

Murder In Flight

written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. PAWTUCKET LIBRARY - NIGHT

We see a large lake next to a white building with a sign that says "Pawtucket Community Library." An UNKNOWN GROUP OF PEOPLE break through a wire fence. They pour gasoline around the building. ONE UNKNOWN PERSON has a bible in their hand.

ONE UNKNOWN PERSON
(voice is distorted and
broken)

In the name of Jeeesus-ah, may you
be cleansed, redeemed, and salvaged
from the pits of hell. Remember,
remember, remember who is the true
savior. Aaaa-men.

One Unknown Person lights the bible on fire and drops it on the gasoline trail. The library bursts into flames almost instantaneously.

EXT./INT./INT. PAWTUCKET LIBRARY/CHURCH/MO'S BEDROOM -
CONTINUOUS/DAY/NIGHT - MONTAGE

A) EXT. PAWTUCKET LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

Flames continue to burn. We slowly hear screams.

ONE UNKNOWN PERSON (V.O.)
And the bible says... Ah... that
those who sin-ah, musta repentah!
For hell is a dark and wary place,
that will keep you in a state of
misery, forevah!

MO (V.O.)
There comes a point, in every
person's life, when you realize
that everything you know is just
the surface of everything you are
beginning to remember.

B) INT. CHURCH - DAY - The threads of a white and red robe
sway.

C) INT. MO'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - Mo's lips smile with pleasure,
while a delicate, dark hand caresses her neck.

D) EXT. PAWTUCKET LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS - flames blazing.

E) INT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS - A hand tightens, revealing the shine of a gold emblem ring and the smallest engraving of **The Secret Order Seal**. The hand holds a worn antique bible.

F) INT. MO'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS - The curve of Nia's back is gently kissed.

G) EXT. PAWTUCKET LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS - We see figures in the flames.

H) INT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS - Expensive black leather shoes tap to church music.

I) INT. MO'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS - A pillow is grasped as we hear a moan.

J) EXT. PAWTUCKET LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS - We hear screams in the flames.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. ANGEL'S BEDROOM - DAY

ANGEL, a fat, Afro-Brazilian, male-presenting early thirties person who is dressed in a vibrant Folklórico jumpsuit, eleke beads, and a gorgeous lace-front is finishing getting ready in front of a mirror as an UNIDENTIFIED MALE lays half naked in their bed.

INT. ANGEL'S KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Angel greets their mother, GIRA, a beautiful, youthful looking black woman in her early forties with goddess locs dressed in similar clothing to Angel, but in black and red. She looks worried. Angel bends to give their mother a kiss then pauses.

ANGEL
Something wrong?

Gira looks off pensive, while Angel looks for food.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
You're over thinking things. It's a beautiful day, go outside.

GIRA
Cachorro picado de cobra tem medo de linguiça.

ANGEL
I thought you were vegan?

Gira shoots Angel a look.

GIRA

"Haha!" You make jokes now, but I know these kinds of energies. Well enough to know that something unpleasant is brewing.

Angel looks away.

GIRA (CONT'D)

Please keep this on you.

Gira hands Angel a protection pouch. Angel gags.

ANGEL

GOD! What did you put in this? It smells like a mini-bag of rotten-dicks!

INT. DRIVE THRU OF BBNBB- DAY

MO, a dark-skinned black, mid-twenties femme dressed in contemporary, new-age afro-centric ware, is meditating by a colorful drive-thru window. Incenses are burning while crystal harps play in the background. JAIMY, a thin, sporty Viet and Black femme dressed in 90s R&B clothing and a nón lá hat, is drawing in a sketchbook while sitting on the counter. The drive-thru bell goes off and Mo presses a button for the intercom. A zombie growls in the background.

MO

Welcome to BBNBB, Black, Brown, n Bitchin' Botanica, the sliding scale fee, BIPOC-owned, femme and non-binary owned, anti-police, pro-BLM, pro-Trans, pro-LGBTQ, pro-Indigenous sovereignty, pro-pet, all love-light-and-liberation, community serving, wildcrafted, organic, pesticide-free, gluten free, BPA free, pregnant persons and youth friendly, worker-owned... did I say that already?

CUSTOMER ON THE INTERCOME (O.S.)

No you didn't.

MO

Oh ok. Let me see.

Zombies continue growling.

MO (CONT'D)

(whispers)

Gluten free, BPA free, worker-owned... ah yes.

(speaks normally)

Home of your local herbs, rituals, and all things magical on Pawtucket Territory. May I take your order?

CUSTOMER ON THE INTERCOME (O.S.)

Yeah, I need a specialty order please.

MO

Sure, what healing are your ancestral guides divining for you today?

CUSTOMER ON THE INTERCOME (O.S.)

Let me get a super-sized dick, with some extra "hook-and-sway," a side of \$2 mil, and a couple of baddies with fat asses that make Beyoncé look like she snack size.

MO

One second. Let me check what we have in stock.

Mo pokes around some herbs, potions, and other magical items on a shelf.

MO (CONT'D)

I got a love petition and a money candle. Will that be all?

CUSTOMER ON THE INTERCOME (O.S.)

Damn! Y'all ain't ever got anything good up in here. And you know it's dangerous, coming all the way by the Zombie nest-

EXT. BBNBB - SUNSET

A worn, stone sign is right next to BBNBB that says "WELCOME TO THE PAWTUCKET CEMETERY." Zombies rise from the grave and walk slowly, growling at one another.

INT. DRIVE THRU OF BBNBB- CONTINUOUS

Mo hovers over the intercom.

MO
Then stop coming.

CUSTOMER ON THE INTERCOME (O.S.)
[BEAT] Stop playing; I'm coming
around.

A brand new and shiny, all black car pulls up to the window.
A zombie walks past it and tries to come close, but then
backs up, snarling in pain.

MO
Shit, nice ride! That the new
obsidian whip?

CUSTOMER ON THE INTERCOME
Yeah, just got it the other day.
Haven't had a single one of these
little shits-

The customer looks at the zombie.

CUSTOMER ON THE INTERCOME (CONT'D)
-fuck with me ever since. Only get
a bit of bird shit here and there
on my windshield. Feels like the
good old days.

Mo admires the car.

CUSTOMER ON THE INTERCOME (CONT'D)
Mmm... my stuff?

MO
Oh yeah. Would you like to add a
sacred boundaries kit to your
purchase? They help to protect your
home from intrusions.

CUSTOMER ON THE INTERCOME
That the one with the white sage?

MO
We only use rosemary. Gotta cherish
the sage and let it rest.

CUSTOMER ON THE INTERCOME
They all just herbs anyways,
they'll grow back. Ain't they like
an invasive species or something?

Mo stares back annoyed.

MO

Naw, quite the opposite. They endangered. Like if they go, the plant ancestor don't come back to us in the physical form.

CUSTOMER ON THE INTERCOME

Well, I wouldn't understand all that witchy, paranormal stuff y'all do. I just want the strong shit that'll keep these-

A zombie tries to touch the car window. The customer puts on his windshield wipers, also made with the obsidian. The zombie backs off.

CUSTOMER ON THE INTERCOME (CONT'D)

(to the zombie)

-Motherfuckers! Do you mind? Stay off the ride!

CUSTOMER ON THE INTERCOME (CONT'D)

(to Mo)

How much for the kit?

MO

54 Ether.

CUSTOMER ON THE INTERCOME

That's too much. I can go down to the depot and get one for 40.

Mo rings up the customer, then hands him his stuff.

MO

May your day be filled with love, light-

Customer snatches his stuff.

CUSTOMER ON THE INTERCOME

Yeah whatever. Oh yeah, before I forget, this is for you.

He hands Mo a paper with **The Secret Order Seal**.

CUSTOMER ON THE INTERCOME (CONT'D)

It's what y'all get for being so ungodly and selling this shit.

MO

"Shit" that you happen to be buying right now...

He drives off in a hurry. Mo looks curiously at the paper, then hands it to Jaimy. Jaimy shrugs and crumples it into the trash.

MO (CONT'D)

Everyone wants "the specialty" now a days. It's like hell breaks loose and people just wanna fuck for survival of the fittest... or biggest, I guess.

Jaimy shakes her head in agreement.

JAIMY

It's possible to "super-size," but their intentions are never clear and it gets too big.

MO

How big?

Jaimy holds up her sketchbook with an elaborate drawing of an elephant's erect penis.

JAIMY

It's for our latest zine: Royal rising, not good "mourning."

EXT. OUTDOORS - DAY

Angel rides their bike with an unusually heavy black helmet that says "obsidian verified" on the side. Zombies walk around disoriented and slow. A zombie tries to attack Angel. They easily avoid the zombie with a burning bundle of rosemary, causing the zombie to scream and stay away.

EXT. BBNBB - DAY

Angel parks their bike and approaches BBnBB.

INT. BBNBB - MOMENTS LATER

Jaimy lays down on a table, puts a crystal bowl on her womb, and begins playing it.

JAIMY

[CHIME] Spirit of unmemorable fuckboys: I thank you for your lessons you have taught me and the guidance you have provided for my growth.

(MORE)

JAIMY (CONT'D)

Your energy is no longer serving my highest good; I release you. You have no power here. [CHIME] Spirit of "it was just pre-cum": I thank you for your lessons you have taught me and the guidance you have provided for my growth. Your energy is no longer serving my highest good; I release you. You have no power here.

Jaimy pauses as if she is trying to remember something. She gets up and tries to shake her ass. She looks down disappointed, then lays back on the table with the bowl on her womb.

JAIMY (CONT'D)

[CHIME] Spirit of flat-assness: I thank you for your lessons...

Angel walks in to BBnBB. Mo is dressing candles. Angel stares confused at Jaimy.

MO

She's working on shedding her distorted feminine so she can tap into her divine feminine. She had an experience with you-know-who that is making her re-evaluate everything.

INT. JAIMY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jaimy is having sex with her EX, an unmemorable, basic male. They are both moaning, but Jaimy's moan is low and monotoned. Ex's moan intensifies, then he pauses, looking down at her like he messed up.

EX

Oh, Fuck!

JAIMY

(sings)

Macaroni in the pot, that's some wet ass pussy!

Ex rolls off of Jaimy.

EX

You don't have to say that every time.

JAIMY
 (still singing)
 Should of worn a condom, if you
 didn't want to hear about this wet
 ass pussy!

Ex looks at Jaimy excited.

EX
 Let's keep it!

JAIMY
 (voice trails off)
 Waaaaah? You don't... have a...
 job.

EX
 Zombie slaying is my job, you know
 that, bae.

EXT. JAIMY'S HOME - NIGHT

Ex is hanging out in a lawn chair playing a zombie slaying video game on his laptop. The game sounds intense. A few real zombies approach him, slowly and unorganized. Without taking his eyes off the laptop, Ex grabs some obsidian crystal towers from a box and stabs the zombies. They fall without much resistance. One zombie tries to grab Ex's leg as it goes down. Ex shakes it off then shows it his computer screen.

EX
 Yeah, y'all ain't want none of this
 niggah. Look at these bad asses?
 This some Resident Evil level shit.
 Y'all ain't want NONE of this. Ya
 heard? Y'all ain't nothing like
 them. If I met these zombies, I'd
 fuck 'em up too. Right? You know I
 would. I bet you got a leader
 though, don't you? DON'T YOU? Take
 me to him; I'll fuck 'em up! And
 the rest of y'all's horde too.

Ex dances as he points to the zombies on the floor and the ones on the screen.

EX (CONT'D)
 (singing)
 I'd fuck you up, I'd fuck you up,
 I'd fuck you up. I'd fuck you-

The zombie, annoyed, rolls away from Ex, purposely pushing the obsidian deeper into its own chest. Ex goes back to playing his game.

INT. JAIMY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ex tries to touch Jaimy. Jaimy turns her back to him.

EX

I make the world safer for you. Now
I can make it safer for our new
baby.

INT. BBNBB - CONTINUOUS

Jaimy lays with the bowl on her womb in silence.

JAIMY

I've been drinking a mugwort,
hibiscus infusion with lemon juice
and eating a shit ton of oranges
and guavas everyday for the past
two weeks. Finally got my moon a
few days ago. I am never attempting
procreation with him EVER again!
Btw, Angel, how's my favorite
procreator, Gira?

ANGEL

She's ok, I guess. Was acting a
little weird when I left home
today.

INT. ANGEL'S KITCHEN - DAY

Angel looks back at Gira with a worried look as they are about to leave the house.

GIRA

I'll be fine. As you say, I am just
overacting.

Angel walks out the door to the mailbox and waves goodbye. Gira waves back, looking at Angel as they grab a letter from the mailbox. Angel rides off on their bike. When Angel is gone, Gira gets up from the kitchen table. She goes to a draw and takes out a gun, then walks up the stairs to Angel's bedroom and opens the door. The unidentified man in Angel's bed stirs.

GIRA (CONT'D)

Your time is up. You gotta get up
outta my house.

UNIDENTIFIED MAN

Bitch, imma leave when I feel like
leaving. Da fuck!

Gira points the gun at the man's head. He immediately opens
his eyes.

GIRA

You got about thirty seconds. And
don't forget to leave your payment
and my child a hefty tip at the
door.

UNIDENTIFIED MAN

I paid you last night!

GIRA

Check out was at 5am; Overstays pay
by the hour. BITCH!

EXT. GIRA'S SHOP - DAY

Gira walks up to a closed bodega and opens the steel gate.
She immediately hangs obsidian crystals at the entrance.

INT. GIRA'S SHOP - MOMENTS LATER - MONTAGE

She begins setting up her herbal candy shop. She burns some
rosemary, then some a cinnamon stick. She approaches an
altar, where she lights a black and white candle by a glass
of water she pours over her right hand into the glass. One by
one, people come into the shop, buying treats from her.

A) A child comes in. They place a bill on the counter as Gira
hands them a candy.

B) An old woman comes in and says thank you, placing a pack
of cigarettes by Gira's altar.

C) Another child comes in. They place a bill on the counter
as Gira hands them the candy.

D) An attractive mid-twenties man places red roses by Gira's
altar and kisses her hand.

E) Another child comes in. They place a bill on the counter
as Gira hands them the candy.

F) A family comes in, with a new born baby in their arms, and place a thank you note with a bottle of wine by Gira's altar.

G) A CHILD, about eight years old, comes in, looking serious. He hands Gira a paper that almost looks like a bill. As Gira grabs the paper and is about to hand him a candy, she hesitates and realizes the paper is not a bill. She looks closely at the paper and sees **The Secret Order Seal**, then looks up at the child. He spits on her candy as he runs out the door. Gira tries to chase the boy, who runs into the open door of a white van with unmarked plates. The van speeds off before she can reach it.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Mo is flirting with Nia, who giggles. They stand near the church's backdoor, as Mo holds a BBnBB labeled package. Mo leans in for a quick kiss. Nia gets serious.

NIA
(whispers)
What are you doing?

MO
Ain't no one here.

Nia looks around nervously.

MO (CONT'D)
It's ok.
(mockingly)
You're in the clear.

NIA
That's not funny. You have any idea
what my father-

Mo looks up suddenly and backs away from Nia. Nia turns sharply to see PASTOR KELVIN, a mid-fifties, tall, fair-skinned black man dressed in a pastor's robe.

NIA (CONT'D)
Daddy! I was just ordering some tea
for grandma.

Nia looks sharply at Mo. Mo hands Nia the package.

MO
That'll be 0.025 Ether.

Nia takes out her phone and sends the payment. Mo hears an alert on her phone and checks it.

MO (CONT'D)

You're all set. Have a great day.

Mo walks out the back door. Pastor Kelvin snatches the package from Nia as she flinches. Nia's phone rings.

NIA

It's mom. She said she was going to call me about bible study.

Pastor Kelvin gives her a nod of approval. Nia walks away as the phone continues to ring.

INT. BBNBB - DAY

Jaimy picks up the phone as it rings.

JAIMY

Welcome to BBnBB, Black, Brown, n Bitchin' Botanica, the sliding scale fee, BIPOC-owned, femme and non-binary owned, anti-police...
Oh.

(whispers to Angel and MO)

It's the boomer: Karen.

Jaimy looks around nervously at Angel and Mo.

JAIMY (CONT'D)

Hi Karen. Yes, we are doing well. Yes, we will have the rent ready for you in...

Jaimy looks at Mo, who hides her face. Then she looks at Angel, who shrugs.

JAIMY (CONT'D)

Ahh, hunh. Mmm. Yes, I understand.
[BEAT] The BIPOC open mic night?

Angel shakes their head no and mouths "don't do it," while Mo throws a silent tantrum in protest.

JAIMY (CONT'D)

Well you see... it's called a BIPOC open mic night, Karen, because it's for BIPOC ONLY. We had some complaints the last time you and Gary showed up.

INT. BBNBB - NIGHT

The Botanica is set up like a late-night speakeasy. A banner hangs above a makeshift stage that says "BIPOC Open Mic Night." We see a crowd of BIPOC millennials staring in disbelief. We see on the stage KAREN, a white middle age woman, dressed in 70s hippie garb with long stringy hair, and her sidekick husband, GARY, a white and middle age male with a mohawk made of dreadlocks, wearing a dashiki and a rasta cap. They attempt to sing "I'm still in love with you" by Sean Paul and Sasha.

KAREN

I'm still in love with you boy.

GARY

Well I'm a hustler and a player and you know I'm not a stayer. That's the duddy, duddy love.

Jaimy places her finger over her ears. Angel looks to Mo.

ANGEL

That ain't the way you say dutty.

Mo shakes her head.

MO

I'm pretty sure that's not the way you say any of it.

Karen twirls the microphone cord around her hand. Karen tries to sing to Gary.

KAREN

I'm still in love with you boy.

Gary is singing to Mo and Jaimy, who both shrink in their seats and avoid his eye contact.

GARY

Say girl, try to understand that a mon is just a mon. That's the duddy, duddy love.

Angel and Mo look at one another and mouth "The Fuck." The audience's faces are unamused. Karen hovers over the mic, out of breath.

KAREN (TO GARY)

I need a smoke.

Karen takes out a cigarette.

KAREN (CONT'D)
 It's all natural tobacco, from my
 peoples: the Cherokees, one of the
 original stewards of Turtle Island.
 Black, White, Red and Yellow

Karen abruptly points to Jaimy. Jaimy leans back startled.

KAREN (CONT'D)
 Unite!

INT. BBNBB - CONTINUOUS

Jaimy sighs.

JAIMY
 Karen, although past-life readers
 are awesome, we still have doubts
 on your 1/16th Cherokee and so did
 the local Indigenous folx who were
 in the room.

Mo rolls her eyes.

JAIMY (CONT'D)
 Yes, we'll make sure to have your
 rent on the 1st, so your presence
 at our BIPOC events are not
 required. Thank you! Byeeeeeee-

Jaimy looks up at Angel.

JAIMY (CONT'D)
 Yes, I'll pass on the message to
 them.

Jaimy hangs up the phone.

JAIMY (CONT'D)
 She says "Sí se..."

ANGEL
 "puede." I know, you don't have to
 tell me every time. She know damn
 well I don't speak Spanish.

Jaimy snickers.

MO
 I can't believe she thinks she can
 buy her way into our identities by
 trading in race for rent...
 (MORE)

MO (CONT'D)
 But actually y'all, how we gonna
 pay rent this month?

Angel and Jaimy look at one another excited.

MO AND JAIMY (CONT'D)
 Market Day!

Everyone starts twerking. Then Angel pauses and sucks their
 teeth.

MO (CONT'D)
 What?

ANGEL
 She know damn well she ain't no
 Cherokee.

INT. MO'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mo is lying next to Nia. They are naked under the blankets
 staring at the ceiling.

NIA
 How's the shop?

MO
 Good. Fine. Ok. We're having
 another Market Day. Can't have
 Karen coming to anymore of our
 events like that.

NIA
 If y'all need help with rent
 again... Mo, you know I can't help
 this time-

MO
 Did I ask for your help?

Mo turns her back to Nia.

MO (CONT'D)
 You know if your father would just
 lighten up and just let us do our
 healing work, rather than
 demonizing us in public, we
 wouldn't be struggling so much.
 Especially not during a time like
 this, when what we have could help
 so many people.

NIA
You know he can't do that.

MO
He can't? It seems as simple as he
can.

Nia leans over and touches Mo's shoulder, then begins to kiss
her back.

NIA
What can I do to help in other
ways?

MO
It would be nice if you came by to
support my work from time to time.

NIA
Now you know I can't do that, Mo.
For more than one reason.

There's silence as Nia stares at Mo.

NIA (CONT'D)
Speak to me please. I wish you'd
open up more in general. Maybe I
could help you, you know, get a
real job or something, but you got
so many walls up it's like...

MO
Get a real job or something? So
that's how you see what I do, as
not real? Nia, the only reason I
got so many walls up with you is
because it's like I'm trapped in
some sort of device when I'm around
you and I... I can't get out of.

Mo turns to look Nia in the eyes.

MO (CONT'D)
I don't want to do this anymore.

NIA
Do what anymore, Mo? Hmmm? Can't do
what? This? You know I can't be
open with you like that and you
know you can't fully be open with
your work like that either. The
herbs is a good cover for now, but
soon people are going to catch on.
They are already talking.

(MORE)

NIA (CONT'D)

And then on top of that you wanna be with just anyone, while being with me? But who else is going to love you like I do? Especially with what you are, with what you can do? It's too much.

Mo stares angrily at Nia.

MO

It's too much, Nia, or I'm too much! Something's been off for a while now and I feel like I can't be myself around you. I need to be in a relationship that allows me to be who I want to be in all the ways I want to be-

NIA

What exactly are you anyways, hunh? A polygamist witch-whore casting your dark magic on whichever pussy, dick or whatever the fuck else would have you? Like are you straight or are you a lesbian... or what are you, one of these flaky-ass bisexuals or pansexuals, fucking anything that comes to sight? Do you do light work or do you create shadows? Do you want a long term-relationship or do you want to hop around from person to person trying to figure out that you ain't shit without me? You ain't ever gonna be shit without me! You are nothing WITHOUT ME, bitch, other than a broke, black bi-bruja; that's all! If what you are and what you can do is so divine, why'd the divine cast you out of heaven and put you through hell on earth here with us?

Mo begins to shake as the visions come back.

EXT./INT./INT. PAWTUCKET LIBRARY/CHURCH/MO'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS/DAY/NIGHT - MONTAGE

A) INT. CHURCH - DAY - The threads of a white and red robe sway.

B) INT. MO'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - Mo's lips smile with pleasure, while a delicate, dark hand caresses her neck.

C) EXT. PAWTUCKET LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS - flames blazing.

INT. MO'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mo hops out of bed and grabs Nia's things.

MO

Get out.

Nia stays in bed staring in disbelief.

MO (CONT'D)

GET THE FUCK OUT!

After a moment Nia puts on her clothes and rushes out. Mo slams the door and begins screaming, then cries.

EXT. BBNBB - DAY

Jaimy lounges on top a makeshift bed by the gate entrance, which is covered in obsidian. Mo walks past with a heavy bundle of zines and places them next to Jaimy, while Jaimy meditates.

JAIMY

Success flows to us like rain flows
to the roots. Success flows to us
like rain flows to the roots.
Success flows to us like rain flows
to the roots.

Angel walks past with some boxes of mystic goods.

EXT. BBNBB - LATER

Mo is putting the finishing touches on the BBnBB table. JEM, an attractive black male with locs dressed in contemporary afro-centric clothing, approaches Mo.

JEM

Hey.

MO

Hey.

JEM

Jem.

MO

Mo.

They make intense eye contact. Mo becomes distracted, begins touching things randomly.

JEM

So you come here often?

MO

From time to time. I mean, yeah, it's like our co-op. We host the event and have other BIPOC vendors in the community help us. It's sliding scale fee, we do it about once a month or so-

JEM

Cool, cool.

Jem checks out the different items on the table. He walks over towards the sex magic section. Mo takes a paper fan from the table and begins fanning her face, then her breast, then her crotch.

EXT. BBNBB GATE - LATER

Jaimy lays on her bed passing out the zines by a gate covered in obsidian crystals. Zombies walk back and forth outside of the gate trying to bother people, who quickly walk into the entrance. The people grab the zine from Jaimy and drop money into a jar by her side. Nia walks up to Jaimy.

NIA

Hey Jaimy, can you show me where-

JAIMY

The divine feminine does not handle trivial matters for low vibrational beings.

A zombie approaches them. Jaimy flags it down.

JAIMY (CONT'D)

Ah, yes. Look! Undead? Undead? A being of energetic match for you and your task. Undead, may you please help this person?

NIA

Whatever.

Nia walks past Jaimy. Jaimy grabs one of the smaller obsidian pieces from the gate and throws it in Nia's direction, then looks away when Nia looks back.

EXT. BBNBB - CONTINUOUS

Jem goes to the sex magic candle section and begins touching some of the pieces seductively.

MO

That one helps you find your
soulmate. You know, if that's what
your looking for, or available for,
or if you feel as though the
Universe is leading you there?
(voice trails)
are you being led there?

Jem picks up a pussy candle and begins stroking it, then looks up at Mo, still seductive.

JEM

What sort of mate will this one get
me?

Mo quivers. Nia walks towards the table. She sees Mo flirting with Jem and creeps alongside the canopy of a neighboring vendor to eavesdrop. Mo is processing Jem's purchase for the candle.

JEM (CONT'D)

So you wanna meet up sometime or
something?

MO

(playfully)
Depends. What's your sun, moon, and
rising?

JEM

My sun is Gemini, my moon is-

Mo begins to get a pounding headache and begins shaking. She sees the visions again.

EXT./INT./INT. PAWTUCKET LIBRARY/CHURCH/MO'S BEDROOM -
CONTINUOUS/DAY/NIGHT - MONTAGE

A) INT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS - A hand tightens, revealing the shine of a gold emblem ring and the smallest engravement of **the Secret Order Symbol**. The hand holds a worn antique bible.

B) INT. MO'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS - The curve of a back is gently kissed.

C) EXT. PAWTUCKET LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS - We see figures in the flames.

EXT. BBNBB - CONTINUOUS

Mo quickly hands Jem's purchases to him.

MO

Thank you so much for your support
fellow community member.

Mo walks away from Jem. To an imaginary customer behind him.

MO (CONT'D)

Folx, you need some help? This
person and I are done.

Mo looks around avoiding Jem's eye contact. Nia is still
looking at them from the side.

JEM

Ain't nobody even here, but us. I
don't underst-

MO

SECURITY! See-SECURITY!

JEM

I thought this was an anti-policing
event...

Mo waves a selenite crystal around her own body. Jem looks
around confused.

JEM (CONT'D)

Oh I see, now. It's cause I'm a
Gemini. Ain't it?

Mo looks confused.

MO

What? No. I just have other people
I need to serve and-

Mo gets more visions of the fire, and shakes her head.

MO (CONT'D)

No! Please go!

JEM

Y'all "spirituals" always be
talking about love, light and
liberation. But when it comes to us
Gems, y'all see us as evil; manic;
too complicated; split
personalities. That's some bullshit
discrimination.

MO
Please leave, now!

Mo's visions intensify.

JEM
(crying)
You know how long it's been since
I've been in a relationship. It's
like the minute anyway finds out
that I'm... I'm...
(whispers)
a triple Gem, sun, moon AND
rising...

Jem wipes his tears on his shirt.

JEM (CONT'D)
Gems need somebody to love too man!

MO
GO!

Jem runs away like a little child still in tears. Angel stops by the table.

ANGEL
Yo, what's up with you? You ok?

Mo still has her visions. Nia walks away from the tent. The visions slow down, but Mo is still disoriented.

MO
Yeah, I'm fine. That's never
happened here before. I'm good now.

ANGEL
Never happened here before? How
often you get these, Mo? And no,
you're not fine. I'm going to call
my mom. You need some help.

MO
No, I'm good, I prom-

Mo passes out.

ANGEL
Mo! Mo! Mo, wake up! Mo!

Nia gets up quickly and makes her way to the exit. Just as she's about to leave, she sees a table that says "Potions n Things." She walks over and sees a bottle that says "love be mine". An OLD WOMAN walks up to her from the vendor's seat.

OLD WOMAN

Be careful dear! Love potions must be practiced with high vibrational and consensual intent. Or the ramifications will be deadly.

Nia grabs the bottle.

NIA

How much?

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. BBNBB - EVENING

Mo wakes up to Gira, Angel and Jaimy hovering over her.

MO

What's going on?

Gira tilts her head to the side.

GIRA

"What's going on" this child asks? What's going on? I mean, nothing much. You've only been having life altering visions for a while now.
(sarcastically)
That's all.

Jaimy hands Mo a cup of water.

JAIMY

They caused you to pass out.

GIRA

They caused you to pass out *because* you didn't come to me for help like you should have. And yet you ask "what's going on?" You have not been very truthful lately, Monique.

Mo touches her head as she sits up and drinks the water.

ANGEL

We found you at our table all woozy. Then you passed out.

GIRA

It's the visions. Whatever has been coming to you Mo, is a strong force; it's also very dangerous.
(whispers to Angel)
(MORE)

GIRA (CONT'D)

I told you this rising something was wrong. Where's your protection pouch?

EXT. ANGEL'S HOME- DAY

Angel leaves the house and stops by the mailbox to wave bye to Gira. When she is not looking, they smell the protection pouch and gag. Then they throw it away towards a cat hanging out on the sidewalk. The cat eats it. Angel notices the mailbox is open.

ANGEL

Hmph. It's a little early for mail, isn't it?

Angel sees a letter. The cat begins choking. They open the letter and see **The Secret Order Seal** on a piece of paper and stare at it bizarrely. The cat gasps for air. Angel crumples up the paper and throws it in their bag. As Angel rides away on their bike, the cat thuds over.

INT. BBNBB - CONTINUOUS

Angel pulls the crumpled seal from their bag and throws it on the table.

GIRA

Why didn't you tell me about this paper with the seal?

ANGEL

I didn't think it was important. You got one too?

Gira shakes her head confirming.

JAIMY

We got one too from a customer at the drive thru the other day. What does it mean?

Angel shrugs.

GIRA

I don't know, but I don't like the feel of this at all. It is too familiar of dark times for beings like us.

They wait in silence as Gira thinks things over. Mo suddenly looks up.

MO
What happened to the market?

EXT. BBNBB - AFTERNOON

A NEWS REPORTER walks up to a group of protesters, who are holding up signs that read GLM as they shout "Gem Lives Matter."

NEWS REPORTER
I'm here live at BBnBB, Black, Brown n Bitchin' Botanica, where a small, yet determined crowd is gathering to protest against the discrimination of their birth sign: Gemini. With me now is Jem Jemerson, one of the community members harmed by the discrimination of this herbal apothecary.

Jem slides in next to the news reporter.

JEM
Yeah, it's like you come to support a fellow black-owned business, hoping they really about this life of spirituality. But the egun they pray to ain't the honorable type, fam. It's like I put my heart out there, but she denied it. All cause I'm born on June 6th!

Jem begins crying.

NEWS REPORTER
And there you have it folks-

Jem grabs the mic and wipes his eyes.

JEM
But it's cool though. You know, we Gems, we'll keep on pushing. Keep it moving. Ain't no sweat, ain't no tears, baby. Ah-ha!

News reporter grabs the mic and is about to speak. Jem grabs it back again.

JEM (CONT'D)
But see, y'all gonna learn just how much you need us when we walk away though.

(MORE)

JEM (CONT'D)

We ain't ever been appreciated like we should be as a birth collective. So we out and done with y'all's triflin' asses! All you non-Gems out there, don't be crying asking us to come back. We might just make our own secret society of Gems. Yeah.

Jem drops the mic on the floor. The news reporter picks it up annoyed. Jem goes back to grab the mic again.

JEM (CONT'D)

And another thing-

The news reporter holds the mic tight and pulls it out of reach.

NEWS REPORTER

Before you start, which one of "you" am I speaking with right now? Haha, I'm just joking. Sort of. Back to you Barb.

INT. BBNBB - CONTINUOUS

Mo leans against her arm and shakes her head.

MO

He organized that quick, quick.

JAIMY

Yeah. And on the bright side, we don't have to pay rent anymore.

MO

We don't?

JAIMY

No, cause Karen's kicking us out at the end of the month on the basis of discrimination. She's creating a Cherokee n' Gems Only night club here with Jem.

ANGEL

Damn, people move so quickly to profit off of the movement.

GIRA

Never mind all dat. Mo, again, what's going on?

MO

I keep getting premonitions of a large fire, with people screaming and running. The people are on fire. I can't make out their faces. Then I see the church, a person with specific clothing: black leather shoes, a worn bible, and a ring. They don't look extra special, and there's nothing too specific, except... now that I think about it...

Mo looks at the table with the paper.

GIRA

The seal.

Gira inches closer to Mo's side.

MO

Yeah, it's on the ring.

GIRA

Anything else?

Mo starts thinking about the visions of her with Nia.

MO

None that I can remember.

GIRA

You sure? You not lying. I think you're lying, Monique.

MO

Nope.

GIRA

Alright then.

Gira looks over the shelves of herbs.

MO

What does this mean?

GIRA

Something not good.

JAIMY

(saracastically)

Oh, you sure, Gira? I thought the divine was just smiling down upon us.

Gira frowns at Jaimy, then walks over to Mo.

GIRA

Visions aren't usually so clear, Monique, until the moment that they reference passes. I don't know what this means exactly, but I have a guess that you- and my intuition tells me all of us- are going to be in need of some protection until we find out.

MO

So basically, we just wait like sitting ducks ready to be slaughtered!

GIRA

Y'all can do what you want, but I don't claim any slaughtering on my head. When did you get these visions?

Mo begins to think, then looks up at Angel and Jaimy.

ANGEL

It was with Nia, wasn't it?

MO

How'd you know? And maybe not, cause she wasn't even here today.

ANGEL

Jaimy said she stopped by the market. That's why I went to check on you; make sure Nia didn't mess with your head.

JAIMY

(whispers)
Or heart.

ANGEL

Then I saw you get dizzy and pass out.

Mo sighs and leans back on the table.

GIRA

Mo, you need to stop seeing that girl for a while. Maybe even permanently. I need to figure her out.

Mo looks away.

MO
That's no problem for me.

Gira goes back to the herbs.

GIRA
Wait here. I need to make something
to protect us. And when it's ready,
you all need to drink every bit of
it. I don't want to hear no
backlash.

Gira leaves for the back room. Jaimy's face sours.

JAIMY
(whispers to Angel)
Your mom's stuff tastes like shit.

GIRA
(loudly)
Every last drop, Jaimy!

INT. MO'S HOME - NIGHT

Mo opens the door to her place with Gira's potion in her hand. It looks exactly like the one Nia bought from the market vendor. When she walks in, she sees the place is set up for dinner for two. She pauses, then Nia appears.

NIA
Surprise!

MO
Nia, this is really not a good time
and you shouldn't-

NIA
I shouldn't what?

MO
[Beat] Look, I need some space and
right now is not the best for
whatever you're up to. How'd you
get in here anyway?

NIA
Your landlady let me in; she's seen
me enough to know how important I
am to you. Am I?

MO
Are you what?

NIA
Important to you?

MO
Bitch, do you have amnesia?

NIA
No, do you?

Mo is still, then her head starts hurting and the visions start happening.

EXT./INT./INT. PAWTUCKET LIBRARY/CHURCH/MO'S BEDROOM -
CONTINUOUS/DAY/NIGHT - MONTAGE

A) INT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS - Expensive black leather shoes tap to church music.

B) INT. MO'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS - A pillow is grasped as we hear a moan.

C) EXT. PAWTUCKET LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS - We hear screams in the flames.

INT. MO'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Mo closes her eyes and points towards the door.

MO
Nia, I need you to go.

NIA
No, wait! I'm sorry. Give me a second to explain please. It's worth it.

MO
I can't: my headaches.

NIA
I made you a cup of tea for the migraines. Just sit and drink and give me five minutes, then I'll go.

MO
No, I can't I'm sorr-

Mo gets more visions and begins to scream, then drops Gira's potion on the floor as she passes out again.

Nia picks up the bottle from the floor and looks it over. Then she goes to her purse and pulls out the love potion. She places both bottles on the table, looks at them, then looks at Mo.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. MO'S BEDROOM - LATER

Mo wakes up in her bed next to Nia.

MO

What happened? Did I pass out again?

NIA

You've passed out before? What's going on, Mo? Are these connected to me? It's like every time I come over, your "headaches" get worse and worse.

MO

Why'd you say it like that?

NIA

Because I don't believe these are just headaches, I think it has more to do with you. What you do, who you are.

MO

Here we go again with that mess. I'm fine now and you can go Nia.

NIA

No wait, please. I didn't mean it like that. I'm, I'm just scared. I'm-

Nia takes a deep breath.

NIA (CONT'D)

To be honest, I'm beyond scared. I'm actually frightened.

MO

We'll if you are so scared of me, don't be with me, it's that simple.

NIA

I'm not scared of you, I'm scared of us.

(MORE)

NIA (CONT'D)

What that means to be an us, here
in this place. We're so different,
you and I, compared to most people.
The curses-

Mo looks away from Nia.

NIA (CONT'D)

Sorry, I mean, the gifts. [BEAT]
Mo, I'm still learning just to be
me, given what I can do. For the
longest time the Church has been my
saving grace, helping me to fit in
and not be too suspicious. I don't
know what that would look like when
"me" becomes "we," especially with
the power the two of us hold but
[BEAT] But I'd like to figure it
out.

MO

You serious?

Nia averts her eyes.

NIA

I talked to my parents today. They
were... receptive.

MO

You're for real?

Nia shakes her head.

NIA

I love you.

Mo grabs Nia crying and kisses her. Nia kisses her back. Then
Mo hugs her.

MO

I... don't even know what to say. I
can't believe this.

Nia looks down avoiding Mo's eyes.

NIA

Believe it.
(whispers)
Please.

Nia gets up and heads out towards the kitchen.

NIA (CONT'D)
Let me get you some water.

INT. MO'S KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Nia fills a glass with water.

MO (O.S.)
Can you also get me my medicine? It
must have dropped when I fell.

Nia stares at both the potions. She looks back at the bedroom over her shoulder while, she grabs one and puts the other into her bag.

NIA
Yeah sure, what's it look like?

INT. BBNBB - NIGHT

Jaimy is pouring some oils into bottles for restock. Angel is creating a tea blend. They hear random sounds from the front and see a zombie pass by beyond the gate. They shrug it off. All of a sudden, Angel's ankles are grabbed quickly by an unseen person. They hit their head and fall unconscious, as blood drips down the side of their face.

JAIMY
(screaming)
Stop! You can't do th-

Jaimy is bashed over the head with a wooden bat and falls to the ground unconscious, then is dragged in the same way as Angel.

EXT. BBNBB - MOMENTS LATER

We see Angel and Jaimy pulled into a white van that drives off quickly.

INT. MO'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mo and Nia are half naked in the bed. There is a furious knock at the door. Mo and Nia get up. The knock occurs again. Then again.

MO
It might be an emergency.

Mo rushes to the door and before she can open it, it busts open. Pastor Kelvin and NIA'S MOM, a short, quiet, early fifties woman, storm in.

NIA

Dad! Mom!

PASTOR KELVIN

You ungodly fucking demonic pagans!

Pastor Kelvin and his wife are wearing clothing that has **The Secret Order Seal** on it. Before they can respond, Pastor Kelvin picks up the closest chair and knocks Mo unconscious.

NIA

(screaming)

Daddy!

He takes the same chair and knocks Nia unconscious.

EXT. GIRA'S SHOP - EVENING

Gira is locking up her shop. As she walks away, her knees buckle and she feels a sharp pain in her womb.

GIRA

(wailing)

Ahhhhh! Angel!

A white van pulls up in front of the store. A couple of figures in dark clothing burst out of the van and swarm towards Gira. She instantly transforms into a black pigeon and flies off into the night.

EXT. PAWTUCKET LIBRARY - NIGHT

Mo wakes up in a daze. She looks up to see black leather, expensive shoes tapping. She sees Pastor Kelvin's face. Jaimy, Angel, Nia and Mo are dressed in white, baptism robes. All four of them are tied to wooden crosses. Pastor Kelvin stands, with a bible in his hand. His index finger has a golden ring with **The Secret Order Seal** on it. He pauses in front of a small crowd of watchers, who are all dressed in attire with **The Secret Order Seal**. In the crowd is the customer from the driver-thru standing next to the little boy in Gira's shop. The other people are pouring gasoline around Angel, Mo, Jaimy, Nia and the library. Pastor Kelvin is reciting prayers.

PASTOR KELVIN

For Exodus Chapter 22 verse 18 says
"Thou shalt not suffer a witch to
live." We must keep our communities
pure and free of these dark forces,
for it is our social
responsibility.

Mo immediately looks up at Nia.

MO

Are they for real?

Nia looks withdrawn.

MO (CONT'D)

Did you know about this?

Nia still doesn't answer.

MO (CONT'D)

ANSWER ME!

Jaimy is mumbling prayers in Vietnamese.

JAIMY

Tôi cầu xin các thiên thần vinh
quang, hãy để họ hướng dẫn theo
cách của tôi. Khi tôi đi qua thung
lũng của bóng tối của sự chết, tôi
cầu nguyện rằng thiên thần hộ mệnh
của tôi sẽ ở bên cạnh tôi.

Angel is also praying.

ANGEL

Dama da Noite, venha para mim.
Pomba Gira das Almas, venha para
mim. Pomba Gira da Encruzilhada,
venha para mim.

Angel looks up to the sky.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

Please come! Hear me please! I
ain't trynna be no contemporary
Tituba.

All the people pouring gasoline finish and gather near the
crowd in front of Pastor Kelvin.

MO

Nia, how'd they find out about us?

Nia still disconnected.

NIA

I... I gave my parents the potion from the market. The love one. I was hoping if I told them about us after they had some of it, they wouldn't take it so...

Nia looks around at her father, intensely preaching.

NIA (CONT'D)

So... ugh! They were fine when I told them.

INT. NIA'S KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Nia is sitting at the dinner table in front of her parents, who are sitting side by side with a cup of tea in their hands. Nia holds the potion in her hand behind her back.

PASTOR KELVIN

(distantly)

Yes, well, that's alright with us dear. We love you regardless.

Pastor Kelvin and his wife smile robotically as they stare at Nia with blank eyes. Nia winces.

NIA

More tea?

Pastor Kelvin and his wife shake their heads yes and push their mugs in front of Nia.

EXT. PAWTUCKET LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

Mo leans her head back in despair.

MO

FUCK! It must have faded. Nia, you shouldn't have used that stuff without talking to me first!

Nia turns sharply to Mo.

NIA

I did this for you! I am the courageous one here.

MO

Courage is standing up in your authentic self to face the fear, even if you are deathly afraid of what's going to happen. It's not hiding behind tricks and playing with fire!

Pastor Kelvin holds up his bible in the direction of Mo and is about to light it on fire.

PASTOR KELVIN

In the name of the Jeeesus-ah, may you be cleansed, redeemed, and salvaged-

NIA

Daddy! Daddy... daddy... is that you? Where am I? What's, what's happening?

Mo looks up at Nia confused.

MO

What are you doing?

NIA

I'm not going to die for a sodomite like you!

Pastor Kelvin looks up at Nia painfully.

PASTOR KELVIN

Heathens must be cleansed. Even if they are related by blood.

NIA

No, daddy. It's me Nia. They forced me to do it, daddy. The same way they got you and mom. They forced me to take that vial potion and made me commit...

(sobs)

...commit unnatural acts against God! And you, my parents. And you, my church family.

Nia begins crying. Mo, Angel, and Jaimy look up shocked.

JAIMY

This Bitch!

NIA

Daddy, please save me from the pits of hell. I tried to resist, but their magic was too strong for me and they made it so I couldn't tell anyone. You know me, I would never damn my soul for such heinous acts.

Pastor Kelvin looks Nia up and down, then goes over to the group. They whisper and nod, then he returns to Nia, while some of the members untie her. She cries with joy.

NIA (CONT'D)

Thank Jesus! You all see how the devil had tried to capture me, but thank God, there is a pure light that illuminates the dark path.

Nia looks back at Mo and smirks, then walks towards the crowd. Pastor Kelvin stops her.

PASTOR KELVIN

Not so fast. Since you claim to be under their influence and are in need of saving, you must commit an act of redemption.

NIA

Anything for Jesus my lord and savior!

Pastor Kelvin hands Nia the bible and the lighter. Nia freezes.

PASTOR KELVIN

Only the fire can truly cleanse the soul.

Nia grabs the bible and lighter and turns to Mo. Tears stream down Nia's face. [BEAT]

NIA

In the name of Jesus

MO

Come on Nia, you can't be serious.

Mo begins shaking. Nia's hands tremble. Jaimy is humming with her eyes closed. Angel begins praying again.

ANGEL

Dama da Noite, venha para mim.

NIA
may you be cleansed

MO
All the memories we've had, the
love we've made, the us we created?

Nia still trembling. Mo begins crying. Jaimy hums.

ANGEL
Pomba Gira das Almas, venha para
mim.

NIA
redeemed

MO
It doesn't bother you to live a
lie?

Jaimy hums.

ANGEL
Pomba Gira da Encruzilhada, venha
para mim.

NIA
and salvaged from the pits of hell.

MO
Do you think that they truly know
you? The real you?

Jaimy hums.

ANGEL
Pomba Gira Mirongueira, venha para
mim.

NIA
Remember, remember, remember who is
the true savior.

MO
Do you even know who you are?

Jaimy hums.

ANGEL
Pomba Gira das Sete Calungas, venha
para mim.

NIA
Aaaa-men.

MO
I still love you!

Nia looks up at Mo.

NIA
But how could I ever truly love an
unworthy soul like you?

Jaimy hums. Nia lights the bible on fire and drops it onto the gasoline. It ignites. All of a sudden, a black pigeon flies around the sky and dashes into the fire. The pigeon transforms into Gira, who quickly shifts into a non-human, fire-entity form. Gira roars and dashes through the space, redirecting the fire away from Angel, Mo and Jaimy onto the Secret Order crowd. Angel is still in a trance as their nose begins to bleed.

ANGEL
Dama da Noite, venha para mim.
Pomba Gira das Almas, venha para
mim. Pomba Gira da Encruzilhada,
venha para mim. Pomba Gira
Mirongueira, venha para mim.
Pomba Gira das Sete Calungas, venha
para mim.

The people of the Secret Order crowd are running around in panic. Mo sees Nia slip through the chaos and run away into the night. The crowd is caught in a whirlwind of fire. People are screaming with terror, like in Mo's vision. Flames blazing. We see figures in the flames. We hear screams in the flames. Mo looks at the dark night where Nia ran.

MO
(whispers)
I still love you.

Nia looks from the dark night back at the fiery chaos, then at Mo.

NIA
I-

In an instantaneous moment, the fire consumes Nia and quickly consumes all the other people. The fire goes completely out and only a pile of smoky ashes are left. The three crosses with Mo, Angel, and Jaimy are up and intact, but Nia's cross is charred. Angel is slowly coming out of their trance. Jaimy is exhausted and blank. Mo is weeping. Gira unties Angel and Jaimy. Gira unties Mo, who is still crying.

GIRA

Honor your truth. It's all you can
afford to love in this life.

All of them stand still, watching the smoke rise from the
ashes. The cat who ate the protection pouch meanders towards
Angel and meows.

ANGEL

Hey, it's the cat.

FADE TO BLACK.