

DOLEMITE

Screenplay by:
Jeffrey Hause & David Hines

based on that classic masterpiece of seventies urban cinema:
'Dolemite'

And Characters Created by:
Rudy Ray Moore

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FALLOUT FILMS
3100 Airport Avenue
Santa Monica, CA 90405
310.572.6027 phone
310.572.6029 fax

FLIPZIDE STUDIOS
310-463-0000



"I am a spiritual, God-fearing man just playing a ghetto expressionist."

--Rudy Ray Moore

FADE IN:

EXT. LA GHETTO - DAY

Present 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-buttied girl a bigger butt. The song continues.

FEMALE CHORUS

Who's the African-American sprite
who dresses oh 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...
(looks around, discretely)
... 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
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 - IT ALWAYS LOOKS LIKE THIS

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

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.

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.

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!

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 curtseys 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

Dolemite is my name - and fuckin' up muthafuckas is my game!

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

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.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

TWELVE-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

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

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**.

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 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

He walks into the cluuub!
 He's all dressed in white!
 And now the evening's started!
 All hail 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. 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;

(MORE)

DOLEMITE (CONT'D)

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 crowd!
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 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!

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."

Queen Bee is a voluptuous 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.

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

Showgirls wearing sexy 70's-era red lingerie (satin teddies under transparent flowing robes) help Dolemite prepare for his show. 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.

Dolemite stands, snapping his fingers. The showgirls hurry from the room.

QUEEN BEE (CONT'D)

I caught this bitch Latoscha Tay 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. 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.

INT. 'TOTAL EXPERIENCE' NIGHTCLUB - SAME TIME

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. 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.

WILLIE GREEN

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.

(MORE)

WILLIE GREEN (CONT'D)

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

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 lit up your turntables
with classic 33's like '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. 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...

Dolemite performs his classic "Signifyin' Monkey" routine as the audience laughs and cheers him on.

As Dolemite finishes, the audience leaps to their feet to give him a standing ovation. (Everyone but Willie and his crew, of course.) The audience continues to clap and cheer as Dolemite exits the stage and steps up to Willie's 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

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.

(laughing)

Shii-iiit, 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...

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? 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)

Somethin' somethin' somethin' rhymes with 'green'.

Shaking his head in disgust, 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. Club patrons run for the exit, 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.

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 grinds the back of her hotpants on the hood, scrubbing it clean, then winks and smiles to Dolemite, who returns the favor.

DOLEMITE

Sweet Lord, I have been rear-ended...

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 two plainclothes cops, MITCHELL and WHITE, exit the unmarked car. 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.

(NOTE: During this scene a BOOM MIKE will drop into view at regular intervals - just as in the original film.)

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

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!

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. 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

Do you have anything to say for yourself?

DOLEMITE

I've swummed across muddy rivers and never got wet. Mountains has fell on me and I ain't dead yet. 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. Willie hands them some cash - White pulling up his jacket to reveal a change-maker on his belt, giving Willie a few quarters back.

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

Times is hard, bruthas! 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! Just look at that damn Watergate scandal. 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.

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.

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. Reverend Gibbs spots him immediately, calling out.

REVEREND GIBBS

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 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 on his heels.

REVEREND GIBBS

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

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
 I rode across the ocean on the head
 of my dick. Ate nine tons of
 catshit and ain't never got sick.

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.

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

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

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.

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.

EXT. PRISON YARD - A FEW MINUTES LATER

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

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

DOLEMITE
What do you mean?

REVEREND GIBBS
You just punched it, but it made a
kick noise. Like this...

He punches, making a SPLAP sound.

REVEREND GIBBS
A kick sound is more like this...

The Reverend kicks, making a sharp KRACK!

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

He swings, a WHISH sound cutting through the air.

REVEREND GIBBS
Now try again...

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 GUARD'... the next reading 'IS A FAT ASS'... a third reading 'MOTHERF.' He glares at Dolemite, who hands him a new plate reading, 'UCKER.'

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.

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!

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.

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. 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.

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 desk plate reads simply 'WARDEN.' Standing to one side is Blakeley, 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

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

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

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?

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

BLAKELEY

I'm Detective Blakeley, D.E.A. 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.

Blakeley 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.

BLAKELEY

He's talking about Angel Dust.

WARDEN

PCP!

BLAKELEY

Sherm!

WARDEN

Rocket Fuel!

BLAKELEY

Elephant!

WARDEN

Whacko the Walrus!

(a beat)

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

BLAKELEY

I AM a black man.

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

BLAKELEY

Dolemite, we're facing an insidious menace that threatens every black man, woman and child in the inner-city

DOLEMITE

Yeah - it's called the United States government, mutha fucka. Tell me somethin' I DON'T know.

WARDEN

Perhaps this will convince you...

The Warden steps to a filing cabinet, pulling out a giant, 3/4" videotape cassette.

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 18-pound cartridge...

He loads it in a 3/4" tape machine the size of a mini-fridge 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 President's Council On Drug Perversion Presents - THE POWDERED MENACE!'

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 the dangers of a new plague infesting our inner cities called Angel Dust or PCP.

The Warden is about to chime in with another nickname but Blakeley shooshes him.

NARRATOR

This drug formally used to
tranquilize horses...

A wild race horse in a barn suddenly falls over. We see a close up of him snoring.

NARRATOR

Is now being distributed to our
young people as a recreational drug
to get help them get "high".

The video CUTS TO a plain-looking, conservative white youth (DICK) and a similar square looking black youth (BARRY). They look like they stepped straight out of a 1950's sit-com. They are handed drugs by Al Capone-looking gangsters.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Meet Dick and Barry. Average
American teens or early twenties

In a cheap 70's RIPPLE EFFECT, their clothes become 70's hip - pants are colorful and flared, sleeves are puffy and collars are wide. They wears sweater-vests.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

What has happened to our solid and
sensible Dick and Barry. They've
become a real 'groovy dudes' and a
'way-out cats.'

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

NARRATOR

Handed out at 'discos' or 'clubs'
this drug will leave our subjects
in a deep psychotic state.

Under the influence of the drug, Dick and Barry start to shake, drool, swat at imaginary flies. They wander around the set like zombies in a 1950's horror film.

NARRATOR

If too much PCP is 'toked,' or 'bogarted,' the user will experience 'bad trips,' 'bummers' or 'freak-outs.' Side-effects include delirium, hallucinations, schizophrenia and even instances of super-human strength.

Dick and Barry tilt over a car, laughing hysterically until they are subdued by riot police with clubs. CUT BACK TO: The Narrator's office, where he leans, arms crossed, against his desk.

NARRATOR

Users commonly become delusional, spouting ridiculous theories about 'over-population' and 'an 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 as he steps to where Dick and Barry sit in straight jackets staring blankly. He smiles into the CAMERA, petting Dick's head.

NARRATOR

Remember kids just don't do it!

His grinning face DISSOLVES into an image of the HAPPY FACE. The MUSIC SWELLS, a title reading 'THE END' appears onscreen. The video ends, CUTTING TO STATIC as we...

INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE

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

DOLEMITE

I still don't know what this has got to do with me. I never sold that shit in my life.

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

BLAKELEY

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.

BLAKELEY

He's on Angel Dust now. He's just another PCP zombie.

Blakeley 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. Dolemite's eyes blaze with fury.

DOLEMITE

What mutha fucka did this?

BLAKELEY

(nods grimly)

We don't have a name - but on the street they call him 'The Man.' So far we haven't been able to uncover much about his operation--

WARDEN

--His modus operandi! The method to his madness! How he gets the drugs--

BLAKELEY

But if we can shut him down we'll see the Angel Dust trade throughout the city crippled--

WARDEN

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

(Blakeley gives him a look)

That's why we need you, Dolemite. To find out just who's flowing drugs into the city. You can infiltrate this underworld in a way no cop ever will. You're street-wise. You fit in with the criminal element. You're... well, you're black.

BLAKELEY

(frustrated)

I'M black!

WARDEN
 (condescending)
 Sure you are, Blakeley...
 (whispers to Dolemite)
 Sometimes when they go undercover,
 they get too deep...

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

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

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

BLAKELEY
 (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 Blakeley 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 hunt down Willie Green
 and send him straight to hell!

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

... 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! Word on the street is that Dolemite is getting out of the joint tomorrow. That nigga is gonna be comin' for those that set him up.

WILLIE GREEN

So?

BOOGIE

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

WILLIE GREEN

(cuts him off)

Shut your mouth!

BOOGIE

I'm just talkin' 'bout Dolemite.

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

I'm gonna have some guys shoot him.

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

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

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

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

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.

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 Blakeley's voice.

BLAKELEY (O.S.)
Welcome out, Dolemite.

DOLEMITE
Blakeley? What the hell...?

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

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

CHI
Who's the White guy?

BLAKELEY
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...

BLAKELEY
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 Blakeley tries to light
it - no luck.

BLAKELEY
Okay, 236 other options...

DOLEMITE
Man, you are wastin' my time...

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

BLAKELEY

We've also installed a special security system - it looks like 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, Blakeley gives an apologetic shrug.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

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

BLAKELEY

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

The limo peels away.

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
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
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, with three black dudes and one Italian jumping out. They wear name-tags, identifying which thug they are (THUG #1, THUG #2, THUG #3, ITALIAN THUG), and point 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.

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

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

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

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

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. 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.

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!!!!

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?

QUEEN BEE (V.O.)

Wait just a goddamn minute! I didn't give away shit! 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. Streetcorner hustlin'... S&M sex shows... COCKTAIL WAITRESSING!

DOLEMITE

(winces)

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. But you can bet Willie Green's behind it.

DOLEMITE

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...

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

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, tits and asses.

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

Anyway, as I was sayin'...

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

How you expect to pay for all that, Creeper?

CREEPER

Aw, yeah. Listen, sis, someone done beat me fo' my money. It okay if I pay tomorrow?

The Counter Girl sighs.

CREEPER

Don' look at me like dat! Every time I come aroun', you know...

(MORE)

CREEPER (CONT'D)

call the police, you think I'm
jivin'... just' do dat!

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 food. Dolemite grins at the Creeper, both amused and pitying.

DOLEMITE

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...
(laughs)
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 Blakeley 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? Have you ever heard of '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

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!

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...

EXT. 'TOTAL EXPERIENCE' NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

In FLASHBACK we see someone hand Bucky a small bag of PCP. Hidden in the shadows, we can't make out the identity of the dealer - only that he wears a huge pimp hat. Darlene watches, worried. She pleads with Bucky as the shadowy figure 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!

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.

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.

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, 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. There are whispers among my fellow street denizens that the sudden rise in PCP use is the work of a certain William Green, esquire.

Dolemite

Willie Green is 'The Man?' What do you know about his operation?

Creeper

Well - and keep in mind this may simply be specious gossip from a cadre of low-life street scum - but the Phenylcyclohexylpiperidine is rumored to be running out of, 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

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

Ain't you slow-learnin', short-bus-ridin' muthfuckas figured it out yet?

(MORE)

DOLEMITE (CONT'D)

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.

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. BLAKELEY

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

She taps the other figure asleep under the covers.

MRS. BLAKELEY

Snookums? Honeybunch? The phooone's
 fer you... sweetums?

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

BLAKELEY

Thanks, pumpkin.

MRS. BLAKELEY

Suuure, my little ofay bohunk...

BLAKELEY

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

She giggles and settles back under the covers.

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

Blakeley sighs, then speaks into the phone.

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

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - SAME TIME

Dolemite stands in a public phone booth.

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

INT. SUBURBAN BEDROOM

Blakeley sits bolt upright.

BLAKELEY
 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
 that 'The Man' is Willie Green!

BLAKELEY (O.S.)
 Willie Green! Of course. Where are
 you now?

DOLEMITE
 Can't tell you, man - right now I
 ain't in a very trusting mood when
 it comes to the fuzz, y'see?
 (MORE)

DOLEMITE (CONT'D)

But 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

Blakeley frowns, confused.

BLAKELEY

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, Blakeley climbs out of bed. Standing naked, his back to us, he glances down at his nether regions.

BLAKELEY

Damn. I AM white...

EXT. 'TOTAL EXPERIENCE' NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Dolemite approaches the club. He sneers at the sign, which now reads '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.

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...

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

CARBONITE

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.

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

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...

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

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?

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.

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?

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.

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

What's a big, strong, handsome man
like you so interested in a
cocktail waitress for? 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.

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.

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-queuent,' Dolemite.

DOLEMITE

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.

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)

Aw, forget it...

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 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.

DOLEMITE

(over and over)

Where is Bucky? Where is Bucky?
Where is Bucky?

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?

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. BLAKELEY'S CAR

Blakeley 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.

BLAKELEY

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 him are gonna be there.

BLAKELEY

(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.

BLAKELEY

I KNOW what a Player's Ball is.

DOLEMITE

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

BLAKELEY

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

DOLEMITE

Bust it up! He's got all them pimps on his payroll - we can take out his whole operation in one night. Plus it's personal.

(MORE)

DOLEMITE (CONT'D)

Willie Green has assembled an army of PCP zombies to cover the city sellin' that shit. One of 'em is my nephew, Bucky.

Blakeley looks to Dolemite uncertainly.

BLAKELEY

Where'd you get this information?

DOLEMITE

A source deep in Willie Green's operation.

BLAKELEY

How deep?

DOLEMITE

(grins)
All twelve inches, baby.

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

BLAKELEY

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

Dolemite turns to Blakeley, 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.

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

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 in full African regalia: multi-colored dashiki, mufti hat, the works. 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. Calmly removing his mufti, 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, muttering and whispering to each other as Dolemite and the Reverend exchange grins.

DOLEMITE

Reverend Gibbs is here to make you an unstoppable fighting force - the most powerful ho's this side of the editorial staff of muthafuckin' 'Cosmopolitan' magazine!

REVEREND GIBBS

I'll teach you Kung Fu, Judo, Tae Kwon Do, and Hapkido: spinning back-kicks while flying thirty-feet through the air, altering time and space... in other words, the basics.

DOLEMITE

As you know, our neighborhood has been tainted by the terrible scourge of PCP.

GINGER

Angel Dust!

VELVET

Elephant!

CHI

Hell's Talcum!

DOLEMITE

Willie Green has based his operation out of my very own club, and this CANNOT STAND! We need to storm the club, shut down the PCP operation, protect the neighborhood, and save thousands of lives. Are you girls ready?

The girls are silent.

DOLEMITE

There's fifty bucks in it for each of you...

The girls all cheer.

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. 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

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.

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 has been tricked out, 70's-style - it's dark with flashing 70's floor lighting and strobes. The dance floor is filled to bursting with all the top pimps in the city and their biggest earners. 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

Those of you who attended today's seminars on income investment, diversification, team-building, and the 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

We owe our success to three very important factors. First - PCP!

PIMP #1

Angel Dust!

PIMP #2

Sherm!

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: to ME - for supplying the PCP and this club, which we have disguised as a dance hall and call a 'discotheque.' It's dark, with blinding flashes of hypnotic lights, and loud, repetitive music that we call 'disco.'

Generic disco music begins to play, a mirrored ball spinning overhead. The Pimps laugh as Dolemite scowls.

DOLEMITE

So that's his game - the old POW torture trick: Play repetitive noises, flash bright lights and hypnotize us!

(covering his eyes)

Don't look into the disco ball, ho's! It's a trick to make you submit!

The Pimps all applaud, staring into the disco ball and grinning mechanically.

PIMPS

(in unison)

Sunshine Band good...

Parliament/Funkadelic bad...

Willie Green continues onstage, putting on dark glasses to avoid the light from the disco ball, smiling proudly.

WILLIE GREEN

(laughter from the pimps)

A perfect haven for a PCP distribution center! And we'll open more! We'll rule every ghetto, in every city, across the nation!

Cheers and whistles fill the room.

WILLIE GREEN

And our third reason for success - Brother Dolemite, who has been kind enough to grace us with his presence.

Everyone turns to Dolemite and his group. Dolemite frowns at Willie Green suspiciously.

WILLIE GREEN

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. 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

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 the girls LEAP, ala "Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon," landing behind their attackers. The Pimps are suddenly surrounded. With a battle cry Dolemite and the girls charge into the fray and begin beating back their attackers with a barrage of judo kicks and kung-fu chops.

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.

Two Pimps catch Chi, one on each arm, pulling her in separate directions. She uses her long legs to side-kick one in the ribs.

When he loses his grip, she whips around and kicks the second Pimp in the gut, then in one fluid motion reverses and high-kicks the first Pimp in the face.

Ginger faces off with a Pimp, circling each other warily. The Pimp throws a punch, Ginger grabbing his arm and breaking it with a loud CRACK!

Chi sees one of Willie's thugs charging her from behind. She pulls off her earrings and flips them toward him like Japanese shuriken (throwing stars) - where they embed themselves in his face.

Queen Bee steps forward, attempting a kick. Her stiletto heeled-shoe flies off, embedding itself in a Pimp'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.

Velvet is surrounded by Willie's thugs. She holds a Samurai sword above her head, in a defensive posture. She begins flailing the weapon about in close, perfectly-executed strokes around her body, as the men all stare in awe. Finally she stops, sword above her head in the same posture as before - as her top falls away in shreds.

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

Eight-fifty.

DOLEMITE

Can you break a twenty?

He holds up a bill, which gets SLICED in half by a switchblade. Dolemite frowns.

DOLEMITE

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

He's got an army, you have an army - this is madness, Willie.

Willie is suddenly struck by her words for peace.

WILLIE GREEN

Maybe you're right... Why are we fighting each other instead of battling the real villains - a government that marginalizes our people and leaves us to battle over territorial rights to a ghetto nobody wants to live in? Maybe we should work together for truly worthwhile goals - to ensure a better way of life for every one in the inner city...

(thinks it over)

Nah... RELEASE THE PCP ZOMBIES!!!

EXT. 'TOTAL EXPERIENCE' NIGHTCLUB - SAME TIME

Police cars race down the street, SIRENS WAILING. They SQUEAL to a halt in front of the nightclub. Blakeley's unmarked car pulls up, he and the Warden climbing out. Blakeley calls to the other cops.

BLAKELEY

Hold positions! We have reports of hostages inside. Set up a perimeter and cover the exits.

WARDEN
 (shouts over bullhorn)
 This is the police! We have you
 surrounded... You can't escape...

INT. 'TOTAL EXPERIENCE' NIGHTCLUB - 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!

A Pimp swings at Chi, who deflects the blow. Bringing her leg up, she kicks him so hard in the balls that a BULGE rises in his throat, his cheeks filling up like a chipmunk.

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?
 Now how about we have a truly
 religious experience...?

They step out the door...

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...

INT. 'TOTAL EXPERIENCE' NIGHTCLUB - SAME TIME

Dolemite looks 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 and thugs. They cheer victoriously... until Willie Green's voice cuts in over the disco music blaring on the sound system.

WILLIE GREEN

You think you've won, Dolemite? Now
face my army of hypnotized PCP
Zombies with superhuman strength!

An army of PCP Zombies appears through every doorway, surrounding Dolemite's crew. There's no escape. They stare lifelessly, their hair matted, their clothes filthy, drool dripping off their chins. Showing superhuman strength, one LIFTS the bar; Another bends Ginger's sword in half. Another rips a phone book. Another opens a foil bag of airline peanuts. They chant, hypnotized.

ZOMBIE #1

Must kill Dolemite...

ZOMBIE #2

Kill... Kill...

They inch in closer and the Kung Fu ho's charge into battle! They KICK, PUNCH, SCRATCH, but the zombies seem impervious to pain. The ho's ratchet it up to the next level. Velvet jumps high in the air - stops ala 'The Matrix' - adjusts her cleavage, and kicks a zombie. Heads fly. Limbs are sliced off.

The Angels appear, fighting as well, performing kung fu moves with their wings.

The body count rises, as dead or unconscious zombies litter the floor, lying in a circle around the ho's.

Willie and Urethra step back onto the stage, leading a dazed and drugged Bucky at gunpoint.

WILLIE GREEN

Goddamn no-account zombie
muthafuckas! Okay, Plan C...

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?

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...

Blakeley rolls his eyes - catching sight of Mitchell and White as they pull up and sneak around the back of the club.

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....

Bolting across the room, Bucky HURLS himself through the window, which SHATTERS as he flies through. Dolemite cries out in anguish.

DOLEMITE
 Buckyyyyyyyyyy!!!

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. The ho's all leap high again - only this time hitting their heads on the overhanging stage lights, falling unconscious. Dolemite sighs.

DOLEMITE
 It woulda been good to get the ho's
 a second lesson...

Dolemite suddenly SPINS and KICKS, knocking the gun out of Willie's hands (without actually touching him). Willie sneers, stretching and cracking his neck, then preparing to battle. He PUNCHES Dolemite (without actually touching him), knocking him back ten feet! He knows Buff Fongu, too!

Dolemite rubs his jaw, impressed, as Willie smiles. Standing ten feet apart, they bow... Then start to PUNCH and KICK to loud CRACKING and SMASHING noises, in a fight that moves to every table, stairwell, stool and bathroom in the club. What follows is a choreographed ballet of shit-kicking Martial Arts action! Holes are PUNCHED through walls! Lampshades SMASHED TO BITS! Toilets STOMPED TO RUBBLE! Chairs CHOPPED APART! (All without actually touching them.)

Dolemite finally knocks Willie to the floor, where he lands right next to his gun. He grabs the pistol, leveling it at Dolemite.

WILLIE GREEN

Give it up, Dolemite! You've lost!

DOLEMITE

(defiant)

Lost? 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.

Not to be outdone, Willie tries to answer with a rap of his own.

WILLIE GREEN

With this gun... I will shoot yo'
ass. Somethin', somethin',
somethin'. Somethin'-somethin'
FAST!

DOLEMITE

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.

Willie tries to answer back, losing confidence. As he speaks Willie doesn't notice Urethra's hand closing on a loose board leaning against the wall.

WILLIE GREEN

I'll shoot this thing at yo'
head... Somethin', somethin',
somethin' that rhymes with 'head.'

Grabbing the board, Eurethra SWINGS it at Willie's arm, KNOCKING the gun from his hand. Dolemite doesn't miss his chance - he holds up a hand, which SHAKES threateningly, making his Martial Arts noise, and lunges at Willie, THRUSTING the hand into his body! Willie screams as Dolemite cries out triumphantly.

DOLEMITE

'Dead.'

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

Okay, maybe I got a little carried away.

(looking around)

Bus boy!

He drops the heart into the cart of a passing Busboy, who SCREAMS. Dolemite turns to Urethra.

DOLEMITE

I thought you were "just a whore."

URETHRA

What, you never heard of a whore with a heart of gold?

They start to embrace, but she wants nothing to do with his bloody hand.

URETHRA

Back off, sucka! I may have a heart of gold, but Willie didn't, so you need to wash that funk off before you start--

She stops as a voice rings out behind them.

WHITE (O.S.)

--Holy fucking shit!

Mitchell and White stand near the bar, staring at the carnage.

MITCHELL

We got you now, Dolemite. Red-handed. Literally.

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, Chi spins and does a full roundhouse kick, knocking the gun out of the Mitchell's hand, then follows with a hitch-kick to the chin. Mitchell, dazed and confused, thinks he must be hallucinating.

MITCHELL

Ow! What the hell is going on?

What's going on is a world class ass-kicking, courtesy of a kung fu ho. He drops and she knees him in the face.

CHI

The same S&M beat-down you always
pay fifty dollars for, only now I'M
getting the pleasure, mothafuckah!

Mitchell grabs a bottle off the bar to hit Chi, but Ginger leaps into the air, delivering a neck-snapping reverse roundhouse. He doesn't stand a chance. A flying side kick sends him flying backwards into White, knocking the gun out of his hand, too! White collapses with Mitchell, looking dumbfounded (not hard for White), as the ho's grab their guns.

WHITE

Why do we always fall for the 'turn-
your-stable-of-hookers-into-an-army-
of-kung-fu-ho's-to-battle-PCP-
zombies-with-superhuman-strength'
bit?

Mitchell and White stand groggily and freeze at the sound of a GUN COCKING behind them. Blakeley steps up, his pistol pointed at their heads.

BLAKELEY

Officer Mitchell, Officer White -
you're under arrest.

MITCHELL

On what charge?

BLAKELEY

Well, we'll start with being on
Willie Green's payroll...
(drops a baggie on the
floor by Mitchell)
... And what's this that fell out
of your pocket? Angel dust?

MITCHELL

Hey that shit was planted! It'll
never hold up in court!
(groans)
What am I talking about? It ALWAYS
holds up in court...

Mitchell and White drop their guns as Blakeley pulls out a
set of handcuffs and cuffs them together.

WHITE

I can't believe it. Busted by a
fellow cop. A WHITE cop!

BLAKELEY

I'm black, you born-insecure, rat-
soup eatin' muthafucka!

Stepping offstage, Urethra sidles up to Dolemite.

URETHRA

So. What're you gonna do now?

A big smile crosses Dolemite's face.

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, my soon-to-
be-Uncle Dolemite.

BUCKY

Terrific Shirley Temples tonight!

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

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.
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.

(MORE)

DOLEMITE (CONT'D)

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 PULL BACK to see the AUDIENCE toasting him back with a CHEER. WILLIE GREEN'S SPECTRAL GHOST, the CREEPER'S GHOST and the GHOST OF THE PIMP WITH QUEEN BEE'S HEEL STUCK IN HIS FOREHEAD hover over the stage and each raise a glass... Higher up, GOD and his ANGEL BITCHES then salute with golden goblets...

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

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!
Angel Bitches! 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

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

The screenshot shows the top of the The Hollywood Reporter website. At the top left is the THR logo. A banner for EarthShare.org is visible. The navigation bar includes Home, Film, TV, Reviews, Blogs, Photos, Videos, Awards, Events, Music, and Tech. Below this is a secondary navigation bar with News, Reviews, Special Reports, Columns, Boxoffice, Production Charts, Risky Business, Showbiz 411, Heat Vision, and Berlin.

The main article is titled "Fallout takes on 'Dolemite' redo" by Carolyn Giardina, dated March 19, 2007. The article discusses the acquisition of rights to remake the 1975 blaxploitation film "Dolemite" by Bill Fishman. It mentions that the film will be produced by Warren Zide and directed by Bill Fishman from a screenplay by Jeff Hause and David Hines. The article also notes that Rudy Ray Moore will executive produce and have a role in the remake.

On the right side, there is an advertisement for the film "MAKARI" featuring a woman with a lollipop. Below the advertisement is a section titled "THE HOLLYWOOD REPORTER ON DIGG" with a "POPULAR TODAY" list. The list includes items like "This Club Owner Is My Hero (pic)", "William Shatner Will Play The Dad In 'Shit My Dad Says'", "The Russian Curling Team Is HOT (pic)", "LOST Fans Refuse To Watch Leaked Footage", and "'Avatar' Sequel Already In The Works".

-----Original Message----- >

Fwd: SNOOP DOGG - 6/26 Show (DOLEMITE Confirmation)
 Sat, Jun 9, 2007 3:40 pm
 (Bigbillfishman@aol.com)
 To: you

Jeff,

Rudy will be playing Snoop's party. We want to set up some meetings with the script before that. Will you funny men have a script on Mon or Tuesday? and when can we meet up?

Best,

Bill F

>Donald-

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>Per our conversation, we are confirmed at \$2,500 (all-in)
 >for Dolemite to open up and host Snoop's show at the Henry
 >Fonda Theatre on 6/26 in Los Angeles.

>Our Production Manager - Ricky Palomino will reach out to
 >you regarding the event.

>Thanks Again...

>Daiana Kim || Office of Brent Smith || WILLIAM MORRIS
 >AGENCY || P:310-859-4299 || F: 310-248-5729 ||One William
 >Morris Place - Beverly Hills, CA 90212||

-----Original Message----- >

Re: Dolemite .PDF
 Mon, Jun 25, 2007 9:04 am
 From: (Bigbillfishman@aol.com)
 To:you Details

Jeff, Can you change out the title page to read below:

DOLEMITE

Screenplay by:

Jeffrey Hause & David Hines

Based on that classic masterpiece of seventies urban
 cinema: 'Dolemite'

And Characters Created by: Rudy Ray Moore

Third Draft 6/25/07

Contact: Bill Fishman / Warren Zide
 FALLOUT
 3100 Airport Avenue
 Santa Monica, CA 90405
 310.572.6027 phone
 310.572.6029 fax
 Registered WGAW

-----Original Message----- >

Subject: You guys have a cleaner draft to email me?
 Sun, Jun 24, 2007 12:38 pm
 Warren Zide (warren@flipzidestudios.com)
 To: you

Have a studio already into it. Need it as a pdf. Asap. Time
 to roll and get your script made

Warren Zide (CEO)

Flipzide Studios
 310-463-0000
 "If we win an Academy Award we did something wrong"

-----Original Message----- >

From: Bill Fishman <bill@falloutent.com>
 To: Jeff Hause <jhause@aol.com>
 Cc: Donald Randall <randellnetprods@yahoo.com>; Warren Zide
 <warren@flipzidestudios.com>
 Sent: Tue, 3 Jul 2007 2:35 pm
 Subject: Fwd: Jimi, Dolomite

This from the friendly folks at Sam Goldwyn!
 Begin forwarded message:

... First and foremost the script is absolutely hilarious. Jeff Hause and David Hines are very successful at creating a vivid world that is somehow believable. The jokes are spot on and I think that this character has the ability to capture the attention of a new audience. The potential here reminds me of the Austin Powers franchise - or Ice Cube's Friday. Glad to hear you have interest from a studio, though I'm not surprised. Keep me apprised of your progress. If for some reason you go through production and post without a distributor let me know and we'll touch base again. Going on vacation for the rest of the week but I'll be back on the 9th.
 Best Wishes! Tristen

-----Original Message----- >

From: Steve White <wardenwhite2@earthlink.net>
 To: jhause@aol.com
 Cc: wardenwhite@earthlink.net
 Sent: Fri, 6 Jul 2007 10:33 am
 Subject: Re: Dolomite

Jeff- sure, of course. I am going to ask Dave to handle agenting the deal. Why don't you call Dave on Monday July 9 to give him the details and where to contact Warren Zide. They both know each other. I think that's the best way to do it.
 Look forward to reading, always like to laugh.

Best
 Steve

-----Original Message----- >

From: David Warden, Warden,White and Associates
 [mailto:wardenwhite@earthlink.net]

Sent: Monday, August 13, 2007 5:27 PM
 To: Warren Zide
 Cc: jhause@aol.com
 Subject: Dolemite by Jeff Hause and Dave Hines

Dear Warren: This will briefly outline the deal for the
 above screenplay, written by our clients Hause and Hines,
 based upon a character created by a third party. Neither
 writers represent they have any claim or ownership in the
 character of Dolemite, and have written the above script on
 spec.

You had asked about an option on the screenplay, and I would
 propose a 12 month option for a fee of \$2500, renewable for a
 second year for the same amount. The first option would be
 applicable against the purchase price, the second would not.

Upon the financing of the film or setting the material up
 with a third party financing source, the writers would
 receive the amount of \$15,000, which would be applicable
 against the eventual purchase price.

The writers would be entitled to first opportunity to do any
 rewrites of the material, upon set up of their screenplay, at
 a fee to be determined, but in no case, less that applicable
 WGA minimum.

The purchase price of the script would be based on 2.75% of
 the all in cash budget of the film, with a floor of #150,000
 and a ceiling of \$350,000. However, if the budget of the
 film exceeds 15 million, the writers would be entitled to an
 additional \$10,000 per million over the fifteen, up to an
 additional \$150,000. They will also be entitled to 5% of
 100% of the net profits from all sources.

It is understood that both writers are members of the WGAW,
 and as such they will be covered under the terms of the WGA
 MBA, including but not limited to sequels, remakes,
 television and DVD/home video royalties.

I think this briefly outlines the agreement, and is meant to
 cover the shopping of the screenplay until financing can be
 obtained. Obviously, I look forward to your comments and
 more formal documentation as the project progresses. I am
 forwarding a copy to the client(s) as well, in case there are
 any points that have been overlooked. If there are, I will
 be in touch immediately.

Best regards,
 Dave Warden

-----Original Message----- >

RE: Dolemite by Jeff Hause and Dave Hines
 Fri, Aug 17, 2007 1:27 pm
 Warren Zide (warren@flipzidestudios.com)
 To: you + 2 more Details

Dave, I agree with everything except the floor and need
 advice. What if we make the movie for 3mm which I am
 considering? \$150,000 is 5% of the budget. Please advice.
 All else is great and agreed to.

-----Original Message-----

Subject: I think we found the "young" dolemite
 Mon, Aug 20, 2007 3:22 pm
 From: (Bigbillfishman@aol.com)
 To: you + 3 more Details

Name is Bobbe J from Tracy Morgan show. He's hilarious

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PU7_JyQxPkw

-----Original Message-----

Re: Dolemite by Jeff Hause and Dave Hines
 Wed, Aug 22, 2007 12:02 pm
 David Warden, Warden,White and Associates
 (wardenwhite@earthlink.net)

To: you Details

Jeff: Thanks for the update. I'll give Warren a call to get
 this on a faster track. Best, Dave

-----Original Message-----

From: jhause@aol.com
 Sent: Aug 19, 2007 10:15 PM
 To: wardenwhite@earthlink.net
 Cc: dbhlne2@netzero.net

Subject: Re: Dolemite by Jeff Hause and Dave Hines

Dave:

Just got a call from director Bill Fishman (on Sunday) saying
 he met with Snoop Dogg, and he's agreed to play Dolemite,
 FYI.

Jeff

-----Original Message-----

David Warden, Warden,White and Associates
 (wardenwhite@earthlink.net)
 To: you (Bcc) + 1 more Details

Warren: I was out of town for a long weekend and for some reason your reply was in my suspect email box--I think it was that my email to you didn't have the studios part of your other address---thank has now been corrected. As far as the floor for the script, the price was a reflection of the guys having done all the work on spec, thus eliminating the development nightmare, and so was not meant to reflect the 2.75%. I will talk to the guys about this and see if they have a problem with a lower floor, but I think even at 3 million, the floor shouldn't be any lower than 125. Speak to you on Monday.

Best, Dave

-----Original Message-----

In a message dated 2/9/08 9:52:30 PM, dbhlne2@netzero.net writes:

Hey, Bill.

Thought I'd check in and see what (if any) effect the WGA strike ending'll have on Dolemite. What is going on with Dolemite, anyway? Last I heard Jeff said Zide sent Xenon a copy of the script, which was maybe not such a smooth move. But he also said Jerry Jones had signed off with you guys. All of which means... well, I don't know what it means. So I figured I'd ask.

Oh, and I saw Snoop on Larry King Live. I don't know if anything we come up with will be funnier than Larry King trying to rap to "New York, New York."

Dave

-----Original Message-----

Re: WGA... Dolemite...Wha...?
 Mon, Feb 11, 2008 11:42 am
 From: (Bigbillfishman@aol.com)
 To: you + 1 more Details

Yes, not so smooth.

In short - the Bad:

Warren never got a deal from Xenon
 Warren owes me 6k of back rent and is off the project
 Xenon lawyers are criminals and have sent us a cease and desist letter (yet still have not shown us one shred of paper

to back up their scurrilous claims) *

In short - the Good: *

It's not your fault (for once) *

I am trying to get Paradigm (Snoop's agents) on a conf call this week. *

I am trying to get Marc Berg as a new producer on this *

"Praise be He who is all things to all people" *

Bill Fishman (in an attempt to sound holy) *

-----Original Message----- *

AUTHOR'S NOTE: At this point, it was learned that Xenon had SEVERAL deals in place, and were favoring a straight action movie with L.L. Cool Jay playing Dolemite as a Shaft-like detective. (Which of course had nothing to do with Dolemite.) *

In a message dated 2/11/08 4:01:32 PM, dbhlne2@netzero.net writes: *

Bill - *

Ah! That IS unusual! It's like a cool breeze on a hot day. *

Sorry about the whole Zide thing... or maybe not. I had a naive thought: Do you think Xenon might be running a bluff in an attempt to garner an offer to partner on any eventual film project? If they're all bluster and no proof, that possibility comes to mind. *

Good luck with Snoop and Berg. Keep us posted. *

Dave *

-----Original Message----- *

Re: WGA... Dolemite...Wha...? *

Mon, Feb 11, 2008 4:21 pm *

From: (Bigbillfishman@aol.com) *

To: you + 2 more *

They have always said they wanted to make a deal but now they have changed their tune. It may be a negotiating ploy for sure, but they're scum none the less. *

IN OTHER HAUSE /HINES NEWS - we had dinner with Charlie Murphy who love 'Exorcist Squad' and is trying to get it budgeted and financed. *

bf *

-----Original Message-----



Rudy Ray Moore as the title character in "Dolemite" (1975), a cult classic among aficionados of blaxploitation movies. (Xenon Entertainment Group, via Photofest)

Rudy Ray Moore, 81, a Precursor of Rap, Dies

By DOUGLAS MARTIN, 'New York Times'

Published: October 22, 2008

Rudy Ray Moore, whose standup comedy, records and movies related earthy rhyming tales of a vivid gaggle of characters as they lurched from sexual escapade to sexual escapade in a boisterous tradition, born in Africa, that helped shape today's hip-hop, died Sunday in Akron, Ohio. He was 81.

The cause was complications of diabetes, his Web site said.

Mr. Moore called himself the Godfather of Rap because of the number of hip-hop artists who used snippets of his recordings in theirs, performed with him or imitated him. These included Dr. Dre, Big Daddy Kane and 2 Live Crew.

Snoop Dogg thanked Mr. Moore in liner notes to the 2006 release of the soundtrack to Mr. Moore's 1975 film, "Dolemite," saying, "Without Rudy Ray Moore, there would be no Snoop Dogg, and that's for real."

Most critics refrained from overpraising "Dolemite," with the possible exception of John Leland, who wrote in The New York Times in 2002 that it "remains the 'Citizen Kane' of kung fu pimping movies." The film, made for \$100,000, nonetheless became a cult classic among aficionados of so-called blaxploitation movies — films that so exaggerate black stereotypes that they might plausibly be said to transcend those stereotypes.

Very little of Mr. Moore's work in any medium reached mainstream audiences, largely because his rapid-fire rhyming salaciousness exceeded the wildest excesses of even Redd Foxx and Richard Pryor. His comedy records in the 1960s and '70s – most featuring nude photographs of him and more than one woman in suggestive poses – were kept behind record store counters in plain brown wrappers and had to be explicitly requested.

But Mr. Moore could be said to represent a profound strand of African-American folk art. One of his standard stories concerns a monkey who uses his wiles and an accommodating elephant to fool a lion. The tale, which originated in West Africa, became a basis for an influential study by the Harvard scholar Henry Louis Gates Jr., "The Signifying Monkey: A Theory of Afro-American Literary Criticism."

In one of his few brushes with a national audience, Mr. Moore, in a startlingly cleaned-up version, told the story on "The Arsenio Hall Show" in the early 1990s. Other characters he described were new, almost always dirtier renderings in the tradition of trickster stories represented by Brer Rabbit and the cunning slave John, who outwitted his master to win freedom.

Mr. Moore updated the story of an old minstrel show favorite, Peetie (which he changed to "Petey") Wheatstraw, aka the Devil's Son-in-Law and the High Sheriff of Hell. Others in his cast were Pimpin' Sam and Hurricane Annie. Mr. Moore became a master at "toasting," a tradition of black rhymed storytelling over a beat in which the tallest tale – or most outlandish insult – wins.

Rudolph Frank Moore was born on March 17, 1927, in Fort Smith, Ark., where he was soon singing in church. He moved to Cleveland at 15, found work peeling potatoes and washing dishes and won a talent contest. He was drafted in 1950 and performed for his fellow soldiers as the Harlem Hillbilly, singing country songs in R&B style.

After his discharge, he resumed his pre-Army act as the turbaned dancer Prince Dumarr. He made some records as a singer under the name Rudy Moore, doing songs like "Hully Gully Papa," who liked to "coffee grind real slow."

His life changed in 1970 when he found himself listening to the stories of Rico, a regular at the record store in Hollywood, Calif., where Mr. Moore worked.

He was particularly captivated by Rico's rude, rollicking stories of Dolemite, a name derived from dolomite, a mineral used in some cements.

Mr. Moore perfected the Dolemite stories in comedy routines, most of which he recorded, then spent all his record earnings to make the movie "Dolemite." A sequel, "The Human Tornado," followed. A second sequel, "The Dolemite Explosion," also starring Mr. Moore, may be released later this year.

Fallout Entertainment bought the rights last year to remake the original movie. Bill Fishman of Fallout said some of Mr. Moore's famous lines would be used.

Mr. Moore is survived by four siblings; his daughter, Yvette Wesson, known as Rusty; and his 98-year-old mother, Lucille.

Violent scenes in Mr. Moore's movies included a man's guts being ripped out by another character's bare hands in "Dolemite." Almost none of the dialogue in any of his movies can be printed in a family newspaper, not to mention the language of his more than 16 comedy albums - or even many of their titles.

But what is probably his most famous line is also his most typical:

Dolemite is my name
 And rappin' and tappin'
 That's my game
 I'm young and free
 And just as bad as I wanna be.

-----Original Message-----

Re: Rudy Ray Moore Mon,
 Oct 20, 2008 6:46 pm
 From: David Hines (dbhlne2@netzero.net)
 To: you + 2 more

"... So I'm gonna live for today, 'cause 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. 'Cause I live the life that I love, And love the life that I live."

Rest In Peace, Rudy.