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Conformed to Final Cut

JUDAS AND THE BLACK MESSIAH

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FULL PINK DRAFT

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LOGOS

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10

INT. NONDESCRIPT OFFICE - DAY (1989)

10

*

THIRTY-NINE-YEAR-OLD WILLIAM O'NEAL, dapper in a suit, sits in a chair sweating profusely.

*
*

VOICE 1 (O.S.)

*

Keep it rolling, we'll just get a bonus one of these.

*
*

O'Neal shifts in his chair.

*

VOICE 2 (O.S.)

*

(re: O'Neal)

*

Will somebody wipe him down?

*

A slate comes into frame.

*

VOICE 3 (O.S.)

*

Eyes on the Prize 2, March 3rd, 1989. Bill O'Neal interview.

*
*

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

*

Looking back on your activities in the late 60s, early 70s, what would you tell your son about what you did then?

*
*
*
*

O'Neal looks off camera.

*

STOCK FOOTAGE MONTAGE:

*

- BLACK CITIZENS point to a nearby burning building.

*

- An article reads "MARTIN LUTHER KING SLAIN"

*

- FIRES burn over a city.

*

- An article reads "Army troops in capital as Negroes riot"

*
*

- ARMED SOLDIERS march toward a group of BLACK CIVILANS.

*

- A BLACK MAN speaks at a microphone.

*

MAN (V.O.)

*

Those are not riots. Those are rebellions. The people are rebelling because of the conditions and not because of individuals. No individual creates a rebellion. It is created out of the conditions.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

- A WHITE POLICE OFFICER charges at an unarmed BLACK MAN. *
 - WHITE POLICE march toward a group of BLACK CITIZENS. *
 - A BLACK MAN holds up a fist as he's harassed by police. *
- A musical chant rises: *

VOICES (O.S.)
(singing)
Revolution is the only solution.
Revolution is the only solution. *

- A group of BLACK PANTHERS do pushups near a lake. *
- A group of BLACK PANTHERS stand united together, and raise their fists as one. *
- A BLACK MAN holds a "Free Huey" flag. *
- ANGELA DAVIS holds up a picture of Huey P. Newton in front of a class of Black children. *

ANGELA
Okay. Who's this? *

CHILDREN
Huey P. Newton. *

ANGELA
And where's Huey? *

CHILDREN
In jail. *

- HUEY P. NEWTON sits in a jail cell. *

ANGELA (PRE-LAP)
The first thing that the Black Panther party did of course in Oakland was to set up an armed patrol... *

- Angela speaks to an offscreen INTERVIEWER. *

ANGELA
In order to ensure that Black people were not harassed and intimidated by the local police department. *

- Huey stands in his cell and speaks to an interviewer O.S. *

HUEY

And the police arrested the individual. We followed him to the jail and bailed the individual out. Whether he was a panther or not.

- A map of the United States shows CARTOON BLACK PANTHERS popping up all over the U.S.

VOICE (O.S.)

The Panthers are the vanguard, man. We're talking about...

- A MAN stands in front of an audience giving a speech.

MAN

A non-capitalistic state. That's what we're talking about.

- A MAN speaks into a microphone.

MAN

Yeah we armed, we're an armed propaganda unit. But we spend most of our time working with these programs. Serving the people.

- A Black Panther AMBULANCE moves past.

- CHILDREN receive food at a free breakfast program.

- A MAN speaks to a crowd.

MAN

Free medical clinic. Free breakfast for children program. The inter-communal institute and liberation schools, free legal aid and education for the community.

We reveal footage of the MAN is on a screen in an FBI AUDITORIUM.

1 INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - AUDITORIUM - DAY

1 *

J. EDGAR HOOVER (73) marches across the stage, addressing an audience of FBI AGENTS.

*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

HOOVER

The Black Panthers are the single
greatest threat to national
security. More than the Chinese,
even more than the Russians. Our
counterintelligence program must
prevent the rise of a black
messiah from among their midst --

ROY MITCHELL (34), white, beefy with a crew cut watches
Hoover intently.

HOOVER

One with the potential to unite
the Communist, the anti-war, and
the New Left movements.

Behind Hoover, the slide changes revealing footage of
FRED HAMPTON.

FRED

We don't fight fire with fire, we
fight fire with water.

HOOVER

This man.

FRED

We don't fight racism with racism.
We're gonna fight racism with
solidarity.

HOOVER

Frederick Allen Hampton.

FRED

We ain't gonna fight capitalism
with Black capitalism, we're gonna
fight capitalism with socialism.

EXT. LEON'S POOL HALL - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: CHICAGO -- 1968

We TRACK BEHIND a billowing raincoat. WILLIAM O'NEAL
(18), dressed like a G-man in a Stetson fedora, slows to
a stop as he reaches a shiny red ragtop Pontiac GTO. He
inspects it, also taking note of where it's parked:
outside a South Side pool hall. A "CLOSED" sign hangs in
the window.

A2 INSIDE - O'NEAL'S POV A2

Five young black men cluster around a pool table in the back. Several wear green berets: the calling card of the Crowns, Chicago's most notorious gang.

B2 EXT. LEON'S POOL HALL - CONTINUOUS ACTION B2

O'NEAL
Fucking Crowns... Of course.

O'Neal lights a cigarette and silently deliberates his next move, wondering if it's worth the risk. He glances back at the car... and enters the establishment.

3 INT. LEON'S POOL HALL - CONTINUOUS ACTION 3

BARTENDER
(addressing O'Neal)
We're closed.

An older man nurses a drink at the bar. O'Neal withdraws from his pocket a badge.

O'NEAL
(imitating Joe Friday)
Alright. Playtime's over.
Everybody grab a fucking wall. *

BARTENDER
What the hell is this? I just
paid O'Mally last week. *

O'NEAL
You hear me? Do I look like some
two-bit shakedown artist to you?
What the fuck does this say? The
initials? *
*
*

O'Neal shoves his badge in the Bartender's face.

BARTENDER
(incredulous)
FBI?

O'NEAL *
FBI. That's right big guy. Ay,
where you going? Come back here,
clown. Everybody, hands on the
fucking table. Come here! *
*
*
*
*

O'Neal roughly grabs CARDIGAN-CLAD Crown by the collar and rifles through his pockets as he marches him to the back.

*

The Crowns reluctantly line up against the pool table.

*

TEX

We in here minding our own business. Ain't nobody causing no trouble.

O'NEAL

Yeah, spread 'em open.

*
*

TEX

Fuck off me, pig. Y'all motherfuckers ain't got shit to do tonight?

*
*
*
*

O'Neal withdraws a switchblade from Tex's pocket.

*

O'NEAL

Ah, you just minding your own business right? What's this? What's that? Fuckin' idiot.

*
*
*
*

LATER, the Crowns' pockets are emptied on the pool table.

*

VOICE (O.S.)

I swear to God there ain't no pig worse than a nigga with a badge.

*
*
*

O'Neal discovers a car key with the Pontiac logo engraved. He grabs a CARDIGAN CLAD TEEN.

*
*

O'NEAL

Alright Big Man, you're going downtown.

*
*

CARDIGAN-CLAD

What?!

O'NEAL

(re: keys)

That GTO out there? The red one, it belong to you?

*
*

CARDIGAN-CLAD

Yeah.

O'NEAL

It was reported stolen two months ago. Let's go.

*

O'Neal tries to push Cardigan out but he resists. Tex obstructs his path.

CARDIGAN-CLAD

Hell, naw! That's my car!

O'NEAL

Easy. You're under arrest for grand theft auto.

CARDIGAN-CLAD

I got papers on it and everything!

O'NEAL

Tell it to the judge.

O'Neal pulls Cardigan-Clad around Tex, almost using him as a shield.

TEX

Say man, what the fuck is the FBI doing looking for a stolen car, huh? Y'all run outta niggas to assassinate?

Cardigan-Clad thrashes, inadvertently headbutting O'Neal, who loses his hat. He starts to pick it up, then has second thoughts. Tex gets a clear look at O'Neal for the first time. He looks like a kid. Suspicious, Tex grabs his knife off of the pool table.

TEX

You ain't no fucking cop, nigga.

He unsheathes his blade and takes a step forward.

O'NEAL

Stay the fuck back!

O'Neal shoves still-cuffed Cardigan to the floor and makes a break for the exit with the Crowns on his heels.

O'Neal slides over the hood of the GTO and keys into the driver's side as his pursuers tumble out of the bar. Tex tries to kick in the driver's-side window.

O'NEAL

Stay the fuck back!

His friends follow suit as O'Neal starts the engine and reverses, smashing into the parked car behind him.

4

CONTINUED:

4

Tex mounts the roof of the car and slashes a hole in the ragtop.

*

O'NEAL

Stay the fuck back!

*
*

Tex tries to slice O'Neal's throat but before he can, O'Neal grabs his wrist and bites his hand.

*
*

O'NEAL

Get the fuck off my shit!

*
*

O'Neal mashes his foot on the gas.

*

A4

EXT./INT. PONTIAC (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS ACTION

A4

Tex loses balance and tumbles off the roof of the car. O'Neal pants, his fear rapidly turning into excitement, as the adrenaline junkie revels in his victory.

O'NEAL

Motherfucker!

*
*

It's short-lived, though. Blue lights flash behind O'Neal as he speeds through the intersection. His face falls.

*

SMASH CUT TO:

5

INT. COOK COUNTY JAIL - INTERVIEW ROOM - SAME NIGHT

5

Alone, O'Neal sits in a metal chair, hands cuffed behind his back, a nasty gash above his right eye. After a moment, the door is opened by a cop who grants FBI Agent Mitchell entry. He drags a table over to O'Neal and takes a perch on top.

MITCHELL

(producing his badge)
Special Agent Mitchell, FBI.

O'Neal tries to hide how impressed/intimidated he is.

MITCHELL

Almost as spiffy as yours.

Mitchell tosses O'Neal's fake badge onto the table.

MITCHELL

Now, tell me, why the badge? Why not just use a knife or a gun like a normal car thief?

*
*

(CONTINUED)

O'NEAL

A badge is scarier than a gun. *

MITCHELL

Would you mind explaining that for
me? *

O'NEAL

Any nigga on the street can get a
gun, man -- sir. But a badge?...
It's like you got the whole damn
army behind you. *Mitchell considers his point -- and intelligence. He
scoops the badge back up.

MITCHELL

I'd better hold on to this, then.
(beat)
Were you upset when Dr. King was
murdered? *

O'Neal is caught off guard by Mitchell's sudden pivot.

O'NEAL

What? *

MITCHELL

Were you upset when Dr. King was
murdered? *

O'NEAL

I dunno... *

MITCHELL

You can be honest. *

O'NEAL

A little bit. *

MITCHELL

What about Malcolm X? *

O'NEAL

I never thought about all that. *

MITCHELL

(disbelieving)
You just never thought about it? *

O'NEAL

No. *

(CONTINUED)

MITCHELL

You're looking at eighteen months
for the stolen car and five years
for impersonating a federal
officer. Or, you can go home.

O'Neal looks up at Mitchell, shocked.

SUPERIMPOSE: TITLE CARD -- JUDAS AND THE BLACK MESSIAH

6-8

OMITTED

6-8

19

INT. WRIGHT JUNIOR COLLEGE - LECTURE HALL - NIGHT

19

The medium-sized hall is packed with students: about 90%
black. Many wear dashikis, headwraps, and traditional
African garb. FRED HAMPTON (20) sits onstage behind a
COLLEGE STUDENT (18), black, female, who addresses the
crowd from a podium. Rush, Harmon, Palmer, and Winters
stand at attention just off the stage.

COLLEGE STUDENT

...That reflected the population
and culture of an 80% black
student body. So they're bringing
in Dr. Charles Hurst from Howard
University to be president... and
they're gonna call it Malcolm X
College from now on!

There's big applause and affirmations. Fred smirks.

COLLEGE STUDENT

It's in this spirit of activism
and on behalf of the Wright Junior
College Black Caucus that I'm
proud to introduce Fred Hampton,
Deputy Chairman of the Illinois
Chapter of the Black Panther
Party!

Fred takes her spot in front of the dais.

DEBORAH JOHNSON (17), Afro'd, watches intently, jotting
notes in a compact journal.

FRED

I don't need no mic -- Can y'all
hear me?

AD LIBBED "Yes-es" from the crowd. Fred smiles.

FRED

Malcolm X College? I can dig it.
Dr. Charles Hurst, direct from
Howard! Right on... So, what?
You think the students over there
gon' be free now?

Some of the students' joy begins to ebb.

FRED

Oh, they'll let you change the
name of your college, or your own
name. Throw on a dashiki. 'Cause
guess what? They still gon' drag
your black ass to Vietnam to shoot
a poor rice farmer or get shot
your damn-self. That's the
difference between revolution and
the candy-coated facade of gradual
reform. Reform is just the
masters teaching the slaves how to
be better slaves. Under reform,
you could take the motherfucking
masters out, and the slaves 'still
be doing all the work for 'em!

The crowd listens, rapt.

FRED

There's a man called a capitalist.
Don't matter what color he is.
Black, white, brown, red -- don't
matter. Because the capitalist
has one goal: that is to exploit
the people. He can have a three-
piece suit or a dashiki. Because
political power doesn't flow from
the sleeve of a dashiki.
Political power flows from the
barrel of a gun! We in the Black
Party don't believe in no culture
except revolutionary culture. What
we mean by that is a culture that
will free you! Don't give me no
five-and-dime costume of some
medicine man or witch doctor or
whatever you think the motherland
looks like. Give me the righteous
threads of a Mozambican FRELIMO
fighter! Give me an AK-47 or some
bandoliers like they got in
Angola. Gimme some Colt .45s, of
the folks that are trying to free
themselves!

(CONTINUED)

The crowd applauds. A MAN rises to his feet and walks out of the audience.

FRED

A dashiki ain't gon' help you when they come up in here wit' some tanks like they did in Henry Horner! You need tools, brother! And we got the tools down at 75th and Madison!

A19

SAME SCENE - LATER

A19

Winters and Palmer stand just outside the door with COLLECTION BUCKETS. Deborah Johnson approaches Fred, journal in hand.

DEBORAH

Hi.

FRED

Evening.

DEBORAH

I thought your speech was really... interesting.

FRED

Thank you, sister.

DEBORAH

... Do you like poetry?

FRED

I mean, it's cool but as Che Guevara said, 'Words are beautiful but action is supreme,' you dig?

DEBORAH

I dig. Right on... But you were up on that stage using words. So maybe next time choose them a bit more carefully instead of tearing down the folk you call yourself recruiting -- just 'cause they demonstrate a little black pride.

(off of his surprised look)

But just so you know, you are a poet.

She departs before he can offer up a response.

9

INT. BLACK PANTHER HEADQUARTERS - CLASSROOM - DAY

9

Fred strikes and lights a match, bringing it to the tip of his cigarette, the epitome of confident cool.

*

FRED

Somebody define war for me.

ANOTHER ANGLE

BOBBY RUSH (22) distributes photocopies to a classroom of about ten Panthers including JIMMY PALMER (21), JAKE WINTERS (19), DOC SATCHEL (19), and JUDY HARMON (20), the sole woman present, always wearing combat boots. Written behind Fred on the chalkboard -- "War vs. Politics." Winters enthusiastically waves his hand in the air. Palmer calls out --

PALMER

War is violent conflict between two or more parties.

FRED

Would you say we at war with the pigs, Comrade Palmer?

*

*

PALMER

Chairman, I'd take it a step further and say that every ghetto across the nation should be considered occupied territory.

His assertion is greeted with scattered "right on's."

FRED

Right on. How 'bout politics?

*

Fred addresses a waving Winters.

FRED

How would you define politics, brother?

WINTERS

Uh, y'know... elections...

FRED

Elections *can be* a part of politics, certainly. But we in the party ascribe to Chairman Mao's definition of politics.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRED (CONT'D)

He said war is politics with bloodshed and politics is war without bloodshed. Say it with me, y'all.

*
*
*

GROUP

War is politics with bloodshed and politics is war without bloodshed.

*
*

FRED

What that mean? It mean every time the pigs shoot down an unarmed brother or sister in the street, Mayor Daley pulled the trigger. It mean Tricky Dick Nixon is the fattest, most filthy pig in the pen!

*
*
*

The group laughs.

FRED

So how do we win this war? What's our most lethal weapon? Guns? Grenades? Rocket launchers?

Tucked deep in the back of the classroom we REVEAL O'Neal; above his eye, a two-week old patch of bloodstained gauze.

O'NEAL

(excitedly whispering to himself)

These niggas got rocket launchers?

*

O'Neal looks confused when Fred writes the answer on the blackboard: "The People."

FRED

There's strength in numbers -- power anywhere there's people. And in order to overthrow this racist, fascist, nefarious U.S. Government, it's gonna take everybody.

*
*
*

EXT. LATINO NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

POV viewed FROM ACROSS the street, we observe Fred pitching papers with zeal. Doc sells papers on the same side of the street at the opposite end of the block.

*
*
*

FRED

Black Panther paper! Free your mind for just a quarter!

*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

COACHMAN
Sorry, I'm on my way to work.

FRED
I'm at work, sister. I work for
you.

Fred walks alongside the woman, BETTY COACHMAN,
persisting until she parts with a quarter.

FRED
Information is raw material for
new ideas. You got kids? Your
friends got kids?

COACHMAN
Yeah.

FRED
We got a breakfast program feeds
near 100 kids a week.

REVEAL: The POV is O'Neal's. He shivers, a bundle of
Black Panther newspapers in his hands.

FRED (V.O.)
Because we've grown so accustomed
to being poor that we think it's
normal for our kids to go to
school hungry. We think it's
normal for us to go to the
hospital with a runny nose and
come home in a body bag.

INT. BLACK PANTHER HEADQUARTERS - CLASSROOM - DAY

Fred at the front of the classroom, as before.

FRED
So our job as the Black Panther
Party is to *heighten the*
contradictions.

13 INT. BETTER BOYS FOUNDATION - CAFETERIA - MORNING

Pacing, Fred leads fifty kids in "The Black Child's
Pledge" while Winters and others serve breakfast. Deep
in the b.g., a sour, sleepy O'Neal dumps heaping
spoonfuls of grits into plastic bowls.

FRED
I pledge allegiance.

(CONTINUED)

KIDS
I pledge allegiance.

FRED
To my black people!

KIDS
To my black people!

FRED
I pledge to develop.

KIDS
I pledge to develop.

11 INT. BLACK PANTHER HEADQUARTERS - SUPPLY CLOSET - DAY 11

O'Neal shifts some cereal bags out of the way.

FRED (V.O.)
My mind and body to the greatest
extent possible.

INT. BETTER BOYS FOUNDATION - CAFETERIA - MORNING

Fred speaks to the kids, as before.

KIDS
My mind and body to the greatest
extent possible!

FRED
I will learn all that I can.

KIDS
I will learn all that I can.

INT. BLACK PANTHER HEADQUARTERS - SUPPLY CLOSET - DAY

O'Neal plugs a hole in the wall and plasters it shut.

INT. BETTER BOYS FOUNDATION - CAFETERIA - MORNING

Fred serving breakfast, as before.

FRED
In order to give my best to my
people in their struggle for
liberation!

KIDS

In order to give my best to my
people in their struggle for
liberation!

The kids struggle to say the mouthful in unison.

INT. BLACK PANTHER HEADQUARTERS - CLASSROOM - DAY

Fred lectures in front of the class, as before.

FRED

So the people can decide whether
they want to overthrow the
government. Or not.

A33

INT. BLACK PANTHER HEADQUARTERS - GROUND FLOOR - DAY

A33

Fred enters a bustling HQ from outside. As he walks by
the reception desk, BETTY COACHMAN (17), who we watched
purchase a paper from Fred, hands him an envelope as well
as several slips of paper. Fred opens it as Coachman
addresses him.

COACHMAN

These two people are waiting to
see you from Vista. Also Brother
Cohran called. He wanted to know
if you willing to speak at a
fundraiser for the theater. And
someone named Stanley Uhuru? Said
he wanted to speak with you about
a credit union?

Doc wheels medical equipment through HQ, aided by several
Panthers.

FRED

(addressing Doc)
What's that?

DOC

EKG machine. For the clinic when
we get it up and running.

FRED

Mhm.

As Fred continues on, he removes from the envelope a
letter, the contents of which cause him to smirk
dismissively.

(CONTINUED)

As he folds it closed, he's distracted by a familiar face: Deborah Johnson, the student who chastised him earlier. She's seated at a desk, typing. Fred pauses and smiles --

FRED
(teasing)
...The poet. What a pleasant surprise.

DEBORAH
(tongue-in-cheek)
I saw your ad in the paper looking for a new speechwriter, so... figured I'd lend a hand.

Fred grins.

FRED
That musta been a misprint. See, I don't write speeches, sister. I just get up on stage and speak truth to the people.

DEBORAH
Oh, it shows... the lack of preparation, that is.

Fred shrugs.

FRED
It got you here.

There is a flash of sexual tension between the two. Fred heads on back, this time getting the last word.

16 INT. PANTHER HEADQUARTERS - CLASSROOM - DAY

16 *

The political education class has more than doubled in size, most of the attendees women. Coachman reads from The Black Panther Ten Point Platform:

COACHMAN
'We want land, bread, housing, education, clothing, justice, and peace.'

FRED
Housing, justice, peace... Life, liberty, happiness... It's all right there in the Declaration of Independence.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FRED (CONT'D)

But when poor people demand it,
it's a contradiction. It's not
democracy. It's socialism, dig?

Fred spies O'Neal whispering to TRACY RANDLE (20s).

FRED

O'Neal, stand up!

O'Neal doesn't budge. Fred stares daggers for a moment.
And when that doesn't get the desired result, to O'Neal's
surprise, Fred sits next to him.

FRED

What is the party line in regard
to our sisters, Comrade?

O'NEAL

Um...

FRED

Anybody?

DOC

'Do not take liberties with
women.'

O'NEAL

Liberties? C'mon, I wasn't --

FRED

These aren't just your sisters,
they're your sisters-in-arms. Act
like it. Twenty pushups for
discipline...

O'Neal squirms in his chair, then abruptly gets up and
walks to the front of the room.

FRED

(as O'Neal heads to
the front)

Captain Harmon... count 'em out.

Harmon walks over to O'Neal who starts doing pushups.

HARMON

What's wrong, O'Neal? Down to the
ground.

(counting them out)

You're scared of a little dirt? I
could have the sister lay down a
towel for you.

21

INT. COOK COUNTY POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

21

Mitchell sits on the edge of the table across from O'Neal.

*
*

O'NEAL

Comrade, answer a question for me. 'Does a tiger brush its teeth?' 'If you want knowledge, you've got to eat the peach. And when you eat the peach, then the peach give you the knowledge from the beautiful frutitiousness of said peach because "Power where there's people. Comrade."

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

O'Neal, delighted with the sublime ridiculousness of this last nugget, just stares triumphantly at Mitchell.

O'NEAL

You didn't tell me it was gon' be like this. These mufuckas ain't terrorists. They're terrorizing me.

*
*
*

Mitchell practices patience.

MITCHELL

What can I do to help? The goal is to get close to Hampton, right? So think... what does he need that maybe your Uncle Sam might be able to help you provide?

*

*
*

As O'Neal considers his question he has to suppress the urge to grin.

O'NEAL

A car.
(off Mitchell's laughter)
Fred don't drive no more. The pigs -- the, uh... police --

*
*

MITCHELL

No, that's good. You're becoming a Panther.

21

CONTINUED:

21

O'NEAL

(laughs; then)

The pigs were always following him around, giving him bullshit traffic violations so if you want me to get close to Fred? Get me a car...

*
*
*

Mitchell considers his request.

22

INT./EXT. O'NEAL'S CAR/GENE'S DELI - NIGHT

22

O'Neal rounds the block, peacocking in a shiny new Buick, matchstick in his jaw. He feels like the man.

He pulls up to Gene's Delicatessen. Waiting out front are Fred, Harmon, Palmer, and Winters. They finish off a few Red Hots and climb in the car.

*
*

O'NEAL

Say Chairman, that wasn't no Goddamn pig you was eating out there, was it?

*
*
*
*

FRED

Somebody gotta show the pigs who's boss, man.

*
*
*

O'NEAL

Alright, you all ready to split? Huh?

*
*
*

The car pulls off.

*

23

INT./EXT. O'NEAL'S CAR (MOVING) - LATER

23

FRED

Y'all got any weapons, give 'em here.

*

Palmer pulls out a .38. Harmon pulls out of her boot a switchblade.

O'NEAL

Judy, is that your rabbit ass maw? Get your motherfuckin' boot off my shit?

*
*
*
*

Winters pulls out a .38, .45, and small Derringer. O'Neal laughs.

*
*

O'NEAL
(impressed)
Yo, Winters, how many pistols you
got man?

*
*

He shrugs.

*

He hands them over to Fred who eyes O'Neal expectantly.

O'NEAL
Mine's in the glove box.

Fred opens the glove box, where O'Neal's .38 rests, and
places the weapons inside.

FRED
Park as close to Leon's as you can
in case we gotta haul ass outta
there.

HARMON
Chairman, that's the Crowns' pool
hall.

*

O'Neal's hackles raise. It can't be the same place...

FRED
Exactly. Stay sharp.

*

A23 EXT. LEON'S POOL HALL - NIGHT

A23 *

O'Neal parks across the street from the same pool hall he
almost lost his life outside of a few months back. He
does not want to get out of that car.

O'NEAL
Say Chairman, what are we doing
here?

*
*

FRED
Getting the Crowns' attention.

24 INT. LEON'S POOL HALL - NIGHT

24

Old-timers observe from tall chairs. Teens, many wearing
green berets, mill about; Fred and company enter. O'Neal
tries to hang back but Fred directs everyone to fan out
and start selling papers. O'Neal avoids eye contact with
any and all. Fred and Harmon amble over to a cluster of
young men and women by the bar.

FRED

(handing out fliers)

Evening, brothers and sisters. I wanted to hip y'all to a new free breakfast program opening on the South Side next week. Free for the babies. All you gotta do is drop your little ones off and we'll take care of the rest. Stop on by to St. Andrews and check us out. And if you're on the West Side or got family on the West Side, we at the Better Boys Club Monday through Friday.

*
*

*

*

Fred expands his message to the pool hall at large. O'Neal lingers in a corner, hidden in the shadows.

FRED

The Illinois Black Panther Party has a mandate to feed every hungry kid in Chicago. And I'm not talking 'bout handing out turkeys on Thanksgiving. That's charity. Save that for the pushers and the preachers who call themselves doing you a favor after they done sucked you dry. Fuck charity. The Black Panther Party believes in progression. Now what that mean? That means first you have free breakfast, then you have free healthcare, then you have free education, and next thing you know, you look up and you done freed your motherfucking self!

*

There's laughter and "right on's" among the group as Fred continues. FOCUS ON: O'Neal, who observes ROD COLLINS (17) whispering to a young man in a green beret who eyes Fred menacingly. The teen takes off his T-shirt and starts gathering pool balls in it. O'Neal's eyes widen. Collins intones --

COLLINS

You know where you at, motherfucker? This is Crowns territory.

FRED

We don't want no trouble, brother. We just passing through. 'Sides... the rap we on is a political one. It shouldn't really concern y'all.

*

(CONTINUED)

O'Neal watches the teen with the pool ball-stuffed T-shirt gesture to another man, also in a green beret, who flips his pool cue around, weaponizing it. They creep towards Fred. O'Neal grabs a pool stick and moves quickly.

COLLINS

Nigga, don't lecture me on politics. The Crowns protected Martin Luther King when he was here in 1966.

*
*
*
*

FRED

And he got his head split open!
Damn near killed by a mob of crackers throwing Irish confetti.
Bang-up job y'all did.

Just then, the teens make their move to strike but O'Neal pushes Fred aside and, swinging his pool stick wildly, creates a perimeter.

*

O'NEAL

Hey! Hey! Get the fuck back!

*
*

Collins pulls a pistol from his waistband and trains it at O'Neal. Everyone freezes.

*

FRED

(showing his palms)
No need for that, brother. We on our way. But dig... I got a message for the big man. Tell 'em the Panthers want to sit down with the Crowns. Imagine what we could accomplish together...

*

Fred coolly leads his cohorts out...

Excited, AD LIBBED shit-talk about the fracas that almost was. Then --

WINTERS

You sure you wanna go sit down with the Crowns, Chairman?

*

FRED

Hell, yeah. Imagine the Panthers, the Stones, the Crowns, man, the Disciples fighting under one revolutionary army. Them pigs ain't ready for that.

*
*

(CONTINUED)

PALMER

Tell you all one thing... I'm
bringing my motherfucking pistol
to that Goddamn meeting.

(addressing Winters)

You hear me Chairman? Shit.

*
*
*

FRED

All you need is a pool stick.
Ain't that right, O'Neal?

There's laughter.

FRED

You see him swinging that thing
around?

O'NEAL

Hey don't you underestimate my
skills, Goddamnit. None of y'all.

*
*

FRED

Nah, you got heart, Bill. You
wild but you got heart.

Though subtle, it's evident that O'Neal is affected by
Fred's praise. Harmon chuckles --

HARMON

Wild Bill...

FRED

Wild Bill! Wild Bill! Tell me they
ain't call you that in Maywood!

*

O'NEAL

(smiling)

Nah man, they ain't called me
nothing.

*
*

FRED

Nah?

*
*

O'NEAL

Shit, I mighta heard it once or
twice.

*
*
*

FRED

See, I knew it! I knew it! Wild
Bill.

*
*

The group laughs. And maybe for the first time... O'Neal
feels like one of them.

(CONTINUED)

	Rev. mm/dd/yy (Tan)	26.	
25	CONTINUED: (2)		25
	O'NEAL		*
	Goddamnit, Harmon, you and all		*
	these...		*
	FRED		*
	Pool stick to a gun fight!		*
26	INT. O'NEAL'S WEEKLY ROOM RENTAL - NIGHT		26
	O'Neal keys into a hovel-like one-room flat, takes off		*
	his jacket, tosses it on the bed.		*
	O'NEAL		*
	Wild Bill.		*
	GUNSHOTS ring out offscreen.		*
31	EXT./INT. MITCHELL'S HOUSE - ENTRANCE - DAY		31 *
	Mitchell opens the door for O'Neal, holding a sleeping		*
	infant.		*
	MITCHELL		*
	Come on in, make yourself at home		*
	in the den. This is Samantha.		*
	INTERVIEWER (PRE-LAP)		*
	What made you think you could		*
	trust Roy Mitchell?		*
32	INT. NONDESCRIPT OFFICE - DAY (1989)		32 *
	O'Neal's interview --		*
	O'NEAL (V.O.)		*
	I rode around in his car. Had		*
	dinner with him at his dinner		*
	table. You know he was, at one		*
	point for me he was like a role		*
	model. When I didn't have one. We		*
	had very few role models back		*
	then. We had Martin Luther King,		*
	Malcolm X, Muhammad Ali... I had		*
	an FBI agent.		*
A31	INT. MITCHELL HOUSE - DEN - DAY		A31 *
	O'Neal and Mitchell smoke cigars in silence for a bit.		*

(CONTINUED)

MITCHELL

Y'know, I investigated the Schwerner, Chaney, and Goodman murders, down in Mississippi in '64. You familiar?

(as O'Neal isn't)

A couple kids. Trying to register Negroes to vote, that's all they were doing. Got arrested on bogus speeding charges by the sheriff's deputy, who hand-delivered them to the Klan. They shot 'em, of course. Cut off Chaney's penis. This? What you and I are doing is the other side of that coin. Don't let Hampton fool you. The Panthers and the Klan are one and the same. Their aim is to sow hatred and inspire terror. Plain and simple. Now, I'm all for civil rights, but you can't cheat your way to equality. And you certainly can't shoot your way to it.

*
*

*
*

*
*

Mitchell tries to get a read on O'Neal. It's impossible.

MITCHELL

Anyway... I'm going to go get those dogs going.

*

Mitchell rises. O'Neal starts to join him.

MITCHELL

No, no. Sit down. You're a guest.

*

He grabs his coat.

MITCHELL

If you want a taste of the good stuff, there's a bottle of Scotch in the bottom cabinet. Help yourself.

Mitchell's about to exit when...

O'NEAL

Hey, how much money you make, man?

*
*

Mitchell is struck by his forwardness. He bristles ever so slightly before settling.

MITCHELL

It's a... It's a living.

*

(CONTINUED)

O'NEAL
Say I get you like some good
information. Something nobody else
knows -- Is there a bonus or
something?

*
*
*
*

MITCHELL
I'm counting on it, Bill. But to
answer your question... you
scratch my back, I'll scratch
yours. Make yourself at home.

*
*
*
*

Mitchell EXITS towards the BACK PORCH. O'Neal puffs the
cigar. Taking in his surroundings, he savors the house's
comparative opulence and the feeling inside of having
made it.

*

33 INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - CARLYLE'S OFFICE - DAY (THE PAST) 33 *

Mitchell, SPECIAL AGENT CARLYLE (40s) and AGENT #2 (30s),
both white, are gathered around a typewriter at Carlyle's
desk, chortling. Carlyle spikes their coffee with
bourbon. When specified, they read from a document
that's still in the process of being typed up.

CARLYLE
He tell you when this meeting's
taking place?

MITCHELL
No. Just that Hampton wants to
unify the black gangs. He'd
probably help us write the darn
thing for a couple more bucks.

*

CARLYLE
What fun would that be?

AGENT #2
(reading from letter)
I'm pretty sure it's actually just
'Dig.' Not 'Dig in.'

*

CARLYLE
What the fuck do you know? I know
I've definitely heard them say
'Dig in' before.

*
*

AGENT #2
Oh really? Use it in a sentence.

*

Carlyle gestures towards Agent #2 who begins typing as
Carlyle speaks, gesticulating exaggeratedly.

(CONTINUED)

33

CONTINUED:

33

CARLYLE

These Crowns ain't nothing but a
bunch of jive sissies.

*
*

34

EXT./INT. FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH - NIGHT

34

*

BOOM BOOM BOOM -- We hear the sound of a knock on a heavy door. An eye slot opens, revealing Fred flanked by about twenty members of the party.

FRED

Deputy Chairman Fred Hampton and
the Illinois Black Panther Party.

The slot is shut, several locks disengaged, and the heavy door swung open.

A34

SAME SCENE - MOMENTS LATER

A34

Awaiting the Panthers in the dark church vestibule are ten Crowns, wielding rifles and pistols. Collins and a cluster of Crowns lead the Panthers up a darkened staircase. They're trailed by more armed Crowns. The lights are off and it's hard to see, only adding to the Panthers' sense of discomfort.

They reach the MAIN FLOOR and approach a lone figure sitting on the edge of a raised stage, STEEL (19). He loads a machine gun, while smoking a cigarette. The Crowns who led the Panthers upstairs take the front of the room with Steel, including Collins and... Tex! The Crown who almost cut O'Neal's throat! O'Neal doesn't notice, focused not just on Steel's machine gun, but the other machine gun wielding Stones populating the balcony above them.

STEEL

Fred Hampton -- The great orator
of the West Side... Your name's
been ringing out, blood.

FRED

It's your world, Brother Steel.

STEEL

So. What can I do for you?

*

FRED

I want to know what we can do for
each other. Y'all are doing some
great work mobilizing young
brothers on the South Side.

*
*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FRED (CONT'D)

But we're part of a national organization, dedicated to the liberation of oppressed people's everywhere --

*

STEEL

Woo-wee! This nigga got some million-dollar words, don't he? They wasn't lying.

*

*

The Crowns laugh.

*

FRED

We're more than just talk, brother. Our breakfast program feeds over 300 kids a week --

*

STEEL

Motherfucker, the Crowns feed more babies than General Mills. Now who you think employs their mamas and their daddies?

*

FRED

Right on, brother. Right on. Question is... Can you do even more? There's over 5,000 Crowns in Chicago. Between your man-power and the Panthers' political platform... we can heal this whole city. And if we take over, Chicago -- shit... Come on, man.

*

*

*

*

Steel sizes him up for a moment.

STEEL

... You mind if I read you something, Brother Hampton? Somebody dumped a bunch of these pamphlets all over our front yard the other day and I just thought they might be of interest you...

*

Steel withdraws from his pocket a newsletter, which he unfolds. Tex's gaze falls on O'Neal. Steel clears his throat and begins to read.

*

STEEL

(reading)

Word on the street is that the Crowns got more rats than a Cheese Factory. Where you think they get all their money from. The pigs run their whole operation! Well lemme tell you what, chump.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

STEEL (CONT'D)

When you lie with pigs you don't
just get flies. You get Panthers
itching to blow your big, Uncle
Tom, watermelon head off.

Fred can't believe his ears. *

O'Neal, feeling Tex's gaze, locks eyes with him. His
face falls. *

INT. PONTIAC - NIGHT - FLASHBACK *

Tex tries to slice O'Neal's throat but before he can,
O'Neal grabs his wrist and bites his hand. *

INT. FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH - NIGHT *

STEEL

(reading)

Because what's a rat to a Big
Black Jungle Cat? When the
Panthers are done with the Crowns,
shit...they won't have a
watermelon head left to wear a
crown on. Dig in? *

Steel looks up at Fred. *

STEEL

That's you. It's your work. Dick
Tracy! *

He fixes a wide-eyed O'Neal with a sinister grin.

TEX

I see you traded in your badge for
a beret!

Everyone eyes O'Neal suspiciously, Harmon especially.
Collins swiftly approaches Tex and backhands him across
the mouth. *

COLLINS

Nigga, you know better than to
speak outta turn. *

TEX

It's the mothafucka that stole
Ant's car. *

(CONTINUED)

COLLINS
Shut up. Apologize.

*
*

TEX
(under his breath)
Sorry.

COLLINS
Speak up.

TEX
(louder)
Sorry.

O'Neal can't help but smile. Harmon clocks it, still eyeing him suspiciously.

FRED
If that was us murder mouthing where our guns at, huh? We came to y'all headquarters unarmed.

Steel finishes cleaning/loading his gun and hops off stage, approaching Fred.

STEEL
...So who do you think wrote it then?

*

FRED
The pigs! Who else?

STEEL
The pigs don't write, blood.

FRED
The Feds do! They did the same shit to Martin and Malcolm!

STEEL
Uh-huh. And what happened to them?

FRED
...Same thing that's gonna happen to all of us... At least they died for the people. We should be so lucky.

*
*
*

Steel nods, his respect for Hampton growing. But he isn't quite ready to step alongside him into the crosshairs. Not yet. He offers up his machine gun as a gift.

STEEL

You're gonna need this. Tread
lightly, blood.

*
*

With a whistle, he gets the Crowns to part, forming an aisle for the Panthers to proceed on their way. Fred looks disappointed but takes it in stride as he leads the Panthers out.

35 EXT. FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH/STREET - CONTINUOUS ACTION 35

The Panthers spill out, relieved to be alive, but visibly frustrated. Harmon gives her car keys to Rush as they have a brief exchange with Palmer.

WINTERS

Hey, Chairman. Chairman. I'll take
it off your hands.

*
*
*

Winters takes the machine gun from Fred as the group makes its way over to a caravan of parked cars.

RUSH

Maybe the disciples will be more
receptive.

*
*
*

FRED

You can bet the Disciples got one
of those Fed letters too.

*
*
*

A35 EXT./INT. O'NEAL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS ACTION A35

O'Neal is surprised when Harmon climbs in the passenger seat.

O'NEAL

So what, you riding with me?

*
*

HARMON

You got your piece on you,
comrade?

O'NEAL

Yeah, it's in the glove box. Why?
What's up?

*
*

Harmon opens the glove compartment and in a flash has the gun trained on O'Neal. Palmer hops in the backseat behind him.

O'NEAL

What the --

*

(CONTINUED)

Harmon places a finger to her lips. PALMER pats O'Neal down vigorously. He tears his shirt open, looking for a wire. There is none.

O'NEAL
C'mon, Judy, you know I --

A flash of LIGHTNING transitions us to --

37 EXT. PANTHER HEADQUARTERS - BACK LOT - LATER 37

O'Neal's car pulls into the lot and the engine shuts off.

38 INT. O'NEAL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS ACTION 38

As before --

HARMON
What was all that shit about a badge?

O'NEAL
Badge?

Palmer grabs a fist full of O'Neal's hair.

O'NEAL
Alright. Alright. Calm down. Calm the fuck down. Can I talk to her? Can I talk to her? Y'all ain't gon' believe me but... I used to pretend to be a Fed sometimes -- when I boosted cars.

They eye him in disbelief.

HARMON
What kinda fucking sense does that make? A pig boosting cars.

O'NEAL
What I'd do is I'd show 'em a fake badge and then I'd say, Your car was reported stolen. Then I'd hop in and I'd just ride. I'd just go. And before anybody knew the difference, I was in the wind. Dig what I'm saying?
(off their looks)
You'd be surprised.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

O'NEAL (CONT'D)

I'd throw on a trench coat, one of them Humphrey Bogart...

*

HARMON

You steal this car?

O'NEAL

No -- Well, yes. Off a pimp.

HARMON

And a pimp believed you were a fed? What kinda amateur-hour macks you be knowing out here?

O'NEAL

I hotwired the shit, alright? Alright?

*

*

Harmon places the gun barrel under his chin.

PALMER

Do it again.

*

O'NEAL

What?

HARMON

You say you hotwired the shit, so do it again.

O'NEAL

Okay look I... I don't have the tools on me to do it right this second...

*

*

*

HARMON

(addressing Palmer)
Comrade, reach in my boot.

Palmer does as told and retrieves Harmon's switchblade. He offers it up to O'Neal, who hesitates a moment before taking the knife and using it to pry open the ignition on the steering column. Then separates the wire bundles, strips insulation off the battery wires, twists them together, and does the same with the starter wire. He touches them together... nothing. He works the wires again... same result. Palmer and Harmon share a look.

O'NEAL

Alright, give me a second. Give me a second.

*

*

*

O'Neal tries once more and -- finally -- there's a SPARK. He REVS the engine.

(CONTINUED)

O'NEAL

Happy?

Harmon lowers the gun but Palmer furrows his brow as something strikes him --

PALMER

How you get keys to a hot car? *

The obviousness of the implication surprises Harmon -- and momentarily stuns O'Neal. But not for long:

O'NEAL

You think I'm'a pick up a stone fox in this ride, and start the shit with a screwdriver? I had my boy replace the lock! C'mon, now!

O'Neal starts to laugh. *

O'NEAL *

Can you get that motherfucker off me now? *

Harmon turns the gun away from him. *

HARMON

Wild Bill.

O'Neal looks out the window, his face etched with a blend of fear and excitement at the thrill of outsmarting his interrogators.

39 INT. PANTHER HEADQUARTERS - CLASSROOM/LIBRARY - SAME NIGHT 39

CLOSEUP: A record needle drops on a twelve-inch --

WIDER ANGLE

Fred smokes a cigarette listening to MALCOLM X recording. *

MALCOLM X (V.O.)

(on vinyl)

They don't attack me because I'm a Muslim, they attack me because I'm Black. They attack all of us for the same reason. All of us catch Hell from the same enemy. *

Fred heads over to a desk and briefly jots notes on the legal pad. He begins to RECITE ALONG WITH the speech, building to a full-on Malcolm X IMPRESSION:

(CONTINUED)

MALCOLM X (V.O.)/FRED

(on vinyl)

We're all in the same bed, in the
same boat. We suffer political
oppression, economic exploitation,
and social degradation. All of our
brothers the same enemy. The
government has failed us. You
can't deny that. Anytime you're
living in the 20th century, 1964,
and you walk around singing "We
shall overcome," the government
has failed us.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

He turns to discover Deborah watching him from the doorway. Fred grows embarrassed as he quickly lifts the needle off the record --

DEBORAH

Keep going!

FRED

(suddenly shy)

Mm-mm.

*

DEBORAH

Do you know his speech 'The Black Revolution'??

*

FRED

(doing a spot-on
Malcolm X imitation)

Sometimes, when a person's house
is on fire and the person to whom
the house belongs is asleep, if
someone comes in yelling fire,
instead of the person to whom the
house belongs being thankful, they
make the mistake of charging the
one who awakened him with having
set the fire.

*
*
*
*
*
*

FRED/DEBORAH

(in unison)

I hope that this...

*

DEBORAH

Little conversation tonight about
the Black revolution won't cause
many of you to accuse us of...

*
*
*
*

FRED/DEBORAH

(in unison)

Igniting it when you find it at
your doorstep.

*
*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

Deborah and Fred smile at one another. There's an intense moment of attraction between the two.

FRED

You gotta do the voice.

DEBORAH

When you *find* him at your doorstep.

DEBORAH

I listen to him every morning. I feel like he never lets folks put words in his mouth, and no matter what he doesn't get flustered or angry. I'd like to be like that some day.

FRED

Right on.

DEBORAH

Right on. Anyway. I didn't mean to interrupt.

She turns to leave.

FRED

You want some coffee?

Deborah turns back.

DEBORAH

Sure.

FRED

How do you take it?

DEBORAH

Black... and sweet.

Fred returns to her desk with two coffees.

They stare at one another intensely. Deborah smiles.

FRED

What?

DEBORAH

I did not expect you to be shy.

FRED

I'm not shy.

(CONTINUED)

Rev. mm/dd/yy (Tan) 39.
39 CONTINUED: (3) 39

DEBORAH

Okay.

Fred steps toward Deborah, and they passionately kiss.

40 EXT./INT. YOUNG PATRIOTS HQ/O'NEAL'S CAR - DAY 40

O'Neal's car pulls up across the street from a ramshackle storefront whose windows are obscured by metal grates. As he shuts off the engine, Fred takes the temperature of the car. His comrades, Rush and PALMER in particular, seem on edge.

RUSH

We ain't talking about some hippies playing bongos in the park. These are the same motherfuckers that hit Dr. King with a brick.

PALMER

I don't know how I feel about going up there with no pistol.

All eyes turn to PALMER.

FRED

Right on... Best you stay behind, then.

Fred exits, followed by all but a disgruntled Palmer.

FESPERMAN (PRE-LAP)

...Displace maybe two three times as many of us!

A41 INT. YOUNG PATRIOTS HQ - MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION A41

A large Confederate flag decorates the wall. A community meeting is in progress. FESPERMAN (20s) addresses a crowd of poor Appalachians from the pulpit at the front of the room.

FESPERMAN

Well, they might think it's easy to throw out the white trash... but they'd better fucking burn it!

The Panthers quietly enter and line up in the back of the room.

As Fesperman eyes his new guests, the crowd follows his gaze. The room grows quiet.

(CONTINUED)

FESPERMAN
You're Fred Hampton.

FRED
And you must be the Preacherman.

Palmer enters and takes his place beside the other Panthers.

FESPERMAN (PREACHERMAN)
I'm a fan of y'all's paper. The funnies, especially.

PALMER
That flag is some motherfucking bullshit.

RUSH
Comrade. Take it easy, comrade.

FESPERMAN
That's just up there to remind us of our Southern heritage.

PALMER
When I look at that, I don't see no flag hanging. I see my uncle hanging from a tree. And a bunch of white devils like y'all smiling around his --

ALEX
Who the fuck you think you're talking to? You're in our house --

Fred looks to Fesperman, curiously, comfortable with confrontation and wanting to hear his perspective. He coolly lights a cigarette. Alex stands.

FESPERMAN
Cool it! Cool it!
(addressing Palmer)
Look, we oppressed your people for a long time --

JAMES (20s), white, shoots out of his chair.

JAMES
I didn't oppress shit! My folks grew up poor. They were sharecroppers.

PALMER
AKA the overseer.

FRED

And what if the overseer had banded with the slaves and cut the master's throat? What then, comrade?

Fred starts to make his way towards the front of the room.

FRED

We might not be in this funky-ass ghetto right now. And I'm not talking 'bout no West Side or the South Side; I'm talking about this filthy-ass motherfucker right here. Shit, we almost got into it with a rat over a parking space!

*

There are scattered chuckles.

FRED

I bet y'all babies getting the same bullshit education, y'all paying the same taxes to get your heads whooped in by the same motherfucking pigs... Ain't that a trip? We pay them. We pay the pigs to run us off our corners.

*

Fred is now at the front of the room.

FRED (V.O.)

Lemme ask y'all something. If this building caught fire right now, what would y'all worry about?

The crowd is rapt with attention. He's starting to pull them in.

FRED

Water and escape. If somebody were to ask you *'What's your culture during this fire, brother?'* 'Water, that's my culture.' *'How 'bout your politics?'* 'Water and escape.'

*

*

*

*

B41 EXT. CHURCH (LINCOLN PARK) - DAY

B41

A mass of Puerto Rican funeral mourners spills out of a church, carrying a casket to a hearse. Among them, JOSÉ "CHA CHA" JIMÉNEZ (20) and members of the YOUNG LORDS: a Puerto Rican gang donning purple berets.

FRED (V.O.)

Well guess what? America is on fire right now. And until that fire is extinguished, don't nothing else mean a Goddamn thing!

*
*
*
*
*
*

Cha Cha looks across the street. A contingent of Panthers march forward in formation.

*

42 OMITTED

42

A43 SAME SCENE - MOMENTS LATER

A43

*

O'Neal, the only black diner, eats a steak across from Mitchell who jots notes in his book.

MITCHELL

(incredulous)

So... Rednecks and Puerto Ricans? In Chicago?

*

O'NEAL

That mufucka Fred, man... he could sell salt to a slug.

*

Mitchell slides five twenties across the table to O'Neal. FOCUS ON: Mitchell's book. Written inside "Panthers + Patriots + Lords = ???"

MITCHELL

Nice work, Bill.

*
*

FRED (V.O.)

(pre-lap; over megaphone)

Chicago is the most segregated city in America...

44 OMITTED

44

45

EXT. POLICE PRECINCT - DAY

45

Fred stands on the precinct steps next to Cha Cha, Fesperman, and a coalition of PANTHERS, PATRIOTS, and YOUNG LORDS. A mass of protesters gather before them, carrying signs that read "Justice For Manny!," "Strength In Unity," and images of a pig with an "X" drawn through it. Riot cops with helmets and batons bar the entrance. Fred addresses the crowd.

FRED

(on megaphone)

...Not Shreveport. Not Birmingham. But we're here to change that. The Black Panthers, the Young Lords, and the Young Patriots are forming a Rainbow Coalition of oppressed brothers and sisters of every color! Cha Cha, tell 'em why we're gathered here today.

*

Fred hands Cha Cha the megaphone.

JIMÉNEZ

(on megaphone)

Last week, our brother, Manuel Ramos, was shot in the head and killed by an off-duty pig. So we -- caught the pig, and turned him over to his fellow pigs. And for some reason we expected justice. Well, let's see what they do now that we're in front of the pigpen and we demand an independent investigation!

*
*
*

A cheer emanates from the crowd. Fesperman takes the megaphone and leads a call and response.

FESPERMAN

No more pigs in our community!

CROWD

Off the pigs!

As Fred takes in the mass of protesters, he can't help but feel a small semblance of progress if not victory. He and Deborah lock eyes and share a clandestine moment of genuine connection.

FESPERMAN

No more pigs in our community!

(CONTINUED)

CROWD

Off the pigs!

FESPERMAN

No more pigs in our community!

CROWD

Off the pigs!

FESPERMAN

No more pigs in our community!

INT. FRED AND DEBORAH'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Fred and Deborah lie in bed together.

DEBORAH

Your feet are cold. Why your feet
so cold?

FRED

My feet cold? Your feet are cold.
That's socialism, man. You gotta
warm 'em up. How you think Mao did
the long march? Chinese warming
these feet left and right.

Deborah laughs.

DEBORAH

You saying I'm a foot capitalist?
You really done call me a foot
capitalist, Chairman?

CUT TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

INT. NONDESCRIPT OFFICE - DAY (1989)

O'Neal's interview --

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

So... Summer of '69. The Rainbow
Coalition is in full swing.
Fred's influence is growing. What
happens next?

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - AUDITORIUM - DAY

Hoover stands in front of the projector.

(CONTINUED)

HOOVER

I want him off the street! Charge
him with something! Anything! But
get his Black ass off the street!

*
*
*
*

Mitchell sits in the audience, listening.

*
*

SMASH CUT TO:

D46

INT. BETTER BOYS FOUNDATION - LARGER CAFETERIA (1969)

D46

The breakfast program has expanded to close to 60 kids.
OFFICER MARONEY (30s), white, plainclothes and OFFICER
CAPLE (30s), black, plainclothes, handcuff Fred.

*
*

Harmon holds Deborah back.

*

DEBORAH

Y'all don't see there's kids in
here? Huh? Course you're gonna go
to a free breakfast program, pull
something like this. Bunch of
cowards. You disgust me.

*
*
*
*

FRED

Show some discipline. Tell Rush to
get me a lawyer.

*
*
*

Fred allows himself to be cuffed. Several of the kids
are crying as he's escorted out.

FRED

Don't worry, y'all, I'll be right
back.

*

Deborah and most of his comrades follow Fred outside.

47

INT. NONDESCRIPT OFFICE - DAY (1989)

47

O'Neal's interview --

O'NEAL

Ice cream... He was accused of
taking seventy-something dollars'
worth of ice cream.

*

INT. MENARD STATE PENITENTIARY - PRISON CORRIDOR - DAY

*

A WHITE GUARD walks Fred down a prison corridor.

*

(CONTINUED)

O'NEAL (V.O.)
And I think he got 2-5 for that,
if I'm not mistaken...

*
*

INTERVIEWER (V.O.)
How did Fred going to prison
affect the party?

*
*

48

EXT. PANTHER HQ - ALLEY/BACK ENTRANCE - NIGHT (1969)

48

O'Neal's car rolls down the alley and pulls into the lot
behind Panther HQ.

O'NEAL
... How didn't it? Membership
decreased, donations started
dwindling... Because I was so good
at installing alarms and buzzers
and things like that... Rush
decided to promote me to security
captain.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

SUPERIMPOSE: JULY, 1969

O'Neal exits the car, now wearing reflective aviators.
He's pinned stars on his beret, signifying his new
stature within the party. He keys inside and is startled
to find HERMAN HICKS (22) pointing a shotgun at him from
atop the steps.

AA48

INT. PANTHER HEADQUARTERS - BACK STAIRS - CONTINUOUS
ACTION

AA48

O'NEAL
Whoa! Dammit man, what the fuck
are you doing?

*
*

HICKS
We got a visitor -- Brother on the
run from the pigs. Can't be too
careful.

O'NEAL
Alright, alright, God damn it. Put
that shit down. Gotta watch that
shit, man.

*
*
*
*

O'Neal climbs the STAIRS and enters --

A48

INT. PANTHER HEADQUARTERS - CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION A48

-- emerging in the OUTER OFFICE, where Winters and Palmer are gathered around GEORGE SAMS (23), who quiets as O'Neal approaches --

SAMS

Who is that?

*

O'NEAL

Security Captain Bill O'Neal, motherfucker. Who are you?

*

*

SAMS

George Sams -- Security Captain of the New Haven chapter. Pardon the paranoia --

WINTERS

We got a rat!

O'Neal tries to quell the distress roiling inside of him.

O'NEAL

What?

WINTERS

They smoked one out. In New Haven.

O'NEAL

(barely calming down)

How? How?

*

PALMER

Put the squeeze on that motherfucker, that's how.

*

*

SAMS

I didn't say that. I said, the brother got some discipline, in the areas of the nose and mouth. And the brother started to show cowardly tendencies. So... we boiled some water and gave him a little more discipline.

*

*

*

*

(off O'Neal's horror)

We held a trial first.

*

O'NEAL

Shit, where he at now?

*

SAMS

He's at the bottom of the river with the rest of the trash.

*

*

(CONTINUED)

Sams laughs, inspiring the others to mirth -- O'Neal's is clearly forced, belying his growing panic.

O'NEAL
Shit, I would've killed that
motherfucker too. Killed him dead.
I'd have beat the shit outta that
nigga too. Boy. I woulda shot that
nigga, stabbed his ass. Man, y'all
lucky I wasn't there. I woulda...
boy... bitch motherfucker.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

49 EXT./INT. MITCHELL'S CAR - DAY

49 *

Mitchell smokes a cigar, parked. After a moment, O'Neal's car pulls up next to his. O'Neal hops out and climbs inside Mitchell's car.

O'NEAL
Does anybody else know about me?

*

MITCHELL
No.

*
*

O'NEAL
From the Bureau.

*
*

MITCHELL
No.
(off of his
mistrustful look)
My superiors know I have a man on
the inside. But...

*

O'NEAL
Huh?

*
*

MITCHELL
My superiors know I have a man on
the inside but that's it. No one
knows your identity.

*
*
*
*

O'NEAL
Are you sure?

*

MITCHELL
I swear on my kids. Okay? What's
got you all spooked?

*

O'NEAL
This Panther from New Haven came
down. He talkin' about they caught
an informant, and they tortured
him, and they killed him, Roy.

*
*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

MITCHELL

Who did?

*

O'NEAL

His name is George Sams.

*

Mitchell pulls out his notebook and begins jotting notes.

MITCHELL

And who's the fella they killed,
this informant?

O'NEAL

His name's Alex Rackley. Out of
New York. I don't know, I never
met him. Shit.

*

*

*

MITCHELL

Where's Sams hiding now?

*

O'NEAL

He's hiding at the office. Saying
he's gonna skip town and, you
know, get out of here.

*

*

*

MITCHELL

Okay, I need you to draw me up a
floor plan of the office. With
this intel, I can get
authorization for a raid.

*

O'NEAL

What?

*

*

MITCHELL

(off of O'Neal's
uneasiness)

Don't worry; I'll give you a heads-
up so you can make yourself
scarce.

*

O'NEAL

Roy, are you fucking listening to
me right now? They poured boiling
water *all over* this motherfucker.
You hear me?

*

*

*

*

*

MITCHELL

Yes I understand. I'm not
surprised. What'd I tell you? No
different than the Klan. Now you
see.

*

(CONTINUED)

O'NEAL

... You're gonna have to come up
with some serious fuckin' dough
for this, alright?

*
*
*

Mitchell bristles at O'Neal's tone. But he checks his
ego for the moment.

MITCHELL

I'll make sure you're properly
compensated.

INT. FBI HQ (CHICAGO) - CARLYLE'S OFFICE - DAY

Mitchell enters Carlyle's office, excited:

MITCHELL

A Panther on the run from
Connecticut is hiding out here in
Chicago. Says he was part of a
group that killed another Panther
-- an informant --

*
*

CARLYLE

George Sams. A warrant's being
written up as we speak. We're
going in on Wednesday.

*

Mitchell eyes him in shock.

MITCHELL

How'd you know?

CARLYLE

Sams is one of our guys. The
warrant is just pretense.

Mitchell is genuinely lost.

MITCHELL

So, Sams is the informant? So he
didn't really kill --
(checking notebook)
-- uh, Alex Rackley?

*
*

CARLYLE

No, he did. Well, he claims two
other guys were the trigger-men,
but what's he gonna say?

*
*

MITCHELL

Forgive me, I'm confused. So this
Rackley kid was labeled an
informant and then killed...

*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

by an actual FBI informant?
(as Carlyle nods yes)
And we're just letting him walk?
For murder?

CARLYLE

It's beautiful. He's on the lam,
right? So, every time he shows up
at a Panther office, we get a
warrant for harboring a fugitive.
He's in the interview room right
now, working with our liaison guys
planning the next stop on his
little 'tour.'

*

*
*

Mitchell's still in shock.

*

MITCHELL

(judge-mental)
Wow. That's uh...

*
*

INT. ILLINOIS PANTHER HEADQUARTERS - GROUND FLOOR - DAY

Panthers survey the ransacked space. O'Neal holds a
burning cigarette in his hands, calculating.

*

CARLYLE (POST-LAP)

It takes a thief to catch a thief,
Roy.

*
*
*

O'NEAL

We got a snitch.

*

The group eyes him in shock.

PALMER

What the fuck is you talking
about?

*
*

O'NEAL

How the fuck did the pigs know
Sams was even here? Y'all ever
think about that?

*
*

PALMER

That motherfucker run his mouth so
much, he probably outed his damn
self.

*
*
*

We clock Deborah, appearing in acute physical discomfort.

O'NEAL

No nigga because they took the donor rolls but left the rest of the goddamn binders here. You understand what I'm saying? They went straight for the safe, then they went straight to the weapons cabinet which is right in the motherfucking slop closet. It's like they knew where everything was.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

PALMER

Smarten up, brother.

O'NEAL

What?

*
*

PALMER

You're falling right into the pigs' trap --

*
*

O'NEAL

What the fuck are you talking about, man? You know, Jimmy, maybe you a Goddamn pig. You ever think about that?

*
*
*
*
*
*

PALMER

Fuck you, nigga, maybe it's you!

*

O'Neal SHOVES Palmer, who LUNGES back at him. But their TUSSLING is quickly broken up.

Suddenly, Deborah retches, throwing up.

*

RUSH

Cool it! Both of y'all! Show some discipline!

*

Harmon rushes to Deborah.

*

HARMON

You okay?

DEBORAH

(brushing her off)
I'm fine. I'm fine.

Harmon eyes her warily. O'Neal suddenly calls out --

51

CONTINUED: (2)

51

O'NEAL

It's a goddamn rat in here, Bobby,
and when I find him I'm gonna
smoke him out. You mothafuckers
hear me? I'm gonna smoke him out.
You thought New Haven was bad? You
keep fuckin' with me. You keep
fuckin' with me...

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

RUSH

Cool it! Cool it O'Neal!

*
*

O'Neal storms out.

*

O'NEAL (O.S.)

Goddammit!

*
*

52

EXT. PANTHER HEADQUARTERS - FRONT ENTRANCE/O'NEAL'S CAR -
MOMENTS LATER

52

O'Neal slams the car door behind him and catches his
breath, reeling. Alone, he breaks character. A slight
smile crosses his lips, a part of him reveling in his
mischief-making. O'Neal revs the engine and PEELS OFF --

INT. MENARD STATE PENITENTIARY - PRISON CORRIDOR - DAY

*

A WHITE GUARD slowly paces down the corridor.

*

62

INT. MENARD STATE PENITENTIARY - FRED'S CELL - CONTINUOUS
ACTION

62

Fred sits on the floor, writing on a piece of toilet
paper, his face laden with cuts and bruises. He's
recovering from a bad beating.

*
*

FRED

Dear Comrade Deborah.

*
*

INT. FRED AND DEBORAH'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN

*

Deborah stands in front of the sink.

*

FRED (V.O.)

I dreamt of you the other night,
and for a second, I thought I was
home.

*
*
*
*

Rush watches Deborah from the other room. Doc approaches
Rush with a paper to sign.

*
*

62

INT. MENARD STATE PENITENTIARY - FRED'S CELL - CONTINUOUS ACTION

62

Fred writes, as before.

FRED (V.O.)
Pardon the delay in writing you.
It's not by choice.

VOICE (O.S.)
C.O.! C.O.!

Fred's ears prick. He stops writing and hides the letter under the bed.

FRED (V.O.)
The pigs do everything in their power to keep us isolated. Because they know the day we get organized, it's over for their asses.

When the guard walks past Fred's cell, he's in the midst of doing push-ups.

64

INT. MENARD STATE PENITENTIARY - CAFETERIA - DAY

64

The men eat in total silence. Fred looks around at the despondent faces before him.

FRED (V.O.)
Not having books I find myself playing old speeches in my head. I keep coming back to this line from Dr. King. Let us not wallow in the valley of despair. Because make no mistake, Comrade.

Fred locks eyes with one prisoner who doesn't eat. The man's nose wound, oozing puss.

FRED (V.O.)
This is the fucking valley. But where some see despair, I see ground zero for the revolution. 2,000 brothers who know who the enemy is. Who don't need the contradictions to be heightened, because in Menard, the contradictions don't get more Black and white.

Fred gives the man a nod and rises to his feet along with the other prisoners.

(CONTINUED)

	Rev. mm/dd/yy (Tan)	55.	
64	CONTINUED:		64
	He furtively withdraws the letter he's been writing from inside his waistband and tucks it underneath his tray before exiting in single file.		* * *
	FRED (V.O.)		* * * *
	A lot of these brothers came here politicized too. They just need organizing.		
	As the men file out, it is revealed that the man with the nose injury is naked and chained to a chair; carved into his chest the words "RABBLE ROUSER." He watches DENNIS COMPTON (39), part of the clean up crew, who picks up Fred's tray, retrieves the letter, and continues bussing trays.		* * * * * *
65	OMITTED		65 * *
66	OMITTED		66 * *
63	INT. MENARD STATE PENITENTIARY - CORRIDOR - DAY		63 * *
	The inmates are lined up in front of their cells.		* * * *
	FRED (V.O.)		* * * *
	By the time I'm through, I might fuck around have the pigs reading Fanon.		
	A C.O. attacks Fred, and he fights back, punching the C.O. in the face. Fred is forced to the ground.		* *
	INT. FRED AND DEBORAH'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT		* *
	Deborah opens an envelope from Fred.		* * * * * *
	FRED (V.O.)		* * * * * *
	I have so many questions about how you're doing. About how the party's doing. But ain't no way you're getting a kite to me in this Hellhole.		
	But there's no letter inside.		*

68 INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - MITCHELL'S OFFICE - DAY 68 *

FOCUS ON: Fred's handwritten letter, placed on top of a photocopier. *

FRED (V.O.) *

God forbid one of the party *

members get sent on, they could *

let me know how y'all are faring. *

But I'd rather be left in the *

dark. The last thing I want is *

y'all up in here with me. Or *

worse. *

The copier closes and turns on. REVEAL: Mitchell standing above it. *

53 EXT. STREET CORNER NEAR A DELI (WEST SIDE) - NIGHT 53 *

Palmer smokes a cigarette. *

FRED (V.O.) *

Tell the comrades to be careful. *

Especially when they're out *

patrolling the pigs. *

He spots a group of COPS entering a deli. *

FRED (V.O.) *

Brother who just got in told me *

they've been vamping extra heavy *

since the summer started. *

Palmer storms down the block. *

FRED (V.O.) *

Y'all stay safe. In revolutionary *

love, Chairman Fred. *

Palmer reaches the deli. *

A53 INT. DELI - CONTINUOUS ACTION A53

Inside, the police have lined up a HALF-DOZEN mostly older black men.

PALMER *

Officers? Now what crime have *

these brothers perpetrated? *

Valentino whirls around, a hand on his pistol. *

VALENTINO
Get the fuck outta here.

Palmer places his hand on the .38 in his waistband.

PALMER
No, see I live here. Now y'all get
the fuck outta here.

Valentino looks at Hester in astonishment.

Valentino suddenly draws his pistol and shoots Palmer in
the abdomen. Palmer FIRES back, striking Valentino, who
spins around, clutching the side of his head. Hester
draws his weapon, but before he can fire, Palmer SHOTS
him in the shoulder. Palmer takes a moment to assess his
wounds. He's bleeding from the stomach. Unbeknownst to
him, Valentino isn't seriously wounded. He shoots Palmer
in the shoulder, causing him to fall on his back.

A68 INT. HOSPITAL - STAIRCASE - DAY

A68 *

Winters, carrying several books under his arm, climbs the
steps of the hospital where he spots REG (30s) operating
a dust mop.

REG
Jake!

WINTERS
Hey, Reg.

REG
The fuck you doing up in here? I
sure as shit know a square like
you ain't got the clap.

WINTERS
Nah, man. Comrade Palmer got shot
by the pigs. I'm looking in on
him.

REG
(somewhat uneasy)
Alright, Blood. Be careful.

69 INT. CERMAK HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS ACTION

69 *

Winters walks down the hallway carrying several books
under his arm. He reaches a hospital room with a
HOSPITAL POLICE OFFICER (50s) seated next to the
entrance, reading a newspaper. The door is closed.

(CONTINUED)

Winters opens his mouth to address the cop but before he can --

*
*

HOSPITAL POLICE OFFICER
No visitors allowed.

*
*

WINTERS
The nurse told me visiting hours aren't 'til 10 PM.

*
*
*

HOSPITAL POLICE OFFICER
Not for your pal, here.

*
*

WINTERS
Can I at least leave him the books?

*
*
*

HOSPITAL POLICE OFFICER
You may not.

*
*

Winters fumes. Refusing to be stymied, he opens up a paper and begins READING ALOUD to Palmer on the other side of the door. The cop looks up from his paper for the first time.

*
*
*
*

WINTERS
(reading)
If we must die, let us not be like hogs.

*
*
*
*

HOSPITAL POLICE OFFICER
C'mon, kid.

*
*

A69

INT. HOSPITAL - ROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION

A69

*

Palmer sits up in bed. He's worse for wear, but on the mend.

*
*

PALMER
Winters.

*
*

INT. CERMAK HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS ACTION

*

The cop shuts his paper and stands up. Just then --

*

WINTERS
Jimmy?! How you holding up, man?

*
*

HOSPITAL POLICE OFFICER
Kid, you got five seconds to fuck off. One, two, three, alright that's it...

*
*
*
*

WINTERS *
Alright. *

Winters backs away from the doorway, laughing. *

WINTERS *
Ay, I'mma get with you Jimmy! *

A69 INT. HOSPITAL - ROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION A69 *
70 Palmer laughs and coughs. 70 *
71 EXT. PANTHER HEADQUARTERS - DAY 71 *

Two cop cars are parked across the street from HQ. Their occupants lean against them, drinking beers, giggling. OFFICER CARCETTI (30s) harasses pedestrians and tells jokes over the loudspeaker, directing them towards the second floor of Panther HQ.

CARCETTI *
Hey, Williams, is that Harriet *
Tubman? Oh I'm sorry, it's Aunt *
Jemima. I love the pancakes Miss! *

Folks on the street eye the cops with disdain. OFFICER WILLIAMS (20s) takes note.

WILLIAMS *
'Sup, guys. *

CARCETTI *
I just want you all to know you *
can thank the Black Panther party *
for the increased police presence *
in your neighborhood. A glorious *
group of cop killers. *

72 INT. PANTHER HEADQUARTERS - THE ARMORY - HARMON'S POV - DAY 72
The cops continue in their racist revelry.

CARCETTI (O.S.) *
I'm about to fuckin' move in over *
there. *

A72 INSIDE A72
Harmon peers out of the window. A nervous, sweaty O'Neal smokes a cigarette.

(CONTINUED)

Also in the room, Deborah and White (a rank-and-file Panther we've seen before). Hicks enters the room.

HARMON
Is the back clear?

*
*

HICKS
Clear.

*

HARMON
You got a whistle?

Hicks touches the pistol on his hip.

HARMON
Escort Comrade Deborah out the
back to the safe house.

*
*

DEBORAH
Why?

*

Harmon, realizing that to answer that question truthfully would mean spreading Deborah's personal business, hesitates a beat.

O'NEAL
I'll take Deborah. Come on.

*

HARMON
You don't even know where it is.

*
*

DEBORAH
I ain't going nowhere.

*
*

Harmon gestures for Deborah to follow her into the hallway. As they walk --

DEBORAH
(emphatic)
... I can protect myself.

B72 PANTHER HEADQUARTERS - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS ACTION

B72

HARMON
(gently)
I know you can... But you don't
got just yourself to think about --
anymore.

*

She gestures towards Deb's belly. There's a discernible shift in Deborah, who suddenly feels like she's under surveillance.

(CONTINUED)

HARMON

I didn't want to have to say it like this but I recognize what you're going through with the Chairman being locked up and everything and I just... does he know?

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

Harmon feels it, and is instantly struck with guilt. She starts to reach out to touch her comrade but Deborah immediately tenses up, causing Harmon to stop short.

HARMON

Deb, I...

*
*

Remorseful, Harmon heads back inside the armory, leaving Deborah isolated in the hallway. A mix of emotions run through her: resentment at the insinuation that she's helpless, guilt at the thought of abandoning her comrades, and the validity of Harmon's concern.

*

C72 INT. PANTHER HEADQUARTERS - THE ARMORY

C72

As Harmon heads for the gun closet, O'Neal tenses up.

O'NEAL

You know this ain't nothing but a couple drunk-ass pigs. Probably gonna leave here and get some donuts or some shit.

*
*
*

HARMON

Maybe. I'll tell you what they definitely not gon' do, though. And that's come up in here. Not again.

Harmon tosses O'Neal and White shotguns.

HARMON

(addressing Panther)
White, you guard the rear.

CARCETTI (O.S.)

Hey, Panthers, you really give a fuck about the people down here you'll come down. You motherfuckers think it's cool to shoot a cop?

*
*
*
*
*
*

HARMON

(addressing Hicks in hushed voice)
Make sure she gets home safe.

*

(CONTINUED)

Deborah reluctantly allows Hicks to escort her out.
O'Neal freaks out at the prospect of getting in a shoot-
out with the police.

CARCETTI
Today's the day.

*
*

73 EXT. PANTHER HEADQUARTERS - DAY

73

Carcetti calls up to the Black Panther headquarters.

*

CARCETTI
Today's the fuckin' day. Either
you fucks come down, or we're
coming up.

*
*
*
*

Harmon opens the window, holding her SHOTGUN.

*

COP (O.S.)
Gun!

*
*

Carcetti and his partners dive behind their cars.
Williams speaks into his walkie.

*
*

WILLIAMS
10-1, we need backup. Black
Panther headquarters.

*
*
*

CARCETTI
Hey, kid! Clear the fucking
sidewalks!

*
*
*

The barrel of the shotgun slowly pokes through the
cracked window.

*
*

74 INT. PANTHER HEADQUARTERS - THE ARMORY - CONTINUOUS
ACTION

74

Harmon's gun is aimed, locked and loaded. But to her
surprise, O'Neal backs away from the window.

HARMON
What the fuck you doing?

*

O'NEAL
I'm gonna cover you from the roof.

*

HARMON
O'Neal, where are you going?

*

O'NEAL

Trust me, it'll make better sense
when they call for backup. And
they're gonna call for backup!

*
*

Harmon grits her teeth as O'Neal exits. He enters the --

HALLWAY

and peeks downstairs over the banister to see if he can
sneak out the back. But White is positioned by the door.

O'NEAL

Hey.

*
*

WHITE

What's up?

*
*

O'NEAL

I'm gonna go secure the roof,
alright?

*
*
*

WHITE

Right on.

*
*

O'Neal runs up to the ROOF.

*

O'NEAL

Fuck.

*
*

EXT. PANTHER HEADQUARTERS - STREET - DAY

*

Carcetti and the cops aim their weapons at the Black
Panther headquarters.

*
*

CARCETTI

Watch your back!

*
*

COP 1 (O.S.)

Look at that window.

*
*

CARCETTI

Hold your positions!

*
*

COP 2 (O.S.)

You guys see any weapons besides
those? Any visuals?

*
*
*

COP 1 (O.S.)

Nothing, nothing.

*
*

75 EXT. PANTHER HEADQUARTERS - ROOF - DAY 75

O'Neal bursts outside and looks around. There's no accessible adjacent roof to jump to. SIRENS WAIL.

*

A75 ANOTHER ANGLE A75

O'Neal peers over the edge at THREE APPROACHING COP CARS careening down the street.

76 EXT. PANTHER HEADQUARTERS - STREET - DAY 76

Williams spots O'Neal on the roof, shotgun at his side.

WILLIAMS

Sniper!

He fires the first shot... at O'Neal.

INTERCUT:

A76 EXT. BLACK PANTHER HEADQUARTERS - ROOF - CONTINUOUS ACTION A76

O'Neal ducks behind the brick facade. Bullets scatter bits of brick and dust everywhere. The sound of O'Neal's comrades returning fire is heard from below. He scuttles back to the roof entrance and ducks inside --

B76 INT. BLACK PANTHER HEADQUARTERS - STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS ACTION B76

O'Neal starts to run down the stairs. White, previously manning the back entrance downstairs, runs up to join his comrades in the firefight. O'Neal hides in the shadows.

He creeps downstairs past the Panthers, their muzzle flashes lighting up the room. As O'Neal makes his way to the first floor, we REMAIN ON the second floor and TRACK INTO the room, UP TO the window. White and Harmon crouch on the floor as wood splinters and glass breaks around them. Ten cops are visible outside the window.

77 EXT. PANTHER HEADQUARTERS - BACK ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS ACTION 77

O'Neal emerges, tosses his shotgun, and speed-walks nonchalantly along the back street.

78 EXT. PANTHER HQ - FRONT - DAY (LATER) 78

Close to twenty cops TRADE SPORADIC GUNFIRE with the Panthers, the windows of the second floor totally blown out. A CROWD has assembled around the periphery to watch, including Deborah, Hicks, and several other Panthers who cheer their comrades on. Deborah can't help but think about what would have happened had she remained inside that building.

A78 INT. PANTHER HEADQUARTERS - ARMORY - CONTINUOUS ACTION A78

Harmon and White take cover and fire. As Harmon digs into a box of shells and reloads, she observes that they're rapidly running out of ammo.

White is shot in the shoulder. *

HARMON *

White! You okay? *

Her and White share a concerned glance. *

HARMON *

I'm out! *

B78 EXT. PANTHER HEADQUARTERS - FRONT - CONTINUOUS ACTION - DAY B78

White's jacket WAVES from the blown-out window -- *

CAPTAIN JAMES BYRNE (30s), white, takes a BULLHORN -- *

BYRNE

(on bullhorn;
addressing his
officers)

Cease fire! Cease fire! Goddamn
it! Goddamn it, cease fire! *

(as the cops stop
shooting) *

Come out with your hands up!

The Panthers anxiously await for their comrades to exit the building. After a tense beat, Harmon and White emerge, hands raised, miraculously unharmed.

(CONTINUED)

HARMON
We're comin' out! We're comin'
out, don't shoot!

*
*
*

BYRNE
Cease fire!

*
*

The crowd lets out a cheer that immediately turns to screams of anguish as the two Panthers are assailed by rifle butts and boots.

DEBORAH
No!

*
*

The bulk of the cops storm the office while the rest attempt to calm an increasingly unruly crowd, now throwing bottles and rocks. A cop pulls one such thrower from the crowd and beats them savagely. Winters forces his way to the front, having just shown up, mouth agape.

WINTERS
What the fuck happened?

A cop marches towards the building with a gas can. Deborah observes the scene that's about to unfold.

Harmon is forced into the back of a police truck.

*

DEBORAH
They're gonna burn it down! No...
No!

*

She tries to run past the blockade but Winters prevents her.

*

DEBORAH
Get off of me! Get off of me!

*
*

C78 INT. BLACK PANTHER HEADQUARTERS - GROUND FLOOR -
CONTINUOUS ACTION

C78

Cops go berserk, destroying everything in sight. A match is lit. WOOSH. A fireball engulfs the space as the cops run outside.

D78 EXT. BLACK PANTHER HEADQUARTERS - GROUND FLOOR -
CONTINUOUS ACTION

D78

The crowd screams, shouts, cries angry tears. The Panthers stare at the burning building in disbelief.

*

CUT TO BLACK.

(CONTINUED)

OVER BLACK

WE HEAR THE SOUND OF A METAL SLOT OPENING.

FADE IN:

79 INT. MENARD STATE PENITENTIARY - THE BOX

79

It's so dark we can barely make out Fred, naked, sitting on the floor, knees to his chest.

WARDEN (O.S.)

It's over.

After a beat, the Warden sticks a folded piece of paper through the slot. It takes Fred a moment to crawl over to it, as disoriented as he is. He unfolds the paper, in his hands a news clipping: a photograph of the scorched Panther headquarters beneath the headline "Cops Torch Terrorist Haven." He eyes it in disbelief, fighting back the tears welling in his eyes.

*

Unconvinced, he unfolds the paper frantically and peers at the photograph closely but it's too dark to see. He finds the sole sliver of light and tries to determine the image's authenticity. FOCUS ON the charred signage in the windows of HQ. The Emory Douglas posters. A whimper escapes Fred.

*

He tries to fight it, but the pain is too much.

*

80/81pt INT. FBI HQ (CHICAGO) - MITCHELL'S OFFICE - DAY

80/81pt

Mitchell eats a pastrami sandwich, making a mess at his desk. As he's about to take a bite, his phone RINGS and he answers.

*

*

MITCHELL

Mitchell.

*

*

O'NEAL (V.O.)

(on phone; frantic)

Hey listen Roy, I'm out. I'm out, man.

*

*

MITCHELL

(on phone)

Calm down. Calm down, Bill --

*

INTERCUT WITH:

81/80pt EXT. PAY PHONE NEAR DELI - DAY

81/80pt

O'Neal is in the phone booth. A duffel bag sits just outside of it.

O'NEAL

(on phone)

Don't tell me to fucking calm down, alright! I was almost killed! Now Fred's in jail. I did the damn job. And I'm out!

*
*
*
*

MITCHELL

That's not how it works --

O'NEAL

'Fuck you mean that's not how it works? Gimme one good reason why I don't just book it outta here right now?

*
*
*
*

MITCHELL

Because, as I've mentioned, it's a year and a half for the stolen car and five years for impersonating a federal officer. And if you run, I will hunt you down --

*
*
*

O'NEAL

Man, shut the fuck up.

*
*

O'Neal slams the phone down, to Mitchell's surprise.

*

O'NEAL

FUCK!

*
*

RUSH (PRE-LAP)

What do we need?

*
*

83

INT. PANTHER HEADQUARTERS - POST-FIRE SECOND FLOOR - DAY

83

The entire floor has been burned to a crisp. Rush, Winters, Deborah, and Hicks sort through the ruins. When O'Neal enters, Hicks and Deborah eye him in shock.

RUSH

You the handyman. Oakland says rebuild immediately. What do we need?

*
*
*

O'Neal laughs.

O'NEAL

We need a Goddamn white flag,
Bobby. You don't see this shit?

*
*

TWO KIDS enter from outside.

*

YOUNGEST KID

Goddamn. They burnt the shit out
this motherfucker.

OLDEST KID

Watch your mouth, man.
(addressing the
Panthers)
Y'all need help?

*

Rush shoots O'Neal a look like, "This is how we rebuild."
O'Neal scoffs as Rush digs in his pocket for a few bills.

RUSH

Yeah, little brother. Run down to
the store and get us a couple of
trash cans... That's how you
rebuild, Comrade.

*
*
*

INT. PANTHER HEADQUARTERS - SECOND FLOOR - DAY

Headquarters has been gutted to the beams and is in the
process of being rebuilt by people from the community,
including Rainbow Coalition members. O'Neal finishes
framing a wall and has a cluster of folks help him erect
it. Older women distribute trays of cookies and punch to
the laborers.

Rod Collins (the Crown Fred debated in the pool hall)
enters with a contingent of Crowns in tow. The Panthers,
O'Neal especially, bristle.

O'NEAL

(addressing Collins)
Hey! Can I help y'all?

*

COLLINS

Came to ask y'all that. Got some
bodies if you need 'em. I know
y'all got an army and all that but
figured you could use some
reserves.

*
*
*
*
*

DOC

(surprised)
Right on.

*

A shocked O'Neal finds himself delegating repair tasks to the Crowns.

O'NEAL

Y'all know how to use a tape measure? This needs measuring right here. And then that dry wall right there needs to be measured out and flush. The rest of y'all can grab some of these paper rolls and help them with that wall. Right there.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

INT. FBI HQ (CHICAGO) - CARLYLE'S OFFICE - DAY

Mitchell has joined Carlyle and Hoover at the desk.

HOOVER

(gesturing towards homicide photos)
Los Angeles leaders Bunchy Carter and John Huggins. Former leaders. Chalk marks. All that's left.
(re: surveillance photo)
Our friend Mr. Cleaver, on the lam in Algeria: a gift from our friends in Langley.
(re: Bobby Seale mug shot)
Look who's here. Our old friend Bobby Seale. You recognized this from the evening news, all bundled up. It must be very cold in that Chicago courtroom. Speaking of Seale, if the Seale verdict doesn't fall our way, we've got a witness who'll testify he ordered a hit in Connecticut. I believe you're familiar with George Sams, Agent Mitchell?

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

INT. PANTHER HEADQUARTERS - CLASSROOM - FLASHBACK

George Sams laughs as he smokes a cigar.

*
*

INT. FBI HQ (CHICAGO) - CARLYLE'S OFFICE - DAY

Mitchell tries to hide his discomfort.

*
*

MITCHELL

Yes, sir.

*
*

HOOVER

Very well. Have a seat, Gentlemen.

*
*

Hoover shuts the binder and gestures for the men to have a seat. They do as told.

HOOVER

How are the boys? Jack and Tyler?

Mitchell reacts with a mix of flattery and suspicion, clearly surprised that Hoover knows his son's names.

MITCHELL

Good, sir. Thank you. Tyler just started Little League. Kid's got quite an arm on him.

*
*

HOOVER

And your daughter, Samantha? She must be... What, eighteen months now, is it?

*
*

MITCHELL

(even more unnerved)
That's right. She's... growing fast. Every day.

*
*

HOOVER

They always do, don't they? Tell me, what will you do when she brings home a Negro?

*

MITCHELL

When she brings home a negro...?

*

HOOVER

Your daughter, Samantha. What will you do the day she brings home a young Negro male --

MITCHELL

(growing angry)
She's an infant, sir.

HOOVER

I'm well aware. And that's not an answer to my question.

*

Mitchell realizes there's no way out of this line of questioning.

MITCHELL

...She won't.

*

(CONTINUED)

HOOVER
Why not?

MITCHELL
(flustered)
Because...

As Mitchell struggles to find a diplomatic answer his face turns red. Hoover enjoys watching him thrash for a moment.

MITCHELL *
Respectfully, Director Hoover, why *
are we talking about my daughter? *

HOOVER *
You killed in Korea. *

MITCHELL *
Yes. *

HOOVER *
Not for country. Maybe that's why *
you enlisted. But you killed for *
survival. You would have done *
anything to get back home safe to *
your family, wouldn't you? Of *
course. Think of your family now, *
Agent Mitchell. When you look at *
Hampton, think of Samantha because *
that's what's at stake if we lose *
this war. Our entire way of life. *
Rape, pillage, conquer, do you *
follow me? *

MITCHELL *
(fuming) *
I do, Sir. Hampton's in Menard *
doing five -- *

HOOVER *
Hampton's getting out while the *
State Supreme Court considers his *
appeal... *
(off of his shock) *
...In the interim, your CI is our *
best chance at neutralizing him, *
Agent Mitchell. *

Mitchell appears wary and unsettled, reeling from Hoover's interrogation and the sudden news of Fred's freedom.

89

INT./EXT. O'NEAL'S CAR/MENARD STATE PENITENTIARY - DAY

89

O'Neal sits in the driver's seat, Rush next to him, both grinning wide as they watch Fred emerge.

HOOVER (POST-LAP)
 Maybe it's time to speak to O'Neal
 more creatively.

*
*
*

SUPERIMPOSE: OCTOBER, 1969

Fred exits a massive castle-like prison. Deborah awaits in the parking lot. The pair embrace. Deborah whispers something in his ear. Fred's eyes grow wide. He steps back and peers down at her belly. She opens her sweater, revealing a slight bump and looks up at Fred with a hopeful smile. He laughs in disbelief. The gravity of the moment only amplifies his happiness.

FRED
 You look beautiful, you know that?

*
*

He kisses her tenderly, then takes her by the hand and leads her to O'Neal's idling CAR.

O'NEAL
 Woo! You all save that shit 'til
 you get back to the house.

*
*
*

They climb in the backseat. Fred greets O'Neal and Rush with warm hands on their shoulders.

*
*

RUSH
 You look good, Chairman.

O'NEAL
 How you feeling?

*
*

FRED
 I missed y'all motherfuckers, man.

*
*

Fred waves him off. Everyone laughs.

O'NEAL
 So where you wanna go? You hungry?
 What you want?

*
*

FRED
 (slightly somber)
 Headquarters.

O'Neal shares a sly smile with Rush.

O'NEAL
 Headquarters it is, boy.

*

90

INT. BLACK PANTHER HEADQUARTERS - GROUND FLOOR RENOVATED - 90
SAME DAY

Rush leads Fred, Deborah, and O'Neal inside the newly renovated Panther offices. Fred can't believe his eyes.

FRED

How? I... it was burnt down. I saw it --

RUSH

The whole neighborhood came out. The pushers, the grannies, the Crowns... Everybody.

(re: O'Neal)

This one, especially. He led the charge.

*
*

O'NEAL

Nah...

RUSH

Don't be modest, brother. You practically lived here.

Fred touches the walls, almost trying to make sure they're real.

FRED

(growing emotional)
Power... anywhere there's people... Power.

*

Fred looks at O'Neal and nods in deep appreciation.

O'NEAL

Right on.

*
*

FRED

Thank you, brother.

Winters leads a mass of Panthers burst inside from the back door, mobbing Fred.

WINTERS

Chairman!

*
*

FRED

I was wondering why it was so quiet! I was, like, these mufuckas must be out here feeding these babies overtime if they not gon' welcome a brother home, Goddammit! Come on, man. I missed y'all motherfuckers, man.

*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

There's laughter and AD LIBBED celebratory chatter.

There's a group hug.

WINTERS

Alright let me out of here, let me out of here!

CUT TO:

A90

INT. BLACK PANTHER HEADQUARTERS - GROUND FLOOR RENOVATED -A90
ONE HOUR LATER

The radio has been turned on. Cups of soda are poured and passed around. Doc is on the phone.

DOC

Black Panther Party headquarters.

He hangs up.

DOC

Rush?

Rush joins him.

Fred, who's speaking to a WOMAN, notices.

FRED

'Scuse me, sister.

He walks over to Doc and Rush.

FRED

What's up?

DOC

...Jimmy Palmer died.

FRED

What? How?

DOC

He was shot... while you were gone --

WINTERS

(overhearing)

Who was shot?

Doc hesitates a moment, understanding Winters' sensitivity to the matter. Someone turns down the radio.

(CONTINUED)

FRED
Jimmy Palmer.

WINTERS
He's fine, y'all know that.

Fred looks to Doc to explain.

DOC
...He died, Jake... last night.

WINTERS
...Nah... That's impossible. I
just talked to him the other day.
Anybody got the number for
Loretto?

DOC
He was moved. To the County
Hospital.

A84 INT. CERMAK HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY

A84 *

Jimmy Palmer wakes from a drugged slumber, surprised to
find his gurney on the move. Wheeling him are two cops
wearing shit-eating grins. Palmer tries to sit up but
he's cuffed to the gurney.

PALMER
Get these fucking... Get this shit
off of me. Hey, motherfuckers!

INT. BLACK PANTHER HEADQUARTERS - GROUND FLOOR RENOVATED

Fred wilts.

FRED
They killed him. They fucking
killed him.

Winters' eyes fill with bitter tears. He bursts out of
the room.

RUSH
Jake! Jake!

The revelry ceases as the Panthers reflect on their
fallen comrade. Even O'Neal is emotionally affected.

A RESOUNDING CHANT SWELLS:

AUDIENCE (V.O.)
(pre-lap)
Chairman Fred! Chairman Fred!

91 INT. PEOPLE'S CHURCH - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

91

Fred's largest, most diverse audience yet. They clap and stomp, chanting his name. In addition to the Young Patriots, there are a significant number of white people present, including Mitchell in a disguise of sorts: bell-bottomed jeans, a turtleneck, and longshoreman's cap.

*

Fred emerges from the church's rear and strides down the aisle to thunderous applause. Flanking him in the front and rear are O'Neal and members of the security cadre. They stand below the stage, a stoic contrast to the frenzied crowd. Hanging behind them is a banner that reads "WELCOME HOME CHAIRMAN FRED!" Deborah looks on near the front row.

*

FRED
(taking the mic)
I'm free...

The crowd goes wild. Fred smiles wide.

FRED
I'm free, y'all. I need everybody
to repeat after me -- I am!

*

*

AUDIENCE
I am!

FRED
A revolutionary!

AUDIENCE
A revolutionary!

FRED
I am!

AUDIENCE
I am!

FRED
A revolutionary!

AUDIENCE
A revolutionary!

*

*

FRED
I am!

*

*

(CONTINUED)

	AUDIENCE	*
I am!		*
	FRED	*
A revolutionary!		*
	AUDIENCE	*
A revolutionary!		*
	FRED	*
I am!		*
	AUDIENCE	*
I am!		*
	FRED	*
A revolutionary!		*
	AUDIENCE	*
A revolutionary!		*
	FRED	*
I am!		*
	AUDIENCE	*
I am!		*
	FRED	*
A revolutionary!		*
	AUDIENCE	*
A revolutionary!		*
	FRED	*
I am!		*
	AUDIENCE	*
I am!		*
	FRED	*
A revolutionary!		*

O'Neal remains stoic but echoes Fred's call.

O'NEAL/AUDIENCE
A revolutionary!

FRED
Drummer, lemme hear the people
beat!

(as live drumming
starts)

This is what we call the people's
beat, started in 1966 by Huey
Newton and Bobby Seale.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FRED (CONT'D)

It's the beat that manifests in you, the people. They can't never stop the Party unless they stop the people! Ain't you high? Ain't you high? I'm high... off the people!

The Audience joins in the following call-and-response, half chant/half singsong, which grows louder and LOUDER:

FRED

I'm high!

AUDIENCE

I'm high!

FRED

I'm high!

*

CROWNS

I'm high!

FRED

High-high-high-high-high!

AUDIENCE

High-high-high-high-high!

FRED

Off the people!

AUDIENCE

Off the people!

FRED

So, if you're asked to make a commitment at age twenty and you say, I'm too young to die'... you're dead already. If you dare to struggle, you dare to win. If you dare not struggle, then, Goddammit, you don't deserve to win!

*

*

Raucous applause.

A contingent of Crowns, including Rod Collins and Steel, are revealed to be standing in the crowd.

*

*

FRED

(raising his fist)

Put a fist in the air for comrade Jimmy Palmer.

Most of the audience members raise their fists in the air, Mitchell not among them. He grows cross as he looks at the same blonde white girl he eyed before, her fist raised enthusiastically.

Fist in the sky, O'Neal nods vigorously with every proclamation Fred makes. Something is happening to him in this moment. Something unexpected and jarring. Maybe it's Palmer's death, or the experience of rebuilding headquarters, or Fred putting an arm around him earlier. But for the first time, the Chairman's words are penetrating O'Neal's cold soul.

FRED

Jimmy Palmer died a revolutionary death! He stood face-to-face and toe-to-toe with pig Daley's henchman, and made the greatest sacrifice one can ever make!

The crowd cheers.

*

O'NEAL

Right on!

*

*

O'Neal zeros in on the few audience members whose fists aren't in the air. He locks eyes with Mitchell. His jaw almost hits the floor. His handler is in this very moment looking him in the eyes, a witness to this sudden ideological conversion.

FRED

I don't believe I was born to die in a car wreck; I don't believe I'm going to die slipping on ice...

*

ON DEBORAH

unsure how to feel about what she's hearing.

FRED

... I don't believe I'm gonna die because I got a bad heart. I believe I'm going to die doing what I was born for. I believe I'm going to die high off the people. I'm gonna die for the people 'cause I live for the people.

*

The crowd cheers.

*

FRED

I live for the people 'cause I love the people.

(CONTINUED)

AUDIENCE

Right on!

FRED

And as for them bloodthirsty,
murderous pigs -- some of you
might be in the audience right
now, sitting on a tape recorder,
gun in your hair -- lemme make it
plain...

*

O'Neal almost melts under Mitchell's intense gaze.

FRED

...Kill a few pigs and get a
little satisfaction.

*

Mitchell reacts.

*

FRED

Kill some more and you get some
more satisfaction. Kill 'em all
and you get complete satisfaction!

*

*

The crowd cheers.

*

*

FRED

It's not a question of violence or
non-violence. It's a question of
resistance to fascism or non-
existence within fascism. You can
murder a liberator, but you can't
murder liberation; you can murder
a revolutionary, but you can't
murder a revolution; you can
murder a freedom-fighter, but you
can't murder freedom!

The diverse crowd bursts into raucous applause.

*

FRED

I say I am!

*

*

AUDIENCE

I am!

*

*

FRED

A revolutionary!

*

*

AUDIENCE

A revolutionary!

*

*

(CONTINUED)

FRED *
I am! *

AUDIENCE *
I am! *

FRED *
A revolutionary! *

AUDIENCE *
A revolutionary! *

FRED *
I am! *

AUDIENCE *
I am! *

FRED *
A revolutionary! *

AUDIENCE *
A revolutionary! *

FRED *
I am! *

AUDIENCE *
I am! *

FRED *
A revolutionary! *

AUDIENCE *
A revolutionary! *

FRED *
Drummer let me hear the people *
beat! Let me hear the people beat. *

The crowd erupts with chants of "Chairman Fred!" Fred *
takes a moment to survey the crowd. What once seemed *
impossible suddenly feels within his grasp: a united *
people's revolution. *

FRED *
Put your fist in the air! *

A93

EXT. REG'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A93

Winters sits outside Reg's trailer home. Reg, the janitor from the hospital, arrives carrying a coke.

*
*

REG
Winters? The fuck you doing here?

*

WINTERS
... Looking for some answers.

REG
Answers to what?

*
*

WINTERS
Remember I saw you not too long ago? At the hospital?

*
*
*

REG
Yeah.

*
*

WINTERS
The pigs took my man outta there --

*
*

REG
I don't know about that.

*

He starts going inside. Winters follows him up the steps of the house.

WINTERS
...I was thinking maybe you could ask a couple questions --

*

REG
And fuck my money up? Nigga, do you have any idea how treacherous them crackers is down there? I want no parts of that.

*
*
*

WINTERS
Reg, Reg, please man.

*

REG
Look man. I'm cold and I'm hungry. Now get out of my way.

*
*
*

Reg steps toward the building but Winters stops him. The men look one another in the eye, a confrontation brewing.

*

WINTERS
Come on, brother.

*

(CONTINUED)

REG

I ain't your brother. Now get the
fuck off my porch before you end
up like your boy there.

*
*

That does it. Winters tries to stop Reg from going
inside but Reg is stronger and angry. Reg shoves Winters
hard to the ground, which causes the rifle previously
hidden beneath his coat to fall to the ground. Reg's
eyes grow wide. As Winters bends down to retrieve it,
Reg slams the door shut.

*
*

WINTERS

I just want to know what happened -
- Reg! Ay! Reg! I just want to
know what happened to my friend!
Reg!

*
*
*
*

A frustrated Winters backs away from the door.

REG (O.S.)

(on phone)
Across the street from the oil
refinery. Londale and 45th. Yes.
He's got a gun. A big one.

*
*
*
*
*

Winters scrambles down the hill.

*

94 INT. FRED AND DEBORAH'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

94 *

Fred retrieves a cigarette and lighter from his pants.
He's about to spark when he notices a small journal on
the floor with a collage of black, feminine,
revolutionary images culled from magazines/newspapers
taped to the front.

*

He glances in the direction of the bathroom before
opening the book. He flips through it. More collage
work. A photo of Betty Shabazz. And then a journal
entry titled: "Are you a bad motherfucker? Or just a
bad mother?"

DEBORAH (O.S.)

What are you doing? That's
private.

*
*

Fred looks up to discover Deborah back in the room.

*

FRED

You think you're gonna be a bad
mother?

*

DEBORAH

...It was a question.

*

(CONTINUED)

FRED

Why you gotta ask yourself then? *

DEBORAH

I don't know. Maybe the fact that I'm bringing a child into a war zone? These aren't considerations you have to make. You get to go up there and talk about dying a revolutionary death and how your body belongs to the revolution because you don't have another person growing inside your body. *

Fred considers her point.

FRED

(pause)
So you regret it? *

DEBORAH

What?

FRED

Having my baby?

The question startles her.

DEBORAH

Do you? *

FRED

When I dedicated my life to the people... I dedicated my life. You dig? Wasn't 'til Menard I realized what that meant. 'Cause in order to survive in there... a part of me had to die, man. You couldn'ta told me that when I got out... That I had had every reason to live. *

(off of her look)

So do you regret it? *

Deborah retrieves her journal and flips through it. *

FRED

Do you?

DEBORAH

I want to share something with you. *

(CONTINUED)

She finds the entry she was looking for.

DEBORAH

Like the masses I was in awe/When
I first laid eyes on everything
you are/I heard that speech and
when that indent pierced your
cheek/I knew we'd make noise, I
just thought it'd be in the
streets/ What magic a philistine
and a poet could create --

*
*

FRED

A philistine? Who you calling a
philistine?

DEBORAH

You're seriously interrupting me
right now?

Fred grumbles.

DEBORAH

What magic a philistine and a poet
could create/However
contradictory, it would seem that
it's fate/We educate, we nurture,
we feed and we lobby

*
*

A94

EXT. OIL REFINERY - NIGHT

A94

Taking heavy gunfire, Winters cocks his gun, pops out and
FIRES. The cops fire back.

*
*

DEBORAH (V.O.)

Perhaps we're here for more than
just war with these bodies.

*
*
*

Many of Winters' bullets find their marks. Cops go down.

*

Winters takes cover, crawling to an open doorway as
gunfire is returned his direction.

*
*

DEBORAH (V.O.)

(pre-lap)
Will my comrades think me
treasonous?

*
*
*
*

96

INT. FRED AND DEBORAH'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS
ACTION

96

As before --

*
*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

DEBORAH

Can it please have your
dimples?/Will my chairman look at
me differently?/Will its eyes have
your twinkle?/Will our child be the
apple of his eye?/Or constantly
get the compromise?/The rata-tat-
tat of gunfire, the clink of a
jail cell
-- lullabies/We scream and we
shout and we live by this
anthem... But is power to the
people, really worth the ransom?
Because that's what a mother does -
- gives the world the most
precious things she loves/And I
love you and I love our baby
too/And there's nothing more
radical than seeing that
through/Born pure to the blood,
with the heart of a panther

Fred's eyes well with tears.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. REFINERY - FENCE - NIGHT

DEBORAH (V.O.)

(post-lap)

No regrets...

Winters limps toward a fence, mulling hopping it. Then he
turns back towards the police, rage in his eyes.

DEBORAH (V.O.)

(post-lap)

...I know my answer.

EXT. REFINERY - NIGHT

Officer Rappaport (20s) creeps through the oil drums,
tracking Winters, or so he thinks. THROUGH a series of
holes in the drums we observe the Winters tracking
Rappaport and, as quickly as we see him, he disappears.
Rappaport reaches the rounded edge of an oil drum. He
hesitates before peeking around the corner. The shooter
steps from behind a different drum and shoots Rappaport
in the abdomen. As he writhes on the ground, the shooter
approaches and stands over him.

RAPPAPORT

Please. Please. Please.

(CONTINUED)

Rappaport begs for his life as the shotgun is placed to his cheek.

RAPPAPORT

Please, no.

REVEAL: Winters standing above him. He fires the gun. His face is spattered with blood. A barrage of bullets greets him.

CUT TO BLACK.

55	EXT. BLACK PANTHER HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS ACTION	55	*
	O'Neal's car screeches to a halt outside of headquarters. He hops out and keys inside.		* *
56	INT. BLACK PANTHER HEADQUARTERS - GROUND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS ACTION	56	* *
	O'Neal bursts inside and is surprised to find it empty.		*
	CLICK -- O'Neal freezes at the sound of a cocked gun, the barrel pressed to the back of his head. Trembling, he raises his hands in the air slowly and tries to peek behind him at the gunman. It's him -- dressed in his G-man outfit.		* * * * *
	<p style="text-align: center;">O'NEAL</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Whoa whoa whoa. Hey, don't shoot me. Please don't kill me. I'm not a rat. I'm not a rat, I swear.</p>		* * * *
	Fed O'Neal shoots Panther O'Neal in the head.		* *
57	INT. O'NEAL'S WEEKLY ROOM RENTAL - NIGHT (REALITY)	57	*
	O'Neal wakes up, sweat-drenched.		*
109	INT. MRS. WINTERS' HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY	109	*
	The PHONE RINGS. MRS. WINTERS (40s) pours a cup of coffee and carries two cups over to the kitchen table where Fred awaits.		* * *
	<p style="text-align: center;">FRED</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Thank you.</p>		* *

(CONTINUED)

The PHONE CONTINUES TO RING. Fred looks in its direction curiously.

MRS. WINTERS

You welcome.

FRED

Do you want me to get that?

MRS. WINTERS

It's probably one of them crank callers. As if it ain't bad enough I'll never see my son again. You think the mothers of those police officers that killed the Soto brothers are getting harassed like this? Please.

Fred wilts.

FRED

...I know what you gonna say but --

MRS. WINTERS

No. Stop. Stop that.

FRED

I'm sorry, Mrs. Winters.

She quells the agitation before it can bubble up.

MRS. WINTERS

Let's talk about something else.
How's Deborah?

FRED

...Tired of being pregnant.

They laugh.

MRS. WINTERS

Yeah. Yeah. Tell her cherish it.
All of it. Those early days
are...

(smiling wistfully)

You know even when I think about Jake in my mind he's always seven. That's how I remember him. My little boy. I remember one time in church, he said, 'Mama, can I be excused?' I said, 'Why, Jake?' You know, figuring he was bored or something. And he goes, 'Mama, I have to pass gas.'

(CONTINUED)

They laugh.

FRED
Sound like Jake.

MRS. WINTERS
So well-behaved.
(beat)
Those folks, they trying to paint
my Jake as some cold-blooded
killer. He did that. He did that.
But that ain't all he did... Tell
'em about my Jake, Chairman.
Please.

Fred places a sympathetic hand on hers, wishing there was
something he could do.

FRED
Yes.

MRS. WINTERS
It don't seem fair that that's his
legacy.

102 EXT. FRED AND DEBORAH'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS ACTION 102

O'Neal, Rush, and Fred stand outside.

O'Neal opens his car trunk. Inside: several bricks of C-4.

O'NEAL
Here. C-4. We got enough there we
could blow up city hall, some more
shit.

RUSH
Fuck is wrong with you?

FRED
Calm down, Comrade. Calm down.

O'NEAL
What do you mean what's wrong with
me, man? Y'all fucking crazy?
We're not gon' win this war. So we
gotta do something big and we
gotta do it now.

FRED
You out of your mind.

(CONTINUED)

O'NEAL

...Complete satisfaction. Ain't that what you told me? Kill 'em all, complete satisfaction...

FRED

I didn't mean it like that.

O'NEAL

I call you comrade 'cause we at war! You the one that gave me the game, man. Jimmy Palmer. Alright you remember Little Bobby? Franko Diggs, Thomas Lewis, Bunchy Carter... Jake Winters --

FRED

All you're looking to do is add more names to that list. You bomb city hall, they gonna bomb us!

O'NEAL

(pause)

I'm ready to die for the people, comrade. How 'bout you?

Fred lunges for O'Neal but is restrained.

O'NEAL

Is it a Goddamn revolution or what? Huh? What are we doing this shit for?

Fred lunges for O'Neal again, but again Rush holds him back.

FRED

Get the fuck out of here! Get this shit the fuck out of here, you fucking idiot! Get the fuck on, man.

O'Neal eyes him with a combination of shock and hurt.

O'NEAL

Well then fuck it then, I'm out! This whole shit gonna crumble! Motherfucker. Fuck is you talking 'bout, nigga?

O'Neal slams his trunk and climbs in his car as the Panthers escort Fred back towards the apartment. He starts the engine and peels off.

A102 INT./EXT. O'NEAL'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

A102

As O'Neal drives, his agitation gives way to relief as he realizes --

O'NEAL
Goddamn it!

*

Relief gives way to regret, to relief again. He rips the previously concealed wire off of his bare chest and tosses it on the passenger seat. He then rolls down the window, takes off his Panther beret, and tosses it out... finally free.

*

103 OMITTED

103

104 INT. FBI HQ (CHICAGO) - CARLYLE'S OFFICE - DAY

104

SECRETARY (V.O.)
F.B.I., how may I direct your call?

*

*

*

A smiling Mitchell and Carlyle huddle around Carlyle's desk, enjoying cigars. Carlyle is on speakerphone.

CARLYLE
Special Agent Carlyle for Director Hoover.

*

*

There's BEEP.

*

HOOVER
Hello.

*

*

CARLYLE
Director Hoover, good afternoon sir. I am calling with good news, with great news. Two hours ago the Illinois Supreme Court denied Hampton's appeal. He's going back to Menard.

*

*

*

*

*

HOOVER
I know.

*

*

CARLYLE
Well that's what we want, right?

*

*

HOOVER (V.O.)
(over phone)
...Prison made Huey Newton a celebrity.

*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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

It made Eldridge Cleaver a
bestselling author. Prison is a
temporary solution.

Silence hangs in the air. The two men look at each
other, coming to comprehend Hoover's unspoken directive.

A108

INT. FRED AND DEBORAH'S APARTMENT - DINING ROOM -
CONTINUOUS ACTION

A108

Deborah enters in her nightgown, rubbing the sleep from
her eyes. Fred sits at the dining room table, several
open boxes of old newspapers and magazines at his feet.
He stares at a clipping in his hands, absorbed in his
thoughts. Deborah startles him.

DEBORAH

What you doing?

FRED

Going through old shit.

Deborah takes the clipping from his hands. It is of
Emmett Till -- the famous side-by-side photo of his
smiling, beatific face next to his mangled carcass.

FRED

My mom used to babysit him,
y'know... Not all the time but
his family lived across the street
so every now and then she'd watch
him. We didn't go to the funeral.
It was too much for her. I don't
even think I saw the photo 'til
months later. But I remember when
I did, thinking, 'There's people
in this world that want to do that
to me. Or my brother? Or my
sister?' That's when I knew I had
to protect them. Looking at that
photo, how could you not feel that
way? Now here I am. About to go
to Menard. Where I won't be able
to protect anybody... Not even my
own son.

Deborah touches Fred's face.

DEBORAH

The party will protect him. You
hear me? The people will protect
him.

(CONTINUED)

Deborah places her arm around Fred and embraces him. His mood turns somber as he rests his head on her nine-month-pregnant belly.

*
*
*

105 INT. GOLDEN TORCH RESTAURANT (DOWNTOWN CHICAGO) - DAY 105
(1969)

Mitchell eats a bloody steak. He looks up to see O'Neal, dressed in a suit, turtleneck, and sunglasses ensemble, strolling into the restaurant.

*

Mitchell regards this latest incarnation of O'Neal with a cynical smirk.

*

O'NEAL
(sitting down)
Hey. Roy Boy. How are you? Look man. Sorry, I'm late. I just... you know. How's it going? It's groovy, right?

*
*
*
*

Silence. O'Neal removes his shades --

*

O'NEAL
What can I do for you, Roy?

*

O'Neal's hubris both amuses and annoys Mitchell.

MITCHELL
You been to Hampton's apartment, right?

O'NEAL
Right.

*

MITCHELL
A lot of guns there?

O'NEAL
Of course.

MITCHELL
Good. I need you to draw me a blueprint of the place.

O'NEAL
(confused)
You must not uh... Fred's going back to Menard. I think it's his appeal getting revoked. Something like that.

*
*
*
*

MITCHELL
No, I'm aware.

*

(CONTINUED)

O'NEAL
(more confused)
Alright, well if you're aware, I
don't understand...

MITCHELL
You don't have to understand,
Bill. You just gotta draw me the
blueprint.

O'Neal hesitates. Something seems off. Mitchell has
never been this cold and evasive.

O'NEAL
Listen, Roy.

It's clear to O'Neal that his words aren't penetrating.

O'NEAL
...You got him, man. You... You
won... What more do you want?

Mitchell says nothing. Just shoves meat in his mouth.

O'NEAL
(concerned)
...You gonna kill him, Roy? Huh?

Silence.

MITCHELL
I saw you, y'know.

O'NEAL
What?

MITCHELL
That day at the speech? I watched
you. I remember thinking to
myself, 'Either this guy deserves
the Academy award, or he really
believes this shit.'

O'NEAL
(growing angry)
Hey come on, man, I was doing my
Goddamn -- I was doing the job you
told me to do. I was doing what
the fuck you said. 'The fuck you
talking about man?

MITCHELL
Tell you what, Bill -- Let's say
I put a call into New Haven PD.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

Get them to send me a few
 snapshots of your friend Alex
 Rackley after they dragged him
 from the river, cigarette burns
 all over his body, skin peeling
 off from where the Panthers poured
 boiling water all over his cock.

(off of his look)

If they did that to Rackley,
 imagine what they'll do when they
 find out their security captain is
 a fucking rat. A fucking rat.

Mitchell slides his notebook and pen in front of O'Neal
 who remains frozen in disbelief.

O'Neal slams on the table. After a beat, he reluctantly
 opens the notebook and starts drawing. FOCUS ON:
 NOTEBOOK.

INT. SWANKY BAR - NIGHT

The place is dead. WAYNE, 50s/60s, who clocked O'Neal in
 the bar earlier, sits near the entrance flirting with
 DARLENE, forties, black, a chain-smoking alcoholic but
 she'll catch you slipping before you catch her.

WAYNE

They name all these ships like
 Apollo and all that, right like
 Black people but there ain't no
 Black astronauts, right?

She laughs.

WAYNE

I like seeing you smile. How 'bout
 we continue this at my pad?
 Nightcap?

DARLENE

Please.

WAYNE

I've got more than enough alcohol,
 you know.

She stands and walks to a stranger seated alone at the
 opposite end of the bar: O'Neal, several drinks in the
 bag, a near-empty glass of whiskey on the bar.

DARLENE

(addressing O'Neal)

Hi. I'm Darlene.

(CONTINUED)

O'NEAL

Hey. Bill.

One gets the sense maybe O'Neal wants to be alone. But not Darlene.

DARLENE

What brings you out so late, Bill?

O'NEAL

You know. It's quiet. And nobody knows who the hell I am.

DARLENE

Mysterious. So what do you do, Mystery Man?

O'NEAL

I used to work for the FBI.

Darlene emits a raspy CACKLE before polishing off her gin and tonic with one final draw.

DARLENE

Top me off while I run to the ladies', Eliot Ness.

She departs. The moment she's GONE --

WAYNE

Shit, they letting niggas work for the FBI now? Is that right? Why don't you get me an application, brother? Mr. FBI Man?

O'NEAL

Hey, man, would you shut the fuck up?

Wayne grabs his newspaper from the bar and rises off his stool, making his way towards him.

WAYNE

Hey hey hey hey.

O'NEAL

Goddamnit.

WAYNE

Mitchell warned me about you.

O'Neal's blood runs cold as the man plops next to him, occupying Darlene's space.

(CONTINUED)

WAYNE *
Yeah. *

O'NEAL *
What? *

WAYNE *
Look here, just relax. We're *
hiding in plain sight, nobody know *
we're here. *

The man deftly unfolds his newspaper, REVEALING a SMALL
UNMARKED ENVELOPE --

WAYNE *
Check this out, I got this article *
I want you to read, right? *
Article in this paper. Very *
important. *
(closing newspaper *
back) *
I need you to let the Chairman *
read it tomorrow night. Put that *
in his drink. *

He slides the paper in front of O'Neal --

O'NEAL *
I don't know what the fuck you *
talking about, man. Fuck outta *
here with that shit. *

The man smiles, staring at O'Neal like, "You sure that's
how you want to play it?" After a long beat --

WAYNE *
My mistake. *

O'NEAL *
Articles and shit, man. *

WAYNE *
Nah, that's my mistake. Guess I *
had the wrong guy. Sorry about *
that. I'll get outta here. *

The man gets up and EXITS without the newspaper. *

O'Neal follows Wayne out of the bar. *

O'NEAL *
HEY! Hey, who are you man? *

(CONTINUED)

WAYNE

Hey, don't worry about it, Slick.
Just get back inside.

*
*
*

O'NEAL

Nigga, I'm not gonna poison him.
You hear me? You fuckin' hear me?

*
*

WAYNE

(laughing)
Come on, man. You watch too many
movies. All it's gonna do is make
him sleepy. You want him to go
easy, right?

*
*
*

O'NEAL

Who the fuck are you man? Tell me
your fuckin' name. Did Roy send
you?

*
*
*
*

The man enters his car.

O'NEAL

If you a Fed, show me your fuckin'
badge. Hey! Show me your fuckin'
badge man, please.

*
*
*

The man smiles, digs in the glove compartment, and tosses
a small wallet to O'Neal. He starts the engine and pulls
off, leaving O'Neal rattled to his core. The old badge
case feels strangely familiar in his hands. O'Neal opens
it slowly -- revealing HIS OLD FAKE FBI BADGE!

CUT TO BLACK.

*

INT. FRED AND DEBORAH'S APARTMENT - VARIOUS LOCATIONS -
NIGHT

IN THE KITCHEN: Rush is in the doorway. Fred leans
against the counter, smoking a cigarette. He holds in
his hands a fat envelope of money, ruminating about what
to do. Collins stands across from him.

*
*
*

COLLINS

Consider it a gift from the
Crowns. Ain't no shame in
running. It's not like they
giving you a choice.

RUSH

Maybe -- maybe he's right,
Chairman. Go overseas.
(MORE)

*
*

(CONTINUED)

Rev. mm/dd/yy (Tan) 100.
111 CONTINUED: 111

RUSH (CONT'D)

Start an international proletariat
revolution. At least that way
you're still in the fight. *

110 INT. O'NEAL'S CAR - NIGHT 110 *

The car is parked. O'Neal sits in the shadows, staring
out the windshield. He stares at Fred's apartment across
the street. *

A112 INT. FRED AND DEBORAH'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM A112 *

O'Neal enters, visibly rattled. He tries to ignore the
stares from the other diners and stands across the room
from Fred. *

COLLINS (O.S.) *

Cuba's not an option? Why not? *

RANDLE (O.S.) *

Algeria. *

COLLINS (O.S.) *

Shit, even better. *

MARK CLARK (22) is seated next to O'Neal. *

CLARK
(offering hand for a
shake)

Mark Clark. Deputy Minister of
Defense, Peoria Chapter. Central
ordered me to come down and check
out how y'all do things here in
the Windy City. *

O'NEAL *

Yup. *

CLARK

And your name, comrade?

O'NEAL

Oh -- Bill.

CLARK

What cadre you in, Bill?

O'Neal glances over at Fred, who's listening intently to
the conversation taking place at the other end of the
table.

(CONTINUED)

O'NEAL
Man, I'm not even in no...

*

CLARK
Thinking 'bout joining up? Right
on. Right on, Bill. I started
out in the NAACP myself. Then I
had to leave. Them Negroes move
too damn slow for me...

*
*
*
*

O'Neal's attention is clearly elsewhere. Clark drops it.
At the opposite end of the room:

*

COMPTON
I know a guy, kites up checks,
passports, driver's licenses,
things of that nature.

*

DEBORAH
Yeah but, how far we gon' get when
one of us is thirty-seven weeks
pregnant?

*

DOC
You could be in Havana in less
than twenty-four hours. And they
have some of the best doctors in
the world.

RANDLE
Okay, let's just hope that's not
the day that Nixon decides to nuke
that motherfucker.
(off laughter)
Look, Algeria, they've got
Minister Eldrige. Not to mention
bungalows by the sea.

*
*
*

At the mention of bungalows there's a slight shift in
Fred's demeanor. He takes a drink of Kool-Aid from his
amber-tinted glass.

DOC
Cuba got ocean for days. You know
how long it'll take to get to
Algeria? Cuba's a hop and a skip
away.

RUSH
There is a network of safe houses
heading south. I could put a call
into Central --

*

FRED

Y'all spending all this time
talking 'bout me going to Algerian
bungalows when we need to be
talking about how we gonna build
this motherfucking medical clinic.
Is the party about me or is it
about the people? Hm?

*
*
*
*
*
*

COLLINS

Chairman...

*
*

Off of their looks, some confused, others mildly
embarrassed, Fred reaches behind his waist and grabs the
envelope of cash given him by Rod Collins. Collins can't
believe it.

*
*

FRED

It's five years. You know how
many people we could save in five
years? With a medical clinic? In
the middle of the West Side? Far
as I'm concerned, that's an easy
decision. Doc, you run it.

*
*
*

Fred hands the envelope to Doc.

*

FRED

Name it after Jake. So when
people hear the name Jake Winters,
they think about healing. And
loving. Like he loved us.

*
*

The mood grows somber.

FRED

(rubbing Deborah's
belly)
And when I get out... me and Deb
can have our second...
(off of her look)
And third, and fourth...

*

DEBORAH

Okay, easy now.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Everyone laughs except O'Neal, who's crying. He catches
Mark Clark staring at him and quickly wipes away his
tears, fearing a witness to his betrayal. But instead,
Clark nods respectfully, almost moved to tears himself,
albeit for drastically different reasons.

(CONTINUED)

FRED

I was gonna cap it at five, baby.
Five's a good number, right?

DEBORAH

Let's see how you do with the one.

There's laughter and chatter among the assembled.

RUSH

Speaking of children, Chairman,
I'm gonna go ahead and get back to
my family.

FRED

Take care, Comrade.

RUSH

Alright. See you in the morning,
Comrade.

Rush exits.

Suddenly, O'Neal stands. Before he knows it, he's
approaching Fred. He stands over him, sweat beading his
brow. Fred looks up at him expectantly. O'Neal opens
his mouth. Is he going to confess? Nothing comes out --

FRED

(concerned)
What's up?

O'Neal takes a nervous gulp of air.

O'NEAL

Can I get another drink... you
want a refill, Chairman?

113 EXT. FRED'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

113 *

O'Neal stands atop the stoop, peering up and down the
block for any signs of the cops or FBI. But the street
is dead quiet. He heads down the steps, crosses the
street, and enters his car. He glances up at the
apartment window one more time, starts the car, and pulls
off.

116 INT. FRED'S APARTMENT - VARIOUS LOCATIONS - LATER

116

In the LIVING ROOM, Compton sleeps in the middle of the
floor. Hicks and Randle share a twin bed, sleeping head-
to-foot, next to a SHOTGUN.

(CONTINUED)

Clark sits near the door, flicking a LIGHTER on and off. Shadows of feet moving are visible beneath the door. Whispers emanate from the other side. He slowly closes the lighter...

*
*
*
*

CLARK
(whispering)
Hey. Hey. Wake up.

*

Compton sits up.

COMPTON
(to Hicks)
Hey. Hey. Wake up. Somebody at
the door. Hey, Tracy.

*
*
*
*

Tracy and Hicks wake. They follow Clark's gaze to the door. The light from the vestibule, visible just beneath the door, GOES OUT. Hicks gets to his feet.

*
*

HICKS
I'ma go wake the Chairman.

Hicks RACES DOWN THE HALLWAY on his tiptoes. Compton drifts down the hall after him. The doorknob TURNS; an attempt is made to push the door open but it's locked. KNOCK-KNOCK:

Clark slowly rises to his feet.

*

CLARK
I'm coming --

*

Suddenly, he's SHOT (through the door) in the heart and his shotgun goes off reflexively, BLASTING the ceiling. Officer Caple (who previously arrested Fred) kicks the door down and shoots Randle as she reaches for the SHOTGUN at the foot of the mattress. SERGEANT BLART (40), white, shoots her a second time. An officer with a TOMMY GUN FIRES CEASELESSLY at the south wall, inches above Harris, COVERING HER WITH DRYWALL.

*
*

AS HE SPRINTS DOWN THE HALLWAY, Compton observes a gun butt SHATTER the KITCHEN window. He ducks into the SOUTH BEDROOM as Officer Maroney (who previously hit Harmon with a flashlight) and his team pour in, firing at Fred's bedroom from the other direction.

IN THE NORTH BEDROOM, Doc, Collins, and Coachman huddle on the floor, CAUGHT IN THE CROSSFIRE. Bullets TEAR through the walls, beds, and paint cans. They SCREAM, ALL SHOT MULTIPLE TIMES.

(CONTINUED)

IN THE SOUTH BEDROOM: Hicks and Deborah try to wake Fred. Deborah tries to climb on top of Fred and protect him but Hicks tugs her down. *

DEBORAH
Chairman! Chairman, wake up!
Wake up! Chairman! Chairman, wake
up! Wake up! Wake up! *

Fred lifts his head a few inches off the mattress, eyes rolling back, then plops it right back down.

Bullets SPLINTER furniture, SHATTER the window, even VIBRATE the bed.

BULLETS RIP THROUGH WALLS from both directions.

IN THE LIVING ROOM, the shooting STOPS.

CAPLE
Turn on the fucking lights! *

DOC (O.S.)
We can't... we've been shot... *

CAPLE
Turn on the light or you'll be
shot more! *

In the north bedroom, Doc struggles to his feet and flips the light switch, revealing the carnage in the bedroom. *

CAPLE
Get the fuck up! *

The three victims, covered in BLOOD and SPATTERED PAINT, make it to their feet. They stagger to the door where Foreman SHOVES them down the hall. Caple heads the OTHER WAY, past several stationed cops --

HICKS (O.S.)
We're coming out! We're coming
out! *

Outside the SOUTH BEDROOM, Hicks has stuck both hands out beyond the doorframe. One cop, already pressed defensively against the wall, GRABS a wrist and VIOLENTLY TUGS Hicks out, forcing him to the floor in the KITCHEN, where he KICKS him repeatedly. There's another volley of SHOTS into the SOUTH BEDROOM, and then:

COMPTON (O.S.)
Stop shooting, stop shooting! We
got a pregnant sister in here,
Goddamnit! *

(CONTINUED)

BLART

Everybody out, now! I said now!

*

COP

Keep those hands up!

*

*

Compton and Deborah EMERGE, hands up. They're immediately grabbed, Deborah by her hair, and shoved down the HALLWAY, through a gauntlet of cops. Maroney JAMS his pistol in Deborah's pregnant belly --

MARONEY

Whaddaya know, we got a broad here.

IN THE SOUTH BEDROOM, Blart, Caple, and Maroney stare down at Fred, still "sleeping" in the same position.

*

BLART

...Looks like he's gonna make it.

*

Caple LEVELS his .38 SNUB-NOSE. AT FRED'S HEAD.

IN THE KITCHEN, FOCUS ON Deborah: She dare not emit so much as a whimper, her back to the SOUTH BEDROOM. She FLINCHES as she hears TWO SHOTS. Then --

MARONEY (O.S.)

He's good and dead now.

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

117

EXT./INT. O'NEAL'S CAR - NIGHT

117

O'Neal retrieves his .38 from the glove box and sticks it down the small of his back. He takes a moment to consider what he's about to do.

118

INT. GOLDEN TORCH RESTAURANT - BAR - NIGHT

118

O'Neal enters and spots Mitchell drinking alone at a table. Before making his way over, he gives the room a glance. Everywhere he looks, eyes surveil him. The place is crawling with feds, he's certain. The bar is empty. He heads over to Mitchell who doesn't rise to greet him.

MITCHELL

Bill. Good to see you. Come on in.

*

*

(CONTINUED)

Mitchell offers O'Neal a chair. *

MITCHELL *

Hey. Relax. It's just us. I
know you don't trust me but it's
true. *

O'NEAL *

Why'd you call me here, man? What
do you want? *

Mitchell withdraws from his pocket an envelope almost
identical to the one containing the powder. He offers it
to O'Neal, who's frozen. *

MITCHELL

Take it.

O'Neal hesitates.

MITCHELL

You don't have to if you don't
want to. But I think you'll be
glad you did.

O'Neal trepidatiously accepts the envelope and takes a
peek inside: \$300 in cash and a pair of keys.

MITCHELL

(off of O'Neal's
confusion)

They're for a gas station -- in
Maywood. It's yours. There's a
lot of money in gas. Consistent
money. Legal money. You own your
own business now, Bill. You're
free. What do you need, you need
a drink? *

O'NEAL *

No, I don't need a... *

MITCHELL *

You need a drink? Excuse me, can
you get this man a scotch? *

CLOSEUP ON O'NEAL'S FACE

as he eyes the money in his hand, a wave of disparate
emotions coursing through him.

(CONTINUED)

MITCHELL
(after a moment)
So... Where are things with the
party? Any news?

*
*

O'Neal looks up at Mitchell in disbelief.

O'NEAL
...Fred's dead, man. I ain't no
Goddamn Panther no more.

*
*

Mitchell takes a sip of his drink.

MITCHELL
(not asking)
You sure about that?

O'Neal considers the envelope in his hand as he
contemplates Mitchell's query... then he puts it in his
pocket.

SUPERIMPOSE:

William O'Neal remained an active member of the Black
Panther Party and a paid FBI informant until the early
1970s, earning today's equivalent of over \$200,000.

*
*
*

In 1989, he gave his first and only on-screen interview
for the docu-series "Eyes on the Prize 2."

*
*

119 INT. NONDESCRIPT OFFICE - DAY (1989) (FOOTAGE)

119

THE ACTUAL ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE --

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
What would you tell your son about
what you did then?

*

O'NEAL (V.O.)
I think I'll let your documentary
put a cap on that story. I don't
know. I don't know what I'd tell
him other than I was part of the
struggle. That's the bottom line.
I wasn't one of those armchair
revolutionaries. One of those
people that want to sit back now
and judge the actions or inactions
of people when they sat back on
the sideline and did nothing. At
least I had a point of view. I was
dedicated. And then I had the
courage to get out there and put
it on the line. And I did.

*
*

*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

O'NEAL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I think I'll let his -- let
history speak for me.

FADE TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK

SUPERIMPOSE:

"Eyes on the Prize 2" premiered on PBS January 15th,
1990, Martin Luther King Day. *

Later that evening, William O'Neal committed suicide. *

At the time of his assassination, Fred Hampton was only
21 years old. Mark Clark, also slain, was 22. *

During the raid the Chicago Police fired 99 shots. The
Black Panthers fired 1. Nevertheless, the seven
survivors faced numerous charges, including attempted
murder. *

EXT. AA RAYNOR & SONS FUNERAL SERVICE - DAY - ARCHIVAL
FOOTAGE *

Hundreds of men and women stand outside a funeral home. *

INT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY - ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE *

Men and women pay their respects. *

A WOMAN gives a speech. *

WOMAN
Remember this. Prayer is good.
If Fred could be murdered while he
slept, remember what can happen to
you while you're on your knees
facing that. *

EXT. CHICAGO STREET - DAY - ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE *

Citizens carry a banner reading "AVENGE FRED HAMPTON." *

A CHANT sounds celebrating Fred. *

CUT TO BLACK: *

SUPERIMPOSE: *

(CONTINUED)

In 1970, the survivors of the raid along with Hampton and Clark's mothers filed a \$47.7 million lawsuit alleging a conspiracy among the FBI, Chicago Police Department, and State's Attorney's Office to assassinate Fred Hampton.

After 12 years of fighting for justice, the case was settled for \$1.85 million, at the time the longest civil trial in US history.

25 days after the assassination, Deborah Johnson gave birth.

She remained an active member of the Black Panthers until the Illinois chapter's dissolution in 1978.

Today Johnson, now known as Akua Njeri, serves on the Advisory Board of the Black Panther Party Cubs, a revolutionary organization continuing the ongoing fight for the self-determination of Black people.

Fred Hampton Jr. is the party's Chairman.

SUPERIMPOSE:

An IMAGE of Mama Akua Njeri and Chairman Fred Hampton Jr.

FRED (PRE-LAP)

We always say in the Black Panther party, they can do anything they want to us. We might not be back, I might be in jail, I might be anywhere, but when I leave you remember I said, the last words on my lips were, "I am."

CROWD

I am!

EXT. CHICAGO - DAY - ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE

Footage of the real Fred Hampton.

FRED

A revolutionary! And you're gonna have to keep on saying that. You're going to have to say that I am the proletariat. I am the people. I'm not the pig. You've got to make a distinction.

CUT TO BLACK.

(CONTINUED)

FULL PINK - 10/16/19
CONTINUED:

111.

*
*

THE END