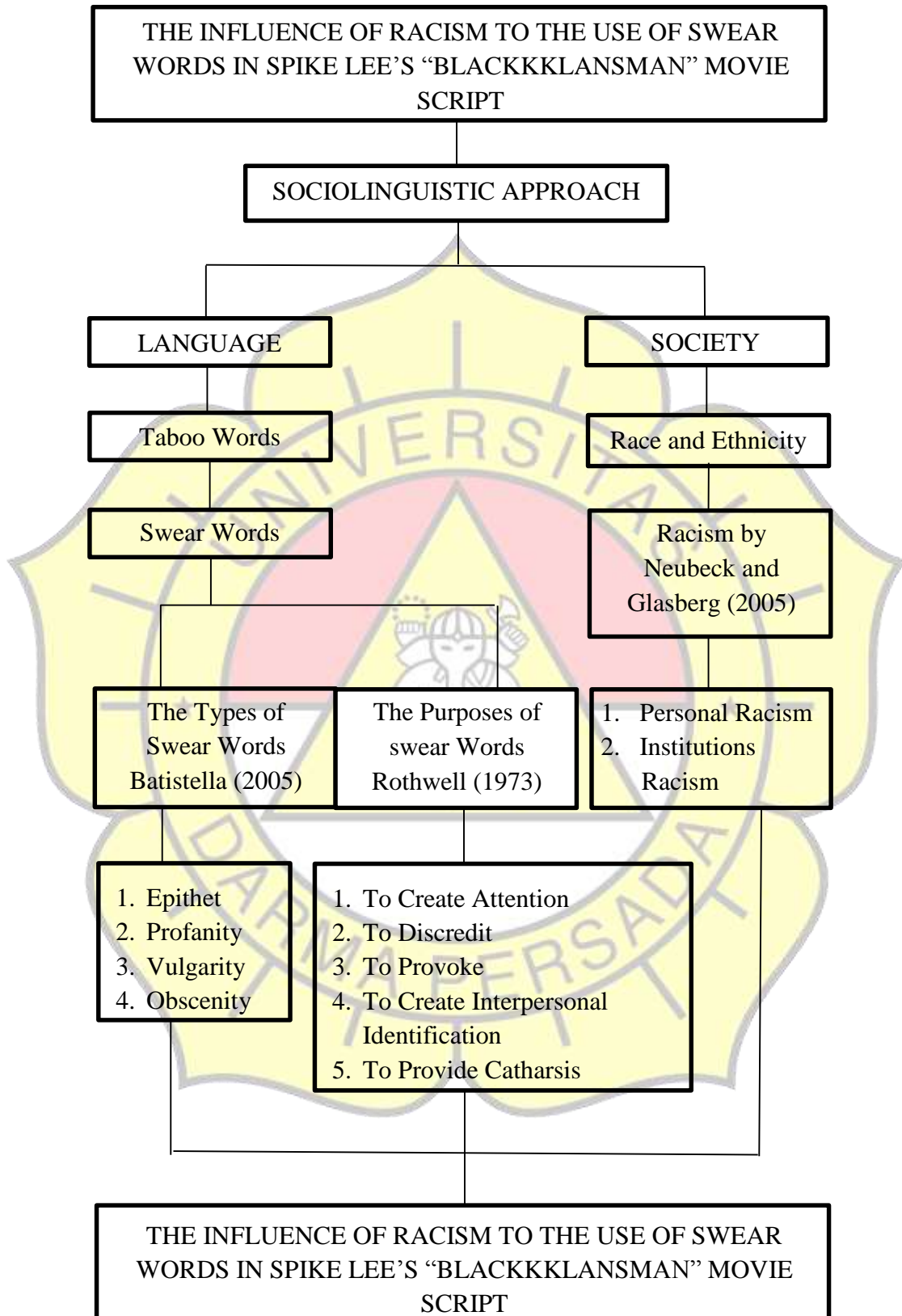


SCHEME OF THE RESEARCH



POSTER OF THE RESEARCH



THE INFLUENCE OF RACISM TO THE USE OF SWEAR WORDS IN SPIKE LEE'S "BLACKKLANSMAN" MOVIE SCRIPT

SEPTI RINA FATMASARI

2015130093

DARMA PERSADA UNIVERSITY

BACKGROUND

Human are known as social creature who sometimes see the relationship to the others by the physical differences. The factor they usually use to determine the superiority is because their physical appearance or skin colour. Many white people actually believe they are genetically superior and the best product of human evolutions. As the result, they do racism.

METHOD OF THE RESEARCH

The method used in this research is descriptive qualitative. In analyzing the data the theory of swear words that will be use in this research are classifications by Batisstella (2005), theory of swear words functions by Rothwell (1973) and racism teory by Neubeck and Glasberg (2005)

BENEFITS

The research hopefully can help the readers and the future researchers to understand the context of sosiolinguistics field about swear words, the type of swear words and the purpose of uttering the swear words.

CONCLUTIONS

Based on the analysis, the influence of racism in the use of swear words can be seen in some of dialogues that contains racism act and combined with swear words.

RESEARCH FINDING

This researcher show the types, purposes and the influence racism to the use of swear words by theory of classification Batisstella, fuctions by Rothwell and racism by Neubeck and Galsberg.

POSTER OF THE MOVIE



CURRICULUM VITAE



Name : Septi Rina Fatmasari
Place/Date of Birth : Yogyakarta, September 23rd
1996
Sex : Female
Address : Jln. Bakti 3 No. 95B Jatirahayu, Pondok Melati
Bekasi 17414
Phone : +6283873604103
E-mail : narinaseo@gmail.com

FORMAL EDUCATION

2015 — present : Faculty of English Language and Culture, Faculty
of Humanities University of Darma Persada,
Jakarta
2011 — 2014 : Nursing Major Vocational High School of Health
Bina Husada Mandiri
2008 — 2011 : 35 Junior High School, Bekasi
2001 — 2008 : 2 Jatimakmur Elementary School, Bekasi

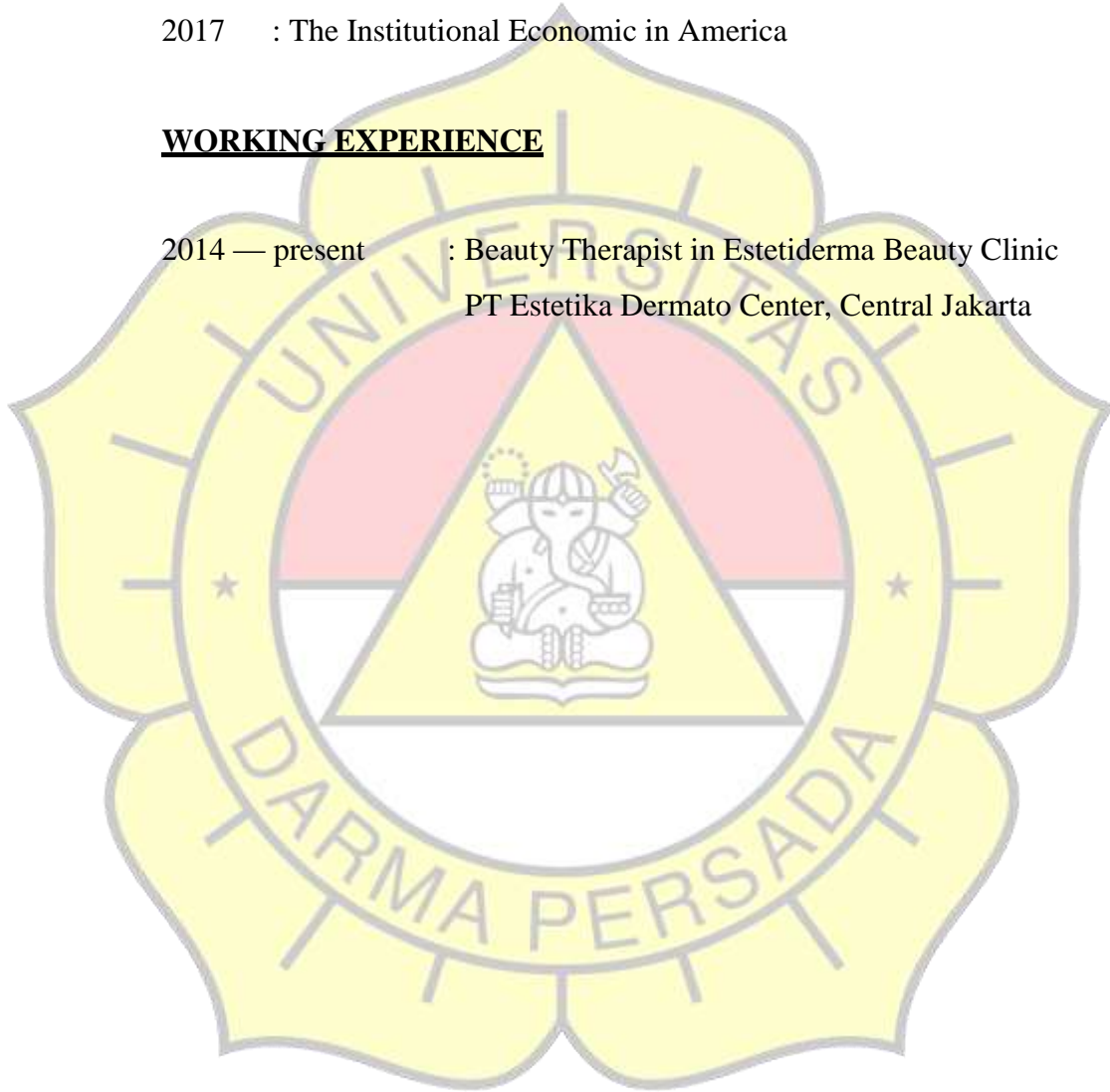
RESEARCH EXPERIENCE

2018 : Analysis of Duchamp Influence in the Sense of Art Robert
Rauschenberg
2018 : Analysis of Religious Diversity in the Workplace

- 2018 : Analysis of TPG: Accommodation for Prayers in the Workplace
- 2018 : Literature Review: Jane Austin “Pride and Prejudice”
- 2017 : Analysis of Dyslexia and Aphasia on Patients Post Stroke
- 2017 : Analysis the Differences between English Language and Kurdish Language
- 2017 : Bilingual Language in Some School in Indonesia
- 2017 : The Analysis of Diglossia and Bilingualism
- 2017 : The Institutional Economic in America

WORKING EXPERIENCE

- 2014 — present : Beauty Therapist in Estetiderma Beauty Clinic
PT Estetika Dermato Center, Central Jakarta





JURUSAN SAstra INGGRIS S-1FAKULTAS SAstra

Jl.Radin Inten II(Terasan Casablanca) Pondok Kelapa- Jakarta 13450
Telp. 8649051,8649053,8649057 Fax. 8649052
E-mail:humas@unsada.ac.id Homepage:hnp//www.unsada.ac.id

SURATPERNYATAAN

Yang bertandatangan di bawahini:

Nama	Septi Rina fatmasari
Tempat/Tanggal Lahir	Yogyakarta, 23 September 1996
Alamat Rumah	Jln. Bakti 3 No. 958 Jatirahayu Pondok Mclati
E-mail	narinaseo@gmail.com
No. Telepon/Ponsel	083873604103

Dengan ini menyatakan bahwa skripsi saya yang berjudul:

The Influence of Racism to the use of Swear Words in Spike Lee's
"BiacKkKlansman" Movie Script

yang diajukan pada semester ganjil tahun akademik 2016/2017 bersifat orisinal dan belum pernah ditulis oleh orang lain, dan akan diselesaikan penulisannya selambat-lambatnya 1 (satu) tahun akademik dan/atau setara dengan 2 (dua) semester.

Bilamana di kemudian hari ditemukan ketidaksesuaian dengan pernyataan ini, maka saya bersedia dituntut dan diproses sesuai dengan ketentuan yang berlaku.

Demikian pernyataan ini dibuat dengan sesungguhnya dan dengan sebenarnya.

Jakarta, 30 Juli 2019

Mengetahui,
Ketua Jurusan Sastra Inggris S-1

Yang menyatakan,
Mahasiswa

Tommy Andrian, SS, M.Hum
NIK. 05395 / NIDN. 0320097601



Septi Rina Fatmasari
NIM.2015130093

The Influence of Racism to the Use of Swear Words in Spike Lee's "BlacKkKlansman" Movie Script

Design by:
Septi Rina Fatmasari (2015130093)

1

Racism & BlacKkKlansman Movie Script

Introduction

Background

2

Swear Words in BlacKkKlansman Movie Script

The Types of The Swear Words by Batistella (2005)

1. Epithet
2. Profanity
3. Vulgarity
4. Obscenity

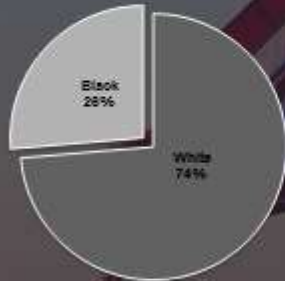
The Purposes of The Swear Words by Rothwell (1973)

1. To Create Attentions
2. To Discredit
3. To Provoke
4. To Create Interpersonal Identification
5. To Provide Catharsis

3

The Comparison to the Use of Swear Words by White and Black Characters

Racism in BlackKlansman Movie Script



Historical Background Racism in America

Slavery Period (1619)

Civil Right Movement
(1955-1968)

4

Racism in BlackKlansman Movie Script

The Types of Racism by Neubeck & Glasberg (2005)

Personal Racism

Institutional Racism

Individual Racism

Small Group Racism



5

CONCLUSION

United States

6

Types and Purposes of Swear Words that are uttered by Black and White character in Spike Lee's "BlacKkKlansman" Movie Script

Note:

E : Epithet

P : Profanity

V : Vulgarity

O : Obscenity

TCA : To Create Attention

TD : To Discredit

TP : To Provoke

TCII : To Create Interpersonal Identification

TPC : To Provide Catharsis

No	Dialogue	Data		Types				Purposes				
		Swear Words	Speaker	E	P	V	O	TCA	TD	TP	TCII	TPC
1	Beauregard : We had a great way of Life before The Martin Luther Coon's of The World...	Coon	White	√					√			
2	Beauregard : They are Lying, Dirty Monkeys ...	Monkey	White	√							√	
3	Mr. Turrentine : ...What would you do if another Cop called you a Nigger ?	Nigger	Black	√							√	
	Ron Stallworth : Would that happen... Mr. Turrentine : ...Sheeeeeett!!!	Shit	Black				√					√

No	Dialogue	Data		Types				Purposes				
		Swear Words	Speaker	E	P	V	O	TCA	TD	TP	TCII	TPC
4	Mr. Turrentine : Good. So, knowing that, when someone calls you Nigger will you be able to turn the other Cheek?	Nigger	Black	√							√	
5	Weaton : Hey! Anybody in there? Looking for a Toad here.	Toad	White	√						√		
6	Weaton : Get me the record for this Toad named Tippy Birdsong.	Toad	White	√							√	
7	Weaton : While you're at it, why don't you grab another Toad ... Steven Wilson.	Toad	White	√							√	
8	Landers : Need a File on a Toad .	Toad	White	√							√	
9	Landers : You Deaf? I said I need info on a Toad .	Toad	White	√							√	
	Ron : No Toads here.	Toad	Black	√							√	
	Landers : Excuse me? Ron : 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.	Toad	Black	√							√	
10	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 .	Shit	White				√				√	
		Toad	White	√					√			
11	Chief Bridges : ...This Carmichael Joker,	Damn	White		√						√	

No	Dialogue	Data		Types				Purposes					
		Swear Words	Speaker	E	P	V	O	TCA	TD	TP	TCII	TPC	
	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.												
12	Ron : Any chance this thing Fucks Up? Flip : Fuck yeah.	Fuck Fuck	Black White				√ √						√ √
13	Jimmy : That's fine, just don't get Shit Faced.	Shit	White				√	√					
14	Kwame Ture : ...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.	Hell	Black		√			√					
15	Patrice : Bro Pope, Seven and Seven, please... The Pigs pulled us over.	Pig	Black	√					√				
	Ron : Say what? Patrice : Yeah, they knew Brother Kwame was in Town. Made us get out the Car. Pigs pulled us over for no	Pig	Black	√					√				

No	Dialogue	Data		Types				Purposes				
		Swear Words	Speaker	E	P	V	O	TCA	TD	TP	TCII	TPC
	reason. Total harassment.											
16	Patrice : Truth. Do Four Dogs have Four Assholes ?	Dog Asshole	Black Black	√		√						√ √
17	Landers : Search The Car. I know these Niggers are holding something.	Nigger	White	√							√	
18	Landers : You that so called Big Shot Panther Nigger aren't you? Heard you was in Town, Stokely. Kwame Ture : My Name is Kwame Ture.	Nigger	White	√						√		
19	Landers : I know you Black Bastards are holding. What you got in there some Weed, Pills, Heroin?	Bastard	White	√								√
20	Ron : Motherfucker!!! Jimmy : Yeah, Motherfuckin' Amateur Hour. What were you thinkin'?	Motherfucker Motherfuckin	Black White				√ √					√ √
21	Ron : 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.	Nigger	Black	√							√	
22	Ron : In fact, my Sister, Pamela, was recently accosted by a Nigger ...	Nigger	Black	√							√	
23	Ron : Damn.	Damn	Black		√							√
24	Jimmy : Love Fuckin' O.J. Orenthal James Simpson.	Fuck	White				√		√			

No	Dialogue	Data		Types				Purposes				
		Swear Words	Speaker	E	P	V	O	TCA	TD	TP	TCII	TPC
25	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?	Hell Nigger	White White	√	√			√			√	
		Nigger	White	√							√	
26	Felix : Da Fuck did you say?	Fuck	White				√					√
27	Felix : Check this Shit out... you're never gonna believe it.	Shit	White				√	√				
28	Felix : Let's be ready, case we gotta go and shoot us A Alabama Porch Monkey .	Porch Monkey	White	√							√	
29	Felix : That's right, Porch Monkey . Don't be Messin' with us...	Porch Monkey	White	√						√		
30	Walter : I've had my own share of Run-Ins with Niggers . Matter of fact, it's part of what led me to The Organization.	Nigger	White	√							√	
31	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.	Nigger	White	√							√	
32	Walter : They're taking over. That's all you see on the TV Anymore. Niggers . Niggers selling Soap, Niggers selling Automobiles, Niggers	Nigger	White	√							√	

No	Dialogue	Data		Types				Purposes					
		Swear Words	Speaker	E	P	V	O	TCA	TD	TP	TCII	TPC	
	selling Toothpaste, Niggers, Niggers, Niggers.												
33	Ivanhoe : Dang!!! You know, I gotta say I kinda like dem' Niggers ...Rice and Pancakes.	Nigger	White	√							√		
34	Flip : ... FUCK . How 'bout just Fuckin'? Niggers . Make it Fuckin' simple. All : NIGGERS!!!	Fuck Nigger Nigger	White White White	√ √ √			√	√ √			√		
35	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?	Fuck Fuck Fuck	White White White				√ √ √	√			√ √		
36	Walter : ...Ivanhoe talking nonsense again. Kid can't hold his Beer fer Shit . The Organization is strictly NonViolent... Ivanhoe : ...Like dat Dead Nigger Martin Luther Coon .	Shit Nigger Coon	White White White				√				√ √ √		
37	Ron : Last the damn signal.	Damn	Black		√								√
38	Felix : Fuckin' Inflation.	Fuck	White				√	√					
39	Flip : 'Course I'm no stinkin' Kike .	Kike	White	√				√					

No	Dialogue	Data		Types				Purposes				
		Swear Words	Speaker	E	P	V	O	TCA	TD	TP	TCII	TPC
40	Flip : Stop fuckin' 'round.	Fuck	White				√			√		
41	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...	Pig	Black	√					√			
42	Ron : Pigs .	Pig	Black	√							√	
43	Patrice : Are You A Pig ?	Pig	Black	√						√		
44	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.	Nigger	White	√				√				
		Damn	White		√						√	
45	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	Fuck	White				√		√			

No	Dialogue	Data		Types				Purposes					
		Swear Words	Speaker	E	P	V	O	TCA	TD	TP	TCII	TPC	
	Neck? Does Ron got a YA-MA-KA on his HEAD for Pete's sake?												
46	Felix : Tough Titty .	Tit	White			√				√			
47	Ron : Shit .	Shit	Black				√						√
48	Flip : Felix, this is lame bullshit .	Bullshit	White	√				√					
49	Flip : Out of respect, I'm gonna play along with your Get Smart Bullshit , but I'm No Fuckin' Jew!!!	Bullshit	White	√									√
		Fuck	White				√						√
50	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.	Damn	White		√						√		
		Nigger	White	√							√		
51	Felix : I hear you Jews do something Funny with ya Dicks. Some weird Jew Shit . Is your Dick circumstanced?	Shit	White				√			√			
52	Flip : You tryin' to suck my Jew Dick? Faggot .	Faggot	White	√						√			
	Felix : Who you callin' a Faggot , Jew?	Faggot	White	√									√
53	Connie : There's a Fuckin' Black Law Jockey on our Green Lawn!	Fuck	White				√	√					
54	Flip : Yeah, keep drivin' you Black Spearchucker!!! Piece a Shit Nigger !!!	Shit	White				√	√					
		Nigger	White	√				√					
55	SGT. Trapp : Lie Detector? Shots Fired? A Goddamn Cluster Fuck !!!	Goddamn	White		√								√
	You Dickheads are putting	Fuck	White				√						√

No	Dialogue	Data		Types				Purposes					
		Swear Words	Speaker	E	P	V	O	TCA	TD	TP	TCII	TPC	
	me in a Tough Spot here. If Bridges heard about this...	Dickhead	White			√							√
56	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.	Ass	White			√		√					
57	Ron : 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.	Dog	Black	√							√		
58	Ron : Doesn't that Hatred The Klan say Piss you off .	Piss You Off	Black			√							√
59	Flip : That's my Damn Business!	Damn	White		√								√
60	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.	Shit	White				√		√				
61	Flip : You're New. You're a Rookie. You ever get your Ass in a Jam, you'll appreciate The Blue Wall of Silence.	Ass	White			√		√					
62	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	Fag	White	√									√
		Fag	White	√							√		

No	Dialogue	Data		Types				Purposes					
		Swear Words	Speaker	E	P	V	O	TCA	TD	TP	TCII	TPC	
	days.												
63	Flip : ...Forget Dem Fags ... Some of these Guys Army-trained?	Fag	White	√							√		
64	Felix : Helps with practicin' for Nigger Looters. Dem' Sum- bitches Run like Roaches when you Flip the switch in the Kitchen late at Night.	Nigger	White	√							√		
		Bitch	White	√							√		
65	Felix : I don't know how that Black Bastard got away the other day.	Bastard	White	√							√		
66	Felix : Maybe you'll get dat Nigger next time.	Nigger	White	√							√		
67	Klansmen : Good Shot!!! Shit! Got that Coon Dead in The Ass! Nice One!!!	Shit	White				√						√
		Coon	White	√	*								√
		Ass	White			√							√
68	Patrice : Pam Grier is doing her Thing but in real life it's just Pigs killing Black Folks.	Pig	Black	√					√				
69	Ron : I know how that feels. I'm Two damn people all the time!	Damn	Black		√								√
70	Felix : A Twin-Twin and ya Twin is a NIGGER .	Nigger	White	√							√		
71	Felix : Looked in the Phone Book and went over what I thought was your place and found a Nig there.	Nigger	White	√							√		
72	Felix : So you don't know that Nigger ?	Nigger	White	√							√		
	Flip : Oh, that's that Nigger I keep in the	Nigger	White	√							√		

No	Dialogue	Data		Types				Purposes					
		Swear Words	Speaker	E	P	V	O	TCA	TD	TP	TCII	TPC	
	woodpile.												
73	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 .	Bitch Cunt Monkey Dickhead	White White White	√ √ 	 	√ √ √					√ √ √		
74	Flip : Are you Fucking kidding me?	Fuck	White				√					√	
75	Ron : Oh Hell yeah!!!	Hell	Black		√							√	
76	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.	Shit Fuck	White White		*		√ √				√	√	
77	Hakeem : How we know this ain't some of the KKK's Honky- Pig -Partners	Pig	Black	√					√				

No	Dialogue	Data		Types				Purposes				
		Swear Words	Speaker	E	P	V	O	TCA	TD	TP	TCII	TPC
	passing out this Shit!	Shit	Black				√					√
78	Ivanhoe : The Best. You can see it for Miles. Freaks out The Jew Media and puts Niggers on their Nigger Toes.	Nigger	White	√							√	
79	Flip : Enough to make shit BLOW UP.	Shit	White				√					√
80	Ivanhoe : Damn , that's The Second One. Pigs are out tonight.	Damn Pig	White White	√ √	√				√ √			
81	Ron : 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.	Nigger Dog	Black Black	√ √					√		√	
82	Ron : I knew a Nigger once. Devin : Didja? Ron : Yeah. Nigger lived across the street from us. I must of been Six or Seven. His nickname was Butter Biscuit.	Nigger Nigger	Black Black	√ √							√ √	
83	Ron : 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 .	Nigger	Black	√							√	
84	Devin : You bet your Mayflower Society Ass I will.	Ass	White			√					√	
85	Walter : We need a new Leader. Someone everyone can unite behind. Felix	Son of Bitch	White	√							√	

No	Dialogue	Data		Types				Purposes					
		Swear Words	Speaker	E	P	V	O	TCA	TD	TP	TCII	TPC	
	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...												
86	Ivanhoe : Dallas, where they killed that Nigger Lover Kennedy.	Nigger	White	√					√				
87	Ivanhoe : And Big Spic Tees !!!	Tit	White			√							√
88	Felix : Meeting. My House. Now. Git ya Ass in gear and don't tell Mealy Mouth Walter.	Ass	White			√		√					
89	Flip : Fuck ya?	Fuck	White				√	√					
90	Felix : Never think twice about Killin' Niggers .	Nigger	White	√								√	
91	Felix : They're da' first of many Nigger that must die, Honey Bun.	Nigger	White	√									√
92	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 .	Monkey Kike	White White	√ √								√ √	
93	Felix : Free at last! Free at Last! Thank God a'mighty - Free a' dem Niggers At Last!!!	Nigger	White	√									√
94	Connie : You know, we've talked about killing Niggers for so many years and now it's really happening.	Nigger	White	√								√	

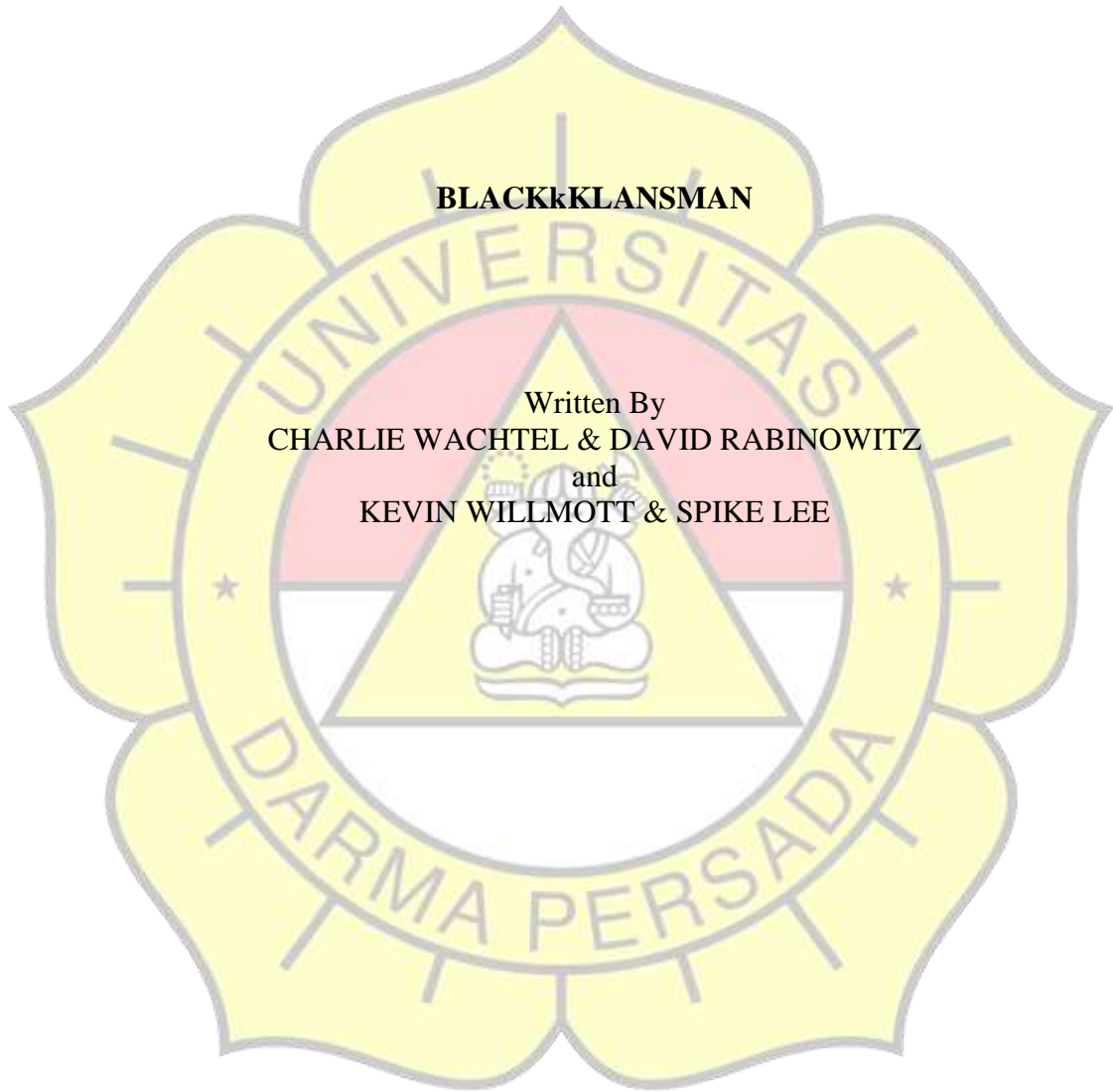
No	Dialogue	Data		Types				Purposes				
		Swear Words	Speaker	E	P	V	O	TCA	TD	TP	TCII	TPC
95	Felix : Flip, I'm starting to trust you. I'm gonna tell you something none of our Brothers know. My lil' sister married a Nigger . Now I got a lil' Nigger Niece and a lil' Nigger Nephew. Jesus Christ, The World's 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.	Nigger	White	√							√	
		Hell	White		√							√
96	Patrice : Hause Niggers said they had J-O-B-S too. You disgust me.	Nigger	Black	√								√
97	Ron : A Clusterfuck .	Clusterfuck	Black				√					√
98	Felix : Miss Black Student Union Bitch is bringing in some Old Coon to speak. The place should be packed. So Walker, nothing but rubble...	Bitch	White	√	*						√	
		Coon	White	√							√	
99	Ivanhoe : Fuckin' Cop assigned to guard Mister Davis. Isn't that the livin' Shits ?	Fuck	White				√		√			
		Shit	White				√					√
100	Felix : What the Fuck are you talking about? Walker : That guy was the Cop that sent me away to Prison for Armed Fucking Robbery.	Fuck	White				√					√
		Fuck	White				√	√				
101	Walker : Yeah, he's a Fuckin' Pig	Pig	White	√					√			
102	Felix : So Ron Stallworth is a Fucking Jew	Fuck	White				√				√	

No	Dialogue	Data		Types				Purposes				
		Swear Words	Speaker	E	P	V	O	TCA	TD	TP	TCII	TPC
103	Walker : Coulda' been a Nigger	Nigger	White	√							√	
104	Felix : He's a Nigger	Nigger	White	√							√	
105	Devin : Nigger , What the Fuck did you just do?	Nigger Fuck	White White	√			√				√	√
106	Flip : Boy you get ya' ass out NOW!	Ass	White			√		√				
107	Connie : He attacked me! That Nigger attacked me, he tried to Rape me! Arrest him.	Nigger	White	√						√		
108	Connie : You gonna believe this lying Nigger or me? Officer Myers : Get on the ground! Ron : I'm a Cop goddammit! She's got a Bomb! She's a Terrorist!	Nigger Goddammit	White Black	√		√					√	√
109	Felix : You're Dead Black Bitch	Bitch	White	√							√	
110	Flip : Hey, you fucking idiots!!! We're undercover.	Fuck	White				√					√
111	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	Ass	White			√				√		

No	Dialogue	Data		Types				Purposes				
		Swear Words	Speaker	E	P	V	O	TCA	TD	TP	TCII	TPC
	you got blown up instead of Good White Folks.											
112	Flip : That Polaroid Stunt you pulled? When you trew your Arms around them, I swear to God I almost Shit myself!	Shit	White				√					√
113	SGT Trapp : There's The Crazy Son of a Bitch!!!	Son of Bitch	White	√								√
114	Flip : This is total Horseshit .	Horseshit	White				√					√
115	Ron : This is some Fucked up Bullshit .	Fuck Bullshit	Black Black	√			√					√ √
116	Devin : My God. And then there was that one Nigger Detective who threatened me. Ron : Goddamn Coloreds sure know how to spoil a Celebration.	Nigger Goddamn	White Black	√	√							√ √
117	Ron : Can I ask you something? That Nigger Detective who gave you a hard time? Ever get his name?	Nigger	Black	√							√	
118	Ron : 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!!!	Nigger Coon Dick Motherfucker	Black Black Black Black	√ √ √			√				√ √ √ √	

BLACKKLANSMAN

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

...Sheeeeeett!!!

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 softspoken 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 MuckityMuck 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.

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 earsplitting 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 TooRay 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, straightshot 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 NonViolent...

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. 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.

67 INT. UNMARKED CAR - DAY

RON STALLWORTH
Shit.

He turns the ignition and drives forward.

INT. 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.

81 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:

82 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:

82A 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 Bastardn 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 Klan handshake.

83 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.

83A 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.

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.

92 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:

93A EXT. TOP OF THE HILL - HILLSIDE - NIGHT

Another Patrol Car passes.

IVANHOE

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

94 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:

94A EXT. OPPOSITE HILLSIDE - NIGHT

RON LOOKING THROUGH THE BINOCULARS

lowers them, grins to himself.

RON STALLWORTH

Good job, Men.

CUT TO:

94B 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.

96 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.

97 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... 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.

103A 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.

104 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.

105 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 ExCon 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, NonJewish 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!

154A 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, NEOCONFEDERATES 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.

