

# **BLACK <sub>k</sub> KLANSMAN**

Written by

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Based on The Book by Ron Stallworth

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Revisions By

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40 Acres And A Mule Filmworks Inc.  
Da Republic of Brooklyn, New York  
YA-DIG? SHO-NUFF  
BY ANY MEANS NECESSARY  
AND DAT'S DA BLACK POWER TRUTH, RUTH

1 FADE IN:

1

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.

RON STALLWORTH (V.O.)  
They may have lost the Battle but  
they didn't lose The War.

CUT TO:

A 1960'S EDUCATIONAL STYLE FILM

Shot on Grainy Black and White 16MM Reversal Film, The NARRATOR BOVREGARD, 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 Irticulation and intelligence.

BOVREGARD- KLAN NARRATOR  
Yes, Friends, We are under attack.  
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.

BOVREGARD- KLAN NARRATOR  
(V.O.)(CONT'D)  
The recent 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 Butler's, Porters and Maids.

BOVREGARD- 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.

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

CLOSE - BOVREGARD - KLAN NARRATOR

BOVREGARD- KLAN NARRATOR (CONT'D)  
Do you really want your precious  
White Child going to School with A  
Negro.

Footage of Black and White Children playing together,  
innocent.

Another Actor STONEWALL, KLAN CO-STAR, like the Narrator but  
younger, stands by a Large Screen and points with his finger  
at The Screen.

STONEWALL KLAN CO-STAR  
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 - BOVREGARD

BOVREGARD- KLAN NARRATOR  
...Stopping at nothing to gain  
Equality with The White Man.

FOOTAGE of Willie Best Stuttering and Muttering in Grand Ole  
Coon style. Klan Co-Star pointing at The Screen continuing  
his List.

STONEWALL KLAN CO-STAR  
Ape like, Backwards...

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

CLOSE - BOVREGARD - KLAN NARRATOR

BOVREGARD- KLAN NARRATOR  
 ...Craving The Virgin, Pure Flesh of  
 White Women.

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

Stonewall The Klan Co-Star continues his List.

STONEWALL- KLAN CO-STAR  
 Rapists, Murderers...

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.

CLOSE - BOVREGARD - KLAN NARRATOR

A Stereotype illustration of Jews controlling Negroes.

BOVREGARD- KLAN NARRATOR  
 ...and the Negro's insidious tactics  
 under the tutelage of High Ranking  
 Jews! Using an Army of outside...

Stonewall The Klan Co-Star continues.

STONEWALL- KLAN CO-STAR  
 ...Northern Black Beast Agitators...

Footage of Blacks Marching on Washington.

CLOSE - BOVREGARD - KLAN NARRATOR.

BOVREGARD- KLAN NARRATOR  
 ...determined to overthrow The God  
 Commanded and Biblically inspired  
 Rule of The White Race.

An image of an All-American White Nuclear Family.

The Klan Co-Star gives his Final Words.

KLAN CO-STAR  
 It's an International... Jewish...  
 Conspiracy.

The Corny Stinger of Music that goes with these Education and  
 Propaganda Films!

CUT TO:

2 EXT. COLORADO SPRINGS AREA - DAY 2

Superimposed: 1972

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.

RON STALLWORTH (V.O.)  
 Before I moved to Colorado Springs,  
 I never thought much about all these  
 Racial, Political things...I was  
 asleep...

U.S. Army Troops Marching in Formation near the Sign Entry to Fort Carson with Mountains in the background and the Entry to NORAD (North American Air Defense Command) at Cheyenne Mountain.

CLOSE - RON STALLWORTH

Black, 21, Handsome, Intelligent, sporting a good sized Afro, rebellious but straight laced by most 1970's standards gets out of his Ford Pinto staring at the cavernous opening to Norad.

RON STALLWORTH (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 ...not Woke but that would soon  
 change.

3 INT. COLORADO SPRINGS CITY OFFICES - DAY 3

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.

4 INT. PERSONNEL OFFICE - COLORADO SPRINGS POLICE DEPT - DAY 4

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

CHIEF TAGGERT  
 Would you call yourself a Womanizer?

RON STALLWORTH  
No Sir, I would not.

MR. WOODS  
Do you frequent Night Clubs?

RON STALLWORTH  
No Sir.

CHIEF TAGGERT  
Do you drink?

RON STALLWORTH  
On Special occasions, Sir.

MR. WOODS  
Have you ever done any Drugs?

RON STALLWORTH  
Only those prescribed by My Doctor,  
Sir.

Woods looks at The Chief.

MR. WOODS  
That's kind of rare these days for a  
young Hip Guy like you.

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

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

Mr. Woods jumps in, impatient.

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

Ron goes silent. Chief Taggert looks at him. Woods waits, Ron  
doesn't know how to respond, finally. Woods leans forward.

MR. WOODS (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. Woods lets this sink in.

MR. WOODS (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. WOODS

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. WOODS

Good. We think you might be The Man to open things up here. Chief Taggert here will be your Branch Rickey.

Ron looks at Chief Taggert.

CHIEF TAGGERT

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.

5	OMITTED	5
6	EXT. DOWNTOWN COLORADO SPRINGS - DAY	6

Ron in full Uniform walks The Beat. The Cap fits but creates Afro Puffs with his Hair which was the style back then. White Citizens pass him on the street smiling, some surprised, some leery of the sight. Ron nods, smiles to everyone.

7 INT. RECORDS ROOM - CSPD - DAY

7

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

OFFICER CLOUGHERTY

Ron...

Ron looks up from the filing. Officer Clougherty holds the Magazine up and shows a Photo to Ron.

OFFICER CLOUGHERTY (CONT'D)

Whatdoyouthink?

Ron looks at the Photo of the Actress Faye Dunaway.

RON STALLWORTH

Faye Dunaway. She was great in Bonnie and Clyde.

OFFICER CLOUGHERTY

Yeah, but ah, what you think?

RON STALLWORTH

She's a very good Actress.

OFFICER CLOUGHERTY

Y'know you want some of that.

Ron ignores it.

OFFICER CLOUGHERTY (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 CLOUGHERTY

He could only want one thing.

RON STALLWORTH

What would that be?

OFFICER CLOUGHERTY

You like acting dumb, Y'know.

RON STALLWORTH

No, I just like my questions to be answered.

A VOICE of a 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

Get me the record for this Toad named Raymond Jackson.

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

WHEATON

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.

8 INT. CSPD HALLWAY - DAY

8

Chief Taggert 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 Taggert and Sgt. Trapp both stop.

CHIEF TAGGERT

What Narcotics?

RON STALLWORTH

Whatever Department works, Sir.

SGT. TRAPP

You just joined The Force, Son.

RON STALLWORTH

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

SGT. TRAPP

How so?

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 Taggart, who stops, considering.

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

RON STALLWORTH  
Just trying to be of help, Sir.

RON STALLWORTH (CONT'D)  
Plus, I hate working in The Records room.

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

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

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

9 INT. RECORDS ROOM - CSPD - DAY

9

Ron behind the Counter. A SERGEANT MORRIS, White, Mid-30's, a regular guy but there is something dangerous there, steps up.

SGT. MORRIS  
Need a File on a Toad.

Ron doesn't respond.

SGT. MORRIS (CONT'D)  
You Deaf? I said I need info on a Toad.

RON STALLWORTH  
No Toads here.

SGT. MORRIS  
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.

Sgt. Morris scowls. Ron stares back at him, Eye to Eye.

SGT. MORRIS

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 Sgt. Morris takes The File, Ron puts his hand on it, stopping him.

RON STALLWORTH

Let me tell you something Sergeant. The day of the Toads in The Records Room is over. You want to find a Toad... go look in the water out at Rainbow Falls. They got them there.

Sgt. Morris snatches The File from the Counter and storms off. A Bad Ass Ron watches him go.

RON STALLWORTH (V.O.)

In reality, I didn't say anything.

CUT TO:

Here is THE ACTUAL EXCHANGE. Sgt. Morris gives a cocky sneer to Ron and SNATCHES the Folder from him.

RON STALLWORTH (V.O.)(CONT'D)

I did it the Jackie Robinson Way and swallowed Racial Justice for The Bigger goal of keeping The Peace and moving The Baserunner around The Bases... but I wanted to lay his Ass out but I pushed my anger down, kept it to myself.

The Sergeant struts away. Ron watches shaking inside with Rage.

RON STALLWORTH (V.O.)(CONT'D)

It's No wonder Jackie died at Age 53, hair White as Snow. God Bless His Soul.

10 INT. RON'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

10

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

RON STALLWORTH

Hello.

CHIEF TAGGERT (O.S.)

It's Taggert. You sleeping?

RON STALLWORTH

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

CHIEF TAGGERT (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.

11 INT. CSPD - NARCOTICS DIVISION - DAY

11

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 TAGGERT

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

CHIEF TAGGERT

Stallworth.

CLOSE - CHUCK

late 20'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 Taggert steps before them.

CHIEF TAGGERT (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 TAGGERT  
The only Black Nightclub in Town.

Chuck just listens.

CHIEF TAGGERT (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 is The  
Greatest Internal Threat to The  
Security of these United States. This  
Carmichael Guy, former Panther or  
not, they say he's a Damn Good  
Speaker and we don't want this  
Carmichael getting into The Minds of  
our Good Negroes stirred up here in  
Colorado Springs.

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

CHIEF TAGGERT (CONT'D)  
Ron, your assignment is to go to this  
Rally tonight and infiltrate these  
Bunch of Subversive's and monitor The  
Audience reaction to Carmichael's  
speech. You ready?

Chuck and Chief Taggert stare at Ron.

RON STALLWORTH  
Born Ready.

12 INT. NARCOTICS DIVISION - CSPD - NIGHT

12

Ron stands, his shirt off, as Chuck wires a Wireless  
Transmitter and Microphone to his body. Another Narcotics  
Cop, JIMMY ROSE, 30's, observe the instillation.

RON STALLWORTH  
Any chance this thing Fucks Up?

JIMMY  
A good chance.

RON STALLWORTH  
Then what?

CHUCK  
Just stick to The Game Plan.

RON STALLWORTH

Which is?

CHUCK

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?"

JIMMY

And if someone pulls a Gun on you?

Ron is caught off guard.

RON STALLWORTH

You expecting that?

Jimmy pulls his Gun points it in Ron's face.

JIMMY

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

Chuck sighs.

RON STALLWORTH

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

Jimmy still holds it there.

CHUCK

Drop it.

He lowers gun. Ron gives Jimmy a wary look speaking to Chuck.

RON STALLWORTH

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

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

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

RON STALLWORTH  
Can I order a Drink at The Bar?

Chuck steps away, no comment.

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

CHUCK  
Got it?

RON STALLWORTH  
I got it. I'm gone.

Jimmy laughs, Slaps Ron on the back.

13 EXT. CITY STREET - OUTSKIRTS OF DOWNTOWN - NIGHT 13

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 notice a striking Woman at the Front Door.

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 Queen?

Patrice gives Ron a good look summing him up.

PATRICE  
I'm doing fine, my Soldier. 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. I can dig that. Do you know how he got to Colorado Springs?

PATRICE

The Colorado College Black Student Union brought him in.

RON STALLWORTH

You ah, you with Black Student Union.

PATRICE

I'm The President.

RON STALLWORTH

Right On. Right On.

14 INT. BELL'S NIGHTINGALE - NIGHT

14

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 a door with several Black Bodyguard's.

Ron observes as a Tall figure exits with Patrice as they near The Stage. 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 giving 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 then leaves the Stage.

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

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

KWAME TURE (CONT'D)

Beauty is 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, 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. 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 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!!!

KWAME TURE (CONT'D)  
The White West are the most Violent  
People on The Face of The Earth. They  
have used Violence to get everything  
they have. And yet, they're the First  
to talk about Violence. I never get  
caught up with Violence. As a matter  
of fact, one of my Favorite Quotes  
that stops all the talk about it is  
from Sartre: "What then did you  
expect when you unbound The Gag that  
muted The Black Mouth? That they  
would chant your praises?"

KWAME TURE (CONT'D)

Did you think that when those Heads that our Fathers had forcefully bowed down to the ground were raised again, you would find adoration in their eyes?" That's Jean-Paul Sartre, not me.

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)

It is White Power that makes The Laws and it is Violent White Power in the form of armed White Cops that enforces their Laws with Guns and Nightsticks. 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 Policemen. 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. Ron listens, challenged, torn.

15 INT. BELL'S NIGHTINGALE - NIGHT

15

Kwame holds The Crowd in The Palm of his Hand. They stand rapt as he reaches his rousing Finale.

KWAME TURE (CONT'D)

We are on The Move for Our Liberation.

KWAME TURE (CONT'D)

We're tired of trying to prove things  
To White People. We're tired of  
trying to explain to White People  
that we're not going to hurt them. We  
are concerned with getting things We  
want. The thing we have to have to  
function. The question is, Will White  
People overcome their Racism and  
allow for that to happen in this  
Country? If not, We have no choice  
but to say very clearly, "Move on  
over or We're going to move over  
you," sure as the Night follows day.

Members of the Audience who were sitting already are rising  
to their Feet...

CLOSE - RON

sits, claps vigorously, as if forgetting he is Undercover...  
Kwame is on a Dynamic Roll!!!

CLOSE - TURE

KWAME TURE (CONT'D)

Let me remind you of a Poem By Prime  
Minister Winston Churchill read when  
England was getting ready to Attack  
Germany. It Was written by a Black  
Man named Claude McKay from Jamaica  
and He wrote it for Black People. It  
is called "IF WE MUST DIE". It is our  
Poem Today in The United States. "If  
We must Die, let it not be like Hogs  
Hunted and Penned in an Inglorious  
Spot While round us Bark The Mad  
Hungry Dogs Makin Their Mock at Our  
Accursed Lot. If We must Die, O let  
Us Nobly Die, So that Our Precious  
Blood may not be Shed In Vain; then  
even The Monsters We Defy Shall be  
constrained to Honor us though Dead O  
Kinsmen!!! We Must meet The Common  
Foe!!! Though Far Outnumbered Let Us  
Show Us Brave And for their Thousand  
Blows deal One Deathblow! What though  
before us lies The Open Grave? Like  
Men we'll face The Murderous,  
Cowardly Pack Pressed to The Wall,  
dying, but Fighting Back!"

The Black Crowd Cheers.

KWAME TURE (CONT'D)

That's Brother Claude McKay, not me.  
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

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

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

16 INT. BELL'S NIGHTINGALE - NIGHT 16

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.

17 INT. SURVEILLANCE CAR - BELL'S NIGHTINGALE - NIGHT 17

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

18 INT. BELL'S NIGHTINGALE - NIGHT 18

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.

19 EXT. BELL'S NIGHTINGALE - FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT 19

Ron is waiting outside as Patrice steps out. 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 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. Power to The People.

20 INT. RED LANTERN INN - NIGHT 20

Ron sits at The Bar waiting for Patrice. He 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.

PATRICE (CONT'D)

My sincere apologies, 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 Kwame was in Town.  
Made us get out the Car. Pigs pulled  
us over for no reason. Total  
harassment.

RON STALLWORTH  
True?

PATRICE  
Truth, you know how they are.

CUT TO:

21 EXT. COLORADO SPRINGS STREET - NIGHT

21

The Car is pulled over and a Uniformed Cop gets out his Squad Car revealing Sgt. Morris. He instructs them all with his hand on his Revolver.

PATRICE (V.O.)(CONT'D)  
Yeah, we were guilty of being Black  
while driving in America!!!

SGT. MORRIS  
All right everybody out the vehicle.  
Now!!!

Kwame, Patrice and Two other Black Colorado College Students, HAKIM and LEON, both Black 20's, climb out of the vehicle. Sgt. Morris pushes Kwame against the Car.

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

Kwame, Patrice, Hakim and Leon are all Spread Eagle against the Car. Sgt. Morris pats them down. Another Police Cruiser pulls up. TWO MORE COPS, SMITH and WESSON, both White 50's, get out and observe.

CLOSE - SGT. MORRIS

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

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

Wesson and Smith enter Patrice's Car, searching it. Sgt.  
 Morris turns Kwame around, facing him.

OFFICER MORRIS (CONT'D)  
 You that so called Big Shot Panther  
 Nigger aren't you. Heard you was in  
 Town.

KWAME TURE  
 My Name is Kwame Ture... Are We  
 Guilty of "Drivin' While  
 Black"?...PIG!!!

Sgt. Morris 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.

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

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

WESSON  
 It's clean.

Nothing more to say. Sgt. Morris gets in Patrice's Face.

SGT. MORRIS  
 You get this Black Panther outta'  
 Colorado Springs before Sunrise. Hear  
 ME???

CUT BACK TO:

22 INT. RED LANTERN INN - NIGHT

22

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  
 Drink, 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.

23 INT. CSPD - NARCOTICS DIVISION - NIGHT

23

Jimmy removes Ron's Wire while Chief Taggert watches.

CHIEF TAGGERT

What was the Room like?

RON STALLWORTH

Folks were hanging on every word.

CHIEF TAGGERT

He had them pretty riled up?

RON STALLWORTH

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

CHIEF TAGGERT

What makes you think that?

RON STALLWORTH

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

CHIEF TAGGERT

He told a Crowd of "Black Folks" to get ready for a Race War. That they were going to have to arm themselves. What about that?

RON STALLWORTH

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

CHUCK (O.S.)

That's what I thought too.

Ron looks over at Chuck taking the Reel off The Reel to Reel.

CHIEF TAGGERT

Thank God Carmichael has left Colorado Springs.

RON STALLWORTH

Kwame Ture.

CHIEF TAGGERT

What?

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

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

CHIEF TAGGERT  
Sure.

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

CHIEF TAGGERT  
No. We didn't hear that.

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

CHIEF TAGGERT (CONT'D)  
Patrice. She's the one from The Black  
Student Union? They brought Too-Ray  
in.

RON STALLWORTH  
Kwame Ture, Correct.

CHIEF TAGGERT  
You got pretty Chummy with her?

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

RON STALLWORTH  
Just doing my job, Chief. Undercover.

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

RON STALLWORTH  
I would never jeopardize a Case...

CHIEF TAGGERT  
...Prepare an In-Depth Report and  
leave it at my desk. Report back to  
your regular assignment tomorrow.

Ron takes this in. Dejected. Chief Taggert leaves.

JIMMY

Good work.

Ron nods, appreciative. Chuck walks away without another word.

24 INT. RECORDS ROOM - CSPD - DAY 24

Ron is behind the counter, filing.

CHIEF TAGGERT (O.S.)

Ron.

Ron looks up. Officer Clougherty looks up from a Magazine.

CHIEF TAGGERT (CONT'D)

Let's take a walk.

Officer Clougherty gives a smirk thinking Ron's in trouble.

25 INT. HALLWAY - CSPD - DAY 25

Chief Taggert and Ron walk down the hall.

CHIEF TAGGERT

I read your Report. Excellent work,  
slept on it- I'm transferring you  
into Intelligence.

RON STALLWORTH

What will I be doing, Chief?

Chief Taggert stops and looks at him.

CHIEF TAGGERT

Intelligence.

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

26 STOCK FOOTAGE 26

BOOM!!! FOOTAGE of The Kent State Shooting by National Guardsmen. The Jackson State Shooting by Jackson Mississippi Police. Boom!!! Greenwich Village Town House Blows up and Fireman put out the Fire. A Bomb by the Weather Underground has gone off prematurely. Ron speaks as The Stills and Footage continue of The Attacks!

RON STALLWORTH (V.O.)

The Seventies was a Radical Time.  
The Murder of Four Students at Kent  
State during an Anti-War Protest made  
Young People Madder than Hell.

RON STALLWORTH (V.O.) (CONT'D)

While The Murder of Two Black Students at Jackson State By Jackson, Mississippi Police was swept under The Rug. There were too many Left Wing Radical Groups to count: The United Freedom Front, The Weathermen Underground, an Off shoot of SDS, FALN, Black Panthers, Black Liberation Front, New World Liberation Front and Kidnapped Heiress Patty Hearst and the Symbionese Liberation Army. There were Bombings at Fresno State, University of Wisconsin-Madison, The City Hall in Portland. It was The War At Home. Like the T.V. Show Mission Impossible, My assignment - if I wanted to accept it, was to keep tabs on these Groups...locally. Here we had...

There are Stills of these Groups ending on Patrice and The Black Student Union Members at Freedom House.

RON STALLWORTH (V.O.)(CONT'D)

...the Progressive Labor Party PLP, Committee Against Racism CAR and INCAR International Committee Against Racism and Patrice and her Black Student Union Members at Colorado College. But there was One More.

27 INT. INTELLIGENCE UNIT - CSPD - DAY

27

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 Springs 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.

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

CHUCK

Did I just hear you use your Real Name?

RON STALLWORTH

Motherfucker!!!

CHUCK

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

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

RON STALLWORTH

Motherfuckin' wasn't.

CHUCK

You dialed. Pick it up.

RING! RING! Ron finally answers.

RON STALLWORTH

This is Ron.

Through the Receiver, a Gravelly, Secretive Voice.

DEEP THROAT (O.S.)

This is Ken. Returning your call... From The Organization.

RON STALLWORTH

The Organization?

DEEP THROAT (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  
 I Hate Niggers, Jews, Mexicans,  
 Spics, Chinks but especially 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 was recently  
 accosted by a Nigger...

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

RON STALLWORTH (CONT'D)  
 ...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.

DEEP THROAT (O.S.)  
 You're just the kind of Guy we're  
 looking for. When can we meet?

Chuck, 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.

DEEP THROAT (O.S.)  
 Fantastic! 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.

CHUCK  
 Good Luck Ron with your New Redneck  
 Friend.

The Undercover Gang Cracks Up!

28 INT. SERGEANT TRAPP'S OFFICE - CSPD - DAY 28

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 Taggert.

RON STALLWORTH  
 Damn.

29 OMITTED 29

30 OMITTED 30

31 INT. OFFICE OF THE CHIEF OF POLICE - DAY 31

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

CHIEF TAGGERT  
 This is a first for me.

Ron and Sgt. Trapp sit opposite the desk.

Chief Taggert thinks a moment.

CHIEF TAGGERT (CONT'D)

When is this meeting?

SGT. TRAPP

48 hours.

CHIEF TAGGERT

I can't spare any Men.

SGT. TRAPP

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

CHIEF TAGGERT

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 TAGGERT

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. How exactly does a Black Man talk?

CHIEF TAGGERT

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 TAGGERT

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. In essence, there will be Two Ron Stallworth's, a Black One and a White One. Of course the challenge is to convince The Klan at all times they are dealing with only ONE Ron Stallworth...THE WHITE RON STALLWORTH!!!...

CHIEF TAGGERT

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

Ron continues talking to Chief Taggert.

RON STALLWORTH

...This other Officer and I will need to work very closely together. We'll need to know ever aspect of each other's dealings with The KKK. Black Ron Stallworth on The phone and White Ron Stallworth Face to Face. Every detail will be critical. We'll have to create a Flow between us so we never drop a Beat. So there becomes a combined Ron Stallworth.

CHIEF TAGGERT

Can you do that?

RON STALLWORTH

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

32 INT. HALLWAY - CSPD - DAY

32

Ron steps outside and Chief Taggert follows him.

CHIEF TAGGERT

If anything happens to my Man there won't be Two Ron Stallworth's. They'll be none.

33 INT. INTELLIGENCE UNIT - CSPD - DAY

33

Jimmy tapes a wire to Chuck's Chest. The adhesive curls up, and Jimmy presses down harder.

CHUCK

Can't believe I'm doing this. Hey, Jimmy when's the last time they let a rookie head up an investigation. Oh that's right, NEVER.

Ron holds his tongue. Jimmy is finished taping him up.

JIMMY

The Mic has been cutting in and out lately, so watch that.

Ron sidles up to Chuck, plops a Trucker Hat on him. Chuck turns to Ron outfit on display.

CHUCK

This meet your approval... Sir?

RON STALLWORTH

A Cracker. Perfect for the part.

Chuck gets the joke, frowns, pulling a shirt over The Wire.

RON STALLWORTH (CONT'D)

Let's hear it again.

CHUCK

This is the last damn time. Got it.

RON STALLWORTH

Indulge me...

CHUCK

... Ron Stallworth. I do Wholesale Manufacturing.

RON STALLWORTH

Whereabout?

Chuck sighs.

CHUCK

Pueblo.

JIMMY

What's that commute like?

CHUCK

Straight-shot down I-25. Hour tops.

RON STALLWORTH

Long ride. What do you listen to?

CHUCK

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 AC/DC Fix. Only I have to change The Station every time that Fag Freddie Mercury pipes on.

RON STALLWORTH

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

CHUCK

Jimmy, I always wanted to grow up to be Black. As a Kid all my Heroes were Black Guys. Willie Mays, Wilt The Stilt but my favorite is O.J.

JIMMY

Love Fuckin' O.J.

RON STALLWORTH

Well, don't share your Love of The Brothers with these Guys. It's strictly Ajax White Knight Love of White Folks.

CHUCK

I get to play you but you don't get to play me. Jimmy, I'd get a kick outta seeing somebody playing me.

RON STALLWORTH

Oh, I get to play you and Jimmy and all the other guys in the Station... Everyday.

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

RON STALLWORTH (CONT'D)

Who are you meeting?

CHUCK

Ken O'Dell.

RON STALLWORTH

Become Ken's Friend, get invited back.

CHUCK

Is that it, Sir?

JIMMY

I'd try to leave out the part where  
your Ancestors Killed Jesus Christ.

Ron shoots Chuck a look.

RON STALLWORTH

You're Jewish?

34 EXT. KWIK INN DINER - PARKING LOT - NIGHT 34

Ron and Jimmy sit in an Unmarked Car. Several yards away,  
Chuck stands in The Lot, leaning up against a Boxy Sedan.

35 INT. UNMARKED CAR - NIGHT 35

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 PRIDE.

RON STALLWORTH

It's Ken.

Ron writes down The Truck's Plate Number: *KE-4108*.

36 EXT. KWIK INN DINER - PARKING LOT - NIGHT 36

A White Male, BUTCH, 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 Cigar.

BUTCH

Ron Stallworth?

CHUCK

That's me. And you must be Ken.

BUTCH

Name's Butch.

CHUCK

I was told I'd be meeting with Ken  
O'Dell.

BUTCH

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

Even with his slouched shoulders, Butch towers over Chuck.

CHUCK

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

BUTCH

...No Can Do. I gotta take you.  
Security.

37 INT. UNMARKED CAR - NIGHT 37

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

38 EXT. KWIK INN DINER - PARKING LOT - NIGHT 38

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

39 EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT 39

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

40 INT. BUTCH'S TRUCK - NIGHT 40

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

BUTCH

You for White Supremacy, Ron?

CHUCK

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

BUTCH

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

CHUCK

Makes me wanna Puke just thinkin' 'bout it.

41 EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT 41

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

42 INT. BUTCH'S TRUCK - NIGHT 42

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

CHUCK

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

BUTCH

Da Fuck did you say?

CHUCK  
Camaraderie...?

BUTCH  
No. The other word.

CHUCK  
The Klan...?

BUTCH  
...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?

CHUCK  
I overstand... Right. The  
Organization.

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

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

CHUCK  
What?

BUTCH  
There's a Nigger on our Bumper.

Chuck Freezes.

43 INT. UNMARKED CAR - NIGHT

43

JIMMY  
He sees us. Back Off.

Ron eases on the Gas.

44 INT. BUTCH'S TRUCK - NIGHT

44

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

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

He tosses The Box onto Chuck's lap.

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

CHUCK  
Pull out what?

Butch snaps his finger at Chuck, who jumps.

BUTCH  
Under the seat!!!

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

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

CHUCK  
Is it really necessary...?

BUTCH  
...I don't recall askin' your opinion  
on this matter. Load it.

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

CHUCK  
Ready to go.

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

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

CHUCK  
The Organization.

BUTCH  
Not so fast, Buddy Boy.

45 EXT. CORNER POCKET LOUNGE - PARKING LOT - NIGHT 45

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

46 INT. UNMARKED CAR - NIGHT 46

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?

47 INT. CORNER POCKET LOUNGE - NIGHT

47

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

Butch leads Chuck to The Bar Area, where KEN O'DELL, White Male, 30's, (DEEP THROAT) stands. Ken is affable by nature, Short and Stocky, with a Crew Cut and small Mustache.

KEN

Ron. Glad you could make it. Ken O'Dell, Chapter President.

They shake hands.

CHUCK

I appreciate you inviting me out.

Butch lingers like a Bad Smell. Beside him a Drunk Man, DUANE 20's, gives Chuck The Stink Eye.

KEN

I've been impressed talking to you over The Phone. I feel you have some fine ideas that could help The Cause.

CHUCK

I meant every word I said.

Chuck's a Natural.

KEN

How 'bout some pool?

Duane hands Chuck a Pool Stick and gathers the Balls.

KEN (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.

CHUCK

That right?

KEN

It became my salvation. After I was shot and wounded by some Niggers. And my Wife... Savagely Raped by a whole Pack of 'EM.

Chuck nods, expertly feigning sympathy.



48 INT. UNMARKED CAR - NIGHT 48

Ron and Jimmy each wear Headphones, listening in.

JIMMY  
Never happened.

Ron cracks a smile.

49 INT. CORNER POCKET LOUNGE - NIGHT 49

Ken and Chuck continue to play pool.

KEN  
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.

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

KEN  
You forgetting Uncle Ben and Aunt  
Jemima.

DUANE  
Dang!!! How I forget dem' Niggers?

Duane shakes hands with Chuck.

DUANE (CONT'D)  
Name's Duane, by the way.

50 INT. UNMARKED CAR - NIGHT 50

RON STALLWORTH  
Mad at Sanford and Son and Flip  
Wilson.

51 INT. CORNER POCKET LOUNGE - NIGHT 51

KEN  
I'm a Fireman on the Lakewood Fire  
Department. All you get now is how we  
gotta' cater to them. We gotta' get  
us some "Minorities" in the  
Department. Watch ya' mouth, don't  
say this, don't say that, be nice,  
they're not Negroes, they're not  
Colored, they're Black now.

BUTCH

They're fuckin' Goddamn Niggers!

KEN

Shit, we live up there together in the Fire House, all of us as a Team, We don't need some stinkin' Coons sleeping up there with us. For Fuck's sake!!!

Chuck shakes his head.

CHUCK

I been saying this stuff for years.

BUTCH

You ain't the only one.

CHUCK

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

Chuck looks around. Gets quiet.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

What kinda stuff you Guys do?

Duane swigs his Beer.

DUANE

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

CHUCK

I'm tired of people Fuckin' with me.

KEN

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

CHUCK

Some...I could know more.

KEN

We'll teach you.

DUANE

This year's gonna be big for us.

CHUCK

How so?

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

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

Ken swoops in.

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

DUANE  
...Like dat Dead Nigger Martin Luther  
Coon.

CHUCK  
Gotcha.

Chuck 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...

KEN  
Say, Ron? Mind coming with me?

CHUCK  
Where to?

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

Behind Ken, Butch is Laser-Focused on Chuck's every move.  
Chuck sees it.

Ken points to a door. Chuck walks forward, with Ken, Duane,  
and Butch tailing from behind.

52 INT. UNMARKED CAR - NIGHT

52

JIMMY  
Where they going?

Ron's Face falls.

RON STALLWORTH  
Lost the damn signal.

53 INT. BACK ROOM - CORNER POCKET LOUNGE -NIGHT

53

The Men move single-file through the door, Chuck first. It's  
a small room, with a wooden table and some rickety chairs.

KEN  
Congrats you passed The Mustard.

Ken exchanges uneasy looks with Butch.

KEN (CONT'D)  
Thought we'd get the Membership  
process started.

Chuck can breathe again.

CHUCK  
Now we're talkin'.

Ken hands Chuck a stack of papers.

KEN  
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.

Chuck sings The Alcoa Jingle.

CHUCK  
Alcoa Can't wait.

DUANE  
I like that Commercial.

KEN  
Membership Fees: Ten Dollars for The  
Year. Fifteen Dollar Chapter Fee.  
Robes and Hood not included, that's  
Extra.

BUTCH  
Fuckin' Inflation.

Chuck shakes hands with all.

CHUCK  
I can't thank you Brothers enough.

KEN  
Pleasure, is all ours.

Butch and Duane give polite nods.

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

As Chuck turns to leave...

BUTCH  
You're not a Jew, right?

Chuck stops.

CHUCK  
You trying to offend me?

Chuck turns to Ken: you believe this Shit?

BUTCH  
It's Protocol.

All eyes on Chuck. His face flares with rage.

CHUCK  
'Course I'm no Stinkin' Kike.

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

Duane nods. Butch just stares.

BUTCH  
Smells good to me.

54 INT. INTELLIGENCE UNIT - CSPD - NIGHT

54

Ron helps Chuck rip The Wire off his Chest.

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

RON STALLWORTH  
They liked you.

CHUCK  
Except for that Butch guy. And didja  
have to ride his Bumper like that?

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

CHUCK  
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.

CHUCK

Remember what Yogi Berra said "It Ain't Ovah 'Till It's Ovah".

RON STALLWORTH

I never liked The Yankees. I'm a Brooklyn Dodgers Guy, Jackie Robinson.

55 INT. SERGEANT TRAPP'S OFFICE - CSPD - DAY

55

Sergeant Trapp sits at his desk, thumbing through The Report. Ron and Chuck 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...

CHUCK

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

SGT. TRAPP

What kind of Attack?

Ron looks to Chuck.

CHUCK

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

Trapp bridges his hands together, contemplating.

RON STALLWORTH

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

SGT. TRAPP

Taggart might not be happy his Star Narc is gonna be stuck on this Case.

Ron just stares at Trapp.

56 INT. ITALIAN BISTRO - NIGHT

56

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

PATRICE

Most Brothers would give up after the first time they unsuccessfully asked me out.

RON STALLWORTH

I didn't have a good shot the first time. You were pretty taken with Kwame.

They both have to laugh. Patrice thinks back on it.

PATRICE (CONT'D)

The next day when we dropped him off at the Airport he told me the 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 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 Brother.

RON STALLWORTH

I can't argue with that.

Patrice absorbs all of this.

PATRICE

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

You ever take any time off from The  
Black Revolution?

PATRICE

I, We can't afford too.

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

RON STALLWORTH (CONT'D)

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 Sista.



Patrice smiles.

57 INT. CSPD INTELLIGENCE UNIT - RON'S DESK - NIGHT 57

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.

KEN (O.S.)

This is Ken. This is 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...

KEN (O.S.)

...Yeah, I get that all the time.

Ron waits for the response.

KEN (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.

KEN (O.S.)

Why don't you come by Butch's this Saturday? Meet the rest of The Brotherhood.

58 INT. CSPD HALLWAY - DAY 58

Sgt. Trapp and Ron walk and talk.

SGT. TRAPP

Looks like the thing all these Racist Groups want now, including the Klan, is to become Mainstream.

RON STALLWORTH

Really.

SGT. TRAPP

I've got a friend keeps up with these Groups. He says they're moving away from the Ole Violent Racist style. That's what Duke is peddling now.

RON STALLWORTH

Duke?

SGT. TRAPP

David Duke current Grand Wizard of The Klan but 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 Selling Hate and moving toward Selling Grievance.

RON STALLWORTH

Keep going.

SGT. TRAPP

Affirmative Action, Immigration, Crime, Tax Reform, Welfare Cheats. He said no one wants to be called a Bigot anymore. Archie Bunker made that too Un-Cool. The idea is in the guise of 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 David Duke President of the United States of America?

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

SGT. TRAPP

For a Black Man, you're pretty naive.

59 EXT. UNMARKED CAR - DAY

59

Ron rolls to the curb in a Middle Class Neighborhood. He pulls on Headphones and looks out his Window where...

60 EXT. BUTCH'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - DAY

60

A well manicured yard. Pristine. A very Green Healthy lawn.  
Chuck rings The Doorbell.

The Screen Door is opened by LOUISE, White Woman, 30's,  
Proper and Good-Looking. A Gold Cross dangles from her Neck.

LOUISE

Ron! So nice to meet you. I'm Louise,  
Butch's Wife.

Louise hugs him.

CHUCK

Great to meet you.

Chuck walks in. She takes his Coat.

LOUISE

The Boys are right inside. Can I get  
you something to drink? Iced Tea,  
Fresh-Squeezed Lemonade?

Butch appears, making Chuck jump.

BUTCH

How 'bout a Beer?

CHUCK

Heya Butch. Beer is great.

ANGLE - LIVING ROOM

A handful of KLAN MEMBERS lounge on a Set of Fold-Up Chairs.

There are Chips, Snacks. Present are Duane, Ken and others  
among The Small Chapter. They informally greet Chuck.

KEN

Hey! Everybody, Ron. Ron, your Soon-  
To-Be Brothers.

61 INT. LIVING ROOM - BUTCH'S HOUSE - DAY

61

A few Beers in The Guys listen as Butch holds Court.

BUTCH

I'm tellin' ya, A War's A Coming. And  
if we're not Ready... and Trained...  
...and Willing to Fight and Die for  
The Stars and Bars that'll be the End  
of the Purified White Race as We know  
it.

KEN

The End of Civilization.

DUANE

Damn Right...

BUTCH

Not gonna happen as long we can draw  
a breath.

62 INT. UNMARKED CAR - DAY

62

Ron listens in to The Transmitter, taking notes.

63 INT. LIVING ROOM - BUTCH'S HOUSE - DAY

63

Louise enters The Living Room with an Appetizer Platter.

LOUISE

Sorry to interrupt. I have some  
Shrimp Cocktail to munch on.

They dig in.

BUTCH

Thanks Honey.

Butch turns to The Brothers.

BUTCH (CONT'D)

Brothers, it's time we go on the  
Offensive. I ain't willin' to sit  
back and let The Jewish Media kick us  
to The Shitter. We need to make some  
Noise.

The Klansmen Feed off The Energy.

BUTCH (CONT'D)

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

LOUISE

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

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

LOUISE (CONT'D)  
Here, I clipped the Article.

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

BUTCH  
That'll be all. Love you Sweetie.

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

Louise trudges out of the Living Room without answering.

Butch hands The Clipping to The Klansmen, who pass it around the room. When it reaches Ken, he sets it down.

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

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

KEN  
The Highest Hills get the most Eyes.

Ken looks for approval. Nods all around.

64 INT. UNMARKED CAR - DAY 64

Ron takes in The Audio. He records more Notes.

65 INT. LIVING ROOM - BUTCH'S HOUSE - DAY 65

Butch rises, burps, his balance uncertain.

BUTCH  
Hey Ron, I gotta show you something.

Butch plops a Hand on Chuck's Back. Chuck rises.

ANGLE - SMALL ROOM

Butch flips on the lights.

BUTCH (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 David Duke.

CHUCK

Wow. This is really... something.

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

BUTCH

Here's my favorite. Twelve Gauge.

Butch smirks and points The Two Barrels at Chuck's chest.

BUTCH (CONT'D)

I call this...The Jew Killer.

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

CHUCK

That's a Remington Model 1900.

A long Beat. Then: Butch smiles.

BUTCH

Indeed it is.

Butch places the gun back on the rack. Ken outside The Door.

KEN (O.S.)

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

BUTCH

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

Chuck keeps quiet.

ANGLE - HALLWAY

KEN

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 Star of David around his  
Neck? Does CHUCK got a YA-MA-KA on  
his HEAD for Pete's sake?

BUTCH (O.S.)

Just Protocol. My House, My Rules.

66 INT. SMALL ROOM

66

Butch sets a hand on Chuck's Back, guiding him past Ken.

BUTCH (CONT'D)

This way.

CHUCK

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

BUTCH

Tough Titty.

Ken follows as Butch leads Chuck into the

ANGLE - DEN

BUTCH (CONT'D)

Take a seat.

Butch sets Chuck down on a chair.

KEN

Butch it ain't necessary, Man. This is how you lose recruits!

BUTCH

I'd like some privacy.

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

CHUCK

Is all this necessary?

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

CHUCK (CONT'D)

A Lie Detector?

67 INT. UNMARKED CAR - DAY

67

RON STALLWORTH

Shit.

He turns the ignition and drives forward.

68 INT. DEN - BUTCH'S HOUSE - DAY

68

Butch sets The Polygraph in front of Chuck. Urgent knocking on the door.

KEN (O.S.)  
Open up, Butch! Enough is Enough!!!

BUTCH  
Lower your Arm right here.

CHUCK  
I didn't sign up for this.

BUTCH  
You don't know what you signed up  
for.

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

CHUCK  
These things don't even work half the  
time! I'm no Goddamn Jew!!!

Ken persistently bangs on The Door. Butch pulls out a Shiny Pistol from his belt.

BUTCH  
Siddown.

69 EXT. BUTCH'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY 69

Gun in hand, Ron crouches beside the Unmarked car, parked at the curb near Butch's House.

He notices a NEIGHBOR taking out The Trash. Ron puts his Gun away. His Eyes are on THE LOOK OUT.

70 INT. DEN - BUTCH'S HOUSE - DAY 70

Chuck sits in The Chair as Butch sticks Electrodermal Sensors on Chuck's hands.

BUTCH  
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.

CHUCK  
Butch. This is Nuts.

Ken is still banging away at the door.

KEN (O.S.)  
Let me in!



Butch tightens The Blood Pressure Cuff on Chuck's arm.

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

CHUCK  
Fuck this.

BUTCH  
Let me see your Dick.

CHUCK  
WHAT!

BUTCH  
I hear you Jews do something Funny  
with ya Dicks. Some weird Jew Shit.  
Let me see if your Dick looks Funny.

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

BUTCH  
Who you callin' a Faggot?

71 EXT. BUTCH'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY 71

Ron bolts onto Butch'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.

72 INT. DEN - BUTCH'S HOUSE - DAY 72

Butch springs up. Through the window pane, he can see the  
backside of Ron -- a Black Man wearing a faded denim jacket.  
Ron is "Low Running" now.

BUTCH  
There's a Fuckin' Black Lawn Jockey  
on my Green Lawn!

Butch storms out of The Den. Chuck rips off The Polygraph  
Sensors and follows.

73 EXT. FRONT LAWN - BUTCH'S HOUSE - DAY 73

All of The Klan Members, including Chuck and Louise, pour  
onto the Lawn.

Butch bursts out of The Front door with his Pistol. He Fires at Ron -- who is USAIN BOLT-ING down The Street. BANG! BANG! BANG!

Butch fires again just as Ron reaches The Unmarked car. Ron jumps inside... SQUEEEEEEL! The Car peels off.

BUTCH  
Almost got 'im.

Chuck seizes the opportunity. He runs onto The Street.

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

Chuck is Foaming at The Mouth. Everyone stares at him, momentarily surprised at his outburst.

CHUCK  
Butch, you still want me to take your Lie Detector Test!!!

Ken looks from Chuck to Butch. Butch can only shrug.

ANGLE - STREET

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

KEN  
Everybody go Home NOW!!! Get Outta HERE!!!

74 INT. UNMARKED CAR - DAY

74

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

75 INT. SERGEANT TRAPP'S OFFICE - CSPD - DAY

75

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

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

76 INT. INTELLIGENCE UNIT - CSPD - DAY

76

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

RON STALLWORTH  
Think we dodged a Bullet there.

Chuck gives him a Hard look.

RON STALLWORTH (CONT'D)  
Y'know what I mean.

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

RON STALLWORTH  
And he didn't.

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

RON STALLWORTH  
It's Intel.

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

RON STALLWORTH  
What's your problem?

They stop walking.

CHUCK  
I don't have a problem.

RON STALLWORTH  
Why aren't you into this?

CHUCK  
Why should I be into this.

RON STALLWORTH  
Because you're Jewish, My Brother.

CHUCK  
Kiss my Jewish Ass.

Chuck steps away.

RON STALLWORTH  
Yeah, that's what I thought.

Chuck turns back.

CHUCK  
What you trying to say?

RON STALLWORTH  
Nothin'.

CHUCK  
What?

Ron looks around, no one around.

RON STALLWORTH  
You're passing, Man.

CHUCK  
What?

RON STALLWORTH  
You're passing for a WASP!!!

CHUCK  
What?

RON STALLWORTH  
White Anglo Saxon Protestant.  
Passing. It's what some Light-Skinned  
Black Folks do, they pass for White.

Chuck understands now. He glares at Ron.

RON STALLWORTH (CONT'D)  
Doesn't that Bullshit they say Piss  
you off.

CHUCK  
Of course it does.

RON STALLWORTH  
Then why you acting like you ain't  
gotta' stake in this!

CHUCK  
That's my Damn Business! And if I  
choose to leave this case, I will!

RON STALLWORTH

But you won't.

Chuck storms away!

RON STALLWORTH (CONT'D)

I'm gonna get your Membership Card so you can go on this Cross Burning and get in deeper, right Chuck?

Chuck says nothing, walking away.

RON STALLWORTH (CONT'D)

Right Chuck?! You still on board, right!

CHUCK

Yeah, yeah, I'm still on board... for Now!!!

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

77

Ron 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 (O.S.)

Quite well. 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 David Duke.

Ron has Died and gone to Heaven.

RON STALLWORTH  
I'm sorry... did you just say you're  
David Duke?

DAVID DUKE (O.S.)  
That's me...

RON STALLWORTH  
...Grand Wizard of The Ku Klux Klan?  
That David Duke?

DAVID DUKE (O.S.)  
That Grand Wizard and National  
Director.

RON STALLWORTH  
Really? National Director too?

DAVID DUKE (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.

DAVID DUKE  
Are there any other kind?

78 INT. KKK NATIONAL OFFICE - DAY

78

DAVID DUKE 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.

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

DAVID DUKE  
And I'm just happy to be talking to a  
True White American.

INTERCUT RON WITH DAVID DUKE:

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

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

DAVID DUKE

...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. Duke. I can't express to you how much I appreciate this.

DAVID DUKE

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

79 INT. CSPD - DAY

79

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

SGT. MORRIS

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

Sgt. Morris marches on leaving Ron to contemplate.

80 INT. INTELLIGENCE UNIT - CSPD - DAY

80

Ron wires up Chuck.

RON STALLWORTH

That Cop that pulled Kwame Ture over that night... was it Sgt. Morris?

Chuck is surprised.

CHUCK

How'd you know.

RON STALLWORTH

I can smell em' a Mile away now.

Chuck ponders for a moment, then says.

CHUCK

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

RON STALLWORTH

Yeah.

CHUCK

Yup. Does that kinda' Shit all the time. Few years ago, he Shot and Killed a Black Kid... he said he had a Gun. The Kid wasn't the type. I think Morris planted one on him.

RON STALLWORTH

Why's he tolerated?

CHUCK

You wanna' be the Guy that Rats him out.

Ron goes quiet.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

We're a Family. We stick together. For Good or Bad. 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. Chuck steps away buttoning his shirt.

81 EXT. OPEN FIELD - DAY

81

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

BUTCH

Bullseye.

Butch 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.

Chuck is locked in conversation with Ken, who could not care less about the Firing Range behind him.

KEN

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

CHUCK

Fags everywhere these days.

Chuck is still mostly focused on Butch and his crew.



KEN

They're trying to Colonize. First they get their own Bars, then they want Equal Treatment... soon it'll be Marriage Licenses...

CHUCK

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

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

KEN

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

CLOSE - CHUCK

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

CHUCK

I've not seen those Macs before.

KEN

Steve and Jerry.

CHUCK

Yeah, who are they?

KEN

That's classified.

Ken steps away leaving Chuck to ponder the Two Mystery Men.

CUT TO:

82 EXT. UNMARKED CAR - DAY

82

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

THE TWO MYSTERY MEN (STEVE AND JERRY) (RON'S CAMERA POV)

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

RON BEHIND THE CAMERA

focusing in on his Targets: CLICKING! Ken, Duane, Butch, all of them.

CUT BACK TO:

CLOSE - CHUCK

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

CHUCK

Gezzus.

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.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Get a load of that!!!

BUTCH

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

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

CHUCK

Damn good shooting.

BUTCH

I don't know how that Black Bastard got away the other day.

CHUCK

Let's hope we get another chance.

Butch gives him an ominous.

BUTCH

We will.

Duane suddenly pipes up.

DUANE

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

Duane hands Chuck his pistol. He takes it, his hand sweaty.

ALL EYES ON CHUCK

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!!!

DUANE

That's one deaaaaaad Jungle Bunny!!!

The Gang eyes Chuck, impressed. Duane claps Chuck back.

BUTCH

Where'd you learn to shoot like that?

CHUCK

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

They all laugh. Chuck laughs along with them.

83 EXT. OPEN FIELD - DUSK

83

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.

84 INT. RON'S APARTMENT - DAY

84

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

BUTCH

Wrong house.

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

PATRICE

Who was that?

Ron steps on the porch and watching Butch drive away.

RON STALLWORTH

Nobody.

INT. KITCHEN - BUTCH'S HOUSE - DAY

Duane, Ken and Butch are in the kitchen talking, drinking  
beer and eating snacks. Chuck enters.

CHUCK

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

Everyone greets Chuck, but Butch says. Chuck grabs a beer from a cooler, pops the tab.

BUTCH

You got a Twin.

Everyone goes quiet looking at Chuck.

CHUCK

What?

BUTCH

And he's a Nigger.

Chuck looks dumbfounded. Butch nears him.

BUTCH

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

Butch looks deadly. Duane and Ken look at Chuck. Finally.

CHUCK

My number's unlisted.

Butch just continues to stare.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

What address did you go to?

BUTCH

Over on... Bluestem.

CHUCK

I don't live on Bluestem. I live off 59th street...

BUTCH

So you don't know that Nigger?

CHUCK

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

Everyone laughs. Butch finally cracks a grin.

CHUCK

113 59th street. Come by sometime we'll have a beer.

Duane and Chuck clink cans.

BUTCH

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

CHUCK

Hate that Fuckin' Cunt.

BUTCH

Like to close those Monkey Lips  
permanently.

CHUCK

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

Everyone laughs, agreeing.

85 EXT. U.S. POST OFFICE - DAY 85

Ron in his car parked outside the Post Office excitedly rips  
open A Letter from the KKK National Office. He grins and  
claps his hands!

86 INT. INTELLIGENCE UNIT - CSPD - DAY 86

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

Close on the card as Chuck reads it.

CHUCK

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

RON STALLWORTH

That's us the Stallworth twins.

CHUCK

Yeah, funny, but you didn't have that  
Crazy Fuck Butch staring at you  
asking where you lived.

RON STALLWORTH

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

CHUCK

Are you seeing that Girl from The  
Black Student Union?

This surprises Ron.

RON STALLWORTH  
Patrice. Yeah.

CHUCK  
Are you Fucking kidding me?

RON STALLWORTH  
What's the problem?

CHUCK  
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.

Chuck has no response to that.

CHUCK  
Well, Butch noticed her at your  
place. And they hate her guts.

RON STALLWORTH  
Is she a Target?

CHUCK  
I don't know. Maybe.

Ron goes quiet, concerned.

CHUCK  
And don't let Chief know about  
Patrice! He won't like it either.  
Just how far do you plan to take  
this?

RON STALLWORTH  
Far as I can. Far as Chief let's me.

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 (CONT'D)  
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 Butch, Duane, Louise.

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

Ron turns to Chuck and he SLAPS a photo of Ken.

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

CHUCK  
He's a General without an Army.  
Butch's crew is stronger than him.

Chuck looks at Ron, amazed.

CHUCK (CONT'D)  
You've really been talking to David  
Duke?

RON STALLWORTH  
Oh Hell yeah!!!

Ron SLAPS The Large Photo of David Duke.

RON STALLWORTH (CONT'D)  
That's my Ace Boon Coon Running  
Partner! And now that you got that...

Ron points at the Membership Card.

RON STALLWORTH (CONT'D)  
...Ronny Boy. We are on a Roll,  
Baby!!!

Ron laughs, stops, looks at Chuck, who is in another place.

RON STALLWORTH (cont'd)  
What?

Ron goes and sits near Chuck.

RON STALLWORTH (cont'd)  
Talk to me.

CHUCK  
This Shits getting to me.

Chuck gets up and steps away.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

I've been working Undercover a long time. Nothing ever bothered me before... this does.

RON STALLWORTH

Hey, Man, it gets me too. Bad.

CHUCK

You know, when Butch had me in that room and I kept having to deny I was Jewish. It made me think.

Chuck looks at Ron.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

I have been passing.

Ron listens.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

See, my, Parents split up when I was a Kid and My mother kinda fell away from things. So I never thought much about being Jewish. I was always just another White Kid.

Ron continues to listen.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

My Grandfather survived Buckenwald.

RON STALLWORTH

I'm sorry to hear.

CHUCK

He passed away a couple years ago.

Ron understands the weight of this.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

And every time that fuckin' Butch made me deny I was Jewish... I thought of him.

Chuck looks up at Ron his eyes full of Anger and Hurt.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Let's get these Muthafuckas.

RON STALLWORTH

Let's get these Muthafuckas.

They SLAP each other Five!



87 EXT. RON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 87

Ron reaches his Front Door carrying sacks of Groceries. With one hand that's slightly free, he unlocks the front door.

88 INT. RON'S APARTMENT/KITCHEN - NIGHT 88

Ron sets the groceries down on the kitchen counter when the phone RINGS. He grabs a Phone on the wall.

RON STALLWORTH

Hello.

Ron listens.

RON STALLWORTH (CONT'D)

HEY! Okay, Okay, I'll be right there.

89 EXT. FREEDOM HOUSE - NIGHT 89

Ron drives up and gets out his Car and walks up meeting Patrice 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

Hakim, Leon and the Others react not having seen anything.

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 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. Don't  
let them in. 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.

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

LEON  
Way too Cool!

RON STALLWORTH  
Maybe the both of you should call The  
Cops.

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

Patrice and Ron step away from the guys. They walk and talk.

PATRICE  
Leon and Hakim have Big Mouths.

RON STALLWORTH  
They have the right to their opinion.  
Quiet as it's kept I kinda' agree  
with him.

90 EXT. WINDING ROAD - HILLSIDE - NIGHT 90

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.

91 INT. DUANE'S CAR - WINDING ROAD - NIGHT 91

Duane, riding with Chuck, watches The Patrol Car pass in the opposite direction.

DUANE

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.

CHUCK

Must be quite a sight.

DUANE

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.

CHUCK

A lot of these Guys in The Army?

DUANE

Yeah, even got a few in Active Duty.

CHUCK

I'm a Military Guy myself.

Duane's eyes light up.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Oh yeah? Know anything about C4?

DUANE

Enough to set it off.

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

Duane lets him off The Hook:

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Honestly, I never messed with C4.

CUT TO:

92 EXT. OPPOSITE HILLSIDE - NIGHT

92

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

RON STALLWORTH  
Send another one.

CUT TO:

Another Patrol Car passes.

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

93 EXT. TOP OF THE HILL - HILLSIDE - NIGHT

93

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.

BUTCH  
That makes Three Piggy Wiggys.

Everyone stops what they're doing.

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

CUT TO:

94 RON LOOKING THROUGH THE BINOCULARS

94

lowers them, grins to himself.

RON STALLWORTH  
Good job, Men.

CUT TO:

THE PICKUP TRUCKS

Peeling out, heading back down The Hill.

95 INT. PATRICE'S HOUSE - DAY

95

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

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

96

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

DAVID DUKE

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

RON STALLWORTH

That surprises me.

DAVID DUKE

I know. People think I hate Black People. I don't and the Klan doesn't.

Ron gives a "This Is Crazy!" Look.

DAVID DUKE

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.

DAVID DUKE

She was. You ever see "Gone with the Wind." That's the relationship I had with Pinky.

RON STALLWORTH

You were Scarlett and she was Mammy.

DAVID DUKE

That's right. When she died 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.

DAVID DUKE

Well said Ron.

RON STALLWORTH

I knew a Nigger once.

DAVID DUKE

Yeah.

RON STALLWORTH

Yeah. He lived across the street from us. I must of been Six or Seven. His name was Willie. Me and Willie played together everyday. One day My Father came home early from work and told me I couldn't play with Willie anymore because I was White and Willie was a Nigger.

Duke laughs.

DAVID DUKE

That's rich.

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

RON STALLWORTH

Ain't it.

DAVID DUKE

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.

DAVID DUKE

For America to Achieve our Greatness again.

RON STALLWORTH

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

DAVID DUKE

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

RON STALLWORTH

You'll be in Colorado Springs?

DAVID DUKE  
Yes-Siree-Bob.

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

97 INT. CSPD INTELLIGENCE UNIT - DAY

97

Ron, at his desk, is on the Undercover Phone Line.

KEN (O.S.)  
I've gotta be honest with you. I've been losing support from The Comrades over the last few months and with The Elections coming up next month, I don't think I'd carry The Vote.

RON STALLWORTH  
The Vote...?

KEN (O.S.)  
We need a new Leader. Someone everyone can unite behind. Butch would Love to be The One but we can't let that happen. He's a Crazy Son Of A Bitch. A Loose Cannon. We need someone Articulate, who displays Great Leadership qualities... It should be you, Ron. You should be Chapter President.

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

RON STALLWORTH  
That's quite an Honor.

KEN (O.S.)  
You will be a Great Chapter President.

RON STALLWORTH  
I 'm having to visit my sick Father in El Paso I don't know if I'll have time. I'll have to think about it.

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

98 INT. NARCOTICS DIVISION - CSPD - DAY

98

Ron, giddy, stands at Chuck's Desk. He is putting on his jacket preparing to leave.

CHUCK

No. No. No. We can't do it.

RON STALLWORTH

Imagine the access we'd have!!!

CHUCK

It could make the Case, but it's  
Borderline Entrapment. Did you give  
them an excuse why I couldn't do it?

Ron and Chuck walk out the office going down the hall  
talking. Ron explains the excuse he used to Chuck.

99 INT. UNMARKED CAR - NIGHT

99

The Car's parked across The Street. Ron listens in.

100 INT. KEN'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

100

The Whole Chapter is present. Half of them are open-carrying.  
In a corner, Duane teaches Chuck the historic Klan handshake.  
Index and Middle Finger extended along The Inside Wrist.

KEN

I just want to say that I'm very  
pleased with the Recruitment efforts  
from all you Brothers. Give  
yourselves a round of applause...

Muted claps.

KEN (CONT'D)

It'll make Mr. Duke Proud!!! Now, I  
have one more thing to say. 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. Butch can't hide his smile.

KEN (CONT'D)

I'd like to make a nomination...  
Mr. Ron Stallworth for Chapter  
President.

The Room is Silent.

BUTCH

We just met this Guy.

DUANE

He just walked in off the street.



BUTCH

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

KEN

I will vouch for Ron.

All eyes turn to Chuck.

CHUCK

It's a Big Honor but I can't accept. Problem is, what you Good Men need is a President who will be on CALL 24/7, I'll be looking after my ill Father in Dallas.

101 INT. UNMARKED CAR - NIGHT

101

Ron on headphones squints, WORRIED, saying to himself.

RON STALLWORTH

El Paso, Chuck, El Paso...

102 INT. KEN'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

102

KEN

On the Phone you said you were visiting your Father in El Paso.

The rest of the Chapter Members are paying attention now.

CHUCK

Did I say El Paso?

KEN

You sure did.

BUTCH

Ron which One is it?

The whole Room waits.

CHUCK

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

They buy it. We think.

DUANE

Dallas where they killed that Nigger Lover Kennedy.

The Chapter chatters in agreement.

CHUCK

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

Collective moans.

BUTCH

Hold on now, they got Big Teets.  
WetBacks Wet Nurse ya Ole Man to  
Health.

Big Laughs.

CHUCK

My Father's a Good Man. And he  
deserves the best care for the Time  
he has left.

KEN

We'll pray for ya Pop's health.

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

103

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.

INTERCUT RON AND SGT. TRAPP WITH DAVID DUKE AT HIS DESK:

DAVID DUKE

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. Duke... 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.

DAVID DUKE

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

RON STALLWORTH

How so?

DAVID DUKE

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?

DAVID DUKE

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.

DAVID DUKE

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

RON STALLWORTH

You too.

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

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

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

RON STALLWORTH (CONT'D)  
Hello?

BUTCH (O.S.)  
It's Butch.

Ron quickly cups The Receiver.

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

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

BUTCH (O.S.)  
Meeting. My House. Tonight. Don't  
tell Mealy Mouth Ken.

104 EXT. BACKYARD - BUTCH'S HOUSE - NIGHT 104

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

105 INT. STORM SHELTER - SHORTLY AFTER 105

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

BUTCH (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.

Chuck finds an empty Crate, Squats.

Butch stands underneath a single hanging Light-Bulb.

BUTCH (CONT'D)  
In about a week's time, we will be  
welcoming Mr. Duke to our City. Now,  
there's a lot of Folks who aren't too  
happy about that. But we are going to  
March and show these Bastards we  
don't talk Revolution, we Deliver.

BUTCH (CONT'D)  
 We're going to put an End to The War  
 against The White Race.

Butch lets that hang in The Air for a moment.

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

One by one, Brothers brandish Weapons. Except Chuck.

BUTCH (CONT'D)  
 Where's your Piece, Ron?

CHUCK  
 I don't carry it All The Time.

The Chapter Members laugh teasingly.

BUTCH  
 I got ya covered.

Butch reaches behind his back, pulls out a Smith & Wesson .45  
 caliber and hands it to Chuck.

BUTCH (CONT'D)  
 We're gonna need your Good Shot come  
 next Sunday.

CHUCK  
 What's gonna happen next Sunday?

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

BUTCH  
 The War is gonna come to us.

CHUCK  
 What?

Butch grins.

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

106 EXT. BASKETBALL COURT - DAY

106

Ron's unmarked car and Chuck's truck parked on the cement  
 Court.

CHUCK  
 Duke will be at the Steakhouse for  
 the Grand Initiation.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

That's when Ron Stallworth takes his  
vows to the Klan.

RON STALLWORTH

Butch is talking about a March?

CHUCK

Yeah. If they do the Streets will be  
filled with Protesters.

RON STALLWORTH

Black Panthers, Progressive Labor  
Party. Everywhere Duke goes they'll  
have a presence.

CHUCK

Butch wants a fight of some kind.

RON STALLWORTH

I don't think any of the Anti-Klan  
Protesters would go that far.

CHUCK

I don't know, what's Patrice saying?

RON STALLWORTH

What, I'm like suppose to be spying  
on her.

CHUCK

It's what we do.

RON STALLWORTH

She's not under investigation!

Chuck is frustrated, goes quiet, then tries to understand.

CHUCK

You worried about her?

RON STALLWORTH

How can I not be?

Chuck lifts up his shirt revealing Butch's Handgun.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Butch gave it to me. We get them on  
Weapons Charges. Prevent them from  
trying anything. It's the best way to  
protect her.

RON STALLWORTH

...Then what? They're off on a  
misdemeanor, Free to plan their next  
move?

Chuck sighs, frustrated.

CHUCK

It's gotta be the March. They're planning something when they have all that opposition in one place.

RON STALLWORTH

We're in this deep and we still can't figure these dumb crackers out.

107 OMITTED 107

108 INT. CSPD INTELLIGENCE UNIT - DAY 108

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.

109 EXT. ACACIA PARK - DAY 109

Bright Sunlight. Lunch Hour. Ron sits on a Park Bench.

MAN (O.S.)

Mr. Stallworth.

Ron turns. A WHITE MALE (40's) in a Track Suit is standing behind him.

RON STALLWORTH

Agent... Y?

AGENT Y

That's right. Figured I'd get some Running in. May I sit?

RON

A Free Country?

110 EXT. ACACIA PARK - DAY 110

ANGLE - BENCH - DAY

Ron and Agent Y sit on The Park Bench side by side.

Agent Y flips through Ron's Investigation Case Book.

AGENT Y

Names of Chapter Members?

Ron reaches over and flips to a Page with a List of Names.

Agent Y 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 Paul William Tomlinson and Scott Edward Peters. 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... Free 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.

RON STALLWORTH  
Anything else you can give me?

Agent Y takes a thoughtful pause.

AGENT Y  
Last night, Fort Carson reported several C4 Explosives missing from their Armory. No suspects.

RON STALLWORTH  
KKK...?

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

You need to give me something else. If there's gonna be an Attack, I need to know when.

AGENT Y

You're the one with the Impressive Investigation.

RON STALLWORTH

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

AGENT Y

Who said I was FBI?

RON STALLWORTH

Not I.

AGENT Y

Because we never had this conversation.

Agent Y takes off toward a Path and starts Jogging.

111 EXT. FREEDOM HOUSE - DAY

111

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

RON STALLWORTH

You can hate me, think I'm a Damn Fool, whatever. Just promise me you won't go to The Protest.

PATRICE

I'm going. The Black Student Union is going too.

RON STALLWORTH

I can't say specifics but I know the Klan is planning an Attack. Today.

PATRICE

Then we have to tell The People.

RON STALLWORTH

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

PATRICE  
Active Investigation?

RON STALLWORTH  
...Confidentially... The KKK has  
Explosives.

PATRICE  
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 KKK.

PATRICE  
You lied to me.

RON STALLWORTH  
I know, but... it's beside the point.  
We think there's a chance they're  
gonna, set a Bomb off at Today's  
Event.

PATRICE  
Then I need to tell The Protesters.

RON STALLWORTH  
The Klan can't know that we know. We  
think they wanna start something,  
like a Race War. Remember Kwame? We  
both stood there and listened while  
he predicted this Shit.

PATRICE  
I take my Duties as President Of The  
Black Student Union seriously.

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

PATRICE  
I'd be doing something. Unlike you.

RON STALLWORTH  
 Unlike? 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 Kwame... were you  
 Undercover then too?

RON STALLWORTH  
 Patrice...

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

Ron is silent.

PATRICE  
 Are you for 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 Jobs too.  
 You disgust me.

112 OMITTED 112

112A INT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY 112A

Butch is on the phone.

BUTCH  
 It's off.

113 INT. INTELLIGENCE UNIT - RON'S DESK - DAY 113

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 Chuck who have been standing there, listening.

RON STALLWORTH  
Butch just said the March was cancelled.

CHUCK  
What! Why?

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

SGT. TRAPP  
Could it be all the Death Threats?

RON STALLWORTH  
No, they're use to that.

CHUCK  
Convenient how the March got called off and Patrice is safe now.

Ron stops pacing, Chuck looks at him, sarcastic.

RON STALLWORTH  
What? I got the Klan to call off the March to protect her.

CHUCK  
Yeah, and now we don't know where or who is the target!

RON STALLWORTH  
This is all Butch! He called off the March because he's going to War. He could attack anybody at anytime!

Chief Taggart walks in unexpectedly with Sgt. Morris. Everyone snaps up, respectful.

CHIEF TAGGERT (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 Taggart hands Ron "The David Duke Death Threat Fax."

CHIEF TAGGERT

Because of the very credible threats to David Duke's Life here in Colorado Springs, I would like that he be given a Security Detail while he visits our City.

RON STALLWORTH

What's this have to do with me?

CHIEF TAGGERT

You're gonna be David Duke's Bodyguard.

A Shockwave.

RON STALLWORTH

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

SGT. MORRIS

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

CHIEF TAGGERT

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

RON STALLWORTH

It's not about that and you know it. David Duke and I have been speaking over the phone, several times. If he recognizes my voice... or if any of the Klansmen do, it could compromise The Entire Investigation... A Clusterfuck.

CHIEF TAGGERT curls a smile.

CHIEF TAGGERT

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

Ron is quiet.

CHIEF TAGGERT

Do you remember that?

SGT. MORRIS

Answer The Chief!

Ron goes at Sgt. Morris.

RON STALLWORTH

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

CHIEF TAGGERT

Gentlemen.

SGT. MORRIS

Why you getting so worked up, Boy?

RON STALLWORTH

Who you callin' Boy? I got your Boy.  
Hangin' loose with the juice.

Chief raises his eyebrows from the comment. A pissed Sgt. Morris turns to Chief Taggert for support but he says nothing. Sgt. Morris, then Exits. Chief says to Ron.

CHIEF TAGGERT (CONT'D)

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

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

INT. BUTCH'S HOUSE/GARAGE - NIGHT

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

WALKER

First, The Primary Target.

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

WALKER (CONT'D)

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

BUTCH

Understand?

LOUISE

I understand.

WALKER

All you have to do is when you're ready to place it.

Walker puts his Finger on the Toggle Switch.

WALKER (CONT'D)

Flip this switch. That's it.

BUTCH

Miss BSU Bitch is bringing in some Old Coon to speak. The place should be packed. So Walker nothing but rumble?

WALKER

And Barbecue Niggers.

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

BUTCH

Plan B.

WALKER

For your Secondary target. It's small enough to conceal in your purse.

Louise nods. Walker sets it on the bench speaking to Butch.

WALKER (CONT'D)

The Mailbox connected to the House?

BUTCH

Correct.

Walker speaks again to Louise.

WALKER

Again, when you're ready, Flip The oggle. Place this inside The Mail Box. In case there's a problem, I've attached a magnet to the back.

Walker turns it over pointing it out.

WALKER (CONT'D)

If for some reason you can't place this in the Mail Box you can connect it to anything metal. A good spot is the rear wheel well of a Car near the Gas Tank. That'll double the impact.

Walker then takes out a Remote Control Detonator placing his Thumb over The Button.

WALKER (CONT'D)  
Get a safe distance away and change  
the Channel. Boom-Boom.

BUTCH  
Can you handle it, Honey?

LOUISE  
You can count on me.

He gives her a peck on the lips.

114 EXT. ANTLERS HOTEL - DAY

114

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 Duke's Sedan. The Bikers all look up simultaneously.

RON STALLWORTH  
I'm Mr. Duke's Security Detail.

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

Just then Duke 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. Duke. I'm a Detective from  
The Colorado Springs Police  
Department and I will be acting as  
your Bodyguard today.

Duke smiles and shakes Ron's hand.

DAVID DUKE  
Detective, pleased to meet you.

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

Ken and Duane walk outside The Hotel seeing Ron standing with  
David Duke.

KEN  
Da Heck's going on here?



DAVID DUKE

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

Ken and Duane smile broadly.

RON STALLWORTH

Let me be clear, Mr. Duke: 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.

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

DAVID DUKE

I appreciate your Professionalism.

115 EXT. COLORADO SPRINGS - CITY STREETS - DAY 115

Chuck's Car snakes through The Streets of Colorado Springs, arriving at an Apartment Building.

116 INT. CHUCK'S CAR - DAY 116

Chuck picks up Radio. Intercut with Ron in his unmarked car.

RON STALLWORTH

You there?

CHUCK

Yeah, I'm here, Ron.

RON STALLWORTH

Ready for the Lion's Den.

CHUCK

Sure, are you ready Ron?

RON STALLWORTH

Ron was born ready.

CHUCK

Born ready was Ron. Ron be careful.

RON STALLWORTH

You too, Ron.

117 INT. UNMARKED CAR - DAY 117

Ron sits there, radio in hand.

RON STALLWORTH  
I'll be listening with both Ears.

118 EXT. STREETS - DAY 118

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

119 INT. VAN - DAY 119

Chuck sits squeezed between Two BIKERS.

120 INT. VAN - DAY 120

The Van stops and the Door is RIPPED open. Ken stands there, big smile on his face as he motions them to come out.

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

121 INT. RESTAURANT - DAY 121

Chuck follows Ken to a large Table near the back, where Butch, Duane and other Chapter Members stand around chatting with David Duke.

Everyone stands around in awe of The Grand Wizard. Duke turns and smiles as Chuck approaches.

KEN  
Mr. Duke, our newest recruit, Ron  
Stallworth.

He shakes both of their Hands.

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

Both of Duke's hands clasp Chuck's hand tight.

CHUCK  
You as well.

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

CLOSE - RON

watches from the side worried about the outcome. Duke SLAPS Chuck on the back appearing like best buddies. Ron continues to observe.

122 ANGLE - RESTAURANT/COCKTAILS - DAY

122

The room filled with People mingling eating Hors d'oeuvres. Ken stands between Chuck and Duke as he holds Court.

Chuck, Duane, Ken, Butch and Louise all drink it up totally impressed and star struck. Butch does a double take when he sees Ron.

BUTCH

What's that doing here?

DUANE

Fuckin' Cop assigned to guard Mister Duke. Isn't that the living shits.

Butch stares at Ron, pondering the door meeting.

123 INT. WAITING ROOM - STEAKHOUSE - DAY

123

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

FRED WILKENS steps in. Fred is 35, Clean-Shaven, in shape underneath his flowing Klan robe.

FRED

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

Fred stands tall, beaming. Chuck wipes his brow.

FRED (cont'd)

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

Fred allows for a dramatic pause. Duke addresses them.

DAVID DUKE

My Brothers in Christ, Nobel Prize recipient and Co-Creator of the Transistor and my dear friend, William Shockley, who's 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.

Chuck and the others stand strong and ready.

FRED (cont'd)  
Hoods on, Gentlemen.

The Inductees pull on their Hoods, covering their Faces.  
Chuck hesitates, then pulls his hood on.

124 INT. STEAKHOUSE/KITCHEN AREA - DAY 124

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.

125 INT. STEAKHOUSE/STORAGE ROOM - DAY 125

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

126 INT. FREEDOM HOUSE - DAY 126

The House is filled to capacity watching Patrice speaks at the podium as JEROME TOMPKINS, Black, 80, a Man of Silver Hair, a distinguished Gentleman, sits across from her.

PATRICE

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

127 INT. PRIVATE ROOM - STEAKHOUSE - DAY - INTERCUT 127

The Inductees step inside a dark room lit only by Candles.  
David Duke's Voice, ghostly, Calls from The Darkness.

DAVID DUKE (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.

DAVID DUKE (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 winking.

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

CUT TO:

128 INT. FREEDOM HOUSE - NIGHT 128

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

JEROME TOMPKINS

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

CUT BACK TO:

129 INT. PRIVATE ROOM - STEAKHOUSE - DAY 129

Chuck 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 TOMPKINS (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:

130 INT. FREEDOM HOUSE - DAY 130

CLOSE - JEROME TOMPKINS

JEROME TOMPKINS (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:

131 INT. PRIVATE ROOM - STEAKHOUSE - DAY 131

CLOSE - DAVID DUKE

DAVID DUKE

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...

DAVID DUKE (CONT'D)  
Ron Stallworth, come forward.

CUT TO:

132 INT. STEAKHOUSE/STORAGE ROOM - DAY 132

Ron looks down from the window. Chuck steps toward Duke.

CUT TO:

133 INT. FREEDOM HOUSE - DAY 133

CLOSE - JEROME TOMPKINS

JEROME TOMPKINS  
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. I knew I had to hide.

CUT TO:

134 INT. PRIVATE ROOM - STEAKHOUSE - DAY 134

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

Chuck is breathing hard.

CHUCK  
Yes.

DAVID DUKE  
Yes, what?

CHUCK  
I am a White, Non-Jewish American  
Citizen?

CUT TO:

135 INT. FREEDOM HOUSE - DAY 135

CLOSE - PATRICE

Tears roll down her face.

JEROME TOMPKINS (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 TOMPKINS

JEROME TOMPKINS (CONT'D)  
 The Police and City Officials were  
 out there just watching like it was a  
 TV Show.

CUT TO:

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - STEAKHOUSE - DAY

Duke looks into Chuck's Eyes. Chuck returns The Stare.

DAVID DUKE  
 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 TOMPKINS (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 - Chuck stands there holding in his emotions.

INT. FREEDOM HOUSE - DAY

CLOSE - JEROME TOMPKINS

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

DAVID DUKE (O.S.)

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

CUT TO:

138 PHOTOS OF THE LYNCHING OF JESSE WASHINGTON

138

Horrific, Barbaric, Simply Unreal!

CUT TO:

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - STEAKHOUSE - DAY

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

DAVID DUKE

In Mind, in Body, in Spirit.

Duke sprinkles Water on each Inductee.

CUT TO:

139 INT. FREEDOM HOUSE - DAY

139

More Lynching Photos!!! WE SEE one of the Post Cards on the  
back is written: *THIS IS THE BARBECUE WE HAD LAST NIGHT. MY  
PICTURE IS TO THE LEFT WITH A CROSS OVER IT. YOUR SON, JOE*

JEROME TOMPKINS (V.O.)

They was 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:

141 INT. PRIVATE ROOM - STEAKHOUSE - DAY

141

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 TOMPKINS (V.O.)

Good Folks cheered and laughed and  
had a High Ole' Time. They estimate  
close to Twenty Thousand people  
watched it.



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

They brought The Children on Lunch hour. 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.

142 INT. FREEDOM HOUSE - NIGHT

142

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

143 INT. STEAKHOUSE/STORAGE ROOM - DAY

143

Ron sees Chuck's Ceremony completed and goes downstairs.

144 INT. PRIVATE ROOM - STEAKHOUSE - NIGHT

144

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 TOMPKINS (V.O.)

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

Duke, Chuck, Butch, Duane, Ken 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.

145 OMITTED

145

146 INT. BANQUET ROOM - STEAKHOUSE - DAY

146

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

KEN

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

Duke steps to the podium. Duke raises his glass.

DAVID DUKE

Look around, tonight 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 Duke fills them all with inspiration.

DAVID DUKE (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.

David Duke at the banquet table shoves a forkful of Prime Rib into his mouth as he chats casually with Ken and Fred.

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

CLOSE - LOUISE (RON'S POV)

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

BUTCH

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

They shake hands in the traditional Klan manner.

DAVID DUKE

The Honor is Mine.

CLOSE - WALKER

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

CLOSE - CHUCK (WALKER'S POV)

talking at the table with Ken and Duke. Duke and Chuck are very chummy laughing and telling stories like old friends.

Walker stares hard at Chuck like he trying to place him. He sits next to Butch still staring at Chuck. Walker nods to himself, speaking quietly.

WALKER  
He's a Cop.

BUTCH  
Who?

WALKER  
That guy.

Butch looks at Chuck.

BUTCH  
Ron?

WALKER  
No, that guy.

Walker is talking about Chuck too.

BUTCH  
Ron's a Cop?

WALKER  
No, his name is Chuck.

BUTCH  
Who's Chuck?

Walker looks at Chuck as he speaks to Duke.

WALKER  
Who's Ron, that's Chuck.

BUTCH  
What the Fuck are you talking about?

WALKER  
That guy was the Cop that sent me to Prison 15 years ago for Armed Fucking Robbery.

Chuck eating with Duke.

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

Butch is shocked.

BUTCH  
What!

WALKER  
Yeah, he's a Fuckin' Pig.

BUTCH  
What's his name?

WALKER  
Chuck Zimmerman.

BUTCH  
Isn't that a Jew name?

WALKER  
I don't know... probably.

BUTCH  
So Ron Stallworth is a fucking Jew.

WALKER  
Coulda' been worse.

Butch looks at him.

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

Butch thinks to himself, then looks over at

RON

who is standing not far away from David Duke. Ron is watching

BUTCH

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

BUTCH  
He is a Nigger.

Walker turns to Butch.

BUTCH (CONT'D)  
That Cop guarding Duke. Zimmerman is using his name.

WALKER

Let's tell Duke.

Walker starts to rise, Butch lowers him back.

BUTCH

No, Duke's crazy about that guy. Let  
it go for now, I'll find the moment.  
No, now it's White People Time.

Butch turns to Louise, whispering, they all then rise. Ron knows something is askew. He gives Chuck a look. Chuck sees it as Ron walks over to Duke.

RON STALLWORTH

...Mr. Duke, 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?

Duke laughs, looking around the table.

DAVID DUKE

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

Fred Wilkens, equally amused, walks over. Chuck is already out of his Seat, walking to Ron. Ron glances over seeing

BUTCH, WALKER AND LOUISE AT THE BACK DOOR(RON'S POV)

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

CLOSE - RON

then turns to Chuck.

RON STALLWORTH

You mind taking it, Sir?

ANGLE - ROOM

Chuck nods and Ron hands him The Polaroid Camera.

Ron walks back and stands in between Duke, THE GRAND WIZARD and Fred, THE GRAND DRAGON.

RON (CONT'D)

One... Two... Three!

Right as the Camera Flashes, Ron drapes his arms around both Duke and Fred, pulling them in real close.

The Polaroid clicks and spits out the Photo instantly.

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

Duke and Ron spring toward Chuck, each making a Mad Dash for the Photo.

Ron grabs it first. Duke lunges to grab the Photo from Ron's hands but Ron yanks it away.

RON STALLWORTH(CONT'D)

If you lay one Stubby 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.

Duke 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. Duke. Big  
Fan. God Bless AMERICA.

Duke shakes his Head in Disgust.

DAVID DUKE

GET OUT!!!

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

CHUCK

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...

BUTCH (O.S.)

Where's your girlfriend.

Ron turns finding Butch holding his arm.

BUTCH  
Detective Stallworth?

Ron JERKS his arm away heading to the exit.

147 EXT. STEAKHOUSE/PARKING LOT - DAY 147

Ron rushes through the Lot hopping in his unmarked Car.

148 INT. RON'S CAR - DAY 148

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.

149 INT. STEAKHOUSE - DAY 149

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

BUTCH  
Ron, I believe you know my friend.

Chuck stares at Walker playing it totally cool.

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

WALKER  
It's been a few years ago. Fifteen to  
be exact.

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

DAVID DUKE  
Did you Guys go to school together?

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

BUTCH  
Isn't that where the Prison is?

WALKER  
Matter a fact it is.

Walker looks at Chuck, who says nothing.

BUTCH  
You know something about that. Don't  
you, Chuck?

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

JOSH  
There's an emergency phone call in  
the lobby for a -- Butch Anderson.

Butch rises.

BUTCH  
Don't say another word.  
I'll be right back. Chuck.

Butch walks off. Walker watches him leave turning to Chuck,  
who plays it cool. A confused Duke observes it all.

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY - INTERCUT

A nervous Louise is on the phone clearly rattled.

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

A Police Cruiser drives past.

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

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

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

LOUISE  
Okay... Plan B.

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



LOUISE  
All right... Love You.

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

INT. STEAK HOUSE/LOBBY - DAY

Butch eyes Walker at the table with Chuck and Duke. Butch waves to Walker. Duane sees Butch and rushes to join them.

WALKER  
Excuse me Mister Duke.

Walker reluctantly leaves.

DAVID DUKE  
What was all that about? And why did he keep calling you Chuck?

CHUCK  
We were in prison together. Years ago. It's an inside joke.

Duke nods, concerned.

DAVID DUKE  
I hope everything's all right?

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

Chuck stands watching Butch and Gang exit the Steakhouse.

150 EXT. ACADEMY BOULEVARD - DAY 150

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

151 EXT. FREEDOM HOUSE - DAY 151

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 Leon and jumps out of the car.

RON STALLWORTH  
Where's Patrice!!!

LEON  
She took Mister Hopkins to her place.  
She having a few friends over.

Ron climbs back in burns rubber heading to Patrice's place!

152 INT. DUANE'S CAR - DAY 152

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

153 OMITTED 153

154 EXT. PATRICE'S HOUSE - DAY 154

Louise drives up. She sits there for a long moment staring at Patrice's House. Louise 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

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...

PATRICE

drive up. Flustered, Louise grabs her purse to put the Bomb back inside while looking at Patrice and friends getting out of the car.

Patrice talks to Mr. Tompkins, not noticing her. Louise sets the purse back down on the porch. *Did she get the Bomb back inside the purse?* Louise quickly leaves the porch striding to her car sweating, crazy nervous. Patrice, Mr. Tompkins and Hakim are conversing entering the House.

LOUISE

briskly moves toward the rear of Patrice's Car.

RON

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

LOUISE

tries to nonchalantly head back to her vehicle.

RON

jumps out the car yelling!

RON STALLWORTH  
CSPD! Stay where you are!

Louise looks back at Ron, increasing her pace.

RON STALLWORTH (CONT'D)

Don't move!!!

Louise 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 Louise.

RON STALLWORTH (CONT'D)

Where is it!!!

Ron reaches back for his handcuffs...

CSPD OFFICER BURNS

Freeze!

Ron looks right and OFFICER BURNS has his Gun pointed at him. Then looks left finding, OFFICER SWARTZ, both White, 30's, has his revolver aimed at him.

CSPD OFFICER BURNS (CONT'D)

Get off her!

Ron slowly rises up off Louise gradually turning to them. With his hands raised you can see Ron's shoulder holster and

38 CALIBER SNUB-NOSE

Officer Swartz sees it!

CSPD OFFICER SWARTZ

He's got a Gun!

RON STALLWORTH

I'm a Cop! I'm a COP!!!

Louise springs up from the lawn! Pleading crazy to cops!

LOUISE

He attacked me! That Nigger attacked me, he tried to Rape me! Arrest him!

Swartz and Burns look at each other, unsure.

RON STALLWORTH

I'm Undercover!!!

CSPD OFFICER BURNS

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.

LOUISE  
You gonna believe this Nigger or me?

CSPD OFFICER SWARTZ  
Get on the ground!

RON STALLWORTH  
I'm a Cop goddammit! She's got a Bomb! She's a Terrorist!

CSPD OFFICER SWARTZ  
Get on the ground NOW!!!

Ron slowly lowers down to his knees and the two Cops push him down face down on the street!

BUTCH

drives up with Duane and Walker in the back seat.

BUTCH  
SHIT! Whatda' fuck, Louise...

Duane sees the purse on the porch.

DUANE  
There's the purse! It's there!

THE PURSE (DUANE'S POV)

resting by one of the pillars on the porch clearly visible from the street.

BUTCH  
Gimme' a detonator.

Walker unzips his Bag quickly handing a Detonator to Butch.

RON

yells at the Cops trying to explain!

RON STALLWORTH  
THAT WOMAN HAS A BOMB SHE'S TRYING TO BLOW THAT HOUSE UP!

Patrice hearing the commotion steps out on the porch with her friends.

In the Car, Duane sees Patrice on the porch.

DUANE  
There she is! Do it!

RON STALLWORTH  
PATRICE!

Officer Swartz jabs Ron in the Belly with his Nightstick. Ron doubles over.

PATRICE  
Ron???

In the Car, Butch says.

BUTCH  
You're Dead Black Bitch.

Patrice looks down spotting

THE PURSE (PATRICE'S POV)

on the porch. Ron recovering from the blow SCREAMS to her!

RON STALLWORTH  
PATRICE GET AWAY FROM THE HOUSE!

LOUISE

finally sees Butch in the car. Butch sees her, nods. She then sees that they are parked...

NEXT TO PATRICE'S CAR!!!

Patrice runs to Butch, screaming!

LOUISE  
NO! BUTCH NO!

Butch 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 BUTCH'S CAR NEXT TO IT!!! A double explosion!!! THE IMPACT BLOWS OUT WINDOWS EVERYWHERE! Louise 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!!!

Louise 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!

155	OMITTED	155
156	OMITTED	156
157	INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT	157

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  
Jezzus Christ.

PATRICE  
What?

RON STALLWORTH  
Your Boyfriend.

Patrice turns and sees.

PATRICE  
Oh My God.

Sgt. Morris nears them with a Beer in his hand.

SGT. MORRIS  
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?

Sgt. Morris stares at her.

PATRICE (CONT'D)  
Kwame Ture.

Sgt. Morris doesn't know who that is.

PATRICE  
Stokely Carmichael.

SGT. MORRIS

Oh Yeah, Yeah, you looked good that night but you look even better now.

PATRICE

How often do you do that to Black People?

SGT. MORRIS

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.

SGT. MORRIS

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.

Sgt. Morris looks around then leans in close to Patrice and Ron. He speaks softly issuing a deadly threat.

SGT. MORRIS

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 on one of you 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.

Sgt. Morris raises up.

RON STALLWORTH

Oh I get it.

Ron looks at Patrice.

RON STALLWORTH (CONT'D)

You get it, Patrice?

PATRICE

Oh, I totally and completely get it?

Sgt. Morris looks confused with their response.

RON STALLWORTH

Good.

Ron turns toward the Bar and shouts.

RON STALLWORTH (CONT'D)

You get it, Chuck?

Behind the Bar, Chuck leans out from the back room waving to Ron wearing Headphones recording The Conversation.

CHUCK

Oh, We got it! We got it all!

Ron stands removing his Shirt revealing The Wire he is wearing. Sgt. Morris is in shock.

RON STALLWORTH

You get it, Chief?

Sgt. Trapp appears taking the Beer from Sgt. Morris' hand turning him around putting Handcuffs on him. Chief Taggart comes from the back nearing Sgt. Morris. The two lock eyes.

CHIEF TAGGERT

Oh, I really, really get it. You're under arrest for Police Misconduct, Sexual Misconduct and Police Brutality.

Sgt. Trapp and the Chief usher Sgt. Morris, who is babbling like a Fool out of The Bar reading him his rights.

158 INT. INTELLIGENCE UNIT - CSPD - DAY

158

Ron, walking taller than usual, steps inside The Unit. Some of his Colleagues notice and give him a Low-Key Ovation. At is Desk are Chuck, who is in Great Spirits.

CHUCK

There he is... Man of the Minute.

RON STALLWORTH

... not an Hour?

Ron smiles, gives Fives all around. They all share a laugh.

CHUCK (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.



CHUCK  
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 Chuck eyes meet, bonded.

SGT. TRAPP  
Chief wants to see you.

Chuck nudges Ron.

CHUCK  
Hey... early promotion?

Ron smiles.

159 INT. OFFICE OF THE CHIEF OF POLICE - DAY

159

Ron and Sgt. Trapp sit opposite Chief Taggart.

CHIEF TAGGERT  
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 TAGGERT  
But... as all good things come to an end...

Sgt. Trapp shakes his head, resigned.

RON STALLWORTH  
What?

CHIEF TAGGERT  
Budget Cuts.

RON STALLWORTH  
You can do this.

CHIEF TAGGERT  
 Inflation... I wish I had a choice.  
 Besides, it looks like there are no  
 longer any tangible Threats...

RON STALLWORTH  
 ...Sounds like we did too good a job.

CHIEF TAGGERT  
 Not a Bad Legacy to leave.

Taggert takes a deliberate pause. Then, THE Sucker Punch...

CHIEF TAGGERT (CONT'D)  
 And I need you to destroy all  
 Evidence of The Investigation.

RON STALLWORTH  
 Excuse me?

SGT. TRAPP  
 Chief, are you sure that's necessary?

CHIEF TAGGERT  
 We prefer that The Public never knew  
 about this Investigation.

Ron is heated.

RON STALLWORTH  
 If they found out...

CHIEF TAGGERT  
 ...Cease all further contact with The  
 Ku Klux Klan. Effective immediately.  
 That goes for Chuck too. Ron  
 Stallworth... The Klansman never  
 existed here in Colorado Springs.

RON STALLWORTH  
 This is some Fucked up Bullshit.

CHIEF TAGGERT  
 Take a week off. Go on vacation with  
 your friend. We'll hold down The Fort  
 until you get back. Get you another  
 assignment.

Ron storms out. Trapp follows.

Ron reflects as he feeds Investigation documents in a  
 Shredder. The documents shred into pieces as he speaks.

RON STALLWORTH (V.O.)

The way it always works. The Truth is erased, so no can learn from it. We're fed the same BS, it's all okay, normal, nothing to see here. While the World of Hate Lives, Grows and Multiplies.

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.

161 INT. LOBBY - CSPD - DAY

161

Ron is walking fast now, trying to make it out of The Building with The Evidence but he remembers something. He stops, turns back.

162 INT. INTELLIGENCE DIVISION - CSPD - DAY

162

Ron sits at his Desk, on The Undercover Phone Line. Chuck 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.

INTERCUT RON, CHUCK, AND TRAPP WITH DAVID DUKE:

DAVID DUKE

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 Louise not only does she lose her Husband but she's facing a healthy Prison Sentence.

DAVID DUKE

My God. And then there was that one Nigger Detective who threatened me.

RON STALLWORTH

Goddamn Coloreds sure know how to spoil a Celebration.

Chuck snorts. Ron holds in a Belly-Laugh.

DAVID DUKE

You can say that again.

Ron cracks up into his Hand. Sgt. Trapp is wheezing-- his Face Bright Pink. Chuck 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?

DAVID DUKE

No, I...

RON STALLWORTH

...Are-uh you sure you don't know who he is? Are-uh you absolutely sure?

Duke looks at his Phone. Ron puts his hand over The Receiver.

RON STALLWORTH

I can't do it Jackie. I'm not gonna' kill myself. I can't die at 53.

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 Duke on the phone.

RON STALLWORTH (CONT'D)

Cuz' dat Niggah Coon, Burr Head, Gator Bait, Spade, Spook, Sambo, Spear Chuckin', Big Lipped Buckwheat, Purpled Gummed, Welfare Queen, Tar Baby, Mississippi Wind Chime...COP is Ron Stallworth you Redneck, Racist Peckerwood Small Dick Motherfucker!!!

CLICK. Ron SLAM DUNKS THE RECEIVER LIKE SHAQ.

CLOSE - DAVID DUKE

David Duke's Jaw Drops.

163 INT. INTELLIGENCE DIVISION - CSPD - DAY 163

THE WHOLE OFFICE EXPLODES IN LAUGHTER. COPS ARE ROLLING ON THE OFFICE FLOOR.

164 INT. RON'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT 164

Folders of Evidence sit on The Kitchen Table in a stack. Ron takes a Mug of Lipton Tea outside...

165 INT. RON'S APARTMENT - BALCONY - NIGHT 165

...where he sips it peacefully. The Polaroid of David Duke, Fred Wilkens and Ron hugged up as friends.

CLOSE - POLAROID

Ron hugged up, between David Duke and Fred Wilkens.

He then looks behind 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.

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  
Your Enemy, this Cop, saved your life.

PATRICE  
You're absolutely right. And I Thank you for it.

Patrice kisses Ron Good Bye. WE HEAR The Door close.

He looks 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.

Then he sees it: Something Burning.

CLOSER-- WE SEE a CROSS being lit, its Flames dancing, sending embers into The BLACK, Colorado Sky.

CUT TO BLACK.