

FADE IN

EXT. NYC WEST HARLEM PIERS VIC-BDWY 125TH STREET-1855-DAY

A woman, black head covering, black, loose corset-like jacket over purple dress, black apron, typical slave outfit of the 1800's, chases after a younger woman dressed in a 'sense and sensibility dress' with an elaborate gold trim, sheer flowing fabric, hurry towards an open manhole cover near a tall, cast iron-like structure with winding stairs and a huge bell, marked: *Lookout Tower*.

They halt, then hide behind a large pole as a small, intense, woman dressed in heavy black boots, long dark gray dress, long white apron over it, stands under a tree, examining a beige, tattered scroll under her left arm, ascends from the hole.

SERIES OF QUICK MONTAGE-LIKE CUTS:

On screen overwrite: *MIDNIGHT TRAIN, I SPY HARRIET TUBMAN?*

The woman, MOSES UNDERGROUND, hums the tune, not the words, for: "*Amazing Grace*," she stops, does a 360, looks up at the sign, then another 380, opens her scroll, begins shouting out names.

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO FIGURES COMING UP THE DISTANCE

MOSES UNDERGROUND

Talk Outlaw, Talk, wait, you're not black?

A tall man, wild hair do, skull cap, it's TALK OUTLAW.

On screen overwrite: *WELL FREE MY LIBERTY, FREDERICK DOUGLAS IN TOWN?*

TALK OUTLAW

How do you know, I could've inherited most of my father's genes?



MOSES UNDERGROUND
You're wearing a yarmulke.

TALK OUTLAW
No I'm not, it's called a kippah,
it's all the rage in Africa.

MOSES UNDERGROUND
And the difference?

TALK OUTLAW
It's a human thing, miss I'm SO
black and everyone else isn't.

MOSES UNDERGROUND
OK, so now what exactly is your
personal injustice?

TALK OUTLAW
I'm thinking. Listen, I put in
some jokes for a speech at that
Banquet in that hell forsaken
place, Charleston, tell me what you
think. You know, anything that's
inappropriate?

MOSES UNDERGROUND
When the rope tightens around your
neck, you know your joke bombed.

TALK OUTLAW
Methinks you spend so much time
down in those dark tunnels, you're
becoming a little bitter there
missy.

Moses Underground dismisses Talk with a wave to the left,
mumbling under her breath as he strides about.

MOSES UNDERGROUND
Trying to keep the light of history
burning and he's being silly.

Talk continues his diatribe-like rant, Moses gets a bit
ticked, glares at him.

MOSES UNDERGROUND (CONT'D)
Talk, stop talking.

Going to next the next name on her list, she twists her neck in another 360 turn.

MOSES UNDERGROUND (CONT'D)

Gay, Gay Dorian?

A man , dressed to the nines, it's GAY DORIAN, swaggers up.

On screen overwrite: *VOGUE MY STRUT, AIN'T THAT OSCAR WILDE?*

GAY DORIAN

Here, Miss Moses. You know what I always say, when you tell them the truth, you'd better make them laugh or they'll kill you.

Moses Underground's distracted by SCRAPING of the manhole cover being pushed open, a head peeks out, it's SCALP LAST STAND. He does a 360, then a 380.

On screen overwrite: *REMINDS YOU OF GENERAL CUSTER?*

Holding a poster of Slow Bighorn, the man, SCALP LAST STAND, struts up to Talk Outlaw.

SCALP LAST STAND

He's gay, his whole life is a joke.

Comparing his face to wanted posters he's holding of Mountain Dragon, Slow Bighorn and Sleeping Mescal.

Moses rolls her eyes, checks off his name.

BRAYING, runaway horse pull up with a rotund guy, RASTA FREEDOM, wearing a flamboyant hat sitting astride a rocking buggy, he nods to Gay Dorian.

On screen overwrite: *WATCH IT, MARCUS GARVEY DONE SAIL IN*

RASTA FREEDOM

Nice Outfit bro. After I take care business with this banquet mess, I'm taking my people back to Africa. Maybe you can do some designing for us?

Rasta Freedom gets behind Scalp Last Stand, shoves him, sticks out his tongue, Moses Underground checks his name, wags her finger at him.

On screen overwrite: *WELL HIDE DA PODIUM, THAT MALCOLM X?*

An intense man, RED Z, with horn-rim glasses, paces back and forth as if he's practicing a public speech, accentuating with his hands.

RED Z

I did not land on this rock to go to a banquet down in Georgia, that rock landed on me.

A man carrying a concession stand, tray-like box around his neck, PEANUT BUTTER WASHINGTON, strides up to Red Z.

On screen overwrite: *OH NUTS, THAT GEORGE WASHINGTON CARVER?*

PEANUT BUTTER WASHINGTON

South Carolina. The banquet's in Charleston. Here, have a peanut butter Sandwich, it's delice.

Peanut Butter Washington strolls around as if he's a vendor at a baseball game, holding up small brown bags.

PEANUT BUTTER WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

Peanuts, get your peanuts here.

Moses underground gives them both a stern look, nods to the line to her left, checks two more names.

A short, fat man with old-fashioned binoculars, FULL OF BULL INTESTINE, walks backwards, bumping into the others.

On screen overwrite: *THAT JESUS ON THE MAINLINE OR J EDGAR HOOVER DONE TAP IN?*

FULL OF BULL INTESTINE

You better have a peddler's license for them there goods. I will not tolerate tax evaders and commie agitators.

He takes notes on little pieces of paper, keeping an eye on everyone, especially Red Z, Talk Outlaw, Rasta Freedom and Moses Underground, winks, puckers at Gay Dorian.

A handsome man, CAMELOT HYANNISPORT, wearing a yachting cap, walks with purpose up to the group.

On screen overwrite: *DEADRINGER FOR JFK, YA THINK?*

CAMELOT HYANNISPORT

Ask not what you can do to help get yourself to Charleston, ask what Charleston can't do for you if you don't get down there.

Removing his yachting cap and brushing back his hair, he takes a campaign-like stance, waves to everyone.

Another man, GENERAL JUSTICE, holding a bound book of the Constitution, tags close behind Camelot.

On screen overwrite: *NOW DON'T THAT LOOK LIKE RFK?*

GENERAL JUSTICE

We're bound together by a common cause, the cause to make it into history.

Trying in vain to keep hair out of his eyes, General Justice joins Camelot Hayannisport, pulls out a photo of Jimmy Hoffa.

GENERAL JUSTICE (CONT'D)

Has anyone seen this man?

Moses Underground, in admiration of them, gently nudges them over to the line with a big, school girl crush of a smile, checks off two more names.

RUSTLE of bushes nearby, it's MOUNTAIN DRAGON.

On screen overwrite: *THUNDER IN TARNATION, COCHISE, IN TOWN?*

MOUNTAIN DRAGON

He's doing my people a great wrong, I go to war with him. He in

Charleston, Arizona? Charleston,
New York?

A large buffalo trots up to Moses, stops as if following a command, SLOW BIGHORN flips out from underneath the buffalo, shields his eyes with his right hand as if he's surveying the place.

On screen overwrite: *SITTING BULL, YA RECKON?*

SLOW BIGHORN

By the will of spirit, I go to war,
but, me no find Fort Apache, South
Bronx?

Slow Bighorn takes a sharp knife and whittles an arrow. He climbs down from the a buffalo, trips, bangs his shin.

MOSES UNDERGROUND

The banquet's in Charleston, South
Carolina, get a map, you two.

Moses Underground ticks off two more names, motions them to get in line as Slow Bighorn ties his buffalo to a fire hydrant, pulls off a string holding up his pants, uses it to tie a sign around the buffalo's neck that reads: *WELL-TRAINED, NEEDS GRASS, WATER, WALKING ALL DAY, SEND SMOKE SIGNAL - ALL OFFERS TO SLOW BIGHORN.*

Moses Underground stands on tippee toes, searching the crowd.

MOSES UNDERGROUND (CONT'D)

Sleep, Sleep Mescal? Sleep?

On screen overwrite: *WATCH OUT, GERONIMO IN THE HOUSE!*

A man leans against a tree, snoring, native American garb, magic mushroom design on his vest, it's SLEEP MESCAL.

He becomes startled, jumps up, grabs bow and arrow, shoots at Scalp Last Stand who's whispering to Full of Bull Intestine, everyone hits the ground.

A hot, sexy blond woman, NELLIE NYMPH, distracts them when her white dress flies up as she saunters sexually beside Moses Underground, smiles, throws her head back, coy look at Camelot Hyannisport.

On screen overwrite: *OH SHE SO NORMA JEAN*

NELLIE NYMPH

Happy birthday, Mr. Moses, happy
birthday, to youuuuuuuuu.

Moses Underground covers Nellie Nymph with her cape, points to the name tag on her chest, Nellie Nymph giggles sheepishly, saunters between Camelot Hayannisport and General Justice.

MOSES UNDERGROUND

Stay together people, no bickering.
I've freed a thousand lives,
would've freed thousand more if
they only knew they needed saving.
Though I can only die once, I have
to make sure your legacy lives on
in history books, to the banquet.

Each guest takes section of a long rope, in the manner of preschool children on a trip with their teacher, following Moses Underground down into that same New York City manhole from before.

Moses Underground's voice echoes from underground.

MOSES UNDERGROUND (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Did you all eat yet?

Full of Bull Intestine gets left back, no one wants to stand next to him, he has trouble closing manhole cover, GRUNTS.

Thick black smoke all around, bell DONGS, sirens,
firetrucks, WOO HOO, WOO HOO, KLANG.

The woman, from earlier, dressed in black head covering, black, loose corset-like jacket over purple dress, black apron, typical slave outfit of the 1800's, looks around, then closes the half-opened man hole cover. Lowers her head, face obscured, turns to the camera.

EXT. 125 STREET-DAY-SAME TIME

NARRATOR

This here story begins, of all
places, in a country they call It-
lay, wait, no, it was E-thi-o-pi-a,

with an Italian general named
Vinnie and.

Puts her finger up to her chin.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Nah, it goes back way further than
that, to the Holy Land. But those
two sides, the Italian and the
Ethiopian the same.

EXT. JERUSALEM - AD 87 OR 78- A HILL NEAR MT SINAI-DAY

Seven men hang on seven crosses.

A stern Roman soldier, PONTY PILL, in full battle regalia,
stands with a scroll, checking off names, does a panoramic
perusal of the seven men hanging on crosses.

PONTY PILL

Same thing, hangings, all day, day
after day, thirty minutes for
lunch.

Ponty Pill pokes each man's feet with his sword, which is
too heavy for his short-statue, it drops in the sand.

The Ethiopian man on the middle cross, AMOS ABBA, looks over
at the man on the first cross.

AMOS ABBA

It's Passover, did you eat yet?

Ponty Pill picks up his sword, attempts some dignity by
pushing it back into a holder on his side.

PONTY PILL

You seven annoying Jews, Hebrews,
Ethiopians, Nubians, Egyptians? Or
anyone who refuses to pay taxes to
our beloved empire.

The sword slips, Ponty Pill gets a paper cut.

PONTY PILL (CONT'D)

You are sentenced to hang till you
die, state your arguments.

Amos Abba spits on Ponty Pill.

AMOS ABBA

The Roman and Greek Empires going
to fall.

Ponty Pill takes off his helmet, slams it into the sand.

PONTY PILL

Is not, we're tough, we're a
democracy.

AMOS ABBA

No you're not, you're imperialists,
govern by corrupt idiots, ruled by
Praetors

Amos Abba, amazingly, pulls his right hand away from the
nail with ease, puts his fore finger under his chin in
thought.

AMOS ABBA (CONT'D)

Actually, gluttonous predators is
more like it.

Ponty pill kicks sand up at Amos Abba, points with his
forefinger.

PONTY PILL

You do know you're on a cross,
right?

Amos Abba, re-positions his right hand back in place, then,
takes his left arm away from the nail, gives Ponty Pill a
one handed Bronx cheer.

AMOS ABBA

Doesn't matter, we're chosen,
you're cursed.

Ponty Pill consults his scroll, again, looks at the first
man, wags stern finger.

PONTY PILL

See, this is why we crucify your
leader over there, Jehuda the
Nazarite, aka, Jesus Christ, when
we claim him later.

Amos Abba looks over at the man on the first cross, grins.

AMOS ABBA

No it's not, that's Elijah, you moron.

A pack of dogs dragging a tattered sign in Aramaic, subtitled: *Jezebel is a skanky whore - chase Ponty Pill off into the distance.*

The men climb down from their crosses, with little effort, wipe off special effects makeup, tidy their robes, tap fists, look at each other in a *'just finish another shift at the cross hanging'* and blurt out in unison.

7 MEN FROM 7 CROSES

Same time tomorrow?

A woman wearing a *'sense and sensibility dress with gold embroidery around the neck and sleeves, with a veil covering her face,* holds up a sign to the men as if they're at a wrestling matches, in Hebrew and Aramaic, subtitled:

Jews hightailing it out of Jerusalem, left through Lemba to South Africa - see Lions, giraffes, rhinos - since you all love parting stuff, a nice waterfall, or, right to Ethiopia where Amos Abba hides the Ark and pretends he's Christian, whatever that is - hurry, pick one, Emperor Ponty Pill due back soon.

The 7 men stop, study the sign, have a change of heart.

Four men go left.

The other 3 drag an ark and head to the right.

EXT. 125 STREET-DAY-LATER

Same woman narrator goes over to the buffalo to inspect the sign around its neck.

NARRATOR

Great day after tomorrow, what kind a moron leave this fine animal in Manhattan, he belongs in Buffalo. Where was I? Oh, right, now about them two sides that just can't get along, years later an ancestor of