

QUEEN & SLIM

Written by

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INT. DINER - NIGHT (SOMEWHERE IN OHIO)

We're in the kind of place that feels like everyone should know your name. But they don't. Families frequent this spot when they've fallen on hard times. It's practically empty on this boring Thursday. SERVERS drop off hot plates while ELDERLY PEOPLE sip cheap coffee at the counter.

Our focus is directed toward a BLACK MAN and a BLACK WOMAN sitting in a small booth in the back.

The MAN: has a slender frame and a laid back demeanor. He's not a fan of rocking the boat or ruffling feathers, but he ain't no punk either. For the purpose of this story we'll call him SLIM.

The WOMAN: She's regal as fuck, and sometimes that causes her to look down on peasants. She's not an easy laugh and she's always waiting for the other shoe to drop. For the purposes of this story, we'll call her QUEEN.

Not unlike most first dates there are long silences and forced small talk.

The WAITRESS quickly drops off their food and walks away without uttering a word. Queen examines the spread.

QUEEN

Didn't you ask for scrambled eggs?

SLIM

Yeah.

She clocks the two sunny side up eggs on his plate.

SLIM (CONT'D)

It's all good.

QUEEN

No, it's not.

SLIM

It's just eggs.

QUEEN

I have a thing about that.

SLIM

Eggs?

QUEEN

No, about people not doing their job well.

SLIM

She's got four kids and an alcoholic husband at home. She's doing the best she can.

QUEEN

How do you know that?

SLIM

She comes through my line every Sunday, yelling at her kids and giving me a stack of coupons. She can never find her Costco card so I always let her use mine so she can get the discount.

QUEEN

That's nice of you.

SLIM

Can I ask you something?

QUEEN

I don't know, can you?

SLIM

May I ask you something?

QUEEN

Sure.

SLIM

What took you so long to respond?

QUEEN

I didn't realize that much time had passed.

SLIM

I sent you a very well crafted message three weeks ago. I spell checked it and everything and got crickets. Then today, out of the blue, you hit me up asking if I wanna grab dinner. What changed?

QUEEN

I had a shitty day.

SLIM

What was so shitty about it?

QUEEN

The state decided to execute my client.

Queen says that as if she were giving someone the logline to her least favorite movie.

In an instant Slim loses his appetite.

SLIM

I didn't even know that was still legal.

QUEEN

It is in 31 states. And Ohio happens to be one of 'em.

SLIM

I'm sorry.

QUEEN

Me too.

(then)

Normally, I'd just go home and have a glass of wine. But I didn't feel like being alone. Not tonight.

Slim can't tell if this is a cry for help or a proposition.

SLIM

You didn't have any friends or family you could call?

QUEEN

No.

SLIM

So you turned to Tinder?

QUEEN

What's wrong with that?

SLIM

A lot of things.

Slim sips his soda.

SLIM (CONT'D)

Why'd you pick me?

QUEEN

I liked your profile picture.

SLIM

Word?

QUEEN

You had this sad look on your face.
I felt sorry for you.

SLIM

Damn.

QUEEN

I didn't mean for that to sound
shady.

SLIM

Well it did.

Then --

SLIM (CONT'D)

My dad took that picture of me. It
was the same day my girlfriend left
me for a dude with a better car.

QUEEN

Then why'd you make it your profile
picture?

SLIM

Cause I don't have that many photos
of myself.

QUEEN

Why not?

SLIM

I know what I look like.

QUEEN

Pictures aren't just about vanity.
They're proof of your existence.

SLIM

My mother and father know I'm here.
That's enough.

The idea of not having to prove oneself to the world is so
foreign to Queen it renders her speechless.

In the midst of her silence - Slim clocks her untouched
Caesar Salad.

SLIM (CONT'D)

Are you gonna eat that?

QUEEN

Yeah, I just haven't gotten to it yet. I'm a slow eater.

SLIM

I see.

QUEEN

You can have some.

Slim eats off Queen's plate as if this were a third date rather than their first.

SLIM

They always use just the right amount of dressing.

QUEEN

Do you really like this place or is it the only spot you could afford?

SLIM

It's black owned.

She wasn't expecting that answer. Queen can appreciate this small token of righteousness.

QUEEN

Too bad they couldn't get your order right.

SLIM

White restaurants fuck up too.

QUEEN

Touché.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - AN HOUR LATER

Slim tries to create a vibe by playing some neo-soul music. Which is regular soul music with a hint of patchouli.

He keeps looking down at his phone. Checking the directions.

QUEEN

You shouldn't text and drive.

SLIM

Ain't nobody texting. I'm making sure I don't get lost.

She grabs Slim's phone from his lap.

QUEEN

I can tell you how to get to my hotel.

SLIM

Give me my phone!

QUEEN

Relax. I'm gonna give it back.

SLIM

You gon' tell me where to turn?

QUEEN

Yeah.

Queen points left.

SLIM

Oh so now you gon' point the directions?

QUEEN

I'm telling you where to go.

Slim is visibly annoyed. Queen starts sifting through his Apple Music library. Queen sees that HE'S CREATED A PLAYLIST FOR THEIR CAR RIDE TO AND FROM THE RESTAURANT. This amuses her. Slim notices she's uncovered his secret.

SLIM

Why you going through my playlists and shit?

She smiles.

QUEEN

Did you like "In a Sentimental mood" before or after "Love Jones"?

SLIM

I knew about that shit way before "Love Jones."

QUEEN

Don't lie.

SLIM

Okay - I fucked with it more after I saw the movie.

QUEEN
I appreciate your honesty.

Then --

SLIM
What you doing tomorrow?

QUEEN
I'm packing my bags and getting the fuck outta here.

SLIM
You just gon' leave?

QUEEN
That's what usually happens when I'm done with a case. I pack up and go find another one.

SLIM
What kind of life is that?

QUEEN
I don't know, but it's mine.

SLIM
So what happens tonight?

QUEEN
You're gonna drop me off and you'll go home, I guess.

SLIM
Oh.

QUEEN
Did you think we were gonna have sex?

Slim is embarrassed.

SLIM
No. I don't know.

QUEEN
I needed some company, but not that kind.

Slim takes his phone back from Queen causing him to SWERVE a bit. Then he SWITCHES LANES without signaling.

Just as he starts to pick up speed. He hears a horrifying sound. WOOP WOOP. Every black person's worst nightmare.

We hear a robotic voice muffled through a loud speaker: "Pull over. That corner right there."

Slim's heart starts to race. Queen's heart beats at its usual speed.

The POLICE OFFICER steps out of his car and makes his way to Slim's door.

He motions for Slim to roll down his window. He does.

The Police Officer aims the light directly in Slim's eyes. Slim quickly shields his face so he can see what's in front of him.

POLICE OFFICER
Put your hand down.

He does as he's told.

QUEEN
He only had it up because you were shining a light in his eyes.

POLICE OFFICER
I'm just trying to see inside the vehicle.

QUEEN
It's just us.

POLICE OFFICER
License and registration.

Slim reaches for his wallet.

SLIM
I'm grabbing my wallet.

POLICE OFFICER
I can see that.

QUEEN
(under her breath)
Well, y'all like to shoot first and ask questions later.

POLICE OFFICER
Do you have something you wanna say to me?

QUEEN
No, sir.

Slim hands over his license. Slowly. As he reaches over to rummage through his glove compartment his hand accidentally grazes Queen's thigh. He's not being fresh. Just nervous. He finally finds his crumpled up registration and hands it over.

POLICE OFFICER

Do you know why I pulled you over?

SLIM

No, sir.

POLICE OFFICER

You forgot to use your signal back there. And you swerved a bit.

Queen shakes her head.

SLIM

Oh, my bad.

The Police Officer takes Slim's license and registration and slowly walks back to his squad car.

CUT TO:

INT. SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS

The Police Officer talks to his DISPATCHER.

On his dashboard we see a PHOTO. It's a picture of his WIFE and KIDS.

The Kids are TWIN BOYS. They both have blonde hair and green eyes. They're completely unaware of how privileged their lives will be simply because they were born white and male.

The Wife is a bored brunette whose dreams are no bigger than her backyard.

DISPATCHER

Whattya got?

POLICE OFFICER

Black male. Mid-twenties. He's with a black female early thirties. He changed lanes without signaling. He seemed to be driving a little erratically.

DISPATCHER

Is he under the influence?

POLICE OFFICER
I don't know yet. I might have him
do a breathalyzer just to be safe.

DISPATCHER
Let me know if you need anything.

POLICE OFFICER
Will do.

CUT TO:

INT. SLIM'S CAR - NIGHT - SAME TIME

Slim and Queen sit in silence while they wait for the Police
Officer to return.

They look like two children awaiting their punishment.

QUEEN
Do you have any warrants?

SLIM
Really?

QUEEN
Do you?

SLIM
Nah, I ain't got no warrants.

QUEEN
Do you have any weapons in the car?
Any narcotics?

SLIM
I got a pocket knife in the glove
compartment.

QUEEN
That's fine.

SLIM
I know it is.

The Officer finally walks back to the car.

POLICE OFFICER
Will you step out of the vehicle,
please?

QUEEN
 (under her breath)
 Shit.

SLIM
 May I ask why, Officer?

POLICE OFFICER
 No you may not. Can you step out of
 the car?

Before he gets out of the car Queen and Slim lock eyes. He doesn't know Queen very well, but he can tell she has the spirit of Nat Turner wrestling inside of her.

Slim steps out and puts his hands on the roof of the car. The Police Officer proceeds to search him, aggressively.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)
 You got any sharp objects in your
 pockets I should know about?

SLIM
 No, sir.

POLICE OFFICER
 Any illegal substances?

SLIM
 No, sir.

POLICE OFFICER
 What about in the vehicle?

SLIM
 No, sir.

CUT TO:

INT. SLIM'S CAR - PASSENGER SEAT - SAME TIME

Queen's left knee bounces uncontrollably. Her chest goes up and down.

She plays with her phone. Spinning it around. Flipping it in between her dainty fingers. She's trying to distract herself.

Queen looks in the rearview mirror and sees the Police Officer interrogating Slim on the side of the road.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The Police Officer finishes patting Slim down.

POLICE OFFICER
Have you been drinking tonight?

SLIM
No.

Slim laughs.

POLICE OFFICER
Why is that funny?

SLIM
Cause I don't drink.

POLICE OFFICER
Do me a favor, pop the trunk.

SLIM
Why?

POLICE OFFICER
Because I asked you to.

Slim hesitates.

SLIM
Ain't nothing in there but some
shoe boxes.

POLICE OFFICER
Let's see 'em.

SLIM
Okay.

Queen HONKS the horn in an effort to get the Police Officer's attention.

POLICE OFFICER
Can I help you?

QUEEN
Do you have a warrant?

POLICE OFFICER
Ma'am, he's already agreed to the
search. So I don't need one.

Slim pops the trunk.

He was telling the truth. The only thing in his trunk are a bunch of sneakers. Consumerism is his only vice.

Slim feels vindicated and violated at the same time.

SLIM

Told you.

QUEEN (O.S.)

Can we go now?

The Officer's cheeks turn bright red.

He starts opening all the boxes one by one. He's hoping he'll find something, but he doesn't.

Slim goes to close the trunk, which startles the Officer. He PULLS OUT HIS GUN and AIMS IT AT HIM.

POLICE OFFICER

Don't make any sudden moves!

Slim raises his hands.

SLIM

I was just closing the trunk.

POLICE OFFICER

Get on the ground and put your hands behind your back.

SLIM

Are you serious?

POLICE OFFICER

Now!

Slim does as he's told.

The Officer keeps the gun pointed at the back of Slim's head. Slim looks like he's about to cry.

Queen can't take this anymore. She GETS OUT OF THE CAR.

QUEEN

Is he under arrest?

The Officer turns around and AIMS HIS GUN AT HER.

POLICE OFFICER

Ma'am, get back in the vehicle!

He then tilts his head and talks into his walkie.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)
This is Officer Reed requesting
back up.

QUEEN
Officer, I can assure you I'm not a
threat to you and neither is my
date.

POLICE OFFICER
Ma'am if you don't get back in the
car I'm gonna have to arrest you
too.

QUEEN
I'm happy to get back in the car,
but would you mind telling me why
you're arresting him?

POLICE OFFICER
Get back in the vehicle now!

QUEEN
I'm reaching for my cell phone --

POLICE OFFICER
Keep your hands where I can see
them!!

QUEEN
I have the right to record this
arrest.

Queen REACHES in her pocket.

Officer Reed AIMS HIS GUN AT HER and FIRES OFF TWO SHOTS.
BOOM! BOOM!

The first shot misses her, but the SECOND SHOT PIERCES HER
STOMACH. She collapses to the ground. And hits her head on
the pavement hard.

Slim SCREAMS for her. He tries to stand, but Officer Reed
SLAMS his chest against the pavement.

Officer Reed and Slim roll around on the ground for a few
seconds. Until Officer Reed finally pins Slim to the ground
and points the gun at his face.

OFFICER REED
Don't move!

Officer Reed sees Queen trying to get up. He points his gun
at her again, but Slim quickly KNOCKS it out of his hand.

When the gun goes flying - Officer Reed reaches for it. Slim reaches for it as well and luckily gets to it first.

Queen is on the side of the road gasping for air.

When Slim turns around he sees Officer Reed LUNGING toward him.

Slim fires the gun. BOOM. Slim shoots Officer Reed in the chest. Killing him instantly.

Queen muffles her own scream.

Officer Reed's lifeless body lies on the pavement. A pool of blood quickly forms around him.

Queen applies pressure to her fresh wound and slowly rises to her feet. Slim gets up and runs to her side.

SLIM

Oh fuck.

QUEEN

I think I'll be okay.

She clocks the dead Police Officer.

QUEEN (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

SLIM

No.

Slim puts Queen's arm around his neck. Helping her stand.

She uses her free hand to take the gun from Slim and gently shoves it in his pants.

It's his gun now.

Queen turns to face Officer Reed's squad car. The headlights are still on. Giving the small CAMERA on the DASHBOARD a perfect view of her face.

QUEEN

Let's go.

Slim looks at her for a long beat.

SLIM

We just gon' leave him here?

QUEEN

Yes. We have to leave now.

Slim walks Queen back to the car. The engine is still purring. He helps her into the passenger seat.

Slim walks around to the other side and gets in the driver's seat. Still in shock.

As they drive off into the darkness all we hear is the static filled radio coming from the squad car.

MALE VOICE

Officer Reed? Officer Reed, do you still need back up? Officer Reed, do you copy?

As we hear sirens far off in the distance, we --

CUT TO:

OPENING CREDITS

INT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Slim drives faster than his car is used to going. No music is playing. They're no longer wrapping up a date. Now they're fugitives, on the run. And one of them is wounded.

Slim has no idea where they're going. Neither does Queen. He's just driving. Aimlessly.

SLIM

You're bleeding a lot.

QUEEN

I'll be okay.

Slim looks at her wound.

QUEEN (CONT'D)

Don't worry. Everything is gonna be okay.

SLIM

How?

QUEEN

I don't know.

SLIM

You should've stayed your ass in the car.

QUEEN
So this is my fault?

SLIM
You should've just let me handle
it.

QUEEN
If I didn't interject you'd be dead
right now.

Slim SLAMS his hands down on the steering wheel.

SLIM
I'm definitely not getting into
heaven now.

QUEEN
That's what you're worried about?

SLIM
Where we going?

QUEEN
I don't know. Just keep driving.

The severity of what they did starts to sink in.

SLIM
Fuck! We have to get you to a
hospital.

QUEEN
No! They'll arrest us. We can't.

SLIM
Then here -- take my jacket at
least.

He takes off his jacket and hands it to her. She balls it up
and presses it against her lower abdomen. It hurts like hell.

QUEEN
Shiiiiit!

Slim says "okay" a million times. He goes to pull over. Queen
stops him.

QUEEN (CONT'D)
Don't pull over! We can't give the
cops a chance to catch up to us.

SLIM

Look, get the pocket knife from my glove compartment and try to get the bullet out.

QUEEN

Hell no.

SLIM

You have to. I also have a small bottle of bourbon under the seat.

She looks at him with judgmental eyes.

QUEEN

I thought you didn't drink.

SLIM

I don't. My cousin stole that from a hotel and left it in my car.

QUEEN

I can't do this.

SLIM

You don't have a fucking choice. I don't want your blood on my hands too.

She can tell from the base in his voice - he's serious. Slim reaches over her again and grabs the pocket knife. He hands it to her.

Queen takes a big deep breath.

SLIM (CONT'D)

You're stronger than you think.

QUEEN

I think I'm pretty fucking strong.

Queen lifts Slim's bloody jacket from her stomach and raises her shirt. Luckily the bullet isn't that deep. She can see it sitting just below her flesh. Taunting her like white kids used to taunt Ruby Bridges.

SLIM

Are you sure you don't want me to pull over?

QUEEN

Yes, I'm sure. Just keep driving.

She knows the quicker she does this the better. So before Slim can say another word she's SHOVED the knife into her stomach.

She lets out a blood curdling scream. Queen misses the bullet by an inch.

SLIM

Oh my God!

QUEEN

Shut up!

She tries again. The second scream is even worse. The good news is she gets closer to the bullet.

Blood starts to stream down her legs.

Slim opens the bourbon and hands it to her. She pours it onto her open wound. This time she bites her lip and tries to sanitize the area.

She lifts the half exploded bullet out of her stomach and stares at it.

SLIM

Throw it out the window.

QUEEN

No, it could have my fingerprints on it.

Queen puts the bloody bullet in the glove compartment. She picks up Slim's soaked jacket and puts it back on the wound in an attempt to stop it from bleeding.

It doesn't work.

SLIM

You need some bandages.

QUEEN

Just keep driving. I'll be fine.

SLIM

You're the opposite of fine. You have a hole in your stomach.

QUEEN

I know that.

SLIM

I killed a fucking cop. They gon' lynch my ass when they find me.

QUEEN

Then lets make sure they don't find us.

SLIM

What if he was wearing a body cam?
Or had a camera in his car. This
shit bout to be all over the
fucking news.

Slim grabs his phone.

SLIM (CONT'D)

I gotta call my dad.

Queen snatches his phone and tosses it out the window. She
chucks hers as well.

SLIM (CONT'D)

What the fuck are you doing?

QUEEN

We can't call anybody. It'll make
them accomplices.

SLIM

You could've just said that shit.
Now we ain't got no phones.

QUEEN

A cellphone is nothing but a
tracking device anyway.

Slim is shell shocked as Queen tries to take deep breaths.

SLIM

I feel like I'm about to throw up.

QUEEN

Please don't. Cause if you throw up
then I'm gonna throw up and it's
gonna get real ugly up in here.

Slim leans his head out the window.

He lets the fresh air wash over his face like Holy Water. It
doesn't wash away his sins, but it does keep his nausea at
bay.

For now.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - TWO HOURS LATER

The car speeds down an empty road.

CUT TO:

INT. SLIM'S CAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Queen starts to fall asleep while Slim continues to drive. His eyelids are getting heavier by the second.

The fuel in his car is running low and there's not a gas station in sight. Eventually exhaustion gets the best of him and he falls asleep at the wheel.

He DRIVES THE CAR off the road. Crashing into a ditch.

Queen hits her head on the dashboard.

CUT TO:

EXT. DITCH - NIGHT

Slim climbs out of the car and checks on her.

QUEEN
What happened?

SLIM
I fell asleep.

Queen stumbles out of the car, holding her wound, and looks around. They're on an empty highway. Nothing but grass surrounding them.

SLIM (CONT'D)
I'm gonna push.

QUEEN
By yourself?

SLIM
You can't do shit.

QUEEN
When I'm healthy I have pretty good upper body strength.

Slim pushes the car as hard as he can. It doesn't move.

Slim gets in the driver's seat and tries to drive it out. That doesn't work, but it does move the car closer to the street.

He pushes the car again, this time with more success. Eventually he gets the car back on the road.

Queen gets in the driver's seat this time.

QUEEN (CONT'D)
Come on, I'll drive.

SLIM
I'm on e.

QUEEN
I'll drive slow until we see a gas station.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - AN HOUR LATER

Queen is driving at a snail's pace. They don't see a gas station anywhere.

QUEEN
God dammit. We're almost out of gas.

SLIM
Don't take the Lord's name in vain.

QUEEN
I'm sorry. I'm just on the run for my fucking life, I've been shot, and we're stuck in the middle of the nowhere with no phones and I can't see shit.

SLIM
You the one that threw our phones out the window.

The car comes to a complete stop. They can no longer ride on fumes.

QUEEN
Let's get out and walk.

SLIM
I'm not going out there.

QUEEN
We can't just sit here.

SLIM
I'm not walking out into the
darkness.

They sit there quietly for a beat. Then they see a flash of light. Headlights to be exact.

QUEEN
Okay, we gotta flag this car down.

SLIM
I hope they black.

QUEEN
(to herself)
That's not always a good thing.

They both step out of the car. Nervous as hell.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

As the car gets closer and closer, Queen realizes -

QUEEN
Oh fuck. It's a Sheriff's truck.

SLIM
Dammit.

QUEEN
And he's wearing a cowboy hat.

Slim crosses himself. Hoping for the best.

The SHERIFF is Mexican. His smile is friendly and his demeanor is warm.

SHERIFF
Y'all having car trouble?

QUEEN
Uh, yeah, we ran out of gas.

The Sheriff then sees Queen is covered in blood.

SHERIFF
Ma'am, are you okay?

QUEEN

Yeah, I accidentally cut myself.

The Sheriff looks at Slim and wonders if he's stumbled upon a domestic dispute.

SHERIFF

Did he hurt you?

SLIM

I would never hurt a woman.

SHERIFF

You cut yourself pretty bad.

QUEEN

I know.

SHERIFF

Why don't you guys hop in my truck?
I've got a first aid kit in my
backseat. And there's a gas station
up the road. I'll give you a ride.

SLIM

We don't mind walking.

QUEEN

I do.

SHERIFF

Come on. I won't bite.

CUT TO:

INT. SHERIFF'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Queen sits in the backseat and bandages herself up. The bleeding has finally stopped oozing out of her. She uses a lot of gauze and tape because she doesn't know when she'll be able to re-bandage it.

Slim sits up front, sweating bullets. He keeps turning around to look at Queen.

He's worried about her. He's also scared out of his mind.

SHERIFF

Y'all okay? You seem jumpy.

QUEEN

No, we're fine. We just made a wrong turn somewhere and got lost.

SLIM

Where are we?

SHERIFF

You're in Kentucky, my friend, but don't worry - we'll get you some gas and you'll be on your way.

(then)

How's your stomach?

QUEEN

Much better. Thank you.

CUT TO:

EXT. GAS STATION - MOMENTS LATER

The Sheriff looks at them for a beat. They stare back, confused.

SHERIFF

Gas costs money.

SLIM

Oh shit, I left all my stuff in the car.

QUEEN

Me too.

SHERIFF

Y'all are in bad shape.

SLIM

I can pay you back when we get to the car.

The Sheriff takes pity on them and walks into the gas station.

We follow him inside.

CUT TO:

INT. GAS STATION - COUNTER - CONTINUOUS

The Sheriff grabs a red jug for the gas to go in and then he walks up to THE CASHIER.

SHERIFF
I need to fill this up.

CASHIER
That'll be ten bucks.

The Sheriff hands him the money. Then he looks out the window and sees Queen and Slim standing by his truck.

A VOICE from his walkie gives him an update.

VOICE
A Police Officer was shot and killed by two assailants. A male and a female. Both African-American. One of the suspects was wounded by the officer. They're said to be armed and dangerous. Let's just keep our eyes open.

He stares daggers at Queen and Slim. They can feel his eyes on them.

CUT TO:

EXT. GAS STATION - SAME TIME

Queen has her hand on the passenger door. Slim paces back and forth.

QUEEN
Stop pacing.

SLIM
I can't help it.

QUEEN
You look guilty.

SLIM
I am guilty.

QUEEN
Have you been charged with something?

SLIM
No.

QUEEN
Then you're not guilty.

SLIM
Why is he staring at us like that?

QUEEN
I don't know.

CUT TO:

INT. GAS STATION - COUNTER - CONTINUOUS

The Cashier hands the Sheriff a receipt.

CASHIER
Do you need anything else?

SHERIFF
Hold on a second.

He grabs his walkie and talks into it.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
What kind of car were they in?

VOICE
A black hybrid.

SHERIFF
Any other info?

VOICE
We're still waiting for the dash
cam footage to come in.

CUT TO:

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

QUEEN
Get in the driver's seat.

SLIM
Are you crazy?

QUEEN
Just do it. Quick.

Slim hops into the driver's seat. Queen gets in the passenger side. Before Slim can turn the key - BAM!

The Sheriff holds the red jug up to the driver side window.

Startling them.

SHERIFF
Were y'all gon' leave without me?

SLIM
Nah, I just wanted to see if this
was a four wheel drive.

SHERIFF
It is, actually.

SLIM
Cool. I'm gonna hop in the backseat
now.

SHERIFF
You do that.

CUT TO:

INT. SHERIFF'S TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

They all ride in awkward silence.

QUEEN
Thanks for helping us out.

SHERIFF
Of course.

Then --

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
What'd you say your name was?

QUEEN
I didn't.

She allows that question to dangle in the air.

They pull up to Slim's BLACK HYBRID. The Sheriff eyes it.

SHERIFF
Where y'all coming from?

QUEEN
Ohio.

SHERIFF
Good state.

SLIM
Yup.

Queen and Slim hop out of the car.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Slim starts putting the gas in his tank.

Queen and the Sheriff look on. This simple task feels like it's taking an eternity.

Slim hands the Sheriff the jug and gets in the driver's seat. Queen hops in the passenger side.

Slim turns the car on. They're back in business. But before they can pull off the Sheriff leans into the driver side window.

SHERIFF

I thought you were gonna pay me back.

SLIM

Oh yeah, hold on a sec.

Slim reaches for the gun in his pants. He pulls it out with intentions of aiming it at the Sheriff's head, but it slips out of his hand and accidentally goes off. BOOM!

Shooting a hole in the floor of his car.

The Sheriff GRABS Slim's arm but he quickly hits him in the face with the gun -- knocking him out.

QUEEN

Oh shit, did you shoot yourself?

SLIM

Ahhhh I don't think so. But what if I did and I'm in shock?

Queen pats him down.

QUEEN

You're not bleeding. I think you're okay.

He takes a deep breath while the Sheriff lies on the ground moaning.

Slim tries to drive off, but Queen stops him.

QUEEN (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

SLIM

I'm getting us outta here.

QUEEN

We can't just leave him here. He'll call us in the second he wakes up.

SLIM

What do you want me to do, kill him?

QUEEN

No, but you need to threaten him or something.

Slim and Queen get out of the car.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Slim and Queen kneel over The Sheriff. He's still grabbing his forehead in pain.

SLIM

Will you promise not to tell anybody you saw us?

SHERIFF

I don't like to make promises I can't keep.

Queen climbs back into The Sheriff's truck and finds his wallet. She pulls out his license with his home address on it.

She holds the license up to his face.

QUEEN

Is this where you live?

He doesn't respond, but judging by the frightened look on his face - it is.

SHERIFF

Look, I'm sure whatever happened with that cop was an accident. Y'all don't look like cold blooded killers to me.

QUEEN

What do cold blooded killers look like?

SHERIFF

Just give me the gun and we can work something out.

Slim looks at Queen. He searches for answers in her almond shaped eyes.

QUEEN

They're trained to make you feel at ease. It's their job to convince you everything will be okay. But the second you turn over your gun and confess you become property of the state.

(then)

Is that what you want? You wanna be the state's property?

SLIM

Nah.

QUEEN

Okay then. Shoot his ass.

He turns to the Sheriff.

SLIM

I can't kill nobody else.

QUEEN

I din't tell you to kill him. I told you to shoot him.

Queen grabs the bloody pocket knife and starts SLASHING The Sheriff's tires. Slim watches her.

SLIM

You look like you've done that before.

She cuts her eyes at him. Slim turns to look at The Sheriff.

SLIM (CONT'D)

Sorry about this.

Slim looks up at the sky.

SLIM (CONT'D)

God, please forgive me for my sins.

Slim aims the gun at the Sheriff's right foot and shoots him.
The Sheriff SCREAMS in agony.

SLIM (CONT'D)
Sorry!!

While he screams Slim and Queen hop back in their getaway car
and SPEED OFF.

CUT TO:

INT. SLIM'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Slim is speeding down the highway.

QUEEN
Slow down. If we get pulled over
we're fucked.

SLIM
We gotta post up somewhere.

QUEEN
I know.

SLIM
You said you were packing up and
leaving town. Where were you going?

QUEEN
To see about my uncle. He lives in
Tennessee.

SLIM
Let's go there then.

Queen doesn't respond.

SLIM (CONT'D)
What? You don't want me to meet
your family?

QUEEN
No, that's not it. It's just a long
drive.

SLIM
Well, we got plenty of time. You
think we can stay there?

QUEEN

Yeah, but eventually we gotta figure out a plan.

SLIM

I know.

Slim's mind starts to drift. Queen clocks this.

QUEEN

What are you thinking?

SLIM

I'm thinking about that Sheriff. What if he bleeds out and dies?

QUEEN

He won't.

SLIM

You don't know that. He could've helped us.

QUEEN

I know how the system works. He wasn't going to help us. He was going to turn us in and have a beer with his friends to celebrate. We would've been the catch of the day.

SLIM

Do you have some lawyer friends that can help us? Maybe we can tell them what happened and they can defend us.

QUEEN

It's hard to defend two people that fled a crime a scene.

SLIM

Even if one of 'em got shot?

QUEEN

They won't care.

SLIM

Well, we gotta figure something out cause I can't be a fugitive for the rest of my life.

QUEEN

You don't have a choice.

SLIM
What if I turn myself in?

QUEEN
A black man shoots a police officer during a routine traffic stop. How do you think that's gonna play out?

Slim starts to hyperventilate.

QUEEN (CONT'D)
If you wanna turn yourself in be my guest, but don't do it with me in the car.

SLIM
You think we can get away with this?

QUEEN
We can try.

SLIM
That don't sound too reassuring.

QUEEN
Well, we can either die on our feet or live on our knees.

SLIM
Both those things sound fucked up.

After a long beat. Slim continues to drive. It's his way of silently agreeing to keep running.

QUEEN
I'm starting to feel lightheaded. I need some food.

SLIM
I'm hungry too.

He sees a few fast food spots up ahead.

SLIM (CONT'D)
I'll stop at a McDonalds or something.

QUEEN
That's disgusting.

SLIM
Now ain't the time to be choosey.

She rolls her eyes.

CUT TO:

EXT. MCDONALDS DRIVE THRU - FORTY MINUTES LATER

They both are slouched in their seats, trying not to make eye contact with anyone. Slim grips the steering wheel with both hands.

SLIM
I'm just gon' do it.

QUEEN
What if they recognize you?

SLIM
Stop being so scary.

She looks at him as he continues to sit there.

QUEEN
Why don't you pull up then?

SLIM
Cause I'm scared.

Queen looks out the window and spots a few BROWN BOYS failing miserably at skateboard tricks in the parking lot. She sits up in her seat and locks eyes with one of them.

He has a lot of meat on his bones and a face covered in freckles. We'll call him CHUBBY. She WAVES him over. Slim clocks this and freaks out.

SLIM (CONT'D)
What you doing?

The BOYS don't even try to stop Chubby from walking over. They just keep busting their asses on the pavement.

QUEEN
You wanna get some free food and make a little money?

CHUBBY
What's the catch?

SLIM
Ain't no catch, lil man.

CHUBBY
Aight.

Queen hands him the last twenty dollar bill from her wallet.

SLIM

Let me get a double cheeseburger
and the ten piece chicken nuggets
with sweet and sour sauce.

QUEEN

I'll have a chicken sandwich with
no condiments and a small fry. Oh
and some waters, please.

CHUBBY

Y'all some picky muthafuckas.

QUEEN

Keep the change.

CHUBBY

Ain't gon' be that much left after
all that.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

They're parked in the Mcdonald's parking lot. Lights off. Car
off.

Slim eats fast and loud. Queen eats like a rabbit. She
watches him devour his food with a disgusted look on her
face.

QUEEN

You make a lot of noise when you
eat.

SLIM

Woman, this could be my last meal -
would you just let me be.

QUEEN

It's hard for me to eat with you
making so much noise.

Slim tries to eat quieter. He fails, but Queen appreciates
the gesture.

SLIM

I've never heard of someone not
being able to eat because they're
disgusted by the sounds of other
people eating.

QUEEN

I know it's weird, but I have a thing about it.

SLIM

You got a lot of things.

QUEEN

I have two things. Give me a break.

SLIM

I'm sure you got a lot more than that.

She does.

SLIM (CONT'D)

How do you avoid the sounds of people eating?

QUEEN

I eat alone most of the time.

SLIM

That's the saddest thing I've ever heard.

QUEEN

It's not that bad.

Slim finally reaches the point of fullness and stops eating for a second.

SLIM

You scared?

QUEEN

Of what?

SLIM

Getting caught.

QUEEN

I'm trying not to think about it.

SLIM

Is that what you tell your clients? Not to think about it?

QUEEN

I tell them not to have any expectations.

SLIM
Does it work?

QUEEN
No. Nothing prepares you for death.
Even if you're guilty.

SLIM
You think all your clients are
innocent?

QUEEN
I don't know. That's between them
and their God. But I think enough
of our ancestors have been killed
over shoddy evidence. And I refuse
to let these states swap out a
southern tree for an electric chair
and call it justice.

Queen tosses the rest of her food in the empty McDonald's
bag. She's not hungry anymore.

QUEEN (CONT'D)
Let's get outta here.

Slim starts the car. Then he hears --

CHUBBY (O.S.)
Hey, is this y'all?

Chubby plays them a video on his phone. It's the DASH CAM
FOOTAGE of Slim shooting Officer Reed in the chest.

The video is already up to one hundred thousand views on
YouTube.

SLIM
Nah, man. That ain't us.

Slim quickly climbs into the driver's seat and tries to start
the car. Chubby keeps banging on the window.

CHUBBY
Hold on, my dad wanna talk to
y'all.

QUEEN
We can't talk to your dad.

Slim finally starts the car. But as soon as he pulls forward
he feels an IMPACT. He HIT something. Or someone.

CHUBBY

Daddy!!!

Slim and Queen get out of the car and see a TALL LANKY BLACK MAN laying on the ground. Slim goes to touch him, but he flinches.

SLIM

I am so sorry, man. I didn't see you.

CHUBBY

You tried to kill my daddy!

QUEEN

We didn't try to kill anybody.

CHUBBY

I told you he wanted to talk to y'all and you tried to run away.

Slim looks up at the kid.

SLIM

Does this look like I'm running?
I'm right here.

QUEEN

Sir, can you move?

TALL LANKY BLACK MAN

I think you hit my bad knee.

CHUBBY

His cartilage is already fucked up from playing football.

SLIM

Can you move it?

He tries to and then he SCREAMS in pain. Chubby starts crying.

CHUBBY

You broke my daddy leg!

TALL LANKY BLACK MAN

Stop crying like a lil bitch. I'll be alright.

CHUBBY

Mommy told you to stop calling me a lil bitch.

TALL LANKY BLACK MAN
Nigga, I'll call you whatever the
fuck I want. I made yo fat ass.

CHUBBY
Y'all gotta take him to the
hospital.

QUEEN
No, we don't.

CHUBBY
So I can get y'all food, but you
can't take my daddy to the
hospital? What if he's paralyzed?

QUEEN
Sir, can you feel your legs?

TALL LANKY BLACK MAN
Yeah.

QUEEN
He's not paralyzed.

TALL LANKY BLACK MAN
Stop calling me, sir. I ain't no
cop.

SLIM
What's your name?

TALL LANKY BLACK MAN
Get Low.

QUEEN
What's your real name?

CHUBBY
That is his real name.

Get Low moans in pain every time he tries to move his leg.

SLIM
Yo, where's the nearest hospital?

QUEEN
We have to get out of here. We
don't have time for this.

GET LOW
It's a free clinic up the block.

QUEEN
Can you walk?

SLIM
He's not gonna walk. We're taking
him.

CHUBBY
It's the least y'all could do.

Queen cuts her eyes at the Chubby kid.

They all grab a limb and help Get Low into the backseat of
Slim's car.

CUT TO:

INT. SLIM'S CAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Slim drives carefully as to not irritate Get Low's injury.
Chubby holds his dad's hand the whole way there.

GET LOW
How you doing miss lady? He almost
killed you.

QUEEN
I'm still alive.

GET LOW
I support what y'all are doing.

QUEEN
What do you mean?

GET LOW
Killing these crooked ass cops. I
support that shit. We need to take
all these muthafuckas out.

SLIM
That's not what we're doing.

GET LOW
I saw the video. I watched that
shit like thirteen times. You shot
the fuck outta that muthafucka. He
deserved that shit. If a nigga shot
my bitch, I'd kill his ass too.

QUEEN
I'm not his bitch.

CHUBBY

And y'all took his gun. That's some gangsta shit right there.

Queen and Slim look at each other. Their hearts are racing.

GET LOW

Cop killllllaaaaasssss!!!

SLIM

Shut the fuck up, man!

GET LOW

Y'all the new Black Panthers!

SLIM

No, we're not.

GET LOW

We ain't just carrying guns no more. We pulling triggers. Fuck these cracker ass crackers.

QUEEN

The hospital's on the left, pull over. Now!

Slim swerves into the driveway.

SLIM

Alright. We're here.

CHUBBY

Y'all gon' help me with him?

GET LOW

Nah, they gotta lay low. It's probably cameras all up and through this bitch.

Chubby opens the car door and drapes his dad's arm around his neck. He stumbles a little bit, but eventually he makes it out and walks up to the sliding doors of URGENT CARE.

A NURSE sees Get Low struggling to walk and immediately runs over to assist him.

Before Slim can pull off, Get Low turns around and says --

GET LOW (CONT'D)

Power to the people.

He raises his right fist and limps inside.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAWN

Slim and Queen drive through Kentucky.

SLIM

How long before a helicopter starts flying over us?

QUEEN

We might have to kill somebody else before that happens.

SLIM

People are thinking we did this shit on purpose.

QUEEN

I think I know why.

SLIM

Why?

QUEEN

The officer you killed shot an unarmed black man while he was walking his daughter to school.

SLIM

Are you serious?

QUEEN

Yeah, I recognized him when he leaned in the car.

SLIM

Why didn't you say something?

QUEEN

What was I gonna say? "Oh you're the dude that got acquitted for killing that black dude last year?"

SLIM

Were you fucking with him on purpose?

QUEEN

No!

SLIM

How do I know you're telling the truth?

QUEEN

Because I don't lie.

Slim looks at her.

SLIM

So you didn't have a vendetta against that cop?

QUEEN

I think he should've been found guilty, but I wasn't sitting at home figuring out ways to kill him.

SLIM

You just seemed real calm when you saw he was dead.

QUEEN

I've been around death my whole life. It doesn't scare me.

(then)

He also shot my ass.

SLIM

You're crazy, man.

QUEEN

It should be a sin to call a black woman crazy.

SLIM

Well, it ain't one of the ten commandments.

QUEEN

It should be.

SLIM

You one of those people that thinks God is a black woman?

QUEEN

I don't think God is anything.

SLIM

Lord help me.

QUEEN

Are you freaking out cause a non-believer's in your car?

SLIM

I'm freaking out because we don't have any money and I need to stop and get gas again.

QUEEN

It's not that scary. I told you what to do.

SLIM

You only saying that cause you don't have to do it.

QUEEN

You got this. I believe in you.

SLIM

Don't patronize me.

QUEEN

I was being serious.

SLIM

I don't know you that well - so it's hard to tell the difference.

CUT TO:

INT. GAS STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Slim stands in front of a TEENAGE WHITE BOY. This is his summer job. And he hates it.

SLIM

Let me get forty on pump nine.

The Teenager waits for Slim to hand over the money.

TEENAGE WHITE BOY

Where's the forty bucks?

Slim lifts up his shirt and shows the kid his gun. That's his currency.

TEENAGE WHITE BOY (CONT'D)

Is that a .45?

SLIM

Yeah.

TEENAGE WHITE BOY
Can I hold it?

SLIM
No, you can't hold it.

TEENAGE WHITE BOY
I'll pay for your gas if you let me hold it.

SLIM
Look --

Slim looks at the kid's name tag.

SLIM (CONT'D)
Igor.

TEENAGE WHITE BOY
That's not my name. I found this on the floor in the break room.

SLIM
I can't be seen passing you a gun on camera.

TEENAGE WHITE BOY
These cameras don't work. They're just there to scare off robbers.

SLIM
What's something you love?

TEENAGE WHITE BOY
Chili cheese fries.

SLIM
Swear on chili cheese fries that these cameras don't work.

TEENAGE WHITE BOY
I swear on chili cheese fries with extra cheese these cameras are bullshit.

Slim takes the gun out of his pants and hands it over.

The kid goes from being an innocent Teenager to John Wayne in a matter of seconds. He looks confident and joyful.

TEENAGE WHITE BOY (CONT'D)
Why does holding a deadly weapon make me feel so alive?

SLIM

Is that a rhetorical question?

TEENAGE WHITE BOY

What does rhetorical mean?

SLIM

It means you don't really want me to answer it.

TEENAGE WHITE BOY

Then no. It's not a rhetorical question.

Slim thinks for a beat.

SLIM

I don't know, man.

The Teenager pulls cash out of his pocket and puts it into the register.

TEENAGE WHITE BOY

Safe travels.

SLIM

Can I have my gun back?

The Teenager hands it over. And just like that he goes back to being a kid again.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE - FIVE HOURS LATER - DUSK

They arrive in Tennessee.

They pull up to a house far off the beaten path. It's big, but not well kept. This house used to be owned by people who cared for it, but its new inhabitants could care less.

Queen BANGS on the door.

SLIM

Damn, why you knocking like you the police?

No answer. She knocks again.

SLIM (CONT'D)

If you didn't throw our phones out the window we could've called first.

QUEEN

If I didn't throw our phones out
the window the police would've
caught us by now.

SLIM

Touché.

Queen keeps knocking. Until a TALL BLACK GIRL, with a fire in her belly and a glimmer in her eye, answers the door. She looks like the romantic interest in every hip hop music video ever made.

TALL BLACK GIRL

Can I help you?

QUEEN

Is my uncle here?

TALL BLACK GIRL

Who's your uncle?

QUEEN

Don't play with me.

She looks Slim up and down.

TALL BLACK GIRL

Who's the dude?

QUEEN

He's my friend.

That stings.

The Tall Black Girl opens the door to let them in.

TALL BLACK GIRL

He in the back.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Queen walks through the house like she owns it. Slim trails behind her. She makes her way down a few hallways, and brushes by GODDESS - a half black, half Asian twenty-something girl. There's no glimmer in her eye - just stars.

Her eyes widen as Slim and Queen walk by.

GODDESS

Oh shit! It's them!

INT. HOUSE - BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Queen opens the door to find her UNCLE EARL counting money by hand, and there's a lot of it. Uncle Earl is like Chicken George (if he wasn't a slave). He's rocking a red velour track suit and has a well kept Afro. He stands up and looks at Queen.

From the look on his face they haven't seen each other in a while.

Uncle Earl puts down the money and walks over to give her a hug. The embrace is one-sided.

UNCLE EARL

Well, if it isn't the black Bonnie and Clyde.

Earl reaches out to shake Slim's hand. Earl's hand is twice the size of his.

QUEEN

I don't know what the news is saying, but whatever it is - it's not true.

UNCLE EARL

You know I don't fuck with the news. I keep my ear to the streets.

QUEEN

The streets lie too.

UNCLE EARL

They know better than to lie to me. Ya'll hungry?

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Uncle Earl cooks up some creamy shrimp scampi Alfredo. It looks amazing. He makes plates for Slim, Queen, and the two beautiful girls we saw earlier.

UNCLE EARL

I always thought you'd escape this life without getting shot.

QUEEN

Well, you were wrong.

UNCLE EARL

It's rare, but it happens.

He leans back.

UNCLE EARL (CONT'D)
Who patched you up?

SLIM
She did. She took the bullet out
with my pocket knife.

UNCLE EARL
Strong as hell. Just like her mama.

Earl stares at Queen for a long beat. A little too long.
Causing her to look away.

UNCLE EARL (CONT'D)
What's your plan?

QUEEN
We're still figuring that out.

GODDESS
Y'all need to hurry up, cause the
cops looking for y'all.

QUEEN
We know.

UNCLE EARL
How you gon' outrun the police?

QUEEN
We just need to outsmart them.

UNCLE EARL
That ain't hard to do. Cops are
dumb as shit.

TALL BLACK GIRL
Not all of 'em.

UNCLE EARL
She only saying that cause she used
to fuck one of them muthafuckas.

TALL BLACK GIRL
Just cause they're in a uniform
don't make 'em bad people.

UNCLE EARL
Yeah, but that uniform make them
think they better than us.

GODDESS

We wear uniforms too. Only difference is ours make niggas feel good.

UNCLE EARL

Stop talking crazy.

QUEEN

She's not talking crazy. You just don't understand.

UNCLE EARL

Oh so now I'm dumb? I don't know shit?

Uncle Earl walks over to Queen and gets in her face. He fixes the collar on her shirt.

UNCLE EARL (CONT'D)

I guess your uniform make you think you better than us too.

He leans in even closer, causing Slim to stand up and push him away.

UNCLE EARL (CONT'D)

You gon' shoot me too?

Earl reaches in Slim's pants and grabs his gun. He aims it at his own chest.

UNCLE EARL (CONT'D)

I'm right here.

Slim is shook.

UNCLE EARL (CONT'D)

Look at you. Scared as hell. You ain't built Ford tough.

Queen stands up and takes the gun away from her uncle.

QUEEN

Stop.

Uncle Earl chuckles. Goddess walks over and gives Earl a kiss on the lips.

And just like that he completely forgets about Slim.

UNCLE EARL

Naomi.

The Tall Black Girl has a name.

UNCLE EARL (CONT'D)

Go grab those papers by my bed so my niece can sign 'em and be on her way.

Naomi runs to the back.

GODDESS

Do they have to leave after she signs the papers?

UNCLE EARL

Hell yeah. The SWAT team probably on their way to my house right now. And I don't want those muscle neck muthafuckas nowhere near my shit.

SLIM

I doubt they'll find us out here.

UNCLE EARL

Nigga, please. These cops are like slave catchers. They can smell a free black body from miles away.

This puts the fear of God in Slim. Earl looks at his empty plate.

UNCLE EARL (CONT'D)

You want some more food, Kunta?

SLIM

Nah, I'm good.

UNCLE EARL

You sure? This could be the last meal you ever eat.

Naomi returns holding a stack of papers. Earl hands Queen a pen.

UNCLE EARL (CONT'D)

You know where to sign.

QUEEN

I'm not signing shit until you agree to a few things.

UNCLE EARL

Oh shit, here we go.

QUEEN

We need to stay here for a night or two.

UNCLE EARL

A night or two? Which one is it?

QUEEN

Two nights.

UNCLE EARL

Fine.

QUEEN

We need some cash.

UNCLE EARL

How much?

QUEEN

Enough to last us for a few days.

UNCLE EARL

What else?

QUEEN

We need another car.

UNCLE EARL

You can kiss my ass.

NAOMI

He love those cars more than he love us.

QUEEN

You want me to sign the house over to you or not?

UNCLE EARL

You always tryna blackmail somebody.

Then --

UNCLE EARL (CONT'D)

I ain't got no extra cars laying around.

GODDESS

What about the cadillac you don't drive?

UNCLE EARL

Goddess, if you don't shut the fuck up. Ain't there a lap somewhere you need to be grinding on?

GODDESS

I'm off today.

UNCLE EARL

Did I tell you, you was off?

GODDESS

No.

UNCLE EARL

Then go make yourself useful.

She grabs her plate and leaves.

QUEEN

Do you agree to my terms or not?

UNCLE EARL

I'm not giving you no car.

Uncle Earl picks out his afro, defiantly.

QUEEN

You owe me.

Those three words stab him in his stomach. Slim tries to read the situation, but can't make sense of it.

UNCLE EARL

You sure this how you want me to pay you back?

QUEEN

Yes. I'm sure.

UNCLE EARL

Fine. You got it.

And with that Queen picks up the pen and starts initialing every other page. As soon as she's done she hands the papers to Naomi.

UNCLE EARL (CONT'D)

Thank you.

Queen nods.

UNCLE EARL (CONT'D)
You need to figure out what you
gon' do when you leave here.

QUEEN
We will.

Earl looks at Slim.

UNCLE EARL
She talk for both of y'all?

QUEEN
Don't do that.

UNCLE EARL
I just wanna know what the nigga's
thinking. Cause he look kinda slow
to me.

SLIM
We should go to Cuba.

UNCLE EARL
Now we talking! Ain't that where
Assata went after she killed that
state trooper?

QUEEN
Allegedly killed.

SLIM
We just gotta keep driving until we
get to Miami and then --

QUEEN
And then we'll be standing in front
of a very large body of water. How
are we supposed to cross that?

SLIM
I don't know yet.

QUEEN
Of course not.

UNCLE EARL
You got a better idea?

QUEEN
What about Iceland? I know that's
where Bobby Fisher went when there
was a warrant for his arrest.

UNCLE EARL

Y'all ain't Bobby Fisher. Y'all need to go where the sista went.

QUEEN

Thank you, Uncle Earl but we don't need any more of your unsolicited advice.

UNCLE EARL

Suit yourself, but I've been running from the police my whole life. I know what the fuck I'm talking bout.

Queen gets up to leave.

UNCLE EARL (CONT'D)

Where you think you going?

QUEEN

To lay down. I'm exhausted.

UNCLE EARL

Y'all ain't going nowhere until we shave yo heads.

QUEEN

I know you used to do that back in the day, but that doesn't work anymore. We're not doing that.

UNCLE EARL

You wanna keep walking around looking how you look in that video?

QUEEN

We'll be fine.

UNCLE EARL

No, you won't.

QUEEN

You're not shaving my head.

SLIM

Mine either.

UNCLE EARL

Okay, you get a choice. Cause you a woman. And I believe women have the right to choose.

Then he looks at Slim.

UNCLE EARL (CONT'D)

But you ain't shit. Naomi, use the cheap razor on his ass.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Slim sits on a stool by the stove while Naomi takes a razor to his head. He's pissed.

SLIM

Man, this is fucked up.

UNCLE EARL

This what happens when you running from the law.

Earl motions for the girl to keep shaving.

QUEEN

Do you guys have any wigs?

UNCLE EARL

I live in a house full of strippers. Of course we got wigs.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - GODDESS' BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

There's a row of about TWENTY WIGS. They all come in different colors, lengths, and types. It looks like a museum in there. Queen walks by them. Touching a few. Smelling others. She's fascinated.

GODDESS

Take whatever you want. You can have some of my clothes too.

QUEEN

Thank you.

Then --

GODDESS

Can I clean your wound?

QUEEN

I'll clean it later.

GODDESS

I took a year of nursing school. I
know what I'm doing.

Queen feels bad for judging her.

QUEEN

Okay.

Goddess helps Queen take her shirt off. Goddess slowly pulls
the bandage away. Queen winces.

GODDESS

You're alright. I got you.

They lock eyes.

Goddess smiles at her. Queen smiles back.

Goddess has great bedside manner.

In another life she could've been a revolutionary, but in
this one she occupies the fantasies of working class men who
will never understand how complex she really is.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Queen walks into the kitchen wearing a Tina Turner wig. From
her Ike & Tina days. Queen looks even more regal than before.

She looks up and sees Slim leaning against the stove. With
his newly shaved head. He looks like the second lead vocalist
in an R&B group from the nineties. Queen doesn't want to
admit it, but she likes what she sees.

QUEEN

Wow.

SLIM

You like it?

QUEEN

I don't know yet. It's interesting.

SLIM

(rubbing his head)
You like this shit.

QUEEN

Shut up.

CUT TO:

INT. UNCLE EARL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Uncle Earl is smoking a cigar while Naomi watches TV.

UNCLE EARL

I know you stole my two dollar bill.

NAOMI

I don't need your money.

UNCLE EARL

You know how many two dollar bills there are in this world?

NAOMI

No, and I don't care.

UNCLE EARL

That's your problem. You don't care about nothing.

NAOMI

Oh that's my problem?

UNCLE EARL

Yeah, that's your problem.

NAOMI

You my muthafucking problem.

UNCLE EARL

Correction. I'm the answer to your problems.

NAOMI

Fuck you, Earl.

Earl gets up and SLAPS her with the back of his hand. She falls out of the chair and hits the floor hard.

CUT TO:

INT. UNCLE EARL'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Slim and Queen lie next to each other on a water bed.

QUEEN
You hear that?

SLIM
Yeah, it sounds like somebody's
fighting.

Queen gets up and walks over to the door. She peaks out and
sees Naomi holding her mouth.

SLIM (CONT'D)
You want me to talk to him?

QUEEN
Please don't.

Queen walks back to bed.

QUEEN (CONT'D)
He didn't used to be like this.
Vietnam fucked him up.

SLIM
Damn. I'm glad I never had to go to
war.

QUEEN
Shit, I feel like I go to war
everyday.

She lays back down. The bed jiggles and moves.

QUEEN (CONT'D)
I don't wanna deal with this shit.
Let's leave first thing in the
morning.

Slim and Queen lie next to each other in silence. They try to
remain still so the bed won't move.

Slim stares up at the ceiling. In a daze.

QUEEN (CONT'D)
You okay?

SLIM
Yeah.

QUEEN
How is that possible? You took
somebody's life yesterday.

SLIM

I guess, I'm just used to saying
I'm okay even when I'm not.

QUEEN

I know the feeling.

SLIM

What if it was my time to go? What
if God wanted me to die and I
messed up His plan?

QUEEN

I don't think that's what He
wanted.

SLIM

How do you know?

QUEEN

I just think you were meant to be
here.

A beat.

SLIM

I'm making an executive decision.
We're going to Cuba.

QUEEN

Executive decision? What do you
think this is "Mad Men"?

SLIM

We can't leave here tomorrow and
not know where we're going.

QUEEN

What about that large body of
water?

SLIM

We'll figure it out.

Queen has never been great at letting men lead. Right now,
she doesn't have much of a choice.

QUEEN

Fine.

A beat.

QUEEN (CONT'D)

I'm scared.

SLIM

That's alright. I'll be brave enough for the both of us.

QUEEN

Maybe we can take turns.

SLIM

You wanna be brave first?

QUEEN

No, I'm tired of being brave.

SLIM

Alright, well when I get tired of being brave I'll let you know.

They shake on it. Causing the bed to go up and down. They can't help but laugh at this.

SLIM (CONT'D)

Hey, why does your uncle owe you?

QUEEN

I got him out of prison once.

SLIM

For what?

QUEEN

He killed somebody.

SLIM

Who'd he kill?

QUEEN

My mother.

Slim is stunned by that answer. But he knows better than to ask a follow up question.

Slim turns off the light and turns over. Queen's hand finds its way to his newly shaved head. She rubs it, gently.

QUEEN (CONT'D)

I'm rubbing your head for good luck.

SLIM

I don't believe in luck. Everything is destined.

They hear a loud KNOCKING on the door.

CUT TO:

INT. UNCLE EARL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Earl opens the door to find a BLACK POLICE OFFICER standing there. He's a handsome guy that spends all of his free time in the gym.

UNCLE EARL
Who called you?

BLACK POLICE OFFICER
I'm just here to make sure
everybody's okay.

Earl turns to look at Naomi.

UNCLE EARL
You still fucking this nigga?

NAOMI
No!

UNCLE EARL
Then why the fuck is here?

NAOMI
Cause I called the police.

UNCLE EARL
You got a death wish?

BLACK POLICE OFFICER
Is that a threat?

UNCLE EARL
No, it's a figure of fucking
speech. I'm not gon kill her. She's
my biggest draw.

BLACK POLICE OFFICER
Then why don't you handle her with
care?

UNCLE EARL
I'll do better.

The Officer looks out the window and sees Slim's car.

BLACK POLICE OFFICER
You got a new car?

Earl clocks this.

UNCLE EARL

Yeah, I'm tryna be environmental
and shit. I recycle pussy everyday.

BLACK POLICE OFFICER

You mind if I come in?

UNCLE EARL

If you got a warrant I'll give you
the grand tour.

BLACK POLICE OFFICER

I gotta piss. Can I use your
bathroom?

UNCLE EARL

It's some bushes right over there.

The Officer smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. UNCLE EARL'S HOUSE - BEDROOM

Slim peaks out the window and sees the police car.

SLIM

Why are the cops here?

QUEEN

Get down!

CUT TO:

INT. UNCLE EARL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Police Officer makes his way to his squad car.

BLACK POLICE OFFICER

Keep your hands to yourself, Earl.
I don't wanna have to come back
here again.

UNCLE EARL

I ain't want you here in the first
place.

The Officer looks at the license plate on Slim's car.

UNCLE EARL (CONT'D)
What you looking at?

BLACK POLICE OFFICER
Why do you have a car in your
driveway with Ohio plates?

UNCLE EARL
I bought it off some dude.

BLACK POLICE OFFICER
What was his name?

UNCLE EARL
Can't remember.

The Officer takes a picture of the plates.

BLACK POLICE OFFICER
I think I will come back with that
warrant.

UNCLE EARL
Cool. I'll be right here when you
get back. Just make sure the font
is big enough so I can read it. You
know I'm old.

CUT TO:

INT. UNCLE EARL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Slim and Queen run around the house frantically.

They quickly take off their clothes. Slim puts on one of
Earl's track suits. Queen squeezes into one of Goddess'
dresses.

CUT TO:

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Goddess hands Earl a small piece of paper.

He looks at it for a beat. Then hands it off to Queen, along
with an envelope full of cash.

UNCLE EARL
Take this.

The piece of paper has an address written on it.

UNCLE EARL (CONT'D)

That should cover your gas for most of the way. And the guy at that address will take care of you. His wife ain't shit, but he's cool.

The address is in Atlanta, Georgia.

QUEEN

Johnny Mankowitz? Who's he?

UNCLE EARL

We were in the trenches together. I saved his life a few times.

QUEEN

He'll let us stay there?

UNCLE EARL

He'll do whatever I tell him to. I already put in a call.

SLIM

Can we trust him?

UNCLE EARL

Don't make me shoot you.

Slim falls back.

UNCLE EARL (CONT'D)

This dude is paranoid as fuck. He got hiding places all up and through that muthafucka. If something goes down, y'all good. He white as hell, but he down for the cause.

SLIM

What cause?

GODDESS

Yours.

QUEEN

We don't have a cause.

UNCLE EARL

You do now.

Earl hands Slim the keys to his BRIGHT RED CADILLAC. The interior is ALL WHITE. It's straight out of a blaxploitation film.

SLIM
Thank you, Uncle Earl.

UNCLE EARL
Nigga, I ain't yo uncle!

And with that Slim gets in the car.

Queen goes to give Goddess a hug goodbye. Goddess holds onto her longer than expected.

GODDESS
Can I go with you? I could be your
lookout.

QUEEN
I'll come back for you, okay?

Goddess nods. Queen gets in the car.

Earl leans down and whispers into Slim's ear.

UNCLE EARL
Take care of her.

He taps the top of the car. Then, without looking at Queen, he shouts --

UNCLE EARL (CONT'D)
Love you, baby girl.

QUEEN
Love you too.

Earl lifts up the garage door to let them out.

Slim backs out carefully.

Uncle Earl hands Goddess a book of matches and some lighter fluid. She hops in Slim's car and drives in the opposite direction of Queen and Slim.

She's taking the car deep into the woods so she can set it on fire.

INT. CADILLAC - MOMENTS LATER

Slim and Queen speed down a dirt road.

SLIM
Remember in "12 Years A Slave" when
Solomon left Patsy on the
plantation?

QUEEN

Yeah.

SLIM

I feel like Goddess is our Patsy.

Queen looks back.

QUEEN

Maybe we could come back for her.

SLIM

Maybe.

Queen sees some 8-TRACK TAPES by her feet. She picks one up and sticks it in the player.

THE BIG PAYBACK starts to blast through the speakers. She turns it down - not wanting to draw too much attention, but Slim turns it back up.

He looks at her and smiles.

EXT. OPEN ROAD - DAWN

Slim and Queen drive through the bible belt. It's a mix of beautiful landscapes and poverty.

SLIM

Look how pretty this country is.

QUEEN

From this vantage point it looks like all men are created equal.

SLIM

Why you gotta take it there?

QUEEN

Take it where?

SLIM

I'm tryna make conversation and enjoy the sights.

QUEEN

I'm just being honest.

SLIM

Do you have to be honest all the time? Why can't we just vibe?

QUEEN

So you want me to be quiet and look pretty?

SLIM

I didn't say that.

QUEEN

That's what you're implying.

SLIM

No, that's what you're assuming.

There's an awkward silence. Then Queen stares out the window for a bit. She takes in the fields, the colorful sky, and the birds chirping. He's right. It is beautiful.

QUEEN

(mumbling)

It is pretty.

SLIM

What's that?

QUEEN

I said it's pretty.

SLIM

I thought that's what you said.

She shoves him. Playfully.

SLIM (CONT'D)

I can be right sometimes.

QUEEN

You mind if we take a break from James Brown?

SLIM

Sure.

Queen searches through the 8 tracks and finds a pleasant surprise. She shoves it in and hits play.

After a beat AIN'T NO WAY... Sung by a younger, thinner, and less shady Aretha Franklin - permeates through the car.

Queen climbs into the backseat and lays on her back. Letting the wind blow through her long flowing wig.

SLIM (CONT'D)

What you doing?

QUEEN
I'm being inconspicuous.

Slim has gotten more comfortable driving the Cadillac. He drives it like he bought it with his own money.

Queen's eyelids become heavy as Aretha serenades them. Eventually she falls asleep. Slim watches her in his rearview mirror.

He's never been more frustrated and enamored by anyone in his life.

CUT TO:

EXT. OPEN ROAD - NIGHT

Queen is awakened by loud music. But it's not coming from the car stereo - it's coming from up ahead.

There's a club a few feet away in the middle of the woods. It looks like the JOOK JOINT from THE COLOR PURPLE.

Slim pulls over and slows down.

QUEEN
What are you doing? Are you crazy?

SLIM
I heard live music, I wanted to see where it was coming from.

QUEEN
Why?

SLIM
I like live music.

QUEEN
Where are we?

SLIM
Georgia. We're about three hours from Atlanta.

QUEEN
Then let's keep going.

He listens closer.

SLIM
It sounds like somebody's playing the blues.

QUEEN
So what - let's go.

SLIM
Would you have gone on a second
date with me?

QUEEN
No.

SLIM
Damn.

QUEEN
It's nothing personal. I'm just not
looking for a relationship.

SLIM
I get it.

QUEEN
What was the second date gonna be?

SLIM
I'm not telling you.

Queen laughs.

QUEEN
Come on. Don't do me like that.

SLIM
Nah, fuck that. You should've said
yes.

QUEEN
Okay, fine. I'll go.

SLIM
You a lie.

QUEEN
I have the right to change my mind.
I'm officially saying yes to the
second date. Now, where we going?

SLIM
I'm taking you dancing. Let's go.

Slim gets out of the car.

QUEEN

Wait hold on. Can we dance once we get to where we're going? Just to be safe.

SLIM

I'm tired of playing it safe.

Slim extends his hand to her.

QUEEN

You're willing to risk getting caught just so you can dance with me?

SLIM

Yeah.

Queen isn't convinced.

SLIM (CONT'D)

One dance. And then we can leave.

As she grabs his hand, we --

CUT TO:

INT. JUKE JOINT - CONTINUOUS

This place is so crowded the walls are sweating. This small establishment feels like it was built during a time when black folks still had to drink from the shitty water fountain.

The lighting is pretty dim. And everyone is on the dance floor grinding slow and hard to a THREE MAN BAND playing B.B. King's "How Blue Can You Get."

Slim takes Queen's hand. Startling her.

SLIM

Why you so jumpy?

QUEEN

I'm nervous.

SLIM

Ain't nobody in here thinking 'bout you.

She rolls her eyes. Slim leads her to the middle of the dance floor and pulls her in close. She shoves him away.

QUEEN
Watch your hands.

SLIM
I'm tryna hide your face.

QUEEN
By grabbing my booty?

SLIM
My hand slipped.

Queen slowly puts her arms around Slim's sweaty neck. Slim puts his arms around her waist, careful not to touch her ass. The music gets louder and even more soulful as Queen and Slim start to find their groove.

Slim looks around and realizes the prettiest girl in this place is in his arms. He can't help but grin from ear to ear.

Then he looks down and sees Queen has rested her head on his chest. She's so close she can hear his heartbeat. And right now it's beating pretty fast. So is hers. Slim holds Queen a little tighter. She wipes the sweat from his brow.

As the song reaches a thunderous CRESCENDO Slim leans in for a kiss - caught in the moment - Queen denies him.

The crowd applauds the trio, shouting and yelling out the band member's names. Queen and Slim applaud the talented musicians.

QUEEN
We should go.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Queen has her bare feet up on the dashboard. Slim gives her the side eye.

SLIM
You lucky you got cute feet.

QUEEN
Even if they weren't they'd be still be sitting right here.

SLIM
Nah, I would've stopped and got you some gym socks or something.

QUEEN
That's messed up.

SLIM
Honestly, I don't think dudes even
cared about women's feet until
Eddie Murphy made it a thing.

QUEEN
I know. But the difference is he
can be picky about a woman's feet.
The rest of y'all need to be happy
somebody's even laying next to yo
ass.

She can see Slim is falling asleep at the wheel again.

QUEEN (CONT'D)
Don't drive us into a ditch again.
I still got a bruise on my forehead
from last time.

SLIM
Nah, I got it.

QUEEN
No, you don't.

SLIM
I'm good.

QUEEN
Explain something to me. Why do
dudes not like asking for help?

SLIM
It's a sign of weakness.

QUEEN
That's the dumbest shit I've ever
heard.

SLIM
You say that but then turn around
and want a strong mandingo type
muthafucka.

QUEEN
I don't want that.

SLIM
What do you want?

QUEEN
That's a loaded question.

SLIM
We got nothing but time.

Queen leans back in her seat. She's so far back she's practically lying down. Like she were at a therapy session.

QUEEN
I want a guy to show me myself.

Slim glances at her. Her legs are on full display.

QUEEN (CONT'D)
I want him to love me so deeply I'm not afraid to show him how ugly I can be. I want him to show me wounds I never knew I had. But I don't want him to make the wounds go away - I want him to hold my hand while I nurse them myself - and then I want him to cherish the bruises they leave behind.

SLIM
Damn, no wonder you still single.

They both chuckle.

SLIM (CONT'D)
That's a lot of shit.

QUEEN
Is it though?

SLIM
Yes.

Then --

SLIM (CONT'D)
But you deserve that.

QUEEN
I don't like that word.

SLIM
You got a thing about that too?

QUEEN
(smiling)
Yeah, I do.
(then)
(MORE)

QUEEN (CONT'D)

I don't think we deserve anything in this life. We get what we work for. That's it.

SLIM

Okay, I'll switch it up.

(beat)

You're worthy of that.

QUEEN

I like that. Thank you.

She watches him drive for a beat.

QUEEN (CONT'D)

What do you want in a woman? And don't point at me.

SLIM

First of all, I wasn't gon' point at you.

He laughs.

SLIM (CONT'D)

I just want somebody that's ride or die.

QUEEN

What does that even mean? Where are you riding to and why do you have to die when you get there?

SLIM

I don't mean that shit literally. I just wanna be with somebody that's always gon' love me. No matter what. I want someone that's willing to hold my hand and never let it go.

Queen has never heard someone describe love in such simple terms.

QUEEN

I hope you find it.

SLIM

Me too.

CUT TO:

INT. GAS STATION - BATHROOM - DAY

Queen tries not to touch anything while washing up in a disgusting bathroom.

She looks in the mirror for a long beat. Wondering how she got here. Wondering what the future holds.

Queen looks around the bathroom and realizes she's all alone in the world.

Then - KNOCK KNOCK.

SLIM (O.S.)
You okay in there?

For the first time in her life a man's voice reassures her that she's not alone.

The sound of Slim's voice reminds her there's a chance everything will be okay.

CUT TO:

EXT. GAS STATION - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Slim leans against the wall outside the bathroom door.

He watches people as they walk by. He wonders if they recognize him. He wonders if they're going to turn him in.

Then he spots a LITTLE BLACK GIRL walking with her MOTHER. They look like the woman and child from the infamous Gordon Parks picture. It's a photograph of a smartly dressed black woman with her innocent child standing under a "Colored Entrance" sign.

The Little Girl locks eyes with Slim. She gives him the stink eye for staring at her.

Then she laughs at him. As if to taunt him for losing a staring competition he never knew he was a part of. Slim smiles. The Little Girl's sassy demeanor reminds him of home.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - LATER

Queen is driving now. Slim rubs his bald head.

SLIM
Skinny Luther or fat Luther?

QUEEN
Uh, skinny Luther.

SLIM
Ah fuck.

QUEEN
What?

SLIM
I don't trust people that like
skinny Luther.

QUEEN
Skinny Luther was dope. He had a
lot more energy. He sang better.
And his clothes fit.

SLIM
You crazy as hell. Fat Luther was
the shit. Who else you know can
pull off a jheri curl and a three
piece suit at the same damn time?

She's quiet.

SLIM (CONT'D)
Right, nobody.

INT. CAR - LATER

While Queen drives she spots a couple HORSES grazing. She
almost crashes the car.

QUEEN
Look! You see the horses?

Slim sees them up ahead.

SLIM
Yeah, they over there chilling.

QUEEN
There's probably a farm nearby.

She starts to pull over.

SLIM
What you doing? I thought you said
no more stopping.

QUEEN
I changed my mind.

EXT. FIELD - MOMENTS LATER

Queen walks up to the horses slowly. Judging by her demeanor she's more comfortable around animals than she is people.

She goes to pet one.

SLIM

You crazy? What if they get scared
and kick you in the face?

QUEEN

They're not wild.

SLIM

You don't know that.

QUEEN

Judging by their shiny coats -
they're domesticated.

Slim moves in closer. Queen grabs his hand and guides it in an a soothing back and forth motion. The horse is calm and so is Slim.

It's quiet all around them.

SLIM

How you know so much about horses?

QUEEN

My uncle used to take me horseback
riding when I was a kid.

SLIM

Earl?

QUEEN

I told you he didn't used to always
be like that.

Queen walks over to the other horse and looks in its eyes.

QUEEN (CONT'D)

He told me nothing scares a white
man more than seeing a black man on
a horse.

SLIM

Why?

QUEEN

Because they have to look up at
him.

SLIM
I've never been on a horse.

QUEEN
You should try it sometime.

Queen starts walking back to the car. Slim doesn't follow her.

SLIM
Maybe I should do it right now.

QUEEN
No. Their owner could come out and catch us. You can go horseback riding some other time.

SLIM
When?

QUEEN
I don't know.

SLIM
What if we don't make it?

The weight of his question renders them both speechless.

QUEEN
We will.

SLIM
You don't know that.

He's right. She doesn't.

SLIM (CONT'D)
Help me get on the horse.

Queen walks over to him.

SLIM (CONT'D)
Which one is the calmest?

Queen chooses the one that's still grazing. She holds Slim's hand and helps HOIST him up onto the horse.

The horse BUCKS at first. Then Queen whispers to the horse and eventually the stallion calms down.

Slim is nervous at first, but eventually he becomes one with the animal. After a moment Slim's posture shifts. He puffs out his chest and looks out into the world like an African warrior.

Queen looks up at him. He looks down at her. They hold each other's gaze for a long beat.

QUEEN
It's nice isn't it?

SLIM
Yeah.

Then -

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Hey!

The horse BUCKS again. But only this time Queen can't calm him down. The horse knocks Slim off his back. Slim hits the ground HARD.

He doesn't break anything, but he gets the wind knocked out of him.

Queen helps him up and they run to the Cadillac.

They hop in the car and drive off!

INT. CAR - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

As the sun starts to set, the Cadillac starts to smoke.

The smoke is coming from UNDERNEATH the car.

Slim pulls over.

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Slim is under the car. It's smoking like crazy. Queen stands over him. Freaking out.

QUEEN
How do you not know anything about cars?

SLIM
Don't judge me.

QUEEN
I think there's a body shop up the road.

SLIM
Really far up the road.

Queen walks to the back of the car and assumes the position.

QUEEN

Then we should start pushing.

Slim gives in and they both start pushing the car up the road. They try to hurry while they still have light.

CUT TO:

EXT. GAS STATION - GARAGE - TWO HOURS LATER

Slim and Queen are spent. A PLUMP BLACK MAN chews tobacco and blinks at them.

PLUMP BLACK MAN

Your transmission's fucked.

SLIM

That don't sound good.

PLUMP BLACK MAN

I can have it back to you tomorrow for about two grand.

SLIM

Two grand?

QUEEN

We need it back today.

PLUMP BLACK MAN

Y'all in a rush?

He looks at them suspiciously.

QUEEN

Yeah, we're on our way to visit family.

PLUMP BLACK MAN

Why y'all in a rush to do that?

He lets out a hearty laugh and then spits tobacco juice on the ground.

PLUMP BLACK MAN (CONT'D)

I can get it back to you tonight but that'll cost you a little mo.

SLIM

How much mo?

PLUMP BLACK MAN
Another five hundred.

Slim pulls Queen to the side.

QUEEN
That's all of our money.

SLIM
Then fuck it - let's just hop on a
bus or something.

QUEEN
That's too risky.

SLIM
Maybe I can try to fix it myself.

QUEEN
We'll get caught waiting on you to
fix it.

SLIM
You wanna give him all our money?

QUEEN
No, but we don't have a choice.

PLUMP BLACK MAN (O.S.)
We doing this or not?

Queen walks over and hands him the envelope full of cash.

QUEEN
Could you just hurry up.

PLUMP BLACK MAN
Who the fuck you think you talking
to?

He walks up on Queen.

QUEEN
Look, we don't want any trouble.

PLUMP BLACK MAN
I can't tell.

SLIM
We just need the car fixed as soon
as possible.

PLUMP BLACK MAN
I'm moving as fast as I can.

Slim pulls out his gun and points it at the mechanic's head. This time he holds it with confidence.

SLIM

We need you to move a little faster. If you don't mind.

CUT TO:

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

The Plump Black Man fixes the transmission while Slim holds a gun to his head. Queen sits on a counter staring at Slim. She can't take her eyes off of him.

The Plump dude is sweating more than usual while he tries to concentrate.

PLUMP BLACK MAN

Y'all killed that cop, didn't you?

SLIM

Not on purpose.

PLUMP BLACK MAN

It don't matter if it was on purpose or not. Now they really got a license to kill us.

QUEEN

He shot me.

PLUMP BLACK MAN

You gave 'em an excuse.

QUEEN

You weren't there.

PLUMP BLACK MAN

No, I wasn't. But I saw the affect it had on my son. He thinks y'all the second coming. Now every time something happens he wanna make a sign and go march in the streets.

SLIM

What's wrong with that?

PLUMP BLACK MAN

A lot of things.

Then --

QUEEN

Can you work more and talk less?
Please.

PLUMP BLACK MAN

Look, this gon' take a while. And
I've never been a fan of working
with a gun to my head.

QUEEN

We're not leaving you with this
car.

PLUMP BLACK MAN

What if I give you some insurance?

QUEEN

I don't want no house keys or no
drivers license cause all that shit
can be replaced. Fuck that.

The Plump mechanic walks over to the garage door and knocks
on it.

After a beat a SKINNY BROWN KID no more than seventeen lifts
it up.

Slim quickly puts his gun away.

The young man looks like Barack Obama long before he fell in
love with Michelle. He wears a dirty white T-shirt, tattered
jeans, and a CAMERA hangs from his neck like a gold chain.

SKINNY BROWN KID

Yes, sir?

PLUMP BLACK MAN

You wanna take them on a walk?

One look at Queen and Slim and he lights up like a Christmas
tree. He obviously doesn't share his father's views about
them.

SKINNY BROWN KID

Yeah!

Then -

SKINNY BROWN KID (CONT'D)

Yes, sir.

PLUMP BLACK MAN

I need an hour to fix this car.
Keep 'em occupied until then.

SKINNY BROWN KID

Yes, sir.

Slim walks over and shakes the young man's hand.

SLIM

I'm -

SKINNY BROWN KID

I know who you are. It's an honor to meet you, sir.

SLIM

What's your name?

SKINNY BROWN KID

Everybody calls me Junior.

Plump Black Man beams with pride.

Then Skinny Brown Kid takes Queen's hand and kisses it, sweetly.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - AFTERNOON

Queen and Slim walk hand in hand. Junior leads the way.

SLIM

Where is everybody?

JUNIOR

There's nothing to do around here. People just go to work and go home.

SLIM

I know the feeling.

QUEEN

That sounds like a miserable existence.

SLIM

Sounds kind of peaceful to me.

QUEEN

Peaceful or complacent?

SLIM

Just because you wanna work a regular job and lead a normal life doesn't mean you're complacent.

QUEEN

So is that why you work at Costco?

SLIM

Don't make fun of my job, okay. My dad works there and I like spending time with him.

QUEEN

That's a good reason.

SLIM

I don't wanna spend my whole life being stressed out just so somebody can write about me when I'm gone. All I want is a manageable mortgage, a couple kids, a dope ass wife and a hypoallergenic dog.

Queen lets that sink in.

QUEEN

That's all you want?

SLIM

Yeah. What do you want?

QUEEN

I want people to write about me when I'm gone.

JUNIOR (O.S.)

Me too.

SLIM

So that's why you out here saving lives? So people will write about you?

QUEEN

Excuse me?

SLIM

You think if you save enough lives then maybe yours will mean something.

QUEEN

Fuck you.

JUNIOR

Don't fight.

They both look at Junior as if he were their own son.

SLIM
Sorry, man.

JUNIOR
Don't apologize to me. Apologize to her.

Queen looks at Slim. Waiting for his bullshit apology.

SLIM
I'm sorry.

QUEEN
Uh huh.

SLIM
What do you wanna be when you grow up?

JUNIOR
I wanna be like y'all.

They finally arrive to Junior's secret spot. It's a small hill with a perfect view of the sunset.

Queen, Slim, and Junior sit on the grass and watch the sun say goodnight.

CUT TO:

INT. GARAGE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Queen and Slim get back in their newly repaired Cadillac. She turns on the car and it hums like it just came off the factory line.

Queen smiles. Slim looks rejuvenated.

JUNIOR (O.S.)
Can I take your picture?

SLIM
Yeah.

QUEEN
Nah, I don't think that's a good idea.

PLUMP BLACK MAN
I fixed your car for free - you can let him take your picture.

They both start to get out of the car, but Junior stops them.

JUNIOR

No, don't pose in front of it.
That's cheesy. Just look over here.

Queen has her hand on the wheel. Her toned arm on full display. Slim leans forward. His hand on his chin. He doesn't look at the camera - he looks at her.

Queen stares directly into the lens, the look in her eyes is the perfect combination of fear and pride.

The FRAME FREEZES. We linger on them long enough to realize they're no longer the people we met at the diner.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Queen is driving. Deep in thought. Slim is fast asleep.

They drive by a sign that reads WELCOME TO ATLANTA.

Queen stares at it for a long beat. It brings back an unwanted memory.

She makes an impulsive turn. Jolting Slim awake.

SLIM

Yo.

She's on a mission.

QUEEN

Do you mind if we make a detour?

SLIM

I do actually.

Queen doesn't care and makes a hard left turn. She drives down a winding road. Tears in her eyes.

SLIM (CONT'D)

You okay?

QUEEN

Not really.

He sits up and wipes the sleep out of his eyes.

Slim can tell she needs to be held in this moment, but he doesn't know if that's permitted. He reaches out and touches the small of her back. She allows it.

His hand is bigger than she realized. He rubs her back softly at first - then he applies more pressure to help her relax and to make sure she feel his presence in a way she hasn't before.

Her heart is beating so fast he can feel her body pulse. His heartbeat syncs up with hers. They are connected.

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - MOMENTS LATER

Queen stares at a tombstone.

ETTA JOHNSON - BELOVED MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

Slim stands a few feet behind her. Far enough to give her space. But close enough to let her know she's not alone.

QUEEN

We were close when I was younger,
but when I got older I felt like I
didn't know her anymore. She didn't
know me either. We could go months
without talking. And when we did -
I hated it. I had nothing to say to
her. She wanted a connection so
badly, but I just didn't care. I
didn't need her anymore.

She turns to look at Slim. Searching for judgement in his eyes. There is none.

SLIM

What was she like?

QUEEN

She was a beautiful hurricane.

SLIM

That sounds nice.

QUEEN

She was.

Queen extends her hand to Slim. He takes it and moves in closer.

She kneels down and pulls up a few weeds crowding her mother's resting place - all the while still holding onto Slim's hand.

Queen kisses her palm and touches the cold tombstone.

This is what closure looks like.

She lets go of Slim's hand and makes her way back to the car.

Slim hangs back.

He stares at her mother's grave a little longer.

INT. CAR - HOURS LATER

Queen and Slim sit in a parked car. Slim is in the driver's seat. Queen lies flat on her back in the backseat.

Slim breathes her in.

QUEEN

My grandma left the house to both of them. My mom wanted to sell it. My uncle wanted to live in it. Typical black family bullshit.

SLIM

Yeah.

QUEEN

One night they were at the house fussing about it and he pushed her down a flight of stairs. She cracked her skull. She bled out so quick by the time the ambulance got there she was already dead.

Slim hangs his head. Unsure of what to say.

QUEEN (CONT'D)

I had just passed the bar. I was desperate to try my first case. I never thought that would be it.

SLIM

How could you defend the person that killed your own mother?

QUEEN

It was an accident.

SLIM

Does it ever piss you off that he's alive and she isn't?

QUEEN

All the time.

SLIM

Even though y'all weren't close?

QUEEN

Yeah. I took comfort in the idea of her existence. No matter how far away we were I could always feel her presence.

SLIM

I can't feel my family anymore.

QUEEN

What do you mean?

SLIM

I can't feel their presence. I'm too far away.

A wave of sadness washes over him.

QUEEN

They're with you.

They lock eyes.

QUEEN (CONT'D)

You're gonna see them again.

SLIM

I don't believe you.

Queen leans in and kisses him. It's so pure and innocent - it's unclear if sex will follow.

But then he pulls her in close and kisses her again. The second kiss is anything, but innocent. It's the perfect combination of lust and melancholy.

They've been longing for this moment for a while.

Slim pulls Queen on top of him. Rather than entering her right away - he lifts her up to his face - her hands press up against the ceiling while he DEVOURS her.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET DAY - SAME TIME

We're in the same streets Junior just walked with Queen and Slim. But now the town isn't so quiet. There's a storm brewing and it has nothing to do with the weather.

A SEA OF BLACK and BROWN BODIES are MARCHING in PROTEST. They are full of PRIDE and VENOM.

They're protesting the death of an UNARMED BLACK BODY.

This particular body belongs to a TEENAGE GIRL.

Her PICTURE DAY PHOTO is everywhere. In it she wears bamboo earrings in her ears and thick purple braids in her hair.

She's the kind of black girl middle America fears most. Outspoken and free.

If she hadn't been killed - there's a strong chance she would've been impregnated in another year or two. That child could've been another statistic or the second black president. We'll never know.

The crowd wears t-shirts with her face at the center. They hold up signs that demand the cop that killed her be buried under the jail.

The PROTESTORS are surrounded by POLICE OFFICERS. The Officers are dressed in SWAT GEAR. Ready for war.

The Officers form a line. The Protestors form a line opposite them.

The Police stand completely still like statues of oppression in the South. The Protestors are vibrant not violent.

A LITTLE BROWN GIRL no more than six-years-old STANDS tall in front of the LONG LINE OF COPS. She directs her message to one cop in particular.

LITTLE BROWN GIRL
Stop killing us! Please!

Even in a state of rage and frustration her manners don't go out the window.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Slim pulls Queen's hair back and bites her neck. He follows each bite with a kiss.

Queen reclines the drivers seat as far back as it will go and kisses Slim deeply. Then she proceeds to move her hips back and forth. Driving Slim crazy.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - SAME TIME

A POLICE OFFICER THROWS TEAR GAS INTO THE CROWD.

Protesters cover their faces with t-shirts and hoodies. Their hands crumple the face of the slain Teenage Girl.

Some Protestors run for their lives while others run toward the Police.

The Police Officers start BEATING protestors with BATONS and chase after them while on HORSEBACK.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Queen is now gripping onto the steering wheel. Hands and arms sweating. Slim grips her waist and pulls her back and forth.

Windows fogged. Both gasping for air.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - SAME TIME

Junior makes his way through the crowd.

A BLACK POLICE OFFICER stops him from going any further. The Officer is dressed in bullet proof gear from head to toe. Junior can do him no harm in this moment.

Junior is only wearing a hoodie and sweatpants to protect him.

It's David and Goliath all over again.

BLACK POLICE OFFICER
If you don't vacate the premises
I'm gonna have to arrest you, son.

JUNIOR
I'm not your son.

BLACK POLICE OFFICER
What's your name, young man?

JUNIOR
I don't have to tell you that.

BLACK POLICE OFFICER
 I don't want to hurt you. Trust me.
 But it's my job to clear the
 streets. Which means you can't be
 here.

JUNIOR
 I have a right to protest.

BLACK POLICE OFFICER
 I understand that, but you don't
 have a permit. So that means you're
 breaking the law.

JUNIOR
 What you gon' do, kill me?

BLACK POLICE OFFICER
 No, but I will be forced to arrest
 you.

The Police Officer LIFTS UP THE BULLETPROOF SHIELD ON HIS
 HELMET - so there's one less barrier between them.

BLACK POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)
 I'm begging you. Go home.

The Police Officer GRABS Junior by his arms -- in an attempt
 to calm him down. But he wrestles free.

Junior pulls out a SMALL HAND GUN. Which he probably stole
 from his father's underwear drawer. He aims it at the only
 part of the Officer's body that's not covered.

He SHOOTS him square in the face.

Causing the Officer's head to EXPLODE IN HIS HELMET.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - SAME TIME

Slim thrusts his pelvis against Queen's again and again until
 she finally throws her head back and SCREAMS with pleasure.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - SAME TIME

Junior watches the Police Officer fall to the ground in front
 of him. He has succeeded in killing a giant that meant him no
 harm, but he feels justified just the same.

A SEA of SWAT MEMBERS descend on Junior and tackle him to the ground. His future is uncertain.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Queen and Slim lay intertwined in the backseat.

Naked. Spent. Sweaty.

Completely unaware the world is burning around them.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - SAME TIME

Uncle Earl's face is DRENCHED WITH HIS OWN BLOOD. His right eye is SWOLLEN SHUT. And his lip is BUSTED.

Even beaten to a pulp he's the coolest guy in the room.

The other guy is DETECTIVE WARD. He's dressed in plain clothes with a firearm on his hip. He's intimidating in size, but his balls are nonexistent.

DETECTIVE WARD

Where are they?

Uncle Earl spits out a tooth.

UNCLE EARL

You gone pay for that shit. And I don't want no cheap veneers either.

DETECTIVE WARD

We found guns, cocaine, and a lot of cash under your floor, Mr. Johnson. So you're going away no matter what.

UNCLE EARL

That cash is earnings from my strip club.

DETECTIVE WARD

You're selling a lot more than lazy lap dances.

UNCLE EARL

Ain't none of my bitches lazy.

DETECTIVE WARD

We got two of your bottom bitches
right next door.

UNCLE EARL

You don't even know what a bottom
bitch is, with yo light skinned
ass. You mixed?

DETECTIVE WARD

Mr. Johnson --

UNCLE EARL

You probably got a fat white mama
and a broke black daddy.

Uncle Earl has obviously struck a nerve with the Detective and in retaliation he SLAMS Earl's head onto the steel table. Hard. Causing him to lose his balance and fall to the floor. Detective Ward kneels down. Making sure his crotch is directly in front of Earl's face.

He winces in pain.

DETECTIVE WARD

You don't have to tell me where
they are. One of your little whores
will.

UNCLE EARL

Yeah you definitely half white
using a word like that. Help me up
you octaroon looking muthafucka.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

The walls are bare. There are only two photos on the desk.
Both feature two black women on vacation.

DETECTIVE DAVIS is one of the smiling women in both photos.

Judging by her frame she takes pride in the way she looks,
but her job doesn't require her to be beautiful. Just
efficient.

DETECTIVE DAVIS

How long you been stripping?

Naomi sits back with her legs spread apart.

NAOMI
How long you been a lesbian?

DETECTIVE DAVIS
My whole life.

NAOMI
That's how long I been stripping.

DETECTIVE DAVIS
Well, you look young so that's not too long.

NAOMI
I'm good at it.

DETECTIVE DAVIS
I'm sure you are.

Detective Davis grabs a photo from the file in front of her.
It's the same PHOTO from Officer Reed's dashboard.

DETECTIVE DAVIS (CONT'D)
Do you know who they are?

NAOMI
I don't know them white kids.

DETECTIVE DAVIS
They're the sons of Officer Reid.

NAOMI
Okay.

DETECTIVE DAVIS
They're never gonna see their father again - because your friends killed him.

NAOMI
They not my friends.

DETECTIVE DAVIS
Then help me find them. We know your pimp --

NAOMI
He ain't my pimp.

DETECTIVE DAVIS
Did he tell them where to go? Did he give them a place to hide?

NAOMI

Look, all I do is drink water and mind my business, okay.

DETECTIVE DAVIS

Are you and Earl in a relationship?

NAOMI

What that got to do with you?

DETECTIVE DAVIS

I'm just trying to understand why you're being so loyal to his niece.

NAOMI

The only person I'm loyal to is myself.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

DETECTIVE PRINZ, is a busty brunette with an invisible chip on her shoulder. She takes a bite out of a donut and passes it to Goddess.

Goddess looks at it, skeptically.

GODDESS

I don't know where your mouth been.

DETECTIVE PRINZ

I'm clean, I promise.

Goddess takes a bite from the donut. The sugar puts her mind at ease.

DETECTIVE PRINZ (CONT'D)

Is Goddess your real name?

Goddess looks at her like, "bitch, you know the answer to that question".

DETECTIVE PRINZ (CONT'D)

Okay.

Goddess takes another bite of the donut.

DETECTIVE PRINZ (CONT'D)

Goddess, what's your ultimate goal?

GODDESS

What?

DETECTIVE PRINZ
This can't be it.

Detective Prinz moves in closer.

DETECTIVE PRINZ (CONT'D)
You want more for yourself. I can
see it in your eyes.

Goddess looks away.

DETECTIVE PRINZ (CONT'D)
What do you wanna be?

GODDESS
I don't know.

DETECTIVE PRINZ
You're lying.

GODDESS
I'm serious. I never thought about
that shit.

DETECTIVE PRINZ
What do you want more than anything
in this whole world?

Goddess finishes off the donut and takes a deep breath.

GODDESS
I wanna be a star.

Detective leans back and smiles.

DETECTIVE PRINZ
You should be. You're pretty
enough.

GODDESS
Thank you.

DETECTIVE PRINZ
If you help me, the press is gonna
wanna talk to you. Your face will
be everywhere. You'll be a
household name.

Goddess isn't phased by this.

GODDESS
I don't wanna be famous for that
shit.

DETECTIVE PRINZ
Do you think you're gonna be a
famous movie star?

GODDESS
Maybe.

DETECTIVE PRINZ
That's not gonna happen.

GODDESS
You don't know that.

DETECTIVE PRINZ
I do.

GODDESS
You ain't gotta believe in me.

DETECTIVE PRINZ
Goddess, tell me what you want -
and I'll give it to you.

GODDESS
I want a lawyer.

Detective Prinz has failed. Goddess isn't as simple as she thought.

INT. POLICE STATION - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Detective Ward pulls out another photo of a couple kids. But these kids have a strong resemblance to Naomi.

DETECTIVE WARD
Do you know these kids?

Another rhetorical question.

Naomi's eyes well up.

NAOMI
Don't fuck with my kids.

DETECTIVE WARD
That's the last thing I want to do.

NAOMI
Then why you got a picture of 'em?

DETECTIVE WARD
I know the judge that awarded your
mom full custody.

NAOMI
How you know the judge?

DETECTIVE WARD
It's a small world.

NAOMI
Nah, all you white folks just know
each other.

DETECTIVE WARD
I can put in a call and see if I
can get him to wave the supervised
visits.

NAOMI
I want more than that.

DETECTIVE WARD
Okay, I can try to get you joint
custody.

NAOMI
What you mean try?

Detective Ward wonders if he should make a promise he can't
keep.

DETECTIVE WARD
I'll make it happen.

Naomi wipes the tears from her contoured cheeks and leans
forward. Ready to spill her guts.

INT. HOUSE - IN ATLANTA - MORNING

THE MANKOWITZ sit on a couch across from Queen and Slim.

MRS. MANKOWITZ is lily white. She's warm, yet hard to read.
MR. MANKOWITZ has a nervous energy most veterans can't shake.
His eyes are kind, even though they've seen mankind at its
worst. He's spent his whole life trying to forget the war.

MRS. MANKOWITZ
You know the boy that killed the
police officer?

SLIM
We spent a little time with him.

QUEEN
He was very sweet.

MR. MANKOWITZ
I'm sure he is.

SLIM
Did the news say what was gon'
happen to him?

MR. MANKOWITZ
They're gonna try him as an adult.

Queen hangs her head.

QUEEN
Fuck.

MRS. MANKOWITZ
Language.
(then)
This is a Christian house.

QUEEN
I'm sorry.

MRS. MANKOWITZ
You should be.

QUEEN
Excuse me?

MRS. MANKOWITZ
These kids think it's okay to kill
cops because of you.

Slim is visibly upset.

SLIM
We didn't tell him to do that.

MR. MANKOWITZ
It's not their fault.

MRS. MANKOWITZ
Then whose fault is it?

SLIM
Look, we don't want nobody else to
die.

MRS. MANKOWITZ
Too bad. You're next.

MR. MANKOWITZ
Honey.

QUEEN

No, it's okay. I know they're looking for us.

MR. MANKOWITZ

They have a bounty on your heads.

SLIM

How much are we worth?

MRS. MANKOWITZ

A hundred thousand.

SLIM

Each?

MRS. MANKOWITZ

Total.

QUEEN

That ain't much.

MRS. MANKOWITZ

A hundred grand could pay off our mortgage.

QUEEN

You gonna turn us in?

MR. MANKOWITZ

Absolutely not.

Queen cuts her eyes at Mrs. Mankowitz.

MRS. MANKOWITZ

How long do you need to stay?

QUEEN

Just a night.

MR. MANKOWITZ

You can stay in our room. We'll take the couch.

SLIM

Thank you. That's very kind.

Mrs. Mankowitz looks as if he should've discussed that with her first.

MR. MANKOWITZ

And if somebody comes in here you can hide under the bed.

QUEEN

I don't know if that's the best
hiding place if the cops come.

MR. MANKOWITZ

No, you don't understand. There are
loose panels under the bed.

MRS. MANKOWITZ

He thinks the atomic bomb is gonna
drop at any moment.

MR. MANKOWITZ

I like to be prepared.

MRS. MANKOWITZ

I keep telling him if a bomb drops -
it doesn't matter where you hide.
You're dead anyway.

MR. MANKOWITZ

What are you gonna do when you
leave here?

SLIM

Try to get to Cuba.

MR. MANKOWITZ

That's smart.

MRS. MANKOWITZ

How are you gonna cross the water?

Queen and Slim look at each other.

SLIM

We haven't figured that out yet.

MRS. MANKOWITZ

I think we can help.

QUEEN

You got a boat?

MRS. MANKOWITZ

No, but we know a guy with a small
plane. He lives in Miami.

MR. MANKOWITZ

Jackson?

MRS. MANKOWITZ

Yeah.

Mrs. Mankowitz WRITES DOWN AN ADDRESS and hands it to Queen. She slips it into her pocket. Mr. Mankowitz looks concerned. His wife clocks this.

MRS. MANKOWITZ (CONT'D)

What?

MR. MANKOWITZ

I don't trust him.

MRS. MANKOWITZ

That's your problem. You don't trust anybody. Do you guys want me to call him or not?

SLIM

Please.

As Mrs. Mankowitz gets up to make the call -

A SWAT TEAM PLOWS THROUGH THE DOOR.

Queen and Slim jump up and run upstairs BEFORE THE COPS SEE THEM.

Mrs. Mankowitz screams at the top of her lungs. Mr. Mankowitz holds up his hands and tries to reason with the police.

MR. MANKOWITZ

Do you have a warrant?!

One of the SWAT MEMBERS shoves him against a wall, and holds one up.

MR. MANKOWITZ (CONT'D)

I want to read that.

SWAT TEAM MEMBER

Take all the time you need.

Mr. Mankowitz reads the warrant carefully. It's legit.

He nods at the police. Then with the flick of a finger the Swat Leader commands his team to search the whole house.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - SECONDS LATER

They swarm the house like bees. Tearing it apart.

They break antiques and stomp on wooden floors that have just been repaired.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Queen and Slim make their way to the MASTER BEDROOM. They try to lift up the panels under the bed. Some of them lift easily while others are stuck and won't budge. Slim starts to sweat bullets. Queen does her best to loosen them up as fast as she can.

They move quickly - but they aren't fast enough.

Determined FOOTSTEPS make their way to the bedroom. The bedroom door SWINGS OPEN. Silence.

We follow the FEET looking in the closet and then out the window to see if they jumped.

Then we PAN UP to reveal the feet belong to the Swat Team Member that shoved Mr. Mankowitz against a wall downstairs just moments ago.

He stares at the bed and grins. Then he lifts it up with one quick swoop, and --

Nothing. They aren't there.

SWAT TEAM MEMBER

Fuck!

He lets go of the bed and it CRASHES against the floor. Shaking the whole house.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - UNDERNEATH THE FLOOR - SAME TIME

Queen and Slim lay close together. Shaking. Trying not to breathe.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE - FRONT LAWN - LATER

The Police are loading the bright red Cadillac that Queen and Slim have called home - for most of their journey - onto a tow truck.

It's evidence now. The Mankowitz are handcuffed and sitting in the back seat of a Swat Truck. The Swat Team Member from before looks down at them.

SWAT TEAM MEMBER

If you tell me where they're going
we can let you go and you can enjoy
the rest of your evening.

Mrs. Mankowitz looks at her husband.

MR. MANKOWITZ

I don't know where they're going.

He kneels down and gets in Mrs. Mankowitz's face.

SWAT TEAM MEMBER

How bout you? You look a lot
smarter than your husband.

MRS. MANKOWITZ

You heard what my husband said.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - UNDERNEATH THE FLOOR - HOURS LATER

Queen and Slim are half asleep. She turns to him.

QUEEN

We have to leave at some point.

SLIM

I know. I'm just not trying to walk
into an ambush.

QUEEN

I heard cars leave hours ago.

SLIM

Yeah, but I'm sure they left some
folks behind so they could keep an
eye on the house.

QUEEN

You can stay and die of starvation
if you want to - but I'm getting
the fuck outta here.

Queen slowly lifts the panels up one by one. They both take in the fresh air. They roll from up under the bed.

Queen walks over to the window that faces the back of the house. All that's back there is a GARAGE and some grass. Slim walks over.

QUEEN (CONT'D)
Nobody's out there.

SLIM
They're probably out front.

QUEEN
You wanna check?

SLIM
So they can see me and burst in here again? Hell nah.

Queen lifts up the window and looks down.

It's low enough so they can't kill themselves, but high enough that they could break a leg if they landed wrong.

QUEEN
We gotta jump.

Slim looks out.

SLIM
It's too high.

QUEEN
All you have to do is bend your knees as soon as you hit the ground. Bend and roll.

SLIM
This ain't no damn fire drill.

QUEEN
I'll be brave enough for the both of us.

SLIM
Okay fine then you jump first.

Queen climbs onto the window seal, takes a deep breath, and JUMPS out of the window.

But she doesn't take her own advice and forgets to bend her knees.

She hits the ground HARD and lands flat on her back knocking the wind out of her body and her LEFT SHOULDER OUT OF ITS SOCKET. Queen grabs her arm and rocks back and forth trying not to scream. She's in excruciating pain.

SLIM (CONT'D)

Fuck!

Seeing Queen in pain is the push he needed. He walks back a few feet and runs toward the window LEAPING to the ground. He follows Queen's instructions and lands perfectly.

Rather than rejoicing he rushes over to Queen's aid and pulls her into the garage.

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Queen is in so much pain she can't speak.

SLIM

Okay, I know how to do this. But you have to promise not to scream. Can you do that?

She shakes her head no.

SLIM (CONT'D)

I believe in you.

She continues to shake her head and backs away from him.

SLIM (CONT'D)

I think there are cops out front and if they hear you - it's over. All of it. We're done. I know how strong you are.

They lock eyes.

SLIM (CONT'D)

I'll be brave for us now.

Those words give her the strength she needs.

QUEEN

Give me your shirt.

He takes it off and balls it up. She stuffs it in her mouth and gives him a nod to let him know she's ready.

Slim grabs her elbow with one hand and grasps her neck with the other.

SLIM

1... 2..

Then YANK! She SCREAMS but it's muffled by his shirt.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT OF THE HOUSE - SAME TIME

Two POLICE OFFICERS are standing guard out front. Police Officer 1, is out of shape and always in a good mood. Police Officer 2, is too intense for his own good.

Police Officer 1 hears Queen's muffled groans.

POLICE OFFICER 1
Did you hear that?

POLICE OFFICER 2
Hear what?

POLICE OFFICER 1
It sounds like somebody's crying.

POLICE OFFICER 2
No, it's just nature. You city boys
ain't used to that shit.

POLICE OFFICER 1
Don't refer to me as a boy.

POLICE OFFICER 2
You know what I meant.

POLICE OFFICER 1
Look, I know the difference between
a person and an animal.

POLICE OFFICER 2
Then go walk around.

POLICE OFFICER 1
Man, watch how you talk to me.

POLICE OFFICER 2
Touchy touchy.

Police Officer 1 starts to walk around the property.

CUT TO:

INT. GARAGE - SAME TIME

Queen rubs her shoulder - still in pain. While Slim searches for a key to the STATION WAGON parked in the garage.

SLIM

Help me find a screwdriver.

They both start searching.

QUEEN

You know how to jumpstart a car?

SLIM

I used to. My older brother taught me one summer.

QUEEN

I didn't know you had a brother.

Queen finds an old toolbox. Slim digs through it.

SLIM

The only car we ever jump started was my dad's. He used to take his keys with him everywhere he went. He knew better than to leave that Acura around us.

QUEEN

I see why.

Slim finally finds what he's looking for and hops in the driver's seat. Queen gets in the passenger. This is a far cry from Uncle Earl's fly caddy. But they'll take what they can get.

Slim tries to convince the ignition the screwdriver is a key but it doesn't work.

SLIM

Dammit.

QUEEN

Keep trying.

He takes it out and tries again. Nothing.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDE OF THE HOUSE - SAME TIME

Police Officer 1 walks around, looking to see if anyone's there. He sees the garage. But doesn't hear anything. He cocks his gun, and walks over to the garage.

CUT TO:

INT. GARAGE - SAME TIME

Queen digs through the toolbox again and finds a smaller screwdriver and gives him that.

Slim puts that in the ignition and it works. The engine is louder than they thought it would be.

SLIM

Now how we supposed to get outta here?

QUEEN

By the grace of God.

SLIM

So you believe in Him now?

Before she can answer.

POLICE OFFICER 1 LIFTS UP THE GARAGE DOOR.

They turn to look at him. They're caught.

The Police Officer looks around and realizes his colleagues are out front - chatting with each other. He looks back at Queen and Slim and sees two faces that remind him of his own.

He remembers why he became a cop. To help people. And at the moment, no one needs his help more than the two people in front of him.

They have a staring contest for about three seconds.

Then he takes a few steps back and gives them room to back up.

Slim puts the car in reverse and moves the car back slowly.

Queen sinks low into her seat.

Police Officer 1 nods his head as a way to say, "go head".

They pull off and drive onto a busy side street. Queen and Slim pass by a few distracted police officers and are on the road. Again.

Police Officer 1 watches them go. Confident in his decision. He walks back around to the front of the house.

INT. FRONT OF THE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

POLICE OFFICER 2
What was it?

POLICE OFFICER 1
A couple deer got caught in some
branches. I set 'em free.

POLICE OFFICER 2
Told you.

As Police Officer 1 grins, we --

CUT TO:

INT. STATION WAGON - HOURS LATER

They're almost in Miami.

Queen sticks her head out the window and lets the wind hit her face. For the first time in her life she feels completely free. No fear.

SLIM
What you doing?

She doesn't respond. Queen unbuckles her seatbelt and hoists herself up onto the window seal and leans on the roof of the car.

SLIM (CONT'D)
Are you crazy?! Get back in the
car!

She looks up at the sky. The clouds seem bigger to her. Queen takes a deep breath - then gets back in her seat.

SLIM (CONT'D)
Are you tryna get caught?

QUEEN
No, I just always wanted to do
that.

SLIM

Well, don't do it while I'm driving.

QUEEN

You should try it.

SLIM

Nah, I'm good.

QUEEN

Pull over.

SLIM

No.

She grabs the steering wheel and YANKS it to the left. They almost crash into another car.

SLIM (CONT'D)

If I do it will you please let me drive the rest of the way in peace?

QUEEN

Swear to God.

SLIM

Swear on something else.

QUEEN

Okay fine, I'll swear on you.

They lock eyes. She kisses him. As he pulls over, we --

CUT TO:

INT. STATION WAGON - MOMENTS LATER

Queen is now gripping the steering wheel while Slim tries to hoist himself up and out of the car window. He's not as graceful as she is.

He finally gets up there and tries to hold onto the roof of the car, but his hands are sweaty so he loses his grip and FALLS BACK - with his arms flailing in the air.

QUEEN

Oh shit!

Before he flies out of the car he grabs a hold of the rearview mirror and regains his balance.

SLIM

Fuck this, I'm coming back in.

QUEEN

No, you got it. You're good. I'll drive slow.

She slows down a bit and Slim finally gets a firm hold of the roof.

Queen picks up a little speed and Slim gets a whiff of the freedom she just got. Slim doesn't know if he'll ever feel this free again - so he cherishes the moment.

CUT TO:

INT. STATION WAGON - NIGHT

Queen and Slim are parked in an empty field - somewhere in Miami.

It looks like an abandoned plantation.

QUEEN

Are you sure this is the address?

SLIM

Maybe she wrote it down wrong.

QUEEN

Well it's not like we can call and ask for confirmation.

SLIM

Fuck.

Slim gets out of the car and looks around. There's no sign of human life anywhere.

QUEEN

Will you please just get back in the car before you get kidnapped.

SLIM

Who's gon' kidnap me? Ain't nobody out here.

Slim gets back in the car. They're both exhausted from driving all day.

SLIM (CONT'D)

I was hoping we'd pull up to a house so we could get some sleep.

QUEEN
Well, there isn't one.

SLIM
I can see that.

QUEEN
I feel like a sitting duck.

SLIM
Let's just sleep for an hour and
then we can figure out our next
move.

QUEEN
The cops could find us in an hour.

SLIM
No one knows we're in this car.

QUEEN
They could figure it out.

SLIM
How about you go to sleep and I'll
sit up front and make sure nobody
kills us.

She gets out of the car and climbs in the back.

The backseat is practically a bed anyway. Slim takes off his jacket and places it behind her head from the front seat.

Queen curls up in a ball and closes her eyes. Slim stares off into the night. While he looks up at the stars, he hears --

QUEEN
I can't sleep.

SLIM
You want me to turn on the radio?

QUEEN
No. I want you to tell me a story.

He turns to look at her. Confused and annoyed.

SLIM
What kind of story?

QUEEN
Any story. I don't care.

SLIM

Uh...

QUEEN

Look, if I were home right now I'd just turn on my rain machine and go to sleep. But I'm not -- so I need you to get creative.

SLIM

The sound of rain soothes you?

QUEEN

Yeah.

SLIM

Does the sound of my voice soothe you?

QUEEN

Not at the moment - can you just tell me a story please?

Slim leans back in his seat and tries to think. He's nervous.

QUEEN (CONT'D)

You can start.

SLIM

I know, I'm thinking.

Queen stares at him. Patiently waiting. This makes Slim even more nervous.

SLIM (CONT'D)

Okay so two teenagers fall madly in love, but their families can't stand each other --

QUEEN

You can do better than that. Come on.

SLIM

Okay fine.

He fidgets with his hands while as he begins to speak.

SLIM (CONT'D)

When I was little I asked my mom where babies come from. She said they come from heaven.

(MORE)

SLIM (CONT'D)

I guess I didn't believe her - cause right after that I went to go ask my dad. He said -- babies are the product of two people that needed something from each other. I didn't know what that meant. So I asked -- needed what? He said it could be any number of things. Maybe they needed to feel good. Maybe they needed love. Maybe they needed to feel human.

QUEEN

How old were you?

SLIM

Seven.

She puts her head back down. Perplexed by this story, but intrigued.

QUEEN

And then what?

SLIM

Then I asked my grandmother and she said -- babies come from Satan. They're his way of punishing us for all the evil shit we did to our parents.

Queen shakes her head.

SLIM (CONT'D)

Then I went to my older brother and asked him. He said -- nobody knows. You're just born. That's it. Don't ask why.

(then)

I wasn't completely satisfied with that answer, but I had run out of family members to ask - so he got the last word. But I always thought to myself if I ever have a kid... I pray to God he never asks me that shit.

Queen chuckles, so does Slim.

QUEEN

I have a feeling you'd give 'em a good answer.

Queen's eyelids become heavy. She eventually closes her eyes and falls asleep.

Slim stares at her. Grinning. Watching her sleep has quickly become one of his favorite pastimes. After a moment he finds it hard to keep his eyes open as well.

Soon - they're both fast asleep. In a station wagon. In the middle of a field. Somewhere in Miami, Florida.

CUT TO:

INT. STATION WAGON - DAWN

Slim is in a deep sleep. Mouth open. Head tilted. Drooling.

Then we hear - CLICK CLACK. Slim JOLTS awake.

There's a RIFLE aimed at Slim's face. Once his brain computes what's happening he scoots over into the drivers seat - this causes Queen to wake up too.

QUEEN

What's going on?

She looks at the man holding the rifle. He's an OBESE WHITE GUY wearing a FUBU t-shirt and all of his teeth are GOLD.

All of those things make Queen very nervous.

OBESE WHITE GUY

Don't be scared. I don't wanna hurt y'all. I wanna help you.

SLIM

Then why you pointing a gun at my face?

He joyfully swings it over his shoulder.

OBESE WHITE GUY

Oh I was just having some fun. I point guns at everything.

He opens the door for Slim. He gets out, cautiously.

SLIM

Are you Jackson?

OBESE WHITE GUY

That's my last name, yeah.

QUEEN

Your last name is Jackson?

OBESE WHITE GUY

I know it sounds like a black person's last name but if you think about it - y'all got your names from us.

Touché.

OBESE WHITE GUY (CONT'D)

Come on.

Slim helps Queen out the back.

OBESE WHITE GUY (CONT'D)

I got a little trailer over here.

The Obese dude walks pretty fast. Queen and Slim trail behind him. Then --

SLIM

Do you know the Mankowitz?

OBESE WHITE GUY

Yeah.

QUEEN

They gave us your address.

OBESE WHITE GUY

Why'd they do that?

Queen and Slim catch up to him.

QUEEN

They said you had a plane.

OBESE WHITE GUY

They lied.

Slim stops walking. Queen and the Big White Dude stop too.

SLIM

If you don't have a plane we not coming with you.

OBESE WHITE GUY

I have very little money. So there's no way in hell I could ever afford a plane. But I have a friend with a lot of money. He got two of them muthafuckas.

(MORE)

OBESE WHITE GUY (CONT'D)
 He got a big one and a small one.
 Y'all just need the small one,
 right?

SLIM
 Yeah.

OBESE WHITE GUY
 When we get to my trailer I can
 call him.

Queen is skeptical.

OBESE WHITE GUY (CONT'D)
 Look, y'all can either believe me
 or go back to the station wagon.
 Your choice.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAILER - MOMENTS LATER

Queen and Slim sit in the White Guy's tiny trailer.

OBESE WHITE GUY
 Alright - he can have the plane
 ready to go first thing tomorrow
 morning.

QUEEN
 We need to go today.

OBESE WHITE GUY
 Well it's not that easy.

SLIM
 We can't wait until tomorrow. We
 have to go now.

OBESE WHITE GUY
 Okay, but I doubt he'll be able to
 make it happen.

SLIM
 Just call him again.

Slim grabs the cordless phone and hands it to him.

OBESE WHITE GUY
 (on the phone)
 They need to go today. I know.
 That's what I told 'em. Uh huh.
 Okay.

He looks at Queen and Slim and shrugs his shoulders.

OBESE WHITE GUY (CONT'D)
Yeah, I can do that. Okay. Thanks
man. I appreciate this.

He hangs up.

OBESE WHITE GUY (CONT'D)
We gotta meet him in an hour.

SLIM
Okay cool.

OBESE WHITE GUY
It's an hour away - we gotta go
now.

SLIM
Can I make a call first?

OBESE WHITE GUY
I thought you were in a rush?

SLIM
I am, but I need to make one quick
call.

OBESE WHITE GUY
Make it quick.

The White Guy leaves.

QUEEN
What are you doing? We can't talk
to anybody. They could track us.

SLIM
I don't care.

He dials a number he knows by heart. As it rings his eyes
start to well up.

Then finally we hear a BOOMING VOICE on the other end.

VOICE
Hello?

Slim doesn't say a word. He just breathes.

VOICE (CONT'D)
Hello?

Then after a beat.

VOICE (CONT'D)
Son? Is that you?

The tears start streaming down Slim's face.

VOICE (CONT'D)
Where are you?

Slim hangs up the phone. Queen pulls him into a hug and holds him tightly as he cries into her chest.

OBESE WHITE GUY
Everything alright?

QUEEN
We're fine. Can you give us a second?

OBESE WHITE GUY
No, we gotta go now.

QUEEN
We'll be out in a second!

The White Guy makes his way outside, mumbling under his breath the whole time.

CUT TO:

INT. TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

Queen and Slim sit in the backseat holding hands while the Big White Guy drives.

QUEEN
Do you know what fubu means?

OBESE WHITE GUY
Yeah, it's for us by us.

SLIM
But you ain't one of us.

OBESE WHITE GUY
I know. I just like the clothes.

QUEEN
You like black women too?

OBESE WHITE GUY
I believe all black women are queens and we should bow in their presence.

SLIM

I second that.

OBESE WHITE GUY

Do you know how lucky you are to have been carried in a black woman's womb? It's a gift. Damn the Jews -- y'all the chosen ones.

(then)

I fuck with y'all.

Slim sneaks a look at Queen.

OBESE WHITE GUY (CONT'D)

I was just sitting on my ass eating deep fried macaroons like I do every Sunday and then I saw that picture of y'all on the news -- and I knew I didn't wanna keep doing the same shit no more. I knew I had to take my life into my own hands.

QUEEN

You got all that from a picture?

OBESE WHITE GUY

Yes, Queen.

(then)

Do you mind if I call you that?

QUEEN

No. I don't mind.

OBESE WHITE GUY

There it go.

They look out the window and see a small PLANE up ahead. It's the kind of plane a famous person would meet their demise in.

He pulls up to the plane. Queen and Slim hop out.

They both shake his hand with gratitude. Particularly Slim.

OBESE WHITE GUY (CONT'D)

Peace and blessings to you both.

Queen grabs Slim's hand and they both start walking toward the plane.

It's been a long road to this point. They're ready to leave it all behind. Then --

WOOP WOOP!

They turn their heads to find FIVE SQUAD CARS lined up in a row. TWO COPS step out of each vehicle. GUNS DRAWN.

The Obese White Guy yells at one of the cops.

OBESE WHITE GUY (CONT'D)
Ay yo. Run me my money, muthafucka.

A Cop TOSSES him a large BLACK DUFFLE BAG. He catches it.

One of the COPS sees him unzip the bag to count it. The Cop pulls him to the side.

COP
It's all there.

OBESE WHITE GUY
Just checking.

COP
What are you gonna do with the money?

OBESE WHITE GUY
Half of it is going to a lovely couple I wanna help pay off their house.

COP
And the other half?

OBESE WHITE GUY
I'm gonna travel the world and order everything on the menu.

And with that he hops in his truck and speeds off.

One of the Police Officers gets on the bullhorn and yells at Queen and Slim.

POLICE OFFICER
Get on the ground now! And put your hands behind your head.

Queen and Slim look at each other. Never letting go of each other's hand.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)
Get on the ground now!

QUEEN
There's no getting out of this, is there?

SLIM

No.

Queen looks up at the sky - and somehow manages to muster a smile.

QUEEN

I wish we could've had forever.

SLIM

Me too.

Slim looks at her with tears in his eyes and says --

SLIM (CONT'D)

On the count of three I want you to run as fast as you can.

She nods.

SLIM (CONT'D)

One...

QUEEN

Two...

They both turn around and run toward the plane with all the energy they have left.

A bullet PIERCES Queen's stomach within seconds.

Slim is shot in BOTH KNEES. Then two bullets BLOW through his chest forcing him to fall, face first, to the ground.

Queen continues to run until a cop who spends most of his days in the shooting range sends a bullet straight through her heart. Killing her instantly.

Slim crawls to her. He knows she's no longer here. In body. He kisses her forehead with bloody lips. Then collapses on top of her. He takes one final breath before making his transition to the hereafter.

They lay there on the pavement. In a pool of their own blood.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

Sophie Johnson and Darius Hinds were shot and killed today by Miami Police. The two suspects have become quite infamous for their ability to escape authorities after killing a police officer four days ago in New York City.

(MORE)

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Miami Police Department released a statement saying they had hoped to arrest the suspects so the suspects could have their day in court, but when they decided to flea they had no choice but to open fire.

The COPS put their guns down. Feeling powerful and guilty at the same time. It's an adrenaline rush they can't describe.

The Police Officers walk over to the dead bodies. Observing them. Not unlike a hunter observes his conquered prey.

As we linger on this visual - we'll hear Alice Smith's tortured rendition of Nina Simone's song "I Put A Spell On You."

SOCIAL MEDIA bubbles fill the screen.

FACEBOOK, TWITTER, and INSTAGRAM are all abuzz with people posting, commenting, retweeting, recording themselves on their phones. We see long rants. Hashtags. Comment sections are flooded with debates.

Everyone has an opinion about the mysterious couple that looked authority in the face and killed it with their bare hands.

CUT TO:

INT. MORGUE - LATER THAT DAY

The floor is covered in blood and water. A bloody baptism is currently taking place.

The CORONER is a dignified black man with a salt and pepper beard. For all the death he's seen - there's a lot of life behind his eyes.

He washes Queen and Slim's bodies as if they were his favorite cousins. He prays over them. He does it in a soft whisper because he knows this isn't professional, but he also wants to be loud enough so God can hear him.

He wants them to go to that Good Place. The Place his Grandmother told him about when he was a child. The Place overflowing with milk and honey and God's love.

That's his prayer.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - THREE DAYS LATER

HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE, mostly Black and Latino, stand in the streets holding flowers with sad eyes. They pour into the streets to pay their respects to two ordinary people that have become sacrificial lambs.

It's reminiscent of BIGGIE'S funeral. Only this time there's no music being played from boom boxes. There's no animation or joy to be found.

We see an OLDER BLACK MAN with a bald head and a thin frame. He looks like the older version of SLIM. This is his beloved father. He bows his head and takes off his hat as his son's casket rolls by.

Slim's family consists of his OLDER BROTHER, his SISTER, his ELEGANT MOTHER and THREE YOUNG CHILDREN - his little cousins.

The only person there to grieve QUEEN is her Uncle Earl. He cries uncontrollably as he reaches out to touch her casket. It's covered in pink roses. She hated that color.

YOUNG KIDS hold up the PHOTO Junior took of Queen & Slim in the car.

As we linger on the photo, we --

CUT TO:

INT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - DORM ROOM - DAY

A very white COLLEGE KID hangs the same photo of Queen & Slim on his wall. They are right up there next to Bob Marley and Tupac Shakur.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRAZIL - STREET - DAY

TWO LITTLE BOYS, who look like extras from CITY OF GOD, kick a soccer ball back and forth. One of the boys is wearing a t-shirt with Queen and Slim's faces on it.

And just like that they've gone from skin and bones to mythical beings that everyone wishes they knew.

Heroes that everyone admires and role models young people will immolate for generations to come.

Whether you call them sacrificial lambs, revolutionaries or just two innocent people that defended themselves -- their names will live on forever.

But for the purposes of this story -- they will always be known as Queen and Slim.

FADE TO BLACK.