

Undercover Brother

by
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10.24.00

writer's draft ver 1.5

FADE IN:

On screen we see the planet Earth in all it's big, blue magnificence. From screen right comes scrolling - in giant, gold iridescent letters - UNIVERSAL the first word in quality filmed entertainment for more than three-quarters of a century. Not a dry eye in the house. UNIVERSAL begins to scroll left around the globe, and as it does WE SINK INTO THE IMAGE OF THE EARTH, dropping down from the sky through the Ionosphere, the atmosphere... We see America...southern California, Los Angeles, downtown LA... Finally, THE CAMERA COMES TO REST ON A LARGE, IMPOSING BUILDING at the heart of the city. THE CAMERA LOCKS ON A PLAQUE OUTSIDE THE BUILDING: THE NBS TELEVISION NETWORK.

INT. NBS OFFICE TOWER/LOBBY - DAY

The well appointed lobby for the corporate headquarters of a major television network. There is expensive art, an indoor water sculpture - LARGE INTERNAL ADS FOR TELEVISION SHOWS - happy, SMILING WHITE FACES for programs like - BUDDIES, A COUPLE OF GUYS AND A BUNCH OF GIRLS AND AN ANTELOPE, NANCY AND HER NON-OFFENSIVE GAY FRIEND.

EMPLOYEES enter the building for another day of working in the crazy business we call show. Much like the posters, it's a bunch of SMILING, WHITE FACES that pass before a SECURITY GUARD before heading for the elevators. One EMPLOYEE passes.

NBS EMPLOYEE

Morning.

The guard smiles, but says nothing. Another EMPLOYEE passes.

NBS EMPLOYEE #2

How are ya?

Again, the guard smiles as the employee passes but remains silent. Another person attempts to pass - it's a BLACK EMPLOYEE, well dressed, late twenties/early thirties. Despite his neat look, he's immediately stopped by the guard.

SECURITY GUARD

Hey! Whoa, whoa... Slow down, Michael Johnson. Where's the barbecue?

ANTON

Just going to work.

SECURITY GUARD

A black guy? Working at the network?
Yeah, right. What division; science fiction?

In the annoying manner of a droning sports anchor:

ANTON

Anton Jackson, NBS sports. And what a sports weekend it's been. We've got the resurgent Dallas Cowboys trying to rebuild, but is concussion prone quarterback Troy Ache-man up to being the Headache man for the rest of the teams in the division?

SECURITY GUARD

Okay--

ANTON

Brett Farve is far from being the Farve-
orite player for other teams in the NFC
Central--

SECURITY GUARD

All right--

ANTON

And Denver's Terrell Davis is Runnin'
well-Davis after a season of--

SECURITY GUARD

Okay, okay! Go ahead!

Anton continues on his way through the lobby.

INT. NBS OFFICE TOWER/HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

As Anton makes his way through the building he stops just outside a door marked: MAINTENANCE ROOM. He takes a quick look around. No one is watching. He opens the door and
SLIPS INTO THE ROOM

INT. NBS OFFICE TOWER/MAINTENANCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

It's an empty room - some breaker panels, wiring, air ducts. Anton pulls a step ladder under an air duct. Taking out a mini-power screwdriver, he quickly loosens the screws from the duct and it FALLS OPEN. Just as quickly he lifts himself up and INTO THE DUCT.

INT. AIR DUCT - CONTINUOUS

Anton begins to crawl along the air duct.

INT. NBS OFFICE TOWER/HALLWAY - SIMULTANEOUS

We are just outside a pair of stately double doors. A sign on the doors reads: NBS EXECUTIVE MEETING. NO UNAUTHORIZED PERSONNEL. OVER THIS WE HEAR THE VOICE OF STAN BLOSSOMBANE, president of the NBS television network.

STAN (V.O.)

Gentlemen, phases one and two of Operation Whitewash are complete, and, so far, our secret scheme to rid television of all people of color is a success.

INT. NBS OFFICE TOWER/CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

In a conference room befitting a television network - more posters from their television shows, Emmys, and a video wall: we see STAN BLOSSOMBANE - one of those Hollywood execs who's so hip he's actually only hip to himself. Hip haircut, hip little goatee under his chin. Stan is addressing a room full of YES MEN: Suited TV execs who sit around a big conference table finishing a catered lunch - plates with half-eaten food sit before them.

Stan holds an Emmy statue in his hands. He address the group like Deniro playing Capone in "The Untouchables."

STAN

...And why was our plan successful?
Because each of you did your job as you
were supposed to. You were part - of -
a - teeeeeaaaam!

THE CAMERA ANGLES ON A VENT ON THE WALL. WE CAN SEE THE SHADOW OF MOVEMENT THROUGH THE VENT.

INT. VENT - SIMULTANEOUS

Anton peeks through the vent onto the conference happening below him. He takes out a SMALL DIGITAL VIDEO CAMERA, and starts recording the action below him.

INT. NBS OFFICE TOWER/CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Stan continues to address the Yes Men.

STAN (cont'd)

First, we got rid of programs starring popular black actors like Cosby and the Fresh Prince.

YES MAN

I like that Fresh Prince. He raps happy!

STAN

Then we forced all the black shows onto the ghettos of the WB and UPN.

YES MAN

I don't like that Moesha. She's sassy!

STAN

And now, phase three: We will begin to broadcast programs that are so degrading to black people we'll finally be able to get them off the golf courses and back into the cotton fields where they belong.

YES MAN

But, uh, boss...our ratings double for all the tournaments Tiger Woods plays in.

Stan takes a beat, then circles behind the Yes Man. THE CAMERA CLOSES ON STAN UNTIL THE YES MAN IS JUST BELOW FRAME. Then, Stan begins SMASHING THE EMMY STATUE HE CARRIES INTO THE SPACE JUST UNDER HIM.

The rest of the Yes Men look on in horror. Several are splashed with A RED LIQUID THAT FLIES AT THEM FROM OUT OF FRAME.

THE CAMERA WIDENS TO REVEAL that Stan has actually smashed the Emmy statue into the food on the Yes Man's plate causing tomato juice to fly around the room.

STAN

I believe I said we'll get them off the golf courses and back into the cotton fields.

As a group the Yes Men "yes" it up fast as they can:

YES MEN

Absolutely, Boss...Cotton fields love it....Let's put it in front of a focus group.

STAN

Allow me to introduce our new fall schedule:

Stan hits a REMOTE CONTROL AND THE VIDEO WALL COMES TO LIFE: WE SEE SOME BLACK PEOPLE ON A DESERTED ISLAND

STAN (cont'd)

"No Survivors."

WE SEE A BLACK GUY BEING CHASED DOWN THE STREET BY A GANG OF
MAFIA-TYPE THUGS.

STAN (cont'd)

"A Mom, Two Kids, and a Welfare Check."

WE SEE A GAME SHOW-TYPE STAGE WITH A BLACK GUY STANDING ON
BOX BEING LOOKED OVER BY SOME WHITE PEOPLE.

STAN (cont'd)

"Who Wants To Be A Slave?"

WE SEE A CLIP FROM THE SHOW MALCOLM AND EDDIE.

STAN (cont'd)

"Malcolm and Eddie."

YES MAN

Uhh... Malcolm and Eddie's already on
the air.

STAN

Then it looks like we're ahead of
schedule. Gentlemen, it's the end of
black culture as we know it. And there
is nothing and no one to stop us.

INT. NBS OFFICE TOWER/HALLWAY - SIMULTANEOUS

A SECURITY GUARD makes his rounds. He spots the open door to
the maintenance room. Suspicious, he looks inside the room.

INT. NBS OFFICE TOWER/MAINTENANCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Guard looks into the room, sees the step ladder under the
open vent. Quickly grabbing up a two-way radio from his belt
he screams into it:

SECURITY GUARD

We've got an intruder!

INT. VENT - SIMULTANEOUS

As Anton continues to record the action below him, AN ALARM
SUDDENLY BEGINS TO BLARE. It doesn't take much for Anton to
figure out he's been found out.

ANTON

Time to make a station break.

Anton kicks out the vent, DROPS DOWN TO THE CONFERENCE ROOM
landing right in the middle of the conference table. Stan

takes one shocked, look at Anton, at the video camera in his hand:

STAN

He's taped us! Stop him!

Anton runs across the conference table. As he passes each Yes Man they reach out, try to grab him. No good. Anton is waaaay too fast. The Yes Men just flop at his legs like a bunch of suited seals. Anton leaps off the table, heads for the double doors and KICKS THEM OPEN.

INT. NBS OFFICE TOWER/HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Anton bursts out into the hallway. Several GUARDS are there waiting for him with nightsticks in hand ready to do a Rodney King on him. One of the Guards steps up, swings at Anton a couple of times, but Anton slips the blows as easy as Ali in his early days. The Guard reaches out, grabs Anton by the head, tries to pull him by the hair. But Anton's "hair" slips off in the Guard's grip. It's nothing but a wig. Underneath is a huge, blown out 'fro that pops up like an umbrella. Another Guard tries to grab Anton by his suit, but all of it just tears away in his hands revealing underneath a very funky, very cool update of some '70's style gear: colorful silk shirt, bell bottoms, platform shoes. Fastening his belt is a huge buckle that's stamped UB. The man is funky-tacular, looking tough and cool like a modern-day Jim Kelly in Three The Hard Way, or Black Belt Jones. You know those movies. Right? Riiiiight? Forget it. Just keep reading. Anyway, the Guards can hardly believe what they're seeing:

SECURITY GUARD

It's Lenny Kravitz!

SECURITY GUARD #2

It's the fast-talking black guy who was in that movie with Jackie Chan.

STAN

Idiots! It's Undercover Brother! Get him!

The Guards move for UB with their nightsticks swinging. What follows is a really hot Karate fight like the one Jim Kelly did in Black Belt Jones. It's the kind of fight that's more fun than frightening. One of those "Gee-Whiz" fights you'd see in a Jackie Chan movie where you're more impressed with his physical ability than his ability to simply kick ass. IT HELPS TO KEEP THINGS FUN. As he fights, UB screams things like:

UNDERCOVER BROTHER
Chaka-Kahn! Chaka Zulu! Shaquille
O'Neal!

At one point, UB kicks one of the Guards in the stomach. He doubles over. UB spins the Guard around. THE SCREEN CUTS TO A NEGATIVE IMAGE like in Romeo Must Die - a shot which they ripped off from Street Fighter, but no one remembers Street Fighter, so Romeo ripped it off THREE times - and in an X-Ray type fashion we see UB PUT HIS FOOT IN THE GUARDS ASS much like the popular urban expression for beating a guy silly.

UB takes the opportunity to run the hell away. The Guards collect themselves, take off after UB.

INT. NBS OFFICE TOWER/HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

UB comes racing down the hallway with the Guards in close pursuit. As he runs, he passes a BLACK FEMALE SECRETARY, carrying a stack of papers and looking very attractive in a smart suit and glasses. As UB streaks by, she lowers her glasses, says:

SECRETARY

Who is that man, and how can he be so Ghetto-fabulous?

She sees the Guards chasing after UB. She tosses her papers out onto the floor before them. When the Guards hit the loose papers they start to slip and slide like they were on ice. UB looks back, sees this, says to the sister:

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

Right on, sweet sister.

SECRETARY

Anytime. Like, eight o'clock. My place.

The Guards start to pick themselves up. UB keeps on running. He comes to a door marked: STAIRS. UB opens the door and runs into the well.

INT. STAIRWAY - CONTINUOUS

UB heads down the stairs and OUT OF FRAME. There is a beat. Suddenly UB comes running up the stairs BACK INTO FRAME. Behind him are a whole gaggle of Guards ready to whoop his ass. He keeps heading up the stairs.

EXT. NBS OFFICE TOWER/ROOF - CONTINUOUS

UB hits the roof, runs on a bit, then stops and looks around. He's on top of a skyscraper with nowhere left to go. Behind him, onto the roof comes racing Stan and his Guards.

STAN

Give it up, Undercover Brother. You've got nowhere to go.

UB stands for a beat. There is only the sound of the wind whipping through the altitude. Then, suddenly UB runs for the edge of the roof and LAUNCHES HIMSELF INTO THE OPEN AND EMPTY AIR. Stan and the Guards run to the edge of the roof, look over, see UB falling toward the ground.

STAN (cont'd)

That crazy fool! He didn't have to do it.

UB falls...falls...twists and falls... Then, like a giant flower suddenly blooming, a parachute unfurls from UB's back. It spreads wide open - bright white silk with a big, black-power fist painted in the center. Stan screams down at him:

STAN (cont'd)

Undercover Brotheeeeeeeer!

As UB floats for the ground, he looks back up at Stan and his Guards way up on top of the office tower, raises a fist, smiles and says:

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

Solid.

WE FREEZE FRAME ON UB AND:

SMASH CUT TO:

OPENING TITLES

With very 70's music playing under - high pitched funk with female back up singers belting lyrics - we go into an opening title sequence like something out of a 70's Spelling show, or Starsky and Hutch or The Rookies. Individually, we see our main characters doing something kinda actiony - fight bad guys, shooting weapons. THE CAMERA ZOOMS INTO A TIGHT SHOT OF THE CHARACTER, GOES TO A FREEZE FRAME, WE SEE A KYRON READING SOMETHING LIKE: Blank Blank as UNDERCOVER BROTHER! Blank Blank as SISTAH GIRL! On and on like that through the

main characters ending with: AND JAMES EARL JONES AS THE CHIEF.

FADE TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

As the rest of the titles play out, Undercover Brother walks down the street and into an old school barber shop. The sign up top reads: ROSCOE'S

INT. ROSCOE'S - CONTINUOUS.

This is not a hair design studio. This is a barber shop - big ass barber's chairs, combs floating in blue liquid, patrons, OLD BLACK GUYS sitting around reading the paper or playing checkers. ROSCOE, an older black guy, gives a little smile as UB enters and takes a seat in a chair.

ROSCOE

A little off the top, brother?

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

How about a little off the bottom?

ROSCOE

I can dig it.

Roscoe goes to the counter, PRESSES A BUTTON. The floor beneath the chair UB sits in suddenly opens up. A second later, the chair sinks quickly into the ground.

INT. SHAFT - CONTINUOUS

We see UB, sitting in the barber's chair, racing rapidly downward. His clothes billow from the rush of air, lights flash by indicating swift motion. After a few seconds the chair very suddenly jerks to a stop in A TUNNEL DEEP UNDERGROUND. UB, gets out of the chair and walks toward A LARGE STEEL DOOR SHINED TO A MIRROR-LIKE POLISH. Next to the door is a RETINAL EYE SCANNER. UB, looks into and says:

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

Undercover Brother.

The lights on the panel flash green and the door slides open revealing the interior of the massive, underground B.R.O.T.H.E.R.H.O.O.D. HQ. With monitor screens, people running back and forth, computer read outs and charts, voices from loudspeakers paging agents to the Ready Room, or the Conference Room, it looks and feels like what you'd expect to see at the CIA headquarters - all very modern and high-tech. Except, ALL THE PEOPLE IN THIS HQ ARE BLACK.

There is a logo on the wall that reads: THE
B.R.O.T.H.E.R.H.O.O.D. - FIGHTING FOR TRUTH, JUSTICE AND THE
AFRO-AMERICAN WAY SINCE 1972.

As UB makes his way through the HQ, passing AGENTS - all
dressed normally - say "Hey" and "Hello" to him. He crosses
with SISTAH GIRL. She's a young, good looking black woman,
who - like UB - wears vaguely '70's-style gear: a matching
mini-outfit with thigh-high patented leather boots. She is
as sexy as she is tough - the modern version of Gloria Hendry
(Told you you should've watched Black Belt Jones). One more
thing: her voice is so sexy it sounds like a puff of smoke.
She oughta be doing Fashion Fair cosmetic ads.

SISTAH GIRL

Welcome back, Undercover Brother.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

What it is, Sistah Girl.

SISTAH GIRL

Was your mission successful?

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

The Media was trying to bring us down,
but I turned things around.

Handing her the DVT.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER (cont'd)

Lookie here, Sistah Girl, I need you to
get this tape to The Chief straight away,
ya dig?

With a sweet smile:

SISTAH GIRL

Anything for you, Undercover Brother.

Taking the tape, Sistah Girl moves off. Undercover Brother,
continues on through the HQ. SMART BROTHER, wearing a white
lab coat, glasses, moves quickly down the hall.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

What's the buzz, Smart Brother?

SMART BROTHER

Can't talk. We've got an emergency
situation. The authorities are hassling
Jim Brown for no good reason.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER
Jim Brown the ex-running back, or James
Brown the Godfather of Soul.

SB thinks for a second...his face becomes a blank.
Sheepishly:

SMART BROTHER
...Excuse me...

SB scurries back the way he came. UB keeps moving through
the HQ. He crosses CONSPIRACY BROTHER. With a close-cropped
'fro, goatee and wearing a black leather jacket over a black
turtle neck, he looks like a hold over from the original
Black Panthers.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER
Good morning, Conspiracy Brother.

Pointed, a little paranoid:

CONSPIRACY BROTHER
Is it a so called "good" morning? Let me
break it down for you. "Good," is
actually an ancient Anglo Saxon word
meaning: "that which is without color."
So when you say good morning, what you're
really saying is: "Thank God there aren't
any black people around here."

UNDERCOVER BROTHER
Are you sure that's all true?

CONSPIRACY BROTHER
That's your problem right there: you've
allowed yourself to become a slave to
truth, facts and things you can prove.

Conspiracy Brother moves away. UB continues on to a ANTE
ROOM JUST OUTSIDE THE CHIEF'S OFFICE. Casually hanging out,
reading magazines, are FRED WILLIAMSEN, PAM GRIER AND RICHARD
ROUNDTREE. Three of the baddest icons of the '70's
Blaxploitation era.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER
What's up, y'all?

FRED
Another day of fighting the Establishment
that's trying to keep us down.

PAM

As soon as we level the playing field,
they change the rules on us again.

RICHARD

I took my kids on the Universal Theme
Park Studio Tour. That Jurassic Park
ride is fun-tastic.

They all look at Richard a beat.

RICHARD (cont'd)

What? I'm supposed to fight the evil
cabal that's got it's foot on our throat
every day?

Sistah Girl comes out of The Chief's office.

SISTAH GIRL

The Chief's ready for you, Undercover
Brother.

UB follows Sistah girl into The Chief's office.

INT. THE CHIEF'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

An office befitting the head of a secret organization -
snazzy, high tech. On a large video screen, The Chief
watches the footage UB taped at the NBS headquarters as SG
leads UB into the room.

THE CHIEF

You've done it again, Undercover Brother.
Your mission to infiltrate the networks
was a complete success. Once we air this
tape, they'll be forced to publicly
acknowledge the error of their ways.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

You really think so, Chief?

THE CHIEF

I'm as sure of it as I'm sure I watch
professional wrestling for the hot man-on-
man action. Excellent work, Undercover
Brother. Thank God you're on our side.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

Lookie here, Chief, I know our entire
organization is dedicated to leveling the
playing field for people of color. But I
look forward to the day when neither
blacks nor whites have to go undercover

(MORE)

UNDERCOVER BROTHER (cont'd)
against each other; a day when we can all
chill in peace. But as long as there're
are the Backstreet Boys doing their fake-
ass harmonizing, as long as Eminem is
anything more than a candy that melts in
your mouth and not in your hands, I'll be
out there.

CHIEF

I think all your hard work has earned you
some well-deserved time off. The rest of
the BROTHERHOOD'S agents should be able
to handle any crisis that comes up. Why
don't you take a vacation; go rest and
relax for a while. With pay, of course.

Undercover Brother raises a fist.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

Solid!

CHIEF

Enjoy yourself, Undercover Brother.

Sistah Girl moves past UB, whispers:

SISTAH GIRL

Give me a call if you really want to
enjoy yourself.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

Awww, very solid.

As UB steps from the room THE PICTURE UP ON THE MONITOR
CHANGES FROM THE TAPE, TO THE EVENING NEWS. Two news anchors
WENDY and CHUCK, a couple of talking heads, read the nightly
news in a typically vapid fashion. THE CAMERA PUSHES IN ON
THE PICTURE.

WENDY

...And in other news, still no word from
Former Chairmen of the Joint Chiefs of
Staff and war hero General Nathan
Liqueur, currently a registered
Independent, on which, if any, political
party he will align himself with.
Heavily courted by both the Democrats and
the Republicans, Liqueur's endorsement
could move many pivotal swing votes in
this year's upcoming election.

CHUCK

Meanwhile, Wendy, there's growing
speculation that the General himself

(MORE)

CHUCK (cont'd)
could run for office in the next
Presidential election. Exciting times
indeed, as many people were once far too
prejudice to even consider electing an
African-American president of the United
States.

WENDY
Certainly, I'm one of those people,
Chuck. That's why I'll have a special
investigative report airing all next
week: Yo, diggity: A black man in the
White House.

EXT. STREET - DAY

A fairly quiet city street. Standing on a corner is a WELL
DRESSED BLACK MAN talking on a cell phone. He tries to hail
a cab. Several cabs pass by without stopping for him. The
man says into his phone:

WELL DRESSED MAN
...You're just going to have to push the
meeting back. ...I know I have to pitch
my proposal for recapitalizing that
website, but I just can't get a cab.

I/E. CAB - SIMULTANEOUS

A WHITE CAB DRIVER is driving up the street. He sees the
well dressed black man, says to himself:

CAB DRIVER
Well, there's an African-American
gentleman in need of a ride. Who am I to
judge his ability to pay the fare based
on his skin color? I'll just pull over
and pick him up.

INT. MOUNTAIN LAIR/COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - DAY

The kind of massive secret hideout you'd expect to find in a
James Bond Movie. Monitor screens with live pictures from
various corners of the globe are being carefully watched by
MONITOR AGENTS. One of them turns to a squirrely looking
man - MR. FEATHER.

MONITOR MAN
Sir, we've just spotted a cab driver
who's trying to pick up a black guy.

MR. FEATHER
You know what to do.

MONITOR MAN

Yes, sir!

The Monitor Man speaks into a microphone.

MONITOR MAN (cont'd)

Attention. We have an emergency situation.

EXT. STREET - SIMULTANEOUS

We see a WHITE, HOT DOG VENDOR standing next to his cart - the kind of cart with umbrella you'd see on a street corner in any big city. He reaches up to his ear, and we see that he's WEARING AN EARPIECE. The vendor nods as he listens, a serious look on his face. He presses a button on his cart and the umbrella above the cart tilts, swivels and takes aim at the approaching cab. From the tip of the umbrella a silenced bullet fires, hits the rear tire causing it to blow out. The cab loses control, skids across the road, slams into the brick side of a building, bursts into flames... Then, a grand piano, with hoist ropes, drops from the sky and smashes into the top of the cab. Insult to injury.

INT. MOUNTAIN LAIR - SIMULTANEOUS

A man, dressed in a sharp suit, and moving with a jeweled walking stick - and with his face completely wrapped in bandages almost like a mummy - steps up behind Mr. Feather. This is THE MAN.

THE MAN

Excellent work, Mr. Feather. No black man will ever arrive for a meeting in anything other than C.P. Time if I can help it. Now, if you'll join me in the conference room, we have business to discuss.

Mr. Feather follows The Man from the room.

INT. MOUNTAIN LAIR/CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Man and Mr. Feather enter the conference room. Seated around the table are The Man's MINIONS - conservative looking men in suits, policemen in uniform, hockey players, frat boys... The Man takes a seat at the head of the table. Mr. Feather stands behind him.

THE MAN

Gentlemen. First things first. If you will all look at the document before you. It's a bill from ConEdison. You'll

(MORE)

THE MAN (cont'd)
notice that it is quite high. ...Has
somebody been using the Death Ray?

Everyone sits sheepishly in their chairs, but no one says
anything.

THE MAN (cont'd)
Somebody must have been using the Death
Ray. The Death Ray didn't just use
itself.

Finally, nervously:

MAN'S AGENT
I, uh...had a date the other night, and
it wasn't going very well; I guess her
last boyfriend was an orthodontist and he
does pretty well. So, I'm like: Big
deal. I can kill people three thousand
miles away, and she's like: Yeah, right.
So...I fired up the Death Ray--

THE MAN
All right, this is for everybody: The
Death Ray is not for killing people just
to kill people. We only kill people when
we have a good reason, and trying to
impress some girl is not a good reason.
You're paying that bill.

MAN'S AGENT
...It's four million dollars.

THE MAN
Then I assume you'll be putting in some
overtime. If we may move on... We are
facing a crisis. Perhaps the greatest
this organization has ever faced. When I
assembled my army of minions, it was to
stop the spread of the black menace
wherever it may fester. We've had our
success, but we've had our failures as
well. They've ended slavery, and I have
a feeling we're not going to get that one
back. What's worse, our own children are
now hippping and hopping all around our
fine suburban tract neighborhoods to
ghastly rappish music. And now...General
Liqueur: Good, decent, honest, full of
integrity, liked by all races and creeds
and colors. In a few short years he
could easily be elected president of the
United States. Do you know what kind of
a disaster that would be?

There is a beat. No one says anything.

THE MAN (cont'd)
Hello! He's black!

A sudden "oh, yeah" followed by noises of indignation comes up from the assembled.

THE MAN (cont'd)
We are about to embark on our most important operation ever. An operation I have given the secret code name: Get Rid of General Liqueur. Mr. Feather?

Mr. Feather steps to the center of the room.

MR. FEATHER
Operation: Get Rid of General Liqueur will involve two distinct components. The first is General Liqueur. The second is getting rid of him.

MAN'S AGENT
In that order?

MR. FEATHER
Yes. All you need to know for now is that the first component is in place, and the second is being enacted as we speak.

EXT. BLANCHARD MORROW CIGARETTE COMPANY - DAY

An industrial park-type complex: large office structure combined with a manufacturing plant. Outside we see a large sign for Blanchard Morrow Cigarettes. Below that another sign that proudly proclaims: OVER ONE BILLION KILLED. OVER THIS WE HEAR A VOICE:

CHAD (V.O.)
We want to thank you for taking time out of your busy schedule to talk with us today, General Liqueur.

INT. BLANCHARD-MORROW - DAY

NATHAN LIQUEUR - very much in the Colin Powell mold of stately gentleman - walks along a hallway with executives of Blanchard Morrow cigarettes - BONNIE and CHAD, a couple of Yuppie types. Along with them is The General's daughter MISS LIQUEUR, young, smart, sharp. She's got her father's strength of character. She's pretty with a controlled sexiness that's just waiting to burst forth.

Chad and Bonnie are giving the General and his daughter the the company line with all the spin of a couple of well paid spokespeople.

CHAD

Now that you're returning to the private sector, we here at Blanchard Morrow cigarettes would be honored if you would consider joining our board of directors.

BONNIE

Having you as a member of the Blanchard Morrow family would add a level of credibility to our company that all the money we're forced to donate to charity each year just can't buy.

GENERAL LIQUEUR

I've agreed to take this meeting with you as a courtesy, but I must tell you that both my daughter and I are firmly opposed to the tobacco industry. Cigarettes kill tens of thousands of smokers each year.

BONNIE

A popular misconception. Cigarettes don't kill people. Death kills people.

CHAD

We're against death in all its forms.

MISS LIQUEUR

How do you justify targeting your advertising toward non-adults who aren't mature enough to make informed decisions?

CHAD

NASCAR fans?

MISS LIQUEUR

I meant children.

BONNIE

Admittedly, Miss Liqueur, we may have previously accidentally targeted young adults ages three to ten. But here at Blanchard Morrow we've learned from what our lawyers have told us to call a minor misjudgment. That's why we're introducing Marty Menthol.

The group comes upon MARTY MENTHOL - a guy in a suit that looks like something that was rejected as a baseball team

mascot. It's essentially a big, furry, cute looking cigarette. The kind of thing that children would love.

BONNIE (cont'd)

Marty's here to introduce our new anti-smoking campaign for children. It's called: JUST SAY: ABSOLUTELY NOT...UNTIL I'M A LITTLE OLDER AND THE LAW CAN'T TELL ME WHAT TO DO. If that doesn't teach children to be responsible smokers, then nothing will.

GENERAL LIQUEUR

I don't think that's going to get kids to stop smoking.

CHAD

Then I guess nothing will.

INT. BLANCHARD-MORROW/HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Chad and Bonnie walk the General and his daughter down another hallway.

GENERAL LIQUEUR

I'm afraid I'm going to have to turn down your request to join your board.

BONNIE

We're very sorry that you won't reconsider your decision.

GENERAL LIQUEUR

There's very little that would convince me to be part of a tobacco company.

Arriving at a pair of doors:

CHAD

Perhaps there is one thing that might change your mind.

Chad opens the doors and steps back allowing the General and Miss Liqueur to STEP INTO THE ADJOINING ROOM.

INT. BLANCHARD MORROW/ADJOINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Once inside the room, from the outside, Chad shuts the door tightly on the General and Miss Liqueur.

MISS LIQUEUR

Hey!

Standing in the room is Mr. Feather.

MR. FEATHER
Welcome, General. And good-bye.

Mr. Feather pulls out a gun, fires two shots - one each at the General and his daughter - the gun giving off a soft report as if it is a silenced weapon. As he fires, we:

CUT TO:

BLACK

FADE TO:

EXT. YARD - DAY

Yard may not be the right word. We are in a large field just beyond a GREAT COUNTRY HOME that sits in the background of the frame. AN OLDER BLACK WOMAN sits on the porch rocking. A FEW BLACK CHILDREN PLAY. The house is white, the yard an emerald green, the sun a bright gold in the beautiful blue sky. Colors so rich they almost drip from the screen like an old MGM Technicolor musical. Sitting at a well-prepared outdoor table - nearly overflowing with home cooked foods - are the General and Miss Liqueur. Also present are two BLACK DINNER GUESTS. All wear white. It's as if they are living some kind of beautiful dream. As the people speak, THE CAMERA TRACKS IN A CIRCLE AROUND THEM.

BLACK GUEST #1
It certainly is a beautiful day.

BLACK GUEST #2
A beautiful day, and a beautiful life
that we're living. We're very lucky.

GENERAL LIQUEUR
We're not lucky. We've worked hard to
earn what we have. It's only through
hard work and dedication that you can
achieve anything.

Miss Liqueur looks around, a mask of concern on her face.

MISS LIQUEUR
It's wonderful, but there's something
about all this...

GENERAL LIQUEUR
Oh, it's all right. We can't feel guilty
about the things we have. We have to be
proud of what we've earned.

AS THE CAMERA COMES BACK AROUND TO THE TWO BLACK GUESTS, we see, in their place - in the manner of the dream sequence in The Manchurian Candidate...Okay, C'mon, I know you've seen the Manchurian Candidate. The Chairman, Laurence Harvey, Angela Lansbury... THE CAMERA COMES AROUND AND REVEALS THAT THE BLACK GUESTS ARE REALLY THE MAN AND MR. FEATHER.

THE MAN

Are you sure they have no idea where they are, or what's happening?

MR. FEATHER

Absolutely. They are under the influence of a powerful hallucinogen. That in conjunction with the other modifications we've made to the General...

GENERAL LIQUEUR

Excuse me, brother, could you pass the collared greens?

MR. FEATHER

Certainly.

Mr. Feather passes a bowl of greens to the General who seems completely oblivious to whom he's talking with.

MR. FEATHER (cont'd)

They completely believe everything they are seeing.

As The Man starts to eat some of the food before him:

GENERAL LIQUEUR

Say, you're not going to eat that without any hot sauce, are you?

THE MAN

Any what?

Mr. Feather hands The Man a bottle of hot sauce.

MR. FEATHER

Hot sauce. It's a condiment that many black people consider to be an essential food flavoring.

The Man takes the sauce, starts pouring it on his food. As he does, he says to the General in a stilted attempt to sound down:

THE MAN

Why, uh, no Homie. I'm not trying to not eat all up in here without getting my hot sauce freak on.

The General leans to his daughter, whispers:

GENERAL LIQUEUR

I think this brother must have been bused to school.

Miss Liqueur looks around her. Something is still bothering her.

MISS LIQUEUR

I just...I don't know. All this seems too good to be true.

THE MAN

We don't seem to have full control of the girl.

MR. FEATHER

She hardly matters. The General is our only concern and he is completely in our power.

THE MAN

Are you sure?

MR. FEATHER

Watch and see.

WE HEAR THE HONK OF A HORN. All look down to a road that runs just below them up toward the house. There is a beat up and battered RV which has just parked. Spilling out of it is what can only be called a black man's nightmare. A YOUNG, SUBURBAN WHITE KID TRYING TO BE HIP-HOP. A DULL, BORING MIDDLE-AGED WHITE GUY IN A POLO SHIRT AND BRIGHT PANTS. A WHITE TRASH GUY AND HIS WHITE TRASH WIFE. A GUY IN A SUIT WHO LOOKS LIKE AN INSURANCE SALESMAN. They move en masse toward the General and his party.

WHITE KID

Yo, yo, yo. Wassup?

WHITE GUY

So, who's funkier: Britney Spears, or Jessica Simpson?

RED NECK

Hey, mind if we park our mobile home out here for a spell?

SUITED GUY

Have you considered all your life insurance needs?

THE CAMERA IS BACK ON THE TABLE. The Man and Mr. Feather have been replaced by the visages of the black guests who look at this white blight with fear.

BLACK GUEST #1

Oh, my God. They're horrible. And they just keep coming.

BLACK GUEST #2

They'll destroy everything we've worked for.

BLACK GUEST #1

You've got to do something, General!
You've got to do something before it's too late!

The General looks to his hand. He holds what looks like A SMALL REMOTE CONTROL with a button in the center.

BLACK GUEST #2

Press the button, General! Press the button!

The General's thumb wavers over the button, the stress and strain of not knowing what to do painted on his face.

BLACK GUEST #1

You've got to do it, General! Press the button.

As the tension and indecision mounts in the General, we:

CUT TO:

INT. LIQUEUR HOUSE/MISS LIQUEUR'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Miss Liqueur bolts up in her bed, her face lightly covered in perspiration. She let's out gasp, clutches her chest and looks around as she tries to convince herself everything she's just seen was a dream and nothing more.

The General enters the room.

GENERAL LIQUEUR

Pumpkin, are you all right?

MISS LIQUEUR

I...I don't know. I've just had this dream; a dream so real...so awful.

LIQUEUR

But that's all it was, a dream. Dreams can't hurt you. Now come along. You've got to get up and get ready. I have a very important announcement to make this morning.

MISS LIQUEUR

Dad...can't we put off your press conference. I...I just have a bad feeling...

Giving a sweet laugh, hugs his daughter.

LIQUEUR

Oh, my daughter. My sweet, fiercely independent in a non-threatening way, sexually exciting daughter. I've marched for Civil Rights, fought in wars...do you think a little thing like a bad dream is going to make me run and hide?

Smiling to her father:

MISS LIQUEUR

No.

LIQUEUR

Then let's get ready. It's a big day for me, and I'd like my daughter there by my side.

The General gives his daughter a kiss on the forehead before heading off. Miss Liqueur sits for a minute, the expression on her face says her dream still haunts her. She reaches to her nightstand for some bottled water resting there. As she does, her hand brushes over her visitor tag from Blanchard Morrow cigarettes. She picks it up, looks at it... We can see it in her eyes: her memory is starting to stir.

INT. THE CHIEF'S OFFICE - DAY

Sistah Girl stands watching a TV monitor while The Chief works at his desk with CB. UP ON THE MONITOR, speaking to the media, is a sweaty Stan Blossombane.

STAN

When I said "Get them off the golf courses and back onto the cotton fields where they belong," what I meant was--

A NEWS BULLETIN CARD fills the screen. Over this we hear an ANNOUNCER.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

We interrupt this broadcast to take you live to the scene of breaking news, as General Nathan Liqueur is about to address the media.

SISTAH GIRL

Chief, the news conference is starting.

THE CHIEF

This is a historic moment; what may be the first step on the road to putting an African-American in the White House. It's a great day for black people of all colors.

INT. PRESS ROOM - DAY

In a room filled with REPORTERS, General Liqueur steps to a podium ringed with microphones. PHOTOGRAPHS flash pictures. There is a general buzz of excitement in the room. History is about to be made.

GENERAL LIQUEUR

First, let me thank you all for coming today. I don't have to tell you that there's been quite a bit of speculation about my post-military career. I've thought long and hard about how I can best serve my country now that I'm no longer in uniform. And only after having many discussions with my daughter, the most important person in my life, have I finally been able to reach a decision.

The General looks to his daughter, smiles.

GENERAL LIQUEUR (cont'd)

I have decided, as many of you may have guessed, that I will be involving myself in the political system. More than that, I am very pleased and proud to announce that I will be joining the Republican party.

INT. BROTHERHOOD HQ - SIMULTANEOUS

The Chief does a spit-take. CB can't believe what he's hearing.

CONSPIRACY BROTHER

The brother's going Republican? Are my so-called ears deceiving me?

The General takes questions from the gathered reporters.

REPORTER #1 (V.O.)

General, what is it that attracted you to the Republican party?

LIQUEUR (V.O.)

Their moral stance, their fiscal responsibility, and the fact that they don't take any crap from welfare queens.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

REPORTER #2

Uh...General, you mean they don't support gratuitous welfare programs.

LIQUEUR

I mean they aren't handing out food stamps to every shiftless Negro that's too lazy to get out of bed after a long night of catting around.

Another buzz goes through the assembled. Miss Liqueur looks at her father with disbelief.

INT. THE CHIEF'S OFFICE - SIMULTANEOUS

The Chief shuts off the TV, gives an incredulous shake of his head.

THE CHIEF

I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't heard it myself.

CONSPIRACY BROTHER

General Liqueur joining the so-called "Republican" party. And did you see how the so-called "unbiased free press" just accept this without asking the obvious question: How could any self-respecting brother become a Republican? Name one thing they've ever done for the black man.

SISTAH GIRL

They were the party of Lincoln. They stood against the tyranny of oppression by leading the call for the Civil war, and forced passage of the Emancipation Proclamation which freed the slaves.

Beat.

CONSPIRACY BROTHER

Name two things they've ever done for the black man.

THE CHIEF

I'm more concerned about what the General said: Welfare queens, shiftless black people catting around... That doesn't sound like the General Liqueur I know. I think we need to look into this. Conspiracy Brother, talk to Smart Brother. I want him to get me a breakdown on all of the General's recent activities; where he's been and who he's met with.

CONSPIRACY BROTHER

Right, Chief.

CB EXITS. The Chief turns to Sistah Girl.

THE CHIEF (cont'd)

I didn't want to say anything in front of Conspiracy Brother, but we may be facing a very grave situation here. I think there's more to the General's behavior than meets the eye.

SISTAH GIRL

Are you sure?

THE CHIEF

As sure as I am that I haven't bathed in five days. And if there is a crisis brewing, we're going to need our best man to handle it. This is a job for Undercover Brother.

INT. SHAFT - DAY

UB is in that barber's chair, rushing down to the bottom of the secret shaft. The chair comes to a rest. UB stands and starts to walk.

INT. BROTHERHOOD HQ - MOMENTS LATER

As UB steps through the massive security doors of the HQ, he's met by Sistah Girl.

SISTAH GIRL

Sorry to cut your vacation short, Undercover Brother, but we've got ourselves a potential situation.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

I had some fun, but now I'm done. Break it down for me, Sistah Girl.

SISTAH GIRL

Let's talk while we walk. The Chief is waiting to see you.

INT. BROTHERHOOD HQ/THE CHIEF'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Escorted by Sistah Girl, UB makes his way into The Chief's office. Waiting along with The Chief are Smart Brother and Conspiracy Brother.

THE CHIEF

Undercover Brother, thank God you're back.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

What it is, Chief?

THE CHIEF

What it is, is: we don't know what it is. General Nathan Liqueur has been exhibiting some strange behavior lately. Take a look at this tape of a recent public appearance he made.

The Chief presses a button on his desk, says:

THE CHIEF (cont'd)

Lance, bring in the tape.

The door to The Chief's office opens. LANCE enters. Lance is a young, clean cut white guy. He comes across in dress like an '80s Reagan Republican. He's got a general disdain for everyone around him. Taking a sly look around at everyone in the room.

LANCE

Looks like the Source awards in here.

THE CHIEF

Lance, I want you to meet our top agent -
Undercover Brother.

Lance looks at UB for a beat, then broadly aping the
catchphrase:

LANCE

Whasssuuup!

Lance walks out of the room.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

Uh, Chief, what's he doing working at The
Brotherhood?

THE CHIEF

Lance is our new intern.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

But...he's white.

THE CHIEF

What can I tell you. Affirmative Action.

The Chief puts the tape in the VCR, activates the monitor.
We come in on BET TONIGHT with TAVIS SMILEY.

TAVIS

We're back with General Nathan Liqueur.
General, when you announced that you were
going to become a registered Republican,
you said some pretty inflammatory things
about African-Americans. You referred to
blacks on assistance as welfare queens,
called them lazy, shiftless...

LIQUEUR

Well, if the basketball shoe fits...

TAVIS

I would doubt that most blacks on welfare
want to take handouts. Wouldn't you say
that the problem is the inequality of an
economic system that perpetuates poverty
instead of one that allows people to make
a living wage?

LIQUEUR

You could say that, if you were the kind
of black man who liked to use big words
and long sentences to cover up the fact
that he didn't know what he was talking

(MORE)

LIQUEUR (cont'd)
about. Are you that kind of black man,
Tavis? Huh? Are ya?

TAVIS
I'm the kind of black man who's likely to
come over there and give you an old
school ass whoopin'.

LIQUEUR
Typical. Trying to solve a problem with
violence. Will you people never learn?

The Chief cuts off the TV.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER
I can hardly dig my own ears. I've never
heard the General rap like that.

CONSPIRACY BROTHER
There are evil forces at play here.
Maybe the same evil forces who stole
Lionel Ritchie's ability to write funky
but touching love songs.

SISTAH GIRL
One of the most prominent black men in
American making inflammatory, and
embarrassing remarks that will no doubt
be misinterpreted by those already
bigoted against people of color.

SMART BROTHER
If The General continues to make these
kinds of speeches he could set back the
Civil Rights movement nearly twenty-three
and a half years.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER
Well, he's certainly not going to help
things.

SMART BROTHER
No, he's going to set back the Civil
Rights movement twenty-three and a half
years. I've done the math.

SB holds out a piece of paper that UB quickly scans.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER
The numbers don't lie, Chief.

THE CHIEF
There is a possibility that we have to
consider: maybe the General has freely
(MORE)

THE CHIEF (cont'd)

chosen to align himself with the ultra-conservatives of the Republican party. If he has, then we have to respect that decision.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

Maybe he did. But dig this: we've already lost Al Roker and one of the Gumbel brothers to the other side. I'm not going to stand around and watch another brother go down without being daaaaamn sure of things.

SISTAH GIRL

We've got a breakdown of all the General's whereabouts prior to his announcement he was going Republican.

SG hands the list to UB which he scans.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

The last place he was hanging was Blanchard Morrow cigarettes?

SISTAH GIRL

Word on the street is they were trying to talk The General into sitting on their board of directors.

SMART BROTHER

Perhaps not coincidentally, they are also a major financial contributor to several extreme reactionary groups.

CONSPIRACY BROTHER

And have you noticed with newspapers that the paper is white, but the words, the truth, are printed in black ink? How come nobody ever talks about that?

They all stare at CB for a beat, then, ignoring him, getting back to business, UB takes out a pen and piece of paper, writes something down, hands it to SB.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

Smart Brother, you think you can make this for me?

SMART BROTHER

Your drawing and instructions are crude, rudimentary, lack a certain artistic style...

UNDERCOVER BROTHER
Can you make it?

SMART BROTHER
Was Du Bois a Harvard graduate?

UB stares at SB for a beat, not really sure. SB answers the question for him.

SMART BROTHER (cont'd)
Yes.

THE CHIEF
What are you thinking, Undercover Brother?

UNDERCOVER BROTHER
I think it's time for Undercover Brother to see what's smoking at this cigarette company.

INT. BLANCHARD MORROW/CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

UB - dressed down in a business suit, glasses and carrying a briefcase - is escorted into the conference room by Bonnie and Chad.

CHAD
We want to thank you for coming by Mr...

UNDERCOVER BROTHER
Thomas.

Reading from a business card:

BONNIE
Is that Uncle?

UNDERCOVER BROTHER
It's pronounced Oon-Cal. French Haitian.

BONNIE
Speaking for Chad and myself, we were very intrigued when we read your proposal.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER
At Blackman and Blackman advertising, we see opportunity where others see adversity. We recognize the problem facing tobacco companies today is opening new markets.

CHAD
I'll say. These days they won't let us
sell cigarettes to kids. Excuse me, but
I thought children were our future.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER
And if you can't sell to kids, who can
you sell to? So I ask you; have you
fully exploited the African-American
community?

Bonnie and Chad just stare at UB.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER (cont'd)
Black people.

CHAD
Ohhh, black people. No, I don't think
so.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER
Well, last time I checked there seems to
be plenty of 'em. But is your product
effectively positioned for the black
consumer?

UB holds up a cigarette.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER (cont'd)
Here's one of your cigarettes. Take a
really good look at it. It's pale. It's
small. A little on the limp side. It's
a quick hit, and then it's gone. It
can't possibly give much pleasure to the
user. Basically, it's inadequate.

BONNIE
And it probably won't call you the next
day.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER
Honestly, ask yourselves, how many black
people are going to want to smoke this?

CHAD
Not the two I met once.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER
You need something that speaks to the
black community.

UB pulls out a large, handrolled cigarette that looks more
like a blunt.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER (cont'd)
May I present to you: The Fatty. It's got that handrolled look and feel that's so popular with today's black youth. It's big, it's wide, it's full of long lasting pleasure to be enjoyed over and over and over again.

Bonnie lets out a deep sigh.

BONNIE
I don't know about anybody else, but I could sure go for a smoke.

She takes out a cigarette, looks at it. Compared to The Fatty it is puny and uninviting. Bonnie frowns, shrugs, and lights up. In a very presentational manner:

UNDERCOVER BROTHER
It's what a brother wants when one of them little bitch-ass cigarettes is 'bout to make him lose his mind up in here.

CHAD
Maybe. But we'll need a slogan to sell it.

Again, in a presentational manner:

UNDERCOVER BROTHER
I was thinking: It's what a brother wants when one of them little bitch-ass cigarettes is 'bout to make him lose his mind up in here. And the Fatty comes in regular, and with a mild hint of chronic.

CHAD
I don't know what your urban slang means, but it sounds good to me. Of course, I'll have to see what the rest of the advertising team thinks before I can actually make up my own mind for myself, but I think I can tell you privately, off the record, that my inclination is to really like this.

BONNIE
You've really got a handle on this whole "black people" thing.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER
It's my job.

CHAD
Thank you so much, Mr. Thomas.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER
Please, it's Oon-cal.

BONNIE
We'll be in touch.

Chad starts to get up to show UB out.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER
Don't trouble yourself. I can find my
own way out.

UB stands and exits the conference room.

INT. BLANCHARD MORROW/HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

UB makes his way down the hall, then QUICKLY DUCKS DOWN
ANOTHER HALLWAY THAT'S EMPTY OF PEOPLE. He takes a look
around and, seeing that he's alone:

UNDERCOVER BROTHER
Time to say good-bye to Oon-Cal Thomas
and say whassup to...

UB pulls off "his" close-cropped hair revealing his massive
'fro. He tears away his suit revealing his bell bottoms and
silks.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER (cont'd)
Undercover Brother.

Stealthfully UB starts to make his way through the building.

EXT. BLANCHARD MORROW - DAY

We are on the backside of the Blanchard Morrow office
complex. Things are a little slower back here, less foot
traffic. Miss Liqueur sneaks around toward a back entrance
to the building when she is spotted by a SECURITY GUARD - a
BLACK guy - who approaches her with a low-rent hardass scowl
on his face.

BACK ENTRANCE SECURITY
Excuse me, miss. This is a restricted
area. Do you have a pass?

MISS LIQUEUR
...No, I don't, but I really need to get
inside. Now, I know you're going to tell
me I can't get in without a pass, and we
(MORE)

MISS LIQUEUR (cont'd)
 can stand here arguing about it all day,
 but that's just going put me in a bad
 mood, and if I'm in a bad mood I'm going
 to get attitude, and if I get attitude
 I'm not going to want to go out on a date
 with you.

This hits the security guard like a brick to the head.

BACK ENTRANCE SECURITY
 A...a date?

MISS LIQUEUR
 Well, yeah. I mean, if you're going to
 be nice enough to let me in, then I'm
 going to have to reward you with a date.

BACK ENTRANCE SECURITY
 I...I really shouldn't let you in the
 building.

MISS LIQUEUR
 And I shouldn't be doing some mad
 grinding with a fine brother that I just
 met.

BACK ENTRANCE SECURITY
 ...Me...?

Miss Liqueur smiles, nods. The security guard gets really
 flustered. He can't fumble out his keys and open the door
 fast enough.

MISS LIQUEUR (cont'd)
 Now, you wait here, and I'll be right
 back.

BACK ENTRANCE SECURITY
 Right here. This spot. Not moving.

Miss Liqueur enters the building. The guard watches her go
 with a smile on his face. As soon as she's gone, he looks
 down at his feet.

BACK ENTRANCE SECURITY
 Damn me! I knew I should've worn my
 lifts today!

INT. BLANCHARD MORROW - DAY

We see Miss Liqueur sneaking into the building. She presses
 herself against a wall as a couple of EMPLOYEES pass down a
 perpendicular hallway. Once they're gone, she slips around
 the corner and down the hall.

INT. BLANCHARD MORROW - SIMULTANEOUS

UB makes his way toward a room marked SECURITY SURVEILLANCE. He tries the handle. The door's locked. There's also a wire running around the door frame to the lock - an alarm. Getting down on one knee, coming even with the lock on the door, UB reaches up and into his 'fro. From deep inside his mass of hair he pulls out some lock picking tools and a small pair of pliers. UB clips the wire to the alarm, then goes to work on the lock. In short order, he has the lock picked and the door open.

INT. BLANCHARD MORROW/SURVEILLANCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Other than all the monitor and surveillance equipment inside, the room is empty. UB goes to one of machines marked: ARCHIVED TAPES. He presses the rewind button, and up on a monitor we see Chad and Bonnie having sex on a conference room table. UB rewinds the tape a little more, TWO MORE EMPLOYEES having sex on a desk. UB rewinds the tape again. TWO MORE EMPLOYEES having sex on a copying machine.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

Doesn't anybody use office furnishing for office work?

UB rewinds the tape a little more. WE SEE THE BEGINNING of the scene where The General and Miss Liqueur were previously led into a conference room. Just then the knob to ANOTHER DOOR TO THE ROOM begins to slowly twist. UB jumps back against a wall, sloooooowly reaches for the door, then yanks it open revealing Miss Liqueur trying to sneak into the room. At the same moment, the door having been pulled open, a LOUD ALARM goes off throughout the building. UB knows it's only going to be a beat before a flock of security guards descends on them like vultures. UB ejects the tape from the machine, takes it, grabs Miss Liqueur by the wrist and pulls her out into a hallway.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

C'mon!

INT. BLANCHARD MORROW/HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

UB and Miss Liqueur race down a hallway. From behind come a couple of SECURITY GUARDS who pull guns. One of them screams:

B/M SECURITY

Hold it!

UB reaches to the small of his back and pulls out TWO AFRO PICKS. Using them like Chinese throwing stars, he sends them

whipping through the air towards the Guards. It catches both of them by the sleeves of their gun arms, pinning them to the walls. With a bad, Bondian quip:

UNDERCOVER BROTHER
Sorry to be so...picky.

Miss Liqueur looks on incredulously.

MISS LIQUEUR
Who are you?

UNDERCOVER BROTHER
Undercover Brother. I'm a secret agent for the BROTHERHOOD. I've got reason to believe there's a conspiracy being perpetrated against General Nathan Liqueur.

UB pulls Miss Liqueur further on down the hallway INTO AN ELEVATOR.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Once inside the elevator:

MISS LIQUEUR
The General's my father. Something happened to us here, and I'm trying to find out what.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER
I would have found out if you hadn't tripped that alarm.

MISS LIQUEUR
The only reason the alarm went off is because you opened the door before I had a chance to deactivate it. I was doing fine until you messed things up.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER
Dig it sister: I'm down with feminism, Oprah and all that, but undercover work is dangerous and best left to professional brothers.

The door to the elevator opens, and UB and Miss Liqueur race OUT.

INT. BLANCHARD-MORROW/HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

As the pair race from the elevator, they encounter a FEW MORE GUARDS. UB takes out two of them screaming things like:

UNDERCOVER BROTHER
Uuuuusher! IIIIIIIKE....ANDTINATURNER.

He turns to see Miss Liqueur, an army brat, take out the third guard with some karate moves of her own. The two look at each other.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER
I guess this is where your spunky grit which is belied by your physical beauty is supposed to make me see you as my equal in both action and romance.

MISS LIQUEUR
No more than your tough but sympathetic nature is supposed to win over my initial reaction to your masculine bluster.

The two race on toward the front exit of the building. Just as they reach it, a SWARM OF GUARDS comes racing from doors and surrounds the pair. No way they are getting past all of them.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER
We're not going to make it out the front.

MISS LIQUEUR
I came in through a back entrance. But we'll never be able to get around to it.

UB takes a quick look around. Nowhere to run to...on the ground level. But ABOVE THEM is a balcony that's free of guards. UB grabs Miss Liqueur up into his arms. Pressing a button on his wristband, his platform shoes suddenly begin to platform straight up taking them to the balcony level and leaving the guards down below. UB steps from his shoes, safely onto the balcony. To Miss Liqueur:

UNDERCOVER BROTHER
They don't call 'em platform shoes for nothing.

UB and Miss Liqueur take off running.

EXT. BLANCHARD MORROW - DAY

UB and Miss Liqueur come RACING OUT OF THE BACK ENTRANCE of the building, and run past the security guard who just watches them go, then yells after Miss Liqueur:

BACK ENTRANCE SECURITY
So, you'll call...?

EXT. STREET - DAY

Not quite running, but moving at a good clip, UB and Miss Liqueur make their way towards Roscoe's and ENTER THE SHOP.

INT. ROSCOE'S - CONTINUOUS

UB and Miss Liqueur enter. Roscoe smiles at him.

ROSCOE
Need a cut, brother?

UNDERCOVER BROTHER
Already had one close shave today.

UB hops up on a barber's chair, pulls Miss Liqueur up onto his lap.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER (cont'd)
Ready?

MISS LIQUEUR
For what?

Roscoe presses the button on the counter. As before, the chair UB is sitting in suddenly and swiftly drops through the floor.

INT. SHAFT - CONTINUOUS

Again, as before, we see the chair sink through the shaft. Lights flash, air rushes by. Miss Liqueur gasp and clutches UB as they drop. Finally the chair comes to a rest.

MISS LIQUEUR
Oh, my God!

UNDERCOVER BROTHER
It's really not that bad. The flashing lights and fan make the drop seem a lot longer than it really is.

UB points and Miss Liqueur follows his directing. On one side of the shaft is a fan and strobe lights.

From just above them we hear:

ROSCOE (V.O.)
Everything all right down there?

Both UB and Miss Liqueur look up. THE CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL Roscoe standing on the floor just six or ten feet above them.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

We're cool.

INT. BROTHERHOOD HQ - CONTINUOUS

The massive security doors of the BROTHERHOOD HQ slide open. UB and Miss Liqueur enter. Miss Liqueur looks around, hardly able to believe what she's seeing.

MISS LIQUEUR

What is this place?

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

Welcome to the pad of the BROTHERHOOD.

The pair is approached by SG.

SISTAH GIRL

Glad you made it back safely, Undercover Brother.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

Just barely. Miss Liqueur, say what's up to Sistah Girl.

MISS LIQUEUR

It's a pleasure to meet you.

SISTAH GIRL

What it is, sister.

(to UB)

The Chief is waiting to see you.

SG leads UB and Miss Liqueur to The Chief's office.

INT. THE CHIEF'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Waiting in the office are The Chief, CB and SB.

THE CHIEF

What the hell happened, Undercover Brother, and who is she?

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

Chief, Smart Brother, Conspiracy Brother, this is General Liqueur's daughter.

THE CHIEF

The General's daughter? Welcome to the BROTHERHOOD, Miss Liqueur.

MISS LIQUEUR

Please. It's Coco.

SMART BROTHER
...Coco Liqueur...?

MISS LIQUEUR
Yes. But my friends call me Gertrude.

THE CHIEF
...So, Coco, would you mind telling us
what you were doing at that cigarette
company?

MISS LIQUEUR
Ever since my father and I visited there,
I've been having this nightmare. A real
swinger of a nightmare, too. But it
feels so real. It has to do with...all
kinds of strange people. It's too crazy
to even be believed.

SMART BROTHER
No crazier than a dream about Regis
Philbin in a Speedo attaching a car
battery to your genitalia while he keeps
screaming: "Who's your millionaire,
bitch?"

They all stare at SB for a beat.

SMART BROTHER (cont'd)
I'm just saying that's the kind of crazy
dream some people might have. Other
people...who aren't me.

MISS LIQUEUR
Along with the nightmares, my father's
been acting so strange lately. I thought
there must be a connection between what's
happening to us and that cigarette
company.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER
Before the heat chased from the building,
I was able to cop this surveillance tape.
I think it might have some clues as to
what's goin' down.

SB takes the tape, looks it over.

SMART BROTHER
Apparently it has some sort of security
encryption. I'll have to have it sent to
the lab to be decoded.

The Chief, presses a button on his intercom.

THE CHIEF (cont'd)

Lance, would you come into my office.

Lance ENTERS.

THE CHIEF (cont'd)

I need you to take this tape directly to the lab.

LANCE

(drily)

Yeah, I'd better get it straight there. With so many of you people around it's liable to get stolen.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

Lance, say hello to Coco Liqueur.

LANCE

Cute name. Was Old English 800 hundred already taken?

Lance EXITS.

MISS LIQUEUR

Does somebody want to tell me what's going on here? Who are you?

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

We're the BROTHERHOOD. A secret organization of brothers and sisters working together to ensure equality for people of color.

CONSPIRACY BROTHER

Things don't always just happen by accident. Sometimes people make them happen. And that's when we go to work.

MISS LIQUEUR

So...the conspiracies we've believed for years really are true? The NBA really did instituted the three point shot to give white guys a chance?

SMART BROTHER

Oh, absolutely. It improves the playability factor of the Caucasian basketball athlete by thirty-eight percent.

MISS LIQUEUR

And the entire entertainment industry really is out to get Spike Lee?

CONSPIRACY BROTHER

The brother's not complaining just to complain.

SISTAH GIRL

I think they secretly re-edit his movies to make them so bad.

MISS LIQUEUR

And O.J. really is innocent?

UB, The Chief, SG, CB and SB all just stand for a beat, kinda look around, chew at their lips... No one says a word, until:

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

You know... maybe I'll just show Miss Liqueur around the BROTHERHOOD headquarters.

THE CHIEF

Yeah. Yeah, you do that, Undercover Brother. We'll call you as soon as we've analyzed the tape.

UB escorts Miss Liqueur FROM THE OFFICE.

INT. BROTHERHOOD HQ/HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

UB walks with Miss Liqueur. As they do, she looks around her surroundings in awe.

MISS LIQUEUR

This is an amazing organization.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

It's a trip, isn't it? Super secret, totally hooked up... Dig this: We've got one group of agents who work twenty-four seven helping famous blacks who are being unjustly persecuted by corrupt law enforcement officials just because of their celebrity status.

CUT TO:

INT. BROTHERHOOD HQ/EMERGENCY ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

AS A SIREN BLARES, WE SEE A SIGN THAT READS: WHITNEY AND BOBBY. Next to it is pulsating red light. THE CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL a BLACK AGENT, just taking off his coat as if coming in from an assignment. He looks up at the flashing light.

BLACK AGENT

Oh, for crying out loud! I just put lasagna in the microwave!

CUT TO:

INT. BROTHERHOOD HQ/HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

UB and Miss Liqueur continue to walk.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

It's a hard, thankless job with a lot of long hours, but whenever I see Kid Rock dragging rap music through a trailer park, I know it's worth it.

They come upon a YOUNG BROTHER WEARING A JACKET AND BOW TIE. He's next to a little stand stacked with bean pies.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER (cont'd)

Bean pie?

MISS LIQUEUR

Yes, thank you.

UB buys two bean pies from the bow tied brother, gives one to Miss Liqueur. They walk into a break room.

INT. BROTHERHOOD HQ/BREAK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Despite the supersecret nature of the BROTHERHOOD, it's breakroom looks pretty much like any break room of any company anywhere. Low-end plastic furniture, a little microwave on the counter next to coffee machine. One refrigerator that looks like it was purchased on sale. UB and Miss Liqueur enter.

Getting a bit melancholy:

MISS LIQUEUR (cont'd)

I have to be honest; I'm really worried about my father. He's the most important person in my life. If something's happened to him... I don't know what I'd do.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

Hey, what's with all the bad vibes? I'm not going to let anything happen to your father.

MISS LIQUEUR

You say that, but...

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

I say it, and I mean it. Let me tell you something, sweet sister: I may have to take you down, but I'll never let you down.

MISS LIQUEUR

Why would you have to take me down?

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

I'm not saying I would, but...

MISS LIQUEUR

I've never done anything illegal. Well, there was that one time in Milwaukee, but there weren't any signs posted and everybody else was doing it.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

Hey, it's just one of my rhythmic catch phrases, okay?

Working her way toward an uneasy apology:

MISS LIQUEUR

...I think I misjudged you earlier, Undercover Brother. I appreciate you trying to help my father. You're not at all the egotistical macho creep I thought you were.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

Groovy. So maybe when I'm done with this mission, you and me can get to jammin', 'cause that body is slammin'.

MISS LIQUEUR

What?

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

Nothing relaxes a brother after a hard day of going undercover like a little piece of the cookie.

MISS LIQUEUR

You arrogant, male pig! I wouldn't "jam" with you if you were the last jamable man on the planet. And not that you'll ever know, but just for the record: my "cookie" would kill you.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

Right on, mama. That's why I'm looking to get a little chip of your chocolate.

MISS LIQUEUR

Look, this conversation isn't going to get us anywhere. So for the sake of harmony let's just change the subject. I have a question: BROTHERHOOD. What does that stand for?

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

BROTHERHOOD? That stands for--

Just then, SG enters the room.

SISTAH GIRL

Undercover Brother, Smart Brother's decoded that tape.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

Solid!

UB follows SG from the break room with Miss Liqueur following

INT. THE CHIEF'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

UB, SG and Miss Liqueur enter. The Chief is there, along with SB and CB. SB stands holding some notes, ready to address the assembled.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

What's the word, Smart Brother?

SMART BROTHER

The situation is far worse than we could have ever imagined. Apparently Lex Luthor is behind this entire evil scheme. He's made a pact with Brainiac to shrink Metropolis down to the size of the bottled city of Kandor then hold it hostage with the threat of destroying it if the Justice League attempts to intervene.

Everyone just stares at Smart Brother for a beat who then looks at his notes.

SMART BROTHER (cont'd)

I'm sorry. Somehow a Superman comic seems to have gotten mixed in with my notes.

Looking through the paperwork:

SMART BROTHER (cont'd)

Liqueur... Here we go:

(off handed)

The General and Miss Liqueur were kidnapped, then placed under psycho-hallucinogenic drugs. Then, a micro-cerebral mind control device was planted in the General's brain so that he could be electronically directed to act against his will. Finally, both the Liqueurs were given a post-hypnotic suggestion in an effort to make the entire, sordid affair seem like nothing more than a dream. Undoubtedly, the General is having similar dreams.

MISS LIQUEUR

You mean...I have an electronic device implanted in my brain?

SMART BROTHER

Not you, just your father.

THE CHIEF

Why only him? Why not Miss Liqueur as well?

SMART BROTHER

Really, sir, have you priced micro-cerebral mind control devices lately? They're not cheap.

CONSPIRACY BROTHER

The reason is obvious. Someone is forcing the General to say things to both divide and embarrass the black race.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

I'm not down with that concept. Maybe he makes a couple of jive remarks here and there, but what does that accomplish?

SISTAH GIRL

What if it wasn't just here and there?
What if he said or did something at one
of the most important national forums
there is?

Sistah Girl takes a folded newspaper from The Chief's desk.
She holds it up for all to see. The headline reads: LIQUEUR
CHOSEN AS KEYNOTE SPEAKER FOR REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

Yeah, the Republican National Convention.
All that conservative talk was just to
get the General in the door. But once
he's up on that platform, whoever wants
to see him do his thing, would just pull
his string.

CONSPIRACY BROTHER

And you know how they are. They judge
one of us as they judge all of us.

SMART BROTHER

This is a potential disaster of
exponential proportions. Race relations
could be set back an additional six to
ten years beyond my original
estimate...plus or minus three.

MISS LIQUEUR

But how could this be possible?
Kidnapped, drugged...how could I not
remember any of it?

SMART BROTHER

I think the tape Undercover Brother
retrieved helps explain things.

SB turns on The Chief's TV monitor, plays the surveillance
tape. We see the General and Miss Liqueur being led into to
the Blanchard Morrow conference room. Once inside, a figure
reveals himself, then fires the tranq gun at the General and
his daughter. After they fall to the floor, a few MINIONS
step from hiding, and start to carry Miss Liqueur and her
father off.

SMART BROTHER (cont'd)

After being tranquilized, the General and
Miss Liqueur were taken to some secret
location, drugged, operated on,
hypnotized and then returned to the
comfort of their homes none the wiser.

On the screen, the man with the gun looks up at the camera.

MISS LIQUEUR

Wait! Stop the tape!

SB does as told. The picture freezes with the man looking up at the camera.

MISS LIQUEUR (cont'd)

That man. I think he's in my nightmares.

THE CHIEF

Can you enlarge the picture?

SB presses a button on the remote. The freeze frame enlarges.

MISS LIQUEUR

That's definitely him.

The Chief, UB, SG, CB and SB all share a concerned look that is not missed by Miss Liqueur.

MISS LIQUEUR (cont'd)

What is it?

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

That's Mr. Feather; number one flunkey to the BROTHERHOOD'S arch enemy: The Man.

CONSPIRACY BROTHER

The source of all that plagues Black America. If he doesn't have his knee at our backs, then he's got his foot on our throats. The Man exists for one reason and one reason alone: to keep a brother down.

MISS LIQUEUR

But who is he?

SISTAH GIRL

He keeps his identity a secret. There's very little we know about him.

SMART BROTHER

All we can be certain of is that he's five feet, eleven inches tall, one-hundred-eighty-six pounds, born and raised in New England, but lost his accent just after college, has a small scar on his torso from a bike riding accident when he was thirteen, bats left,

(MORE)

SMART BROTHER (cont'd)
pitches right, turn ons include fast
cars, walks on the beach and women who
enjoy fondue.

SISTAH GIRL
Other than that there's very little we
know about him.

THE CHIEF
If The Man is behind this, then the
General is in more trouble than we
thought.

MISS LIQUEUR
Are you sure?

THE CHIEF
I'm as sure of that as I am my neighbor's
dog is secretly trying to destroy my
marriage. Miss Liqueur, we've got to
find your father.

MISS LIQUEUR
He went on retreat to work on his keynote
speech. I don't know where he is.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER
Wherever he is, no doubt it's under the
watchful eye of The Man.

SISTAH GIRL
There's something on Mr. Feather's lapel.

THE CHIEF
Smart Brother...?

SB again press a button on a remote. The picture enlarges.
On Mr. Feather's lapel is a button that reads: THE SOCIETY TO
KEEP AMERICA PURE.

SISTAH GIRL
Society to Keep America Pure. That's that
ultra-rightwing political organization.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER
Maybe it is. Or maybe it's nothing but a
front for The Man.

THE CHIEF
There's only one way to be sure.
Undercover Brother, it looks like we're
going to have to send you where no real
brother has gone before... Deep inside
the Republican party. Smart Brother, I
(MORE)

THE CHIEF (cont'd)
want you to start training Undercover
Brother for this assignment immediately.

UB raises a fist, says:

UNDERCOVER BROTHER
Solid!

INT. BROTHERHOOD HQ/TRAINING ROOM - DAY

Undercover Brother and Smart Brother are in the training
room, SB holds a clip board and is making notes.

SMART BROTHER
Undercover Brother, if you're going to
successfully infiltrate the Republican
Party, you're going to have to learn to
think and act just like a middle-aged
white guy with a bad comb-over who's
average annual pre-tax income is above
one-hundred-fifty-seven thousand dollars.
Here, have a bite of this sandwich.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER
Don't mind if I do. This brother hasn't
had time for a decent meal since--

Undercover Brother takes a bite of the sandwich, then spits
it out as if he's just eaten a heaping spoonful of warm shit.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER
Oh, God! What the hell is that crap?
You trying to kill me?

SMART BROTHER
If you're going to fool the Republicans
you're going to have to learn to like
mayonnaise.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER
Mayo-whatzit?

SMART BROTHER
Mayonnaise. It's a condiment that many
Caucasians seem to consider an essential
flavoring.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER
Flavoring? There's no flavor to it.
It's like spreadable water.

SMART BROTHER
That's why I want you to wear this.

SB hands UB a wrist watch.

SMART BROTHER (cont'd)

If you're ever forced to eat mayonnaise,
simply press the button on the side of
the watch.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

What's that do? Fire a poison dart so I
can kill myself instead?

SMART BROTHER

Actually, it dispenses a liberal
spritzing of hot sauce. One blast should
be enough to make Caucasian food edible.

Handing UB some small cartridges:

SMART BROTHER (cont'd)

Here are some refill cartridges.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

Yeah, you might want to get a whole grip
more of those.

SMART BROTHER

There's nothing easy about this
assignment. You'll have to undergo the
most rigorous training yet in preparation
for this deadly mission.

SB leads Undercover Brother over to a recliner.

SMART BROTHER (cont'd)

All right. Sit down.

Undercover Brother sits in the recliner.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

Now what do I do?

SMART BROTHER

Nothing. Just like a Republican.

Undercover Brother sits for a beat, then, under the great and
mounting strain of doing nothing:

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

...Can't...take it...anymore!

SMART BROTHER

Fight it Undercover Brother! You've got
to be inactive!

In a fit of agony, UB let's out a pained howl, throws himself from the chair and falls onto the floor. SB goes to him, checks him over, then screams:

SMART BROTHER (cont'd)

Medic!

INT. BROTHERHOOD HQ/BREAK ROOM - DAY

Miss Liqueur is relaxing, taking a break by herself. SG enters.

MISS LIQUEUR

Hello, Sister Girl.

SG goes to the refrigerator, opens it. It's filled with forties: Colt .45

SISTAH GIRL

Forty?

MISS LIQUEUR

Please.

SG takes out a couple of forties, takes one over to Miss Liqueur. Opening the bottles, the ladies put straws in them to drink from.

SISTAH GIRL

How are you holding up?

MISS LIQUEUR

Well, under the circumstances.

SISTAH GIRL

I have to be straight, Miss Liqueur. This is going to be a dangerous and risky mission. I'd rather watch back-to-back reruns of Magic Johnson's talk show. But if there's anyone who can pull it off, it's Undercover Brother.

MISS LIQUEUR

I have my doubts about him.

SISTAH GIRL

Let me rap a taste to you, sister to sister. Undercover Brother is unique in every since of the word. Maybe some of the ways he thinks and acts are a little old school, but his style has a way of getting inside you same as same as ODB has a way of getting in trouble with the

(MORE)

SISTAH GIRL (cont'd)
law. The BROTHERHOOD doesn't have a
better agent, and your father doesn't
have a better chance than Undercover
Brother.

SG gets up and moves away. Miss Liqueur is left to ponder
her words.

INT. THE CHIEF'S OFFICE - DAY

Undercover Brother is with the Chief, and SG.

SISTAH GIRL
Going through The Society to Keep America
Pure's records we found that they have a
tax exempt status with the federal
government, but currently employ no
minorities. With the aid of the
BROTHERHOOD's legal arm, and several
annoying phone calls from Johnnie
Cochran, we've pressured the Society into
hiring a person of color. We're sending
you to interview for the position. It's
an interview you're going to have to pass
if you're going to get inside the
organization.

THE CHIEF
I'm not going sugar coat things,
Undercover Brother. The assignment
you're about to undertake is perhaps the
most dangerous any brother has been on.
If you don't think you're up to it, you
can quit now, and no one will say a word.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER
Chief, this brother's not going to lie to
you. Am I scared? If I don't openly
support a capital gains tax cut, if I
forget to pretend that Martha Stewart is
down or that Katie Couric is hip, it
could cost me my life. But if I don't do
it, it could cost us all so much more.

THE CHIEF
Good luck, Undercover Brother.

To SG:

UNDERCOVER BROTHER
Slip a brother some skin for luck.

UB and SG slap hands. UB exits.

INT. BROTHERHOOD HQ/HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

As UB makes his way down the hall he crosses Miss Liqueur.
She stops him with:

MISS LIQUEUR

Undercover Brother, do you have a second?
...I want to apologize for some of the
things I said to you earlier.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

Hey, it's forgotten.

MISS LIQUEUR

Well, I called you an arrogant, male pig
with absolutely no sex appeal whatsoever.

Grinding his teeth a bit:

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

...It's forgotten...

MISS LIQUEUR

I don't know how to thank you for what
you're doing. My father means so much to
me, but if something were to happen to
you...

Miss Liqueur starts to break down a little. Tears form in
her eyes.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

Hey, hey, what's with all the tearifying?
Nothing's going to happen to Undercover
Brother that Undercover Brother can't
handle. Yeah, I've got to go away, but
whenever you want me, I'll be there.
Whenever you need me, I'll be there.
Whenever you call me, I'll be there.
I'll be around.

MISS LIQUEUR

Is that a promise?

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

Tell you what: I want you to hold on to
something for me.

From his pocket, UB takes a BLACK POWER MEDALLION.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER (cont'd)

My father gave me this medallion. And
when he did, he taught me a lesson that's
(MORE)

UNDERCOVER BROTHER (cont'd)
made me the man I am today. I remember
it as if it were a memory...

As UB speaks, WE GOT INTO A FLEXITRON DISSOLVE.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LIVINGROOM - DAY

THIS FLASHBACK IS SHOT IN VIDEO LIKE A 70's SITCOM. In fact, the set looks like it's from a 70's sitcom. It's UB's house from years back when he was an Undercover Little Brother. The decor is very 70's: plastic furniture, a lava lamp, lots of blaxploitation art. Sitting in a chair reading an Ebony magazine is UB's father. Like the house, he's got a 70's funk style to him - 'fro, thick sideburns, silk shirt and tight Sansabelt pants.

A YOUNG UNDERCOVER BROTHER enters the room. Like his dad, he's got a blown out 'fro, striped slacks and a bright yellow turtle neck - Rodney Allen Ripney in his hey-day. Little UB comes in looking sad.

UB'S FATHER

Hey, little soul man, what's got you
down? Looks to me like you're trippin'.

LITTLE UB

It's the other kids at school. They're
all making fun of me; laughing at me.
They call me names...make fun of the way
I act, the way I dress.

UB'S FATHER

What? Those jive turkeys. Lookie here,
name calling, hurting other people;
that's a sucka's game. What's wrong with
the way you dress? You've got some of
the slickest threads goin'.

LITTLE UB

Dad...it's Nineteen-eighty-five. All the
other kids are wearing cool clothes
that'll never go out of style.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL YARD - DAY

We see some kids dressed in high 80's fashion. In particular, one BOY has got on some Michael Jackson gear straight from the "Beat It" video. There's another girl who's looking like Jennifer Beals in "Flashdance." Both beam at the camera.

MICHAEL JACKSON BOY

Beat it!

FLASH DANCE GIRL

(singing)

...What a feeling...!

CUT TO:

INT. LIVINGROOM - CONTINUOUS

UB's dad is still talking to him.

UB'S FATHER

Dig this, small soul brother, 'cause I'm about to rap something to you that's gonna blow your mind. See now, in life there're always gonna be cats tellin' you what to do and how to do it; always trying to slow your roll and bring you down. But the one brother you've got to listen to is yourself. So what if a bunch of wannabe players ain't digging your gear? If you're not funky enough to believe in the way you chill, then who else will? Now, can you dig that, ma'man?

LITTLE UB

Right on, Dad! I'm never gonna change who I am just for other people.

UB's father takes out the medallion we saw UB holding in the previous scene.

UB'S FATHER

And so you'll always remember what I'm laying down, I want you to wear this black power medallion I got at the swap meet for two RUN-DMC albums. Like that rap-music is going anywhere.

UB's father tries to put the medallion on Little UB, but can't get the chain over his huge 'fro.

UB'S FATHER (cont'd)

Uhhhh...why don't you just hold on to it?

LITTLE UB

Dad, you're the funkiest.

MRS. UB enters. She, like her family, is decked in '70's gear and sporting a massive 'fro. One more thing, the girl is 70's sitcom sassy.

MRS. UB

You two better hush on up with that jive talk. Now who wants some ham-hocks?

The two look to Mrs. UB, then raises their fists and says in unison:

MR. UB/LITTLE UB

Solid!

The scene goes to a FREEZE FRAME ON THEIR BROAD SMILES. WE HEAR A STUDIO AUDIENCE APPLAUD AS IF IT WE'VE JUST COME TO THE END OF A 70's-era sitcom.

FLEX DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BROTHERHOOD HQ - CONTINUOUS

UB is finishing his story to Miss Liqueur.

MISS LIQUEUR

Are you sure that was you? I remember something like that happening on an episode of "That's my Mama."

Lost in his memory:

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

(re: the medallion)

Yeah, this thing means more to me than something that actually has value.
...How about you hold on to it until I get back?

UB hands the medallion to Miss Liqueur. The meaning is not lost on her.

MISS LIQUEUR

How about you hold on to this for me?

The two embrace in a very passionate kiss. As they separate, Miss Liqueur looks down south of UB's belt. She says very sexily:

LIQUEUR

Undercover Brother, you're looking very...solid.

INT. STKAP BUILDING/INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

We are in an interview room like you'd find in any personnel office. A cheap table with some chairs around it. Sitting in one chair is UB, looking quite white-bred in a suit and tie, glasses, close cropped hair. Sitting across from him are a couple of conservative, clean cut guys: RICK and MARTIN. Their disdain for UB is plain. It's obvious they don't much want to be interviewing this guy, much less working with him.

MARTIN

Well, Mr...Allen.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

Call me Byron.

MARTIN

I'm sure you know the only reason you're getting this interview is because the federal government's got a bug up it's behind about letting... "you people," have jobs. Bleeding hearts.

RICK

Nothing but a bunch of damn liberals.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

I hate the damn bleeding heart liberals.

Rick and Martin are taken back by this to say the least.

RICK

...You do?

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

Oh, sure. You explain to me how it's fair that I should get a job just because you intentionally refused to hire seventy or eighty other black people for no good reason whatsoever.

MARTIN

Well...that's the point. You can't explain it.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

Those Lefty Democrat Hippies are always telling people what they can and can't do. It's getting to where the police can't pull over a black or Mexican just for the hell of it without getting

(MORE)

UNDERCOVER BROTHER (cont'd)
questions about search warrants and
probable cause from some liberal lawyer.

RICK
(conspiratorial)
"Liberal" meaning: East Coast Jewish
lawyer.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER
C'mon, if a black guy is driving in
Beverly Hills, everybody knows he's up to
no good, right? What else would he be
doing? Not living there, that's for
sure.

RICK
Exactly. Now is that racism?

MARTIN
And if one of them might need a little
"physical persuasion" to get back over to
their side of town....

UNDERCOVER BROTHER
It's all they understand. That's why
they invented the choke-hold.

RICK
What a shame more of them don't think
like you, Byron.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER
It's like my Negro mammy housekeeper used
to tell me when I was little: "Boy,
you're nothing but a Wally Wayback sell
out. Your parents should've drowned you
in a river the day you were born."

MARTIN
Words to live by, Byron. Words to live
by. Well, I think we've just found our
new...

Making quote marks with his fingers:

MARTIN (cont'd)
"Quota" hire.

Everybody starts laughing, shaking hands. Rick and Martin do
some weak high-fives. It's all good.

THE CAMERA ANGLES ON A SECURITY CAMERA MOUNTED ON THE WALL,
SLOWLY ZOOMS IN ON IT.

INT. THE MAN'S HQ - SIMULTANEOUS

The Man and Mr. Feather watch the scene of UB talking with Rick and Martin on a monitor.

MR. FEATHER

What do you think?

THE MAN

I think it's a little too good to be true. What black man in his right mind would be so willing to sell out his own race?

MR. FEATHER

Clarence Thomas?

THE MAN

What did I just say? What black man in his right mind... I have a feeling that's not just any brother, it's Undercover Brother.

MR. FEATHER

If he's at the Society, he must be on to our plans. Should we have him killed?

The Man lifts his cane, holds it, looks at it lovingly, strokes it...

THE MAN

No. Killing him would only serve to accomplish our goals. I have a better idea. One that will once and for all destroy the BROTHERHOOD's top agent.

INT. STKAP BUILDING/HALLWAY - DAY

WE OPEN ON A TELEVISION MONITOR. We're watching a Nightline-type show. A NEWS HOST is talking with HAXTON BOOLE - the Chairman of the RNC. He's a big, round southern guy whose voice drips with accent through a perpetual smile.

NEWS HOST

Haxton, as the Chairman of the Republican National Committee, just what does it mean to have General Liqueur as a member.

HAXTON

Well, now, it means a lot. I think it's going to help build bridges; help us understand some of the communication

(MORE)

HAXTON (cont'd)
problems we seem to have with the colored
community.

NEWS HOST
Uh...I don't think they like to be called
colored.

HAXTON
Well that's what I'm saying. You say boo
to these little pickininnies, then they
go running off like a bunch of spooks.

Haxton looks off camera, mimics a motion of a hand being
drawn across a throat:

HAXTON (cont'd)
What? What does that mean? Why does he
keep--

The screen suddenly cuts to a card that reads: PLEASE STAND
BY.

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK FROM THE MONITOR TO REVEAL UB dressed
as Byron, walking the halls of the building. He stops short,
looks across the hall. He sees Mr. Feather talking to a MAN
wearing a STKAP button. They seem to be in a heavy and
heated conversation. The MAN hands Mr. Feather a briefcase,
which Mr. Feather holds onto tightly.

UB speaks into his black power wristband.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER
Undercover Brother to The Chief. I think
I'm on the right track. I've spotted Mr.
Feather. Looks like he just made some
kind of exchange.

THE CHIEF (V.O.)
Good work, Undercover Brother. Stay
close to him. See if you can find out
what he's up to.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER
Right on.

As Mr. Feather starts to move off, UB follows at a distance
moving calmly but quickly. As he does, from around a corner
comes a very attractive blond woman. She's dressed rather
conservatively in a smart business suit and glasses, but that
just makes her come off like that librarian you always wanted
to do the Dewy Decimal with back in grade school. This is
PENELOPE SNOW. As she rounds the corner, she smacks right
into UB. The papers she carries spill out all over the
floor.

PENELOPE

Oh, great gosh! Look at this mess! I'll never get this all reorganized. And I just collated!

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

My fault. Let me help you.

PENELOPE

Geez, that's sweet of you. If I mess up my boss's report he's going to have a conniption with a capital "K." Are you new here?

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

Yeah. First day on the job.

PENELOPE

Mine too.

Holding out her hand.

PENELOPE (cont'd)

Penelope Snow.

Shaking her hand.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

Byron Allen.

PENELOPE

Holly Toledo! You have the same name as America's edgiest comedian and television personality. He's my favorite. ...But he's not quite as cute as you.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

Thanks.

UB looks after Mr. Feather who's making his way through the building.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER (cont'd)

Damn!

Penelope covers her ears.

PENELOPE

Ohh, ouch. H-E-double tooth pick will do fine, thank you very much.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

Sorry. Would you excuse me, Miss Snow?

UB takes off after Mr. Feather. Penelope looks after UB, smiles slightly.

EXT. STKAP BUILDING - LATE AFTERNOON

Mr. Feather is leaving the building. UB shadows him, tries to stick close without being seen, but moving casually, not like a guy who's on the prowl. Suddenly UB hears a voice behind him:

PENELOPE

Byron, thank goodness you're still here.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

Uh, yeah, I was just going to--

PENELOPE

Could you help me? I can't seem to get my car started.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

I'm a little busy right now.

PENELOPE

I'm just so scared. It's late, it's dark, and there are strange men all around who might take advantage of me.

UB takes a look around.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

It's early, it's still light, and I don't see anybody around.

PENELOPE

(hurt)

If you don't want to help, just say so.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

Okay! Where you parked?

Penelope leads UB over to her car.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

UB and Penelope arrive at her car. She opens the door, gets in behind the wheel.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER (cont'd)

What's the problem?

PENELOPE

I don't know. I put the key in the ignition, and...nothing.

UB stares at her for a beat.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

Did you turn the key?

She turns the key, the car starts.

PENELOPE

I swear. Sometimes I'd pass for a dumb blonde if my hair wasn't so light. If there's any way that I can thank you...have you eaten? Why don't you come over to my place and let me make you a little something.

UB looks after Mr. Feather.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

I really have things to do...

PENELOPE

Please, it's the least I can do.

Mr. Feather gets in a car, and drives off. He's gone, for the minute at least. UB looks to Penelope, she's got a pleading look in her eyes... You know, she ain't a bad looking woman.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

Well...if it'll make you feel better.

INT. PENELOPE'S APARTMENT - LATE EVENING

Penelope and UB enter. It's a massive apartment, well appointed. Much more than you'd figure a young, working girl could afford. IN THE CENTER OF THE CEILING IS LARGE SKYLIGHT that allows light from the setting sun to flood in. UB, being a little too brotherly:

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

Tough pad.

PENELOPE

What's that?

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

Uh...Nice place.

PENELOPE

You like it? Until I got it, I used to think young people with low paying jobs living in huge, expensive apartments was just a convention of NBC sitcoms. Why don't you relax?

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

Okay. I'll...put on some music.

PENELOPE

(off handed)

And I'll just take off my glasses, let down my hair and unbutton my blouse.

As Penelope does as she says, UB goes to the CD player, looks at one of the CDs.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

What the hell is this?

PENELOPE

Hell is where people who swear go. We like to say heck, thank you very much.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

What the...

UB, turns, sees the sexified Penelope. It pauses him for a beat, then he gets back to:

UNDERCOVER BROTHER (cont'd)

What the heck is this?

PENELOPE

Oh, that's Michael Bolton's version of the "Thong Song." I think he got all the funk that Sisqo missed.

UB puts on the CD. We hear a bad, crooning version of the "THONG SONG," OR WHATEVER RAP TUNE IS HIP BY THE TIME THIS THING GETS MADE. Or better yet, a version of a song that's going to go on the soundtrack. Let's push that soundtrack. I got a baby to feed.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

It's...groovy.

PENELOPE

I hope you'll take this as a compliment, Byron: when I close my eyes and just listen to you, it's like you're not even black. I mean, you're not like Ice Cube

(MORE)

PENELOPE (cont'd)
or Ice-T or Ice Tray or any of those
other, quite frankly, scary black people
they have on BET.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER
BET? I don't think I'm familiar with
that network.

PENELOPE
See what I mean? You're so...normal.
You know, you're the kind of black guy a
white girl could really go for...as long
as her parents didn't find out.

Penelope moves closer still to UB, leans in to him. We can
almost feel their hot breath commingling. The pair almost
kiss, but Penelope pulls away.

PENELOPE (cont'd)
I've made us some sandwiches.

Penelope moves off. We can almost sense UB's frustration.
He's falling for the girl.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER
Yeah...a sandwich...

Penelope brings over a tray of sandwiches. UB takes one, is
about to eat it.

PENELOPE (cont'd)
Oh, wait. I forgot to put on the
mayonnaise.

Penelope spreads a generous dollop of mayonnaise on UB's
sandwich. Surreptitiously, UB points his watch at it, tries
to spray on some hot sauce. But he's not surreptitious
enough.

PENELOPE (cont'd)
What are you doing?

UNDERCOVER BROTHER
I was just...I was going to--

PENELOPE
(hurt)
You don't like my cooking?

UNDERCOVER BROTHER
No! It's not that at all.

Going siren-like:

PENELOPE
Then eat it, Byron. Eat the sandwich.
Just take one, little bite. What can it
hurt? First taste's free.

UB hesitates.

PENELOPE (cont'd)
Just...one...bite.

UB takes a bite. One, little bite of the sandwich. And just
like that, the world around UB begins to flop and spin. It's
like he's dropping down into the K-hole, going on a "Go Ask
Alice" trip. As he does, we:

UNDERCOVER BROTHER
Ohhhh...Papa was a rolling stone...

SWIRL DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PENELOPE'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - MORNING

UB is in bed, naked under the covers, while Penelope is up
and getting dressed. He awakes like a man coming out drunken
binge.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER
Oh, man... My head.

PENELOPE
Morning handsome.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER
I...I can't remember anything that
happened last night. ...Did you and
I...you know, engage in adult activities?

PENELOPE
Paying a mortgage is an adult activity.
We had sex. And sugar, there was fever
in the jungle last night.

Clutching his head, mumbling to himself:

UNDERCOVER BROTHER
...I've got to find Mr. Feather.
(to Penelope)
Look, I hate to copulate and run, but
I've got business to handle.

PENELOPE
(playing hurt)
Sure. You had what you wanted. I
(MORE)

PENELOPE (cont'd)
suppose it's: "Guess Who's Coming to
Dinner," then guess who's not staying for
breakfast.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER
You can throw interracial-love movie
title references at me all day long, but
I still have to...

UB notices Penelope's tears.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER (cont'd)
Hey, you're crying.

PENELOPE
It's called being hurt...but I guess you
wouldn't know anything about it.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER
...I'm sorry. I didn't mean to...
C'mon, don't cry. Tears make a brother
weak. Look, I'll make it up to you.
...Why don't we spend the day together?
Do whatever you want.

PENELOPE
Gosh, do you mean it?

UNDERCOVER BROTHER
Yeah. I just have to...run home and get
some fresh clothes.

PENELOPE
Oh, I just happen to have some men's
clothes in your size you can borrow.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. BROTHERHOOD HQ - DAY

UB enters wearing bright colored corduroy pants, a polo
shirt, wingtip shoes. He's sipping coffee from a Starbucks
cup. He comes strolling in very casually, not at all like an
agent who's supposed to be on a secret mission.

He's approached by Sistah Girl who doesn't even recognize him

SISTAH GIRL
Excuse me, sir. Can I help...
Undercover Brother...?

UNDERCOVER BROTHER
Hey-ho, Sister Girl.

SISTAH GIRL
...It's SistAH Girl.

UB's tone is like that of a thirteen year old white chick.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER
Yeah. Right. Maybe on Planet Ebonics.
But where I come from we like to say our
Es and our Rs, thank you very much.

SISTAH GIRL
Is everything all right? We haven't
heard from you in days. We've all been
worried about you.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER
Well, you turn that frown upside down,
missy. If you think bad things, bad is
what you get.

SG stares at UB for a beat, then:

SISTAH GIRL
Riiight. Let's go talk to the Chief.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER
Okey-dokey.

SG leads UB off for the Chief's office.

INT. THE CHIEF'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The Chief, CB, and Miss Liqueur are in the office along with
Lance who's doing some filing. SG and UB enter.

MISS LIQUEUR
Undercover Brother! Thank God you're...

She takes a really good look at the guy.

MISS LIQUEUR (cont'd)
...All right...

UNDERCOVER BROTHER
Hey, Chiefster. Lance.

LANCE
Nice pants.

THE CHIEF
Undercover Brother! Where the hell have
you been?

Covering his ears:

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

Ouch! Open a window, it's getting a little foul-languaged in here, thank you very much!

SISTAH GIRL

Undercover Brother, what's wrong? You sound like a fourteen year old white girl.

singsongy, just like a fourteen year old white girl:

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

I don't think so!

THE CHIEF

What's happened to you?

CONSPIRACY BROTHER

It's obvious what's happened. This so called "brother" sold out. We're just going to have to kill him.

SISTAH GIRL

Undercover Brother, what about the mission?

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

...The mission?

SISTAH GIRL

You were supposed to be tailing Mr. Feather.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

Oh yeah. He's around doing, you know...something.

CONSPIRACY BROTHER

Sold out. We're going to have to kill him like the foul pig-rat he is.

MISS LIQUEUR

Let's not get carried away. I'm sure there's some logical explanation for Undercover Brother's...unusual behavior.

CONSPIRACY BROTHER

The explanation is he sold out. Can we just decide how he should die?

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

You know something, buddy, those are fighting words. If I hadn't read that article in Vanity Fair about anger management, I'd put down this mochachino and put my foot in your patootie. Now maybe some of you can't handle the new me, and if you can't I don't give a good gosh darn. As far as I care you can all get the beegeesbies out of here and go straight to H-E-double-hockey stick, thank you very much. Now if you'll excuse me, Friends is on.

UB EXITS The Chief's office. The others are left to wonder.

MISS LIQUEUR

Beegeesbies?

CONSPIRACY BROTHER

He said he was going to put his foot in my so-called "patootie."

SISTAH GIRL

Sounds like a foreign language, or maybe some kind of gypsy curse. We should have Smart Brother look into it.

THE CHIEF

That boy is not right. He's in no shape to carry out his mission.

LANCE

You know, that's the problem right there: whenever a black guy does well, starts wearing Dockers, buys a few Celine Dion records and sleeps with a couple of white chicks you automatically say he's sold out. It's no wonder you people can't get ahead.

THE CHIEF

Lance, that is enough! Go take a lunch break.

Shaking his head, muttering:

LANCE

Always trying to shut the white man down. It sucks being a minority.

Lance EXITS the office.

THE CHIEF

I hate to say it, but as of right now this mission is in serious jeopardy. I'm afraid if Undercover Brother doesn't get himself together, this is one battle we may lose to The Man.

Beat.

CONSPIRACY BROTHER

So...we're not going to kill him?

Miss Liqueur SLIPS FROM THE OFFICE and goes after UB.

INT. BROTHERHOOD HQ/BREAK ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Miss Liqueur ENTERS. UB is sitting, eating:

MISS LIQUEUR

Undercover Brother...what are you doing?

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

Having some Morning Glory Tofu and Felt wheat cereal with Kava and St. John's Wart added. It's great for my bowel movements. ...I guess you're here to tell me what a sell out I am, too.

MISS LIQUEUR

No. I'm not. I don't judge people by how they dress, or what music they listen to. What I do believe is that people shouldn't try to be anything except who they really are. So if you like the way you're dressing and the way you're acting, then you keep on keepin' on. But I remember a guy who wasn't afraid to be himself. A guy who followed his own path, stood up for what he thought was right. I remember a guy who fought to make the world a better place no matter what it might cost him.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

Wow. Sounds like a pretty neat fellow. Maybe we can all get together and play doubles tennis sometime if he's not too--

MISS LIQUEUR (cont'd)

It was you, Undercover Brother! You told me if you don't believe in yourself, then who else will? ...And to think I almost fell in love with that guy. If you

(MORE)

MISS LIQUEUR (cont'd)
should ever see him again, would you give
him this for me?

From a pocket Miss Liqueur takes out UB's black power
medallion, hands it back to him, then rushes from the room.
UB stares at the medallion for a beat.

INT. BROTHERHOOD HQ/MEDIA ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Lance enters the room looking dejected, bored. He has a look
around. On a shelf he finds a Roots home video box set. For
a second he looks it over, then puts the first tape into the
VCR. As the tape begins to play, WE HEAR THE UNFORGETTABLE -
DON'T TELL ME YOU DON'T REMEMBER IT - THEME TO ROOTS. As it
plays, Lance watches the tape with concern and bewilderment,
as if the whole concept of Roots is something new and
entirely alien to him.

LANCE
Taking people from their home country
against their will...? This must be some
kind of crazy, horrible science fiction.

INT. PENELOPE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Penelope enters the apartment. As she does, she hears a
noise coming from the kitchen.

PENELOPE
Byron...? Is that you?

Penelope goes INTO THE KITCHEN.

INT. PENELOPE'S APARTMENT/KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

As she enters the kitchen, she sees UB standing before the
refrigerator pawing an empty jar of mayonnaise.

PENELOPE
Byron...?

UB, hiding the empty jar, plays off the scene like a junkie
that's just been caught coping a fix.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER
Hey, uh, baby...I didn't hear you come
in.

PENELOPE
What are you doing?

UNDERCOVER BROTHER
Just...you know. Having a little snack.

Penelope moves close to UB. She gets one whiff of his breath and waves a hand before her face.

PENELOPE

Good gosh! Your breath smells like a deli platter! What's the matter with you?

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

It's my friends. ...People I thought were my friends. It's like all of a sudden they don't understand me.

PENELOPE

They're the one's who've changed. Not you. Forget about them. We've got each other, and I'm all the single white female you'll ever need.

The pair embraces. More rightly, UB falls into Penelope, clutches her like she's his life support. She owns him. As they grope, Penelope feels something pressing up against her.

PENELOPE (cont'd)

Ouch, what is that?

UB reaches into his pocket, pulls out the black power medallion that Miss Liqueur gave back to him.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

This? It's nothing.

PENELOPE

Then throw it away.

UB starts to toss the medallion for the garbage, but stops. For a beat, there's an internal struggle going on with himself. He can't do it; he can't get rid of the medallion.

Getting a little shrill:

PENELOPE (cont'd)

Throw it away, Byron.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

Want to...but...can't...

PENELOPE

Get rid of it!

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

I...I...

The struggle builds to a crescendo, then, instead of throwing the medallion away, UB clutches it hard. Regaining himself, sounding very Undercover Brothery:

UNDERCOVER BROTHER (cont'd)
Sorry, baby. Can't throw it away, 'cause like this brother, the medallion's here to stay. Now if you'll excuse me, I gotta roll.

UB charges FROM THE KITCHEN INTO THE LIVING ROOM. Penelope FOLLOWS.

INT. PENELOPE'S APARTMENT/LIVINGROOM - CONTINUOUS

PENELOPE
Wait! You're just going to leave?

UNDERCOVER BROTHER
'Fraid I have to, girl. I been away for awhile, but now I'm back and I've got some catching up to do.

Again UB starts for the door. Penelope pulls out a gun, points it dead at UB.

PENELOPE
Hold it right there, Undercover Brother!

UB stops, then turns back to the girl.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER
You know who I am?

PENELOPE
I know exactly who you are!

Penelope reaches to her blouse, then RIPS AWAY HER CLOTHES to reveal a very tight, white leather bodysuit and matching boots. A pair of holsters crisscross her waist. She looks like something from an Eric Stanton drawing. ...Eric Stanton. C'mon, you know Eric Stanton. He drew all those cartoon of the hot, tough dominatrix chicks. Jesus, am I writing this movie for myself? Anyway, UB takes one look at Penelope in her catsuit and knows exactly who he's dealing with.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER
White She Devil! The Man's top agent. First you snowblind a brother, then you destroy him. I should've known.

PENELOPE/WSD
But you didn't. And that was your
mistake.

As if on cue - actually, it is on cue - a couple of The Man's
ENFORCERS BURST INTO THE ROOM, guns trained on UB.

ENFORCER #1
We'll take it from here, She Devil.

ENFORCER #2
Don't even try anything. You've been
completely de-funktafied. You don't have
a chance, Undercover Brother.

ENFORCER #1
Looks like from now on they'll be calling
you Six-Foot-Underground...
cover...Under...Brother...Guy.

UB's manner is easy, like the caught man he is, but we can
see his mind working.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER
I've got to be real with you: looks like
this brother's in some hot water. ...Or
make that...hot sauce!

UB points his watch at the two Enforcers. He sprays hot
sauce in their faces. The Enforcers, blinded, clutch their
burning eyes.

ENFORCER #1
Ahhhh! Hot...

ENFORCER #2
And spicy!

UB kicks the gun away from White She Devil, knocks her back.
Looking up, he sees the skylight above him.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER
Time to platform out of here.

UB presses a button on his arm band, but instead of rising
up, he goes nowhere. Looking down at his shoes, he realizes
he's not wearing platforms.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER (cont'd)
Damn it! They're Florsheims!

UB races FROM THE APARTMENT. WSD, and The Man's Enforcer's
recover enough to GIVE CHASE.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING/HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

UB blasts down the hall for the elevator. The doors are just closing as UB throws himself into the car where another ELEVATOR PASSENGER waits. WSD and the Enforcers are steps behind UB, but steps too far. They reach the elevator after the door has closed. Spotting a door marked: STAIRS, they move for the door, rip it open and race INSIDE the well.

INT. ELEVATOR - SIMULTANEOUS

In marked contrast to the frantically that we just saw in the hallway, UB rides the elevator quietly with the other passenger - just standing, looking at the numbers as elevator riders do - as "The Girl from Ipanema" plays in Muzak.

INT. STAIRWAY - SIMULTANEOUS

WSD, the Enforcers; they race down the stairs. They run like they're trying to beat the Devil! PULSE-POUNDING CHASE MUSIC PLAYS IN THE BG.

INT. ELEVATOR - SIMULTANEOUS

Again, as before, with that Muzak still playing, UB quietly rides the elevator as it descends, hands folded before him, rocking back and forth on his heels. The Passenger turns to UB, says quietly:

ELEVATOR PASSENGER
How about that ball game?

UNDERCOVER BROTHER
Crazy.

ELEVATOR PASSENGER
Don't think I've ever seen anything like
it.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER
Guess that's why they play the game.

WE HEAR A "BING," signaling that the elevator has arrived on the ground floor. The doors open. UB says politely.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER (cont'd)
After you.

The Elevator Passenger STARTS OUT OF THE CAR. As soon as he exits, UB hauls ass from the car, shoving the passenger aside as he RACES FROM THE BUILDING.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

UB hits the streets. He looks around. There's a motorcycle stand. THREE SIGNS ARE ABOVE THE STAND. One reads: FOR PURCHASE. The next reads: FOR RENT. The last reads: FOR HIGH SPEED CHASES!

UB hops on a motorcycle, fires it up and speeds off.

A beat later WSD and the Enforcers come spilling from the building in just enough time to see UB peeling off. One of the Enforcers yells:

ENFORCER #1

After him!

WHITE SHE DEVIL

No, wait!

Too late. The Enforcers HOP IN A CAR and tear off after UB. WSD runs to an all white motorcycle, dons a white helmet and falls in behind the others.

A high speed chase ensues, one as cool as the budget will allow. UB whipping through city traffic with, slicing around moving cars as the Enforcers close from behind. They ride up on UB's tail, nudge him with their bumper trying to make him lose control and spin out. UB sees a sign for a ONE WAY STREET. Pulling hard on his bike, he heads for the road and cuts through opposing traffic. The Enforcers follow doing their best to thread the on coming cars. Their best is barely good enough as they clip vehicles left and right, sheering metal and sending up a jizz of sparks. WSD is bringing up the rear, but she expertly cuts through the traffic with nary - nary, I say - a scratch and quickly closes on the group. The one way street ends, and UB finds himself back on an open road with the Enforcers still close behind. UB quickly pats himself down. From a pocket he pulls a bottle of Afro-Sheen. Quickly unscrewing the cap, UB dumps in the liquid from the bottle onto the street. It splatters forming an oil slick. The Enforcer's car hits it an immediately loses all control skidding and spinning wildly across the street.

ENFORCER #1

Too greasy! Can't control the car!

The car goes skidding off the street toward a ROW OF SHOPS. Right next to a Bed, Bath and Beyond is a store called Things That Make You Go Boom. Stacked just inside the picture window are cans of gasoline, nitro, dynamite. The Enforcers scream as their car smashes through the glass of the store.

into the explosives and they all go boom! There is a very sizable explosion. As sizable as the budget will allow.

WSD, seeing what's happened to the Enforcers, angles for the side of the street, rides up the back of a Beetle - or some such small car - and impressively jumps her cycle over the Afro Sheen slick.

UB, on his cycle, stops at the far end of the street. He looks back at WSD who's also stopped. Calling to her:

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

Looks like it's just you and me, White She Devil.

UB throttles up his cycle.

WHITE SHE DEVIL

No! Don't do it!

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

I dig the smell of fear.

Letting go of the clutch, UB pops a wheelie and sends his cycle screaming toward WSD. With little choice, WSD guns her cycle and races toward UB. The two look like a couple of updated knights about to joust. The two cyclists race at each other at killer speed in a deadly game of chicken. Just as they reach each other, each leaps into the air. In an impossibly beautiful ballet, slam into each other, clutch each other, spin in the air, tumble to the ground, then spring to their feet looking fresh as morning dew. As UB takes up a karate stance, WSD rips off her helmet and looks ready to fight. But before either can do anything, The Man's Enforcers, clothes burned and still smoking, race to the scene with guns drawn.

ENFORCER #1

Right there, Undercover Brother.

UB freezes, as WSD pulls a gun from one of her holsters.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

So this has all been some kind of jive game to get me out of the way.

With a victorious sneer.

WHITE SHE DEVIL

That's right. I was sent to destroy you, and every single thing that you and the BROTHERHOOD stands for.

WSD fires two shots. UB tenses for the bullet strike, but realizes he hasn't been shot. He looks. The Enforcers have fallen dead.

WSD angrily tosses her gun aside.

WHITE SHE DEVIL
But, damn it! Falling in love with you
wasn't part of the plan.

She rushes to UB, holds him tightly, pressing her ample bosom against his chest.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER
Don't fight it, Baby. You'll only hurt
yourself.

WHITE SHE DEVIL
Oooh, Undercover Brother, you're too much
man for me.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER
Sometimes, I'm too much man for my own
damn self.

As they embrace, we go to:

INT. BROTHERHOOD HQ/THE CHIEF'S OFFICE - DAY

UB enters the office with WSD, UB dressed as his normal funky self. Waiting there are The Chief, SG, and CB and Miss Liqueur.

MISS LIQUEUR
Undercover Brother, you're back!

UNDERCOVER BROTHER
Back, and more brotherly than ever. The
Man tried to make me his clown, but I
shut him down.

MISS LIQUEUR
I always knew you would.

THE CHIEF
Never doubted you for a second.

CONSPIRACY BROTHER
Me neither...except when I said we should
kill you 'cause you're a pig-rat. But
that was the only time.

SISTAH GIRL
That's White She Devil. What's she doing here?

UNDERCOVER BROTHER
Slow your roll Sistah Girl. She's fighting on our side now.

WHITE SHE DEVIL
With my extensive and intimate knowledge of The Man's organization, I can help you stop his awful plan.

THE CHIEF
What exactly is his plan?

WHITE SHE DEVIL
Not sure.

MISS LIQUEUR
How is my father involved?

WHITE SHE DEVIL
Don't know.

SISTAH GIRL
Where is his secret hideout?

WHITE SHE DEVIL
Uh...I don't really recall, but there's an International House of Pancakes nearby. I guess I should've paid closer attention when I was driving over there, but I had the radio on and Dr. Laura was putting down minorities...

THE CHIEF
Sistah Girl, take White She Devil to Smart Brother's lab. Maybe he can find a way to get her remember the location of The Man's base of operation.

SISTAH GIRL
Are your for real? We can't trust her.

THE CHIEF
If we're going to stop The Man, then I'm afraid we have no choice.

Resigned to the reality of things, SG starts from the office.
To WSD:

SISTAH GIRL
All right, She Devil. Let's roll.

To Sistah Girl.

WHITE SHE DEVIL
I know you must think of me as nothing
but a blonde haired, blue eyed man-
stealing skeez, but I hope you'll come to
think of me as part of the team.

SISTAH GIRL
How about I think about you as the blonde
haired, blue eyed man-stealing skeez part
of the team?

WHITE SHE DEVIL
It's a start.

Sistah Girl leads White She Devil EXIT THE OFFICE.

The Chief, very seriously, says to UB:

THE CHIEF
Undercover Brother, I don't want to scare
Miss Liqueur, but White She Devil may be
our last hope. If she can't point us in
the right direction, it may be too late
to save General Liqueur.

THE CAMERA SLIDES OVER. Miss Liqueur is standing right next
to The Chief.

MISS LIQUEUR
Oh, my God! You can't save my father.

To Undercover Brother.

THE CHIEF
The next time I tell you sensitive
information, remind me to move away from
the person I don't want to hear it.

Lance ENTERS the office. His face lights up when he sees UB.

LANCE
Undercover Brother! I'm glad you're
back. I owe all of you an apology. I
just watched this show, Roots. Maybe
you've heard of it? It taught me such a
profound lesson about bigotry. I realize
now that to dislike people just because
their skin color is different is wrong.

(MORE)

LANCE (cont'd)

If you're going to hate somebody, make sure it's for a good reason. Like, maybe they don't believe in the same God, or they come from a different country.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

I'm proud of you, Lance. Someone from such a different background taking the time to learn about our people and culture by watching Roots.

LANCE

Well, I didn't watch all of it. Just the first five minutes. It sorta got redundant after awhile. Slavery, bad. Yeah, I get it. But it was awful. First Lieutenant LaForge from Star Trek got flogged, then they cut off James from Good Times' foot. I tell you, if they put Roots on TV instead of just home video, racism as we know it would be wiped out overnight.

SG, SB and WSD enter.

SMART BROTHER

Success! We were able to determine the location of The Man's secret lair.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

How'd you do it?

SMART BROTHER

First I performed a full-range spectral analysis of mud samples from Miss White She Devil's boot. Then I compared the results against catalogued soil samples from the National Geological Institute. Finally, I looked at a map I found in her pocket with the directions to the Man's lair written on it. It's located in the old abandoned mountain range just outside the city. It's from there that The Man seems to be directing the digital signal operating the General's mind control device.

SISTAH GIRL

We've got to hit The Man where he lives; shut down that mind control beacon.

THE CHIEF

That might not be enough. The Man has probably planted an agent near General
(MORE)

THE CHIEF (cont'd)
Liqueur with instructions to kill him
instantly and viciously the moment we
interfere with his plans.

The Chief looks next to him. Miss Liqueur is standing there
with a look of fear frozen on her face. To UB:

THE CHIEF (cont'd)
What did I tell you before?

UNDERCOVER BROTHER
We're going to have to split into two
teams. One will whack that whack mind
control device, the other will protect
the General.

THE CHIEF
Good idea Undercover Brother. Sistah
Girl, Conspiracy Brother; you go after
The Man's secret lair. Undercover
Brother, you've got to protect the
General.

WHITE SHE DEVIL
Let me go with Sistah Girl and Conspiracy
Brother. That mountain fortress is huge.
I can help them find their way.

THE CHIEF
Under the circumstances, I'll have to
agree.

CONSPIRACY BROTHER
Hold up! Just like that, she gets to be
work for the BROTHERHOOD? I spent three
years in secret agent school. And we all
know number 3 is the white man's number.

They all look at CB for a beat, then:

MISS LIQUEUR
I want to go with you, Undercover
Brother.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER
Sorry, sweet sister. You may be down
with our plan, but I can't have you
messing with The Man.

MISS LIQUEUR
This is my father you're talking about.
If he's going to be brutally murdered by
psychotic thugs, then I want to be there.

THE CHIEF

She's right about that, Undercover Brother. I think she should go along.

CONSPIRACY BROTHER

Now you're letting the General's so called "daughter" be an agent? You know that school wasn't cheap, and you told me I had to take those classes.

LANCE

I want to help too, Chief.

CONSPIRACY BROTHER

Aw, c'mon!

LANCE

I've sat on the sidelines of race relations long enough. Only by all of us getting in the game and picking up the ball of bigotry and kicking it over the goal post of intolerance can any of us score in the Superbowl of equality.

THE CHIEF

Son, you talk a lot of shit, but you're in.

CONSPIRACY BROTHER

I'm getting my money back. I don't care.

THE CHIEF

Conspiracy Brother, this mission is critically important. And right now we're short handed with agents off dealing with other important matters.

CUT TO:

INT. BROTHERHOOD HQ/EMERGENCY ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Again WE SEE A SIGN WITH A FLASHING RED LIGHT NEXT TO IT.
This time the sign reads: PUFFY.

The same black agent we saw previously, sits at a table about to sprinkle Parmesan cheese on his food.

BLACK AGENT

Aw, for Pete's sake! Can't I even put the Parmesan cheese on my lasagna!?

CUT TO:

INT. BROTHERHOOD HQ/THE CHIEF'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The Chief is still spelling out the plan of action. He tries to rouse their spirits.

THE CHIEF

The fate of the nation is in our hands. The decent people of this country are depending on us. Our only chance for success is if all of us set aside our differences and work as a team. Is that clear?

The group looks around at each other, and as one mumbles uninspired: "Yeah." "Whatever." "I guess."

THE CHIEF (cont'd)

God, help us. Good luck to all of you. And remember, if any of you are caught or captured, I will deny ever having seen your asses before.

They all start off. Lance hangs back with The Chief.

LANCE

One question, Chief, now that I'm an agent of the BROTHERHOOD...could you tell me what the heck BROTHERHOOD stands for?

THE CHIEF

Well, it stands for BI--

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

Lance, ma'man, we've gotta roll with it, baby.

UB pulls Lance away.

EXT. MOUNTAIN LAIR - DAY

We're outside what looks like the mountain entrance to NORAD: ARMED GUARDS ON PATROL WITH DOGS, surveillance cameras, a massive door before a drive-in entrance. It all looks, very, very imposing.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - SIMULTANEOUS

On a road well below the entrance to the lair, CB - using a pair of powerful binoculars - stares up the mountain. SG and WSD stand nearby.

SISTAH GIRL

See anything?

CONSPIRACY BROTHER

Full time dedicated security cameras.
Double sectored patrols. Trained attack
dogs that look just about ready to bite
the black right out of a brother.

WHITE SHE DEVIL

I'm pretty sure I can talk my way past
the guards, but I don't know how I'll be
able to get you two in.

CONSPIRACY BROTHER

I think I've got an idea.

EXT. STAPLES CENTER - DAY

We see the exterior of the Staples Center. There is quite a
hubbub of activity as the convention gets underway. LIMOS
FULL OF DELEGATES AND DIGNITARIES arrive at the entrance.
Police out in full force. In general, a very convention-like
atmosphere.

INT. STAPLES CENTER - SIMULTANEOUS

As busy as the area outside the Center is, the interior is
twice so. Done up in bright and patriotic convention colors.
There are POLITICIANS looking very dignified, and there are
DELEGATES - with their buttons and stupid hats - that look
like nothing more than shoe salesmen on convention.

High above the Center floor, in a NETWORK PRESS BOX, a NEWS
ANCHOR reports on the scene.

ANCHOR

The Staples Center. Normally home to the
City of Angels' professional sports
teams, today it's home to a different
kind of sport - politics. Perhaps not as
physical, but still fraught with victory,
defeat, and hotties who will throw their
bodies at you just 'cause you're famous.
The auditorium filled today, not just
with people, but with excitement in
anticipation of General Nathan Liqueur
who, in a few short minutes will address
this convention. As we look around from
our vantage point, we can see some of the
more distinguished members of the party.
There's National Chairman Haxton Boole.

CUT TO:

WE SEE A QUICK POP of Haxton talking with some delegates.

CUT TO:

ANCHOR

ANCHOR (cont'd)

And over there, two of the most prominent black members of the Republican Party: Alan Keyes, and Clarence Thomas. They certainly look happy to be here.

CUT TO:

WE SEE A QUICK POP of ALAN KEYES and CLARENCE THOMAS standing in a VIP section smiling and waving at the delegates. Standing directly behind them are a couple of REPUBLICAN AGENTS.

CUT TO:

WE MOVE TO A REVERSE ANGLE CU OF THE AGENTS BEHIND THE TWO BLACK REPUBLICANS. They have guns pressed at the backs of Keyes and Thomas. One of the Agents says through his fake grin:

REPUBLICAN AGENT

Just keep smiling. We're all friends here.

CUT TO:

INT. STAPLES CENTER/ENTRANCE - SIMULTANEOUS.

DELEGATES stream into the Center. There are a couple of SECURITY GUARDS minding the entrance. Lance makes his way in, flashing a laminate.

LANCE

Delegate.

The guards let him pass without a word. UB and Miss Liqueur - both dressed very conservatively - try to enter.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

Delegate.

CONVENTION SECURITY

Hold it. Where do you think you're going?

UNDERCOVER BROTHER
We're with African-American's for the
Republican Way.

CONVENTION SECURITY
Where's the rest of your organization?

UNDERCOVER BROTHER
This is our organization.

MISS LIQUEUR
And I'm just here because I heard there
was a buffet.

The Security Guard gives a pleasant smile.

CONVENTION SECURITY
Let me be the first to welcome you to the
Republican National Convention; the party
of diversity. You folks go on in, and
have yourselves a real good time.

The Security Guard smiles them off. After the pair pass, the
Guard's smile comes crashing off his face. He turns to the
other Guard and says:

CONVENTION SECURITY (cont'd)
Follow them around and make sure they
don't steal anything.

EXT. MOUNTAIN LAIR - SIMULTANEOUS

WSD rides up on her motorcycle to the gates just beyond the
fortress. She's stopped by one of the FORTRESS'S SECURITY
GUARDS.

WHITE SHE DEVIL
I'm here to see Mr. Feather.

FORTRESS SECURITY
Go on in, White She Devil.

WSD rides THROUGH THE GATE AND ON INTO THE FORTRESS. There
is a beat, then a NONDESCRIPT VAN pulls up to the gate. All
the GUARDS point their guns at it, race up along side it like
they're ready to blast the hell out of it.

FORTRESS SECURITY (cont'd)
Hold it! Don't move!

The window of the van rolls down revealing CB and SG wearing
white jumpsuits.

CONSPIRACY BROTHER

Mountain Fortress Cleaning Service.
Somebody called about a really bad spill
in the Death Ray area.

FORTRESS SECURITY

Oh. Okay. Go on in.

Putting the van in gear, CB DRIVES THROUGH THE MASSIVE GATES
INTO THE FORTRESS.

INT. MOUNTAIN LAIR - CONTINUOUS

Once inside, CB and SG get out of the van, go around to the
back, open the doors, take out mops and buckets. They then
proceed to walk through the lair, without ANY OF THE GUARDS
SO MUCH AS LOOKING AT THEM. CB shakes his head.

CONSPIRACY BROTHER

Sad. Put cleaning supplies in a
brother's hand, and it's like you go
invisible.

Up ahead is WSD.

WHITE SHE DEVIL

Quickly! This way. We have to get to
the communications room.

She heads off. CB starts to follow, but SG pulls him back,
whispers.

SISTAH GIRL

Be careful, Conspiracy Brother. There's
something about that woman I don't like.

CONSPIRACY BROTHER

I think it's her outfit. Her so called
"sense of fashion" leaves much to be
desired.

SISTAH GIRL

I meant I don't trust her. I still think
she's a corrupt tool of the Man's
organization.

CONSPIRACY BROTHER

Yeah, well, there's that, too.

They follow after WSD.

INT. STAPLES CENTER - SIMULTANEOUS

UB, Miss Liqueur and Lance try to make their way through the huge crowd people that fills the center. They look around for the General, but finding him is like finding a needle in a haystack. UB acknowledges the obvious:

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

Trying to find The General like this is gonna do us nothing but no good. We're going to have to split up. But no doubt the General's being watched, so be careful.

LANCE

Right.

The three split up, start making their way through the crowd of delegates in different directions. As they do, UP AT THE PODIUM, Haxton Boole addresses the gathering, HIS IMAGE PROJECTED UP ON GIANT VIDEO SCREENS BEHIND HIM.

HAXTON

Ladies and Gentlemen, it is my privilege and honor to welcome you to this year's Republican National Convention. And to open the convention in the most patriotic way possible, here to perform the National Anthem, is popular teen singing group Weigh2Kute!

The stage is taken over by WEIGH2KUTE, a young, white foursome a la NSYNC or Backstreet Boys. They wear their version of funky baggies and hip-hop gear, and sing a bad pop/soul version of the Star Spangled Banner.

WEIGH2KUTE

Oh, girl, can you see, by that funky dawn's early light. You've got the twilight's last gleam in your eye...

CROWD

Down in the crowd are TWO DELEGATES who watch and listen - as do the rest of the conventioners - with big smiles on their faces. One delegate turns to the other, beams:

DELEGATE

Well, looks like we won the culture war.

DELEGATE #2

Have we ever!

INT. MOUNTAIN LAIR - SIMULTANEOUS

SG, CB and WSD make their way down a hall to a security door. WSD taps in a code into an electronic keypad, and the door opens. All three ENTER.

INT. MOUNTAIN LAIR/COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

It's a huge room with monitors and communications equipment. SG and CB look around in awe.

SISTAH GIRL

Can you dig it?

CONSPIRACY BROTHER

Everything a brother needs to take it to The Man.

SISTAH GIRL

Open a line to Smart Brother. I'll start going through the communications relays, try to find the one that's sending the signal to General Liqueur's mind control device.

The pair goes to a control panel, trailed by WSD. As SG starts operating a computer terminal, CB connects a PDA to a console and opens a line to SB. A video image of him, with The Chief, comes up on a screen.

CONSPIRACY BROTHER

Smart Brother, it's Conspiracy Brother. We've made it into The Man's crib.

SISTAH GIRL

The computer files are huge. It'll take forever to find the one we're looking for.

SMART BROTHER

Route the files this way. I can run them through our computers until it finds the ones we need.

THE CHIEF

Good work so far. Everyone here at the BROTHERHOOD has full confidence in the three of you. We're here to back you up any way we can.

Just then, Mr. Feather enters along with two SECURITY GUARDS, guns drawn.

MR. FEATHER
I wouldn't move if I were you.

On the screen The Chief turns to SB:

THE CHIEF
Shut us off! Shut us off!

Turning to the screen:

THE CHIEF (cont'd)
I don't know those Negroes, never seen
them before, don't know what they're
doing in your place.

Mr. Feather, to WSD:

MR. FEATHER
Excellent work.

WSD walks from SG and CB. She stands before one of the
guards. She smiles a nasty smile.

SISTAH GIRL
You lured us here? You...devil.

WHITE SHE DEVIL
White She Devil to you.

Smug to the max:

MR. FEATHER
Did you really think you could so easily
defeat us? You're through. First we
will destroy you, then General Liqueur
will destroy your entire race. And there
is nothing that you or anyone else can do
to stop us. And now, it's time to say
good-bye.

In a mocking rapper manner, Mr. Feather pats his chest twice
with his fist, kisses his fingers and holds up a peace sign.

MR. FEATHER (cont'd)
Peace.

To his guards:

MR. FEATHER (cont'd)
Kill them!

Quite suddenly WSD kicks her leg straight up and across her
body smacking in the head the guard standing behind her. She

then spins and delivers a nasty hook kick to the other guard sending him to the ground. Just as quickly she pulls one of her guns and points it right at flabbergasted Mr. Feather.

WHITE SHE DEVIL

Looks like you've been plucked, Mr. Feather.

MR. FEATHER

(totally shocked)

How could you do this, how could you turn on us? We sent you to stop Undercover Brother!

WHITE SHE DEVIL

Once you've had Undercover Brother, there is no other.

CONSPIRACY BROTHER

Actually, it's once you've had black, you never go back.

WHITE SHE DEVIL

Oh, I've had black before. Believe me, it's once you've had Undercover Brother...

SISTAH GIRL

Looks like I owe you an apology.

WHITE SHE DEVIL

Forget it. You would have done the same for me.

SISTAH GIRL

...Uh, yeah... What did Mr. Feather mean: The General will destroy our entire race?

WHITE SHE DEVIL

I don't know. Let's just hope Undercover Brother can find him before it's too late.

INT. STAPLES CENTER/BASEMENT - SIMULTANEOUS

Miss Liqueur is making her way through a back corridor of the Staples Center. She sees a lone figure walking away. It's her father.

MISS LIQUEUR

Dad...?

He doesn't stop moving. Miss Liqueur chases after him DEEPER INTO THE CENTER. SHE ROUNDS A CORNER and finds herself in a corridor empty of people except her father. She calls out again.

MISS LIQUEUR

Dad...?

The man stops, turns. Yeah, it's definitely General Liqueur. Miss Liqueur rushes to him.

MISS LIQUEUR (cont'd)

Dad, thank God I found you. We've got to get you out of here. I know this is incredible to believe, but evil forces are controlling your mind.

LIQUEUR

That's ridiculous, darling. I feel fine.

The General pulls a gun, points it at his daughter.

LIQUEUR (cont'd)

I'm in complete control.

MISS LIQUEUR

Dad...?

From seemingly nowhere The Man, and a few of his MINIONS step up behind Miss Liqueur.

THE MAN

Actually, I'm in control, but it's the same thing.

MISS LIQUEUR

You...you're The Man.

THE MAN

(simply)

Yes. I am.

INT. MOUNTAIN LAIR - SIMULTANEOUS

CB is working on a computer terminal.

CONSPIRACY BROTHER

Good Godfather of Soul! Chief, I've just hit a data file The Man has on General Liqueur. According to this, getting him to make embarrassing and inflammatory remarks was only the tip of the so called "iceberg." Apparently, in the middle of

(MORE)

CONSPIRACY BROTHER (cont'd)
his keynote speech, The Man is going to
some how get the General to detonate an
explosive device inside the Staples
Center.

THE CHIEF
My God. This plot is more complicated
than Busta Rhymes hair on a rainy day.

SISTAH GIRL
That must've been what Mr. Feather was
talking about: A black man setting off a
bomb at the Republican Convention on live
TV. Do you know what that would do to
race relations?

SMART BROTHER
It's a disaster! I'm going to have to
completely redo the math on how far it's
going to set black people back.

THE CHIEF
We've got to stop the General from
setting off that bomb.

CONSPIRACY BROTHER
Uh...Hold up a minute, Chief. It's the
Republicans we're talking about. You
don't want to think on this?

THE CHIEF
(adamant)
Listen: We may not agree with the
politics of the Republican party, but the
BROTHERHOOD cannot condone the
unnecessary loss of life anytime,
anywhere, for any reason what so ever!

Beat.

CONSPIRACY BROTHER
So...we're not going to think about it?

Behind WSD one of the guard stirs, reaches for one of the
guns on the floor. He picks it up, starts to point it WSD's
back. Sistah Girl sees this, yells:

SISTAH GIRL
She Devil!

SG springs into action. In a split second she is all over
the guard, kicking the gun out of his hand and putting him
down for the count.

But at the same time, Mr. Feather moves for an alarm button and hits it. AN ALARM GOES OFF THROUGHOUT THE FORTRESS. She Devil moves for Mr. Feather, punches his clock. Yeah, he's out, but that alarm is still going.

SISTAH GIRL (cont'd)

I think we're going to have some company real soon.

On the screen:

SMART BROTHER

You've got to hold them off until Conspiracy Brother can get me the code for transmission signal so I can block it.

THE CHIEF

Chief, to Undercover Brother!

INT. STAPLES CENTER - SIMULTANEOUS

The Chief's voice comes over his wrist radio. UB responds.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

I'm digging you, Chief.

THE CHIEF (V.O.)

We just got the word from Sistah Girl, and them. General Liqueur is going to set off a bomb when he gives his Keynote speech. You've got to stop him! You're our only hope.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

Damn! I hate it when I'm our only hope. That's a lot of pressure for a brother.

INT. MOUNTAIN LAIR/COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

The door opens, and GUARDS start pouring into the room. As they do, SG and WSD get their guard up and start kicking ass. With karate skills that are as deadly as they are sexy - EMPHASIS ON SEXY - SG and WSD work in tandem knocking the guards off one by one. Meanwhile, CB is enthralled in what he reads off The Man's computer monitor as the files are transferred to SB.

CONSPIRACY BROTHER

Can you believe all this secret information? You know The Man kept Urkel on the air for eight years just to embarrass us. And he secretly pumps

(MORE)

CONSPIRACY BROTHER (cont'd)
helium into Mike Tyson's house to give
him that annoying, high-pitched voice.

SISTAH GIRL
Would you mind doing your job so we can
hit it?

CB takes a look behind him. He does so just when there are
no guards coming through the door, and the ones who have are
already beaten down. It's just SG and WSD standing around
catching their breaths. CB shakes his head, mutters:

CONSPIRACY BROTHER
Just like a sister. Always on a
brother's back for no good reason.

INT. STAPLES CENTER - SIMULTANEOUS

UB and Lance are still looking through the crowd when they
come upon each other.

LANCE
Find the General?

UNDERCOVER BROTHER
No. And I can't find Miss Liqueur
either.

Once again, up on the platform, Haxton steps to the podium.

HAXTON
Fellow, delegates, ladies and gentlemen.
At this time it is my distinct pleasure
to introduce you to our keynote speaker.
A man who has risen to great heights
despite the hardships often faced in this
country by nigras.

SEVERAL AIDES rush up to Haxton, whisper frantically in his
ear. We can just barely make out the word: "African-
American." Haxton mutters, just away from the mike, but we
can still hear him:

HAXTON (cont'd)
African-a-whatican? Nah, he's a nigras.
I just met him a second ago.

Turning back to the mike and the crowd.

HAXTON (cont'd)
At this time, may I present to you,
General Nathan Liqueur.

General Liqueur steps to the podium and a great cheer goes up from the crowd. The General waves to those assembled as they stand and applaud him. It is a proud, proud moment. But then, as The General looks out over the delegates his face changes. He wears a pained look.

CUT TO:

POV - GENERAL LIQUEUR

We see the whole of the Staples Center. But instead of being filled with delegates, it's filled with THE PEOPLE FROM THE GENERAL'S DREAM: The Redneck, the Suburban White Kid, the Insurance Salesman. There are tens of thousands of them filling the entire center.

CUT TO:

GENERAL LIQUEUR

His face is now a mask of horror as he faces a nightmare designed by The Man. There is a VOICE IN HIS HEAD:

VOICE (V.O.)

You have to stop them, General! You have to stop them! Press the button!

General Liqueur reaches into his pocket and removes that small remote control device. He stares at it...

VOICE (cont'd)

Press the button, General. It's the only way. Press the button!

UB AND LANCE

They watch The General up at the podium.

LANCE

We're too late!

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

It looks like he's in a trance. I've got to get closer, try to use my Brother-Mindmeld on him.

LANCE

Mindmeld? I didn't know you could do that.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

I can't. But it's our only chance. Lance, listen to me, you have to get all

(MORE)

UNDERCOVER BROTHER (cont'd)
these delegates out of here in case I
fail.

Lance, extremely shaken and stirred:

LANCE

Me? How? I...I don't know what to do.

UB grabs Lance by the shoulders, straightens him up, talks to him like a general about to send a soldier into battle.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

Dig this, and dig it hard: There are times for falling apart, and there are times for getting down and getting funky. This is one of those get funky times. It's not just your people who need you, it's not just my people. We all need you. So what's it going to be? You ready to play some funky music, white boy?

Lance takes a beat, then raises a fist. Working up as much bravado as he can:

LANCE

...Solid...

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

Go to it, ma'man.

Lance and UB separate.

GENERAL LIQUEUR

He looks out at that sea of frightening white people. As he does, we hear the voice

VOICE (V.O.)

You've got to do something!

The General turns as if to look in the direction of the voice. As he does, we:

CUT TO:

EXT. YARD - DAY

We're back in the dream, back in that yard again. The General is sitting at the table, but this time with only one of the black guests.

BLACK GUEST #1

If you don't do something they'll destroy everything we've worked so hard for.

GENERAL LIQUEUR

I...I don't...

BLACK GUEST #1

Press the button, General! It's the only way to stop them!

GENERAL LIQUEUR

...Must stop them...

As the sea of frightening white people starts to close on them, the General's thumb begins to slowly depress the button on the remote. Then, suddenly, we hear a voice:

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

Don't do it, General!

The General turns to see UB - wearing an all black version of whatever it was he had on and looking like some kind of a funky, Blaxploitation visage.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER (cont'd)

Don't listen to that jive sucka. You press that button you're playing The Man's game. All you're going to do is end up killing those horrible, frightening white people.

GENERAL LIQUEUR

Well...okay.

The General starts to press the button again.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

No! That's what The Man wants. You hurt them, they hurt us... It's a crazy cycle - the hate that hate produces - that cats like you and me have got to break.

HAXTON

Haxton stands just off stage. He stares incredulously at UB who stands several feet from General Liqueur talking passionately to him.

HAXTON

What in the hell...? Somebody get that man off the stage.

A couple of SECURITY GUARDS START TO MOVE FOR UNDERCOVER BROTHER. Just as they do, up on the big screen, we see Lance's face suddenly appear and we hear his voice over the Center's PA system.

LANCE

Attention! Attention everyone!

The crowd goes silent, listens to Lance and his voice echoes throughout the center.

LANCE (cont'd)

I was just out in the parking lot, and I saw the Wu Tang Clan swipe Chuck Heston's toupee and they're using it as a shammy to wipe down their tricked out four-by-four.

A SHOCKED, ALARMED AND DISDAINFUL DIN GOES UP FROM ALL THE DELEGATES.

DELEGATES

THE CAMERA LANDS on the two Delegates we saw previously:

DELEGATE

It's one thing to put hip-hop artist Lauren Hill on the cover of Time magazine, but this is just too darn much.

DELEGATE #2

Let's get 'em!

En masse, the Delegates get up from their seats and start to charge from the Center.

HAXTON

Up on the stage, Haxton reaches into his inside jacket pocket, pulls out a white hood, looks at it lovingly.

HAXTON

Ah, Bessy. They said I wasn't gonna need you anymore, but looks like they was wrong! Let's go, girl!

Haxton puts on the hood as he starts to RUSH FROM THE CENTER.

UB AND THE GENERAL

As the Center clears of people, UB stands on the stage still making deep eye contact with the General.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

C'mon, General, hurting people; you know you're not down with that. A world of hate is not where you want to live. I know a place, where there ain't no smiling faces lying to the races. I'll take you there. But you've got to give me that remote. ...Give it to me, General.

With a shaky hand, The General hands the remote to Undercover Brother.

GENERAL LIQUEUR

What...what happened to me?

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

Some heavy, crazy stuff almost too freaky to believe. But it's all over now.

Then, from across the Center, we hear a voice call to UB and General Liqueur:

MISS LIQUEUR

Undercover Brother! Help me!

Both men look: Across the NOW EMPTY CENTER we see The Man and a few of his MINIONS with Miss Liqueur. They manhandling her for one of the tunnels that leads toward a service area of the Center.

GENERAL LIQUEUR

He's got my daughter!

The General starts for The Man, but UB pulls him back.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

Let me handle this. The Man's made you his tool, now it's time to take him to school.

UB starts after The Man and his Minions.

INT. STAPLES CENTER/TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

The Man and his men, along with Miss Liqueur, continue down the tunnel. They come to a stairwell marked: TO ROOF. The Man looks behind him, sees UB giving chase toward them through the tunnel. He says to his minions -

THE MAN

Stop him!

Then grabs Miss Liqueur and manhandles her for the stairs.

MISS LIQUEUR

You'll never get away with this.

THE MAN

That's what they said when I introduced
ABBA to the world.

The Man takes Miss Liqueur into the stairwell and forces her
for the roof.

UB hits the scene. The Man's Men are barely able to strike a
karate poses before UB tears into them.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

Cisgo! Saaaade!

Knocking one of The Man's Men below frame, UB lifts a leg,
stomps down hard, then twists his foot. WE HEAR A SICK,
CRUNCHING SOUND LIKE A NECK BEING SNAPPED LIKE A TWIG. THE
CAMERA PANS DOWN. WE SEE UB'S PLATFORM SHOE CRUSHING A BAG
OF POTATO CHIPS that lies next to The Man's Man. Just before
he passes out:

THE MAN'S MAN

...Just bought those...

UB RUNS INTO THE STAIRWELL, AND UP THE STAIRS.

EXT. STAPLES CENTER/ROOF - CONTINUOUS

We're on top of the Staples Center. From it's roof we can
see the beautiful skyline of downtown LA. More beautiful,
even, than Gary, Indiana. From an access door emerges UB.
Standing at the far end of the roof is The Man with Miss
Liqueur. The two men stand across from each other like a
couple of gunfighters waiting for the toll of the noon bell.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

It's all over. You've got nowhere to
run.

Re: Miss Liqueur.

THE MAN

It's not over yet, not as long as I hold
on to something of value.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

And you call yourself The Man, hiding
behind a frail, frightened, helpless
little girl.

MISS LIQUEUR

Hey!

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

Now's not the time to get all Maya
Angelou on me.

(to The Man)

Let her go. It's just between you and
me. We'll finish this mano a brothero.

The Man thinks a bit...then release Miss Liqueur. UB watches
as she walks toward him, closer, then as soon as she's next
to him, UB grabs Miss Liqueur by the arm, turns and starts to
run with her toward the roof access door.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER (cont'd)

Time to run like a scared sissy! Let's
get the hell out of here!

The Man yells at UB!

THE MAN

Hold it right there, Undercover Brother!

UB turns and looks back at The Man who holds up a detonator
just like the one General Liqueur had.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

Damn, and we were almost gone.

THE MAN

It's the end, Undercover Brother. I
press of this button and you and this
building are nothing but ash.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

You'll die as well.

THE MAN

But the last thing I'll see is you and
that Afro of yours blown to bits. That's
enough for me. Good-bye, Undercover
Brother, and good riddance.

The Man presses the button on the remote. There is a BUZZING
NOISE, almost like a busy signal on a phone. A small LED at
the top of the remote goes to a solid red. Obviously the
thing ain't working.

THE MAN (cont'd)

What the...?

INT. BROTHERHOOD HQ - SIMULTANEOUS

SB sits before a computer monitor with The Chief standing right behind him.

SMART BROTHER

Got it, Chief! I'm blocking the detonator signal, but I don't know how long I can keep it up.

THE CHIEF

Good work.

To SG, CB and WSD:

THE CHIEF (cont'd)

You three have done all you can do. Get out of there now!

INT. MOUNTAIN LAIR/COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

SG, CB and WSD are listening to The Chief on the monitor.

CONSPIRACY BROTHER

You don't have to tell this brother twice.

CB gets up to start away.

SISTAH GIRL

Wait. Set the atomic core to overload and explode.

CONSPIRACY BROTHER

What for?

SISTAH GIRL

Because you always set the atomic core to overload and explode before you bust out of the bad guy's crib.

CB makes a few adjustments to one of the computer panels. Suddenly, RED WARNING LIGHTS START FLASHING, A KLAXON GOES OFF. WE HEAR A COMPUTER VOICE:

COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)

Warning! Atomic core set to overload.

WHITE SHE DEVIL

C'mon! I know where there's a helicopter.

CONSPIRACY BROTHER

Why can't we just drive out like we drove
in?

WHITE SHE DEVIL

Because you always fly a helicopter when
you bust out of the bad guy's crib.

(to Sistah Girl)

And he claims he went to secret agent
school?

The three move out and move out fast.

EXT. STAPLES CENTER/ROOF - SIMULTANEOUS

UB, The Man and Miss Liqueur stand where we left them.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

Go on. Go find your father.

MISS LIQUEUR

Be careful.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

That's the plan.

Miss Liqueur PASSES THROUGH THE ACCESS DOOR AND EXITS THE
ROOF. Now it's Just UB and The Man.

THE MAN

Like an unwanted friend tagging along on
a first date with a hot nympho
cheerleader, you have been nothing but an
annoyance for far too long. It ends
here, with you very, very dead.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

Maaan, you come straight out of a comic
book. Suddenly, I'd like to leave your
roof top.

UB and The Man prepare to get it on. UB slowly clenches his
fist. We hear his knuckles crack.

CUT TO:

THE MAN

As UB did, he clenches his fist, and his knuckles crack.

CUT TO:

UB

He rotates his shoulders back, they crack.

CUT TO:

THE MAN

He flexes his ankles, cracking them loudly.

CUT TO:

UB

He lifts his eyebrows. They crack.

CUT TO:

THE MAN

He grimaces, grinds his teeth. They crack. Then, very, very quickly, The Man pulls on the handle of his cane drawing from the shaft a long blade polished to a near-mirror shine. Now that's just playing dirty! With blinding speed The Man darts across the roof swiping his cane/sword at UB, trying to cut him to shreds. Oh, now it's on. WHAT HAPPENS NEXT - A REALLY GREAT FIGHT SCENE BETWEEN UB AND THE MAN - I CAN ONLY REFER TO AS SOMETHING THAT REALLY NEEDS TO BE CAREFULLY CHOREOGRAPHED. THIS IS NOT CHEAP, CHOP SOCKY CRAP, THIS IS NOT WALKER, TEXAS RANGER. IT'S GOT TO BE VISUAL AND WITH FLAIR. IF YOU ARE UNFAMILIAR WITH HONG KONG CINEMA, IT'S NO GOOD IN ME DESCRIBING WHAT CANNOT BE DESCRIBED. JUST KNOW THAT IT'S ALL VERY COOL. IF YOU HAVEN'T SEEN ANY OF THOSE MOVIES, OKAY, IT'S KINDA LIKE THE STUFF THAT WAS IN THE MATRIX, ONLY THE HONG KONG FILMS ARE BETTER. BUT THE MATRIX MADE A LOT OF MONEY AND THAT'S WHAT'S REALLY IMPORTANT, ISN'T IT?

INT. MOUNTAIN LAIR/HALLWAY - SIMULTANEOUS

SG, CB and WSD race down a hall. In the BG we can still hear the klaxon going off and a computer voice counting down the seconds to overload. The Man's Minions scurry around, but they pay little attention to our crew. They're just trying to get the hell out of there.

INT. MOUNTAIN LAIR/HELICOPTER BAY - CONTINUOUS

SG, CB and WSD run into a helicopter bay. There are a couple of GUARDS guarding, who are quickly dispatched by SG and WSD. The trio climbs in the copter as SG fires it up and lifts off.

EXT. MOUNTAIN LAIR - CONTINUOUS

As the helicopter cuts through the sky, in the BG, as the atomic core overloads, the mountain explodes in a massive fireball that looks almost like a volcano erupting. It's violent and visual. It's well worth the CGI money we're going to spend.

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

WSD pilots the copter.

WHITE SHE DEVIL

Where to?

SISTAH GIRL

The Staples Center. If Smart Brother loses his jamming transmission, Undercover Brother's going to need some helping out.

WHITE SHE DEVIL

On it.

WSD peels the helicopter off for downtown LA.

EXT. STAPLES CENTER - SIMULTANEOUS

All the Delegates mill around looking for the Wu Tang Clan. After a few beats, a realization comes to Haxton:

HAXTON

There's no Wu Tang Clan out here. And I got all excited over nothing.

One of the DELEGATES looks up, sees UB fighting The Man up on the roof of the Center. Pointing upward:

DELEGATE

Look, up there!

Lance, standing with Miss Liqueur, looks up and see the duel.

LANCE

We've got to do something.

MISS LIQUEUR

No! What Undercover Brother must do, he must do alone!

LANCE

Not really. We could just climb up there and help him kick The Man's ass.

MISS LIQUEUR

This is a battle Undercover Brother must fight for himself!

LANCE

But if we help him, it's like three on one. That's a good, solid ass kicking in my book.

MISS LIQUEUR

Only by facing his demons alone can Undercover Brother be truly victorious.

LANCE

Okay. But I think a potential ass kicking is just going to waste.

MISS LIQUEUR

Fight, Undercover Brother! Fight like the wind!

EXT. STAPLES CENTER/ROOF - SIMULTANEOUS

UB and The Man are still getting it on. The Man gives a brutal swipe at UB which he just narrowly dodges. The two stand apart for a beat, UB seemingly unharmed before a piece of his Afro falls away.

The Man gives a nasty smile. UB stares at his hunk of missing hair.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

You mess with the 'fro, it's time for you to go. That's not just a rhyme, that's a promise.

Now their fighting goes into overdrive. There is some very serious, very cool karate happening. Gradually, UB gains the upper hand - starts really taking it to The Man. UB winds up, is about to deliver the coupe de grace. As he does, as before, THE IMAGE GOES TO NEGATIVE. We see UB's hand pierce The Man's chest, reach for his heart, squeeze it, squoosh it, then dart back out again. AS THE IMAGE RETURNS TO NORMAL, The Man sinks to the floor of the roof clutching his chest.

THE MAN

That hurts!

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

It's all over. This one goes to the BROTHERHOOD.

The man looks to his remote detonator. The LED light is now green again. The Man looks to UB, smiles a nasty smile.

THE MAN

I'll see you in H-E-double-hockey sticks!

He presses the button. AT THE FAR END OF THE BUILDING, AWAY FROM UB, A SERIES OF SHAPED CHARGES START TO GO OFF IN A CASCADE OF FIREBALLS THAT DOMINO FOR UB. In seconds, our man is going to be toast.

I/E HELICOPTER - SIMULTANEOUS

SG, CB and WSD wing their way toward the Staples Center. They see the explosions going off.

WHITE SHE DEVIL

We've got to get Undercover Brother off the roof!

SG angles the copter for the roof.

EXT. STAPLES CENTER/ROOF - SIMULTANEOUS

UB goes running for the edge of the roof as the explosions race for him. Just ahead of them, he leaps into the open air, starts falling for the ground.

I/E HELICOPTER - SIMULTANEOUS

Our crew watches UB plummet for the ground.

CONSPIRACY BROTHER

We're not going to get to him in time!

UB

We watch him twist, fall... Then, in midair, he turns, juts his legs out... His bell-bottom pants catch air, billow dramatically like a pair of mini-parachutes slowing his fall.

SG angles the copter for the slowing UB. He reaches out, grabs the strut of the copter as SG peels off and away from the exploding Staples Center which silhouettes UB and his massive 'fro.

EXT. STAPLES CENTER - CONTINUOUS

With the center smoldering in the BG. POLICE, FIRE AND RESCUE CREWS ARRIVE AT THE SCENE. On the street there is general chaos as, from above, the copter lowers enough for UB to jump safely to the ground, then swings around and lands on the street behind him. As SG, CB and WSD climb from the

copter, Miss Liqueur, Lance and General Liqueur go to join UB. As Miss Liqueur takes UB into her arms:

MISS LIQUEUR

Undercover Brother, you were amazing.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

Didn't I just blow your mind this time?

MISS LIQUEUR

God, you make my nipples hard!

LANCE

Mine too!

A sedan comes skidding up to the scene. The Chief and SB get out and join the crew.

THE CHIEF

Saw it all on the monitor Undercover Brother. Other than doing several hundred million dollars worth of damage to the Staples Center, the country is safe once again, thanks to you.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

Thanks to me? Nah, Chief. Look around. The country is safe because we have people of different races working together for a common goal. Sure, it would've been nice to have a Latino, Asian, Native-American and maybe a Jewish cat in the mix, but the point is: only by working as one, can we get the job done. That's what the BROTHERHOOD is all about.

Haxton, standing nearby, hears UB's words. With tears in his eyes, he throws down his white hood.

HAXTON

Damn me. Damn me and my hurtful ways!

Haxton crosses to UB and the rest of the crew.

HAXTON

Son, I don't know who you are, and I don't get that crazy outfit, but all I know is the the Republican party is safe. There's no way I can thank you.

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

You could make your party more inclusive and responsive to the needs of ordinary
(MORE)

UNDERCOVER BROTHER (cont'd)
people, rather than being a bastion for
the elite.

HAXTON

What did I just say? There's no way I
can think you. Get the cotton out of
your ears, boy. You don't listen too
good.

Haxton looks off past UB.

HAXTON (cont'd)

Oh, look. Lobbyists. Excuse me.

He moves away. As he does:

GENERAL LIQUEUR

Now that this is all over, I have a
question: What exactly does BROTHERHOOD
stand for?

THE CHIEF

That's simple. It stands for...

Just as The Chief begins to speak A FIRE TRUCK GOES ROARING
BY THE CAMERA. With its siren blaring, it drowns out
everything The Chief is saying. After the truck passes, we
see our whole crew SANS UB standing, laughing...

GENERAL LIQUEUR

So that's what BROTHERHOOD stands for.
It's so obvious when you think about it.

LANCE

I feel so stupid! Only an idiot couldn't
figure out what it means on their own.

Miss Liqueur looks around, sees that UB is gone. Almost
frantically:

MISS LIQUEUR

Undercover Brother... Where did he go?

The Chief looks off into the distance.

THE CHIEF

He's out there, somewhere. Gone to
continue our never ending struggle. But
you can be sure of one thing:

FADE TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - EVENING

Standing in the distance, in the middle of the street, in all his groovy glory, is UB. AS THE CAMERA GRACEFULLY SWOOPS IN ON HIM WE HEAR IN VOICE OVER:

THE CHIEF (V.O.)

Wherever there's racial intolerance,
that's where he is. Wherever there's
bigotry, that's where he'll be. Wherever
there are fake-ass teen pop stars
perpetrating weak dance breaks in the
middle of their music videos and keeping
legitimately hip brothers and sisters
from making it big, that's where you'll
find...

THE CAMERA COMES TO REST ON A TIGHT SHOT OF UB

THE CHIEF (cont'd)

Undercover Brother.

UB raises fist, SAYS TO THE CAMERA in a Colt .45 smooth voice:

UNDERCOVER BROTHER

Solid!

FADE OUT.

END