

WE'RE BLACK: OUIJA BOARD

Written by

Alicia Garbutt

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Spooky Coochie by Doechii plays

Naked trees, swarming leaves, costumed children. A house.
Through the window a clawed hand is filed.

INT. THE HOUSE

Red stained lips. The claw that is revealed to be elaborate
nails wipes the stain. Lipstick is reapplied.

Wide on SHEILA, brown skin, glistening, light freckles in a
white dress-like robe and head wrap at a vanity dresser. She
pops her lips, spins around and hops up.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Sheila places candles on the coffee table, TV stand, and side
tables. She places incense in jars, hangs cobwebs, and places
a jack o' lantern at her doorstep.

KITCHEN

Sheila pours two bottles of vodka into a container, then
cautiously adds a couple drops of juice. She drops the empty
liquor bottles into the trash.

CUT TO:

INT. LIQUOR STORE

KATHLEEN, Nigerian, box braids, dressed as a deer with
headlights, twerks to Spooky Coochie in her AirPods as she
drops bottle after bottle into a cart. She moans along with
the song, shoppers side eye her.

KATHLEEN

This is my shit!!

She swings her tail as she pushes the cart. It slaps a
passing shopper, she looks back and winks. She approaches the
counter and unloads her cart.

CASHIER

\$54.09, cash or card?

Kathleen dances and raps while recording on her phone.

CASHIER (CONT'D)

Ma'am...ma'am!

Kathleen looks his way and puts her phone down. She takes her headphones off, the music stops, she gives him her card. It declines. The cashier hands it back.

KATHLEEN

Oh shit. Hold on a sec.

Kathleen opens messages on her phone.

KATHLEEN MESSAGE

Send me your share for the drinks
tonight. ASAP!!!!

Cash App payments of \$10 come in from Sheila and Tabatha, \$20 from Mabel.

KATHLEEN

Try it again sweetheart.

DING. Spooky Coochie continues as Kathleen struts out the store, bags in hand. Music fades.

INT. MABEL AND ARETHA'S HOUSE

MABEL, curly haired Afrolatina applies pink lip gloss in the mirror and rubs her lips together. She places a crown on her head, twirls and smiles.

MABEL

Babe, are you ready?

Silence. Mabel adjusts her crown and gives one last look in the mirror.

MABEL (CONT'D)

Babe!

Mabel enters the bedroom and finds ARETHA, African American stud with braids curled up under covers. TikToks are faintly heard. Mabel yanks the covers off Aretha, she's in pajamas.

MABEL (CONT'D)

Why don't you have your costume
on!?

ARETHA

(groans)
Because.

Mabel stands expectantly.

MABEL

Because...

ARETHA

I look silly! Ok?

MABEL

You don't look silly. Besides, it's Halloween. It's like the one day of the year where it's encouraged to be silly.

ARETHA

Ok so why don't you look silly? You get to be all sexy and hot in your little dress, and your crown.

MABEL

(teasing)

You think I'm sexy?

ARETHA

Don't try to distract me. I'm not putting the costume on.

MABEL

Awww come on babe.

Aretha shakes her head.

MABEL (CONT'D)

Pleaseee.

Aretha doesn't budge.

MABEL (CONT'D)

Pretty pleaseeeeee.

ARETHA

Not happening.

MABEL

What if I..

Mabel whispers in Aretha's ear. Aretha's eyebrow quirks.

LATER

Mabel sits on the living room couch on her phone. The bedroom door creaks open. Mabel looks up to Aretha dressed as a blue toad from Super Mario.

MABEL
Oh my gosh!! You look so adorable!

ARETHA
(sarcastically)
I'm glad you think so.

MABEL
Awwwww this is the best thing ever.
We have to take a picture.

Mabel rushes next to Aretha and holds up her phone.

MABEL (CONT'D)
Smileeee!

ARETHA
Babe, I don't want-

MABEL
Do it!

Aretha quickly plasters on a smile. The phone flashes.

INT. TABATHA'S HOUSE - EVENING

TABATHA, light skin, chunky, pink everything, sits in the tub with a face mask on. She scrolls on Instagram and likes the picture of Mabel and Aretha dressed as Princess Peach and Toad. A message comes in.

SHEILA MESSAGE
Everyone still coming at 7 for the
game night, right?

Everyone thumbs up the message. Tabatha checks the time: 6:14. She jolts up and jumps out the tub. She quickly grabs a towel and drips away.

LATER

Tabatha sits at a vanity dressed as Strawberry Shortcake hastily applying makeup.

SHEILA MESSAGE
Tabatha are you on your way?

TABATHA
Shit!

She looks at the wig she still has to put on, the mess on her bed, and her half beaten face.

TABATHA MESSAGE
 Yea girl, I'm 10 minutes away.

TITLE CARD: WE'RE BLACK - OUIJA BOARD

FADE TO:

EXT. SHEILA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The doorbell rings. The door opens to Tabatha. Sheila steps aside and Tabatha walks in.

MABEL
 Look what the cat dragged in.

KATHLEEN
 Usually I'm the late one.

ARETHA
 You were still late.

KATHLEEN
 Ok I was late but I wasn't **LATE**.

TABATHA
 I know I'm a lil tardy but..

Tabatha opens her strawberry purse and pulls out Strawberry Shortcake themed UNO cards.

TABATHA (CONT'D)
 I brought UNO! On theme with my costume of course.

ARETHA
 We played UNO 30 minutes ago.

KATHLEEN
 I still got shots to take cuz I refuse to pick up 14 cards.

SHEILA
 Speaking of shots.

Sheila walks out the kitchen with a tray of shots.

SHEILA (CONT'D)
 It's Baddie Baddie shot o' clock!

SHEILA AND TABATHA
 Baddie Baddie shot o' clock!!

ALL WOMEN
BADDIE BADDIE SHOT O' CLOCK!!!

The girls clink shot cups and drink. They all gag and flinch except Sheila. Tabatha spits hers back in her cup.

KATHLEEN
EEEEYUUCKKKK!

ARETHA
(coughs)
What she said.

MABEL
Girl what the fuck is this?

SHEILA
I call it a Flash shot. It'll get you drunk as quick as possible.

KATHLEEN
I'm all for fast and furious but this is poison.

TABATHA
Like, can I play a game **BEFORE** I blackout.

SHEILA
Don't worry we're gonna play a game right now. That's why we need to be drunk. **Tabatha** put us behind schedule. Now everyone gather round.

TABATHA
(grumbles)
I wasn't **that** late.

Sheila stands at the front of the room.

SHEILA
As you all know, this is my first time hosting game night, **AND** it landed on Halloween! So I really wanted to do my big one, hence the decorations.

ARETHA
They are nice.

SHEILA

Thank you! And to keep the vibes going I bought the perfect the Halloween game.

She reaches into a bag and places a Ouija board on the table.

ARETHA

AAAHHHHHH!!!

Aretha jumps behind the couch, Mabel makes a cross with her fingers, Tabatha hides behind her purse and Kathleen another Flash shot.

SHEILA

Are y'all ok?

MABEL

Are you??

TABATHA

Yea, can we just play UNO again. I'll get the cards!

SHEILA

No, we're not playing UNO again.

Tabatha sulks.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

Let's be different, for once. Try something new.

KATHLEEN

How bout another shot for everyone?

SHEILA

You just had one.

KATHLEEN

Aye girl, if you wanna raise the dead, I'm gonna need to lower my cognitive function.

SHEILA

We aren't raising the dead. Look. I bought this from Target, ok? It can't do any harm. It's basically just a prop. And besides, unless the house is haunted there's no chance of us actually contacting anyone.

MABEL

It could be haunted! We are all
living on stolen land. A huge
burial ground. And it's Halloween!

TABATHA

That's true.

KATHLEEN

R.I.P

SHEILA

Let's just put it to a vote. We do
live in a democracy.

MABEL

Do we?

Sheila rolls her eyes.

SHEILA

I vote yes of course.

ARETHA

And I vote no of course.

MABEL

I'm with Aretha.

KATHLEEN

You know what, why not?

The 4 women turn to Tabatha. She looks terrified.

TABATHA

Please don't put this on me.

SHEILA

Come on. Say yes for a new
adventure! Or no and be a loser.

ARETHA

Orrrr, say no and we play UNO the
rest of the night.

MABEL

Or say yes to death.

Sheila looks at Tabatha threateningly. Aretha looks at her
pleadingly. Tabatha looks back and forth between the two.

CUT TO:

LATER

The lights are dim, candles are lit, Aretha and Mabel sit begrudgingly at the table while Kathleen look around nervously. Sheila places the planchette on the board.

SHEILA

Ok. Let's get started. The rules are simple. First, never play alone.

KATHLEEN

Check!

SHEILA

Next, keep your fingers on the planchette at all times.

MABEL

Please let all my years in Catholic school save me.

SHEILA

Next rule. Always say goodbye to the spirit. Any questions?

ARETHA

Ye-

SHEILA

Great, let's start!

Everyone places their hands on the board except the wives.

KATHLEEN

Come on y'all. Don't be such sour pussies.

Sheila pouts her lip. Mabel and Aretha look at each other, sigh, then place their hands down.

SHEILA

Yaayyyyy! Ok, let us begin. Who wants to ask the first question?

MABEL

I got one. Is this the worst idea ever?

Sheila rolls her eyes.

SHEILA

I'll just start. Is there a spirit with us tonight?

Silence.

SHEILA (CONT'D)
(emphasized)
Is there a spirit with us tonight?

She looks around expectantly.

ARETHA
Welp, there you have it. No spirit.
Jenga anyone?

MABEL
Yes!

KATHLEEN
Hold up y'all. We just started.

ARETHA
So did my life, and I'm not ready
for it to end.

SHEILA
Just a couple more questions and
then we'll stop.

Aretha sighs. Sheila takes a deep breath and closes her eyes.

SHEILA (CONT'D)
Spirittttt. Come to me spirittt. We
call upon you to visit us on this
night. Spiritttttt.

ARETHA
Are you done?

The candles flicker.

TABATHA
(gasps)
OMG!

MABEL
It's probably just some wind.

The light flickers.

SHEILA
Spirit are you there?

The planchette slowly moves.

ARETHA
Stop moving it!

KATHLEEN
It's not me.

TABATHA
Me either.

SHEILA
Come to me spirit!

ARETHA
Sheila cut it out!

MABEL
It's moving to yes!

ARETHA
Sheila! Sheila! That's it, I'm
done!

Aretha lifts her hands.

MABEL
Wait!

The lights and candles go out. The women sit in silence.

TABATHA
Can we turn the lights back on?

A burst of light appears over the ouija board. The women
shield their eyes.

ARETHA
WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON!?

MABEL
Are you sure you bought this from
Target!?

SHEILA
Yes! I'm just as confused as you!

KATHLEEN
Sheila make it stop!

SHEILA
I don't even know what "IT" is. I
don't know why or **HOW** this is
happening!

KATHLEEN
Why would we do this on Halloween!?

The light dims and forms into BERNADETTE, a spirit in 1800's attire. The girls look at each other then back at Bernadette. They scream.

Bernadette falls to her knees. She looks at her hands, brushes her dress. She lifts her head and gawks at the scene around her. Sheila carefully approaches.

SHEILA
Y'all..I think it's ok.

The girls quiet except for Aretha.

ARETHA
AHHHHHHHHH!

MABEL
Babe calm dow-

ARETHA
AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!

Kathleen throws a pillow at her face.

ARETHA (CONT'D)
Ow!

KATHLEEN
Shut up!

TABATHA
Wooowww. We really conjured a spirit!

MABEL
Technically Sheila did.

They all look at Sheila.

SHEILA
What! I didn't know I was secretly a witch.

BERNADETTE
You brought me here?

SHEILA
I-I guess so. Who are you?

BERNADETTE
My name is Bernadette. Who are you? And where am I? And, why is she wearing trousers!?

ARETHA

Welp, Sheila. Looks like ya got some splainin' ta do. I'll leave you to it.

TABATHA

(slowly)

Yooouuuu areeee innn theeee fuuutuuiuurrreeee.

KATHLEEN

We're gonna be here all night.

SHEILA

Everyone quiet! My name is Sheila, this is Kathleen, Tabatha, Mabel and Aretha. And as crazy as it may sound. You ARE in the future. In the year 2025 to be specific.

BERNADETTE

2025!?

Bernadette stumbles back.

MABEL

Maybe let's get her off the table.

Bernadette steps off the table and cautiously peruses the room. Brushing her silhouette on Sheila's items.

BERNADETTE

The future? I have so many questions.

Bernadette gasps and pulls her hands close to her. She looks all around the room.

BERNADETTE (CONT'D)

Wait! Th-this house. Are you allowed to be in here?

SHEILA

Bernadette, what year are you from?

BERNADETTE

The last I remember is 1855.

ARETHA

Jesus!

BERNADETTE

Oh my! You speak the Lord's name in vain?

ARETHA

It's more of a figure of speech
nowadays-

KATHLEEN

That's not important. What's
important is Sheila owns this
house. It's in her name, everything
in here is hers and she got it on
her own.

BERNADETTE

Woow! So this chair is yours? And
this rug? And this table? And this
d-

SHEILA

Yes, everything in her I bought and
I own.

BERNADETTE

How!?

MABEL

She got a job.

TABATHA

We all do. Hashtag boss bitches.

BERNADETTE

Boss? You all are bosses? Your own
mastas?

MABEL

Well..no. We still work for
someone.

Bernadette's face falls.

BERNADETTE

Well that's one thing that hasn't
changed. I'd hoped that maybe if we
was free, we wouldn't have to work
anymore. Especially not for someone
else.

ARETHA

Me too girl, me too.

SHEILA

We work, but we also get paid for
our labor.

KATHLEEN

And they're not allowed to beat and starve us. We even get a lunch break!

Bernadette stares at Kathleen star struck. The others look at her with disdain.

Bernadette walks around the room, admiring everything with a new found sense of life.

BERNADETTE

I think I like 2025. Tell me more. Like these two.

Bernadette picks up a picture of Barack and Michelle.

BERNADETTE (CONT'D)

Are these your parents?

KATHLEEN

Oh, they're everyone's parents.

BERNADETTE

Oh, so you all are sisters?

ARETHA

No, Kathleen is just a little silly. Those people aren't our parents. That man was the first Black president, and that's his wife.

Bernadette's face widens with a smile.

BERNADETTE

Black folk earning money, owning houses, and being president! I think I finally made it to heaven. The others won't believe this!

ARETHA

Others? Is she bout to summon more ghosts.

Sheila shushes Aretha.

TABATHA

There are so many great things that have happened. OMG! You don't even know about Martin Luther King! Let me show you.

Tabatha pulls her phone out. Bernadette cowers behind her hands.

KATHLEEN

Maybe move a little slower,
Tabatha. You can't be whipping out
foreign objects like that.

Kathleen imitates a cowboy unholstering and shooting guns.

TABATHA

Ohhh right. Sorry. Um, Ms.
Bernadette. It's ok. This is called
a phone. It's a wonderful device
that lets you talk to people who
are far away. You can also take
pictures, play games, search
things. It's really cool, take a
look.

Bernadette cautiously walks to the phone and reaches for it.
She presses on it aimlessly.

TABATHA (CONT'D)

I'll help you out.

The phone rings loudly.

BERNADETTE

AAAHHHHH!!!!

TABATHA

Oh, no it's ok. I'm getting a call.
This is how we talk to people.

Tabatha answers.

TABATHA (CONT'D)

Hi baby. I'm sorry right now isn't
a good time. You won't believe
what's going on right now! I'll
tell you later. Ok, smooches!

BERNADETTE

How sweet, you have a partner!

TABATHA

Yes! Let me show you what he looks
like.

Tabatha swipes and shows Bernadette a photo of a blond
haired, frat-esque looking guy.

BERNADETTE
WHITE!?!?!?

TABATHA
It's pronounced Wyatt, but yea,
that's my man.

Bernadette holds her chest.

BERNADETTE
Honey, blink twice if you need
help?

KATHLEEN
It's ok Bernie. Interracial
marriage is legal now. You can be
with anyone no matter the color of
your skin.

SHEILA
Isn't that great? Love transcends
all barriers. Even race.

Items rattle as Bernadette speaks.

BERNADETTE
Legal?! **LOVE**?! How could you have
love for someone who doesn't see
you as human? For any of them?
After what they did to us.

ARETHA
Preach! That's why I date within my
race. And it's been exceptional.

Aretha gives Mabel a peck.

BERNADETTE
(calmer)
Yes, exactly. No one is gonna
understand you like your own
people. The pain you've suffered.
Your desires. There's a bond that
you won't find with others.
Especially not with your oppressor.

TABATHA
So lesbians good, interracial bad.
A little wishy-washy don't you
think.

BERNADETTE
She could kiss a dog for all I
care.

(MORE)

BERNADETTE (CONT'D)

Nothing is more beastly than a White man. Are the rest of you with White men too?

SHEILA

No ma'am. I will be marrying a dark chocolate Haitian man and we will have a traditional Haitian wedding.

BERNADETTE

(to Kathleen).

And what about you.

KATHLEEN

I'm Nigerian ma'am. I have no choice but to marry a man exactly like my father.

BERNADETTE

Praise be to God. You should be more like your friends. When in doubt, marry your father.

ARETHA

Well..

KATHLEEN

That's not exactly what I meant.

SHEILA

I don't think that's the lesson to take from here.

BERNADETTE

What I'm trying to say is..your mother should be ashamed of you.

TABATHA

Omggggg!

ARETHA

Wooooaahhhh!

MABEL

Well damn!

KATHLEEN

That's crazy!

SHEILA

Bernadette! Why would you say that?

BERNADETTE

It's the truth! You would've been shunned from our field.

TABATHA

You don't even know my mama!

BERNADETTE

I don't have to.

TABATHA

It's not a big deal anymore.

BERNADETTE

Not a big deal? It's life or death!

TABATHA

Well it's my life, and you're already dead.

BERNADETTE

I see your mama also didn't teach you respect.

TABATHA

Ohhhhhh, you wanna talk about mothers!

The two continue berating each other.

KATHLEEN

Ugh, this is making my head hurt!

Bernadette looks at Kathleen right as she pulls her costume wig off. She rubs the wig cap.

BERNADETTE

SWEET JESUS!!

The lights flicker. The women freeze.

ARETHA

(whispers)

So it's ok when she uses the Lord's name?

MABEL

I'm more worried about the lights.

KATHLEEN

It's ok Bernie, it's not my real hair. I am NOT bald. Look.

Kathleen pulls the cap off, revealing a bob cut hairstyle.

BERNADETTE

Not your hair? Who's hair is it? And why do you have it?

KATHLEEN

I'm not sure where this hair came from. It might not even be hair for real since it's just a costume wig. But **THIS** hair-

Kathleen pulls off the bob, revealing cornrows. Bernie grabs her chest. Aretha slaps her hand over her mouth. The others gasp and facepalm.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)

This is straight from Indonesia. Cut and styled by the best hair dresser in the state.

BERNADETTE

Is it possible to die twice? I think I'm having a heart attack.

SHEILA

Girl, please tell me you were not wearing a wig under a wig!

ARETHA

It's like a magic trick, like pulling a rabbit out of a hat..but with wigs.

TABATHA

Do it again!

BERNADETTE

Is this what the world has become? People exchanging hair, ripping them off when they please. And you got hair already. Why put more on top of it. Especially hair that isn't your own. And now that I think of it, why is your hair pink? And why is yours red tinted? And why is yours-

She points at Aretha and Mabel.

BERNADETTE (CONT'D)

Well you guys look ok. But I honestly can't tell.

MABEL

Yes ma'am our hair is 100% ours.

ARETHA

Hers ain't though. Yaga!

Aretha pulls the wig off of Tabatha's head. Tabatha covers her braids.

TABATHA

Aretha!

BERNADETTE

I already didn't like her. Sheila, say it ain't so.

Sheila hangs her head and slowly removes her wig.

BERNADETTE (CONT'D)

Blasphemy! And the worst part is, you all have hair. Beautiful hair! Yet you hide it.

SHEILA

We just want to look different sometimes.

BERNADETTE

Different! You could style your hair up, down, left right, frontways, backways, sideways, inside out and outside in. It ain't hard to look different. To me it seems like you want to look white.

KATHLEEN

Hell nah!

TABATHA

No way!

BERNADETTE

It looks to me like you want to **hide** your history. Your ancestry.

SHEILA

Absolutely not.

BERNADETTE

Let me ask you all something. That hairstyle you all got in right now. Do you know what it's called?

KATHLEEN

Cornrows, duh.

BERNADETTE

Mhm. Now Ms. Smart Mouth, do you know why it's called that?

All women are silent. Bernadette clenches her fist, items rattle. She breathes deeply through her nose.

BERNADETTE (CONT'D)

Learning must still be for White folk only because it seems you all know **nothing**.

A vase falls. They jump.

ARETHA

Jesus Christ, calm down!

Bernadette snaps her head towards Aretha. Everything stops.

BERNADETTE

What did I tell you about speaking His name in vain?

ARETHA

With all due respect ma'am, you did it earlier.

BERNADETTE

I see none of you were taught to respect your elders..or the Lord.

ARETHA

You aren't **MY** elder. And I hold no respect for something I don't believe in.

Bernadette's eyes grow wide. Her face twists.

BERNADETTE

If I didn't know any better, I'd think you were saying you don't believe in God.

ARETHA

That's exactly what I'm saying.

BERNADETTE

(to Mabel)

Young lady, how could you partner yourself with a heathen?

MABEL

I don't believe in God either. And I went to Catholic school. If anything that's what turned me away from faith.

ARETHA
Christianity is a SHAM.

Items rumble lightly.

SHEILA
Aretha, maybe take it down a notch.

ARETHA
Religion is a tool created by White men to control people of identities that don't match theirs.

BERNADETTE
You're talking nonsense!

ARETHA
The same White men that took YOUR family hostage and held our people against their will for centuries.

BERNADETTE
That's enough!

ARETHA
They put that Bible in your hand. You weren't allowed to read but they let you read the Bible. Ain't that suspicious.

KATHLEEN
Aretha I think she gets the point.

BERNADETTE
Satan has a hold of you!

ARETHA
You couldn't walk two steps without Massa's approval but he sure did let you go to Church. Emphasis on **LET**.

MABEL
Ok babe, I think that's enough.

BERNADETTE
I rebuke you-

ARETHA
And I rebuke your faith!

Silence.

ARETHA (CONT'D)

How can you worship a God that let our people **SUFFER** for hundreds of years? Day after day after day after day. He watched you suffer. And He watched you die. Your God ain't Almighty. He is NOT the way. And he certainly ain't your savior. He's your trap! "He" is how you keep yourself oppressed. If you can't trust the White man on the ground how can you trust the White man in the sky?

BERNADETTE

YOU'LL EAT YOUR WORDS OF SIN!!

Bernadette waves her arm and a knife flies from the kitchen and lodges into Aretha's neck. Everyone gasps. Aretha touches the knife, looks at Mabel, then collapses.

Mabel rushes to Aretha's side. Bernadette makes noises hard to decipher between sniffles and chuckles. Tabatha, Kathleen, and Sheila join Mabel at Aretha's side.

MABEL

Babe, babe. Babe, please.

TABATHA

Oh my God Aretha!

Bernadette raises her hand at Tabatha. Tabatha lifts slowly while choking.

BERNADETTE

I always thought it was Whitey that was keeping Black folk down. Stopping us from achieving, from living the lives we were meant to live.

SHEILA

(sobbing)

Bernie put her down. Please!

KATHLEEN

Ms. Bernadette, please. Let her go!

BERNADETTE

But now I see that it was us the whole time. Hundreds of years later and we're no better. Might even be worse. YOU, choosing to love a White man.

Tabatha's face is bright red.

BERNADETTE (CONT'D)

All of you hiding your hair. Hiding your Blackness! Cosplaying as the same people who called you ugly, and dirty.

Mabel sobs at Aretha's side.

BERNADETTE (CONT'D)

You all have lost your way. You ain't for the people. You ain't for the race, the collective. You're selfish. Superficial. A **disgrace**.

Mabel's face of despair twists into fury. She grabs the knife from Aretha's neck and charges Bernadette, but goes right through her. Bernadette turns to Mabel, dropping Tabatha.

Tabatha coughs and hacks. Sheila and Kathleen run to her aid.

BERNADETTE (CONT'D)

Stupid girl. Maybe if you paid attention in catholic school you would know that you can't touch the Holy Spirit, the Holy Spirit touches you.

Bernadette charges at Mabel, she drops the knife. Bernadette holds her against the wall.

KATHLEEN

Shelia, you need to stop her.

SHEILA

Why me?!

KATHLEEN

You brought her here!

Tabatha nods through coughs.

SHEILA

Ugghhh fine!

Sheila slowly walks over to Bernadette. She extends her hand.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

Uh, Bernie.

Bernadette swings her arms in Sheila's direction and the knife flies into her chest. Mabel attempts to sneak away from Bernadette. Kathleen wails.

Sheila's blood seeps into the carpet. Bernadette hovers over her body, then dives in. The lights go crazy then stop.

TABATHA

(weakly)

Did she just go into Sheila?

Kathleen and Mabel lock eyes. They turn to Sheila's body, now raising from the ground

KATHLEEN

Holy shit! Tabatha we need to move.
Get up. Now! Mabel, move your ass.

Mabel runs towards Kathleen and Tabatha. Sheila is fully arisen. Her head spins 360 degrees.

BERNADETTE

It feels so good to have a body
again.

Bernadette opens and closes Sheila's hands. She feels her and looks over her body.

BERNADETTE (CONT'D)

A nice one at that.

The women leave the living room. Bernadette levitates.

BERNADETTE (CONT'D)

If there's one thing a negro will
do, it's run.

Bernadette floats around the corner. She's met with an empty hallway and three rooms. She descends to the ground and walks achingly slow down the hall. She reaches the first door and jumps into the door frame.

BERNADETTE (CONT'D)

BOO!

An empty bathroom. Except for Tabatha huddled in the tub, hands clasped over her mouth. Bernadette turns to the room behind her.

BERNADETTE (CONT'D)

Come on out y'all. I just want to
talk. Teach you a lesson on the
importance of your heritage. Your
lineage.

Bernadette walks into the room, she passes Mabel hiding behind the door. Mabel spots a wooden doorstop and grabs it.

Bernadette stoops down and looks under the bed, Mabel springs up, rushing Bernadette and bashing her head with the wood.

Bernadette collapses, Mabel drops the wood and slowly backs away.

MABEL

G-guys..I think she's dead. Let's go.

Kathleen peeks her head out of the third room. Tabatha exits the shower. Mabel enters the hallway then halts. Mabel locks eyes with Tabatha. A final pleading glance. Bernadette whispers in her ear.

BERNADETTE

Never turn your back on your people. And never turn your back on God. Burn in Hell heathen.

Bernadette twists a knife in Mabel's back. Mabel falls. Kathleen covers her mouth, blocking a scream. Bernadette spots Tabatha across the hall. Tabatha freezes then drops to floor playing dead. Bernadette rolls her eyes.

BERNADETTE (CONT'D)

If you want to be dead.

Bernadette steps towards Tabatha, but is stopped by clattering from afar. Kathleen holds her ankle on the floor. Wigs are scattered about near a flipped box.

KATHLEEN

Sheila if you weren't dead already I'd kill you.

Bernadette levitates Tabatha and walks towards the noise, Tabatha floating behind her. At the doorway Bernadette throws Tabatha into the room.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)

Tabatha?! Girl, I thought you would've gotten away!

TABATHA

I thought you were gone too!

BERNADETTE

You're both going to be gone.

Kathleen and Tabatha whimper.

TABATHA

Please, you don't have to do this.

KATHLEEN

I'll never wear a wig again. I will love and embrace my natural hair, I promise.

TABATHA

Yea, me too. And I'll break up with Wyatt right now and find a Black king!

Tabatha shakily pulls out her phone. Bernadette slaps it.

TABATHA (CONT'D)

Ok, I'll just ghost him. Even better, make him really hurt.

BERNADETTE

Ghost him? Are you making fun of me, girl?

KATHLEEN

Nice choice of words. She was gonna let us go until you insulted her.

TABATHA

What? She was gonna kill us anyway. Especially you, wigged-out Wendy.

KATHLEEN

You're wearing a wig too!

TABATHA

Mine was only for the costume!

BERNADETTE

ENOUGH!

Bernadette holds her hand out towards Tabatha and a knife hovers at her throat.

BERNADETTE (CONT'D)

Speak another word I cut your vocal cords.

Tabatha cowers.

BERNADETTE (CONT'D)

As for you. Wigged-out Wendy.

Bernadette strolls to Kathleen. She caresses her hair. Linger on each braid. She grabs one and pulls. Harder and harder and harder. Kathleen screams. Bernadette peels the braid off of her head.

Kathleen howls as blood drips from her scalp.

BERNADETTE (CONT'D)

If you can't appreciate your hair,
then you shouldn't have it.

Bernadette quickly RIPS every braid off of Kathleen's head. Each rip more excruciating than the other. Kathleen is left bleeding out on the floor.

BERNADETTE (CONT'D)

Maybe I'll make a wig out of these.
What do you think?

The knife still floats at Tabatha's throat.

BERNADETTE (CONT'D)

As for you.

Bernadette levitates Tabatha's phone.

BERNADETTE (CONT'D)

Why don't you give your man a call.

She launches the phone into Tabatha's mouth, lodging it in her throat. The phone rings and vibrates as Tabatha chokes. She falls to the floor.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. A LIVING ROOM

The rambunctious bustle of a big family in a small house. The door opens.

MOTHER

Sheila, you made it!

SHEILA

Hi Mother! Happy Thanksgiving
everyone!

MOTHER

Can I take your bags?

Mother reaches for the grocery bags in Sheila's hands. Sheila aggressively pulls her hands away.

BERNADETTE

No!

The Ouija board pokes out of the top of the bag.

BERNADETTE AS SHEILA

N-not this bag. It has a couple gifts for the little ones. B-but you can take this other one, it has sweet potato pies in it.

MOTHER

Mm! Well let me hide these before everyone else sees them.

Mother snickers off with the bag. Sheila stares hard at the one still in her hand.

COUSIN

Sheila, come hop in this Spades game, your brother can't get his ass beat alone.

BERNADETTE AS SHEILA

You wanna talk about whooping ass, boy have I got the game for you.