

BLIND, TWENTY-TWENTY VISION

By

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final draft

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FADE IN:

INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

STEVEN POV

His eyes are locked on the door.

STEVEN (V.O.)

I shouldn't be here. In fact...I should receive a medal. What they call "Crimes" I view as doing my job. Scum has no purpose in the world. If more people like me wearing the badge knowing right from wrong stood up, the world would be a better place.

Keeping his eyes glued on the door, we hear footsteps drawing near.

The door comes open, and in walks Detective CARTER.

It would appear he has a firm physique, how his all-black suit fits snugly, giving his rose skin tone and slicked back hair a certain charm, holding his case files with authority.

Closing the door behind him, he walks towards the table placing the files down before taking a seat folding his arms across his chest, staring directly into Steven's eyes.

CARTER

Officer Ward. Before we begin, I'd like to know one thing.

STEVEN

What?

CARTER

Are you proud you brought shame on the badge making people believe what they thought was true?

STEVEN

(Slight chuckle)

Every man and woman on the force should follow in my footsteps. You're asking me if I'm proud of what I've done, yes. As far as people who don't like the police...those are the people who don't understand the meaning behind protect and serve.

CARTER

I'm a man of the badge, and I would never do what you did.

STEVEN

That's because you're a coward. These so-called people you claim as innocent were destroying the city. What part of your brain makes you believe they're innocent?

CARTER

So, you're God? Whoever you see as guilty, that's the bottom line?

STEVEN

No, I'm not God. But in that same breath, you can't use God in this situation.

CARTER

Why?

STEVEN

If you're using God it proves my actions are right.

CARTER

Explain.

STEVEN

If you've read the bible it explains itself.

CARTER

In other words, the bible is your alibi?

STEVEN

No, the bible is my facts proving I'm not the criminal. The people I disposed of are criminals.

CARTER

Do you believe in the bible? Or did you have this preset, attempting to use religion as an excuse? It's sounding somewhat similar to the "Twinkie" defense?

STEVEN

Unless you're agreeing with the bible justifying my actions it doesn't matter.

CARTER
You have a point.

STEVEN
I know I do. Maybe after this conversation I'll tell you if I truly believe in the bible.

CARTER
I think you will.

STEVEN
We don't get paid for thinking. We get paid for knowing and acting on the knowledge of knowing.

CARTER
All I need is answers.

Carter grabs six of the files opening them one at a time, slowly sliding them over in front of Steven.

STEVEN POV

We see six different crime scene photos consisting of African-American males gruesomely murdered, and one of them is a fifteen-year-old gunned down.

STEVEN
Now what?

CARTER
You have no remorse for the lives you took?

STEVEN
They were drug-dealers and gangbangers. I'm actually surprised their families gave a shit. They were dealing their drugs in our community, and that's why I killed them.

CARTER
Our community?

STEVEN
Don't play dumb. You know what I mean

by "Our community."

CARTER

I truthfully don't. Please, explain.

STEVEN

There's no need. I know why you're responding this way.

CARTER

Do tell.

STEVEN

Because we know the superior officers are listening and watching behind that mirror. You don't wanna be in the same situation I'm in, knowing deep down inside you feel the same way as I do.

CARTER

If I were anything like you, I would accept the fact I'm crazy with no legit reason behind the crimes I committed. You and I are nowhere near the same.

STEVEN

You can say what you want. But when you lay down at night...I know it eats away at you wearing a mask of shame, refusing to rid the world of this rubbish.

CARTER

What made you snap?

STEVEN

(Laughs)

Avoiding the fact I'm right? Well to tell you the truth, I've been this way since I understood what the world needs.

CARTER

And what is that?

STEVEN

The world needs a cleansing from niggers.

CARTER

No human being is different from the next.

STEVEN

Apparently, you don't look in the mirror much.

CARTER

Why did you kill a fifteen-year-old boy?

STEVEN

(Laughs)

Are you serious right now?

CARTER

This whole conversation is serious.

STEVEN

He was in a white neighborhood looking suspicious. Fifteen or not, we both know how these young niggers are these days. If he would've continued living, he would've ended up a thug anyway.

CARTER

You truly disgust me.

STEVEN

The feeling is mutual. But, I noticed one more file. Is it something I've done or something you wanna frame me for?

CARTER

Why frame you, when you're already in a grave you'll never come from?

STEVEN

Is that what you believe? Pinning something on me I didn't do would give you and the people who think I'm guilty a reason to place me behind bars.

CARTER

That's far from why. I saved this one for last because it sent chills through my soul.

STEVEN

I can't wait to see this one.

Carter opens the file taking a quick glance, shaking his head before sliding it in front of Steven.

STEVEN POV

We see the body of a dead young African-American woman lying on her side nude, severely banged up lying in a pool of blood and garbage.

CARTER

The body of twenty-two-year-old Shanice Whittier was found in an alley beaten up, raped and shot twice in the back of the head.

STEVEN

(Laughs)

The young whore was one of my favorites. My first thought was strangulation. But then I thought...why not show her the true value of a whore? I took my time. I digested every nasty drop of sweat from her useless body, while making her wipe her own tears as I plowed into her. And when it was over...I ended her pathetic life.

CARTER

The sad part is you stand firm on every word that just came from your cold-hearted mouth.

STEVEN

The truth is cold.

CARTER

Which is why I'm glad she took a piece of your penis we found stuck in her teeth.

STEVEN

(Laughs)

She couldn't get enough of me. Once she bit me, I was completely aroused. I bludgeoned her until she realized biting is something she shouldn't have done.

CARTER
You're a sick man.

STEVEN
I'm not sick. The scum you know I
removed along with the ones who'll
never be found were sick.

CARTER
How many more?

STEVEN
I've removed a lot of niggers from the
world. Would you like to know where I
placed their bodies?

CARTER
No thanks. Save it for the judge, jury
and God. My job is done.

STEVEN
What was your job?

CARTER
Grasping the concept you're a sick
maniac who deserves what's coming to
him.

STEVEN
Would you like to know if I believe in
God?

CARTER
Sure.

STEVEN
If God created us in his image, where
the fuck did the niggers, spic's and
other races come from?

Carter shakes his head collecting the files, placing them
back in a stack before standing up prepared to walk away.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
You're silent because you know I'm
right.

CARTER
Ask God when you meet him.

Carter turns his back walking towards the door.

STEVEN

Just so you know. When I'm cleared...I'll continue where I left off.

Carter pauses at the door.

CARTER

What makes you believe that?

STEVEN

Because pure white people who know every race, especially the niggers must be disposed of stick together.

CARTER

(Light chuckle)

Believe what you want. I'm done listening to your nonsense.

Carter opens the door walking out, closing the door behind him.

STEVEN

(Laughs)

You know I'm right! Stick by your own!

Steven continues laughing as the screen slowly fades to black.

BLACK SCREEN:

STEVEN (O.S.)

Apparently the judge and jury agreed with the other cowards of the world, sentencing me with life in jail. It doesn't matter. My brothers who understand are in jail with me. They'll help me get rid of the niggers we're locked up with.

INT. PRISON SHOWER - AFTERNOON

STEVEN POV

He's staring at the wall in the shower as the water pours down his face.

STEVEN (V.O.)

If the world wasn't fucked up, I wouldn't be in jail. It

saddens me my white brothers and sisters meaning the judge and jury placed me here. But, whatever. As I told Detective Carter, I'll be fine.

The sound of footsteps can be heard on the wet floor.

Steven turns his attention where the footsteps are coming from, and we see four muscular tatted white men in towels staring at him smiling.

TATTOOED MAN

Ain't you that cop who killed all the niggers?

STEVEN

Yes, my brother. Unfortunately like you, the others who I thought were our brother's and sister's placed not just me, but all of us who believe niggers should be killed behind bars.

TATTOOED MAN

Yeah. Those Crackers feel the niggers have a say so, knowing goddamn well their only purpose in life is to be slaves.

STEVEN

Finally! I've got in touch with my brothers who understand where I'm coming from.

They remain with the same comforting smiles, slowly approaching Steven.

TATTOOED MAN

Oh, we agree with you. There's just one thing.

STEVEN

What's that, my Brother?

Tattooed man swings his left effortlessly, knocking Steven to the wet shower floor.

BACK TO THE SCENE:

Now we see aside from the blood leaking from the side of his mouth, Steven is a handsome African-American.

The towels the men were wearing are seen dropping to the floor.

Steven attempts to get up, but one of the men makes sure he doesn't, placing a foot in the center of his back, kneeling down gripping his head under the chin.

Tattooed man steps behind Steven looking down at his wet naked flesh smiling.

TATTOOED MAN

You did good eliminating the niggers we couldn't get to, but the fact still remains...you're a nigger.

STEVEN

Wait! Wait, I'm---!

TATTOOED MAN

You're a good nigger who helped us out. Now, shut the fuck up and take your reward.

CLOSE UP - STEVEN FACE

The pure terror shown on his face and the laughter heard in the background is nothing compared to his lingering screams.

FADE TO BLACK:

"Hate is a meal digested by closed-minds, having no idea why they ate the meal."

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END CREDITS