

BLACKkKLANSMAN

Written By

CHARLIE WACHTEL & DAVID RABINOWITZ
and
KEVIN WILLMOTT & SPIKE LEE

FADE IN:

SCENE FROM "GONE WITH THE WIND"

Scarlett O'Hara, played by Vivian Leigh, walks through the Thousands of injured Confederate Soldiers pulling back to reveal the Famous Shot of the tattered Confederate Flag in "Gone with the Wind" as The Max Stein Music Score swells from Dixie to Taps.

BEAUREGARD- KLAN NARRATOR (O.S.)
They say they may have lost the
Battle but they didn't lose The War.
Yes, Friends, We are under attack.

CUT TO:

A 1960'S EDUCATIONAL STYLE FILM

Shot on Grainy COLOR 16MM EKTACHROME Film, The NARRATOR BEAUREGARD, a Middle Aged but handsome, White Male, sits at a desk, a Confederate Flag on a stand beside him. Very Official. He is not a Southerner and speaks with articulation and intelligence.

BEAUREGARD- KLAN NARRATOR
You've read about it in your Local
Newspapers or seen it on The Evening
News. That's right. We're living in
an Era marked by the spread of
Integration and Miscegenation.

CUT TO:

FOOTAGE OF THE LITTLE ROCK NINE

being escorted into CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL, Little Rock,
Arkansas by The National Guard.

BEAUREGARD- KLAN NARRATOR
(V.O.)(CONT'D)
The Brown Decision forced upon us by
The Jewish controlled Puppets on the
U.S. Supreme Court compelling White
children to go to School with an
Inferior Race is The Final Nail in a
Black Coffin towards America becoming
a Mongrel Nation.

A QUICK SERIES OF IMAGES

Segregation Signs. Antebellum Photos. Happy Slaves in Old Movies. Masters inspecting their Cotton and Tobacco with their Slaves in The Fields. Blacks shining Shoes and working as Butlers, Porters and Maids.

BEAUREGARD- KLAN NARRATOR (V.O.)
(CONT'D)
We had a great way of Life before The
Martin Luther Coon's of The World...

CUT TO:

The Billboard of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. sitting in the
front row of a Classroom it reads: Martin Luther King in a
Communist Training School.

BEAUREGARD- KLAN NARRATOR (CONT'D)
...and their Army of Commies started
their Civil Rights Assault on our
Holy White Protestant Values.

CLOSE - BOUREGARD - KLAN NARRATOR

BEAUREGARD- KLAN NARRATOR (CONT'D)
Do you really want your precious
White Child going to School with
Negroes?

Footage of Black and White Children playing together,
innocent.

Beauregard now stands by a Large Screen and points at The
Screen.

BEAUREGARD-KLAN NARRATOR (CONT'D)
They are Lying, Dirty Monkeys...

FOOTAGE and STILLs of Stereotype Blacks Coons, Bucks and
shining Black Mammies. Black Soldiers in D. W. Griffith's
"Birth of a Nation" pushing Whites around on the Street.

CLOSE - BEAUREGARD

BEAUREGARD- KLAN NARRATOR (CONT'D)
...Stopping at nothing to gain
Equality with The White Man.

Images and Scientific charts of Blacks compared to Apes and
Monkeys.

CLOSE - BEAUREGARD - KLAN NARRATOR

BEAUREGARD- KLAN NARRATOR (CONT'D)
...Rapists, Murderers...Craving The
Virgin, Pure Flesh of White Women.
They are Super Predators...

CUT TO:

LYNCH, The MULATTO, lusting after our LILLIAN GISH in "Birth of a Nation." Other Lusting Images of Craving Black Beasts!!! SEXUAL PREDATORS!!!

CUT TO:

KING KONG on Empire State Building with Fay Wray in his hand. GUS in "Birth of a Nation" chasing a White Woman he wants to Rape.

CUT TO:

CLOSE - BEAUREGARD - KLAN NARRATOR

A Stereotype illustration of Jews controlling Negroes.

BEAUREGARD- KLAN NARRATOR (CONT'D)
...and the Negro's insidious tactics
under the tutelage of High Ranking
Blood Sucking Jews! Using an Army of
outside...

Beauregard continues.

CUT TO:

BEAUREGARD-KLAN NARRATOR(CONT'D)
...Northern Black Beast Agitators...

Footage of The March on Washington.

CUT TO:

CLOSE - BOUREGARD - KLAN NARRATOR.

BOUREGARD- KLAN NARRATOR (CONT'D)
...determined to overthrow The God
Commanded and Biblically inspired
Rule of The White Race.

CUT TO:

An image of an All-American White Nuclear Family.

CUT TO:

Bouregard gives his Final Words.

BOUREGARD-KLAN NARRATOR (CONT'D)
It's an International... Jewish...
Conspiracy.

WE HEAR and end with the Corny Stinger of Music that goes with these Education and Propaganda Films!

CUT TO:

EXT. COLORADO SPRINGS AREA - DAY

DRONE SHOT

Superimposed: Early 70s

An amazing contrast. The beautiful landscape of Colorado Springs, the City sits nestled within the rugged Mountain terrain. The majestic Pikes Peak, the jagged beauty of The Garden of the Gods, The plush Broadmoor Resort, The Will Rodgers Shrine of The Sun.

EXT. COLORADO SPRINGS STREET - DAY

RON STALLWORTH, Black, 21, Handsome, Intelligent, sporting a good sized Afro, rebellious but straight laced by most 1970's standards.

Ron stares at an Ad attached to a bulletin board.

CLOSE - THE AD READS:

JOIN THE COLORADO SPRINGS POLICE FORCE, MINORITIES ENCOURAGED TO APPLY! Ron rips the Ad from the board.

EXT. COLORADO SPRINGS POLICE DEPT BUILDING. - DAY

INT. OFFICE OF CHIEF BRIDGES - COLORADO SPRINGS POLICE DEPT - DAY

A drab, white-walled office. Ron sits across the table from The Assistant City Personnel Manager, MR. TURRENTINE, Black, 40's, business like but progressive and CHIEF BRIDGES, White, smart, 50's, in a Police Uniform, a Man ready for change.

MR. TURRENTINE
Why weren't you drafted into the
Vietnam War?

RON STALLWORTH
I went to College.

MR. TURRENTINE
How do you feel about Vietnam?

RON STALLWORTH
I have mixed feelings.

CHIEF BRIDGES

Would you call yourself a Womanizer?

RON STALLWORTH
No Sir, I would not.

MR. TURRENTINE
Do you frequent Night Clubs?

RON STALLWORTH
No Sir.

CHIEF BRIDGES
Do you drink?

RON STALLWORTH
On Special occasions, Sir.

MR. TURRENTINE
Have you ever done any Drugs?

RON STALLWORTH
Only those prescribed by My Doctor,
Sir.

Turrentine looks at Chief Bridges.

MR. TURRENTINE
That's kind of rare these days for a
young Hip Soul Brother like you.

RON STALLWORTH
I know but my Father was in The
Military and I was raised up the
Right way, Sir.

CHIEF BRIDGES
How are you with people, generally?

RON STALLWORTH
Sir, they treat me right, I treat
them right, like I already said I was
raised...

CHIEF BRIDGES
...Have you ever had any negative...

Mr. Turrentine jumps in, impatient.

MR. TURRENTINE
...What would you do if another Cop
called you a Nigger?

RON STALLWORTH
Would that happen...

MR. TURRENTINE
...Sheeeeeeeett!!!

Bridges looks at him. Turrentine waits, Ron doesn't know how to respond, finally. Turrentine leans forward.

MR. TURRENTINE (CONT'D)
There's never been a Black Cop in this City. If we make you an Officer, you would, in effect, be the Jackie Robinson of the Colorado Springs Police force.

Mr. Turrentine lets this sink in.

MR. TURRENTINE (CONT'D)
And if you know anything about Jackie Robinson you know he had to take a lot of... guff... from his fellow Teammates, from Fans, other Teams, and The Press.

RON STALLWORTH
I know Jackie's Story, Sir.

MR. TURRENTINE
Good. So, knowing that, when someone calls you Nigger will you be able to turn the other Cheek?

Ron evaluates the hard reality of the question. Decides.

RON STALLWORTH
If I need to, yes, Sir.

MR. TURRENTINE
Son, The Mayor and I think you might be The Man to open things up here.

Ron looks at Chief Bridges.

CHIEF BRIDGES
I'll have your back but I can only do so much. The Weight of this is on You...and You alone.

Ron weighs The Journey ahead.

OMITTED

OMITTED

INT. RECORDS ROOM - CSPD - DAY

Ron sorts a file cabinet of records as OFFICER CLAY MULANEY, 60's, White, sits on a stool, reading a Magazine clearly looking at a Photo of something good.

Ron looks at the Photo of the Actress Cybill Shepherd.

RON STALLWORTH
Cybill Shepherd. She was great in The
Last Picture Show.

OFFICER MULANEY
Never saw it but what you think?

RON STALLWORTH
She's a very good Actress.

OFFICER MULANEY
Y'know you want some of that.

Ron ignores it.

OFFICER MULANEY (CONT'D)
Truth be told when I see one of your
kind with a White Woman it turns my
Stomach.

RON STALLWORTH
Yeah. Why's that?

OFFICER MULANEY
He could only want one thing.

RON STALLWORTH
What would that be?

OFFICER MULANEY
You like acting dumb, Y'know.

RON STALLWORTH
No, I just like my questions to be
answered.

A VOICE of UNIFORMED COP WHEATON calls from the other side of
the Counter.

WHEATON (O.S.)
Hey! Anybody in there? Looking for a
Toad here.

Ron walks to the Counter to see The White and sleep-deprived
Cop impatiently leaning on his elbows.

WHEATON (CONT'D)
Get me the record for this Toad named
Tippy Birdsong.

Ron pulls up the File for Tippy Birdsong. The Photo shows a
Black Man in his twenties.

WHEATON (CONT'D)
While you're at it, why don't you
grab another Toad... Steven Wilson.

Ron pulls the File... another young Black Male, ANOTHER
SEXUAL PREDATOR!

INT. CSPD HALLWAY - DAY

Chief Bridges strides down the hall with SGT. TRAPP a soft-spoken White Man in his 40's, they are discussing a File. Ron suddenly appears walking with them.

RON STALLWORTH
While I've got you both here. Sirs,
I'd like to be an Undercover
Detective.

Chief Bridges and Sgt. Trapp both stop.

CHIEF BRIDGES
What Narcotics?

RON STALLWORTH
Whatever Department works, Sir.

SGT. TRAPP
You just joined The Force, Rookie.

RON STALLWORTH
I know, Sir but I think I could do
some good there.

SGT. TRAPP
Is that right?

RON STALLWORTH
Well, I'm young. I think there's a
niche for me. Get In where I can Fit
In.

SGT. TRAPP
What do you think, Chief?

Sgt. Trapp sees the logic, looks to Chief Bridges, who stops,
considering.

CHIEF BRIDGES
Think a lot of yourself, don't cha?

RON STALLWORTH
Just trying to be of help, Chief.
Plus, I hate working in The Records
room.

Sgt. Trapp reacts knowing Ron shouldn't have said that about the Records Room. CHIEF BRIDGES looks at Ron, matter of fact.

CHIEF BRIDGES

Well, I think Records is a good place for you to start, Rookie.

RON STALLWORTH

Chief, want me clean shaven?

CHIEF BRIDGES

Keep it. I like the look.

Chief Bridges walks off without another word. SGT. TRAPP gives a knowing look to Ron, who watches them walk away.

INT. RECORDS ROOM - CSPD - DAY

Ron behind the Counter. MASTER PATROLMAN ANDY LANDERS, White, Mid-30's, a regular guy but there is something dangerous there, steps up.

LANDERS

Need a File on a Toad.

Ron doesn't respond.

LANDERS (CONT'D)

You Deaf? I said I need info on a Toad.

RON STALLWORTH

No Toads here.

LANDERS

Excuse me?

RON STALLWORTH

I said, I don't have any Toads. I do have Human Beings and if you give me their names I can pull the Files.

Landers scowls. Ron stares back at him, Eye to Eye.

LANDERS

Heard you think you Hot Shit but you ain't nuthin' but a Cold Fart. Name's Maurice, Maurice Smalls...That respectful enough for you, Officer Toad.

Ron pulls The File, throws it down on the Counter as Landers snatches The File and storms off.

INT. RON'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

As Ron sleeps, a phone rings. Ron snaps awake and grabs at the phone on the night table.

RON STALLWORTH

Hello.

CHIEF BRIDGES (O.S.)
It's Bridges. You sleeping?

RON STALLWORTH
Yes, Chief, I was. Just worked a
Night Shift.

CHIEF BRIDGES (O.S.)
I changed my mind, you're gonna come
in a little earlier today. We've got
an assignment for you. 12 Noon.
Sharp. Narcotics Division. Wear
Street clothes.

RON STALLWORTH
Yes Sir, see you then. Thank You.
Thank You.

Ron sits up in Bed, excited, thinking about the challenge
ahead.

INT. CSPD - NARCOTICS DIVISION - DAY

Ron, dressed in Bell-Bottoms and a Hip Italian Knit Shirt,
Marshmallow Shoes steps inside the Narcotics office, which is
literally The Basement of The Station. He looks around at The
Area Buzzing with Activity and sees

ANGLE - UNDERCOVER COPS

at their desks. Looking less like Cops and more like unkempt
Hippies or Rock N' Rollers.

CLOSE - RON

just stands there looking at all the activity.

CLOSE - CHIEF BRIDGES

waves Ron back to the rear of The Room for privacy.

CLOSE - FLIP ZIMMERMAN

FLIP
Rookie, you're late.

RON STALLWORTH
Sorry, it won't happen again.

Flip, late 30's, long hair, looks like anything but a Cop, he
however is somewhat of a closed-off guy, all business, Ron
sits across from him. Chief Bridges steps before them.

CHIEF BRIDGES (CONT'D)
We've got limited time so I'll be quick. That Black Radical Stokely Carmichael is giving a Speech Tonight at Bell's Nightingale.

Ron is surprised at this.

RON STALLWORTH
The Nightclub?

CHIEF BRIDGES
No, Emmanuel Missionary Baptist Church!!!

Flip just listens.

CHIEF BRIDGES (CONT'D)
Carmichael is a former High Muckity-Muck with The Black Panthers and as far as I'm concerned, FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover was dead right when he said The Black Panthers are The Greatest Internal Threat to The Security of these United States. This Carmichael Joker, former Panther or not, they say he's a Damn Good Speaker and we don't want this Carmichael getting into The Minds of the Black People here in Colorado Springs and stirring them up.

Ron's face cringes at Chief Bridges's words. He steps to Ron.

CHIEF BRIDGES (CONT'D)
Ron, your assignment is to go to this Speech tonight and infiltrate these Bunch of Subversives and monitor The Audience reaction to Carmichael. You ready?

Flip and Chief Bridges stare at Ron.

RON STALLWORTH
Born Ready.

INT. NARCOTICS DIVISION - CSPD - NIGHT

Ron stands, his shirt off, as Flip wires a Wireless Transmitter and Microphone to his body. Another Narcotics Cop, JIMMY CREEK, 30's, observes the installation.

RON STALLWORTH
Any chance this thing Fucks Up?

FLIP

Fuck yeah.

RON STALLWORTH

Then what?

JIMMY

Just stick to The Game Plan.

RON STALLWORTH

Which is?

FLIP

Improvise. Like Jazz. This isn't some Big Bust. We just want some Intel, that's it.

JIMMY

What happens if someone offers you a Marijuana Cigarette?

RON STALLWORTH

You mean a Joint?

JIMMY

Yeah.

RON STALLWORTH

"Soul Brother, I'm already High on Life. Can you Dig It?"

FLIP

And if someone pulls a Gun on you?

Ron is caught off guard.

RON STALLWORTH

You expecting that?

Flip pulls his Gun.

FLIP

Barrel of a 45's in your face, Finger on the Trigger, now what?

RON STALLWORTH

Blood, get that Gun out my face. Peace Love and Soul.

FLIP

Gun is still in your face.

Ron gives Jimmy a wary look speaking to Flip.

RON STALLWORTH
I de-escalate. Talk calmly, firmly.
Find a way out of there, A-Sap.

Jimmy nods, satisfied. Flip is finished with The Wiring. Ron takes a deep breath.

FLIP
Relax, we'll be outside, listening
in.

RON STALLWORTH
Can I order a Drink at The Bar?

Flip steps away, no comment.

JIMMY
That's fine, just don't get Shit
Faced.

FLIP
Got it?

RON STALLWORTH
I got it. I'm gone.

Jimmy laughs, Slaps Ron on the back.

EXT. CITY STREET - OUTSKIRTS OF DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

Ron pulls an unmarked Sedan to the curb. He gets out and looks around.

A Crowded sidewalk overflows into The Street, filling a line that Bottlenecks into The Club with the Sign:

CLOSE SIGN - BELL'S NIGHTINGALE

ANGLE - TONIGHT: KWAME TURE SPEAKS

Ron walks to the back of the line. He becomes an Every Brother slowly moving forward as People enter. As he moves forward he notices a striking Woman at the Front Door.

ANGLE - PATRICE DUMAS

Mid 20's, an Angela Davis Afro, she wears a Hip array of Militant wear, Black Leather Jacket, Love Beads but on her it looks fantastic. Ron is taken by her Beauty, he watches as she monitors the door, clearly in charge.

RON STALLWORTH
How are you doing, my Soul Sista?

Patrice gives Ron a good look summing him up.

PATRICE
I'm doing fine, my Brother. This is
going to be an Amazing Night.

RON STALLWORTH
Indeed it is.

PATRICE
Have you heard Brother Kwame speak
before?

RON STALLWORTH
Who?

PATRICE
Kwame Ture.

RON STALLWORTH
Actually, I haven't, I didn't know he
changed his name.

PATRICE
Yes, after he moved to Africa. He
took the names of Kwame Nkrumah of
Ghana and his Mentor Sekou Toure of
Guinea to honor The Great Leaders.

RON STALLWORTH
That's Heavy. Do you know how he got
to Colorado Springs?

PATRICE
The Colorado College Black Student
Union invited Brother Ture.

RON STALLWORTH
I can dig it. I can dig it. You with
The Black Student Union?

PATRICE
I'm The President.

RON STALLWORTH
Right On. Right On.

INT. BELL'S NIGHTINGALE - NIGHT

The Club is PACKED, a Sea of Black Faces punctuated by an
occasional White Face. Ron moves through The Crowd. He avoids
direct Eye Contact, trying like Hell to act casual.

Ron steps to The Bar and signals The BARTENDER JABBO, 60's,
Black.

RON STALLWORTH
Rum and Coke with Lime.

As Jabbo makes his Drink, something catches Ron's Eye.
Patrice exits through a door with several Black Bodyguards.

Ron observes as a Tall figure comes out from Backstage with
Patrice, ODETTA and HAKEEM. The Tall figure hangs back
covered by The Bodyguards.

Ron on his feet, Black Fist in the air with The Crowd.
Patrice on Stage with Kwame Ture with her Fist raised too.
The Shouting and Chanting finally cease, as Patrice speaks.

PATRICE
The Black Student Union of Colorado
College is honored to bring The
Vanguard of Revolutionaries fighting
for The Rights of Black People all
over The World. Let's show some Black
Love to The One and Only, The Former
Prime Minister of The Black Panther
Party, The Brother Man with The Plan
who's stickin'it to the Man, put your
Hands together my People... for Our
Kwame Ture.

PANDEMONIUM! As Kwame Ture walks onto a small raised stage
with Patrice. The entire place rises to their Feet, Fists
Raised, Clapping, Shouting "Ungawa Black Power!" Ron watches
as Patrice and Kwame hug. Patrice sits on Stage with Odetta
and Hakeem.

Kwame soaks in the Crowd's reaction, until...

KWAME TURE
Thank you all for coming out tonight,
My Beloved Sista's and Brotha's. I
Thank you...

CLOSE - KWAME TURE

towering at Six Feet-Four with an infectious smile and
Flawless Dark Skin, he's oozing Charisma out of every pore.
He stands behind a small podium.

KWAME TURE (CONT'D)
...I'm here to tell you this evening
it is time for you to stop running
away from being Black. You are
College Students, you should think.

KWAME TURE (CONT'D)

It is time for you to understand that you as The growing Intellectuals of this Country, you must define Beauty for Black People, Now that's Black Power.

BLACK MASS

BLACK POWER!!! BLACK POWER!!!

The Black Students in The Audience are laser focused on him.

KWAME TURE

Is Beauty defined by someone with a Narrow Nose? Thin Lips? White Skin? You ain't got none of that. If your Lips are Thick, Bite them in. Hold your Nose! Don't drink Coffee because it makes you Black!

The Audience laughs! Loving it.

KWAME TURE (CONT'D)

Your Nose is Boss, your Lips are Thick, your skin is Black, you are Black and you are Beautiful!

Everyone cheers including Ron!

KWAME TURE (CONT'D)

We want to be like The White people that oppress us in this Country and since they hate us, we hate ourselves. You dig Tarzan? I remember that when I was a Boy I used to go see Tarzan Movies on Saturdays. I loved me some Jane too. Jane was A Fine White Woman. White Tarzan used to Beat up The Black Natives. I would sit there yelling "Kill The Beasts, Kill The Savages, Kill 'Em!" Actually I was saying: "Kill Me." It was as if a Jewish Boy watched Nazis taking Jews off to Concentration Camps and cheered them on. Today, I want The Chief to beat The Hell out of Tarzan and send him back to The Caves of Europe. But it takes time to become Free of The Lies and their shaming effect on Black Minds. It takes time to reject the most Important Lie: that Black People inherently can't do the same things White People can do unless White People help them.

The Audience laughing, overwhelmed, shouting back support! A ROAR from The Crowd. Ron finds himself clapping along.

RON STALLWORTH
Right on!!! Right On!!!

Ron looks around at everyone caught up in Kwame's spell.

KWAME TURE (CONT'D)
If a White Man wants to Lynch Me,
that's his Problem. If he's got The
Power to Lynch Me, that's My Problem.
Racism is not a question of Attitude;
it's a question of Power.

Ron is struck by the remark.

KWAME TURE (CONT'D)
The vast majority of Negroes in this
Country live in Captive Communities
and must endure their conditions of
Oppression because and only because
they are Black and Powerless. Now We
are being shot down like Dogs in the
streets by White Racist Police. We
can no longer accept this Oppression
without retribution. The War in
Vietnam is Illegal and Immoral. I'd
rather see a Brother Kill a Cop than
Kill a Vietnamese. At least he's got
a reason for Killing The Cop. When
you Kill a Vietnamese you're a Hero
and you don't even know why you
Killed him. At least if you Kill a
Cop you're doing it for a reason.

Another Applause Break.

CLOSE - RON

Ron listens, challenged, torn.

INT. BELL'S NIGHTINGALE - NIGHT

Kwame holds The Crowd in The Palm of his Hand. Members of the
Audience who were sitting already are rising to their Feet...

CLOSE - RON

sits, claps vigorously, as if forgetting he is Undercover...

CLOSE - KWAME

KWAME TURE (CONT'D)

In closing I know it's getting late,
may I leave you Sista's and Brothers
with these Last Words. "If I am not
for myself, who will be? If I am for
myself alone, who am I? If not now,
when? And if not you, who?" We need
an Undying Love for Black People
wherever We may be. Good Night and
POWER TO THE PEOPLE, POWER TO THE
PEOPLE.

The BLACK MASS STANDS AS ONE WITH KWAME TURE.

KWAME TURE AND BLACK MASS

ALL POWER TO ALL THE PEOPLE
ALL POWER TO ALL THE PEOPLE
ALL POWER TO ALL THE PEOPLE

Caught up in the moment, Ron gathers himself, as if
remembering why he is here. Kwame takes Patrice's Hand and
raises it in Celebration and Unity!

INT. BELL'S NIGHTINGALE - NIGHT

Ron moves down the Greeting Line for Kwame. He watches as
Patrice stands near him. Kwame pulls her in close, whispers
something in her ear. She smiles, a bit smitten.

Ron watches as he finally reaches Kwame, shaking his hand.

RON STALLWORTH

Brother Ture, do you really think a
War between The Black and White Race
is inevitable?

Kwame pulls Ron in close toward his face. Too close.

INT. SURVEILLANCE CAR - BELL'S NIGHTINGALE - NIGHT

Flip and Jimmy wearing Headphones listening react to ear-
splitting Audio feedback.

INT. BELL'S NIGHTINGALE - NIGHT

Ron stands mid-grip with Kwame. Nerves pinballing. Kwame
lowers his voice, looking around conspiratorially.

KWAME TURE

Brother, arm yourself. Get ready.
The Revolution is coming. We must
pick up a Gun and prepare
ourselves...Trust me, it is coming.

Kwame pulls back. Returns to his normal speaking voice.

KWAME TURE (CONT'D)
Thank you for your support, Brother.

EXT. BELL'S NIGHTINGALE - FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Ron is waiting outside as Patrice steps out, followed by Odetta and Hakeem. Ron nears her.

RON STALLWORTH
I don't know what you have planned
now but maybe I could buy you a
Drink?

PATRICE
I'm waiting for Brother Kwame, I have
to make sure he gets back safely to
the Hotel and he's squared away.

RON STALLWORTH
I can dig it.

Ron starts to walk away.

PATRICE
Maybe, if it's not too late, I'll
meet you at The Red Lantern. You know
where that is?

RON STALLWORTH
I do.

PATRICE
So I'll see you then.

RON STALLWORTH
Cool. All Power to All The People.

INT. RED LANTERN INN - NIGHT

Black folks are dancing, getting down. At the bar, Ron looks at his watch having been there a while. He finishes his Rum and Coke with Lime watching the door open but it is not Patrice. He decides to call it a Night, stepping off his stool, paying his Tab to BRO POPE, The Bartender when...

PATRICE
Sorry I'm late...

Patrice is right there near him. She flops down on the Bar stool, exhausted, and lights up a Kool Cigarette.

PATRICE (CONT'D)
...You won't believe what happened.

Patrice says to Bro Pope, The BARTENDER.

PATRICE (CONT'D)
Bro Pope, Seven and Seven, please...
The Pigs pulled us over.

RON STALLWORTH
Say what?

PATRICE
Yeah, they knew Brother Kwame was in
Town. Made us get out the Car. Pigs
pulled us over for no reason. Total
harassment.

RON STALLWORTH
True?

PATRICE
Truth. Do Four Dogs have Four
Assholes?

CUT TO:

EXT. COLORADO SPRINGS STREET - NIGHT

Patrice's Car is pulled over and a Uniformed Cop gets out his
Squad Car revealing Master Patrolman Landers. He instructs
them all with his hand on his Revolver.

PATRICE (V.O.)(CONT'D)
We're tired of Police Brutality.
We're tired of Police Murdering Black
Folks.

LANDERS
All right everybody out the vehicle.
Now!!!

Kwame, Patrice, Hakeem, and Odetta climb out of the vehicle.
Landers pushes Kwame against the Car.

LANDERS (CONT'D)
I don't wanna see nuthin' but Black
Asses and Black Elbows. Spread 'em!!!

Kwame, Patrice, Hakeem and Odetta are all Spread Eagle
against the Car. Master Patrolman Landers pats them down.
Another Police Cruiser pulls up. TWO MORE COPS, SHARPE and
CINCER, both White 50's, get out and observe.

CLOSE - LANDERS

He takes Extra Time patting down Patrice getting some
"Groping" in for Good Measure.

LANDERS (CONT'D)
Search The Car. I know these Niggers
are holding something.

Cincer and Sharpe enter Patrice's Car, searching it. Landers
turns Kwame around, facing him.

LANDERS (CONT'D)
You that so called Big Shot Panther
Nigger aren't you? Heard you was in
Town, Stokely.

KWAME TURE
My Name is Kwame Ture.

Landers stares him down for a moment. You think he's gonna
slug him but he thinks better. The other Cops go through the
Car searching, throwing things around.

LANDERS
I know you Black Bastards are
holding. What you got in there some
Weed, Pills, Heroin?

Patrice, Kwame, Odetta, and Hakeem and the others just stare
back, silent.

OFFICER CINCER
It's clean.

Nothing more to say. Landers gets in Patrice's Face.

LANDERS
You get this Black Panther outta'
Colorado Springs before Sunrise. Hear
ME??? Or you all go to Jail.

CLOSE - KWAME

KWAME TURE
Black people were Born in Jail.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. RED LANTERN INN - NIGHT

Patrice at the Bar with Ron, he is stunned.

RON STALLWORTH
Did you see the Officer's names?

PATRICE
I know I should have but the whole
thing was so frightening... I didn't.

Bro Pope, The Bartender sets the Drink down. Patrice takes a gulp, her hand shaking. Ron observes.

RON STALLWORTH

I'm sorry.

Patrice nods, pulls herself together. Ron looks at her, softly touches her on her back, trying to comfort, thinking to himself, torn in many directions.

INT. CSPD - CHIEF BRIDGES' OFFICE - DAY

CHIEF BRIDGES

What was the Room like?

RON STALLWORTH

Folks were hanging on every word.

CHIEF BRIDGES

Sounds like he had them pretty riled up?

RON STALLWORTH

But I'm not sure that means Black Folks were ready to start a Revolution.

CHIEF BRIDGES

What makes you think that?

RON STALLWORTH

Nobody was talking about that. That wasn't the Mood. Everybody was Cool.

CHIEF BRIDGES

So let me get this straight. He told a Crowd of "Black Folks" to get ready for a Race War. That they were going to have to arm themselves and kill Cops. What about that?

RON STALLWORTH

Yeah, he said that but I think that was just talk. You know, Rhetoric.

FLIP

That's what I thought too.

CHIEF BRIDGES

Thank God, Carmichael has left Colorado Springs.

RON STALLWORTH
Kwame Ture.

CHIEF BRIDGES
What?

RON STALLWORTH
He changed his name from Stokely
Carmichael to Kwame Ture.

Chief Bridges humored by as if he is suppose to care.

CHIEF BRIDGES
I don't care if he changed his name
to Muhammad Ali, he's still
dangerous.

Chief Bridges starts to leave the room. Ron decides to say
it.

RON STALLWORTH
Did you hear the Story Patrice told
me about how the CSPD pulled over her
and Ture?

Chief Bridges stops, drinks in the question. Everything goes
silent. He then gives Ron a deliberate look.

CHIEF BRIDGES
No. We didn't hear that.

From Chief Bridges's look, Ron knows he did. Jimmy, Flip
stare at Ron. A Big White Elephant in the room.

CHIEF BRIDGES (CONT'D)
Patrice. Isn't she the one from The
Black Student Union? They brought Too-
Ray in.

RON STALLWORTH
Kwame Ture, Correct.

CHIEF BRIDGES
You getting pretty Chummy with her?

If Ron pushes it more he knows it will go bad. He drops it.

RON STALLWORTH
Just doing my job, Chief. Undercover.

CHIEF BRIDGES
Yeah and it better not be Under the
Cover Of The Sheets.

Flip and Jimmy chuckle.

RON STALLWORTH
I would never jeopardize a Case...

CHIEF BRIDGES
... you don't know what you would do,
you just got here.

Ron takes this in. Dejected.

FLIP
Good work.

JIMMY
Rookie.

Ron nods, appreciative.

CHIEF BRIDGES
Ron, let's take a walk.

OMITTED

INT. HALLWAY - CSPD - DAY

Chief Bridges and Ron walk down the hall.

CHIEF BRIDGES
I'm transferring you into
Intelligence.

RON STALLWORTH
What will I be doing, Chief?

Chief Bridges stops and looks at him.

CHIEF BRIDGES
Intelligence.

Chief Bridges walks off. Ron stands there, Jacked!!!

OMITTED

INT. INTELLIGENCE UNIT - CSPD - DAY

Ron at his desk in The Intelligence Office in Street Clothing among his COLLEAGUES. He sips Lipton Tea with Honey and looking through various Publications. He then picks up The Colorado Springs Gazette Newspaper.

CLOSE - Classifieds section of the Newspaper. In the bottom right corner, in small print:

CLOSER - Ku Klux Klan - For Information, Contact 745-1209

Ron thinks a moment. Then grabs the phone. Dials.

After a few Rings, a Pre-Recorded Message Pops On:

PRE-RECORDED MESSAGE
You have reached The Colorado State
Chapter of The Ku Klux Klan. Please
leave a message... God Bless White
America.

There's a BEEP...

CLOSE - RON

RON STALLWORTH
Hello, this is Ron Stallworth
calling. Saw your Advertisement in
The Colorado Springs Gazette. I'm
interested in receiving some Reading
Materials. My Phone Number is 403-
9994. Looking forward to you
returning my call. God Bless White
America.

ANGLE - ROOM

Ron hangs up.

Flip at another Desk spins around looking at Ron like he has
3 Heads.

FLIP
Did I just hear you use your Real
Name?

RON STALLWORTH
Motherfucker!!!

JIMMY
Yeah, Motherfuckin' Amateur Hour.
What were you thinkin'?

RING!!! RING!!! Ron's Phone. Flip and Ron stare at it. Flip
gestures to answer it.

RON STALLWORTH
I wasn't.

FLIP
You dialed. Pick it up.

RING! RING! Ron looks at the ringing phone.

FLIP (CONT'D)
PICK IT UP!!!

RON STALLWORTH
This is Ron Stallworth.

Through the Receiver, a Gravelly, Secretive Voice.

WALTER BREACHWAY (O.S.)
This is Walter. Returning your
call... From The Organization.

RON STALLWORTH
The Organization?

WALTER BREACHWAY(O.S.)
Yes. Well we appreciate your
interest. So what is your Story, Ron?

Ron looks around. Shrugs. Might as well do it...

RON STALLWORTH
Since you asked- I Hate Niggers,
Jews, Mexicans, Spics, Chinks but
especially those Niggers and anyone
else that does not have pure White
Aryan Blood running through their
Veins.

All Heads in the Unit turn toward Ron.

RON STALLWORTH (CONT'D)
In fact, my Sister, Pamela, was
recently accosted by a Nigger...

Ron is snarling now, every ounce of his Voice projecting
White Supremacist Hate. He is utterly convincing.

WALTER BREACHWAY (O.S.)
...Is that so?

RON STALLWORTH
...Every time I think about that
Black Baboon putting his Filthy Black
Hands on her White as Pure Driven
Snow Body I wanna Puke!!!

Silence on the other end of The Line.

WALTER BREACHWAY(O.S.)
You're just the kind of Guy we're
looking for. Ron, when can we meet?

Flip, Jimmy and all the other White Undercover Cops are
Rolling their Eyes. Stepping away, shaking their heads. Some
wanting to laugh but DON'T.

RON STALLWORTH
How about Friday night? After I get
off work?

The other Cops are losing their minds, Quietly.

WALTER BREACHWAY(O.S.)
Deal! I'll get back to you with
details. Take care, Buddy Boy.

RON STALLWORTH
Looking forward to meeting you.

Ron looks around. Everyone in the Unit is standing around his
desk. All White Faces. Looking on, astonished.

FLIP
Good Luck Ron with your New Redneck
Friend.

The Undercover Gang Cracks Up!

INT. SERGEANT TRAPP'S OFFICE - CSPD - DAY

Ron is facing Sergeant Trapp, who sits at his desk, Jaw hung
slightly open.

SGT. TRAPP
They want you to join The Klan?

RON STALLWORTH
Well... they want to meet me First.

SGT. TRAPP
They want to meet you?

RON STALLWORTH
I'll need another Undercover to go in
my place.

SGT. TRAPP
Yeah... you probably shouldn't go to
that meeting.

RON STALLWORTH
You think?

Everyone has a Chuckle.

SGT. TRAPP
We'd have to go to Narcotics. Meaning
we'd have to deal with Bridges.

RON STALLWORTH
Damn.

OMITTED

OMITTED

INT. OFFICE OF THE CHIEF OF POLICE - DAY

A spacious office, its walls brimming with Books. Chief Bridges sits behind a wooden desk, his gaze thoughtful.

CHIEF BRIDGES

I can't spare any Men.

SGT. TRAPP

I've looked over the Logs and it seems you can spare them.

CHIEF BRIDGES

Sgt. Trapp, Ron spoke to the Man on the phone. When they hear the Voice of one of my Guys, they'll know the difference.

RON STALLWORTH

Why so, Chief?

CHIEF BRIDGES

Want me to spell it out? He'll know the difference between how a White Man talks and a Negro.

RON STALLWORTH

What does a Black Man talk like?

Silence.

SGT. TRAPP

Ron, I think what The Chief is trying to say is...

RON STALLWORTH

...If you don't mind, I'd like to talk for myself, Thank You. How exactly does a Black Man talk?

CHIEF BRIDGES

You know... YOU KNOW!!!

RON STALLWORTH

Chief, some of us can speak King's English and Jive. I happen to be fluent in both.

CHIEF BRIDGES

Ron, how do you propose to make this Investigation?

RON STALLWORTH
I have established contact and
created some familiarity with The
Klansmen over the phone. I will
continue that role but another
Officer, a White Officer, will play
Me when they meet Face to Face.

CHIEF BRIDGES
...My Point Exactly!!!...

Ron continues talking to Chief Bridges.

RON STALLWORTH
Black Ron Stallworth on The phone and
White Ron Stallworth Face to Face, so
there becomes a combined Ron
Stallworth.

CHIEF BRIDGES
Can you do that?

RON STALLWORTH
I believe we can... With The Right
White Man.

INT. HALLWAY - CSPD - DAY

Ron steps outside and Chief BRIDGES follows him.

CHIEF BRIDGES
If anything happens to my Man there
won't be Two Ron Stallworths.
There'll be none.

INT. INTELLIGENCE UNIT - CSPD - MORNING

Ron walks in on Flip and Jimmy looking at him.

FLIP
You're late.

RON STALLWORTH
I'm sorry. It won't happen again.

JIMMY
I heard that somewhere before.

FLIP
Hey, Jimmy when's the last time they
let a Rookie head up an
Investigation. Oh that's right,
NEVER.

Ron ignores the slight.

RON STALLWORTH

Can we move on to the Bio, please.

FLIP
... Ron Stallworth. I do Wholesale
Manufacturing.

RON STALLWORTH
Whereabout?

Flip sighs.

FLIP
Pueblo.

JIMMY
What's that commute like?

FLIP
Jimmy, I'm glad you asked, straight-
shot down I-25. Hour tops.

JIMMY
Long ride.

FLIP
What do we listen to?

RON STALLWORTH
KWYD. Christian Talk in The Morning,
although the Signal starts to cut out
near Pueblo. On the way back I go for
102.7 to get my Allman Brothers Fix.
Only I have to change every time that
British Fag David Bowie pipes on.

JIMMY
I love Bowie.

RON STALLWORTH
Remember you've got to retain the
details of what you share with them
so I can be White Ron Stallworth.

FLIP
Jimmy, I always wanted to grow up to
be Black, all my Heroes were Black
Guys. Willie Mays...

JIMMY
Basket catch.

FLIP
Wilt The Stilt...

JIMMY
A record hundred points in the game.

FLIP

But my favorite is O.J.

JIMMY

Love Fuckin' O.J. Orenthal James
Simpson.

RON STALLWORTH

Well, don't share your Love of The
Brothers with these Guys. For you,
it's The Osmonds.

FLIP

I get to play you but you don't get
to play me. Jimmy, does that sound
fair?

JIMMY

Not to me.

RON STALLWORTH
Fair? I get to play you and Jimmy and
all the other guys in the Station...
Everyday.

Flip doesn't understand, he looks at Jimmy. Both befuddled.

RON STALLWORTH (CONT'D)
Who are you meeting?

FLIP
Walter Breachway.

RON STALLWORTH
Become Walter's Friend, get invited
back.

FLIP
Look at you. Is that it, Sir?

RON STALLWORTH
I'm on the phone with The Klan, You
see them in person...

FLIP
...And...

RON STALLWORTH
...And you need to sound like my
voice.

JIMMY
Oh Boy.

RON STALLWORTH
Just repeat after me.

Ron hands out a piece of paper to Flip and Jimmy.

FLIP
The Godfather.

CLOSE - RON STALLWORTH

RON STALLWORTH (CONT'D)
*Look a'here, some people say we got a
lot of malice. Some say it's a lotta
nerve.*

CLOSE - FLIP

FLIP
*Look a'here, some people say we got a
lot of malice. Some say it's a lotta
nerve.*

CLOSE - RON STALLWORTH

RON STALLWORTH
*I saw we won't quit moving 'Til we
get what we deserve.*

CLOSE - FLIP

FLIP
*I saw we won't quit moving 'Til we
get what we deserve.*

CLOSE - RON STALLWORTH

RON STALLWORTH
*We've been buked and we've been
scorned. We've been treated bad,
talked about.*

CLOSE - FLIP

FLIP
*We've been buked and we've been
scorned. We've been treated bad,
talked about.*

TWO-SHOT - RON STALLWORTH AND FLIP

RON STALLWORTH
*As Just as sure as you're born But
just as sure as it take.*

FLIP
*As Just as sure as you're born But
just as sure as it take.*

RON STALLWORTH
Two eyes to make a pair, huh.

FLIP
Two eyes to make a pair, huh.

RON STALLWORTH
*Brother, we can't quit until we get
our share.*

FLIP
*Brother, we can't quit until we get
our share.*

RON STALLWORTH
Say it loud. I'm Black and I'm proud.

FLIP
Say it loud. I'm Black and I'm proud.

RON STALLWORTH
Jimmy, join us.

THREE-SHOT - RON STALLWORTH, FLIP AND JIMMY

RON STALLWORTH, FLIP AND JIMMY
Say it loud. I'm Black and I'm proud.
Say it loud. I'm Black and I'm proud.

All 3 Fall OUT - DIE LAUGHING.

JIMMY
Don't forget to lose that Star of
David around your neck.

Ron shoots Flip a look.

RON STALLWORTH
You're Jewish?

EXT. KWIK INN DINER - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Ron and Jimmy sit in an Unmarked Car. Several yards away,
Flip stands in The Lot, leaning up against a Pick Up Truck.

INT. UNMARKED CAR - NIGHT

Ron watches through Binoculars as a Beat-Up, Ivory-colored
Pickup Truck pulls in.

BINOCULARS POV: from the Truck's license plate to a
Confederate Flag Bumper Sticker that reads WHITE POWER.

RON STALLWORTH
It's Walter.

Ron writes down The Truck's Plate

Number: *CLOSE - KE-4108.*

EXT. KWIK INN DINER - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A White Male, FELIX, 30's, steps out of The Pickup Truck. He
wears Corduroy Pants, Uncombed Hair to his Neck and a Fu
Manchu. He pulls on a cigarette.

FELIX
Ron Stallworth?

FLIP
That's me. And you must be Walter.

FELIX
Name's Felix.

FLIP
I was told I'd be meeting with Walter
Breachway.

FELIX
Change of plans, Mack. I'm gonna need
you to hop in The Pickup.

Even with his slouched shoulders, Felix towers over Flip.

FLIP
Okay, well how about I just follow
you...

FELIX
...No Can Do. You come with me.
Security.

INT. UNMARKED CAR - NIGHT

Ron and Jimmy each wear Headphones, listening in. They look
at each other...

EXT. KWIK INN DINER - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Flip glances in the direction of Ron's Car, then pulls open
the rusty passenger door of Felix's Pickup.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The Pickup flies past. Ron and Jimmy are behind and gaining.

INT. FELIX'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Felix adjusts his Rear-View Mirror. Eyes it suspiciously.

FELIX
You for The White Race, Ron?

FLIP
Hell Yeah!!! Been having some trouble
lately with these Local Niggers.

FELIX
Since The Civil War it's always
trouble with Niggers.
Walter said something about your
Sister?

FLIP
Makes me Sick.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The Pickup speeds up, increasing the distance between the Two vehicles. Ron's car accelerates.

INT. FELIX'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Flip eyes Ron's Car in the Side-View mirror.

FLIP
But it's also the, like, camaraderie
I'm looking for...with The Klan.

FELIX
Da Fuck did you say?

FLIP
Camaraderie...?

FELIX
No. The other word.

FLIP
The Klan...?

FELIX
...Not "The Klan." It's The
Organization. The Invisible Empire
has managed to stay Invisible for a
reason. Do Not Ever Use That Word.
You understand?

FLIP
I overstand... Right. The
Organization.

An uncomfortable silence. Felix leers into the Rear-View mirror.

FELIX
Check this Shit out... you're never
gonna believe it.

FLIP
What?

FELIX
There's a Jig on our Bumper.

Flip Freezes.

INT. UNMARKED CAR - NIGHT

JIMMY
He sees us. Back Off.

Ron eases on the Gas.

INT. FELIX'S TRUCK - NIGHT

One hand on The Steering Wheel, Felix opens The Glove compartment in front of Flip's knees and grabs a Box of Ammunition.

FELIX
Let's be ready, case we gotta go and shoot us A Alabama Porch Monkey.

He tosses The Box onto Flip's lap.

FELIX (CONT'D)
Look under your seat. Pull it out.

FLIP
Pull out what?

Felix snaps his finger at Flip, who jumps.

FELIX
Under the seat!!!

Flip reaches to his Feet. Pulls out a SAWED-OFF SHOTGUN.

FELIX (CONT'D)
Load 'er up. One in The Chamber.

Flip is hesitant.

FELIX (CONT'D)
Load it!!!

Flip dutifully opens up The Box. Pulls out a Shell. Loads it into The Chamber and pulls the action forward.

FLIP
Ready to go.

Felix eyes The Rear-View Mirror again. Ron's Car has drifted much farther back. Felix puffs away at his Cigarette.

FELIX
That's right, Porch Monkey. Don't be Messin' with us...

FLIP
...The Organization.

FELIX
Not so fast, Buddy Boy.

EXT. CORNER POCKET LOUNGE - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Felix's Pickup turns into The parking lot of A Confederate Bar.

INT. UNMARKED CAR - NIGHT

Eyeing The Truck, Ron and Jimmy breathe a sigh of relief.

RON STALLWORTH
Just a Bar.

Ron drives past the lot.

RON STALLWORTH (CONT'D)
Think he got a good look at My Face?

JIMMY
Probably.

INT. CORNER POCKET LOUNGE - NIGHT

A Cramped and Unfriendly Dive. LOW-LIFES mill about. The Air filled with Dense Smoke. Pool Balls CRACK-SMACK.

Felix leads Flip to The Bar Area, where WALTER BREACHWAY, White Male, 30's, stands. Walter is affable by nature, Short and Stocky, with a Crew Cut and small Mustache.

WALTER
Ron. Glad you could make it. Walter Breachway, Chapter President.

They shake hands.

FLIP
I appreciate you inviting me out.

Felix lingers like a Bad Smell. Beside him a Drunk Man, IVANHOE 20's, gives Flip The Stink Eye.

WALTER
I've been impressed with our phone conversations. I feel you have some fine ideas that could help The Cause.

FLIP
I meant every word I said.

Flip's a Natural.

WALTER
How 'bout some pool?

Ivanhoe hands Flip a Pool Stick and gathers the Balls.

WALTER (CONT'D)
I've had my own share of Run-Ins with Niggers. Matter of fact, it's part of what led me to The Organization.

FLIP
That right?

WALTER
It became my salvation. After I was shot and wounded by some Niggers. My Wife... Savagely Raped by a whole Pack of 'EM, and not a one went to Jail.

Flip nods, expertly feigning sympathy.

INT. UNMARKED CAR - NIGHT

Ron and Jimmy each wear Headphones, listening in.

JIMMY
Never happened.

Ron cracks a smile.

INT. CORNER POCKET LOUNGE - NIGHT

Walter and Flip continue to play pool.

WALTER
They're taking over. That's all you see on the TV Anymore. Niggers. Niggers selling Soap, Niggers selling Automobiles, Niggers selling Toothpaste, Niggers, Niggers, Niggers.

IVANHOE
Wasn't long ago them Sumbitches wasn't on no TV.

WALTER
You forgetting Uncle Ben and Aunt Jemima.

IVANHOE
Dang!!! You know, I gotta say I kinda like dem' Niggers...Rice and Pancakes.

Ivanhoe shakes hands with Flip.

IVANHOE (CONT'D)
Name's Ivanhoe, by the way.

INT. UNMARKED CAR - NIGHT

RON STALLWORTH
Mad at Sanford and Son and Flip
Wilson.

INT. CORNER POCKET LOUNGE - NIGHT

WALTER
All you get now is how we gotta'
cater to them. We gotta' get us some
"Minorities". Watch ya' mouth, don't
say this, don't say that, be nice,
they're not Colored...

FELIX
Negros...

IVANHOE
...Blacks...

WALTER
...Afro-Americans...

FLIP
...FUCK. How 'bout just Fuckin'?
Niggers. Make it Fuckin' simple.

ALL
NIGGERS!!!

FLIP
I been saying this stuff for years.

FELIX
You ain't the only one.

FLIP
You don't know how good it is to hear
someone that gets it.

Flip looks around. Gets quiet.

FLIP (CONT'D)
What kinda stuff you Guys do?

Ivanhoe swigs his Beer.

IVANHOE
You know, Cross burnings. Marches and
stuff so people don't Fuck wit' us.

FLIP

I'm tired of people Fuckin' with me.

WALTER

You come to the right place cuz'
Nobody Fucks with us. How much you
know about The History?

FLIP

Some...I could know more.

WALTER

We'll teach you.

IVANHOE

This year's gonna be big for us.

FLIP

How so?

Ivanhoe moves in closer. Balls his hand in a fist, then opens
it quickly.

IVANHOE

BOOM!!! We're gonna make Fireworks,
yes we are...

Walter swoops in.

WALTER

...Ivanhoe talking nonsense again.
Kid can't hold his Beer fer Shit. The
Organization is strictly Non-
Violent...

IVANHOE

...Like dat Dead Nigger Martin Luther
Coon.

*

FLIP

Gotcha.

Flip looks down at his Shirt -- the Top Button has flapped
off again. The next button would mean The End. CURTAINS.

He quickly buttons it. Then...

WALTER

Say, Ron? Mind coming with me?

FLIP

Where to?

FELIX

You Undercover or something? You ask
too many questions. Let's GO!!!

Behind Walter, Felix is Laser-Focused on Flip's every move.
Flip sees it. Walter points to a door. Flip walks forward,
with Walter, Ivanhoe, and Felix tailing from behind.

INT. UNMARKED CAR - NIGHT

JIMMY

Where they going?

Ron's Face falls.

RON STALLWORTH

Lost the damn signal.

INT. BACK ROOM - CORNER POCKET LOUNGE -NIGHT

The Men move single-file through the door, Flip first. It's a
small room, with a wooden table and some rickety chairs. A
lone white light bulb hangs from above.

WALTER

Congrats you passed The Mustard.

Walter exchanges uneasy looks with Felix.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Thought we'd get the Membership
process started.

Flip can breathe again.

FLIP

Now we're talkin'.

Walter hands Flip a stack of papers.

WALTER

Fill these out and Mail 'em to The
National Headquarters. Once they send
your Membership Card, you'll be able
to participate in our Programs.

Flip sings The Alcoa Jingle.

FLIP

Alcoa Can't wait.

IVANHOE

I like those Commercials.

WALTER
Imperial Tax to become a Member: Ten
Dollars for The Year. Fifteen Dollar
Chapter Fee. Robes and Hoods not
included, that's Extra.

FELIX
Fuckin' Inflation.

Flip shakes hands with all.

FLIP
I can't thank you Brothers enough.

WALTER
Pleasure, is all ours.

Felix and Ivanhoe give polite nods.

WALTER (CONT'D)
I'll take you back to your Car.

As Flip turns to leave...

FELIX
You're not a Jew, right?

Flip stops.

FLIP
You trying to offend me?

Flip turns to Walter: you believe this Shit?

FELIX
It's Protocol.

All eyes on Flip. His face flares with rage.

FLIP
'Course I'm no Stinkin' Kike.

WALTER
We gotta ask it, is all. I'm
satisfied. How about you Guys?

Ivanhoe nods. Felix just stares.

FELIX
Smells Kosher to me.

FLIP
Stop fuckin' 'round.

WALTER
Felix, cut it out.

INT. INTELLIGENCE UNIT - CSPD - NIGHT

Ron helps Flip rip The Wire off his Chest.

FLIP
You have me dressed like one of
the Beverly Hillbillies for
Chrissakes. I felt too Redneck for
those Guys.

RON STALLWORTH
They liked you.

FLIP
Except for that Felix Guy. Do not
ride his Bumper like that! Two car
lengths!

RON STALLWORTH
You got The Papers? They want you to
join.

FLIP
Technically they want you to join.

RON STALLWORTH
They want a Black Man to join The Ku
Klux Klan. I'd call that Mission
Impossible. Double Success.

INT. SERGEANT TRAPP'S OFFICE - CSPD - DAY

Sgt. Trapp sits at his desk, thumbing through The Report. Ron
and Flip stand across from him.

SGT. TRAPP
And exactly how much should we be
worrying about them?

RON STALLWORTH
Enough that we'd like to dig deeper.
One of the Men discussed plans for a
possible Attack...

FLIP
...I wouldn't give him that much
credit. These Yahoos like to Boast.

SGT. TRAPP
What kind of Attack?

Ron looks to Flip.

FLIP
Ivanhoe said "BOOM", mentioned
something about Fireworks.
Personally, I didn't buy it. Doubt
they're even capable.

Sgt. Trapp bridges his hands together, contemplating.

RON STALLWORTH
Either way, we're looking for full
support from The Department.

SGT. TRAPP
We're moving on with the
Investigation.

Ron just stares at Trapp.

INT. ITALIAN BISTRO - NIGHT

Ron and Patrice seated across from each other, already
eating. Patrice's attire more lax, but still in her Black
Leather Jacket.

PATRICE
The next day when we dropped Brother
Kwame off at the Airport he told me
The Black Power Movement needed
Strong Sistah's like me to lead the
fight against Capitalist oppression
and The Politicians and Pigs who
perpetuate it. His words almost made
that whole Pig Nightmare worth
while...

Ron goes Mute.

PATRICE (CONT'D)
...What's wrong?

RON STALLWORTH
I don't really use that word.

PATRICE
What word?

RON STALLWORTH
Pigs.

PATRICE
What else would you call them?

RON STALLWORTH
Cops... Police...

PATRICE
Bunch of Racist Cops on a Power Trip.

RON STALLWORTH
So you think all Cops are Racist?

PATRICE
It only takes One to pull a Trigger
on a Innocent Sister or Brother.

Patrice absorbs all of this.

PATRICE (CONT'D)
Why were you at Brother Kwame's
Speech?

RON STALLWORTH
He's got some good ideas. I don't
agree with all of them but he's a
smart Brother who's worth hearing.

PATRICE
Are you Down for The Liberation of
Black People?

RON STALLWORTH
Do we always have to talk about
Politics?

PATRICE
What's more important?

RON STALLWORTH
Do you ever take any time off from
The Liberation of Black People?

PATRICE
NO!!! It's a Lifetime JOB!!!

Ron reaches across the table and takes Patrice's Hand.
Patrice pulls her Hand back.

RON STALLWORTH (CONT'D)
Sista Angela Davis, can we spend some
quality time together.

PATRICE
And what did you say your J-O-B is?

RON STALLWORTH
Kathleen Cleaver, I didn't?

PATRICE
Are You A Pig?

RON STALLWORTH
You mean A Cop?

PATRICE
You A Cop?

RON STALLWORTH
NO I'm a Black Man who wants to get
to know A Strong, Intelligent,
Beautiful Sister.

Ron tries to kiss Patrice but she moves her head away. They
finish their meal in silence.

INT. CSPD INTELLIGENCE UNIT - RON'S DESK - NIGHT

It's late. Ron is the only Officer working, filling out a
Police Report and sipping a mug of Hot Lipton Tea with Honey.
Suddenly... The Undercover Line rings. Ron freezes. Picks up
the line.

RON STALLWORTH
This is Ron.

WALTER (O.S.)
This is Walter. Is this Ron? Your
Voice sounds different over The
Phone.

Ron has to THINK FAST.

RON STALLWORTH
Allergies acting up again.

A steady Beat of Silence on The Line. Then...

WALTER (O.S.)
...Yeah, I get that all the time.

Ron waits for the response.

WALTER (O.S.)(CONT'D)
Well, just thought I'd say it was
great having you swing by. The
Brothers really took a liking to you.

Ron squeezes his fist. Victory. Trying to stay nonchalant:

RON STALLWORTH
I'm honored.

WALTER (O.S.)
Why don't you come by Felix's this
Saturday? Meet the rest of The
Brotherhood.

INT. CSPD HALLWAY - DAY

Sgt. Trapp and Ron walk and talk.

SGT. TRAPP

I've got a friend that's up with these Groups. He says they're moving away from the Ole Violent Racist Style. That's what Davis is peddling now, it's become Mainstream.

RON STALLWORTH

Davis?

SGT. TRAPP

Devin Davis current Grand Wizard of The Klan, always in a three piece suit, he now goes by National Director. He's clearly got his Sights on Higher Office.

RON STALLWORTH

Political Office? How so?

SGT. TRAPP

Yeah, I guess they're trying to move away from their History of Selling HATE...

RON STALLWORTH

...Keep going.

SGT. TRAPP

Affirmative Action, Immigration, Crime, Tax Reform. He said no one wants to be called a Bigot anymore. Archie Bunker made that too Un-Cool. The idea is under all these issues, everyday Americans can accept it, support it, until eventually, one day, you get somebody in The White House that embodies it.

RON STALLWORTH

America would never elect somebody like Devin Davis President of the United States of America?

Sgt. Trapp just stares at Ron for a long moment.

SGT. TRAPP

For a so called Black Man, you're pretty naive.

EXT. UNMARKED CAR - DAY

Ron is in his unmarked Car in a Middle Class Neighborhood. He pulls on Headphones and looks out his Window where...

EXT. FELIX'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - DAY

ANGLE - RON'S POV - SURVEILLANCE

A manicured yard. Pristine. A very Green Healthy lawn. A yard sign: AMERICA LOVE IT OR LEAVE IT! Flip rings The Doorbell. The Screen Door is opened by CONNIE, White Woman, 30's, Proper and Good-Looking. A Gold Cross dangles from her Neck.

CONNIE

Ron! So nice to meet you. I'm Connie,
Felix's Wife.

Connie hugs him.

FLIP

Great to meet you.

CONNIE

The Boys are in the Backyard.

OMITTED

OMITTED

INT. UNMARKED CAR - DAY

Ron shakes his head listening to The Transmitter, taking notes.

INT. FELIX'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

The Klan Members seated, some on folding chairs. Connie enters The Backyard with an Appetizer Platter.

CONNIE

Sorry to interrupt. I have some
Cheese Dip and Crackers.

They dig in.

FELIX

Thanks Honey.

Felix turns to The Brothers. Klansmen Feed off The Energy.

FELIX

Make 'em remember who We Are and What
We Stand For. We are The
Organization.

CONNIE

I read in The Gazette some Nigger
named Carmichael held a Rally and
there's some College Nigger Girl with
the "Baboon Student Union" attacking
Our Police. This Girl is Dangerous.
Reminds me of that Commie Angela
Davis. We need to shut her damn
mouth.

The Men exchange uneasy looks - Why is Connie in Men's
Business?

CONNIE (CONT'D)

Here, I clipped the Article.

Connie pulls The Article from her apron. Hands it to Felix.
Felix eyes it, focused on an image of Kwame and without
looking up...

FELIX

That'll be all. Love you Sweetie.

CONNIE

One of these days you're going to
need me to do something for you. Wait
and See.

Connie trudges back towards the house without answering.
Felix hands The Clipping to The Klansmen, who pass it around
the room. When it reaches Walter, he sets it down.

WALTER

How 'bout We focus on our Bread and
Butter. The Next Cross Burning.
Which, Flip, you'll be lucky enough
to participate in if your Membership
Card comes soon enough...

FLIP

...That'd be a tremendous Honor.
Where?

WALTER

The Highest Hills get the most Eyes.

Walter looks for approval. Nods all around. Felix rises, his
balance uncertain.

FELIX

Hey Ron, I gotta show you something.

Felix plops a Hand on Flip's Back. Flip rises.

INT. UNMARKED CAR - DAY

Ron takes in The Audio. He records more Notes.

INT. FELIX'S HOUSE - STAIRS - DAY

Flip, Felix, and Walter walk downstairs to the Den.

INT. FELIX'S HOUSE - SMALL ROOM - DAY

Felix flips on the lights.

FELIX (CONT'D)

Looka here.

Various Guns adorn The Walls -- Rifles, Shotguns, Handguns.
Pinned on The Far Wall: White Supremacist Memorabilia
including a Magazine Cut-Out of KKK Grand Wizard Devin Davis.

FLIP

Wow. This is really... something.

Felix pulls a rusted Double-Barreled Shotgun off The Rack.

FELIX

Here's my favorite. Twelve Gauge.

Felix smirks and points The Two Barrels at Flip's chest.

FELIX (CONT'D)

I call this...The Jew Killer.

Flip Freezes. Felix's Finger Rests on The Trigger. Teasingly?
Seriously? Felix stares, challenging Flip to make a Move. Any
Move.

FLIP

That's a Remington Model 1900.

A long Beat. Then: Felix smiles.

FELIX

Indeed it is.

Felix places the Shotgun back on the rack. Walter outside The
Door.

WALTER (O.S.)

Almost done in here? We still have
some items on The Agenda...

FELIX

...Not just yet. Gotta make sure
there's no Jew in him.

Flip keeps quiet.

ANGLE - HALLWAY

WALTER

Come on Man, this is just
Straight-Up Offensive. We're
talking about someone who's gonna be
our Brother in a couple months. Is
there a fuckin' Star of David around
his Neck? Does Ron got a YA-MA-KA on
his HEAD for Pete's sake?

FELIX (O.S.)

Just Protocol. My House, My Rules.

INT. FELIX'S HOUSE - DAY

Felix sets a hand on Flip's Back, guiding him past Walter.

FELIX (CONT'D)

This way.

FLIP

Where...uh...where ya takin' me? I
told you already I'm not thrilled
with you callin' me a Jew.

FELIX

Tough Titty.

Walter follows as Felix leads Flip into the

ANGLE - DEN

FELIX (CONT'D)

Take a seat.

Felix sets Flip down on a chair.

WALTER

Felix, it ain't necessary, Man. This
is how we lose recruits!

Felix pushes Walter backward, through and out The Den door.
He slams The Door closed and locks it.

FLIP

What is this your Jew Den? This where
you make your Candles? Lamp shades?

Felix opens a Desk Drawer and takes out a POLYGRAPH MACHINE.

FELIX
No, you're going to take this Lie
Detector test.

INT. UNMARKED CAR - DAY

RON STALLWORTH
Shit.

He turns the ignition and drives forward.

INT. DEN - FELIX'S HOUSE - DAY

Felix sets The Polygraph in front of Flip. Urgent knocking on the door.

WALTER (O.S.)
Open up, Felix! Enough is Enough!!!

FELIX
Lower your Arm right here.

FLIP
Felix, this is lame bullshit.

FELIX
Lame or not you're taking this Jew
Lie Detector Test.

Felix reaches in and lowers his Arm for him, then slides the Blood Pressure cuff over Flip's Arm. Flip rips it off, jumps up, knocking the chair over.

FLIP
Out of respect, I'm gonna play along
with your Get Smart Bullshit, but I'm
No Fuckin' Jew!!!

Walter persistently bangs on The Door. Felix pulls out a Shiny Pistol from his belt.

FELIX
Siddown.

EXT. FELIX'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Gun in hand, Ron crouches beside the Unmarked car, parked at the curb near Felix's House. He notices a NEIGHBOR taking out The Trash. Ron puts his Gun away. His Eyes are on THE LOOK OUT.

INT. DEN - FELIX'S HOUSE - DAY

Flip sits in The Chair as Felix sticks Electrodermal Sensors on Flip's hands.

FELIX
Ask anybody, they'll say I'm a real
Friendly Guy. Thing is, I'm only
Friendly to my Friends, not JEW
Friendly, Damn Sure not Nigger
Friendly.

Walter is still banging away at the door.

WALTER (O.S.)
Let me in!

Felix tightens The Blood Pressure Cuff on Flip's arm.

FELIX
Let's warm up. What is the surname of
your Biological Father?

FLIP
Stallworth.

FELIX
Let me see your Dick.

Flip starts to unzip his pants and smiles.

FLIP
You like pretty Dicks Felix?

FELIX
I hear you Jews do something Funny
with ya Dicks. Some weird Jew Shit.
Is your Dick circumstanced?

FLIP
You tryin' to suck my Jew Dick?
Faggot.

FELIX
Who you callin' a Faggot, Jew?

FELIX
Y'know what I think?

FLIP
You think?

FELIX
I think a lot.

FLIP
What do you think about?

FELIX
I think this Holocaust stuff never
happened.

FLIP
What?

FELIX
That's the biggest Jewish Conspiracy.
8 Million Jews killed? Concentration
camps? Never happened. Where's the
proof?

CLOSE - FLIP

WE SEE on Flip's face, despite him trying to fight hard to be
affected, he is not that good an Actor. Marlon Brando
couldn't do it either.

FLIP
Are you High?

FELIX
I don't get High. I drink.

FLIP
Haven't seen the Footage.

FELIX
Fake. Jews run Hollywood.

EXT. FELIX'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Ron bolts onto Felix's Front Lawn, unsure what to do but
knowing that he GOTTA DO something. Ron picks up a Flower Pot
and CHUCKS IT -- CRASH! It goes straight through the Kitchen
Window, shattering The Glass.

INT. LIVING ROOM/DEN - FELIX'S HOUSE - DAY

Connie SCREAMS! Through the window pane, she can see the
backside of Ron -- a Black Man wearing a faded denim jacket.
Ron is "Low Running" now.

CONNIE
There's a Fuckin' Black Lawn Jockey
on our Green Lawn!

Felix storms out of The Den. Flip rips off The Polygraph Sensors and follows.

EXT. FRONT LAWN - FELIX'S HOUSE - DAY

All of The Klan Members, including Flip and Connie, pour onto the Lawn. Felix bursts out of The Front door with his Pistol. He Fires at Ron -- who is USAIN BOLT-ING down The Street. BANG! BANG! BANG!

Flip grabs Felix's pistol and FIRES just as Ron reaches the unmarked car. Flip fires again and again emptying the gun! Missing on purpose just as Ron reaches The Unmarked car. Ron jumps inside... SQUEEEEEEL! The Car peels off.

FLIP
Yeah, keep drivin' you Black
Spearchucker!!! Piece a Shit
Nigger!!!

FELIX
Almost got 'im.

Flip is Foaming at The Mouth. Everyone stares at him, momentarily surprised at his outburst. Flip hands Felix his Gun back.

FLIP
Felix, you still want me to take your
Jew Detector Test!!!

Walter looks from Flip to Felix. Felix can only shrug.

ANGLE - STREET

Neighbors poke their heads out from across The Street. Felix looks to The Chapter Members gathered around.

FELIX
Everybody go Home NOW!!! Get Outta
HERE!!! GO HOME!!!

INT. UNMARKED CAR - DAY

Ron speeds away, down The Residential Streets. He looks down at his Body. No wounds. He slows his breathing. Too Close for COMFORT.

INT. SERGEANT TRAPP'S OFFICE - CSPD - DAY

Sgt. Trapp flips through The Report. Ron and Flip watch.

SGT. TRAPP
Lie Detector? Shots Fired? A Goddamn
ClusterFuck!!! You Dickheads are
putting me in a Tough Spot here. If
Bridges heard about this...

RON STALLWORTH
Is he gonna hear about it, Sarge?

Sgt. Trapp thinks a moment, then opens a drawer under his
desk and throws The Report into it.

INT. INTELLIGENCE UNIT - CSPD - DAY

ANGLE - HALLWAY

Ron and Flip emerge from Sgt. Trapp's office.

FLIP
I didn't say it in there with Trapp
but that Peckerwood had a Gun in my
Face and he was an Ass Hair away from
pulling The Trigger.

RON STALLWORTH
And he didn't.

FLIP
But he could have and then I woulda
been Dead... for what? Stoppin' some
Jerkoffs from playing Dress up?

RON STALLWORTH
Flip, it's Intel.

FLIP
I'm not risking my Life to prevent
some Rednecks from lighting a couple
Sticks on Fire.

RON STALLWORTH
This is the Job. What's your problem?

FLIP
Ron, you're my problem.

RON STALLWORTH
How's that?

FLIP
For you it's not a job, it's a
Crusade. It's not personal nor should
it be.

They stop walking.

RON STALLWORTH

Why haven't you bought into this?

FLIP

Why should I?

RON STALLWORTH

Because you're Jewish, Brother. The
So-Called Chosen People.

Flip gets pissed and flies up into Ron face. They are nose to nose.

RON STALLWORTH (CONT'D)
You're passing, Man.

FLIP
What?

RON STALLWORTH
You're passing for a WASP!!! White
Anglo Saxon Protestant, All-American
Hot Dog, Cherry Pie White Boy. It's
what some Light-Skinned Black Folks
do, they pass for White.

Flip understands now. He glares at Ron.

RON STALLWORTH (CONT'D)
Doesn't that Hatred The Klan say Piss
you off.

FLIP
Of course it does.

RON STALLWORTH
Then why you acting like you ain't
got skin in the Game!

FLIP
That's my Damn Business!

RON STALLWORTH
It's our Business.

Ron and Flip look at each other.

RON STALLWORTH (CONT'D)
I'm gonna get your Membership Card so
you can go on this Cross Burning and
get in deeper, right Flip?

INT. CSPD INTELLIGENCE UNIT - RON'S DESK - DAY

Ron is alone on the phone as he studies his packet of KKK materials. He sees a number for the KKK Headquarters. He dials. A Message clicks on:

VOICE (O.S.)
Wake up White Man, The Negro wants
your White Woman and your Job! The
Jew wants your Money...

The Recording is interrupted by a PLEASANT-SOUNDING MAN.

PLEASANT MAN (O.S.)
Hello, and whom am I talking to?

RON STALLWORTH
Good afternoon. My name is Ron
Stallworth, calling from Colorado
Springs. How are you today, Sir?

PLEASANT MAN
Quite well, Ron. What can I do for
you?

RON STALLWORTH
I'm calling because I desperately
want to participate in my Chapter's
Honorary Events but I can't until I
receive my Membership Card.

PLEASANT MAN (O.S.)
Of course, I can help you with that.

RON STALLWORTH
Thank you. Who am I speaking with?

PLEASANT MAN (O.S.)
This is Devin Davis.

Ron has Died and gone to Heaven.

RON STALLWORTH
I'm sorry... did you just say you're
Devin Davis?

DEVIN DAVIS(O.S.)
...Last time I checked.

RON STALLWORTH
...Grand Wizard of The Ku Klux Klan?
That Devin Davis?

DEVIN DAVIS(O.S.)
That Grand Wizard and National
Director.

RON STALLWORTH
Really? National Director too?

DEVIN DAVIS(O.S.)
Really.

RON STALLWORTH
I'm honored to be speaking with you.
I'm not afraid to say it...I consider
you a True White American Hero.

DEVIN DAVIS
Are there any other kind?

INT. KKK NATIONAL OFFICE - DAY

DEVIN DAVIS 30's has a trim Red Mustache and a mop of Sandy Hair which drapes his ears. He plays the role of a Southern Gent but his piercing pale-Blue Eyes reveal a Monster.

Davis wears a Three-Piece Suit and sits at a neat Office Desk.

DEVIN DAVIS
And I'm just happy to be talking to a
True White American.

INTERCUT RON WITH DEVIN DAVIS:

RON STALLWORTH
Amen, Mr. Davis. Seems like there's
less and less of us these days.
Now about that Membership Card...

Davis unwraps a stick of Juicy Fruit Gum, his favorite.

DEVIN DAVIS
...I understand the situation. We've
been having some Administrative
problems that have caused a backlog.
...Tell you what, Ron. I'll see to it
personally that your Membership Card
is processed and sent out today.

RON
Thank you, Mr. Davis. I can't express
to you how much I appreciate this.

DEVIN DAVIS
The pleasure is all mine. I look
forward to meeting you in person One
Day and God Bless White America.

INT. CSPD - DAY

Ron rushes out of the room buzzing about speaking to Davis he immediately KNOCKS shoulders with someone going the other way. When he turns around it's... Master Patrolman Landers, who turns back giving a smirk.

LANDERS
Watch where you're going. You could
get hurt like that Hot Shot.

Landers marches on leaving Ron to contemplate.

INT. INTELLIGENCE UNIT - CSPD - DAY

Ron wires up Flip.

RON STALLWORTH
That Cop that pulled Kwame Ture over
that night... was it Landers?

Flip is surprised.

FLIP
How'd you know?

RON STALLWORTH
I can smell em' a Mile away now.

Flip ponders for a moment, then says.

FLIP
He's been a Bad Cop for a long time.

RON STALLWORTH
Yeah?

FLIP
Does that kinda' Shit all the time.
Few years ago, he allegedly Shot and
Killed a Black Kid... he said he had
a Gun. The Kid wasn't the type.

RON STALLWORTH
Flip, why do you tolerate this?

FLIP
We're a family. Good or Bad. We stick
together. You wanna be the Guy that
Rats him out?

Ron goes quiet.

FLIP (CONT'D)
You're New. You're a Rookie. You ever
get your Ass in a Jam, you'll
appreciate The Blue Wall of Silence.

RON STALLWORTH
Yeah, reminds me of another Group.

Ron finished. Flip steps away buttoning his shirt.

EXT. OPEN FIELD - DAY

POP! A Bullet strikes a Beer Bottle in an Open Field.

FELIX

Bullseye.

Felix looks up from his Shotgun. All around him, other Chapter Members line up in a row, firing their Guns at Bottles. Some are wearing Green Army Field Jackets.

Nearby, a couple of fold-up tables stocked with plates of Grilled Meat and Bowls of Cheese Doodles. Flip is locked in conversation with Walter, who could not care less about the Firing Range behind him.

WALTER

... and then you got what used to be
a decent Bar, The Hide N Seek Room,
turned into a Filthy Fag Bar
overnight.

FLIP

Fuckin' Fags everywhere these days.

Flip is still mostly focused on Felix and his crew.

WALTER

They're trying to Colonize. First
they get their own Bars, then they
want Equal Treatment...

FLIP

...Forget Dem Fags... Some of these
Guys Army-trained?

Walter turns around for a moment, then turns back,
dismissive.

WALTER

A lot of 'em are. Fort Carson...

CLOSE - FLIP

observes TWO MYSTERY MEN, STEVE and JERRY, both 30's, they
look classier than the rest of The Gang handling M-16's.

FLIP

I've not seen those Macs before.

WALTER

Steve and Jerry.

FLIP

Yeah, who are they?

WALTER

That's classified.

Walter steps away leaving Flip to ponder the Two Mystery Men.

CUT TO:

EXT. UNMARKED CAR - DAY

Ron is in the Car quite a ways away with a huge Telephoto lens on a 33MM Camera. He focuses in on...

RON'S CAMERA POV - THE TWO MYSTERY MEN

Ron CLICKS off numerous Photos of them. And then CLICKING on all the various Klansmen enjoying the outing.

CLOSE - RON BEHIND THE CAMERA

focusing in on his Targets: CLICKING! Walter, Ivanhoe, Felix, all of them.

CUT TO:

EXT. OPEN FIELD - DAY

Flip nears the Target area seeing something that makes him laugh out loud.

FLIP
Gezzus H. Christ!

The Targets are...

THE OFFICIAL RUNNING NIGGER TARGET

in the form a Black Silhouette of a Running Black Man with an Afro, Big Lips, Butt, etc.

FELIX
Helps with practicin' for Nigger
Looters. Dem' Sum-bitches Run like
Roaches when you Flip the switch in
the Kitchen late at Night.

Felix and Ivanhoe shoot their Hand Guns at the Black Man Targets! They HIT The Bulls-Eye targets on his Head, Lips, Butt, Body.

FELIX (CONT'D)
I don't know how that Black Bastard
got away the other day.

Ivanhoe suddenly pipes up.

IVANHOE
Hey, Ron! Take my Forty-Five Auto
wanna see what you can do.

FELIX
Maybe you'll get dat Nigger next
time.

Ivanhoe hands Flip his pistol. He takes it, his hand sweaty.

ALL EYES ON FLIP as he takes aim at a Black Man Running
Target Fifty Feet away. The Klansmen observing. BANG!!! A
Hole rips in the Black Man Target Head!!! Then the Butt!!!
Body! And Lips!!!

KLANSMEN
Good Shot!!! Shit! Got that Coon Dead
in The Ass! Nice One!!!

IVANHOE
That's one deaaaaaad Jungle Bunny!!!

The Gang eyes Flip, impressed. Ivanhoe pats Flip's back.

FELIX
Where'd you learn to shoot like that?

FLIP
My Ole Man gave me a Toy Cap Gun when
I was a Kid, been shooting ever
since.

Ivanhoe proceeds to teach Flip the Klanhandshake.

EXT. OPEN FIELD - DUSK

Everyone is gone now. Ron walks through observing The Scene
looking over the remnants of the gathering.

CLOSE - RON

Ron picks up the Official Running Nigger Target full of
Bullet Holes.

EXT. CREEK - DAY

Patrice and Ron walk on a Nature Pathway alongside a Creek.

RON STALLWORTH
Bernie Casey's a Badd Brother.

PATRICE
Cleopatra Jones was the one. It's
about time We see a strong Sister
like that...

RON STALLWORTH
...And Tamara Dobson played a Cop.

PATRICE

That was a Black Exploitation Movie.
A fantasy. Real life's not like that.
In real life there's no Cleopatra
Jones or Coffy.

RON STALLWORTH

You don't dig Pam Grier? She's Fine
as Wine and twice as Mellow.

PATRICE

Pam Grier is doing her Thing but in
real life it's just Pigs killing
Black Folks.

RON STALLWORTH

What if a Cop was trying to make
things better.

PATRICE

From the inside?

RON STALLWORTH

Yeah, from the inside.

PATRICE

You can't make things better from the
inside. It's a Racist System.

RON STALLWORTH

So just give up?

PATRICE

No!!! We fight for what Black People
really need! BLACK LIBERATION!!!

RON STALLWORTH

Can't you do that from the inside!

PATRICE

No! You can't. White Man won't let
us.

Ron gets frustrated. Patrice stops him.

PATRICE (CONT'D)

What did Dubois say about "Double
Consciousness"? "Twoness". Being an
American and a Negro? Two Souls? Two
Thoughts? Two warring ideals in one
Dark Body?

RON STALLWORTH

I know how that feels. I'm Two damn
people all the time!

PATRICE

But you shouldn't be! We shouldn't
have a War going on inside ourselves.
Why can't we just be Black People?

RON STALLWORTH

Because we're not there yet!

PATRICE

Well, I'm tired of waiting!

Patrice walks off. Ron sighs, walks to catch up to her, and
puts his arm around Patrice.

RON STALLWORTH

Shaft or Superfly?

PATRICE

What?

RON STALLWORTH

Pick one, Shaft or Superfly?

PATRICE

A Private Detective over a Pimp any
day and twice on Sundays.

RON STALLWORTH

Richard Roundtree or Ron O'Neal?

PATRICE

Richard Roundtree. Pimps Ain't No
Heroes.

RON STALLWORTH

Ron O'Neal isn't a Pimp. He's just
playing one.

PATRICE

That image does damage to Our People.

RON STALLWORTH

JESUS CHRIST!!! Give it a rest.

PATRICE

I can't you JIVE TURKEY.

They both LAUGH.

INT. RON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Knocking at the door. Ron opens it and finds Felix standing
there. The two stare at each other for a moment, finally.

FELIX
Wrong address.

Felix backs away as Patrice peeks from around Ron seeing Felix. Felix sees her, turning to walk away.

PATRICE
Who was that?

Ron watches Felix drive away.

RON STALLWORTH
Nobody.

INT. KITCHEN - FELIX'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Ivanhoe, Walter and Felix are in the kitchen talking, drinking beer and eating snacks. Flip enters.

FLIP
Hey, sorry had to work late. How you guys doing?

Everyone greets Flip, but Felix says. Flip grabs a beer from a cooler, pops the tab.

FELIX
You got a Twin.

Everyone goes quiet looking at Flip.

FLIP
What?

FELIX
You got a Twin.

FLIP
Twin what?

FELIX
A Twin-Twin and ya Twin is a NIGGER.

Flip looks dumbfounded. Felix nears him.

FELIX (CONT'D)
Looked in the Phone Book and went over what I thought was your place and found a Nig there.

Felix looks deadly. Ivanhoe and Walter look at Flip. Finally.

FLIP
My number's unlisted.

Felix just continues to stare.

FLIP (CONT'D)
What address did you go to?

FELIX
Over on... Bluestem Lane.

FLIP
I don't live on Bluestem. I live off
21st Street...

FELIX
So you don't know that Nigger?

FLIP
Oh, that's that Nigger I keep in the
woodpile.

Everyone laughs. Felix finally cracks a grin.

FLIP (CONT'D)
1813 South 21st Street. Come by
sometime we'll have a Coors.

Ivanhoe and Flip clink cans.

FELIX
And y'know what? That loud mouth
Black Student Union Bitch that's been
in the paper complaining about the
Police. She was there.

FLIP
That Fuckin' Cunt.

FELIX
Like to close those Monkey Lips
permanently.

FLIP
Yeah, after I get em' 'round da Head
of my Dick.

Everyone laughs, agreeing.

EXT. RON'S APARTMENT - DAY

Ron takes a letter out of his Mailbox and excitedly rips open
A Letter from the KKK National Office. He grins and claps his
hands!

INT. INTELLIGENCE UNIT - CSPD - DAY

Flip stands looking at what looks like a Credit Card as Ron sits at his desk, leaning back, satisfied.

FLIP

Are you Fucking kidding me?

RON STALLWORTH

What?

FLIP

You don't cross those lines. This is about an Investigation. Not a... Relationship.

RON STALLWORTH

You're right, I'm messin' up. Hate to violate that Blue Wall of Silence.

FLIP

Nice one.

RON STALLWORTH
Is Patrice a Target?

FLIP
Maybe.

Ron goes quiet, concerned.

An excited Ron goes to the once stark empty white walls now covered with numerous Klansmen Photos. Ron SLAPS the Photos of Active Duty Soldiers.

RON STALLWORTH
We got Active Duty Soldiers from Fort Carson. Going to the CID with this.

Ron SLAPS the photo of Steve and Jerry.

RON STALLWORTH (CONT'D)
Our Mystery Boys Steve and Jerry.
Still don't know who they are.

Ron SLAPS photos of Felix, Ivanhoe, Connie.

RON STALLWORTH (CONT'D)
We got Felix's Old Klan Crew.

Ron turns to Flip and he SLAPS a photo of Walter.

RON STALLWORTH (CONT'D)
And we got new Klan Walter.

FLIP
Walter's a General without an Army.
Felix's Crew is stronger than him.

Flip looks at Ron, amazed.

FLIP (CONT'D)
You've really been talking to Devin Davis?

RON STALLWORTH
Oh Hell yeah!!!

Ron SLAPS The Large Photo of Devin Davis.

RON STALLWORTH (CONT'D)
That's my Ace Boon Coon Running
Partner! And now that you got that
Ronny Boy. We are on a Roll, Baby!!!

Ron laughs and points at the KKK Membership Card and Flip
picks it up.

CLOSE on the card as Flip reads it.

FLIP
Ron Stallworth
Member in Good Standing
Knights of the Ku Klux Klan

RON STALLWORTH
That's us The Stallworth Boys.

FLIP
Yeah, funny, but you didn't have
psychopath staring at you asking
where you lived.

RON STALLWORTH
I called to warn you, but you must
have already taken off.

FLIP
Ron, I wasn't raised Jewish. It
wasn't a part of my Life. So I never
thought much about being Jewish, was
just another White Kid, didn't even
have my Bar Mitzvah. No Chanukah for
me. Christmas. In this job, you try
to keep things at a distance. You put
up a Shield so you don't feel
anything... This shit is deep. When
that Fuck Felix had me in that room
and I kept having to deny my
heritage...I have been passing.

OMITTED.

OMITTED.

EXT. FREEDOM HOUSE - DAY

Ron drives up and gets out of his Car and walks up meeting Patrice, Odetta, Hakeem and other Members of the Black Student Union outside holding flyers.

Patrice stands there looking very upset, she shoves a Flyer out at Ron. He takes it, reads.

THE FLYER (RON'S POV)

A drawing of a Hooded and Robed Klansman. Above the Drawing, there's Text: You Can Sleep Tonight Knowing The Klan Is Awake.

2 SHOT - PATRICE AND RON

RON STALLWORTH
Where'd you find them?

PATRICE

I found this one on my Car. But
they're all over The Neighborhood,
too.

Ron looks around seeing Residents and Students holding the
Flyers, discussing them, some upset, others bewildered.

PATRICE (CONT'D)

Do you think this is Real?

RON STALLWORTH

It's Real.

ANGLE - STREET

Hakeem, Odetta and the Others look around for them, pissed.

PATRICE

This is intimidation.

RON STALLWORTH

Clearly, this is about the Black
Student Union and you.

PATRICE

Me?

RON STALLWORTH

You've been outspoken about the
incident with the Police when Brother
Kwame was here.

PATRICE

So the next time they'll have a
Burning Cross out Front.

RON STALLWORTH

They're trying to get to you, like
you said they want to intimidate make
themselves feared. If you don't let
'em scare you. They got nothing. But
keep your eyes open. Be Cool.

ODETTA

That's the problem we've been too
Cool!

HAKEEM

Way too Cool!

RON STALLWORTH

Maybe the both of you should call The
Cops.

HAKEEM

How we know this ain't some of the
KKK's Honky-Pig-Partners passing out
this Shit!

Patrice and Ron step away from Odetta and Hakeem. They walk
and talk.

EXT. WINDING ROAD - HILLSIDE - NIGHT

A Fleet of Pickups rides uphill. A Flat Bed on the end of The
Convoy has an Eighteen-Foot Wooden Cross fastened on it.

A CSPD Patrol Car drives past The Convoy, headed downhill.

INT. IVANHOE'S CAR - WINDING ROAD - NIGHT

Ivanhoe, riding with Flip, watches The Patrol Car pass in the
opposite direction.

IVANHOE

Soak the Wood in Kerosene, we light a
Cig on a pack of matches. Gives us
time to Beat It before The Cross
catches Fire. Safeguard against CSPD.

FLIP

Must be quite a sight.

IVANHOE

The Best. You can see it for Miles.
Freaks out The Jew Media and puts
Niggers on their Nigger Toes.

They ride in silence for a moment.

FLIP

A lot of these Guys in The Army?

IVANHOE

Yeah, even got a few in Active Duty.

FLIP

Just finished my Second Tour in Nam.

Ivanhoe's eyes light up.

IVANHOE

Oh yeah? Know anything about C-4?

FLIP

Enough to make shit BLOW UP.

Flip stops talking. He might've revealed a bit too much.

CUT TO:

EXT. OPPOSITE HILLSIDE - NIGHT

Ron watches as Walter and Felix argue through Night Vision Binoculars. Ron says on the Walkie-Talkie.

RON STALLWORTH
Send another one.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOP OF THE HILL - HILLSIDE - NIGHT

Another Patrol Car passes.

IVANHOE
Damn, that's The Second One. Pigs are
out tonight.

EXT. TOP OF THE HILL - HILLSIDE - NIGHT

The Convoy crests The Hill, pulls to The Side of The Road.

The Klansmen dismount and gather around The Flatbed Truck carrying the Wooden Cross.

Another CSPD Patrol Car appears. It passes by, not slowing.

FELIX
That makes Three Piggy Wiggys.

Everyone stops what they're doing.

Felix turns and catches Flip's eye. It almost seems as if he's staring directly at Flip...

CUT TO:

EXT. OPPOSITE HILLSIDE - NIGHT

RON LOOKING THROUGH THE BINOCULARS

lowers them, grins to himself.

RON STALLWORTH
Good job, Men.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOP OF THE HILL - HILLSIDE - NIGHT

THE PICKUP TRUCKS

Peeling out, heading back down The Hill.

EXT. PATRICE'S HOUSE - DAY

Patrice comes outside and gets in the Car taking off. Felix has been watching her the whole time sitting in his pick up truck. He spits, tosses his cigarette and follows her.

INT. RON'S DESK - CSPD INTELLIGENCE UNIT - NIGHT

It's late. Ron's alone on the phone in mid-conversation. It is intercut with Devin Davis speaking on the sofa in his office:

DEVIN DAVIS

...I don't share this with many people, but My family had a Colored Housekeeper growing up. Her name was Pinky. She was probably the closest Woman to me other than Mother.

RON STALLWORTH

That surprises me.

DEVIN DAVIS

I know. People think I hate Negroes. I don't and The Organization doesn't either.

Ron gives a "This Is Crazy!" Look.

DEVIN DAVIS

They just need to be with their own. That's what Pinky would say, she had no problem with Segregation because she wanted to be with her own kind.

RON STALLWORTH

Sounds like she was a Mammy to you.

DEVIN DAVIS

She was. You ever see "Gone with the Wind"? Pinky was my Hattie McDaniel. She won an Oscar for Best Supporting Actress.

RON STALLWORTH

You were Scarlett and she was Mammy.

DEVIN DAVIS

That's right. When she passed away it was like we lost one of the Family.

RON STALLWORTH

A good Nigger's funny that way. In that sense they're like a Dog. They can get real close to you and when you lose em'. Just breaks your heart.

DEVIN DAVIS

Well said Ron.

RON STALLWORTH

I knew a Nigger once.

DEVIN DAVIS

Didja?

RON STALLWORTH

Yeah. Nigger lived across the street from us. I must of been Six or Seven. His nickname was Butter Biscuit.

DEVIN DAVIS

How'd he get that nickname?

RON STALLWORTH

He loved his Mama's Butter Biscuits.

DEVIN DAVIS

Yum Yum!!!

RON STALLWORTH

Me and Butter Biscuit played together everyday. One day My Father came home early from work and told me I couldn't play with him anymore because I was White and Butter Biscuit was a Nigger.

INT. DEVIN DAVIS'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Davis laughs.

DEVIN DAVIS

That's rich.

Ron's face reveals the story is probably true, but reversed.

RON STALLWORTH

Ain't it.

DEVIN DAVIS

Your Father sounds like a Terrific Man.

RON STALLWORTH

Thanks, Buddy.

DEVIN DAVIS

Well, you're an upstanding White Christian Man. I tell you this is why we need more people like us in Public Office. To get this Country back on Track.

RON STALLWORTH

Amen.

DEVIN DAVIS

For America to Achieve our Greatness... again.

RON STALLWORTH

Absolutely. Sure wish we had the chance to chat Face to Face.

DEVIN DAVIS

In due time, my friend, in due time. I'll be in Colorado Springs for your initiation...

RON STALLWORTH

You'll be in Colorado Springs?

DEVIN DAVIS

You bet your Mayflower Society Ass I will.

Ron smiles and takes a SMALL NOTE PAD from his jacket pocket and writes something down.

INT. COLORADO COLLEGE LIBRARY - NIGHT

Patrice sits in front of a MICROFILM READER.

CLOSE UP - PATRICE

Her Face is covered with EMOTION as she rolls through the ghastly photos of BLACK LYNCHINGS.

INT. CSPD INTELLIGENCE UNIT - DAY

Ron is alone at his desk. He is on the Undercover Phone Line.

WALTER (O.S.)

We need a new Leader. Someone everyone can unite behind. Felix would Love to be The One but we can't let that happen. He's a Crazy Sonofvabitch. A Loose Cannon. We need someone Articulate, who displays Great Leadership qualities...

WALTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
It should be you, Ron. You should be
Chapter President. You!!!

Ron sits there a moment, unable to say a word. After he
composes himself:

RON STALLWORTH
That would be quite an Honor.

WALTER (O.S.)
You will be Great...

RON STALLWORTH
I'll have to think about this. My
father is very ill and he lives in El
Paso. I won't have the time.

WALTER (O.S.)
You're a Smart and Diligent Man. I've
got no doubt you could handle it.

OMITTED

INT. UNMARKED CAR - NIGHT

The Car's parked across The Street from Felix's House. Ron
listens in.

INT. FELIX'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The Whole Chapter is present. Half of them are open-carrying.
In a corner, Ivanhoe teaches Flip the historic Klan
handshake.

CLOSE - Index and Middle Finger extended along The Inside
Wrist.

WALTER
I think it's time for some new Blood
to get in here. I'm planning to step
down as your President.

Members exchanged looks. Felix can't hide his smile.

WALTER (CONT'D)
I'd like to make a nomination...
Mr. Ron Stallworth for Chapter
President.

The Room is Silent.

FELIX
We just met this Guy.

IVANHOE

He just walked in off the street.

FELIX

Let me ask a question. Is there anybody here that is willing to put their Neck on the Line for Ron?

WALTER

I will vouch for Ron.

All eyes turn to Flip.

FLIP

It's a Big Honor but I can't accept. Problem is, what you Good Men need is a President who will be constant, on CALL Day In, Day Out. I'll be back and forth between here and Dallas.

INT. UNMARKED CAR - NIGHT

Ron on headphones squints, WORRIED, saying to himself.

RON STALLWORTH

El Paso, Flip, El Paso...

INT. FELIX'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

WALTER

Dallas? I thought it was El Paso.

The rest of the Chapter Members are paying attention now.

FLIP

Did I say Dallas?

WALTER

You sure did.

FELIX

Ron which One is it?

IVANHOE

Make up your mind.

The whole Room waits.

FLIP

Dallas is where my Plane layover is.
El Paso is where my sick Father is.

They buy it. We think.

IVANHOE

Dallas, where they killed that Nigger
Lover Kennedy.

FELIX
Where you learned that?

IVANHOE
I can read.

The Chapter chatters in agreement.

FLIP
I just hope my Father isn't cared for
by some Texicano Spic Nurse.

Collective moans.

WALTER
We'll pray for ya Pop's health.

IVANHOE
And Big Spic Teets!!!

INT. CSPD INTELLIGENCE UNIT - RON'S DESK - DAY

Ron is on the Undercover Phone Line. Sgt. Trapp sits behind him. Ron has his Receiver out so that Trapp can listen in.

RON STALLWORTH
I'm anxious to meet you and it will
be something I share with my Family
for Generations to come.

INT. DEVIN DAVIS'S OFFICE - DEVIN'S DESK - DAY

INTERCUT RON AND SGT. TRAPP WITH DEVIN DAVIS AT HIS DESK:

DEVIN DAVIS
I'm eager to meet you too, Ron.

Ron and Sgt. Trapp make eye contact. Sgt. Trapp nods, a laugh threatening to spring out of his Face.

RON STALLWORTH
Say, Mr. Davis... I just have to ask.
Aren't you ever concerned about some
Smart-Aleck Negro calling you and
pretending to be White?

Sgt. Trapp covers his Mouth.

DEVIN DAVIS
No, I can always tell when I'm
talking to a Negro.

RON STALLWORTH
How so?

DEVIN DAVIS

Take you, for example. I can tell you are a pure Aryan White Man by the way you pronounce certain words.

Sgt. Trapp is doubled over now.

RON STALLWORTH

Any examples?

DEVIN DAVIS

Take the word "are". A pure Aryan like you or I would say it correctly... like "are". Negroes pronounce it "are-uh".

RON STALLWORTH

You are so White... Right. I want to thank you for this Lesson because if you had not brought it to my attention, I would never have noticed the difference between how We talk and how Negroes talk.

Sgt. Trapp is laughing so hard he is shaking violently. He shakes his head as if to implore Ron to stop.

RON STALLWORTH (CONT'D)

From now on I'm going to pay close attention to my Telephone conversations so I can make sure I'm not talking to one of dem' Sneaky Coloreds.

Ron cups The Receiver, looks at Sgt. Trapp, whispers.

RON STALLWORTH (CONT'D)

You okay?

Sgt. Trapp gets up and bumbles away. Ron speaks into The Phone:

RON STALLWORTH (CONT'D)

I would love to continue this conversation when you are in Colorado Springs. Beautiful here, Sir. God's Country.

DEVIN DAVIS

That's what I've heard, Ron. You have a nice day.

RON STALLWORTH

You too, Sir. God Bless White America.

Ron hangs up, laughing. He calls to Sgt. Trapp:

RON STALLWORTH (CONT'D)
It's over!!! You can come back!!!

INT. FELIX'S HOUSE - DAY

Just then-- The Undercover Phone rings. Ron hesitates. It's strange timing. He picks up.

RON STALLWORTH (CONT'D)
Hello?

FELIX (O.S.)
It's Felix.

Ron quickly cups The Receiver.

FELIX (O.S.)(CONT'D)
Catch you at a bad time?

RON STALLWORTH
Not at all. Just... finishing a Meal.

FELIX (O.S.)
Meeting. My House. Now. Git ya Ass in gear and don't tell Mealy Mouth Walter.

EXT. BACKYARD - FELIX'S HOUSE - DAY

Flip looks down at a Steel Door built into The Ground, its latch left open. He looks around. Paranoid.

INT. FELIX'S STORM SHELTER - DAY

Flip enters The Short Stairwell, steps to The Cement Floor.

FELIX (O.S.)
Welcome to The Promised Land.

The Room is Tight. Military Outfits hang from The Wall, surrounding The Group of Klansmen, who sit on Milk Crates. In the corner, a Sniper Rifle rests on a swivel near Boxes of Canned Goods and Stacked Cots.

Flip finds an empty Crate, Squats.

Felix stands underneath a single hanging Light-Bulb.

FELIX (CONT'D)
In about a week's time, we will be welcoming Mr. Davis to our City.

Felix lets that hang in The Air for a moment.

FELIX (CONT'D)

Who's packing tonight?

Ivanhoe goes upside his head with his handgun.

IVANHOE

I'm packed.

One by one, Brothers brandish Weapons. Except Flip.

FELIX (CONT'D)

Where's your Piece, Ron?

FLIP

I don't carry it on me All The Time.

The Chapter Members laugh teasingly.

FELIX

I got ya covered.

FLIP

Won't happen again.

Felix reaches behind his back, pulls out a Sharpe & Gibson .45 caliber and hands it to Flip.

FELIX (CONT'D)

We're gonna need your Good Shot come next Sunday.

FLIP

What's gonna happen next Sunday?

A beat. Felix regards the rest of the Men with gravity.

FELIX

The War is gonna come to us.

FLIP

Fuck ya'.

Felix grins.

IVANHOE

Looks like we got ourselves another Soldier.

FELIX

Just make sure that when you're at The Steakhouse, you've got your new friend with Ya.

IVANHOE

And give it a name.

INT. FELIX'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Felix and Connie are in bed, she is lying on his chest.

CONNIE

Honey, you ever have second thoughts?

FELIX

About what?

CONNIE

Killin' 'em.

FELIX

Never think twice about Killin'
Niggers.

CONNIE
Won't be able to take it back.

FELIX
They're da' first of many Niggers
that must die, Honey Bun.

CONNIE
I know. It's just... becoming so
real. It's always seemed like a
dream.

Felix sits up, reflecting, proud and determined.

FELIX
I know. It's just so beautiful. We're
cleansing this Country of a
backwards Race of Monkey's. First the
Spooks then the Kikes.

Felix sits up raising his hand like Martin Luther King.

FELIX (CONT'D)
Free at last! Free at Last! Thank God
a'mighty - Free a' dem Niggers At
Last!!!

They chuckle.

CONNIE
I love when you do that, Honey.

Connie looks into his eyes, also reflective.

CONNIE (CONT'D)
You know, we've talked about killing
Niggers for so many years and now
it's really happening.

FELIX
My Old Man always told me good things
come to those who wait.

She touches the side of his face, very loving.

CONNIE
Thank you for bringing me into you
Life. For loving me like you do and
giving me a purpose, direction.

FELIX
Y'know, this will be the Shot heard
around The World.

CONNIE
The New Boston Tea Party.

FELIX

Honey Bun, one day, The Great
Historians will write about us like
that. They'll say we were the
Patriots that saved America. You and
me. We turned the Tide. Saved our
True White Race... it fact, saved an
entire Nation and brought it back to
its Glorious Destiny.

CONNIE

In a way, we're The New Founding
Fathers.

This strikes Felix. He sits there soaking it in. He finally
turns to Connie.

FELIX

Yes we are... Martha.

CONNIE

Indeed we are... George.

The Couple Kiss each other passionately.

OMITTED

OMITTED

INT. CSPD INTELLIGENCE UNIT - DAY

Ron arrives. Sits at his Desk. A deep sigh. But then...

He sees something. On his Desk. A Simple Note:

ACACIA PARK. 12 PM. BRING CASE BOOK. AGENT Y - FBI.

EXT. OLD ABANDONED BREWSTER'S FACTORY - DAY

Ron's Car is parked, and another Car drives up and parks
across from him.

ANGLE - BOTH CARS

AGENT Y - (40's) in a Suit - gets out the car and Ron follows
suit.

MAN (O.S.)

Mr. Stallworth.

RON STALLWORTH

Agent... Y?

EXT. OLD ABANDONED BREWSTER'S FACTORY - DAY

AGENT Y
Names of Chapter Members?

Agent Y shows Ron a folder and runs his Finger down The List and suddenly stops. He then continues going down The List, then stops again. He pulls out a Small Ledger and makes a note.

RON STALLWORTH
What is this about?

Agent Y turns back.

AGENT Y
Two Names on your list work at NORAD.

RON STALLWORTH
The Two Mystery men. Steve and Jerry?

AGENT Y
Their real names are Harry Dricks and Kevin Nelson. Two Clowns with Top Security clearances. These Klansmen are in charge of monitoring our Safety.

Agent Y lets this sink in. Even Ron is surprised by this.

AGENT Y (CONT'D)
You've done a Service to your Country.

Agent Y slips Ron a folder full of Papers.

AGENT Y (CONT'D)
We've been monitoring your Investigation. Impressive.

Ron flips through the Papers. Various documents about The History of The Colorado Klan.

Agent Y takes a thoughtful pause.

AGENT Y (CONT'D)
Last night, Fort Carson reported
several C4 Explosives missing from
their Armory. No suspects.

RON STALLWORTH
Klan...?

Agent Y doesn't say anything. Not confirming, not denying.

RON STALLWORTH (CONT'D)
We thought they might pull something.
But not like this?

AGENT Y
You won't see this on the News. For
obvious reasons but I thought it
might be of interest to you.

Agent Y rises to his feet. Ron rises as well.

RON STALLWORTH
If you know about an attack, I need
to know when.

AGENT Y
You're the one with the Impressive
Investigation.

Agent Y walks to his car.

RON STALLWORTH
But... can't you, The FBI pitch in?

Agent Y gets in his car.

AGENT Y
Federal Bureau of Investigation?

Ron just looks at him.

AGENT Y (CONT'D)
Because we never had this
conversation.

Agent Y drives off.

Felix and Flip are alone.

FELIX

Flip, I'm starting to trust you. I'm gonna tell you something none of our Brothers know. My lil' sister married a Nigger. Now I got a lil' Nigger Niece and a lil' Nigger Nephew. Jesus Christ, The World's going to Hell in a Handbasket! Do me a favor, don't tell nobody. Cuz' if you do, I'm gonna have to shoot you dead. I'm serious.

FLIP

Thanks for sharing.

EXT. FREEDOM HOUSE, PORCH - DAY

Ron and Patrice are going at it on the Porch. The Freedom House Protestors assemble on the street to March on the KKK.

RON STALLWORTH

You can hate me all you want to, just promise me you won't go to The Protest.

PATRICE

I'm going. We're going. What are you talking about?

RON STALLWORTH

I can't say specifics but today, The Klan is planning an Attack.

PATRICE

Then we have to tell The People.

RON STALLWORTH

Not an option.

PATRICE
What's wrong with you?

RON STALLWORTH
No one can know while it's an Active
Investigation...

PATRICE
Active Investigation? And pray tell
how do you know all this? You a Cop?

RON STALLWORTH
I'm not a Cop.

Silence.

PATRICE
What are you, then?...

Ron takes a moment. Then...

RON STALLWORTH
...I'm a Undercover Detective. I've
been investigating The Klan.

PATRICE
Fuckin' KKK? Ron Stallworth, you lied
to me. Is that even your real name?

RON STALLWORTH
Ron Stallworth is my first and last
name. Today's not the day...

PATRICE
I take my Duties as President Of The
Black Student Union seriously. What
is this all about?

RON STALLWORTH
All the good it does. You could sit
in the middle of Nevada Avenue and
set yourself on Fire and The Klan
will still be here.

PATRICE
I'd be doing something. Unlike you.

RON STALLWORTH
Unlike Me? Don't think because I'm
not wearing a Black Beret, Black
Leather Jacket and Black Ray Bans
screaming "KILL WHITEY" doesn't mean
I don't care about my People.

Patrice takes this in.

PATRICE
That night we saw Brother Kwame...
were you Undercover then too?

RON STALLWORTH
Patrice...

PATRICE
...Answer the question. Were you
Undercover The Night we met?

Ron is silent.

PATRICE (CONT'D)
Ron Stallworth are you for Revolution
and The Liberation of Black People?

RON STALLWORTH
I'm a Undercover Detective for The
Colorado Springs Police Department.
It's my J-O-B.

PATRICE
House Niggers said they had J-O-B-S
too. You disgust me.

OMITTED

INT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

Butch is on the phone.

BUTCH
It's off.

INT. INTELLIGENCE UNIT - RON'S DESK - DAY

INTERCUT WITH BUTCH. Ron on the phone with Butch.

RON STALLWORTH
The March?

BUTCH
Yeah.

RON STALLWORTH
What's going on?

BUTCH
You'll know soon enough.

CLICK! Ron hangs up the phone, dreading this. He turns to
Sgt. Trapp and Flip who have been standing there, listening.

RON STALLWORTH
Felix just said the March was
cancelled.

FLIP
Why?

All Ron can do is shake his head. He paces, concerned.

SGT. TRAPP
Could be all the Death Threats.

RON STALLWORTH
They're used to that.

FLIP
And there's been nothing more about
explosives?

RON STALLWORTH
No.

Chief Bridges walks in unexpectedly with Landers. Everyone
snaps up, respectful.

CHIEF BRIDGES (CONT'D)
...I have a Special Assignment for
Ron.

SGT. TRAPP
Ron already has an assignment.

RON STALLWORTH
What's more important than preventing
an Attack?

Chief Bridges hands Ron "The Devin Davis Death Threat Fax."

CHIEF BRIDGES
There are very credible threats to
Devin Davis's Life. Ron, I'm
assigning you to be Security Detail
for Davis.

A Shockwave.

RON STALLWORTH
I don't think that's a wise
decision...

LANDERS

...Davis needs protection. There's no one else available.

CHIEF BRIDGES

Ron, it's Nut Cracking Time. Put your Personal Politics aside.

FLIP

Chief, it's not about that and you know it. Devin Davis and Ron have been speaking over the phone, several times. If he recognizes his voice... or if any of The Klansmen do, it could compromise Our Entire Investigation.

RON STALLWORTH

A Clusterfuck.

CHIEF BRIDGES curls a smile.

CHIEF BRIDGES

Correct me if I'm wrong but didn't you boast that you were fluent in both English and Jive?

Ron is quiet.

CHIEF BRIDGES (CONT'D)

Do you remember that?

LANDERS

Answer The Chief!

Ron goes at Landers.

RON STALLWORTH

Man, who you think you're talking to. You've been trying to sabotage me since Day One.

CHIEF BRIDGES

Gentlemen.

LANDERS

Why you getting so worked up, Boy?

RON STALLWORTH

Who you callin' Boy?

Chief raises his eyebrows from the comment. A pissed Master Patrolman Landers turns to Chief Bridges for support but he says nothing. Landers then Exits. Chief says to Ron.

CHIEF BRIDGES
If you let him get to you that easy,
you ain't got a Shot with Devin
Davis.

Ron takes his SMALL NOTE PAD out and writes something down again. Chief Bridges looks at him confused.

INT. FELIX'S HOUSE/GARAGE - NIGHT

A work light shines over them. WALKER, 40's, a tattooed Ex-Con and Demolitions Expert, instructs Felix, Ivanhoe and Connie. They stand around a large work bench in the garage. He carefully removes a large C4 Bomb from his gym bag.

WALKER
Listen up. First, The Primary Target.

Walker speaks to Connie. He sets The Bomb on the work bench.

WALKER (CONT'D)
Felix says you're doing it. So all
you have to do is set the pocketbook
on the front porch, back porch, side
wall, doesn't matter. It just has to
be against the building. You can
plant it anywhere. There's enough C4
here to take the whole thing out.

Walker hands the C4 to Felix.

WALKER
Be careful with that.

FELIX
Understand?

Felix hands the C4 to Connie.

CONNIE
I understand.

WALKER
All you have to do when you've placed
it...

Walker puts his Finger on the Toggle Switch.

WALKER (CONT'D)
...is flip this switch. That's it.
Got it?

Walker passes the detonator to Felix, who passes it to
Connie.

FELIX

Miss Black Student Union Bitch is
bringing in some Old Coon to speak.
The place should be packed. So
Walker, nothing but rubble...

WALKER

...And Barbecue Niggers.

Ivanhoe laughs, liking that. Walker carefully removes another
Smaller Bomb from the bag. He can hold it in one hand.

FELIX
And what happens if that don't work?

WALKER
Plan B.

FELIX
Can you handle it, Honey?

CONNIE
You can count on me. I've been
waiting to do my part.

He gives her a peck on the lips.

WALKER
Lovebirds. Get a Hotel Room.

Connie puts the C-4, Smaller Bomb and Detonator into her
Pocketbook. Ivanhoe reaches for it.

IVANHOE
Can I feel it?

WALKER
No!!! No feel!!!

EXT. ANTLERS HOTEL - DAY

Ron still in plain clothes parks his unmarked car in the lot
of The Luxurious Antlers Hotel on South Cascade Ave.

He walks toward the entrance, where the Six Bikers stand
around Davis' Sedan. The Bikers all look up simultaneously.

RON STALLWORTH
I'm Mr. Davis' Security Detail.

They look at each other, then back at Ron. They say nothing.

Just then Davis emerges from The Hotel, wearing a neatly
pressed Suit and Tie. He nods to the Bikers, then looks up at
the Plainclothes Black Detective in front of him.

Ron steps forward, extending a hand.

RON STALLWORTH (CONT'D)
Hello, Mr. Davis. I'm a Detective
from The Colorado Springs Police
Department and I will be acting as
your Bodyguard today.

Davis smiles and shakes Ron's hand.

DEVIN DAVIS
Detective, pleased to meet you.

RON STALLWORTH
As you may know, there have been
several credible Threats against your
Well-Being.

Walter and Ivanhoe walk outside The Hotel seeing Ron standing
with Devin Davis.

WALTER
Da Heck's going on here?

DEVIN DAVIS

There are Threats on my Life. This
Detective has been assigned as my
Bodyguard.

Walter and Ivanhoe smile broadly. Ron changes his VOICE
slightly for Walter.

RON STALLWORTH

Let me be clear, Mr. Davis: I do not
agree with your Philosophies. However
I am a Professional and I will do
everything within my means and beyond
to keep you safe.

Davis stands there a moment, processing all of this. Maybe
he's heard that voice somewhere before? Then...

DEVIN DAVIS

I appreciate your Professionalism.

OMITTED

OMITTED

OMITTED

EXT. STREETS - DAY

BIKERS that look like Hells Angels Types lead a Motorcade
through the streets of Colorado Springs with Two Vans behind
them.

OMITTED

EXT. STEAKHOUSE - DAY

The Van pulls up and the Door is RIPPED open. Walter stands
there, big smile on his face as Flip steps out.

WALTER

Sorry for the Extra Security today.
Can't be too careful. Ready to meet
Mr. Davis?

INT. STEAKHOUSE - DAY

Flip follows Walter to a large Table near the back, where
Felix, Ivanhoe and other Chapter Members stand around
chatting with Devin Davis.

Everyone stands in line in awe of The Grand Wizard to shake his hand. Davis turns and smiles as Flip approaches.

WALTER

Mr. Davis, our newest recruit, Ron Stallworth.

He shakes both of their Hands.

DEVIN DAVIS

Ron, it's my pleasure to finally meet you in person.

Both of Davis' hands clasp Flip's hand tight.

FLIP

You as well.

Davis pauses a moment as he processes Flip's voice. Is this the same person he's been talking to on the phone?

Davis SLAPS Flip on the back appearing like best buddies. Ron stands in the Background.

ANGLE - STEAKHOUSE - DAY

The room filled with People mingling eating Hors d'oeuvres. Walter stands between Flip and Davis as he holds Court.

Flip, Ivanhoe, Walter, Felix and Connie all drink it up totally impressed and star struck. Felix does a double take when he sees Ron.

FELIX

What's that doing here?

IVANHOE

Fuckin' Cop assigned to guard Mister Davis. Isn't that the livin' Shits?

DEVIN DAVIS

Everybody, it is time.

Felix stares at Ron, pondering the door meeting.

FELIX

You stay here. Ya hear?

INT. WAITING ROOM - STEAKHOUSE - DAY

The Mood now Solemn and Deadly Serious and Religious. Flip and Ten other INDUCTEES stand in a cramped waiting room. They all wear Klan robes and White Lone Ranger Masks. The other inductees are grinning ear to ear, like Kids on Early Morning Christmas.

JESSE NAYYAR steps in. Jesse is 35, Clean-Shaven, in shape underneath his flowing Klan robe.

JESSE

I'm Jesse Nayyar, Colorado's Grand Dragon. I welcome you all to this Sacred Ceremony.

Jesse stands tall, beaming. Flip wipes his brow.

JESSE (CONT'D)

In a moment you will take a Life Oath to join the most Sacred Brotherhood this Nation has ever seen.

Jesse allows for a dramatic pause. Davis addresses them.

DEVIN DAVIS

My Brothers in Christ, Nobel Prize recipient and Co-Creator of the Transistor and my dear friend, William Shockley, whose Scientific work ushered in the Computer Age, has proven through his Research with Eugenics that each of us have flowing through our veins the Genes of a Superior Race. Today, we celebrate that Truth.

Flip and the others stand strong and ready.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Hoods on, Gentlemen.

The Inductees take off the Masks and put on their Hoods, covering their Faces. Flip hesitates, then pulls his hood on.

INT. STEAKHOUSE/KITCHEN AREA - DAY

Ron sees a Black WAITER, JOSH, 50, and nears him, whispering in his ear. The Waiter looks around and gestures for Ron to follow him. Ron follows Josh up a back set of stairs. He points to a door and Ron SLAPS twenty dollars in his hand. Josh leaves. Ron goes through the door.

INT. STEAKHOUSE/STORAGE ROOM - DAY

Ron enters the small storage room full of Janitorial supplies. He looks through a small window down at the Private Room below.

INT. FREEDOM HOUSE - DAY

The House is filled to capacity watching Patrice speak at the podium as JEROME TURNER, Black, 90 Years Young, a distinguished Gentleman, sits across from her.

PATRICE

I am extremely honored today to
introduce our speaker for today
Mister Jerome Turner. Mr. Turner was
born in 1898 in Waco, Texas.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - STEAKHOUSE - DAY - INTERCUT

The Inductees step inside a dark room lit only by Candles.
Devin Davis' Voice, ghostly, Calls from The Darkness.

DEVIN DAVIS(O.S.)

God... give us True White Men. The
Invisible Empire demands strong
Minds, Great Heart, True Faith, and
ready hands...

The Inductees align themselves in a row.

DEVIN DAVIS(O.S.) (CONT'D)

Men who have Honor. Men who will not
Lie. Men who can stand before a
Demagogue and damn his treacherous
flatteries without blinking.

Flip can see Davis now, illuminated by Candles, wearing his
own Ceremonial Robe. His Hood does not cover his Face.

CUT TO:

INT. FREEDOM HOUSE - NIGHT

Turner is at the Podium. He speaks slowly but with strength.

JEROME TURNER

It was a nice spring day, Waco, Texas
May 15th, Nineteen Hundred and
Sixteen.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - STEAKHOUSE - DAY

Flip looks around and the Room comes into Focus: He is surrounded, on all sides, by Klansmen wearing Robes and Hoods and holding Candles. It's a Surreal, Hair-Raising experience.

JEROME TURNER (V.O.)(CONT'D)
Jesse Washington was a friend of mine. He was Seventeen, I was Eighteen. He was what they called back then, Slow. Today it's called Mentally Retarded.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. FREEDOM HOUSE - DAY

CLOSE - JEROME TURNER

JEROME TURNER (CONT'D)
They claim Jesse Raped and Murdered a White Woman named Lucy Fryer. They put Jesse on Trial and he was convicted by an All White Jury after deliberating for Four Minutes.

CUT TO:

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - STEAKHOUSE - DAY

CLOSE - DEVIN DAVIS

DEVIN DAVIS
God give us real Men, Courageous, who flinch not at Duty. Men of Dependable Character, Men of Sterling Worth. Then Wrongs will be Redressed and Right will Rule The Earth. God give us True White Men!

Silence. Then...

DEVIN DAVIS (CONT'D)
Ron Stallworth, come forward.

CUT TO:

INT. STEAKHOUSE/STORAGE ROOM - DAY

Ron looks down from the window. Flip steps toward Davis.

CUT TO:

INT. FREEDOM HOUSE - DAY

CLOSE - JEROME TURNER

JEROME TURNER

I was working at the Shoe Shine
Parlor. After the verdict, a Mob
grabbed Jesse, wrapped a Chain around
his Neck and dragged him out the
Court House.

CLOSE - 3 SHOT - PATRICE, ODETTA, HAKEEM

CLOSE - JEROME TURNER

JEROME TURNER (CONT'D)

I knew I had to hide.

CUT TO:

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - STEAKHOUSE - DAY

DEVIN DAVIS

Ron Stallworth. Are you a White, Non-
Jewish American Citizen?

Flip is breathing hard.

FLIP

Yes.

DEVIN DAVIS

Yes, what?

FLIP

I am a White, Non-Jewish American
Citizen.

CUT TO:

INT. FREEDOM HOUSE - DAY

CLOSE - PATRICE

Tears roll down her face.

JEROME TURNER (V.O.)

The Attic of the Parlor had a Small Window and I watched below as The Mob marched Jesse along Stabbing and Beating him. Finally, they held Jesse down and cut his Testicles off in Front of City Hall.

CLOSE - JEROME TURNER

JEROME TURNER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The Police and City Officials were out there just watching like it was a 4th of July Parade.

CUT TO:

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - STEAKHOUSE - DAY

Davis looks into Flip's Eyes. Flip returns The Stare.

DEVIN DAVIS

Are you in favor of a White Man's Government in this Country?

INT. STEAKHOUSE/STORAGE ROOM - DAY

Candles from The Ceremony reflecting in the window in front of Ron's face as he watches The Madness.

JEROME TURNER (V.O.)

They cut off Jesse's Fingers and poured Coal Oil over his Bloody Body, lit a Bonfire and for two hours they raised and lowered Jesse into the Flames over and over and over again.

CUT TO:

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - STEAKHOUSE - DAY

CLOSE - Flip stands there holding in his emotions.

INT. FREEDOM HOUSE - DAY

CLOSE - JEROME TURNER

JEROME TURNER (CONT'D)

The Mayor had a Photographer by the name of Gildersleeve come and take Pictures of the whole Lynching.

DEVIN DAVIS (O.S.)

Ron Stallworth. Are you willing to dedicate your Life to the Protection, Preservation and Advancement of the White Race?

CUT TO:

PHOTOS OF THE LYNCHING OF JESSE WASHINGTON

Horrific, Barbaric, Simply Unreal!

CUT TO:

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - STEAKHOUSE - DAY

Devin Davis holds an Aspergillus in one Hand, a Bowl of Water in the other Hand. The Inductees drop to their knees.

DEVIN DAVIS (CONT'D)

In Mind, in Body, in Spirit.

Davis sprinkles Water on each Inductee.

CUT TO:

INT. FREEDOM HOUSE - DAY

More Lynching Photos!!!

JEROME TURNER (V.O.)

The Pictures were sold as Post Cards. They put Jesse's charred Body in a Bag and dragged it through Town then sold what was left of his remains as Souvenirs.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - STEAKHOUSE - DAY

CLAPPING and CHEERING from the Audience filled with Pride. The Inductees on their Feet. The End of The Ceremony. Wives and Parents are crying with Joy. Children watch.

JEROME TURNER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Good White Folks cheered and laughed
and had a High Ole' Time. They
estimate close to Fifteen Thousand
people watched it. They brought The
Children out on Lunch hour from
School. All I could do was Watch and
Pray they wouldn't find me.

INT. FREEDOM HOUSE - DAY

MORE LYNCHING PHOTOS of The Enormous Crowd. No one Hides
their Faces. Everyone is proud to be there.

INT. FREEDOM HOUSE - NIGHT

The Crowd at the Lecture is Destroyed by The Story. People
are Weeping, Tears streaming down faces, Odetta and Hakeem
sit there, stunned. Patrice her Eyes Red with Tears leads the
audience around the room examining the LYNCHING PHOTOS that
are on display.

INT. STEAKHOUSE/STORAGE ROOM - DAY

Ron sees Flip's Ceremony completed and goes downstairs.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - STEAKHOUSE - NIGHT

The lights are now on, The Candles extinguished, The Hoods
have been removed. Everyone sits watching as D.W. Griffith's
The Birth of a Nation is projected on a Screen. The newly
installed Klansmen and their Families watching the Film with
faces of amazement.

JEROME TURNER (V.O.)(CONT'D)
One of the reasons they did that to
Jesse was that Birth of a Nation
Movie had come out a year before. It
gave The Klan a Rebirth. It was what
was a Big, Big thing back then. Today
what they call a Blockbuster!
Everybody saw it. They say even The
President of The United States,
Woodrow Wilson showed the Movie in
the White House, he said "it was
History written with Lighting".

Davis, Flip, Felix, Ivanhoe, Walter and the others watch
captivated. The Klan riding to the rescue defeating The Black
Beasts!!!

CLOSE - RON

observes it all from the back of the room, the only Black
person there. He is like an Alien from Another Planet.

OMITTED

INT. BANQUET ROOM - STEAKHOUSE - DAY

It's a large space with a long banquet table. Walter welcomes Davis up to The Head Table podium.

WALTER

Please everyone rise as The Grand Wizard leads us in a toast.

Davis steps to the podium raising his glass.

DEVIN DAVIS

Look around, today we are privileged to be among White Men such as yourselves, Real Warriors for The Real America, the One Our Ancestors Fought and Died for.

Everyone's face in the room brightens as Davis fills them all with inspiration.

DEVIN DAVIS (CONT'D)

We are the True White American Race the Backbone from whence came Our Great Southern Heritage. To the USA!

Everyone in the Hall shouts: TO THE USA! Everyone stands, hoisting their glasses upward. Ron can see Holsters-- on Belts, on Legs, on Ankles.

Ron's mouth goes agape realizing Everyone in the Room is Armed.

Devin Davis at the Banquet table shoves a forkful of Prime Rib into his mouth as he chats casually with Walter and Jesse.

Felix and Connie sit near The Head Table, eating. Flip sits on the opposite end. Ron watches as Connie rises from her seat. She leans down giving Felix a peck on his Cheek.

CLOSE - RON'S POV - CONNIE

leaves the banquet hall and Ron watches her go out the front door. Felix goes over to Davis, leaning down to greet him.

FELIX

I just want to say how Honored I am to be in your presence.

They shake hands in the traditional Klan manner.

DEVIN DAVIS
The Honor is Mine.

CLOSE - WALKER

walks through the maze of tables with his second helping of food when he notices...

CLOSE - WALKER'S POV - FLIP

talking at the table with Walter and Davis. Flip is very chummy laughing and telling stories with them like old friends.

Walker stares hard at Flip like he's trying to place him. He sits next to Felix, still staring at Flip. Walker nods to himself, speaking quietly.

WALKER

He's a Cop.

FELIX

Who?

WALKER

That Guy.

Felix looks at Flip.

FELIX

Ron?

WALKER

No, the other Guy.

Walker is talking about Flip too.

FELIX

Ron's a Cop?

WALKER

No, his name is Phillip but his nickname is Flip.

FELIX

Who's Phillip?

Walker looks at Flip as he speaks to Davis.

WALKER

Who's Ron, that's Phillip.

FELIX

What the Fuck are you talking about?

WALKER

That guy was the Cop that sent me
away to Prison for Armed Fucking
Robbery.

Flip eating with Davis.

WALKER (O.S.)
His name is Phillip... Phillip
Zimmerman.

Felix is shocked.

FELIX
What!

WALKER
Yeah, he's a Fuckin' Pig.

FELIX
What's his name?

WALKER
Phillip Zimmerman.

FELIX
Isn't that a Jew name?

WALKER
I don't know... probably.

FELIX
So Ron Stallworth is a Fucking Jew.

WALKER
Coulda' been worse.

Felix looks at him.

WALKER (CONT'D)
Coulda' been a Nigger.

Felix thinks to himself, then looks over at

RON

who is standing not far away from Devin Davis. Ron is
watching

FELIX

and Walker focusing on Flip. The Two, Ron and Felix, share a
long uncomfortable stare. Felix has figured it all out.

FELIX
He's a Nigger.

Walker turns to Felix.

FELIX (CONT'D)
That Cop guarding Davis. Zimmerman is
using his name.

WALKER
Let's tell Davis.

Walker starts to rise, Felix lowers him back.

FELIX
Not now, I'll find the moment.

Felix turns to Connie, whispering, they all then rise. Ron knows something is askew. He gives Flip a look. Flip sees it as Ron walks over to Davis.

RON STALLWORTH
...Mr. Davis, a favor to ask.
Nobody's gonna believe me when I tell
them I was your Bodyguard.

Ron holds up a Polaroid Camera.

RON STALLWORTH (CONT'D)
Care to take a Photo with me?

Davis laughs, looking around the table.

DEVIN DAVIS
I don't see any harm in that. Hey
Jesse... why don't you get in here
too?

Jesse Nayyar, equally amused, walks over. Flip is already out of his Seat, walking to Ron. Ron glances over seeing

FELIX, WALKER AND CONNIE AT THE BACK DOOR (RON'S POV)

Connie has her purse and Walker hands her a gym bag. Felix pecks her on the lips. She exits the steakhouse with the gym bag.

CLOSE - RON

then turns to Flip.

RON STALLWORTH
You mind taking it, Sir?

ANGLE - ROOM

Flip nods and Ron hands him The Polaroid Camera.

Ron walks back and stands in between Davis, THE GRAND WIZARD and Jesse, THE GRAND DRAGON.

RON (CONT'D)
One... Two... Three!

Right as the Camera Flashes, Ron drapes his arms around both Davis and Jesse, pulling them in real close. The Polaroid clicks and spits out the Photo instantly.

Davis is startled for a brief second... then it all happens in a FLASH.

Davis and Ron spring toward Flip, each making a Mad Dash for the Photo. Ron grabs it first. Davis lunges to grab the Photo from Ron's hands but Ron yanks it away. Davis is up in Ron's Face.

DEVIN DAVIS
Nigger, What the Fuck did you just do?

RON STALLWORTH
If you lay one Finger on me, I'll arrest you for assaulting a Police Officer. That's worth about Five Years in Prison. Try me. See if I'm playing.

The Room falls into Dead Silence. Klansmen mouths hang open, watching their Leaders threatened by a DETECTIVE NIGGER. Davis gives Ron the most vicious look imaginable.

Ron stares back. It's a SHOWDOWN. Several Men in the Room have their hands at their Waists, seconds away from drawing their Guns.

Ron can do only one thing: he smiles.

RON STALLWORTH (CONT'D)
Thanks for the Photo, Mr. Davis. Big Fan. God Bless WHITE AMERICA.

Davis shakes his Head in Disgust.

Bikers and others surround Ron. Flip looks wary knowing something is up. He gets in Ron's face, threatening.

FLIP
Boy you get ya' ass out NOW!

Ron breaks off from the roomful of disdain cutting through the watching Crowd pushing past Bodies heading toward the front door. Suddenly, Ron's arm is grabbed...

FELIX (O.S.)
Where's your Patrice?

Ron turns finding Felix holding his arm.

FELIX
Detective Stallworth!

Ron JERKS his arm away heading to the exit.

EXT. STEAKHOUSE/PARKING LOT - DAY

Ron rushes through the Lot hopping in his unmarked Car.

INT. RON'S CAR - DAY

Ron throws the Car into gear. He Yells into his Radio.

RON STALLWORTH
Attention all Units. Be on the
lookout for a White Pickup with a
"White Pride" Bumper Sticker. License
plate: KE-4108.

Ron guns it down the street.

RON STALLWORTH
Request Backup. FREEDOM HOUSE.

INT. STEAKHOUSE - DAY

Walker and Felix sit on both sides of Flip. Flip grins at them, then does a double take at Walker, who stares at him.

FELIX
Ron, I believe you know my friend.

Flip stares at Walker playing it totally cool.

FLIP
No, I don't believe we've ever met.

WALKER
It's been a few years.

FLIP
No, sorry, I can't place you.

DEVIN DAVIS
Did you Guys go to School together?

WALKER
No, I went to a Private School in
Leavenworth, Kansas.

FELIX
Isn't that where the Prison is?

WALKER
Matter a fact it is.

Walker looks at Flip, who says nothing.

FELIX
You know something about that. Don't
you, Flip?

Felix's eyes burn into Flip, who doesn't flinch. Suddenly,
Josh the Waiter interrupts.

JOSH
There's an emergency phone call in
the Lobby for a -- Felix Kendrickson.

Felix rises.

FELIX
Don't say another word.
I'll be right back. Flip.

Felix walks off. Walker watches him leave turning to Flip,
who plays it cool. A confused Davis observes it all.

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY - INTERCUT

ANGLE - FREEDOM HOUSE

Across the street from the Freedom House, a nervous Connie is
on the phone clearly rattled.

CONNIE
Jesus! They've got Cops everywhere
here! Somebody tipped them off.

A Police Cruiser drives past.

CONNIE (CONT'D)
My God there goes another one!

INT. STEAKHOUSE - LOBBY - DAY - INTERCUT

Felix talks to her from the Lobby of The Steakhouse trying to
keep their conversation private.

FELIX
All right, calm down, we planned for
this. We'll go to Plan B. Okay?

CONNIE
Okay... Plan B.

FELIX

You can do this. All right. I'll be
right there.

CONNIE
All right... Love You.

Dial tone. Felix has already hung up. She hangs up.

INT. STEAK HOUSE/LOBBY - DAY

Felix eyes Walker at the table with Flip and Davis. Felix waves to Walker. Ivanhoe sees Felix and rushes to join them.

WALKER
Excuse me Mister Davis.

Walker reluctantly leaves.

DEVIN DAVIS
What was all that about? And why did he keep calling you Flip?

FLIP
We were in Prison together. Years ago. It's an inside joke.

Davis nods, concerned.

DEVIN DAVIS
I hope everything's all right?

FLIP
Yeah, but I think he may have violated his Parole. Excuse me...

Flip stands watching Felix and Gang exit the Steakhouse.

EXT. ACADEMY BOULEVARD - DAY

Ron's Car weaves in between Traffic driving like crazy.

EXT. FREEDOM HOUSE - DAY

Ron zooms up to Freedom House SCREECHING to a stop! The event is over. There are a few people outside conversing after the event. Ron sees Hakeem and jumps out of the car.

RON STALLWORTH
Where's Patrice???

HAKEEM
Patrice and Odetta took Mister Hopkins to his Hotel.

Ron jumps back in his Ride and burns rubber heading to Patrice's place!

INT. IVANHOE'S CAR - DAY

Ivanhoe speeds toward Patrice's House with Felix in the passenger seat and Walker hovering over them in the rear.

OMITTED

EXT. PATRICE'S HOUSE - DAY

Connie drives up. She sits there for a long moment staring at Patrice's House. Connie decides. She gets out of the Car carrying her purse. She looks like an Avon lady coming to call. She walks up on Patrice's porch looking around. She carefully sets

CLOSE - HER PURSE

down by a pillar on the porch and slowly removes the Bomb. She opens the mailbox to place the Bomb. She nervously flips the toggle switch when she sees...

ANGLE - STREET

Patrice drives up. Flustered, Connie grabs her purse to put the Bomb back inside while looking at Patrice and Odetta getting out of the Car and getting Groceries from the trunk.

Patrice talks to Odetta, not noticing Connie. Connie quickly leaves the porch striding to her car sweating, crazy nervous. Patrice and Odetta talk, entering her House.

CLOSE - CONNIE

briskly moves toward the rear of Patrice's Car.

ANGLE - STREET

Ron whips around the corner seeing Connie through the windshield! He SCREECHES to a stop!

Connie tries to nonchalantly head back to her vehicle.

Ron jumps out the car yelling!

RON STALLWORTH
CSPD! Stay where you are!

Connie looks back at Ron, increasing her pace.

RON STALLWORTH(CONT'D)
Don't move!!!

Connie breaks into a run. Ron dashes after her grabbing her as she opens the Pick Up Truck door.

RON STALLWORTH (CONT'D)
Where's that Bomb? Did you place it!

The Two fight as she SCREAMS, scratching and clawing at Ron. The Fight moves from the Pick Up Truck as he throws her down on the grass of a near by lawn, subduing the SCREAMING Connie.

RON STALLWORTH (CONT'D)
Where is it!!!

Ron reaches back for his handcuffs...

CSPD OFFICER BRICKHOUSE
Freeze!

Ron looks right and OFFICER BRICKHOUSE has his Gun pointed at him. Then looks left finding OFFICER MYERS, also White, 30's, has his revolver aimed at him.

CSPD OFFICER BRICKHOUSE (CONT'D)
Get off her!

Ron slowly rises up off Connie, gradually turning to them. With his hands raised you can see Ron's shoulder holster and 38 CALIBER SNUB-NOSE. Officer Myers sees it!

CSPD OFFICER MYERS
He's got a Gun!

RON STALLWORTH
I'm a Cop! I'm a COP!!!

Connie springs up from the lawn! Pleading like crazy to the cops!

CONNIE
He attacked me! That Nigger attacked me, he tried to Rape me! Arrest him!

Myers and Brickhouse look at each other, unsure.

RON STALLWORTH
I'm Undercover!!!

CSPD OFFICER BRICKHOUSE
Show me your badge!

Ron goes to reach in his pocket but the two Officers make aggressive moves with their Guns! Ron catches himself! He doesn't want to get shot! He decides to just tell them.

RON STALLWORTH
It's in my pocket.

CONNIE
You gonna believe this lying Nigger
or me?

CSPD OFFICER MYERS
Get on the ground!

RON STALLWORTH
I'm a Cop goddammit! She's got a
Bomb! She's a Terrorist!

CSPD OFFICER MYERS
Get on the ground NOW!!!

Ron slowly lowers down to his knees and the two Cops push him
face down on the street! Felix drives up with Ivanhoe and
Walker in the back seat.

ANGLE - STREET

Felix has pulled up next to Patrice's Volkswagen Beetle.

INT./EXT. CAR - DAY

FELIX
Gimme' a detonator.

Walker unzips his Bag quickly handing a Detonator to Felix.

ANGLE - DOWN THE STREET

Ron yells at the Cops trying to explain!

RON STALLWORTH
THAT WOMAN HAS A BOMB SHE'S TRYING TO
BLOW THAT HOUSE UP!

ANGLE - PATRICE'S HOUSE

Patrice hearing the commotion steps out on the porch with
Odetta.

Ivanhoe sees Patrice on the porch.

IVANHOE
There she is! Do it!

ANGLE - DOWN THE STREET

RON STALLWORTH
PATRICE!

Officer Myers jabs Ron in the Belly with his Nightstick. Ron
doubles over.

CLOSE - PATRICE

PATRICE

Ron???

CLOSE - FELIX

FELIX

You're Dead Black Bitch.

ANGLE - PATRICE'S HOUSE

Patrice looks at Felix.

CLOSE - RON

recovering from the blow SCREAMS to her!

RON STALLWORTH

RUN!!! RUN!!! RUN!!!

ANGLE - STREET

Connie finally sees Felix in the car. Felix sees her, nods. She then sees that they are parked... NEXT TO PATRICE'S CAR!!! Connie runs to Felix, screaming!

CONNIE

NO!!! FELIX!!! NO!!! FELIX!!!

Felix pushes the Button!

THE BOMB

is attached to the inside of the wheel well of Patrice's car.

PATRICE'S CAR

EXPLODES! THEN IT BLOWS UP FELIX'S CAR NEXT TO IT!!! A double explosion!!! THE IMPACT BLOWS OUT WINDOWS EVERYWHERE! Patrice and Odetta are knocked to the ground. Connie is hurled to the street! Glass and car parts flying! Ron and the Cops are ROCKED by the force of the HUGE BLAST!

THE TWO CARS TOTALLY DESTROYED! ENGULFED IN FLAMES!!!

Connie on her knees on the street, weeping!

RON STILL HANDCUFFED

through the smoke and flames is able to make eye contact with Patrice, on the steps of her porch. She is shaken but all right. SIRENS in the distance heading toward them!

ANGLE - STREET

Flip drives up in a fury and jumps out and holds up his
BADGE.

FLIP
Hey, you fucking idiots!!! We're
undercover.

Officers Brickhouse and Myers lower their guns.

CLOSE - RON STALLWORTH

RON STALLWORTH
YOU'RE LATE.

CLOSE - FLIP

Flip smiles.

OMITTED

OMITTED

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

The place is full of Off Duty Cops and their Girlfriends, a few Wives but mainly Cops drinking and having a good time. Ron is in the corner talking with Patrice. They are sharing a drink looking very intimate. Ron sees something.

RON STALLWORTH
Jeezus Christ.

PATRICE
What?

RON STALLWORTH
Your Boyfriend.

Patrice turns and sees.

PATRICE
Oh My God.

Master Patrolman Landers nears them with a Beer in his hand.

LANDERS
Who's da' Soul Sistah, Stallworth?
You been holding out on me.

Patrice stares at him with contempt.

PATRICE
You don't remember me do you?

Landers stares at her.

PATRICE (CONT'D)
Kwame Ture.

Landers doesn't know who that is.

PATRICE (CONT'D)
Stokely Carmichael.

LANDERS
Oh Yeah, Yeah, you looked good that night but you look even better now.

PATRICE
How often do you do that to Black People?

LANDERS
Do what?

PATRICE
Pull us over for nothing. Harass us. Put your hands all over a Woman in the guise of searching her. Call us everything but A Child of God.

LANDERS
I don't know what you're talking about.

RON STALLWORTH
It's like what I told you. He just likes taking advantage but in the end he's All Hat and No Cattle.

Landers looks around then leans in close to Patrice and Ron. He speaks softly issuing a deadly threat.

LANDERS
Let me tell you both something, I've been keeping you People in line in this City for years. What I did to your Girl that night, I can do to any of you, Anytime, Anyplace. That's my prerogative. I can even Bust a Cap in ya Black Ass if I feel like it and nuthin' will be done about it. Get it? Wish the both of you got blown up instead of Good White Folks.

Master Patrolman Landers raises up.

RON STALLWORTH
Ohhh, I get it.

Ron looks at Patrice.

RON STALLWORTH (CONT'D)
You get it, Patrice?

PATRICE
Oh, I totally and completely get it.

Landers looks confused with their response.

RON STALLWORTH
Good.

Ron turns toward the Bar and shouts.

RON STALLWORTH (CONT'D)
You get it, Flip?

Behind the Bar, Flip leans out from the back room waving to Ron wearing Headphones recording The Conversation.

FLIP
Oh, We got it! We got it all!

Ron stands removing his Shirt revealing The Wire he is wearing. Master Patrolman Landers is in shock.

RON STALLWORTH
You get it, Chief?

Sgt. Trapp appears taking the Beer from Landers' hand turning him around putting Handcuffs on him. Chief Bridges comes from the back nearing Landers. The two lock eyes.

CHIEF BRIDGES
Oh, I really, really get it. You're under arrest for Police Misconduct, Sexual Misconduct and Police Brutality.

Sgt. Trapp and the Chief usher Master Patrolman Landers, who is babbling like a Fool out of The Bar reading him his rights.

INT. INTELLIGENCE UNIT - CSPD - DAY

Ron, walking taller than usual, steps inside The Unit. Some of his Colleagues notice and give him a Low-Key Ovation. At his Desk is Flip, who is in Great Spirits.

FLIP
There he is... Man of the Minute.

RON STALLWORTH
... not an Hour?

Ron smiles, gives Fives all around. They all share a laugh.

FLIP (CONT'D)
That Polaroid Stunt you pulled? When
you threw your Arms around them, I
swear to God I almost Shit myself!

RON STALLWORTH
Told you, Ron was born ready.

FLIP
Born ready is Ron.

Sgt. Trapp steps out of his Office.

SGT. TRAPP
There's The Crazy Son of a Bitch!!!

Trapp gives Ron a Bear Hug.

SGT. TRAPP (CONT'D)
You did good.

RON STALLWORTH
Sarge. We did good.

Ron and Flip eyes meet, bonded.

SGT. TRAPP
Chief wants to see you Guys.

Flip nudges Ron.

FLIP
Hey... early promotion?

Ron smiles.

INT. OFFICE OF THE CHIEF OF POLICE - DAY

Ron, Flip, and Sgt. Trapp sit opposite Chief Bridges.

CHIEF BRIDGES
Again, I can't commend you enough for
what you've achieved. You know there
was not a Single Cross Burning the
entire time you were involved?

RON STALLWORTH
I'm aware.

CHIEF BRIDGES
But all good things must come to an
end...

Sgt. Trapp shakes his head, resigned.

RON STALLWORTH
What does that mean?

Ron and Flip look at each other, stunned.

CHIEF BRIDGES
Budget Cuts.

FLIP
Budget Cuts?

CHIEF BRIDGES
Inflation... I wish I had a choice.
My hands are tied. Besides, it looks
like there are no longer any tangible
Threats...

RON STALLWORTH
...Sounds like we did too good a job.

CHIEF BRIDGES
Not a Bad Legacy to leave.

Bridges takes a deliberate pause. Then, THE Sucker Punch...

CHIEF BRIDGES (CONT'D)
And I need you, Ron Stallworth, to
destroy all Evidence of this
Investigation.

RON STALLWORTH
Excuse me?

FLIP
This is total Horseshit.

CHIEF BRIDGES
We prefer that The Public never knew
about this Investigation.

Ron and Flip are heated. Sgt. Trapp is silent but gutted.

RON STALLWORTH
If they found out...

CHIEF BRIDGES
...Cease all further contact with The
Ku Klux Klan. Effective immediately.
That goes for Flip too. Ron
Stallworth...

RON STALLWORTH
This is some Fucked up Bullshit.

CHIEF BRIDGES

Take a week off. Go on vacation with your Girlfriend. We'll hold down The Fort until you get back. Get you another assignment...Narcotics.

Ron storms out.

INT. INTELLIGENCE UNIT - CSPD - DAY

Ron reflects as he feeds Investigation documents in a Shredder. The documents shred into pieces. Just then, the Undercover Phone Line rings on Ron's desk.

Ron stares at the Phone, still ringing. He looks at The Documents in his hand, about to feed them into The Shredder. Ron stops. Throws The Documents in a Folder. Sweeps some Folders into his Briefcase. Leaves as The Phone still rings.

EXT. COLORADO SPRINGS POLICE DEPARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Ron is walking fast now, trying to make it out of The Building with The Evidence but he remembers something. He stops, turns back.

INT. INTELLIGENCE DIVISION - CSPD - DAY

Ron sits at his Desk, on The Undercover Phone Line. Flip, Jimmy and Sgt. Trapp are behind, both close enough to listen, giggling.

RON STALLWORTH

I'm sorry we didn't get to spend more One-on-One time together.

INT. DEVIN DAVIS OFFICE - DAY

INTERCUT RON, FLIP, AND TRAPP WITH DEVIN DAVIS:

DEVIN DAVIS

Well, that tragic event. I had just met those Fine Brothers in the cause.

RON STALLWORTH

Our Chapter is just shaken to the core. And poor Connie not only does she lose her Husband but she's facing a healthy Prison Sentence.

DEVIN DAVIS

My God. And then there was that one Nigger Detective who threatened me.

RON STALLWORTH
Goddamn Coloreds sure know how to
spoil a Celebration.

Flip and Jimmy snort. Ron holds in a Belly-Laugh.

DEVIN DAVIS
Christ. You can say that again.

Ron cracks up into his Hand. Sgt. Trapp is wheezing-- his
Face Bright Pink. Flip is laughing hard in the background.

RON STALLWORTH
Can I ask you something? That Nigger
Detective who gave you a hard time?
Ever get his name?

DEVIN DAVIS
No, I...

RON STALLWORTH
...Are-uh you sure you don't know who
he is? Are-uh you absolutely sure?

Davis looks at his Phone. Ron takes out his SMALL NOTE PAD
out revealing a list of Racial epitaphs he had written down
being on this Investigation. He reads from it to Davis on the
phone.

ANGLE - SPLIT SCREEN

Ron Stallworth and Devin Davis.

RON STALLWORTH (CONT'D)
Cuz' dat Niggah Coon, Gator Bait,
Spade, Spook, Sambo, Spear Flippin',
Jungle Bunny, Mississippi Wind
Chime...Detective is Ron Stallworth
you Redneck, Racist Peckerwood Small
Dick Motherfucker!!!

CLICK. Ron SLAM DUNKS THE RECEIVER LIKE SHAQ.

CLOSE - DEVIN DAVIS

Devin Davis's Jaw Drops.

INT. INTELLIGENCE DIVISION - CSPD - DAY

THE WHOLE OFFICE EXPLODES IN LAUGHTER. COPS ARE ROLLING ON
THE OFFICE FLOOR.

INT. RON'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Folders of Evidence sit on The Kitchen Table in a stack in front of Ron. He sips his Lipton Tea and removes from the files the

CLOSE - POLAROID

Ron hugged up, between Devin Davis and Jesse Nayyar. He then looks at The Klan Membership Card shifting in his hands, his gaze fixated on the words.

CLOSE - *Ron Stallworth*
KKK Member in Good Standing

Patrice comes up from behind.

CLOSE - PATRICE

She pulls out a small handgun from her pocketbook.

2 - SHOT - PATRICE AND RON

PATRICE (O.S.)

Have you Resigned from The KKK?

RON STALLWORTH

Affirmative.

PATRICE

Have you handed in your Resignation
as a Undercover Detective for The
Colorado Springs Police Department?

RON STALLWORTH

Negative. Truth be told I've always
wanted to be a Cop...and I'm still
for The Liberation for My People.

PATRICE

My Conscience won't let me Sleep with
The Enemy.

RON STALLWORTH

Enemy? I'm a Black Man that saved
your life.

PATRICE

You're absolutely right, and I Thank
you for it.

Patrice Kisses Ron on the cheek. Good Bye. WE HEAR a KNOCK on
Ron's DOOR. Ron, who is startled, slowly rises. We HEAR
another KNOCK.

QUICK FLASHES - of a an OLD TIME KLAN RALLY. Ron moves
quietly to pull out his SERVICE REVOLVER from the COUNTER
DRAWER. WE HEAR ANOTHER KNOCK on the DOOR. Patrice stands
behind him.

QUICK FLASHES - BLACK BODY HANGING FROM A TREE (STRANGE
FRUIT) Ron slowly moves to the DOOR. Ron has his SERVICE
REVOLVER up and aimed ready to fire. Ron swings open the
DOOR.

ANGLE - HALLWAY

CU - RON'S POV

WE TRACK DOWN THE EMPTY HALLWAY PANNING OUT THE WINDOW.

CLOSE - RON AND PATRICE

Looking in the distance: The Rolling Hills surrounding The Neighborhood lead towards Pike's Peak, which sits on the horizon like a King on A Throne.

WE SEE: Something Burning.

CLOSER-- WE SEE a CROSS, its Flames dancing, sending embers into The BLACK, Colorado Sky.

OMITTED

EXT. UVA CAMPUS - NIGHT

WE SEE FOOTAGE of NEO-NAZIS, ALT RIGHT, THE KLAN, NEO-CONFEDERATES AND WHITE NATIONALISTS MARCHING, HOLDING UP THEIR TIKI TORCHES, CHANTING.

AMERICAN TERRORISTS
YOU WILL NOT REPLACE US!!!
JEWS WILL NOT REPLACE US!!!
BLOOD AND SOIL!!!

CUT TO BLACK.

FINI.