

HATE

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FADE IN:

EXT. DESERT-DAY

THE CALIFORNIA HIGH DESERT

A weather-beaten and cracked road cuts through the stark desert. Old boarded-up houses and businesses litter either side in erratic gaps.

Off the main road, and secluded by a ridge, lies a gathering of campers, trucks, battered muscle cars and RVs of every size.

At first glance it all looks like a large barbecue with canopies and a couple of stages. A bad rock and roll band plays on one as smoke from the cooking food billows up to the sky. But a closer look and it becomes clear.

First the Nazi flags that sprinkle various vehicles and booths, then the racist lyrics of the rock band; the contingent of skinheads and rednecks; the various booths selling t-shirts and posters with disgusting racist slogans.

JIM MATTHEWS, 20, steps down the row of attractions as he chews on a burger and shoots the scene with his little battered video camera. Good looks with a military hair-cut, Jim has a mid-western air about him. Another kid, ROBBIE, 20, ambles up to him with a beer in his hand.

ROBBIE

Jim, buddy, where you been? I met a couple of girls. The finest in Aryan stock, if you know what I mean.

Robbie lewdly winks at him.

JIM

You're so romantic, Robbie.

ROBBIE

Fuck that. Let's go.

Robbie drags him off.

INT. PARKING AREA

A plain sedan with three men pulls up to the other cars. JON JAKES, late 30s with a medium build, BILL PIERCE, a

hulk of a beast the same age and NIGEL DEVERS, with good-looks man, in his 30s, with dark but charming eyes. All three dressed blue collar.

JON

I don't like this, Nigel. We can get this equipment from someone else.

Unfazed, Nigel looks at him and smiles and speaks in a British accent.

NIGEL

What are you worried about, Jon? We are amongst friends.

JON

What about spies. Zionist agents from ZOG are everywhere.

NIGEL

I am much too clever to let that happen.

JON

Well, at least let Bill and I talk to him.

NIGEL

He wants to see me or no deal.

Nigel sighs.

NIGEL

The burdens of power. Now let's go.

They exit the car.

INT. GROUNDS-DAY

The three men step down a row of tents and campers as a man, KELLY, appears ahead. In his 30s and redneck all the way.

With a stone face, Kelly starts toward the men with his head down. As he stumbles, he bumps Nigel and the two men meet eyes. Both recognize each other but there's a problem.

KELLY

Sorry, brother.

NIGEL
(American accent)
No problem.

Over his shoulder, Nigel spots ANOTHER MAN look at them.

KELLY
Good day.

NIGEL
Good day.

With that, Kelly walks off as Nigel leads his men away, too.

JON
Wasn't that him?

NIGEL
Hold all questions.

INT. CAR-DAY

Back in their car, Nigel reads off a note.

NIGEL
He thinks he is being watched. He wants us to meet him on this road, at ten pm.

Turns the note around.

NIGEL
He even drew a map.

Jon just sighs.

NIGEL
How very clandestine, don't you think?

EXT. MAIN AREA-DAY

A bad racist rock and roll band flails around the stage. In the crowd a mosh pit forms.

Jim and Robbie with two girls, SHELLY (with Jim), BONNIE (with Robbie). All of them bob their heads with the music, beers in hands. Basically white-trash-ville.

Robbie suddenly bolts into the mosh pit. After a moment, Jim follows as he tapes him with the camera.

EXT. PORT-A-POTTIES

Jim stumbles over to a row of port-a-potties, long lines at them all.

JIM

Shit.

Jim wanders around the back, past a booth and behind a trash bin. Alone, he drops his fly and begins to piss as, behind, a sedan appears over a ridge and grows closer. The car stops nearby.

DRIVER (O.C.)

Hey buddy.

Jim turns and sees a lost black family, THE DRIVER, A WOMAN and a CHILD. Jim sober now. Studies the family with a cold stare.

DRIVER

We're trying to find the highway. Can you help us?

Jim glances back in the direction of the gathering then to the car.

JIM

Get out of here.

DRIVER

Look, all I want to...

JIM

I told you once, get out of here.

DRIVER

Now look...

Just then, TWO very drunk SKINHEADS round the corner to piss, both with their backs to the car. The driver notices the Nazi insignia on their shirts.

Jim glances at them and turns back slowly to the black man and stares him down.

JIM

Now.

The driver studies this white kid for a moment then nods

slowly. He glances at the beer bottle in the boy's hand and nods.

DRIVER

Yeah. No problem.

He pulls away back over the ridge.

Jim angrily smashes the bottle in the trash bin.

EXT. CAR-PARKING AREA-NIGHT

Jim and Shelly beside his car as they make-out. With a gasp, the kid slowly pulls away. He looks at his watch: 9:32.

JIM

I really have to go.

She coos displeasure.

SHELLY

Are you sure?

JIM

Yeah. I have to be at work at seven tomorrow.

Shelly tries to pull him toward her again.

SHELLY

You could find another job. I'm worth it.

JIM

I gotta go.

Jim climbs into his car.

SHELLY

Do you want to see me again?

He gives her a smile.

JIM

Of course.

The kid tries to start the car once but it putters. One more time and it connects. Jim drives away.

EXT. ROAD-SEDAN-NIGHT

Jon turns off the main road, up a dirt road, and down another secluded one near the main one.

EXT. MAIN ROAD-CAR

Alone, Jim's headlights cut the night as he crosses the desert highway. The car begins to knock slightly.

JIM

Stay with me.

INT. SEDAN-BACK ROAD

In the dark, the three men wait.

With a pen light, Nigel reads a newspaper article with the caption: EX-GRAND DRAGON CABBISH GAINING IN POLLS. Beside it a picture of CHUCK CABBISH, 40s and well groomed.

NIGEL

Klansman my ass. He's a joke to the press and the cause. Now he wants to meet with nigger organizations? Shit.

Suddenly, headlights appear ahead of them.

NIGEL

Let's do some business.

Jon turns on the sedan's headlights, too, as they exit the car.

INT. CAR-MAIN ROAD-NIGHT

The noise that comes out of Jim's car much louder now. With a curse, he pulls over and shuts off the engine.

EXT. MAIN ROAD

Steps out. Jim pops the hood, examines the damage, and curses again. Just over a ridge, he notices some lights. Grabs the video camera from his front seat. It promptly slips out of his fingers and drops on the gravel.

JIM

Figures.

As he picks it up, he begins to walk down the side road

toward the lights.

EXT. BACK ROAD

The three men meet Kelly in the glow of the headlights.

NIGEL

You are beginning to try my patience.

Kelly glares at him.

KELLY

Fuck you and your patience. The cops are watchin' me. I have to be careful, "mate".

Nigel stares at him for a moment then smiles his chilling smile.

NIGEL

Well, let's see what you have.

JIM

reaches the other road.

A rusty old warehouse blocks his view of the lights. Suddenly, the harsh "click" of a rifle makes him freeze. Slowly, the kid creeps around the building and a variety of discarded junk to get a better look at the scene.

Jim instinctively trains the camera on them as the men examine several weapons: .45s, 9mms, shotguns, Mac 10s. Hard for him to focus on most of the faces, especially Nigel's.

KELLY

Guns, a uniform, sundries, contacts and information already delivered. Forty thousand.

Nigel startled.

NIGEL

We agreed thirty-five.

KELLY

The risk has increased.

NIGEL

Yeah, I guess your risk has increased.

Nigel glares at Kelly and breaks his stolid air.

KELLY

I guess I did say thirty-five.

The brit smiles again.

NIGEL

Good doing business with you.

(to Bill)

Pay the man.

Jon crosses to the car, takes a briefcase out of the trunk and carries it back.

KELLY

Do you really think it'll work? Security in Los Angeles will be high next week. He'll just be a martyr.

NIGEL

That's what I'm counting on.

He sets it on the other hood and opens it. A hell of a lot of money inside.

NIGEL

Would you like to count it?

KELLY

No no. I trust you.

Curious, Jim inches forward to get a better view and sets his foot on an old wood crate. The crate gives way and Jim stumbles into the light, all eyes on him.

The kid gets a quick but lasting glimpse of Nigel and the others.

KELLY

Shit, that's gotta be the snitch!

With that, Kelly pulls a .45 and fires. Bullets fly by Jim. The kid scrambles back behind the shack and down the road.

KELLY

He has a God-damn camera!

NIGEL

Take it easy. Let's find him, find out what he knows and then kill him. Bill, get the car.

Everyone goes after him. Bill follows behind in the car.

EXT. MAIN ROAD

Jim glances at his car then frantically runs down the road toward a smattering of other structures.

EXT. GAS STATION

The building locked. He kicks in a door, scrambles inside, and tries to catch his breath.

EXT. MAIN ROAD

The men run down to Jim's car. Nigel glances at the vehicle, down the barren end of the road--then down toward the structures.

NIGEL

That way.

INT. GAS STATION

Jim calms himself before he sees the men, guns in hand, and the car crest the hill.

As he backs up, he frantically searches the station with his eyes. Settles on a rusty motorcycle, then a gas can.

EXT. MAIN ROAD

Nigel stops them and looks over the structures.

KELLY

I knew this would happen.

NIGEL

Relax. He couldn't have gotten far. Jon, take that gas station. Kelly, that old house. I'll look over here.

INT. GAS STATION

Jim watches them through a dirty window and curses under his breath as Jon approaches.

EXT. GAS STATION

Jon steps up a slight incline and over an unnoticed liquid that stretches from the door and down the hill. He tries the door. Locked!

INT. GAS STATION

The kid positions himself on the motorcycle as he lights a match.

EXT. GAS STATION

Just as Jon readies himself to kick in the door a "whoosh!" Flames rise up from under the door as Jon leaps out of the way, the door in flames.

The other men see Jim through the window as he tries to start the bike.

NIGEL

There he is!

EXT. MAIN ROAD

The bike kicks in as the men open fire. Bullets fly through the walls as the kid crashes through the opposite door.

Jim narrowly squeezes past the car as Bill tries to cut him off but the sedan ends up in a ditch. The target disappears into the night, bullets at his heels.

KELLY

Shit shit shit shit!

Nigel just stares down the road. Eyes turn to the stuck car.

NIGEL

Bill, that's a no parking zone.

EXT. ROAD-BIKE

His mind races. Jim glances back several times as he tears down the pavement.

He cuts down another road and catches the freeway.

EXT. FREEWAY-BIKE-NIGHT

A police car appears behind him and he pulls over, the TWO COPS (#1 & #2) with guns drawn.

COP #1
Put your hands up!

Slowly he complies because he looks cold and tired.

EXT. POLICE STATION-NIGHT

A plain brick structure in the middle of a medium size town.

INT. POLICE STATION-CELL

Alone, Jim paces nervously, shut off from the rest of the station.

INT. STATION

In one of the offices, OFFICER MURCZEK, 20s, and SERGEANT WILLIAMS, 40s, watch the video of the racist barbecue, with sound.

MURCZEK
Even California Nazis look like hillbillies.

WILLIAMS
You'd think they'd be trendier.

The two cops nod matter-of-factly to each other.

The tape then cuts to Nigel's gun buy, without sound. They look closer at the grainy picture.

MURCZEK
He said he dropped the camera just Before leaving the car. I guess it knocked out the microphone.

WILLIAMS
I can't make out anyone.

Then, in the video, Jim stumbles, the camera catches a glimpse of the drawn guns and the jumpy picture of Jim running.

TONY (O.C.)

Excuse me.

The cops turn to look up to a neatly dressed African-American man in his early 40s, TONY WOODS, and a Jewish man the same age, JOEL LIEBERMANN. At first glance, Woods seems serious and Liebermann more casual.

WILLIAMS

Can I help you?

The two men step forward and present FBI ID'.

TONY

I'm Agent Anthony Woods, FBI, and this is my partner Joel Liebermann.

JOEL

How're you doin'?

Tony looks past them and at the video playing on the TV.

TONY

Is that the tape the kid made?

WILLIAMS

Yes sir.

Tony picks up the remote control and backs it up to the shadowy back road.

JOEL

Not much to see.

TONY

We can try and enhance it.

Joel skeptical.

JOEL

I don't think so.

Tony turns to the cops.

TONY

So, fill me in.

MURCZEK

Well, we have one witness. The owner of the gas station, who lives down the road, woke to see his station on fire. He saw a figure tear off on his motorcycle with other figures shooting at him. The kid says his car broke down and thought the lights were a house. It turned out to be some men with guns. He said one of the men had an English accent.

The agents look at each other.

WILLIAMS

What is it?

TONY, JOEL

Nigel.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM-NIGHT

Jim led by Murczek into the plain interrogation room.

MURCZEK

Have a seat.

Jim glances at the cop then takes one of the two seats at a table.

INT. OBSERVATION AREA

From the other side of a two way mirror, Tony and Williams watch the kid as Joel enters with a handful of notes.

TONY

What did you get?

He reads off his note pad.

JOEL

Jim Matthews, 20, born and raised in Laramie, Wyoming until he was fifteen. He went to live with his grandmother in Los Angeles after his father, Ronald, a Klan member, lost his farm to a Jewish-owned bank. Apparently he shot at the police when they came to evict him and he got very dead for his trouble. Somewhat of an icon in that area.

Tony studies the kid again.

TONY

What happened after he moved to Los Angeles?

JOEL

Truancy problems. He was associated with skinhead groups in high school but no record of violence or crime. He works in a warehouse in Simi Valley. Apparently most of the employees are of African descent.

TONY

Well, I guess he can tolerate us "mud people" to a certain extent.

JOEL

You go by what you want but I prefer to be called "kike".

Tony, a smirk, continues to watch Jim, who tries to find something in the kid's hateful eyes.

TONY

Well, it's time to tell him he's in deep shit.

Tony turns and exits the room as he takes the file from Joel.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

The agent enters and gets a glance of detest from the kid.

TONY

Mister Matthews, my name is Anthony Woods, special agent for the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

JIM

I'm not gonna talk to you. If you want any kinda statement, you're gonna have to get a white officer.

Tony sighs and takes a seat.

TONY

Well, you have a choice between my fried chicken eatin' self or my hymietown partner. We are it! Besides, you need me more than I need to arrest a two bit weekend racist for vandalism and theft. Oh yeah. Do you guys ever roast marshmallows when you're burning those crosses?

Jim silent. Tony just smiles.

TONY

Okay.

The agent opens the file and sets a surveillance photo of Nigel in front of the kid.

TONY

Is this one of the men who shot at you?

Jim studies the photo.

JIM

Yeah. Who is he?

TONY

Nigel Devers. International racial terrorist. A buddy of yours. Sixteen bank robberies, five murders, we know of, and eight bombings. Now here's where we stand. I think you know something that can be helpful to me but I can't hold you just for that. You can get bail on the charges against you and hope for the best with ol' Nigel and we'll subpoena you if a trial comes up related to this. Provided you are still alive, of course. Or you can stay in our protective custody and help us out. Oh yeah. Two of the men he murdered were white, in case you had some wistful idea of brotherhood with him.

Jim glares at the black man, hates every moment of his predicament. Regretfully, he looks away.

JIM

All right.

INT. HALLWAY

Tony meets up with Joel.

JOEL
Nigel didn't kill two white men. They
were all minorities.

TONY
We got our witness, don't we?

Joel smiles.

JOEL
You black folk are so sneaky.

Both step off.

TONY
Yes we is, boss.

EXT. POLICE STATION-DAY

The sun begins to crest over the hills.

Jim led out of the station and to a van flanked by two sedans as a couple more agents stand ready. Jim turns to Tony.

JIM
Where are you taking me?

TONY
A safe house in Los Angeles until we can
figure this out.

The kid put in the van and the two agents go to the front sedan. The other bureau men take the back car.

INT. SEDAN

Tony slips behind the wheel and starts the car as his partner takes the passenger seat.

JOEL
Oh, you have to see what I got.

Joel searches a nearby duffle bag, pulls out a baseball cap and slips it on. He smiles as Tony reads ZOG AGENT stenciled on the top. Underneath each letter a smaller:

Zionist Occupied Government.

TONY

You really have to take this work more seriously.

Joel grimaces.

JOEL

Oh, I don't know. I like it.

The caravan pulls out.

EXT. BACK ROAD-DAY

Tony and Joel look over the back road.

JOEL

It's been looked over. What are you hopin' to find

TONY

I don't know. What were they driving?

Joel refers to his note book.

JOEL

A four-by with Yakamina tires. A serious guy.

TONY

What do you mean?

JOEL

Those are the best tires. The guy probably likes to off-road. Survivalist probably. The other car was standard Goodyear tires. Could be anything. By the spacing it was probably a sedan. Like ours.

Tony looks around a little more.

TONY

The kid's car was still at the side of the road when the cops got here.

JOEL

Yeah. Nigel probably knows his name,
address and favorite food by now. The
registration wasn't inside.

TONY

I don't like this one bit.

EXT. HOUSE-DAY

Jon pulls the sedan onto a quiet residential street and stops at an unassuming one-story house. Climbs out with a paper bag of food. Across the street a NEIGHBOR mows his lawn.

The neighbors and Jon's eyes meet. The neighbor overtly smiles and waves. Jon forces a smile, nods and steps into the house.

INT. HOUSE

Sleepy, Nigel steps into the living room and meets Jon.

NIGEL

Did you get breakfast?

JON

Yeah. Cinnamon rolls and Egg McMuffins.

NIGEL

What a bunch of shit.

JON

Sorry, they didn't have crumpets.

Nigel takes one of the cinnamon rolls.

NIGEL

Did you find out where he is?

Jon sighs.

JON

He was picked up by the feds. He's here
in LA but I don't know where.

The brit unfazed.

NIGEL

It's just a matter of deduction. We have to find out the weakest link in this chain and explore it. What about the agents that're working on the case? Talk to our buddy inside.

The goon intrigued.

NIGEL

It's pretty obvious they are hiding him. But "where" is the question.

Just then, Bill enters, walks to the bag of food, and takes out an Egg McMuffin.

NIGEL

You work on the agents and Bill and I will prepare for the our "demonstration".

Confidently, he nods to his men.

NIGEL

Now let me have my breakfast...

He grabs the remote control and turns on the TV.

NIGEL

...Jerry Springer is on.

INT. SAFE HOUSE-DAY

Tony and Joel sleep on a couch in a big modern house. Despite its opulence, the furnishings sparse and look hastily put together.

Another AGENT (#1) steps over and wakes them up.

AGENT #1

Rise and shine, boys. You gotta go to the principal's office.

JOEL

We're going to get detention for sure?

AGENT #1

Blake wants you in the office by ten.

JOEL

Bank robberies were much more quieter
than these racists.

TONY

But the people are so much nicer.
(to Agent)
What's he doing?

AGENT #1

Sleeping. He should be a great witness,
very pliable.

TONY

There's more than meets the eye with
that kid.

INT. OFFICE BLDG.-DAY

Tony and Joel in the office of BLAKE, an administrator-type
in his 50s. All three watch Jim's tape again, the parts at
the racist barbecue. Pictures of vehicles, people and
happenings. The tape suddenly switches to Nigel's midnight
meeting.

BLAKE

That's Nigel?

TONY

According to the kid.

BLAKE

Can you make out the Brit's face?

TONY

Nothing. We tried to put it through
enhancement but got nothing. Low light.
We can't even get the car plates.

The tape ends and Blake turns to them.

BLAKE

What did he say?

Tony refers to a file.

TONY

Apparently the other man asked him "Do you really think it'll work? Security in Los Angeles will be high next week. Besides, killing Alan Berg only made him a martyr."

With a sigh, the agent closes the file.

BLAKE

Great. We have a grade A asshole on the loose just as Black History Month is starting in this city. How many big-wig black leaders are due next week?

JOEL

Three. Abdul Aalmuhammid, black radical, Reverend John Thompson, moderate, and Blake Carter of the ACLU. He's hosting a conference of black attorneys. Provided it isn't anyone we already have here in the city.

BLAKE

I don't want to even think about what will happen if a major black leader is killed in this city by a bunch of white radicals. The city is fragile enough already. No press on this one. Nothing.

The partners glance at each other. They hate every moment of this.

JOEL

Do we tell any of the prime candidates?

BLAKE

Tell them that we have information of a possible plot to kill them but it's unsubstantiated. Leave out the part about Nigel. Tell them that revealing this information to the press could endanger the investigation and possibly leave the gunmen at large. They'll think they're helping us.

Blake glances over his men.

BLAKE

Any questions?

TONY

Yeah. Can I take my vacation now?

BLAKE

Get out of here.

INT. HOUSE-DAY

Jon, all smiles, enters the house and the dining room where Nigel works on several guns laid out on the table. The goon takes out a piece of paper with Tony's photocopied picture on it.

JON

I found him. And he's a nigger. Bill's watchin' him now.

NIGEL

We need men.

JON

The ones we're gonna use for the hit?

NIGEL

No. New ones.

JON

No problem.

EXT. SAFE HOUSE-DAY

Day relents to night.

Tony and Joel pull their car into the garage. The door closes behind.

INT. SAFE HOUSE-NIGHT

The house quiet. TWO AGENTS (#2 & #3) watch television as Joel and Tony work on laptops.

Tony fidgets, removes his Baretta, and places it on the table as Joel sighs and rubs his eyes with fatigue.

JOEL

Well, all three have pretty tight security. Collectively they have fourteen meetings or speeches that are public. That doesn't exclude their hotels or any other time.

TONY

No, it'll be public. Everything Nigel's done has been with an eye on exposure. It'll be one of the fourteen.

Just then, Jim enters from a side room with a finished bag of fast food. With a glance at the men, he crosses to the kitchen, tosses the bag in the trash and takes another soda out of the 'fridge. The black man watches the boy as he returns to the room.

EXT. PARKING LOT-NIGHT

A sedan pulls into a deserted parking lot behind a run-down building and up to another car. Two white thugs, BRIAN and STEVE, 30s, stand beside it. Nigel and Jon get out and meet the two.

JON

(to Nigel)

This is Brian and Steve.

(to men)

Gentlemen, this is Nigel Devers.

The men awed by Nigel.

BRIAN

Good to meet you, Mister Devers.

NIGEL

Please, call me Nigel. Mister Smith, I have to thank you for what you've done. Your man will work out famously.

They shake.

STEVE

Glad I could help. Who're we hitting?

JON

It looks like five men: one nigger, one Jew, the kid, and two white ZOG agents.

STEVE

As long as it's for the cause.

NIGEL

Very much so.

BRIAN

Then let's smoke 'em.

INT. SAFE HOUSE-NIGHT

Tony and Joel still at work but much more tired now. Tony fiddles with the battery connections on a cellular phone.

JOEL

I can't find shit. The son of a bitch doesn't do anything with a pattern. He could do anything anytime.

Joel notices his partner and the phone.

JOEL

Why don't you buy another one? It only gives you problems.

TONY

Because I am a stubborn S.O.B.

JOEL

Oh yeah. I forgot.

EXT. STREET-EXT. SAFE HOUSE

All four of the racists pull their two cars up to a hill that overlooks the house. Bill observes from his car.

They get out and go to him.

NIGEL

Bill, mate, how're you doing? Are you hungry?

Bill glances at him then holds up a box of donuts.

NIGEL

I guess not.

JON

Is it still only five including the kid?

He nods.

NIGEL

Easy as pie.

Wide eyed, Bill looks at him.

NIGEL

No Bill. I don't have any pie. Gentlemen,
let's hunt some ZOG men.

With that, they produce several handfuls of guns.

INT. SAFE HOUSE

Tired, Joel sighs, tosses some papers on the table and stands.

JOEL

Well, time for a bathroom break.

He crosses to the restroom.

After a moment, Tony steps over to Jim's room, knocks, and pushes the door open. Looks in at Jim practice a martial art in the glow of a single lamp. The kid hesitates, looks expressionless at the black man and then continues with his exercises.

TOM

Listen, you're doing the right thing.

Jim looks at him again.

JIM

For you? Probably. For me?

Slowly, he returns to his exercises.

JIM

I'm just savin' my own ass--and betraying
my people.

As he reaches a dead end, Tony exits the room, crosses to the kitchen and fishes in the 'fridge.

INT. BATHROOM

Joel finishes up when he hears a faint, brief rustle from outside the window. Listens for a moment as he steps over to the sink and washes his hands. Stops again and lets silence take over--when he hears the harsh "click" of a gun.

JOEL

Tony! Gun!

Just then, a torrent of bullets rip through every wall of the house as all the inhabitants hit the floor, the two regular agents winged.

EXT. SAFE HOUSE

The five men surrounded the house and wear walkie-talkie head-sets.

NIGEL

Stop firing.

The guns stop.

NIGEL

Let's go in.

They charge the house. Brian goes in through the front door.

INT. HOUSE

The two agents try to scramble for their guns a moment before Brian hits them.

A breath as Tony, in a nook behind Brian, looks at his Baretta on the dining room table, a counter between the two.

Brian turns and sees Tony.

Bullets chew at the agent's heels as he runs across the kitchen, leaps over the counter, grabs his gun on the table and fires and drops the racist.

A quick slide off the table, he gives the dead agents a regretful look.

INT. ROOM

Jim's eyes dart around the room.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Tony pockets his weapon, grabs one of the hitman's automatics, and then works down the hallway to the bathroom.

TONY

Joel. Joel!

JOEL

Tony.

They see each other down opposite ends of the long hallway, crouched in doorways.

TONY

Are you alright?

JOEL

I think so. How many?

TONY

I don't know. I got one in the front.
Our men are dead.

INT. ROOM

Nigel slips into a side room and listens to the two agents. A wicked smile crosses his lips.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Jim cracks the door of his room and looks out to the living room and the bodies.

INT. HALLWAY

Joel spots Jon at another window. The agent fires and drives him back.

Through the crack in the door, Nigel sees Joel.

Just then, bullets tear through the bedroom and into the agent.

TONY

Joel!

Tony rushes forward and fires into the bedroom. Nigel retreats.

EXT. SAFE HOUSE

The Englishman leaps out of the window and lands on the lawn with a grunt.

INT. SAFE HOUSE

Tony frantically studies Joel's eyes but nothing. Dead.

TONY

I'm sorry, man.

Anger in his eyes, the agent turns and looks down the barrel of Steve's gun.

STEVE

Bye bye, nigger.

Just then, a shot fires and spits out the front of Steve's chest. The man drops to reveal Jim behind. Tony sighs but stiffens again when the kid doesn't lower his .45.

TONY

We gotta go, kid. Both of us.

After a moment, he lowers the gun but still glares at the black man. A beat later, Tony quickly raises his weapon.

TONY

Get down!

Wide eyed, Jim drops as Tony fires at the sliding glass door behind him and hits Bill in the arm.

Over Steve's body, Tony notices a piece of paper in his pocket and pulls it out. Glances at it and sees his own FBI record with his picture on it. Looks back to Jim.

TONY

We have to get to the car.

Tony scoops up the notebook computer and the cellular phone. Jim stands and reluctantly follows the agent down the hall and into the garage, all the while cautious and ready to fire.

INT. GARAGE

As they flick on the light, Bill bursts through a side door and rams Tony to the ground. The gun skirts away under the car.

Jim knocked onto the hood of the car but manages to kick the big man's gun away, too. Bill grabs him, punches the kid a couple of times and lifts him up.

Tony pulls his Baretta but Bill, a glance back, manages to kick the gun out of his hand. Turns back to the kid.

Tony gets to his feet and jams an elbow into Bill's back. Jim slips out of his hands, drops and his head hits the cement floor that knocks him out cold.

The big man punches Tony and he stumbles back. The agent grabs the handle of a nearby rake, steps in, and bats it across Bill's head. The big man hovers for a moment then falls.

Tony gasps, drops to his knees, and reaches for the gun under the car. Steps around and angrily holds it above the racist's head, unable to pull the trigger.

TONY

Shit.

He finds Jim, still unconscious and with a patch of blood caked to his hair.

The cop puts the kid in the back seat and begins to climb into the front when he hears running footsteps. Bullets fly into the garage a breath after Tony leaps into the front seat. The agent fumbles with the keys, gets them into the ignition and turns it over.

He grimaces, puts the stick in gear and hits the gas. The car breaks through the garage door and down the driveway as a bullet blows out the back window.

EXT. STREET

The car crashes through the front gate and disappears down the street.

INT. MANSION

Nigel and Jon stop their gunshots.

NIGEL

Maybe we should have put someone on the street. Live and learn.

INT. SEDAN-EXT. STREET-NIGHT

Tony catches his breath as he melts into traffic.

With one hand, he pulls the piece of paper with his picture on it out of his pocket. Tosses it away, curses and glances back at Jim.

BLACKNESS

The faint sounds of rap music, squealing tires and a couple of gunshots.

Slowly, louder sounds begin to filter in: dull footsteps, a car passes by the sound of muffled voices.

INT. HOUSE-BASEMENT-DAY

With a groan, Jim slowly awakens and then comes to his senses. Eyes dart around a basement. Pushes to the edge of a worn bed, glances around the old boxes and things and out the tiny painted windows that line the top of the walls.

His shoes found, pulls them on, stands and makes his way to the stairs.

Jim turns the knob and looks out to a hallway that leads to a couple other rooms. Eases out and then sees the edge of a living room from his angle. Eyes wide at a couple of framed photos of black people on the walls.

The floor creaks and Jim ducks into a closet just before a young black boy about 15, CALVIN, walks by and disappears into another room. Jim, with shock, exits and continues toward the living room.

Suddenly, a black girl with pretty eyes, about 19, TANYA, turns the corner and faces him. Both startled.

Jim quickly grabs her around the neck and she screams. Confusion swells in his eyes as Calvin and LINDA, a black woman in her 40s, appear, making the kid even more nervous.

LINDA

Now hold on, boy.

JIM

Who the hell are you? What am I doing here?

With a roll of the eyes and in one motion, Tanya elbows Jim in the gut, grabs his arm and flips him. The white boy lands hard on his back and gasps for air. Tony appears over him with the others.

TONY

Good morning. This is Linda, Calvin and you've met Tanya.

She gives Jim a snide smile as the agent looks him over.

TONY
You'll be alright.

Tony offers his hand to help the kid up but the white boy angrily pulls away. He steps back and warily looks them over.

JIM
What am I doing here?

Tony turns to the Linda.

TONY
Could you give us a moment?

LINDA
Let's go, kids.

The woman leads the kids into the other room.

JIM
What the fuck is goin' on?

TONY
Do you remember what happened last night?

JIM
Yeah, they tried to kill us. I fell to the ground when that big guy attacked and blacked out.

TONY
You hit your head.

Jim feels his head and winces.

JIM
I shot a guy.

TONY
You killed him.

The kid startled then becomes angry.

JIM
That doesn't answer why I'm here.

Tony takes out the report on himself and hands it to the

kid.

TONY

This is my record. One of those guys had it.

JIM

So?

TONY

This is an internal record. Your "brothers" know someone inside who got this for them. I don't know who or at what level but they know someone. And somehow they found you. Probably through me.

Jim tosses it back.

JIM

Well, I'm not stayin' here with a bunch of niggers.

With that, anger swells in Tony's eyes.

TONY

Then where are you gonna go?

The agent throws open the door that overlooks the street.

TONY

You're in the middle of the fuckin' inner city. I'm sure you'll go over here real well. You wanna go back to the cops? We failed on that. How about you just disappear. I'm sure you'll do real good outsmarting Nigel. This is the last place he would think of looking for you and you are out of the reach of his spy. I really don't care what happens to you but I want to nail Nigel. And I need you to do that.

The two glare at each other.

TONY

It's your choice.

Jim angry and shows frustration.

JIM

Am I supposed to stay down there?

TONY

Sorry, there's no other space.

Angrily, he turns and storms back down into the basement. Tony just watches him go.

Slowly, Linda returns to the man.

LINDA

Apparently men have the same reaction to you as woman do.

Tony turns to her and then smirks. Becomes stolid when he sees Tanya and Calvin in the doorway. Linda turns to the kids.

LINDA

Alright, you two have to go to school so let's go.

She glances at Tony.

LINDA

And remember, Not a word of this to anyone.

Tanya steps forward and collects her things and car keys.

TANYA

Come on, Calvin. We gotta go if you want a ride.

Calvin picks up his back pack as Tanya glances at Tony.

TONY

That was a good move you put on the boy.

She quickly gets a confident air.

TANYA

Shoot, no sweat. But I bet he won't try that again.

Tony smiles and touches her on the shoulder.

TANYA

(to Calvin)

Come on, boy, or I'll be late!

CALVIN

What? Like you can actually learn somethin' at that junior college. You're special ed class won't start without you.

The girl pushes him out the door. Linda closes it up to leaves her alone with the agent. A tense silence.

TONY

Thank you for all your help. It'll be only a couple of days. I just have to find a safe place for the kid and figure out what's goin' on with this case.

She doesn't answer for a moment. Something in her eyes.

LINDA

Do you want some more coffee?

With that, the woman walks off to the kitchen and Tony slowly follows.

INT. KITCHEN

Linda begins to brew some more coffee.

TONY

Do you want to talk about it?

LINDA

Talk about what?

Tony smirks.

TONY

I seem to remember we were married for awhile about twenty years ago.

LINDA

Funny, it's slipped my mind. Do you want cream and sugar?

He steps up to her.

TONY

I didn't want to hurt you.

She steps away and angrily tosses a spoon onto the counter before she restrains herself.

LINDA

I don't want to talk about it!

A thick silence as Tony sighs.

TONY

Look, I'll just take the kid somewhere else.

LINDA

No.

He hesitates.

LINDA

Where are you gonna go? That kid and you may be assholes but I ain't gonna kick you out just to have you get killed by that Hitler bastard. Just call it community service. Now! Do you want cream and sugar?

Tony stiffens at her tongue lashes.

TONY

Just black, please.

LINDA

How noble.

She pulls down a couple of cups.

INT. CAR-STREET-DAY

Tanya, behind the wheel, and Calvin ride in the car. She glances over and sees him deep in thought.

TANYA

What's wrong with you this morning?

CALVIN

I'm just thinkin' if dad would let the white guy in the house. If he was alive.

TANYA

He'd do what's right. And this is right.

CALVIN

But he's a damn skinhead motherfucker.

TANYA

You know, not all white folks are like those cops who killed daddy.

Calvin startled that she said it out loud and gives her a hard look.

They pull to a stoplight and glances at several gang members on the corner.

TANYA

There's fools of all colors. Just look at them.

Both continue as the light turns green.

TANYA

I loved daddy as much as you but all white people aren't the same.

CALVIN

You coulda fooled me.

Tanya pulls the car to a curb in front of a high school and her brother gets out.

TANYA

I'll be here at three o'clock to pick you up. You better be here.

CALVIN

Yeah yeah.

TANYA

If you're not, I'll leave your ass here!

She pulls off.

INT. HOUSE-DAY

Tony at the notebook computer in the living room as Linda, in a nurse's uniform, enters and gives him a long cautious look. Picks up her purse as a silence passes between them.

LINDA
I have to go to work.

She reaches in her purse, pulls out a set of keys and hands them to him.

LINDA
Lock up if you leave.

TONY
No problem.

Linda begins to leave.

TONY
Linda.

She hesitates and looks at Tony.

TONY
Thanks.

She nods and steps out. After a moment, he regretfully sighs.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL-DAY

Calvin makes his way down the crowded hallway to his locker and stiffens when he sees several GANG MEMBERS (a year or so older) down the hall.

P-BOY, 17 and with good looks holds onto a GIRL. The other MIRACLE, a stone cold persona hidden behind a pair of dark sunglasses.

Calvin looks away as another kid, LAFAYETTE, 14, steps up to him. A bit more pensive than his friend.

LAFAYETTE
Hey Calvin. What's up?

CALVIN
Nothin', man.

He glances at the gang members again, with no attention to Lafayette.

LAFAYETTE
You do that homework last night?

CALVIN

Yeah.

Locker closes. Calvin walks toward the gang members as Lafayette follows. P-Boy glances at him and Calvin looks away as he enters a room.

INT. CLASSROOM

Both unpack their things as P-Boy, Miracle and the girl enter. They cross to the two boys.

A face off. Lafayette, with worry, looks up at Miracle.

MIRACLE

What the fuck you lookin' at?

Lafayette glances away.

P-BOY

Hey, Calvin. How's it goin'?

CALVIN

All right.

P-BOY

That's good.

P-Boy pulls up a desk but keeps the girl in arms reach.

P-BOY

You're a smart boy, aren't you?

CALVIN

I get by.

P-BOY

You know, it takes more than smarts to get by sometime. Take Miracle here for instance. He's been shot at eight times and never been hit. That's what you need, too. An angel lookin' over you. But you have to do good things to get one of them.

CALVIN

Like what?

P-BOY

Things that'll put you in an angel's
good graces. You know about computers,
don't you?

CALVIN

A little.

P-BOY

I think more'n a little. Listen, you can
make some college money with my help.

He grabs the girl.

P-BOY

Maybe even get you some pussy.

She giggles wickedly.

Just then a white teacher, MISTER PRATT, enters. In his
30s, friendly but with an imposing air.

PRATT

Okay everyone, take a seat.

Notices P-Boy and Calvin.

PRATT

That means you, too, David.

P-Boy doesn't look back.

P-BOY

Not now.

PRATT

No. Now!

Angry, the punk quickly stands as he pushes the chair back.
Faces the teacher, who remains unfazed.

PRATT

Didn't the judge say youth camp or
school? I guess you're changin' your
mind. Too bad.

Pratt glances at the girl.

PRATT

You know, there ain't no pussy there.
At least you won't have to work when
you show up with several broken bones.

A tense silence before P-Boy steps off (as best he can) and takes a seat a couple rows back. Miracle and the girl follow.

PRATT

Okay, let's get to work.

EXT. JR. COLLEGE-DAY

Tanya steps out of the car and makes her way to the college and the hallway.

At the entrance, she notices a crack vial on a ledge on the wall. A disgusted look crosses her face as she grabs it and tosses it into the trash.

INT. COLLEGE-CLASSROOM

Tanya looks over her book and notes as WILLIE, early 20s and "in fashion" slips down beside her.

WILLIE

Hey Tanya.

Quickly looks him over, smiles, and then returns to her books.

TANYA

Hi Willie.

WILLIE

Whatcha studyin' there?

TANYA

Advanced trig.

WILLIE

Wow. You're one dedicated sister.

Tanya has an edge in her voice.

TANYA

This "is" a school.

WILLIE

Yeah. I forget sometimes.

A brief silence.

WILLIE

Here.

He reaches into his bag, pulls out a CD, and hands it to her.

WILLIE

Me and my boys finally got our demo made-up. I'd like you to have one.

TANYA

Thank you. I'll listen to it later.

She slips it into her bag, unimpressed. Willie disappointed with his first move.

WILLIE

Listen, the band is playin' tonight. I'd like you to come.

Tanya gives him a kind smile.

TANYA

Thank you but I can't. Finals are this week and I have to study.

WILLIE

Are you sure? Even for a couple of hours?

TANYA

No, I shouldn't.

Willie sighs.

WILLIE

I've tried to ask you out about half-a-dozen times. Do you think I'll ever get through?

Tanya a little nervous.

TANYA

No offense to you. I just want to get into a good college.

He nods and then stands.

WILLIE

I just hope you're doin' all this work
'cause you want to, not 'cause you wanna
get away from black folks.

This startles Tanya as Willie walks off.

EXT. STREET-DAY

A sleek limousine cruises down the boulevard followed by
two Mercedes. Both cars pull into an upper-class hotel.

Several overtly neatly dressed black men step out of the
cars, especially ABDUL AALMUHAMMID, mid 50s and very
distinguished. LUTHER KONDO, early 30s with a pair of trim
wire-rimmed glasses, steps out of the smaller Mercedes and
up to Aalmuhammid.

KONDO

I hope these accommodations will meet
with your approval?

AALMUHAMMED

They are quite nice and will be more
than adequate. Thank you for all your
assistance, Luther.

KONDO

Well, I must be going or I will miss my
flight. Have a good speech, Father
Aalmuhammed.

AALMUHAMMED

Give my love to your mother.

Kondo sighs.

KONDO

It's hard for a woman her age to have
this kind of operation but she is
strong. Allah will be with her.

AALMUHAMMED

She will be fine.

The two men shake and part. Kondo steps into the car and
pulls away into traffic.

INT. CAR

Kondo drives down a street as he listens to the news (NEWSCASTER #1) on the radio.

NEWSCASTER #1

...and Chuck Cabbish, noted Ku Klux Klan ex-grand dragon, will be in Los Angeles tomorrow on the campaign trail. We have a report from downtown.

A reporter (NEWSCASTER #2) comes on the line.

NEWSCASTER #2

In a campaign reminiscent of David Duke a few years back, Chuck Cabbish will bring his message of unity to Johnson Hall downtown tomorrow. Although he has renounced his Ku Klux Klan past, there is growing evidence that Cabbish still has ties...

Suddenly, a quick burst of a siren heard and the black man sees a police car in his rear view. Gently pulls over as the police car follows. Turns off his radio.

The window down, Kondo waits for the officer to reach him and-- Nigel with a short-sleeve police uniform.

NIGEL

May I see your license, sir.

KONDO

What is the problem, officer? I was...

NIGEL

...your license please, sir.

Nigel lays a hand on the door. The material from the uniform creeps up his arm and reveals a swastika tattoo.

KONDO

Now look here...

Kondo sees the tattoo.

NIGEL

Do you see that man on the street?

The brit glances to the street and sees Jon in a long jacket. With a quick twist, he reveals a shotgun underneath.

NIGEL
He'll kill you before you get your foot
on the gas. Trust me.

Kondo glares up at the a'hole and believes him.

NIGEL
Just get out of the car slowly.

He steps out as Nigel locks 'cuffs on his hands in the front. Opens the back door.

NIGEL
Now get in.

KONDO
Do you know who I am?

NIGEL
Very much so. Now get into the back seat.

Nigel pushes him inside. Jon steps over and slips behind the wheel. Bill appears out of a doorway and gets in the back with a gun on Kondo. They pull away as Nigel steps back to the police car.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL-CLASSROOM-DAY

The end of Calvin's class with Mister Pratt.

PRATT
Okay, see you tomorrow.

The students begin to leave.

PRATT
Calvin, can I see you for a moment?

Caught off guard, the kid glances around then reluctantly goes to the teacher. The class gone.

PRATT
Are you alright with those guys?

Calvin wary.

CALVIN

Why should I have problems?

PRATT

I don't want you falling in with their type.

CALVIN

No problem. They're my people, not yours.

PRATT

Well, good.

CALVIN

Is that it?

PRATT

No. I just wanted to tell you that I'm teaching an advanced trig class for some of the kids after school. It would prepare you for college courses.

He nods, still wary.

CALVIN

I'll think about it.

PRATT

All right. Just get back to me soon. I'm sure you'd do well.

Calvin nods again and steps off.

EXT. HALL

Calvin comes out of the hall, sees P-Boy and slips unseen down the other way.

INT. HOUSE-BASEMENT-DAY

Jim paces. Sits. Eyes show confusion.

A car with a loud stereo passes by outside and catches his attention. Notices a box packed with stuff, a dusty scrapbook on the top. Curious, picks it up and looks inside.

Old and relatively new pictures of Linda, Calvin, Tanya and a good-looking black man, GEORGE, 30s. Most happy pictures: barbecues, the beach, Christmas. A couple older with

George, 20s, in a minor league baseball uniform.

Looks at pictures of Tanya closely. At about 16 she has a shifty look in her eyes, her arms around a female friend, TISHA. On the edge of gang hood. The next set of pictures have her a little older with a cleansed look that replaces the other.

Jim snaps out of his daze and tosses the scrapbook away. After a moment, he pulls out a wallet and slips out a photo of himself (younger), his FATHER and his MOTHER in front of a farm house.

JIM

Why'd you have to get yourself killed,
daddy? I need you right now.

INT. LIVING ROOM-DAY

Tony, alone, just stares at his computer screen. Has all the black leaders and their files spread out before him. A glance at a newspaper with a story titled: CABBISH AND HIS KLAN PAST.

TONY

Who would I kill if I was a white
asshole?

With that, he stands and turns, surprised to see Jim in the archway, a wary look in his eyes.

TONY

I didn't see you there.

A thick moment as the kid studies the black man.

JIM

I need to use the bathroom.

The agent nods and points.

TONY

It's the second door on the right.

Without a word, Jim turns and steps down the hall.

INT. BATHROOM

The white kid finishes up, washes his hands, and steps out as Tony appears.

TONY

I have to go out, find out what's going on. I'm not gonna 'cuff you to the bed. Are you gonna stay here?

Jim just nods.

TONY

Alright. I've drawn all the drapes so stay inside and don't let anyone see you. There's food in the 'fridge if you're hungry.

JIM

I'm not hungry.

TONY

Suit yourself.

The agent begins to turn.

JIM

I'd like a gun.

Tony turns back and studies the boy. Slowly pulls out and hands over the Baretta.

TONY

I don't want the family to see that. Especially the mother.

Jim nods.

TONY

Well, I'll be back in a couple of hours.

Without a word, the kid steps back down to the basement.

Tony turns and walks out of the house.

EXT. HOUSE-CAR

Tony opens his trunk and glances at the US GOVERNMENT license plates inside. Looks over the street and then, sees it clear, pulls out and holsters another 9mm. Closes the trunk, regular plates where the others were.

He drives away.

INT. HOUSE

Jim cracks open the door, slips into the hallway from the basement and looks around. Slowly continues into the kitchen and opens the 'fridge. Notices a plate of fried chicken and nabs a piece.

JIM

Nobody makes better fried chicken than a negro.

LATER

Jim walks around the house and looks around.

THE LIVING ROOM

simple, delicate and neat with Tanya's high school diploma, formal family pictures and different nick-knacks.

CALVIN'S ROOM

Clothes scattered about with a few rap posters that hang off the wall. Jim steps over to a desk and fingers through a group of sketches: cartoons of violence and gang members. One near the bottom has white policemen attacked.

Jim wanders over to a bookcase and picks up an old baseball mit. Tries it on and punches the palm of the glove. After a moment, takes it off and tosses it on the bed.

JIM

I thought they just played basketball.

TANYA'S ROOM

Neat and tidy with a single unframed print of a farm hung up over the desk. Jim stares at this for a long moment, almost wistful.

He starts to pull his eyes away before he notices a piece of paper that pokes out from underneath the desk pad. A tiny, old newspaper article taped to a piece of paper. Reads:

A drive-by shooting at the corner of 16th and Brooks claimed the life of local girl Tisha Woods, 16. Paramedics reported that Woods was pregnant at the time but they could not save her or the child. 16th and Brooks has been a continual drug...

Jim replaces the paper and exits the room.

EXT. RESTAURANT-DAY

Blake and a couple other MEN step out of an upper-crust restaurant and hand over their valet tickets. A brief word with the men, they shake as their cars arrive and part company. Blake drives alone.

EXT. STREET

Blake turns the corner and starts up another block. As he nears a red light, a car bumps him from behind.

Disgruntled, he pulls to the side as the other car follows.

Blake steps out and approaches the other vehicle. The sun visor blocks the driver's face.

BLAKE

It doesn't look like there's any damage
if you'd...

Just then, a black hand moves the visor. Tony with an ugly golf hat.

BLAKE

Tony?

TONY

Just act naturally. We are resolving an
accident.

The agent gets out and they go through the motions of examining the accident and exchanging information.

BLAKE

What happened, Tony?

TONY

They found my record. Probably just
followed me to the house.

Tony looks over the car.

BLAKE

Is the kid alright?

TONY

Fine.

Both begin to exchange information.

TONY

I don't want to bring him in right now.
I don't know who they have inside. It
might just be a data entry clerk for all
I know.

TONY

Did you ID the dead guys?

BLAKE

Brian Alt and Steve Smith. Regular
working Joes. Alt is a mechanic and
Smith drove a truck for one of the
smaller studios. Titan Pictures.

TONY

Movies?

BLAKE

Yeah. Apparently he was on the movie,
what did they say, Demon Killer 3?

TONY

The first was a good movie but the
second, you know, was just done for
money.

BLAKE

(sarcastic)

It just ruins a good thing.

Tony smiles to himself before he reapplies a serious face.
He hands over his information.

TONY

Here you go. It should be okay. Just
give me a call if you have any
problems.

They exchange papers.

BLAKE

Where'd you get that hat?

TONY

Don't press it.

Both return to their cars. Tony disappears down a side

street.

INT. CAR

The agent slowly notices a car in the rear view mirror.

Bill and another WHITE MAN.

TONY

I should have been a physic.

At a stoplight, Tony slows, then guns the engine and blows through the intersection as the light turns red.

Bill follows and swerves around the cross traffic. Although side-swiped in the back but continues through and after Tony.

The agent glances in the rear-view mirror and still sees the car.

TONY

Shit.

Tony whips the car around another corner.

INT. BAD GUYS CAR

The white man readies two Glock 9mms.

INT. PARKING STRUCTURE

A glance around the street, Tony pulls into a mall's parking structure with no walls and whips up the levels.

The racists appear and find the agent's car in the middle of the lane, the driver's door wide open.

WHITE MAN

Look!

The white man points out a stairwell door as it slowly closes.

WHITE MAN

Get us down to the street.

Bill turns the car around and goes back down the levels. After a moment, Tony's head appears from the upper level and checks out the scene.

TONY

Idiots.

He lowers himself down then jumps to the level, steps over to his car, and pulls out his keys. Starts it up and drives away.

EXT. STREET

Tony comes out of another entrance and pulls into traffic.

EXT. PARKING LOT-DAY

The agent pulls out of a parking lot, his car with new plates.

INT. HOUSE-DAY

Curious, Jim steps up to the drapes in the living room window and narrowly parts the curtains with his fingers.

Outside, he watches the street and the people.

Most of the houses simple but with bars on the windows and chain-link fences. The cars equally plain.

TWO LITTLE KIDS play in a sprinkler on one lawn.

An ELDERLY COUPLE help each other down the street as a gang car cruises by, its stereo loud.

A few GANG KIDS huddle together. A couple drink beer. A limousine pulls up to the house next door and a LIMO DRIVER goes to the house.

After a moment, SEVERAL PEOPLE of different ages exit. One man leads a crying WOMAN to the car. One of the gang members comes over.

GANG MEMBER

(sincere)

Misses Williams, I'm real sorry about Bobby.

WOMAN

You're sorry! You the damn problem! You and your lot killin' each other!

The man slowly redirects the woman to the limo as the gang member steps back. His buddies curse her to themselves. The

car pulls off.

MONTAGE

Mothers with kids. Old folks alone. Workmen home for lunch.

LATER

A police car cruises down the street and makes the good and the shady people equally cautious. The vehicle disappears.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL-DAY

Calvin waits in front of the high school for Tanya as P-Boy appears. The kid ducks out of sight and circles the building.

EXT. STREET

Calvin walks home.

EXT. STREET CORNER-DAY

Tanya at a stoplight as a pregnant BLACK GIRL crosses. The girl way too young to be like this and Tanya uncomfortable even looking at her.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL

The girl pulls up and looks for her brother. Spots a group of girls and walks up to LA JOI.

TANYA

Hey, LaJoi.

LA JOI

What's up, Tanya?

TANYA

Have you seen my brother?

LA JOI

Yeah, he was on the other side of the school. I think he was walkin' home.

Tanya perplexed.

TANYA

Thanks.

She drives off.

INT. NIGEL'S HOUSE-DAY

The blinds drawn. A key rattles in the lock and the door pushes open. Bruce and the white man enter. Quickly, a crescendo of metallic clicks heard and they look up to see about a dozen ROUGH LOOKING WHITE MEN point a variety of guns at them.

NIGEL

It's alright! They're with me!

Nigel steps around as the men return to the dining table where a map, obscured, lays out.

NIGEL

Anything?

Bruce just shakes his head in disgust and walks into the kitchen before he fishes in the 'fridge.

WHITE MAN

You were right. The nigger went to see his boss but we lost 'im. I'm sorry, Nigel.

Nigel just nods introspectively.

NIGEL

We will think of something else. Grab a beer in the ice box. We are going over the hit tomorrow.

The brit steps over to the table as the white man enters the kitchen. Bruce appears with a sandwich and looks over Nigel's presentation.

NIGEL

Everybody have a map? Now where were we? Yes, the main hall. We're going to have four men at...

INT. BEDROOM-DAY

Luther chained to one of the beds, his hands 'cuffed behind his back.

Nigel enters with a bag of fried chicken, a gun in his waistband. The food set on the bed. Nigel pulls the weapon,

unlatches the 'cuffs and steps back.

NIGEL

Now hook them up in front.

Luther glares at the white man as he re-attaches the 'cuffs.

KONDO

The FBI knows about your plans. They told the honorable Aalmuhammed everything.

Nigel raises an eyebrow but from his amusement with the man as he tosses him the bag of food.

NIGEL

Really? What makes you think we can't pull it off anyway?

Luther uncomfortable with this man.

NIGEL

Eat your food. It's fried chicken.
(southern accent)
I know you folk like yo' fried chicken.

A wicked smile, Nigel begins to leave.

KONDO

Why did you kidnap me?

NIGEL

Validation, my boy. Validation.

The a'hole leaves. The man uncomfortable with confusion again.

EXT. STREET-DAY

Calvin walks down a main thoroughfare as Tanya pulls up. Her window rolls down.

TANYA

What the hell you doin'?

The kid gets back his cocky attitude.

CALVIN

I didn't want to wait for your slow ass.

TANYA

Then maybe I should leave you here.

She begins to pull off.

CALVIN

No no! Wait.

Tanya stops and Calvin climbs in.

INT. CAR

The car drives down the boulevard, Calvin quiet in his seat as Tanya glances at him a couple of times.

TANYA

What was that all about?

CALVIN

Exercise.

She sees right through him.

TANYA

Are you havin' trouble at school? Is that it?

CALVIN

No, I ain't havin' trouble! I just wanted to fuckin' walk! Is that okay?

She drops the subject.

EXT. HOUSE-DAY

Tanya pulls up. Calvin gets out goes to the door as she slowly pulls some stuff out of the trunk.

INT. HOUSE-BEDROOM

The kid steps into his bedroom and dumps his stuff on the desk. Slowly notices the baseball glove on the bed when it should be on the bookcase. His face turns to anger.

INT. BASEMENT

Jim sleeps on the bed as a slow, thin stream of blood escapes his bandage and inches down his neck. Suddenly, the bed gets struck with something hard and jars him awake.

Jim twists around as his hand goes for the gun under the pillow but sees Calvin. The boy strikes it with a plastic bat again as Jim removes an empty hand from the pillow.

CALVIN

You were in my room, mother fucker! You were touchin' my stuff!

JIM

Just calm down!

CALVIN

No, I ain't gonna fuckin' calm down you white piece of shit!

Tanya appears.

TANYA

That's enough, Cal!

CALVIN

Stay outta this! He was in our stuff! He touched daddy's glove!

Angry, she steps down and faces the boy. Quickly grabs the bat away.

TANYA

That's enough!

He glares at his sister then at Jim.

CALVIN

Keep your white ass down here.

Calvin exits. His footsteps echo across the basement.

The two face off. Jim cautious and Tanya study him.

TANYA

Were you lookin' through our stuff?

JIM

I was walkin' around, stretching my legs. I wasn't lookin' through your belongings. I have no reason to do that. What do I care about you people?

She nods, calm and introspective, which makes him more nervous.

TANYA

You people? Who are you, Mitt Romney?

She glances at the blood on his head.

TANYA

We gotta change your bandage.

Tanya gestures and Jim touches his head. Blood on his fingers. She holds up a roll of bandages in her hand and steps toward him.

TANYA

Sit down and I'll take care of it.

A touch of his arm but he pulls away.

JIM

No.

TANYA

Don't be a fool. Just sit down...

He jerks away again.

JIM

Don't touch me. I'll do it myself.

Both face down again. Tanya glares at him.

TANYA

Fine. Bleed to death for all I care.

With that, she tosses the bandages on the bed and walks off matter-of-factly. Jim tries to look away but his eyes return back to her.

EXT. MOVIE STUDIO-DAY

Tony drives up to the gates of Titan Studios, a run-down area of back lots. Shows his ID to the SECURITY GUARD.

TONY

Anthony Woods, FBI. I need to speak to anyone who could help me about one of your productions.

EXT. HOUSE-DAY

Linda pulls into the driveway of her house and steps out with a bag of groceries. Reaches the steps as Calvin appears, still mad as hell.

CALVIN

Momma, you wanna know what that white boy did?

With a glance, she grabs the boy and pushes him up the steps.

LINDA

Hush boy and get inside.

INT. HOUSE

Linda closes the door.

LINDA

Now what happened, boy?

CALVIN

That damned fool was in our stuff.

Tanya appears.

TANYA

Nothin' happened momma. He was just walkin' around.

INT. BASEMENT

Jim has a new bandage and hold his head. The voices from upstairs filter down. Jim's eyes show his frustration.

JIM

Fuck this. Who needs it?

He stands, puts on his jacket, and takes the gun out. The weapon goes in his waistband behind his back. Finds an old chair and puts it against the wall. With a screwdriver, pries open one of the windows.

INT. KITCHEN

Tired, Linda crosses to the kitchen as Tanya stirs some pots of food cooking on the stove.

CALVIN

What are you gonna do about it, momma?

LINDA

Calvin, let me have something to eat
then I'll go down and talk to the boy.

TANYA

It should be ready in fifteen minutes.

LINDA

Thank the lord. I am hungry.

CALVIN

But momma...

LINDA

...hush boy!

Linda stares down her son as he storms away.

LINDA

I love him but I swear, he is more
annoying than those Ice something records
he plays all the time.

TANYA

Ice T, momma. Or Ice Cube.

LINDA

T, Cube, Doop Snoop Dog. It's all the
same to me.

Tanya laughs.

EXT. STREET-MOVIE SET-DAY

The sun begins to go down on a B-movie set.

A special effects TECH checks a latex monster mask over an
ACTOR. With a bulky remote control, he makes the mask
contort in different ways.

Tony walks up to a CREW MEMBER, asks him a question and he
points around the building. The agent nods and disappears
around the corner.

MIKE, a stocky man in his 30s, holds a walkie-talkie next
to a catering wagon.

WALKIE-TALKIE VOICE

Mike, we got some people over the crew lot to be picked up.

MIKE

On my way.

TONY (O.C.)

Mike?

Turns to face Tony.

MIKE

Yeah.

The agent produces his ID.

TONY

Tony Woods, FBI.

Mike perplexed.

MIKE

What's the matter, Mister Woods?

TONY

I need to ask you a couple questions about a former driver of yours. Steve Smith.

MIKE

Figures. Could we do it in the van? We're running late and I have to get some people a block down.

TONY

Certainly.

INT. VAN

Both climb into a large passenger van. Mike pulls into traffic.

MIKE

So, what did Steve do?

TONY

He tried to kill me and a government witness. He was killed in the process.

MIKE

He tried to kill you? That figures.

TONY

What do you mean?

MIKE

Off the record?

TONY

Why not.

MIKE

He was a racist, Mister Woods. Pure and simple. He even tried to recruit some of our people. Very subtle about it.

The van reaches a parking lot down the block and several people jump in.

MIKE

I would get complaints about what he would say. How people felt about working for "the Jews." What they felt about this minority and that.

The vehicle pulls into traffic again.

MIKE

He was a good worker but he put everyone on edge. I wanted to get rid of him but didn't know how. He did it for me.

TONY

How do you mean?

MIKE

The prop department had these mock-up Nazi flags for this picture in their truck. It was a pain because we had to post-pone a scene for a day because they were missing. They ended up in Steve's car. I fired him for stealing.

TONY

Can you tell me anything else about him?

MIKE

Not really. Besides that, he was a regular Joe. Drank beers with the crew after shooting, talked about sports. Kind of a redneck type.

They arrives at the set again and the people climb out right in front of the special effects man and his creature. Tony glances at the creature as it begins to change again.

TONY

It's amazing what those guys can do. Well, thank you for your help.

MIKE

You know that reminds me. Steve spent a lot of time around the special effects and make-up people. He loved it.

The agent with intrigue.

TONY

Really. Did he make any friends you remember?

MIKE

He was on our last show. What was his name?

Mike searches his mind.

MIKE

Aw, I can't remember.

Tony mulls this over.

TONY

Well, thank you for your help.

MIKE

I hope it was useful.

The agent steps off.

INT. HOUSE-NIGHT

Tony enters the house as Linda appears.

LINDA

Tony?

TONY
Yeah. What's the matter?

LINDA
Your boy is gone.

TONY
Gone? How?

LINDA
He had an argument with Calvin.

TONY
How long has he been out?

LINDA
I don't know. About an hour. It's gonna be dark, Tony. It ain't good for him to be on the street, being white and all, if he runs into any of those gang kids. Especially without a car.

Tanya appears, too.

TONY
Alright, I'll look for him.

TANYA
I'll go with you.

LINDA
No, I don't want you out there.

TANYA
It'll be alright. Besides, Mister Woods doesn't know the area. And he does have a gun. Don't you, Mister Woods?

A quick moment between the two.

TONY
I could use the help, Linda. I won't let her get hurt.

TANYA
Look, we'll argue later. Let's go.

With that, the girl leads the agent out the door as mom fumes.

LINDA

Damn!

EXT. STREET-NIGHT

Jim, his hood over his head, warily steps down a dark street. At the end of the block a group of black men. The white kid ducks into an alley.

INT. ALLEY

Jim comes in and out of the shadows as he cautiously looks around the trash-filled area. Foot hits a bottle and tenses before the "clank" subsides.

He takes a few more steps and gasps again as he sees, from the shadows, eyes meet his.

After a moment, he notices they are lifeless and inches forward to see the DEAD BODY of a black kid in his early teens slumped against a garbage bin. Two gunshots in his chest with a blue bandanna tied over his head. Jim studies the young-looking kid for a moment. Eyes show regret.

Suddenly, headlights cut across the alley from the other side of the trash bin as Jim scampers behind some cans nearby.

A lowered Chevy drives up with FOUR GANG MEMBERS (#1-#4).

GANG MEMBER #1

Stop the car, man!

The car brakes and the gang member jump out.

GANG MEMBER #1

It's Little T. Fuck, they popped his ass.

The other three pissed but have seen bodies before.

GANG MEMBER #2

How long he been missin'?

GANG MEMBER #3

A day. His momma was buggin' at us yesterday.

GANG MEMBER #4

It's gotta be the fuckin' Bloods. He was sellin'. They take his cash?

The gang member searches him.

GANG MEMBER #1

He's clean.

GANG MEMBER #4

Then let's fuckin' get outta here.

GANG MEMBER #1

We can't leave him here. It ain't right.

GANG MEMBER #4

He's dead. We can't help him. Besides, you wanna talk to cops all night or you wanna get some trim?

GANG MEMBER #1

Trim, my brother.

They high five as he gets back into the car.

GANG MEMBER #4

Little T, we'll wax the chumps who did this to you. I promise.

With that, the car drives off.

As he watches them leave, Jim pulls himself out from behind the trash cans and glances as the vehicle disappears, then at Little T. He regretfully looks away and continues down the alley.

INT. CAR-NIGHT

Tanya and Tony ride around in his car.

TONY

So, where do you think he'd go?

She glances around the area.

TANYA

My guess is he'd try to stay outta sight, use the alleys. He'd try to guess where a main boulevard is, maybe take a bus outta the neighborhood.

The girl looks around again.

TANYA

Go right.

Tony makes a right turn.

TANYA

I'd go this way if I was a dumb white boy.

The agent glances at her.

TONY

I don't like the sound of that.

TANYA

Probably 'cause it's gang area.

Tony sighs.

TONY

Shit.

TANYA

Turn here.

Tony turns again.

TANYA

So, what's with you and my momma?

He glances warily at the girl.

TONY

We were married briefly about twenty years ago.

TANYA

I know that. But what happened?

TONY

Why? What does she say?

TANYA

Something close. That she was married to some fool about twenty years ago.

TONY

She said that?

TANYA

Yeah.

TONY
Those exact words?

TANYA
Yeah.

Tony sighs.

INT. ALLEY-NIGHT

At the mouth of an alley, Jim glances down each end of the residential street, both sides with people: some drug dealers, others with bottles.

A car pulls down the street and to the curb. A pretty young BLACK GIRL jumps out and hurriedly walks into one of the complexes. Several men give her cat calls. The kid sees the worry in her eyes. The vehicle pulls away as the girl disappears into one of the apartments.

Jim, with a sigh, puts his hands in his pockets and steps out to the street and quickly crosses to the other alley.

EXT. STREET-NIGHT

A young, clean cut BLACK COUPLE pull up to a stoplight in a nice BMW in the inside lane. Quickly, a HOOD appears out of the shadows, circles the car and sticks a small .22 into the BLACK DRIVER'S face.

HOOD
Get outta the car, brother!

BLACK DRIVER
Okay, just don't shoot. Honey, get out of the car.

The woman starts to get out.

VOICE
Excuse me.

A harsh metallic "click" as the hood, his head turned slightly, sees Tony in his car in the opposite traffic with his 9mm to the idiot's head.

TONY
Why don't you drop the gun.

The a'hole begins to sweat.

HOOD
You drop it or I'll shoot this guy.

TONY
You shoot him and I shoot you. Either way, I get out of this with no problem. Now give me the gun.

The hood relents and slowly hands the agent the gun.

HOOD
Damn.

Tony passes him a pair of 'cuffs.

TONY
Now hook yourself to that fence.

With a grunt, the moron takes the 'cuffs and attaches them to a nearby fence and his own arm.

TONY
Do you have a phone?

DRIVER
Yeah.

TONY
Could you call the cops? I gotta go.

Stunned, the couple just watch Tony drive off.

INT. CAR

The agent remains silent for a moment and then notices Tanya look at him.

TONY
What?

TANYA
Are you gonna tell me what happened with my momma?

TONY
You're not going to say anything about what just happened? I can't even get a "good job"?

TANYA

I live here. It's nothing new.

Another pause as Tony shakes his head.

TONY

We were about twenty when we got married. Way too young but we loved each other. I became a cop and she went to school to become a nurse. I loved being a cop and she hated it. When she lost our baby, we grew apart. So, when I got into the FBI academy, she said she wasn't going with me and I couldn't make myself quit. She was right. She was married to a fool.

The girl glances at him then matter-of-factly looks out the window.

TANYA

Yup. You certainly are. Turn left.

Tanya gestures and Tony makes a left with a smile.

INT. ALLEY-NIGHT

Jim hesitates at a dull slap against leather sound.

VOICE

That was good, son. Try a fast ball.

In the shadows, he looks out to see a black FATHER and his SON play catch in a backyard. The boy throws another ball and the impact echoes from the father's glove.

FATHER

Great! You're really coming along.

The man tosses the ball back as Jim studies them. In spirit, the father and son could be a Norman Rockwell painting minus the obvious surroundings. A MOTHER appears at the back door.

MOTHER

Come on, Danny. It's time for the boy to do his homework.

FATHER

All right. Let's go, son.

Both enter the house and leave Jim uncertain. He continues.

EXT. GAS STATION-ALLEY

Jim doesn't see another low rider Chevy pull into the lot behind him with lights off. The car with 3 GANG MEMBERS (#5-#7).

The white boy hesitates at the mouth of the alley. The punk, out of nowhere, twists Jim around and pushes him up against an electrical junction box.

GANG MEMBER #5

See, man. I told you he was white.

GANG MEMBER #6

You was right. So, white boy, whatcha doin' here?

JIM

Look, I don't want any trouble.

The last one just giggles wickedly.

GANG MEMBER #6

It looks like you have some.

The first pushes him again as the last one continues to laugh.

GANG MEMBER #6

You got any money, boy?

The gang member tries to haphazardly search him.

GANG MEMBER #7

Let's fuck his ass up.

With a push back, Jim throws a round house kick and the gang member stumbles back. The white boy pulls his gun and they all freeze.

GANG MEMBER #6

Be cool, man. We were only playin'.

JIM

Like you play with the people in this neighborhood!

GANG MEMBER #6

Just be cool.

Attention on the gang members, Jim begins to step off but doesn't see a parking bumper. A stumble but he regains balance just in time to see all three pull weapons of their own.

Bullets spray the area as Jim leaps behind the junction box and goes over the small retaining wall.

The next thing they know, Jim appears down the street.

GANG MEMBER #6

Get in the car!

INT. CAR

The first gang member jumps into the Chevy as they fly out to the street, hot on Jim's tail.

EXT. STREET

A glance behind, the white boy loses his footing again. The gun flies out of his hand and skirts across the pavement and into a sewer. Gets to his feet and runs as bullets chew at his heels.

GANG MEMBER #7

We're huntin' white meat!

He turns a corner to a residential area. People scatter at the gunfire. Jim ducks into a courtyard of an apartment complex.

The car screeches to a halt, sees where he goes and then speeds off again.

INT. APARTMENTS

Several people watch perplexed as a white man runs through their neighborhood.

Jim reaches a dead end. A quick rest, he lifts himself up and over a wall and drops down into another alley as flood the area.

GANG MEMBER #7

There he is!

A chair next to some trash, Jim flings it at the car which gives him a crucial moment to slip down a walkway before the bullets start to fly.

The second gang member looks at his cracked windshield and scratched hood with anger.

GANG MEMBER #6

Now I'm pissed! Get that fucker! We'll
get the front.

The first man jumps out, .45 in hand, and follows Jim's trail as the car pulls away.

The gang member runs into the backside of another apartment building as the white boy gets the drop on him. The gun tumbles away.

Jim connects with a few punches before the gang member charges him and slams the white boy against a wall. With a gasp, Jim can only watch as the gang member looks for his gun. The weapon found, the bad guy twists around. The white boy runs for the cover of the building as bullets hit the space he was just in.

Jim, a moment to catch his breath, enters another courtyard. Gets a quick but lasting glance of a WOMAN kneel and clutch her YOUNG DAUGHTER, fear in her eyes. This registers in his expression.

EXT. STREET

Jim continues out of the complex and almost gets hit by a van. Jim and driver, an OLDER MAN, a fatherly black man in his forties, exchange a look. Ahead, the gang members appear and Jim takes off.

The other gang member appears and jumps into the car. The middle-aged driver watches them go.

Jim sprints around a corner. With hesitation, he glances around then steps into an alley and then hides behind a trash bin.

Jim's hitched breath. Suddenly, the gang members roar to a stop in front of the alley.

GANG MEMBER #5

Where the fuck he go?

GANG MEMBER #6

He couldn't have gone far.

With that, the car pulls away as Jim gasps. On his feet, he inches toward the street as, out of nowhere, the van appears again. The driver throws the door open.

OLDER MAN

Come with me, boy! They'll kill you if you don't.

Jim startled by the man.

OLDER MAN

Get in. I'll take you to the police.

Suddenly, the gang bangers appear again and the white boy goes full steam back into the alley. The car held up but then finds the scent again.

INT. ALLEY

Jim quickly down and into a cross alley and cuts in between the backside of some apartment. Comes out into a vacant lot and almost falls into the drop off of an old foundation of a torn-down building.

INT. CAR

The car shoots down the alley then stops.

GANG MEMBER #5

What're you doin'?

GANG MEMBER #6

He's close. I know it.

The Chevy inches down the row of apartments.

From ahead, Jim peers around the corner at the car. A deep breath and he steps out into their lights.

GANG MEMBER #7

There he is!

The a'holes lets off a shot as Jim disappears down another alley, the Chevy close behind.

Quickly, Jim veers around the blind corner into the vacant lot and quickly presses himself against a wall. The car

swerves and, before they know it, lose ground and land in the hole with a crash.

Jim takes off and leaves the gang members stunned and bruised as sirens wail in the distance. The three look up to flashlights and COPS, guns drawn.

GANG MEMBERS #5-7

Shit.

EXT. STREET-BUS STOP-NIGHT

Jim steps onto the main street, his head in hoodie and hands in pockets. Glances around and then up to the bus stop dirty schedule behind a plastic frame. A fast food joint with a large parking lot sits behind.

The kid counts his change and glances at his watch.

JIM

Ten minutes.

INT. FAST FOOD JOINT

A FEW GANG MEMBERS eat in the restaurant along with a smattering of other customers.

EXT. BUS STOP

Jim hunkers on the bench as an African-American OLD WOMAN comes and sits down.

EXT. FAST FOOD JOINT

A station wagon with a BLACK MAN, WOMAN and three-year-old CHILD in a car seat drive past the bus stop and pull into the restaurant and into a spot in the middle of the lot.

INT. STATION WAGON

MAN

Alright, two combos and a plain hamburger for the squirt?

WOMAN

Yes.

He smiles at them both as they plays with the giggling baby before the fathers exits the car and enters the restaurant. The keys dangle from the ignition.

EXT. BUS STOP

Jim sighs, takes his hand out of his pocket and rubs his eyes. The old black woman notices his white skin. With realization at what he has done, hesitantly looks to the woman.

OLD WOMAN

It's not good for you to be around here,
son. Most of the people are good folk
but some are just animals.

Jim confused, his emotions torn at this show of kindness.

JIM

Yes, ma'am.

INT. STATION WAGON

The woman has a look of realization and glances at the child.

WOMAN

Oh, I forgot. We need some milk for you.
Momma will be right back.

The woman slips out of the car and walks into the restaurant.

Just then, SEVERAL GANG MEMBERS appear from different directions and approach the restaurant and the cars.

INT. FAST FOOD JOINT

The other gang members eat, talk, and are a general pain in the ass.

One notices the others approach outside. Suddenly, guns drawn and all hell breaks loose. Bullets fly between the restaurant, over and through cars and the parking lot.

The man pulls the woman down and holds her as she tries to get away.

WOMAN

My baby!

INT. STATION WAGON

In his car seat, the child cries as a few bullets streak

through the car.

EXT. BUS STOP

Wide eyed, Jim's eyes lock on the child in the distance.

JIM

No!

INT. PARKING LOT

His eyes ablaze, Jim jumps to his feet and skirts across the parking lot as he dodges bullets. Loses his footing, rolls across the pavement, gets to his feet and leaps over the hood of a car.

EXT. STREET-RESTAURANT-CAR

A PASSENGER in a passing car caught in traffic catches Jim on their cel phone.

EXT. PARKING LOT

Crouched down, Jim pulls open the door of the station wagon, scampers inside and pulls the kid to the floor of the car.

INT. STATION WAGON

He takes a long sympathetic look at the kid. More gunfire that pierces the baby seat above several times. In the corner of his eyes, Jim notices the keys in the ignition.

EXT. PARKING LOT

A bullet hits the gas tank of the car beside. Another bullet ignites the gas and the car catches fire.

INT. STATION WAGON

Flames evident, Jim reaches over, starts the car, and throws it in gear.

EXT. PARKING LOT

He steers from the back. The station wagon rolls forward and nicks another car as the burning car explodes.

Another bullet hits Jim's gas tank and leaves a trail of fuel.

The flames lip up and jump across to the gas trail. Jim notices it with shock in his eyes.

The kid leaps out as he clutches the baby to his chest as the car rolls forward a few feet. The flames chase it. The car hits a wall and then explodes. Jim shields the child with his body.

Sirens heard in the distance as the gangs scatter.

VOICE (O.C.)

Get up, fucker!

With a look up, Jim sees a large GANG MEMBER (#8) stand over him with a .45.

GANG MEMBER #8

You're my fuckin' hostage.

From behind, someone kicks the weapon out of his hand. The gang member faces Tanya, ready to fight.

GANG MEMBER #8

You bitch!

The a'hole swings at her as the girl side steps, grabs his hand and slugs him in the face.

TANYA

I ain't your bitch!

She follows with a kick to the stomach and then drops him with an impressive roundhouse to the head.

Jim and Tanya exchange looks for a long moment as police cars swarm over the area. From the restaurant, the woman frantically appears and makes a bee line to her child.

WOMAN

My baby!

Stunned, Jim hands the child over as she checks him over, tears in her eyes.

WOMAN

He's all right!

Her husband appears and sees the kid unharmed.

MAN

(to Jim)

Thank you. Thank you. I saw it all
through the window.

Jim just nods and absently shakes the black man's hand.

From behind, two hands grab Jim and turn him around. Tony
glances at the couple.

TONY

Police. We have to talk to this man.

With that, he drags the boy to his nearby car and plants
him in the back seat. Tony and Tanya jump in the front and
they disappear down an alley before the cops see them.

INT. SEDAN-STREET-NIGHT

The car comes out of the alley and melts into traffic.

Silence. Tony and Tanya notice Jim, still in shock and eyes
out the window. Tanya turns in her seat and studies the
white guy.

TANYA

You all right, boy?

He blankly looks to her.

JIM

How do you people live here?

Both look at each other before Tanya pulls her eyes away
and faces forward.

EXT. HOUSE-NIGHT

The sedan pulls into the house's driveway, Tanya and Tony
seen. Both get out of the car and glance around at the
deserted street. The agent opens the back door.

TONY

All clear.

Jim picks himself up from the floor of the car, gets out
and rushes into the house.

INT. HOUSE-LIVING ROOM

Linda hurries to the door as they enter.

LINDA

Oh thank God you're all right.

She hugs her daughter. A glance at them, Jim turns away with his head down and steps into the basement. The other three watch him go. Mom looks to Tony with concern in her eyes.

LINDA

Is he okay?

After a breath, a smile.

TONY

I think we will soon see. Now how 'bout some dinner. I'm starvin'.

Tony leads them into the kitchen.

INT. NIGEL'S HOUSE-NIGHT

The TV plays. Nigel and Jon watch. A NEWSCASTER reports in front of the fast food joint, cops all over it.

NEWSCASTER

A horrible gun battle was played out at this south central restaurant at about nine o'clock tonight between two rival gangs. Amazingly, there were only a few injuries and no deaths. According to witnesses, a young white man made a daring rescue in the middle of the flying bullets of a three-year-old baby trapped in the crossfire.

Bouncy video replays the event as the bastards' eyes widen.

NEWSCASTER

As you can see from this amateur video taken at the scene, the man daringly entered the fray and rescued the baby from certain death. Mysteriously, the man was whisked away by a black man posing as a police officer because police on the scene have no knowledge of this nameless hero.

Jon looks to the brit.

JON
What do you think?

NIGEL
I think we're going to the hood.

INT. HOUSE-NIGHT

Later, Tanya finishes up doing the dishes. Tony steps over to the table with a cup of coffee as Linda puts something away in the 'fridge.

TANYA
Well, I have to study.

With that, she steps out of the kitchen and leaves them alone.

Linda whips around, uncomfortably glances at him and steps over to the pot of coffee.

The silence shows in Tony's eyes.

TONY
Dinner was good. You were always a great cook.

LINDA
Tanya did most of the cooking—before she left.

TONY
Well, she must have inherited it.

The coffee done, Linda turns and sits with her cup. Both silent again.

TONY
You did real well with the kids.

LINDA
They're good kids. Smart. It hasn't been easy since...

She realizes the direction of the conversation.

LINDA
...since George died.

TONY

Yeah. I was sorry to hear that. Was it really true...

Stops himself.

TONY

...never mind. It's none of my business.

Linda gives him a hard look.

LINDA

Did you find out the same way you kept finding where we moved?

Tony hesitates.

TONY

I-uh-yes.

Silence.

LINDA

Why did you keep sending the Christmas and birthday cards?

TONY

Why didn't you write and tell me to stop?

A face off.

LINDA

That's all you ever did. I didn't see the harm.

More silence.

LINDA

Yes, he did it. I didn't want him to but I couldn't stop it.

She sighs.

LINDA

We were doing well. I was working a couple of days a week. We were in debt but on our way. Then he was laid off during the recession and couldn't get a job for three months. His company was

(CON'T)

LINDA (CON'T)

bought out. We were in deep by then, fighting and all. He couldn't handle going from an investment counsellor's salary to part time as a delivery driver, especially with two kids. Then these bastards call. They're two young white guys who work for the company who bought out George's. They want to score some cocaine. They think George can help. He says no but they dangle getting his job back in front of him. Just one big score and he's back in the company.

She takes a resilient breath.

LINDA

He does it. Goes to the deal with them and it's a sting. I'm not really sure what happened after that but he gets shot by a white cop. George lingered on for three weeks in a coma before he died. He was a good man. He wouldn't have done it if he didn't think everything was against him. It was gonna be only once.

Silence again as Tony just nods.

TONY

I don't know why.

LINDA

What?

TONY

I don't know why I kept track of you. Maybe I wanted to make sure you were fine.

She looks sympathetically at the man.

JIM (O.C.)

Excuse me.

They look up to Jim stand in the doorway, his eyes hesitant.

JIM

I just wanna say I'm sorry for puttin' you out in any way.

LINDA
Well thank you, Jim.

The kid nods and begins to turn.

LINDA
Are you hungry?

He turns back.

JIM
Yes, ma'am.

LINDA
Then come and sit down.

Jim meekly steps over to the table and sits as he keeps his eyes down. Slowly, he notices Tony watch him.

JIM
Is something wrong?

A glance at Linda then back to Jim.

TONY
It can wait.

INT. BEDROOM-NIGHT

Tanya studies in her room. A faint knock.

TANYA
Come in.

Slowly, Jim enters, a nervous tension between the two.

JIM
Hello.

TANYA
Hi. How you feelin'?

JIM
Oh. Fine. Just a little bruised.

He glances at the picture of the farm on her wall. Another silence comes between them.

TANYA

That's where I wanna live. When I graduate, make a lot of money and get outta here.

JIM

It's nice to live on a farm. But it's A lot of work.

Tanya interested.

TANYA

You lived on one?

He nods.

TANYA

Why ain't you there now?

JIM

My daddy lost it. He pulled a gun on the police when they came to evict him. He got killed.

TANYA

I'm sorry.

Jim reluctant to talk about it but does anyway.

JIM

He lost it by drinkin' alot after my momma died. But, yeah, I'm sorry, too.

Both left with another silence.

TANYA

Was there somethin' you wanted to say?

JIM

Oh yeah. I'm sorry for what I said to you. How I acted. I was wrong. And— your brother was right. I was lookin' around your rooms. I'm sorry.

She nods, content with his sentiment.

TANYA

I forgive you.

They study each other. Jim pulls his eyes away.

JIM

Well, thank you.

The boy begins to step out.

JIM

Oh, what did you use on that guy?

TANYA

Kung-Fu. Chin-Na Kung-Fu.

JIM

Oh. Well. Thank you for helping me out.

TANYA

Helping you?

JIM

No. I just wanted to say that you were very good.

But this doesn't sit with Tanya and Jim realizes the brick wall.

TANYA

You fight, too?

JIM

Well, a little Kempo Karate.

TANYA

Enough to criticize me?

JIM

No, no.

TANYA

No, it's alright. Tell me what you think.

Hostile sparring mixed in with attraction.

JIM

I just thought you could have kept your balance better. You were vulnerable.

TANYA

Really!

Jim becomes more resilient.

JIM

Well, uh, yeah.

TANYA

Then let's see.

The girl steps out of the room, disappears and then pokes her head back in.

TANYA

Come on.

She gestures to him with a single finger.

EXT. HOUSE

She leads him out to the dimly lighted back yard. Both wear padded sparring gloves and shoes.

JIM

Please, ma'am. I don't want...

TANYA

Ma'am? My name is Tanya.

JIM

Tanya, I don't want to hurt you.

TANYA

You don't have to worry about that.

She quickly throws a roundhouse kick which Jim narrowly avoids. Two more tossed out and Jim deflects them with equal panache.

TANYA

Looks like you've had a couple of lessons.

He returns a couple kicks of his own, which she avoids.

JIM

A couple.

They start in with kick and punch combinations, both on equal footing.

Jim steps in to sweep her legs but with a twist of the hip, she has him. A follow through, the boy begins to fall and takes her down with him. Tanya lands on his chest.

A quick intimate look in their eyes. Her gaze broken, Tanya pushes off and walks away.

TANYA

Lesson is over.

Jim sits stunned for a moment then follows her into the garage.

He watches her as she takes off the gear, a frustrated look in her eyes.

JIM

I didn't mean anything.

Tanya glances at him and sighs.

TANYA

Yeah, I know. It's just that I need to keep my mind on important things. It's a habit around here to get off track.

JIM

Like Tisha?

The girl stops, not a desire to go into this.

TANYA

How'd you know about her?

JIM

There's a scrapbook in the basement and I saw your newspaper article.

TANYA

And put two and two together?

Jim shrugs.

TANYA

Yeah, like Tisha. We grew up together and were headin' in the same direction. She was just goin' faster. When she got pregnant at fifteen, it opened my eyes. When she got killed, it was like a slap in the face. I may not be bright, but that did the trick.

A silence between both.

JIM

I'm sorry.

Tanya tosses the last of the equipment into a box.

TANYA

Yeah. Me too.

She steps back into the house.

INT. HOUSE

Later, Tony sits alone in the living room and watches Jim's video tape over and over.

Jim appears and pulls him out of his daze.

TONY

Oh, I didn't see you.

The kid sits down and glances at the shooting part of the tape.

JIM

Did you find any leads?

TONY

No. Just dead ends. I'm hoping something will jump out at me on this tape.

The tape ends. Tony stops it, hits rewind and looks at Jim.

TONY

Why did you save that kid at the restaurant? I thought you didn't like us people.

JIM

Maybe I was--wrong. You have to understand that I didn't deal with your people most of my life. My daddy taught me things. Bad things, I guess. He said you were evil. It's all I knew. When I got to California, the only friends I knew were white kids. Like me.

TONY

What about now?

JIM

Your people are different. But your
People... I just have more to learn.

The man smiles as the tape reaches the beginning and clicks
off.

TONY

It's a good start.

With that, Tony sighs and turns on the tape.

TONY

(to himself)

One more time.

The tape at the beginning. The agent begins to fast forward
as the kid's eyes widen.

JIM

Wait!

TONY

What?

Tony's finger lets off the button as Jim stands.

JIM

It was there.

The kid takes the remote from him, reverses the picture and
lets it run. The picture pans across the racist meeting and
the various vehicles.

JIM

There.

Jim points out a truck before it disappears. Rewinds the
picture again then freezes it on the truck.

JIM

That's it.

TONY

That's what?

Jim looks at him.

JIM

The truck on the road that night.

Closer, the agent sees the license plate, clear as day.

INT. NIGEL'S HOUSE-NIGHT

Nigel calmly paces the living room as Jon studies Tony's dossier.

NIGEL

Any relatives?

JON

His parents live in Arizona and he has an aunt in Detroit. No relatives in Los Angeles.

Nigel mulls this over.

NIGEL

No relatives. It's going to take time to find friends who might live here.

Realizes something.

NIGEL

Married!

JON

No, he's not...

The brit leans in.

NIGEL

But was he ever?

INT. LINDA'S HOUSE-DAY

Morning.

Linda steps down the hall and sees Tony appear out behind the door.

LINDA

You're up early.

TONY

I've got a place to be.

He hesitates and uncomfortably glances back at her.

TONY
Do you have to go to work?

LINDA
No. It's my day off.

TONY
Would you like to go to dinner tonight?

Linda startled.

LINDA
I don't see why not.

The woman gives him a resolute nod. He smiles and steps out of the house.

Tanya bangs on Calvin's door.

TANYA
Let's go, too short. We're late.

She steps off.

After a moment, Calvin appears with his backpack as Jim steps up from the basement. The two watch each other for a moment before the younger turns and exits.

Regretful, the white boy enters the bathroom.

EXT. HOUSE

Calvin and Tanya get into the car.

TANYA
So, are you gonna be out in front of school today or are you gonna "exercise" again?

CALVIN
It's a half day so I'll take the bus.

TANYA
Good.

EXT. POLICE STATION-DAY

A black policeman in his late 20s, LEE, enters the squad room. Tony meets up with him.

LEE
Special agent Woods. How the hell are
ya?

A handshake.

TONY
Doin' well. I'm on a case right now and I
need your help.

LEE
You name it.

TONY
I need a plate run.

LEE
Another one of your racists?

TONY
Yeah.

LEE
It will be my pleasure.

INT. NIGEL'S HOUSE-DAY

The white men from the previous meeting begin to file into
the house. Nigel meets them as Jon sits on the phone.

NIGEL
Gentlemen, good to see you again. We have
coffee and cinnamon rolls in the kitchen
for you.

The brit crosses to Jon who hangs up the phone.

NIGEL
Anything?

JON
He says it'll take time.

One of the RACISTS (#1) looks over the various guns on the
dining room table.

RACIST #1
Hey, Nigel. How long will this
preparation take?

NIGEL

He says about two hours once he gets started.

RACIST #1

I just hope I don't get pulled over by the police.

Another RACIST (#2) speaks up.

RACIST #2

Just don't play that nigger rap shit.

Everyone laughs.

EXT. HOUSE-STREET-DAY

Tony slowly drives down the plain residential cul-de-sac to an unassuming house with a dead lawn, no car in the driveway.

The vehicle stops. Tony steps out, glances around and walks up to the door. Peers in the windows but sees nothing out of the ordinary. A knock on the door. Nothing.

He steps down to the backyard gate and opens the latch.

INT. HOUSE

Gun in hand, Tony unhinges a sliding glass door and steps inside. Continues through the plain living room and into the bedroom where a large Nazi flag hangs.

TONY

This is the place.

INT. ROOM

Tony searches the house but finds nothing. Sits at a desk as his eyes go to a waste paper basket, pulls out a little piece of paper that reads: VISITOR PASS BRIGHTON STUDIOS BLDG 9.

The agent takes the pass and exits the house.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL-DAY

Calvin steps down the hall. P-Boy and Miracle grab him and duck into an empty classroom.

P-BOY

Hey Calvin. You still haven't said you'd help us with our little project.

CALVIN

I-uh-don't know. I don't want to get in trouble.

P-Boy laughs then glares at the kid.

P-BOY

You ain't stupid, Calvin. You know there's only one answer to my question.

Calvin finds some resolve.

CALVIN

It's no.

With that, Calvin slugs him.

P-BOY

I don't think I heard you right, nigga.

In a burst of energy, the kid elbows Miracle in the stomach and pushes P-Boy back.

TEACHER (O.C.)

Hey!

They all stop and see a large black TEACHER appear on the other side of the room. He glares at the three.

TEACHER

Get out of here, Calvin.

Calvin, with a wary glance, steps out of the room as P-Boy eyes him.

TEACHER

You two. Come with me. We're gonna have a talk with the principal.

They follow him.

EXT. BRIGHTON STUDIOS-DAY

Tony pulls up to the gates of Brighton Studios and shows the GUARD his ID.

TONY
Anthony Woods, FBI.

GUARD
How can I help you, Mister Woods?

He hands the guard the parking pass.

TONY
Is this one of yours?

GUARD
Yes. It is.

TONY
What is building number 9?

GUARD
That's where they keep all the special effects guys.

The agent's eyes widen.

INT. COMPUTER ROOM-DAY

A white data entry clerk, PHIL JOHNSON, alone at a file cabinet in a side room.

A look out the door to the other people, he opens one of the drawers and thumbs through the files. Pulls out one with a much younger picture of Tony in it.

A reference to Tony and Linda and jots down the name on a scrap of paper. Hastily replaces the file.

At a terminal, he warily looks up some more information and writes it down. Looks to a co-worker.

JOHNSON
I'm going on my break.

INT. HALLWAY

The clerk hangs up a pay phone as two AGENTS appear (#4 & #5) and block his way.

AGENT #4
Phil Johnson?

JOHNSON

Yes?

AGENT #5

Please come with us. Director Blake
would like to have a word with you.

Johnson nervous.

JOHNSON

Uh. Sure.

They lead him down the hall.

INT. BRIGHTON STUDIOS-EXT. BLDG. #9-DAY

Tony parks his car and enters through a door with a big "9"
on it.

INT. BLDG. #9

The agent steps down the halls and glances in various room
with a variety of make-up, prosthetics and miniatures.

Stops at one room and enters. Various latex masks and parts
thereof. A young man, DANIEL, appears with a mask.

DANIEL

Oh, I didn't see you.

He looks over the black man.

DANIEL

Can I help you?

Tony shows him his ID.

TONY

Anthony Woods, FBI.

DANIEL

Oh. Okay? Somethin' I can help you with?

Daniel steps over to a bench and begins to work on the
mask.

TONY

I'm not sure. I'm looking for a lead on a case I'm working on and I think it has something to do with special effects. Probably make-up or prosthetics.

DANIEL

This is the place to be. Name's Daniel.

A handshake.

TONY

Well, I'm looking for a racist faction. Does anyone remotely fit that profile that works here?

DANIEL

Not that I can think of.

TONY

Anything else out of the ordinary? Visitors perhaps?

DANIEL

Not really.

Tony nods and glances around.

TONY

Mind if I look around?

DANIEL

Not at all.

The agent paces the benches and various latex body parts. A bench with a DEMON KILLER 2 poster to the side.

An afro wig trimmed down and fitted over a foam head. Behind the desk, he picks through the drawers but finds nothing.

TONY

Who's table is this?

DANIEL

Ah, Bruce's. Bruce Jessup. You know, he had some strange visitors a couple weeks ago.

TONY

How so?

DANIEL

Two producers, or that's what he told me. They didn't look like producers, though. They were rough and one had a tattoo sticking out from under his shirt.

TONY

Green ink.

DANIEL

Yeah.

TONY

Prison tattoo. They use printing ink.

DANIEL

He was showing them how to turn a white man into a black man.

Tony wide-eyed at this.

DANIEL

Beats me why they don't just hire black actors.

TONY

Where is he now?

DANIEL

On vacation for a week. He'll be back tomorrow.

The agent rushes out.

TONY

Thank you for your help.

Daniel watches him go with a shrug.

INT. NIGEL'S HOUSE-DAY

Jon hastily enters the house.

JON

Nigel! Nigel!

NIGEL (O.C.)

What is it?

Jon turns and quickly pulls his gun. His expression turns to shock.

JON

Is that you? My god it looks better than I imagined.

Nigel stands before Jon with a smile--and made up to look like a black man.

NIGEL

Isn't it great. I have a terrible craving for watermelon, though.

Both laugh.

NIGEL

What's the ruckus?

JON

I found the nigger. He was divorced twenty years ago and his ex lives right near where the kid was spotted.

NIGEL

Good. We have four men including you without make-up. Go over and kill him, come back here and have Bruce do you.

JON

Is there enough time.

NIGEL

We have enough men for the takeover. You can be back-up. It's alright if you're late. We have the element of surprise, remember?

EXT. STREET-HOUSE-DAY

Calvin steps off a bus and down a block. When he reaches the corner, he notices P-Boy, Miracle and TWO OTHER BOYS in a car in front of his house.

The kid backtracks down the street and ducks into an alley.

INT. HOUSE

Jim intently watches his video, using the remote control to go back and forth as Linda appears.

LINDA

I'm just goin' next door for something.
I'll be right back.

JIM

Yes ma'am.

She exits.

EXT. HOUSE-ALLEY

Calvin glances around as he steps down the alley to the back of his house.

Suddenly, P-Boy's car appears before him, another one with TWO MORE BOYS behind. P-Boy jumps out and faces the scared kid.

P-BOY

I think I have a speech to deliver to you.

He slugs Calvin across the chin as another boy grabs him.

P-BOY

I hope you are getting my message, little man.

JIM (O.C.)

Leave him alone!

They hesitate and see Jim at the backyard gate. They begin to chuckle.

P-BOY

Well well well. I think I might carve me off some white meat.

JIM

Feel free.

P-Boy pulls a gun and sticks it in the white boy's face.

Jim twists and hits his hand. The gun sails into a trash bin and falls out of sight under all the garbage.

P-Boy throws a punch. Jim blocks it and delivers one of his own. Miracle charges and whitey plows him into the plywood fence. A few of the pieces break off.

Jim quickly yanks two off and takes out two more of the gang members with quick strikes to the head.

Calvin, a gasp for air, scampers to the side.

A back kick throws the next one off but the last boy gets in a couple of good shots. Jim stumbles back. He comes back and takes out the boy but the other four on their feet again.

Suddenly, a blast and they see Linda stand at the gate with a shotgun in-hand and a fiery look in her eyes.

LINDA

Alright, boys! I've got a hair trigger on this thing. You get the fuck outta here before I start to ventilate you!

Surprised, the gang members slowly back up to their cars and vacate the area. Mom looks down to son.

LINDA

You okay, boy?

CALVIN

Yeah, momma.

She looks at Jim.

LINDA

What are you? A magnet for trouble?

Confused, Calvin looks up to the white boy.

CALVIN

Thanks, man.

A better understanding now.

JIM

Let's clean you up.

He helps Calvin into the house.

INT. CAR-DAY

Tony drives as he talks on his cel phone.

TONY

Yes. Tony Woods. Now let me talk to
Blake, dammit!

Some static as Tony adjusts the loose battery. Swerves to miss a car in the process.

INT. FBI OFFICE

Blake picks up his phone.

BLAKE

Tony, we got the leak. We caught him
accessing your back records. He made a
phone call but we got him right after
that.

TONY

Does he know anything?

BLAKE

No. He apparently has a big gambling
habit he's trying to support but doesn't
really know who is paying him.

TONY

Shit! Listen, I'm pretty sure the hit is
for today. I think they're going to try
to masquerade as black men.

BLAKE

You're kidding.

TONY

They're associated with this movie make-
up guy who's comes back from vacation
tomorrow. So I'll bet anything it's
today.

BLAKE

All right. We're spread pretty thin
between all these guys but we think it
might be Abdul Aalmuhammid. Apparently
his right-hand man Luther Kondo has
turned up missing.

Confusion crosses Tony's face as static creeps back into the phone. Bangs it against the seat and becomes clear again.

TONY

Why would Nigel do something so obvious?

BLAKE

Maybe his logic finally went South. You never told me you were married.

TONY

Yeah. How did you know?

BLAKE

It was on your old record the clerk pulled up. Wasn't even in the computer.

The phone crackles again and finally goes out.

TONY

Blake?

He hits it a couple of times but nothing.

TONY

Shit! I should of listened to you, Joel.

Something begins to formulate behind his eyes.

TONY

Married? Shit!

EXT. STREET

With that, he guns the engine and whips through traffic.

INT. HOUSE-KITCHEN-DAY

Linda patches up Calvin as Tony stands in the kitchen doorway. The son stares at Jim as the white man looks out to space.

LINDA

What was that all about, boy? Who were those punks?

Calvin, a sigh, looks at his mother.

CALVIN

Gang bangers from school. They wanted me to do some crimes. I said no.

LINDA

How bad are they?

CALVIN

Up and comers.

LINDA

I can't have you gettin' beat up every day.

He looks to Jim.

CALVIN

Hey man.

The white boy glances at him.

CALVIN

Where'd you learn that stuff?

JIM

Back home. An ex-Marine gave classes.

CALVIN

Could you teach me?

Jim startled by this and a little uncomfortable.

JIM

Yeah. Sure.

Calvin gives him a confident nod and Jim returns a faint smile.

CALVIN

Problem solved.

EXT. HOUSE

Tanya pulls up in her car and steps out, book pack in hand. A bag of groceries sits in the back seat.

INT. HOUSE

Tanya enters, without the groceries. Jim and her exchange uncomfortable but longing glances

TANYA

What happened to you?

LINDA

He had a run in with some punk kids.

CALVIN

You should have see this boy chop-sockey them. He looked better than you.

She looks at her brother with a raised eyebrow and then at Jim, who shrugs.

TANYA

Excuse me.

EXT. STREET-ALLEY-DAY

Jon and Racist #2 pull into an alley and up to a large telephone junction box.

JON

Are you sure this'll work?

RACIST #2

I worked for the phone company for three years. This'll take out the phones for blocks around that house. It'll give a lot more time in case it gets ugly.

A hand grenade appears. The racist drops it in the box and the car speeds away moments before the box blows apart.

INT. HOUSE-DAY

Linda finished with Calvin.

LINDA

Now go put your stuff away and start your chores.

Son stands with a wince and looks to Jim.

CALVIN

Will you show me later?

White boy gives him a smile.

JIM

Sure.

With that, Calvin exits.

LINDA
How was your final today?

TANYA
Alright. One more tomorrow and one on
Monday and I'll be off for two whole
weeks.

Jim and Tanya unconsciously exchange another glance.

LINDA
Well?

TANYA
Well what?

LINDA
You said you'd go shoppin' for me.

TANYA
Sorry, momma. They're in the car. I'll
be right back.

Tanya drops her book bag on the couch and tosses open and
leaves open the door. Eyes on her, Jim steps toward the
opening. A car on the street catches his attention.

Then the driver, a white man, he recognizes from the dirt
road. Jon remembers him too. The two stare for an eternal
breath before a Mac 10 appears in his hand.

JIM
Tanya!

Startled, Tanya steps up to the porch as the gun swings
toward them. Jim reaches out, grabs her and yanks her
inside as bullets cut through the house.

EXT. HOUSE

The a'hole on the headset walkie-talkie as they fire away.

JON
They spotted us! Kill them!

INT. HOUSE

All hell breaks loose as Jim, Tanya and Linda hug the

floor. Calvin appears in the hallway.

JIM
Go out the back!

They begin to crawl as the bullets continue.

The kitchen. Everyone gets to their feet as another RACIST (#3) appears, 9mm in hand and a walkie-talkie headset on his ear.

RACIST #3
Well, howdy folks.

Jim glances at the shotgun by his foot, against the "V" of the folding table with a loose latch. The butt of the handle propped on edge with the business end against the table.

RACIST #3
(into radio)
I've got 'em.

JON
(on radio)
Then kill them!

Quickly, Jim pushes the gun through the "V" with his foot. The trigger catches on the loose latch. A blast tears through the table and into the shocked white man who teeters for a moment.

A glance to the side, Jim sees another RACIST (#4) in the back yard. He steps forward and grabs the gun out of the bastard's hand. Bullets stream through the screen door and drive the man back.

EXT. HOUSE

Jon and the other man in the street.

JON
(into walkie-talkie)
What's happening?

JIM
(on radio)
They're losing.

Suddenly, the racist's body crashes through the front

window and lands limply on the porch.

JON

Shit!

The gunshots begin again from both directions. Jim returns it as he crouches by the window sill. The other three farther back.

INT. HOUSE

JIM

Get into the basement!

They begin to crawl toward the basement as Jim and Tanya exchange a look. Tanya notices the man in the backyard come closer. She backtracks into the kitchen, grabs the shotgun and fires at the man.

LINDA

Tanya!

TANYA

Go momma!

Linda pushes son to the basement.

He looks worried to have the girl still in harm's way.

Suddenly, Jim's gun jams as he frantically tries to get it back in sync.

At the same time, Tanya runs out of shells.

EXT. HOUSE

Jon and the racist stop firing.

JON

He's out of bullets. Let's go.

INT. HOUSE

Jim waves Tanya away.

JIM

Hide.

The three racists start to enter the house.

The girl peers out from the kitchen's broom closet.

The white boy crouches in a hallway closet as he tries to quietly fix the 9mm.

The two men enter from the front, the third from the back. Without a word, Jon waves them to search the house.

Jon goes right and kicks in a bedroom door as racist #2 takes the hall. Both men strafe the area with gunfire.

Wide eyed, Jim looks up to the smoking holes in the closet door.

Racist #2 kicks in the door of the room directly across from Jim's hiding place and shoots up the area.

Racist #4 in the kitchen throws open the door of the broom closet and discovers Tanya.

RACIST #4

Lookie what I found.

From the closet, Jim watches as the racist tries to grab her but gets a kick to the groin for his trouble. The bastard appears over Tanya and slugs her hard.

RACIST #4

Kill that bitch!

With a grimace, Jim bursts out of the closet and stands right before racist #2. He grabs the muzzle of his gun. Both struggle as the gun goes off in Jim's hand. The burn makes him cry out. The much bigger man knocks Jim away. He smiles and brings the gun down to the boy.

RACIST #2

See ya, kid.

The window at the end of the hall blown out. Bullets impact into the man and drop him. Startled, Jim looks back and sees Tony just before both duck from more gunfire. A turn around, Jim sees racist #4, gun in hand.

The kid rolls and scoops up the dead racist's gun as bullets chew up the space he was just in. He fires back and drops the man as Jon grabs Tanya, uses her as a shield.

JON

Stay back! I'll kill her!

Jon inches into the living room as Jim readies himself, crouches around a corner.

JON

Don't you dare, Jimmy boy. Or I'll kill your girlfriend here.

Jim keeps the weapon steady, his eyes a whirl of activity. Jon continues out.

JON

Good boy. Stay still.

EXT. HOUSE

The a'hole pulls her out to the porch where Tony appears-- along with several other armed residents of the neighborhood.

Jon hesitates at the sight of this.

JIM

Give it up and make it easy on yourself!

JON

Fuck you, boy! This ain't over. None of you move or I'll kill this nigger bitch.

Jon hesitates as her frantic eyes lock onto Jim's. A brief moment before he drops his eyes several times. A signal. Tanya's eyes flickers in confusion then lock on solid.

JON

Let's take a ride.

The bastard begins to pull her toward his car.

Suddenly, she lets all her weight drop and she falls to the ground. A clear target. Confused, Jon lifts his gun to the street and finds himself caught in the thunderstorm of bullets. He drops.

A BLACK MAN nearby lowers his weapon.

BLACK MAN

Nigger THAT.

Jim rushes over and he and Tanya embrace.

Tony produces his badge and waves off the PEDESTRIANS

(including #1-#3).

TONY

FBI! Please stay back! It's all over!
Can someone call the police?

PEDESTRIAN #1

Phones are out.

PEDESTRIAN #2

Yeah. Mine, too.

TONY

Would someone get to a pay phone and get
the cops over here.

PEDESTRIAN #3

Yeah. I'll go.

The person runs to a car as she and Jim part, both a little
confused by their affection.

Linda and Calvin appear and run over to them.

LINDA

My god! Are you alright?

Mom frantically checks over daughter.

TANYA

Yeah, momma. I'm all right. They saved
me.

Linda looks over Jim.

LINDA

You're a regular Superman, aren't you,
boy?

He sighs.

JIM

No ma'am.

Jim looks over and sees Tony search Jon's car. He begins to
step over.

The agent, in the seat, rifles through the glove
compartment and only discovers various maps and sunglasses.

A two page program announcing JEWEL AND ANTIQUE SHOW at JOHNSON HALL and the address. A newspaper sits on the floor with a story about Cabbish. An idea begins to form behind his eyes.

A glance up, he notices a piece of paper tucked into the sun visor and pulls it out.

On the paper a handwritten layout of a hall and two buildings that flank it. Various notes scribbled around the sketch. A dotted line from one building to another catches Tony's attention.

TONY

Cabbish.

JIM

Find anything?

Startled, the agent looks up.

TONY

I think I got Nigel.

Tony jumps out of the car and starts toward his own.

JIM

Where? Let's get some back-up and get him.

TONY

There's no time.

JIM

Then I'm going with you.

Tony stops and the two study each other.

TONY

I think he's about to kill a lot of people.

JIM

Then let's go.

The agent smiles.

TONY

Then get into the car.

Both jump into the car.

EXT. STREET-DAY

Tony, siren ablaze, maneuvers his car around traffic.

JIM

You're kidding. Dress up as blacks?

TONY

Chuck Cabbish is speaking at that hall today. They're going to masquerade as blacks and kill everyone there. Cabbish is going to lose the election but having him dead will make him a martyr. It'll also bring down alot of shit on Aalamammed and his people. My guess is they kidnapped Kondo so they could kill him and leave his body there.

Jim startled.

JIM

Shit.

EXT. JOHNSON HALL-DAY

The hall relatively small and plain. Several news vans converge on the street.

A light line of white people file into the hall. Private SECURITY GUARDS check their passes under the watchful eye of half-a-dozen POLICEMEN.

INT. HALL-ROOM

CHUCK CABBISH practices his speech alone. Despite a neat appearance, he still has the air of white trash.

CABBISH

It's not that I want to take rights away from blacks, I want to preserve the rights of all Americans, black, white...

Hesitates and studies the speech.

CABBISH

...I should say African-Americans, I guess.

INT. HALL

A SECURITY GUARD (#1) glances over the 100 seat hall and the smattering of TV people. Turns, enters a corridor and passes another GUARD (#2).

GUARD #1
Everything all right?

GUARD #2
Tight as a drum.

A step around him, the first guard opens a door and enters a basement stairwell.

GUARD #1
I'm gonna give it one last look. You never know what those niggers have up their sleeves.

They exchange a laugh as the first guard disappears.

INT. BASEMENT

The room a maze of dusty furniture and boxes.

The guard pushes away an old bureau which reveals a rusted metal door. Unlatches it as several guns appear in his face. A smile.

GUARD #1
Now where'd all you niggers come from?

Nigel steps out with about ten other men, all made up as African-Americans. Bill corrals a bound and gagged Kondo.

NIGEL
Cute. How's it look?

GUARD #1
Easy as pie. Half a dozen cops, all out front. Ten security guards and about a hundred people.

NIGEL
How 'bout the news.

GUARD #1
Four stations, all inside.

NIGEL

I guess it's time for our little play.

GUARD #1

The idiot goes on in five minutes. You never told me about this tunnel.

NIGEL

This use to be an old dance hall. It's hooked-up to a bar across the road. Gangsters would use it in the twenties.

GUARD #1

You learn something new every day. See you out there, gentlemen.

With that, the guard turns and walks off.

EXT. STREET-CAR-DAY

Tony careens his car through the streets and slides to a stop when he faces a wall of crawling traffic. Blocked in!

TONY

We're on foot, kid. Hide that gun.

Out of the car, both conceal their weapons under their clothes. Jim follows Tony as he runs down the street.

INT. JOHNSON HALL-DAY

A white ANNOUNCER appears on the stage.

ANNOUNCER

Ladies and gentlemen. I will make this brief. I would like to introduce a dear friend of mine. A good American and the next senator of California, Chuck Cabbish!

The hall bursts into applause as Cabbish appears and waves to the crowd.

CABBISH

Thank you. Thank you. You are all real fine Americans.

INT. HALLWAY

Nigel and his men appear out of the basement. With a

silencer, the brit shoots the lone guard and tosses his body back down the steps.

NIGEL

Let's do this.

The bastards spread out across the hall and take positions as Cabbish rattles on.

Two men approach the front door and hide in a doorway. They spot the cops on the street and one of the racists pulls out a grenade. Tosses it through the doorway and it rolls under a car. The explosion belches the vehicle into the air.

The police disoriented for a moment as the racists open fire. Police, pedestrians and security guards scatter as the rest of the racists swarm down on the people in the hall.

After a minute, they corral everyone as Nigel takes the stage and stares down a terrified Cabbish. Kondo behind him with Jim hides a .45 in the black man's back. One of the gunmen directs the TV cameras to the stage. Nigel assumes a low, clear-speaking American accent.

NIGEL

We are the National African Front. We are here to right the wrongs of men like this Chuck Cabbish. We demand restitution for our African brothers put down by the white race for hundreds of years. We want one-million dollars per person in this hall, which makes one hundred million dollars.

Nigel waves the cameras off and the gunman makes the cameras lower.

EXT. HALL

Several police cars are now at the scene with barricades that hold off the gawkers.

Jim stands back and watches Tony speak to a POLICE CAPTAIN.

With frustration, the agent steps back to the kid.

JIM

What's happening?

TONY

They want one hundred million dollars in half-an-hour or they'll kill the hostages.

JIM

Can they get the money?

TONY

Nigel doesn't want the money. He wants to kill them. No, there's no way.

JIM

What can we do?

Tony takes out the map found in Jon's car.

TONY

Something.

The kid follows him into a run down the block.

INT. HALL

A gunman drives thick stakes with rings on the top haphazardly into the floor and strings a chain through them.

Another racist tosses out pairs of handcuffs to the hostages.

NIGEL

Put the 'cuffs on and lock yourself to the chain! Now!

The hostages reluctantly comply.

EXT. STREET-INT. BAR

Both heroes reach a large, closed down bar around the block. They kick down the door with guns drawn. Nothing.

JIM

What are we looking for?

Tony studies the map.

TONY

I think this map is for a tunnel into that hall and their escape route.

He steps around the battered, dusty bar and finds a heavy trap door.

TONY

Found it.

He pulls it open and then looks to Jim.

TONY

There's no time to screw around with anything else. They're going to kill those people. It'll get bloody.

The kid takes a deep breath.

JIM

Why are you doin' this? They're just bigoted people.

TONY

Like you?

Jim gets a stiff upper lip.

JIM

Let's go.

The kid jumps down into the tunnel. The man follows.

INT. TUNNEL

Tony digs out a tiny pen flashlight which illuminates the old brick tunnel. Both start down the only direction.

INT. BASEMENT

They reach the basement opening and ready themselves.

JIM

If we live through this, you owe me a beer.

TONY

Sure, kid.

INT. HALL-BASEMENT

Both continue into the basement, see the dead guard, and go forward up the steps. Tony peers through the door.

INT. HALL

They slip into the empty hallway and into a side windowless room, out of sight, as one of the gunmen steps into view.

INT. ROOM

Both cross to another door, peer out again, and take in a full view of the hall and the situation.

Three long pieces of chain with fifty people who stand and hooked up to each. Nigel on stage.

JIM

That's that British guy.

TONY

Nigel.

Nigel signals to one of the racists; points at his watch and flashes five fingers twice. They see the racists pick up a duffle bag and a crème-colored Playdoe-like brick falls out. He scoops it up and steps into another corridor.

TONY

Oh shit.

JIM

What?

TONY

C-4. They're gonna blow up these people in ten minutes. We have to get closer.

JIM

I know a way. Do you carry one of those small ankle guns?

TONY

Yeah.

JIM

Give it to me.

INT. HALL

The racists hear a crash in Tony's and Jim's hiding place. Nigel signals TWO OF THE GUNMEN (RACISTS #5-#6). They burst into the room and find Jim who plays scared beside an overturned bookcase.

JIM
Please don't shoot!

RACIST #5
Get your hands up!

Jim cups his hands behind his head.

JIM
I don't have a gun. I was hiding from
you guys.

RACIST #6
Get out of there!

The kid walks out and closes his elbows over his face as they lead him into the hall. One of the gunmen gives the room a quick look before he closes the door

Tony watches him go from behind a desk.

INT. HALL

RACIST #6
(to Nigel)
He was hiding from us.

NIGEL
Lock him up with the rest.

They 'cuff him to one of the chains and next to a MUSCULAR MAN. Jim turns his head from the brit's direction.

INT. ROOM

Tony crosses to the door. Checks it and slips into the corridor.

INT. HALL

Jim glances up at the muscular man. He whispers.

JIM
Hey. I'm a cop.

The man glances around.

MUSCLE MAN
Yeah?

JIM

It's life or death right now. Will you help me?

The monster looks into Jim's eyes.

MUSCLE MAN

What.

TONY

angles himself and peers around the corner to see Jim. Suddenly, the large man slugs the kid.

JIM

Get away from me, faggot!

Jim punches him back as two of the gunmen begin to rush over.

RACIST #5

Alright, that's enough!

The man slugs Jim, he doubles over and grabs the .22 at his ankle. As the two men approach, Jim shoots them point blank.

Nigel figures out the situation right away as all hell breaks loose.

JIM

Get down!

The muscle man tries to pull his group, via the chain, down to the ground as Nigel turns to fire. His bullets streak past where the hostages just were.

Tony appears and bullets fly by. He shoots away and takes two more men out. Then quickly pinned down by two others as he reloads.

Nigel and Jim exchange fire.

Nigel begins to hit a couple of the hostages in the process of missing Jim. The chain shot, the kid separates himself from the people and grabs the dead men's guns as he goes.

On one knee, Jim throws out a torrent of bullets that make the brit retreat behind the stage with Bruce, Kondo in tow.

CABBISH

manages to get free and hide backstage. Two other men flank him from a different direction.

TONY

trades more gunfire as he sees the racist with the C-4 bag.

The agent downs one of the two racists and sees the second toss a grenade. Full run, he leaps out of the way and drops a couple a bullet clips as the grenade tears a hole in the wall and an air vent.

Tony sees one of the two men peer around a corner. In one movement, he gets the man in the head with one shot.

JIM

angles himself and shoots apart the second and third chains. People scamper to get out of the way but get pinned down from escape.

A lull in the fight.

NIGEL

Bit of a stalemate we have here, aye kid!

JIM

You're welcome to give up!

NIGEL

I don't know. I'm comfortable at the moment.

TONY

gets himself into the hallway again and comes upon the BOMB MAN of the group who crouches over the duffle bag of C-4.

TONY

Don't move.

The white man looks back from his creation of wires, a timer and explosives, his back to the black man.

BOMB MAN

It's cool.

A gun appears in his hand from behind his jacket.

Suddenly, the white man twists around but Tony gets the drop on him. The man falls dead but not before he activates the timer of the bomb. :30 begin to click down. Wide eyed, the agent looks at the bomb, then at the dead man.

TONY

Just one stress-free day a week. Is that too much to ask?

NIGEL, JIM

and the two racists exchange fire again. The hostages cower. The brit pulls out a grenade.

NIGEL

Whatta you say we get outta here.

TONY

15...14...13...

Tony carefully looks over the bomb as he pulls out a pocket knife. Narrows it down to three wires as the gunfire continues in the other room.

NIGEL

and the other men get ready to run as he tosses the grenade.

Jim sees the grenade sail right for the hostages.

He stands, reaches for and catches it and toss it toward an empty part of the room.

The men make a charge for the basement escape as the grenade bounces off the floor and down the exposed heating duct. Jim cuts down another one of the racists.

TONY

10...9...8...

Confused, Tony grabs one of the wires.

TONY

Fuck it.

Cuts the wire and the timer stops.

THE GRENADE

drops right down to the old heater.

TONY

looks down to the bomb and sighs as

THE GRENADE

explodes and rocks the building.

TONY,

confused, looks at the explosive for a breath before he realizes the reality of the situation.

THE HALL

tears apart. Fire coughs up out of the air ducts. Quickly, several fires break out. The racists gone.

JIM

Everybody out!

The people burst out the doors to safety but a slow process nonetheless.

Jim begins to search for Tony as another rumble shakes the building.

The agent rushes down the hall, comes upon the racists and sees Kondo with them.

TONY

Freeze!

The last racist that holds Kondo whips around but Tony drops him first. Nigel and Bruce fire back and hit Kondo in the leg. Bruce tries to grab for their hostage.

NIGEL

Forget about him! Let's go!

The final two men lay down a wall of gunfire as they reach the basement and disappear. Tony fires until empty.

He rushes over to Kondo and helps him up.

KONDO

I can walk.

Jim appears.

JIM

Are you alright?

TONY

Let's help him out of here.

JIM

Where'd he go?

Kondo looks at the kid.

TONY

Down the tunnel.

KONDO

You're that boy from the news who saved
a black child.

JIM

Yes. I'm going after him.

TONY

Jim...

KONDO

I can walk. Take care of the boy.

Tony lets Kondo make his way out of the hall as the agent
and the kid follow after Nigel and Bruce.

INT. BASEMENT

Another explosion rocks the building. Tony pops out the
clip from his gun, tosses it aside, and checks his pockets
unsuccessfully for another.

TONY

Shit. I'm out.

Jim checks his, too.

JIM

I've got three.

Another rumble goes through the building.

TONY

We gotta get out of here before this
joint goes up.

With that, he pushes Jim into the tunnel.

INT. TUNNEL/BAR

Nigel and Bruce run through the tunnel and out to the
abandoned bar.

Tony and Jim in the tunnel as...

INT. BASEMENT

The hall's heater finally explodes. A fireball consumes the
structure like a vulture on a mouse.

EXT. HALL

The explosion coughs out fire and debris and people scatter
to get out of the way.

INT. TUNNEL

Darkness turns very bright as the fireball spills into the
tunnel. The two run for their lives.

INT. BAR

Nigel and Bruce see the explosion from the boarded-up
window of the bar.

NIGEL

We'll do better next time. Chalk it up to
experience.

Sullen, Bruce just nods as they step into the men's room.

INT. REST ROOM

The two wash off their make-up in the rusty sinks.

NIGEL

This isn't the end, my friend. This is
just a setback. All big names have had
at least one failure in their careers.
What about 47 Ronin.

Bruce looks at him with a raised eyebrow.

INT. BAR

Tony and Jim approach the rest room, the brit's voice faintly heard.

JIM

(whisper)

What are we gonna do? We have four bullets between the two of us.

TONY

(whisper)

We bluff. Or aim really well.

He nods as Jim shakes his head.

On both sides of the door, they kick it in.

TONY

Freeze!

No one in sight.

TONY

Shit!

Bullets tear through the row of stalls as Jim instinctively fires off the last of his. Tony pulls him out of death's grip.

TONY

Split up.

Both disappear in different direction as Nigel and Bruce appear, guns in hand.

NIGEL

I'm getting a little pissed off at these two.

Bruce points to his watch.

NIGEL

There's no cops. They don't know they're here. Put on the silencers.

Attach silencers to their guns and go on the hunt.

Nigel directs Bruce into a dance floor area as he takes another room.

The Brit cautiously looks around the dusty, trash-strewn area, gun at the ready.

BRUCE

does the same in his area. He reaches the stage, sighs finds nothing.

Realizes something. Looks up and gets Jim's shoes in his face for the trouble. The gun flies out of the a'hole's hands as he stumbles back. The weapon skirts under the curtain and out of sight.

Jim jumps down and approaches the big man. Tries to throw a punch but Bruce catches it in his palm with a harsh "slap". Bruce reaches back and lays one right in Jim's face. The kid drops to his ass in a daze.

NIGEL

stands beside a kitchen door and turns at the commotion. Tony appears from behind the door and smacks Nigel on the back of the head with a serving tray. The weapon flies out of his hands and lands behind a pile of old tables.

TONY

You're order is ready, sir.

Nigel steps back to regroup.

NIGEL

Mister Woods. You're not mad, are you?

BRUCE

picks Jim up off his feet and tosses him across the dance floor. In a daze, the kid gets to his feet and turns around just in time for another slug to the face.

TONY

steps up to Nigel and punches him again. Grabs the white man.

TONY

Big time racist. You ain't shit.

NIGEL

Really?

Nigel, in a burst of strength, strikes back with one good punch. Tony quickly steps back then hits him with an equally hard kick.

TONY

Yeah. Really.

The bastard gets in another lick and they begin to trade off.

JIM

on the ground again, between a wall and a few steps behind as Bruce towers over. The big man picks the kid up again and squeezes him in a bear hug from behind.

With the last of his strength Jim extends his legs, gets a hold of the wall with his feet and pushes away. The bastard stumbles back a few precious inches and falling down the steps onto his back.

Jim rolls away at the impact. His hand finds a big piece of wood. Both men stand as Jim charges and swings the wood. "Slap!" and Bruce catches it in his palm.

With a wicked grin, he breaks it in two with the other arm. This leaves Jim in a daze and with a much smaller piece.

A nervous smile, Jim quickly slams the piece against the big man's knee. Bruce, startled, stumbles back as the kid follows up with a side kick.

Still the a'hole does not go down. With a grunt, the kid charges with all his might.

NIGEL AND TONY

have a good hold on each other. Tony yanks the racist and tries to slam him against a boarded-up window. But the window breaks out as...

EXT. BAR

...all four men tumble out to the street through windows. The fight continues.

EXT. SKY

Several TV helicopters buzz around over the hall as it burns.

INT. HELICOPTER

A PILOT sees the fight in the street.

PILOT

Holy shit. Get a shot of this.

The cameraman gets a shot of the fight.

EXT. NEWSVAN-HALL

A REPORTER on the air.

REPORTER

...this story is just unfolding by the second. According to the FBI, the terrorists who took over the hall today were not African American but, in fact, a white racist faction wearing elaborate make-up. And the two men who saved all the people here were an FBI agent and a young man who is apparently the mystery hero in last night's gang shoot out in South Central.

The reporter listens to an earpiece.

REPORTER

Wait a minute. You're kidding. Apparently our elusive agent and hero are now fighting it out with two of the terrorists one block over. Let's go to the pictures from our sky chopper.

To the side SEVERAL COPS rush to their cars.

EXT. BAR-STREET

The four men still at it.

Nigel gets in a few good licks. Tony stumbles back in a daze with car traffic behind him.

Jim wears down the big man as he pummels him with punches and kicks. Angry, Bruce nails the kid hard, his back to a parked car.

The brit notices the traffic, charges Tony who grabs the white man, rolls back and tosses him up and over. Nigel lands hard on his back as a car screeches to a stop inches

from his head.

Sirens in the distance.

Bruce charges Jim as the kid side steps and puts the racist's head through the car window. Falls on his knees as Jim opens the door and slams it into Bruce's head. Out cold!

Police cars swarm over the area, guns drawn, as Blake appears, too. TV crews not far behind.

Tony holds up his badge.

TONY

FBI! The kid and I are okay!

Blake calms the officers.

BLAKE

It's okay. They're alright.

Gestures to Nigel.

TONY

Take his ass away. There's another one over there.

Points in Jim's direction and leans in fatigue against the car.

Two officers try to pick-up an apparently battered Nigel-- who quickly comes to life. Elbow in one officer, he takes his automatic and fires one shot into the air. This gives the racist a crucial moment to run in the panic.

Jim takes cover behind the car as Nigel slides over the hood. After a moment, the brit appears with the kid, arm around his neck and gun to his head. An alley just behind him. Everyone at the ready.

TONY

Don't shoot!

NIGEL

Good plan, black boy.

Tony takes Blake's gun, intent in his eyes.

NIGEL

What are you plannin' to do with that gun, boy? You might hit your nigger lovin' adoptee here.

TONY

You're not gonna let him live so why don't we just end it here.

NIGEL

Why don't we? You first. Maybe if you're lucky, you'll shoot me, I shoot him and I won't have enough time to shoot you. If you're lucky, of course.

Nigel quickly punches the fatigued Jim in the gut.

NIGEL

(to crowd)

Any takers on this action!?

The a'hole keeps a nervously grip on the .45.

NIGEL

Shoot or get me a car, boy. Be a smart nigger.

Anger begins to swell in Tony's eyes. As his gun begins to raise...

...a bottle, from behind, smashes across Nigel's head. The bastard loosens his grip as Jim, with all his might, tosses the racist over his shoulder. The weapon tumbles away.

Cops rush forward. Jim falls back in exhaustion and someone catches his fall. He looks up to see--Tanya who looks down at him.

TANYA

I saw all the commotion on TV. I thought you might need some help.

Jim smiles then laughs. Both lean against the empty window sill of the bar as Tony steps over, Nigel carted away.

Tony sits down too with a groan. Police hold off the TV cameras.

TONY

You did good, kid.

JIM

"We" did good.

An exchange of appreciative looks.

TONY

Oh. You too, Tanya.

TANYA

Well thanks.

JIM

How 'bout that beer you promised me.

TONY

No can do.

JIM

What?

TONY

I only said that to get you to help me.
(matter-of-fact)
You're under age.

Jim wide-eyed.

JIM

I don't believe this.

TONY

The law's the law.

TANYA

You both can have beers over at our
house. This weekend when you come over
and fix all the bullet holes.

Tony points to the kid.

TONY

He can do it. They weren't trying to kill
me.

JIM

Wait a minute!

TANYA

(to Jim)

You come over, fix my momma's house then
take me out on a date. It's the least
you can do.

With that, she stands and begins to walk off.

In confusion, Jim looks to Tony.

TONY

Well, go after her, dummy!

The kid looks at her then takes off. The man smiles. Blake
steps over.

TONY

I like white people. Everyone should own
one.

Blake looks at him, puzzled.