

"BLUE POWER"

Written By Will Jones
(previously titled "Seized")

Jones2K
M E D I A

Dallas, TX
contact@jones2kmedia.com

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FADE IN:

I will give you a new heart and put a new spirit in you; I will remove from you your heart of stone and give you a heart of flesh.

Ezekiel 36:26 NIV

INT. TOMMY JORDAN BEDROOM - MORNING (1)

Small sunlight emit through the window.

Several large POSTERS of historical black figures, athletes and singers cover the wall.

The alarm CLOCK sounds off.

TOMMY JORDAN (18), African-American, male, handsome, studious, clean cut, shorts and a t-shirt, awakens in the bed. He pulls back the covers and reaches over and slaps the SNOOZE BUTTON.

He turns to his back. Eyes the ceiling.

TOMMY

Man. Last day of school. I need a little more sleep. Ten more minutes should do it.

Tommy smiles and pulls the cover back over and turns over comfortably. A beat.

DEBORAH JORDAN (8), African-American, female, pretty, natural hair, wearing her SCHOOL UNIFORM, bursts into the room and annoyingly jumps onto her brother on the bed.

DEBORAH

It's time to get up, Tommy! Get up, get up, get up!

TOMMY

Ouch! Watch it Deborah. That hurt.

DEBORAH

Sorry Tommy.

You sound like dad when you call me
Deborah. I like when you call me *Dee*.

(sarcastically)

You ok?

Tommy sits up and grabs his side.

TOMMY

Ouch. --Yeah, I'm ok Dee.

DEBORAH

I heard your alarm going off this
morning. You should be awake right now.

TOMMY

Oh, really?

DEBORAH

Um, yeah. I've been waiting like a
million hours for you to wake up.

TOMMY

Oh Dee, you really got me good.

DEBORAH

Are you okay?

Deborah frowns with concern. Tommy continues in pain.

TOMMY

I don't know, Dee. Ah!

He slowly smiles.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

You couldn't hurt me if you tried.
Tickle, tickle, tickle.

Tommy tickles Deborah. She laughs hysterically with joy.

DEBORAH

(laughing)

Oh, my God... Stop it, stop it...

TOMMY

You started it. --Why you up in my room anyways? Starting trouble?

Tommy laughs and wraps his arm around Deborah. Holds her close.

DEBORAH

No, big brother. I wanted to tell you something. It's really important too.

TOMMY

Oh, okay. What's so important?

DEBORAH

I saw something in my dream last night. It was scary.

TOMMY

Was it a good-scary dream? Like instead of being chased by dinosaurs you were running away from big and fluffy teddy bears?

Tommy laughs out loud. Deborah giggles.

DEBORAH

No, silly. Not like that. I didn't like it. It felt like, it was real.

TOMMY

Well, what happened?

DEBORAH

You were shot.

Tommy removes his arm.

TOMMY

Welp, that's my que. I don't want to hear any negativity on my last day of school.

Tommy gets out the bed and slowly walks to the dresser.

DEBORAH

Tommy please listen. There was this policeman and he—

TOMMY

Little sis, I'm going to stop you right there. Remember, it was just a dream. You don't have anything to worry about.

DEBORAH

Tommy, I don't want anything to happen to you.

TOMMY

Come on Dee, I'm good. -It's time for you to go now. I have to get dressed.

DEBORAH

I didn't finish telling you about my dream...

TOMMY

You can tell me tomorrow. Bye-bye. Go on.

Love you sis.

Tommy slowly pushes her out of the room. Closes the door. She talks loudly from the other side.

Deborah smiles, then runs away from the door.

DEBORAH

I love you too-- Big head!

He turns around and leans back against the door. He dances with joy and excitement. Drops down and does a few push-ups.

He grabs some clothes and exits the room.

A beat.

Tommy enters the room from the shower. Towel hangs over his shoulder. He rumbles through different areas of the room.

TOMMY

Where did I put my brush?

Tommy picks up his BRUSH from the dresser drawer and slowly stares at a hidden old PHOTO with two young boys, one black and the other white, smiling with their arms around each other holding a TOY.

Tommy gazes at the photo, pauses for a moment, picks it up. On the back reads, "Don and Tommy best friends 2005."

TOMMY

Woooooow. I remember this. The good ol' days.

Too bad these days are over.

Tommy sees the TOY from the photo. He picks it up. He walks over and sits on the bed. Examines closely.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Cool. --I need to give this back. No point in keeping it.

Maybe there's still hope.

Tommy gets off the bed and grabs his CELL PHONE from the dresser. Searches through his contacts.

He makes a call. Holds the PHONE to his ear.

TOMMY

Here goes nothing.

INT. SHELLY'S RESIDENCE - MORNING (2)

SHELLY JACKSON (73), Caucasian, female, old, wrinkly face, rough looking, sits at her table, legs crossed holding a burning CIGARETTE. The PHONE directly across the table.

[RING]

Shelly slowly looks over at the PHONE. She annoyingly picks up after a few rings.

SHELLY

Who the fuck is this?

TOMMY

Um, hey. It's Don's friend.

SHELLY

Bullshit. --He ain't got no fuckin' friends.

TOMMY

Is he there? I just wanted to give him something before I left for school.

SHELLY

Now, I'm going to ask you one more time. Who the fuck IS this?

TOMMY

I told you, an old friend.

SHELLY

You sound like a colored boy. What the fuck is your name?

Tommy pauses.

TOMMY

It's me, Tommy.

SHELLY

Tommy... Tommy? Now wait a Got-dame minute. If memory serves me right,

you're that little nigger boy that
always shows up at my house every year.

You are the devil himself.

TOMMY

Really? Is that what we're doing. How
are you still racist in the twenty-first
century? I mean com'on.

SHELLY

I guess you haven't learned yet, have
you boy?

TOMMY

Look, I'm coming by to drop off
something for Don. Then you won't hear
from me again. Okay?

SHELLY

Don't you dare bring your black ass over
here again. Cause' this time, I'm going
to shoot.

TOMMY

Whatever.

Tommy hangs up and drops his PHONE.

SHELLY

I will fuck you up! -Hey?

That son of a bitch.

Shelly angrily hangs up the phone. She takes a couple of
puffs from her CIGARETTE.

She lifts the PHONE again and dials a number. She puts the
PHONE to her ear.

SHELLY

Hey, Stumpy. We got a fuckin' problem.
I just talked to the Satan. I'm going

to need you to cast him down out of
heaven.

BACK TO:

INT. TOMMY JORDAN'S BEDROOM - MORNING (3)

Tommy sits on his bed with his head inside his hands. He
closes his eyes.

TOMMY

(under breath)

So stupid.

Deborah slowly walks into room and approaches Tommy.

TOMMY

Oh, hey Dee. Were you listening to me
on the phone? You know you shouldn't do
that.

DEBORAH

Is everything okay? I heard you
talking.

TOMMY

Yeah Dee. Everything's fine, I think.
I just want to put this behind me.

DEBORAH

I don't want you to go over to her
house. That lady sounded mean.

TOMMY

I'll just stop by for a second then head
to school. It's no big deal.

DEBORAH

Don't go, please.

TOMMY

Why not?

DEBORAH

I told you, I have these dreams. They all mean something. Mama says I have a gift.

TOMMY

I know Dee. But I got this.

DEBORAH

Bad things could happen, Tommy.

Tommy gets up and gives Deborah a big hug.

TOMMY

You don't have to worry about anything. Just make sure you follow wherever God leads you. Okay? --Love you Dee.

Tommy grabs his things and exits the room. Deborah stays, lies on his bed flat on her back.

Prayer hands. She closes her eyes and mumbles silently.

A beat.

EXT. SHELLY'S RESIDENCE - DAY (4)

Tommy walks down the sidewalk.

He approaches an old haunted-looking house. He pulls out the TOY from his pocket. Glances for a moment, then puts it back.

He arrives at the front door.

[KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK]

He looks around as no one answers. A beat.

CUT TO:

INT. SHELLY'S RESIDENCE - DAY (5)

Shelly slowly walks over to the window. She peeks through with a glaring stare.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY (6)

A POLICE CAR drives aggressively down the street.

Two POLICE OFFICERS in uniform. The driver, CHARLES JACKSON a.k.a. Stumpy, 65, Shelly's husband, Caucasian, male, a SILKY RED SCARF around his neck. In the passenger seat, BOB COOPER, 55, Caucasian male, stare sternly ahead.

Charles slightly tilts his head over.

CHARLES

Bob, if this nigger makes a move, you make sure you put him on his fuckin' back. You got it?

BOB

Roger that.

CHARLES

Don't fuck this up.

BACK TO:

EXT. SHELLY'S RESIDENCE - DAY (7)

Tommy stands at the front door. He leans over, looks into the windows. Shakes his head. Turns around and walks away from the door.

As he leaves the porch... A POLICE CAR promptly pulls into the front and stops. The two OFFICERS step out of the car.

Tommy closes his eyes and gently shakes his head.

TOMMY

(low voice)

Ah, shit. I should have listened, Dee.

CUT TO:

Young Deborah, abruptly sits up on Tommy's bed. Turns her head to the side, looks on.

BACK TO:

Bob jumps out the car. Tommy attempts to walk away.

BOB

Hey boy! You stop right there.

Put your hands where we can see 'em.

Tommy slowly raises his hands. Charles gets out and slowly approaches.

CHARLES

We heard that you've been terrorizing
the good citizens of my neighborhood.

TOMMY

No sir.

CHARLES

Are you calling my people are liars,
boy?

TOMMY

No, sir. --and I'm not your boy.

CHARLES

(facetiously)

Well, praise God. Isn't that the damn
truth?

Charles laughs with Bob. Tommy looks back at the house.
He sees movement in the window.

BOB

I think this boy is lost, Charles.

CHARLES

Is that right?

(to Tommy)

Do you know where you are, boy?

TOMMY

I'M not lost. --I know exactly where I am.

BOB

Nobody invited you here. That's for sure.

CHARLES

This is my house, boy. And it looks like you're trespassing.

TOMMY

Then you know exactly who I am.

BOB

Watch your tone, boy.

TOMMY

Why haven't you let me see my old friend? Everything was good until you and that crazy-ass lady showed up.

Bob puts his hand on his GUN. Points his finger.

BOB

Hold on minute, boy. I warned you already. Watch your tone.

CHARLES

Why don't you niggers know that you're not welcome around here? You ain't nothing but trouble.

TOMMY

Can I go? Please?

BOB

You sho' look like trouble to me.

Officer Charles looks over at Bob. He moves in close. Tommy slowly looks down.

CHARLES

You see my partner Bob here, is ready to do what's right.

You being here right now, is all kinds of wrong.

TOMMY

I just wanted to drop off something. I'm done now. Can I go?

CHARLES

I'll tell you when you can go. Understand?

Tommy keeps his head down as Charles breathes hot breath on him. Then...

TOMMY

Why can't y'all just leave me alone!?

Tommy takes a step backward. Bob quickly points his GUN directly at Tommy.

BOB

Don't you move boy! Don't you take another fuck'n step!

Tommy holds.

CHARLES

Whoa. Whoa. Bob, I see where all the terrorizing comes from. This boy is angry.

BOB

You ain't lying, Charles.

CHARLES

Now you listen here, you better choose your words very carefully. It's in your best interest that you don't make another move.

TOMMY

I'm leaving and never coming back.

CHARLES

Well, you got one thing right. You're
DEFINITELY not coming back.

Charles turns and looks at Bob and laughs. He looks back
at Tommy.

Tommy reaches into his back pocket. Tosses up the TOY.

TOMMY

Look, I just have this toy-

BOB

Whoa, wait-

[BANG!]

Bob fires his GUN.

The TOY flies into the air. Tommy falls. His hand falls
limp.

The two officers stand there looking down as Tommy's BODY
lies there motionless on the ground.

TITLE CARD:

"Blue Power"

EXT. SUBMERGED UNDERWATER - NIGHT (8)

The prophetess, DEBORAH JORDAN (20), female, African-American, pretty, natural hair, wearing a police uniform, across from DON MULLINS (30), Caucasian male, in all BLACK clothing.

They float in an endless abyss underwater, moving slowly toward one another.

Deborah, eyes closed, continues to float. Suddenly, her eyes quickly open.

INT. DON MULLINS BEDROOM - MORNING (9)

Don, lying on his back in the bed. His eyes quickly open. He sits up, puts his hand on his chest. Slowly inhales. Exhales.

DON

What the hell?

Shirtless. A large WHITE POWER tattoo across the top of his back. Large CONFEDERATE FLAG hangs over the bed.

A POLICE BADGE sits on the nightstand next to a PHOTO of Shelly and Charles Jackson with a red silky scarf.

Another PHOTO, a pretty portrait of JACKIE MULLINS (36), Caucasian female.

He reaches over, grabs the PHOTO, kisses the frame. Sets it back down and gets out of the bed. Exits the room.

INT. DON MULLINS KITCHEN - MORNING (10)

Don enters fully dressed in his POLICE UNIFORM. Readies some coffee. Grabs the REMOTE off the counter and powers on the TELEVISION.

He Turns up the volume on the TELEVISION across the room.

He stares intently.

On the TELEVISION SCREEN, a news anchor, KAREN WHITE (35), pretty, Caucasian, female, dressed in business attire, appears...

KAREN WHITE

With breaking news, in a well-known wealthy suburban neighborhood, there has been an epidemic widespread of break-ins by young African-American teenage boys.

Despite being caught on video, these kids are desperate to live the American dream. Coming from impoverished communities, these kids feel they have no choice but to commit these crimes.

The TELEVISION, vaguely visible in the distance, burglary videos of African-American teenagers. Don stares with an evil eye.

KAREN WHITE (CONT'D)

In the home invasion video, the black teenagers don't seem to realize that they're being caught on camera. Hopefully, it doesn't take long for Law Enforcement to find and arrest these hoodlums. May God be with us all.

In other news... The Black Lives Matter movement is in full swing as protesters have flooded the streets...

Don slams his fist down on the table. His face cringes. He pulls out his GUN, checks the CLIP.

DON

*Same fuckin' roaches that killed mom.
I'm going to fix this shit today.*

Don grabs his BADGE, GUN and walks towards the door carrying his POLICE BAG.

EXT. POLICE STATION - PARKING LOT - DAY (11)

DON walks towards the police building with his police bag.

An unrecognizable woman, (Deborah), wearing old, raggedy clothes, homeless-looking, dirty face, lays on the ground outside the police building.

Suddenly, she approaches Don from behind, touches his back shoulder.

DEBORAH

Excuse me, sir?

Don abruptly turns around.

DON

What the hell? Don't touch me.

Deborah holds up a CARDBOARD SIGN with the words "CHANGE" written in black.

DEBORAH

I need your help. Change. Change, please.

DON

I don't have shit for you. Get the fuck away from me.

(turns around, walks)

You picked the wrong fuckin day.

DEBORAH

I need your help. Are you going to help me or what?

Don turns back, approaches her.

DON

Get the fuck out of here. You blacks are a burden to society.

Don continues to angrily walk off. She antagonizes.

DEBORAH

What's your problem? You're a cop and that's what you believe about black people?

Who taught you that your old grandpa?

--Your grandma?

Don drops his BAG, quickly turns around. Rushes towards her. Deborah cowers.

He gets in her face aggressively.

DON

What did you say?

DEBORAH

You heard me.

DON

Like I said already, I don't have shit for you. Now take your black ass out of here. Go find a job or something.

DEBORAH

Whatever they taught you is a lie! Black power! ...Black power!

Don frowns, then pushes her back with full force. Deborah levitates a few feet before hitting the ground.

He jumps down on top of her and squeezes her neck with both hands.

DON

Only one power, that's *white power* bitch!

Deborah gasps for air. Her eyes roll. *Unexpectedly*, she stares and *speaks*.

DEBORAH

The truth will set you free. -Save him!

Don frowns. He loosens his grip.

CUT TO:

Don's dream of Deborah's face starring at him flashes.

BACK TO:

Deborah, gasps for air.

Officer MICHAEL SPURN (40), Caucasian, male, quickly pulls him off of her.

MICHAEL

Get off of her, man.

DON

What the hell?

Michael holds him back.

MICHAEL

What's the matter dude? You can't just start choking homeless people.

(lower voice)

Especially a woman, man. We are the law.

DON

Doesn't matter. Bitch was talking shit.

MICHAEL

Just let it go, man. Let it go. Come on. Go chill out. You are making us look crazy out here.

I'll meet with you in a minute.

Don abruptly picks up his POLICE BAG and walks off. Michael turns to Deborah.

MICHAEL

Are you ok ma'am?

Michael extends his hand.

She grabs it and he pulls her off the ground. Deborah touches her neck in pain.

MICHAEL

I'm sorry about my partner ma'am. He's probably just having a bad day.

DEBORAH

I'm ok. Thank you very much, sir.

MICHAEL

What's your name ma'am?

DEBORAH

I'm nobody.

MICHAEL

Okay, what happened? Did you say something to make him pissed at you?

DEBORAH

I said one word, but he got angry and threatened me.

MICHAEL

Well, what are you doing out here anyways?

DEBORAH

Change.

MICHAEL

Okay. That's easy. I can help with that. Not a problem at all. --Hold on a sec.

Michael reaches into his pocket and pulls out some COINS. He counts them with his pointy finger.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Well, I'm sorry about all this ma'am. But here--

Michael holds the COINS out to drop. Deborah *vanishes*. Michael looks around. He sees the cardboard and picks it up.

He turns around and walks off.

EXT. POLICE STATION - ENTRY WAY - DAY (12)

Officer Spurn, concerningly walks closer to Don. Don sits there with his head down, heavy breathing.

MICHAEL

Hey Don, what's up with you choking a homeless woman?

DON

Don't fuck with me right now. I should have killed that black bitch.

MICHAEL

Look dude, you know I got your back, but sometimes—

DON

Sometimes what? Sometimes you just need to wake the fuck up! It's always going be US against THEM.

We are the greater power, man.

MICHAEL

(worried)

Chill out, dude. And keep it down, man. We're law enforcement. We can't talk like that around here. Not with all the negativity on the news.

DON

What'd she say to you after I left?

MICHAEL

Nothing dude. You really need to calm down.

Don invades Michael's personal space.

DON

Mike. Didn't you see the news this morning. All these black fuckers think they can do whatever they want around here. We're cops. We have the power to put a stop to all this shit.

MICHAEL

Just try to relax, man. Let's go get ready for patrol.

DON

Don't pussy out on me. When the time comes to make shit right, you better be fuckin ready.

Don stares at Michael, then turns and walks away.

EXT. CITY SCAPE - AERIAL VIEW - DAY (13)

City. Tall buildings. Streets. Commercial estates. Beautiful rural suburbia.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY (14)

Michael sits behind the steering wheel. Don in the passenger seat, frowns, stares out the window.

MICHAEL

This is one tough job we have, Don. We must uphold the law as best we can. Protect and serve. But I'm with you brother. I hear you. I know it's tough out here in these streets. Some people good, some bad. We just need to make sure we're careful.

DON

Careful? Careful doing what?

MICHAEL

Careful not ending up like some of these other idiots. They make stupid decisions that ending up killing innocent people. Innocent black people.

DON

Stupid decisions, huh? Let's cut the bullshit. The only thing wrong is that these blacks think they belong here. All they do is cause trouble. I mean just look around; they have destroyed White America. It's OUR job to get it back.

Black lives don't fuckin matter.

MICHAEL

What the hell are we supposed to do then?

DON

Whatever the fuck we have to. The question is, are you willing to do it?

MICHAEL

I think you're being a little extreme.

DON

You think those fuckers would hesitate to put a bullet in you? They will light your ass up without even thinking about it. They hate us because we wear badges. We have power. We have to take them out first.

So grow some hair on your balls and let's fix this shit.

A voice, female, mid 30s, emerges through the dispatcher. Michael picks up the walkie.

DISPATCH (V.O.)

One, one, five, six.

MICHAEL

(into car walkie)

*One, one, five, six, this is P.O.
Michael Spurn. Go ahead.*

DISPATCH (V.O.)

*We got a call about an African-American
teenage boy walking through the Catalina
neighborhood, wearing a hoody, carrying
an unknown bag.*

Don pulls out his GUN.

MICHAEL

(into car walkie)

*Ten-four. We're in the area, we'll head
over to check it out.*

DON

*Giddy up, motherfucker. Opportunity has
just knocked.*

EXT. POLICE CAR - HIGH STREET VIEW - DAY (15)

Michael turns the car around.

The squad car increases speed, moves further away into the distance. Quickly turns the corner. A beat.

The POLICE CAR enters the neighborhood.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY (16)

Michael and Don stare out the window.

MICHAEL

Hey, check this out.

DON

I see this fucker.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY (17)

Green grass. Clean driveways, and sidewalks.

POLICE CAR creeps down the street.

A young man walks with his head down on the sidewalk, DENNIS PARKER (16), African-American male, handsome, rough, wearing a black hoody and a RED SHIRT underneath, carries a hefty black BAG.

POLICE CAR approaches Dennis. Michael rolls down the window. Engages.

MICHAEL

Hey. Excuse me, sir. Please stop walking for a moment so we can talk.

We need to ask you a couple of questions.

Dennis continues walking.

DON

(to Michael in low voice)

He's not going to listen to your ass. We have to do something to let this fucker know we mean business.

MICHAEL

Take it easy, man. Hang on. He's not doing anything wrong.

DON

HE is what's wrong. That's the problem.

Dennis slowly stops walking. They park the SQUAD CAR on the street side.

They get out and approach.

DENNIS

(afraid, disappointed)

Is there a problem officer?

DON

We'll be asking all the questions. Are you lost?

Michael holds up his hand for Don to calm.

MICHAEL

What's your name son?

DENNIS

My name? Nah, what are your names?

DON

(pissed)

Are you fuckin serious?

MICHAEL

Just tell us your name, please.

DENNIS

(long pause)

Dennis.

MICHAEL

Thank you sir. --We got a call about you. What are you doing in this neighborhood?

DENNIS

Am I doing something wrong?

Don paces.

DON

Mike!?

MICHAEL

Dennis, could you just tell us your purpose for being here?

DENNIS

Change.

(a moment, slang)

I need change, dog.

MICHAEL

What do you mean?

DENNIS

You know, cheddar, bread? Money, man.

I'm selling this stuff in my bag to raise money for some sports uniforms for my cheap-ass school. My school is broke as a joke. But over here, in this neighborhood, I know I can find some change.

DON

You wanted to steal from these nice people?

MICHAEL

What's in the bag, Dennis?

DENNIS

Nothing, man.

DON

You see Spurn, fucking kids like this never cooperate with us.

(to Dennis)

Just give me the fucking bag.

Don reaches out to grab the BAG, Dennis pulls back.

DENNIS

Hell nah, man!

MICAEL

Can you just tell us what's in the bag?

DENNIS

What's his problem? Damn, man.

Dennis begins to walk backwards.

MICHAEL

Hang on a second, Dennis.

DON

You better stop, boy.

Dennis continues. The officers walk towards him and moves progressively faster.

MICHAEL

Please Dennis, just wait. Dang it.

Dennis turns around and starts running.

DON

You better stop, now!

DENNIS

(to Don)

I didn't do anything you racist cop!

MICHAEL

Hold on, now! Be cool Dennis.

Don runs after Dennis and tackles him in the front yard of one of the homes. CUFFS his arms behind his back.

DENNIS

Get off me, man!

Something is wrong with you! You need help.

DON

Shut up, you fuckin roach!

DENNIS

Get the hell off me, man! Why did I get chosen for this crap?

DON

It's your lucky day. I was hoping to get the chance to make things right.

DENNIS

You a racist, murdering, bitch-ass cop!

DON

Shut up. Let's go.

Don picks Dennis up, takes him over to the POLICE CAR, and throws him in the back.

They drive off and exit the neighborhood.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY (18)

Dennis stares out the window from the back seat, arms behind his back. Don's face squinted, eyes frown with intensity. Michael looks over at Don with big eyes.

DENNIS

(to Don)

Hey cop, why the hell don't you like black people?

DON

You better shut the fuck up!

DENNIS

It's a simple question, bitch.

DON

What the fuck—

Michael puts his arm over towards Don.

MICHAEL

(to Don)

Hey, hey, hey... it's okay.

(to Dennis)

Settle down young man. Just relax.

Dennis leans forward towards Michael.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Hey, how come he don't like black people?

Why he racist?

Michael continues driving. No response.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Damn! Your own partner doesn't know either. We both confused up in this bitch.

DON

Stop this fuckin car. I WILL shoot him.

MICHAEL

Don, don't let him get to you. You just upset him a little.

DON

Don't pussy out on me now.

MICHAEL

What? I just want to keep the peace.

Michael stops the car. Don's face becomes intense. Dennis leans closer to Don.

DENNIS

How your racist ass become a cop? The KKK has its own police academy now? What, you graduated top of your class, huh?

DON

Mike, shut his ass up or I will.

MICHAEL

Cool it Don. He wants to provoke you.

Dennis continues close to Don's ear.

DENNIS

That makes you the biggest bigot, huh. You know you and I are the same, right? You were a baby just like me. Were you racist as a baby?

(looks up in thought)

Who would teach a baby to be racist? Your aunts, uncles? Your cousin? Mama? Nah, they probably too young, huh. Probably your old ass grandma.

He cracks up laughing.

DON

Fuck it!

Don gets out, opens the back door and grab DENNIS's legs from the back seat. Dennis bursts out laughing as Don pulls him out the door. Dennis looks over to Michael.

DENNIS

Damn Mike! His old ass grandma struck a nerve. Looks like we got an answer though.

DON

Your black ass fucked up.

DENNIS

Yeah, well at least I'm not stupid!

Dennis falls to the ground. Don PUNCHES him in the face. Dennis passes out.

Michael walks over beside Don. They look down at him. A beat.

INT. GRITTY WAREHOUSE - DAY (19)

Mildly dark and dingy room. An empty old warehouse with rays of sunlight seeping through the cracks of the walls. Vintage white bricks. Weeds growing through the cement.

Dennis sits tied to a chair, unconscious, with both arms cuffed behind his back. Don and Michael surround him.

Slowly, Dennis begins to regain consciousness.

DON

Wake up, asshole! Welcome to hell.

DENNIS

(confused, upset)

Wait-- What. Where am I? Why am I here in this raggedy-ass place?

If you put anything near my mouth, I'm going to bite it off.

DON

Shut the fuck up. Time to talk.

MICHAEL

We just wanted to ask you some questions. So please, just make sure you're honest with us and we shouldn't have a problem.

DENNIS

Why you didn't take me to a police station?

MICHAEL

You're in a safe place.

DENNIS

This doesn't look safe. I don't feel safe. --Especially around HIS ass.

Dennis nods his head in Don's direction.

MICHAEL

Well, you can trust us.

DENNIS

It's him I don't trust. I bet this was his idea. Why you let him do this? -- Did he corrupt you too?

MICHAEL

No.

DON

(to Dennis)

Shut the fuck up.

DENNIS

How can I trust you? You kidnapped me and took me to a place where they kill black people. I can hear the voices of my ancestors up in this bitch.

DON

You got some nerve boy! You better tell us why you were in that fuckin neighborhood.

DENNIS

I already told you why.

DON

Lies.

DENNIS

So, you will only believe me if I tell you what you want. All black people don't steal. You can't just group us together and hate us.

DON

I can, and I will. I am a God-fearing man with the ability to see through your bullshit.

DENNIS

You've been deceived.

DON

Oh, we have a Rhodes scholar here. Using big words and trying to tell me about myself. This nigger knows he can't read.

DENNIS

Yeah, I stole some "White Power for Dummies" books from the public library. Congratulations. I saw your picture on page one.

MICHAEL

Take it easy, Dennis.

DON

Oh, so you think you're funny?

Don dashes towards Dennis.

MICHAEL

You guys stop taking jabs at each other. Just tell us why you were in that neighborhood?

DENNIS

I did already.

MICHAEL

Okay. We'll let you go then.

DON

No fuckin way! He needs to be taught a lesson. He going to go back to that neighborhood, with his homies, and terrorize the community.

We have a duty to protect those good citizens of our country.

MICHAEL

Don, this is getting out of hand. I agreed to bring him here to see if there was an ulterior motive. I'm not seeing any, so I just want to let him go and get back to work.

DON

Looks like that patch of hair has been ripped off your sack. Stop being a pussy. We have a duty to finish this shit.

MICHAEL

How is that? Because he's a young African America male? Come on man. We can't be this biased. He doesn't have a weapon or drugs or anything on him that says he's a criminal.

DON

Well, he's fuckin black. That's criminal enough.

Dennis laughs out loud.

DON

What the fuck you laughing at?

DENNIS

You're a trip man.

Don pulls out his GUN. Points it directly at Dennis.

DON

Oh, you think that's funny. I'll splatter your fuckin brains all across this room.

MICHAEL

Don! What the hell?

DON

You already knew what this was, Mike. Now grow some fuckin' balls.

MICHAEL

Man, this isn't right. Put the damn gun down and let him go.

Michael approaches Don. Don points the gun at his face.

DON

You fuckin pussy! -Mike, just get the fuck out of here.

MICHAEL

Who, whoa, whoa? --Are you really going to shoot him?

Michael takes small steps back.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

You don't deserve to be a cop.

He exits. Don turns the gun back on Dennis.

DENNIS

Wait a minute. Are you really going to do this shit?

DON

What can I say, it's your lucky day.

DENNIS

Man, you just like them crooked-ass cracka-ass cops! Killing innocent black people.

DON

Oh, you just a downright rotten mother fucker.

DENNIS

Don't be like them. Change! You can change! You still have time. Don't do this. I don't want to die. Com'on man. Please.

What am I to you?

Mullins gets in Dennis' face and puts the gun to his forehead. Dennis, closes his eyes. Don looks on.

DON

Just another nigger.

Dennis quickly opens his eyes and mouth as he screams in agony at the top of his lungs.

DENNIS

No, no, nooooooo!

Don closes his eyes, pulls the trigger.

[BANG!]

The gunshot sounds echoes.

INT. INFINITY WHITE ROOM - DAY (20)

White. Bright. Empty. No end any way you look.

Don's face appears. Eyes closed. He is bound to the chair with ROPE around him wearing BLACK CLOTHES.

He slowly awakens. Eyes squinted. Frowns as he looks around trying to solve this scenario. He shakes his arms.

DON

What-- What is this shit?

What the hell happened? Where am I?

Is anyone here?

Silence. A beat.

DEBORAH

(softly)

Yes.

DON

(scared)

Who said that?

Deborah Jordan vaguely appears.

DEBORAH

Me.

DON

Who are you?

Deborah appears, face beautiful, body clean, wearing all-WHITE CLOTHING. Deborah approaches, stops and looks.

DEBORAH

I am here to help you, help me.

Don sees her as his vision begin to clear.

DON

You can't help me do shit. Get me out of here you black bitch or I'll kill you.

Don frowns.

DEBORAH

Wow, there you are. I bet you just love being you. We have a lot of work to do. But you are special. Did you know that?

Even though you just threatened to kill me.

DON

Yeah, so what!

DEBORAH

You're lucky. You're here in this room for a reason.

DON

I don't give a shit.

DEBORAH

I'm really going to need your help. But, I have to help you first.

DON

Just fuckin' untie me and let me go.

DEBORAH

Oh, I didn't tie you up. You think a little ol' girl like me could do all that? I'm sorry, Don. YOU actually are the one who gotten yourself tied up.

DON

Niggers are so dumb.

DEBORAH

Wow. And you're... what, smart?

Let's see how smart you are. What color is God? White or black?

DON

Shut the fuck up.

DEBORAH

What's wrong? You don't know the answer?

DON

He's white. Everybody knows that you dumb bitch.

DEBORAH

Is He a man or woman?

DON

A man, of course.

DEBORAH

So, you believe that God is a white man. Right?

DON

Damn right.

DEBORAH

Yeah, that makes a lot of sense.

But for some odd reason, you have a strong hate towards black people as a white man.

DON

So what.

DEBORAH

Do you think that GOD... is racist?

Don looks down. A beat.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)

Right? If He was, that wouldn't make a lot of sense. Why would God create something that he hates?

DON

Well, shit...

DEBORAH

Give it a break, Don.

God is spirit. We don't wrestle against the flesh, but against principalities and darkness in higher places.

Racism is an idea. Ideas have to be taught. You're just a product of that kind of teaching. All that hate inside of you for black people is what's got you tied up like that --in here.

DON

And where the hell is this place?

DEBORAH

Oh, definitely not THERE. This is God's room.

DON

(jokingly)

God's room? Wow. Not only are you dumb, but you smoked a little too much crack. You must be a crack baby.

DEBORAH

Oh my Lord. We really have a lot of work to do. Let's get right down to it.

Look, God has given you a second chance. I prayed and prayed for a way and you seem to be my only chance. That's why you're so special.

DON

I don't care about you or what you prayed for. Just untie me!

DEBORAH

The truth is the only way to release yourself from this bondage.

DON

The fuck you know about truth.

DEBORAH

I know that what you did to that kid
Dennis is what brought you here.

DON

Dennis? That thug that was terrorizing
the people of that nice neighborhood? I
did what I was supposed to do.

DEBORAH

(intense)

You shot him, Don. You weren't supposed
to do that.

DON

And I'll do that shit again...

And again.

DEBORAH

Don, that's so disappointing to hear.
You're a cop, you could have just
arrested him.

DON

Hell no! They're always getting away
with shit. Stealing from people and
hurting them. It happens all the time.
I needed to put a stop to that shit.

DEBORAH

Was he dangerous?

DON

Hell yeah! A black teenager who didn't
cooperate... --Yeah. He's definitely
dangerous.

DEBORAH

So, you were afraid of him because of
how he looked?

DON

No, I'm just sick of him and his fucking homies trying to rob the good citizens of our neighborhoods.

DEBORAH

Where were his homies?

DON

At the homie hideout spot, I don't fuckin know. That mother fucker looked just like those same fuckers you see on the news.

DEBORAH

You look just like your partner. Wear the same clothes, you're white. Would you say that the two of you are alike?

DON

Fuck no. I ain't no pussy.

DEBORAH

Right. Because you, Don, struggle with something far deeper than that.

All white police officers are not the same, as well as all black teenage boys. The difference lies within.

DON

I don't struggle with shit. I know who I am and what I stand for.

DEBORAH

But that's not who you are, Don. The world is an UGLY place and you're not helping to make it better! Especially with the power you have as an officer.

DON

You don't know a damn thing about me.

DEBORAH

I know a lot more than you think.

DON

You don't know shit.

Deborah, takes a deep breath. Holds her head down with prayer hands.

DEBORAH

I know your mom was killed when you were young. I know you lived with your grandma after her death. But you know what's really upsetting about your story? You don't even know what REALLY happened to your mother.

DON

Hold up, bitch. I will fucking kill you if you don't shut up about my mother.

DEBORAH

You don't believe me?

DON

Fuck no.

DEBORAH

I figured that.

Let me shine a light on some things. When you were in kindergarten, you had an accident in class because you were too scared to go to the bathroom. The teacher smelled you and called your mama to come with some fresh clothes. You were embarrassed but your connection with your mama grew.

A few years later you had a best friend that used to come over and you would play all day together. In fourth grade you had a crush on a girl named Denise. She had braces and didn't even like you

back because she caught you eating a booger—

DON

Wait, wait, wait. Hold up. That's enough. Damn, I get it.

How you know all that shit?

DEBORAH

Doesn't matter. What matters is that I know the truth. I believe I just proven that.

DON

Okay, shit. Tell me the truth, then. What happened to my mother?

DEBORAH

I'm sorry Don, I'm not going to be able to tell you.

DON

Why the fuck not? You started this shit.

DEBORAH

I know. Sad thing is, if I actually told you, you wouldn't believe me. --Like you would NEVER believe.

DON

Just tell me!

DEBORAH

I'm sorry, I can't.

But, there is hope. If you want to know the truth, you have to complete a task.

DON

I'm not playing any fucking games with you. Liar.

DEBORAH

I don't lie... and this is not a game. The TRUTH is the only way to be free. That's why you're still tied up. --Let me know when you're ready.

Deborah turns around, walks off. Don holds his head down.

DON

Hey! Wait a minute. Just wait.

If I do this, you will tell me the truth about my mother, right?

DEBORAH

Yes. That's correct, Don.

DON

Okay, what do I need to do?

DEBORAH

Okay. Since you're a cop and you like to shoot criminals, this should be an easy task. You and your new partner will answer a call.

You HAVE to shoot and kill the criminal in the red shirt. Got it?

DON

Got it? Easy. What's the profile of the criminal?

DEBORAH

That doesn't matter Don. You just have to complete the task. Get it done so you can be free. That's it.

DON

Whatever.

DEBORAH

Ready? --Check it out...

Deborah steps to the side and a TELEVISION appears in front of Don. Don stares closely. A news channel sounds off on the screen.

INT. TELEVISION SCREEN - NEWS - DAY (21.1)

BNN (Black News Network) news anchor SHONDA JONES (32), female, African-American, pretty, dressed business casual reports some of the major events happening in the country.

An image of GREG HILLMAN (38), African-American, handsome, wearing a suit, displays on screen in the segment.

SHONDA

A chain of events in the U.S. have started, what has been officially declared as the "White Lives Matter" movement. As White-American lives are constantly being taken through fear and hate from blacks. The domino that jump started this movement is, none other than, the trial of Greg Hillman, a community watch leader, who took matters into his own hands, by shooting an unarmed White-American teenager, Corey Dillon.

City skyline. Blue sky and busy streets. A POLICE CAR slowly makes its way down the avenue.

INT. MAURICE POLICE CAR - TASK#1 - DAY (22)

Don, sits in the passenger seat, eyes closed. They slowly open as he wakes up.

Dazed.

The driver, MAURICE JACKSON (40), African-American, all BLACK UNIFORM, intimidating, mean, fierce-looking with a permanent frown, wears a dark pair of shades. He pulls the car over and looks over at Don.

MAURICE

Man, wake your white-ass up!

DON

What the hell. Who the fuck are YOU?

MAURICE

You high or something? You and your white buddies been smoking crack? Getting high on the job. Dumb-ass.

DON

Are you fucking crazy?

Who do you think you're talking to? I will fuck you up you black mother-

Maurice takes out his GUN and hits Don right in the face. Blood fills his mouth. Maurice points the GUN to his temple.

MAURICE

Shut the fuck up! You address me with respect. I will drop your white ass right here.

Then I'll go to a nice black-owned restaurant and eat a nice juicy "blackened" steak.

I don't give a FUCK about this badge. Don't let that *White Lives Matter* bullshit fool you. All y'all in the streets protesting and shit. White lives don't mean shit white boy.

DON

What-?

MAURICE

Yeah, mothafucka. Test me again and see what happens. You know what I'm talking about.

We good, white-boy?

Don nods his head in agreement. Maurice removes the GUN from his head.

MAURICE

Now let's go stop all this white crime
out here.

Don frowns, holds head down in confusion. He randomly
stares over at Maurice while he drives.

A beat.

Maurice begins to express himself.

MAURICE

I can't believe I got stuck with your
white ass. I tell you; I mess up one
time and get suspended. Then they forced
me to work with a white son of a bitch
like you.

DON

What the hell did you do?

Maurice stares at Don.

MAURICE

Hold on boy, you don't get to ask me
shit. Asking me a dumb-ass question. I
ask the questions. I'm in charge.
Black fuckin' Power.

You want to know what I did? I shot a
mothafucka that looks just like you. Had
to put his white ass down. Fucking
teenage white boy terrorizing the good
citizens of my neighborhood. I HAD to
put a stop to that shit.

I'll do it again too.

And again.

Don looks down in deep thought.

DON

(under breath)

What the fuck?

MAURICE

The next white criminal-mothafucka is going to get a hot one.

Maurice continues to drive. He stares straight ahead. He looks over at Don with evil eyes sporadically.

Don sits quietly, eyes frowned as he looks around the environment.

Dispatch. A FEMALE VOICE, mid 30s, emerges through the dispatcher. Maurice picks up the walkie.

DISPATCH (V.O.)

One, one, five, six.

MAURICE

(into car walkie)

One, one, five, six, this is Sergeant Jackson. Go ahead.

DISPATCH (V.O.)

We got a call about a White teenage boy in the middle of the street, wearing a red shirt causing a disturbance. He may be armed and dangerous.

Maurice picks up his GUN.

MAURICE

(into car walkie)

Ten-four. We're in the area, we'll head over to check it out. Giddy up, motherfucker. Opportunity has just knocked.

Don stares with eyes wide open. A beat.

Maurice's police car approaches the scene. He engages Don.

MAURICE

Look at this mothafucka. --Listen, he kidnapped a six year old black girl.

He's armed and dangerous. Let's get his
ass.

Maurice exits the car. Don quickly follows.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY (23)

Standing in the street, TRAVIS SCOTT (20), male,
Caucasian, wearing a RED SHIRT, taps the sides of his head
as he turns around in circles.

Don engages Maurice.

DON

Wait, man. How the fuck you know he
kidnapped a young girl?

MAURICE

Cause I know more than you do, boy.
Look at him. I can just tell.

DON

You don't know shit.

MAURICE

You want to get fucked up?

Don pauses.

MAURICE (CONT'D)

Then shut the fuck up. He's a kidnapper
and a rapist. This shit ends now.

Maurice pulls out his GUN and moves a little closer.
Travis eyes closed with his hands on his ears, hitting
himself with both hands while making strange sounds.
Dancing...

Maurice approaches. Points the GUN at Travis.

MAURICE

Freeze punk! Put your hands where I can
see them.

As Travis makes a final turn towards Maurice and sees him. His mouth drops. He pulls tiny EAR BUDS out his ears.

TRAVIS

Whoa, whoa, whoa. Wait a minute! Just wait! I didn't do anything.

MAURICE

Yeah, right mothafucka. Put your hands up where I can see them.

Don looks on.

DON

Put the gun down Sergeant! Let me talk to him.

Maurice continues on with Travis.

MAURICE

Where is the girl you raped?!

TRAVIS

Yo, dude. I didn't rape anyone. Are you serious?

MAURICE

Where is she? Where's the little black girl you kidnapped!

TRAVIS

Oh my God! Just, please wait! I didn't do anything. Could you please not point the gun at me.

DON

Sergeant, put the gun down!

MAURICE

I've seen you and all your little friends on the news. You can't fool me with this shit.

TRAVIS

Come on man! I'm not any of those criminals on the news. I was just listening to music. Minding my business.

MAURICE

We got a call that you were terrorizing this neighborhood. Kidnapping kids and shit.

DON

That's not true, Sergeant.

MAURICE

Oh, yeah. It's true. I know for a fact that it's true. I'm going to count to three, if you don't tell me the truth, I'm going to shoot.

TRAVIS

Come on man! I didn't do anything.

MAURICE

Officer, I think he's carrying.

One!

DON

Sergeant! He didn't do anything.

Maurice looks over to Don.

MAURICE

Two!

TRAVIS

Come on man! White lives matter!

DON

Don't do this you black fucker!

Don dashes to attack Maurice. Maurice grabs Don by the neck. Squeezes.

MAURICE

White lives don't fuckin' matter.

Maurice throws him to the ground. Looks down at Don while he continues to point the GUN at Travis.

Maurice looks back at Travis for the final count. Sloth smiles. Travis and Don screams with fear.

Maurice speaks softly as he quickly pulls the trigger.

MAURICE (CONT'D)

Three.

[BANG!]

INT. INFINITY WHITE ROOM - DAY (24)

White. Empty space. Deborah sits on the floor, legs crossed. Head slightly down, quietly stroking the hair of her DOLL with a BRUSH.

In the short distance, Don appears, tied to the chair flipped onto the side screaming with tears.

DON

Ahhhhhhhh!

Deborah slowly turns around. She gets up and hurries over towards him.

DEBORAH

Hey, Don. Oh my God, you didn't do it.

DON

Why did he do that? What the hell is wrong with that fucker?! That boy wasn't even doing anything to harm anybody.

DEBORAH

Calm down. Get yourself together. I can't believe you couldn't do one simple task.

Why didn't you do it?

Don's crying slows.

DON

That was some bullshit! Did you know who that crazy fucker was?

He's crazy as fuck.

DEBORAH

Remind you of anyone?

Don eyebrows raise.

DEBORAH

Yeah, I thought so.

DON

I'm going to kill that bastard. Talking about White lives don't matter. I'll show his ass.

DEBORAH

Hey! Let's not lose focus here. You have to complete one task. Just one.

DON

I don't have to do shit!

DEBORAH

Look, you're lucky you get another chance. But you have to do it.

Please.

DON

What if I don't?

DEBORAH

Then you're going to be like this forever. Come on. I know you don't want to be stuck tied up like this.

DON

You didn't tell me who was going to wear the red shirt.

DEBORAH

I just know the task that you have to do, and the rest will work itself out.

DON

That boy was innocent.

DEBORAH

How do you know?

DON

Because, white people aren't criminals.

DEBORAH

Are you sure?

A young teenage white boy... can't be a criminal? What if her wore a black hoody?

Hm.

You think because you're a white man with a badge that YOU can't be a criminal?

DON

I make things right.

DEBORAH

What about this person you were saying you're going to kill?

Are they a criminal?

DON

Damn right.

DEBORAH

Yet, he thinks exactly the same way you do. Think about this for a moment. When you met Dennis, what did you actually KNOW about him?

Don pauses for a moment. Deborah stares. She helps him up off the floor.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)

Now, listen. I'm here to help you, but you have to focus on helping yourself. It's extremely important that you complete the task.

Don takes a deep breath. A beat. Deborah walks off and the TELEVISION appears in front. He stares.

INT. TELEVISION SCREEN - NEWS - DAY (21.2)

Black News Network anchor Shonda Jones reports some of the major events happening in the country.

An image of Greg Hillman, African-America, handsome, displays on screen in the segment.

SHONDA

A chain of events in the U.S. have started, what has been officially declared as the "White Lives Matter" movement. As White-American lives are constantly being taken through fear and hate from blacks. The domino that jump started this movement is, none other than, the trial of Greg Hillman, a community watch leader, who took matters into his own hands, by shooting an unarmed White teenager, Corey Dillon.

City skyline. Blue sky and busy streets. A POLICE CAR slowly makes its way down the avenue.

INT. MAURICE POLICE CAR - TASK#2 - DAY (25)

Don, sits in the passenger seat, eyes closed. They slowly open as he wakes up.

Dazed.

The driver, Maurice Jackson, wears a frown, with a dark pair of shades. He pulls the car over and looks over at Don.

MAURICE

Man, wake your white-ass up!

DON

What the hell?

MAURICE

You high or something? You and your white buddies been smoking crack? Getting high on the job. Dumb-ass.

Don stares Maurice down with the evil eyes.

Maurice takes out his GUN and hits Don right in the mouth. Blood covers his teeth. He points the GUN right in his face.

DON

Oh shit!

MAURICE

Yeah, bitch. What the fuck you eye-balling me about?

I will drop your motha-fuckin white ass. Then I'll go to a nice black-owned restaurant and eat a nice juicy "blackened" steak.

I don't give a fuck about this badge. White lives don't mean shit white boy.

Don't let that *White Lives Matter* bullshit fool you. All y'all in the

streets protesting and shit. A cancer to Black America.

DON

What?

MAURICE

Yeah, mothafucka. Test me again and see what happens. You know what I'm talking about.

We good, cancer?

Don nods his head in agreement. Maurice removes the gun from his head.

MAURICE

Now let's go stop all this white crime out here.

Don holds his head down. Eyebrows frown. He randomly stares over at Maurice while he drives.

A beat.

Maurice continues to express himself.

MAURICE

I can't believe I got stuck with your white ass. I tell you; I mess up one time and get suspended. Then they forced me to work with a white son of a bitch like you. I didn't do anything wrong. I shot a mothafucka that looks just like you. Had to put his white ass down. Fucking teenage white boys terrorizing the good citizens of my neighborhood. I HAD to put a stop to that shit.

I'll do it again too.

And again.

Don looks down in deep thought. Shakes his head.

DON

(under breath)

What the fuck?

MAURICE

The next white criminal-mothafucka is going to get a hot one.

Maurice continues to drive. He stares straight ahead. He looks over at Don with evil eyes sporadically.

Don sits quietly, eyes frowned as he stares. Dispatch.

A FEMALE VOICE, mid 30s, emerges through the dispatcher. Maurice picks up the walkie.

DISPATCH (V.O.)

One, one, five, six.

MAURICE

(into car walkie)

One, one, five, six, this is Sergeant Jackson. Go ahead.

DISPATCH (V.O.)

We got a call about a White individual causing a disturbance. He may be dealing narcotics. The individual could be armed and dangerous.

Maurice picks up his GUN.

MAURICE

(into car walkie)

Ten-four. We're in the area, we'll head over to check it out.

Giddy up, motherfucker. Opportunity has just knocked.

Don stares with eyes wide open.

A beat.

Maurice's police car approaches the scene.

He engages Don.

MAURICE

Look at this mothafucka. -Listen, he's been dealing drugs to the kids in this neighborhood for far too long. He's armed and dangerous. Let's get his ass.

The exit the car.

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK (STOREFRONT) - DAY (26)

Standing on the sidewalk, BRAD TINSLEY (33), heavy-set male, Caucasian, wearing a RED SHIRT, paces back and forth on the sidewalk.

Maurice and Don approach. Maurice draws his GUN. Don holds hand his hand on his holstered GUN. He side eyes Maurice for a moment. He engages the suspect.

DON

What are you doing out here sir?

MAURICE

(to Don)

Hey, let me do the talking?

(to Brad)

We got a call about you out here causing trouble. You know we don't allow selling drugs around here, right? Right!?

BRAD

(frustrated)

No, I wasn't selling drugs. I'm just minding my own business.

DON

Take it easy, sir.

MAURICE

We're not stupid, boy.

We know you've been out here selling
narcotics to children.

Brad looks over at Don.

BRAD

What the fuck is his problem?

DON

Hey, just listen. What's your name,
sir?

BRAD

I'm not telling.

MAURICE

Oh... he's not going to tell us. I think
he needs to be taught a lesson about
respect.

Maurice dramatically holsters his GUN. Hands on top of his
BEAT STICK.

DON

Hold on Sergeant.

Maurice moves in closer.

MAURICE

Son, when I ask you a question, you're
supposed to answer truthfully. Right?

Where are the drugs?

Brad shows his empty pockets.

Maurice walks around Brad.

BRAD

Look, I don't have anything on me. I'm
not selling any drugs.

MAURICE

Of course they're not on you. Where's your stash? --Come on, tell me.

DON

Hey, he doesn't have any drugs. Let's just leave him alone.

Maurice circles Brad once. He slowly walk around him.

MAURICE

Oh. Your little white buddy wants you to be left alone.

BRAD

What the hell, man?

DON

Let it go. Let's get out of here.

MAURICE

Oh, you know what time it is.

Look, I'm going to count to three. By the time I get to three, I want some answers.

He pulls out the BEAT STICK.

DON

Come on. Don't do this.

Maurice walks behind Brad.

MAURICE

Three.

He lifts the BEAT STICK high up into the air and hits Brad right on the side of his left knee. Brad screams and falls to his knees.

BRAD

Ahhhhhhhhh!

DON

What the fuck are you doing?

Maurice approaches close behind Brad. Looks at Don.

MAURICE

I'm making this shit right.

He wraps his arms around Brad's neck and performs a strong choke hold from behind. They fall flat to the ground.

Don points his GUN at Maurice.

DON

Get the fuck off of him. Let him go!

Now!

Maurice holds tight. Brad begins to struggle. Maurice on top, never lets up. They roll to their side.

Brad tries to point to his neck.

BRAD

I can't breathe. I can't...

Brads face starts changing color. Don gets closer.

DON

Let him go! He said he can't breathe.

A beat. Don looks around in disbelief. Maurice squeezes will all his strength.

DON

I will fuckin' shoot you!

Don stands there with the GUN close to Maurice head. After a short moment, he pulls the trigger.

[CLICK] Nothing.

[CLICK] [CLICK] Nothing.

Maurice shakes his head. Then he sloth smiles.

Brads face turns dark, body goes limp and his arms fall to his side. Don yells.

DON

Fuck!

Maurice bursts into a maniacal laugh as he holds tightly to the limp body.

INT. INFINITY WHITE ROOM - DAY (27)

White. Empty space. Deborah JUMP ROPES in place.

In the short distance, Don appears, lying on his side tied to the chair. Speaking loudly.

DON

No, no, no!

Deborah slowly turns around. She hurries over in frustration.

DEBORAH

You didn't do it, again? Why not?

DON

He was innocent! I tried to shoot that fucker, but it didn't work.

DEBORAH

You're running out of time. You need to do this quickly or we will never get another chance. Stop messing around and do it, please.

DON

You're trying to trick me into shooting an innocent white person.

DEBORAH

It's not a trick. It's the exact same thing you've already done.

DON

What the fuck are you talking about?

DEBORAH

You shot him! Remember?

That's why you're here! You shot Dennis. You didn't know anything about him! All you knew is what you believed, which means you made a decision before you made the decision. Sounds familiar, right?

Don looks on and takes a deep breath.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)

That's why you're tied up. You cannot continue to think the same way you've been thinking. Try to open your mind. You will be free once you realize the truth.

Deborah is distraught. She paces around.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)

Why is this so hard for you? Don't you want to know the truth?

DON

Yes! Just tell me! What happened to my parents?

DEBORAH

Someone killed them.

DON

Who the fuck did it!? I will kill them wherever they are. I don't care who!

Deborah approached Don close.

DEBORAH

One thing I know is... they weren't black.

DON

Fuckin' liar.

Don looks up with a strong frown. Deborah frustrated.

DEBORAH

You see. This is why I couldn't tell you. You have to figure it out yourself. This is your last chance.

DON

My last chance?

DEBORAH

Yes, this is it.

Remember, the choice has already been made. If YOU don't do it, the HE will.

Just do it! We're running out of time.

Deborah, looks up, then runs off. The TELEVISION SCREEN appears in the distance and moves closer to DON. He stares.

A news channel sounds off.

INT. TELEVISION SCREEN - NEWS - DAY (21.3)

Black News Network anchor Shonda Jones reports some of the major events happening in the country.

An image of Greg Hillman, African-America, handsome, displays on screen in the segment.

SHONDA

A chain of events in the U.S. have started, what has been officially declared as the "White Lives Matter" movement. As White-American lives are constantly being taken through fear and hate from blacks. The domino that jump started this movement is, none other than, the trial of Greg Hillman, a community watch leader, who took matters

into his own hands, by shooting an unarmed White teenager, Corey Dillon.

City skyline. Blue sky and busy streets. A POLICE CAR slowly makes its way down the avenue.

INT. MAURICE POLICE CAR - TASK#3 - DAY (28)

Don, sits in the passenger seat, eyes closed. They slowly open as he wakes up.

Dazed.

The driver, Maurice Jackson, wears a frown, with a dark pair of shades. He pulls the car over and looks over at Don.

MAURICE

Man, wake your white-ass up!

You high or something? You and your white buddies been smoking crack? Getting high on the job, dumb-ass.

You think you can do whatever you want. Don't let that *White Lives Matter* bullshit fool you. All y'all in the streets protesting and shit. A cancer to Black America.

DON

You're right.

MAURICE

Say what white boy?

DON

You are absolutely right. We need help. And you know what, I'm not even upset with you. What you did getting suspended and all. You did exactly what you believed.

MAURICE

You damn right. And I will do that shit again.

And again.

DON

Rodger that.

Maurice goes in.

MAURICE

I underestimated you. I don't like your white-ass, but you got that look in your eyes just like me.

DON

I'm not like you.

MAURICE

You are just like me. You got that killer look. Only difference is we shoot different types of people for the same reason.

Hate.

Shit, hate is a powerful force. I can shoot you right now and won't give a fuck. Can you believe that shit?

DON

Yeah, I can. Where does that shit come from?

MAURICE

Shit, I don't know. This is all I've known my whole life. It's rooted deep inside me. I'm stuck like this forever.

Like my man Greg Hillman. Shooting that teenage white boy. He had it coming. Didn't he?

Shit, I'm going to have to put one down today myself.

DON

That shit ain't right.

MAURICE

Oh yeah, White Lives Matter right? Not today mothafucka.

Don looks on as Maurice squeezes his GUN. Slightly tilts his head. Maurice continues to drive.

He looks over at Don with evil eyes periodically. Don sits quietly as dispatch comes on.

A FEMALE VOICE, emerges through the dispatcher. Maurice picks up the walkie.

DISPATCH (V.O.)

One, one, five, six.

MAURICE

(into car walkie)

One, one, five, six, this is Sergeant Jackson. Go ahead.

DISPATCH (V.O.)

We got a call about a White boy scaring people at the neighborhood park. They believe he has a weapon. The individual could be very dangerous. He's wearing a red shirt.

MAURICE

(into car walkie)

Ten-four. We'll head over to check it out.

(to Don)

Giddy up, motherfucker. Opportunity has just knocked.

Maurice picks up his GUN. Don stares with eyes wide open. They continue driving for a beat.

EXT. CITY PARK - DAY (29)

The POLICE CAR pulls up to the front of the park. Don and Maurice open their doors and exit. They walk forward a little and then halt.

Both paralyzed by the sight, they stop and look at one another.

MAURICE

Look at this shit. They groom them early don't they?

Don, in awe, holds back his tears.

In the distance, a young boy, COLLIN WRIGHT (11), Caucasian, male, wearing a RED SHIRT, spins in circles, exploring the park. Scenic background with a large slide, park benches and green trees waving in the wind.

Collin holds a TOY GUN to his side.

Maurice and Don approach. They draw their GUNS, Maurice first. Don holds his GUN off to his side.

DON

Take it easy man, it's just a kid.

MAURICE

He's a dangerous juvenile with a weapon. I will shoot.

They approach the park. Maurice sounds off loud.

MAURICE (CONT'D)

Hey boy! Drop your weapon! This is the police!

DON

Hey young man, please put the gun down.

(to Maurice)

I don't think it's a real gun.

MAURICE

It looks real enough to me.

DON

Just let me talk to him. He doesn't know what's going on.

MAURICE

I said what needed to be said. It's time for him to make a choice.

DON

He's just a kid.

MAURICE

You already know what time it is. Murphy's Law.

Collin lifts up the TOY GUN pointing it at Don and Maurice. Don holds his hand out to Maurice.

DON

No, no, no, no... Wait. Wait.

Maurice looks over to Don and begins a sloth smile.

Don slowly forces his gun up towards Collin. He closes his eyes and pulls the trigger. The gun blows back.

[BANG!]

INT. TELEVISION SCREEN - NEWS - DAY (21.4)

New anchor Shonda Jones appears and reports some of the major events happening in the country. An image of Greg Hillman and Corey Dillon displays.

SHONDA

A chain of events in the U.S. have started, what has been officially

declared as the "White Lives Matter" movement. As White-American lives are constantly being taken through fear and hate from blacks. The domino that jump started this movement is, none other than, the trial of Greg Hillman, a community watch leader, who took matters into his own hands, by shooting an unarmed White teenager, Corey Dillon.

Shonda cycles through stories that have taken place across the United States. An image of Travis Scott displays in the upper right corner.

SHONDA (CONT'D)

In a sad story, a twenty year-old White male, Travis Scott, was shot and killed today by a black police officer. Who believed Travis had kidnapped and raped a nine year old black girl. The officer stated he did not comply when they engaged to make an arrest.

An image of Brad Tinsley displays in the upper right corner.

SHONDA (CONT'D)

In another sad story, a thirty-three year old White male, Brad Tinsley, died today after a black officer used excessive force when trying to detain Mr. Tinsley. The officer performed a deadly choke hold that left Mr. Tinsley gasping for air. We were told he stated several times that he couldn't breathe. The officer never let go.

An image of Collin Wright displays in the upper right corner.

SHONDA (CONT'D)

In another very sad story, an eleven year old White boy, Collin Wright, was shot and killed by a police officer today. He was out playing in the neighborhood as police saw what appeared to be a gun in his hands, as he

mistakenly pointed to authorities. There was no indication that the toy gun was a toy. They had no choice but to respond with deadly force.

Ladies and gentlemen, there continues to be 'White Lives Matter' protests across the country as we as a nation struggle to find peace. We will continue to monitor the trial. So, stay tuned for updates on the trial for Greg Hillman.

It has begun.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT (30)

Dark, empty street. Several houses in the midst. Streetlights mildly reflected from the black pavement.

Sitting in a BLACK CAR, Greg Hillman, wearing glasses, stares obsessively at his suspect.

The suspect, COREY DILLON (18), male, Caucasian, medium build, wearing a dark hoody, quickly walks down the street.

COREY

(on phone)

Some creepy dude is watching me. I don't know what his problem is. Weirdo.

Greg follows in his car. A beat.

He parks and calls the police.

OPERATOR (O.S.)

Nine-one-one what's your emergency?

GREG

This is Greg Hillman. There's a suspicious guy walking through my neighborhood. Looks like he's on drugs, high or something. I think he's trouble. We've had some break-ins in our neighborhood.

OPERATOR (O.S.)

Is he black or white?

GREG

He looks, white.

OPERATOR (O.S.)

Can you describe him?

GREG

He's kind of tall, wearing a hoody,
pants, dark shoes, [color] soles, and
[color] shoestrings.

The operator pauses for a moment.

OPERATOR (O.S.)

Wait. Are you following him?

GREG

Yes, I am.

OPERATOR (O.S.)

Uh, please don't do that.

GREG

Can you send someone to help please?

OPERATOR (O.S.)

The police are on their way.

Greg opens his door. He approaches Corey. Corey stands alone on the sidewalk.

COREY

Hey, man. What's your problem? Why you over there watching me?

GREG

What are you doing out here in this neighborhood?

COREY

Nothing man. Leave me alone. You're creeping me out.

GREG

I just want some answers.

COREY

Just leave me alone, man.

GREG

I can't let you get away with it.

COREY

Dude, what the hell are you talking about?

GREG

You know.

Greg shoves Corey, causing his PHONE to fall to the ground. Corey takes off running in between the houses, in the dark.

Greg chases him.

Greg finally catches Corey once he falls in the back of the homes. Corey gets back up and slowly walks backwards trying to move away.

COREY

HELP! HELP!

Corey fights by kicks and swings. They fall to the ground, Corey on his back.

COREY

HELP!

Greg pulls out his GUN and puts the barrel right on Corey's chest.

Shonda's report.

SHONDA (V.O.)

The jury has finally complete their deliberation. Our country is on edge as they have read the final verdict. In the case of the State of Georgia vs. Greg Hillman, Greg Hillman has been found--

Greg eyes gazes evilly at Corey. After a beat. He pulls the trigger.

[BANG!]

SHONDA (V.O.)

Not guilty.

INT. INFINITY WHITE ROOM - DAY (31)

White. Bright. Empty. No end. Don's face appears as he lies alone on the white floor. Wearing a WHITE SHIRT and SHORTS. He covers his face with both hands. He sobs.

DON

What did I do? What did I do?

I can't believe this...

Don continues whining. Until a familiar voice speaks from a close distance...

SHELLY (O.S.)

Would you shut the fuck up?

Don's face straightens up.

He turns and looks in the distance and sees his grandmother, Shelly Jackson, tied to the chair in all BLACK CLOTHES. An empty seat in front.

He approaches. She gets annoyed quickly.

DON

Grandma?

--What are you doing here?

SHELLY

I don't fuckin' know. I didn't tie myself up like this. What kind of stupid shit is that? Dumb-ass.

DON

I just don't know why you're here.

SHELLY

That makes two of us. --Well don't just stand there, fuckin' untie me.

Don moves in close. He touches the rope, it SHOCKS him.

DON

Ouch, shit!

SHELLY

Stop being a pussy and get me out of here.

DON

I can't grandma. It's some kind of electric shock or something.

SHELLY

So, what! Get this crap off of me.

Wait a minute. Why aren't you tied up? Did you do this to me?

Don examines himself. Then sits in the empty seat.

DON

Grandma, I wouldn't do that to you.

SHELLY

I'll believe you when you get this shit off of me.

DON

We'll, I was tied up just like that too.

SHELLY

How'd you get out?

DON

I had to do something terrible.

SHELLY

Is that why you were over there crying like a little ol' bitch?

DON

Yeah, maybe.

SHELLY

Grow some fucking balls! You do what you have to do. Plain and simple.

DON

You don't even know what I had to do. I had to shoot someone.

SHELLY

I don't give a shit what it was. You do what you have to do to survive. You protect your own. Didn't you learn anything from me? Now you are acting like a little sissy.

What the fuck happened to you?

DON

What do you mean, grandma?

It's me.

SHELLY

Look at us. We're white. We are the greatest of God's creation. We don't let anyone fuck with us. *White Power.*

DON

Grandma, I'm ashamed of what I did.

SHELLY

I'm sure you had a reason. Any reason is a good reason.

DON

I shot a little kid. He was white.

SHELLY

That's okay. Any nigger-lover is just as bad as a nigger.

DON

What? That's not why.

SHELLY

You know, there was a moment when I was going to shoot your little corny ass.

Shelly laughs out loud. Don frowns.

SHELLY (CONT'D)

Yeah, you were sure enough going down the wrong path. I'm so glad I was able to save you.

DON

What are you talking about?

SHELLY

Your fuckin' momma.

I can't believe what she did to you.

DON

What the hell do you mean?

SHELLY

You don't want to know.

DON

Grandma, you're really starting to piss me off. I asked didn't I.

What happened?

SHELLY

If you knew what I knew, you would hate yourself. I'd hate for you to piss in your panties.

Shelly laughs out loud again. Don approaches.

DON

Stop fuckin' around! Tell me the truth.

SHELLY

Oh, shit. It's about fuckin' time. Looks like you got a little peach fuzz growing down there.

DON

You better talk, right now!

SHELLY

There's the boy I raised. Now you're speaking my language. Okay. I'll tell you.

Listen, when you were just a little ol' boy, you were so cute and innocent. I would enjoy watching you play in the back yard with your toys.

Your smile was just so beautiful. It was right. Nothing could have made me happier. Until your mommy fucked it all up.

Here I am sitting here enjoying my grandson playing with his toys, and here comes Satan himself running through the door..

INT. SHELLY'S RESIDENCE - WINDOW - DAY(32)

Looking through the bedroom window, Shelly Jackson stares with a scowling, disappointed look.

Jackie enters. Holding the TOY.

JACKIE

Hey, mom. Check out this toy that Don wanted to give to his best friend. It's really cool. It has all kinds of stuff. It can even fly too.

Mom?

She continues to stare out the window.

SHELLY

I can't believe this shit.

My very own daughter, letting these fuckin' roaches into my home.

JACKIE

Excuse me, mom. Please don't call them names. Don and his friend Tommy are only six years old. They're innocent for Christ sake.

SHELLY

You set us back fifty fuckin years pulling some shit like this.

JACKIE

(devastation)

Mom, please. You have to stop this nonsense.

Shelly turns around. Slowly approaches Jackie.

SHELLY

You're just as dumb as a box of fucking rocks.

JACKIE

Wait a second, now mom--

SHELLY

You haven't learned shit I taught you.
You got your son playing in the yard
with Satan.

JACKIE

I think you're being a little extreme
mom. Just come down and meet them.
They're my friends. Very nice people.
You'll love them once you get to know
them.

SHELLY

Do I look like I have stupid written
across my forehead? You are fuckin up
this great country WE built. You
shouldn't associate with these kinds of
people.

JACKIE

Look at Don.
He's playing with his best friend out
there.

SHELLY

That's because you fucked him up too.
But you know what, I'll take care of it.
I'll teach him what's right-

Jackie steps in front.

JACKIE

Hold on a minute mom. What do you think
you're doing? You're not teaching him
shit.

SHELLY

I'm doing what I should have done a long
time ago.

JACKIE

And what's that?

SHELLY

Teaching that boy who the fuck we are.
Move bitch!

Shelly tries to push past; Jackie shoves her to the floor.

JACKIE

No, the fuck you're not.

SHELLY

You ungrateful bitch!

Yes, the fuck I am. You started this
shit. Somebody's got to make it right.

Jackie approaches with a deadly stare. Shelly looks up.

JACKIE

Over my fucking dead body.

SHELLY

Well, I brought you into this world..

JACKIE

I guess you did.

Shelly slowly gets up. She stares at Jackie.

SHELLY

I will fuck you up.

Shelly exits.

Jackie's face grows disgusted.

BACK TO:

INT. INFINITY WHITE ROOM - DAY (33)

Shelly, continues her story from the chair. Don stares
profusely.

SHELLY

She was poisoning your mind. I couldn't
stand by and watch that happen.

DON

I was just playing in the yard with my friend. I was a kid. There was nothing wrong with me.

SHELLY

It's the company you keep. One rotten apple spoils the bunch.

DON

Are you serious?

SHELLY

As a heart attack.

DON

What did you do grandma?

SHELLY

I did what I had to. Haven't you learned anything from me?

DON

What the fuck is that?

SHELLY

Don't be a fuckin' pussy.

DON

What did you do?!

SHELLY

Your dumbass fuckin' momma set some shit in motion. So, she got exactly what she asked for.

A beat. Don gets up. Paces...

DON

Wait. You told me some black teenagers killed mom and dad!?

It was you?

SHELLY

White Power mother-fucker.

She laughs hysterically. Don attacks her and her chair fall backward. He chokes her. Don turns red as he yells and watches her gasp for air.

She slowly loses consciousness, then fades away. Don cries out.

A beat.

The surroundings change from white to red. Debora suddenly appears, wearing a young girl SCHOOL OUTFIT. She grabs Don, but he continues to sob.

DEBORAH

Hey, snap out of it. We have to get focused here.

DON

(struggles frantically)

Oh my God, I can't believe it. She didn't have to do it! All this time! What the fuck!

DEBORAH

Hey, we're running out of time. You can still save him.

DON

Where did she go? Save who?

DEBORAH

Don't worry about her. She's gone now.

Shelly's chair on its back, empty. Don looks over, eyes open wide. Deborah grabs his face.

DEBORAH

You have to accept the truth, Don. I need change, now. Decide right now who you want to be Don.

DON

I don't understand. I don't know who I am anymore.

DEBORAH

You have the power to choose right now. I told you before that that's not who you are. SHE created the monster inside you.

Do you want to continue to be the person she created?

DON

No.

DEBORAH

Then you can still save him. You have to.

DON

Save who?

DEBORAH

Your best friend.

Tommy.

DON

Tommy?

DEBORAH

Yes. Your grandma had him killed when I was just a little girl. But now there's a chance to stop it. You can make this right.

Don holds his head down in thought.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)

It's time. They're coming.

Save him.

Deborah grabs Don's head. She looks up and her eyes turn SOLID WHITE.

INT. TOMMY JORDAN BEDROOM - MORNING (34)

Deborah (6), lies on Tommy's bed eyes closed with prayer hands. She sits up quickly; turns to the side with a worried face. She opens her eyes, they're SOLID WHITE.

INT. SHELLY'S RESICENCE - MORNING (35)

Don, in WHITE SHORTS and a RED SHIRT, body submerged underwater, awakens. He sits up quickly with a deep breath. Slowly crawls and makes his way through the house.

A beat.

Police sirens ring in the distance.

As he moves through, dripping wet, he sees grandma Shelly slumped over in the chair, eyes faded to gray. A burning CIGARETTE in an astray by the PHONE.

He glances at her in disgust.

DON

Fuckin' bitch.

He continues on. He hears voices from the front yard of the house. He approaches the window. He peeks through and sees two police officers and Tommy.

Tommy looks back.

DON

Tommy?

Don goes to the door. Exits.

EXT. SHELLY'S RESIDENCE - DAY (36)

Tommy and the Police Officers continue... Don begins yelling from the front door to get their attention.

DON

Hey! Hey, you crooked mother-fuckers!
Leave him alone!

They continue as if he's not there. Don looks on. He begins walking closer.

TOMMY

(increasingly frustrated)

Why can't y'all just leave me alone!?

BOB

Don't you move boy! Don't you take
another fuck'n step!

Tommy holds.

CHARLES

Whoa. Whoa. Bob, I see where all the
terrorizing comes from. This boy is
angry.

DON

You know he's not, you fuckin' bastard!

BOB

You ain't lying.

CHARLES

Now you listen here, you better choose
your words very carefully. It's in your
best interest that you don't make
another move.

TOMMY

I'm leaving and never coming back.

CHARLES

Well, you got one thing right. You're
DEFINITELY not coming back.

Charles turns and looks at Bob and laughs. He looks back
at Tommy. Don sees Tommy going for his back pocket.

DON

Tommy wait... Don't!

Don runs to Tommy.

BOB

Whoa, wait-

Tommy reaches into his back pocket. Tosses up the TOY.

TOMMY

Look, I just have this toy-

Don jumps in front of Tommy, absorbs the gun shot.

[BANG!]

INT. DON MULLINS' ROOM - MORNING (37)

Don, startled, suddenly awakes in bed. Shirtless. An empty
back. A large AMERICAN FLAG hangs over the bed. A POLICE
BADGE sits on the nightstand next to a PHOTO and his CELL
PHONE.

DON

Oh man. --That was crazy? I must have
been dreaming.

Partly dazed, he gathers himself. The CELL PHONE rings
with a video call. Jackie Mullins (twenty years older)
FACE appears ON SCREEN. Don reaches over, answers.

JACKIE

Hey Don! Were you still sleeping? It's
time to wake up, wake up, wake up.
Today is the big special day.

DON

What? Mom?

JACKIE

Yes, it's me. What? You don't recognize me? I did just get my hair done.

Don becomes emotional.

DON

I haven't seen you in years. It's just that- Mom, I've missed you so much.

JACKIE

Oh baby stop it. You're going make me start crying. Please son, stop playing with me like that.

DON

I'm sorry mom. It just feels like I haven't seen you in forever.

JACKIE

It's only been a few months, Don.

Don straightens up.

DON

When can I see you?

JACKIE

You don't remember we're supposed to get together for the big day today?

DON

Big day? What do you mean?

JACKIE

You know... Tommy's birthday party.

DON

Tommy?

JACKIE

Yes. Tommy.

DON

Is he alive?

JACKIE

Okay, now you're starting to worry me.
Of course he's alive.

Why wouldn't he be?

DON

Never mind. Don't worry about it.

JACKIE

Well, get up and get dressed. You know
his sister is going to be all over us if
we don't make it.

DON

His sister?

JACKIE

Come on Don. Deborah?

Just hurry up and get ready for the big
party. And don't forget to bring that
little toy you two use to play with when
you were little. You two like to give it
back and forth to each other. It's so
cute.

DON

Okay mom. I'll get ready. Can't wait to
see you.

JACKIE

Okay honey. See you later. Love you!

DON

Love you too mom.

Jackie hangs up. Don excitedly sets his PHONE down on the table. A beat.

He sees a TOY flying high towards him. He catches it.

DON

Wow, cool. I got you Tommy.

Don sets the TOY down on the table next to the PHOTO. He exists the room.

The PHOTO reveals three happy people having a great time with the brightest smiles.

Don, with Tommy on the right and Deborah (20) on his left.

INT. NATIONAL NEWS NETWORK (38)

Full TELEVISION SCREEN, news anchor, Karen White/Shonda Jones reports.

KAREN WHITE/SHONDA JONES

With breaking news, an off duty police officer was shot today. As he was out with friends and family and what seems to have been a targeted hit on the officer, it is still under investigation as to why this happened. The condition of the officer has not yet been reported, but our prayers go out to him and his family.

This event confirms the sixth officer shot off duty in the last two months. Protesters continue to march in support of the police with the "Blue Lives Matter" movement. Things are just not getting better. May God help us all.

FADE OUT

THE END