

DOLEMITE

Screenplay by:
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From the Original Screenplay 'Dolemite' by:
Jerry Jones

And Characters Created by:
Rudy Ray Moore

First Draft

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FADE IN:

EXT. LA GHETTO - DAY

We're in the ghetto, among run-down houses with barred windows and dirt yards. There's trash everywhere, men and women either selling drugs or themselves. It's a bleak, almost war-torn landscape.

But suddenly UPBEAT, BOUNCY MUSIC begins to play! It starts off low, in the distance, but quickly grows. Men and women look up from their dealin' and pimpin' to see...

... A man in a conservative, well-tailored suit high-steps happily down the street. He carries a pimp cane, TWIRLING it like a baton as he smiles happily at all he sees.

An animated TITLE TWIRLS into frame: WAYNE BRADY IS...

Then: ... DOLEMITE!

(The titles are bright and colorful, and the 'I' in 'Dolemite' is dotted with a flower.)

Dolemite struts down the street, using his pimp cane like a magic wand to fix the ghetto. He points it at a house, and DING it's repainted, the yard is lush and green and the bars are off the windows! He points his cane at a vacant lot and TWINKLE a playground appears.

A FEMALE CHORUS sings along with the bouncy music over the soundtrack.

FEMALE CHORUS

Who's the man with the might who
makes everything right? Dolemite!
Dolemite!

Dolemite continues along at a jaunty pace. He uses the pimp cane to turn a junkie's rotten teeth into gold... to turn junked cars into mint LTD's... to give a big-butted girl a bigger butt. The song continues.

FEMALE CHORUS (CONT'D)

Who's the African-American sprite
who dresses so tight? Dolemite!
Dolemite!

Dolemite stands in the middle of the new, improved ghetto, where everything is neat and clean and everyone is sparkly and happy.

Suddenly RUDY RAY MOORE steps into frame, shouting into the CAMERA.

RUDY RAY MOORE
WHAT THE SHIT IS THIS?!?

Everyone freezes, unsure what to do. Wayne Brady steps uncertainly up to Rudy.

WAYNE BRADY
Hello, Mr. Moore. It's an honor to meet you, sir.

RUDY RAY MOORE
What the fuck are you doin'? This ain't Dolemite! I don't know what this Disney-lookin', Leave-It-To-Beaver bullshit is supposed to be, but it AIN'T Dolemite.

WAYNE BRADY
Well, respectfully, times have changed. The world is a different place from when you first created Dolemite. You can't say the 'N' word. You can't say the 'C' word. You can't say the 'G-D-M-F-C-S-S-O-B' word...

Angry, Rudy pushes Wayne Brady aside, looking OFF-CAMERA.

RUDY RAY MOORE
Enough of this shit. Where's the mutha fuckin' director!

CAMERA FOLLOWS Rudy as he storms off set and finds the DIRECTOR, who is cowering behind a monitor.

RUDY RAY MOORE (CONT'D)
Listen here, I'm gonna tell you the REAL goddamn story of Dolemite! Take this down, you rat soup eatin', Car-54 directin' mutha fucka...

With a loud CRASH OF THUNDER we...

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. RURAL ARKANSAS - NIGHT

The backwoods of Arkansas. A terrible thunderstorm rages, LIGHTNING and THUNDER ripping the sky. A small shack creaks and rattles, barely withstanding the onslaught. This is the kind of storm that comes along once a century. The kind of storm that feels like nature is fighting back against something it knows is coming.

SUPERIMPOSE TITLE: RURAL ARKANSAS - 1940

THEN: ABOUT NOON

INT. SHACK

Inside the shack, a black MOTHER lies on her raggedy bed, screaming in pain as she goes through the labor of childbirth. The FATHER can only watch helplessly. Suddenly the door BURSTS open, a white, bearded DOCTOR staggering in out of the storm.

FATHER

Doctor! You have to help her! She's 'bout to explode!

The Doctor steps to the bedside, where he sees the Mother's stomach is unusually large. And something is KICKING inside of her -- visibly!

DOCTOR

My Lord! She looks like she's gonna have her an elephant!

FATHER

(flashes angry)
Is you tryin' to tell me my wife made love to an elephant?

DOCTOR

Yes!

The Father thinks a moment, adjusting the bulge in his crotch proudly.

FATHER

Goddamn right.

The Doctor leans over the Mother, trying to soothe her. But he must shout to be heard over the increasing ROAR of the storm.

DOCTOR

Don't you worry, missus!
Everything's gonna be just...

The Mother grabs the Doctor by his collar, screaming into his face.

MOTHER

While you're standin' there
conversatin', this baby's decided
he's through waitin'!

She WAILS in pain, the Doctor lifting the blanket to take a look. As he leans in closer, a small black fist shoots from between her legs, punching the Doctor in the mouth, then flips him off! He falls backward, stunned, as a BABY climbs out from under the blanket, hopping to the floor where it lands on its feet. The Doctor slaps his behind, and the baby SLAPS HIM BACK! Severing the umbilical cord with a KUNG FU CHOP, the baby pauses a moment to survey its surroundings. His eyes fall on the Doctor, who rubs his jaw in amazement as the baby SPEAKS.

BABY

Man, ain't no fool gonna peek up my
momma and get away with it!

The Baby LEAPS at the Doctor, pummeling him with a series of martial arts kicks and punches. Then he turns to look at the Father, who stands in a corner, speechless.

BABY (CONT'D)

And you! You the fool who been
pokin' me in the head every night
while I'm tryin' to sleep!

The Baby leaps at his Father, knocking him to the ground with a flying Kung Fu kick to the chest. Sitting on top of his daddy, the Baby raises his fist to strike when his Mother yells out:

MOTHER

Stop it!

The Baby freezes, turning to look at his Mother.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Get your diaper-wearin', titty-
suckin', stretch-mark-givin' narrow
ass over here, boy.

The Baby climbs off his Father's chest, toddling to his Mother's bedside.

She picks him up, holding the Baby in front of her face. The Baby looks at her with a mixture of love and an otherworldly self-confidence.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

From this day forward the world
will know your name. The righteous
will sing it to the Heavens and the
wicked will tremble at its mention!
Your name will be... DOLEMITE!

A FLASH of lightning and the ROAR of thunder EXPLODE as we FREEZE-FRAME on young DOLEMITE.

CUT TO:

ANIMATED/LIVE-ACTION CREDIT MONTAGE

INTERCUT animated credit sequences with a live-action montage of Dolemite growing up. The animated sequences are an homage to classic blaxploitation poster art of the 1970's. Credits roll under funky 70's-era R&B.

CUT TO:

INT. SMALL-TOWN BAR - NIGHT

A real sleaze joint. The CAMERA DOLLIES down the length of the bar, where a succession of no-good vile scumbags each throw back a shot of whiskey, wincing as they slam their glasses back down on the bar. One female barfly is so drunk that she doesn't notice one of her breasts is floating in a large Margarita glass.

RUDY RAY MOORE (V.O.)

At the age of one I was drinkin'
whiskey and gin. At the age of two
I was eating the bottles it came
in...

As we reach the end of the line we see a THREE-YEAR OLD DOLEMITE sitting at the bar in a booster seat, polishing off an entire bottle of rotgut with a nipple on it. He SLAMS the empty bottle on the bar, calling to the bartender.

DOLEMITE

Bring me another one, sucka! I
ain't even got me a buzz on yet!

FREEZE-FRAME.

CUT TO:

TITLE SEQUENCE - ANIMATED

More credits as the music builds.

CUT TO:

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

A few years later. An elementary school talent show is taking place. Parents watch their children perform on a small stage. Currently an ADORABLE LITTLE GIRL in a frilly dress is singing and dancing sweetly.

ADORABLE LITTLE GIRL
I'm a little teapot, short and
stout! Here is my handle, here is
my spout!

The parents applaud as the Adorable Little Girl curtsseys and skips offstage. A TEACHER steps up, reading from a clipboard.

TEACHER
That was Suzy Parsons singing the
teapot song. Oh, how lovely - our
next act is a poetry reading by
little...
(squints at paper)
... Dolemite.

Applause as now SIX-YEAR-OLD DOLEMITE steps onstage. He wears a flashy - but obviously homemade - tuxedo covered in red glitter. He's tied blocks of wood to his shoes to make improvised platforms. He glowers out at the audience.

DOLEMITE
I was born in a barrel of butcher
knives. I been shot in my ass with
two Colt 45's. I been slapped by a
bear and bit by an eel. I chew up
railroad iron and shit out steel. I
jumped in the ocean and swallowed a
whale. Handcuffed lightnin' and
threwed thunder's ass in jail. I
walked through the graveyard like a
bolt of thunder. Made the
tombstones jump and put the dead on
wonder. I put fear in a gorilla and
took the sting from a bee. You got
to be a ignorant, ignorant
muthafucka to fuck with me.

Dead silence as the audience of parents, teachers and students just stare at the stage, slack-jawed.

DOLEMITE (CONT'D)
Dolemite is my name - and fuckin'
up muthafuckas is my game!

FREEZE-FRAME.

CUT TO:

TITLE SEQUENCE - ANIMATED

Credits continue, the music really starting to reach a pitch.

CUT TO:

INT. CADILLAC - NIGHT

Parked in the driveway of a fancy house, a white HIGH-SCHOOL GIRL is in the backseat of a 1950's Cadillac, making out with somebody so short that the top of his head can barely be seen over the seat. After a beat he sits up higher, stretching to kiss her, and we realize it's TWELVE-YEAR-OLD DOLEMITE. Even in the height of passion the girl seems jumpy. Dolemite seems focused on getting her shirt off.

HIGH-SCHOOL GIRL
If my daddy was to find out about
us he'd kill us both. The Sheriff's
daughter fooling around with...

DOLEMITE
Don't worry, baby. If your daddy
comes and tries to retrieve ya,
just tell him you got you the
jungle fever.

Their passion grows until the car door is YANKED OPEN, an angry woman glaring inside. It's the HIGH-SCHOOL GIRL'S MOTHER.

HIGH-SCHOOL GIRL'S MOTHER
Lucy-Lee! What are you doing? You
get out of that car right now!

Mortified, the High-School Girl climbs out of the back seat, re-buttoning her blouse.

HIGH-SCHOOL GIRL
Just babysittin' momma...

HIGH-SCHOOL GIRL'S MOTHER

March into that house and go to
your room! I'll be in to discuss
this after I've dealt with this
reprobate!

The High-School Girl goes into the house. As soon as the door closes behind her the High-School Girl's Mother dives into the backseat and Dolemite's arms, unbuttoning her blouse and kissing him wildly.

HIGH-SCHOOL GIRL'S MOTHER (CONT'D)

If my husband was to find out about
us he'd kill us both. The Sheriff's
wife fooling around with...

DOLEMITE

Don't worry, baby. If your man
comes and tries to retrieve ya...

Dolemite looks into the CAMERA and flashes a shit-eating grin as we FREEZE FRAME.

CUT TO:

TITLE SEQUENCE - ANIMATED

The music is threatening to blow the doors off the theatre as the credits continue.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

EIGHTEEN-YEAR-OLD DOLEMITE walks backward down a dirt road, carrying a bindle and thumbing for a ride. He touches up his hair with an Afro pick made out of twigs. An old blue Ford station wagon pulls to the side of the road, Dolemite climbing into the back seat.

INT. FORD STATION WAGON

Dolemite sits in back, while an OLD MAN and OLD WOMAN sit up front. They're a white couple, conservative, real church-going folk. As they drive down the road, the Old Woman turns and smiles warmly.

OLD WOMAN

Hello, young man. Where are you
going today?

Dolemite smiles warmly back.

DOLEMITE

Well ma'am, I'm goin' to Hollywood
to pimp some ho's and make all the
niggas laugh.

The Old Woman stares blankly. The Old Man turns his head to
look at Dolemite, who gives him a wink.

DOLEMITE (CONT'D)

It's my muthafuckin' get-rich-quick
scheme!

FREEZE FRAME.

CUT TO:

TITLE SEQUENCE - ANIMATED

The credits continue, the music becoming more and more
frenzied as we...

CUT TO:

EXT. EAST L.A. - NIGHT

Dolemite walks down a city street, still carrying his bindle.
He passes a series of prostitutes, each dressed more
outrageously than the last, all calling to him seductively.
He pauses when he sees a GANGSTER PIMP standing on a corner.
The Gangster Pimp is dressed in a flashy suit: \$500 alligator
hustler shoes, \$1000 pimpin' and hustlin' suit, \$300 stingy
brim hat. Natural to the brim, baby. He berates his stable of
girls.

GANGSTER PIMP

Biiiitch! You talkin' 'bout the game
is slow, that's why you so goddamn
po'! When a trick say 'Come' you
better go, or the blood in your ass
will start to flow!

Frowning, Dolemite steps up, speaking to the Gangster Pimp.

DOLEMITE

You born ignorant, rat-soup eatin'
muthafucka - don't you know not to
treat your ho's like bitches?

The Gangster Pimp turns, smiling wide when he sees Dolemite and his bindle, flashing a gold tooth.

GANGSTER PIMP

Well well well, look what the
underground railroad coughed up!
Why don't you go back home and beat
yo' feet on the Mississippi mud
where you belong, and leave the
pimpin' to those of us that knows.

Dolemite just glares at the Gangster Pimp as we...

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. EAST L.A. - ALLEYWAY - MOMENTS LATER

We see the Gangster Pimp laying unconscious and naked in the alley. Butt in the air, we see the bindle has been shoved up his ass, while CARTOON STARS float around his head.

EXT. EAST L.A. - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE on a pair of feet in fine platform shoes walking down the street. We PULL BACK to see they belong to Dolemite, who is now wearing the Gangster Pimp's fancy suit and large-brimmed fedora. The suit may be way too big for him, but he still looks fine with a big smile on his face and the Gangster Pimp's stable of girls hanging on his arms. Dolemite has arrived, mutha fuckas!

FREEZE FRAME.

CUT TO:

TITLE SEQUENCE - ANIMATED

We EXPLODE back into the credit sequence, the music shaking plaster from the walls as we re-create the original poster art for the MAIN TITLE of the film: **DOLEMITE**.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. 'TOTAL EXPERIENCE' NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

A sign over the door identifies this hip, funky club as 'DOLEMITE'S TOTAL EXPERIENCE.' A typical Saturday night, the place is packed - the street out front is three-deep with Cadillacs, LTD's and Lincoln Town Cars.

INT. 'TOTAL EXPERIENCE' NIGHTCLUB

It's mid-70's class all the way. Mood lighting, a disco ball, black velvet paintings on the walls. A bar lines one wall, facing a large stage. The club is filled with men wearing their finest threads (lots of polyester, wild patterns and big-ass ties), and women wearing their most titty-riffic evening gowns and furs. Sitting at tables while waitresses and busboys serve them, this is the highlight of their week.

Onstage JIMMY LYNCH fronts his band. They all wear white Afro wigs and loud sequined jumpsuits, and play a funky tune.

JIMMY LYNCH

He's baaaaad!
 Yeah the man is outta sight!
 Hehhhhhhh!
 He's a tough son-of-a-gun, y'all;
 His name is Dolemite!
 I heard of his comin'
 even before his time
 and I ain't lyin'...

Jimmy does his best James Brown impression, whipping forward and knocking the mic stand over with his super-sized Afro. The audience laughs.

SUPERIMPOSE TITLE: 1975

DOLEMITE, now age 35, enters the club. He looks fly in a belted white trenchcoat, white satin dinner jacket with huge collar, white silk shirt, flared white pants, white bow tie, white shoes, white belt and white fedora. Everyone turns - the man knows how to make an entrance. Jimmy belts it out into the mic.

JIMMY LYNCH (CONT'D)

He walks into the cluuub!
 He's all dressed in white!
 And now the movie's started!
 Another Dolemite! Heh!

Dolemite removes his fedora, his Afro springing perfectly into shape. He gives it a few flicks with a white Ivory Afro-pick before moving through the crowd, where the patrons greet him warmly and with great respect. He steps up onstage and takes the mic from Jimmy, addressing the crowd.

DOLEMITE

Dolemite is my name, and rappin'
 and tappin', that's my game.
 (MORE)

DOLEMITE (CONT'D)

I'm young and free, and just as bad
as I wanna be. This is the hour of
power. So, I'm glad to see yo face
in the place. I want you to put a
little more zip in yo hip, and a
little more soul in yo stroll; and
a little more slide in yo glide.
Play it cool and don't be no fool.

The crowd starts to applaud and cheer him on.

DOLEMITE (CONT'D)

Look at me, I'm a rare specimen of
a man, don't you agree? The stars,
the sun, the moon refuse to shine
without first consulting me. Every
night I sign my own autograph book,
and never pass a mirror without
taking a second look. I backed up
the moon and pushed back time. Took
the tutti out of fruiti and had the
devil drinkin' wine.

The crowd is going wild now. Women are throwing panties
onstage. A guy even throws a pair of boxer shorts. Someone
throws an artificial leg.

DOLEMITE (CONT'D)

Rattlesnakes have bit me and
they've just crawled off and died.
I'm the one that killed Monday,
whooped Tuesday and put Wednesday
in the hospital. Called up Thursday
to tell Friday not to bury Saturday
on Sunday.

The place is a madhouse. Women cry. A Jew and an Arab hug.

DOLEMITE (CONT'D)

There is no other like this soul
brother. Cool and dap and know how
to rap. Yes my rap is on time and
it rhyme, and if you don't think
it's fine, check out yo mind.

The women all swoon as Dolemite tosses the mic back to Jimmy
and climbs off the stage. Jimmy starts singing again, the
audience immediately calming down.

JIMMY LYNCH

He hands me the mi-ic!
Now he moves off to stage right!
He's pushing through the extras!
Make way for Dolemite! Good God!

Dolemite steps to a table where his nephew BUCKY and his girlfriend DARLENE sit. In their early twenties, they're both fresh-faced innocents, sipping their Shirley Temples.

DOLEMITE

Bucky! Gimme some skin, boy!

Bucky stands, he and Dolemite slapping five before embracing.

BUCKY

Uncle Dolemite - have you met my girlfriend, Darlene?

DOLEMITE

Darlene, it is a pleasure to meet you, child.

(kisses her hand)

How do you like my place?

DARLENE

I must say, it's a little intimidating for a simple pre-med student to sit here amongst all your glamorous, sophisticated ho's.

DOLEMITE

Nonsense! A little glitter and green eye make-up and you'd be just as beautiful as them! So, Bucky - what brings my favorite nephew into my club this fine evening?

BUCKY

We're celebrating! I just got into UCLA - I start in the fall.

DOLEMITE

Bucky, I am proud of you! What do you plan to study?

Bucky shrugs, he seems a little sheepish.

BUCKY

Well, I was thinking about studying the law so I could come back and help all the brothers and sisters who're being set-up and taken advantage of by the corrupt police force and judicial system... or I might follow your footsteps and go into pimpin' and makin' niggas laugh.

Dolemite puts a fatherly arm around Bucky's shoulders, speaking solemnly.

DOLEMITE

It's good to see a young man with ambition. But for every successful pimp and hustler like me there's a thousand sob stories. You need to stay in school. That way if rustlin' rumps doesn't work out, you can use the lawyerin' as a fall-back position.

BUCKY

Thanks, Uncle Dolemite. That means a lot to me.

DOLEMITE

Outta sight! Alright, you kids. I gotta go get ready for my show. Tonight everything's on the house. What're you drinkin'? Courvoisier? Cristal Champagne?

BUCKY

Shirley Temples.

Dolemite sighs, placing a hand on Bucky's shoulder.

DOLEMITE

You'll make a fine lawyer someday.

Bucky smiles worshipfully as Dolemite moves off. Onstage, Jimmy is still singing the theme song to his every move.

JIMMY LYNCH

He's done talkin' to his nephew!
It seems like they're real tight!
Can't make out where he's going!
Outta' verses for Dolemite! Heh!

CUT TO:

INT. 'TOTAL EXPERIENCE' NIGHTCLUB - LOCKER ROOM

The ho's locker room. It's like a high school locker room, just with more mood lighting, shag carpeting and red velvet wallpaper. Dolemite's stable of girls ready themselves for the evening as QUEEN BEE enters, carrying a large metal drum labeled "Rouge." In her 40's, Queen Bee is a heavysset woman wearing a silver lame gown and a large wig.

Strong and proud, Queen Bee handles the day-to-day operations of Dolemite's club and girls. She sets the metal drum by the door and calls out.

QUEEN BEE

Alright, girls - them 'fro's ain't gonna get any higher. Let's get out on the floor. There's a lot of sad, lonely men out there with a lot of sad, lonely money we wanna give a home.

The girls finish up, closing their lockers and heading out, several of them inserting mouthpieces. One girl removes a wad of cash from her halter top and places it in her locker, then kisses an autographed photo of Superfly before leaving. Queen Bee follows - but stops when she sees another girl (LATOSCHA TAY) lagging behind. Peering from behind a locker, Queen Bee watches as LaToscha Tay jimmys the lock on the first girl's locker and steals her wad of cash. Queen Bee frowns angrily as we...

CUT TO:

INT. 'TOTAL EXPERIENCE' NIGHTCLUB

Onstage, Jimmy Lynch and his band finish up. The audience applauds as Jimmy speaks into the mic.

JIMMY LYNCH

Thank you! Now hold on tight, ladies and gents, 'cause this here is MR. MOTION AND HIS DANCE COMPANY!

Jimmy trots offstage as a dance troupe rushes on to bouncy synthesizer music. They wear red sequined tuxedo coats, the women over black sequined leotards. They are arm-flailin', leg-kickin', big-smilin' dynamos, and the audience is enraptured.

CUT TO:

INT. 'TOTAL EXPERIENCE' NIGHTCLUB - DOLEMITE'S DRESSING ROOM

Dolemite steps into his dressing room, where he is greeted by two beautiful SHOWGIRLS wearing sexy 70's-era red lingerie (satin teddies under transparent flowing robes). He smiles, speaking affectionately.

DOLEMITE

Hello, bitches!

The Showgirls SQUEAL in unison.

SHOWGIRL #1
Hello, Dolemite!

SHOWGIRL #2
Do we have time for a Dolemite sandwich before the show?

SHOWGIRL #1
I'm in the mood for a big sausage and a couple of meatballs.

DOLEMITE
I can't favor you now, but after the show I'll have one up above and one down below.
(to Showgirl #1)
Good thing for you that your whorin' is better than your metaphorin'...

The Showgirls giggle excitedly. One helps him remove his coat and hat, while another kneels on all fours, acting as his chair. He sits before an empty mirror frame, a third girl sitting behind it and reaching through to apply his stage makeup. Queen Bee enters, shoving LaToscha Tay in ahead of her.

QUEEN BEE
Dolemite, we got a problem. I caught this bitch stealing from the other girls.

LATOSCHA TAY
You a goddamn liar, ho!

Queen Bee bats at LaToscha Tay's breasts.

QUEEN BEE
Oh really? Well I don't recall your titties being that big. I saw you take it, now give it up. C'mon.

Queen Bee snaps her fingers, LaToscha Tay sighing as she reaches into her bra and removes some cash.

QUEEN BEE (CONT'D)
Oh, no. Give it ALL up.

LaToscha Tay reluctantly reaches into her other bra cup, removing more cash.

QUEEN BEE (CONT'D)
I said ALL of it!

LaToscha Tay reaches into her panties, holding out yet more cash. Queen Bee recoils.

QUEEN BEE (CONT'D)
THAT stank money you can keep!

Angry, Dolemite stands, glaring at LaToscha Tay.

DOLEMITE
Bitch, don't you know? NOBODY
steals in Dolemite's house! What
you need this money for, anyway?
Don't I treat you fair?

Queen Bee holds up a baggie of white powder.

QUEEN BEE
Here's your answer. I found this in
her locker.

Dolemite takes the baggie, dipping his pinkie inside and tasting the white powder. He spits it out.

DOLEMITE
Angel Dust! Girl, you know better
than to get involved with this
shit!

Queen Bee shouts at LaToscha Tay.

QUEEN BEE
Get your shit and get outta here!

DOLEMITE
No, Queenie. Not so fast.
(to LaToscha Tay - gently)
I know the power of this powder!
But you got to ignore the allure
and take the cure or you'll be
sleepin' under a tombstone for
sure. Now I'm willin' to give you a
room in my house so you can go cold
turkey and beat this debilitatin'
habit. Are you down?

LaToscha Tay just glares at Dolemite.

LATOSCHA TAY

Fuck you! Fuck both of you! I don't
need no goddamn charity from
nobody!

With that she turns and storms out. Dolemite and Queen Bee watch her go sadly. Dolemite steps to the sink, dumping the baggie of white powder down the drain.

DOLEMITE

This shit turns mutha fuckas into
zombies! I thought we kicked all
the dealers out of this
neighborhood.

QUEEN BEE

It's that no-account Willie Green.
He and his gang have been trying to
muscle into this area for the past
few weeks.

DOLEMITE

Willie Green, eh? That born-
ignorant, junkyard mutha fucka's
gonna be in for a big surprise if
he tries to bring his drug-dealin'
ass into MY neighborhood.

CUT TO:

INT. 'TOTAL EXPERIENCE' NIGHTCLUB

The door opens and WILLIE GREEN enters with his entourage of enforcers and skanky ho's. A pimp and drug dealer, everything about Willie screams low-class. He's loud, obnoxious, and looks like he learned how to dress by watching Huggy Bear on 'Starsky & Hutch.' And of course his crew, BOOGIE, SAMMY, MARLON, and RAY-RAY, look like even lower-class versions of their boss. A MAITRE-D steps up nervously.

MAITRE-D

Can I help you?

WILLIE GREEN

Yeah, brother - get me the best
table right down front. Willie
Green don't sit behind nobody -
unless he's got his dick in her
ass.

Willie laughs uproariously at his own joke, his crew all following his lead. The Maitre-D fidgets uncomfortably.

MAITRE-D

I'm sorry, sir, but that table is taken.

Without a word, Willie shoves past the Maitre-D and marches straight to the front-row table. He speaks bluntly to the three well-dressed couples sitting there.

WILLIE GREEN

You mutha fuckas are in our seats.

A SOPHISTICATED MAN turns and sizes Willie up distastefully.

SOPHISTICATED MAN

And who might you be?

WILLIE GREEN

Well, there's me...

(points to crew)

...and my friends Boogie, Sammy, Marlon, Ray-Ray...

(opens coat to reveal gun)

... Smith and Wesson. I'd run along if I was you - Smith and Wesson has quite a temper.

The well-dressed couples quickly gather up their coats and scurry for the exit. Willie Green turns and shouts to the Maitre-D, pointing to the now-empty table.

WILLIE GREEN (CONT'D)

Looks like there's a table open now.

As the Maitre-D sits Willie and his crew, Queen Bee steps onstage. She pauses a moment when she sees Willie grinning up at her, finally speaking into the mic.

QUEEN BEE

And now, ladies and gentlemen, the moment you've all been waiting for. The man who brought you 'Eat Out More Often' and 'This Pussy Belongs to Me' - DOLEMITE!

Dolemite takes the stage to thunderous applause. A musician plays JAZZ FLUTE as a dancer gyrates onstage. The audience is transfixed as Dolemite begins to speak.

DOLEMITE

Way down in the jungle deep, the badass lion stepped on the signifying monkey's feet.

(MORE)

DOLEMITE (CONT'D)

The monkey said, 'Mutherfucka, can't you see? You're standing on my goddamn feet!' The monkey lived in the jungle in an old oak tree, bullshittin' the lion every day of the week.

The audience laughs. Everyone but Willie Green and his crew.

DOLEMITE (CONT'D)

Every day before the sun go down, that lion would kick his ass all through the jungle town. But the monkey got wise and started usin' his wit. Said, 'I'm gonna put a stop to this ole ass-kickin' shit.' So he ran up on the lion the very next day. Said 'Oh, Mr. Lion, there's a big bad muthafucker comin' your way. And he's somebody that you don't know, he just broke a-loose from the Ringling Brothers show.' Said, 'He talked about your people in a helluva way! He talked about your people 'till my hair turned gray! Now Mr. Lion, you know that ain't right. Whenever you run up on the elephant you be ready to fight.'

On the words 'You be ready to fight' Dolemite fixes his gaze upon Willie Green, who just stares back.

DOLEMITE (CONT'D)

The lion jumped up in a helluva rage! Like a young man smokin' some gage. He ran up on the elephant talkin' to the swine. He said, 'Alright, you big bad muthafucker, it's gonna be your ass or mine.' The lion jumped up and made a fancy pass. The elephant side-stepped him and kicked him dead on his ass. He busted up his jaw, fucked up his face. Broke all four legs, snatched his ass outta place.

The audience is roaring with laughter, unaware of the staring contest going on between Dolemite and Willie Green.

DOLEMITE (CONT'D)

They fought all night and all the next day. Somehow the lion managed to get away.

(MORE)

DOLEMITE (CONT'D)

But he drug his ass back to the jungle more dead than alive, just to run into that little monkey and some more of his signifying jive! The little monkey said, 'Goddamn ole partner, you don't look so swell.' Said, 'Look like to me you caught a whole lotta hell. Yo eyes is all red and yo asshole is blue, I knew in the beginning it wasn't shit to you. I told my wife before you left, I shoulda kicked yo ass my muthafucking self! Shut up, don't you roar! 'Cause I'll bail outta this tree and whoop your dog-ass some more! And don't look up here with your sucka-paw case. 'Cause I'll piss through the bark of this tree in yo muthafuckin' face!'

One of Willie Green's crew lets out a laugh. Without ever taking his eyes from Dolemite's, Willie reaches over and punches his boy in the nuts, doubling him over. Dolemite can't help but smirk as he continues.

DOLEMITE (CONT'D)

The little monkey got happy, started jumpin' up and down. His feet missed the limb and his ass hit the ground. Like a ball of lightning and a streak of white heat, that lion was on his ass with all four feet. Dust rolled and tears came into the little monkey's eyes. Nothin' he could see and nothin' he could hear, but he knew it was the end of his bullshittin' and signifyin' career!

Dolemite holds eye contact with Willie Green for an extra few seconds before spreading his arms and taking a bow as the audience leaps to their feet to give him a standing ovation. (Everyone but Willie and his crew, of course.) Dolemite heads offstage as Queen Bee steps back up to the mic.

QUEEN BEE

I hope you've enjoyed our show. Come back tomorrow night at the same time here at Dolemite's 'Total Experience.' Thank you!

She bows as the audience continues to clap and cheer. As she does, one of Willie Green's crew reaches up, handing her a note. She takes it, heading backstage.

CUT TO:

INT. 'TOTAL EXPERIENCE' NIGHTCLUB - DOLEMITE'S DRESSING ROOM

Dolemite sits at his dressing table, mopping the sweat from his brow. Queen Bee enters, holding the note. She hands it to him.

QUEEN BEE

Speak of the devil and he shall appear. I suppose you saw that Willie Green sitting at the front table.

DOLEMITE

I saw him, alright - but I smelled him first.

Dolemite opens the note, reading.

QUEEN BEE

What's it say?

DOLEMITE

Says he wants to talk with me. Tonight.

QUEEN BEE

What should I tell him?

DOLEMITE

Tell him I'll be out. Presently.

Dolemite and Queen Bee exchange smiles as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. 'TOTAL EXPERIENCE' NIGHTCLUB - LATER

It's late, and Willie and his crew are the only patrons left in the club. Queen Bee and the BARTENDER are behind the bar counting the nights receipts, while BUSBOYS sweep the floor. Hours have passed, and Willie is pissed.

WILLIE GREEN

I dunno who this mutha fucka thinks
he is, makin' me wait for an
audience with his black ass like
he's the reincarnation of Dr.
fuckin' King or some shit.

The crew member Willie punched in the balls (MARLON) pipes
in.

MARLON

Well, his act WAS pretty funny...

Willie socks him in the nuts again, doubling him over. Just
then Dolemite steps up to the table.

DOLEMITE

You wanna see me, man?

Willie is suddenly all smiles.

WILLIE GREEN

Ah! Brother Dolemite! Sit down,
join the party!

Dolemite frowns at Willie's crew, who all wear big pimp hats.

DOLEMITE

You gentlemen need to remove your
hats while indoors at my fine
establishment.

WILLIE GREEN

Do what he says, boys. This is the
man who owns this club... for now.

Willie's crew all remove their fedoras, revealing their Afros
have been molded into the exact forms of their hats.

WILLIE GREEN (CONT'D)

So what kinda' name is "Dolemite,"
anyway?

A beat. Then:

SAMMY

It's a common sedimentary rock-
forming mineral, named after the
French mineralogist Deodat de
Dolomieu...

RAY-RAY

Fo' sho! It's also found in many antacids. It can also be used as loosening agent to prevent mothafuckin' agglomerating--

Marlon interrupts, chiding Ray-Ray.

MARLON

--Don't be ignorant, fool! That's Magnesium goddamn Carbonate -- Dolemite is Calcium Magnesium Carbonate, you ignoramus. Shi-it, it's a mineral found in massive beds several hundred motherfuckin' feet thick, used in some cements, and as a source of magnesium.

(laughing)

How the hell you ever gonna' make it as a pimp with such a limited knowledge of the properties of the chemical elements, or the periodic functions of their goddamn atomic numbers, sucka?

The flunkees all burst out laughing at Ray-Ray.

BOOGIE

That's no jive! And don't forget that Dolemite's also used in agriculture and home gardening!

SAMMY

Shee-it, in glass making it's used as a muthafuckin' ceramic...

(pondering)

Just try to imagine the muthafuckin' world without Calcium Magnesium Carbonate. No Roloids, no glass products, no fertilizers--

Having had enough, Dolemite pulls the chair out from under Sammy, who tumbles backward onto the floor. Dolemite sits in the chair, facing Willie.

DOLEMITE

--It's a bad-ass element, just like ME, motherfucka! I'm the one that caught a star that was travelin' a million miles a minute. I slowed it down to the state speed limit. I pissed on the sun and put out the shine. You wanna talk to me?

(MORE)

DOLEMITE (CONT'D)

You better wait in line.

(coldly)

It's time you bust-ass nigga-wannabes tell me what the shit you want so's I can tell you to get the hell outta my place.

Sammy stands, rubbing his head, his Afro now flattened in the back.

WILLIE GREEN

(to Dolemite)

I wanna make a deal with you.

DOLEMITE

What kind of deal?

WILLIE GREEN

I wanna buy your club, here.

DOLEMITE

It'll be a cold day in hell before I sell my club to the likes of you popcorn pimps.

WILLIE GREEN

Come on, don't get excited. You'd still be involved. I saw your act - you're pretty damn good. You know your business. So you can take care of the business, I'll take care of the... extracurriculars.

DOLEMITE

You're talking about Angel Dust.

WILLIE GREEN

Naw, man - I'm talking supply and demand, that's all. I give 'em what they want, and you give 'em the shuck and jive. What do you say?

Dolemite sits for a moment before speaking calmly.

DOLEMITE

Nice to have seen you people. But fuck you, you roody-poot, low-life, insecure, pepper-gut, no-business born, rat soup eatin' muthafuckas!

WILLIE GREEN

Say what? You can't mess with bad Willie Green...

(thinks)

(MORE)

WILLIE GREEN (CONT'D)
 Somethin' somethin' somethin'
 rhymes with 'green'.

DOLEMITE
 You are a bad, bad, bad, bad, bad
 bad man...
 (to CAMERA, sotto voce)
 That line was so offensive I
 censored it myself...

With that Dolemite stands and moves off. Willie's crew turn to him expectantly as he does a slow burn.

WILLIE GREEN
 Nobody makes me wait and then
 treats me like a flat-back pimp!
 (stands, pulling gun from
 belt)
 LET'S TURN THIS PLACE OUT!!!

Willie FIRES a couple shots at Dolemite, who ducks behind a column, the bullets ricocheting off. Willie's ho's run out the door, screaming, as the shit goes down.

As Willie's crew toss tables and throw chairs, the bartender and busboys spring into action. Seems like everyone in the joint has a gun. The BARTENDER pulls a Magnum out of the cash register; a BUSBOY's mop turns into a shotgun; Queen Bee pulls a tiny pistol out from her cleavage. Ray-Ray pulls a long-barreled pistol out of his fly.

At another table, the MAITRE-D trades shots with BOOGIE. Five feet apart, they hit everything but each other.

Willie's boy RAY-RAY menaces Queen Bee. Her pistol is out of bullets. Without missing a beat, Queen Bee whips out a switchblade, slicing at Ray-Ray's head. He ducks but she slices through the top of his Afro, leaving him with a flat-top.

Willie Green charges after Dolemite, gun held in his outstretched hand. Stepping out from behind the column, Dolemite grabs Willie's arm and breaks his wrist, snatching the gun away from him. He points the pistol at Willie's forehead.

DOLEMITE
 It's over! Now call off your boys
 before I see to it your mouth ain't
 the only useless, gaping hole in
 your head!

Holding his wrist in pain, Willie calls out:

WILLIE GREEN
 Boogie, Sammy, Marlon, Ray-Ray!
 Cool it!

The fighting stops, everyone turning to watch the stand-off between Dolemite and Willie.

DOLEMITE
 Man, get yo' ass outta my place
 before I wrap my dick around yo'
 neck and tear that small-brained
 head off yo' goddamn shoulders!

Willie nods to his crew. They head out, Willie walking backward as he moves out the door.

WILLIE GREEN
 I suggest you reconsider my offer,
 nigga. I got Mafia backing. The
 families of Don Corleone, Don
 Cornelius and Don Imus all support
 me. You know your ass is gonna
 regret this shit.

And with that he's gone. Dolemite turns to the Busboys, Bartender and Cook.

DOLEMITE
 Is everyone alright?
 (they nod - to Queen Bee)
 Queenie?

She stands in the corner, holding a large, double-barrel pump shotgun.

QUEEN BEE
 I'm fine, Dolemite.

DOLEMITE
 I know you stash that Remington in
 your bra. Where do you keep the
 shotgun?

QUEEN BEE
 You don't wanna know, honey...

Dolemite surveys the club, which has been trashed. He shakes his head, a wry smile on his face.

DOLEMITE

These Saturday nights are a mutha
fucka on the furnishings.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Willie Green sits in a back booth with two white plainclothes cops - MITCHELL and WHITE. In their ugly brown corduroy suits and slicked down hair, these guys couldn't be more greasy if you dipped them in a deep fryer. Willie's right wrist is in a cast.

WILLIE GREEN

Listen, fuzz, we got to put this
Dolemite sucka out of business for
good.

MITCHELL

What's in it for us?

WHITE

Yeah. I hear this Dolemite's a bad
mutha...

MITCHELL

(cuts him off)
Shut your mouth!

WHITE

I'm just talkin' 'bout Dolemite.

MITCHELL

(to Willie)
He's got a point. Dolemite's got a
colorful - no offense - reputation.

WILLIE GREEN

I'll tell you what's in it for you,
John Law. This nigga's fuckin' up
my ability to keep myself in the
manner to which I've become
accustomed!

(leans forward)

And if I ain't livin' the life, YOU
ain't livin' it, neither, flatfoot.

Mitchell and White nod, getting the picture.

MITCHELL

So what do you want - make it look like a mob hit? Three in the back of the head? Pop pop pop!

WHITE

Ooh! Dibs on the shooting.

MITCHELL

You can't call 'dibs' on the shooting. I'm senior officer. I get dibs automatically.

WHITE

That's not fair. Last time I distinctly remember you said I could cap the next nigger. I even wrote it down. Here...

White begins rummaging through his coat pockets. Rolling his eyes, Willie slams his hand on the table. Unfortunately it's the hand with the cast on it.

WILLIE GREEN

God-DAMN! Enough of this shit, pigs! I don't want the mutha fucka dead. That'd turn him into some sort of martyr or somethin'. I want that mutha fucka DISGRACED.

Mitchell and White smile.

MITCHELL

We can do that.

WHITE

Yeah.

(to Mitchell)

Dibs on the disgracing...

They start to bicker as a WAITRESS brings a tray of donuts, setting them on the table.

WAITRESS

Here y'go. Three bear claws, two creme-filled, and a half-dozen glazed.

Mitchell and White eagerly tear into the donuts as Willie watches disgustedly.

WILLIE GREEN

Why we always gotta meet at this
fuckin' donut house, anyway?

Mitchell and White pause, speaking with their mouths full.

MITCHELL

We're cops.

WHITE

It's a union thing.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREETS OF LOS ANGELES - DAY

'Funky Worm' by The Ohio Players blasts over the soundtrack as Dolemite drives his 1971 Cadillac Sedan DeVille. He smiles, nodding his head to the beat of the music. He's so engrossed that he doesn't notice the unmarked police car tailing him.

EXT. FUNKY CAR WASH

Dolemite steers his car into a car wash - and the place is hopping! All the employees wear white zippered jumpsuits with bell bottoms, and everyone is dancing to the music on the soundtrack. It's straight out of the movie 'Car Wash.'

INT. FUNKY CAR WASH - WASH AREA

Driving through the wash, Dolemite watches with appreciation as two beautiful large-breasted black women in hot pants and white T-shirts scrub his car. One girl winks and smiles to Dolemite, who returns the favor. Jealous, the other girl attacks, pulling the first girl's Afro. Dolemite watches with growing enjoyment as the girls tussle, ripping each others' shirts off. Their breasts rub against the drivers side window as Dolemite laughs.

DOLEMITE

You GOTTA love the 70's!

EXT. FUNKY CAR WASH

Dolemite rolls out of the wash. He's about to pull back onto the road when the unmarked police car squeals to a halt in front of him, blocking his way.

DOLEMITE

Man, what the fuck is this shit?

Dolemite climbs out of his Caddy as Mitchell and White exit the unmarked car.

(NOTE: During this scene a BOOM MIKE will drop into view at regular intervals.)

MITCHELL

Keep those hands where we can see 'em, boy!

DOLEMITE

Don't y'all have better things to do than harass me?

WHITE

Not really.

MITCHELL

White, search the vehicle.

White steps to the passenger side of the Cadillac and opens the door. We see him pull a baggie from his jacket, tossing it onto the floor of the car.

DOLEMITE

Man, I ain't got shit. You peckerwoods are wasting your time.

WHITE

(holds up baggie)
Oh yeah? Then what's this?

DOLEMITE

It looks like a peanut butter sandwich.

White looks at the baggie. It IS a peanut butter sandwich.

MITCHELL

You planted your lunch again?
(sighs)
Take another look!

White takes another baggie from a different pocket, dropping it into the car and then picking it up. This baggie is filled with a white powder.

WHITE

Look what we got here!

DOLEMITE

This is bullshit! That ain't mine
and you know it, mutha fucka.

MITCHELL

Looks like Angel Dust to me.

They step up to Dolemite, standing to either side of him,
Mitchell speaking into his right ear, White his left. (The
BOOM MIKE dipping into the top of the frame.)

WHITE

PCP!

MITCHELL

Hog!

WHITE

Wack!

MITCHELL

Killer Corn Starch!

WHITE

The Devil's Margarita Salt!

MITCHELL

Satan's Dander!

WHITE

Phenylcyclohexylpiperidine!

(Mitchell gives him a
look, he shrugs)

I was good at science.

Mitchell grabs the bag from White. Opening it, he sticks his
fingers inside, then places one up each nostril and snorts.
He reacts, eyes rolling back in his head. A glob of white
powder is stuck under his nose, and stays there for the rest
of the scene.

MITCHELL

Oh yeah, that's good! That's the
Real McCoy, alright.

(gets in Dolemite's face)

Now I know you think you're smart,
see, 'cuz you got all those flashy
clothes and that big car there, and
you got all those black bitches
workin' for ya...

DOLEMITE
 (defiantly)
 You forgot about the white ones.

Mitchell glares at Dolemite angrily.

MITCHELL
 You're a big man in this community,
 people thinkin' you're keeping
 drugs out of their neighborhoods.
 Just think how they're gonna feel
 when we put you away for dealin'.

DOLEMITE
 Man, move over and let me pass
 before they have to be pullin'
 these Hush Puppies out yo' mutha
 fuckin' ass!

Mitchell and White each pull their service revolvers,
 pointing them at Dolemite.

MITCHELL
 You hear that, Officer White? I
 believe that was a threat.

WHITE
 I believe you're right.

Mitchell shoves Dolemite against his car. He moves in close
 to Dolemite, the BOOM MIKE hanging low.

MITCHELL
 I've had a hard-on to bust your
 black ass for a LONG time!

Mitchell reaches for his handcuffs when suddenly Dolemite
 reaches up and GRABS the BOOM MIKE, brandishing it like
 nunchucks. Mitchell and White stare in shock as he SWINGS it
 around his arms, hips, stomach and legs.

DOLEMITE
 Nobody sets up Dolemite!

In a lightning fast series of moves, Dolemite uses the BOOM
 MIKE to knock the guns from Mitchell and White's hands before
 sending them each sprawling with a shot to the jaw. They lay
 on the ground, unconscious. Tossing aside the BOOM MIKE,
 Dolemite picks the baggie of Angel Dust off the ground and
 sprinkles it over Mitchell. He then stuffs the empty baggie
 in White's mouth.

DOLEMITE (CONT'D)
 That's for fuckin' with me, you no-
 business, born-insecure MUTHA
 FUCKAS!

He starts to climb back into his Caddy when suddenly a dozen black & white cop cars race up, SIRENS wailing and lights flashing. They SQUEAL to a halt, Dolemite looking up to see 24 guns pointed directly at him.

LAPD COP
 Freeze, asshole!

DOLEMITE
 What's the charge?!

LAPD COP
 (nodding to Mitchell,
 covered in powder)
 Littering!

No choice, Dolemite slowly places his hands on top of his head.

DOLEMITE
 Goddamn LA-fuckin'-PD!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Dolemite stands before a JUDGE. The courtroom is packed, QUEEN BEE sitting with Dolemite's girls, who watch the proceedings in disbelief.

JUDGE
 Dolemite, you have been found
 guilty of the crime of narcotics
 possession with intent to
 distribute. This terrible crime is
 made even worse by two mitigating
 factors. First - you're black.
 Second - you cultivated a
 reputation as a civic leader,
 dedicated to removing drugs from
 our streets and neighborhoods. But
 all the while you were actually
 dealing the drugs which you
 pretended to despise.
 (MORE)

JUDGE (CONT'D)

It is for these reasons - primarily the first one - that I am sentencing you to the maximum punishment under California law: twenty years in a maximum security penitentiary!

Dolemite doesn't react, standing strong, tall and stoic. But a collective WAIL rises from the gallery as his girls cry out in disbelief.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Do you have anything to say for yourself?

DOLEMITE

I've swammed across muddy rivers and never got wet. Mountains has fell on me and I ain't dead yet. I fucked an elephant and dared her to mutter. I can look up a bull's ass and tell you the price of butter. I rode across the ocean on the head of my dick. And ate nine tons of catshit and ain't never got sick. You think you can frame me and I won't fight? You fuckas ain't heard the last of Dolemite!

The Judge bangs his gavel as a couple burly bailiffs lead Dolemite away. Queen Bee does her best to comfort the girls, who continue to cry and moan. Just before he's led out of the courtroom, Dolemite turns to see Mitchell and White standing at the rear of the gallery - right next to Willie Green. They all smile smugly at him as we...

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. PRISON - DAY

It's grey. It's institutional. It's surrounded by tall fences, razor wire and guard towers. Yup - it's a prison, alright.

EXT. PRISON YARD

A skinny black man with an African tribal necklace hanging from his neck preaches to a gathering of CONVICTS, who listen attentively. This is REVEREND GIBBS, and the atmosphere is like a church service.

REVEREND GIBBS

Just look at that damn Watergate scandal. Now if the leader of our country was a liar and a thief and got away clean, what the hell do they expect us to do?

The Convicts call out in support, a few pumping their fists in the air.

CONVICTS

You better believe it, brutha...
Right on!... Tell the truth!

REVEREND GIBBS

The President of the United States running a bugging operation against his rivals - what could be worse?

There's a pause, the Convicts exchanging looks.

CONVICTS

Uh, an illegal war for oil?...
Using fear to control the populace?... Undermining our basic American right to privacy?...
Condoning the use of torture?...
Squandering the good will of the world community after a national tragedy?

REVEREND GIBBS

(thinks)

Yes, yes - that would be worse. But let's get back to reality. It costs 13 cents to mail a letter! Five dollars to see a movie! Gas is 62 cents a gallon! It's hard to believe things could deteriorate any further!

Dolemite steps into the prison yard, surveying the scene. Even though the inmates are all dressed in matching black and white striped prison outfits, Dolemite still manages to stand out from the crowd, carrying himself with confidence and dignity. He passes a series of card tables set up under a banner reading "PRISON CAREER DAY." The tables have signs, reading "Highway Clean-up Technician," "Chain Gang Specialist" and "Cellmate Bitches, Local #387."

Finishing his sermon, Reverend Gibbs watches Dolemite with great interest.

Dolemite steps away from a table, reading a pamphlet titled 'License Plates: Press For Success!' When the Reverend calls to him.

REVEREND GIBBS (CONT'D)

You!

DOLEMITE

(turns)

What you want, old man?

REVEREND GIBBS

You are new here.

DOLEMITE

First day.

Reverend Gibbs approaches Dolemite and points out the gangs assembled together around the yard, smoking, arguing, a few playing hopscotch on the asphalt.

REVEREND GIBBS

You better watch yourself in here, meat. The place is full of ruthless gangs. You got your Bloods, Crips, SLA - and whatever you do, don't mess with those guys...

Reverend Gibbs nods over to a secretive bunch in the corner of the yard.

DOLEMITE

The Latin Kings? Mafia? Hell's Angels? Vice Lords? Surenos? Wah Chings? Devil Hunters?

REVEREND GIBBS

Worse: They call themselves 'Amway'... You want no part of what they're sellin', my brother...

Dolemite shivers.

REVEREND GIBBS (CONT'D)

What is your name?

DOLEMITE

Man, who wants to know?

Reverend Gibbs stands, moving to Dolemite with a deliberate grace.

REVEREND GIBBS

I am Reverend Gibbs. Master of
spiritual arts. Purveyor of arcane
knowledge. Robber of liquor stores.

Reverend Gibbs bows. Dolemite nods, impressed with Reverend
Gibbs's style.

DOLEMITE

I am Dolemite. Master of raps.
Purveyor of ass-kickings. Pimper of
ho's.

(returns Reverend Gibbs's
bow)

Who's in charge of this shit-hole,
anyway?

REVEREND GIBBS

There is the warden, as well as the
guards...

DOLEMITE

No, man. I mean who REALLY runs
shit around here?

REVEREND GIBBS

Ah! Who holds the real power. That
would be The Duke.

Reverend Gibbs points to THE DUKE. Watching other inmates
play basketball, The Duke is a huge black dude with a nasty
scar that runs from the top of his shaved head, down the
center of his nose, and ending at his chin. He sits by
himself on a set of bleachers, as though they were his
personal throne. Only his number two man (BILBO) stands
nearby, guarding his boss and granting audiences. Dolemite
makes a beeline for The Duke, Reverend Gibbs right on his
heels.

REVEREND GIBBS (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

DOLEMITE

First day in the joint you gotta
beat somebody's ass or become
somebody's bitch. That means it's
ass-beatin' time.

Dolemite approaches the bleachers, Bilbo blocking his way.

BILBO

Whoa whoa whoa! Slow down there,
Jesse Owens. Where you think you're
goin' in such a goddamn hurry?

DOLEMITE

I'm here to talk to your boss. Now
step aside before I have to spend
all night cleanin' shit off my
shoes from puttin' my foot up your
nasty ass.

Bilbo takes a menacing step toward Dolemite, stopping when
The Duke growls loudly.

THE DUKE

Bilbo! Step off. This mutha fucka's
mine.

(hesitates)

You aren't with Amway, are you?

Dolemite shakes his head and The Duke stands - this sucker's
6-foot-7 easy. Probably about 300 pounds. Each arm's the size
of a third grader - a buff third grader. He starts down the
bleachers, which CREAK under the weight of each step. The
other inmates in the yard turn to watch, the basketball game
stopping cold. Dolemite doesn't so much as blink.

THE DUKE (CONT'D)

You know what I love? I love when
some ignorant-ass fresh-meat walks
in off the street and thinks he's
got the biggest dick on the block.
I love when I get to educate that
sorry piece-a shit about who's
REALLY got the biggest dick around
here. But mostly I love the little
whimpering sound they make when I
take 'em back to my cell and shove
my big dick up their ass.

DOLEMITE

(cocks thumb at Bilbo)

Man, I don't give a damn HOW you
and your girlfriend met.

THE DUKE

(face-to-face with
Dolemite)

What's your name, bitch?

DOLEMITE

I'm your scariest nightmare, I'm your worst dream. I'm the baddest muthafucka you ever have seen. I'll fuck you up without a cause, I'll even make your pappy drop his drawers.

A nervous muttering arises from the inmates - is this son-of-a-bitch crazy? The smallest hint of a grin comes across The Duke's face... right before he takes a MIGHTY SWING at Dolemite, who dodges the blow with ease. And the fight is on! Dolemite and The Duke go at it, trading blows that would kill most normal men. Dolemite's signifying is starting to get to him.

DOLEMITE (CONT'D)

I've got a graveyard disposition and a tombstone mind, I'll fuck up any muthafucka cause I don't mind dyin'.

The Duke is big and powerful, but his size makes him slow. Dolemite is quicker and more agile, able to maneuver around the big man, landing shots at will.

THE DUKE

So listen good as I make my case - my name is Dolemite and now I'M running this place!

Reverend Gibbs watches Dolemite with great interest.

EXT. PRISON YARD - GUARD TOWER

Two PRISON GUARDS watch the fight from a guard tower. One levels his rifle, placing Dolemite in the cross-hairs. The other grabs the muzzle, shoving it aside.

PRISON GUARD #1

Law of the jungle. Looks like a new lion's trying to take over the pride.

(off the other guard's look)

What? I like wildlife documentaries.

EXT. PRISON YARD

The inmates all root and cheer as Dolemite and The Duke continue to battle. It's clear that Dolemite is quickly wearing The Duke down, the big man starting to waver. Worried, Bilbo pulls a shiv from his pocket, starting to sneak up behind Dolemite. Reverend Gibbs sees this, but doesn't move, arms crossed. Just as he is about to stick Dolemite the shiv suddenly FLIES from Bilbo's hand as though batted away! Bilbo turns to glare at Reverend Gibbs - who stares back innocently, arms still crossed.

Having tired himself out throwing roundhouse punches, The Duke is fading fast. Unable to keep his guard up, The Duke has no defense when Dolemite lands three hard shots - BAM! BAM! BAM! - right to his face, opening up the scar running from his chin to his scalp. And with that The Duke is down, the other inmates cheering wildly! Dolemite puts up his hands, silencing them.

DOLEMITE

I'm the bad muthfucka that walked
the ragin' sea. The water stood
still and parted for me. I went to
Alaska where the weather was
fifteen below. I dropped my drawers
and melted the muthfuckin' snow.
I'm a hot muthafucka, can't you
see? So it's best you roody-poot,
low-lifed, insecure, pepper-gut, no-
business born, rat-soup eatin'
muthfuckas don't fuck with me!

The Duke cries in Bilbo's arms.

THE DUKE

(sobbing)
Did you hear those names he called
me?

BILBO

(cradling his head)
Sometimes words can hurt, too...

At the SOUND of a dozen PUMP-ACTION SHOTGUNS COCKING, Dolemite turns to find himself surrounded by Prison Guards, all leveling their rifles at his head. One steps up, grabbing Dolemite's arms and handcuffing him.

PRISON GUARD #2

Let's go, convict. Fighting's an
automatic three days in the hole.

DOLEMITE

(laughs)

Ha! Won't be the first time I've
spent three days in a hole!

He winks at the inmates, who all burst out laughing. The guards roughly lead Dolemite away, Reverend Gibbs watching him go thoughtfully.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PRISON CELL - DAY

Three days later. A Prison Guard opens the door to Dolemite's cell, shoving him inside before slamming it with a CLANG! Dolemite is surprised to see Reverend Gibbs sitting on one of the bunks.

REVEREND GIBBS

Did you enjoy your vacation?

DOLEMITE

Three days in a pitch black room
with no food, no bed, no toilet...
Still better than the time I went
to Detroit. What're you doin' in
here?

Reverend Gibbs stands, placing a friendly hand on Dolemite's shoulder.

REVEREND GIBBS

I am a good judge of men, Dolemite.
Your heart is pure, your soul is
noble, your courage is unmatched.
With my guidance you can achieve
your spiritual and physical zenith.
(quietly)
And have your revenge on those that
sent you here.

DOLEMITE

What do you know about that?

REVEREND GIBBS

I have psychic powers. I can see
the future and the past. Nothing is
a mystery to me. Plus my nephew
sends me newspapers every week.

Reverend Gibbs motions to a pile of papers, the top one bearing Dolemite's photo under the headline, 'DOLEMITE TO PRISON!' Then, in a subheadline: "'I BEEN MUTHAFUCKIN' FRAMED!" CLAIMS NEGRO.'

DOLEMITE

No offense, brother, but what can a scrawny-ass, old-time, Ben Vereen-lookin' muthafucka like you teach me?

Reverend Gibbs grins smugly. He turns to face the shiny metal plate hanging over the sink which serves as a mirror. Slowly raising his fists and assuming a martial arts pose, Reverend Gibbs closes his eyes in meditation - before suddenly LASHING OUT. There is a loud CLANK as the perfect indentation of Reverend Gibbs's fist appears in the metal mirror... even though his fist clearly stopped a foot away from it. He never even made contact! Dolemite's eyes go wide.

DOLEMITE (CONT'D)

How did you do that? You never even touched the muthafuckin' mirror!

REVEREND GIBBS

I am a 12th Degree Black Belt in the ancient art of "Buff Fongu" - the art of hitting without actually touching.

Reverend Gibbs spins, KICKING toward the cell door - where one of the bars BENDS OUTWARD, even though he never touched it.

REVEREND GIBBS (CONT'D)

The force of your aura creates a spiritual energy more powerful than any physical blow.

DOLEMITE

Why do you want to teach me?

REVEREND GIBBS

You have the most powerful aura I have ever seen. I will teach you Buff Fongu and display its riches, you will give me your friendship... and some of yo' bitches.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRISON YARD - DAY

Dolemite and Reverend Gibbs stand near a table with a tin cup resting on it. Reverend Gibbs assumes his martial arts pose before STRIKING OUT at the cup. It FLIES off the table, even though he obviously missed it by at least a foot.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRISON YARD - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Now it's Dolemite's turn. He assumes the martial arts pose, punching at the cup. It doesn't even budge.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON WORKSHOP - DAY

Dolemite presses license plates. A Prison Guard steps up to inspect his work. He shuffles through the license plates, the first reading 'THE WARDEN'... the next reading 'IS A FAT ASS'... a third reading 'MOTHERF.' He glares at Dolemite, who hands him a new plate reading, 'UCKER.'

CUT TO:

EXT. PRISON YARD - DAY

Dolemite and Reverend Gibbs stand in a far corner of the yard. An inmate steps up, slipping Reverend Gibbs some money. Dolemite hands the inmate a pack of cigarettes. As he moves off another inmate takes his place, giving Reverend Gibbs money and receiving a small bottle of whiskey and a 'Playboy' from Dolemite. Finally The Duke approaches. There's an uncertain moment until The Duke hands Reverend Gibbs some cash, Dolemite producing a cuddly teddy bear. The Duke hugs it briefly before scurrying off, Dolemite and Reverend Gibbs shaking their heads sadly.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRISON YARD - DAY

Time has passed. Reverend Gibbs continues to train Dolemite. Once again, the tin cup rests on the tabletop. Dolemite assumes the pose, punching toward the cup.

This time it moves slightly, scooting back a couple inches. Dolemite grins at Reverend Gibbs, who nods proudly.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON CELL - DAY

Dolemite is measured for a new suit by an obviously gay inmate, while another gay inmate holds up wallpaper swatches for his approval. Distracted by the wallpaper swatches, Dolemite reaches down and slaps the first gay inmate, who is getting a little carried away while measuring his inseam.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRISON CELL - NIGHT

Dolemite reclines on his bunk. A trustee pushing a library cart rolls by, handing Dolemite a magazine through the bars. It's a copy of 'GHETTO CLUB OWNER' magazine, and the cover features a photo of Willie Green's face. The headline announces 'WILLIE GREEN NEW OWNER OF 'TOTAL EXPERIENCE' NIGHTCLUB.' Then, in a subheadline: 'DOLEMITE PISSED!' Dolemite glares into the CAMERA. That headline was right!

CUT TO:

EXT. PRISON YARD - DAY

More time has passed. Dolemite and Reverend Gibbs stand before the table - but this time the tin cup has the photo of Willie Green from the magazine cover taped to it. Focused, with fire in his eyes, Dolemite shakes his head back and forth, making an 'Ubbity-ubbity-ub' sound with his mouth before LASHING OUT at the cup. His fist stops a foot away from the cup - which ROCKETS off the table and FLIES across the yard. Reverend Gibbs smiles at Dolemite - his training is complete. They slap five, their hands making a loud SMACK even though they never touch each other.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PRISON CELL - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE TITLE: 2 YEARS LATER

Dolemite is obviously running the joint. His cell is completely pimped out, boasting red velvet wallpaper, a crystal chandelier, satin sheets on the bunks, and a state-of-the-art 8-track stereo system, which currently blares 'Free Your Mind' by The Politicians. Dolemite wears a white and black striped prison/pimp suit with a matching hat. TIM ROBBINS stands in the cell, handing Reverend Gibbs some cash while Dolemite gives him a poster of Raquel Welch and a rock hammer. He calls after Robbins as he leaves.

DOLEMITE

Don't y'all be forgettin' me when
you're fixin' up your boat on that
Mexican beach!

Dolemite and Reverend Gibbs exchange eye rolls. A Prison Guard enters, looking at the cell with disgust.

PRISON GUARD #2

You Dolemite?

DOLEMITE

Yo. My name is Dolemite: the
baddest, pimpin', hustlin'
muthafucka that ever played the
game! The--

PRISON GUARD #2

--Yeah, yeah, we heard it already
with the rhyming and the hustling,
Huggy Bear. Let's go. Warden wants
to see you.

DOLEMITE

What's he want with me? I'm just a
simple convict tryin' to keep my
head down, do my time quietly and
not cause any problems for no one.

The prison Guard scoffs, pointing to a large black velvet painting of a naked black woman with a gigantic Afro (like Scatman Crothers in 'The Shining').

PRISON GUARD #2

'Simple convict,' huh?

DOLEMITE

What? Other inmates don't get to
hang pictures of their mothers?

CUT TO:

INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE - DAY

The Prison Guard leads Dolemite into the WARDEN's office. The walls covered in cheesy wood paneling, the Warden - a white man in his 50's wearing a bad suit and a worse comb-over - sits behind a cheap-looking desk. A deskplate reads simply 'WARDEN.' Standing to one side is BLAKELY, a black detective wearing a sportcoat over a turtleneck sweater, with plaid slacks and white dress shoes.

PRISON GUARD #2

Here he is, Warden. Do you want me to stay?

WARDEN

No, Officer Hewitt. We'll be 'chilling'.

The Prison Guard rolls his eyes and leaves, closing the door behind him. The Warden stands, greeting Dolemite enthusiastically.

WARDEN (CONT'D)

Ah! Dolemite! 'My man!' 'Groovy!' 'What it is!' Thanks for 'catching me on the flip side!'

Dolemite gives Blakely an 'Is this guy for real?' look. Blakely just stares back.

DOLEMITE

Nice to finally meet you, Warden. I like what you've done with the place. Very homey. You could almost mistake it for someone's goddamn living room.

The characters all cast uneasy, knowing glances to the CAMERA, then continue.

WARDEN

Let me try to 'relate' to a 'groovy hepcat' like yourself on a common level. Can you 'dig?'

(no response)

'Far out.' We need your help, Dolemite.

DOLEMITE

Who's this 'we' you're talkin' about?

Blakely steps forward. He's well-spoken, smart, all-business.

BLAKELY

I'm Detective Blakely, L.A.P.D. I know you haven't had good experiences with us in the past, but if you cooperate I guarantee all charges against you will be dropped and your name will be cleared.

DOLEMITE

You expect me to help you mutha fuckas when you're the reason I've been rottin' in here for two goddamn years?

The Warden tries to smooth things over.

WARDEN

We need you to 'do us a solid.' You have access to people and places the police don't.

DOLEMITE

Coulda fooled me - your police chief is one of Queen Bee's best customers.

Blakely snorts, stifling a laugh. The Warden grows serious.

WARDEN

Don't 'jive' me, Dolemite. I'm not trying to 'make your scene' or 'kiss your grits.' This is about saving your community from a threat greater than any before.

DOLEMITE

Crabs? Jeri Curl?

BLAKELY

He's talking about Angel Dust.

WARDEN

PCP!

BLAKELY

Sherm!

WARDEN

Rocket Fuel!

BLAKELY

Elephant!

WARDEN

Whacko the Walrus!

(a beat)

Okay, it's not called 'Whacko the Walrus.' I made that up. Detective Blakely here will 'give you the skinny on the deal.' He's been working undercover as a black man...

BLAKELY

I AM a black man.

The Warden frowns, making a note of it. Blakely turns to Dolemite.

BLAKELY (CONT'D)

Dolemite, I have uncovered an insidious, top-secret racist conspiracy that echoes throughout the highest corridors of power, threatening every black man, woman and child in this country.

DOLEMITE

Me, too. It's called the government, mutha fucka. Tell me somethin' I DON'T know.

WARDEN

I'm sure you think it's 'dyn-o-mite' to just sit back in your 'fine threads' and do nothing, Dolemite. But Blakely is right. Perhaps this will convince you...

The Warden steps to a filing cabinet, pulling out a huge, heavy videotape, nine times the size of current tapes.

WARDEN (CONT'D)

This is a new cutting edge technology called the 'video tape.' We can, with this technological advance, watch pre-recorded films of up to five minutes in length using this convenient eighteen-pound cartridge...

He loads the tape into a huge VCR behind the TV, using all his weight to press the gigantic 'PLAY' button. We see...

INSERT - TELEVISION SCREEN

White static gives way to a cheap-looking video. The picture quality is harsh, overly red with colors bleeding. Onscreen is a HAPPY FACE, while the song 'He's Misstra Know-It-All' ("He's a man with a plan") plays.

A TITLE flashes onscreen: 'THE M.A.N. (MEN AGAINST NEGROES) PRESENTS: FUNKIFICATION AND YOU.'

The image DISSOLVES to a bare set, where a NARRATOR in a lab coat sits behind a desk, smoking a pipe. It's like every crappy educational film made in the 50's and 60's.

NARRATOR

Hello, I'm a licensed scientist.
I'm here to help you understand
Phase One of our secret plan for
the subjugation of the American
Negro.

The Narrator stands, stepping around the desk and leaning against it casually.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

In recent years, the 'black man'
has made great strides in our
culture, altering fashion, music,
film and TV in an effort to
'Funkify' the nation. The effect
has been catastrophic. Don't
believe me? Let me show you the
scientific facts...

The video CUTS TO a plain-looking, conservative white youth (DICK). He looks like he stepped straight out of a 1950's sitcom.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Meet Dick. An average white
American in his late teens or early
twenties, Dick's red hair is cut
sensibly short. He wears a plain
blue sports coat with brown slacks.
His glasses are prudent and horn-
rimmed. He votes Republican. On
Sunday mornings he enjoys reading
'Andy Capp' and 'Family Circus' in
the funny pages. But what's
this...?

Dick reacts in surprise as a BLACK PANTHER steps INTO FRAME, his fist raised defiantly.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Who is this 'jive turkey?' Why, it's Black Panther Barry, the 'unwanted element.' His values are subversive and anti-authoritarian. His steel-toed 'pimp' shoes feature thick heels to 'stomp Whitey.' Spicy 'soul food' full of proteins give him the energy he needs to protest and revolt. He also shows all the telltale signs of the Negro culture: Curly hair, dark skin, rhythm.

Dick looks into the CAMERA, confused.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Poor Dick. He's never been exposed to such wild, primitive behavior before! Look what happens to him in this new, 'Funkified' culture...

In a cheap 70's RIPPLE EFFECT, sensible Dick now changes. His clothes become 70's hip - his pants are colorful and flared, his sleeves are puffy and his collars are wide, and he wears a sweater-vest.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 What has happened to our solid and sensible Dick? He's become a real 'groovy dude' and a 'way-out cat.' By perming his hair he has adopted an 'Afro' look. His glasses are now tinted - with dangerously thin rims. His shoes have heels at least three-inches high.

Dick removes a small radio from his pocket, holding it to his ear and dancing stiffly to funk music.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 That transistor radio is transmitting dangerous anti-establishment messages from the likes of Al Green, Funkadelic and Barry White.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

They offer messages of 'big booties,' miscegenation, 'feeling tha' funk' and 'getting it on.' When he gets home from partying he'll be inundated with 'The Jeffersons' and 'Sanford and Son' on TV. In short, the white man is losing his Dick.

The video CUTS BACK TO the Narrator, who steps from his desk to a card table.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

What can we do to regain our Dick? Well, thanks to The MAN, 'Phase One' is already in operation.

The Narrator takes an ugly brown shoe from the table, holding it up.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

This is an 'Earth Shoe.' Notice the leather is soft and formless, and the thick heel is now gone, making it hard to run from authorities. It is, in fact, 'soul-less.' We are distributing these shoes throughout the nation's low-end shoe stores. But that's not all...

Placing the shoe back on the table, the Narrator holds up a bean.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

We are also removing the soul from our food. This is a soybean. The best Caucasian chefs have been able to extract everything bland and flavorless from this miracle vegetable and use it to create a new food we call 'Tofu' - limp, mushy and bland. With Tofu offered as 'health food,' spicy, flavorful 'soul food' will be a thing of the past.

He places the bean back on the table, a smug grin on his face.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Impressed? The MAN isn't finished. Once we've crippled Negro fashion and culture, the next target is their music...

The video CUTS TO images of the Jackson Five DISSOLVING into the Osmond Family... Gil Scott Heron DISSOLVING into Jim Croce.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 We are replacing every colorful Negro entertainment act with a more acceptable counterpart. In conjunction, we will be replacing their 'juke joints' and party houses with blander, more generic clubs called 'discoteques.'

The video CUTS TO images of 70's discos - white people in three-piece suits dancing beneath flashing multi-colored lights. It's 'Saturday Night Fever' from Hell.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 These dance halls will pulse with harsh lighting and dirge-like music, with an unchanging four/four beat to hypnotize the masses as they 'get down.' These 'discos' will slowly be reprogrammed with more acceptable, less soulful white acts, like 'KC and the Sunshine Band' and 'The Average White Band.' And, of course, messages from the MAN will be piped in underneath...

Onscreen, kids dance to 'Play That Funky Music White Boy.' The CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal posters hanging ominously on the walls. Much like the 'Big Brother Is Watching You' posters from George Orwell's '1984,' we see an insidious symbol to let everyone know 'The MAN' is watching: A Happy Face. The CAMERA ZOOMS IN on the poster as the Narrator intones...

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Which brings us to... 'Phase Two:
 The MAN is Watching!'

The video CUTS BACK TO the Narrator, who now sports a yellow Happy Face patch on his lab coat. He stands next to Dick and Black Panther Barry, handing them each a beaker of white powder, which they snort.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
 This is 'Angel Dust,' or 'PCP.' Handed out at these 'discos,' this drug will leave our subjects in a deep hypnotic state, open to directives from The MAN.

Under the influence of the drug, Dick and Black Panther Barry start to shake, drool, swat at imaginary flies. They wander around the set like zombies in a 1950's horror film. The music continues in the background: "Lay down the boogie and play that funky music 'til you die!"

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

But we must move slowly. If too much PCP is 'toked,' or 'bogarted,' the user may experience 'bad trips,' 'bummers' or 'freak-outs.' Side-effects include delirium, hallucinations, schizophrenia and talking to 'imaginary friends.'

A photo of ventriloquist Willie Tyler and his dummy Lester FLASHES ONSCREEN. CUT BACK TO: The Narrator's office, where he leans, arms crossed, against his desk.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Users become delusional, spouting ridiculous theories about 'overpopulation' and 'the energy crisis.' In extreme cases they make bizarre claims that the sun is giving them cancer from a hole in the 'ozone layer.' They become disaffected, and believe everything they read in the New York Post.

The Narrator shakes his head, chuckling to himself as he steps to where Dick and Black Panther Barry walk in dazed circles.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Under the influence of PCP, hypnotized by the redundant music and spinning lights in our 'discos,' unable to run in his 'Earth Shoes,' the Negro and his allied 'free-thinkers' can be subjugated once more to The MAN.

In a RIPPLE EFFECT, Dick and Black Panther Barry change. Calmer, they now wear conservative, tan leisure suits with Happy Face buttons on their lapels. The Narrator gives them each a cheap ring, which they obediently slip onto their fingers.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Let's look at Dick and Barry again. Subdued. Unemotional. Malleable.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

The 'Mood Rings' we've issued show they are calm again.

The Narrator hands Dick and Barry each a small rock.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

In fact, they're so malleable and unquestioning that they even play with small stones we have given them, that they call their 'Pet Rocks.'

The Narrator puts his arms around Dick and Barry, who stroke their Pet Rocks and drool.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

This will lead us to Phase Three of our plan, in which we re-take the TV world - called 'Project Urkel.'

The video CUTS TO a photo of young Michael Jackson, which DISSOLVES INTO an artist's rendition roughly approximating what he looks like in 2007.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

From there we can begin our top secret long-term project, in which we plan to turn a beloved young role model in the Negro community into a frigid white woman.

The video CUTS BACK TO the Narrator's office. He smiles into the CAMERA, petting Dick's head.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

The MAN thanks you. And remember...
(intones ominously)
... 'Have A Nice Day!'

His grinning face DISSOLVES into an image of the HAPPY FACE. The MUSIC SWELLS, a title reading 'THE END' appears onscreen. It is suddenly CROSSED OUT, replaced by the words 'THE BEGINNING.' The video ends, CUTTING TO STATIC as we...

CUT TO:

INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE

The Warden turns off the TV, he and Blakely turning back to Dolemite, who seems unimpressed.

DOLEMITE.

Like I said - tell me somethin' I
DON'T know.

WARDEN

This is serious, Dolemite. There's
evidence that this 'De-
Funkification' program has already
begun. Earth shoes are everywhere,
and Ray Charles just released a
country album.

Dolemite shakes his head, still not convinced.

DOLEMITE

I still don't know what this has
got to do with me. I'm in here for
twenty goddamn years. By the time I
get out they'll have already 'De-
Funkified' everything. Shit, it
ain't like they got far to go in
the first place.

Blakely steps forward, speaking seriously. He holds a manila
folder.

BLAKELY

Do you have a nephew named Bucky
Johnson?

DOLEMITE

Sure I do. Got himself a steady
girl, goin' to college - other than
that he's a smart kid.

BLAKELY

He's on Angel Dust now. He's just
another PCP zombie - a victim of
this 'De-Funkification.'

Blakely pulls a mug shot out of the folder. It's Bucky - but
now his skin is grey, his eyes are dead, and his hair is
ratted out and standing on end. His hands are outstretched,
zombie-like, one hand clutching a Pet Rock box. Dolemite's
eyes blaze with fury.

DOLEMITE

What mutha fucka did this? Was it
Willie Green?

BLAKELY

Willie Green's just a front, a bag
man, a stooge--

WARDEN

--A flunkie. A sycophant. A pawn. A toadie.

BLAKELY

We don't know much about the operation--

WARDEN

--His bosses! Superiors! Supervisors--

BLAKELY

He's just one in a network of pimps on 'The Man's' payroll. But if we can shut down the operation at the street level, it'll leave the organization crippled--

WARDEN

--Hobbled! Handicapped! Forced to wear one of those weird shoes with the really thick sole...

(Blakely gives him a look)

That's why we need you, Dolemite. You can infiltrate this underworld in a way no cop ever will. You're street-wise. You can fit in with the criminal element. You're... well, you're black.

BLAKELY

(frustrated)

I'M black!

WARDEN

(condescending)

Sure you are, Blakely...

(whispers to Dolemite)

Sometimes when they go undercover, they get too deep...

The Warden and Dolemite regard Blakely with pity as he continues.

BLAKELY

Anyway, if you agree to help you'll be released from jail--

WARDEN

The 'big house'; 'the hatch'; the 'hopper'; 'hoosegow'--

BLAKELY

(trying not to scream)
 --First thing in the morning. No one will know your true mission but the three people in this room. What do you say?

WARDEN

--Are you 'down', 'sucka'?

The Warden and Blakely watch anxiously as Dolemite considers their offer. Taking another look at Bucky's mug shot, he nods, jaw clenched.

DOLEMITE

Mules has kicked me and didn't bruise my hide! Rattlesnakes has bit me and crawled off and died. If you see fit to let me out of my cell, I'll find these muthafuckas and send them straight to hell!

CUT TO:

EXT. 'TOTAL EXPERIENCE' NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

The sign out front now simply reads 'TOTAL EXPERIENCE' - Dolemite's name has been covered by a piece of cardboard.

INT. 'TOTAL EXPERIENCE' NIGHTCLUB - DOLEMITE'S OFFICE

Except now it's Willie Green's office. A framed diploma in 'pimping' from DeVry with Willie's name on it hangs on the wall next to photos of Dolemite shaking hands with such luminaries as Martin Luther King, Jr. and Malcolm X. But now the photos have Willie's face pasted over Dolemite's. Willie sits behind the desk, a YOUNG WOMAN standing before him.

WILLIE GREEN

Just so you know, we got us a rigorous screening process for new employees. Take off that top.

(she does)

Jump up and down.

(she does)

Spin 'em.

(she twirls her breasts like a stripper)

Very nice. You'll start in the kitchen. Here...

Willie slides a couple forms and a baggie of white powder across the desk to her.

WILLIE GREEN (CONT'D)

... this is your W-2, information about our health plan, and a bag of Angel Dust. Go see Ray-Ray, he'll get you started.

She takes the stuff and leaves just as Boogie bursts into the office.

BOOGIE

Boss, I got some news!

WILLIE GREEN

How many times I gotta tell you not to just bust in here, you ill-mannered, never-knock-first, born-in-a-barn muthafucka?

BOOGIE

Yeah, well the shit I got to tell you is face-to-face, right-the-fuck-NOW kinda shit. Word on the street is that Dolemite is getting out of the joint tomorrow.

WILLIE GREEN

So?

BOOGIE

So that nigga is gonna be comin' for those that set him up.

WILLIE GREEN

That nigga ain't gonna do shit. He got no club, no money - he's done.

BOOGIE

You know the stories - when Dolemite was born and the doctor slapped him, he slapped the doctor back! He was drinkin' gin by the time he was two. He kilt him a bear when he was only three... wait, I think that was someone else...

Willie Green cuts in impatiently.

WILLIE GREEN

Is he bulletproof?

BOOGIE

What?

WILLIE GREEN

Is the muthafucka bulletproof?

BOOGIE

No, 'course he ain't bulletproof.

WILLIE GREEN

Then don't sweat it, man. I'll make sure Dolemite receives a VERY special homecoming present tomorrow.

Willie Green laughs uproariously. Boogie just stares uncertainly. Willie pauses, sighing.

WILLIE GREEN (CONT'D)

I'm gonna have some guys shoot him.

Boogie's face lights up, finally getting it. He joins Willie, both of them laughing as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PRISON GATE - DAY

Prison Guards man the gate, guns at the ready. It's bleak and foreboding... until a 1975 Fleetwood limousine backs up to the gate, with a thick-padded vinyl top, wide whitewall tires, curb feelers, round headlight covers, a goddess hood ornament (Rolls Royce style), grille caps, lake pipes and circular porthole windows. The doors open and three ultra foxy black women step out from the shag carpet interior - FOXY, CHI and VELVET. The Prison Guards nearly drool on themselves as the women apply lipstick, adjust their boobs to expose more cleavage, hike up their skirts to straighten their fishnet stockings.

The prison gate opens and Dolemite steps out, escorted by a SURLY GUARD. Dolemite wears a ridiculous, ill-fitting, country bumpkin-type suit, complete with bow tie and straw hat. Seeing the women, he approaches them with a smile.

DOLEMITE

Damn! Looks like my women is on time!

(the girls embrace him -
he looks to Chi)

Goddamn, mama - you must be new on my scene. What's your name?

CHI

It's Chi - short for Chicago.

DOLEMITE

I hope you ain't cold as the Windy City, because the way I feel now I could sho' warm you up!

FOXY

For as long as you been gone, baby, you got a WHOLE lot of warming up to do.

A sexy white woman (GINGER) pokes her head out the back window of the car, grinning.

GINGER

No shit, baby!

Ginger begins handing clothes out the car window as the other girls help Dolemite undress. They remove his tie and unbutton his shirt as he drops his pants. The Prison Guards watch in disgust.

DOLEMITE

I'm glad you brought my clothes here to me - I don't want to get inside my car with this shit on.

Ginger hands a pair of gold lame Speedos out the window. Dolemite grabs them, throwing them to the ground.

DOLEMITE (CONT'D)

Bitch, you bring me these damn things! You know I don't wear no fuckin' plain drawers!

Ginger quickly ducks inside, coming back up with a pair of gold lame Speedos with a 'D' monogrammed on the crotch.

DOLEMITE (CONT'D)

That's more like it! I'm back - and I'm beautiful!

Inmates have gathered at the fence, hollering at the girls while Dolemite finishes getting dressed. He is decked out in a matching baby blue suit and vest, with a big bow tie and a white hat with a blue ribbon. He picks up the country bumpkin suit, turning to the Surly Guard.

DOLEMITE (CONT'D)

You, guard! I want you to take
these cheap mutha fuckas and wipe
yo' ass with them!

Dolemite throws the suit at the Surly Guard. He catches it,
glaring at Dolemite spitefully.

SURLY GUARD

Oh no, Dolemite. We'll keep them
here - you'll be back!

Dolemite and the girls laugh as they pile into the limo and
drive off. One of the guards looks around then holds the gold
lame Speedos up to his hips, to see how they look on him.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

The Fleetwood limo cruises down a country road, headed away
from the prison and back to town.

INT. FLEETWOOD LIMOUSINE

Dolemite sits in the back seat with Ginger, Chi and Velvet.
He has a huge smile on his face as Ginger and Chi kiss and
fondle him, unbuttoning his shirt.

DOLEMITE

First things first! I was inside
for two years, it was tough and
gritty. Now that I'm out I wanna
see me some titties!

GINGER

No shit, baby!

Grinning, Ginger and Chi slowly pull off their tops, exposing
their breasts. Dolemite's smile grows even bigger as he pulls
them toward him. But he is jarred when he hears Blakely's
voice.

BLAKELY (O.S.)

Welcome out, Dolemite.

DOLEMITE

Blakely? What the hell...?

Foxy pulls off her wig to reveal that she's Blakely in drag.

BLAKELY

Sorry about all the subterfuge. I can't been seen with you. It'd blow my cover.

CHI

Who's the White guy?

BLAKELY

I'm Black!
 (to Dolemite)
 We're offering a few 'optional extras' to help you on your mission, Dolemite.

DOLEMITE

YOUR 'optional extras' I don't need...

BLAKELY

No, on your car, here. The engine is supercharged, the windows are bullet-proof...
 (removes lighter from mini bar)
 ... and this cigarette lighter works as a flamethrower, a stun gun, and 237 other options.

DOLEMITE

Can it light a cigarette?

Dolemite hands him a cigarette, and Blakely tries to light it - no luck.

BLAKELY

Okay, 236 other options...

DOLEMITE

Man, you are wastin' my time...

Dolemite turns his attention back to the girls as Blakely continues.

BLAKELY

We've also installed a special security system - it looks likes an ordinary 8-track system, playing the Ohio Players. But if anybody tries to steal the car, the engine stalls, the doors lock, and the 8-track switches to Harry Chapin. Any questions?

DOLEMITE

Just one. That wasn't your hand on my thigh when I first got in here, was it?

Smiling sheepishly, Blakely gives an apologetic shrug.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

The limo SQUEALS to a halt by the side of the road, Blakely flying out the rear door. Wig in place, he's a hot-looking black woman again, but calls out in Blakely's voice.

BLAKELY

Hey, what can I say - I'm deep undercover!

The limo peels away.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

The Fleetwood limo rockets past a side road, where a yellow Cadillac is parked. Four THUGS sit in the car, watching after the limo. Three black dudes and one Italian, they wear name-tags, identifying which thug they are (THUG #1, THUG #2, THUG #3, ITALIAN THUG).

THUG #1

Let's get 'em.

ITALIAN THUG

Remember, we want Dolemite dead!

THUG #2

What about the bitches?

ITALIAN THUG

Waste 'em. Ain't no one gonna cry over a few less whores in the world.

The Cadillac pulls onto the road, speeding after the limo.

CUT TO:

INT. FLEETWOOD LIMOUSINE - MOMENTS LATER

Dolemite and the girls are still enjoying each other. Driving, Velvet notices the yellow Cadillac coming up fast behind them. She turns and calls to Dolemite.

VELVET

I think we got company. We're being tailed.

Dolemite looks out the rear window. A thick plume of smoke shoots from the Fleetwood's exhaust pipe, enveloping the other car.

DOLEMITE

That's a nice smoke screen the cops installed.

VELVET

That's not a smokescreen, that's a raggedy-ass Cadillac exhaust system...

Frowning, Dolemite puts his hat back on, speaking solemnly.

DOLEMITE

Grab my piece.

Ginger slides her hand down the front of his pants, Dolemite frowning.

DOLEMITE (CONT'D)

No, goddamn it! My OTHER piece!

Oh! Reaching under the seat, Ginger pulls out an automatic rifle, handing it to Dolemite. He calls up to Velvet.

DOLEMITE (CONT'D)

Speed up aways and pull over. I'll take it from there.

CHI

You gonna pull a drive-by, baby?

DOLEMITE

No, I have a harder idea...

Velvet nods, stepping on the gas to put some distance between them and the caddy.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

Velvet guides the limo down a dirt road, kicking up dust. She stops on the side of the road, allowing Dolemite time to jump out of the vehicle and duck into the underbrush, unseen. The yellow Cadillac quickly pulls up next to the limo, the Thugs jumping out and pointing their pistols at the girls.

THUG #1

Alright, bitches - shut the motor off!

ITALIAN THUG

Dolemite, come on out!

CHI

Dolemite ain't in here.

GINGER

No shit, baby!

The other girls turn and look at Ginger, who shrugs.

GINGER (CONT'D)

I got one line, I'm gonna milk it like a dairy farmer.

THUG #2

Don't give us any of your bullshit! We know he's here!

CHI

Look for yourself, muthafucka.

Thug #2 sticks his head in the window of the limo.

THUG #2

She's tellin' the truth! He ain't here!

ITALIAN THUG

Well where is he?

Dolemite suddenly appears behind them, brandishing the rifle at hip level.

DOLEMITE

Breathing down your neck!!!

The Thugs drop their weapons and raise their hands. Dolemite OPENS FIRE on their car, which explodes in a ball of flame. Meanwhile, the three black Thugs escape into the underbush.

The Italian Thug dives to the ground, where he shakes with fear, a puddle of piss staining the dirt beneath him. Dolemite steps forward, gesturing with the rifle for him to stand.

DOLEMITE (CONT'D)
 Alright, you diaper-needin', weak-bladdered muthafucka - on your feet!

The Italian Thug stands, stumbling to the side of the road when Dolemite kicks him in the ass. The girls laugh.

DOLEMITE (CONT'D)
 Now dance for me, muthafucka.
 DANCE!

The Italian Thug begins to leap and hop as Dolemite fires round after round at his feet, kicking up dirt.

DOLEMITE (CONT'D)
 DANCE, HONKY, DANCE!!!
 (to girls, laughing)
 Well whaddaya know, girls - this white boy's got RHYTHM!

As Dolemite fires the three Black thugs sneak toward the now empty Fleetwood.

INT. FLEETWOOD LIMOUSINE

The three Thugs climb into the car.

THUG #1
 Let's get the hell outta here.

THUG #2
 First I'm gonna run their asses over...

As Thug #2 tries to start the car, the doorlocks CLAMP DOWN. They try to open the doors and windows, but they won't budge.

THUG #2 (CONT'D)
 What the hell is this?

Suddenly the familiar guitar strains of "Cat's In The Cradle" blare over the speaker system.

HARRY CHAPIN (V.O.)
 "My child arrived just the other day; He came to the world in the usual way."
 (MORE)

HARRY CHAPIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But there were planes to catch and bills to pay; He learned to walk while I was away. And he was talking 'fore I knew it, and as he grew, He'd say 'I'm gonna be like you dad; You know I'm gonna be like you...'"

THUG #3

This is some freaky shit - lemme out!

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

Seeing the Thugs in the limo, Dolemite doesn't notice as the Italian Thug reaches into the waistband of his pants for a pistol. Seeing the gun, Velvet calls out:

VELVET

Dolemite! Look out!

Turning, Dolemite ruthlessly PUMPS a half-dozen rounds into the Italian Thug's chest. As the bullets hit him, blood SPURTS OUT of his chest as he falls to the ground. Not only that:

- Another round hits a nearby rock, which also SPURTS blood.

- Another bullet hits a bush, and blood SHOOTS out from the leaves.

- A line of bullet holes riddle a tree, blood GEYSERING from all of them.

Blood now SPURTS out over every anthill, leaf and dirt clod that a bullet hit.

DOLEMITE

C'mon girls, let's make it.

They start back to the limo when the Italian Thug lets out a moan.

ITALIAN THUG

Help... help me...

CHI

Wait a minute, Dolemite. I'll help him.

Chi whips a straight razor from her back pocket, flipping it open. Stepping to the Italian Thug, she bends down and UNZIPS his pants.

DOLEMITE

Damn, girl. Remind me never to piss
YOU off.

Chi attempts to pull out his penis and CHOP IT OFF, but when she does, we hear a loud PING and quarters fly everywhere.

CHI

What the - muthafucka stuffs with a
roll of quarters!

DOLEMITE

No wonder they say Italian dicks
are quarter-sized!

The ho's all laugh as Dolemite looks back to the limo.

INT. FLEETWOOD LIMOUSINE

Inside, the three Thugs sing along to the Harry Chapin song,
tears running down their cheeks.

THUG #1,#2 & #3

(in unison)

"...And as I hung up the phone it
occurred to me, He'd grown up just
like me! My boy was just like me!"

(top of their lungs)

"And the cat's in the cradle and
the silver spoon; Little boy blue
and the man on the moon; 'When you
comin' home son?' 'I don't know
when, but we'll get together then--

THUG #3

Make it stop!!!

Thug #1 pounds his fists on the windows, calling to Dolemite
in agony.

THUG #1

We surrender! Let us out!
Heeeelp!!!!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. QUEEN BEE'S HOUSE - DAY

Queen Bee leads Dolemite into the living room. And what a living room - mirrored walls reflect blue and red crushed velvet sofas resting on bright red carpeting, while gold-plated sexually-oriented knick-knackery covers a glass-topped coffee table. Dolemite's girls lounge around a bar wearing negligees and lacy undergarments.

DOLEMITE

Queen Bee, it's awful good to be back to the simple comforts of home.

QUEEN BEE

I'm glad you're home, too, baby. It takes so much weight off my back.

Dolemite and Queen Bee sit on opposite sofas.

DOLEMITE

So what's this I heard about Willie Green takin' over my club? You know that club was my pride and joy, and my Bottom Girl just gives it up?

CUT TO:

EXT. 'TOTAL EXPERIENCE' NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

In FLASHBACK, we see Willie Green watch as his boys remove Dolemite's name from the sign above the entrance, replacing it with the words 'GREEN MACHINE.'

QUEEN BEE (V.O.)

Wait just a goddamn minute! I didn't give away shit!

CUT TO:

INT. QUEEN BEE'S HOUSE

Back to present day. Queen Bee sits up, speaking forcefully.

QUEEN BEE

We almost lost this house. You have no idea how me and these girls had to degrade ourselves to survive with your black ass in prison.

(MORE)

QUEEN BEE (CONT'D)
 Streetcorner hustlin'... S&M sex
 shows... COCKTAIL WAITRESSING!

DOLEMITE
 (winces)
 Alright, Queenie, alright. I get
 it...

QUEEN BEE
 No, I don't think you do. Mitchell
 and White would come by and bust us
 every week. \$5,000 a pop until all
 the money was gone.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

Another FLASHBACK. Mitchell and White have Queen Bee, Chi and Velvet cornered in a dirty alleyway, shaking them down. Mitchell counts bills from an envelope, frowning.

MITCHELL
 You're \$500 short. Guess this means
 a trip downtown, ladies.

QUEEN BEE
 Wait a minute. You know we're good
 for it. Isn't there something we
 can do to buy us a little more
 time?

Mitchell and White exchange nasty grins.

MITCHELL
 I believe we can reach an
 agreement...

WHITE
 On your knees, girls.

Chi and Velvet kneel in front of them. Mitchell smirks down at Chi.

MITCHELL
 You look like you could suck the
 chrome off a trailer hitch.

Both men UNZIP their pants, Chi and Velvet glancing at each other.

CHI
(whispering)
More like tryin' to find a needle
in a goddamn haystack...

The girls sigh, opening their mouths as we...

CUT TO:

INT. QUEEN BEE'S HOUSE

Back to present day. Dolemite looks to Queen Bee sincerely.

DOLEMITE
I'm sorry, Queen Bee. You're right.
Bein' away so long has fucked with
my normally flawless sense of
priorities. Let's get down to it -
where is the Angel Dust coming
from? And where is Bucky?

QUEEN BEE
I honestly don't know. All I know
is somebody got Bucky hooked on
that shit, and after Mitchell and
White busted his ass he turned up
missing. You think it's Willie
Green?

DOLEMITE
Willie Green's involved, but he's
small-time. Have you or the girls
ever heard of an organization
called 'The MAN?'

QUEEN BEE
No, never. Looky here - you
remember Creeper, right? He knows a
lot of things and he knows a lot of
people. Why don't you give him a
call?

DOLEMITE
Queen Bee, you know darn well the
Creeper ain't never paid a phone
bill in his life.

QUEEN BEE
True. But you know where he hangs
out.

Dolemite smiles, shaking his head at the memory.

DOLEMITE

Is the Phatburger joint still in business?

QUEEN BEE

Oh yes. That's where the penny pimps and nickle-and-dime hustlers hang out when they ain't got no money and tricks be kind of slow.

Dolemite sighs, sitting forward. He's still not convinced.

DOLEMITE

If you don't know, and the cops don't know, why would the Creeper know anything?

QUEEN BEE

Simple. You want to know where the drugs are coming from? Ask a junkie.

FREEZE-FRAME as we hear Rudy Ray Moore's VOICE-OVER:

RUDY RAY MOORE (V.O.)

And I did... But not before this...

CUT TO:

INT. DOLEMITE'S PAD - BEDROOM - DAY

Dolemite rolls around on a circular water bed with an uncountable number of ho's. With mirrors on the ceiling and mounted lights, it resembles a sexual Busby Berkeley routine.

DOLEMITE

It's good to be back, ladies! If you crave satisfaction, this is the place to find that action!

He looks down at a thick clump of hair.

DOLEMITE (CONT'D)

I don't recognize this Afro...

(looks closer)

Damn! You got to trim that bush, baby...

The CAMERA PANS across a seething mass of arms, legs, an occasional dog paw.

CUT TO:

EXT. LA GHETTO - DAY

Wayne Brady and the Director listen quizzically as Rudy Ray Moore recounts the orgy.

WAYNE BRADY

I don't get it - why did you have an orgy at this point in the story? It doesn't have anything to do with the plot...

DIRECTOR

... And it interrupts the flow of the narrative...

WAYNE BRADY

... And it seems a little gratuitous...

RUDY RAY MOORE

Because I felt like it, you slack-jawed, rooty-poot G-Rated muthafuckas!!! Does this sound like the muthafuckin' Cosby Show to you? Do I look like Walt Goddamn Disney? I kicked Mickey's ass so bad I made him goofy, shoved my maxie in Minnie and she came so hard she made Donald duck. NOW SHUT THE FUCK UP!

Wayne Brady and the Director wince, taking a fearful step backward. Rudy continues, calmly.

RUDY RAY MOORE (CONT'D)

Anyway, as I was sayin'...

CUT TO:

EXT. PHATBURGER - DAY

A run-down burger stand in a shitty part of town. A sign overhead identifies it as 'PHATBURGER.' A few customers sit at outdoor tables as a raggedy-looking dude in torn jeans and an inside-out T-shirt steps up to the order window. This is the CREEPER. A pretty COUNTER GIRL frowns when she sees him.

COUNTER GIRL

What do you want today, Creeper?

As the Creeper talks ('talks' is a generous description - mumbles and stammers is more like it) he twitches and scratches, feeling his face with his hands, playing with his beard. All the tell-tale signs of a junkie in need of a fix.

 CREEPER

Uh, gimme a burger, a small Coke,
an' some french fries...

 COUNTER GIRL

You know we don't sell french
fries.

 CREEPER

Aw, yeah. Dat's right, dat's
right... anyway, sis, someone done
beat me fo' my money.

The Counter Girl sighs.

 CREEPER (CONT'D)

Don' look at me like dat! Every
time I come aroun', you know...
call the police, you think I'm
jivin'... just' do dat!

 COUNTER GIRL

Nigga, please!

 CREEPER

Oh, alright... I understand... it
okay if I pay ya tomorrow?
Hustlin's good...?

Suddenly a hand ENTERS FRAME, holding some money. The Counter Girl looks up to see Dolemite, decked out in an all-yellow three-piece suit and carrying his pimp cane.

 DOLEMITE

I'll pay.

The Counter Girl takes Dolemite's money, handing Creeper his burger. Dolemite grins at the Creeper, both amused and pitying.

 DOLEMITE (CONT'D)

Well if it isn't the Hamburger
Pimp.

Creeper squints, eyes not focusing.

CREEPER

Hey, brutha... you don' know me,
man... better get on 'fore you get
jumped on...

DOLEMITE

Now who's bad enough to do all
that?

CREEPER

Me, nigga, me! Shit, I'm so bad I
kick my own ass twice a day.

(opens eyes, sees who he's
talking to)

Dolemite! Aw, shit, why you wanna
do me like dat, man? When you get
out?

DOLEMITE

Yesterday.

CREEPER

Say, boy, this mus' be my day...
the niggas gonna be runnin' like
muthafuckas now, Jones...
righteous.

(laughs)

Aw nigga, Willie Green... ain't
like when you was on the street...
they got the price of stuff so high
dat an honest dude like me gotta
snatch pocketbooks all day to stay
fixed. Y'know?

Dolemite looks at Creeper closely. He speaks slowly, to make
sure he's understood.

DOLEMITE

Creeper, I'd like to make a deal
with you. I hear a lot of shit's
been going down since I left. Now
if you can whup some information on
me you won't have to worry about
your fix.

Creeper smiles, perking up happily. He understood just fine.

CREEPER

Yeah, man... dat's cool... what
kinda shit you need to know about?

DOLEMITE

I want to know who's flooding the streets with PCP.

CREEPER

Petey who...?

DOLEMITE

Angel Dust.

CREEPER

Angel wha--?

Dolemite racks his brain, trying to remember the street slang Blakely and the Warden threw at him. Creeper just stares at him blankly.

DOLEMITE

Sherm!... Rocket Fuel!...
Elephant...!

CREEPER

You mean Whacko the Walrus?

DOLEMITE

I thought that one was made up...
Yeah, Whacko the Walrus. Where's it coming from? Willie Green? Is Willie Green working for 'The MAN?'

At the mention of 'The MAN,' Creeper becomes coherent enough to be frightened. Paranoid, he glances at the other customers around them.

CREEPER

I ain't never heard-a no 'The MAN' before, brutha... look, why don' we go to my pad... I got muthafuckin' 'Pong' an' shit...

Getting the message, Dolemite leads Creeper to his Cadillac, which is parked at the curb. They get inside and drive away. As soon as they're gone a SLEAZY GUY gets up from a nearby table and hurries to a pay phone. Digging deep in his pocket, he comes up with a dime that he inserts into the coin slot before dialing. He speaks urgently into the phone.

SLEAZY GUY

I need to talk to Detective Mitchell or Detective White. Fuck yeah, it's urgent!

CUT TO:

EXT. RUN-DOWN APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Dolemite's Cadillac pulls off the road, parking behind a slum apartment. If you thought the burger joint was in a shitty part of town, you ain't seen nothin' yet. Climbing out of the car, Creeper leads Dolemite into the apartment building, scratching and twitching the whole way.

INT. CREEPER'S APARTMENT

Dolemite and Creeper enter. The place looks like Hell - if Satan forgot to pay the rent. Everything is painted red... the wallpaper is red... even the wall underneath the tears in the wallpaper is red. Dolemite looks around distastefully as Creeper hurries to the bed.

CREEPER

Got me sumpthin' sumpthin'...
aroun' here somewheres... here it
is!

Dolemite sits in a wooden chair as Creeper plops down on the side of the bed, using a belt to tie off his arm.

DOLEMITE

What happened to Bucky, Creeper?

CREEPER

I seen Bucky out front of the club
one night with Willie Green...

CUT TO:

EXT. 'TOTAL EXPERIENCE' NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

In FLASHBACK we see Willie Green hand Bucky a small bag of PCP while Darlene watches, worried. She pleads with Bucky as Willie steps back into the club.

DARLENE

Be careful, Bucky. As a pre-med
student I know that stuff can cause
death. In large doses, multiple
deaths!

BUCKY

Don't lecture me, woman. I know
what I'm doing.

CREEPER (V.O.)
 But dat was bullshit. Bucky dun
 smoked too much-a dat shit and
 wiggid out!

CUT TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREETS - NIGHT

Still in FLASHBACK, we see Bucky running down the street in SLOW-MOTION, wild-eyed and screaming. He's hallucinating, seeing everyone around him as evil, zombie-like creatures with GLOWING RED EYES AND FINGERNAILS and long POINTED TEETH. They SQUEAL and CACKLE with ghoulish delight.

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREETS - NIGHT

Paramedics have strapped a struggling Bucky to a gurney. They load him into the back of an ambulance as a crowd watches.

 CREEPER (V.O.)
 The nut truck came and took his ass
 away. He ain't been seen since.

CUT TO:

INT. CREEPER'S APARTMENT - DAY

Back to the PRESENT. Creeper pulls an old, rusty hypodermic needle from a bedside table, offering it to Dolemite.

 CREEPER
 Where's my manners, man... you
 wanna hit?... needle's good, I only
 hadda re-bend it a couple-a
 times...

 DOLEMITE
 (shakes head 'no')
 Creeper, I've known you a long
 time. If you keep on shootin' that
 shit it's gonna kill you.

Creeper taps his arm to raise a vein, injecting himself with the heroin.

CREEPER

Don' sweat it, little bro... dis is my last one... least it ain't dat Angel Dust shit you talkin' 'bout... dat shit's ruinin' the hood, brutha... turnin' kids into zombies... someone's gotta get DAT junk off the street... save the youth of America n' shit...

Creeper's voice trails off as he slumps slowly to his right, barely conscious. Dolemite shakes him to wake him up.

DOLEMITE

Wake up, Creeper! Wake up, man!

Creeper snaps to, the heroin kicking in. He looks to Dolemite with clear eyes. He also speaks clearly. Enunciating. Just the hint of an aristocratic English accent.

CREEPER

Ah! Yes. That's MUCH better, if I do say so myself. Brother Dolemite, it is wonderful to see you again after your years of unjust incarceration.

DOLEMITE

(surprised)

Damn, that WAS some good shit.

CREEPER

I believe I can be of assistance with your Angel Dust queries.

DOLEMITE

I wanna know who's in charge. Willie Green ain't smart enough to be doin' this on his own.

Creeper chuckles, covering his mouth with the back of his hand.

CREEPER

Oh dear me, no. Willie Green can't tell his rectum from the proverbial hole in the ground. There are whispers among my fellow street denizens that the sudden rise in PCP use is the work of a clandestine organization drolly referred to as 'The MAN.'

DOLEMITE

What do you know about 'The MAN?'

CREEPER

Well - and keep in mind this may simply be specious gossip from a cadre of low-life street scum - but the local headquarters is rumored to be, irony of ironies, in your old club--

Suddenly the door BURSTS open, Mitchell and White CRASHING into the room. Mitchell BLASTS two shots from his service revolver into Creeper's chest. Driven back against the wall, Creeper looks down at his bloodstained shirt.

CREEPER (CONT'D)

Drat and double drat... you motherfuckers.

Creeper slumps, dead. Dolemite stands, Mitchell and White now turning their guns on him.

WHITE

Stay right there, Dolemite. None of your funny shit this time.

MITCHELL

Looks like murder, tough guy.

DOLEMITE

Man, I didn't kill nobody.

MITCHELL

I didn't say you were the killer - just the victim!

As Mitchell and White take aim at Dolemite he gathers himself, bringing up his hands. Concentrating, eyes ablaze, he shakes his head and makes the 'Ubbity-ubbity-ub' sound (let's just call this move 'The Motorboat' from now on) before LASHING OUT. He takes a mighty swing which misses the cops by a good two feet, yet still manages to KNOCK the guns from their hands!

WHITE

Ow! Shit!

MITCHELL

You didn't even touch us! How the hell did you do that?

DOLEMITE

Like this!

And with that Dolemite unleashes a series of kung-fu-style punches and kicks which batter the cops into submission. We hear the sounds of BREAKING BONES and BATTERED FLESH, even though Dolemite never once makes contact. It's an impressive display of Buff Fongu.

DOLEMITE (CONT'D)

Ain't you slow-learnin', short-bus-ridin' muthfuckas figured it out yet? I'm the one that caught a star travelin' a million miles a minute, and slowed it down to the state speed limit. I pissed on the sun and put out the shine, then I turned around and fucked up Father Time.

Mitchell and White can only groan feebly.

MITCHELL

Please... kill us... just no more rhyming...

DOLEMITE

Couple-a ignorant-ass honky muthafuckas.

Dolemite sneers as he steps over them and hurries out the door.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBURBAN BEDROOM - NIGHT

A typical WASP bedroom scene from the Seventies. The Brady Bunch would consider this room too white bread. The wallpaper is florid and pink. The bed is Colonial, the bedspread and pillows elaborate and lacy. Norman Rockwell prints adorn the walls. The phone RINGS, a typical white suburban housewife stirring from under the covers. She groggily answers the phone, speaking in a thick Midwestern accent.

MRS. BLAKELY

Ya? Helloo? Ohhhh! Suuure, ya...

She taps the other figure asleep under the covers.

MRS. BLAKELY (CONT'D)
 Snookums? Honeybunch? The phooone's
 fer you... sweetums?

The figure stirs and sits up - it's Blakely.

BLAKELY
 Thanks, pumpkin.

MRS. BLAKELY
 Suuure, my little ofay bohunk...

BLAKELY
 I'm not a bohunk, cookie. I really
 am black.

She giggles and settles back under the covers.

MRS. BLAKELY
 Ya... Ya... Whatever you say,
 sugerpuss...

Blakely sighs, then speaks into the phone.

BLAKELY
 Ya?
 (catches himself)
 I mean, 'yeah?'

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - SAME TIME

Dolemite stands in a public phone booth, a Happy Face sticker
 pasted onto the glass.

DOLEMITE
 Blakely, it's me. Some bad shit
 went down today.

INT. SUBURBAN BEDROOM

Blakely sits bolt upright.

BLAKELY
 That's putting it lightly. Mitchell
 and White say you killed a small
 time pimp, goes by the name of
 Creeper.

EXT. PHONE BOOTH

As Dolemite talks a police car cruises past. He turns to hide his face from view.

DOLEMITE

You know I didn't kill nobody, man. I was just talkin' to Creeper when Mitchell and White busted in and shot his ass dead. But he told me where I might be able to find out more about 'The MAN.'

BLAKELY (O.S.)

Where are you now?

DOLEMITE

Can't tell you, man. I wanted to let you know I'm gonna do what I gotta do to find out what I gotta find out to stop what I gotta stop to help who I gotta help. You dig?

INT. SUBURBAN BEDROOM

Blakely frowns, confused.

BLAKELY

Uh... yeah?

DOLEMITE (O.S.)

Alright, then. I'll call you when I get me some information. Until then, try to keep the cops off my ass.

There is a CLICK on the other end of the line as Dolemite hangs up. Agitated, Blakely climbs out of bed. Standing naked, his back to us, he glances down at his nether regions.

BLAKELY

Damn. I AM white...

CUT TO:

EXT. 'TOTAL EXPERIENCE' NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Dolemite approaches the club. He sneers at the sign proclaiming it the 'GREEN MACHINE TOTAL EXPERIENCE.'

INT. 'TOTAL EXPERIENCE' NIGHTCLUB

Dolemite enters his old club. He scowls when he sees how the place has changed. The clientele is no longer classy - no men and women in fancy suits and fine gowns. Now low-end hustlers and their nappy bitches fill the place, disrespecting the club and heckling the acts. Onstage, an M.C. In a ratty old tuxedo announces the next performer.

M.C.

Alright, shut up you ignorant muthafuckas! I gotta bring up the next act!

He dodges a couple glasses tossed his way, which shatter on the stage behind him. He continues like this is an everyday thing.

M.C. (CONT'D)

Please welcome the nigga with the ability to rhyme, all the time, rain or shine - CARBONITE!

Scattered applause as CARBONITE steps onstage. He's a pale imitation of Dolemite, without any of the charisma or style. Dolemite watches in anger and disbelief as Carbonite launches into his act.

CARBONITE

Alright, alright... There once was a muthafucka from Nantucket, whose cock was so long that muthafucka could suck it! He gave a shit-eating grin, wiped the cum off his chin, and said 'If my ear was a muthafuckin' pussy I could fuck it!'

The few people listening shout insults and toss more glasses at Carbonite, who dodges nimbly.

CARBONITE (CONT'D)

You muthafuckas don't got no appreciation for the finer things!

DOLEMITE

That is some insult to injury shit right there.

Dolemite begins to make his way through the crowd to the bar.

CUT TO:

INT. 'TOTAL EXPERIENCE' NIGHTCLUB - BACK ROOM

A TECHNICIAN finishes installing a closed-circuit TV system as Willie Green and Sammy watch. The Technician turns on the monitor, which features a grainy, security-cam view of the club floor.

SAMMY

This is great, boss. Where'd you get it?

WILLIE GREEN

Chuck Berry sold it to me.
(squints at screen)
What the fuck...? Dolemite?

Sure enough, we can see Dolemite weaving his way through the club on the monitor.

WILLIE GREEN (CONT'D)

That muthafucka is supposed to be dead two times over!

SAMMY

You want me and the bruthas to fuck his shit up?

WILLIE GREEN

No. He's already fucked up a carload of hit men and a couple crooked cops. It's time to try something new - bring me my #1 bitch.

Smiling, Sammy nods, hurrying out. The Technician steps up, handing Willie a clipboard.

TECHNICIAN

Okey-doke, we're all done here. If you could just sign here... and here... and I need your initials there... and there.

Willie signs and initials, the Technician ripping off the top sheet of the form and handing it to him before leaving. Willie sighs.

WILLIE GREEN

This runnin' a club shit ain't exactly what I thought it'd be...

CUT TO:

INT. 'TOTAL EXPERIENCE' NIGHTCLUB

As Dolemite pushes through the crowd he bumps into a cocktail waitress, nearly spilling her tray of drinks.

DOLEMITE
Pardon me, baby, I...

He looks at the waitress, realizing that it's Bucky's girlfriend DARLENE! She barely reacts to him, gazing into the middle distance with a blank stare.

DOLEMITE (CONT'D)
Darlene! It's me, Dolemite! What are you doing here?

DARLENE
(zoned-out monotone)
Can I get you a drink, sir?

DOLEMITE
Darlene, what's the matter with you? Where's Bucky?

CUT TO:

INT. 'TOTAL EXPERIENCE' NIGHTCLUB - BACK ROOM

Willie watches Dolemite confront Darlene on the security monitor. He turns as URETHRA JONES steps into the room. Urethra is, quite possibly, the most beautiful woman on the face of the Earth. Tall, buxom, in a slinky gown that's cut down to her navel and up to her thigh, she makes Pam Grier look like Hattie McDaniel.

URETHRA
Sammy said you wanted to see me?

WILLIE GREEN
We got a little problem I need you to take care of.

URETHRA
What kind of problem?

WILLIE GREEN
(points to monitor)
A Dolemite kinda problem.

CUT TO:

INT. 'TOTAL EXPERIENCE' NIGHTCLUB

Dolemite continues to try and get through to Darlene, but she only stares at him blankly.

DOLEMITE
What have they done to you,
Darlene? Is it the Angel Dust?

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. DARLENE'S P.O.V.

In Darlene's PCP-fueled hallucination we see that Dolemite has been replaced by a wild-haired, red-eyed, grey-skinned zombie who uses a sword to HACK OFF one of Darlene's arms and begin eating it.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. 'TOTAL EXPERIENCE' NIGHTCLUB

Darlene continues to stare passively.

DARLENE
Can I get you something to drink
with that, sir?

Dolemite grabs her shoulders, shaking her roughly.

DOLEMITE
Goddamn it, Darlene - answer me!
Where's Bucky? WHERE IS BUCKY?

The tray of drinks Darlene is carrying falls from her hands, SMASHING to the floor. Just then Urethra slinks up, speaking calmly.

URETHRA
Run and get a mop to clean this up,
Darlene. Hurry now.

Darlene obediently turns and moves off. Dolemite starts after her, Urethra stopping him with a gentle hand on his chest.

URETHRA (CONT'D)
What's a big, strong, handsome man
like you so interested in a
cocktail waitress for?
(MORE)

URETHRA (CONT'D)

Seems to me you'd be in the market
for a real woman, not a girl.

DOLEMITE

That girl is my nephew's
girlfriend, and he's gone missing.

URETHRA

Honey, I guarantee you ain't
gettin' any answers out of her. I
may be able to help you. What's
your name?

DOLEMITE

Dolemite is my name, and fuckin' up
muthafuckas is my game.

Urethra smiles.

URETHRA

Well Urethra Jones is my name - and
it sounds like we have similar
games.

DOLEMITE

Where is Willie Green?

URETHRA

He's not here tonight. Why don't
you and I get out of here? We can
go back to my place and you can
pump me for information... among
other things.

Dolemite sizes up Urethra. He's torn - should he stay and try
to find Bucky, or go and try to get information from Urethra?

DOLEMITE

Alright, I'll go. But there's
something I got to do first.

He grabs the biggest, heaviest glass he can find off a nearby
table, turning to the stage where Carbonite still performs.

CARBONITE

There was an old muthafucka in a
tree, who was terribly bored by a
bee. When they asked if it buzzed,
he said 'Yes it does - it's one
muthafuckin' brute of a bee!'

Dolemite whips the glass at the stage, where it SMACKS
Carbonite in the head, knocking him out cold. Dolemite calls
out defiantly.

DOLEMITE

There once was a nigga onstage, who sent Dolemite into a rage. Dolemite picked up a glass, knocked the nigga on his ass, and left as the crowd shouted praise!

The crowd does, indeed, stand and cheer Dolemite as he leads Urethra to the door.

CUT TO:

INT. 'TOTAL EXPERIENCE' NIGHTCLUB - BACK ROOM

Willie Green watches the monitor as Dolemite and Urethra exit. Reaching out, he presses a button on a keyboard, and the image on the monitor changes. We now see a dark, filthy basement filled with men and women, all with the same zombie-fied, glazed look we saw on Darlene. Willie leans closer to the monitor to check out one particular young man. It's BUCKY, sitting in a corner with his knees drawn up to his chest as he rocks back and forth. Willie Green smiles as we...

CUT TO:

INT. URETHRA'S PAD - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Urethra leads Dolemite into her bedroom, which is dominated by a big four-poster bed covered with satin sheets and a multitude of exotic throw pillows. Over the bed hangs a large portrait of Urethra, nude, on black velvet. The painting is surrounded by illustrations showing various sexual positions and their relation to astrological symbols.

DOLEMITE

Nice place you got here. Looks like the kinda joint Hugh Hefner would have if he was a brutha.

(looking at astrological posters)

I'm a Libra. You limber enough for that?

URETHRA

You sound more like the bull type.

DOLEMITE

I'd rather be a Gemini. I always wanted to try twins.

Urethra takes off her coat and steps to a mini bar.

URETHRA

Mmmmmmm! That was very 'elo-queu-ent,' Dolemite. Can I get you a drink?

DOLEMITE

You got Cristal champagne?

URETHRA

Uh, no.

DOLEMITE

Cognac?

URETHRA

(searches)

Mmmmmmm, nope.

DOLEMITE

Courvoisier?

URETHRA

Sorry.

DOLEMITE

How about some Colt 45?

URETHRA

THAT I have.

DOLEMITE

Well alright, then! Who needs that other shit when you got a 40 of the 45!

Urethra reaches into a mini fridge, removing a 40-ounce can of malt liquor. She casts a sidelong glance at Dolemite.

URETHRA

I've been waiting to meet you a long time.

DOLEMITE

What would Willie Green say if he knew you was with me?

Urethra pops the top on the can as she steps to Dolemite, eyes smoldering.

URETHRA

I don't care. Willie Green doesn't own me. There are a lot of stories about you, y'know.

DOLEMITE

What stories?

Urethra hands him the can, her hand lingering on his as he takes it.

URETHRA

Stories about how you're the most skillful, passionate lover any woman could hope for. Is that true?

DOLEMITE

(grins)

Every night I sign my own autograph book, and never pass a mirror without takin' a second look. 'Cuz I am the player. The pussy surveyor. I'm the slider. The glider. Never fucked a woman lest I satisfied her--

Dolemite takes a swig from the can, letting out a belch. Urethra laughs.

URETHRA

You are a sweet talkin' man, I'll give you that.

DOLEMITE

(still talking)

--I'm the Bed Shaker. The Slat Breaker. The Baby Maker. Imp the Stimp, the Women's Pimp. Hula Dula, the Ho House Rula--

Stepping to the stereo, Urethra pops an 8-track into the player. Soft, seductive jazz fills the room as she slowly slips her dress from her shoulders, letting it drop to the floor. She stands naked before Dolemite, revealing her big, natural breasts and a full 70's bush the size of home plate.

URETHRA

I think it's time I found out for myself whether those stories are true or not...

DOLEMITE

I don't mean to brag and I don't mean to boast, but I sit on a tombstone and make baby ghosts. I'm a rare specimen of man, don't you agree? 'Cause I'm bold and I'm cold, but I...
 (looking her over, impressed)
 What was I sayin'? Ah, never mind...

Tossing the malt liquor can over his shoulder, Dolemite unbuttons his shirt as he steps toward Urethra. Grabbing her, he lays her down on the bed, where they begin to kiss. He slowly makes his way down her body, kissing her neck... her breasts... her stomach... continuing down OUT OF FRAME. Urethra reacts, back arching and eyes fluttering as we suddenly...

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. DINER - DAY

Dolemite and Urethra sit at a table. He eats a large sandwich suggestively, getting nose-deep into it as she watches happily. Just as quickly we...

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. URETHRA'S PAD - BEDROOM - LATER

Urethra moans and cries out in ecstasy.

URETHRA

That's right! Yes! I'm a Monte Carlo! I'm a Ruben! I'm a Club! I'm a B...L...T!!!

Dolemite climbs back up INTO FRAME, spitting out one of those decorative toothpicks with colored cellophane on the end. He and Urethra begin to do some serious fucking. Framed mirrors on the wall reflect them. As their passion increases the WALLS BEGIN TO SHAKE, the mirrors falling from their hooks and SHATTERING on the floor.

Soon the whole room is rocking, as though it was hit by an earthquake. Paintings JUMP from the walls... Doors RATTLE in their frames... The bed itself begins to CAREEN around the room, knocking over furniture and sending glassware and knick-knacks CRASHING to the ground...

Dolemite and Urethra continue their lovemaking, which grows wilder and more intense... Urethra's legs kick uncontrollably as her moans turn into screams... The chandelier SWAYS back and forth above them, lights flickering on and off as SPARKS begin to shower down... Finally the ENTIRE CEILING CRASHES DOWN, but Dolemite never stops. He speaks to Urethra forcefully.

DOLEMITE
 (over and over)
 Where is Bucky? Where is Bucky?
 Where is Bucky?

Urethra writhes orgasmically, half on and half off the bed.

URETHRA
 He's in a dungeon... in the
 basement... of the 'Total
 Experience!'

She repeats this phrase over and over until finally slumping, spent and exhausted. Dolemite looks down at her, a grin on his face. Is it a grin of triumph, or is there something more?

CUT TO:

EXT. 'TOTAL EXPERIENCE' NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Across the street and down the block from the nightclub, a plain, beige four-door sedan pulls to the curb.

INT. BLAKELY'S CAR

Blakely kills the lights and the engine. He scans the neighborhood as though looking for someone. After a moment the passenger door opens, Dolemite climbing into the car.

BLAKELY
 Dolemite! What's so important you
 needed to meet me here?

DOLEMITE
 I know what Willie Green's up to.
 There's gonna be a Player's Ball
 here Saturday night. All the pimps
 that're workin' for 'The MAN' are
 gonna be there.

BLAKELY
 (nods)
 Player's Ball...

DOLEMITE

That's when all the pimps come in their finest threads to see who's the biggest King Pimp of 'em all.

BLAKELY

I KNOW what a Player's Ball is.

DOLEMITE

Sorry, man. Just that sometimes you white folk ain't up on the lingo.

BLAKELY

I'm not...! Forget it. What do you think we should do?

DOLEMITE

I say if we eliminate all them pimps, 'The MAN's' gonna have a hard time selling Angel Dust in this city. Plus it's personal. Willie Green has assembled an army of PCP zombies to cover the city sellin' that shit. One of 'em is my nephew, Bucky.

Blakely looks to Dolemite uncertainly.

BLAKELY

Where'd you get this information?

DOLEMITE

A source deep in Willie Green's operation.

BLAKELY

How deep?

DOLEMITE

(grins)

All twelve inches, baby.

Chuckling and shaking his head, Blakely turns to look at the club thoughtfully.

BLAKELY

It's like a fortress in there. It's going to take an army to go up against them.

Dolemite turns to Blakely, fire in his eyes.

DOLEMITE

I know where I can get me an army.
I just need you and the Warden to
pull one more string.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

It's run-down and boarded up, as though no one's used it in years. A faded sign out front identifies it as 'OUR LADY OF MUTHAFUCKIN' MERCY.'

INT. CHURCH

Dolemite and Queen Bee stand at the altar, all their girls gathered below them. The church pews have been pushed against the walls to create a large open space where wooden planks and cinder blocks have been arranged in an odd, almost obstacle course-style configuration. Eyeing the girls, Dolemite leans to Queen Bee.

DOLEMITE

Queen Bee, I know these girls know how to fuck, but do they know how to fight?

QUEEN BEE

Dolemite, are you kidding me? They not only know how to fight, they know how to Ho Fight.

Queen Bee turns and calls to one of the girls.

QUEEN BEE (CONT'D)

Velvet! Ginger tells me your pussy smells like a fish market on a hot summer day.

Furious, Velvet immediately attacks a very surprised Ginger. The other girls watch and cheer as they engage in a classic hair-pulling, face-scratching, clothes-tearing bitch-fight. Queen Bee gives Dolemite an 'I told you so' look.

DOLEMITE

Impressive. But we'll need something a bit more organized if we're going to go up against Willie Green and an army of PCP zombies. That's why I called in an old friend.

Dolemite snaps his fingers. The girls immediately stop fighting as Reverend Gibbs enters.

DOLEMITE (CONT'D)

Ladies! This is Reverend Gibbs. He and I were cellmates during my long and undeserved incarceration. He taught me many things, and now I've brought him here to teach them to you.

Trying to replace a big clump of hair that's been torn from her head, Ginger calls out sarcastically.

GINGER

What could some scrawny-ass, toothpick-arm old man teach us?

Reverend Gibbs glances to Dolemite, who gives him a nod. Suddenly Reverend Gibbs LASHES OUT with a punch, splintering one board to bits. He CHOPS DOWN on another, slicing it in half. He spins, KICKING a pile of cinder blocks to dust. The girls watch in amazement - he's destroyed all the planks without actually touching any of them. In fact, he missed most of them by a mile. They mutter and whisper to each other as Dolemite and the Reverend exchange grins.

DOLEMITE

Reverend Gibbs is here to teach you the ancient art of 'Buff Fongu' - the art of hitting without touching. As you know, our neighborhood has been tainted by the terrible scourge of PCP.

GINGER

Angel Dust!

VELVET

Wack!

CHI

Hell's Talcum!

DOLEMITE

Through my contacts in the police department and a loose-lipped female acquaintance of Willie Green, we've traced the source of the drug back to a secret organization called 'The MAN.' Now Willie Green and a number of pimps who work for 'The MAN' will be attending a Player's Ball at the 'Total Experience' this Saturday. He's got an army of PCP zombies defending the place - one of whom is my nephew Bucky!

The girls react with shock.

VELVET

Not Bucky!

CHI

He's such a nice boy!

GINGER

Who names a black kid 'Bucky?'

DOLEMITE

We need to create our own army if we wanna storm that place, shut down 'The MAN's' PCP operation, and get my nephew back. Are you girls ready?

The girls all cheer as we...

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH - LATER

A training MONTAGE begins, backed by hot soul sounds of the 70's on the SOUNDTRACK. Much like Dolemite in prison, Reverend Gibbs trains the girls how to hit without touching, each of them trying to break their own board. At first they are unsuccessful.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH - LATER

Dolemite shows Velvet how to pull a razor-sharp Afro pick from her hair and wield it like a knife.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH - LATER

Dolemite, Queen Bee and the Reverend watch as the girls try once again to break their boards. This time they manage to raise a few splinters - but none of the boards break.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH - LATER

Gibbs teaches Chi how to flick her wrist in a way that sends her press-on nails flying across the room, where they lodge into the wall like throwing stars.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH - LATER

The Reverend gets Ginger in a bear hug, face-to-face. She struggles, unable to move.

REVEREND GIBBS

C'mon girl! You got some big fine titties - use 'em! Flex those chest muscles!

GINGER

What?

REVEREND GIBBS

Flex 'em!

Shrugging, she does, sending him flying backward into a wall. He rubs his head admiringly.

REVEREND GIBBS (CONT'D)

That's some fine Double-D Fu!

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH - LATER

Once more, the girls line up in front of their boards. Concentrating, they swing in unison - SHATTERING the boards in half without ever having touched them! They squeal and cheer happily, Dolemite, Queen Bee and Reverend Gibbs exchanging satisfied nods.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH - LATER

Dolemite has the girls lined up, demonstrating his fighting stance.

DOLEMITE

Remember, girls - hands up, weight on the balls of your feet, move yo' head back and forth and...

He makes the 'Motorboat' sound with his mouth. The girls frown, confused.

CHI

What's that do?

DOLEMITE

It blows their muthafuckin' minds, baby!

The girls all adopt Dolemite's stance, mimicking the 'Motorboat' noise.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH

Reverend Gibbs stands on the altar with Queen Bee, who uses the statue of Jesus on the cross as a sparring dummy.

REVEREND GIBBS

That's it! Work the groin! Again! Again!

QUEEN BEE

Honey, I been workin' the groin for years...

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH - LATER

The girls spar one another, kicking and punching without touching. The sounds of contact fill the room as Dolemite walks amongst them. Chi takes a kick at Velvet, making a loud SPLAP sound. Dolemite steps in.

DOLEMITE

Hold on, hold on! That ain't the right noise!

CHI

What do you mean?

DOLEMITE

You just kicked her, but it made a punch noise. Like this...

He punches, making the identical SPLAP sound.

DOLEMITE (CONT'D)

A kick sound is more like this...

Dolemite kicks, making a sharp KRACK!

DOLEMITE (CONT'D)

And when you miss, remember to make a...

He swings, a WHISH sound cutting through the air.

DOLEMITE (CONT'D)

Now you try it.

The girls square off, sparring. Now when they kick it goes, KRACK, when they punch it goes SPLAP, and when they miss it goes WHISH. Dolemite nods his approval.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH - LATER

The girls are all lined up against one wall of the church, alongside Dolemite, Reverend Gibbs and Queen Bee. As one they assume a fighting stance... make the 'Motorboat' sound... and STRIKE OUT with their fists. They hit nothing, but every window in the church SHATTERS, BLASTING OUTWARD in a spray of stained glass. Dolemite looks to the girls proudly as Queen Bee and Reverend Gibbs step up beside him.

DOLEMITE

Check out THAT shit! I believe we're ready for some bone-crushing, skull-splitting, brain-blasting action!

The girls cheer lustily as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. 'TOTAL EXPERIENCE' NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

A sea of tricked-out pimp-mobiles line the street, as equally tricked-out pimps and their girls flow into the club. A sign out front reads:

WELCOME TO THE PLAYA'S BALL:
Formal attire required for all men.
No attire required for women.

Across the street, Dolemite, Reverend Gibbs, Queen Bee and the girls watch from behind a low wall, waiting for the opportunity to make their move.

DOLEMITE

Alright girls, this is just like a trick - get in, do what you need to do, and get out. And if they have a few extra bucks in their pockets, think of it as a tip.

The girls nod. Reverend Gibbs speaks up.

REVEREND GIBBS

I'd like to say a short prayer first, if you don't mind.

DOLEMITE

Lay it on us, Rev.

Dolemite and the girls lower their heads as Reverend Gibbs preaches.

REVEREND GIBBS

Oh Lord, please guide us on our righteous crusade as we strive to eliminate wickedness and evil from our wicked, evil world. Give us the strength to persevere. Give us the wisdom to overcome. Give us the spirit to rise above.

(MORE)

REVEREND GIBBS (CONT'D)

And, above all else, give us the power to kick the muthafuckin' ass of any muthafucka who gets in our muthafuckin' way!

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. HEAVEN - ETERNITY

On top of the clouds, GOD sits on a golden throne. He's a huge, muscular Black man in robes, sporting a gigantic Afro and glittered platform sandals. He relaxes as some heavily made up ANGELS massage His temples, rub His feet, feed Him grapes, manicure His nails, etc. He looks up, distracted.

GOD

What the... Oh sheee-it!
(looking down)
Dolemite's in muthafuckin' trouble...

He quickly grabs a GLOWING PIMP CANE and turns to a group of ANGELS on a nearby cloud.

GOD (CONT'D)

I'm turning you out to Earth again, bitches! Watch over Dolemite and his ho's! The fate of muthafuckin' humanity rests on his ass! Get down there 'fore I stick my me-damned sandal up yo' asses!

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. 'TOTAL EXPERIENCE' NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Back on Earth, the Reverend finishes his prayer. Dolemite and the girls bring their heads up, fire in their eyes.

DOLEMITE & GIRLS

Aaaaa-MEN!

They stand and head for the club. Only now do we see that Dolemite, Reverend Gibbs, Queen Bee and the girls are all dressed in their finest clothes so that they'll blend in once they're inside the club.

CUT TO:

INT. 'TOTAL EXPERIENCE' NIGHTCLUB - SAME TIME

Dolemite enters like he owned the place - and expects to again, soon. Chi on one arm and Velvet on the other, heads turn as he leads Reverend Gibbs, Queen Bee and the rest of his girls inside. The club is filled to bursting with all the top pimps in the city and their biggest earners:

- A Rooster-looking pimp in red fur top hat, red fur coat, red fur shirt, and red fur bow-tie.

- A pimp on 3" platform heels presses a button - his shoes hydraulically RISING another three inches before he heads inside.

- Guests are given free 'Mood Rings' by girls at the door, which they all slip on and admire as they enter.

Waiters, waitresses and busboys move through the crowd, all with glazed, zombie-like stares, carrying trays of wine in cardboard box containers. Willie Green stands near the bar with Urethra, watching as Dolemite makes his way through the club.

WILLIE GREEN

Right on time. If there's one thing I like in a brutha it's punctuality. You told him what I wanted you to, right?

URETHRA

Every word, just like you said.

WILLIE GREEN

Then let's get this shit started.

Willie Green makes his way to the stage. Urethra watches him seriously. Is that respect in her eyes? Contempt? Dolemite looks to her, but she won't return his gaze. Onstage, Willie takes the mic, which whines with FEEDBACK.

DOLEMITE

Muthafuckin' amateurs...

WILLIE GREEN

Ladies and gentlemen, bruthas and sistas, pimps and hos - welcome to the first annual 'Willie Green Player's Ball!'

Everyone applauds - everyone but Dolemite's group, that is.

WILLIE GREEN (CONT'D)

Those of you who attended today's seminars on income investment, diversification, team-building, and today's workshop on the use of a car antenna in worker relations, are on the fast-track to building your home-based businesses. But tonight we've been given a rare and lucrative opportunity to double, even triple the money we bring in.

A few shouts: "Right on!" "That's right!" "Tell it, son!"

WILLIE GREEN (CONT'D)

We owe our success to three very important factors. First - PCP!

PIMP #1

Angel Dust!

PIMP #2

Elephant!

PIMP #3

That... er... stuff you sprinkle on your pot... or snort... or...

As one the entire room turns to look at Pimp #3, who bows his head in shame. They turn back to Willie Green.

WILLIE GREEN

Second - 'The MAN,' for supplying the PCP!

Cheers and whistles fill the room.

WILLIE GREEN (CONT'D)

And third - Brother Dolemite, who has been kind enough to grace us with his presence.

Everyone turns to Dolemite and his group. The room is deathly silent. Dolemite frowns at Willie Green suspiciously.

WILLIE GREEN (CONT'D)

If it wasn't for Brother Dolemite's extended two-year vacation with the California Penal System we'd-a never been able to accomplish all we have.

(MORE)

WILLIE GREEN (CONT'D)

See, before he went away, Brother Dolemite pictured himself like some sort of Superpimp, tryin' to keep our streets clean and our ho's cleaner. Ain't that right, Brother Dolemite?

DOLEMITE

Man, I don't know what point you think you're tryin' to make, but you better start makin' it fast.

WILLIE GREEN

Aw, so much hatred for such a festive occasion. See, the problem is, ever since Brother Dolemite here got outta the pen, he thinks he can just pick up where he left off. Pushin' people around, tellin' people what to do, actin' like his farts smell like muthafuckin' roses. What I'm tryin' to tell you, Brother Dolemite, is that there's a new game in town, and we ain't about to let you fuck it up. Ain't that right?

The pimps all nod and voice their agreement. Dolemite speaks softly to his group.

DOLEMITE

Remember what you been taught, girls. This shit is about to go down.

WILLIE GREEN

This muthafucka's done muthafucked with my business for the last muthafuckin' time! Get him!

And it's on. The pimps charge Dolemite and his group, who stand their ground. In unison, Dolemite, Reverend Gibbs, Queen Bee and the girls assume a fighting stance... make the 'Motorboat' sound... and LASH OUT at their attackers. The first wave of pimps FLY BACKWARD without a single punch or kick making contact. The other pimps react with surprise.

PIMP #4

What the fuck was that?

PIMP #5

They didn't even touch 'em!

PIMP #4

Not that - the noise they made with
their mouths! It's blowing my
muthafuckin' mind!

Dolemite and the girls charge into the fray, and the melee
begins in earnest.

INT. 'TOTAL EXPERIENCE' NIGHTCLUB - VELVET

Sammy squares off with Velvet. He pulls a switchblade from
his pocket, slashing at her. She jumps back, pulling the
razor-sharp Afro pick from her hair and SLICING it across his
chest, where it leaves four bloody lines.

INT. 'TOTAL EXPERIENCE' NIGHTCLUB - CHI

Chi uses Buff Fongu to knock a pimp across a table, glasses
flying and crashing. Turning, she sees another pimp charging
her from behind. Flicking her wrist, she shoots her press-on
nails toward him - where they embed themselves in his face.

INT. 'TOTAL EXPERIENCE' NIGHTCLUB - QUEEN BEE

Queen Bee steps forward, attempting a kick. Her stiletto
heeled-shoe flies off, imbedding itself in a bad guy's
forehead. He falls to the ground in a heap. As shocked as
anybody, Queen Bee tries to play it off to the other girls
like she intended to do it.

INT. 'TOTAL EXPERIENCE' NIGHTCLUB - GINGER

Brandishing a Samurai sword, Ginger is surrounded by bad
guys. She swings the sword precisely and impressively, in
every direction, in an elaborate 'kata'. The bad guys watch,
mesmerized. She finishes with a loud YELL and holds her
stance - the thugs surrounding her falling to the ground like
dominoes, sliced and bleeding... followed by the BOOM
OPERATOR, the GAFFER and a man holding the CLAPBOARD, who all
tumble INTO FRAME as well, neatly sliced.

INT. 'TOTAL EXPERIENCE' NIGHTCLUB - DOLEMITE

Standing in the center of a group of pimps, Dolemite fights
them off with a masterful display of hitting without
touching, missing everybody by at least a foot.

PIMP #5
 The way he fights, it's like
 he's... he's... a HUMAN TORNADO!

The Pimps conveniently attack one-by-one, Dolemite dropping each in his tracks. A WAITRESS approaches him, tray in hand, offering a drink.

WAITRESS
 You wanted a Courvoisier?

Dolemite nods between punches, reaching into his pocket as he fights off bad guys.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)
 Eight-fifty.

DOLEMITE
 Can you break a twenty?

He holds up a bill, which gets SLICED in half by a switchblade. Dolemite frowns.

DOLEMITE (CONT'D)
 Ah. There you go...

She hands him his drink as he finishes off a bad guy with his free hand.

INT. 'TOTAL EXPERIENCE' NIGHTCLUB - WILLIE GREEN

Willie Green is still onstage, watching the fight in disbelief. He turns to Urethra, who steps up next to him.

WILLIE GREEN
 What the fuck is this shit? We were supposed to gang up on him! Where'd he get an all-girl army of Kung-Fu ho's?

URETHRA
 You've still got something he values. Use it to your advantage.

WILLIE GREEN
 You're right...

Willie and Urethra race backstage.

CUT TO:

EXT. 'TOTAL EXPERIENCE' NIGHTCLUB - SAME TIME

Police cars race down the street, SIRENS WAILING. They SQUEAL to a halt in front of the nightclub. Blakely's unmarked car pulls up, he and the Warden climbing out. Blakely calls to the other cops.

BLAKELY

Hold positions! We have reports of hostages inside. Set up a perimeter and cover the exits.

(shouts over bullhorn)

This is the police! We have you surrounded... You can't escape...

CUT TO:

INT. 'TOTAL EXPERIENCE' NIGHTCLUB - GINGER - SAME TIME

Ray-Ray grabs Ginger from behind, pinning her arms behind her back as Marlon steps forward to work her over. As he gets close she concentrates, FLEXING her chest muscles and PUNCHING him with her right breast. She spins, breaking Ray-Ray's grasp and PUNCHING him with her left breast.

GINGER

Double-D Fu! Yeah!

INT. 'TOTAL EXPERIENCE' NIGHTCLUB - QUEEN BEE

Boogie hits Queen Bee with a chair, breaking it over her back. She just turns and glares at him calmly.

QUEEN BEE

Honey, don't make me get my black up.

She begins repeatedly punching Boogie in the crotch.

QUEEN BEE (CONT'D)

Work the groin! Work the groin!

INT. 'TOTAL EXPERIENCE' NIGHTCLUB - REVEREND GIBBS

Not fighting at all, Reverend Gibbs has his arms around two of the pimps' ho's, who watch the battle in wide-eyed terror. He speaks soothingly as he leads them out the front door.

REVEREND GIBBS

It's alright, ladies. The good Lord Himself embraces the idea of battle and conflict - why else do you think he created so many religions? Say, has either of you ever seen the back seat of a Cadillac... what am I saying, of course you have...

They step out the door...

CUT TO:

EXT. 'TOTAL EXPERIENCE' NIGHTCLUB - SAME TIME

... to find themselves face-to-face with twenty-five cop cars and fifty cops, all pointing guns at them.

REVEREND GIBBS

Oh God-DAMN it!

They are hustled away as the Warden continues to call out over the bullhorn.

WARDEN

... You're through... The jig is up... End of story...

CUT TO:

INT. 'TOTAL EXPERIENCE' NIGHTCLUB - SAME TIME

Carbonite, brandishing two pair of nunchucks, approaches Dolemite, spinning them around his head and behind his back in an impressive display of agility.

CARBONITE

With these nunchucks... I will kick yo' ass. Somethin', somethin', somethin'. Somethin'-somethin' FAST!

Carbonite swings and misses. Empty handed, Dolemite finds himself backed up against the bar.

CARBONITE (CONT'D)

I'll whack this thing against yo' head... Somethin', somethin', somethin' that rhymes with 'head.'

Thinking fast, Dolemite grabs a lime from a bowl, tossing it gently to Carbonite. Like a juggler who is trying to juggle one ball too many, he loses control of the nunchucks, which hit him in the head with four loud CRACKS.

DOLEMITE

'Dead.'

Carbonite drops to the floor, Dolemite looking around to see the battle is over. Queen Bee, Velvet, Chi, Ginger and the other girls are the only ones left standing in a sea of knocked-out pimps. They cheer victoriously... until Willie Green and Urethra step back onto the stage, leading a dazed and drugged Bucky at gunpoint.

WILLIE GREEN

That's enough of THAT shit,
Dolemite.

DOLEMITE

Bucky!

WILLIE GREEN

That's right, I got your nephew.
'Cept I don't think of him so much
as your nephew as I do collateral.

Queen Bee and the girls glare at Willie hatefully. They want to do something, but don't want Bucky to get hurt.

DOLEMITE

If you harm one hair on his head
I'll tear out your heart with my
bare hands.

WILLIE GREEN

Oh, I don't plan on hurting the
boy. Fuck no. Long as he's alive
you're gonna leave me and my
associates alone to do our
business.

DOLEMITE

(to Urethra)

You in on this shit?

URETHRA

I'm just a whore. I go where the
money is.

DOLEMITE
Bitch, are you for real?

CUT TO:

EXT. 'TOTAL EXPERIENCE' NIGHTCLUB - SAME TIME

The Warden STILL shouts through the bullhorn.

WARDEN
... Time's up... There's no place
to run... You'll never work in this
town again...

Blakely rolls his eyes - catching sight of Mitchell and White
as they pull up and sneak around the back of the club.

CUT TO:

INT. 'TOTAL EXPERIENCE' NIGHTCLUB - SAME TIME

Dolemite and Willie Green continue to face-off.

DOLEMITE
You think I'm gonna let you keep my
nephew addicted to drugs you're one
ignorant muthafucka.

WILLIE GREEN
Drugs or dead, brutha. May not be a
good choice, but it's the only one
I'm givin'.

Suddenly Bucky breaks free, leaping from the stage.

BUCKY
Don't worry about me, Uncle
Dolemite...
(points to window)
I can fly!

DOLEMITE
Bucky! Don't do it!

BUCKY
I'm a bird! Wheeeeeee....

Racing across the room, Bucky HURLS himself through the
window, which SHATTERS as he flies through. Dolemite cries
out in anguish.

DOLEMITE
Buckyyyyyyyyyyy!!!

EXT. 'TOTAL EXPERIENCE' NIGHTCLUB

Since Bucky jumped out of a ground floor window, he has only fallen about three feet. He lies face first on the sidewalk. The cops all stare at him as he stirs, climbing to his feet.

BUCKY
Huh. That was lucky...

Dusting himself off, Bucky steps into the street - where he is INSTANTLY PLOWED OVER by a SWAT van as it arrives on the scene. The cops all grimace.

COPS
Ooooooooooh....!

INT. 'TOTAL EXPERIENCE' NIGHTCLUB

Dolemite turns to Willie, fury in his eyes.

DOLEMITE
That kid was your last hope for
livin' muthafucka...

Willie points the gun at Dolemite.

WILLIE GREEN
You've already lost, Dolemite! I know 'The Man's' whole plan, and it's righteous! Soon I'LL be the only playa left, and I'LL rule the streets! Cadillacs are being replaced by Japanese subcompacts! Laws are being written to protect all animals with purple fur, used in pimp hats! Soon 'The Hustle' will be a dorky three-step line dance performed by suburbanites in powder-blue leisure suits.
(laughing)
Richard Pryor will form a comedy team with Gene Wilder!
(MORE)

WILLIE GREEN (CONT'D)

Diana Ross will star in a remake of 'The Wizard of Oz!' James Brown will sing the theme song in a sequel to 'Rocky!' Richard Roundtree will quit the role of 'Shaft' and make guest appearances on 'The Love Boat'! In other words, the revolution WILL be televised, muthafucka...

As Willie talks he doesn't notice as Urethra's hand closes on a loose board leaning against the wall. Grabbing it she SWINGS it at his arm, KNOCKING the gun from Willie's hand.

DOLEMITE

Oh yeah, sucka? Well, have... a... nice...day!

Dolemite doesn't miss his chance - he lunges at Willie, THRUSTING a hand into his body! Willie screams as Dolemite cries out triumphantly.

DOLEMITE (CONT'D)

I'll tear out your heart!
(pulls out liver)
Shit!

Dolemite THRUSTS his hand back into Willie's body!

DOLEMITE (CONT'D)

I'll tear out your...
(pulls out kidneys)
... Muthafucka!

Once again, Dolemite THRUSTS his hand into Willie's body!

DOLEMITE (CONT'D)

I'll tear out your...
(pulls out heart)
... About fuckin' TIME! Heart!

He holds up Willie Green's still-beating heart. Willie collapses to the floor, the heart in Dolemite's hand slowly coming to a stop. Queen Bee and the girls aren't sure how to react - I mean, yeah, they won... but yuck. Dolemite turns to Urethra.

DOLEMITE (CONT'D)

I thought you were just a whore.

URETHRA

What, you never heard of a whore with a heart of gold?

They turn as a voice rings out behind them.

MITCHELL (O.S.)
Holy fucking shit!

Mitchell and White stand near the bar, staring at the carnage.

WHITE
Are those his kidneys? Who pulls
out kidneys?

MITCHELL
We got you now, Dolemite. Nobody's
gonna ask questions about why we
shot a nigger with a human heart in
his goddamn hand.

Mitchell and White bring their guns up, taking aim at Dolemite. The girls all gasp and cover their eyes, but Dolemite just grins.

DOLEMITE
When I was born I knew how to talk.
At three days old I could run and
walk. As a kid pistols and knives
was my only toys, to fuck up
muthafuckas like you was my pride
and joy. I got a graveyard
disposition and a tombstone mind -
I'm a bad muthafucka and I don't
mind dyin'.

MITCHELL
That was my favorite rhyme yet -
because it's your last.

Just as they're about to open fire Mitchell and White freeze at the sound of a GUN COCKING behind them. Blakely steps up, his pistol pointed at their heads.

BLAKELY
Here's the rhyme that I like best -
drop your guns, you're under
arrest.

MITCHELL
On what charge?

BLAKELY

Well, we'll start with being on Willie Green's payroll, but something tells me that's just the tip of the iceberg.

Mitchell and White drop their guns as Blakely pulls out a set of handcuffs and cuffs them together.

MITCHELL

I can't believe it. Busted by a fellow cop. A WHITE cop!

BLAKELY

I'm black, you born-insecure, rat-soup eatin' muthafucka!

Stepping offstage, Urethra sidles up to Dolemite.

URETHRA

So you stopped Willie Green - but what about 'The MAN?'

DOLEMITE

I'm afraid I'll have to settle that score in another movie.
(catches himself)
Day! Another day, I meant.

URETHRA

So. What're you gonna do now, Dolemite?

A big smile crosses Dolemite's face as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. 'TOTAL EXPERIENCE' NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Two weeks later. The joint is jumpin'. The sign out front reads 'DOLEMITE'S TOTAL EXPERIENCE' once again. A banner announces 'GRAND RE-OPENING.'

INT. 'TOTAL EXPERIENCE' NIGHTCLUB

Men in fancy suits and women in evening gowns pack the club, which is back to it's former glory. Jimmy Lynch stands onstage, singing.

JIMMY LYNCH

The club is back!
 And all is right!
 The neighborhood is clean again,
 thanks to Dolemite!

As Dolemite enters everyone stops what they're doing to give him a standing ovation. Soaking in the thunderous applause, he waves and enjoys the moment. As he moves through the club he looks to the bar, where Queen Bee is once again in charge. They exchange knowing grins. Velvet, Chi, Ginger and the rest of the girls work the floor, calling to Dolemite happily as he passes. He stops at a table where Bucky and Darlene sit. Bucky is covered in casts and bandages, but other than that, they're back to their innocent, fresh-faced selves.

DOLEMITE

How're my favorite nephew and
 favorite soon-to-be niece doing
 tonight?

DARLENE

We're fine. Doing great.

BUCKY

Thanks to you, Uncle Dolemite.

DOLEMITE

What's that you're drinking?

BUCKY

Shirley Temples.

DOLEMITE

(smiles)

That's what I like to hear!

Dolemite pats Bucky on the shoulder (Bucky moaning in pain) as he makes his way to the stage. As he takes the mic the crowd goes nuts. Waiting for the applause to die down, Dolemite glances to the rear of the club. There, standing at the end of the bar is Urethra, looking as fine and tasty as ever. She raises her glass in a toast. Grinning, Dolemite gives her a bow before speaking into the mic.

DOLEMITE (CONT'D)

To all players, hustlers, whores,
 bull-daggers, and for downright
 real people - I want you to listen.
 Be what you are. And be the very
 best of what you are. Whatever your
 thing is make your own self a star.

(MORE)

DOLEMITE (CONT'D)

When y'all see me ridin' around here with gold handles on each one of my doors, they have the nerve to say, "That muthafucka is pimpin' whores." They call me a liar, a thief. Some of ya even call me a freak. But if all that was done behind closed doors was brought to light, there'd be a whole lotta freakish muthafuckas sittin' right out here tonight...

As Dolemite delivers his toast, we slowly...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LA GHETTO - DAY

Wayne Brady, the Director and the film crew are all gathered around Rudy Ray Moore as he finishes his story. They are quiet, attentive, transfixed.

RUDY RAY MOORE

... So what have you got to take? And what have you got to give? As long as I live the life that I love, 'cuz I love the life that I live. So I'm gonna live for today, 'cuz I'm not promised tomorrow. I want plenty of good lovin', and less pain and sorrow. So I'm gonna keep on livin' and bein' what I am, and I'm gonna be the very best at what I am. And for those that don't like it, confidentially I don't give a damn. 'Cuz I live the life that I love, and love the life that I live.

Everyone applauds, Rudy taking a gracious bow as a sweet Cadillac Eldorado convertible pulls up behind him. Queen Bee is driving, and there are a gaggle of Kung-Fu ho's in the backseat. Rudy climbs into the back, calling out:

RUDY RAY MOORE (CONT'D)

That's the REAL story. And if anybody asks you what's my name, tell 'em it's Dolemite - the baddest, pimpin' hustlin' muthafucka that ever played the game!

The Caddy pulls away. The film crew applaud, wiping tears from their eyes.

WAYNE BRADY

That was amazing! It had
everything! Drama! Romance! Pathos!
Kung-Fu ho's!

DIRECTOR

Yeah...
(shrugs)
... They'd never let us make it.

Wayne Brady nods as the Director grabs a megaphone. The cast and crew scramble into position as he yells:

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Okay! Places everyone! Take #2!
Somebody clean the dog crap off
Wayne's tap shoes! We want happy,
bouncy dancing and singing!
Everybody ready? And... ACTION!

The sappy opening song plays again as Wayne Brady once more dances down the street, spreading sunshine and love everywhere he goes. With a rap of his magical pimp cane, RAINBOW-COLORED LETTERS APPEAR, reading...

THE END