across the windshield, several cars zoom by. Andre ducks to avoid being seen. Lifts his walkie to his lips.

ANDRE MUSE (INTO WALKIE TALKIE)

You got cars coming. Over.

53

INT. MUNICIPAL AUDITORIUM - RING - NIGHT (N13)

53

The arena now emptied out, save for Ali and his contingent, still buzzing from Ali's victory. Now in a tuxedo, Ali strolls around the ring, soaking in his victory.

ALI

Man, I tell you. I don't know what I was waitin' for but it wasn't that punch. I mean it guys, Frazier's next, Angie.

DUNDEE

Yes, sir.

ALI

I'll fight him on Peachtree Street!
I'll fight him at the Hyatt.
Actually, from now on, all Mohammad Ali's fight's happening in Atlanta!
How you feel about that, Bundini?

(CONTINUED)

BUNDINI BROWN

Fine by me, all these buxom women
they got down here, man.

ANGLE ON JD, standing ringside, deep in thought. Romel bops
around next, charged up.

ROMEL

I get to tell my kids grandkids I
walked Muhammad Ali to the ring!

Romel clocks JD's subdued demeanor.

ROMEL (CONT'D)

You alright, boss?

JD considers the space. The empty seats. The trash on the
floor.

JD

Yeah. Just thinkin' about high
school of all things. Grady High
School football team. They was
good. They was a power house. Now
we wasn't no slouches over at
Washington, but Grady was an all-
white school then, so they wasn't
on our schedule. We couldn't test
them. 'Til one day, my junior year
-- somebody had the bright idea of
puttin' a scrimmage together. Was
mostly supposed to be a tune-up
game for them. Well, we tuned 'em
up alright. Ran those boys up and
down that field like they stole
somethin'.

(chuckles, remembering)

Our folks in those stands was so...
happy. They were so proud. I mean,
they really couldn't show it back
then, but you could see it in they
eyes. You could feel it, you know?
Then that second half rolled around
and the ref's found they whistles --
started throwing flags damn near
every play. Holdin'. Off-sides.
Whatever... they was just makin'
shit up as they went. They even
turned the damn scoreboard off. By
the end of the game, you know, we
They weren't ever gonna let us have
that taste of victory. I never --

(a beat, then --)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

53

JD (CONT'D)

I never imagined how much that
might have meant. 'Til this moment.
Right here.

On JD, eyes watering, composes himself, then turns to the
ring.

JD (CONT'D)

Why don't you make sure they're
ready to go, Romel. I'll be right
behind you.

ROMEL

Yes, sir.

Romel heads off to corral the champ.

ROMEL (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(to Ali)

Hey, champ. I think we best be
outta here.

ALI

Yes, sir. Yes, sir. I'll follow
you. You gotta take me someplace to
get somethin' to eat though.

ROMEL

Oh, we got plenty of spots in
Atlanta.

ALI

They got good food?

ROMEL

We got good food.

ALI

I heard the wings down here are
good.

ROMEL

We got wings. We got thighs.
Whatever you need, man.

54

EXT. MUNICIPAL AUDITORIUM/ALLEY - SAME - NIGHT (N13)

54

On Chicken Man, the picture of defeat, sharing a smoke with
an UNHOUSED MAN. He doesn't notice the gleaming LUXURY SEDAN
pull up behind him. Cadillac Richie hops out.

(CONTINUED)

CADILLAC RICHIE
Cock-a-doodle doo, Chicken Man.
Let's take a ride.

On Chicken Man, dread building...

CADILLAC (O.S.)
Come on.

56

INT. CHICKEN MAN'S PARTY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (N13)

Vivian and Maxine look on as the first group is tied up and dragged away by Boone Davis. Maxine takes her chance to whisper to Lena, fake dancing in the other window --

MAXINE
Where you think they takin' em?

LENA
I don't know. The basement?

MAXINE
You think they gonna kill 'em?

An OFF-CAMERA WHISTLE startles them. ANGLE ON the McKinley, watching them from across the room.

LEAD ROBBER/MCKINLEY ROGERS
Hey. Cut the chit-chat.
(to dancers)
Y'all muthafuckers keep dancin'.

Off Maxine, growing more desperate by the moment...

56B

EXT. WOODLAND AREA - NIGHT (N13)

56B

Frank's Rolls Royce pulls to a stop. Nothing and no one is around. The downtown Atlanta skyline is in the distance.

Lamar and Cadillac step out from the front seat along with Chicken Man having been seated between them.

Chicken Man pleads as Frank steadily steps out of the back.

CHICKEN MAN
If I could just speak my piece on
this, y'all gonna see I didn't mean
no harm or any disrespect.

Lamar tosses Chicken Man to the ground.

(CONTINUED)

CADILLAC RICHIE

You know, when I was a kid, I'd use to get such a kick when my momma was getting ready to kill one of them yard birds for our supper. She'd grab it by the throat, twirl it over her head like a helicopter to pop its neck. Then us kids would just watch as this broke-necked poultry run around the yard with its head hangin' off its shoulders. He would go *Bwok-bwok-bwokin'*. That's the same shit that's about to happen to your ass, nigga.

Chicken Man turns to see that Lamar has popped the trunk and is pulling out a FAMILIAR FIGURE, bound with his mouth taped shut.

We realize it's JAVI LOPEZ - the Cubano, Miami-based gangster who threatened Chicken Man in Episode 101.

Javi angrily mumbles as he is thrown on the ground next to Chicken Man.

CHICKEN MAN

Oh, shit -- Javi? What you do?

FRANK MOTEN

This man was going to rob us, Chicken. Take half the money from our party. Even after he found out the party was for me, he was still talking all slick out the side of his neck tryin' to send me a message.

(does Javi impression)

You a longgg way from New York, friend.

Lamar hands Frank a gun -- he points it at Javi.

FRANK MOTEN (CONT'D)

See muthafuckas like this. They don't give up. Do you, Javi?

Javi shakes his head "No." Sweats bullets.

FRANK MOTEN (CONT'D)

Stealin' from you. Lyin' to me. Man of my position just can't have that.

Then trains the gun on a terrified Chicken Man --

(CONTINUED)

FRANK MOTEN (CONT'D)
(Frank speaks Spanish)

BAM! Frank casually blasts a hole in Javi's head.

Javi's body drops. A scream catches in Chicken Man's throat.

CADILLAC RICHIE
Damn! Oh, good shot.
(menacing, like a chicken)
Bwoooooook-...

Frank moves over in front of Chicken Man--

FRANK MOTEN
Your turn, Mr. Yard Bird. While you
was was runnin' yo little hustle
with your janitor friend, what did
you think was going to happen
tomorrow?

CADILLAC RICHIE
When we found out that you was one
hundred percent bullshit.

CHICKEN MAN
(traumatized)
A'int nobody bullshittin', man. I
been trying to get to ya to bend ya
ear, man. That's all I been tryin'
to do... tryna bend your ear... get
a second with ya man... get a
second with you to give you my
pitch. That's all I'm trying to do,
Frank!

FRANK MOTEN
Alright. Go ahead. Make your pitch.

Frank turns his GUN on Chicken now.

FRANK MOTEN (CONT'D)
Throw your best shit.

Chicken Man musters up all the courage he has. Extends his
arms.

CHICKEN MAN
I see Atlanta... as a Black Vegas.
I know everybody else look at us a
goddamn country town that ain't
worth the dirt that we standing on.
I don't see it like that. I see
greatness.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHICKEN MAN (CONT'D)

'Cuz we got somethin' to say! See
'lanta niggas got vision! Just like
you, Frank. And all I want is to be
in service to your vision, man. I
wanna be your man. I wanna be your
guy on the ground. I wanna work for
you. Got somethin' you need done?
I'll do it. I can get it done. You
need a buildin' permit? Well guess
what, Frank. My aunt know the
goddamn city supervisor 'cuz she
used to be a babysitter for him.
You want a liquor license? Well
guess what? Alvin Harris. I play
pool with his driver on Wednesdays.
I know folks.

Cadillac and the other gangsters LAUGH.

CHICKEN MAN (CONT'D)

You hear me, I know folk! I collect
'em, man. I collect 'em like I
collect numbers!

CADILLAC RICHIE

Black Vegas? What the fuck are you
smokin'? I want some of that shit.

FRANK MOTEN

Black Vegas? Naw. I see Atlanta as
a... Black Mecca. An empire. Like
the Mali Empire in Africa. We take
back our land -- the 40 Million
acres and all the goddamn mules.
We build our houses. We build our
businesses. Put Black folks seats
of power. Mayor's office, courts,
police. We start our own TV
stations our own radio stations. We
build movie studios. Bigger,
realer and Blacker than Hollywood.
But most importantly... we build
Black wealth. With Black money. And
we become kings. Like Mansa Musa.
The richest man that ever lived.

A tense beat. Then --

FRANK MOTEN (CONT'D)

I feel like lettin' my hair down.

(CONTINUED)

CADILLAC RICHIE
Shit, mine already down. So where's
the hot spot at? I feel like
slippin' into something moist.

FRANK MOTEN
Nah, I'm feeling like something a
little more private.

Frank places his hand on Chicken Man's shoulder.

FRANK MOTEN (CONT'D)
Your town? So where we goin'?

Chicken man is stunned. And sniveling. He wipes away his near-death tears.

CHICKEN MAN
I know a place. Yeah, I think I
know a place.

Off Chicken Man, hopeful...

57 **EXT. CHICKEN MAN'S PARTY HOUSE - DOWN THE BLOCK - NIGHT (N13)**

Chicken Man opens the door to Frank's Rolls. On Frank, taking in the sleepy neighborhood.

CHICKEN MAN
I got you, Mr. Moten.

FRANK MOTEN
Where we goin'?

CHICKEN MAN
We gonna go right up here. Just a
few houses up to the left.

Chicken Man points to the Party House, which from out here looks like it's jumping -- folks dancing at the windows, the house practically shaking...

SS6 **INT. CHICKEN MAN'S PARTY HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT (N13)** SS6

McKinley watches the big fresh arriving. He stands behind a hostage, menacing.

MCKINLEY ROGERS
Keep fucking dancin' and don't
stop.

SS7 **EXT. CHICKEN MAN'S PARTY HOUSE - DOWN THE BLOCK - NIGHT (N13)**

FOXY LADIES meet up with Frank and the Gangsters and head to the house.

FRANK MOTEN
Y'all ready to have some fun?

CADILLAC RICHIE
Right this way.

CHICKEN MAN
Watch ya step, Mr. Moten.

SS8 **INT. CHICKEN MAN'S PARTY HOUSE - NIGHT (N13)**

SS8

SPLIT/SCREENS: Shots of the ROBBERS in place. Ready for what's coming next.

58 **INT. CHICKEN MAN'S PARTY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (N13)**

On Willie Black, he clocks another group heading toward them. It's Chicken Man and Frank, but he doesn't know it yet...

WILLIE BLACK
Fresh fish on the line.

McKinley and Boone nod, ready.

We PUSH IN on the doorknob as Boone turns it... He looks to Vivian Thomas, playing hostess...

59 **EXT. CHICKEN MAN'S PARTY HOUSE - FRONT STEPS/INT. CHICKEN MAN'S PARTY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (N13)**

59

Chicken Man leads Frank and the FOXY LADIES over the threshold...

CHICKEN MAN
What's going on?

60 **INT. CHICKEN MAN'S PARTY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT (N13)**

Chicken Man opens to a smiling Vivian --

CHICKEN MAN
Hey, baby! What's going on? Where everybody at? We early?

(CONTINUED)

VIVIAN
(sarcastic)
No. They here.

As soon as Chicken Man crosses the threshold, McKinley pops out --

MCKINLEY
This is a fuckin' robbery! Move and
you're fuckin' dead!

McKinley holds up a shotgun directly in Frank's face. Frank doesn't move.

MCKINLEY (CONT'D)
(to Frank)
Get yo' ass on the ground.

CHICKEN MAN
Okay, okay now. Everybody slow down
now.

MCKINLEY
You too, pretty boy. Get yo' ass on
the fucking ground.

CADILLAC RICHIE
It's okay, Daddy Long Stroke. We
good.

It's bedlam.

Lamar charges -- gets SMACKED by the butt of Boone's gun.
Lamar goes down. Hard.

Chicken Man's slammed to the floor. It feels like the courthouse all over again... Frank, calm as he's frisked and tied up. This too ain't his first rodeo... He hits the floor, face-to-face with Chicken Man.

A MASKED ROBBER comes into the living room with Vivian. He has a gun to her head. He whistles to get Chicken's attention.

VIVIAN
(distraught)
Chicken!

Off Chicken Man, his world cratering once again...

END CREDITS.

END OF EPISODE 102

EP. 102 RESHOOTS

[NOTE: 102 RESHOOT SCENES ARE NOT YET REFLECTED IN 102 EDITOR'S CUT]

4A EXT. CHICKEN MAN'S PARTY HOUSE - NIGHT (N13)

4A

[5/13/24 RESHOOTS]

MUSIC BLARES. DANCERS that have been held hostage dance in the window. A GROUP OF PARTIERS cross the frame heading to the front door.

PARTY GOER
Goddamn, this must be the pad!

They RING the doorbell -- DING-DONG.

MAXINE OPENS the door with a forced smile.

MAXINE
Welcome to the party! Come on in!

4B INT. CHICKEN MAN'S PARTY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT (N13)

4B

[5/13/24 RESHOOTS]

The GROUP OF PARTIERS enter the house, already dancing.

PARTY GOER
Don't have to tell me two times!
(to his guests)
Let's shake it, y'all.

As soon as they pass Maxine her smile fades. The partiers look at the half empty room with the group of dancers in the window. Something is off.

McKinley and Boone (masked) round the corner aiming SHOTGUNS.

BOONE DAVIS
HANDS UP, MOTHER-FUCKERS!

PARTY GOER (CONT'D)
What the hell's goin' on?

MCKINLEY
DO AS WE SAY AND NO ONE DIES!

4C INT. CHICKEN MAN'S PARTY HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT (N13)

4C

[5/13/24 RESHOOTS]

(CONTINUED)

4C

FIGHT NIGHT Ep. 102 Final Shooting Script (06/20/24)
CONTINUED:

64.
4C

QUICK CUTS: As the partiers are robbed.

Wallets taken... jewelry taken... Crying faces... Scared eyes... Shotguns pointed at faces...

BOONE DAVIS
Give it up! All of it! faster!

MONEY getting pulled out of WALLETS. McKinley shoving the LOOT in one of the DUFFEL BAGS. McKinley nods to Boone.

Boone and McKinley grab the terrified partiers by the arms and yank them out of frame.

McKinley directs them down the staircase.

MCKINLEY PARTY GOER
Get your ass in the basement! Hey, man... you got
SHUT THE FUCK UP AND MOVE! everything we got...

Boone pushes them all downstairs, following them.

4D

INT. CHICKEN MAN'S PARTY HOUSE BASEMENT - NIGHT (N13)

4D

[5/13/24 RESHOOTS]

QUICK CUTS: Partiers being rushed down the stairs by Boone.

Each partier is pushed down on the floor, terrified.

56C

INT. CHICKEN MAN'S PARTY HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT (N13)

56C

[5/13/24 RESHOOTS]

McKinley rushes back in from the basement, convenes with Boone at the front door.

BOONE DAVIS
Hey, Mac, how long we gone be doin' this?

MCKINLEY
(checks his watch)
It's just a quarter past ten. The plan was midnight.

ANDRE MUSE
(from radio)
Got six live ones comin' at ya jack. Four swinging dicks. And I got two more cars packed and circling. Over.

(CONTINUED)

MCKINLEY

Shit. That basement startin' to
fill up too.

BOONE DAVIS

Quittin' while you ahead ain't the
same as quittin.'

MCKINLEY

I hear you. Stay on your post.

McKinley exits, heading back toward the basement. Boone
notices the dancing hostages staring at him.

BOONE DAVIS

What the hell you lookin' at.
Dance!

OMITTED SCENES

3B	<u>OMITTED</u>	3B
4	<u>OMITTED</u>	4
14	<u>OMITTED</u>	14
16	<u>OMITTED</u>	16
21	<u>OMITTED</u>	21
30	<u>OMITTED</u>	30
31-32	<u>OMITTED</u>	31-32
35	<u>OMITTED -- MOVED TO 38A</u>	35
36	<u>OMITTED</u>	36
37	<u>OMITTED</u>	37
38AA	<u>OMITTED</u>	38AA
39	<u>OMITTED</u>	39
41B	<u>OMITTED</u>	41B
43	<u>OMITTED</u>	43
49	<u>OMITTED</u>	49
51	<u>OMITTED</u>	51
52	<u>OMITTED</u>	52

55 OMITTED -- MOVED TO 56A

55

56A OMITTED

56A