

SKIN PRIVILEGES

By

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"A racist questions "God's" creations. How can you have faith in your "God", believing one race is superior?"

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EXT. THE CHURCH - NIGHT

Sunday, 8:00pm. There's a cool Summer breeze blowing throughout the suburban area.

Gospel music is heard coming from inside the freshly built massive church.

The church has a crisp "God" aura.

A large crucifix rests on the roof.

Statues of angels rest on each side of the entrance.

The music stops.

People are coming out of the church, and you can hear random conversations about the sermon.

Inside the church, there's freshly laid hardwood floors, and the pews are hardwood, with cushion for comfort.

A large glass crucifix rests at the back of the church, behind the pulpit.

People are still clearing out.

Staying behind with an innocent school girl look on her smooth caramel skin, with her long brown hair pulled back in a ponytail is TYREKA (16).

Pronounced "Tie-reek-a

She's standing beside a pew reading over a scripture in her bible.

The room is empty.

Walking towards her in a black suit with a deceitful smile is Reverend DWAYNE HILL (40).

He stops beside her.

The dimples in his brown flesh are standing out.

She looks at him smiling, closing her bible.

(CONTINUED)

TYREKA

The sermon touched me. I can't wait to tell my father.

DWAYNE

Why didn't your father join us tonight?

TYREKA

He had some important business. I said, "I can't miss a day hearing the Lord's word." So, he dropped me off.

A sinister glare is in his eyes, holding back from licking his lips.

DWAYNE

How are you getting home?

TYREKA

The bus. If the bus doesn't come, I'll keep walking. You know we don't live far.

DWAYNE

Are you sure you'll be okay?

She looks down at her bible, placing her hand on the cover with a firm convinced grip.

TYREKA

I'll be fine. God watches over me.

You can tell by his demeanor, he's ready to engage in sexual acts with her.

He eyes her body from head to toe, no longer restraining his sexual thoughts.

DWAYNE

Indeed he does.

(Steps into her)

You know? It doesn't hurt having a strong hand protecting you, while the Lord watches over you.

She steps back leery, confused why he's staring at her in a sexual way.

TYREKA

Excuse me?

(CONTINUED)

DWAYNE

I've noticed how you've grown. Your body needs a deeper spiritual bond with a man of "God", so you can truly receive your blessings.

She's ready to hurl, astonished he's approaching her in this manner.

TYREKA

I think I should leave.

He grabs her by the waist, and she shrieks, trying to fight him off.

He's fondling her aggressively.

DWAYNE

(Seductive)

Don't fight it sister Combs. Allow my divine blessings in your holy temple.

She stomps on his foot, and he releases her.

She runs out the church.

He releases a sadistic laugh licking his lips, pulling out his cellphone .

EXT. THE STREET - NIGHT

The neighborhood is a quiet suburban area.

Streetlights illuminate the area.

Tyreka comes running down the street crying.

Her phone is heard ringing.

She stops running, bending over catching her breath.

Gaining her composure, she pulls her phone out answering.

TYREKA

(sniffling)

Hello?

(Listens)

Reverend Hill. He---

(Listens)

I'm on my way home. Jesus...he was attempting to rape me.

(CONTINUED)

(Listens)
Would the police believe me? You---

The searchlight from the slowly approaching squad car is shined on her.

She stops walking, turning around covering her eyes from the light.

The car comes to a stop, but the light is kept on her.

STANTON (O.S.)
Can you step over here?

She places her phone in her shirt pocket, walking towards the car.

Stopping beside the squad car passenger door, she bends down looking in.

STANTON WELLS (33). Concern is in his blue eyes, and written on his smooth face.

STANTON CONT'D
What are you doing out this late?

TYREKA
(Relieved)
Thank God you're here. I'd like to file a report. I was almost raped.

STANTON
Where are you coming from?

TYREKA
The church of God's true blessings.
My reverend---

He sprays her with mace.

She screams, rubbing her eyes, falling back on the ground.

Stanton quickly gets out grabbing her, shoving her to the back door.

He opens the door shoving her in, closing the door.

He gets back in, and the car pulls off.

Dwayne is in the back beating her up.

She continues screaming, until he hits her in the face, and her screams go mute.

STANTON

Where do you wanna do this?

Dwayne stares at her unconscious body, licking his lips.

DWAYNE

At the round up. Come on Stanton,
don't act brand new.

The driver NORMAN YATES (50).

NORMAN

It still amazes me, you're the only
nigger allowed in there.

A smile spreads across Dwayne's face.

DWAYNE

I'm allowed in, because I bring
money and hoes. The keys to you
crackers hearts.

The three laugh.

Dwayne feels on her breast, and pauses.

He pulls the phone out, and there's no picture or name, only
a number.

DWAYNE CONT'D

(Worried)

Oh shit.

STANTON

What?

DWAYNE

She has somebody on the phone.

Norman and Stanton laugh.

NORMAN

Who cares? The mayor is one of my
good friends, and I'm the captain.
She's on the phone with some dumb
nigger trying to fuck. Hang up.

Dwayne laughs ending the call, smashing the phone against
his knee.

INT. THE EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

Doctors are trying to save Tyreka's life.
She lies unconscious, bruised and bloody.

INT. THE HOSPITAL - NIGHT - SAME NIGHT

Sitting with a look of concern, dressed in an expensive black suit is Tyreka's father HOWARD (56).

You can see the tears ready to fall from his blue eyes.

The DOCTOR comes out walking towards Howard with sorrow written on his face.

Howard stands up.

 HOWARD
 (Worried)
 How is she?

The Doctor sighs deep.

 DOCTOR
 This isn't easy to say.

 HOWARD
 What is it?

 DOCTOR
 Due to the massive trauma to her
 head, and punctured lung. ...Your
 daughter passed away.

Howard's face is blank, as the tears fall from his eyes.

The Doctor is doing his best to hold back from crying.

 HOWARD
 (crying)
 Not my baby girl.

 DOCTOR
 We did the best---

 HOWARD
 (devastated)
 Who would do this to a
 sixteen-year-old girl? Who hurt my
 baby?

(CONTINUED)

Howard buries his face into the doctor's shoulder, causing the Doctor to cry, embracing him.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. A MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

A loud belch is heard, followed by the sound of someone sucking their teeth.

A program is playing on the flat screen mounted on the wall, and it's interrupted by a breaking news story.

ON THE TELEVISION

REPORTER 1

(Talking to the camera with sorrow)

The city of Detroit is in mourning tonight. Detroit's own Howard Combs, known for his deli restaurants across the city. His daughter was found brutally beaten and raped on Detroit's East side. After two grueling hours, the teen passed away. Detroit's Captain of police Norman Yates had this to say.

The screen turns to the police station, and Norman is in his office dressed in his uniform, with a calm face of innocence.

NORMAN

(Talking to the camera)

This a complete tragedy. We as a people in the city of Detroit need to stand up, preventing acts like this from happening. Our best officers are working on the case, searching for the person behind this crime. Please contact us immediately, if you have any leads.

The camera goes back to Reporter 1.

Tears are glossing her eyes, she wipes away.

REPORTER 1

(Talking to the camera in sorrow)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

REPORTER 1 (cont'd)
Mayor Tines declared the person
behind this crime, will receive
punishment to the full extent of
the law. We here---

The person in the room throws a beer bottle at the
television, shattering it.

EXT. THE CEMETERY - AFTERNOON

It's a cold windy day.

The people are crying shaking their heads, watching Tyreka's
casket lowered.

Howard is dressed in a royal blue suit, unable to look at
the casket.

He walks away disgusted, appearing as if he's ready to hurl.

Dwayne comes up to him, his eyes red, breathing deep.

Howard looks up.

DWAYNE
I offered her a ride. She insisted
she'll be okay on her own. I feel
like this is my fault.

Howard stares at him with a blank stare, tears falling from
his eyes.

HOWARD
(Grief)
The only person with a heavy burden
is me. I should've put her first,
instead of myself.

Dwayne places his hands on Howard shoulder's, looking him in
the eyes with confidence.

DWAYNE
Have faith. The Lord will help the
police catch the person.

HOWARD
(Sighs)
The Lord should've kept an eye on
my only child better.

(CONTINUED)

DWAYNE

The Lord----

HOWARD

Not trying to be rude. I really
don't wanna hear this shit.

Howard walks off.

Dwayne smirks, walking over to the other people.

Howard walks to his limo, lowering his head sighing.

Norman is dressed in his captain uniform, making his way
over to Howard.

Howard looks up at him, as Norman extends his hand.

Howard stares at the gesture with a blank stare.

Norman pulls his hand back, clearing his throat.

NORMAN

Don't give up hope. You know Tyreka
was like a daughter to me. We'll
catch the person behind this.

Howard looks into Norman's eyes with a straight face.

HOWARD

Let's be realistic. This is
Detroit, Michigan. You and I know,
the person behind this is long
gone.

NORMAN

Our best officers---

HOWARD

You keep the faith in them.

Howard gets in the limo, and it pulls off.

NORMAN

(Smiling)

One of the people was right in your
face, and you'll never know.

Norman pulls out a cigarette, placing it in his mouth
lighting it, laughing walking off.

ON THE TELEVISION

The newsroom has a cold silence.

Howard is dressed in a suit with a stone face, waiting for REPORTER 2 to begin the interview.

The two are sitting across from each other.

REPORTER 2

Speaking from my heart. I give my condolences for your loss. I'm praying you'll be able to continue on.

HOWARD

Thank you.

REPORTER 2

What do you want to discuss?

HOWARD

Despite what happened to my only child.

(He take a deep breath)

I want to discuss something that's always bothered me. Not just with the city of Detroit. Around the world.

REPORTER 2

Which would be?

HOWARD

Rape. From babies, teenagers and grown women. I don't understand men who rape women, and will be the main ones ready to kill, if someone they love ended up a victim of rape.

REPORTER 2

What do you think caused the increase in rape?

HOWARD

(Scoffs)

Let's not pretend. You and I know what increased it. And we both know it'll only get worse. Women are being raped, sold off or kept as sex slaves. When does it stop?

(CONTINUED)

REPORTER 2

Do you think your words will get others to speak up, helping the police catch rapist and sex traffickers?

HOWARD

If they do or don't, it doesn't make a difference. I'm more so concerned with the people from my city, recognizing one thing.

REPORTER 2

And that is?

With a straight face, he looks dead into the camera.

HOWARD

...If you plan on living in Detroit, Michigan or already live here. ...Be able to accept your loses as wins, and your wins as loses. Understand the medium, and you can live here.

FADE TO BLACK:

OPENING CREDITS

A MONTH LATER

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The motel appears as if a lot of prostitution goes on.

Dwayne's black Benz pulls into the parking lot, coming to a stop in front of a room door.

He gets out dressed in some black slacks and a button up shirt.

Going in his pocket, he pulls out some "Altoids", Opening the case, placing a few in his mouth.

With a smile of delight, he makes his way to the room door knocking three times.

RAQUEL (O.S.)

(seductive)

You ready, daddy?

A big smile comes across his face.

(CONTINUED)

DWAYNE

You know I am.

The door slightly opens.

Opening the door taking a step in, he's greeted by the barrel of a shotgun against his head.

He puts his hands up in fear.

DWAYNE

Just---

HENCHMAN (O.S.)

Bring yo ass in here, and close the door.

He comes in, closing the door behind him.

RAQUEL (16) light brown skin tone is sitting on the bed dressed in something casual, staring at Dwayne with a smirk.

Dwayne stares at her confused, with his hands in the air.

The HENCHMEN (33) keeps the gun aimed at his head.

His appearance and cold glance in his green eyes, let's you know he does this type of work for pleasure.

DWAYNE

What is this about?

VINCENT (O.S.)

You going to hell for your sins.

VINCENT (30) brown skin comes from the bathroom holding a Desert Eagle, dressed in a T-shirt and jeans.

He walks up to Dwayne, placing the barrel to his head.

Sweat forms on Dwayne's brow, unable to blink, swallowing his saliva in fear.

VINCENT CONT'D

Your intents for this little girl, were what?

DWAYNE

Sister Thomas goes to my church. I help her with spiritual guidance, so she can turn her life over to God.

(CONTINUED)

VINCENT

That's why you wanted to meet at a room? That's why every Sunday, you made sexual gestures towards her, until she decided to agree on this meeting?

(low chuckle)

This is my baby cousin. She told me everything about you. Even the secret for some reason, no one in the church knows about you.

Dwayne is silent.

Raquel is looking at Dwayne smiling, hoping Vincent will kill him.

VINCENT CONT'D

I tell you what. Since I know the real you. I'll give you one chance. One question, with the right answer will save your life. You ready?

The Henchman lowers the shotgun.

DWAYNE

(nervous)

...I'm ready.

VINCENT

How do you sleep at night, taking advantage of little girls?

DWAYNE

(sincere)

In the name of the Lord. I've never---

The Henchman smacks him hard upside the head with the butt of the shotgun, knocking him to the floor unconscious.

VINCENT

It's amazing how the guilty can never tell the truth, but run to the Lord for a scapegoat.

Vincent turns looking at Raquel.

VINCENT CONT'D

What have you learned?

(CONTINUED)

RAQUEL

Just because a man displays he's a man of "God", doesn't mean he isn't the devil in disguise.

VINCENT

That's right. Tell auntie I'll speak with her later.

INT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT - SAME NIGHT

The club is packed.

Loud music, and chants of people watching the girls dance ring out through the club.

Various women of all colors with lovely bodies are on different stages dancing naked.

AJ, (31), along with BODYGUARD ONE, (28) are dressed in black suits.

Because of their fair white skin and shades, you can tell they're guards.

They're making their way to the front door, and following behind them are two sexy brown skin strippers, (24) half dressed.

BODYGUARD ONE

(complaining)

This is stupid.

AJ

Who are we to question what the man wants?

BODYGUARD ONE

That doesn't exempt the fact, this is stupid. Out of all the places, why here?

AJ

(laughs)

The man likes, what he likes.

BODYGUARD ONE

I guess.

The two make their way out the club, and the strippers follow.

EXT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

The club is built nice in size, with colorful lights to gain attention.

The parking lot is full.

people are standing in line waiting to get in.

An all-black stretch expedition is resting in front of the club.

AJ and Bodyguard one come out, making their way to the expedition getting in.

The two strippers following behind them get in, closing the door.

The expedition pulls off.

Sitting in the back is JEFFERY TINES (51).

He's dressed in a white suit, drinking champagne from the bottle.

A stripper sits on his left and right, caressing his face.

Resting in Jeffery's lap is a glass plate with lines of cocaine.

The strippers lower their head in a provocative manner in Jeffery's lap, licking a line of cocaine from the plate.

AJ and another bodyguard sit on the right side of the Expedition.

Bodyguard One and another guard sit on the left.

Bodyguard one looks at Jeffery shaking his head.

BODYGUARD ONE

(To Jeffery)

Is it time to call it a night?

JEFFERY

(Looks at Bodyguard one
confused)

What's the hurry?

(Points to what he's about
call out)

We got drinks. Coke. Bitches.

What's the problem?

Jeffery kisses one of the girls on the cheek.

(CONTINUED)

BODYGUARD ONE

No problems, sir. I'm just---

JEFFERY

Who's the mayor?

BODYGUARD ONE

You are.

JEFFERY

Well, relax.

AJ looks at Jeffery with a straight face.

AJ

(To Jeffery)

It's a damn shame they never found
the person who raped Howard's
daughter.

Jeffery takes a sip, and then looks at AJ laughing.

JEFFERY

This is Detroit. What crimes get
solved here, unless you're white or
the case has potential for high
media coverage?

(Takes a sip)

Shit. With the buzz it received, it
still didn't matter. She shouldn't
have been on that side of town. She
got what she was looking for.

The ride shakes from running over a pothole, and Jeffery
spills some champagne on his suit.

JEFFERY CONT'D

(Sarcastic)

Maybe I should use some money to
fix the streets.

AJ and the other two guards laugh.

The two strippers laugh, while massaging between Jeffery's
legs.

Jeffery becomes entangled with what they're doing, leaning
to the right, kissing the girl on the neck.

Bodyguard one sighs, looking out the window.

He becomes confused, staring at the rundown area of the city
they're in.

(CONTINUED)

BODYGUARD ONE
What the hell?

Jeffery takes a sip from the bottle, looking over at Bodyguard One.

JEFFERY
(To Bodyguard one)
Now what?

Bodyguard one sits up suspicious, pulling his gun out.

AJ and the other guards follow suit, not knowing what to expect.

BODYGUARD ONE
Driver, stop the car!

JEFFERY
Will you---

BODYGUARD ONE
Sir, look at the area.
(To the driver)
Driver, stop the car!

Jeffery looks out the window, and fear etches his face.

AJ and the other guards become worried, looking out the windows.

JEFFERY
Where the hell are we?

BODYGUARD ONE
Driver---

The car comes to an abrupt stop.

Everyone in the car is on edge.

The strippers sit back shivering in fear, while Jeffery nervously takes a sip from the bottle.

JEFFERY
What's going on?

BODYGUARD ONE
Stay calm.

AJ and the guard beside him get out on the right side.

The other guard gets out on the left.

(CONTINUED)

Just as Bodyguard one gets ready to get out, Jeffery grabs his arm.

JEFFERY
(Scared)
Wait.

BODYGUARD ONE
This will be over before you know
it.

Jeffery slowly releases his arm, and Bodyguard one gets out.

Jeffery and the women sit in fear, watching from the windows.

Jeffery's hand shakes trying to place the bottle to his lips, and a gunshot goes off, causing him to drop the bottle.

More shots are fired, and Jeffery and the women get on the floor.

Footsteps are heard running, as the shots continue.

Jeffery lifts his head, seeing Bodyguard one standing in the door panting, with blood pouring from his shoulder.

BODYGUARD ONE
(Panting)
Stay---

His body gets filled with holes, falling forward dead.

The women scream.

Jeffery tries to scurry and get the gun.

Just as he extends his hand, the barrel of a nine millimeter is placed in his face.

XAVIER (O.S.)
What are you doing?

Jeffery looks up with his eyes.

XAVIER (31), is standing in the door dressed in all-black, with the look of a killer on his dark skin.

XAVIER CONT'D
(Looks with his eyes at the
women)
Ladies, you can leave. Your job is
done.

(CONTINUED)

The women quickly get out on the right side.

JEFFERY

(Scared)

Who are you? Do you know who I am?

Two gunshots are heard.

Jeffery shrieks, lowering his head.

AJ and the guard that was sitting beside him get in.

Jeffery looks over confused.

JEFFERY CONT'D

What---

Xavier pistol-whips him, knocking him unconscious.

XAVIER

Let's get to work.

INT. THE ROUND UP - NIGHT - SAME NIGHT

The confederate flag hangs on all of the walls.

Some hillbilly music is playing, while some of the patrons are either dancing, playing pool, at the bar or tables having drinks.

CAI, (33) sits at the bar dressed in something casual, taking shots of whiskey.

His blue eyes makes his tanned white skin stand out.

He picks up the bottle pouring another shot, before taking some peanuts from the bowl beside him.

Norman is at the other end of the bar with GUY ONE and GUY TWO taking shots.

Norman never takes his eyes off Cai.

NORMAN

(Points at Cai)

Does anybody know him?

GUY ONE AND TWO turn their heads looking Cai's way.

GUY ONE

Never seen him before.

(CONTINUED)

NORMAN

Me either.

GUY TWO

You're the cop. Go see who he is.

NORMAN

(Downs a shot)

I will.

(adjusts his gun under his
shirt.)

Norman takes one more shot, before walking down to Cai.

Cai picks up a shot downing it.

As Norman comes up standing beside him, Cai pulls out a cigarette placing it in his mouth.

With his eyes, he looks over at Norman staring at him.

NORMAN

You do know what kind of
establishment this is, I hope?

Cai lights his cigarette, taking a calm pull, exhaling slow, looking forward.

CAI

(Arrogant)

Considering everyone in here is
white. I would hope no niggers are
allowed.

Norman smiles, patting him on the back.

NORMAN

(Pleased)

Come on down here with the rest of
us, and let me buy you a drink.

CAI

(Takes a pull)

No disrespect. I only come together
when we're about to do a lynching,
blaming it on some niggers.

NORMAN

You're growing on me already. My
name is Norman.

Cai turns facing him, extending his hand.

(CONTINUED)

CAI

I'm Cai.

Pronounced "Say".

The two shake hands.

NORMAN

I never seen you before. What brings you in?

CAI

(Downs a shot, takes a pull)
Looking for help. My friend Stanton Wells told me to come here.

NORMAN

(Surprised)
Stanton Wells?

CAI

You know him?

NORMAN

Know him? Shit, we work together.

CAI

Detective Stanton Wells?

NORMAN

Yes. I'm the captain.

CAI

Well, I'll be damn.

NORMAN

Listen. Me and Stanton. We done some shit in this city.

CAI

Really?

NORMAN

You can't get by on a cops salary here. The niggers we arrest, when we take their drugs and money. That's our opportunity to make something on the side. I won't even speak on how much pussy we get.

Cai laughs, taking a pull from his cigarette.

(CONTINUED)

CAI

How much?

Norman pours a shot downing it.

NORMAN

(Laughs)

Let me tell you. We all know, black bitches basically give it up for free. Man...if you put the right amount of money and drugs in front of them. They forget they're human beings, how bad they'll let you degrade them.

(Laughs)

And the ones who don't comply. We take it.

Cai takes on more pull from his cigarette, before putting it out.

CAI

(Confused)

I thought we don't mix with their kind?

NORMAN

We don't.

CAI

Explain?

NORMAN

We can't treat white women like whores. White women carry themselves with class. These black bitches display themselves as easy pussy, so why not indulge in your sadistic fantasies, with a useless cunt?

CAI

And the ones you take it from?

Norman pours another shot, downing it.

NORMAN

They should know, you don't say no to a white man. Everything in this world is ours.

Cai pours a shot.

(CONTINUED)

CAI

I like you Norman.

NORMAN

We stick together, because we're the dominant race.

CAI

(Downs his shot)

Let me get going, so I can handle that situation.

NORMAN

What is it?

CAI

I'm sure I can handle it.

NORMAN

What did I tell you? We stick together.

CAI

Norm. I can call you Norm, right?

NORMAN

Sure.

CAI

As much as I would love your help. ...I thought about it. I don't need the police for this situation. The man I want has to die.

NORMAN

Who is he? What did he do?

CAI

(Sighs deep)

This nigger broke into my parents house, while my mother was home alone. He tied her down. Took everything he wanted. Then the fucker---

NORMAN

I didn't see this case come across my desk.

CAI

It happened in Farmington. The man who did it, lives here in the city.

(CONTINUED)

NORMAN

(Rubs his chin)

That explains why you turned to Stanton. How did you get your leads?

CAI

My parents have cameras all over the house. I watched the tapes and made a copy for myself, before I destroyed them.

NORMAN

Why did you destroy the tapes?

CAI

(ashamed)

I couldn't let my mother's name and business be splattered all over the news. Some people would've said she deserved it. Or maybe it was a sex scandal, turned wrong. You know how niggers are, when something happens to our fellow white people. They believe we deserved it, or it's our fault.

NORMAN

I know what you mean.

CAI

I showed the tapes to Stanton, and he gave me a picture and address on where he is.

NORMAN

Let me see.

Cai pulls his phone out, pulling up a picture.

On the screen is DARNELL, (23) with long dreadlocks.

Norman pours a shot, downing it.

NORMAN

(Exhales sharp)

Why are we sitting here?

CAI

I told you---

(CONTINUED)

NORMAN

It'll be me and you. I'll use the
throw away on my ankle.

CAI

(Uncertain)

...You think this will work?

NORMAN

(Cocky)

I'm the law. What can go wrong?

Cai pours a shot downing it, patting Norman on the shoulder.

CAI

Let's go.

NORMAN

I'll meet you outside.

Cai makes his way out the bar, and Norman goes back to the
guys.

GUY ONE

What's his story?

NORMAN

Stanton sent him. He's cool.

GUY TWO

What was he talking about?

NORMAN

A nigger broke into his parents
house, and raped his mother.

GUY ONE

Black bastards. Nothing more than
filthy animals.

NORMAN

We're about to take care of it.
Anybody has a gun I can use?

Guy one hands him a .45.

NORMAN CONT'D

We'll be back before you know it.

GUY ONE

Teach that monkey a lesson.

Norman picks up a shot, downing it.

(CONTINUED)

NORMAN

We will.

Norman makes his way out the bar.

EXT. THE TRAP HOUSE - NIGHT - SAME NIGHT

The neighborhood looks like your typical urban slums.

Majority of the houses are abandon.

Cai and Norman slowly make their way to the front door of the rundown house.

Music can be heard coming from the house.

NORMAN

(Whispering)

Kill everybody. No witnesses.

CAI

(Whispering)

Just make sure you don't kill the one I want.

They get to the door, and Norman stands to the side, pulling out a nine-millimeter, placing a silencer on the barrel.

Cai knocks on the door.

THUG (O.S.)

What up?

CAI

Let me get a quarter.

Cai looks over at Norman with his eyes.

The sound of the door being unlocked is heard, and Norman quickly comes from the side, kicking the door in.

Cai rushes in with the .45 out.

Norman looks down at THUG, (21), dressed in a wife beater and shorts.

Thug is moaning in pain, holding his head with sweat covering his brown face.

Norman shoots him four times, before focusing his attention on Cai.

(CONTINUED)

Cai has his gun aimed at Darnell, dressed in a wife beater and shorts, sitting at a table filled with drugs and money, with a blunt hanging from his mouth.

Norman quickly aims at him.

NORMAN
Put your fucking hands up!

Darnell turns his head to the side, spitting the blunt out.

DARNELL
Fuck you, pig.

NORMAN
Get on your feet!

Darnell slowly stands up, with his hands in the air.

Norman keeps his aim on him, approaching him.

NORMAN CONT'D
You black bastard. You thought you could rape a white woman and get away with it? You're about to feel some pain, boy.

Cai steps behind Norman.

CAI
Pain will definitely be inflicted.

NORMAN
What do you wanna do with him?

CAI
I told you, he has to die. The crime can't go unpunished.

NORMAN
(Talking to Darnell)
You hear that, boy? Your ass is grass.

Darnell looks at him with a sly grin.

DARNELL
(Slight chuckle)
Not tonight.

NORMAN
Funny. I hope---

Cai shoots Norman in the right knee, and he falls to the floor, screaming in pain.

Darnell picks Norman's gun up, aiming at his head, while Cai looks down at him smiling.

Norman moans in pain, holding his wounded knee.

NORMAN

What the fuck are you doing?!

CAI

Exactly what our race does. Kill to get what we want.

NORMAN

Nigger lover! You'll---

Cai stomps him hard in the stomach, causing him to lose his breath.

CAI

That bullshit right there, is why you're in this predicament.

NORMAN

(Wheezing)

You'll never get away with this. People seen you. Stanton knows who you are, you fucking nigger lover!

CAI

Well, I'll rely on my skin privileges being white, and see where it goes. As for Stanton.

(Sinister chuckle)

He doesn't know me, yet.

NORMAN

You---

Cai kicks him hard across the face, knocking him unconscious.

CAI

Help me get him to the car.

DARNELL

Stick to the plan?

CAI

Yeah. After we get him in the car, and you get your shit, burn this

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CAI (cont'd)
bitch down. Even if they find the
remains, they'll chalk it up as
another unsolved mystery in the
"D".

DARNELL
(Scoffs)
I hope they don't find his remains.
Scheming little bitch. I'm glad
he's dead.

CAI
Oh well. Let's get his ass in the
car.

INT. THE BASEMENT OF AN ABANDON FACTORY - NIGHT - SAME NIGHT

Cobwebs cover the walls and pillars.

Norman, Dwayne and Jeffery are tied to a pillar gagged, with
floor lamps shining on them.

Blood covers their faces and clothes.

A laptop rests on an oil drum facing them.

CAI (O.S.)
Hearing people highly respected
moaning in pain, is a beautiful
sound. Unfortunately, that's not
the tune I'm in the mood for. The
tune I wanna hear, will determine
if you live or die.

Four men in all-black with masks come from the darkness,
holding bloody wooden bats.

CAI CONT'D (O.S.)
Just a heads up. They won't get
tired of beating y'all ass. I
suggest you bitches get to singing.

The men begin beating them with the bats.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. THE MOTEL ROOM - MORNING

On the bed is over ten pounds of C-4 and hand grenades attached to a vest, along with the detonator for the C-4.

AJ, Vincent, Xavier and six other men are dressed in police uniforms.

A program is playing on the television, that's interrupted by a breaking news story.

REPORTER 1

(Talking to the camera)

This just in. Mayor Jeffery Tines vehicle was found in Southwest Detroit. Two of his bodyguards were found dead, along with the bodies of two females unknown. Drugs and alcohol were on the scene. Along with him. Reverend Dwayne Hill and police captain Norman Yates are also missing. Police officers are on a city wide manhunt. If anyone---

One of the guys turns the television off.

Cai comes from the bathroom.

CAI

Everybody ready?

Everyone nods yes, except AJ.

AJ

What do you think will get accomplished?

Cai looks at him skeptical.

CAI

If you feel the need to back down, do it. You opted for the job.

AJ looks at the other guys, looking at him uncertain.

CAI CONT'D

Well?

AJ

(Sighs deep)
...I'm staying.

(CONTINUED)

CAI

Good choice. Everybody grab the bags. This will either be a wake up call or the demise of the city.

INT. THE POLICE STATION - AFTERNOON

The lobby is fairly loud from the phones ringing.

There's a few officers in the lobby.

Cai walks in wearing a long black trench coat, carrying a laptop in his left hand, with his right hand in his right coat pocket.

The officers in the lobby look at him suspect, watching him approach the counter.

SIMMONS, (24) is sitting behind the counter watching him approach.

Simmons has the look of a rookie waiting for some action, with his cool baby boy face, slicked back black hair, and blue eyes.

Cai gets to the counter placing the laptop down, keeping his right hand in his pocket.

SIMMONS

Can I help you?

CAI

(Arrogant)

Can you help yourself?

SIMMONS

(Offended)

Excuse me?

CAI

Can you help yourself, detective Stanton and the remaining officers in this building?

Simmons places his hand on his gun.

Cai Watches his hand movement, with a smirk.

SIMMONS

I don't know what drugs you're on. But I need you to leave the building, before something bad happens.

(CONTINUED)

CAI
(laughs)
Apparently, you didn't understand
me.

Cai prepares to open his coat.

Simmons quickly draws his gun, standing up taking aim.

SIMMONS
Freeze!

The other officers focus their attention on Cai, taking aim.

Stanton comes rushing out his office.

STANTON
What's going on?!

SIMMONS
He's armed and dangerous!

Cai looks at Stanton smiling, before focusing back on
Simmons.

CAI
(Talking to Simmons)
I like you. I like you so much, I
want you to frisk me.

SIMMONS
What?!

Cai looks over at Stanton.

CAI
(Talking to Stanton)
Tell him to frisk me, before the
situation gets worse.

Stanton looks at Simmons giving him the okay.

Keeping his aim on Cai, Simmons makes his way over to him.

He opens his coat, stepping back in fear.

SIMMONS
Holy shit!

The vest is strapped to Cai's chest.

(CONTINUED)

CAI
Good choice of words.

STANTON
What is it?!

SIMMONS
He's a bomb!

CAI
And the detonator is in my right
hand. You should lower your gun.

Simmons is hesitant, looking over at Stanton.

Stanton slowly nods his head, and Simmons lowers the gun.

CAI
I knew I liked you for a reason. Do
you have any kids?

SIMMONS
No.

CAI
You won't be missed.

One of the officers blows Simmons brains out.

Stanton reaches for his gun, and the other officers aim at
him.

Seeing the situation is out of his control, he removes his
hand from his gun, slowly raising his hands.

STANTON
What is this?

Cai takes his right hand out revealing the detonator.

CAI
When we get deeper into the
conversation, you'll see the bigger
picture.

Cai pulls out a walkie talkie from his left coat pocket.

CAI CONT'D
(In the walkie talkie)
Lock it down boys.

INT. THE LOCKER ROOM - AFTERNOON - SAME DAY

Unsuspecting officers get held hostage at gun point, by Cai's men dressed as officers.

INT. THE POLICE STATION - AFTERNOON - SAME DAY

One of the officers takes the keys from Simmons dead body, running over to the door locking it.

Once the door is locked, other men begin barricading the door and windows.

AJ, Vincent and Xavier come up from the basement holding assault rifles, making their way over to Cai.

CAI
Everything good downstairs?

VINCENT
We're in the money.

CAI
Good.

AJ
Now what?

CAI
When the time comes. You and Xavier take the ones in the basement to the roof. Right now, I need you two in the lobby.

AJ and Xavier walk off to the other men, helping them barricade the door and windows.

VINCENT
What do you want me to do?

CAI
(Places the walkie talkie in his pocket)
Stay close to me.

STANTON
Who are you?

CAI
Let's have this conversation in your office.

(CONTINUED)

Vincent walks over to Stanton taking his gun, placing the barrel of his rifle to his head, escorting him into Stanton's office.

Cai takes the laptop from the counter, and then walks in the office.

Stanton's office is decorated with his awards and plaques on the walls.

A picture of him, his wife and two daughters rests on his desk.

On the wall is a flat screen television.

Stanton takes a seat behind his desk, and Vincent stands to the side with his gun aimed on him.

Cai takes a seat in the chair across from Stanton, placing the walkie talkie, laptop and detonator on the desk.

CAI

Can you turn on the news?

STANTON

Why?

CAI

I wanna see how the search is going, before I give you the opportunity to save them.

Stanton looks at him strangely, picking the remote up turning the television on, turning it to the news.

On the screen is Reporter 1, speaking on the search for the missing people.

CAI CONT'D

Can you place it on mute?

Stanton places it on mute.

CAI CONT'D

Okay, here's the deal. You sit and have this conversation with me, and I'll let you decide if they live or die.

STANTON

How do I know they're not dead already? How do I even know you're the one behind their disappearance?

(CONTINUED)

Cai looks at him confused.

CAI
(Offended)
This isn't enough proof?

STANTON
No. You could be the typical nut
job with a group of crazy people,
who have a death wish.

CAI
I see. Take a gander at the picture
on the laptop.

Cai hands him the laptop.

Stanton opens the laptop, sliding his thumb across the pad,
turning the screen on.

His eyes widen covering his mouth.

STANTON
Oh my God.

On the screen is a picture of Jeffery, Norman and Dwayne
tied to the pillar.

CAI
I find it common, you used "God".
People always use "God", when shit
hits the fan.

STANTON
Where are you holding them?

Cai pulls his phone out dialing.

STANTON CONT'D
(Upset)
Where are they?!

CAI
(In the phone)
Send the first part of the video.

STANTON
(Aggravated)
Answer my question!

Cai hangs up.

(CONTINUED)

CAI

(Calm)

Take the television off mute.

Stanton grabs the remote, turning the mute off.

Reporter 1 is still on the screen.

REPORTER 1

Oh my God. I just received word, we have footage of the missing people held captive. We warn you now. The footage is graphical.

On the screen, we see the three getting assaulted by the men in all-black.

CAI

(Smiles)

Do you believe me now?

STANTON

What is your motive?

CAI

Lessons to be learned. Place it on mute, and bring your chair over here.

STANTON

Why?

CAI

Either you do or you don't. Their lives depend on you.

Stanton places it on mute.

He stands up pushing his chair to the other side of the desk, taking a seat closer to Cai.

Vincent keeps his aim on Stanton.

CAI

Before we go live. I'll---

STANTON

(Confused)

Go live?

CAI

Yeah. The city needs to know the real you.

(CONTINUED)

STANTON
You're fucking crazy.

CAI
That's a possibility. Right now---

STANTON
I have a question, before we do
this live talk.

CAI
I'm listening.

STANTON
How were you able to abduct these
people?

CAI
(Sighs disappointed)
You should've been asked me that.
Money damn near makes anybody do
things they swore they would never
do. Add that with people fed up
with bullshit, and you have this.

STANTON
You paid a bunch of people to help
you kidnap important city figures,
and take an entire precinct
hostage?
(Shakes his head)
They're just as stupid as you.

CAI
(Laughs)
I can't wait to see how this ends.

STANTON
Listen to me. You---

CAI
My name is Cai.

STANTON
Cai. You'll never get out of this
alive.

Cai stands up taking his coat off.

CAI
(Points to the vest)
I wouldn't be wearing this, if I
was worried about death. You better
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CAI (cont'd)

talk with some sense, before they die, and then us. I wanna kill you anyway, because you're not innocent. Do you have anymore questions?

STANTON

What do you mean, I'm not innocent? Explain?

Cai stares at him, picking up the detonator.

STANTON CONT'D

...Start the show.

CAI

Thank you.

Cai takes his seat, pulling the laptop towards him, and begins typing.

STANTON

One more thing, before this goes live.

CAI

(Typing)

What?

STANTON

I know what this is about.

CAI

(Looks up at him)

What is it about?

STANTON

You're a spoiled rich kid from the suburbs. Your parents didn't show you enough attention. You're pulling this bullshit, so you can have some form of fame. You're just another lonely brat, seeking attention.

Cai laughs, returning back to typing.

STANTON CONT'D

(Cocky)

You know I'm right. That's why you're not answering.

(CONTINUED)

CAI
I'll let you believe you're right.

STANTON
And this live interview.

CAI
What about it?

STANTON
It won't last long. When the other officers arrive, they're coming in guns blazing.

CAI
(Laughs)
They'll come in guns blazing? When I said I was about to kill everybody in here, I survived, but dude out there is dead? Maybe if I was black or any other nationality, it would've been different. You ready?

STANTON
Do what you have to do.

Cai presses the phone button on the "Skype" menu.

Grabbing the remote taking the television off mute, Cai looks into the camera on the laptop prepared to speak.

Reporter 1 is still talking, and someone hands her a piece of paper.

She pauses.

REPORTER 1
Ladies and gentlemen. I just received news the person who has the mayor and others hostage, is prepared to go live.

Cai is seen on the television in split screen.

CAI
Call off the search, because you won't find them. There's no point in trying to trace the signal, because the laptop was destroyed, and they were moved. Their lives are in the hands of this man.

(CONTINUED)

He turns the laptop so Stanton can be seen for a second, before turning the camera back on his self.

CAI CONT'D

Officers who know this man, knows the precinct we're at. Fair warning. If you try coming in, you'll be shot, and I'll detonate the building, killing everyone inside.

Cai stands up so the vest can be seen, and then he takes his seat.

CAI CONT'D

If he tells the truth, they'll live. Sit back and enjoy the conversation. People of Detroit, come gather at the precinct. At the end of the conversation, I have one more surprise.

REPORTER 1

If you don't mind me asking? What is the topic of conversation?

CAI

Laws and skin privileges. All of the laws are contradictions. Depending on your money and ethnicity, only certain people benefit from them.

REPORTER

Is that what you believe?

CAI

You and others listening, probably will, too. Now, I have to place the television on mute, because the double echo is killing me. Here's something to think about. What's the difference between crackers and niggers? And what do they have in common?

Cai places the television on mute, and then angles the laptop, so him and Stanton are on the screen.

CAI

You know what I find amazing?

(CONTINUED)

STANTON

What?

CAI

The number of black people killed by the police. I mean, I'm sure you don't care, but wow. Isn't that something?

STANTON

What makes you think I don't care?

CAI

Why would we as white men care? We put up a front for the cameras, waiting for them to go off, so we can laugh hearty.

(Sighs with joy)

Not to mention, the police was formed to catch runaway slaves. Over time it changed, and the police had to start arresting everyone. But the true reason why it started, still thrives strong.

STANTON

History has nothing to do with the present. Time has changed from the ignorance of others. Today, the law delivers punishment to anyone who breaks the rules. We as white people, or whatever race card you're trying to pull. Speak for yourself.

CAI

I can't pull a card that's already been etched in time as right.

(Smiles, pointing his finger at Stanton)

I see you're acting shy on camera. You wanna know what I would do, if I was black?

STANTON

(Curious)

What would you do?

CAI

Instead of pointless protests. I would start picking off cops.

(CONTINUED)

STANTON

You would declare war on the police, possibly killing innocent cops?

CAI

No different from what they declared against blacks, killing innocent people. You wanna know how I know for a fact, it's strictly against blacks?

STANTON

I'm all ears.

CAI

Look at the white people who had guns aimed at officers, and lived. The white people who didn't kill themselves after a killing spree, and lived. The white people who walk around armed, speaking of violence, and nothing happens. Need I go on?

Stanton is silent.

CAI CONT'D

(Motioning a gear turning with his finger)

Are the gears starting to turn?

STANTON

If you feel white people have special privileges, and African-Americans should rage war. That explains this situation.

CAI

(Laughs)

These are two different situations. You're in this, because you haven't received punishment. People like you pray that the gun control law will pass.

STANTON

Yes. They should make the gun control law. Look at what's happening. Madmen running up in clubs, killing innocent people. Terrorist blowing up buildings. Yes. There should be a gun control law.

(CONTINUED)

CAI

It should be enforced on cops too, right? They're killing at the same alarming rate.

(Looks at him confused)

And terrorist?

(Chuckles)

I do believe that title is only placed on Muslims, right? The media and society labels every Muslim as a terrorist. And the irony, for every Muslim labeled a terrorist. Their crime goes down as a tragic event in American history.

STANTON

All Muslims are not terrorist. It just so happens the tragedies as of late, have been committed by Muslims.

(Confused)

And why would the gun control law go against officers? Why do you hate the law?

CAI

(Laughs)

Tragedies in American history? Stop me, if you laugh hard. The mass slaughter of Native-Americans, which by the way were here before us, but who am I? Dozens of countless African-Americans slaughtered. Serial killers glorified as celebrities, who might I add are our fellow Caucasians.

(Sucks his teeth)

You get the point? These are tragedies. Shit that's happening now are cover ups, or to achieve a deeper goal. Me personally, I hate officers who use their guns and badges as a free pass to do whatever they want. If they're tough as they claim. The gun law should be enforced on them, for the same reasons they believe it should be enforced on people.

(Straight face)

You never know what's going on in their mind. Besides. Cops can defend themselves without all the accessories they "so-call" need, right?

(CONTINUED)

STANTON

(Sighs, shaking his head)
You have some serious issues. The only reason I'm carrying on with this conversation, is because I have to ensure the lives of the people you have.

(Scoffs)

Other than that. I would've been done with this nonsense.

CAI

(Laughs)

Spoken like a true person in denial, knowing the truth. What's your opinion on prisons?

STANTON

It's the proper place for people with no regards for life.

CAI

I believe they should outright be killed.

(Pulls out a cigarette,
placing it in his mouth)

Do you really think they'll change, just because they're locked up?

STANTON

Technically, yes. Majority of their life or the remaining part, will be behind bars. Some change. Others don't.

CAI

(Lights his cigarette)

You believe just because they're behind bars, life is over?

STANTON

Removing someones freedom, is the end.

CAI

(Takes a pull)

The only thing taking away, is the ability to go wherever they please. Other than that, life remains the same. You can still fuck, eat, sleep, drink, get tattoos and stay in shape. Communication from the outside world is still allowed.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CAI (cont'd)

They can receive money, kill rival enemies on the inside and out.

(Takes a pull, exhaling calm)

Nine times outta ten, their friends are locked up with them. Sounds like freedom to me.

STANTON

The law can only do so much. If you have issues with how things work with the law, you should've complained to the government. In prison, guards can't be everywhere at the same time. If you know how to work the system, you can do whatever you want. I believe you know this.

CAI

You agree the system is fucked up?

STANTON

It has flaws, just like everything else in the world.

CAI

(Laughs)

Cute response. I asked about one thing, and you combined everything else with it. Real cute.

STANTON

It's the truth.

CAI

You wanna know the truth? The truth is, prisoners are kept alive for a specific reason.

STANTON

And that reason would be what?

CAI

Money. Why do you think people such as pedophiles, rapist, murderers and so on aren't automatically sentenced to death? The system knows. Especially, for pedophiles and rapist, they'll get the same treatment done to them in jail, before they get killed. It's a easier way to kill them off.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CAI (cont'd)

Pleading insanity is a well known favorite.

(Takes a pull

It only works with us white people, because they feel we had such a troubling childhood, it's a deeper reason why we snapped. It doesn't work for blacks, because we already know they're fucked up. We know they're doing it for attention. For those who plead insanity and win. Halfway houses and therapist get to line their pockets.

STANTON

As we just agreed. The system is fucked up. If you hire the right team to get you off, what else can be done?

CAI

What about repeat offenders? Why are they constantly released?

STANTON

You never know what a person is capable of. You can't judge not knowing.

CAI

Yet, it's okay for us white people to say all African-Americans, Muslims and any other nationality are niggers, not knowing anything about them?

STANTON

(Sighs, shaking his head)
Here you go with the race card.

CAI

Asking a question pertaining to your own words, is pulling the race card? How?

STANTON

(Disgusted)
I grow tired of your ignorance.

CAI

Oh. Well, how about this? Why are black people labeled as

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CAI (cont'd)

African-Americans? We're labeled as Americans or Caucasian. Why are they African-Americans? Why is the language we use labeled as English, but the country that speaks English is across the sea? Who are we to deport other races, and this is supposed to be "God's land"? Excuse me.

(Low chuckle)

This is the white man's land, so that explains that question. Can you explain the other things to me?

STANTON

Why are you asking me these questions?

CAI

The same reason why you can answer them, but you're either scared or like how things are.

STANTON

(Frustrated)

You do realize, I'm seconds from letting you do whatever it is you have planned?

CAI

You do you realize, I'll have them killed and then kill us all? Make your next choice of words good.

Vincent cocks the rifle.

Stanton looks over at him sucking his teeth, and then looks back at Cai.

STANTON

...Continue.

CAI

I tell ya. We white people are very deceptive. We speak the truth, and it still doesn't register. I guess it's the pretty eyes, hair and finances that throws them off.

STANTON

(Confused)

What are you talking about?

(CONTINUED)

CAI

We drag everything through the mud other races do, and then turn around copying it. From dancing, cooking, singing, manners. The whole shebang. After the theft is accomplished, we proudly say it's ours, and we invented it. Just like how we did with this country. How the fuck can we say we cook good food, and we had slaves cooking for us? This twerking shit, as they call it. That's actually their heritage dance, which is supposed to have style and elegance, but they wouldn't understand that. What's really funny.

(Laughs)

We hate black women, but we love fucking and degrading them. What better way to accomplish this goal legally? We came up with porn. That way the black men can treat them the same, ultimately removing any moral fiber of a strong black woman from their body. Not to mention, it makes the women look at their black men who they should look at as "Kings", as nothing more than the average nigger. While all this goes on, we sit back laughing, because they're too stupid to realize what's going on.

STANTON

No one can truthfully say who discovered this country. They say it was Christopher Columbus. They say it was Vikings. They say Native-Americans were here first, and were driven from their land. All anyone can say without a doubt, is "God" created this world.

Cai breaks out laughing.

Stanton looks at him confused.

STANTON CONT'D

(Serious tone)

What's funny?

(CONTINUED)

CAI
(Sarcastic)
Nothing at all.

STANTON
That's how I know you're full of
shit.

CAI
(Chuckles)
I'll accept that. Carry on.

STANTON
Far as everything else you were
rambling about. Every nationality
learns from the other, and mimic's
what they see. There's no slaves
cooking for people anymore. And
each race teaches the other what
one doesn't know. Credit is shown
with respect to the teacher, no
matter the race.

Cai stares at him, trying to hold back from laughing.

STANTON
Since you see I'm breaking your
bullshit down. You should end this
foolishness, before it ends in
bloodshed.

The sound of police sirens, and squealing tires can be
heard.

CAI
You're absolutely right.

STANTON
You're about to tell me where they
are?

CAI
(Drops his cigarette to the
floor, stepping on it)
Shortly. You didn't give me your
thoughts about what I said about
porn.

STANTON
You can't label it as degrading or
anything other than sexual
fantasies, both parties agree upon.

(CONTINUED)

CAI

So, prostitution should be legal?

Stanton is silent, staring at Cai shaking his head.

CAI CONT'D

I figured you'd get silent. You do know, that's the true intentions behind porn? Them black bitches can't turn down a dollar. They'll fuck anything, and get treated like trash, as long as them dollars add up enough to wash away their humility. I'm truly amazed we have white women in porn. And all races who do porn women wise, are labeled as models or divas.

(Laughs)

Shit is too funny, I swear. Not to mention, we as white people have been getting away with rape for the longest.

STANTON

(Serious, aggravated)

There's no way I'll agree with that. Rape is rape, no matter how you cut it.

CAI

You think so?

STANTON

Are you trying to imply rape victims enjoy what happens to them?

CAI

S&M says other wise. Threesomes and up, says yes. Role playing agrees with me. If I was a rapist, these would be my solid grounds to claim my innocence. Especially, since women these days lie about getting raped.

STANTON

You believe unsuspecting women who get attacked by a man they don't know, falls into the category of S&M or threesomes? How stupid do you sound?

(CONTINUED)

CAI

Just as stupid as you. You're just denying what you are.

STANTON

(aggravated)

Look. If you're going to kill everybody, get to it. I'm tired of entertaining your senseless bullshit.

CAI

(Laughs)

You still feel I'm speaking bullshit?

STANTON

Goddamn right, it's bullshit! You're trying to blame shit on me, and it's getting you nowhere. Your pointless topics won't change how the world revolves! Do what you came to do!

CAI

Anger is the first step letting a person---

STANTON

Fuck all the bullshit! Kill us all! What are you waiting for, you coward?!

Cai slides the detonator towards him.

CAI

...What are you waiting on?

Stanton stares at the detonator.

Cai pulls another cigarette out, placing it in his mouth.

INT. THE LOBBY - NIGHT

AJ and Xavier stare out the window, watching as police cars and citizens of Detroit flood the scene.

Police officers quickly get out, keeping the people from trying to get in the station.

(CONTINUED)

AJ
Look at them.

XAVIER
(Excited)
This is what I was waiting on.

AJ
(Confused)
Why?

XAVIER
Justice will finally get extracted.

AJ
Do you really think we'll come
outta this with a happy ending?

XAVIER
Why wouldn't we?

AJ
Look at this shit. We're armed with
a nice amount of men.
(Points out the window)
It's a dozen of them out there,
with more to come.

Xavier turns looking at AJ uncertain.

XAVIER
You been flaky all day. What's
gotten into you?

AJ turns looking at him.

AJ
It's not about being flaky. It's
called common sense.

XAVIER
Common sense has you feeling
different, but you decided to come?

AJ
I thought you would agree with me,
considering your situation.

XAVIER
What the fuck are you talking
about?

(CONTINUED)

AJ

You know what I'm talking about. We can walk away from this happy, if you're with me.

XAVIER

You on some other shit. Have you forgot the meaning behind this?

AJ

It's no Goddamn meaning. Cai is trying to prove a point, that will never change anything. You know that shit.

The other men in the lobby focus on the two.

XAVIER

I'll be down in the locker room. I'm sure it's getting close to that time.

AJ

Don't be stupid "X". We can leave here alive and prosperous, if you work with me.

XAVIER

If you believe that. You should have no problems doing it on your own.

Xavier walks off.

AJ

(Disappointed)

I thought you were smarter than this?

Xavier continues walking.

XAVIER

(Disappointed)

I thought you were a man of your word? I guess we're both wrong?

AJ releases a sigh of frustration, turning to look out the window.

AJ

Fucking idiot.

INT. STANTON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Cai takes a calm pull from his cigarette.

CAI

Since we figured out you're all talk. Let's carry on.

STANTON

Fuck you.

CAI

Not my style. Why do you believe drug dealers get sentenced to jail?

STANTON

Because they're low-life scum, bringing the country down.

CAI

Geesh. Strong remark, wouldn't you say?

STANTON

This is what you wanted, right? No sugar-coating.

CAI

Indeed it is. You're still sugar-coating.

STANTON

How?

CAI

Drug dealers don't make people buy what they're supplying. People have an option to say no. Pharmaceutical drugs on the other hand. The people who supply them are the biggest drug dealers.

STANTON

Prescribed drugs and street drugs are completely different.

CAI

(Takes a pull)

Let's see. Once taken, addiction is prone. Side effects can be fatal health wise. They sound the same to me. The extra bonus...you can sell em on the street for a better profit.

(CONTINUED)

STANTON
(Licks his lips)
...May I have a cigarette?

Cai slides the pack and lighter over to Stanton.

Stanton takes a cigarette out, placing it in his mouth.

CAI
The difference between street drugs
and prescribed drugs. Prescribed
drugs gain a profit, government
wise. Street drugs profits only go
to one person. Drug dealers get
sent to jail, because they're
cutting us out the money, and we're
the ones supplying the shit.

Stanton lights his cigarette.

STANTON
(Takes a pull)
I agree.

Cai looks at him amazed.

CAI
...You do?

STANTON
(Exhales calm, nodding his
head.)
Of course. It's just like, who is
Uncle Sam, and why do we have to
pay him taxes? Or the fact we have
to pay for education. The shit
makes no sense.

CAI
(Overjoyed, smiling)
I'm finally getting through to you.
Keep talking.

STANTON
Just like we always show blacks as
slaves, but don't talk about the
ones who fought back. Or how child
support is a complete joke, and no
matter how it's cut, no one really
gains, because it's designed for us
to receive more money. Or saying
bigamy is wrong, but allow gay
marriage. The American flag and the
French flag resembling each other.

(CONTINUED)

Cai stands up, dropping his cigarette.

CAI
I'm so fucking proud of you right now. What do you think about the water crisis, and the governor remaining governor?

AJ (O.S.)
(Over the walkie talkie)
Shit is getting real outside.

Cai picks up the walkie talkie.

CAI
(In the walkie talkie)
Here I come.

He grabs the detonator.

CAI CONT'D
(To Stanton)
What do you think about what I asked?

STANTON
A pure tragedy. One of the most horrific things that will go down in history.

CAI
This might have a good outcome after all.
(To Vincent)
Watch him till I get back.

Cai walks out the room.

Vincent walks over to Stanton with his aim on him.

EXT. THE POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Police have the area blocked off, trying to calm the raging protesters.

Some are for Cai, while others are against him.

Other officers are positioned behind cars, aiming at the station.

Swat vans and state police cars pull up.

Officers get out taking aim.

(CONTINUED)

News vans pull up.

A helicopter circles the station, with the searchlight shining down.

Gabe, (50) stands beside a squad car with a megaphone.

His jade green eyes show no fear, clearing his throat.

GABE

(In the megaphone)

This is Gabe Miller, of the Michigan State police! We know the situation inside! What are your demands, so we can work something out?

INT. THE LOBBY - NIGHT

Cai stands by the door shaking his head.

GABE (O.S.)

(In the megaphone)

There's no need for violence! Just come out and talk to me!

Cai turns looking at AJ.

CAI

Gather em up, and take em to the roof.

AJ

Shit is getting real, Cai. Let's bag this shit up, and leave.

CAI

(Upset)

No, fuck that! You either die for what's right, like a man. Or believe the bullshit he's saying, and die like a bitch.

AJ steps into Cai, staring him down with a serious look.

AJ

(Upset)

There's no bitch?

Cai holds up the detonator.

(CONTINUED)

CAI
Prove me wrong.

AJ Bites his lip, with a look of hate.

CAI CONT'D
What's the hold up?

AJ
(Through his teeth)
...I'll get on it.

CAI
Good.

AJ Walks off.

CAI CONT'D
One more thing.

He stops, but doesn't turn around.

AJ
What?

CAI
Stop trying to out think me.

AJ
You're the man, Cai.

He walks off.

Cai looks uncertain, before turning to look at one of the other men.

CAI
Grab me a megaphone, and give me a gun.

INT. STANTON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Cai and Gabe can be heard talking.

STANTON
(Confident)
You do know, this is the end?

VINCENT
Yeah. Either they back down, or everyone dies.

(CONTINUED)

STANTON

(Convincing)

I know you're doing this because he has a grip on you. You really don't wanna die behind his delusions.

VINCENT

I should side with you? You'll help me walk away from this clean?

STANTON

You wanna live, don't you?

INT. TYRECKA'S ROOM - NIGHT - SAME NIGHT

Her room is setup as a shrine.

Howard is dressed in something casual, sitting in a chair with a look of depression, taking a sip from the cognac in his glass.

His phone rings.

He takes another sip, before pulling the phone out answering.

HOWARD

Hello?

(Listens)

I don't bother with watching the news or social media. There's nothing but---

(Listens)

Wait, calm---

(Listens)

I'm on my way.

He hangs up, making his way out the room.

INT. THE STAIRWELL - NIGHT - SAME NIGHT

Xavier is standing with the door open to the roof, with his gun aimed at the handcuffed officers coming up the stairs.

AJ is at the back of the line.

PAUL, (36), is in front of AJ.

Paul stops walking, spitting to the side.

Angry with sweat covering his face, he licks his pink lips with aggravation, and rage in his green eyes.

(CONTINUED)

Xavier closes the door, after the last officer before Paul comes out.

AJ places his gun to the back of Paul's head.

AJ
What the fuck is your problem?

Paul turns looking at him.

PAUL
Fuck you! Kill me!

AJ pulls his gun down smiling.

Xavier comes back to the door.

XAVIER
What's going on?

AJ
I got it under control. Just make sure everything is together up there.

Xavier walks off.

AJ
I think you and me can work something out.

PAUL
Fuck you. Why would I involve myself with a low life?

AJ
You can either die in this stairwell. Or you can shut the fuck up and listen. You decide.

INT. STANTON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Cai comes into the room smiling.

Vincent moves to the side, but keeps his gun on Stanton.

Cai takes his seat.

CAI
(To Stanton)
I'll finish our conversation in one second.

(CONTINUED)

(into the camera)
Officers and citizens of Detroit.
After talking with sheriff Miller,
and my new friend detective Stanton
Wells.

(Big smile)
I've come to the conclusion, I'll
let everyone in here live, along
with telling the location of the
people I kidnapped. I just need to
finish my conversation, and then
I'll happily come out accepting my
punishment.

(To Stanton)
You said the water crisis was a
tragedy, right?

STANTON
That's right.

CAI
And is it a tragedy, because of the
people it effected? Or because the
plan didn't fall into play?

STANTON
(Confused)
Plan? What plan?

Cai stands up laughing.

CAI
We were just on the same page. The
plan. Genocide on an entire city,
knowing majority of Flint is
populated with African-Americans.
When the white people who live
there started speaking, all the
officials started showing their
faces.

STANTON
I don't think people started
helping, just because of white
people. I do agree, it wasn't some
mysterious accident.

CAI
The current president has been
under fire since he's been in
office. This happens, and since the
governor is white. His blue eyes
and smooth lies eased everything

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CAI (cont'd)
over. How fast do you think they
would've thrown the President out,
if he had something to do with it?

Cai turns his back, pulling a nine-millimeter out.

STANTON
...I believe the outcome would be
the same.

CAI
(Laughs)
You know what I believe?

STANTON
What?

Cai turns around shooting Stanton two times in the right
leg.

Stanton screams, falling from the chair.

Vincent lowers his gun, stepping back shocked.

CAI
I believe you think I'm fucking
stupid?! You know goddamn well, the
outcome would be different! You
know who Uncle Sam is?! He's the
uncle nobody knows, but wants you
to do everything, while taking a
percentage of your money! You have
to pay for education, because we
can't let the smart black people
get ahead! We make them pay,
because we know they'll never be
able to pay it off! Child support
is a double loss for black men!
Even if they're taking care of
their little bastards, we still
want a cut! To make it even
funnier! If he finds out the child
isn't his, he doesn't get a refund!
Why?! Because nobody will do shit
about it, and he'll end up killing
the baby mama, helping us
eliminating their kind! Bigamy will
soon be legal, Because nothing
"God" stands for is respected! The
flags are similar, because that's
where white people came from! We
took this shit, just like we take

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CAI (cont'd)
everything else! Moral of the
story! We run everything, you
fucking moron!

Vincent grabs Cai arm, making him turn around.

VINCENT
(Concerned)
What the fuck is wrong with you?!

Cai turns around shoving him.

CAI
What's wrong with me?! Did you hear
that asshole outside, talking to me
as if I'm a terrorist?! They're the
terrorist! Look at all the murders
they got away with! Either their
brothers of the badge cover for
them, or like this bleeding pig
said! The right amount of money
gets them off!

VINCENT
Calm down. Take a breather.

CAI
Calm down?! What the fuck is wrong
with you?! Have you forgot what
this is about?!

VINCENT
I didn't forget shit. I just need
you focused.

CAI
I am focused!

VINCENT
You're not focused! You're acting
like---

CAI
(Aims his gun at Vincent head)
Like what?!

VINCENT
(Appalled)
You're aiming your fucking gun at
me?! Have you lost yo goddamn
mind?!

(CONTINUED)

CAI

You telling me to calm down, like
he put something in yo ear! You
tell me?!

VINCENT

(Upset)

I can't believe you. You don't
trust me?!

CAI

I did, up until this shit!

VINCENT

(Upset)

Shoot! You got the drop on me, so
shoot!

STANTON

I told you.

Cai turns his aim to Stanton.

CAI

Told him what?

Vincent aims his gun at Cai.

Cai laughs shaking his head.

CAI CONT'D

He convinced you to trade on me?
What did he promise you? Freedom?
Money? What?

VINCENT

It's not what you think. Just
calm---

CAI

It's exactly what I'm thinking.

VINCENT

Will you shut the fuck up?! This---

AJ comes into the room holding Paul by the arm, with his gun
aimed at Paul's head.

Paul has his hands behind his back, as if he's handcuffed.

Cai and Vincent quickly take aim on the two.

AJ releases Paul arm, holding his hands up.

(CONTINUED)

AJ

Whoa! What's this shit?

CAI

You tell me? What the fuck are you doing down here? Why is he down here?

VINCENT

Ain't that a bitch? You gave my ass the third degree, but he golden?

CAI

Neither one of you motherfuckers are golden. Who making a move first?

AJ

I'm down here with him, because he knows a better way to escape, without us getting caught.

CAI

And why would I trust him? More importantly. Why the fuck did you tell him the plan?

VINCENT

Right. Why did you tell him?

PAUL

Had I known the true intentions, I would've joined without thinking twice. I agree with everything you're saying. Fuck these laws and racist people. It's about time someone took a true stand for what's right.

CAI

That's nice to know. But...I was talking to him.

AJ

Cai, listen. As much as you talk about you're not afraid to die, and all that bullshit. You and I know that's far from true. Why not hear what he has to say, and we take it from there? You still get to prove your point, and everyone lives. How can you go wrong with that?

(CONTINUED)

XAVIER (O.S.)
(Over the walkie talkie)
They're setting up to move in. What
do you wanna do?

AJ
You see? Do what's right, Cai.

EXT. THE POLICE STATION - NIGHT

The cameraman is aiming the camera at REPORTER 3, standing
in front of the restless protesters.

Some of the officers are still trying to calm them down,
while others prepare to rush into the station.

REPORTER 3
(Into the camera)
It appears the situation inside has
taking a turn for the worse. Not
only is detective Stanton wounded.
The men have apparently turned on
each other. Officers outside are
setting up to move in. While the
protesters you see behind me, some
for the man known as Cai and others
are against him. All we can hope
for is a peaceful outcome, with no
lives lost.

EXT. THE ROOF - NIGHT - SAME NIGHT

The helicopter has the searchlight aimed down on the roof.

Twelve officers are handcuffed on their knees, at the edge
of the roof.

There's a man behind each of them, with guns aimed at their
heads.

Large black duffel bags are piled up on the roof.

Xavier stands off to the side, looking down at the officers
prepared to come in.

MAN IN THE HELICOPTER (O.S.)
The men have hostages on the roof,
along with blacks duffel bags.
Contents inside unknown.

Xavier turns his head spitting to the side, before looking
up at the helicopter.

(CONTINUED)

One of the other men comes over to him.

CAI'S MAN
What are we gonna do?

XAVIER
I don't know.
(In the walkie talkie)
Cai, they look like they're ready
to make a move. What do you wanna
do?

There's no response.

XAVIER CONT'D
(Worried)
Somethings not right. Stay up here.
If they make a move down there, you
know what to do.

Xavier makes his way to the roof door.

MAN IN THE HELICOPTER (O.S.)
Be advised. One of the suspects is
heading back into the building.

INT. STANTON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Cai and Vincent still have their guns aimed at AJ.

Stanton is in the corner with his tie tied around his leg,
trying to stop the bleeding.

CAI
What would be right?

AJ
Hear him out, before this goes any
further.

CAI
What makes him so fucking special,
that I should?

Vincent notices Paul moving his right arm, indicating he's
not handcuffed.

VINCENT
What the fuck?!

(CONTINUED)

CAI

What?

VINCENT

Get down!

Cai ducks to the ground.

Just as Paul gets ready to bring a gun forth, Vincent shoots him dead.

AJ opens fire on Vincent, striking him dead.

Cai quickly takes aim at AJ, as AJ aims at him.

EXT. THE POLICE STATION - NIGHT

GABE

Move in!

Some of the officers with riot shields make their way towards the station.

Gunshots ring out from the roof and windows of the police station.

Officers return fire.

The protesters and reporters scream, searching for cover.

INT. STANTON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Cai and AJ are still aiming at each other.

CAI

What are you doing?!

AJ

You're not as smart as you thought, are you?!

CAI

Do you hear what's going on?!

AJ

And it's your fault! You and your stupid fucking mission! We should've killed him while he was home with his family, like I said! But, no! You had to prove a fucking point that won't matter, because you'll be dead!

(CONTINUED)

CAI
(Sadden)
What's your true purpose, you
little bitch?

AJ
(Laughs)
That's the second time you called
me a bitch. Ask your maker what---

AJ's brains fly out from the bullet hole in his head,
falling over dead.

Xavier comes in.

He looks over at Vincent's dead body.

XAVIER
What the---

CAI
Just watch him! Tell everybody to
stop shooting!

Cai moves over to Vincent's body.

XAVIER
(In the walkie talkie)
Everybody, stop shooting! Stop
goddamn shooting!

The gunfire slowly desists.

Cai has tears glossing his eyes, caressing Vincent's face.

CAI
(Sobbing)
I'm so sorry. It wasn't supposed to
end like this.

Xavier looks at Cai, trying to hold back from crying.

XAVIER
Stop crying. You know he would hate
that.

CAI
(Sniffles)
...I know

Cai tries to gather his self.

Xavier looks at the television out the corner of his eye,
and he's stunned.

(CONTINUED)

XAVIER
...No fucking way.

CAI
What?

Xavier grabs the remote, taking it off mute.

On the screen you can see the carnage from the shootout.

What caught Xavier's attention is Howard.

REPORTER 3
For those who just tuned in. The chaotic scene you see behind me just occurred, when police had a shootout with the men inside the police station. Detective Wells is inside wounded. Standing with me is Detroit's own Howard Combs. Howard says he has a message for the man inside, who goes by the name Cai.

Cai stands up looking at the screen.

Howard has a microphone.

HOWARD
(Heartfelt)
Son. I know you think what you're doing is right. This won't help find her killer, or bring her back. The law did the best they could, and there's nothing else that can be done. Come talk to me, son. Don't let anymore people get hurt. Your sister wouldn't want you doing this.

Reporter 3 looks at him oddly.

REPORTER 3
(Confused)
The man inside is your son? We all thought you only had a daughter.

HOWARD
(Sighs deep)
He's my son. We didn't see eye to eye on certain things, and he went his separate way. I love him with all my heart. His last words were, he's disowning me as a father. I

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HOWARD (cont'd)
haven't heard anything about him
until now.

REPORTER 3
Wow. Do you believe because the
police were unable to find the
person behind his sister's death is
the cause of this?

HOWARD
Truthfully? I honestly couldn't
tell you.

Cai stares at the screen in rage.

He snatches the remote from Xavier, placing it on mute.

Cai walks over to Stanton, looking down at him.

CAI
(Outraged)
You heard the words spewing from
his sorry ass?! Did you hear your
friend trying to save you, and you
raped and killed his daughter?!

STANTON
(Pleading)
Please. I didn't---

Cai begins stomping his wounded leg, moving up to his
stomach and chest.

CAI
(Stomps aggressively)
Stop telling me bullshit, you piece
of shit!

He stops stomping him, kneeling down shoving his gun in
Stanton's mouth.

CAI CONT'D
Is this what you did to my sister?
You like how it feels?

Cai forces the gun harder and deeper in his mouth.

Stanton is gagging, as tears fall from his eyes.

Xavier walks over to Cai, placing a hand on his shoulder.

XAVIER
Don't kill him.

Cai slowly pulls the gun out, staring into Stanton's eyes filled with fear.

CAI
I can't kill him. Not until the truth comes out.

Cai stands up, grabbing the walkie talkie from off the desk. He makes his way to the door.

CAI CONT'D
Keep your eye on him.

EXT. THE POLICE STATION - NIGHT

The people are starting to settle down.

Medics on the scene tend to the wounded people.

Some of the officers are making sure protesters don't get pass.

REPORTER 3
Do you think your son will surrender?

HOWARD
He'll probably---

CAI (O.S.)
(In the megaphone)
I'll be damn. Who invited my father to the party? Are you trying to save the lives of the men who raped your daughter, and helped covering it up?

Gabe walks over to Howard, handing him the megaphone.

Pronounced (Say on)

HOWARD
(In the megaphone)
Caiyon, listen to me. I know the loss of your sister hurts. You're upset, because the person behind the crime hasn't been caught. You can't point the finger at people,
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HOWARD (cont'd)
just because the system didn't work
to your standards.

CAI (O.S.)
(Laughs in the megaphone)
I never seen a person with perfect
vision, be so blind. Why are they
innocent? Because they're highly
respected? Because he's the mayor?
Everyone pull your phones out, and
watch what's streaming.

Everyone goes silent, pulling their phones out.

The scene from inside the Expedition, before they came to a
stop is showing.

Everyone is speechless watching and listening.

CAI CONT'D (O.S.)
(In the megaphone)
Is your mayor still innocent? I
hope the people of Detroit are
happy. This is where the money for
the city goes. And if you think
that's some shit. Look at the next
video.

The clip goes from that scene, to the three tied to the
pillar, faces covered with blood.

One by one, they confess to their involvement in Tyreka's
murder.

Jefferey confesses in helping making sure the case goes
cold.

They all admit Stanton's involvement.

CAI CONT'D (O.S.)
(In the megaphone)
These men, and the one inside here,
all had a hand in the rape and
murder of your daughter. My sister!
This is one of the reasons why the
world is fucked up. Everybody
claims a person is innocent, and
when shit hits the fan, they're
stunned. How the fuck can you have
high faith in human beings? Every
human has flaws! Some worse than
others. What happened out there

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CAI CONT'D (O.S.) (cont'd)
tonight. It happened because those
officer out there believe they're
hero's. They all knew the situation
inside, and what could happen. Yet,
they still tried to come in. What
if I blew this bitch up? I do
believe they showed a different
side, in regards to innocent lives.

HOWARD
(In the megaphone)
Caiyon, you---

INT. THE LOBBY - NIGHT - SAME NIGHT

CAI
(In the megaphone)
You shut the fuck up, because
you're no different from them! With
proof, you still wanna defend them!
Give me one reason why I shouldn't
have a bullet placed in your head?!

CARLA (O.S.)
(In the megaphone)
I can.

Cai lowers the megaphone, looking out the bullet hole filled
window stun.

CARLA CONT'D (O.S.)
(In the megaphone)
Do you wanna hear what I have to
say?

Cai stands speechless.

EXT. THE POLICE STATION - NIGHT - SAME NIGHT

Carla, (55) stands next to Howard.

You can see the concern on her smooth chocolate face,
staring at the police station in hopes she can get her son
to reason with her.

Reporter 3 along with everyone else looks on shocked, for
the first time seeing Howard's wife.

(CONTINUED)

REPORTER 3

This is truly amazing. In an odd sense. The Combs ate reuniting, which apparently long overdue.

CARLA

(In the megaphone)

I raised you better than this. You're displaying the exact opposite of what I taught you. Responding with violence, only proves you're an animal. Is this how you wanna be viewed?

CAI (O.S.)

(In the megaphone)

Mother...I lost my only sister, because people with titles and badges feel they can do whatever they want, without consequences. He wasn't my biological brother, but he was your son, so that made him my brother. I lost him tonight, because a person I thought I could trust had one thing in mind. Do you think I care how I'm viewed?

CARLA

(In the megaphone)

You're openly admitting you're a loser, instead of letting "God" handle the situation? You feel you can be judge and executioner?

INT. THE LOBBY - NIGHT - SAME NIGHT

Cai looks around confused, offended his mother called him a loser.

The other men in the lobby not wounded, look at him strange.

CAI (O.S.)

(In the megaphone)

Loser? Hold on. You've been outta my life for years! You're placing a label on me, but you don't have shit to say about the truth I've been speaking?! You want some type of sympathy from these people, who don't give a fuck about you?! Loser is a strong word from the white man's whore! Isn't that what you

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CAI (O.S.) (cont'd)
labeled yourself, when you found
out he was cheating?! Yes! Howard
Combs is no different from anybody
else! You dare speak of "God"?! You
changed your religion to fit him,
and still got fucked over! You're
just like everyone else! You have
no idea who "God" is! You're just
using the name because it sounds
good! You don't even follow the
words! You wanna mention "God"?!
I'll show you God!

Cai pulls out the walkie talkie.

CAI CONT'D
(In the walkie talkie)
Get ready to release it.

EXT. THE ROOF - NIGHT - SAME NIGHT

The men on the roof run over to the pile of duffle bags.

They grab them, running back over to the ledge of the roof.

CAI CONT'D (O.S.)
(In the megaphone)
Citizens of Detroit! Are you ready
for my surprise?!

The protesters are going wild.

CAI CONT'D (O.S.)
(In the megaphone)
Mother and father! This is what
you! The people out there and
around the world consider as "God"!
Release it!

The men open the bags, turning them upside down shaking the
money out.

The police are no longer able to hold the protesters back,
as they rush towards the money falling from the sky.

Some of the officers and reporters rush to get the money as
well.

Another news van pulls up on the scene unnoticed.

INT. STANTON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Cai looks at the television shaking his head, watching the riot going on.

Xavier has his gun aimed on Stanton, still sitting in the corner.

CAI

(Disappointed)

Four million dollars. Four million dollars of my own money, made everybody forget the words I said. Their religion. Their morals. Even their racists beliefs flew out the window, now that "God" is falling from the sky.

(Sighs, shaking his head)

White people have better skin privileges, because they have the money to make anything disappear. They stand behind each other, even when they know it's wrong. Black people with money, no matter how hard they try, will never have these privileges, unless they conform. And even if they conform...they'll still be seen as house niggers. Because at the drop of a dime, they'll harm their fellow man.

Cai sighs deep, shaking his head.

He turns looking at Stanton, making his way towards him.

CAI CONT'D

You know what?

STANTON

What?

CAI

At this moment...no one cares about you, or the other officers in here. No one cares about the mayor, or those other fuckers. So, guess what?

Stanton looks at him, but doesn't respond.

Cai shoots him in the other knee.

Stanton screams.

(CONTINUED)

CAI CONT'D
I said, guess what?!

Stanton moans in pain.

STANTON
What?

CAI
I'll give you the chance you didn't
give my sister.

Cai pulls the walkie talkie out.

CAI
(In the walkie talkie)
Pack it up boys. Time to head home.

STANTON
(In pain)
What are you about to do?

CAI
Choose between the others. Yourself
or your family.

Stanton's eyes widen.

STANTON
My family? My family has---

CAI
Your family has everything to do
with this. I listened to the last
moments of Tyreka's life, before
you bitches raped and killed her.
Right now, your family is helpless,
just as my sister was. Do they
deserve the punishment you escaped?
Or will you kill the ones who
helped you rape and kill my sister?

STANTON
(Lost for thought)
...My family.

CAI
(Laughs)
People never think about the
ignorance of their crimes, until it
hits home.

Cai pulls his phone out scrolling down the screen.

(CONTINUED)

He kneels down, handing the phone to Stanton.

CAI CONT'D

This should help with your
decision.

On the screen is a picture of Stanton's wife and two
ten-year-old daughters tied down to a bed, with C-4 by each
of their heads.

STANTON

Oh my God.

CAI

(Laughs)

There goes that response again. You
have ten minutes, before I decide
for you. And remember.

Cai turns the laptop to face him.

CAI CONT'D

Everybody is watching. But, you're
white. Whatever you decide will be
right.

Cai looks over at Xavier.

CAI CONT'D

Grab our brother and take him
downstairs.

Xavier walks over to Vincent's body picking him up, carrying
him out the room.

Cai takes a cigarettes from the pack, placing it in his
mouth.

Lighting it, taking a calm pull, he looks down at Stanton.

Stanton looks up with tears coming from his eyes.

Cai tosses the box of cigarettes and lighter at Stanton,
before walking out the room.

INT. THE BASEMENT - NIGHT

The men with Cai are now in SWAT gear, standing by the exit.

Xavier is off to the side in SWAT gear, with Vincent's body
beside him on the floor.

Cai comes up to them.

(CONTINUED)

CAI
Everybody ready?

They all nod yes.

ONE OF THE MEN
You think the message sunk in?

Cai takes off the vest, placing it to the side, before taking his clothes off.

The gunfire and screams going on outside are heard.

CAI
We'll know by the body count.

INT. STANTON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Stanton is staring at the picture crying.

He takes a cigarette from the pack placing it in his mouth, lighting.

Taking a hard pull, a tear falls from his eye, as he exhales sighing.

STANTON
I'm so sorry. Daddy---

The phone rings.

The call is from a person unknown.

Stanton answers.

STANTON CONT'D
Hello?

CAI (O.S.)
Well?

STANTON
I'm not killing my family.

CAI (O.S.)
You want me to do it for you?

STANTON
No!

(CONTINUED)

CAI (O.S.)
Who will it be?

STANTON
I can't---

CAI (O.S.)
Ten. Nine. Eight. Seven---

STANTON
You son of a bitch!

CAI (O.S.)
One.

EXT. THE POLICE STATION - NIGHT

The news van no one was paying attention to blows up.

Some of the people scream in fear, dropping to the ground, while others continue trying to pick up the money.

EXT. THE ALLEY - NIGHT

The men quickly rush out the back door.

Xavier is carrying Vincent's dead body following behind the other men, making their way to a SWAT truck that's parked.

Cai comes out the door with the vest in hand, placing it on the door, before making his way to the van.

INT. STANTON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The expression on Stanton's face shows his soul left from his body, knowing his family is dead.

Cai can be heard laughing.

CAI (O.S.)
Just so you know. Your family
didn't suffer. I'm sure the
explosion ended their lives quick.

STANTON
What?!

CAI (O.S.)
If you truly believe in "God".
You'll meet up with them when you
die.

(CONTINUED)

STANTON
(Sobbing)
You son of a bitch!

CAI (O.S.)
(Laughs)
You'll be okay.

STANTON
(In rage)
You're fucking dead! You hear me?!
Fucking dead!

CAI (O.S.)
You'll be joining them soon.
Remember these words before you
die. "God" created human life,
hoping we would all live in
harmony, because we're part of him.
You and your friends should've took
heed to that.

STANTON
What?

EXT. THE POLICE STATION - NIGHT

While the chaos is going on, the police station blows up.

Firefighters who were extinguishing the news van, turn their attention to the police station.

Howard and Carla stand by a squad car holding each other, crying.

Howard's phone rings.

Howard releases her, going in his pocket for his phone.

Answering the unknown call, he places the phone to his ear.

HOWARD
Hello?

CAI (O.S.)
There goes the money you gave me,
thinking it would make us bond.
Don't indicate you're talking to
me.

Howard steps away from Carla.

(CONTINUED)

She looks at him ready to follow, and he indicates for her to stay where she is.

HOWARD

This is madness.

CAI (O.S.)

This is what the world thrives on, blatantly in your face. Chaos fuels people. Positive messages fly right out the window. This is the only time every race will come together as one, without either pointing the finger towards the other. Why? Because it affected everyone.

HOWARD

Nonsense. What happened tonight was a massacre. The approach taken for this "so-called" meaning was ridiculous. Chaos doesn't have to ensue, for a true ethnicity bond.

CAI (O.S.)

(Laughs)

You still don't get it. I guess when you're a person who complains about change, doing nothing about, you'll respond this way.

HOWARD

Do you even know who you are, and this "so-called" change you're seeking?

CAI (O.S.)

I'm a human being. I respect the lives of other human beings, knowing there's no such thing as a superior race. The change I want, is for people to understand we're all the same. Even better. I don't know if you heard earlier, but I posed a question.

HOWARD

What was the question?

Howard looks around the area, trying to see if he can find Cai.

The chaos from the explosions, and people fighting each other for the money is heard.

(CONTINUED)

CAI (O.S.)

What's the difference between a cracker and a nigger? And what do they have in common?

Howard stands silent.

CAI CONT'D (O.S.)

I figured you'd be speechless. That's the story of your life. You're never able to give a response, unless it affects your sexual life or money. The key reason why my sister is dead, is because of you. Here's the answer. Crackers do shit, knowing it's wrong. When they get caught, they feel nothing should happen, because in their mind, it was right. And if that doesn't work. They'll plead insanity. Niggers do shit knowing it's wrong, wanting to get caught, so they can have in their mind, special privileges through street fame. And we know that doesn't mean shit. If that's not enough. They'll pretend the years they'll receive is a piece of cake, until they realize, jail ain't what they thought it would be. The common bond they have that's so funny. They do all this fucked up shit to other people and their own race. But, they hate when it hits home. Their both stupid, because they don't realize it's not about race. This world revolves off greed and fame, in any form. The essence of "God" no longer exists here, unless a person is in deep shit or received something miraculously, causing them to praise their "God".

HOWARD

And you're supposedly delivering "God's word"? You know you won't get away with this?

CAI (O.S.)

I'm delivering my words. Don't try and twist what I said. Typical racist, who only cares about the color green. And it doesn't matter if I get away this. You know why?

(CONTINUED)

HOWARD

Why?

CAI (O.S.)

Because they should be more concerned if more people pull off the same scenario, or take it a step further. Believe me. I'm not the only one who feels this way. I'm the only one brave enough to not only follow through with my thoughts, but prove them live. And father, one more thing.

HOWARD

I'm listening.

CAI (O.S.)

I want the guilt of your stupid beliefs and trusting people you knew were dirty eat away at you, as you think about my sister. I want you to realize, family should always come first. My sister was killed by those same people you cared more about, than your own family. That's the only reason you and that woman I call mother will live. Turn around.

Howard slowly turns around.

A look of fear comes to his face.

Standing by a SWAT truck not far away is Cai.

He has on a SWAT uniform with the helmet, aiming an assault rifle directly at Howard.

CAI CONT'D (O.S.)

Even the most powerful person can be killed, if someone really wants them dead. I hope this and the death of my sister helps you learn a lesson. Don't try to inform anyone, because you don't know if one of the people in the area will kill you. Good bye.

Cai gets into the truck, and it pulls off.

Howard looks around the area at the people.

Some look suspicious.

(CONTINUED)

Officers on the scene are still trying to calm the people down.

The firefighters are still trying to extinguish the fire. There's wounded people on the scene, medics are treating.

INT. THE TRUCK - NIGHT

The men with Cai are sitting in the back.

Vincent's body is on the floor.

Cai is sitting back against the wall smoking a cigarette.

Xavier is sitting across from him.

XAVIER

What do you wanna do now?

CAI

Bury my brother.

XAVIER

I know that. What do you wanna do after we bury him

CAI

(Confused)

What should I be doing? I'll continue living my life, watching these people kill themselves. They'll never look at the guilty they should focus on punishing.

XAVIER

I figured you would wanna lay low.

Cai takes a pull, and then laughs.

CAI

Why would I lay low? I can continue being out in the open, gaining the same results? Nothing will happen. You know why?

XAVIER

Why?

CAI

Just like the people who have done far worse than this, giving them

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CAI (cont'd)
fame, making movies and writing books about them. This is the same thing. If they were to capture me, they'll want a life story, and all the extra bullshit. This incident will go down as another so they say, tragic day in America. That's why this is the land of the free.

XAVIER
(Laughs)
Why is it the land of the free?

CAI
Because you can fuck up anything and everybody, destroying this world "God" created for us to enjoy, and the innocent will suffer before the guilty. The guilty will always receive the same privileges as the innocent. These people are more concerned about the end of the days, instead of trying to prevent it. Irony, I would say.

XAVIER
I can only image what was going through that cops head when the van exploded, and you told him his family was inside.

CAI
(Laughs)
Something that will haunt him in death, despite they're alive. The coroners will have fun putting together the remains of the useless three.

XAVIER
(Confused)
Why didn't you kill his family?

CAI
(Takes a pull, sighing)
...His family is innocent, and shouldn't have to suffer over his fuck up.

XAVIER
How do you think his death will affect them?

(CONTINUED)

Cai puts his cigarette out, and then removes his contacts
His natural eye color is light brown.

CAI

If they believed in his racist
ways. Hopefully, they learned no
race is different from the other.
No matter the color of the wolf.
It's a dangerous animal if you're
not paying attention.

EXT. THE POLICE STATION - NIGHT

The scene is still chaotic.

Screams from people are heard.

Money and shell casings cover the ground.

People are getting placed in ambulances.

Reporter 3 stands ready to speak.

REPORTER 3

Words can't explain what took place
tonight. Another incident leaving
families to mourn. The police are
in confusion. Citizens are
astonished. When will we all live
in harmony? When will the killings
stop? A viscous cycle that will
never end. We can speak on it, but
won't put forth an effort for
change. Wake up people. There's no
difference in what "God" created.
Reporting live from Detroit.
Channel 4 news.

FADE TO BLACK:

"History tells a tale that doesn't leave a sweet taste in
the mouth. You would think people would learn from history,
but instead, it continues where it apparently never ended.
How can you say you're for one race, when you and others
like you, harm your own race you claim should be dominant?
How can you praise whoever your "God" is, but don't follow
the words? The end of life will be caused by man, because
man believes he's "God", and no one truly has faith in
whomever their "God" is. Which if you really look at it. If
all version of religion are the same, with the same words.
That means in the end, there's only one true "God", which

(CONTINUED)

sadly has been broken into so many versions and colors to fit one race. If people would realize every race needs the other, than maybe this would be a better place. Sadly...we know this will never happen, because every race will always feel they're better than the other."

Bernard Mersier