

Soldier Kingdom
An Original Treatment
By A.D. McCoy 2010

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A.D. McCoy

"Soldier Kingdom"

FADE IN:

EXT. OAKLAND WAREHOUSE-NIGHT

We see a new International MXT "Extreme" Truck parked inside the dimly lit warehouse. The black truck is "tricked out" with yellow lights along the running board that blink in sequences. Hidden behind its front and back fenders are green neon lights that spill onto the immediate area of the truck. The massive rims are chrome.

We also see a pair of black H2 Hummers on either side of the truck. Their windows are all tinted black. The Hummers have their park lights on.

We see the big metal double doors to the warehouse is closed. Two black men dressed in black leather jackets and black jumpsuits with gold zippers are guarding the door. They slowly open the doors. We see a gray Shelby Mustang creep into the warehouse. It is a hard top with tinted windows as well. It is followed by two red Dodge Magnums, all windows tinted.

The guards close the warehouse doors with a distinct finality that echos throughout. All vehicle doors open and its occupants all exit. From the MXT exits the driver, NINE LIVES. He is a broad-shouldered 30 year old black man dressed in Hip camouflage gear. His eyes are intelligent, his moves are confident, his demeanor suggests a quiet danger. He likes to smile, even when deadly serious. He walks with a glass cane and a slight limp. His passenger, FEATHER, is a carmel-skinned beauty with hazel eyes that are deadly serious. Her long, silky black hair is in a ponytail. She wears a matching camouflage outfit.

Four black men exits each Hummer. They are dressed identical to the Door Guards. They are "strapped" with some wicked-looking short barreled assault weapons.

The driver of the Mustang is a brutish white guy with piercing blue eyes and closely cropped blond hair. He is NELSON "GOODYMAN" GOODE, Sgt. Detective of the Anti Crime Unit of the Oakland Police Department. He likes to dip Skoal tobacco and spits a lot. His passenger is GEORGE "GEORGIE BOY" ANDREWS, a tall, powerfully-built black man. He too, is a cop. Two white cops exit each Magnum. They are all dressed in their own street clothes.

Two of the Magnum cops goes to the back of one of the Magnums, opens the back, and roughly yanks out a black captive, JON JON. His white t-shirt is bloodstained. He is cuffed and has a dark hood over his head. He hits the ground hard and groans in agony. Nine disapproves.

NINE

Hey! Back the hell up!

He nods to his Hummer men and two of them retrieves Jon Jon. Nine removes the hood from his head and is disgusted by the unnecessary gash over his eye. All eyes are now on Jon Jon. Nine meets his eyes and "smiles" at Jon Jon. Desperate for understanding, and even forgiveness, Jon Jon tries to plead his case.

JON JON

Nine---man, hear me out--

NINE

(mockingly)

Nine---man, hear me out--

Nah, ex loved one, you hear

me out! You betrayed this love
of ours. You crossed over...

You know it, we know it, hell,
even God knows it! But you know
what? I ain't even mad at you.

Disappointed? Of course. Sad, even?

Affirmative. But hey, the choices we
make can either bless or curse us.

And in your case...damn, Jon Jon.

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JON JON

Nine, listen--I let greed get the best of me. I-I wasn't satisfied with just workin' for you---

NINE

Working for me??! Man, there is no ME! Just Us! SK, baby! You know how we get down. You know the business. You know this is a marriage, yet you chose divorce. And what for, Jon Jon?? A lousy five grand?! We wipe our asses with that!!

Nine stares intently at Jon Jon, who drops his injured head in defeat. Sgt. Goode clears his throat to get Nine's attention.

NINE

(to Jon Jon)

Hold that thought, and don't go anywhere.

Nine turns his attention to Goode.

NINE

(false cheeriness)

Nelson "Goodyman" Goode! Hood cop extraordinaire. Oakland PD's finest. More crooked than rattlesnake tracks in the hot desert sun! How in the hell are you? And Georgie Boy, you're looking...shameless.

Goode stares at him with those hard blue eyes, not trying to conceal his contempt for this black smart ass who doesn't know his place. Electricity now fills the air. Goode has been "dissed" , in front of his men, no less, and they don't like it. Nine and his men don't give a damn.

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There is a strong exchange of energy between both groups. Feather steps in front of Goode and eats his eyes with her own eyes.

FEATHER

(sniffing)

Hey, you guys smell that? It's the sickening stench of testosterone!

She then plays like she wants to puke. This breaks the intensity. Goode laughs dryly. Feather steps away and joins Nine. She thumps his ear.

GOODE

Is Feather the only one who can keep you in check, Nine?

NINE

First of all, nobody puts or keeps me in check. I'm good at self-governing. But as long as she keeps that bomb ass pus---

Feather playfully threatens him with a karate chop gesture.

GOODE

So, I brought your Judas. And I brought you ten more kilos, flown straight from the jungles of Colombia...

NINE

On one of those DEA planes you have access to? Must be nice.

Goode gives him that "look" again but lets it go. He nods to one of his men who then retrieves a bulletproof vest from the back of the other Magnum and tosses it to Nine.

GOODE

And 25 top-of-the-line double kevlar body armor...they'll stop an AK 47 round at close range. The troops in Iraq don't even have these. It'll give you and your boys a distinct advantage in your ongoing beef with Kongo and his degenerate thugs.

Goode spits a stream of tobacco juice on the ground, emphasizing his apparent hatred for the man named Kongo.

NINE

You really hate that man, don't you?
And speaking of "degenerate thugs",
how do you feel about crooked cops?

Goode gives him another "stare" but this time with a little smirk. Georgie Boy is visibly agitated.

NINE

Hey, I'm not judging, necessarily.
Dirty cop, thug, predator, parasite...
it's all relative. Where else in
America but the black community can
a white, and yes, black cop too be
psychopathic as they wanna be, with
impunity and a good 401 K? Hey, one
man's American Dream can be another
man's nightmare. And we wouldn't dare
insult you by expecting you to truly
protect and serve, which is why I have
no problem doing business with you.
It is what it is. Anyway, I asked for 50
vests--you owe me 25 more, Sarge.

GOODE

My source can only produce 25 at a time without raising suspicion at distribution. I'll have the other 25 next week...is that acceptable?

NINE

Guess it's gonna have to be. Now, back to Kongo. Yes, we have beef. He shed some innocent blood of ours, and no doubt, it will be addressed, but what's your beef with him?

GOODE

Are you kidding me?? As if you don't know the son of a bitch is a cop killer! One of my guys was killed in a drug raid on one of his drug houses.

NINE

As I understand it, Kongo was out of town when that happened. And three of his boys lost their lives in that so-called "raid"? I hear it was more like an extermination. But three lives for the price of one? I'd say you came out on top.

GOODE

He was a good fuckin' cop! Only 28 years old. He had a wife and twin sons!

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NINE

Would this be the same "good cop" who shamelessly shook down petty street hustlers and planted drugs on others? The same "family man" who exploited his perverse power to arrest in order to obtain sexual favors from hood rats and hungry ho's? Just curious...

Feather hands Nine a gym bag who then tosses it to Goode. He opens it and we see it's filled with banded stacks of hundred dollar bills. He smiles.

GOODE

You know what they say about curiosity... They call you Nine Lives, but you are far from a lucky cat.

FEATHER

Oh, ye of no faith at all. Here's a Man, born with no heartbeat, pronounced stillborn, turned cold in the arms of a hysterical mother, was resurrected in the morgue, and screamed his way out of a baby's body bag.

NINE

I wouldn't say "screamed"...more like yelled for somebody to get me the hell out of there.

FEATHER

And what about at age two, when he was left unattended, carrying his tricycle up the stairs to mama's unkept apartment, and fell through the railing, 12 feet, head first, to only end up with a little bruise, huh?! And there is more!

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GOODE

(to Nine)

Okay, so you got your own personal Historian to go along with your Guardian Angel--who must have been on vacation the day you started needing to walk with a cane...

NINE

I beg to differ. Remember big Vandy Carson? Well, he had this chick he was crazy about but the feeling wasn't mutual. She was instead sprung on me, being such a handsome jock and all. Vandy, on the other hand, was this overweight, out of shape, smoke ham goblin', wannabe baller. The dude caught up with me one day after football practice with some of his boys. Apparently, his girl tried to make him jealous by telling him that I was bangin' her all the way to Bangkok! I never touched her. But he wasn't trying to hear it. And fat boy couldn't see me head up, so they beat me down and put a bullet through my kneecap instead of my head. That was the end of my sports career, but the beginning of true capital gains in another area of commerce, ya dig---
Nine Lives!!

Feather and all of Nine's men say in unison, "Respect the Name!"

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GOODE

Impressive. I remember Big Vandy...
They pulled him out of Lake Merrit,
gutted like a fish...legs blown off
at the knees. An obvious grudge killing.
I wonder who would do such a thing?
Anyway, I found your Judas at the
airport...had a one-way ticket to Miami.
I hear the weather's beautiful all year
'round...ain't that right, Jon Jon?

All eyes are again on Jon Jon. He concedes his fate in silence. Goode produces a gym bag from his front seat and tosses it to Nine, who opens it and sees the bricks of kilos. He gives it to one of his men who puts it up.

GOODE

Well, this concludes our business...
contact me when you have more goodies
for the Goodyman. I'm off to make more
crooked rattlesnake tracks in the hot
desert sun...you're a funny guy sometimes.
Jon Jon, see you when you come back as
a butterfly--

Georgie Boy

(squeaky voice)

Or a cockroach!

Goode and Georgie laugh as they get back into the Mustang. The Magnum men do the same. The doorman opens the door and Goode's crew roll out. The door slams shut. All attention is back on Jon Jon.

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NINE

Well, that's a wrap. Feather, read this foolish soul his wrongs against the Soldier Kingdom...and finalize this divorce.

Nine turns and gets into his truck. Feather steps up to Jon Jon. She is joined by all of their men. We hear the truck's engine start. It rumbles powerfully.

FEATHER

One, you took our love for granted when you took money from us, including yourself. Two, you foolishly thought you could get away with it...what were you thinking?? Three (truck engine roars), you bit the powerful yet loving hand that fed you.

Every "count" hereinafter is punctuated with an engine roar. Feather's voice also becomes stronger with each declaration.

FEATHER

Four, you accepted our love and our laws, and you became one of us, and we loved you. Then you betrayed us. And betrayal is a most hated thing...Five, you made us sad. Six, you made us mad! Seven, you let greed kill you! Eight, you let stupidity kill you! Nine---you let you kill you! Ten, we are now divorced!!

They all point weapons at Jon Jon. Feather has a chrome 9mm with pink pearl handle. The truck engine roars continuously now. We see the black and deadly holes to all the gun barrels, as with the fierce eyes of its owners. Jon Jon, head bowed, eyes closed, raises his head, eyes open slowly. We suddenly hear multiple gunshots.

EXT. JUICE BAR-DAY

We see the front entrance of a neighborhood juice bar, on a corner street in East Oakland. There's a sign above the entrance that says, "The Kall".

INT. THE KALL

We see a handsome black man standing in front of a mic on a small, low stage. We see only his upper body. He is looking down. He lifts his head. He has a neatly trimmed mustache and beard. He is TYRIS, a passionate poet and owner of The Kall. The audience is not yet seen. He recites one of his poems.

TYRIS

What is this thing called Love among men?
Your loved one today...tomorrow, do him in!
The closest ones to you can be the ones who do you.
Like Cain took the sword, Abel, and ran it through you!
And beware of those quick to flash the smile.
Like a kiss from Judas, yet plotting all the while.
On this Black side of life, things can be so cold,
Where it becomes a blessing when a brotha grows old.
When rockin' graveyards and prison cells,
We got that number one spot!
What ever happened to "No Child Left Behind",
And a "chicken in every pot"?!
And don't point to Oprah or Diddy,
claimin' things done really changed...
When the vast majority still have hunger pains!
Yet I believe God answers all prayers,
but some times the answer is "No!"
He who calls the shots is He who runs the show.
So, stay true to yourselves, and govern your own hearts,
and know that we are all,
our own works of art... Thank you.

Tyris humbly steps away from the mic. We hear strong applause. We now see the interior of the Kall. We see a small audience of black men and women equal in number. They sit at small round tables, many of which have glasses of juice beverages, open books, and writing pads. The interior is dimly lit. Candles and incense burn all around. The Kall is a very cozy and intimate place.

There is a juice bar to the far right of the stage. Tyris exits the stage and goes to the bar. A young beautiful woman is behind the bar. She sits a glass of red juice on the counter. Tyris thanks her. There are platters of cut fruit along the bar counter. A young black man comes up and greets Tyris with a hug. He is VIZ.

VIZ

Yo, Tyris! Man, you puts it down!
Thanks for sharing that piece with us.

TYRIS

What's up, young Viz?

Tyris looks him over.

TYRIS

Where's the horn?

VIZ

It's in the car.

TYRIS

Man, go get it and bless us! I got
poetry with words. You? You got the
same with music. I'd hate to ever
pit my words against your horn...
You would smash me!

VIZ

Nah, Black Man...you do what you do.
I do what I do. And they both weigh
heavily on the scale of soul-stirring
talent...

TYRIS

Daaamn! That was kinda poetic...I like that!

VIZ

Like that? Well, I got something else you
should like...how 'bout we never pit our
talents, but blend them. How 'bout I grab
my horn, do my thing while you do yours
and see what kind of baby we create?

TYRIS

...man--bet!

VIZ

Aight...be right back!

Viz goes to get his horn. Tyris takes a deep drink of his juice and returns to the stage. He addresses the audience who are having quiet conversations.

TYRIS

Brothers and Sisters, did you enjoy my
last poem? (They did) I usually don't
do rhyme scheme, but sometimes I do.

They acknowledge him positively. Viz comes to the stage with his saxophone case. He opens it and prepares to perform. He has a well-kept gold alto sax.

TYRIS

You all know Viz, or "Vision"...
His mom named him that because she
had high expectation for her only child,
and he doesn't appear to be disappointing.
See what happens when you give your kid
a powerful name?

Smiling, Viz feigns a blush.

TYRIS

Well, this young brotha suggested that I
blend my words with his horn, and see
what kind of baby we'd create...and we
ain't even married!

The audience enjoys the joke. Viz places a hand on Tyris' shoulder, steps back and starts to pipe out a rich, melodic, rhythmic, jazzy tune. Tyris bobs his head to the "poetry" of Viz's horn. Tyris steps up to the mic, feeling the groove.

TYRIS

Brotha hold on...brotha hold on.
Brotha, be strong in these times of
harsh winds...
Sistah hold on...sistah hold on, as you
always have been, my backbone...
And God up above, look down upon your
children. The Salt of the Earth...
The Originators. The Creative. The
Innovators...the often despised.
Are we not blessed and curse in the
same breath? Are we not loved and hated?
Feared and embraced? Haven't we been
through the wine-press of many sorrows,
yet still we press on?

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TYRIS (cont'd)

And sweet Black child...born to a world
that cares less and expects little from
you. Born with the weight of your beautiful
hue...heavy enough to crush hope and shatter
dreams. Yet you are so strong and resilient...
as if you really had a choice. A meat-eater
from birth. Swim, baby boy, swim! Swim, baby
girl, swim! Your heart beats with the pulse
of the universe. Because you are The Drum of
the people. The child in us all longs for
the sweet and care-free, but struggle and pain
rapidly wisens or spoils or blinds...
But only when we touch and boldly examine
our own souls, truly befriending our own
spirits, will we find that inner peace.
And only then can we truly love and in
turn be loved... Thank you.

Tyris steps away from the mic and allows Viz to do his thing. The audience are enraptured. Viz completes his song. We see some women are emotionally touched. No applauses, just appreciative faces for being blessed with such a moving piece. We hear the clapping of a single hand. We now see Goode, Georgie Boy, and two of the Magnum men standing at the far end of the bar.

GOODE

How touching...Shakespeare in the hood.
How can a white "brotha" get a cold beer
up in here?

TYRIS

(walking towards them)

Man, you know better than that--we don't do
alcohol at The Kall...nothin' but freshly
juiced fruits and veggies here.

Everyone raises their glasses of juice and say, "Juice!" in unison. Goode is obviously annoyed.

GOODE

Well, how about drugs? Crack, pot, ex, heroin...got any of that around here? How about that boy there with the horn? His pupils look dilated from way over here.

Viz stares at him with dagger-throwing eyes.

TYRIS

That Man, as with everyone who steps through that door knows my rules and respects them. No drugs, no weapons, no disrespect...no kind of static, whatsoever allowed. This is one place where urban dwellers can come and safely chill.

GOODE

Is that right?

TYRIS

That's right. And I know you may have a problem with that. It eats you up to see Black Folks in a peaceful atmosphere. But I'd expect nothing less from an uptight, insecure, narcissistic cowboy thug with an overseer complex!

GOODE

Well, it sounds like someone was reading more than just Black Tail while in prison.

TYRIS

I often wonder what you hood cops would do if brothas decided to stop doing all so-called crimes against the penal code for just a month.

VIZ

He'd probably be a bottomless waiter at a gay bar!

This gets a laugh from the audience. Goode and Viz exchange death stares.

TYRIS

And you, Georgie Boy...you're just a rootin', tootin', step-n-fetchin' good ol house boy, ain't you? Man you can always find one---

Georgie Boy

What!? You think you better than me??!
You get out of prison a coupla years ago, got you a little punk ass hole in the wall, serving carrot juice and reading poetry?!
What kind of soft shit is that anyway??
You turn gay in prison or somethin', boy??

Now it's time for good and his boys to enjoy the humor.

TYRIS

And the obedient dog joyfully wags his tail as his master scratches behind his dirty ear...
We know you, Chicken George! Remember, we grew up with you. You were never respected, which is why you became a cop. An attack dog with his balls in another man's pocket!

Georgie lunges towards Tyris. He's stopped by Goode and his men. Tyris is amused.

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TYRIS

You're too tense, Georgie Boy. Let me hook you up a special concoction that's good for releasing tension, and will keep you regular at the same time... You know, keep all that shit off your mind...

GOODE

Come on, we got traps to check.

They all turn to leave.

GOODE

See you around, Tyris...

Georgie Boy

One of these days, punk!.....

TYRIS

We look forward to it... Peace.

Everyone in The Kall says, "Peace" in unison.

EXT. GHETTO APARTMENT BUILDING-DAY

We see Goode and Georgie at a door on the ground floor of a two-story apartment building. Goode knocks then opens the door. They step inside. We see a black seven year old, KEVIN, sitting in front of a small B & W TV, watching cartoons. The apartment is sparsely furnished. There's a two year old toddler seated on a sofa, sucking a bottle, indifferent.

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GOODE

What's up, Kevin?

KEVIN

What's up, Goodyman.

Georgie Boy

Whatcha watchin', Kev?

KEVIN

What it look like, bruh?

GEORGIE BOY

Smart ass--where's yo mama?

KEVIN

I ain't knowin'.

GOODE

She knew I was coming over...
did she leave anything for me?

Kevin, still watching TV, picks up a paper bag beside him and gives it to Goode. He opens it. It's a fat roll of currency. He counts it.

GOODE

This is a hundred short--what the fuck!

KEVIN

Watch your language in front of the kids.

GEORGIE BOY

Kid?? Man, how old are you now, 25? 30?

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KEVIN

Old enough to know I don't want to be
nothin' like you when I grow up!

Goode snickers. Georgie is annoyed.

GOODE

Well, tell Ebony when she gets home
that she owes me a hundred bucks.

Goode and Georgie leave. Kevin digs into his pocket and produces the
missing hundred. He counts five 20 dollar bills.

KEVIN

Suckas!

The toddler takes the bottle out of his mouth and laughs. We see Goode
and Georgie get into the Mustang.

GEORGIE BOY

Ol Ebony been selling dope for us 6 months
now, and her fingers finally gets sticky, huh?
I thought she knew better.

GOODE

She does...but that little fucker in there
doesn't. Can't trust anyone these days,
especially the cute little kids.

GEORGIE BOY

Well, son of a bitch! Little Kevin jacked
us, huh?!

Georgie opens the door to go retrieve their money. Goode grabs his arm.

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GOODE

Let it go. It's just a hundred bucks.
Next time we see him, he'll probably
have on some new sneakers, or some
other urban fashion statement. Let him
follow his course all the way to prison,
where his dear daddy now resides.

GEORGIE BOY

Yeah, maybe they can be cellies!

They laugh.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX-DAY

We see a large, gated apartment complex. It is the Soldier Kingdom stronghold. We see armed black men on the roof tops. They all have on transceiver headsets. From the vantage point of the roof, we see a shiny dark purple Chrysler 300 C drive up to the iron gate entrance. The windows are tinted black. The rims are 22 inch chrome & black Diablo "Shafts". The passenger door opens vertically. Feather steps out for security to identify her. There are guards at the gate. They have pitbulls and German shepherds on leashes. Feather is wearing tight-fitting black shorts (with purple trim) and matching top that shows off her muscular stomach. She also wears black driving gloves. The gate opens electronically. She gets in, leaving the door open, blaring Bob Marley's song, "War".

As she cruises past the apartments, there is no one to be seen. The grass is deep green and manicured throughout. The apartments are well-kept and clean. She turns into a massive parking lot (devoid of cars) where 200 soldiers are waiting for her. They are all dressed in black Nike shorts, sleeveless shirts, and Nike sneakers. They all have on black leather gloves. They all have bald heads.

A.D. McCoy

Feather exits her car, music off. She looks over all these young, beautiful, black soldiers. She is pleased. From this group of soldiers, someone with a loud, raspy voice yells, "Suyafu!" The soldiers all respond by separating into four groups of 50, in square formation. Left standing in the middle of the square is an older, well conditioned, dark-skinned man with his shirt off. His bulging muscles gleam in the noon day sun. He is her Lieutenant, OYE (Oh-yay). Feather, suppressing a smile, joins Oye. They greet each other.

OYE

(raspy-voice)

Salaamu, Captain.

FEATHER

Salaamu, Lieutenant Oye. How was your trip to Jamaica?

OYE

(mimicking patois)

Lawd a mercy, dem Sistren and Bredren,
wit dem fya in da spirit, break da
bread, and dem love we so!

Feather smiles. She hugs him.

FEATHER

I missed you. You make me laugh.

OYE

Ah, shucks...I missed you, too.
You're like the militant daughter
I never made...oh, I brought you
a gift.

Oye does a little tribal-like dance over to one of his soldiers. They enjoy his antics but maintain their soldierly composure. It is obvious that Oye is loved and respected. He is handed some very long dreadlocks bound together by red string. Oye presents them to Feather. She takes the severed dreds.

OYE

He never knew what happen, Captain.
He thought he had escaped the long arm
of the Kingdom. Kongo is now without
his right hand. By the way,
did High Command issue clearance
to move on him yet?

FEATHER

Nope. He's still important to some people apparently.

OYE

Man---

FEATHER

Nine has a meeting today,
which is why he can't join us.

OYE

Mama Doc?

FEATHER

Yep. Anyway (checking watch), it's ten minutes
before noon...machine in motion in five
minutes. You run calisthenics, I'll run the berpies...

A.D. McCoy

While still looking at Feather, Oye begins to chant loudly in some African tongue. There's a "Call & Response" between Oye and the soldiers. It's a beautiful display of discipline and cadence. The men stomp their feet, clap twice, and jump high, all in unison. This lasts only briefly. Feather now barks a command to the soldiers.

FEATHER

Top half!

They all remove their shirts and present their muscular torsos for inspection. Feather, joined by Oye, inspects their men for any signs of body fat. As Feather goes down the line, she punches a hard gut here, pounds a shoulder there, pinches a fat-free waist, bumps against a hip, tugs on an earlobe, tweaks a nipple, sniffs a neck, and ends with slapping a firm butt. She is satisfied. Feather can now address her soldiers.

FEATHER

Kingdom?!

ALL SOLDIERS

Sir, Captain Feather, sir!

FEATHER

Looking good, Kingdom!

SOLDIERS

Feeling good, Captain Feather, sir!

FEATHER

Can't stop!

SOLDIERS

Won't stop!

FEATHER

Will not!

A ;D. McCoy

SOLDIERS

Be stopped!

FEATHER

Who are we?!

SOLDIERS

Soldier Kingdom!

FEATHER

Who are we??

SOLDIERS

(louder)

Soldier Kingdom!!

FEATHER

Fear who?!

SOLDIERS

None but God! No man, no men!

No fire, no storm! None but God!

FEATHER

What?!

SOLDIERS

None but God! None But God!

None but God, Sir!!

Feather pauses to drink in the energy. Her eyes openly declare that she is truly proud to be a part of this strong family.

A.D. McCoy

FEATHER

Machine on track!

With precision and timing, all soldiers quickly lift their left knee in line with their hip. They then slowly bring it down and pause an inch above the ground. They then all begin running in place.

SOLDIERS

On track, Sir!

INT. DRUG HOUSE-DAY

We see KONGO sitting at the small dining room table. He is holding a white poodle in one arm. He is a powerfully built black man. His muscles strain against his black leather jacket. He is clean shaven. His head is bald except for a long braid on the side of his head. He is hungrily eating a big bowl of Captain Crunch cereal. The poodle just looks on. There is an empty gallon milk jug on the table. Kongo is examining the cereal box. He finishes the last spoon of cereal, picks up the bowl, and drinks the milk. He finishes with a satisfied "Aahh".

KONGO

Good ol' el Capitan Crunch. The only white man I ever trusted and felt good about...well, I liked Mr. Rogers--RIP. He was aight for a gringo...don't you think, Puppet?

We now see the interior of the small house. Puppet, a bound and gagged hispanic male, is seated on an old couch across from the dining room. We see a dead hispanic male on the living room floor. His head resting in a pool of blood. We also see another dead hispanic male in the hallway leading to the two bedrooms. His body is twisted in such a way as to suggest that he was trying to run. His white t-shirt is soaked from his own blood after taking three shots to the back.

A.O. McCoy

KONGO

Oh, my bad...you can't talk with that dirty sock in your mouth. Well, I tried to find a clean one, but I guess you guys don't do laundry. And apparently, no grocery shopping. All you had in the fridge was a half gallon of milk, beer, and a jar of pickles. And now you're out of cereal.

We hear the toilet flush. From the back, KENYATTA, one of Kongo's men enters the living room, after stepping over the dead body in the hallway.

KONGO

Kenyatta...did you wash your hands?
Cleanliness--Godliness, manchild.

Kenyatta returns to the bathroom to wash his hands.

KONGO

(to Puppet)

Youngsters. So, you're still not gonna tell me where the stash is hidden, huh? It would really save us time.

Puppet responds with defiant eyes.

KONGO

Alright. A soldier to the end. I can respect that...no matter. See this precious little poodle here? Her name is Beyonce. She's a very talented bitch---

The poodle barks in protest about being called a bitch.

A.O. McCoy

KONGO

But that's like a clinical term for a female dog, girl.

The dog barks some more.

KONGO

Alright, I won't call you that anymore. You're too damn sensitive...what a b--

The dog bears its fangs.

KONGO

(to Puppet)

As you may know, dogs have a sense of smell 5,000 times stronger than humans. So it was only right to train her to sniff out drugs, currency, explosives, and human flesh. Why a poodle? (Proudly) Because she represents my conquered fear. See, when I was a little boy, there was this 'hood poodle that used to always chase me on my way from school. You know how a dog's eye seems to have that eerie glow when the light hits it a certain way? Well, when I saw that for the first time, it freaked me out! It didn't matter the size of the dog then. To a kid used to nightmares, this was some kind of demon dog. And it smelled my fear and proceeded to punk me on the regular. That is until I finally confronted my fear with the help of a baseball bat! Man, I bashed that little bastard's head in til those demonic eyes popped out! Bam! That's for making me scream like a little girl!

A.D. McCoy

KONGO (cont'd)

Bam! That's for making me pee on myself!
 Bam! That's for making me holler for my
 slutty, dope fiend mama! Bam! You hear me
 now?! Bam! You hear me now?!

KENYATTA

(returning)

Kongo--you aight, Big Homie?

Kenyatta, Puppet, and the poodle look at Kongo like he's lost his mind...again.

KONGO

I'm cool. I'm alright...sorry Beyonce,
 you know I'm still working through
 some things.

Kongo sits the dog down.

KONGO

Go get it, girl!

The dog runs to the back rooms and sniffs around. Finding nothing, it returns. It sniffs around the sparsely furnished living room. When it gets to the couch and obviously finds something, she rolls on her back, and exposes her belly to be scratched. Kongo joins her and begins scratching her belly.

KONGO

Good girl, Beyonce, good girl.

Kenyatta joins Kongo at the couch.

A.D. McCoy

KONGO

(to Kenyatta)

Help Puppet find another seat.

Kenyatta helps Puppet to his feet, He then walks him over to the dead body on the floor, and shoves him down beside the body.

Kongo searches the cushions on the couch, but doesn't find anything. He looks over at Puppet, who is able to finally spit the sock from his mouth.

PUPPET

(to Kongo)

Pinche loco mayucha! You know who you fuckin' with?!

KONGO

Mayucha...that's a spanish term for "black stinkbug" or something like that, right?

Kongo reaches into his pocket and produces a big buck knife. He whips out the blade with a quick flick of the wrist. He cuts into the couch while still "conversing" with Puppet.

KONGO

But it's meant to be derogatory to Blacks, pretty much like the word "nigger", am I right? Ah-ha!

Kongo finds the bricks of cocaine he was looking for. He congratulates Beyonce, and starts to remove the bricks. Kenyatta whips out his cell phone, presses a speed dial, and says, "Bring it." Kenyatta then produces a bag for Kongo.

A.D. McCoy

As Puppet mumbles curses in spanish, the front door opens. Two black men wearing dark clothing enters, carrying two 5 gallon plastic gas cans each. One man stays in the living room while the other goes to the back, pouring gasoline throughout. He leaves his empty gas cans.

Kongo loads up all the 15 bricks of cocaine. He stands, knife in hand. Kenyatta secures the coke. Kongo is followed by the poodle as he kneels beside Puppet.

KONGO

Now, just for the record: yes, I do know who I'm fuckin' with. I know you're Familia. I also know that you're moving these bricks for Goody-klan and Georgie Bitch! This already makes you my enemy, but then you're also selling this shit on my turf! That's two strikes, when I only need one. Yastuvo!

Kongo swiftly cuts Puppet's throat, then wipes the blade on Puppet's shirt as he watches his death dance. Kongo picks up his dog and walks out the front door. He is followed by Kenyatta and the finished "gas man". The other gas man pours out his gas all around the kitchen and living room and generously on the bodies. He also leaves his empty cans. He produces a small incendiary device and places it on the gas-soaked floor. He then leaves.

We see Kenyatta is behind the wheel of a black Ford Expedition SUV. Kongo is his passenger. The gas men trail them in another SUV. Kongo has the remote to the planted incendiary device. As they pull away, he presses the button and the house explodes in flames.

EXT. KINGDOM STRONGHOLD-DAY

We see all the soldiers doing military calisthenics, "Berpies". They are in four groups of 50, in square formation. They are all gleaming with sweat. They are in sync and loudly count out in cadence.

We see Feather and Oye also sweating. They are within the square. Every time the soldiers complete a set, Feather and Oye does their set. They do this two more times. After Feather and Oye do their final set, the soldiers all yell, "Machine!" The soldiers now all place their hands behind their backs. Feather addresses her men.

FEATHER

My beautiful, fierce, fiery spirits,
I belong to You!

SOLDIERS

And we belong to you, Sir!

FEATHER

I will kill for You!

SOLDIERS

And we will kill for you, Sir!

FEATHER

I will die for You!

SOLDIERS

And we will die for you, Sir!

FEATHER

Fear who??

A.D. McCoy

SOLDIERS

None but God! No man, no men!
No fire, no storm! None but God!

FEATHER

Mutali!

All soldiers kneel down on one knee, heads bowed.

FEATHER

This completes another beautiful
machine. The body is indeed a
machine. It is a weapon. It is
a temple which we do not pollute
or disrespect! We are all committed
to our own survival. We all come
from the same harsh realities...
Yet this fiery circle that we
operate in is only for the chosen.
WHO...AM...I???

SOLDIERS

The Feather that guides the Arrow!

FEATHER

And who is the Arrow?

SOLDIERS

We are, Sir!

FEATHER

And who is The Bow that points the Arrow?!

A. D. McCoy

SOLDIERS

Our beloved General, Nine Lives!
May he live long and strong, and
if not, may he die with great honor.
May we all do so, Sir!