

SKIN PRIVILEGES

By

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Inspired by actual events

Final draft

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BLACK SCREEN:

"If God is the only judge how can you be racist?"

~Bernard Mersier~

FADE IN:

EXT. THE CHURCH - OCTOBER 8, 2016 - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE DETROIT, MI

7:50 pm, Sunday.

It's a chilly night in the city.

We're looking at the church of "God's true blessings."

Massive in height with a parking lot full of devoted church member cars.

Within seconds people start coming out, some are wearing expensive coats and others are lucky to have the clothes on their back.

Talk about the sermon is heard.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

Cameras are angled around the room to record the sermon, pointing at the pulpit with a large crucifix behind it.

People are still clearing out.

Sitting on a pew alone is TYREKA COMBS.

The beautiful sixteen-year-old with flowing long hair, and beautiful light brown skin has a glow of pure innocence reading over a scripture in her bible.

She's the type of teenager focused on hearing the word so she can stay on the straight and narrow.

The last few people are seen leaving.

The only thing heard is the sound of Tyreka flipping pages in her bible.

Coming from the back reeking of a con man wearing his

expensive suit is Reverend DWAYNE HILL, mid-forties.

Bad intentions are on his mind showing on his brown face, looking at the time on his Rolex.

Seeing Tyreka sitting alone gives him the idea he can set his plan in motion, slyly moving towards the pew.

Filled with the word, she places her bible on the pew, and then stands up putting her coat on.

Noticing Dwayne standing beside the pew staring at her, she zips her coat, and then picks up her bible giving him her attention.

TYREKA

My father will love hearing about tonight's sermon. I can't wait to tell him.

DWAYNE

Where is your father?

TYREKA

He's taking care of business as usual.

DWAYNE

How are you getting home?

TYREKA

If the bus doesn't come, I'll call Uber.

DWAYNE

Are you sure you'll be okay?

Confidence is in her smile and devotion is in her hand placing it on the cover of the bible.

TYREKA

God protects me.

Eying her up and down no longer hiding the urges, he presents the sly approach first.

DWAYNE

Indeed he does. Do you have a male protecting you while the Lord watches over you?

TYREKA

Excuse me?

Licking his lips gazing at her as if she's a four course meal, he takes a step towards her.

DWAYNE

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

TYREKA

I think I should leave.

Ready to sin in the house of the LORD, he grabs her by the waist.

She shrieks, dropping her bible trying to fight him off.

Fondling her like a rabid dog on raw meat, he drowns out her screams, refusing to stop until he gets what he wants.

DWAYNE

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

Before he's able to get her down on the pew, she uses all one hundred and forty pounds of her weight stomping on his foot as hard as she can.

Releasing her, she dashes out the church leaving her bible behind.

Dwayne picks up her bible smiling, pulling his phone out making a call.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The streetlights are glowing bright in the quiet, but dangerous looking neighborhood.

Some of the fairly kept up houses are decorated with Christmas lights.

Tyreka comes running around the corner crying with her eyes forward, heart racing, breathing hard as her feet hit against the concrete.

We hear Michael Jackson "You are not alone" playing as a

ringtone on her phone.

Slowing down the pace, gradually catching her breath, she pulls her phone from her coat pocket.

TYREKA

I'm so scared right now. Reverend Hill---

(Listens)

I'm on my way home. Jesus, he almost raped me.

(Listens)

Would the police believe me? You know---

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

Turning around covering her eyes from the light, the car comes to a stop, but the light remains on her.

STANTON (O.S.)

Can you step over here, please?

Placing her phone in her top coat pocket, she walks towards the car relieved.

The light goes off, and we see STANTON WELLS, early-thirties.

He has baby blue eyes, a low blonde hairstyle and a slick smile.

STANTON (CONT'D)

What are you doing out this late?

Releasing a sigh of relief, she smiles.

TYREKA

Thank God you're here. I was just attacked, and I'd like to file a report.

STANTON

Where are you coming from?

TYREKA

I'm coming from God's true blessings Baptist church. My reverend---

The taste of mace fills her mouth before getting another word out, falling back on the ground screaming, feeling the

burning sensation in her eyes.

Stanton quickly gets out standing her up, shoving her towards the back door as she kicks and screams.

People are peeking out their windows watching what's going on, but as expected, they quickly move from the windows doing nothing about the situation.

Opening the back door, he shoves her in closing it, and then he quickly gets back in, and the car speeds off.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS

While she's still blinded and screaming, Dwayne grabs her by the head, and starts banging it against the door.

Realizing banging her head against the door won't silence her screams, he hits her with a hard right and that does the trick.

A devious smile spreads on Stanton's face, turning to look at Dwayne.

STANTON

Where do you wanna do this?

Ready to take what he wants, Dwayne stares at her unconscious body licking his lips in a trance.

STANTON (CONT'D)

Hello?

Snapping out of his moment, he's confused about the question.

DWAYNE

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

The driver who can't be seen, but we can hear him sucking his teeth is NORMAN YATES, mid-fifties.

NORMAN

It still amazes me they allow you in considering you're a nigger.

Dwayne sits back rubbing his hands together smiling, nowhere near offended he was called a nigger.

DWAYNE

I'm allowed in because I bring money
and hoes. The two key things you
crackers love.

The three laugh sounding like high school boys bragging about sleeping with a female with no hard feelings toward the other.

Focusing back on the mission at hand, Dwayne begins squeezing her breast ready to rip her coat open, but...he pauses when he feels her phone in her pocket.

Pulling the phone out, his emotions go from sexually aroused to frozen with fear looking at the screen.

INSERT CALIFORNIA PHONE NUMBER ON THE CELLPHONE SCREEN

BACK TO THE SCENE

DWAYNE

Oh, shit.

STANTON

What?

DWAYNE

Somebody on the phone heard
everything.

Norman and Stanton could care less about the person on the phone because they're the law.

NORMAN

Who cares? The mayor is my good
friend, and I'm the chief of police.
Whoever the dumb nigger is she's on
the phone with can't prove shit, so
just end the call.

Hearing those words gets Dwayne right back on track, smashing the phone up against his knee.

CUT TO:

INT. THE EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

We can't say what happened at the "Round Up" and who all had a part in the outcome...but we know it wasn't good for Tyreka.

Tyreka's unconscious bruised bloody body is on the bed.

Her blood is soaking through the sheets.

Her skull is cracked, and blood is gushing from the hole in her chest where she was stabbed.

Doctors are doing their best to save her, but the way her heart monitor is dropping, this looks like the end for Tyreka.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE HOSPITAL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Indistinct talking is heard.

Guards, family members and even regular citizens are praying for the best pacing back and forth, unable to sit down focused on the condition of Tyreka.

To these people it feels like they're being suffocated because they can't believe something like this would happen to such a nice girl.

Sitting in a chair wearing an expensive suit is her father HOWARD COMBS, Caucasian, mid-fifties.

Traces of Gray are in his hair and thinly trimmed beard, with tears ready to fall from his gray eyes, rocking back and forth biting his thumb.

The DOCTOR comes walking down the hall, and everyone focuses their attention on him.

The tension level is high.

People are already breaking down crying seeing past the facade of a successful recovery the Doctor is trying to display.

Howard stands up getting a feeling hitting him hard in the gut.

HOWARD

Tell me she's okay.

DOCTOR

(Sighs)

This isn't easy to say.

HOWARD
She's okay, right?

The Doctor is hesitant to respond because he can't begin forming the right words to tell Howard his daughter is dead.

DOCTOR
She suffered a punctured lung, and had severe head trauma. I'm sorry, but...she didn't make it.

The Doctor is doing his best trying not to cry looking at Howard's trembling lips and tears flowing from his eyes.

People can be seen and heard breaking down crying.

HOWARD
Not my baby girl.

DOCTOR
We did the best---

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

Howard buries his face into the Doctor's shoulder, causing the Doctor to start crying.

Grief plagues the lobby flooded with tears.

Everybody is thinking about the bright side, she's no longer in pain, but it doesn't ease their pain knowing she's no longer in this world.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

A comedy show is playing on the flat screen mounted on the brick wall between two cheap paintings.

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

The program playing is interrupted by a breaking news story.

REPORTER #1 eyes are red from crying, doing his best to focus so he can report the story.

REPORTER #1

(Talking into the camera)
 The city of Detroit is in mourning tonight. Tyreka Combs, daughter of Howard Combs known for his deli restaurants across the city was found brutally beaten and raped on Detroit's Eastside. After two grueling hours, the teen passed away. The chief of police Norman Yates had this to say.

The screen goes to Norman standing behind the podium in the police meeting room filled with reporters.

Norman looks like he's been shedding a few tears with his red skin matching his eyes.

NORMAN

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

The camera goes back to Reporter #1.

He's wiping his eyes barely able to focus looking into the camera.

REPORTER #1

(Talking into the camera)
 Mayor Tines declared the person behind this crime will receive punishment to the full extent of the law. We are here---

A beer bottle is thrown at the screen shattering it.

EXT. THE CEMETERY - MORNING

It's a cold windy day.

You would think the city of Detroit attended from all the people standing around watching the casket lowered into the ground.

You can tell it hurts to the very core of the people crying still trying to grasp the fact she's gone.

Right now, Howard's soul feels empty and dark as the trench coat he's wearing because he didn't attend church with his daughter.

He's unable to continue looking at the casket holding the body of his child.

He walks away holding his stomach, and his face is pale with sickness.

Dwayne comes up placing his hand on Howard's shoulder, sniffing deep, performing his mourning with perfection, using his other hand wiping down his face as if he was crying.

The physical Howard turns around, but the spiritual and emotional are no further than a few feet away being buried with Tyreka.

Dwayne stares into Howard's vacant eyes with sorrow shaking his head, wanting Howard to understand he feels his pain.

Pronounced "Tie-reek-ah"

DWAYNE

I feel like this is my fault. She told me she would make it home okay, but I--
I should've known better. Tyreka was like a daughter to me. If I would've taken her home...this wouldn't have happened.

Howard is attempting to remain cool, but looking past Dwayne at the other people still gathered around the grave is making it hard.

HOWARD

The only person who needs blame placed on them is me. I should've put her first.

Dwayne gives him the Sunday morning smile he gives the congregation.

DWAYNE

Have faith. The Lord will make sure the police catch the person behind this.

HOWARD

(Sighs)

The Lord should've kept his eyes on my only child.

DWAYNE

The Lord---.

HOWARD

Keep the bullshit.

Howard walks off.

Knowing he ain't shit, Dwayne waits until Howard is far enough away to smile, walking back over to the grave.

Placing his hands on the roof of the limo lowering his head, Howard tries smiling thinking about the last time he was with his daughter.

Breaking down on the inside, it's starting to show on the outside as the tears fall from his eyes.

Norman comes up clearing his throat gaining Howard's attention.

Howard turns around with the faucet still running from his eyes looking at Norman's extended hand letting his expression tell all he wants is for everyone to leave him alone.

Registering the expression, Norman pulls his hand back, taking a deep breath.

NORMAN

We'll catch the person behind this.

Wiping his eyes mustering up the last bit of energy he has for a conversation, Howard looks at Norman with a straight face, needing him to understand what he just said was a far-fetched dream.

HOWARD

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

NORMAN

Our best officers---.

HOWARD

You keep the faith in them.

Tired of people saying the police will catch the person who

killed his daughter or have faith in God, Howard gets in the limo exhausted closing the door.

We can see people in the background starting to clear out.

Watching the limo pull off, a sinister smile etches Norman's face pulling out a cigarette, placing it in his mouth, lighting it.

NORMAN

The main one was right in your face.

Walking off to the grave, he laughs low, taking a pull from his cigarette.

INT. THE NEWSROOM - NIGHT

Howard and REPORTER #2 are sitting next to each other.

Prepared not just for his interview with REPORTER #2, you can tell by the seriousness on Howard's face and how his jaw is moving from grinding his teeth he has something he needs to get off his chest.

REPORTER #2 is trying his best not to cry, but the shocking news from what happened still has everyone in disbelief.

REPORTER #2

Before we begin, I'd like to speak from the heart from me and my family. We're praying the police catch the person behind this.

HOWARD

Thank you.

REPORTER #2

Tell us why you requested this interview?

HOWARD

Despite what happened to my only child.

(Deep sigh)

I want to discuss a serious subject. Not just with the city of Detroit, but around the world.

REPORTER #2

Which would be?

HOWARD

Why don't the police take more drastic actions about rapists prowling the streets? I don't understand men who rape women, but would be ready to kill if their loved ones was a victim of rape.

REPORTER #2

What do you think caused the increase in rape?

HOWARD

(Scoffs)

Let's not pretend. You and I know what caused it. The image of a woman is no longer respected. Women today are viewed as tools for sex, and they're okay with it. When women respected themselves as the source of life, things were calm. When they started believing they're nothing more than flesh for pleasure or eye-candy, it started going downhill. When will it stop?

REPORTER #2

Do you think these words will get others to speak up, helping the police catch rapists and sex-traffickers?

HOWARD

People who know this can happen to someone they love should speak up, but you can't make people stand for what's right. All you can do is hope they'll do the right thing. But right now, I want the people of Detroit or those who plan on moving here to recognize one thing.

REPORTER #2

And that is?

Conviction is in Howard's eyes looking dead into the camera.

HOWARD

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

medium, and you can live here.

FADE TO BLACK:

TITLE CARD

SIX MONTHS LATER

EXT. THE HOTEL PARKING LOT - APRIL 4, 2017 - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: WARREN, MI

8:00 pm, Monday.

Business is slow tonight from the lack of cars in the parking lot, but it's early.

A black Benz pulls into the parking lot heading all the way to the back, coming to a stop in front of room 342.

A black van is parked in front of the room next to the Benz.

Dwayne gets out dressed to impress, going in his pocket for some "Altoids."

Opening the case, he places a few in his mouth, putting the case back.

When he checks his other pocket, he pulls out a strip of condoms.

Ready for action, he heads to the door with confidence in each step knowing he's about to do some damage when he gets in the room.

Knocking three times, he checks his breath one last time while waiting on a response.

RAQUEL (O.S.)

You ready, daddy?

DWAYNE

You know I am.

The door slightly opens.

Grabbing his crotch excited, he opens the door, and standing by the television is RAQUEL, sixteen-years-old.

She's brown skin with long hair, wearing a T-Shirt and black leggings waiting for him to come in and have his way with her

body.

We can hear a porno playing faintly.

Walking in expecting pussy, but instead he's greeted by the barrel of a shotgun placed to the left side of his head.

Raquel walks to the door, closing it.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

On the bed there's some rope and a potato sack.

Baffled by the situation, he stares at Raquel hoping she'll give some type of explanation for the cold steel pressed against his head.

DWAYNE (CONT'D)

Uh...can you---?

HENCHMAN

Shut the fuck up.

Minus the fact his husky build makes the all-black attire look even scarier...the cold glance in the HENCHMAN Jade green eyes lets us know he takes his job seriously.

Smiling like she received all A's on a report card, Raquel takes a seat on the bed staring at Dwayne quivering.

DWAYNE

What is this about?

VINCENT (O.S.)

The wrath of God placed on you for your sins.

A deep voice that would send chills up your spine comes from the bathroom.

The man the voice belongs to steps from the bathroom wearing all-black holding a Desert Eagle.

The look on his dark brown face matches his voice perfectly.

This is VINCENT, mid-thirties.

Murder is in his eyes and vengeance is in his hand gripping the gun tighter walking up to Dwayne placing the barrel right

between his eyes.

Dwayne's eyes are glued open petrified with sweat beads forming on his brow.

The Henchmen lowers the shotgun.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

What are your intentions with this little girl?

Placing his hands in the air, Dwayne attempts a shot at explaining why he's meeting a sixteen-year-old girl at a motel.

DWAYNE

Sister Thomas attends my church. I help her with spiritual guidance so she can get closer to the Lord.

VINCENT

Your spiritual guidance involves sexual advances every Sunday breaking her down, until you can get her alone in a room?

(Low chuckle)

You do realize this is my baby cousin?

Dwayne is silent.

Raquel's eyes are wide, hoping Vincent is about to pull the trigger.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

I'll give you one chance to walk outta here alive. Are you ready?

Dwayne swallows deep searching for some manhood, praying he can handle what Vincent is about to propose.

DWAYNE

I'm ready.

VINCENT

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

You would think he's standing in front of God the way he straightens his face, placing his hand over his heart.

DWAYNE

I swear in the name of the Lord. I've never---

The Henchman smacks him hard upside the head with the butt of the shotgun.

Dropping to the floor like a ton of bricks unconscious, it's undetermined what lies ahead for Dwayne.

Vincent looks down at him shaking his head.

VINCENT

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

Placing the gun under his shirt, he turns his attention to Raquel.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Do you understand what I've been telling you now?

RAQUEL

Yes.

VINCENT

Tell me what it means?

RAQUEL

Just because a man says he's a man of God, he can still be the devil in disguise.

VINCENT

That's right. Tell auntie I'll see her this weekend.

CUT TO:

INT. NOTHING BUT THE BEST - NIGHT

Meanwhile on the other side of town in Southwest Detroit, we come into the strip club.

The lighting is seductive, but bright enough for us to see the various sexy women dancing on stage.

The club is packed with men and women throwing money, sitting at tables getting lap dances or at the bar ordering drinks.

AJ and BODYGUARD #1, both in their mid-thirties are moving through the club wearing all-black looking like the feds.

As they head towards the front door, two attractive strippers in their twenties wearing something tight are following behind them.

AJ looks like he's ready to throw some money, marveling at the beauty of the women dancing.

You can tell this type of scene isn't for Bodyguard #1 shaking his head irritated.

BODYGUARD #1
This is stupid.

AJ
Who are we to question what the man wants?

BODYGUARD #1
That doesn't exempt the fact this is stupid. Out of all the places, why here?

AJ shrugs up his shoulders keeping his eyes on the women.

AJ
The man likes what he likes.

BODYGUARD #1
I guess.

The two make their way out the club, and the strippers are right behind them.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. NOTHING BUT THE BEST - CONTINUOUS

The name of the club is lit up in bright lights on the sign in front of the club.

With three levels you can understand why the parking lot is full, and there's a line of people waiting to get inside.

An all-black stretched expedition limo truck is resting in front of the club.

AJ and Bodyguard #1 make their way to the truck getting in, and the two strippers follow, closing the door behind them.

The expedition pulls off.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

You would think you're still in the club because of the dim lights and drinks floating around.

This luxury vehicle is being rented by JEFFERY TINES, mid-fifties.

He's wearing a white suit with a bottle of champagne in his hand, coke lines on a plate resting on his lap, and a pocket full of money.

He knows this is enough to make any woman bypass the wrinkles on his white face.

The strippers, one sitting on each side of Jeffery, lower their heads in a provocative manner licking the lines from the plate.

AJ and the other six guards are enjoying themselves drinking and laughing.

Jeffery takes a sip knowing this is about to be a fun night.

Bodyguard #1 wishes he could be somewhere else looking at Jeffery annoyed and disappointed seeing him behaving this way.

BODYGUARD #1

(To Jeffery)

Is it that time?

Jeffery takes a sip looking at Bodyguard #1 confused because everybody else is enjoying the night.

JEFFERY

What's the hurry? We're drinking. We got coke and bitches. What's the problem?

Jeffery takes a swig laughing, leaning over kissing the girl on his left.

BODYGUARD #1

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

JEFFERY

I am the mayor, right?

BODYGUARD #1

Yes.

JEFFERY

Well, relax.

AJ

(To Jeffery)

It's a damn shame they never found the person who raped and murdered Tyreka.

Dead silence.

All eyes in the vehicle are locked on Jeffery.

Jeffery takes a deep swig...putting his serious face on ready to speak, and then...he breaks wide laughing.

JEFFERY

This is Detroit. What crimes get solved here if you're not white or the case has potential for high media coverage?

(Sips)

Shit. Even with the buzz it received and her father's interview, it still didn't matter. She had no business having her ass on that side of town. You get what you look for.

The ride shakes a little from running over a pothole.

Jeffery spills champagne on his suit.

JEFFERY (CONT'D)

Maybe I should use some money to get the streets fixed.

Everyone except Bodyguard #1 laugh.

The two strippers are kissing on Jeffery, moving their hands down between his legs.

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

Bodyguard #1 sighs looking out the window.

He becomes confused staring at the rundown area of the city

they're in.

BODYGUARD #1
What the hell?

Jeffery takes a sip from the bottle looking over at Bodyguard #1.

JEFFERY
What is it now?

Bodyguard #1 pulls his gun out.

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

BODYGUARD #1
Driver, stop the car!

JEFFERY
What is wrong---?

BODYGUARD #1
Sir, look at the area. Driver, stop
the car!

Jeffery takes a sip looking out the window scared.

JEFFERY
Where the hell are we?

BODYGUARD #1
Driver!!!

The car comes to an abrupt stop, and everyone jerks.

Everybody is on edge looking out the windows seeing they're surrounded by abandoned buildings on a dark street.

Jeffery's hand is trembling trying to place the bottle to his lips, spilling the majority of the champagne on his suit.

The strippers latch hold to his arms.

JEFFERY
What's going on?

BODYGUARD #1
Stay calm.

AJ and the other guards get out first, each man on full alert

not knowing what to expect.

Just as Bodyguard #1 gets ready to get out, Jeffery grabs his arm.

JEFFERY

Wait.

Wanting to prove he's a good guard, Bodyguard #1 puts some bass in his voice giving Jeffery a nod letting him know he's got this covered.

BODYGUARD #1

This will be over before you know it.

Believing what he said, Jeffery releases his arm leaving the fate of his life in his guards hands.

Jeffery and the women sit in fear watching the men move to the front of the truck from the windows.

Moistening his finger, he dabs it on the residue of coke on the plate, brushing it across his teeth.

He begins relaxing ready to take a sip, and automatic gunshots ring out.

Jeffery and the women quickly get on the floor listening to the shootout going on outside.

Footsteps are heard running as the shots continue.

Jeffery lifts his head seeing Bodyguard #1 standing in the door panting with blood pouring from his shoulder.

BODYGUARD #1 (CONT'D)

Stay down! This was a---

His body gets filled with holes, falling forward dead.

The women scream.

The gunshots stop.

Jeffery reaches out trying to take the gun from Bodyguard #1 dead hand, and the barrel of an AK-47 is placed in his face.

XAVIER (O.S.)

What are you doing?

Jeffery looks up with his eyes seeing XAVIER, mid-thirties,

dark skin wearing all-black.

XAVIER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Ladies, you can leave. Your job is done.

The women quickly get out.

Growing some balls thinking because he's the mayor he can address the person who can end his life.

JEFFERY
Do you know who I am?

Two gunshots are heard and those big balls shrink back to normal, shrieking.

AJ and two of the guards get in, taking a seat picking up champagne bottles drinking like they didn't help the other men hidden outside kill the other guards and the two women.

Jeffery looks back confused, still not putting two and two together that he's been set up.

JEFFERY (CONT'D)
What is this?

XAVIER
Reelection.

Facing forward, he meets the butt end of the AK, possibly knocking some teeth out along with him.

XAVIER (CONT'D)
Let's get to work.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE ROUNDUP - NIGHT

There are other buildings, fast food spots and gas stations around in the Downtown District, but we're concerned with the brown building sitting alone on the dark street, with cars parked on both sides.

At first glance you would say this is a building that needs to be torn down, and that's what they want you to think.

But inside in the basement is where you can find "The Round Up"

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE ROUND UP - NIGHT

The confederate flag is hanging on all of the walls along with various different racist signs and pictures.

The place is packed with people wearing racist clothing.

Pure to the soul if you're not white you don't deserve to live is what type of people they are.

The layout scheme looks like something straight from a western movie.

Hillbilly music is blaring throughout the room, while the patrons are either sitting at their tables, or at the bar drinking, smoking and laughing.

Sitting at the bar wearing a shirt and jeans picking up one of the many shots he has resting beside the bottle of whiskey is CAI, late-twenties.

He appears to be a cool laid back pretty boy with blue eyes, a baby face and brown hair.

The shots have him feeling good, reaching inside the pocket of his leather coat hanging on his chair, pulling out a pack of cigarettes and a lighter, placing them on the counter.

THREE SHOT -- NORMAN, GUY #1 AND GUY #2

Sitting at the other end of the bar taking shots.

With each shot Norman takes, he keeps his eyes locked on Cai because he's a new face that's not mingling with everyone else.

NORMAN

Does anybody know him?

Guy #1 and Guy #2 turn their heads looking at Cai.

GUY #1

I've never seen him.

NORMAN

Me either.

GUY #2

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

NORMAN

I will.

Norman takes one more shot, followed by adjusting the gun under his shirt before walking down to Cai.

TWO SHOT -- NORMAN AND CAI

Cai picks up a shot downing it, pulling out a cigarette placing it in his mouth just as Norman comes up standing beside him.

The bartender is in the background fixing drinks.

Using his eyes, Cai looks at Norman staring at him.

NORMAN (CONT'D)

Do you know where you are?

Keeping his eyes forward lighting his cigarette, he takes a calm pull.

CAI

Considering everybody in here is pure bred white Americans, I would hope niggers are not allowed.

Norman pats him on the back smiling.

NORMAN

Come on down here with the rest of us.

Cai cracks a slight smile, turning to look at Norman.

CAI

No disrespect. But I only come together when we're about to lynch some niggers.

From looking at him suspiciously to feeling as if he's gained a new friend, Norman takes a seat on the stool next to him.

NORMAN

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

Cai extends his hand.

Pronounced "Say"

CAI

I'm Cai.

The two shake hands.

NORMAN

I've never seen you before. How did you find out about this place?

Cai downs a shot, then takes a pull from his cigarette.

CAI

My friend Stanton Wells told me I could find help with my situation here.

NORMAN

(Shocked)
Stanton Wells?

CAI

Do you know him?

NORMAN

Know him? Shit, we work together.

CAI

Detective Stanton Wells?

NORMAN

Yes. I'm the chief.

CAI

Well, I'll be damned.

NORMAN

Listen, me and Stanton. We've done some shit in this city.

CAI

You don't say?

NORMAN

The niggers we arrest. When we take their drugs and money, that's our opportunity to make something on the side. I won't even speak on how much pussy we get.

Taking a pull from his cigarette damn near choking off the smoke from laughing, Cai looks at Norman curious to know.

CAI

How much?

Norman picks up one of Cai's shots downing it.

NORMAN

Let me tell you. We all know black bitches basically give it up for free. Man, you put the right amount of money and drugs in front of them. They'll let you do whatever you want to their filthy asses.

(Laughs)

And the ones who don't comply, we take it.

Those words leave a bad taste in Cai's mouth, taking one last pull from his cigarette before putting it out.

CAI

I thought we don't mix with their kind?

NORMAN

We don't.

CAI

Then why do you fuck 'em? That's some gross shit. I can't get down with black pussy.

Norman chuckles, rubbing his hands together.

NORMAN

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

CAI

And the ones you take it from?

Norman downs another one of his shots.

NORMAN

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

Picking up another shot, Cai looks at Norman pleased by what he told him.

CAI

I like you Norman.

NORMAN

The dominant race sticks together because we're the only ones who matter in the world.

CAI

I learn something new everyday. Let me get going so I can handle my situation.

NORMAN

What is it?

CAI

I'm sure I can handle it.

NORMAN

What did I tell you? We stick together.

CAI

Norm. I can call you Norm, right?

NORMAN

Sure.

CAI

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

NORMAN

Who is he? What did he do?

CAI

(Sighs deep)

This nigger robbed my mother while she was home alone. He tied her down and took everything, but that wasn't enough. The fucking monkey had the nerve to---

NORMAN

I didn't see this case come across my

desk.

CAI

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

Norman rubs his chin getting deep into the story.

NORMAN

That explains why you turned to Stanton. Where did you get your information?

CAI

I had cameras installed all over the house for their safety. I watched the tapes, then made a copy for myself before I destroyed them.

NORMAN

Why did you destroy the tapes?

CAI

I couldn't let what happened to my mother be splattered all over the news. You know how niggers are when something happens to our white people. They believe we deserved it, or it's our fault.

NORMAN

I know what you mean.

CAI

I showed the tape to Stanton, and he gave me an address he could possibly be at.

NORMAN

Let me see.

Cai pulls his phone out showing it to Norman.

INSERT CAI'S CELLPHONE SCREEN

We see the address and a picture of DARNELL, twenty-two, dark skin with long dreadlocks.

BACK TO THE SCENE

Norman picks up a shot downing it because gasoline was added

to his hate he already has towards black people.

NORMAN (CONT'D)
(Exhales sharp)
Why are we sitting here?

CAI
I told you---.

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

Cai wants to go along with Norman's offer, but he can't help but feel something might go wrong.

CAI
You think this will work?

NORMAN
I'm the law. What can go wrong?

Cai downs a shot, and then pats Norman on the shoulder.

CAI
Let's go. Are we taking my car or
yours?

NORMAN
We'll use yours. Somebody here can
drive mine home. I'll meet you
outside.

Cai grabs his coat from off his seat, and then makes his way out the bar.

Norman goes back down to the guys.

GUY #1
What's his story?

NORMAN
Stanton sent him. He's cool.

GUY #2
What was he talking about?

NORMAN
A nigger robbed and raped his mother.

GUY #1

(Disgusted tone)
Fucking niggers.

NORMAN
It's about to get taken care of.
Anybody have a gun I can use?

Guy #1 pulls out a .45 putting it on the counter.

CLOSE UP - THE HANDLE

It's a rubber grip with the Nazi sign on it.

BACK TO THE SCENE

Norman takes the gun, and places it under his shirt.

NORMAN (CONT'D)
We'll be back before you know it.

GUY #1
Teach that fucking monkey a lesson.

Norman picks up a shot, and downs it.

NORMAN
We will. Do me a favor. Take my car
home.

He hands Guy #1 his keys.

Norman grabs his coat from off his seat, and then makes his way out the bar.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE TRAP HOUSE - NIGHT

On the North end, if you don't know your way around this side of town, don't bother coming this way.

There's no trees or streetlights and the majority of the houses are abandoned, letting you know what type of character's you'll be dealing with.

The trap house looks exactly like a spot.

The roof is falling apart. The front steps are broken, and sheets can be seen inside hanging up in the windows for curtains.

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

Rap music is heard coming from inside.

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

Norman looks over at Cai snapping his fingers, gaining his attention.

NORMAN
(Whispering)
Kill everybody. No witnesses.

CAI
(Whispering)
Just make sure you don't kill the one
I want. He's mine.

Cai knocks on the door.

THUG (O.S.)
What up?

CAI
I need a brick.

Cai looks over at Norman with his eyes.

The sound of the door being unlocked is heard.

Norman quickly comes from the side kicking the door in, and Cai rushes in with the .45 out.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Norman moves the door looking down at THUG, eighteen-years-old.

He's wearing a sweater and skinny jeans moaning in pain, holding his head.

The lust for blood is in Norman's eyes staring at him shooting him four times, and then he focuses his attention on Cai.

Cai has the .45 aimed at Darnell wearing a sweater and jeans sitting at a table filled with drugs and money with a blunt hanging from his mouth.

Norman takes aim on him.

NORMAN
Put your fucking hands up!

Darnell takes a pull from the blunt.

DARNELL
Fuck you.

NORMAN
Get on your feet!

Darnell slowly stands with his hands in the air.

Norman approaches, keeping his aim on him.

Cai still appears nervous, lowering his gun, stepping back letting Norman take control of the situation.

With a smug look, Darnell takes a pull from the blunt, and Norman smacks it from his mouth.

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

CAI
Pain will definitely be inflicted.

NORMAN
What do you wanna do with him?

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

NORMAN
You hear that, boy? Your ass is grass.

Darnell looks at him smiling.

As Norman cocks the hammer staring at Darnell, he's confused why he's smiling.

DARNELL
(Slight chuckle)
Not tonight.

NORMAN

Funny. Let's see how funny---.

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

Darnell picks up Norman's gun aiming at his head.

Cai looks down at him smiling, enjoying the fact he's in pain.

NORMAN (CONT'D)

(Moaning in pain)

What the fuck are you doing?!

CAI

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

NORMAN

Nigger lover! You'll pay---.

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

CAI

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

NORMAN

(Wheezing)

Stanton knows who you are, you fucking nigger lover!

CAI

I'll rely on my skin privilege and see where it goes. It's funny you mentioned Stanton because he doesn't know me...yet.

NORMAN

You fucking---.

Cai begins stomping him in the face until he goes unconscious.

Satisfied he shut his mouth, Cai turns his attention to Darnell.

CAI

Help me get him in the car.

DARNELL
Stick to the plan?

CAI
Yeah. After we get him in the car, get your shit and burn this bitch down. Even if they find the remains, they'll chalk it up as another unsolved mystery in the "D".

Darnell looks over at Thug's dead body, and then spits on the floor.

DARNELL
I'm glad the little scheming bitch is dead.

CAI
Let's get his ass in the car.

Darnell grabs a duffel bag from the floor and starts placing the drugs and money inside.

Cai looks at the gun seeing the Nazi symbol.

He scoffs, tossing the gun to the side.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING BASEMENT - NIGHT

The light from the electrical lanterns hanging around the pole show the water and trash covering the floor the rats are running across.

Off to the side sitting on an oil drum there's a laptop facing the pole.

THREE SHOT - NORMAN, DWAYNE, JEFFERY

The three are tied to the pole gagged, bruised and bloody.

CAI (O.S.)
Let me tell you gentlemen what I'm in the mood to hear. I wanna hear you highly respected fucked up representatives of the city to sing a song that will help save your lives.

The sound of cracking knuckles cut through the air.

Four men in all-black with masks come from the darkness equipped with brass knuckles on both fists surrounding Norman, Dwayne and Jeffery.

CAI (O.S.)

I suggest you bitches get to singing.

The assault begins.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. THE LOCKER ROOM - AFTERNOON

Anger, frustration and violence fills the room where officers are strapping up preparing to search the city.

The language used in the room is not for the faint heart.

Trying to fathom how the mayor and others were abducted, the boys in blue are taking no prisoners when they catch up to the person behind this.

More officers come down into the locker room carrying duffel bags placing them down on the bench.

Some of the officers are taking their frustrations out by hitting the lockers.

Coming together as a brotherhood, the officers begin hyping themselves up before heading out.

While everyone is hyping themselves up, there's one officer standing back taking pictures with his cellphone on the sly.

INSERT PHONE SCREEN

The picture he took of the officers is on the screen.

The message he has under it reads. "Everything is good on this end. Make your move."

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE MOTEL BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Water is heard dripping from the shower head.

The cheap shower curtain is barely hanging on the rod, one tug away from falling off.

Old piss stains can be seen on the floor and toilet. Unless

you have no choice, this is not a bathroom you would want to use or bathe in.

Cai is wearing a shirt and jeans staring in the mirror.

Closing his eyes in deep thought, he forms his hands as if he's about to pray, placing them to his lips, sighing under his breath.

A loud ding is heard.

Opening his eyes, he looks down on the sink at his phone seeing he has a text message.

Picking the phone up and opening the message, he sees the picture the officer took.

Not replying, he places the phone back down, looking in the mirror again.

Judging from his expression he doesn't care how things turnout, just as long as what he's about to do is understood.

Taking a deep breath, he walks out the bathroom.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is cheap.

It looks like it could possibly be infested with bedbugs, and whores rent it by the hour.

AJ, Vincent, Xavier and six other men are wearing police uniforms smoking cigarettes watching a game show on television.

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

Twenty black full duffel bags are stacked up against the wall.

The show is interrupted by a breaking news story.

REPORTER #1

(Talking to the camera)

We're continuing with last night's shocking story. A fully loaded black stretched Expedition rented under

mayor Jeffery Tines name was found riddled with bullets in Southwest Detroit. Drugs and alcohol were found on the scene, along with the bodies of two women unknown, and some of his bodyguards. Mayor Tines along with Dwayne Hill, our famous Reverend of God's true blessings and police Chief Norman Yates are still missing. Police officers are on a city wide manhunt.

One of the guys turns the television off.

They focus on Cai with determination in his eyes glowing bright, looking at them hoping they're just as excited as him.

CAI

Is everybody ready?

Everyone nods yes, except AJ.

AJ's hand is shaking, but you would have to be paying close attention to notice something has him on edge.

AJ

How do you think this will end?

Cool as a summer night, Cai pulls a different brand of cigarette out placing it in his mouth looking at AJ.

CAI

If you feel the need to back down, do it.

Not worried about what Cai said, but AJ knows if he says something other than he's going with them, the other guys staring at him suspiciously will end his life.

Cai lights his cigarette, and then takes a step towards AJ, taking a pull waiting for his answer.

CAI (CONT'D)

Well?

Tensing up because he doesn't want to go, but he doesn't want to back down and lose his life, he takes a deep breath gritting his teeth.

AJ

I'm staying.

Cai keeps his eyes on AJ because even with him saying he'll stay, he doesn't trust him.

CAI
(Exhales)

Part one of the plan is complete. It's time to do our share. Let's grab the bags. This will either be a wake up call or the demise of the city.

Cocky laughter and shit talking is heard from the men as they stand up grabbing the bags making their way out the room.

AJ looks at Cai shaking his head before making his way out the room.

Something shady is going on with AJ and Cai can sense it from his actions, but he has a bigger mission at hand to tend to first.

Cai takes a pull from his cigarette with a slight smirk.

CUT TO:

INT. THE LOBBY - AFTERNOON

Officer SIMMONS is sitting behind the front desk looking over a gun magazine.

From the expression on his face you would think he's a real badass.

We can hear the phones ringing, and the conversation officers standing in the lobby are talking about.

Cai comes in wearing a black trench coat carrying a tablet in his left hand, with his right hand in his pocket.

He has a cool walk heading straight to the front desk.

The officers look at him suspiciously, but he keeps his cool.

Reaching the counter, Cai places the tablet down.

Simmons looks up from his magazine.

SIMMONS
Can I help you?

Cai's looks around the lobby, and then back at Simmons.

CAI

Can you help yourself?

Simmons looks at him confused.

SIMMONS

Excuse me?

Keeping a serious face, Cai looks directly into Simmons' eyes.

CAI

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

Placing his hand on his gun, Simmons keeps his eyes locked with Cai's.

The other officers stop talking, focusing on Simmons and Cai, placing their hands on their guns just in case something happens.

As if the other officers in the lobby don't exist, Cai stays focused on Simmons waiting for him to answer his question.

Registering what Cai asked him, Simmons is now focused on why Cai has his hand in his pocket.

SIMMONS

What's in your pocket?

Nowhere near rattled by the authority Simmons tried placing in his voice, Cai cracks his neck, releasing a soft laugh.

CAI

Come around here and find out.

SIMMONS

I won't ask again. What's in your pocket?!

CAI

I believe if I was black man, you would've either shot me or came and found out.

This makes Simmons think Cai is full of shit, so now he's annoyed, ready for Cai to leave the building.

SIMMONS

I don't know what drugs you're on, but

I need you to leave the building
before something bad happens.

CAI
(Chuckles)
Before something bad happens?

Cai prepares to open his coat, and Simmons quickly draws his
gun, standing up taking aim.

SIMMONS
Freeze!

The other officers pull their guns taking aim.

Stanton comes rushing to the front.

STANTON
What's going on?!

SIMMONS
He's possibly armed and dangerous!

Surrounded by guns aiming at him, Cai holds one of the
brightest smiles looking dead into Simmons eyes.

CAI
(Talking to Simmons)
Come frisk me.

SIMMONS
What?

Cai looks over at Stanton, nodding his head back towards
Simmons.

CAI
Tell him to frisk me before the
situation gets worse.

Stanton isn't sure what this is all about, but no one can
risk the chance of shooting Cai because they don't know
what's in his right pocket.

Stanton knows the killing of an unarmed man in the news would
look bad, so he gives Simmons the okay to frisk him.

The other officers keep their aim as Simmons slowly makes his
way from behind the desk.

Cai keeps his hand in his pocket smiling, while Simmons opens

his coat.

He steps back with his hand trembling trying to keep his aim, terrified staring at the vest strapped on Cai's chest.

SIMMONS

Holy shit!

STANTON

What?!

SIMMONS

He's a bomb!

CAI

(To Simmons)

You should lower your gun.

Simmons looks over at Stanton waiting for instructions.

Stanton gives him the nod for him to lower his weapon.

Simmons is hesitant, but he slowly lowers his gun.

With full control of the situation, Cai looks at the other officers keeping their aim on him, but that doesn't stop him from taking a step towards Simmons.

Shivers are running through Simmons as he steps back.

CAI (CONT'D)

(Chuckle)

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

SIMMONS

No.

CAI

You won't be missed.

Before anybody can blink, one of the officers takes aim on Simmons blowing his brains out.

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

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

STANTON

What is this?

Cai reveals the detonator he was holding in his right pocket.

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

Cai pulls a Walkie Talkie from his left coat pocket.

CAI (CONT'D)
(In the Walkie Talkie)
Come lock it down, boys.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

In the locker room, there's at least twenty of Cai's men, AJ, Vincent and Xavier wearing police uniforms aiming their rifles down on the officers handcuffed on their stomachs.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

More of Cai's men come rushing into the lobby. One of them grabs some keys off Simmons body, and then runs over to the front door locking it.

Once the door is locked, they begin barricading the door and windows.

AJ, Vincent and Xavier come from the back.

Vincent walks up on Stanton placing the barrel of his rifle against his temple, taking his gun from the holster.

CAI
Is everything good downstairs?

VINCENT
We're in the money.

CAI
Good.

AJ
Now what?

CAI

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

AJ and Xavier start helping the other men barricade the doors and windows.

VINCENT

What do you want me to do?

Cai places the Walkie Talkie back in his pocket.

CAI

Stay close to me.

Stanton looks on at the hostile takeover confused, wondering who these people are, and why this is happening.

STANTON

Who are you?

CAI

Let's have this conversation in your office.

Vincent keeps the gun aimed at him, escorting him back into his office.

Cai picks up the tablet and then follows behind them.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. STANTON OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

An outstanding cop is what you would think of Stanton looking at all of his awards hanging on the wall.

A flat screen is mounted on the wall showing the news on mute.

On his desk there's some files, his nameplate, a flower resting in a pot and a family portrait of him, his wife and two daughters.

Stanton takes a seat behind his desk.

Vincent stands to the side with his gun aimed at him.

Cai takes a seat in the chair across from Stanton placing the

Walkie Talkie, tablet, charger for the tablet and the detonator on the desk.

With a quick glance at the television, Cai nods his head.

CAI (CONT'D)

Can we hear this?

STANTON

Why?

CAI

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

Uncertain but left with no choice, Stanton picks up the remote, taking the mute off.

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

CAI (CONT'D)

Okay. You can place it on mute?

Stanton places it on mute.

CAI (CONT'D)

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

STANTON

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

Cai cocks his head to the side, confused by the words that came from his mouth unsure if Stanton is trying to be funny, or if he's actually serious.

CAI

This ain't enough?

STANTON

No. You could be the typical nutjob with a group of crazy people who have a death wish.

Cai turns on the tablet, and then hands it over to Stanton.

CAI

Take a gander at the picture.

Stanton's eyes get wide looking at a picture of Jeffrey, Norman and Dwayne tied to the pole gagged and bloody.

STANTON

Oh, my God.

CAI

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

STANTON

Where are you holding them?

Cai pulls his phone out dialing.

Stanton stares at the picture with anger building inside him seeing his friend beat up and bloody.

STANTON (CONT'D)

Where are they?!

CAI

(In the phone)

Send the first part of the video.

STANTON

Answer my question!

Cai hangs up, placing the phone back in his pocket.

CAI

Take the television off mute.

Stanton grabs the remote, turning the mute off.

Reporter #1 is still on the screen.

REPORTER #1

(Into the Camera)

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

On the screen we see when the men were beating the shit out of the three captives.

CAI

Do you believe me now?

STANTON

Are you gonna tell me what this is about?

CAI

I'm tired of people with badges and guns, or titles doing what the fuck they want without repercussions. Place it on mute, and bring your chair over here.

STANTON

Why?

CAI

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

Stanton places it on mute, and then stands up pushing his chair to the other side of the desk, taking a seat closer to Cai.

Vincent keeps his aim on him.

CAI (CONT'D)

I'll let you gather your thoughts before we go live because I need you---

.

STANTON

Go live?

CAI

Yeah. The city needs to know the real you.

STANTON

You're fucking crazy.

CAI

That's a possibility.

STANTON

I have a question.

CAI

I'm listening.

STANTON

How were you able to abduct these people?

CAI

(Sighs, disappointed)
Something you should've been asked.
Money makes the world go round. Add
that with people fed up with bullshit,
and you have this.

STANTON

You paid a bunch of people to help you
abduct important city figures, and
take a precinct hostage? They're just
as stupid as you.

CAI

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

STANTON

Listen to me. You won't---

CAI

My name is Cai.

STANTON

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

Cai stands up taking his coat off, pointing to the vest.

CAI

If I was worried about death, I
wouldn't be wearing this. You better
start talking with some sense before I
kill us all, and their blood ends up
on your hands. I wanna kill you anyway
because you're not innocent. Do you
have any more questions?

STANTON

What do you mean, I'm not innocent?

Cai stares at him picking up the detonator.

Stanton swallows his pride going along with the show.

STANTON (CONT'D)

Start the show.

CAI

Thank you.

Taking his seat, Cai picks up the tablet plugging the charger in, connecting it to one of the sockets on Stanton's desk before setting up the "live chat" with the news.

STANTON

Oh, one more thing.

CAI

What?

STANTON

I know what this is about.

Interested in what he has to say, Cai looks up from the tablet staring at him.

CAI

What is it about?

Vincent cocks the gun.

STANTON

You're a spoiled rich kid from the suburbs. Your parents probably didn't show you enough attention as a child, so you're pulling this bullshit for attention.

Laughing as if he heard a gut busting joke, Cai goes back to setting up the video.

STANTON (CONT'D)

You know I'm right, that's why you won't say shit.

CAI

I'll let you believe you're right.

STANTON

And this live interview.

CAI

What about it?

STANTON

It won't last long. When the other officers arrive, they'll come in guns blazing.

CAI

They'll come in guns blazing? When I

said I was about to kill everybody in here I survived, but dude out there is dead?

(Chuckles)

Are you ready?

STANTON

Do what you have to do.

Cai goes live looking into the camera ready to speak.

On the television we see Reporter #1 is still talking, when someone hands him a piece of paper.

Looking over the paper, his eyes get wide.

REPORTER #1

(Into the camera)

I just received news that the person who has the mayor and others hostage is prepared to go live.

Cai is seen on the television in split screen.

CAI

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

He turns the tablet so Stanton can be seen, and then he turns it back on himself.

CAI (CONT'D)

Officers who know this man know the precinct we're at. But here's a fair warning. If you try coming in you will be shot, and I'll detonate the building.

He aims the camera at the vest.

CAI (CONT'D)

All he has to do is tell the truth during our conversation, and nobody will get hurt.

He aims the camera back on his face.

CAI (CONT'D)

Detroit. Come gather at the precinct.
At the end of the conversation I have
one more surprise.

REPORTER #1

What's the topic of conversation, if
you don't mind me asking?

CAI

Who do our laws really benefit? All of
the laws are contradictions, and
depending on your money and ethnicity,
only certain people benefit from them.

REPORTER #1

This is what you believe?

Cai shakes his head, laughing low.

CAI

You and others listening probably
will, too. Now, here's something to
think about. What's the difference
between crackers and niggers, and what
do they have in common?

Cai sets the tablet up on the desk so him and Stanton are on
the screen before muting Reporter #1.

CAI (CONT'D)

Let me ask you something. Are you a
religious man?

STANTON

Yes.

CAI

Let me rephrase. Are you a true
believer in everything the bible says?

STANTON

No one can question God.

CAI

I see. So, what do you think about the
last meal?

STANTON

What about it?

CAI

I'm sure you know the last meal relates to something in this day and age?

STANTON

What?

CAI

Prisoners on death row get a last meal, right?

STANTON

Okay?

Cai is really confused at the fact he doesn't know if Stanton is being naive or if he's truly clueless.

CAI

You don't find it odd that a murderer gets the privilege of Jesus who gave his life for our sins, while the person on death row committed their crime just because?

STANTON

What are you implying?

CAI

That this world revolves around God, but we praise the people who disrespect all of what the bible says with honors. Does that make sense to you?

Stanton is silent.

Cai gives him a slight smirk, loving the fact the situation is going how he wants.

CAI (CONT'D)

I see you're not ready for that, so, you know what I find amazing?

STANTON

What?

CAI

The black people who were killed by the police and nothing happened to the officers who did the crimes. I'm sure

you don't care, but, wow. Isn't that something?

STANTON

What makes you think I don't care?

CAI

Why would we as white people care? We put up a front for the cameras so they'll think we care. Behind closed doors, we laugh our ass off.

(Laughs)

Did you know the police were formed to catch runaway slaves? Over the years it changed, and the police had to start arresting everybody. But the true reason why it started still thrives strongly.

STANTON

History has nothing to do with the present. Times have changed from the ignorance of others. Today, the law delivers punishment to anyone who breaks the law. Keep the race card you're trying to pull and speak on yourself when you say we as white people.

CAI

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

Pointing his finger at him, Cai figures Stanton is acting shy for the camera.

CAI (CONT'D)

If I was black, do you know what I would do?

STANTON

What would you do?

CAI

Instead of these pointless protests, I'd start picking off cops.

STANTON

Declaring war on the police, killing innocent cops would be your solution?

CAI

No different from what they declared killing innocent black people. Compare a suspicious white suspect with a black one, and I guarantee the black person's family will be on the news grieving.

STANTON

There's no truth behind what you said, but explain.

CAI

Look at the white people who had guns aimed at officers, and lived. White people who go on killing sprees, and instead of getting gunned down, if they don't kill themselves, they get arrested. The white people who walk around armed speaking of violence, and nothing happens. White cops who attempt to frame black people, and when the truth comes out, nothing happens. Do you need more reasons?

Stanton is silent.

Using a finger at the side of his head motioning a gear turning, Cai looks at Stanton hoping what he's saying is starting to register.

CAI (CONT'D)

Are the gears turning?

STANTON

You believe white people have special privileges, and African-Americans should rage war? That explains this situation.

CAI

(Laughs)

These are two different situations. You're in this because you haven't received punishment. I know the gun control law makes you sick.

STANTON

Why would that make me sick? Innocent people slaughtered in clubs. Children struck down by stray bullets fired by

assholes shooting it out. Terrorists are blowing up buildings at random. Kids are shooting up schools. They should improve it and make it stricter.

CAI

It should be enforced on cops too, right? They're killing at the same alarming rate. Wait a minute...did you say terrorist?

(Chuckles)

I do believe that title is only placed on Muslims. Let the media and the white society speak, all Muslims are terrorists.

STANTON

The tragedies as of late have been committed by Muslims, but no one is placing a label accusing all Muslims of terrorism. These crimes are indeed tragedies in American history being committed by more than just one race. And why would the gun control law go against officers? Why do you hate the law?

CAI

Murders happening in this day and age are tragedies in American history? Stop me from making you laugh. The mass slaughter of Native-Americans here before us, but who am I? Dozens of African-Americans slaughtered in slavery. Serial killers glorified as celebrities, who I might add are our fellow Caucasians.

(Sucks his teeth)

Those are tragedies. The shit happening now are cover ups. But to answer your question, I hate officers who use their gun and badge as a free pass. The gun law should be enforced on them, for the same reasons they believe it should be enforced on people. Cops can defend themselves without all the accessories they supposedly need, right?

Stanton is becoming annoyed, but he knows he has no choice

but to carry on the show because the lives of people rest in his hands.

STANTON

(Sighs)

You have some serious issues. The only reason I'm going along with this conversation is because I have to ensure the lives of the people you have. Other than that, I would've been done with this nonsense.

CAI

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

STANTON

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

Cai pulls out his cigarettes and a lighter, placing them on the desk.

CAI

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

STANTON

Technically, yes. Majority of their life or the remaining parts will be behind bars.

Taking a cigarette from the pack, he places it in his mouth.

Cai looks at Stanton disappointed by his response.

CAI

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

STANTON

Removing freedom from a person is the end.

Cai lights his cigarette.

CAI

(Takes a pull)

The only thing taking away is the ability to go wherever they please.

Other than that, life remains the same. You can still fuck, eat, sleep, drink, get tattoos and stay in shape. Communication from the outside is still allowed. They can receive money, kill rival enemies on the inside and out. Their friends are locked up with them and they can make new ones. Sounds like freedom to me.

STANTON

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

CAI

You agree the system is fucked up?

STANTON

It has flaws just like everything else in the world.

CAI

That's a cute response. I asked about one thing, and you combined everything else with it.

STANTON

It's the truth.

CAI

That's not the truth. The truth is, they're kept alive for a specific reason.

STANTON

And that reason would be what?

CAI

Money. Why do you think people such as pedophiles, rapists, and murderers don't get automatically sentenced to death? The system knows, especially for pedophiles and rapists, they'll get the same treatment done to them in jail before they get killed. That's

the easy way to get rid of them.
Pleading insanity is a well known
favorite.

(Takes a pull)

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

STANTON

Pedophiles and rapist get treated like
their victims because despite the
inmate crime, they view rape and
pedophilia possibly happening to one
of their loved ones. Good and evil is
debated in court when a person is on
trial, but if you hire the right team
to get you off even if you're guilty,
there's nothing that can be done.

CAI

What about repeat offenders? Why are
they constantly released?

STANTON

Aside from jails being packed with
real criminals, you can't judge
without knowing. Some people know how
to manipulate their way out of
situations, and as I said...the law
can only do so much.

CAI

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

STANTON

(Sighs)

Here you go with the race card.

CAI

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

STANTON

I grow tired of your ignorance.

CAI

Oh, well, how about this? Why are black people labeled as African-Americans, and we're labeled as Americans? The country that speaks English is across seas, so why do we label our language as English? Who are we to deport other races, and this is supposed to be God's--excuse me.

(Low chuckle)

This is the land of the white man, so skip that one. Can you explain the other things to me?

STANTON

Why are you asking me these questions?

CAI

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

STANTON

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

CAI

(Laughs)

Ah, reverse psychology. You do realize I'll do the shit because I don't give a fuck? Make your next choice of words good.

Stanton looks over at Vincent sucking his teeth, knowing he can't respond how he feels, so he looks at Cai with a slight smirk.

STANTON

...Continue.

CAI

Being white is a hell of a privilege. We speak racist shit openly, and it still doesn't register. I guess it's the pretty eyes, hair and finances throwing people off.

Cai drops his cigarette to the floor stepping on it.

STANTON

What are you talking about?

CAI

We drag everything through the mud other races do, just to turn around and copy it. After the theft is accomplished, we proudly say we invented it just like we did with this country. Now, what's really funny? We hate black women, but we love fucking and degrading them. What better way to accomplish this goal legally? We came up with porn. While all this goes on, we sit back laughing at the fact we're easily doing bullshit, knowing nobody will speak on it.

STANTON

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

Cai breaks out laughing.

Stanton looks at him confused.

STANTON (CONT'D)

What's funny?

CAI

Nothing at all.

STANTON

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

CAI

I'll accept that. Carry on.

STANTON

Every nationality learns from the other. Credit is shown with respect to the teacher, no matter the race. Everything coming from your mouth is second grade nonsense.

Doing his best holding back from laughing, Cai just stares at him waiting to hear what else will come from his mouth.

STANTON (CONT'D)

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

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

CAI

You're absolutely right.

STANTON

You're about to tell me their location?

CAI

Shortly. You didn't give me your thoughts about porn.

STANTON

Porn is sexual fantasies engaged between consenting adults paying for their dreams.

CAI

So...prostitution should be legal?

Stanton shakes his head silent.

CAI (CONT'D)

You do know that's the true intentions behind porn? Porn is legalized prostitution, so technically prostitution shouldn't be illegal. I mean, we know black bitches can't turn down a dollar. They'll fuck anything getting treated like trash as long as the dollars add up enough to wash away their humility. I'm actually truly amazed we have white women in porn. And all races of women who do porn are labeled as models or divas. Well...not the black ones, but you get where I'm going.

(Laughs)

Shit is too funny, I swear. That privilege of being white still carries on, easily getting away with rape.

STANTON

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

CAI

Do you think so?

STANTON

Are you implying rape victims enjoy what happens to them?

CAI

S&M says yes. Threesomes and up, says yes. Role playing says yes. Smut porn says yes. If I was a rapist, these would be my solid grounds claiming my innocence since women these days lie about getting raped.

STANTON

Unsuspecting women who get attacked by a man they don't know falls into the category of S&M and all that other bullshit? How stupid do you sound?

CAI

I sound just as stupid as you. You're just denying what you are.

STANTON

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

CAI

I'm speaking bullshit?

STANTON

Goddamn right, it's bullshit! Whatever you think I'm guilty of hasn't been proven. Your pointless topics won't change how the world revolves. Do what you came to do.

CAI

Anger is the first step letting a person know---

STANTON

Fuck all the bullshit! Kill us all!

What are you waiting for, coward?!

Knowing he has Stanton right where he wants him, Cai slides the detonator in front of him.

CAI

What are you waiting on?

Stanton looks at the detonator contemplating his next move since he didn't think Cai would call his bluff.

A humorous chuckle comes from Cai, placing another cigarette in his mouth lighting it.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. THE POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

You would think someone took the white house hostage from all the police cars and Swat vans on the scene.

News vans from all of the television stations are pulling up, along with ambulances and fire trucks.

Some of the officers are setting up roadblocks, while other officers are doing their best to keep the mob of protesters at bay, some for Cai and others are against him letting their voices be heard.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Everything that wasn't nailed down is barricading the door and windows.

Prepared to die, these men show no fear looking out at the sea of blue badges setting up.

Excited seeing the plan going accordingly, Xavier looks out the window smiling.

AJ on the other hand knows this is the end of their mission, shaking his head wondering why he decided to come along.

AJ

Look at 'em.

XAVIER

This is what I was waiting on.

Turning to Xavier, AJ can't help but wonder why he's excited, knowing they're out numbered with men and firepower.

AJ

Why?

XAVIER

Justice will finally get extracted.

AJ

Do you really think we'll come out of this with a happy ending?

Xavier turns to look at Aj in his eyes.

XAVIER

Why wouldn't we?

AJ

Look at this shit. We're armed with a nice amount of men.

Keeping eye contact with Xavier, he points out the window with a statement, hoping he'll get the point.

AJ (CONT'D)

It's a dozen of them out there, with more to come.

XAVIER

We all knew this shit would happen and ain't nobody flaking up, but you. What the fuck is going on?

AJ

It's not about flaking up. It's called common sense.

XAVIER

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

AJ

X, you know if it wasn't for me being one of the guards for the mayor we would've never been able to get him. I only helped because you came to me and we grew up together, so I figured we could make something happen.

XAVIER

What the fuck are you talking about?

AJ

You know what I'm talking about. We can walk away good if you're with me.

XAVIER

Did you forget what this is about?

AJ

It's about bullshit, thinking you can defeat the law and make a change. Cai wants to prove a point that'll never change anything.

The other men in the lobby focus their attention on them, unsure who they should side with.

XAVIER

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

AJ

Don't be stupid, X. We can survive this if you work with me.

XAVIER

Pull it off by yourself if you feel that way.

Xavier walks off.

AJ

I thought you were smarter than this?

Xavier continues walking.

XAVIER

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

AJ releases a sigh of frustration looking out the window.

AJ

Fucking idiot.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. STANTON OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Cai takes a calm pull from his cigarette grabbing the

detonator, placing it back in front of him.

CAI

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

STANTON

Fuck you.

CAI

Not my style. Why do you believe drug dealers are sent to prison?

STANTON

They're low-life scum bringing the country down.

CAI

Jeez. Strong reply, wouldn't you say?

STANTON

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

CAI

Indeed it is. You're still sugarcoating.

STANTON

How?

CAI

Drug dealers don't make people buy what they're supplying. Pharmaceutical drugs on the other hand are another story.

STANTON

Prescribed drugs and street drugs are completely different.

CAI

(Takes a pull)

Let's see. Once taken, addiction is prone. Side effects can be fatal health wise. They sound the same to me.

Stanton is silent, thinking hard on what he can say to swing the conversation in his favor.

STANTON

May I have a cigarette?

Cai slides the pack and lighter over to Stanton.

Stanton takes a cigarette placing it in his mouth.

CAI

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

Stanton lights his cigarette and takes a calm pull, nodding his head in agreement.

STANTON

I agree.

Cai is surprised by his response.

CAI

You do?

STANTON

Yeah. Like who is Uncle Sam, and why do we have to pay him taxes? Or the fact we have to pay for education. The shit makes no sense.

Cai knows Stanton is full of it, but he displays an overjoyed smile, clapping his hands.

CAI

I'm finally getting through to you. Keep talking.

STANTON

Showing blacks as slaves, but don't talk about the ones who fought back. Child support is a complete joke, designed for us to have more control. I'm starting to understand.

Cai stands up, dropping his cigarette.

CAI

I'm so fucking proud of you right now.
 What do you think about the water
 crisis?

AJ (V.O.)
 (Over the Walkie Talkie)
 Shit is getting real outside.

Cai picks up the Walkie-Talkie.

CAI
 (Into the Walkie Talkie)
 Here I come.
 (To Stanton)
 What do you think about what I asked?

STANTON
 It'll never be forgivable, even if
 they explain how it happened.

CAI
 This might have a good outcome after
 all.

Cai grabs the detonator walking out the room.

Vincent walks over to Stanton with his gun aimed at him.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. THE POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Officers are positioned in front of the station ready to get
 the fireworks started.

The raging protesters can still be heard.

More SWAT vans and state police cars pull up.

A helicopter circles around the station with the searchlight
 shining down on the roof where Cai men are posted.

State trooper GABE, mid-fifties, is standing beside a squad
 car with a megaphone staring at the station.

From looking into his blue eyes, you can see there's no fear,
 ready to get the show on the road.

GABE
 (Over the megaphone)
 This is Gabe Miller of the Michigan

State police. We know the situation inside. What are your demands so we can work something out?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Cai is looking out the barricaded window.

GABE (O.S.)

There's no need for violence. Just come out and talk.

Cai turns looking at AJ.

CAI

Gather 'em up, and take 'em to the roof.

AJ

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

Pissed AJ sounds like a coward, Cai turns looking at him, debating on hitting him in the mouth.

CAI

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

AJ knows he's not a bitch, stepping up in Cai's face daring him to say it again.

AJ

Ain't no bitch in me.

Cai stares dead in his eyes holding up the detonator.

CAI

Prove me wrong.

AJ bites his lip hating the fact Cai pulled his card, and he can't do shit about it.

CAI (CONT'D)

What's the hold up?

AJ

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

CAI
Stop trying to change my plans.

AJ walks off.

AJ
You're the man, Cai.

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

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

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. STANTON OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Despite having a gun aimed at him, Stanton is smiling knowing this is the end.

Cai and Gabe can be heard talking.

STANTON
What do you think is about to happen?

VINCENT
Either they back down or everyone dies.

Noticing the fear in Vincent from the way his hands are trembling holding the gun, Stanton decides to use this to his advantage, possibly persuading Vincent to think about what's actually going on.

STANTON
I know you're doing this because he has something on you, or you believe his mission is right. But deep down...you really don't wanna die behind his delusions.

VINCENT
Is that right? So I should stab him in the back, and take sides with you?

STANTON
You wanna live, don't you?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. TYREKA ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Her room is set up as a shrine with various pictures of her, her trophies she won at school and paintings she created.

Howard is wearing something casual sitting in a chair depressed, sipping the cognac in his glass.

His phone rings, and he takes another sip before pulling the phone out answering.

HOWARD

Hello?

(Listens)

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

(Listens)

Wait, calm---

(Listens)

I'm on my way.

He hangs up making his way out the room.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

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

AJ is at the back of the line, and in front of him is a rough looking Caucasian in his mid-twenties named PAUL.

You can see the anger on his face, turning his head to the side to spit, stopping on the stairs.

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

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

AJ

What the fuck is your problem?

Paul turns around looking at him.

PAUL

Fuck you! Kill me!

AJ lowers his gun putting two and two together, thinking he can make something happen if Paul is willing to help him.

Xavier comes back to the door.

XAVIER
What's going on?

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

Xavier walks off.

AJ (CONT'D)
I think you and I can work something out.

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

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

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. STANTON OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Vincent moves to the side when Cai comes back in the room, but he keeps his aim on Stanton.

Cai unplugs the charger, picking up the tablet, walking over to the television, placing it on a file cabinet so they can still be seen as he plugs the charger in the wall.

He comes back to his chair, and takes a seat.

CAI
You said the water crisis was a tragedy, right?

STANTON
That's right.

CAI
Is it a tragedy because of the casualties and death, or because the plan didn't fall into play?

Stanton just knew he had Cai swinging his way, but what he just said threw him off.

STANTON

What plan?

Cai stands up laughing walking towards the door, pulling out a nine-millimeter keeping his back turned.

CAI

We were just on the same page. The plan for genocide on an entire city, knowing majority of Flint is populated with African-Americans. When the white people who live there started speaking, all the officials and everybody else started speaking.

STANTON

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

CAI

Our last President was under fire from the day he stepped into office, until he left. How fast do you think they would've impeached and thrown the President in jail if he had something to do with it?

STANTON

I believe the outcome would be the same.

Cai laughs, shaking his head.

CAI

You know what I believe?

STANTON

What?

Turning towards him with the gun aimed, Cai lets off two rounds hitting Stanton in the leg making him fall out the chair screaming in pain.

Vincent lowers his gun, shocked.

CAI

I believe you think I'm fuckin' stupid! You know goddamn well the outcome would be different!

Cai lets off some rounds in the air.

CAI (CONT'D)

Uncle Sam is the uncle nobody knows, but wants you to do everything paying him taxes! Paying for education is required because we can't let the smart black people get ahead! We make them pay because we know they'll never be able to pay it off! Child support is a win, win for us because even if he finds out the child isn't his, he doesn't get a refund! Why?! Because nobody will do shit about it, and he'll end up killing the baby mama helping us eliminate their kind! Bigamy will soon be legal because nothing God stands for is respected! Moral of the story is we run everything, you fuckin' moron!

Vincent rushes over to Cai jumping in his face.

VINCENT

What the fuck is wrong with you?!

CAI

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

VINCENT

Calm down. Take a breather.

Cai's expression shows pure confusion staring at Vincent.

CAI

Calm down?! What the fuck is wrong with you?! Did you forget this is what we agreed has to be done?!

VINCENT

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

CAI
I am focused!

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

Pissed off Vincent is arguing with him, Cai gives him a hard shove, and then aims the gun at him.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
Have you lost your goddamn mind?!

CAI
You're telling me to calm down like he put something in your ear! You tell me?!

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

CAI
I did, up until this shit!

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

Inching towards the corner in pain with blood leaking from his wounds, Stanton is making sure he's well out of the way if they start shooting.

STANTON
I told you.

Hearing in his voice sounding like him and Vincent has something planned, Cai turns his aim on Stanton.

CAI
Told him what?

Vincent aims his gun at Cai.

Cai keeps his aim on Stanton, sighing low, disappointed the tables have turned.

CAI (CONT'D)

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

VINCENT

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

CAI

It's exactly what I'm thinking.

VINCENT

Will you shut the fuck up?! I'm doing this because---

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

Paul has his arms behind his back appearing handcuffed, but the cuffs are nowhere near on tight.

Cai and Vincent quickly take aim on the two.

AJ releases Paul's arm holding up his hands.

AJ

Whoa! What's this shit?

CAI

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

VINCENT

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

CAI

Neither one of you motherfuckers are golden.

AJ

Listen. He knows a better way to escape without us getting caught.

CAI

And why would I trust him? But more importantly...why the fuck did you tell him the plan?

VINCENT

Right. Why did you tell him?

PAUL

Because I agree with everything you're saying. Fuck these racist people and their laws. It's about time someone took a true stand for what's right.

CAI

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

AJ

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

XAVIER (V.O.)

(Over the Walkie Talkie)

They're ready to move in out here. What do you wanna do?

AJ

Do what's right, Cai.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. THE POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

The cameraman is aiming the camera at REPORTER #3.

The protesters can be heard and seen in the background.

REPORTER #3

(Into the camera)

It appears the situation inside has taken a turn for the worse. Not only is detective Stanton wounded, but the men have apparently turned on each other. While the protesters you see behind me, some for the man known as Cai and others are against him. All we can do is hope for a peaceful outcome.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. THE ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

The helicopter has the searchlight aimed down on the roof.

We see twelve officers handcuffed on their knees by the ledge with a man behind each of them aiming a gun at their head.

The duffel bags from the room are piled up on the roof.

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

HELICOPTER PILOT (O.S.)

Be advised, heavily armed men are on the roof with hostages and black duffel bags. Contents in the bags are unknown.

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

CAI MAN #1 comes over to him.

CAI MAN #1

What are we gonna do?

XAVIER

I don't know.

(Into Walkie Talkie)

Cai, they're ready. What do you wanna do?

There's no response.

XAVIER (CONT'D)

Something's not right. If they make a move down there, you know what to do.

Xavier makes his way to the roof door.

HELICOPTER PILOT (O.S.)

One of the suspects is heading back into the building.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. STANTON OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Tension is high.

Cai and Vincent still have their aim on AJ and Paul, but Cai keeps looking out of the corner of his eye at Vincent because he thinks him and Stanton have something planned.

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

CAI
What would be right?

AJ
Hear him out before this goes any further.

CAI
What makes him so fuckin' special that I should?

Vincent notices Paul moving his right arm.

VINCENT
What the fuck?

CAI
What?

VINCENT
Get down!

Cai ducks to the ground.

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

AJ opens fire on Vincent, striking him dead, leaving Cai and AJ in a Mexican standoff.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. THE POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

GABE
Move in!

Some of the officers make their way towards the station, while other officers open fire.

Gunshots come from the roof, and inside the station.

The protesters and reporters scream searching for cover.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. STANTON'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Cai and AJ are still aiming at each other as the gunfire is heard, and some of the bullets come through the room.

CAI
What are you doing?!

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

CAI
Do you hear what's going on?!

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

Cai shakes his head disappointed hearing the words coming from AJ'S mouth letting him know what he was thinking was right.

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

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

Before his brain can register to pull the trigger, AJ's brains fly out his skull from the bullet ejecting his forehead.

Xavier comes in to check on Cai, and he notices Vincent dead.

XAVIER
What the---?

CAI
Tell everybody to stop shooting!

Cai moves over to Vincent's body.

XAVIER
(In the Walkie Talkie)
Everybody, stop shooting! Stop

goddamn shooting!

The gunfire is still heard as Xavier keeps screaming into the Walkie Talkie for them to stop shooting.

Cai looks over at the tablet, removing his jacket aggressively, pointing at the vest.

After a few more minutes, the gunfire slowly desists.

Cai focuses back on Vincent with tears glossing his eyes, sobbing, caressing his face.

CAI

I'm so sorry. It wasn't supposed to end like this.

Xavier looks at Cai trying to hold back from crying.

XAVIER

Don't cry. You know he would hate that.

CAI

I know.

Cai tries gathering himself.

Xavier sees something on the television out of the corner of his eye and becomes stunned.

XAVIER

No fucking way.

CAI

What?

Xavier grabs the remote, taking it off mute.

On the screen you can see the carnage outside, but what caught Xavier's attention is Howard standing beside Reporter #3.

REPORTER #3

For those just tuning in, the chaotic scene you see behind me just occurred when police officers had a shootout with the men inside the police station. But standing with me now is Howard Combs. Howard says he has a message for the man inside who goes by

the name Cai.

Cai stands up looking at the screen.

HOWARD

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

Reporter #3 is shocked.

REPORTER #3

The man inside is your son?

HOWARD

(Sighs deep)

He's my first child. We didn't see eye to eye on certain things, so he told me he was going to the army. That was the last I heard of him.

REPORTER #3

Do you believe the reason why this is happening is because the police couldn't find the person behind Tyreka's death?

HOWARD

Truthfully? I honestly couldn't tell you.

Cai stares at the screen in rage, snatching the remote from Xavier placing it on mute before walking over to Stanton looking down at him.

CAI

Did you hear him trying to save you, and you raped and killed his daughter?!

Stanton recognizes Cai is on edge, and the wrong words can get him killed.

STANTON

Please. I didn't---

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

CAI
Stop telling me bullshit, you piece of
shit!

He stops stomping on him, and then kneels down beginning to pistol-whip him.

CAI (CONT'D)
Is this what you did to my sister?!

He hits him a few more times, and then stops.

Stanton's face is bloody with tears coming down.

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

XAVIER
Don't kill him.

Cai stares into Stanton's eyes filled with tears and fear.

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

Cai stands up, and then grabs the Walkie Talkie from off the desk.

CAI (CONT'D)
Keep your eye on him.

Cai makes his way out the room.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. THE POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Death is draped over the city.

Some of the officers and protesters are dead.

Moans of pain echo through the night.

Officers are regrouping thinking of a different approach, seeing the one they tried was a complete failure.

Medics are on the scene tending to the wounded.

REPORTER #3

Do you think your son will surrender?

HOWARD

He'll probably---

CAI (O.S.)

(Over the megaphone)

I'll be damned. Who invited my father to the party? Are you trying to save the lives of the men who raped your daughter and helped cover it up?

The area simmers down a little, but the moans of people in pain can still be heard.

Gabe walks over to Howard handing him the megaphone.

Pronounced "Say on"

HOWARD

(Into the megaphone)

Caiyon, listen to me. I know the loss of your sister hurts. You're upset that the person behind the crime hasn't been caught, and I understand your pain. But you can't point the finger at people just because the system didn't work to your standards.

CAI (O.S.)

(Laughs, over the megaphone)

I've never seen a person with perfect vision be so blind. Are they innocent because they're highly respected? Everybody pull your phones out and watch what's trending.

The people not injured from what happened pull their phones out.

Disbelief is on the faces of everyone looking at the scene from inside the Expedition.

CAI (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(Over the megaphone)

Is your mayor still innocent? I hope the people of Detroit are happy because this is where the money for the city goes. And if you think that's some shit, look at the next video.

The clip goes from that scene to the three tied to the pole with their faces covered with blood.

Norman and Dwayne confess their involvement in the murder, and Jeffery confesses in helping making sure the case goes cold.

They all admit Stanton's involvement.

CAI (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(Over the megaphone)

Highly respected men raped and murdered my sister. Everybody claims a person is innocent, and when shit hits the fan, people become stunned. How the fuck can you not believe a human being has flaws? What happened out there tonight happened because of those officers believing they're heroes. They all knew the situation inside, and they still tried to come in. What if I blew this bitch up? I do believe they showed a different side in regards to innocent lives.

HOWARD

(Into the megaphone)

Caiyon, you---

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Some of Cai's men are dead, and others are wounded, moaning in pain.

Hatred and sweat outlines Cai's face.

CAI

(Into the megaphone)

Shut the fuck up! You're no different from them. With proof, you're still defending the men who killed your daughter. Give me one reason why I shouldn't have a bullet lodged up in yo shit?

CARLA (O.S.)

(Over the megaphone)

I can.

A voice he hasn't heard in years turns the cold blood in his veins warm, lowering the megaphone looking out the bullet holes.

CARLA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(Over the megaphone)
Do you want to hear what your mother
has to say?

Cai stands speechless.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. THE POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

CARLA is in her mid-forties, short, brown skin and skinny.
She's standing beside Howard.

You can see the concern on her face staring at the police station.

Reporter #3 along with everyone else looks shocked because this is the first time anyone has seen Howard's wife.

REPORTER #3
This is truly amazing. One of the
strangest family reunions I've ever
seen.

CARLA
(Into the megaphone)
I raised you better than this. You're
displaying the exact opposite of what
I taught you. Responding with violence
only proves you're an animal. Is this
how you want people to view you?

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

CARLA

(Into the megaphone)
 You're openly admitting you're a
 loser, instead of letting God handle
 the situation? Do you feel you're a
 judge and executioner?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Cai is offended that his mother called him a loser.

The other men in the lobby not wounded look at him waiting to see how he'll respond.

CAI
 (Into the megaphone)
 You're placing a label on me, but you
 don't have shit to say about the truth
 I've been speaking? Loser is a strong
 word coming from the white man's
 whore. Isn't that what you labeled
 yourself when you found out he was
 cheating? Yes, Howard Combs is no
 different from anybody else. You
 changed your religion to fit him, and
 still got fucked over. You're just
 like everyone else who has no idea who
 God is using the name because it
 sounds good.

Cai pulls out the Walkie Talkie.

CAI (CONT'D)
 (In the Walkie Talkie)
 Get ready.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. THE ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

The men on the roof run over to the pile of duffle bags
 grabbing them, running back over to the ledge.

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

The loud roar from the people not injured below can be heard.

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

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

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

Showing how far a dollar goes, some of the officers and reporters are trying to grab some of the money.

Another news van pulls up on the scene unnoticed.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. STANTON OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

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

Stanton is still sitting in the corner.

Xavier has his aim on him.

CAI
 Ten million dollars made everybody
 forget the words I said, their
 religion and morals. Even their racist
 beliefs flew out the window, now that
 God is falling from the sky.

(Sighs)

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

Cai sighs deep looking at Stanton.

CAI (CONT'D)
 You know what?

STANTON

What?

CAI

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

Stanton stares at him, but doesn't respond.

Cai shoots him in the other leg, and Stanton screams.

CAI (CONT'D)

I said, guess what?!

STANTON

(Moaning)

What?

CAI

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

He pulls out the Walkie Talkie.

CAI (CONT'D)

(Into the Walkie Talkie)

Pack it up.

STANTON

What are you about to do?

CAI

Choose between the others, yourself or your family.

Stanton's eyes get wide.

STANTON

My family? My family has---

CAI

Your family has everything to do with this. I listened to the last words and screams from my sister before you bitches raped and killed her. Yes, I was the nigger on the phone you and your buddies claimed couldn't prove shit. Right now, your family is helpless just as my sister was. Do

they deserve the punishment you
 escaped? Or will you kill the ones who
 helped you rape and kill my sister?

Stanton's world is crumbling before his eyes after what Cai
 said, having no idea it would go to this extreme.

STANTON

...My family.

CAI

People never think about the ignorance
 of their crimes until it hits home.

Cai pulls his phone out, scrolling down the screen before
 kneeling down, handing the phone to Stanton.

CAI (CONT'D)

This should help with your decision.

INSERT PHONE SCREEN

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

BACK TO THE SCENE

STANTON

Oh, my God.

CAI

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

He points to the tablet.

CAI (CONT'D)

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

Cai looks over at Xavier.

CAI (CONT'D)

Grab our brother and take him
 downstairs.

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

Cai takes a cigarette from the pack and places it in his mouth, lighting it, taking a calm pull looking down at Stanton.

Stanton looks up with tears coming from his eyes.

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

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. THE POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

The scene is chaotic.

People are fighting and trampling each other to get the money on the ground.

Police officers are trying to defuse the situation, while at the same time trying to fight off the money hungry protesters.

Howard and Carla are standing back crying, watching the madness go on.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

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

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

Cai comes into the room.

CAI
Let's go home.

CAI'S MAN #2
You think the message sunk in?

Cai takes off the vest and places it to the side before taking his clothes off.

The madness going on outside is heard.

CAI
We'll know by the body count.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. STANTON'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Stanton is staring at the picture crying.

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

Taking a hard pull, tears fall from his eyes exhaling.

STANTON

I'm so sorry. Daddy---

The phone rings, and Stanton quickly answers.

STANTON (CONT'D)

Hello?

CAI (V.O.)

Well?

STANTON

I'm not killing my family.

CAI (V.O.)

You want me to do it for you?

STANTON

No!

CAI (V.O.)

Who shall it be?

STANTON

I can't---

CAI (V.O.)

Ten. Nine. Eight. Seven---

STANTON

You son of a bitch!

CAI (V.O.)

One.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. THE POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

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

Some of the people scream in fear, dropping to the ground,

while others continue picking up the money.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. THE ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

The men quickly rush out the back door.

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

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

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. STANTON'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The expression on Stanton's face shows his soul left from his body.

Cai can be heard laughing.

CAI (V.O.)

Just so you know, your family didn't suffer. I'm sure the explosion ended their lives quickly.

STANTON

What?!

CAI (V.O.)

If you truly believe in God, you'll meet up with them in the afterlife.

STANTON

You son of a bitch!

CAI (V.O.)

You'll be okay.

STANTON

You're fucking dead! You hear me?!
Fucking dead!

CAI (V.O.)

Remember these words before you die.
God created life wanting us to live in harmony because we're part of him.
Something you and your

friends should've thought about before
you decided to rape and kill my
sister.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. THE POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

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

Everyone screams dropping to the ground.

The Firefighters were extinguishing the news van, but now
they have to turn their attention to the police station.

Howard and Carla are holding each other crying looking at the
building in flames.

Howard's phone rings.

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

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

HOWARD

Hello?

CAI (V.O.)

There goes the money you gave me,
thinking it would create a father and
son relationship. Don't indicate
you're talking to me.

Howard steps away from Carla.

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

HOWARD

This is madness.

CAI (V.O.)

This is what the world thrives on
blatantly in your face. Chaos fuels
people, and positive messages fly
right out the window.

HOWARD

That's nonsense. What happened tonight
was a massacre. The approach taken for
this so-called meaning was ridiculous.

Chaos doesn't have to ensue for a racial bond.

CAI (V.O.)

(Laughs)

You still don't get it. I guess when you're a person who complains about change but won't do shit about it, you'll respond this way.

HOWARD

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

CAI (V.O.)

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

HOWARD

What was the question?

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

The chaos from the explosions and people fighting each other for the money is heard and seen in the background.

CAI (V.O.)

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

Howard stands silent.

CAI (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I figured you'd be speechless. That's the story of your life. You were never able to give a response unless it involved your sex life or money. Here's the answer. Crackers do shit knowing it's wrong, and when they get caught, they feel nothing should happen because in their mind it was right. Niggers do shit wrong for street fame, and we know that doesn't mean shit. Both parties are stupid,

not just because they say stand by your race, but In the end, they fuck over their own race. They're stupid because they don't realize it's not about race. This world revolves around greed. The essence of God no longer exists here unless a person is in deep shit or received something miraculously causing them to praise their God.

HOWARD

And you're supposedly delivering the good word from God? You know you won't get away with this?

CAI (V.O.)

I'm delivering my words. Don't try and twist what I said. You're a typical racist who only cares about the color green. But it doesn't matter if I get away with this. Do you know why?

HOWARD

Why?

CAI (V.O.)

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

HOWARD

I'm listening.

CAI (V.O.)

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

Howard slowly turns around, and a look of fear comes to his face.

HOWARD'S POV

Cai is standing by the SWAT van not far away wearing a helmet, aiming his assault rifle directly at Howard.

CAI (V.O.) (CONT'D)

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

Cai gets into the van, and it pulls off.

BACK TO THE SCENE

Howard looks around the area at some of the suspicious looking people.

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

The firefighters are trying to extinguish the fire.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

The men with Cai are sitting in the back.

Vincent's body is on the floor.

Cai is sitting back against the wall smoking a cigarette, and Xavier is sitting across from him.

XAVIER

What do you wanna do now?

CAI

Bury my brother.

XAVIER

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

CAI

What should I be doing? I'll continue living my life watching these people kill each other.

XAVIER

I figured you'd wanna lay low.

Cai laughs, then takes a pull from his cigarette.

CAI

Do you know why I won't lay low?

XAVIER

Why?

CAI

People have done far worse than this, and they received fame, movies and books about them. This is the same thing. If they catch me, they'll want a life story, and all the extra bullshit. This incident will be as they say...

(Finger quotes)

"A Tragic day in America." That's why they call it the land of the free.

XAVIER

(Laughs)

Why is it the land of the free?

CAI

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

XAVIER

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

CAI

(Laughs)

Something that'll haunt him in death,

despite the fact they're alive. The coroners will have fun with the bones of the useless three.

XAVIER

Why didn't you kill his family?

CAI

(Sighs)

His family is innocent. They shouldn't have to suffer over his fuck up.

XAVIER

You think his death will traumatize his family?

Cai puts his cigarette out, and then removes his contacts

CLOSE UP - CAI'S EYES

His natural eye color is light brown.

CAI

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

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. THE POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

The ground is covered with blood, shell casings and money.

The screams of people in pain still ring out while getting placed in ambulances.

Firefighters are doing their best trying to extinguish the police station as the flames continue roaring from the building.

Some of the protesters are still trying to collect the money, and others who feel they collected their fair share take off into the night.

Police officers not injured are placing protesters in the back of squad cars trying to control the situation.

What happened on this night will be something the city of

Detroit will never forget.

Reporter #3 stands ready to speak.

REPORTER #3

Words can't explain what took place tonight. This is another incident leaving families to mourn. The police are in confusion. Citizens are in disbelief. When will we all live in harmony? When will the killings stop? Is this a vicious cycle that will never end? We can speak on it, but won't put forth the effort for change. Wake up people. There's no difference in what God created. I'm reporting live from Detroit...channel three news.

FADE TO BLACK:

"History remains present because you have people who always rehash the negative, reminding us evil will forever dwell in the world. How can you say you're for one race, when you and others like you harm your own race you claim as dominant? How can you praise whoever your God is, but don't follow the words? The end of life will be caused by man because man believes he's God, and no one truly has faith in whoever their God is. If you really look at it, if all versions of religion speak the same, that means in the end, there's only one true God, which sadly has been broken into so many versions and colors to fit one race."

"If people would realize every race needs the other, maybe this would be a better place. Sadly...we know this will never happen because every race will always feel they're better than the other, while killing their own race."

~Bernard Mersier~

END CREDITS