

TONY

Purpose, I get it. But getting the bag
is a good purpose.

The smoke starts to clear, an old record store is revealed behind them. A man dressed in African garb stands outside smoking with a cigarette holder. He may have inhaled all the smoke.

MANSA MUSA

Is that all there is to life? Cash?
Capital? Funds? Wealth?

BOOBIE and TONY stare intently, waiting for a threat. Or sales pitch. You never know in New York City.

TONY

Money isn't everything but it's pretty
damn important here in America.

MANSA MUSA

Yes, exactly Ndugu. Here in America.
If you have a second I would like to
chat with you about something very
important.

TONY looks to BOOBIE, who shrugs.

BOOBIE

As long as he aint asking for routing
numbers I'll hear him out.

The man in African garb smiles and motions for them to follow him into his record store.

CUT TO:

INT. RECORD STORE - DAY

The African man walks through the record store as they follow him past rows of classic vinyl albums.

MUSA

My name is Musa Keita, some people
called me Mansa Musa. Perhaps you've
heard of me?

TONY

Nope.

BOOBIE

Nah.

MUSA

Well, I was pretty well known back in my day. I had a lot of money.

BOOBIE

My nephew got a knack for getting paper too.

MUSA

Really? Then you know that material riches mean nothing.

BOOBIE

Word.

TONY

Sure. What was it you wanted to show us?

MANSA MUSA stops in front of a beaded curtain.

MUSA

You are both at the end and simultaneously the beginning of a journey. The course will be intense but will lead you to ultimate enlightenment.

BOOBIE

I'm into that sun.

MUSA

I am here to gift you with my greatest treasure, and I have had many. This treasure will help you on your journey. But it will also be an immense responsibility that in just possessing it, will tax your mind and body to its limits.

BOOBIE

I'm not really into that.

MANSA MUSA pulls back the beaded curtain and leads them into a small dimly lit room. A table fills the middle of the room. On the table is a gold plated, ornately decorated box. MANSA MUSA leaves TONY and BOOBIE in the small space, hovering over the box.

TONY

Is this a drug deal? I don't do drugs.

BOOBIE

If gas starts coming out the box just cover your mouth and run.

TONY

What?

BOOBIE

I've researched this. Sometimes Thetans take human form so they can gas and kidnap humans who know the truth and then clone them.

TONY

What?! What truth?

BOOBIE gestures both of his hands as if they are sliding over a flat surface.

TONY

Okay. This is why I don't smoke. Mr... Musa? Mans dem? Uh.. Bro! I'm sorry, I know this is some serious shit to you but this aint the scene for us. I get it Black power. But the three of us huddled in this back room doing drugs is too... 70's for me. Sorry.

MUSA (O.S.)

I don't expect you to fully comprehend yet. You will find the clarity that you are looking for Anthony. You just need to commit. Boobie!

BOOBIE jumps a little.

BOOBIE

Yah?

TONY

Where is he?

MUSA

You have faith and intention. Join your focus with your nephew and together, there will be no task that is out of your reach.

The small box opens and light fills the room. The aroma is intoxicating to BOOBIE, he puts his hands inside and gently scoops something up. An average sized neatly rolled doobie

sits on his outstretched palms.

MUSA(O.S)

When I was emperor, I would give gold to random people on my travels. So much so that it would topple local economies.

TONY

You're like a reverse Jeff Bezos.

MUSA

Gold, Silk, Castles, livestock. All these things are fleeting. This is forever. This is infinite.

BOOBIE

I feel like I've been here before. This is, this is...

TONY

Weed? Weed? WeeeeDUH!?

MUSA

Your nephew does not understand yet, but on the journey he will, and he will save all that is good. Trust in him Boobie, and protect the Infinite Doobie.

TONY

I'm standing right here.

MUSA

You must get it to the THC temple in Chinatown before 6pm.

BOOBIE

Why?

MUSA

The Infinite Doobie cannot exist for long on the physical plane unless it is kept inside the confines of a THC sacred site. You are stewards, you must take the Infinite Doobie to the new sacred site. This place will no longer exist after today.

BOOBIE

Whaaaat? That's crazy.

TONY

But hasn't this store been

here for years? My Mom told me she bought her first copy of "What's The 411" here.

MANSA MUSA shrugs.

MUSA

Gentrification. Anyways, the ancestors chose Tony as the protector and you as the guide. There are others who will be looking for you. They will attempt to destroy the Infinite Doobie. Time is limited, if you do not reach the sacred sit in before next sundown the You must not fail, time is of the essence. Now go! Fly you fools!

MANSA MUSA steps back into the shadows where he can still be seen. BOOBIE sniffs the Doobie, looking up into the air as the last echoes of MANSA MUSA's voice fade away.

BOOBIE

I got you Musa, I got you.

CUT TO:

INT. GUMNT BUILDING

An alarm goes off. Wall to wall surveillance screens in a dimly lit room flash. Suddenly we've entered a Jason Bourne movie. Agents are notified through email and text message. They suit up and head to their unmarked vehicles.

GMNT AGENT

Yes, the lease has been signed.
Affirmative, dispatching units to the location to retrieve the artifact.

CUT TO:

EXT. HARLEM - DAY

BOOBIE exits the record store with the INFINITE DOOBIE. TONY is on the phone with VICTORIA.

TONY

It's in midtown? No problem babe, I can do that.

TONY hangs up.