

**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  
...Sheeeeeettt!!!

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

MR. TURRENTINE (CONT'D)

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

Mr. Turrentine lets this sink in.

MR. TURRENTINE (CONT'D)

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

RON STALLWORTH

I know Jackie's Story, Sir.

MR. TURRENTINE

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

Ron evaluates the hard reality of the question. Decides.

RON STALLWORTH

If I need to, yes, Sir.

MR. TURRENTINE

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

Ron looks at Chief Bridges.

CHIEF BRIDGES

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

Ron weighs The Journey ahead.

OMITTED

OMITTED

INT. RECORDS ROOM - CSPD - DAY

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



Ron looks at the Photo of the Actress Cybill Shepherd.

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

OFFICER MULANEY  
Never saw it but what you think?

RON STALLWORTH  
She's a very good Actress.

OFFICER MULANEY  
Y'know you want some of that.

Ron ignores it.

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

RON STALLWORTH  
Yeah. Why's that?

OFFICER MULANEY  
He could only want one thing.

RON STALLWORTH  
What would that be?

OFFICER MULANEY  
You like acting dumb, Y'know.

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

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

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

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

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

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

WHEATON (CONT'D)

While you're at it, why don't you  
grab another Toad... Steven Wilson.

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

INT. CSPD HALLWAY - DAY

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

RON STALLWORTH

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

Chief Bridges and Sgt. Trapp both stop.

CHIEF BRIDGES

What Narcotics?

RON STALLWORTH

Whatever Department works, Sir.

SGT. TRAPP

You just joined The Force, Rookie.

RON STALLWORTH

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

SGT. TRAPP

Is that right?

RON STALLWORTH

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

SGT. TRAPP

What do you think, Chief?

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

CHIEF BRIDGES

Think a lot of yourself, don't cha?

RON STALLWORTH

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

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

CHIEF BRIDGES

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

RON STALLWORTH

Chief, want me clean shaven?

CHIEF BRIDGES

Keep it. I like the look.

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

INT. RECORDS ROOM - CSPD - DAY

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

LANDERS

Need a File on a Toad.

Ron doesn't respond.

LANDERS (CONT'D)

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

RON STALLWORTH

No Toads here.

LANDERS

Excuse me?

RON STALLWORTH

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

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

LANDERS

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

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

INT. RON'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

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

RON STALLWORTH

Hello.

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

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

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

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

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

INT. CSPD - NARCOTICS DIVISION - DAY

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

ANGLE - UNDERCOVER COPS

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

CLOSE - RON

just stands there looking at all the activity.

CLOSE - CHIEF BRIDGES

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

CLOSE - FLIP ZIMMERMAN

FLIP  
Rookie, you're late.

RON STALLWORTH  
Sorry, it won't happen again.

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

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

Ron is surprised at this.

RON STALLWORTH  
The Nightclub?

CHIEF BRIDGES  
No, Emmanuel Missionary Baptist Church!!!

Flip just listens.

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

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

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

Flip and Chief Bridges stare at Ron.

RON STALLWORTH  
Born Ready.

INT. NARCOTICS DIVISION - CSPD - NIGHT

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

RON STALLWORTH  
Any chance this thing Fucks Up?

FLIP

Fuck yeah.

RON STALLWORTH

Then what?

JIMMY

Just stick to The Game Plan.

RON STALLWORTH

Which is?

FLIP

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

JIMMY

What happens if someone offers you a Marijuana Cigarette?

RON STALLWORTH

You mean a Joint?

JIMMY

Yeah.

RON STALLWORTH

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

FLIP

And if someone pulls a Gun on you?

Ron is caught off guard.

RON STALLWORTH

You expecting that?

Flip pulls his Gun.

FLIP

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

RON STALLWORTH

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

FLIP

Gun is still in your face.

Ron gives Jimmy a wary look speaking to Flip.

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

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

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

RON STALLWORTH  
Can I order a Drink at The Bar?

Flip steps away, no comment.

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

FLIP  
Got it?

RON STALLWORTH  
I got it. I'm gone.

Jimmy laughs, Slaps Ron on the back.

EXT. CITY STREET - OUTSKIRTS OF DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

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

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

CLOSE SIGN - BELL'S NIGHTINGALE

ANGLE - TONIGHT: KWAME TURE SPEAKS

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

ANGLE - PATRICE DUMAS

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

RON STALLWORTH  
How are you doing, my Soul Sista?

Patrice gives Ron a good look summing him up.



PATRICE

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

RON STALLWORTH

Indeed it is.

PATRICE

Have you heard Brother Kwame speak before?

RON STALLWORTH

Who?

PATRICE

Kwame Ture.

RON STALLWORTH

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

PATRICE

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

RON STALLWORTH

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

PATRICE

The Colorado College Black Student Union invited Brother Ture.

RON STALLWORTH

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

PATRICE

I'm The President.

RON STALLWORTH

Right On. Right On.

INT. BELL'S NIGHTINGALE - NIGHT

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

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

RON STALLWORTH  
Rum and Coke with Lime.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CLOSE - KWAME TURE

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

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

KWAME TURE (CONT'D)

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

BLACK MASS

BLACK POWER!!! BLACK POWER!!!

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

KWAME TURE

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

The Audience laughs! Loving it.

KWAME TURE (CONT'D)

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

Everyone cheers including Ron!

KWAME TURE (CONT'D)

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

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

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

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

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

Ron is struck by the remark.

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

Another Applause Break.

CLOSE - RON

Ron listens, challenged, torn.

INT. BELL'S NIGHTINGALE - NIGHT

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

CLOSE - RON

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

CLOSE - KWAME

KWAME TURE (CONT'D)

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

The BLACK MASS STANDS AS ONE WITH KWAME TURE.

KWAME TURE AND BLACK MASS

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

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

INT. BELL'S NIGHTINGALE - NIGHT

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

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

RON STALLWORTH

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

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

INT. SURVEILLANCE CAR - BELL'S NIGHTINGALE - NIGHT

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

INT. BELL'S NIGHTINGALE - NIGHT

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

KWAME TURE

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

Kwame pulls back. Returns to his normal speaking voice.

KWAME TURE (CONT'D)

Thank you for your support, Brother.

EXT. BELL'S NIGHTINGALE - FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

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

RON STALLWORTH

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

PATRICE

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

RON STALLWORTH

I can dig it.

Ron starts to walk away.

PATRICE

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

RON STALLWORTH

I do.

PATRICE

So I'll see you then.

RON STALLWORTH

Cool. All Power to All The People.

INT. RED LANTERN INN - NIGHT

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

PATRICE

Sorry I'm late...

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

PATRICE (CONT'D)

...You won't believe what happened.

Patrice says to Bro Pope, The BARTENDER.

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

RON STALLWORTH  
Say what?

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

RON STALLWORTH  
True?

PATRICE  
Truth. Do Four Dogs have Four  
Assholes?

CUT TO:

EXT. COLORADO SPRINGS STREET - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

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

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

CLOSE - LANDERS

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



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

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

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

KWAME TURE  
My Name is Kwame Ture.

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

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

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

OFFICER CINCER  
It's clean.

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

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

CLOSE - KWAME

KWAME TURE  
Black people were Born in Jail.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. RED LANTERN INN - NIGHT

Patrice at the Bar with Ron, he is stunned.

RON STALLWORTH  
Did you see the Officer's names?

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

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

RON STALLWORTH

I'm sorry.

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

INT. CSPD - CHIEF BRIDGES' OFFICE - DAY

CHIEF BRIDGES

What was the Room like?

RON STALLWORTH

Folks were hanging on every word.

CHIEF BRIDGES

Sounds like he had them pretty riled up?

RON STALLWORTH

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

CHIEF BRIDGES

What makes you think that?

RON STALLWORTH

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

CHIEF BRIDGES

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

RON STALLWORTH

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

FLIP

That's what I thought too.

CHIEF BRIDGES

Thank God, Carmichael has left Colorado Springs.

RON STALLWORTH

Kwame Ture.

CHIEF BRIDGES

What?

RON STALLWORTH

He changed his name from Stokely  
Carmichael to Kwame Ture.

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

CHIEF BRIDGES

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

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

RON STALLWORTH

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

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

CHIEF BRIDGES

No. We didn't hear that.

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

CHIEF BRIDGES (CONT'D)

Patrice. Isn't she the one from The  
Black Student Union? They brought Too-  
Ray in.

RON STALLWORTH

Kwame Ture, Correct.

CHIEF BRIDGES

You getting pretty Chummy with her?

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

RON STALLWORTH

Just doing my job, Chief. Undercover.

CHIEF BRIDGES

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

Flip and Jimmy chuckle.

RON STALLWORTH  
I would never jeopardize a Case...

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

Ron takes this in. Dejected.

FLIP  
Good work.

JIMMY  
Rookie.

Ron nods, appreciative.

CHIEF BRIDGES  
Ron, let's take a walk.

OMITTED

INT. HALLWAY - CSPD - DAY

Chief Bridges and Ron walk down the hall.

CHIEF BRIDGES  
I'm transferring you into  
Intelligence.

RON STALLWORTH  
What will I be doing, Chief?

Chief Bridges stops and looks at him.

CHIEF BRIDGES  
Intelligence.

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

OMITTED

INT. INTELLIGENCE UNIT - CSPD - DAY

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

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

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

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

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

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

There's a BEEP...

CLOSE - RON

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

ANGLE - ROOM

Ron hangs up.

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

FLIP  
Did I just hear you use your Real  
Name?

RON STALLWORTH  
Motherfucker!!!

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

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

RON STALLWORTH  
I wasn't.

FLIP  
You dialed. Pick it up.

RING! RING! Ron looks at the ringing phone.

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

RON STALLWORTH  
This is Ron Stallworth.

Through the Receiver, a Gravelly, Secretive Voice.

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

RON STALLWORTH  
The Organization?

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

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

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

All Heads in the Unit turn toward Ron.

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

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

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

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

Silence on the other end of The Line.

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

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

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

The other Cops are losing their minds, Quietly.

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

RON STALLWORTH  
Looking forward to meeting you.

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

FLIP  
Good Luck Ron with your New Redneck  
Friend.

The Undercover Gang Cracks Up!

INT. SERGEANT TRAPP'S OFFICE - CSPD - DAY

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

SGT. TRAPP  
They want you to join The Klan?

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

SGT. TRAPP  
They want to meet you?

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

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

RON STALLWORTH  
You think?

Everyone has a Chuckle.

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

RON STALLWORTH  
Damn.



OMITTED

OMITTED

INT. OFFICE OF THE CHIEF OF POLICE - DAY

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

CHIEF BRIDGES

I can't spare any Men.

SGT. TRAPP

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

CHIEF BRIDGES

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

RON STALLWORTH

Why so, Chief?

CHIEF BRIDGES

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

RON STALLWORTH

What does a Black Man talk like?

Silence.

SGT. TRAPP

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

RON STALLWORTH

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

CHIEF BRIDGES

You know... YOU KNOW!!!

RON STALLWORTH

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

CHIEF BRIDGES

Ron, how do you propose to make this Investigation?

RON STALLWORTH

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

CHIEF BRIDGES

...My Point Exactly!!!...

Ron continues talking to Chief Bridges.

RON STALLWORTH

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

CHIEF BRIDGES

Can you do that?

RON STALLWORTH

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

INT. HALLWAY - CSPD - DAY

Ron steps outside and Chief BRIDGES follows him.

CHIEF BRIDGES

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

INT. INTELLIGENCE UNIT - CSPD - MORNING

Ron walks in on Flip and Jimmy looking at him.

FLIP

You're late.

RON STALLWORTH

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

JIMMY

I heard that somewhere before.

FLIP

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

Ron ignores the slight.

RON STALLWORTH

Can we move on to the Bio, please.

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

RON STALLWORTH  
Whereabout?

Flip sighs.

FLIP  
Pueblo.

JIMMY  
What's that commute like?

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

JIMMY  
Long ride.

FLIP  
What do we listen to?

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

JIMMY  
I love Bowie.

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

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

JIMMY  
Basket catch.

FLIP  
Wilt The Stilt...

JIMMY  
A record hundred points in the game.

FLIP

But my favorite is O.J.

JIMMY

Love Fuckin' O.J. Orenthal James  
Simpson.

RON STALLWORTH

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

FLIP

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

JIMMY

Not to me.

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

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

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

FLIP  
Walter Breachway.

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

FLIP  
Look at you. Is that it, Sir?

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

FLIP  
...And...

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

JIMMY  
Oh Boy.

RON STALLWORTH  
Just repeat after me.

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

FLIP  
The Godfather.

CLOSE - RON STALLWORTH

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

CLOSE - FLIP

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

CLOSE - RON STALLWORTH

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

CLOSE - FLIP

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

CLOSE - RON STALLWORTH

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

CLOSE - FLIP

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

TWO-SHOT - RON STALLWORTH AND FLIP

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

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

RON STALLWORTH  
*Two eyes to make a pair, huh.*

FLIP  
*Two eyes to make a pair, huh.*

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

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

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

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

RON STALLWORTH  
Jimmy, join us.

THREE-SHOT - RON STALLWORTH, FLIP AND JIMMY

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

All 3 Fall OUT - DIE LAUGHING.

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

Ron shoots Flip a look.

RON STALLWORTH  
You're Jewish?

EXT. KWIK INN DINER - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

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

INT. UNMARKED CAR - NIGHT

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

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

RON STALLWORTH  
It's Walter.

Ron writes down The Truck's Plate

Number: *CLOSE* - *KE-4108*.

EXT. KWIK INN DINER - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

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

FELIX  
Ron Stallworth?



FLIP

That's me. And you must be Walter.

FELIX

Name's Felix.

FLIP

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

FELIX

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

Even with his slouched shoulders, Felix towers over Flip.

FLIP

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

FELIX

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

INT. UNMARKED CAR - NIGHT

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

EXT. KWIK INN DINER - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

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

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

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

INT. FELIX'S TRUCK - NIGHT

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

FELIX

You for The White Race, Ron?

FLIP

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

FELIX

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

FLIP  
Makes me Sick.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

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

INT. FELIX'S TRUCK - NIGHT

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

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

FELIX  
Da Fuck did you say?

FLIP  
Camaraderie...?

FELIX  
No. The other word.

FLIP  
The Klan...?

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

FLIP  
I overstand... Right. The  
Organization.

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

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

FLIP  
What?

FELIX  
There's a Jig on our Bumper.

Flip Freezes.

INT. UNMARKED CAR - NIGHT

JIMMY

He sees us. Back Off.

Ron eases on the Gas.

INT. FELIX'S TRUCK - NIGHT

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

FELIX

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

He tosses The Box onto Flip's lap.

FELIX (CONT'D)

Look under your seat. Pull it out.

FLIP

Pull out what?

Felix snaps his finger at Flip, who jumps.

FELIX

Under the seat!!!

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

FELIX (CONT'D)

Load 'er up. One in The Chamber.

Flip is hesitant.

FELIX (CONT'D)

Load it!!!

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

FLIP

Ready to go.

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

FELIX

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

FLIP

...The Organization.

FELIX  
Not so fast, Buddy Boy.

EXT. CORNER POCKET LOUNGE - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

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

INT. UNMARKED CAR - NIGHT

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

RON STALLWORTH  
Just a Bar.

Ron drives past the lot.

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

JIMMY  
Probably.

INT. CORNER POCKET LOUNGE - NIGHT

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

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

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

They shake hands.

FLIP  
I appreciate you inviting me out.

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

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

FLIP  
I meant every word I said.

Flip's a Natural.

WALTER  
How 'bout some pool?

Ivanhoe hands Flip a Pool Stick and gathers the Balls.

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

FLIP  
That right?

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

Flip nods, expertly feigning sympathy.

INT. UNMARKED CAR - NIGHT

Ron and Jimmy each wear Headphones, listening in.

JIMMY  
Never happened.

Ron cracks a smile.

INT. CORNER POCKET LOUNGE - NIGHT

Walter and Flip continue to play pool.

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

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

WALTER  
You forgetting Uncle Ben and Aunt Jemima.

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

Ivanhoe shakes hands with Flip.

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

INT. UNMARKED CAR - NIGHT

RON STALLWORTH  
Mad at Sanford and Son and Flip  
Wilson.

INT. CORNER POCKET LOUNGE - NIGHT

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

FELIX  
Negros...

IVANHOE  
...Blacks...

WALTER  
...Afro-Americans...

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

ALL  
NIGGERS!!!

FLIP  
I been saying this stuff for years.

FELIX  
You ain't the only one.

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

Flip looks around. Gets quiet.

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

Ivanhoe swigs his Beer.

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

FLIP

I'm tired of people Fuckin' with me.

WALTER

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

FLIP

Some...I could know more.

WALTER

We'll teach you.

IVANHOE

This year's gonna be big for us.

FLIP

How so?

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

IVANHOE

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

Walter swoops in.

WALTER

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

IVANHOE

...Like dat Dead Nigger Martin Luther  
Coon.

\*

FLIP

Gotcha.

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

He quickly buttons it. Then...

WALTER

Say, Ron? Mind coming with me?

FLIP

Where to?



FELIX

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

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

INT. UNMARKED CAR - NIGHT

JIMMY

Where they going?

Ron's Face falls.

RON STALLWORTH

Lost the damn signal.

INT. BACK ROOM - CORNER POCKET LOUNGE -NIGHT

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

WALTER

Congrats you passed The Mustard.

Walter exchanges uneasy looks with Felix.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Thought we'd get the Membership  
process started.

Flip can breathe again.

FLIP

Now we're talkin'.

Walter hands Flip a stack of papers.

WALTER

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

Flip sings The Alcoa Jingle.

FLIP

Alcoa Can't wait.

IVANHOE

I like those Commercials.

WALTER

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

FELIX

Fuckin' Inflation.

Flip shakes hands with all.

FLIP

I can't thank you Brothers enough.

WALTER

Pleasure, is all ours.

Felix and Ivanhoe give polite nods.

WALTER (CONT'D)

I'll take you back to your Car.

As Flip turns to leave...

FELIX

You're not a Jew, right?

Flip stops.

FLIP

You trying to offend me?

Flip turns to Walter: you believe this Shit?

FELIX

It's Protocol.

All eyes on Flip. His face flares with rage.

FLIP

'Course I'm no Stinkin' Kike.

WALTER

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

Ivanhoe nods. Felix just stares.

FELIX

Smells Kosher to me.

FLIP

Stop fuckin' 'round.

WALTER  
Felix, cut it out.

INT. INTELLIGENCE UNIT - CSPD - NIGHT

Ron helps Flip rip The Wire off his Chest.

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

RON STALLWORTH  
They liked you.

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

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

FLIP  
Technically they want you to join.

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

INT. SERGEANT TRAPP'S OFFICE - CSPD - DAY

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

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

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

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

SGT. TRAPP  
What kind of Attack?

Ron looks to Flip.

FLIP

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

Sgt. Trapp bridges his hands together, contemplating.

RON STALLWORTH

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

SGT. TRAPP

We're moving on with the Investigation.

Ron just stares at Trapp.

INT. ITALIAN BISTRO - NIGHT

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

PATRICE

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

Ron goes Mute.

PATRICE (CONT'D)

...What's wrong?

RON STALLWORTH

I don't really use that word.

PATRICE

What word?

RON STALLWORTH

Pigs.

PATRICE

What else would you call them?

RON STALLWORTH

Cops... Police...

PATRICE  
Bunch of Racist Cops on a Power Trip.

RON STALLWORTH  
So you think all Cops are Racist?

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

Patrice absorbs all of this.

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

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

PATRICE  
Are you Down for The Liberation of  
Black People?

RON STALLWORTH  
Do we always have to talk about  
Politics?

PATRICE  
What's more important?

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

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

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

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

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

RON STALLWORTH  
Kathleen Cleaver, I didn't?

PATRICE  
Are You A Pig?

RON STALLWORTH  
You mean A Cop?

PATRICE  
You A Cop?

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

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

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

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

RON STALLWORTH  
This is Ron.

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

Ron has to THINK FAST.

RON STALLWORTH  
Allergies acting up again.

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

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

Ron waits for the response.

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

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

RON STALLWORTH  
I'm honored.

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

INT. CSPD HALLWAY - DAY

Sgt. Trapp and Ron walk and talk.

SGT. TRAPP

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

RON STALLWORTH

Davis?

SGT. TRAPP

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

RON STALLWORTH

Political Office? How so?

SGT. TRAPP

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

RON STALLWORTH

...Keep going.

SGT. TRAPP

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

RON STALLWORTH

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

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

SGT. TRAPP

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

EXT. UNMARKED CAR - DAY

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

EXT. FELIX'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - DAY

ANGLE - RON'S POV - SURVEILLANCE

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

CONNIE

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

Connie hugs him.

FLIP

Great to meet you.

CONNIE

The Boys are in the Backyard.

OMITTED

OMITTED

INT. UNMARKED CAR - DAY

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

INT. FELIX'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

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

CONNIE

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

They dig in.



FELIX

Thanks Honey.

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

FELIX

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

CONNIE

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

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

CONNIE (CONT'D)

Here, I clipped the Article.

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

FELIX

That'll be all. Love you Sweetie.

CONNIE

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

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

WALTER

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

FLIP

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

WALTER

The Highest Hills get the most Eyes.

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

FELIX

Hey Ron, I gotta show you something.

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

INT. UNMARKED CAR - DAY

Ron takes in The Audio. He records more Notes.

INT. FELIX'S HOUSE - STAIRS - DAY

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

INT. FELIX'S HOUSE - SMALL ROOM - DAY

Felix flips on the lights.

FELIX (CONT'D)

Looka here.

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

FLIP

Wow. This is really... something.

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

FELIX

Here's my favorite. Twelve Gauge.

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

FELIX (CONT'D)

I call this...The Jew Killer.

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

FLIP

That's a Remington Model 1900.

A long Beat. Then: Felix smiles.

FELIX

Indeed it is.

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

WALTER (O.S.)

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

FELIX

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

Flip keeps quiet.

ANGLE - HALLWAY

WALTER

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

FELIX (O.S.)

Just Protocol. My House, My Rules.

INT. FELIX'S HOUSE - DAY

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

FELIX (CONT'D)

This way.

FLIP

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

FELIX

Tough Titty.

Walter follows as Felix leads Flip into the

ANGLE - DEN

FELIX (CONT'D)

Take a seat.

Felix sets Flip down on a chair.

WALTER

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

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

FLIP

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

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

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

INT. UNMARKED CAR - DAY

RON STALLWORTH  
Shit.

He turns the ignition and drives forward.

INT. DEN - FELIX'S HOUSE - DAY

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

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

FELIX  
Lower your Arm right here.

FLIP  
Felix, this is lame bullshit.

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

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

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

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

FELIX  
Siddown.

EXT. FELIX'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY

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

INT. DEN - FELIX'S HOUSE - DAY

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

FELIX

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

Walter is still banging away at the door.

WALTER (O.S.)

Let me in!

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

FELIX

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

FLIP

Stallworth.

FELIX

Let me see your Dick.

Flip starts to unzip his pants and smiles.

FLIP

You like pretty Dicks Felix?

FELIX

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

FLIP

You tryin' to suck my Jew Dick?  
Faggot.

FELIX

Who you callin' a Faggot, Jew?

FELIX

Y'know what I think?

FLIP

You think?

FELIX

I think a lot.

FLIP

What do you think about?

FELIX

I think this Holocaust stuff never happened.

FLIP

What?

FELIX

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

CLOSE - FLIP

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

FLIP

Are you High?

FELIX

I don't get High. I drink.

FLIP

Haven't seen the Footage.

FELIX

Fake. Jews run Hollywood.

EXT. FELIX'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY

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

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

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



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

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

EXT. FRONT LAWN - FELIX'S HOUSE - DAY

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

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

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

FELIX  
Almost got 'im.

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

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

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

ANGLE - STREET

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

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

INT. UNMARKED CAR - DAY

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

INT. SERGEANT TRAPP'S OFFICE - CSPD - DAY

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

SGT. TRAPP

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

RON STALLWORTH

Is he gonna hear about it, Sarge?

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

INT. INTELLIGENCE UNIT - CSPD - DAY

ANGLE - HALLWAY

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

FLIP

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

RON STALLWORTH

And he didn't.

FLIP

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

RON STALLWORTH

Flip, it's Intel.

FLIP

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

RON STALLWORTH

This is the Job. What's your problem?

FLIP

Ron, you're my problem.

RON STALLWORTH

How's that?

FLIP

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

They stop walking.

RON STALLWORTH

Why haven't you bought into this?

FLIP

Why should I?

RON STALLWORTH

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

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

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

FLIP  
What?

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

Flip understands now. He glares at Ron.

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

FLIP  
Of course it does.

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

FLIP  
That's my Damn Business!

RON STALLWORTH  
It's our Business.

Ron and Flip look at each other.

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

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

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

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

The Recording is interrupted by a PLEASANT-SOUNDING MAN.

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

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

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

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

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

RON STALLWORTH  
Thank you. Who am I speaking with?

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

Ron has Died and gone to Heaven.

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

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

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

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

RON STALLWORTH  
Really? National Director too?

DEVIN DAVIS(O.S.)  
Really.

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

DEVIN DAVIS  
Are there any other kind?

INT. KKK NATIONAL OFFICE - DAY

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

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

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

INTERCUT RON WITH DEVIN DAVIS:

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

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

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

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

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

INT. CSPD - DAY

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

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

Landers marches on leaving Ron to contemplate.

INT. INTELLIGENCE UNIT - CSPD - DAY

Ron wires up Flip.

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

Flip is surprised.

FLIP  
How'd you know?

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

Flip ponders for a moment, then says.

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

RON STALLWORTH  
Yeah?

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

RON STALLWORTH  
Flip, why do you tolerate this?

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

Ron goes quiet.

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

RON STALLWORTH  
Yeah, reminds me of another Group.

Ron finished. Flip steps away buttoning his shirt.

EXT. OPEN FIELD - DAY

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

FELIX

Bullseye.

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

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

WALTER

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

FLIP

Fuckin' Fags everywhere these days.

Flip is still mostly focused on Felix and his crew.

WALTER

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

FLIP

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

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

WALTER

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

CLOSE - FLIP

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

FLIP

I've not seen those Macs before.

WALTER

Steve and Jerry.

FLIP

Yeah, who are they?

WALTER

That's classified.



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

CUT TO:

EXT. UNMARKED CAR - DAY

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

RON'S CAMERA POV - THE TWO MYSTERY MEN

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

CLOSE - RON BEHIND THE CAMERA

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

CUT TO:

EXT. OPEN FIELD - DAY

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

FLIP  
Gezzus H. Christ!

The Targets are...

THE OFFICIAL RUNNING NIGGER TARGET

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

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

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

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

Ivanhoe suddenly pipes up.

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

FELIX

Maybe you'll get dat Nigger next  
time.

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

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

KLANSMEN

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

IVANHOE

That's one deaaaaaad Jungle Bunny!!!

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

FELIX

Where'd you learn to shoot like that?

FLIP

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

Ivanhoe proceeds to teach Flip the Klanhandshake.

EXT. OPEN FIELD - DUSK

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

CLOSE - RON

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

EXT. CREEK - DAY

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

RON STALLWORTH

Bernie Casey's a Badd Brother.

PATRICE

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

RON STALLWORTH

...And Tamara Dobson played a Cop.

PATRICE

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

RON STALLWORTH

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

PATRICE

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

RON STALLWORTH

What if a Cop was trying to make  
things better.

PATRICE

From the inside?

RON STALLWORTH

Yeah, from the inside.

PATRICE

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

RON STALLWORTH

So just give up?

PATRICE

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

RON STALLWORTH

Can't you do that from the inside!

PATRICE

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

Ron gets frustrated. Patrice stops him.

PATRICE (CONT'D)

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

RON STALLWORTH

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

PATRICE

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

RON STALLWORTH

Because we're not there yet!

PATRICE

Well, I'm tired of waiting!

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

RON STALLWORTH

Shaft or Superfly?

PATRICE

What?

RON STALLWORTH

Pick one, Shaft or Superfly?

PATRICE

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

RON STALLWORTH

Richard Roundtree or Ron O'Neal?

PATRICE

Richard Roundtree. Pimps Ain't No Heroes.

RON STALLWORTH

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

PATRICE

That image does damage to Our People.

RON STALLWORTH

JESUS CHRIST!!! Give it a rest.

PATRICE

I can't you JIVE TURKEY.

They both LAUGH.

INT. RON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

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

FELIX

Wrong address.

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

PATRICE

Who was that?

Ron watches Felix drive away.

RON STALLWORTH

Nobody.

INT. KITCHEN - FELIX'S HOUSE - NIGHT

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

FLIP

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

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

FELIX

You got a Twin.

Everyone goes quiet looking at Flip.

FLIP

What?

FELIX

You got a Twin.

FLIP

Twin what?

FELIX

A Twin-Twin and ya Twin is a NIGGER.

Flip looks dumbfounded. Felix nears him.

FELIX (CONT'D)

Looked in the Phone Book and went over what I thought was your place and found a Nig there.

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

FLIP

My number's unlisted.

Felix just continues to stare.

FLIP (CONT'D)

What address did you go to?

FELIX

Over on... Bluestem Lane.

FLIP

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

FELIX

So you don't know that Nigger?

FLIP

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

Everyone laughs. Felix finally cracks a grin.

FLIP (CONT'D)

1813 South 21st Street. Come by sometime we'll have a Coors.

Ivanhoe and Flip clink cans.

FELIX

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

FLIP

That Fuckin' Cunt.

FELIX

Like to close those Monkey Lips permanently.

FLIP

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

Everyone laughs, agreeing.

EXT. RON'S APARTMENT - DAY

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

INT. INTELLIGENCE UNIT - CSPD - DAY

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

FLIP

Are you Fucking kidding me?

RON STALLWORTH

What?

FLIP

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

RON STALLWORTH

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

FLIP

Nice one.

RON STALLWORTH  
Is Patrice a Target?

FLIP  
Maybe.

Ron goes quiet, concerned.

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

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

Ron SLAPS the photo of Steve and Jerry.

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

Ron SLAPS photos of Felix, Ivanhoe, Connie.

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

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

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

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

Flip looks at Ron, amazed.

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

RON STALLWORTH  
Oh Hell yeah!!!

Ron SLAPS The Large Photo of Devin Davis.



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

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

CLOSE on the card as Flip reads it.

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

RON STALLWORTH  
That's us The Stallworth Boys.

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

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

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

OMITTED.

OMITTED.

EXT. FREEDOM HOUSE - DAY

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

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

THE FLYER (RON'S POV)

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

2 SHOT - PATRICE AND RON

RON STALLWORTH  
Where'd you find them?

PATRICE

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

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

PATRICE (CONT'D)

Do you think this is Real?

RON STALLWORTH

It's Real.

ANGLE - STREET

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

PATRICE

This is intimidation.

RON STALLWORTH

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

PATRICE

Me?

RON STALLWORTH

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

PATRICE

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

RON STALLWORTH

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

ODETTA

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

HAKEEM

Way too Cool!

RON STALLWORTH

Maybe the both of you should call The  
Cops.

HAKHEEM

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

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

EXT. WINDING ROAD - HILLSIDE - NIGHT

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

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

INT. IVANHOE'S CAR - WINDING ROAD - NIGHT

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

IVANHOE

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

FLIP

Must be quite a sight.

IVANHOE

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

They ride in silence for a moment.

FLIP

A lot of these Guys in The Army?

IVANHOE

Yeah, even got a few in Active Duty.

FLIP

Just finished my Second Tour in Nam.

Ivanhoe's eyes light up.

IVANHOE

Oh yeah? Know anything about C-4?

FLIP

Enough to make shit BLOW UP.

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

CUT TO:

EXT. OPPOSITE HILLSIDE - NIGHT

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

RON STALLWORTH  
Send another one.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOP OF THE HILL - HILLSIDE - NIGHT

Another Patrol Car passes.

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

EXT. TOP OF THE HILL - HILLSIDE - NIGHT

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

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

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

FELIX  
That makes Three Piggy Wiggys.

Everyone stops what they're doing.

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

CUT TO:

EXT. OPPOSITE HILLSIDE - NIGHT

RON LOOKING THROUGH THE BINOCULARS

lowers them, grins to himself.

RON STALLWORTH  
Good job, Men.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOP OF THE HILL - HILLSIDE - NIGHT

THE PICKUP TRUCKS

Peeling out, heading back down The Hill.

EXT. PATRICE'S HOUSE - DAY

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

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

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

DEVIN DAVIS

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

RON STALLWORTH

That surprises me.

DEVIN DAVIS

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

Ron gives a "This Is Crazy!" Look.

DEVIN DAVIS

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

RON STALLWORTH

Sounds like she was a Mammy to you.

DEVIN DAVIS

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

RON STALLWORTH

You were Scarlett and she was Mammy.

DEVIN DAVIS

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

RON STALLWORTH

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

DEVIN DAVIS

Well said Ron.

RON STALLWORTH

I knew a Nigger once.

DEVIN DAVIS

Didja?

RON STALLWORTH

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

DEVIN DAVIS

How'd he get that nickname?

RON STALLWORTH

He loved his Mama's Butter Biscuits.

DEVIN DAVIS

Yum Yum!!!

RON STALLWORTH

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

INT. DEVIN DAVIS'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Davis laughs.

DEVIN DAVIS

That's rich.

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

RON STALLWORTH

Ain't it.

DEVIN DAVIS

Your Father sounds like a Terrific Man.

RON STALLWORTH

Thanks, Buddy.

DEVIN DAVIS

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

RON STALLWORTH

Amen.

DEVIN DAVIS

For America to Achieve our Greatness... again.

RON STALLWORTH

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

DEVIN DAVIS

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

RON STALLWORTH

You'll be in Colorado Springs?

DEVIN DAVIS

You bet your Mayflower Society Ass I will.

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

INT. COLORADO COLLEGE LIBRARY - NIGHT

Patrice sits in front of a MICROFILM READER.

CLOSE UP - PATRICE

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

INT. CSPD INTELLIGENCE UNIT - DAY

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

WALTER (O.S.)

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



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

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

RON STALLWORTH  
That would be quite an Honor.

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

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

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

OMITTED

INT. UNMARKED CAR - NIGHT

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

INT. FELIX'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

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

The Room is Silent.

FELIX  
We just met this Guy.

IVANHOE

He just walked in off the street.

FELIX

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

WALTER

I will vouch for Ron.

All eyes turn to Flip.

FLIP

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

INT. UNMARKED CAR - NIGHT

Ron on headphones squints, WORRIED, saying to himself.

RON STALLWORTH

El Paso, Flip, El Paso...

INT. FELIX'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

WALTER

Dallas? I thought it was El Paso.

The rest of the Chapter Members are paying attention now.

FLIP

Did I say Dallas?

WALTER

You sure did.

FELIX

Ron which One is it?

IVANHOE

Make up your mind.

The whole Room waits.

FLIP

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

They buy it. We think.

IVANHOE

Dallas, where they killed that Nigger Lover Kennedy.

FELIX  
Where you learned that?

IVANHOE  
I can read.

The Chapter chatters in agreement.

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

Collective moans.

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

IVANHOE  
And Big Spic Teets!!!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sgt. Trapp covers his Mouth.

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

RON STALLWORTH  
How so?

DEVIN DAVIS

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

Sgt. Trapp is doubled over now.

RON STALLWORTH

Any examples?

DEVIN DAVIS

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

RON STALLWORTH

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

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

RON STALLWORTH (CONT'D)

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

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

RON STALLWORTH (CONT'D)

You okay?

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

RON STALLWORTH (CONT'D)

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

DEVIN DAVIS

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

RON STALLWORTH

You too, Sir. God Bless White America.

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

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

INT. FELIX'S HOUSE - DAY

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

RON STALLWORTH (CONT'D)  
Hello?

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

Ron quickly cups The Receiver.

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

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

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

EXT. BACKYARD - FELIX'S HOUSE - DAY

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

INT. FELIX'S STORM SHELTER - DAY

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

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

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

Flip finds an empty Crate, Squats.

Felix stands underneath a single hanging Light-Bulb.

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

Felix lets that hang in The Air for a moment.

FELIX (CONT'D)  
Who's packing tonight?

Ivanhoe goes upside his head with his handgun.

IVANHOE

I'm packed.

One by one, Brothers brandish Weapons. Except Flip.

FELIX (CONT'D)

Where's your Piece, Ron?

FLIP

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

The Chapter Members laugh teasingly.

FELIX

I got ya covered.

FLIP

Won't happen again.

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

FELIX (CONT'D)

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

FLIP

What's gonna happen next Sunday?

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

FELIX

The War is gonna come to us.

FLIP

Fuck ya'.

Felix grins.

IVANHOE

Looks like we got ourselves another Soldier.

FELIX

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

IVANHOE

And give it a name.

INT. FELIX'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - NIGHT

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



CONNIE

Honey, you ever have second thoughts?

FELIX

About what?

CONNIE

Killin' 'em.

FELIX

Never think twice about Killin'  
Niggers.

CONNIE

Won't be able to take it back.

FELIX

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

CONNIE

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

Felix sits up, reflecting, proud and determined.

FELIX

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

Felix sits up raising his hand like Martin Luther King.

FELIX (CONT'D)

Free at last! Free at Last! Thank God  
a'mighty - Free a' dem Niggers At  
Last!!!

They chuckle.

CONNIE

I love when you do that, Honey.

Connie looks into his eyes, also reflective.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

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

FELIX

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

She touches the side of his face, very loving.

CONNIE

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

FELIX

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

CONNIE  
The New Boston Tea Party.

FELIX

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

CONNIE

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

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

FELIX

Yes we are... Martha.

CONNIE

Indeed we are... George.

The Couple Kiss each other passionately.

OMITTED

OMITTED

INT. CSPD INTELLIGENCE UNIT - DAY

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

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

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

EXT. OLD ABANDONED BREWSTER'S FACTORY - DAY

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

ANGLE - BOTH CARS

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

MAN (O.S.)

Mr. Stallworth.

RON STALLWORTH

Agent... Y?

EXT. OLD ABANDONED BREWSTER'S FACTORY - DAY

AGENT Y  
Names of Chapter Members?

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

RON STALLWORTH  
What is this about?

Agent Y turns back.

AGENT Y  
Two Names on your list work at NORAD.

RON STALLWORTH  
The Two Mystery men. Steve and Jerry?

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

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

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

Agent Y slips Ron a folder full of Papers.

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

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

Agent Y takes a thoughtful pause.

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

RON STALLWORTH  
Klan...?

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

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

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

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

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

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

Agent Y walks to his car.

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

Agent Y gets in his car.

AGENT Y  
Federal Bureau of Investigation?

Ron just looks at him.

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

Agent Y drives off.

Felix and Flip are alone.

FELIX

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

FLIP

Thanks for sharing.

EXT. FREEDOM HOUSE, PORCH - DAY

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

RON STALLWORTH

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

PATRICE

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

RON STALLWORTH

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

PATRICE

Then we have to tell The People.

RON STALLWORTH

Not an option.

PATRICE

What's wrong with you?

RON STALLWORTH

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

PATRICE

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

RON STALLWORTH

I'm not a Cop.

Silence.

PATRICE

What are you, then?...

Ron takes a moment. Then...

RON STALLWORTH

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

PATRICE

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

RON STALLWORTH

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

PATRICE

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

RON STALLWORTH

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

PATRICE

I'd be doing something. Unlike you.

RON STALLWORTH

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

Patrice takes this in.



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

RON STALLWORTH  
Patrice...

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

Ron is silent.

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

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

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

OMITTED

INT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

Butch is on the phone.

BUTCH  
It's off.

INT. INTELLIGENCE UNIT - RON'S DESK - DAY

INTERCUT WITH BUTCH. Ron on the phone with Butch.

RON STALLWORTH  
The March?

BUTCH  
Yeah.

RON STALLWORTH  
What's going on?

BUTCH  
You'll know soon enough.

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

RON STALLWORTH  
Felix just said the March was  
cancelled.

FLIP  
Why?

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

SGT. TRAPP  
Could be all the Death Threats.

RON STALLWORTH  
They're used to that.

FLIP  
And there's been nothing more about  
explosives?

RON STALLWORTH  
No.

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

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

SGT. TRAPP  
Ron already has an assignment.

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

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

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

A Shockwave.

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

LANDERS

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

CHIEF BRIDGES

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

FLIP

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

RON STALLWORTH

A Clusterfuck.

CHIEF BRIDGES curls a smile.

CHIEF BRIDGES

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

Ron is quiet.

CHIEF BRIDGES (CONT'D)

Do you remember that?

LANDERS

Answer The Chief!

Ron goes at Landers.

RON STALLWORTH

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

CHIEF BRIDGES

Gentlemen.

LANDERS

Why you getting so worked up, Boy?

RON STALLWORTH

Who you callin' Boy?

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

CHIEF BRIDGES

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

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

INT. FELIX'S HOUSE/GARAGE - NIGHT

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

WALKER

Listen up. First, The Primary Target.

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

WALKER (CONT'D)

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

Walker hands the C4 to Felix.

WALKER

Be careful with that.

FELIX

Understand?

Felix hands the C4 to Connie.

CONNIE

I understand.

WALKER

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

Walker puts his Finger on the Toggle Switch.

WALKER (CONT'D)

...is flip this switch. That's it.  
Got it?

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

FELIX

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

WALKER

...And Barbecue Niggers.

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

FELIX

And what happens if that don't work?

WALKER

Plan B.

FELIX

Can you handle it, Honey?

CONNIE

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

He gives her a peck on the lips.

WALKER

Lovebirds. Get a Hotel Room.

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

IVANHOE

Can I feel it?

WALKER

No!!! No feel!!!

EXT. ANTLERS HOTEL - DAY

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

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

RON STALLWORTH

I'm Mr. Davis' Security Detail.

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

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

Ron steps forward, extending a hand.

RON STALLWORTH (CONT'D)

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

Davis smiles and shakes Ron's hand.

DEVIN DAVIS  
Detective, pleased to meet you.

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

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

WALTER  
Da Heck's going on here?

DEVIN DAVIS

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

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

RON STALLWORTH

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

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

DEVIN DAVIS

I appreciate your Professionalism.

OMITTED

OMITTED

OMITTED

EXT. STREETS - DAY

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

OMITTED

EXT. STEAKHOUSE - DAY

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

WALTER

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

INT. STEAKHOUSE - DAY

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



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

WALTER

Mr. Davis, our newest recruit, Ron Stallworth.

He shakes both of their Hands.

DEVIN DAVIS

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

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

FLIP

You as well.

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

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

ANGLE - STEAKHOUSE - DAY

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

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

FELIX

What's that doing here?

IVANHOE

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

DEVIN DAVIS

Everybody, it is time.

Felix stares at Ron, pondering the door meeting.

FELIX

You stay here. Ya hear?

INT. WAITING ROOM - STEAKHOUSE - DAY

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

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

JESSE

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

Jesse stands tall, beaming. Flip wipes his brow.

JESSE (CONT'D)

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

Jesse allows for a dramatic pause. Davis addresses them.

DEVIN DAVIS

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

Flip and the others stand strong and ready.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Hoods on, Gentlemen.

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

INT. STEAKHOUSE/KITCHEN AREA - DAY

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

INT. STEAKHOUSE/STORAGE ROOM - DAY

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

INT. FREEDOM HOUSE - DAY

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

PATRICE

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

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - STEAKHOUSE - DAY - INTERCUT

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

DEVIN DAVIS(O.S.)

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

The Inductees align themselves in a row.

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

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. FREEDOM HOUSE - NIGHT

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

JEROME TURNER

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

CUT BACK TO:

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - STEAKHOUSE - DAY

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

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

Jesse Washington was a friend of mine. He was Seventeen, I was Eighteen. He was what they called back then, Slow. Today it's called Mentally Retarded.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. FREEDOM HOUSE - DAY

CLOSE - JEROME TURNER

JEROME TURNER (CONT'D)

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

CUT TO:

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - STEAKHOUSE - DAY

CLOSE - DEVIN DAVIS

DEVIN DAVIS

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

Silence. Then...

DEVIN DAVIS (CONT'D)

Ron Stallworth, come forward.

CUT TO:

INT. STEAKHOUSE/STORAGE ROOM - DAY

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

CUT TO:

INT. FREEDOM HOUSE - DAY

CLOSE - JEROME TURNER

JEROME TURNER

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

CLOSE - 3 SHOT - PATRICE, ODETTA, HAKEEM

CLOSE - JEROME TURNER

JEROME TURNER (CONT'D)

I knew I had to hide.

CUT TO:

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - STEAKHOUSE - DAY

DEVIN DAVIS

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

Flip is breathing hard.

FLIP

Yes.

DEVIN DAVIS

Yes, what?

FLIP

I am a White, Non-Jewish American Citizen.

CUT TO:

INT. FREEDOM HOUSE - DAY

CLOSE - PATRICE

Tears roll down her face.

JEROME TURNER (V.O.)

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

CLOSE - JEROME TURNER

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - STEAKHOUSE - DAY

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

DEVIN DAVIS

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

INT. STEAKHOUSE/STORAGE ROOM - DAY

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

JEROME TURNER (V.O.)

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

CUT TO:

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - STEAKHOUSE - DAY

CLOSE - Flip stands there holding in his emotions.

INT. FREEDOM HOUSE - DAY

CLOSE - JEROME TURNER

JEROME TURNER (CONT'D)

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

DEVIN DAVIS (O.S.)

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

CUT TO:

PHOTOS OF THE LYNCHING OF JESSE WASHINGTON

Horrific, Barbaric, Simply Unreal!

CUT TO:

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - STEAKHOUSE - DAY

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

DEVIN DAVIS (CONT'D)

In Mind, in Body, in Spirit.

Davis sprinkles Water on each Inductee.

CUT TO:

INT. FREEDOM HOUSE - DAY

More Lynching Photos!!!

JEROME TURNER (V.O.)

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

CUT BACK TO:

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - STEAKHOUSE - DAY

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

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

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

INT. FREEDOM HOUSE - DAY

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

INT. FREEDOM HOUSE - NIGHT

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

INT. STEAKHOUSE/STORAGE ROOM - DAY

Ron sees Flip's Ceremony completed and goes downstairs.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - STEAKHOUSE - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

CLOSE - RON

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



OMITTED

INT. BANQUET ROOM - STEAKHOUSE - DAY

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

WALTER

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

Davis steps to the podium raising his glass.

DEVIN DAVIS

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

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

DEVIN DAVIS (CONT'D)

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

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

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

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

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

CLOSE - RON'S POV - CONNIE

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

FELIX

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

They shake hands in the traditional Klan manner.

DEVIN DAVIS  
The Honor is Mine.

CLOSE - WALKER

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

CLOSE - WALKER'S POV - FLIP

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

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

WALKER  
He's a Cop.

FELIX  
Who?

WALKER  
That Guy.

Felix looks at Flip.

FELIX  
Ron?

WALKER  
No, the other Guy.

Walker is talking about Flip too.

FELIX  
Ron's a Cop?

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

FELIX  
Who's Phillip?

Walker looks at Flip as he speaks to Davis.

WALKER  
Who's Ron, that's Phillip.

FELIX  
What the Fuck are you talking about?

WALKER

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

Flip eating with Davis.

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

Felix is shocked.

FELIX  
What!

WALKER  
Yeah, he's a Fuckin' Pig.

FELIX  
What's his name?

WALKER  
Phillip Zimmerman.

FELIX  
Isn't that a Jew name?

WALKER  
I don't know... probably.

FELIX  
So Ron Stallworth is a Fucking Jew.

WALKER  
Coulda' been worse.

Felix looks at him.

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

Felix thinks to himself, then looks over at

RON

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

FELIX

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

FELIX  
He's a Nigger.

Walker turns to Felix.

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

WALKER

Let's tell Davis.

Walker starts to rise, Felix lowers him back.

FELIX

Not now, I'll find the moment.

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

RON STALLWORTH

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

Ron holds up a Polaroid Camera.

RON STALLWORTH (CONT'D)

Care to take a Photo with me?

Davis laughs, looking around the table.

DEVIN DAVIS

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

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

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

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

CLOSE - RON

then turns to Flip.

RON STALLWORTH

You mind taking it, Sir?

ANGLE - ROOM

Flip nods and Ron hands him The Polaroid Camera.

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

RON (CONT'D)

One... Two... Three!

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

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

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

DEVIN DAVIS

Nigger, What the Fuck did you just do?

RON STALLWORTH

If you lay one Finger on me, I'll arrest you for assaulting a Police Officer. That's worth about Five Years in Prison. Try me. See if I'm playing.

The Room falls into Dead Silence. Klansmen mouths hang open, watching their Leaders threatened by a DETECTIVE NIGGER. Davis gives Ron the most vicious look imaginable.

Ron stares back. It's a SHOWDOWN. Several Men in the Room have their hands at their Waists, seconds away from drawing their Guns.

Ron can do only one thing: he smiles.

RON STALLWORTH (CONT'D)

Thanks for the Photo, Mr. Davis. Big Fan. God Bless WHITE AMERICA.

Davis shakes his Head in Disgust.

Bikers and others surround Ron. Flip looks wary knowing something is up. He gets in Ron's face, threatening.

FLIP

Boy you get ya' ass out NOW!

Ron breaks off from the roomful of disdain cutting through the watching Crowd pushing past Bodies heading toward the front door. Suddenly, Ron's arm is grabbed...

FELIX (O.S.)

Where's your Patrice?

Ron turns finding Felix holding his arm.

FELIX  
Detective Stallworth!

Ron JERKS his arm away heading to the exit.

EXT. STEAKHOUSE/PARKING LOT - DAY

Ron rushes through the Lot hopping in his unmarked Car.

INT. RON'S CAR - DAY

Ron throws the Car into gear. He Yells into his Radio.

RON STALLWORTH  
Attention all Units. Be on the  
lookout for a White Pickup with a  
"White Pride" Bumper Sticker. License  
plate: KE-4108.

Ron guns it down the street.

RON STALLWORTH  
Request Backup. FREEDOM HOUSE.

INT. STEAKHOUSE - DAY

Walker and Felix sit on both sides of Flip. Flip grins at them, then does a double take at Walker, who stares at him.

FELIX  
Ron, I believe you know my friend.

Flip stares at Walker playing it totally cool.

FLIP  
No, I don't believe we've ever met.

WALKER  
It's been a few years.

FLIP  
No, sorry, I can't place you.

DEVIN DAVIS  
Did you Guys go to School together?

WALKER  
No, I went to a Private School in  
Leavenworth, Kansas.

FELIX  
Isn't that where the Prison is?



WALKER  
Matter a fact it is.

Walker looks at Flip, who says nothing.

FELIX  
You know something about that. Don't  
you, Flip?

Felix's eyes burn into Flip, who doesn't flinch. Suddenly,  
Josh the Waiter interrupts.

JOSH  
There's an emergency phone call in  
the Lobby for a -- Felix Kendrickson.

Felix rises.

FELIX  
Don't say another word.  
I'll be right back. Flip.

Felix walks off. Walker watches him leave turning to Flip,  
who plays it cool. A confused Davis observes it all.

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY - INTERCUT

ANGLE - FREEDOM HOUSE

Across the street from the Freedom House, a nervous Connie is  
on the phone clearly rattled.

CONNIE  
Jesus! They've got Cops everywhere  
here! Somebody tipped them off.

A Police Cruiser drives past.

CONNIE (CONT'D)  
My God there goes another one!

INT. STEAKHOUSE - LOBBY - DAY - INTERCUT

Felix talks to her from the Lobby of The Steakhouse trying to  
keep their conversation private.

FELIX  
All right, calm down, we planned for  
this. We'll go to Plan B. Okay?

CONNIE  
Okay... Plan B.

FELIX

You can do this. All right. I'll be  
right there.

CONNIE  
All right... Love You.

Dial tone. Felix has already hung up. She hangs up.

INT. STEAK HOUSE/LOBBY - DAY

Felix eyes Walker at the table with Flip and Davis. Felix waves to Walker. Ivanhoe sees Felix and rushes to join them.

WALKER  
Excuse me Mister Davis.

Walker reluctantly leaves.

DEVIN DAVIS  
What was all that about? And why did he keep calling you Flip?

FLIP  
We were in Prison together. Years ago. It's an inside joke.

Davis nods, concerned.

DEVIN DAVIS  
I hope everything's all right?

FLIP  
Yeah, but I think he may have violated his Parole. Excuse me...

Flip stands watching Felix and Gang exit the Steakhouse.

EXT. ACADEMY BOULEVARD - DAY

Ron's Car weaves in between Traffic driving like crazy.

EXT. FREEDOM HOUSE - DAY

Ron zooms up to Freedom House SCREECHING to a stop! The event is over. There are a few people outside conversing after the event. Ron sees Hakeem and jumps out of the car.

RON STALLWORTH  
Where's Patrice???

HAKEEM  
Patrice and Odetta took Mister Hopkins to his Hotel.

Ron jumps back in his Ride and burns rubber heading to Patrice's place!

INT. IVANHOE'S CAR - DAY

Ivanhoe speeds toward Patrice's House with Felix in the passenger seat and Walker hovering over them in the rear.

OMITTED

EXT. PATRICE'S HOUSE - DAY

Connie drives up. She sits there for a long moment staring at Patrice's House. Connie decides. She gets out of the Car carrying her purse. She looks like an Avon lady coming to call. She walks up on Patrice's porch looking around. She carefully sets

CLOSE - HER PURSE

down by a pillar on the porch and slowly removes the Bomb. She opens the mailbox to place the Bomb. She nervously flips the toggle switch when she sees...

ANGLE - STREET

Patrice drives up. Flustered, Connie grabs her purse to put the Bomb back inside while looking at Patrice and Odetta getting out of the Car and getting Groceries from the trunk.

Patrice talks to Odetta, not noticing Connie. Connie quickly leaves the porch striding to her car sweating, crazy nervous. Patrice and Odetta talk, entering her House.

CLOSE - CONNIE

briskly moves toward the rear of Patrice's Car.

ANGLE - STREET

Ron whips around the corner seeing Connie through the windshield! He SCREECHES to a stop!

Connie tries to nonchalantly head back to her vehicle.

Ron jumps out the car yelling!

RON STALLWORTH  
CSPD! Stay where you are!

Connie looks back at Ron, increasing her pace.

RON STALLWORTH(CONT'D)  
Don't move!!!

Connie breaks into a run. Ron dashes after her grabbing her as she opens the Pick Up Truck door.

RON STALLWORTH (CONT'D)  
Where's that Bomb? Did you place it!

The Two fight as she SCREAMS, scratching and clawing at Ron. The Fight moves from the Pick Up Truck as he throws her down on the grass of a near by lawn, subduing the SCREAMING Connie.

RON STALLWORTH (CONT'D)  
Where is it!!!

Ron reaches back for his handcuffs...

CSPD OFFICER BRICKHOUSE  
Freeze!

Ron looks right and OFFICER BRICKHOUSE has his Gun pointed at him. Then looks left finding OFFICER MYERS, also White, 30's, has his revolver aimed at him.

CSPD OFFICER BRICKHOUSE (CONT'D)  
Get off her!

Ron slowly rises up off Connie, gradually turning to them. With his hands raised you can see Ron's shoulder holster and 38 CALIBER SNUB-NOSE. Officer Myers sees it!

CSPD OFFICER MYERS  
He's got a Gun!

RON STALLWORTH  
I'm a Cop! I'm a COP!!!

Connie springs up from the lawn! Pleading like crazy to the cops!

CONNIE  
He attacked me! That Nigger attacked me, he tried to Rape me! Arrest him!

Myers and Brickhouse look at each other, unsure.

RON STALLWORTH  
I'm Undercover!!!

CSPD OFFICER BRICKHOUSE  
Show me your badge!

Ron goes to reach in his pocket but the two Officers make aggressive moves with their Guns! Ron catches himself! He doesn't want to get shot! He decides to just tell them.

RON STALLWORTH  
It's in my pocket.

CONNIE

You gonna believe this lying Nigger  
or me?

CSPD OFFICER MYERS

Get on the ground!

RON STALLWORTH

I'm a Cop goddammit! She's got a  
Bomb! She's a Terrorist!

CSPD OFFICER MYERS

Get on the ground NOW!!!

Ron slowly lowers down to his knees and the two Cops push him  
face down on the street! Felix drives up with Ivanhoe and  
Walker in the back seat.

ANGLE - STREET

Felix has pulled up next to Patrice's Volkswagen Beetle.

INT./EXT. CAR - DAY

FELIX

Gimme' a detonator.

Walker unzips his Bag quickly handing a Detonator to Felix.

ANGLE - DOWN THE STREET

Ron yells at the Cops trying to explain!

RON STALLWORTH

THAT WOMAN HAS A BOMB SHE'S TRYING TO  
BLOW THAT HOUSE UP!

ANGLE - PATRICE'S HOUSE

Patrice hearing the commotion steps out on the porch with  
Odetta.

Ivanhoe sees Patrice on the porch.

IVANHOE

There she is! Do it!

ANGLE - DOWN THE STREET

RON STALLWORTH

PATRICE!

Officer Myers jabs Ron in the Belly with his Nightstick. Ron  
doubles over.

CLOSE - PATRICE

PATRICE  
Ron???

CLOSE - FELIX

FELIX  
You're Dead Black Bitch.

ANGLE - PATRICE'S HOUSE

Patrice looks at Felix.

CLOSE - RON

recovering from the blow SCREAMS to her!

RON STALLWORTH  
RUN!!! RUN!!! RUN!!!

ANGLE - STREET

Connie finally sees Felix in the car. Felix sees her, nods. She then sees that they are parked... NEXT TO PATRICE'S CAR!!! Connie runs to Felix, screaming!

CONNIE  
NO!!! FELIX!!! NO!!! FELIX!!!

Felix pushes the Button!

THE BOMB

is attached to the inside of the wheel well of Patrice's car.

PATRICE'S CAR

EXPLODES! THEN IT BLOWS UP FELIX'S CAR NEXT TO IT!!! A double explosion!!! THE IMPACT BLOWS OUT WINDOWS EVERYWHERE! Patrice and Odetta are knocked to the ground. Connie is hurled to the street! Glass and car parts flying! Ron and the Cops are ROCKED by the force of the HUGE BLAST!

THE TWO CARS TOTALLY DESTROYED! ENGULFED IN FLAMES!!!

Connie on her knees on the street, weeping!

RON STILL HANDCUFFED

through the smoke and flames is able to make eye contact with Patrice, on the steps of her porch. She is shaken but all right. SIRENS in the distance heading toward them!

ANGLE - STREET

Flip drives up in a fury and jumps out and holds up his  
BADGE.

FLIP  
Hey, you fucking idiots!!! We're  
undercover.

Officers Brickhouse and Myers lower their guns.

CLOSE - RON STALLWORTH

RON STALLWORTH  
YOU'RE LATE.

CLOSE - FLIP

Flip smiles.

OMITTED

OMITTED

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

The place is full of Off Duty Cops and their Girlfriends, a few Wives but mainly Cops drinking and having a good time. Ron is in the corner talking with Patrice. They are sharing a drink looking very intimate. Ron sees something.

RON STALLWORTH  
Jeezus Christ.

PATRICE  
What?

RON STALLWORTH  
Your Boyfriend.

Patrice turns and sees.

PATRICE  
Oh My God.

Master Patrolman Landers nears them with a Beer in his hand.

LANDERS  
Who's da' Soul Sistah, Stallworth?  
You been holding out on me.

Patrice stares at him with contempt.

PATRICE  
You don't remember me do you?

Landers stares at her.



PATRICE (CONT'D)

Kwame Ture.

Landers doesn't know who that is.

PATRICE (CONT'D)

Stokely Carmichael.

LANDERS

Oh Yeah, Yeah, you looked good that night but you look even better now.

PATRICE

How often do you do that to Black People?

LANDERS

Do what?

PATRICE

Pull us over for nothing. Harass us. Put your hands all over a Woman in the guise of searching her. Call us everything but A Child of God.

LANDERS

I don't know what you're talking about.

RON STALLWORTH

It's like what I told you. He just likes taking advantage but in the end he's All Hat and No Cattle.

Landers looks around then leans in close to Patrice and Ron. He speaks softly issuing a deadly threat.

LANDERS

Let me tell you both something, I've been keeping you People in line in this City for years. What I did to your Girl that night, I can do to any of you, Anytime, Anyplace. That's my prerogative. I can even Bust a Cap in ya Black Ass if I feel like it and nuthin' will be done about it. Get it? Wish the both of you got blown up instead of Good White Folks.

Master Patrolman Landers raises up.

RON STALLWORTH

Ohhh, I get it.

Ron looks at Patrice.

RON STALLWORTH (CONT'D)  
You get it, Patrice?

PATRICE  
Oh, I totally and completely get it.

Landers looks confused with their response.

RON STALLWORTH  
Good.

Ron turns toward the Bar and shouts.

RON STALLWORTH (CONT'D)  
You get it, Flip?

Behind the Bar, Flip leans out from the back room waving to Ron wearing Headphones recording The Conversation.

FLIP  
Oh, We got it! We got it all!

Ron stands removing his Shirt revealing The Wire he is wearing. Master Patrolman Landers is in shock.

RON STALLWORTH  
You get it, Chief?

Sgt. Trapp appears taking the Beer from Landers' hand turning him around putting Handcuffs on him. Chief Bridges comes from the back nearing Landers. The two lock eyes.

CHIEF BRIDGES  
Oh, I really, really get it. You're under arrest for Police Misconduct, Sexual Misconduct and Police Brutality.

Sgt. Trapp and the Chief usher Master Patrolman Landers, who is babbling like a Fool out of The Bar reading him his rights.

INT. INTELLIGENCE UNIT - CSPD - DAY

Ron, walking taller than usual, steps inside The Unit. Some of his Colleagues notice and give him a Low-Key Ovation. At his Desk is Flip, who is in Great Spirits.

FLIP  
There he is... Man of the Minute.

RON STALLWORTH  
... not an Hour?

Ron smiles, gives Fives all around. They all share a laugh.

FLIP (CONT'D)

That Polaroid Stunt you pulled? When you threw your Arms around them, I swear to God I almost Shit myself!

RON STALLWORTH

Told you, Ron was born ready.

FLIP

Born ready is Ron.

Sgt. Trapp steps out of his Office.

SGT. TRAPP

There's The Crazy Son of a Bitch!!!

Trapp gives Ron a Bear Hug.

SGT. TRAPP (CONT'D)

You did good.

RON STALLWORTH

Sarge. We did good.

Ron and Flip eyes meet, bonded.

SGT. TRAPP

Chief wants to see you Guys.

Flip nudges Ron.

FLIP

Hey... early promotion?

Ron smiles.

INT. OFFICE OF THE CHIEF OF POLICE - DAY

Ron, Flip, and Sgt. Trapp sit opposite Chief Bridges.

CHIEF BRIDGES

Again, I can't commend you enough for what you've achieved. You know there was not a Single Cross Burning the entire time you were involved?

RON STALLWORTH

I'm aware.

CHIEF BRIDGES

But all good things must come to an end...

Sgt. Trapp shakes his head, resigned.

RON STALLWORTH  
What does that mean?

Ron and Flip look at each other, stunned.

CHIEF BRIDGES  
Budget Cuts.

FLIP  
Budget Cuts?

CHIEF BRIDGES  
Inflation... I wish I had a choice.  
My hands are tied. Besides, it looks  
like there are no longer any tangible  
Threats...

RON STALLWORTH  
...Sounds like we did too good a job.

CHIEF BRIDGES  
Not a Bad Legacy to leave.

Bridges takes a deliberate pause. Then, THE Sucker Punch...

CHIEF BRIDGES (CONT'D)  
And I need you, Ron Stallworth, to  
destroy all Evidence of this  
Investigation.

RON STALLWORTH  
Excuse me?

FLIP  
This is total Horseshit.

CHIEF BRIDGES  
We prefer that The Public never knew  
about this Investigation.

Ron and Flip are heated. Sgt. Trapp is silent but gutted.

RON STALLWORTH  
If they found out...

CHIEF BRIDGES  
...Cease all further contact with The  
Ku Klux Klan. Effective immediately.  
That goes for Flip too. Ron  
Stallworth...

RON STALLWORTH  
This is some Fucked up Bullshit.

CHIEF BRIDGES

Take a week off. Go on vacation with your Girlfriend. We'll hold down The Fort until you get back. Get you another assignment...Narcotics.

Ron storms out.

INT. INTELLIGENCE UNIT - CSPD - DAY

Ron reflects as he feeds Investigation documents in a Shredder. The documents shred into pieces. Just then, the Undercover Phone Line rings on Ron's desk.

Ron stares at the Phone, still ringing. He looks at The Documents in his hand, about to feed them into The Shredder. Ron stops. Throws The Documents in a Folder. Sweeps some Folders into his Briefcase. Leaves as The Phone still rings.

EXT. COLORADO SPRINGS POLICE DEPARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Ron is walking fast now, trying to make it out of The Building with The Evidence but he remembers something. He stops, turns back.

INT. INTELLIGENCE DIVISION - CSPD - DAY

Ron sits at his Desk, on The Undercover Phone Line. Flip, Jimmy and Sgt. Trapp are behind, both close enough to listen, giggling.

RON STALLWORTH

I'm sorry we didn't get to spend more One-on-One time together.

INT. DEVIN DAVIS OFFICE - DAY

INTERCUT RON, FLIP, AND TRAPP WITH DEVIN DAVIS:

DEVIN DAVIS

Well, that tragic event. I had just met those Fine Brothers in the cause.

RON STALLWORTH

Our Chapter is just shaken to the core. And poor Connie not only does she lose her Husband but she's facing a healthy Prison Sentence.

DEVIN DAVIS

My God. And then there was that one Nigger Detective who threatened me.

RON STALLWORTH  
Goddamn Coloreds sure know how to  
spoil a Celebration.

Flip and Jimmy snort. Ron holds in a Belly-Laugh.

DEVIN DAVIS  
Christ. You can say that again.

Ron cracks up into his Hand. Sgt. Trapp is wheezing-- his  
Face Bright Pink. Flip is laughing hard in the background.

RON STALLWORTH  
Can I ask you something? That Nigger  
Detective who gave you a hard time?  
Ever get his name?

DEVIN DAVIS  
No, I...

RON STALLWORTH  
...Are-uh you sure you don't know who  
he is? Are-uh you absolutely sure?

Davis looks at his Phone. Ron takes out his SMALL NOTE PAD  
out revealing a list of Racial epitaphs he had written down  
being on this Investigation. He reads from it to Davis on the  
phone.

ANGLE - SPLIT SCREEN

Ron Stallworth and Devin Davis.

RON STALLWORTH (CONT'D)  
Cuz' dat Niggah Coon, Gator Bait,  
Spade, Spook, Sambo, Spear Flippin',  
Jungle Bunny, Mississippi Wind  
Chime...Detective is Ron Stallworth  
you Redneck, Racist Peckerwood Small  
Dick Motherfucker!!!

CLICK. Ron SLAM DUNKS THE RECEIVER LIKE SHAQ.

CLOSE - DEVIN DAVIS

Devin Davis's Jaw Drops.

INT. INTELLIGENCE DIVISION - CSPD - DAY

THE WHOLE OFFICE EXPLODES IN LAUGHTER. COPS ARE ROLLING ON  
THE OFFICE FLOOR.

INT. RON'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Folders of Evidence sit on The Kitchen Table in a stack in front of Ron. He sips his Lipton Tea and removes from the files the

CLOSE - POLAROID

Ron hugged up, between Devin Davis and Jesse Nayyar. He then looks at The Klan Membership Card shifting in his hands, his gaze fixated on the words.

CLOSE - *Ron Stallworth*  
*KKK Member in Good Standing*

Patrice comes up from behind.

CLOSE - PATRICE

She pulls out a small handgun from her pocketbook.

2 - SHOT - PATRICE AND RON

PATRICE (O.S.)

Have you Resigned from The KKK?

RON STALLWORTH

Affirmative.

PATRICE

Have you handed in your Resignation as a Undercover Detective for The Colorado Springs Police Department?

RON STALLWORTH

Negative. Truth be told I've always wanted to be a Cop...and I'm still for The Liberation for My People.

PATRICE

My Conscience won't let me Sleep with The Enemy.

RON STALLWORTH

Enemy? I'm a Black Man that saved your life.

PATRICE

You're absolutely right, and I Thank you for it.

Patrice Kisses Ron on the cheek. Good Bye. WE HEAR a KNOCK on Ron's DOOR. Ron, who is startled, slowly rises. We HEAR another KNOCK.

QUICK FLASHES - of a an OLD TIME KLAN RALLY. Ron moves quietly to pull out his SERVICE REVOLVER from the COUNTER DRAWER. WE HEAR ANOTHER KNOCK on the DOOR. Patrice stands behind him.

QUICK FLASHES - BLACK BODY HANGING FROM A TREE (STRANGE FRUIT) Ron slowly moves to the DOOR. Ron has his SERVICE REVOLVER up and aimed ready to fire. Ron swings open the DOOR.





ANGLE - HALLWAY

CU - RON'S POV

WE TRACK DOWN THE EMPTY HALLWAY PANNING OUT THE WINDOW.

CLOSE - RON AND PATRICE

Looking in the distance: The Rolling Hills surrounding The Neighborhood lead towards Pike's Peak, which sits on the horizon like a King on A Throne.

WE SEE: Something Burning.

CLOSER-- WE SEE a CROSS, its Flames dancing, sending embers into The BLACK, Colorado Sky.

OMITTED

EXT. UVA CAMPUS - NIGHT

WE SEE FOOTAGE of NEO-NAZIS, ALT RIGHT, THE KLAN, NEO-CONFEDERATES AND WHITE NATIONALISTS MARCHING, HOLDING UP THEIR TIKI TORCHES, CHANTING.

AMERICAN TERRORISTS  
YOU WILL NOT REPLACE US!!!  
JEWS WILL NOT REPLACE US!!!  
BLOOD AND SOIL!!!

CUT TO BLACK.

FINI.