

Spirits Of The Slaves

By

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4/2018

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**EXT. ATLANTA AIRPORT--DAY**

Airplane KLM Royal Dutch comes down to land at the Hartsfield-Jackson Airport.

**TITLE/CREDIT SEQUENCE**

**EXT. PASSENGER PICK-UP--DAY**

A newer model taxi cab is waiting at the passenger pick-up section. **Dr. Krunald** (Mid 40s) and his bodyguard servant **Samson** (Early 30s) exit the airport. Krunald dressed like a Black Diplomat. Samson opens and closes the cab door for the doctor, secures all luggage in the trunk, then enters the cab. The cab speeds off.

**INT. HOTEL ROOM--DAY**

Krunald is standing in front of a mirror talking on a disposable cell phone. (Local news murmur on the television in the background).

VOICE (V.O.)

Remember your mission. These black Americans can be fast and physically strong. This is God's vengeance, four hundred years prophecy, FOR OUR NATION OF PEOPLE, for our country. Let us ignite the revolution. The new dark ages UNTIL DEATH.

Krunald slowly loosens his tie and unbuttons his shirt.

KRUNALD

I will kill a multitude of our oppressors, and bring in the NEW DARK AGES. The oppressors will be THE OPPRESSED.

VOICE (V.O.)

Good. Get some rest, you have a big night.

Krunald hands the phone to Samson and he immediately takes the phone apart. TV News alert is louder;

FEMALE NEWSCASTER (V.O)

Terrible news today about a woman that shot and killed her husband and her two children at a resort

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FEMALE NEWSCASTER (V.O) (cont'd)  
hotel in Galveston, Texas. She then  
turned the gun on herself.

**INT. ATLANTA GAZETTE BUILDING--DAY**

Closed office door **READS**; Atlanta Gazette "Booker" Senior Editor.

**Cleo** (Late 20s) and **Booker** (Late 50s) are arguing inside the office about selected stories to cover. A handful of employees are slowly walking by looking at the office door, eavesdropping.

**INT. OFFICE--DAY**

Cleo is sitting in a chair away from Booker's desk. Booker is pacing in front of Cleo fuming mad.

BOOKER

Let me tell you how this works. I choose the topic, I choose the person, I choose the place. END OF DISCUSSION, NOT the other way around.

CLEO

I can't believe this! You won't even give me a second to present~

BOOKER (CUTTING OFF)

Don't care!

CLEO

Really. Is this real? What, am I not here? Hello!

CLEO (CON'T)

I have been with this company for seven years, AND in those seven years I have worked every position better than anyone else, leading up to.. Lead Editor.

Booker points to the plaques on his office wall.

(CONTINUED)

BOOKER

SEE THAT! Those over there. The Atlanta Truth Award, The U.S. Writers Award~

Cleo rolls her eyes like 'Here we go again.'

BOOKER (CON'T)

The Osborn Award, and that, The Deborah Howell Award. Get a nomination for one of these and you can choose your own stories. Until then, LISTEN.

**AFTER A MOMENT**

BOOKER (CON'T)

I am trying to fine tune your talents, be patient and do what I tell you, when I tell you.

Cleo looks around the office in silence for about two seconds.

CLEO

Are you done parenting? Listen, the NFL, NFL owners, and the Commission Committee is having their First Annual Togetherness Celebration. Tonight Downtown! The season, Pro Bowl, Super Bowl just finished. It is a good time way before their spring training.

Cleo is gloating. She gets out of the chair and stands.

CLEO (CON'T)

I can dress-up really nice, maybe even provocative. Mix and mingle, get photographs, get some dirt on some of of these guys. Find out if this celebration is just a cover for society's racial injustice stemming from Kapernick. OR~ Do you want to send one of your PENCIL NECKS, that gets ignored, NO PLAY, all night because they act like bitches?!

Booker looks down at the floor and takes a deep breath.

(CONTINUED)

BOOKER  
Wear something nice.

Cleo smiles from ear to ear as she leaves the office.

**INT. HOTEL--NIGHT**

Dr. Krunald is in front of the mirror, **VERY FASHIONABLE** suit attire. Samson is in all black, well dressed **Hitman/Bodyguard**.

Krunald hums for a few seconds then clears his throat. Still in the mirror.

KRUNALD  
Hmmm, Hmmm, Ah-hum. What a wonderful night, isn't it Samson?

Samson nods.

KRUNALD  
When my performance is complete, you know what to do.

The two leave the room, Samson leading, also shutting the door.

**INT. CLEO'S APARTMENT--NIGHT**

**BEEP, BEEP.** The door bell rings. Cleo comes running from the bathroom, superbly dressed.

CLEO  
Rico! Rico!

No answer.

CLEO (CON'T)  
Who is it?

**EXT. CLEO'S APARTMENT--NIGHT**

**CAMERA VIEW;** The **BACK** of a man in a **BLACK SUIT** facing the outside of Cleo's apartment door. (Dark skin Puerto Rican Early 30s)

**RICO (V.O.)**  
It's me, Rico.

**INT. CLEO'S APARTMENT--NIGHT**

Cleo unlocks the door and opens it fast.

CLEO

Are you trying to get me fired?!

Rico shrugs back.

RICO

No-No, You see my car was in the shop. And-And, I left you a voice mail. The reggaeton music was blasting everywhere.

Rico slowly walks in. Cleo grabs him in by the hand. Closes the door.

CLEO

Stop playing Man! We are late! This could be the biggest story by an African American women and here you go, talking about voice mails and reggaeton. Really?! Priorities Vato!

After Cleo rips him, she looks over him head-to-toe. Then again. Rico looks at her strange.

RICO

Good? Not Good?

CLEO

Very nice Rico, and we need to go. You have all of your equipment right?

RICO

Yes Ma'am.

Cleo grabs him by the hand again and heads out of the apartment.

**EXT. NEW OMNI HOTEL--NIGHT**

Dr. Krunald and Samson are dropped off in front of the hotel by a chauffeured Rolls Royce with African flags representing. The black driver lowers the front passenger window as Krunald leans in.

(CONTINUED)

KRUNALD

Stay close, and do not be alarmed  
with the commotion. We will signal  
you when this job here is complete.

Krunald and Samson walk towards the **GUARDED SECURITY** doors  
and enter.

**INT. RICO'S CADILLAC TRUCK--NIGHT**

Rico is driving pretty swiftly, Cleo is admiring his truck.  
She notices a pamphlet and newsletters on his dashboard.

CLEO

You are doing really good for  
yourself- I like this truck.

He smiles, she reads.

CLEO (CON'T)

Hebrew Israelites, Awake.

She looks at Rico.

CLEO (CON'T)

Hey. What's up with this?

RICO

I did some research, and I recently  
found out that I am a Hebrew  
Israelite. Tribe of Ephraim.

Rico smirks.

CLEO

Well, anything is possible. That is  
super interesting. Hold on to that  
thought, it could be my next story.

Rico has ear to ear smile.

CLEO (CON'T)

Look at you!

**INT. NEW OMNI HOTEL--NIGHT**

The banquet room has **SUPER LARGE** eighty inch to hundred inch  
flat screens all around the room. One **GIANT** projector screen  
behind the podium. The audience is viewed on the screens and  
also the highlights of the current NFL players.

(CONTINUED)

Lights are dim, people eating, socializing, waiters, waitresses, food, wine and champagne. Classy.

Krunald and Samson enter the banquet room, feeling and accepted like **ROYALTY**.

**SLOW MOTION;** The doctor and Samson B.S. their way through with handshakes, smiles, nods with **MODELS**, NFL players and sportscasters leading up to...

**EXT. NEW OMNI HOTEL--NIGHT**

Rico pulls up to the hotel and two valet attendants service them. Doors are opened.

RICO

Yo Bro! Be careful with my baby!  
It's a cadillac! Ahh-right!

Attendants look at Rico awkward.

VALET ATTENDANT 1

Yes Sir. Everything will be fine  
Sir.

CLEO

Rico please! The gear, the gear.  
How do I look?! Don't forget the  
gear.

RICO

I know- I know. I got it. Dis is  
what I do Momma. You look great.

The two gather themselves at the front of the entry doors, check in, then enter.

**INT. NEW OMNI HOTEL--NIGHT**

Cleo and Rico walk swiftly towards the banquet room, smiles, waves, and hand kisses are blown. They enter and look for a center location.

**ANNOUNCEMENT ON PA SYSTEM;**

MALE (O.S.)

Welcome ladies and gentleman to our  
First Annual Togetherness  
Celebration. This is a celebration  
to commemorate the unity of the  
National Football League. We give

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



MALE (O.S.) (cont'd)  
back to the community, we support  
our neighborhoods, we build  
leadership, commitment and strength  
through our organizations.

The audience all smiling, gives a thumbs up, a few claps,  
nodding while talking amongst themselves.

MALE (O.S.)  
Without further ado, we will now  
introduce your host--COMMISSIONER  
GRODEEN.

Applauds, whistling for about a minute.

Grodeen is seated close to the stage and podium. He walks  
swiftly to his position, a few waves and hand shakes to the  
crowd.

CLEO  
I want to get some photos of him.  
Also, record some of this. We could  
probably do a spin-off of it. I  
want all the information I can get.  
This is BIG. WE ARE BIG.

Rico takes a couple of pictures, then switches equipment and  
adjusts the focus on his video camera. He starts recording.

RICO  
I'm on it.

Grodeen pulls a note card out of his vest pocket before he  
speaks. Large screen behind podium shows highlights of  
defensive profiles. **BLACK** players appear larger, faster and  
more aggressive.

GRODEEN  
Thank you, Thank you so much. I  
would first like to say, Thank you  
to everyone that voted me in, for  
this position, of COMMISSIONER OF  
THE NFL. Here, in this great United  
States of America.

Audience applauds, whistles for about ten seconds.

GRODEEN (CON'T)  
I would also like to say, Thank you  
to all of our players that  
sacrifice their time, their bodies,  
everything that they have for this  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GRODEEN (CON'T) (cont'd)  
great sport. The organizations, the Ruling Committee and especially the families that are deeply involved in what we do. It TAKES a lot out of you, a lot FROM you, and it takes a lot to CONTINUE. But, I WILL SAY THIS! We have taken this game to a whole new level. A higher decree of young men coming out of college will be better prepared, physically, mentally and financially. HELL, this sport is expanding past the borders of this great country.

More applause, whistles for about thirty seconds. Grodeen just smiles, looking over crowd.

GRODEEN (CON'T)  
With that being said, we have a very, VERY SPECIAL GUEST tonight. He is in league with other nations around the world, with the fundamental goals of incorporating OUR American football, our values, our commitment, into other countries. How about that huh? We will expand and succeed when our government SOMETIMES CAN NOT! Here to address our community of the NFL, all the way from the shores of Africa! Dr. Krunald.

More applause, whistles for about ten seconds. Everyone stands. Dr. Krunald walks and waves as he approaches the stage and podium. Samson drifts to main entry doors.

Cleo and Rico are kind of surprised. Looking around Cleo sees a celebrity news reporter nearby.

Grodeen shakes Krunald's hand and opens arms to the microphone and podium.

CLEO  
Hey! Michael Strahan! What is this all about? NFL overseas?

Cleo pulls at Rico to get closer. Photo time.

MICHAEL  
It has to do with putting the American spirit back into football.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL (cont'd)  
It has been under the lid until  
now.

CLEO  
Does the Kapernick movement have  
anything to do with this increased  
American spirit?

MICHAEL  
Sorry, I gotta go. I'll see you  
around?

Michael sneaks away.

CLEO  
Thank you Michael.

RICO  
He is really tall!

DR. KRUNALD  
America has been watched for many,  
many years. THE INNOVATION, THE  
ADMIRATION, THE RESPECT, the love  
for our BIG BROTHER COUNTRY.

A few claps, whistles from the crowd.

**CLOSE-UP KRUNALD**

KRUNALD (CON'T)  
The Liberian people of Africa  
believe just like the American  
people. And we will make the  
commitment, to establish the first  
ever, AAFL- American African  
Football League!

Wild **APPLAUSE** for about ten seconds. Krunald nods at the  
wild applause, accepts it, then raises his arms and hands to  
quite the crowd.

KRUNALD (CON'T)  
With our deepest appreciation, I  
would like to briefly hum to our  
Liberian Anthem. Getting ready for  
our new, exciting, profitable  
adventure. By land and by sea.

The crowd looks around confused, but is okay with the idea.

Cleo looks around really quick at expressions. Puts in  
earpiece.

(CONTINUED)

CLEO

Uh-Oh, this is a moment. This is a moment! Earpiece, Earpiece.

She slightly nudges Rico, he is moved. Then he takes the camera off of viewing and looks to adjust it. He puts in his earpiece then back to the camera.

RICO

Wait a minute, something is wrong here.

Krunald jumps into his **CHANT**.

KRUNALD (CON'T)

Utumwa Wa Utumwa, Kukumbuka, Wakati  
Waliouva Sisi, Kumaua

Utumwa Wa Utumwa, Kukumbuka, Wakati  
Waliouva Sisi, Kumaua

After the first stanza, **ALL BLACK PEOPLE STAND UP** slowly like a possession. Crowd confused.

CLEO

What did I miss? What's going on?  
What DID I MISS! Rico?

Rico finally gets his camera to work. The crowd is **SHOCKED**.

RICO

Okay, sorry about that. I am ready now.

As Krunald finishes his **CHANT: BLACK PEOPLE'S EYES ROLL BACK** to the white and tormented, horrible visions of **SLAVE BEATINGS, HANGING of BLACKS** and torture flashes. **VIOLENCE!**

KRUNALD (CON'T)

Utumwa Wa Utumwa, Kukumbuka, Wakati  
Waliouva Sisi Kuwaua

Utumwa Wa Utumwa, Kukumbuka, Wakati  
Waliouva Sisi Kuwaua

CLEO (CON'T)

I don't know, but record some of this. We can edit this later.

RICO

On it!

(CONTINUED)

WHITE WOMAN 1  
What is going on?! Somebody! Is  
everything alright?!

**EXT. NEW OMNI HOTEL--NIGHT**

**BOOM! GLASS WALLS EXPLODE** from the inside-out of the building with two **WHITE** males and one **WHITE** female being thrown out. The **FORCE** of the throw bounces them off the hard concrete and flopping into the street with oncoming traffic. **HORNS AND ACCIDENTS.**

**INT. HOTEL BANQUET ROOM--NIGHT**

Screams and **CHAOS**. White men and women running for their lives. **BLACK** athletes chasing, beating down, choking and killing.

**INT. HOTEL LOBBY--NIGHT**

Two **WHITE** males, well suited and three **WHITE** eloquently dressed women run half-way through the lobby **SCREAMING.**

WHITE MAN 1  
STOP! STOP! What is this? Are you  
all crazy?! HELP! HELP! HELP US!

WHITE WOMAN 2  
WHAT IS GOING ON HERE? I HAVE  
RIGHTS! HELP! NOOO! HELP US! HELP  
US!

**SLAM, SLAM, SLAM-SLAM-SLAM.**

They are caught and **BRUTALLY TACKLED** by a defense of well dressed **BLACK** men. Then **STOMPED** until dead near the entry doors.

**INT. HOTEL BANQUET ROOM--NIGHT**

CLEO  
What the hell is going on around  
here? What did we miss? Damn  
equipment problems! Let's find a  
spot. WHOA-WHOA ~ (SCREAM)

Two **WHITE** males are tossed in the direction of Cleo and Rico knocking them down in front of a **STORAGE ROOM** door.

(CONTINUED)

Krunald and Samson **SLOWLY** walk out of the banquet room, then to the lobby. **SMILING**.

WHITE WOMAN 1  
HELP ME! I'M INNOCENT! HELP!  
SOMEBODY! HELP! ~ (SCREAMS)

The screaming **WHITE** woman is **HIT** in the face by a **GIANT BLACK HAND** which rips the flesh off her face as she falls dead.

Rico and Cleo get up and escape to the **STORAGE ROOM** behind them. As soon as they close the door, Rico cracks the door back open to witness.

**INT. STORAGE ROOM--NIGHT**

CLEO (PANTING, WHISPERING)  
What the? What the? Who can explain this? I'm going crazy? We got to get out of here! We, we, got to GET OUT!

RICO (PANTING)  
Ssshhh. We will be safe for a second. (Pause)

Why are the black people killing the white people?

CLEO (CON'T)  
What? It's madness out there. What are you talking about? Too much to drink for these monsters. Too much HGH?!

Rico closes the door, steps back. Gestures for Cleo to take a peek. She does.

**INT. HOTEL BANQUET ROOM--NIGHT**

**CLEO SEES:** A crowd of **BLACK** athletes and **BLACK** people, **ZOMBIE**-like with **QUICKNESS** attacking **WHITE** men and women. Larger **WHITE** men are double and triple teamed.

Chairs, tables, wine and champagne bottles are used throughout the attack.

**EXT. NEW OMNI HOTEL--NIGHT**

Samson is on a cell phone. He puts his left hand up to signal, then hangs up. They are picked up on the side of the hotel by their chauffeur, **FIRE TRUCK, AMBULANCE** and **POLICE** start to roll up. **LIGHTS, SIRENS, ACCIDENTS.**

**INT. STORAGE ROOM--NIGHT**

CLEO (CON'T)  
Holy Hell, So this is the  
apocalypse?

She closes the door and sits in the corner. Rico stands looking at the door. **DAZED.** Then he turns to her.

RICO  
No, No. Something is really wrong  
here. Hold tight, be patient. We  
will make it out alive.

**INT. HOTEL BANQUET ROOM--NIGHT**

**STORAGE DOOR.** Handle slowly turns. Door is cracked open. Rico's eyeball peeking out.

**INT. STORAGE ROOM--NIGHT**

Rico sees the **BLACK** athletes moving slow, shaking off the spell.

**INT. HOTEL BANQUET ROOM--NIGHT**

FOOTBALL BIG MAN 1 (DAZED)  
What? What is going on? What was I  
drinking? Why are my **HANDS AND**  
**CLOTHES BLOODY? HELP ME!**  
Anyone-Bro, What's going on man?

Other **BLACK** players start looking at themselves, confused, asking for help, few crying-teary eyed.

FOOTBALL BIG MAN 2 (DAZED)  
Somebody help us! Did we do this?  
No! No! Did we do this? What's  
happening?

**INT. STORAGE ROOM--NIGHT**

Cleo sniffing, soft crying.

RICO

Let's move it now. Slow, but fast.

**INT. HOTEL BANQUET ROOM--NIGHT**

The door opens and the two quickly hop over the dead bodies to escape. They make a bee-line towards the side parking lot doors.

**EXT. NEW OMNI HOTEL--NIGHT****VALET PARKING LOT**

**TIRES** peeling out **LOUD**. Rico's cadillac truck busting through a side guard rail, on to a side street, **SPEEDING**.

**INT. RICO'S CADILLAC TRUCK--NIGHT**

CLEO

Okay! Okay! We have to find a way to go back, call the cops, and wait.

Rico does a double take look at her.

RICO

NIGGA WHAT!!?

Cleo's mouth drops open-SHOCKED.

RICO (CON'T)

UH-HUH, UH-HUH. Maybe you didn't see what just happened. Wake up! Are you trying to die?! I'm hoping my little ten percent African blood saved my ass.

Rico extends his hand to roll his **MIDDLE FINGER** in the air at Cleo. She shakes her head.

CLEO (CON'T)

Hey look, we got out didn't we? We are safe, and when we left those guys-or ZOMBIES dressed in thousand dollar suits were becoming normal again. (PAUSE)

(CONTINUED)



Rico is shaking his head for **NO**.

CLEO (CON'T)

How about this? It is against the law to leave the scene of a crime. ONE. We are reporters and this is first hand. TWO. And, I need to call Booker! Three!

**EXT. CADILLAC TRUCK--NIGHT**

**SCREECH!!** Truck suddenly stops, tires **SMOKING**.

**INT. RICO'S CADILLAC TRUCK--NIGHT**

Cleo hits her head lightly on the dash then bounces back.

RICO (CON'T)

Call Booker! Then call the police! Then the Fire Department! I want everybody there. If I have to go down, I'm taking people with me. Call each one of those BITCHES!

Cleo holds her head then looks at Rico.

RICO (CON'T)

Since you want to be the first African woman to win some stupid reporter award. You are gonna be the first one dead if you keep this up.

**EXT. PRIVATE AIRPORT--NIGHT**

Krunald and Samson pull up to the edge of the run-way. Private jet is waiting, engines on. Chauffeur gets out and opens door for Krunald, grabs luggage and transfers to plane. Samson gets out himself. They speak by the car with jet engine noise in background.

SAMSON

Any changes to the plan doctor?

KRUNALD

Not at all my trusted servant. Tell me Samson, How long has your family served under my forefather's rule?

(CONTINUED)

SAMSON (CON'T)

I am the fourth generation Sir.  
Almost two hundred and fifty years  
Sir since your tribesmen stopped my  
people from the crimes they  
committed. If I may Sir?

Krunald nods.

SAMSON (CON'T)

It has been an honor,.. my family's  
honor to serve under your kingdom  
ship Sir. And I would also...

Krunald slowly puts his hand up. (**SILENCE**)

KRUNALD

I understand and I know. Please my  
friend, at the end of this mission-  
When all is complete and this God  
Forsaken country. This America,  
this New Babylon is brought to it's  
knees from inside, then, you and  
your generation are free.

Samson stands at attention and slightly bows in respect.

SAMSON (CON'T)

Sir, Thank you! But, would you not  
need me and my services in the new  
DARK ERA?

KRUNALD (CON'T)

Oh, what a great person you are.  
Well deserving of your rewards. But  
listen, execute this mission with  
NO MERCY and NO REGRETS, FIRST.

**AFTER A MOMENT**

KRUNALD (CON'T)

There will be a multitude of these  
American oppressors to serve us.  
For it is prophecy!

The two start walking toward the plane to board.

KRUNALD (CON'T)

Now Samson, have you ever heard of  
a Mardi Gras?

**EXT. NEW OMNI HOTEL--NIGHT**

Fire trucks with lights **FLASHING**, ambulance, police cars with lights **FLASHING**, all present and scurrying around. **CAUTION**, yellow tape and white sheets.

Police Captain Pruton, fireman Johns, one paramedic, newswoman Cathy Shaw and Booker surround Cleo.

CLEO

LOOK! I'm telling you what I just witnessed **FIRST HAND!**

BOOKER

Okay-Okay. But we can NOT address the public like this or it will be chaos immediately.

Cleo sighs. She looks around and sees Rico outside the back of his truck looking at equipment.

POLICE CAPTAIN PRUTON

You're right. As of now, Shaw, at least twenty people are presumed dead and potential suspects are being questioned. It is an unexplained tragedy that is being investigated. **THAT'S IT!** I'm gonna need state law enforcement on this.

NEWSWOMAN SHAW

Anything on property damages, witnesses, bodies in the street...? Fifty or more people dead...

PRUTON (ABRUPTLY)

DAMMIT SHAW! I said...

SHAW (QUICKLY)

Okay, I got it!

They all walk their separate ways except for Booker and Cleo.

BOOKER

This is big Cleo, Really big. Are you alright?

CLEO

Yeah, just a little shaken up. Plus this bruise on my forehead. I'll be okay.

(CONTINUED)

BOOKER (CON'T)

Get your story together and back it up with your pictures and whatever videos you have. Your story will hit first thing. Work a half day tomorrow. There will probably be more police and police like people that want to talk to you. Keep me in the loop. Now, let's get out of here.

They leave the scene.

LIBERIA, AFRICA

**EXT. LIBERIA'S CHIEF'S HOME--NIGHT**

**INT. HOME--NIGHT**

**Liberian Chief Ishmael** (Late 60s) (Kru Tribe) patiently sits in his chief chair in the **FRONT ROOM**, with armed security around the house.

Sounds of two cars pulling up, lights flash by the window. Car doors open, then close. Conversational murmur until the arrived party gets to the house.

(QUIET)The front door opens with an armed guard first, then **JOSIAH** (Mid 20s), the **WELL DRESSED** second son of the Chief enters. First guard closes the door then stands at **ATTENTION** outside. The room is partially lit.

Josiah walks in front of his father in the **FRONT ROOM**, then drops to his knees. The Chief extends his arms.

CHIEF ISHMAEL

Come over here my son.

Josiah stands and slowly walks to his father.

CHIEF ISHMAEL (CON'T)

It is good to see you. Tell me,  
Tell me of your journey.

Josiah smiles. They hold hands then Josiah sits on his knees on the rug in front of his father.

JOSIAH (AFRICAN/ BRITISH ACCENT)

I have completed the first phase of my assignment father. I came with honors from England. Six years at the Oxford University.

(CONTINUED)

CHIEF ISHMAEL (CON'T)

That is wonderful news my son. It is almost time for you to take your place in helping to fulfill the prophecy.

**PAUSE**

How was your learning process there, in England?

JOSIAH

The knowledge is there! I have seen it with my own eyes. I have read it, hidden in their archives. The knowledge is there- but it is not taught! Father, BLACK MEN ruled Europe at one time.

Chief laughs.

CHIEF ISHMAEL

Ha Ha Ha Ha, Yes! Yes my son.-Yes. I am happy for you.

MOOD CHANGE:

JOSIAH

Father, teach me the song. My brother, your first-born Peter is very strong with his song. He controls the mind with temporary hypnosis.

**PAUSE**

CHIEF ISHMAEL

Yes my son.

JOSIAH

You know that the Israelites and the Africans remember. The tortures, the atrocities, hangings, lynchings. I need my songs to be as strong as his. Strong enough to control the muscles and the sense of touch. These songs from the SPIRITS can even filter through people's bloodline for generations. It senses the negro blood, and the BLOOD OF OUR OPPRESSORS!

**INT. GYM--DAY**

The sounds of punching, breathing heavy, grunts, with **RAP** music in the background.

Cleo is in a local gym working out. Punching bag in front, Cleo is kicking and punching with a series of moves. Sudden (**FLASHES**) of the gruesome hotel killings appear to her as she punches and kicks harder and faster.

Ring, Ring, Ring. Ring, Ring. Gym clerk answers. **SEXY BRUNETTE**.

ANGELA (CLERK)  
PRO KICKS GYM, this is Angie.

AGENT DECKER (V.O.)  
Angie, this is **Agent Decker** (Early 40s) with the FBI. I need to speak with CLEO DUNCAN.

Angie puts a finger in her ear opposite to the phone.

ANGELA  
Sorry Sir, I can barely hear you.  
What was that?

AGENT DECKER (V.O.)  
CLEO DUNCAN. The woman working out twenty feet in front of you.

ANGELA  
Oh, okay Sir. Just a minute.

Angela puts the phone on hold.

ANGELA (CON'T)(YELLING)  
CLEO,CLEO, You got a phone call  
hun!

Cleo, SLOWLY stops the punching, deep breaths. She walks SLOWLY to the counter for the call. Still FLASHES of the killings. Angela hands Cleo the phone.

ANGELA (CON'T)  
Agent Decker? FBI?

Angela takes the phone off HOLD.

CLEO  
This is Cleo, how may I help you?

(CONTINUED)

AGENT DECKER

Cleo, this is Agent Decker with the  
FBI.

**PAUSE**

We need to talk.

**INT. LIBERIAN HOME--NIGHT**

Josiah and the Chief lock forearms and stand in the middle of the room. Lit candles light up the room that has **BLACK WALLS** with **ANCIENT PICTURES**. Josiah stands shirtless, calm, with a slender build.

CHIEF ISHMAEL

I must warn you son, you will  
suffer greatly before you are given  
these gifts from the spirits.  
Remember! These are spirits of the  
slaves.

Josiah **SLOWLY** nods.

CHIEF ISHMAEL (CON'T)

The pain you will feel is  
multiplied, as you invite the  
spirits. What they SEE, what they  
FEEL, THEIR FEARS WILL BE ALL  
YOURS.

Josiah nods again.

As they remain with their arms locked, the room slowly moves as if it was spinning. Then, up and down like a drunken state.

Chief starts low-pitch with his **CHANTS**.

CHIEF ISHMAEL

Yeye Ambaye Anayepinga Atakuwa  
Anaye Pandamizwa

Adui Zangu Watainama Chini Ya Kiti  
Changu Cha Miguu

As Chief gets into his last line of **CHANTS**...Josiah's upper torso starts to move back and forth. Eyes **FLICKERING** slowly to **BRIGHT WHITE** as arms remained locked.

CHIEF ISHMAEL (CON'T)

Hiui Hapa Kuja Ndugu Na Dada Zangu

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHIEF ISHMAEL (CON'T) (cont'd)  
 Hiui Hapa Kuja Ndugu Na Dada Zangu

JOSIAH (GRUNTS)  
 Huh, Huh, Err, Err, Huh, Huh, Huh.

**VISIONS** begin to slowly appear in the room like a movie projector.

**SOUNDS: WHIP, WHIP, WHIP, WHIP, WHIP.** **VISIONS** of a **BLACK MAN** shirtless tied to a tree, whipped by a bearded **WHITE MAN**. As he is being whipped, you see **SKIN COME OFF HIS BACK** with every stroke.

**WOMAN SCREAMING:** Baby crying, **BLACK MAN** pleading NO! **PLEASE, PLEASE!** Three **WHITE MEN** holding a **BLACK MAN** back from what looks like... An **UGLY WHITE MAN** holding with one hand, a crying **NEW BORN BLACK BABY** by it's two feet- **RIGHT ABOVE TWO RAGING DOGS** held on a leash.

**WHITE** men, women and children in the woods with torches and old lamps **SCREAMING:**

KILL THE NIGGER, KILL THE NIGGER, KILL THE NIGGER, KILL THE NIGGER, KILL THE NIGGER, KILL THE NIGGER, KILL THE NIGGER, KILL THE NIGGER, KILL THE NIGGER.

**VISIONS** of two skinny **BLACK BOYS**, shirtless, hands and feet tied, hanging from a tree in the woods. Their bodies twitching. **WHITE** men and boys grabbing at their feet to break their necks.

These **VISIONS** appear life-like and real to the touch. They are painful to see and slowly rotate around the two. Chief is holding still. Josiah is shaking, sweating all over.

JOSIAH  
 Nooo! Nooo! My people! What kind of  
 DEVIL is this?! What kind of DEVIL  
 is this?! MY GOD! MY GOD! (SCREAMS)

**WHIP, WHIP, WHIP**

JOSIAH (SCREAMING)  
 STOP IT! STOP IT!

Josiah's back is **SMOKING**. Josiah pulls away from his father's hold and runs towards the closest wall knocking everything over in his path.

Josiah breathing heavy.

**CLOSE UP:** Josiah's back has three whip marks, deep flesh cuts, wounds bleeding, back smoking.



**EXT. BOURBON STREET--EVENING****NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA**

Streets are packed, cheers, drinking, beads, musical floats, women flashing **BREASTS**, costumes, **MORE DRINKING**.

Dr. Krunald and Samson walk out of a music studio right onto Bourbon Street. They are wearing costumes so they blend in with the crowd.

Krunald points out to a noticeable musical float with a very **ERRATIC FRONTMAN** singing. The **FRONTMAN** is painted black all over with a cordless microphone, on a **FLASHY GOLD** and **SILVER** float.

The two walk through the crowd and are able to sneak into the float under the **FLASH** of it.

**INT. FLOAT--NIGHT**

Krunald and Samson are looking around.

KRUNALD

Let's look for his radio system and how he is playing this dreadful music.

SAMSON

Right.

The two look through compartments of the float, under the seats, then...

Samson notions to the middle console under the backstage of the float. Console is flashing Audio Frequency Lights.

SAMSON (CON'T)

Doctor, I got it. I got it. Let the show begin!

The two look at each other, smile and nod.

**EXT. FBI BUILDING--EVENING****ATLANTIC SKYLINE WITH FBI BUILDING**

**INT. FBI BUILDING--EVENING**

Meeting room with Cleo, Rico, Agent Decker, one **ASIAN** female recorder (Donaldson Mid 30s), one black male agent (Wright Mid 30s) and one white woman agent (Kline Late 30s) sitting at a round table.

Decker paces, **WHITE BOARD** at the back of the room with pictures from the Omni Hotel killings.

DECKER

Now, let me get this straight, for the record.

Decker stops pacing, turns towards the other agents.

DECKER (CON'T)

You claim to have seen all of the black people killing all of the white people? Is this what you are telling me?

Rico and Cleo look at each other. The agents look at each other confused, comical.

RICO

Yes!

CLEO

Hold on, now I know it sounds impossible. But, this event started smooth, conversations, food, champagne, then all of a sudden..

**STARTLING**

DECKER (LOUD, UNEXPECTED)

BAM! RIGHT!

Everyone is startled.

DECKER (CON'T)

Jesus! You guys got to be kidding me. Okay, let's stick to the facts ladies and gentlemen. Fifty white men and women are dead. DEAD, get it. Seventy African American men, and some women, had **BLOOD ON THEIR HANDS** and could not explain what happened to them for thirty minutes. **NO OTHER WITNESSES!**

Everyone looks at each other again and nods (YES).

(CONTINUED)

DECKER (CON'T)  
Miss Duncan? Don't you consider  
yourself African American?

CLEO  
Yes, I do. So what are you trying  
to say?

Rico looks around. Decker slowly paces again, then pauses.

DECKER  
You did not have any blood on your  
hands as we know it from the police  
reports, and you are not dead,  
soooo...

CLEO (CON'T)(FRUSTRATED)  
I know what this is, and I'm ma  
tell you- WE DID NOT HAVE ANYTHING  
TO DO WITH THIS. WE DIDN'T KILL..

DECKER (INTERRUPTING)  
No, No, No, NO, NO. Too many  
missing pieces.

Decker looks at Cleo and Rico.

DECKER (CON'T)  
You two stay put for a second.  
Everything you know.

Decker slides over a pen and yellow pad. Then he looks at  
his agents.

DECKER (CON'T)  
Team! We need all pictures, a VIP  
list, a valet car and license plate  
list. A copy of hotel camera  
footage. A copy of camera footage  
from surrounding buildings, get  
authorization for any satellite  
usage or video at this particular  
time. Phone numbers of the deceased  
and ...

Decker walks over to the **WHITE BOARD** of pictures...

DECKER (CON'T)  
The names of these two cats!

Decker points on the board of Dr. Krunald and Samson from  
the Omni Hotel.

**EXT. BOURBON STREET--NIGHT**

**PACKED STREET**, with more people watching from balconies, more people coming from adjoining streets-**CROWDED, PARTY.**

**ON FLOAT:**

Wild **FRONTMAN** slows down amid singing, notions behind himself for something to drink. He looks behind him in his float to see **TWO BLACK FACES** (masks off). Just **EYES** looking at him. He turns and walks towards them.

FRONTMAN  
WHAT THE HELL?! Where are my  
helpers at? You sons of bitches  
better...

**INT. FLOAT DECK--NIGHT**

As the **FRONTMAN** walks into the covered **FLOAT DECK**, he is met by a flurry of punches from Samson.

FRONTMAN  
Ugh, Ugh, Ugh.

Dr. Krunald DJs his CD, grabs the mic and hits the stage.  
MASK ON.

**EXT. FLOAT DECK--NIGHT**

DR. KRUNALD (PERFORMING)  
Ooh WE READY NOW, Ooh WE READY NOW,  
Ooh WE READY NOW, MARDI GRAS!

**INT. FLOAT DECK--NIGHT**

The CD starts to play, Samson moves the **FRONTMAN'S BODY** out of sight. Adjusts volume.

**EXT. FLOAT DECK--NIGHT**

DR. KRUNALD (CON'T) (PERFORMING)  
Ooh WE READY NOW, Ooh WE READY NOW,  
Ooh WE READY NOW, MARDI GRAS!

Music plays with Dr. Krunald's **CHANT** as Krunald lip syncs in **WILD** fashion like the **FRONTMAN**.

(CONTINUED)

**BLACKS** in the crowd masked and unmasked, **EYES ROLL BACK**, (**VISIONS**) brain sees and feels violent slavery abuse, whippings, hangings, dogs unleashed, branding.

**ARMS** are raised shoulder level and **BLACKS** start to feel for their enemy. **THEN VIOLENCE ERUPTS**.

Bodies are thrown into building windows, body slammed, **CHOKED** with beads, white women dragged by their hair down the street while being kicked and stomped. **SCREAMS, CRYING**. White teenage boys being airplane slung around to their death. Dr. Krunald dances, sings and performs for another two blocks amidst the chaos.

DR. KRUNALD (CON'T) (PERFORMING)

I SEE THAT YOU LIKE IT, I SEE THAT  
YOU LIKE IT, UH HUH. I SEE THAT YOU  
LIKE IT, I SEE THAT YOU LIKE IT, UH  
HUH. YES, YES, THE NEW DARK AGES

HA HA HA HA HA HA, HA HA HA HA HA  
HA. YES, yes.

**INT. CLEO'S APARTMENT BEDROOM--DAWN**

Cleo is having nightmares about the Omni Hotel killings. **VISIONS, SWEATING**.

CLEO (IN SLEEP)

No, No, Don't kill me. Don't kill  
me. I am black. I am black. Please  
No, Please No, No NOOO!

Cleo wakes up, sits up in bed. Startled. **EYES OPEN**.

CLEO (PANTING, WHISPERING)

I had my earpiece in! I had my  
earpiece in! That's why I didn't go  
zombie. I have to call Booker- No,  
the FBI first,-No, I, let, Rico,  
stay because it was late.

Cleo jumps out of bed wearing a long tee-shirt, leaves room.

**INT. CLEO'S APARTMENT--DAWN**

Cleo looks around in the dark, living room lamp on. Running water is heard from the other bathroom, Cleo slowly walks...

(CONTINUED)

CLEO (WHISPERING)  
Rico, Rico, Is that you in the  
bathroom?

Cleo walks towards the bathroom, the door is cracked open with the light on.

**INT. BATHROOM--DAWN**

Rico just took a **COLD SHOWER** and is standing in front of the sink and mirror brushing his teeth-**NAKED**.

**INT. CLEO'S LIVING ROOM--DAWN**

Cleo is still half asleep, walking, talking and looking around.

CLEO (CON'T)  
We had our earpieces in. That's  
what protected us, or just me. It  
was the headphones.

**INT. BATHROOM--DAWN**

As Cleo **OPENS THE BATHROOM DOOR SHOCKED!**

CLEO (CON'T)  
It was the HEEAADD!

RICO (SURPRISED)  
Oh shit!

Cleo's **EYES GET BIG, SHOCKED**. Rico scurries to find a towel.

**INT. CLEO'S LIVING ROOM--DAWN**

She turns and runs towards the front of the couch.

CLEO (TO SELF)  
Okay, Okay, Rico YOU ARE BLACK.  
Rico is definitely BLACK, maybe  
eighty-five percent. Maybe ninety  
five percent, I don't know.

Cleo sits down on the couch.

**INT. BATHROOM--DAWN**

Rico gathers himself and comes out of the bathroom.

**INT. CLEO'S LIVING ROOM--DAWN**

Cleo still mumbling to herself. Rico stands by the couch in towel.

RICO

Cleo, Cleo, What's up? - Hey, sorry I always take an early morning shower. What's going on? You looked all FREAKED OUT. What happened?

CLEO

Yeah, who's the freak?

RICO (CON'T)

What?

CLEO (CON'T)

I had a nightmare.

RICO (CON'T)

Wow, you okay? You think maybe you need a shrink?

CLEO (UNDER HER BREATH)

You need to shrink. Jesus, Lord.

Rico shrugs.

RICO (CON'T)

It's about what we witnessed right.

CLEO (CON'T)

Yeah, you know we were wearing head- I mean earpieces when that African businessman started singing right?

RICO (CON'T)

Yeah, my equipment started messing up, then when I fixed it we were getting hit by flying bodies. Man that was crazy.

CLEO (CON'T)

Mmmm, Earpieces. That's what saved us. I need to make some phone calls, WE, need to get to work.

(CONTINUED)

RICO (CON'T)

Right.

Cleo jumps up from the couch and she is almost **FACE-TO-FACE, BODY-TO-BODY** with Rico. Rico looks at her up and down.

Cleo **MOTIONS**.

CLEO

You over there, me over here. GO!

She walks swiftly to her room, **SLAM, LOCK**.

**INT. ATLANTA GAZETTE BUILDING--DAY**

Closed Office Door Reads:

Atlanta Gazette "Booker" Senior Editor

Cleo is outside of Booker's office on her cell phone.

CLEO

Agent Decker? This is Cleo Duncan.  
I have some information that might  
help.

AGENT DECKER (V.O.)

Hello Miss Duncan, What information  
is that?- Let me write that down.

CLEO (CON'T)

We had earpieces in. We know the  
African businessman started to hum  
or sing to the audience. I don't  
know if that helps or not, but that  
is one thing that stood out.

AGENT DECKER (CON'T)(V.O.)

You had earpieces in? Is that the  
additional information you had for  
me? EARPIECES?

CLEO (CON'T)

Yeah, as soon as we put them in...

**CLICK.** Decker hangs up. Cleo looks at her phone, then puts  
the phone back to her ear.

CLEO

Hello, Hello! What the hell? Agent  
Decker? Agent Decker? Did he just  
hang up? Rude! Ass.

(CONTINUED)



Cleo puts the phone away and knocks on the office door.

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK.

CLEO

Booker, It's Cleo! Booker, are you busy in there?

BOOKER (V.O.)

Come in!

Cleo opens the door. Booker signals for her to come in and take a seat. He is on the desk phone.

**INT. OFFICE--DAY**

BOOKER

Okay. Okay. Thank you for the heads up. That is SO, SO, SAD to hear. (Sigh) We will get a team on it if we can. Please stay in touch, goodbye.

Booker hangs up phone.

BOOKER (CON'T)

One hundred and two DEAD, forty two seriously injured in New Orleans.

CLEO

GASP! Oh my God. What happened?

Booker looks around **TEARY EYED**. Slow to speak.

BOOKER

It looks like, some black people have had enough.

Cleo puts her hands to her face.

BOOKER (CON'T)

A Mardi Gras massacre. The hundred and two people dead, are all white males and females. Young and old.

**PAUSE**

BOOKER (CON'T)

Four blocks, full of dead costumed bodies, all down Bourbon Street New Orleans. Holy Hell! I will need a Bourbon drink now.

(CONTINUED)

Booker paces, runs his hands over his head.

CLEO  
All those people.

RING RING, RING RING. Cleo's cell phone rings, she answers.

CLEO  
Hello, This is Cleo.

AGENT DECKER (V.O.)  
Cleo, this is Agent Decker.

Cleo motions and mouths to Booker.-It's Decker.-

CLEO  
Yes, Agent Decker. How can I help  
the FBI today?

Booker walks out of the office and lightly closes door.

AGENT DECKER (V.O.)  
Cleo, another type of racial  
killing has occurred in New  
Orleans. I am sure with your  
connections, you have or will get  
wind of the terrible news.

CLEO (INTERRUPTS)  
I have heard something like that  
just this morning. I understand  
this took place last night at the  
Mardi Gras?

AGENT DECKER (CON'T)(V.O.)  
Yes Miss Duncan. I hate to have to  
do this but, you and your Israelite  
friend will have to assist us with  
this case. This is a Federal  
Investigation at this time and you  
are required to accompany my agents  
and I to New Orleans.

CLEO  
Wait a minute- Wait a minute. Don't  
you guys have like agents, CIA,  
other law enforcement guys, police,  
military, you guys don't need me to  
go through that bloody mess. Right  
now this is just a little too much  
to handle. I mean, this world is  
turning into BIBLICAL PROPHECIES.  
Seriously, do you know that in the

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CLEO (cont'd)  
last five years there has been more  
church shootings, school shootings,  
acts of terrorism and  
MURDER-SUICIDE? Mostly by Caucasian  
people!

AGENT DECKER (V.O.)  
Miss Duncan, Miss Duncan.

CLEO  
Yes.

AGENT DECKER (CON'T)(V.O.)  
Are you done? Let's cut the chase  
here.

Cleo **SIGHS**.

AGENT DECKER (CON'T)(V.O.)  
You and your friend are the only  
so-called witnesses to this  
massacre or prophecy killing from  
here in Atlanta. Maybe we can find  
another witness in New Orleans. A  
clue, a trail, something. But we  
will need all the help we can get  
WITHOUT bringing in a lot of people  
with a lot of guns.

**PAUSE.**

AGENT DECKER (CON'T)(V.O.)  
Think about it, these agencies, or  
even the military will have a large  
amount of African-Americans on our  
side. If they were to turn against  
us, EVERYTHING ON THE PLANET  
CHANGES. Now maybe that is what you  
want? But not today Miss Duncan,  
not today. We will pick you up at  
your residence at 3PM. The plane  
leaves at 5PM. And Miss Duncan...?

CLEO  
Yes Agent Decker.

AGENT DECKER (V.O.)  
Don't make me come looking for you.

**SILENCE. CLICK.**

Cleo looks at her phone, rolls her eyes then puts it away.

**INT. LAKE FRONT AIRPORT--EVENING**

**IN DISGUISE.** Krunald and Samson sit at a table in the **MARKET** eating area. Light carry-on, lighter **SKIN** disguise, mustache and Caribbean attire.

KRUNALD  
Remember the exit plan?

SAMSON  
Um Huh.

KRUNALD (CON'T)  
Now is the time to strike big.

SAMSON (CON'T)  
Yes Sir. You are correct, REALLY  
BIG!

KRUNALD (CON'T)  
You have any second thoughts about  
flying, timing is very important.

SAMSON (CON'T)  
No second thoughts. I would much  
prefer sailing, on the water.

KRUNALD (CON'T)  
Spoken like a warrior from the KRU  
TRIBE.

Both men chuckle.

P.A. (WOMAN V.O.)  
Flight number 2868 American  
Airlines to New York City now  
boarding Gate 21. Flight number  
2868 American Airlines to New York  
City now boarding Gate 21.

Krunald hears and interrupts:

KRUNALD  
Deuteronomy chapter twenty eight  
verse sixty eight. Now that's a  
great verse.

Both get up, gather bags and walk to check in gate.

KRUNALD (CON'T)  
Okay Samson, How is your Trinidad?

Personalities and speech change.

(CONTINUED)

SAMSON

Let muh tell ya sometin, She teef  
all muh money ya know. Straight out  
de pants. TEEFIN!

KRUNALD

Why ya so shup-pid? My Gawd. Ya  
know ya don't mess wit dem gurls  
from de hill. Ah tired tellin ya!

SAMSON (CON'T)

Come, Come, De man waiting fa ya  
ticket.

Both suck their teeth simultaneously. They check in, then  
walk connection to board plane.

KRUNALD (V.O)

Fa what-eva reason ya keep going  
back to dat gurl. Ya need one good  
CUT-ASS and den you will see. Huh!

SAMSON (V.O)

A, but look na-man. Ya don't see  
when she whining on me. She  
WHINING!

They board and are out of sight. One second later two POLICE  
OFFICERS are walking around the airport with their pictures  
confronting everyone.

**EXT. LAKE FRONT AIRPORT--EVENING**

**RUNWAY VIEW:**

American Airlines plane taking off, in the **OPPOSITE**  
direction a Delta Airline plane is landing.

**EXT. NEW ORLEANS FBI BUILDING--NIGHT**

**INT. MEETING ROOM--NIGHT**

Cleo, Rico, Decker's agent recorder and two agents sit at a  
table. Decker paces. Sad, frightened looks. Cleo teary eyed.  
Television on news with low volume.

KNOCK, KNOCK! Door opens.

(CONTINUED)

**DEPUTY DIRECTOR STEVENS** (EARLY 40S)

Hello, I would like to formally introduce myself. I am Deputy Director Stevens with the FBI here in New Orleans.

Stevens is looking at Agent Decker, approaching with handshake. A folder is in the other hand.

STEVENS

You must be Agent Decker.

DECKER

Yes Deputy Director, Pleased to formally meet you.

They shake hands, then Decker points at his group.

DECKER (CON'T)

This is my team, DONALDSON, WRIGHT, KLINE. And these are our only so-called witnesses from Atlanta.

STEVENS

Please to meet you all under these circumstances. Time is very important right now. To find out who we are dealing with and to put an end to this white race killings. This building goes into automatic shut down mode in a few hours and I can't have you all trapped in here. Here Agent Decker.

Stevens hands Decker the folder. Decker nods.

STEVENS (CON'T)

Since we heard that you were on your way to the Big Easy, we made copies of whatever information we had. We need to match Atlanta's massacre with New Orleans' and find the similarities. In ten minutes we will be heading to the crime scene. Be very prepared.

DECKER (CON'T)

For what?

STEVENS

The worst murder scene in history.

Decker just looks at her.

**EXT. BOURBON STREET--NIGHT**

Stevens, Decker, Cleo and agents pull up to a **HORRIFIC** scene. Numerous police cars, fire trucks, and ambulances all with **LIGHTS FLASHING**. Yellow **CAUTION TAPE** within a six block radius. **WHITE SHEETS** covering bodies as far down Bourbon street as you can see.

Stevens addresses group.

STEVENS

Alright team, there are a lot of people investigating this scene right now. So, the opportunities for errors are greater. Let's stick together at first and get with the first wave of detectives and CSI.

Stevens leads with her two agents, then Decker, Cleo and Rico, then Decker's agents. They walk twenty five yards to one ambulance where a sweaty paramedic is fixing equipment.

PARAMEDIC

Please watch your step guys. You local or government?

Stevens steps to see ten ambulance vehicles and another fifteen vans next to them.

STEVENS

We are Federal agents.

PARAMEDIC

Hope you brought your running shoes!?

Paramedic **TILTS** his head to look and see if anyone has tennis shoes on. Still working, checking materials, products, and devices.

AGENT DECKER (INTERRUPTS)

Why is that a new protocol? Running shoes?

PARAMEDIC (CON'T)

Take a look around ya. All the way around and look as far as you can down Bourbon Street.

Paramedic stops his work and **POINTS** down Bourbon Street.

**FLASH. PICTURE** of dead bodies covered in **WHITE SHEETS** hanging in broken window panes.

(CONTINUED)

**FLASH. PICTURE** of dead bodies covered with **WHITE SHEETS** on the left side of the street.

**FLASH. PICTURE** of dead bodies covered with **WHITE SHEETS** in the middle of the street.

**FLASH. PICTURE** of dead bodies covered with **WHITE SHEETS** on the left side of the street.

**FLASH. PICTURE** of dead bodies covered with **WHITE SHEETS** hanging hunched over on second story balcony rails.

**FLASH. PICTURE** of a dead body **WRAPPED** in a **WHITE SHEET** broken over a fire hydrant.

**FLASH. PICTURE** of a dead body covered in a **WHITE SHEET** hanging half way out of a destroyed parked car.

**FLASH. PICTURE** of a **STREET** that seems **ENDLESS** with dead bodies covered with **WHITE SHEETS**.

PARAMEDIC

We have made at least six full rounds of carrying dead folks to the hospitals.

Paramedic gets teary eyed.

PARAMEDIC (CON'T)

It's just so many.

STEVENS

I thought the New Orleans report declared one hundred and two dead. What are you..What are you saying?!

The entourage with Stevens, Decker, Cleo and party is listening.

PARAMEDIC

Ma'am, I was one of the first responders from LAST NIGHT. There are over two hundred dead. It seems like we are moving slow, but frankly, we are tired and there is no room at any hospital within thirty miles from here.

DECKER (INTERRUPTING)(FRANTIC)

Well you can't just leave these dead bodies out on the streets!

(CONTINUED)



PARAMEDIC (CON'T)

The dead outnumber the living help right now. Police are arresting and questioning, firemen are clearing through some of the rubble, and the medics are trying to perform miracles.

The team is in **SHOCK**. Stevens grabs her head.

PARAMEDIC (CON'T)

Sir, everyone is swamped out here. And I understand your frustration, we just don't know what else to do. You might want to call some more government help.

**INT. FBI BUILDING--NIGHT**

DECKER

From what we understand so far, it is by sounds, music or maybe certain words in a song.

STEVENS (CON'T)

How about you lead this one? You seem to have an insight and you will have our support as long as it is not too out of the way. We will reintroduce the word to local law enforcement as well.

DECKER

Thank you. We have taken the liberty to get photos of the two suspects out on the streets of Atlanta and here in New Orleans.

STEVENS (CON'T)

That's a start. You have tools in that folder and you are welcomed to the interrogation rooms. Keep me posted by text or email. Good Luck.

DECKER (CON'T)

I understand. Thank you.

Stevens leaves the room and her entourage follows. Decker paces by the table once then gives a **NOD** to Agent Wright.

(CONTINUED)

WRIGHT

Rico, would you mind stepping into the next room with me please. I have a few questions.

Rico shrugs okay, looks at a teary eyed Cleo, then goes with the agents to the next room. Cleo and Decker left in room.

DECKER

A horrible, horrible thing. But, I get it.

CLEO

Get what? What did you say?

Decker gets emotional.

DECKER (CON'T)

My dad was once a deacon in a church when I was growing up. And, there are some things I remember.

Cleo looks on as Decker stares to the ceiling for a second.

DECKER (CON'T)

"AND THE LORD SHALL BRING THEE INTO EGYPT AGAIN WITH SHIPS. AND THERE YE SHALL BE SOLD."The Biblical meaning for the word EGYPT is bondage or oppressor. IT'S SLAVERY! The four hundred years is mentioned in the Bible.

**PAUSE**

DECKER (CON'T)

"THOU SHALL SERVE THINE ENEMIES, AND HE SHALL PUT A YOKE OF IRON UPON THY NECK." It's slavery again.- You know as weird as this sounds, as crazy as everything we have seen in the past two weeks. This is Biblical prophecies fulfilling itself. It is almost like the Bible is a history book on slaves, YOUR ANCESTORS. How come I can see it, but you can't?

Cleo stands, confronts Decker.

CLEO

Hold on, just hold it for one second! Why can't this be some sick

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CLEO (cont'd)  
people, or a group of murderers? We  
are in America, anything can  
happen!

DECKER  
Yeah, Babylon the great.

Cleo tears up.

CLEO (CON'T)  
Oh whatever!

DECKER (CON'T)  
"THEY WILL TAKE CAPTIVE THOSE WHO  
WERE THEIR CAPTORS, AND RULE OVER  
THOSE WHO OPPRESSED THEM." That was  
Isaiah! A prophet! "HE WILL RAISE A  
SIGNAL FOR THE NATIONS, AND GATHER  
THE DISPERSED OF JUDAH FROM THE  
FOUR CORNERS.."

**PAUSE**

DECKER (CON'T)  
There are a lot of people that  
don't believe in the Bible Cleo.  
They loose faith, they say-they  
say, it's a bunch of parables and  
gibberish written by white men to  
confuse people.

CLEO (CON'T)  
Yeah, I've heard that. I guess  
people don't want to talk about  
being good or the afterlife.

DECKER (CON'T)  
And that is another problem. One  
distraction, one problem, another  
distraction-BAM! All of these  
problems, multiplied by a couple of  
hundred years, and the way you  
think and live is washed from your  
memory.

**PAUSE**

DECKER (CON'T)  
Wait a minute!

(CONTINUED)

CLEO (CON'T)

What?

DECKER

This is far from being over. It has only begun.

Decker goes to the folder and spreads all the information on the table. He points at the picture of Dr. Krunald and Samson.

DECKER

These are the two suspects in question. We need these guys in custody, AT ALL COST.

Decker bangs on the wall to get the other agents and Rico in the same room. A few seconds, the other group comes back in around the table.

DECKER (CON'T)

All right! These guys are probably going to do something big.

Decker shows the photos to everyone, then looks at Wright.

DECKER

How are we with nationwide photos and addressing the public?

WRIGHT

On it. Confirming in about fifteen minutes.

Decker gives a quick look to Donaldson.

DECKER (CON'T)

Nationwide law enforcement?- But, only if needed. Man!

DONALDSON

Gathering all of the contacts now. Text, emails, briefings, and just a few phone calls. Give me about twenty minutes.

DECKER (CON'T)

You got fifteen!

Phone calls are being made by Wright and Donaldson. Office has noise with phones, fax machines and television news.

(CONTINUED)

CLEO

So, what can we do to help.

RICO

Yeah, we're here so we might as well do what we can.

DECKER

Great IDEA! Use whatever contacts you have to dig up events that would attract a lot of people. Hundreds! Thousands! Anywhere in the U.S. Award ceremonies, big sporting events, concerts, you name it. Relay everything back to the team or myself and we will keep Stevens involved.-But remember, keep a tight lid on this. If these guys catch wind of this, they might do something drastic. We don't want a large group of crazed African Americans on a killing spree.

Wright gives a strange **EYE** look as he continues his phone conversation.

CLEO

Okay.

DECKER (TO SELF)

So much for white privilege HUH?

DECKER (CON'T)

Let's wrap this up in the next forty-five minutes guys. We have a plane to catch. Heading home in the next seven hours.

**EXT. VIEW JFK INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT--NIGHT**

**NEW YORK CITY**

**INT. AIRPORT LOBBY--NIGHT**

Crowd of **PAPARAZZI**, flashing cameras, reporters around a **BLACK** female star, her bodyguards and her entourage.

Crowd walks towards exit for taxis and limousine services. Krunald and Samson witness the crowd as they exit their flight and enter airport lobby.

In front of Samson and Krunald (listening):

(CONTINUED)

BLACK TEEN BOY 1  
Say, say bro! Ain't that St. Ash  
Marshe'?

BLACK TEEN BOY 2  
Where? Where?

Boy dramatically attempts to look.

BLACK TEEN BOY 2 (CON'T)  
Oh yeah, I see her now. DAMN she  
fine!

BLACK TEEN BOY 1  
Yeah man, she's one of the dancers  
for Queen B. Man they holding it.

BLACK TEEN BOY 2  
Uh-Huh, Dey gone be at the show to  
set off Spring Break next month.  
Fool, you gotta catch a flight back  
to the N.Y. next month. It's gone  
be crazy people out here doing they  
thang.

Both give each other pound handshake, Samson and Krunald  
look on.

SAMSON  
Excuse me king, KING!

Samson getting the teenagers attention.

BLACK TEEN BOY 1  
What's up man? What you need?

SAMSON (CON'T)  
Did you say a show next month?  
Spring Break?

BLACK TEEN BOY 2  
Yeahhh... That hottie over there  
suppose to be recording with all  
the superstars out here in New  
York. It's gone be MAD KILLERS at  
that show.

The two boys give each other a pound handshake again. Samson  
and Krunald look at each other then back at the two boys.

KRUNALD  
Yes. Mad killers is something we  
look forward to seeing.

(CONTINUED)

The doctor and Samson smoothly walk away to gather their luggage and head to the **MEN'S ROOM**. Thirty minutes later...

They exit the bathroom, no disguise, back to business look.

**EXT. JFK AIRPORT--NIGHT**

The Dancer/Singer St. Ash is being interviewed and signing autographs while getting ready to enter limo.

Samson, attire somewhat like a bodyguard, is able to maneuver through the crowd to get next to St. Ash.

SAMSON

Excuse me, Excuse me, Be careful,  
stand back please, STAND BACK  
PLEASE.

Krunald is able to pass a small notebook with a pen to St. Ash for an autograph. (Underneath is a CD).

KRUNALD (STRONG ACCENT)

Please Miss! One last autograph for  
a prominent black humanitarian from  
overseas.

St. Ash stops answering questions and looks at Krunald. She tries to quickly sign.

KRUNALD (CON'T)

There is money to be made in other  
countries my dear. Lots of money.

St. Ash LOCKS EYES with Krunald.-He **SPELL CASTS**.

KRUNALD (CON'T)

Take the CD and play it for  
yourself. LISTEN for my calling.

St. Ash takes the CD and smiles. The bodyguards end the interview.

BLACK BODYGUARD 1

Okay guys, back up. This interview  
is over! Time is up. Interview is  
over now.

BLACK BODYGUARD 2

BACK UP! BACK UP! I SAID BACK UP!

St. Ash enters the limo, entourage rolls out leaving paparazzi there. Samson quickly hails a taxi, loads luggage and heads out with Krunald.

(CONTINUED)

As soon as Krunald's taxi pulls out, airport security of six runs from the inside lobby to the outside looking both ways. **SECURITY GUARD #1** looks at his phone to see a **PHOTO** of Krunald. He then swipes and sees a **PHOTO** of Samson. **HE IS PISSED.**

ONE MONTH LATER

**EXT. NEW YORK STREET CORNER--MORNING**

Israelite group of 10 teaching. Crowd of fifteen black and white men and women watching.

SPEAKER 1 (LOUD)

GOD did not come for EVERYBODY, I know the Christian churches have brainwashed some of our brothers and sisters. But I will say it again, GOD did not come to this earth for EVERYONE!

ISRAELITE GROUP (5 IN UNISON)

THAT'S RIGHT.

WHITE WOMAN 1 PASSERBY

How can you say that? That's not in the Bible.

BLACK MAN 1

That ain't right my brothers. Y'all stop with that foolishness. Go on now.

SPEAKER 1

Give me one second and I'm going to show you. From your Christian King James Bible.

Speaker 1 turns to his Bible **READER.**

SPEAKER 1

Give me Matthew chapter fifteen and verse twenty-four. And I'm going to show you, and then I am going to explain.

ISRAELITE GROUP (5 IN UNISON)

BRING IT OUT!

The crowd looks on MUMBLING amongst themselves.

(CONTINUED)



WHITE WOMAN 2 PASSERBY  
Did he just say that Jesus did not  
come for everyone? That's crazy!

WHITE WOMAN 1 PASSERBY  
I know it. What are they going to  
say now? Hell, I'm just here for  
the show.

Israelite **READER** gets ready.

READER 1 (LOUD)  
Matthew chapter fifteen verse  
twenty-four. But he answered and  
said, I AM NOT SENT BUT UNTO THE  
LOST SHEEP OF THE HOUSE OF ISRAEL.

SPEAKER 1  
Read it again, from the top.

ISRAELITE GROUP (5 IN UNISON)  
THAT'S RIGHT!

SPEAKER 1 (CON'T)  
From verse twenty-two all the way  
down to verse twenty-six.

SPEAKER 1 addresses the audience.

SPEAKER 1 (CON'T)  
You see, with all of these miracles  
and blessings Jesus brought.  
Yahawasha! It was only for his  
people, the lost House of Israel.  
NO OTHER NATION!

As the crowd **MUMBLES** amongst themselves Krunald and Samson  
come walking across the intersection in the direction of the  
Israelites.

SPEAKER 1 (V.O.)  
Come on, read!

READER 1 (LOUD)(V.O.)  
Matthew chapter fifteen and verse  
twenty-two.- AND, BEHOLD, A WOMAN  
OF CANAAN CAME OUT OF THE SAME  
COASTS, AND CRIED UNTO HIM, SAYING,  
HAVE MERCY ON ME O LORD, THOU SON  
OF DAVID. MY DAUGHTER IS GRIEVOUSLY  
VEXED WITH A DEVIL. BUT HE ANSWERED  
HER NOT A WORD. AND HIS DISCIPLES  
CAME AND BESOUGHT HIM, SAYING, SEND  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

READER 1 (LOUD)(V.O.) (cont'd)  
 HER AWAY, FOR SHE CRIETH AFTER US.  
 BUT HE ANSWERED AND SAID, I AM NOT  
 SENT BUT UNTO THE LOST SHEEP OF THE  
 HOUSE OF ISRAEL.

Krunald and Samson watch the teachings from a distance. They look at a **MAP** that has **CENTRAL PARK** circled.

READER 1 (CON'T)  
 THEN CAME SHE AND WORSHIPED HIM,  
 SAYING, LORD, HELP ME. BUT HE  
 ANSWERED AND SAID, IT IS NOT MEET  
 TO TAKE THE CHILDREN'S BREAD, AND  
 CAST IT TO DOGS.

SPEAKER to the audience.

SPEAKER 1  
 Now, there are two lessons in this right here. Please listen. First, from the Bible, this woman was not from the House of Israel. The so-called Blacks, Hispanics and Native Americans. So the prophets wanted her gone. Second, if you are a woman that is not from the House of Israel.. Can anyone tell me what do we call a female dog?

BLACK WOMAN 1  
 A BITCH!

White women passerby #1 and #2 GASP.

SPEAKER 1 (CON'T)  
 And it is in the Bible that we just read. Jesus said in Matthew chapter fifteen verse twenty-six. BUT IT IS NOT MEET TO TAKE THE CHILDREN'S BREAD, AND TO CAST IT TO DOGS.

ISRAELITE GROUP (5 IN UNISON)  
 THAT'S RIGHT!

White woman passerby #1 and #2 jump out of the crowd and walk off PISSED. Looking around at the crowd. Crowd LAUGHS in their shame.

WHITE WOMAN 1 PASSERBY  
 He just called us a BITCH!

(CONTINUED)

WHITE WOMAN 2 PASSERBY  
That black bastard, it does not say  
that. That's not right. He doesn't  
know what he is talking about.

As the passerby women walk off, there is an FBI poster in  
the window of the corner liquor store. White woman #1 sees  
the poster and **CONTACT NUMBER** and turns around looking.

WHITE WOMAN 1 PASSERBY  
So I'm a bitch huh!

Passerby woman #1 calls the FBI hotline to report seeing  
Krunald and Samson.

WHITE WOMAN 1 PASSERBY  
Yes FBI?! I am in New York and I  
just saw the two men you have on a  
poster. They are out here on the  
streets calling women bitches and  
hoes. I think they are spineless  
bastards.

FBI (V.O. MALE)  
Okay Ma'am, you said you are in New  
York.

WHITE WOMAN 1 PASSERBY  
Yes Sir, New York City.

FBI (V.O. MALE)  
I am going to get some information  
from you so please don't hang up  
okay?

**INT. CLEO'S APARTMENT BEDROOM--MORNING**

**RING RING, RING RING.** Cell phone on Cleo's dresser goes off.  
Cleo, sleepy, slowly gets to phone.

CLEO (IN SLEEP)  
Good Morning, this is Cleo.

AGENT DECKER (V.O.)  
Good Morning Miss Duncan. This is  
Agent Decker.

Cleo looks at her phone **CONFUSED**.

CLEO  
Decker, how can I be of service to  
the F.B.I. this early Saturday  
morning?

(CONTINUED)

AGENT DECKER (CON'T)(V.O.)  
 Two suspects in question with the  
 mass Caucasian killings in Atlanta  
 and New Orleans have been ID'd in  
 New York City.

CLEO (CON'T)  
 Great. I'm sleeping in, so, give me  
 a call when you capture those guys.  
 Thank you.

Cleo hangs up. **RING RING, RING RING.** Cleo answers.

CLEO  
 Hello.

DECKER (V.O.)  
 You have an hour and a half.  
 Goodbye Miss Duncan.

Decker hangs up, Cleo puts the phone down.

CLEO  
 Ugh! I HATE MY LIFE! UUGGGHHH!

CUT:

**EXT. VIEW JFK INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT--AFTERNOON**

**NEW YORK CITY**

**EXT. AIRPORT PASSENGER PICK-UP--AFTERNOON**

Decker is outside of the airport in the pick-up area with his team, Rico and Cleo. They are picked up by Stevens and her team traveling in three black Chevy Tahoes. Rico in the second truck.

**INT. MAIN TAHOE--AFTERNOON**

ON EDGE. Stevens, Steven's Agent #1, Decker, Cleo.

STEVENS  
 Alright ladies and gentlemen, it is  
 going to be a long day so we need  
 to focus and work together. We are  
 visitors here in New York City and  
 we have been ordered to be  
 cooperative and respectful. This is  
 not Atlanta or New Orleans. Now I

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

STEVENS (cont'd)  
have to check in with New York's  
finest. Let's do this!

DECKER  
So what do we have?

Steven's Agent #1 has a **TABLET** with configurations.

STEVEN'S AGENT #1  
We traced the phone call from  
earlier today near Harlem. We then  
tapped into all the video footage  
in the area. Banks, department  
stores, facebook, satellites, you  
name it we cracked it. And look at  
what we have.

Agent #1 turns the tablet to show a picture of Dr. Krunald  
and Samson on the street corner.

STEVEN'S AGENT #1 (CON'T)  
The caller was a little strange,  
and maybe she did not know what she  
was doing. BUT, it sparked enough  
to get us looking.

CLEO  
Wow. These guys came to New York.  
This must be the grand finale'.

DECKER  
Damn right. We have to stop these  
guys today. At all cost.

STEVENS  
Yes, and this is New York City. We  
need to work like a TEAM or this  
city will hang us out to dry.

Agent #1 looks around. Signals directions to the driver.

STEVEN'S AGENT #1  
We have a simple plan on covering  
the area.

DECKER  
Alright, let's hear it.

STEVEN'S AGENT #1 (CON'T)  
Okay. It's July 4th weekend. So far  
all the events, shows, parties are  
mediocre AT BEST until late

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

STEVEN'S AGENT #1 (CON'T) (cont'd)  
tonight. TONIGHT, this whole city  
will go crazy. And the place to be  
is either Yankee Stadium or Central  
Park. At least that's where the  
white folks are heading.

Cleo is browsing quickly through her phone.

CLEO  
Oh Yeah! All of my media contacts  
that are here on the East coast are  
talking about the New York City  
televised events.

Stevens, Agent #1, and Decker look at each other, THEN at  
Cleo. **SIMULTANEOUSLY.**

STEVENS/DECKER/AGENT #1  
AND!

CLEO (CON'T)  
Dang! Okay. Well, Yankee Stadium  
will do school bands and some local  
functions. Central Park is  
scheduled to have an array of live  
bands and high profile artists.

DECKER  
That's it!

STEVEN'S AGENT #1  
Team, we do have a plan.

STEVENS (INTERRUPTS)  
I suggest we listen, play along  
until we catch these guys.

STEVEN'S AGENT #1 (CON'T)  
Now, we will split up into groups  
and stay in touch by cell phones,  
and...

Agent #1 looks to Stevens and Decker. Hands them **WALKIE  
TALKIES.**

STEVEN'S AGENT #1 (CON'T)  
Ma'am, I think you and Decker  
should have these. Just in case.  
Channel four please.

Agent #1 signals driver to pull over. All three Chevys pull  
over. **SCREECH! SCREECH! SCREECH!**

(CONTINUED)

## STEVEN'S AGENT #1 (CON'T)

Three teams, three vehicles,  
Stevens and I will hit Central  
Park. Decker and Cleo, Upper  
Manhattan. Wright and the rest,  
lower Manhattan. Let's go, let's  
go!

Stevens and her agent exit and get into the next available vehicle. Rico sees an opportunity, he quickly gets out of the second truck and in with Decker and Cleo. They all take off.

**INT. FIRST SUV DECKER AND CLEO--AFTERNOON**

## RICO (ANXIOUS)

I don't know them like that. I  
can't just ride around with people  
I don't know.

He shrugs his shoulders and then buckles up. Cleo smiles.

**EXT. CORNER OF MALCOLM X BLVD AND 45 STREET--AFTERNOON**

The Tahoe with Decker, Cleo, and Rico goes through the intersection onto 145th street.

**AERIAL VIEW:**

Pedestrians and traffic.

**EXT. CORNER OF LEXINGTON AVE. AND 116TH STREET-- AFTERNOON**

The Tahoe with Stevens and Agent #1 goes through the intersection onto 116th street.

**AERIAL VIEW:**

Pedestrians and traffic.

**EXT. CORNER OF E. 14TH STREET AND 1ST AVENUE--AFTERNOON**

The Tahoe with Wright, Donaldson, and Kline goes through the intersection onto 1st Avenue.

**AERIAL VIEW:**

Mt. Sinai Beth Israel.

**EXT. CORNER OF FREDERICK DOUGLASS BLVD AND 125TH STREET--EVENING**

The Tahoe with Decker, Cleo, and Rico goes through the intersection onto 125th street.

**AERIAL VIEW:**

Apollo Theater. More pedestrians walking and heavy traffic.

**EXT. CORNER OF MADISON AND W. 96TH STREET--EVENING**

The Tahoe with Stevens and Agent #1 goes through the intersection onto 96th street.

**AERIAL VIEW:**

More pedestrians walking and heavy traffic.

**EXT. CORNER OF PARK AVENUE AND 23RD STREET--EVENING**

The Tahoe with Wright, Donaldson, and Kline goes through the intersection then pulls over to a space on the right.

**EXT. TAHOE WITH WRIGHT, DONALDSON, AND KLINE--EVENING**

Wright, Donaldson, and Kline get out and briefly look around. Wright pulls out his cell phone and calls Decker.

DECKER (V.O.)

Agent Wright. What you got?

WRIGHT

Nothing Sir. We are at the corner of Park Avenue and 23rd street. We will keep circling until we get close to the Rumsey Playfield.

DECKER (V.O.)

Okay. Keep looking.

WRIGHT

Yes-Sir.

Wright hangs up the phone, puts it away then stretches his hands/ arms upward.

WRIGHT

Ladies.. Stretch now, it might be a long night.

(CONTINUED)



KLINE  
Ugh- Not again.

DONALDSON  
Here we go... Hey Wright?!

Wright nods.

DONALDSON (CON'T)  
Let's go over those pictures again,  
okay?

WRIGHT  
Yeah, sure thing.

KLINE (TO DONALDSON)  
What? You think you can ID those  
guys in this big city?

DONALDSON  
We Asians have a keen eye for  
African American culture.

**QUICK SECOND PAUSE:**

Kline looks at Donaldson weird.

DONALDSON (CON'T)  
We just don't let everyone know it

Donaldson glances over at Wright and smiles. Kline shakes  
her head.

Wright finishes stretching and they all get back in the  
truck and take off.

**INT. SUV WITH DECKER, CLEO, AND RICO--NIGHT**

DECKER (TO DRIVER)  
Excuse me Bud,... It is getting  
dark now. Can you contact the other  
drivers to meet up at the main  
event at Rumsey?

Decker points to random parking areas.

SUV DRIVER #  
Sure thing.

DECKER (CON'T)  
We can probably catch a spot to  
park. Let people know we are FBI.

(CONTINUED)

Driver pulls up on a random street area. Half street and half sidewalk. He gets out and FLASHES his FBI badge from his lanyard making sure pedestrians, security guards, and local police see it.

Decker, Rico, and Cleo slowly get out and look around. Cleo sees the many small groups ( younger crowd) of people walking in one direction. They start walking fast in the same direction.

CLEO (SCARED)  
Hey Decker?

DECKER  
What you got?

CLEO (CON'T)  
Wasn't it dark when the killings occurred?

Cleo and Rico look at each other for a second.

DECKER (CON'T)  
Yeah. So.. What's your point?

CLEO (CON'T)  
Well, we know it is getting darker. We are in New York City going towards a concert where there is going to be a lot of people.

RICO  
I get what you are saying. Maybe I should have brought my equipment. I don't know it this will turn out good for us tonight.

Decker starts to slow down on the speed-walking and starts cautiously looking around.

CLEO (CON'T)  
A lot of black people.

All three of them stop for a moment and look at each other. Then they look around at the increasingly busy crowd of people and black party goers.

DECKER (PANIC)  
Ah Hell! We're screwed! I'm screwed. All white people here are screwed!

He **QUICKLY** gets on the walkie-talkie.

DECKER (PANIC)  
Stevens, do you copy? Stevens?

**EXT. STREETS OF NEW YORK CITY--NIGHT**

Streets are crowded with pedestrians and a lot of **BLACK LOOKING** people. Stevens answers her walkie-talkie.

STEVENS  
Yes! Decker. What news do you have?

DECKER  
Look around you. It's getting dark,  
and the similarities of people are  
not exactly like you and me.

STEVENS (CON'T)  
What do you suggest?

Decker sees TV station vans pulling up.

DECKER (FRANTIC)  
Earplugs, tasers ready to fire,  
live ammo only if needed, BUT a lot  
of it. A way to cancel or delay any  
musical performances, and we need  
to call a higher power to make sure  
this show is not televised! Let's  
get air support and a massive  
ground unit to cover this concert.

STEVENS (CON'T)(SCARED NOW)  
What? I don't know if all of that  
can be done.

Cleo glances at the ongoing crowd again. Rico looking over his shoulder quickly. Most people heading to Rumsey to enjoy the concert.

DECKER  
If we don't find a way, (SIGH) many  
people will die tonight.-I  
guarantee it. We might be included.

STEVENS (QUICK)  
Okay! I'm on it.

Decker hangs up. He looks at Cleo glaring at the crowd.

DECKER (TO CLEO)  
What? What is it?

(CONTINUED)

CLEO  
This is a moment.

RICO  
Ah hell! Please don't say that.  
People die when you say that.  
Please... don't say that.

CLEO (CON'T)  
I see a lot of Hispanic,..No, not  
Hispanic. They are Puerto Ricans  
and Dominicans.

DECKER  
So what does that mean? Something  
wrong with Puerto Ricans and  
Dominicans?!!

RICO  
Come on Cleo, that's my people!  
What are you talking about?

CLEO (CON'T)  
You don't get it!.. True Puerto  
Ricans and Dominicans have a  
percentage of the African  
bloodline. Slaves were carried to  
the islands the same time or before  
they came to the United  
States...This place will get  
slaughtered..

Decker starts to hold his head. Feeling dizzy.

DECKER  
Oh shit! Oh shit! Oh shit! I think  
I'm gonna be sick. I don't want to  
die here, not like this. Not here.

RICO  
Hold on buddy! Decker! Hold on!

CLEO  
Come on! Snap out of it. We have to  
act fast. Let's regroup with the  
others now. We will have a better  
chance.

Decker grips firmly on the walkie-talkie and starts walking  
in the direction to find Stevens.

**EXT. CENTRAL PARK RUMSEY PLAYFIELD--NIGHT****(SUSPENSE)**

Krunald and Samson emerge from the darkness behind a tree.

**VIEW OF CONCERT STAGE:**

KRUNALD

The singer has the CD. I am sure she has listened to it. This will be an epic display of strength and the end of our oppressors.

SAMSON

If we get the performance televised, it will be like a wave of rapture. North America will slowly be destroyed by the offsprings of the past slaves...Then we will rebuild.

They both **WHITE TEETH SMILE**, then walk towards the crowd and stage.

**EXT. NEW YORK STREET--NIGHT**

Decker, Rico, and Cleo see Stevens. They jog to meet up. Wright and the other agents come running from across the street as well.

STEVENS

How is everyone doing? Everyone okay?!

DECKER/CLEO/WRIGHT

Okay. / Good. / Okay.

STEVENS (CON'T)

I had to get the mayor and the FCC involved. This is going big now. They are informed about Atlanta and New Orleans...They do not want that to happen in New York City.

DECKER

Okay guys! I will stress to everyone here. We are on dangerous grounds. If we don't find our suspects, stop all singing, and watch out for each other, we all could die.

**(CONTINUED)**

They all look at each other.

RICO

Man! I don't know what you people got me into. This ain't right- This ain't right!

CLEO

Alright! Enough about this dead talk. We know what they look like. Wright, Rico and I will put in earplugs so that we are not effected.

WRIGHT

Okay.

RICO

Oh boy. Flying bodies again.

DECKER (FRANTIC)

Easy for you to say! What about our white asses?!

STEVENS

Hey! She didn't cause this. Relax. If I remember correctly, you made her come out here.

Cleo looks at him.

DECKER

Sorry, I didn't mean it in a negative way. I'm just...I'm just..

Stevens puts her finger to her lips. (As to tell Decker, it's okay. Quiet)

CLEO (CALMLY)

Come on. Let's move closer.

Cleo, Rico, and all the agents scurry to get closer views of the concert grounds. All staying close to each other in case of violent acts.

#### **EXT. HELICOPTER IN THE SKY--NIGHT**

Helicopter sounds approaching, getting louder. One helicopter is circling around while **BRIGHT LIGHTS** are slow to move on the crowd.

Helicopter makes two trips around the park concert area, and on the third run...

**INT. HELICOPTER COCKPIT--NIGHT**

PILOT

Hey! Right over there. Those two black guys. Are those the suspects?

CO-PILOT

They look like them. You know, these two stand out from these concert goers. That's them!

PILOT

Well, what do you know! New York's finest does it from the air again.

The two pilots high-five each other.

CO-PILOT

I will call it in so we can wrap this up.

**EXT. OUTSIDE RUMSEY PLAYFIELD--NIGHT**

Agent #1 for Stevens puts his right hand over his earpiece to hear the message. He addresses Stevens.

AGENT #1

The suspects have been spotted on the WEST side of the stage area. We need to act fast.

STEVENS

You heard the man. Let's move in!

The teams merge as they approach the Playfield. Badges out, local law enforcement standing behind ready. Other policemen around the Playfield are either on their cell phone or talking on their police radio.

**EXT. INSIDE THE PLAYFIELD NIGHT**

The police patrolling the inside of the concert area start to wave each other down, talking on their police radio, making a small commotion. Samson **NOTICES...**

SAMSON (TO KRUNALD)

The authorities are here. Let us waste no time for plan B!

(CONTINUED)

KRUNALD

If they want to take me HEAD ON...  
They're going to have to work at  
it. I am Kru!

Samson takes off, running through the crowd towards the agents. Krunald's **EYES START FLASHING** as he puts his right and left hand on the shoulders of two **BLACK MEN** next to him. **HE CHANTS...**

KRUNALD (CHANT)

Uue mmiliki wa  
Mtumishi,                      Uue mmiliki wa  
Mtumishi

**INSTANTLY, VISIONS OF SLAVERY** are upon them. They sprint towards the Caucasians that are in the crowd, on attack mode. Cleo happens to see the change.

CLEO

Look! They are using the crowd as  
their army.

Decker and his agents see Samson running towards them. Stevens and her agents are looking in the crowd at the people that have become the **ATTACKERS...IN ASTONISHMENT.**

STEVENS

Oh my God! Is this how it  
happened?!

AGENT #1

Everybody look for cover!

Decker sees Samson building momentum coming straight for them. he gets in front of the group and **BRACES** himself to take on Samson's charge. Rico, Wright, Donaldson, Kline, and Cleo are behind Decker.

Krunald puts his hands on another two **BLACK** people, then two Dominican males and they are extremely wild and loud.

KRUNALD (CHANT)

Uue mmiliki wa  
Mtumishi,                      Uue mmiliki wa  
Mtumishi.

Then he selectively puts his hands on the heads of two Puerto Rican women. Both of which are instantly possessed, **SCREAMING.**

(CONTINUED)



The two women **RIP** their clothes off to their underwear, pounce on a **WHITE** woman as one chokes her with the torn-off clothing and the other slams her **HIGH HEEL SHOE** into her face.

WOMAN VICTIM

Scream! Help! Gag,Gag,Gag..

**BAM, BAM, BAM, BAM.** The **HIGH HEEL SHOE** is bashed into the woman's head.

**CLOSE UP:**

**PRETTY WHITE WOMAN** (20s), black hair looking around **SCARED**. People are running around her, barely missing her. **SUDDENLY**, she sees a **BLACK MAN POSSESSED** coming towards her.

PRETTY WHITE WOMAN (YELLING)

Elijah! Elijah! Somebody help me!

She turns to run, but it seems that she can NOT run fast enough. People are running past her. She is seeing people get **TRAMPLED**. She turns her head around quickly, and the **POSSESSED BLACK MAN** is on her **TRAIL**. She continues to try to run, **SCREAMING**.

PRETTY WHITE WOMAN (YELLING)

Elijah, Elijah! Where are you?  
Elijah!

She is trying, but she can't get away fast enough. She starts crying.

**SUSPENSE.**

She **FEELS** a hand on her back.

PRETTY WHITE WOMAN

No! No,no,no. Please no. Elijah!

Not knowing where she is running to, out of nowhere, she is stopped by the fence and bushes. She turns around and **SCREAMS**.

PRETTY WHITE WOMAN (YELLING)

Noooo!!!

The **POSSESSED BLACK MAN** raises his right hand for an overhand punch as his left hand comes in front of him as to balance and guide his swing.

**STOP:** (HEART BEAT SOUNDS)

**Boom-Boom, Boom-Boom, Boom-Boom, Boom-Boom**

(CONTINUED)

**Boom-Boom, Boom-Boom, Boom-Boom, Boom-Boom.**

The Pretty White Woman is pinned up on the fence, her face has seen fear. **BUT**, the POSSESSED BLACK MAN slowly brings down his right hand. His EYES are WHITE like the back of the eyeball, pulling back from the attack. UTTERING...

POSSESSED BLACK MAN  
Slave baby,...Slave baby..

The woman puts both of her hands around her belly.

PRETTY WHITE WOMAN (TEARY EYED)  
My baby. Oh my God.

All of a sudden, **Elijah- BLACK MALE** (20s) runs to her side. He holds her.

ELIJAH  
I got you! Don't worry baby, I got you! Let's get out of here. These Negros going crazy like Atlanta.

Elijah looks at the POSSESSED BLACK MAN, the POSSESSED **STARES** back. Elijah stands with the woman, then stands in front of her. **PROTECTING**.

ELIJAH (AGGRAVATED)  
What's up!

The POSSESSED slowly turns and then takes off in a 100 yard sprint running.

**(ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PLAYFIELD)**

Decker braces himself as a screaming Samson lunges to **DIVE TACKLE** him.

SAMSON  
UUUGGGHHHHH, HUH

Samson devastates Decker, picking him off the ground and knocking down everyone behind him. They all fall yelling.

Samson gets up quickly and jumps into a kickboxing stance. People that were once running away, stop to take out their cell phones to record Samson fighting.

Stevens gets on her walkie-talkie and changes the channel.

STEVENS  
I need all available officers with taser units! All officers with taser units at the Playfield now!

(CONTINUED)

Wright gets up from the rumble and squares up with Samson. Wright swings twice.

WRIGHT

Huh!-Huh!

Wright misses twice. Samson swings twice smoothly and connects. Wright hits the floor.

RICO (O.S.)

Ahhgg!

Rico comes out of nowhere and is able to wrap his arms around Samson.

RICO

Screaming! Ahh, I got him! I...

Samson easily breaks his hold and with precision. Throws a left elbow to Rico's mid-section, then quickly again the same elbow delivering a blow to the chest, then quickly again an elbow to Rico's face. The last vicious elbow spinned Rico around as he fell to the ground **EYES CLOSED**.

The crowd is now scattering due to the screams of people running from the possessed attackers.

Decker gathers himself to fight.

DECKER

You want this white boy! You want piece of this white boy! Come on, come on!

Decker with guards up, walks up to Samson. Samson **SMILES**. Decker jabs with his left twice, missing as Samson dodges twice.

DECKER

Huh! Huh!!

As Samson moves in closer, Samson swings to Decker's midsection and **CONNECTS**, pushing Decker back a few steps. It is a striking blow that Decker tries to shake off. They square up again.

Decker tries the jabs again but faster and **CONNECTS** with two.

DECKER

Huh! Huh!

(CONTINUED)

Samson absorbs the two jabs as Decker **QUICKLY** hurls a right cross to Samson's jaw. Samson is pushed back a couple of steps and tries to shake it off. Decker gets pumped.

DECKER  
Alright. Endgame!

Decker **CHARGES** Samson.

DECKER (CON'T)  
AAGRRR! (Grunts)

Decker tackles Samson to the ground and gets on top of him to TAUNT him. (Not aware Samson's hands are free)

Decker grabs him by his shirt collar.

**CLOSE UP:**

DECKER (CON'T)(V.O.)  
You ain't so tough! What's with these tricks? You will confess your crimes and you will DIE in prison! BITCH!

As Decker talks trash to Samson(on the ground), the agents, Cleo and Stevens look on as a **SIGH OF RELIEF**.

Cleo looks up to see Krunald **SLOWLY** walking with his possessed few tearing into the fleeing crowd of people. **HE SEES HER**, then he sees Samson. He is walking in their direction now. Afraid, Cleo taps on the shoulder of a dazed Rico.

(Back to fight) Decker cocks back to deliver a last blow to Samson while he is still on the ground...

**MOMENTUM SWITCH:**

Samson **CATCHES DECKER'S FIST** with his hand then throws Decker off of him. The two get up quickly and square up.

DECKER  
Give it up! You're going down African. You and your friend, this ends tonight!

SAMSON  
I am Kru! You will NEVER take me alive!

Samson gets in a fighting stance. Quick inhale, exhale.

(CONTINUED)

DECKER (CON'T)

As you wish. You are under arrest!  
The charge is capital murder in two  
states. I am Agent Decker with the  
Atlanta- Georgia Federal Bureau of  
Investigations.

As Decker is talking, he is looking around at the Agents  
watching, police hurrying to control the situation, and  
Krunald and his **POSSESSED COMING**.

**ACTION:**

Decker starts to speak slower and the volume of his words  
are lower after viewing Krunald getting closer with  
**ATTACKERS**.

**SURPRISE ACTION:**

Samson whirls an **EXPLOSIVE BACK-KICK** that connects to  
Decker's face. Decker is airborne again and is knocked out  
before he hits the ground.

Cleo, Donaldson, and Kline look at each other.

CLEO (UNDER HER BREATH)

Oh Shit!

DONALDSON (UNDER HER BREATH)

Oh Shit!

KLINE (UNDER HER BREATH)

Oh Shit!

Stevens is on the walkie-talkie again.

STEVENS (QUICK)

Taser them NOW!

One officer tasers Samson, he is still standing.

SAMSON

AGRR, AGRR, AHHH!

The second officer tasers Samson, then the third. Samson  
drops.

AGENT #1 (WALKIE-TALKIE)

Suspect number two. Taser him.

Again-Again!

Police officers rally around Krunald to capture. Krunald  
down. Possession stops.

(CONTINUED)

STEVENS (ON WALKIE-TALKIE)

Track down the attackers! Use tasers only, use tasers only! They are innocent. They have only been brainwashed. They are...

**BANG!** Live gunfire.

The crowd of people are screaming, running in every direction. Police is trying to comb the crowd, direct the exit. Some agents are moving the suspects into the POLICE SUVs. Red and blue police lights are flashing.

One police officer is holding his gun up.

POLICE OFFICER #1

I didn't mean to shoot! I didn't mean to shoot!

POLICE OFFICER #2

You dumbass! Can't you follow orders? Where the hell did you come from? My God! Look at what you've done. You dumb son-of-a-bitch!

POLICE OFFICER #1(SOBBING)

I'm sorry man. You gotta help me!  
I'm sorry. She was going crazy!

A Puerto Rican woman is on the ground, in only her underwear, shot in the head. Blood is on the ground. A few people from the crowd and a couple of police officers witness her death. A young woman in the crowd with **BLOOD SPLATTER** on her face stands in shock. EMOTIONLESS.

**FADE OUT:**

**EXT. NEW YORK POLICE STATION--NIGHT**

The police station is packed with reporters, news station cameras, and police officers. The officers are trying to hold back a large crowd of people who want to see what the fuss is about.

The SUVs with the agents and the suspects pull up in front of the station. The Police Chief Paulie Ruger, a 6 foot 4 inch, 245 pound giant with small, squinted eyes stands waiting.

The reporters and crowd are rowdy and begin to make more noise. Officers from the station open all of the SUV's doors and brace for what comes out.

(CONTINUED)

The first SUV with Stevens, Agent #1, a bruised Decker, then Cleo get out. They walk slowly to Ruger, shaking off and ignoring the press.

FEMALE REPORTER #1 (ON HER MICROPHONE)  
Did you finally capture the *White People Killers*? Is that what you are going to call them?

MALE REPORTER #1 (ON HIS MICROPHONE)  
Is this a *Race War*? Everyone against *White America*? Was this brought on by a cult or a new religion?

FEMALE REPORTER #2 (ON HER MICROPHONE)  
Was this, Atlanta, and New Orleans in retaliation to the *Red President Fire and Fury*? Do you think the government is behind all of this?

PAULIE RUGER (TO THE CROWD)  
Everything is fine here in New York. The suspects will stand trial. Move on out now.

Ruger quickly turns to greet Stevens and Decker.

RUGER  
Paulie Ruger, NY Police Chief. Nice to finally meet you. Great job.

Ruger and Stevens shake hands then Ruger and Decker shake.

STEVENS  
Thank you. I am Deputy Director of the FBI from New Orleans. This is Agent Decker from Atlanta, ...where the killing spree started.

DECKER (SHAKING RUGER'S HAND)  
Please to meet you Chief Ruger.

RUGER (TO DECKER)  
Are you alright there? Looks like you ran into a big fist.

DECKER (EMBARRASSED)  
Oh I'm alright. And actually, it was a big foot, I think.

The four kind of chuckle for a second.

STEVENS (INTERRUPTS)  
And this is Cleo, a writer for the Atlanta Gazette. She was the first to witness this horrible act.

CLEO (CALMLY)  
Pleased to meet you Chief Ruger.

Cleo and Ruger shake hands.

RUGER  
No Ma'am, I am pleased to meet you.

RUGER (CON'T)  
I know it's been a long day, let's get you guys inside and get paperwork started. I will address this, this, media world once you guys are inside.

Ruger glances over to see Samson and Krunald handcuffed at the wrists, ankles, and **VISIBLY** bound at the mouth. Four officers to each suspect, who physically have their hands on Samson and Krunald escorting them into the police station.

Rico catches up to Cleo and all of the assisting agents follow Decker, Stevens, and Ruger into the police station. About a dozen officers remain outside to hold off the roaring crowd of people and reporters.

FEMALE REPORTER #1 (LOUD WITHOUT THE MICROPHONE)

Hold on Chief Ruger! Do you have a plan if the killing spree hits New York? Is the police ready? Are you ready Chief Ruger?

FEMALE REPORTER #2 (ON HER MICROPHONE)  
Are the suspects going to be on trial with a jury? Or are you going to make them disappear? Ruger?  
Ruger?

#### **INT. NEW YORK POLICE STATION--NIGHT**

The station's first floor level has about two dozen officers and agents working behind the scenes. Filing paperwork, answering calls, making calls, escorting and transporting wild and lawless criminals. Fast paced.

They approach a workstation with officers already occupying it. The officers gather their belongings and move once they notice Ruger and other agents approaching.

(CONTINUED)



RUGER

I can have you guys set up here for now.

STEVENS

Thank you. We will stay out of your way.

RUGER

Oh no, it's not a problem. If you need anything just yell really loud... I'm going to address the crowd outside. Give me a few minutes please.

DECKER

We understand Chief.

Stevens acknowledges and nods. Chief waves down two other officers as he heads back outside to address the crowd.

Decker's agents, Stevens's agent #1 and Rico are in a huddle talking, looking around while officers handcuff Krunald and Samson to a nearby police bench. Officers take turns staring and walking by slowly.

**BANG!** The **SIDE** police doors slam open with two officers rushing in a suspect.

**SUSPECT DESCRIPTION: Hispanic male** with long rainbow colored hair, **TWO BLACK EYES**, with clown tattoos on his face and neck.

**MALE SUSPECT (YELLING)**

I'm the king AND the queen! The first rap transgender! Call me mindbender! I don't ever CHECK IN catch me state-to-state. I don't ever CHECK IN! (Moans)

The suspect moans like he is on drugs. The officers sit the suspect next to Krunald and Samson, then handcuff him to the bench.

**MALE SUSPECT (SINGING)**

I'm the king and the queen!

I'm the king and the queen!

The suspect is fidgeting and shaking in a weird way. Krunald and Samson try to ignore.

(CONTINUED)

ARRESTING OFFICER #1  
Alright! Since you can't shut up.  
We can fix that.

The officer gets a thick roll of gray DUCK TAPE and tears a piece for the suspect. The officer covers the suspects mouth.

ARRESTING OFFICER #2  
There! Now can you please be quiet  
while we CHECK YOU IN? Disorderly  
Conduct and exposing yourself to a  
minor. Sick bastard.

The suspect shakes his head, throwing his hair, refuting the charges.

**(On the other side of the station)**

DECKER (TO STEVENS)  
We need to get our suspects in a  
cell. They can't be in general  
population and they have to be  
silenced.

STEVENS  
Yes, I know. We have to make sure  
Chief Ruger knows.

Decker and Stevens look over at Krunald and Samson. Even handcuffed and gagged Krunald and Samson sit firm, unfazed.

**(A MOMENT LATER)**

The police station doors open up and Ruger with the two officers come back in to the group.

RUGER  
Well, looks like we have a pair of  
natural disasters here on our  
hands. Very interesting. Which one  
of you have been able to witness  
first hand what our suspects can  
do?

**POLICE WOMAN WALKER (V.O.)**  
Chief Ruger?

Chief Ruger turns to see the police woman (Officer Walker)...**WITH** four suited **GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS**.

(CONTINUED)

POLICE WOMAN WALKER  
This is National Security Advisor  
Nicholas Grant.

Grant (Mid 50s) stern, but relaxed. Grant and Ruger shake hands.

RUGER  
Well Hello Sir! Pleased to meet  
you.

GRANT  
Chief Ruger, likewise.

GRANT (CON'T)  
Sorry to barge in here so late, and  
not calling ahead. We have been  
paying close attention to the pair  
of mass murdering, white race  
killers. Is there a place where we  
can talk in private? You need to  
know who you are dealing with.

Ruger guides Grant and one of his colleagues, Stevens,  
Decker and Cleo into a mid-sized conference room.

**DOOR CLOSSES.**

**INT. POLICE CONFERENCE ROOM--LATE NIGHT**

Everyone is standing around the oval table. Grant's  
colleague puts his business briefcase on the table, opens it  
and pulls out a **TOP SECRET FILE**. He opens the file on the  
table.

GRANT  
Let me give you some more  
information on your suspects. The  
senior gentleman goes by the name  
Dr. Peter Krunald. We don't think  
that's his real name, but we do  
know that he is from Liberia,  
Africa. From the **KRU TRIBE**.  
Hundreds of years ago his people  
were great sailors off the coast of  
Africa, very proud. His people also  
refused to ever be enslaved. They  
would take their own lives before  
ever being a slave.

Decker and Stevens look at each other then back to Grant.

(CONTINUED)

GRANT (CON'T)

The other gentleman goes by the name of Samson. He is from a sub-tribe that was conquered by the Kru maybe about a hundred years ago. Give or take.

CLEO

So Samson is a slave?

GRANT (CON'T)

Not quite. I wouldn't say that because their culture sees things different. Samson is more like a life-long helper, WARRIOR, unless Dr. Krunald releases him... It's more of an ancient war, honor, survive to be stronger type of thing.

GRANT (MORE STERN)

Anyway, if you think these two will sit for any type of punishment?... You are wrong! They will escape in a split second or decide that it is time.

RUGER

Time, for, what?

GRANT (CON'T)

Time to die!

RUGER (CON'T)

So how do you suggest that we handle a situation like that? I mean, you see the media and the crowd outside. They are looking for a story, a highlight for Youtube or Twitter. They are looking for a suspect or they will bash police and yell brutality and all types of injustice. We are always looking for the safer route.

GRANT

Now, what I have told you is the first part of the story.

CLEO (INTERRUPTS)

Hold on, just a minute. I am only a newspaper reporter, but we have crimes that were committed. In

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CLEO (INTERRUPTS) (cont'd)  
different states. We have proof,  
eyewitnesses, and now we captured  
the criminals. What else is there?

Grant, Ruger, Decker, and Stevens look at each other like they were unsure of what was next.

GRANT (SERIOUS)  
Please let me finish because you  
need to hear the second part of the  
story. There is a major factor, a  
deciding factor, an irrefutable  
factor of religion.

DECKER  
Not again.

GRANT  
Hear me out... The United States  
government and the Department of  
Justice wants to be very careful on  
this case. It is delicate, and we  
need to be swift and precise.

STEVENS  
Excuse my language, but cut the  
B.S.! What is really going on with  
this case?

Grant is hesitant. He has the whole room paying attention.

GRANT (CON'T)  
There is not just one factor of  
religion. There are many factors.  
The **BLACK LIVES MOVEMENT**, the real  
movement, social injustice...

STEVENS (INTERRUPTS)  
I said cut the Bullshit! I'm from  
New Orleans, I've heard this rap  
before. This means the government  
dodges the bullet , somebody else  
gets hit. We are in deep shit with  
these two!? Am I right?

Grant firmly looks at everyone, **MOOD CHANGES**.

GRANT  
Send them to Riker's Island. Let  
things blow over for a couple of  
weeks then back to Atlanta where  
they will stand trial. And if we  
are lucky..

(CONTINUED)

Steven starts to chuckle, laugh a little.

DECKER

What? What's so funny? Was there something I missed?

CLEO (CALMLY)

Our guest here, Mr. Grant is lying again? How did you make it, in this position, all these years? You are very awful at telling lies.

GRANT

This is serious business. Classified actually. And on a need to know, government access only.

STEVENS

You're going to kill them. One way or another, a sleeper cell somewhere. Within six months these two are history. Is that it?

RUGER

So, all of this is a charade?! People have been killed and we have a media day to hype things up. The government gets good ratings for delivering false justice and the ultimate plan is to kill them. What about standing trial?

CLEO

Yeah!

DECKER

Yeah!

Grant gets back into the discussion... Looking at Ruger, Stevens, then Decker.

GRANT

You have your position to keep, is that right Ruger? Stevens, you should be on a plane back to New Orleans by morning. And Decker, I believe Atlanta is awaiting for your arrival.

**PAUSE FOR A MOMENT:**

(CONTINUED)

GRANT (CON'T)

I tried to be the nice guy here,  
diplomatic and all. But you guys  
are really smart.

Grant reaches in his jacket pocket and pulls out folded  
government forms. He throws it on the table.

GRANT (CON'T)

This is on order from the  
Department of Justice. Please do  
what you have been instructed to  
do. The bottom line is this, the  
American people can **NOT** have a  
country of Africans or even African  
Americans, killing white people.  
Regardless of how many millions of  
slaves that were killed in the  
past. No reparations payments, no  
changes to the National Anthem, no  
asking for forgiveness. We just  
don't care enough about that! Good  
day ladies and gentlemen.

Grant and his colleague exit the room.

CLEO

Well, where do we go from here?

RUGER

Our suspects get a cell for  
tonight, and off to Riker's first  
thing in the morning. We all heard  
what the man said.

STEVENS

Yeah! Bullshit.

DECKER

Let's get out of here. Chief Ruger,  
it's been a pleasure. I guess you  
will take it from here.

Chief Ruger salutes them as Decker, Stevens, and Cleo leave  
the room.

**CUT:**

**INT. LOCAL BAR--LATE NIGHT**

Stevens, Cleo, and Decker enter a local bar near their hotel. Bar music is playing. The bar is partially packed as they walk past drinking patrons. They approach the bar. Decker raises his hand to get the attention of a bartender. A smooth black male (mid 20s), muscular build with braided hair comes to service them. Cleo, Stevens and Decker look at each other and smile.

ADAM (SMILING BARTENDER)

Hey guys, what can we get for you tonight?

The **SCENE FADES** to the backdrop of the bar as the music is played louder and you see the bartender pouring shots for the three.

**AFTER A FEW MOMENTS:**

**FADE OUT:**

**INT. HOTEL NEW YORK CITY-- LATE NIGHT**

(V.O.)(O.S.) You hear female laughter and giggles, then the noise of elevator doors closing.

From around the corner comes a BUZZING Cleo and a SLIGHTLY INTOXICATED Stevens holding on to Decker's arm.

DECKER

Well, the least I can do is walk you two ladies to your rooms.

STEVENS

Didn't you say you were in the same hotel.

They all stop walking as Cleo finds her hotel key and stops at DOOR 207.

DECKER (SLIGHTLY TIPSY)

Yeah, I'm in a few doors down. Or is it a few floors up?

Cleo giggles, she notices that Stevens is still holding on to Decker's arm. Stevens thinks Decker is hilarious.

STEVENS

What? Ha Ha Ha. You can't remember?

Decker shrugs his shoulders.

(CONTINUED)



DECKER

I'll find it sometime tonight, or tomorrow.

CLEO

I will say, this is the most excitement I have had in my entire life. But I am glad it is over. I have a lot of work to do, so I'm turning it in guys. Goodnight.

STEVENS

Goodnight sweetie.

DECKER

Goodnight Cleo. Tomorrow we are headed back to Atlanta.

Cleo goes into her hotel room and closes the door behind her.

Stevens and Decker continue walking in the same direction around another corner. STEVENS' ROOM. She gets her hotel key.

STEVENS

This is it! This is my stop.

DECKER

Okay, I guess you enjoy the rest of your night. With everyone leaving tomorrow...

Stevens steps closer to Decker as he speaks. Stevens puts one hand on his shoulder and the other hand by his bruised forehead.

STEVENS (INTERRUPTS)

You took a pretty good hit tonight. Let me look at that. Let's put some ice on it. Come on in.

DECKER

Uh, I'm okay. I don't know if this would be a good idea.

Stevens looks him in the eyes.

STEVENS

I think it would be a great idea. And you know I'm right.

(CONTINUED)

Stevens slowly pulls Decker by his hand into her hotel room. **DO NOT DISTURB SIGN** is put on the outside knob. The door shuts. **CLICK- CLICK.**

(NEW YORK POLICE STATION  
-EARLY AM-OUTSIDE VIEW)

INT. NEW YORK POLICE STATION--EARLY AM

**SIX** SWAT team members walk through the front doors. They see a few officers at a desk talking.

LEAD SWAT MEMBER  
Hello guys, Police Chief Ruger  
available.

OFFICE OFFICER #1  
I think he stepped out for a few.

OFFICE OFFICER #2  
No, they changed shifts remember.  
He will be back in tonight. Night  
shift this whole week.

LEAD SWAT MEMBER  
Okay... Who is in charge right now?

The Office Officers point over to Police Chief Ruger's office.

OFFICE OFFICER #2  
That would be Captain Grimm. I  
guess I will have to call him out.

Office Officer #2 picks up the phone and pushed the connecting buttons.

GRIMM (V.O.)  
Grimm here.

OFFICE OFFICER #2 (ON PHONE)  
We need you out here Captain.

GRIMM (V.O.)  
Okay.

Office Officer #2 hangs up the phone and in two seconds Chief Ruger's office door quickly opens up. A short, thin, gray-haired, frightful looking man (Grimm- Early 50s) takes about three steps out of the office.

(CONTINUED)

GRIMM (LOUD)

What!

The Lead SWAT member sees Grimm and approaches him. He reaches in his vest, pulls out documents and gives it to Grimm.

LEAD SWAT MEMBER

This document is from the Mayor's office. Authorized by the President of the United States. We need to transport two of your inmates to **SING SING.**

Grimm looks up real quick.

GRIMM

The plan was Rikers. Closed or not closed.

LEAD SWAT MEMBER

Please read on. There are contact numbers for verification.

Grimm reads a little bit more, looks up, then nods his head to a group of officers to get the suspects ready.

**INT. PLANE--MORNING**

**FADE IN:**

KLINE (O.S) (TALKING TO RICO)

You know, I think that is so fascinating. I mean, the scripture clearly states John's revelation. His hair was like wool, and his feet was like unto fine brass.

**CAMERA VIEW:**

The airplane seating is rows of two seats. Decker and Cleo, Rico and Kline then Wright with Donaldson.

KLINE/RICO (SIMULTANEOUSLY)

"AS IF IT BURNED IN A FURNACE."

the two start to giggle and continue with lowered voices.  
(Small talk)

DECKER (TO CLEO)

So, what do you think about what has happened over the past couple

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DECKER (TO CLEO) (cont'd)  
of months? Crazy huh?- Don't say  
it, million dollar book deals, talk  
show appearances, starting your own  
company?

Cleo closes her eyes and slowly shakes her head.

**HEADSHOT: MOOD CHANGE**

CLEO (TEARY-EYED)  
I,..I'm still having trouble  
soaking in all that has happened. I  
am a little traumatized (Ha, Ha),  
BUT... people were being killed  
because of what their ancestors  
did, of what their great-grand  
parents did. Slavery, unlawful  
deaths, the injustice. I can't, I  
can't even imagine what that could  
be like. It's almost like you want  
to forget something like slavery  
even existed. The murders that were  
committed, the raping, and some  
people can not forget. I live in a  
media world and I am blind to the  
fact that fifty percent of the news  
reported is against the people of  
color.

Cleo pulls a tissue type cloth from the small purse she  
carried on the plane. She wipes her tears and her nose.  
Decker looks on worried.

CLEO (CON'T)  
How can this world stop this? How  
can we get better, without having  
to be like the doctor and Samson?  
With all of the accomplishments  
that people of color have given to  
society, and we are still looked  
down upon? Ha, Ha, Ha-Ha.

Cleo laughs then chuckles, wiping her tears.

DECKER  
The only thing anyone can do,.. IS  
PRAY.

Decker nods in agreeance, Cleo smiles then nods in  
agreeance.

The **CAMERA VIEW** exits out of the side window from where Cleo  
was sitting.

**EXT. PLANE IN THE SKY--MORNING DAY**

The **CAMERA VIEW** is of the plane in the partly cloudy, sunny sky.

**EXT. SWAT TRUCK--LATER THAT MORNING**

The SWAT truck is driving on the New York State Highway with **JAM PACKED** unusual traffic.

**INT.SWAT TRUCK--DAY**

The six from the police station are in the SWAT truck with Krunald and Samson. Krunald and Samson are still gagged. Two in the front, the other four are in the back including the Lead SWAT member.

LEAD SWAT MEMBER

Man, just look at you two. All rough and tough killing off the white race HUH?

The other SWAT members in the back chuckle and laugh.

LEAD SWAT MEMBER (CON'T)

I know what you are thinking. If you weren't tied up and bagged, you could probably kick my ass HUH?

The SWAT members chuckle again. The Lead SWAT then looks at Samson.

LEAD SWAT MEMBER

And this one over here, Yeah, you look tough. But in America you know we would just shoot your ass. NO JUSTICE, NO PEACE HUH?

The Lead suddenly stops joking. He looks toward Krunald again.

LEAD SWAT MEMBER

It's not fair, the world is not fair, people aren't fair. But you just can't go around killing people for the sake of justice.

The Lead looks around at his men, then to the front. The SWAT truck is slowing to a **STOP**.

**EXT. SWAT TRUCK--DAY**

The truck is at a FOUR-WAY STOP SIGN, with eighteen wheelers on the east and west STOP SIGN. A line of cars are coming from the north direction.

**INT. SWAT TRUCK--DAY**

SWAT TRUCK DRIVER

Hey, this is strange. Who in the hell puts stop signs on the highway between counties?

QUICKLY. The Lead member looks around paranoid.

LEAD SWAT MEMBER

STOP SIGNS! What the! Floor it-Get out of here!

**EXT. SWAT TRUCK--DAY**

Adrenaline up now, the SWAT truck takes off and then **BAM-BAM**. As the truck took off, the eighteen wheelers timed their collision perfectly, pinning the truck. A BLACK VAN, coming from the north also pulled out of line in front of the truck. The two eighteen wheelers pinned the truck just enough to shake everyone in it and rattle them semi-unconscious. The men in the truck groaning and yelling.

**INT. SWAT TRUCK--DAY**

Everyone is shaken up inside the truck. Krunald and Samson end up underneath the pile, the weight of everyone is hurting them.

**EXT. SWAT TRUCK--DAY**

Three BLACK ARMED MEN jump out of each rig quickly, followed by four BLACK ARMED MEN out of the BLACK VAN. **EXCEPT** for the driver of the van who sits inside, windows up, with a veil over their face.

Two of the men put C-4 packs on the back door of the SWAT truck.

**BOOM.**

The back doors are blown off. In a second three of the armed men jump into the back of the truck.

**INT. SWAT TRUCK--DAY**

The SWAT members, semi-conscious, are PISTOL WHIPPED and GUN BUTTED until unconscious. Krunald and Samson are pulled out from underneath the SWAT bodies. They are helped outside of the damaged truck.

**EXT. SWAT TRUCK--DAY**

Keys are jingled as one of the armed men run to unlock the shackles from Krunald and Samson. The two remove their gags and are escorted by the armed men to the back of the van.

**INT. BLACK VAN--DAY**

Three of the armed men help Samson and Krunald into the back of the van. **DOORS CLOSE.**

The fourth man from the van is now the driver and the driver with the veil is in the back of the van with Samson and Krunald. The van takes off. The person wearing the veil looks at Krunald.

(CAMERA ON PERSON WEARING VEIL)

**DESCRIPTION:**

All black jumper suit, black boots, and black gloves.

KRUNALD

Who are you people? How did you know? I want to say thank you but...

**SUSPENSE:**

The person wearing the veil slowly takes it off.

**ST.ASH MARSHE'**

KRUNALD/SAMSON

Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha! (Laughs)

All three of them start laughing.

**AFTER A MOMENT:**

ST. ASH MARSHE'

My bodyguards are also my goons. We started to put things together..From the airport, to the

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ST. ASH MARSHE' (cont'd)  
 CD, to Central Park. We knew that  
 it was time for the movement. And  
 we are not going to be left behind.  
 So, is there still a lot of money  
 to be made in other countries?

She smirks and then all three start to laugh again. (Laughs)

KRUNALD  
 Yes my dear, yes.

EXT. BLACK VAN--DAY

**CAMERA VIEW:**

You see the van driving along the highway going west.

LONDON, ENGLAND

INT. LONDON ENGLAND AIRPORT--DAY

**CAMERA VIEW:**

You see the back of two people walking off of the PASSENGER BOARDING BRIDGE. It is a crowded airport and flight announcements are made with an English accent.

**FEMALE FLIGHT ATTENDANT (V.O.) (O.S.)**  
 Hello-Hello. You forgot your  
 jacket. Hello Sirs..

A white female flight attendant (**Amelia**), walks briskly to two gentlemen as she is holding a nice suit jacket.

The gentlemen turn around...

**SURPRISE!**

it is Josiah Krunald and his 6ft 4in, linebacker built, servant/bodyguard **DAGO**. Josiah left his jacket on the plane, but the two are dressed very diplomatic.

JOSIAH  
 Why thank you Madam, I will take my  
 garment now.

Amelia hands over the jacket and Josiah puts it on. (Perfect chance for Amelia to stroke her WHITE PRIVILEGE)

(CONTINUED)



AMELIA

Wow! You two are dressed like you're fancy. Are you two tourists or special benefits people?

JOSIAH

No Madam, I am here to claim my throne as the rightful heir.

AMELIA

Ha Ha Ha! You must be a comedian. What a dreamer. (Laughs)

Amelia continues to laugh in Josiah's face while Josiah looks at her seriously with a fixed grin.

**AFTER A MOMENT:**

Josiah puts his hand out to shake with the woman.

**CLOSE UP:**

**JOSIAH'S FACE.** His fixed grin turns to a devilish smile. They shake hands. Josiah makes sure that BOTH OF HIS HANDS are in on the HANDSHAKE.

JOSIAH

Thank you again for my jacket. And I PRAY, that you REST IN PEACE, AFTERWARD.

They release hands and Josiah and Dago walk off.

AMELIA

Such a funny black man. He's going to get arrested.

Amelia starts to walk back to the PASSENGER BOARDING BRIDGE then she **SUDDENLY STOPS**. She grabs her throat and starts gagging.

AMELIA

AGG, AGG, HUH, AGG, AGG.

She slowly turns herself around, her EYES are BLOOD RED as she motions her arms for help. Her EARS start to BLEED OUT.

AMELIA

AGGRR, ARG, ARG-ARG!

(CONTINUED)

Amelia starts to bump and run into people, pushing an old lady down, running into an airport information desk. It is crowded and people see her and try to aid her. She grabs her throat again and then she stands as her head and her body shake.

**PEOPLE ARE CROWDED AROUND HER IN AWE.**

FEMALE PASSENGER #  
Somebody call for help!

MALE PASSENGER #1  
Call an ambulance. My God, can  
someone call an ambulance please!

As people crowd closer to see and aid...

**SUDDENLY. BLOOD** starts rushing out of her mouth **FIRE HYDRANT STYLE** pouring on all that are close. As she slowly turns around, **BLOOD** is **SPRAYING** out of her mouth, nose, eyes, and ears. **BLOOD IS EVERYWHERE.** Amelia falls down dead and people are bloody, running and screaming for safety.

**FADE TO BLACK.**

**CREDITS.**

**END.**