

TWO SHADES OF VICE

Based on a true story  
an original screenplay by

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EXT. KANSAS CITY STREET, 1962 - NIGHT

ALLA MAE BRIGGS, a black woman, early thirties, medium to dark complexion, coal black hair, who only stands an even four foot eleven, walks near the intersection of 9th street and Lydia Avenue at the far north end of Kansas City, in search of a trick. She is a known prostitute who has worked the streets for several years.

ALLA MAE spots a white man driving a 1951 Plymouth Tudor and throws up a quick hand signal. EDWARD CHOP, a pale Caucasian male in his forties, signals back for her to approach his car near the intersection.

ALLA MAE  
Looking for a good time?

EDWARD  
Depends.

ALLA MAE  
Don't waste your time or mines.  
Either you wanna have a good time or  
not.

EDWARD  
We can have a good time. Won't you  
climb inside?

ALLA MAE  
Don't mind if I do.

ALLA MAE comes around and gets in on the passenger's side. She carefully studies her potential trick.

ALLA MAE (CONT'D)

What's your name?

EDWARD  
It's Eddie Chop.

ALLA MAE  
Here's the deal, Eddie Chop. What  
exactly are you looking to do?

EDWARD  
Can I be honest?

ALLA MAE  
Sure.

EDWARD  
I wanna fuck.

ALLA MAE  
Is that all?

EDWARD  
I'd also like a blowjob.

ALLA MAE  
Anything else?

EDWARD  
Maybe have you jerk me off real good.

ALLA MAE  
It'll be ten dollars for each one of those.

EDWARD  
Fair exchange isn't robbery. By the way, what's your name?

ALLA MAE hesitates a moment while thinking of one of her many alias street names.

ALLA MAE  
It's Annabelle Jenkins.

EDWARD  
All right, Annabelle, where are we going?

ALLA MAE  
To a house down the alley and around the corner.

EDWARD  
Is this house safe?

ALLA MAE  
Safer than a bank vault.

EDWARD starts up his car and drives down a dark alley. He isn't aware that two PATROLMEN with the KCPD begin tailing them. EDWARD drives to the end of the alley and parks his Plymouth.

ALLA MAE points to an old house on the next block over. EDWARD frowns when he sees the chipped paint, hanging gutters, and ripped up window frames.

EDWARD  
Is that where we're going?

ALLA MAE  
Yes.

EDWARD

The house looks abandoned.

ALLA MAE

Believe me, it's very much habitable.

EDWARD

All right, if you say so.

ALLA MAE

Now, can I see the money?

EDWARD digs into his left pants pocket and shows a thick roll of ten dollar bills. ALLA MAE snatches the money and quickly springs from the car. Out of nowhere, two BLACK BOYS in their late teens jump over a fence and in front of EDWARD'S car. One of the ravaging teens kicks the hood of the car.

TEEN

Hey, white honky, what are you doing in this neighborhood?

The TEENS run off when they see a police patrol car speeding their way.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Speeding down the alleyway in a blue and white patrol car are Patrolman BARRY RANKIN, a mid-height and slender-built white male in his mid-thirties, and Patrolman MICHAEL STRICKLER, also a slim-built, but tall white male in his late thirties.

As the driver, Patrolman RANKIN jerks the steering wheel and swerves over to block in EDWARD'S car. Patrolman STRICKLER jumps out of the squad car and commands EDWARD to roll down his window.

STRICKLER

Who was the colored woman in the car with you?

EDWARD

(nervously)  
She told me her name was Annabelle.

STRICKLER

You sit right there and don't move.

EDWARD

Yes sir.

STRICKLER rushes back over to the patrol car to have a quick briefing with his partner RANKIN.

RANKIN

Mike, I've radioed for backup. You keep an eye on the perpetrator, and I'm going to cruise the block over looking for that colored girl.

STRICKLER

Great idea, Barry. She looked real familiar. If my memory serves me right, she's been hooking in this northeast area for quite some time.

RANKIN

You're probably right.

EXT. NEXT BLOCK OVER - NIGHT

RANKIN drives over to the next block at a less-than-normal speed. Using a very bright light, he spots ALLA MAE running up some stairs and towards a blue house. RANKIN parks the patrol car and jumps out with his service revolver drawn.

RANKIN

Stop right there!

ALLA MAE obeys his command and throws both hands high in the air. RANKIN interlocks her fingers and places the handcuffs on her.

RANKIN (CONT'D)

I'm placing you under arrest.

ALLA MAE

For what?

RANKIN

Solicitation, what else? Besides, my partner and I know who you are.

ALLA MAE

You don't even know my name.

RANKIN

Alla Mae Briggs is who you are.

Gunshots unexpectedly ring out halfway up the block. Both ALLA MAE and RANKIN know the neighborhood is infested with crime. RANKIN throws himself over ALLA MAE to shield her from possible danger.

He snatches his revolver out of the holster and cautiously looks up the street. Within plain view, they both witness one BLACK MALE shooting another BLACK MALE in the head with a Ruger .22 caliber pistol. The BLACK MALE executing the gunshots yells out in a voice of intense rage.

BLACK MALE

I'll bet you won't rape nobody else's  
sister, motherfucker!

He takes off running down the street with the pistol dangling  
down by his side.

INT. CHEVY AUTOMOBILE - NIGHT

Sitting inside of a 1960 blue Chevrolet Bel Air, that is  
parked on the shoulder of a nearby curb, is a WHITE MAN who  
is slumped down in the front seat. His eyes are fixed heavily  
on ALLA MAE, as RANKIN walks her to one of the patrol cars.

INT./EXT. PATROL CARS - NIGHT

Both ALLA MAE and EDWARD CHOP are place inside of and driven  
away in separate patrol cars. Other PATROLMEN and DETECTIVES  
process the homicide scene up the street.

INT. KANSAS CITY POLICE DEPARTMENT HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

ALLA MAE is escorted to the booking desk on the first floor  
of the Municipal Courts Police Building inside the KCPD  
Headquarters in downtown Kansas City. The BOOKING OFFICER  
fingerprints her and takes mugshots while taking down  
important information.

BOOKING OFFICER

Name?

ALLA MAE

Alla Mae Briggs.

BOOKING OFFICER

Date of birth?

ALLA MAE

June twenty-eighth, nineteen thirty-  
one.

BOOKING OFFICER

Race?

ALLA MAE

Colored.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

RANKIN and ALLA MAE are on the elevator on their way up to  
the third floor. ALLA MAE displays signs of discomfort.

ALLA MAE

You've got these cuffs too tight on  
me.

RANKIN

When we hit the third floor, I'll  
remove them.

INT. THIRD FLOOR INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

A veteran vice detective, PAUL FRIERSON, walks into the  
interrogation room holding a brown folder in one hand and a  
warm cup of coffee in the other. ALLA MAE sits there quiet  
and straight-faced as ever.

FRIERSON

Evening, Miss Briggs.

ALLA MAE

Evening to you, too.

FRIERSON

I'm Captain Paul Frierson of the  
Crime Prevention Bureau. You do  
know why you were brought here to  
headquarters, don't you?

ALLA MAE

Yeah, yeah, I know the routine.

FRIERSON flips open the folder.

FRIERSON

I see you've been a very busy woman.

ALLA MAE

Busy taking care of my business, and  
busy leaving other people's business  
alone.

FRIERSON

You've got a lengthy arrest record  
here.

ALLA MAE

And?

FRIERSON

In the years nineteen fifty-one,  
nineteen fifty-three, nineteen fifty-  
four, and nineteen fifty-nine, you  
were arrested and investigated over  
twenty times for charges relating to  
vice activities.

ALLA MAE

Whipeeee! Great job reciting my  
life history.

FRIERSON

The charges include soliciting prostitution on the streets, vagrancy, and being the inmate of a bawdy house.

ALLA MAE

I guess police records don't lie.

FRIERSON

You've used the alias names Annabelle Jenkins, Louise Simpson, Jacqueline Briggs, and Donna Hayes. Are these fictitious names or people you really know?

ALLA MAE

Maybe, maybe not.

FRIERSON

Have you ever worked a legitimate job in your life? Can records for you be pulled for a Self-Employment Missouri State Tax?

ALLA MAE

I'm not saying either way.

FRIERSON flips closed the folder and walks out the room.

INT. FOURTH FLOOR INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Vice detective CARL EASTMAN sits across the table from EDWARD CHOP nursing a warm cup of coffee with papers on the table.

EASTMAN

You do know that your rights were read to you before you were arrested and booked?

EDWARD

Certainly.

EASTMAN

Did you solicit Alla Mae Briggs for an act of prostitution?

EDWARD

Yes.

EASTMAN

Mr. Chop, why would you risk your life in a crime-infested colored neighborhood trying to pick up a colored prostitute?



EDWARD

Colored women are for just temporary sexual amusement.

EASTMAN

So, you do have some type of attraction to colored women?

EDWARD

Only sexual attraction.

EASTMAN

You see them for nothing else?

EDWARD

No I don't. My old man told me that nigger women were only good for fucking, cleaning your house, and fetching your supper.

EASTMAN reviews one of the papers on the table.

EASTMAN

According to records, this is your first arrest for soliciting.

EDWARD

Yes it is.

EASTMAN

Is Alla Mae Briggs the first colored woman that you tried picking up?

EDWARD

No, I've picked up a few colored women over the years.

EASTMAN

Truthfully, Mr. Chop, would you say that yourself and most white men have a voracious sexual appetite for colored women?

EDWARD

I do. It's no different than the white women who fantasize about the colored guys with the long dark cocks. When I was in the Navy, detective, several of my white shipmates told me that us white guys could never fall in love with colored women, that we could only fall in lust with them.

EASTMAN scoops the papers up off the table.

EASTMAN

Mr. Chop, you will be detained here at the headquarters until your bail has been determined.

EASTMAN exits the interrogation room.

INT. LIBERTY BONDING COMPANY - EARLY MORNING

GORDON REYNOLDS, an extremely attractive Irish white male, who stands five-foot-ten, weighs a solid two-hundred pounds, with a full head of salt and pepper hair and thick mustache, stands at a counter inside of a downtown bonding company. GORDON looks across the room at a top BONDSMAN.

BONDSMAN

Can I help you?

GORDON

I'm here to bond someone out of jail.

BONDSMAN

Name?

GORDON

Alla Mae Briggs.

The BONDSMAN checks his list of recent jail detainees.

BONDSMAN

You do know that before agreeing to be an indemnitor on a bail bond for a friend or family member, you must read this contract and what you're agreeing to.

GORDON

I'm very aware of that.

BONDSMAN

It'll be your legal responsibility to make sure that the accused shows up in court.

GORDON

Yes, I know that, too.

The BONDSMAN shakes his head with much uncertainty.

BONDSMAN

Sir, if you believe that the accused is irresponsible and may miss court dates or flee the area, I wouldn't sign this bail bond contract.

GORDON  
Trust me, she'll show up.

BONDSMAN  
You are aware that this is a colored woman, aren't you?

GORDON  
Very much aware.

BONDSMAN  
You have no problem bailing a colored woman out of jail?

GORDON  
No I don't. And you shouldn't, either.

BONDSMAN  
All right, sir. Just sign here at the bottom of the paper.

EXT. TWELFTH STREET STRIP - DAY

LOUISE SMITH, a black hooker with a smooth, honey-brown complexion and very curvaceous body, works a red light district of downtown Kansas City that's a haven of striptease joints, massage parlors, and seedy bars and lounges. LOUISE is one of GORDON REYNOLDS' top earning hookers.

A white man, CECIL RAY YOUNG, someone in his mid-thirties, pulls over to the curb in his 1961 red New Yorker. He is well-groomed and immaculately-dressed.

CECIL  
Good evening, darling?

LOUISE  
Looking for a date?

CECIL  
That's why I pulled over.

LOUISE  
What's your name, honey?

CECIL  
Cecil Ray Young. What's yours, babydoll?

LOUISE  
It's Louise.

(MORE)

LOUISE (CONT'D)

Why would a nice rich white man like yourself come down here to Twelfth Street, right in the biggest whore district of Kansas City, looking for a date with a colored woman?

CECIL

(strong southern accent)

I really loves me some colored gals. I loves y'all's skin, y'all's bodies, y'all's voices, y'all's eyes, and most of all, y'all's dark, sweet, wet pussy.

LOUISE

How much you looking to spend to love all of this colored woman?

CECIL

However much it takes.

LOUISE

The going rate is twenty bucks. Anything extra is another twenty.

CECIL

Come on and climb in.

LOUISE comes around and gets in on the passenger's side.

CECIL (CONT'D)

Where we going?

LOUISE

To the Capri Motel over there on Independence Avenue. You know, undercover's bust us hookers and you tricks downtown all the time.

EXT. CAPRI MOTEL - DAY

CECIL drives up in front of a transient motel where hookers and pimps and tricks frequent on a twenty-four hour basis.

CECIL

This is the place, huh?

LOUISE

This is it.

CECIL

What a sewage dump.

INT. MOTEL FRONT DESK - DAY

A female MOTEL CLERK stands at the desk counter with a Pall Mall cigarette hanging from the edge of her mouth.

CLERK  
What can I do for you?

CECIL  
How much for a room?

CLERK  
Ten dollars for a couple'a hours.  
Twenty-five dollars for all day.

CECIL  
I'll go with the ten for two hours.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

CECIL and LOUISE have come to the room. Empty beer cans and whiskey bottles and cigarette butts are all over the floor. While they begin to undress, CECIL quickly turns out the light in the room and keeps the bathroom light on. His shirt is the last clothing article that he removes, him covering his upper chest as though he has something to hide. Once in the total nude, the twosome begin to engage in heated intercourse.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - HOUR LATER - DAY

Their sexual escapade has ended. LOUISE abruptly turns on the lights and notices white supremacists tattoos like several Swastikas covering most of CECIL'S upper chest and parts of his biceps.

LOUISE  
Whoa! Are you in the Ku Klux Klan?

CECIL  
I sure am. I'm a proud member of  
the Aryan race.

LOUISE  
(angrily)  
Why didn't you tell me at first that  
you were some white racist  
motherfucker!

CECIL  
I didn't have to, bitch!

LOUISE  
Get the hell out of here and leave  
me the fuck alone.

CECIL

I can't do that. That's why I picked you up in the first place. I wanted to prove to you that I could fuck you, and wouldn't have to pay for that good and juicy nigger pussy.

LOUISE

You're not getting your money back.

CECIL

We had our way with you nigger gals during slavery, and we can still have our way with you.

LOUISE

Not this one, you peckerwood, redneck, son of a bitch!

CECIL pulls a knife out of his back pocket and rushes LOUISE. He tackles her onto the bed and places the tip of the blade at the center of her throat. The contents of her purse are dumped onto the bed.

CECIL

(counts the money)

Well, I see that you've done pretty good for yourself. Looks like you've been selling a lot of that good nigger pussy.

LOUISE

Please don't take my money. I've got little children to take care of. My pimp won't be too happy if you took my money.

CECIL

If left up to me, you and your children would starve. Now, who's your pimp, gal?

LOUISE

(stutters)

H-his...n-name...is Gordon Reynolds. Everybody out on the street calls him Mack.

CECIL

This Mack, is he one of them nigger pimps that's got you nigger gals selling pussy for him?

LOUISE

He's a white Irishman.

CECIL

You go back and tell this Mack, that  
he'd better be careful. Irish scum  
like him needs to be exterminated  
along with them dago wop sapsuckers.

CECIL confirms his vicious racist stature by punching LOUISE  
in the mouth and one of her eyes. He leaves the room with  
LOUISE stretched across the bed crying rather heavily.

INT. GORDON'S TWELFTH STREET RESIDENCE - LATE EVENING

It's been several hours since CECIL RAY YOUNG has assaulted  
LOUISE. She bursts through the front door of the residence  
owned by GORDON. He sits at the dining room table counting  
money. The bruises across LOUISE'S severely battered face  
are noticed by him.

GORDON

Louise, what happened to you?

LOUISE

A trick that I picked up on Twelfth  
Street, near downtown, that I took  
over to the Capri Motel, he beat me  
up and took all my money.

GORDON

White boy or a colored guy?

LOUISE

A redneck white boy driving a red  
New Yorker. He had the tattoos that  
those racist Nazi men wear.

GORDON

The Swastika?

LOUISE

Yes, I believe that's it. He called  
me 'nigger gal' this and 'nigger  
gal' that.

GORDON

What's this cocksucker's name?

LOUISE

Cecil Ray Young.

GORDON

Describe him for me.

LOUISE

Slim built, brown, slicked-back hair,  
pale skin, and a sharp dresser.

GORDON  
He took every dime that you had?

LOUISE  
Left me with not one red cent.

GORDON  
And you say that he drove a red New Yorker?

LOUISE  
Yes.

GORDON  
Somebody's gotta teach that son of a bitch a good lesson. That somebody is gonna be me. Nobody goes around robbing and beating up on my girls.

GORDON reaches behind his back and pulls out a .45 Colt revolver.

LOUISE  
Be careful, Mack. He carries around a great big knife.

GORDON  
He carries a knife? Well, I carry around this big Colt forty-five. This Cecil Ray Young will learn that you don't bring a knife to a gunfight.

GORDON rushes out of the house with his closest confidant.

INT./EXT. CHEVY BEL AIR AUTOMOBILE - NIGHT

GORDON and one of his closest friends/confidants, RUFUS DOYLE, a huge man who weighs two-hundred and fifty pounds, stands six-foot-four, with thick black hair and piercing brown eyes, cruises through the red light district of Twelfth Street near downtown Kansas City.

GORDON  
We've got to teach this Cecil punk a lesson that he'll never forget.

RUFUS  
Mack, once we find this scum, we should give him the asswhipping of a lifetime.

GORDON  
I agree, Rufus.



GORDON still cruises the downtown streets, somewhere he believes that CECIL might've returned to in order to pick up another hooker. Despite his efforts, there's no sign of CECIL.

INT./EXT. TROOST AVENUE - NIGHT

GORDON and RUFUS cruise down the midtown section of Troost Avenue, which boasts its own brand of a red light district. Both men keep a close eye on opposite sides of the street, where several bars and nightclubs and strip clubs light up the blocks.

After traveling less than a mile south down Troost Avenue, RUFUS discovers a red Chrysler New Yorker, which is parked on the west side of the street.

RUFUS

Look to your right, Mack.

GORDON

(jerks head)

Looks like we've found our man.

GORDON slows down and parks his car right behind the New Yorker. RUFUS reaches into the glove compartment for a pair of brass knuckles. They approach the car from opposite sides. GORDON taps on the window from the driver's side with the hard steel barrel of his Colt .45.

GORDON (CONT'D)

Cecil Ray Young?

CECIL rolls the window down halfway. A HOOKER jumps up wiping her mouth after giving him oral sex. CECIL pulls his pants up and fastens his belt.

CECIL

Yeah?

GORDON

Step out of the goddamned car!

CECIL

For what?

GORDON

Because I said so.

CECIL leans forward to reach for something under the seat. GORDON sticks his gun through the window.

GORDON (CONT'D)

I wouldn't do that if I were you, mister.

RUFUS snatches open the passenger's door.

RUFUS  
Do yourself a favor, and go find  
yourself another trick.

HOOKER  
No problem, sir.

She rushes up the street wiping her mouth. GORDON snatches CECIL out of the car with his pistol planted firmly into his chest.

GORDON  
Why'd you slap Louise around?

CECIL  
Louise who?

GORDON  
The colored girl that you picked up  
earlier downtown, the one that you  
took to the Capri Motel.

CECIL  
Oh yeah, the nigger-whore-bitch that  
I took to the slime motel. I don't  
give a damned about you being her  
pimp. I'll treat her kind any goddam  
way that I please.

GORDON  
You robbed her and then beat her up.

CECIL  
I sure did.

GORDON  
Two things, Cecil. Give me back the  
money that you took from her, and  
then issue the both of us an apology.  
That way, you might save yourself  
from the asskicking of the century.

CECIL  
You threatening me, boy? Why don't  
you just go back and be with your  
nigger whores, you scuzzy, dope-  
pushing, Irish-Mick-pimp!

CECIL'S words of utter disrespect sets the timebomb off inside of GORDON. He belts out a loud giggle and sends a head signal over to RUFUS. RUFUS slips on the brass knuckles and comes around the car to strike CECIL in the jaw.

GORDON uses the barrel of his gun to pistol whip CECIL across every inch of his face. They work him over until blood soaks his shirt and both of his eyes are nearly closed. GORDON reaches into his pocket and goes inside his wallet. A thick stack of cash is inside.

RUFUS

Mack, what're we going to do with this punk?

GORDON

Dispose of him in a place where he'll never be heard from again.

CECIL is thrown into the back seat of his car with blood dripping everywhere. GORDON drives away in his car, with RUFUS following behind in CECIL'S New Yorker.

EXT. RED LIGHT DISTRICT - NIGHT

GORDON and RUFUS drive through the busy red light district for a quick stop off at GORDON'S residence at 1414 East Twelfth Street. GORDON looks up the street and notices ALLA MAE BRIGGS working the streets in search of a trick.

He drives her direction and the two immediately make eye contact. Obviously, there is a very strong attraction between them. ALLA MAE wears a tight, gold glittery dress. He goes the opposite direction, knowing that they must dispose of the battered CECIL.

EXT. BRUSH CREEK - NIGHT

GORDON and RUFUS carry the brutalized body of CECIL across a long patch of grass down in Brush Creek, an area of the city where tons of sewage flows through every year. Clutched in one of their hands are sacks holding different food products.

INT. CREEK TUNNEL - NIGHT

CECIL'S half-alive body is dropped onto a tall mound of raw sewage inside one of the dark Brush Creek tunnels. GORDON realizes that the tunnels are serious nesting grounds for large rats. RUFUS reaches into one of the paper sacks and brings out a very bright flashlight.

The men waste no time bringing out containers of peanut butter, strawberry jelly, chocolate syrup, honey and choice portions of raw steak. CECIL is barely breathing. The sweet food products are spread all over CECIL'S body, with a much heavier concentration across his face.

GORDON uses strings to tie the portions of raw steak to his arms and legs. The sounds of creatures squealing are heard farther off into the tunnel.

RUFUS shines the light straight ahead and realizes that the rats have picked up a scent and begin to congregate into large packs. GORDON looks down on him with a mischevious smirk.

GORDON

After the rats finish you off, Cecil,  
there won't be anything left of you  
for anyone to identify.

As GORDON and RUFUS begin to exit the tunnel, the big rats move in on CECIL and begin to feast on the food products and much of his human flesh.

INT./EXT. TWELFTH STREET - DOWNTOWN - LATE EVENING

GORDON sits inside his car, which is parked on the north side of Twelfth Street, near the intersection of Main Street in downtown Kansas City. He keeps a watchful eye on two of his main HOOKERS, KIM DAVENPORT, who is an attractive white woman in her mid-twenties with a very curvy body, and LANA BAKER, a black woman, also in her mid-twenties, who is minimally attractive, with a medium brown complexion and statuesque body.

The hustle and bustle of the Twelfth Street red light district is slow. GORDON throws up a cryptic hand signal to KIM and LANA from across the street. He presses down hard on the accelerator and speeds up the street. A block east on Twelfth Street, two KCPD patrolmen, STEVEN ROGERS and MICHAEL STEWART, speed up behind GORDON with the siren sounding off. They emerge from their patrol car and step up to his vehicle. Patrolman ROGERS immediately recognizes GORDON.

ROGERS

Well, if it isn't Gordon Mccoyd  
Reynolds. Keeping an eye on your  
girls, huh?

GORDON

Whaddaya talking about?

ROGERS

You've got a short memory.

GORDON

But I haven't done anything.

ROGERS

I know, you're the kind that never  
does anything.

GORDON

What's my kind, Rogers? Besides,  
why are you harassing me?

ROGERS

Well, you're being taken in for speeding and for a broken tail light.

GORDON steps out of the car and is handcuffed after being placed under arrest.

INT. KCPD HEADQUARTERS - LATE EVENING

GORDON is booked and fingerprinted on the first floor of the police headquarters building.

INT. THIRD FLOOR INTERROGATION ROOM - LATE EVENING

A Lieutenant JERRY HAINES, a veteran detective with the vice unit, steps into the interrogation room with a warm cup of coffee. He drops a manila folder on the table with the name Gordon Mccoyd Reynolds written on a label. HAINES takes a seat and flips open the folder.

HAINES

Mr. Reynolds, you've been a very busy man in the last thirty years or so.

GORDON

Snooping around into my background, Lieutenant?

HAINES

It's what I do for a living. It's my bread and butter. My sole livelihood. It's how I've fed my family all these years.

GORDON

I can respect that.

HAINES

Patrolman Rogers believes that you were keeping close watch on your prostitutes who work Twelfth Street for you.

GORDON

Not true. Right now, I'm unemployed and find work whenever and wherever I can.

LIEUTENANT HAINES opens up the folder and briefly reads over a couple of documents.

HAINES

Part of your criminal history paints you as a known and convicted procurer.

GORDON

Does it now?

HAINES

According to your criminal rap sheet from the Department of Justice, you've been convicted of robbery, burglary, larceny, hijacking, attempted murder, selling whiskey without a permit, cashing bogus checks, rationing gas stamps during the war, assault and battery, soliciting prostitution, drunk driving, possession of an illegal firearm, and the list goes on and on and on...

GORDON

You sure know how to stick it to me. Can't you give a guy credit for trying to go straight?

HAINES

Not when they're still being a criminal. If I went into detail about all the crimes that you've committed over the years, we'd be in this room until this time tomorrow.

GORDON

Great. I stopped giving a dam a long time ago.

HAINES

You've done prison time in five different states.

GORDON

Yes, I've certainly traveled the country freely.

HAINES

Mr. Reynolds, the full resources of the KCPD will be brought to bear upon you. You will be held here at the Municipal Courts Building until your bail is determined. Do you have any questions or concerns?

GORDON

None, whatsoever, Lieutenant.

INT./EXT. TWELFTH STREET - DAY

GORDON turns the corner onto Twelfth Street and towards his residence.

ALLA MAE BRIGGS walks on the opposite side of the street. He does a quick u-turn and leans over to the passenger's side with the window down.

GORDON

How are you doing today, Alla Mae?

ALLA MAE stops right in her tracks.

ALLA MAE

Who are you?

GORDON

The name's Gordon, but everybody calls me Mack.

ALLA MAE

Where do you know me from?

GORDON

I'm just an Irish white dude who's done kept an eye on a sexy colored woman like you.

ALLA MAE

Sure. A handsome white man like you must have all kinds of women running behind you.

GORDON

Climb inside, Alla Mae.

ALLA MAE gets inside and GORDON drives off.

INT. TWELFTH STREET RESIDENCE - DAY

ALLA MAE follows GORDON into the rear of his home on the first floor. She notices several of his HOOKERS walking around wearing provocative clothing. They sit across from one another at a small table.

GORDON

Look, I know that you've done what you're doing for a long time.

ALLA MAE

Hooking?

GORDON

Yes, hooking. Is Twelfth Street the only street you've worked over the years?

ALLA MAE

I've worked Twelfth, Thirteenth, and Fourteenth Streets, from Troost over to Prospect. I usually go where the money is.

GORDON

How would you like to come and work for me?

ALLA MAE

(greatly offended)

I don't sell pussy for nobody! I've had plenty of pimps who tried to get me to come and work for them.

GORDON

Here's the deal, Alla Mae. I don't want you to sell pussy for me. I want to put you in charge of the girls that I already have working for me.

ALLA MAE

How many girls you've got working for you now?

GORDON

Six. Five colored and one white.

ALLA MAE

So, what exactly would me being in charge of your girls involve?

GORDON

Keeping the girls in line from time to time. Teach them to keep their bodies clean and stay off that dope.

ALLA MAE

(smiles)

You and I might be inseparable, Mack.

GORDON

Wouldn't that be something, Mae? A white man and a colored woman putting their heads together to make a few bucks.

ALLA MAE

You know the streets. I know the streets. We both know how to make money.



GORDON

Then let our partnership begin.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

GORDON takes ALLA MAE for a tour through his whore/bawdy house. In a small room in the basement, he shows her several boxes of whiskey and beer and cigarettes stacked over in a corner. He points to several small cellophane bags of heroin and cocaine on a small steel shelf.

INT. STORAGE ROOM - DAY

GORDON has taken ALLA MAE into a room in the basement where he stores tools and stacks of pornographic magazines. He bends down and pulls back a strip of carpet in the corner. A wooden box from inside a hole drilled into the floor is brought out. GORDON opens the box and shows ALLA MAE stacks of ten, twenty, and one-hundred dollar bills wrapped with rubber bands.

INT. THIRD FLOOR - DAY

GORDON shows ALLA MAE the inside of three separate bedrooms on the third floor of his residence. Each room has king-sized beds and dressers.

INT. SECOND FLOOR - DAY

From inside a closet filled with boxes of clothes, GORDON reaches in and brings out a .22 caliber revolver and a twelve-gauge rifle. He hands her the pistol and holds the rifle in the air. ALLA MAE reaches into her bra and pulls out a straight razor.

INT. FRONT ROOM - DAY

GORDON and ALLA MAE sit on a plush sofa in the front room. He stares with passion into her eyes.

GORDON

Mae, I'm a good judge of character.  
My heart, my mind, my soul, my spirit,  
they all tell me that I can trust  
you.

ALLA MAE

Which tells me that we're getting  
off to a good start.

INT./EXT. TWELFTH STREET - WEST END - AFTERNOON

GORDON drives towards the downtown end of Twelfth Street with his best friend, RUFUS DOYLE, sitting on the passenger's side.

RUFUS displays restlessness, as he stares at GORDON with sheer uncertainty.

RUFUS

Mack, do you really trust this colored woman to run your Twelfth Street house?

GORDON turns to look at RUFUS for a quick second.

GORDON

I've got a good feeling about her deep down inside of my guts.

RUFUS

C'mon, buddy, we both know that you can't trust them colored people. They start stealing the second that they're born into this world.

GORDON

Rufus, everybody's got a little bit of thievery in them. I'm sticking with my decision to let Mae run my Twelfth Street house.

GORDON crosses the intersection of Main Street at Twelfth and parks in front of the Pink Pussy Cat strip club.

GORDON (CONT'D)

I'll see ya in about an hour.

RUFUS

An hour it is.

GORDON emerges from his car and RUFUS drives off up the street.

INT. PINK PUSSY CAT STRIP CLUB - AFTERNOON

GORDON moves his way through the semi-crowded strip club, where several go-go dancers and customers mingle with one another, while a partially nude dancer is on the stage.

INT. CLUB OFFICE - AFTERNOON

GORDON and the owner of the Pink Pussy Cat, BRUNO "THE RAT" MAGGADINO, a frightening looking Italian man with a medium olive complexion, thick white wavy hair, and very heavy bags under his killer looking eyes, give one another a warm hug and kiss on the cheek.

MAGGADINO

Mack, how the hell ya been?

GORDON

Fine, Bruno.

MAGGADINO

Staying out of trouble?

GORDON

Are you kidding? Trouble is what we both live for.

MAGGADINO

Got that right, buddy.

GORDON digs into his pocket and hands MAGGADINO a thick envelope. MAGGADINO thumbs through the envelope of twenty dollar bills.

GORDON

It's about five-hundred bucks in there.

MAGGADINO

How's business with your girls?

GORDON

Not bad, except for a little heat from the fuzz.

MAGGADINO

Your liquor supply and cigarettes, how's that looking?

GORDON

It could be better.

MAGGADINO

Smack and blow, is that doing any good for you?

GORDON

Very little, Bruno. Those colored guys over at the east end of Twelfth Street, they're pulling in the big bucks from junk and blow sales.

MAGGADINO slams his fist down onto the hard desk.

MAGGADINO

Goddammit! This Doc Davidson, he calls himself the Godfather of the Kansas City Black Mafia. This nigger, this motherfucking moolinyan, he controls the dope and whores and sharking amongst those other niggers.

GORDON

He definitely controls the coloreds over on the east end.

MAGGADINO calms down and fires up a cigar.

MAGGADINO

Mack, you already know that Safeway, Kroger, Milgram, United Super, A&P, and Thriftway are some of the biggest grocery store chains around town.

GORDON

I've been inside every last one of them.

MAGGADINO

Good. My inside sources have told me that late night Mondays are when they make their liquor and cigarette deliveries to these grocery stores. There'll be trucks filled with whiskey, bourbon, scotch, beer and wine. Mack, if we can stick up these trucks without getting busted, it'll be one of the biggest scores ever.

GORDON

We'll be sitting on a goldmine.

MAGGADINO unfolds a map which shows diagrams of the highways that are directly connected to streets within Kansas City.

MAGGADINO

The trucks with the liquor and cigarettes will be making a straight shot out of Highway Forty and into Kansas City. I want you and several of my men posted close to the stop sign that's right off Highway Forty. Once the drivers make their stops over by the freeway, that's when you and my men will make your move.

GORDON

How many men will you be using?

MAGGADINO

Four.

GORDON

What time, exactly?

MAGGADINO

Between ten thirty and eleven o'clock.  
You've got your Colt ready?

GORDON slides his .45 Colt revolver out of his pants.

GORDON

Ready as ever. Will your men be  
carrying pistols?

MAGGADINO

No doubt.

INT. TWELFTH STREET RESIDENCE - EVENING

ALLA MAE is now fully in charge of GORDON'S whore/bawdy house. The whores and tricks move in and out of the house like clockwork. They travel through the backdoor in order to keep from being detected by the police or nosy neighbors.

ALLA MAE has a large pot of beef stew on the stove inside the kitchen. KIM DAVENPORT and one of her TRICKS that she found out on the streets, are coming up the backdoor steps with their arms interlocked. ALLA MAE opens the backdoor and looks deep into the TRICK'S eyes.

ALLA MAE

How are you doing t'day, sir?

TRICK

Fine. And yourself?

ALLA MAE

Great. I see that you ran into Kim  
somewhere along the way.

TRICK

Yes, she's one fine looking woman.

ALLA MAE

Kim's definitely a pretty girl.  
Here's how it works, sir. It's twenty  
dollars for time with Kim, and it's  
five more dollars for the room.

The TRICK wastes no time reaching into his wallet for a twenty and five dollar bill.

TRICK

What's that cooking?

ALLA MAE

Beef stew.

TRICK

How much for a bowl of that?

ALLA MAE

If you be a good boy, I'll fix you a bowl before you leave.

INT. BACK ROOM - HOUR LATER - EVENING

LANA BAKER comes through the back door with a SECOND TRICK who she discovered along the Twelfth Street corridor. The TRICK is an older white man who appears to be in his late fifties. Thick patches of dried up food, like syrup and ketchup and mustard, are smeared all over his shirt and pants.

ALLA MAE

Sir, how's your day going?

SECOND TRICK

Pretty good. And yourself?

ALLA MAE

T'day is a good day. I see that you ran into Lana somewhere along the way.

ALLA MAE slightly covers her nose since there is a strong whiskey smell coming from his breath.

SECOND TRICK

Forgive me for being too doggone honest, but I's just love the feeling of going up into a colored woman's pussy.

ALLA MAE

Since you're being honest, it'll be twenty dollars to spend time with Lana, and it'll be another five dollars for the room upstairs.

The SECOND TRICK reaches into his wallet and hands ALLA MAE a twenty and ten dollar bill.

SECOND TRICK

Keep the change.

ALLA MAE

Thank you.

LANA and the highly-intoxicated white man travel up the stairs holding hands. KIM and her TRICK passes them on their way down the stairs. The TRICK fastens his pants.

INT. THIRD FLOOR BEDROOM - EVENING

LANA and her TRICK engage themselves in civil sexual intercourse. He struggles to keep an erection from being very intoxicated. Thick layers of the syrup and ketchup cover the inner portion of his exposed legs and buttocks.

A large rat on the floor nibbles on the food products that were smeared on the back of his slacks. The SECOND TRICK struggles to penetrate LANA, and she displays frustration by twisting and turning.

LANA  
Haven't you came yet?

SECOND TRICK  
Not yet, sugah. Just give me a few more minutes.

LANA  
We haven't got a few more minutes.

SECOND TRICK  
Be patient, I'll get it up.

LANA  
It's all that alcohol you've been drinking. That's the reason why your dick can't get hard.

A very large brown rat climbs up one of the steel bedposts and onto the bed. The rodent sniffs the smell of the maple syrup, and then viciously sinks its long, sharp teeth into the fleshy right buttock of the SECOND TRICK.

SECOND TRICK  
(screams out loud)  
Goddammit, something done bit me in the ass!

LANA rolls off the bed and notices small, deep puncture wounds on his right buttock.

INT. STAIRWAYS - EVENING

ALLA MAE runs up the stairways with the twelve-gauge rifle given to her by GORDON.

INT. BEDROOM DOORWAY - EVENING

ALLA MAE stands at the doorway with the rifle pointed up towards the ceiling

ALLA MAE

What the hell's done happened up here?

LANA

Mae, a rat climbed on top of the bed and bit him in the butt.

ALLA MAE

Sir, you're gonna need to get to the hospital so you can get a rabies shot.

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE - EVENING

The SECOND TRICK, who has since sobered up after getting bit by the rat, walks away from GORDON'S residence clutching the right side of his rear. He gets into a cab and it drives off down the street.

INT. BACK DOOR - NIGHT

A barbaric knock sounds off at the back door. ALLA MAE pulls the curtain back and sees KIM with a BLACK STREET ROGUE who has a heavily-scarred face and crooked teeth. She uses extreme caution before opening the door. The pair enter the house and ALLA MAE sizes up the strange BLACK MAN. KIM displays a frightened demeanor as though she's being held hostage.

ALLA MAE

Can I help you?

BLACK STREET ROGUE

Who are you?

ALLA MAE

I'm part owner of this house.

BLACK STREET ROGUE

Naw you ain't. This house here belongs to Mack Reynolds.

ALLA MAE

Mack's not here right now. Do you want to rent a room with Kim or what?

BLACK STREET ROGUE

I wanna know where Mack is.

ALLA MAE

That's none of your business.



BLACK STREET ROGUE

You one of them tough colored bitches,  
ain't you?

ALLA MAE notices that a knife is being held to KIM'S back.

ALLA MAE

Tough as they come, nigga. Why don't  
you just leave Kim alone.

BLACK STREET ROGUE

This white bitch sells pussy for  
Mack. I know that you're watching  
this house for Mack.

ALLA MAE

So what if I am?

The BLACK STREET ROGUE pushes KIM forward and flashes his  
switchblade knife. ALLA MAE exhibits her own street toughness  
by reaching into a pocket of her housecoat and bringing out  
the .22 revolver. She slides her hand down into her bra for  
her own switchblade.

ALLA MAE (CONT'D)

Look'a here, sucker. Don't make me  
use this gun and this razor on you.  
I'll shoot and cut you up so good,  
until you'll be left as nothing but  
mince meat. Now, if you're smart,  
you'll get the fuck out of this house  
and never come back.

BLACK STREET ROGUE

You threatening me, you little colored  
midget bitch?

ALLA MAE raises both the pistol and the razor into the air.

ALLA MAE

Sure am.

BLACK STREET ROGUE

Mack is gonna have to answer to Doc  
Davidson sooner or later. You catch  
my drift, you little bitty munchkin  
woman?

ALLA MAE

Here's my drift, creature from the  
Twelfth Street sewers. If you think  
you're ugly now, when I get through  
popping your ugly ass with this twenty-  
two, and get through cutting your

(MORE)

ALLA MAE (CONT'D)  
 ass up with this razor, your own  
 mama ain't gonna know who you crater-  
 faced ass is.

The BLACK STREET ROGUE makes a hasty retreat by running out the back door. ALLA MAE steps up to console KIM.

ALLA MAE (CONT'D)  
 Kim, are you all right?

KIM  
 (light tears)  
 I'm all right, Mae.

ALLA MAE  
 What happened?

KIM  
 I met that guy up at the other end of Twelfth Street. He told me that he wanted a date, so I agreed to bring him back here. He put a knife up to my throat, and told me that he'd cut me if I didn't show him where Mack Reynolds lives.

ALLA MAE  
 The ugly bastard works for Doc Davidson.

KIM  
 Lots of people are scared to death of Doc Davidson, since he's the Godfather of the Kansas City Black Mafia.

ALLA MAE  
 Godfather or not, Mack doesn't play around when it comes to anybody disrespecting his girls.

EXT. HIGHWAY 40 - NIGHT

Driving down a long stretch of Highway 40 are two commercial box trucks. The trucks are about ten miles outside of the Kansas City limits.

INT. BUICK ELECTRA - NIGHT

Sitting inside a classy automobile are the four men who MAGGADINO sent to participate in the hijacking mission. The leader of the four men is ANTHONY "THE LION" CATALANO, a frightening looking Italian man with a Frankenstein face who wears a black wig.

FRANK CUSUMANO, VITO BLANDO, and EDWARD SILVIO are the other three hijackers who are under the direct orders of CATALANO. Since CATALANO is the owner of the vehicle, he sits behind the wheel with a pistol in his hand. The other three also have weapons held tight in their grip.

INT. GORDON'S CAR - NIGHT

GORDON is parked right behind the Buick, sitting inside his Bel Air with his .45 Colt held in his left hand. He looks down at his watch and it says 11:47 p.m.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Coming around a curve off a small strip of highway are the two large commercial box trucks.

INT. BUICK - NIGHT

The four MAGGADINO HENCHMEN place scarves and dark sunglasses over their faces. CUSUMANO and BLANDO have rope and tape in their other hand.

INT. GORDON'S CAR - NIGHT

GORDON also slips a scarf and sunglasses over his face.

EXT. SIDE STREET - NIGHT

GORDON and the four MAGGADINO HENCHMEN have emerged from their vehicles. The commercial box trucks turn left onto a side street, where the Buick blocks their path. GORDON and CATALANO waste no time climbing aboard one of the trucks and shove their pistols in the DRIVER'S face.

GORDON

Give up the goddam truck!

DRIVER

Not a chance. I lose this truck,  
I'll end up losing my job.

GORDON

How about losing your life?

DRIVER

You're not getting this truck, mister.

GORDON's anger rises to a dangerous level. He takes the barrel of his .45 Colt and presses it into the DRIVER'S right temple.

GORDON

Give us the truck, or you're a dead  
man.

DRIVER

No way.

GORDON realizes that he can't reason any further with the DRIVER. He crashes the barrel of the pistol into the side of the DRIVER'S face. A long, deep laceration forms and blood gushes out and runs down his face. CATALANO pushes him out of the truck, while CUSUMANO and BLANDO quickly tie him up and wrap tape over his mouth.

CATALANO assists SILVIO in helping to force the DRIVER out of the other truck. CUSUMANO and BLANDO tie the second DRIVER up and wrap several layers of tape over his mouth.

CATALANO

Okay, guys, let's get the hell out of here.

GORDON jumps inside his car and speeds off. CUSUMANO and BLANDO climb inside the commercial box trucks and follow behind CATALANO and SILVIO in the Buick.

EXT. WEST BOTTOMS - NIGHT

GORDON and the four MAGGADINO HENCHMEN have parked the trucks and vehicles under a bridge in the WEST BOTTOMS area. CATALANO and GORDON pop the locks on both trucks with bolt cutters. The hatches are lifted and huge supplies of whiskey, beer, wine, and cigarettes are inside.

CATALANO

We struck gold, guys. Let's get these trucks unloaded and get out of here. Mack, Bruno gave the okay for you to get your fair share of the goods.

GORDON pops the trunk and opens all four doors to his vehicle. Several boxes of the whiskey, beer, wine, and cigarettes fill up almost every inch of trunk and car space. CUSUMANO and BLANDO then follow behind CATALANO and SILVIO in the hijacked trucks.

EXT. 10TH STREET AND PASEO BOULEVARD - EARLY MORNING

GORDON has stopped at a rather busy intersection. A police patrol car has also stopped on the opposite side of the intersection. Since his car is full with boxes of stolen goods, he becomes rather nervous. Both vehicles pass one another and GORDON gives one of the PATROLMEN innocent eye contact.

INT. TWELFTH STREET RESIDENCE - AFTERNOON

GORDON sits at a dining room table eating a large bowl of beef stew with a saucer of cornbread. He washes the meal down with a tall glass of frosty lemonade. ALLA MAE sits down with him at the table. Together, they have a sort of business discussion.

GORDON

So, what happened when I was gone?

ALLA MAE

The girls did real good.

GORDON

How much money did they make?

ALLA MAE digs down into her housecoat pocket and hands over a wad of cash to GORDON. He counts through the money quickly.

GORDON (CONT'D)

Three-hundred and fifty bucks ain't bad. What you make from the booze and smokes?

ALLA MAE reaches into the other pocket for another roll of cash. He counts the money with a big smile.

GORDON (CONT'D)

Two-hundred and twenty bucks, not bad for one day's work.

ALLA MAE

Mack, we've got a problem that needs to be taken care of.

GORDON

What problem?

ALLA MAE

The rats.

GORDON

What about the rats?

ALLA MAE

One of the tricks who went upstairs with Lana, he got bit in the ass by one of the rats.

GORDON

How'd that happen?

ALLA MAE

He came here pissy drunk with food spilled all over his clothes. Too bad for him, he had lots of sticky syrup crap smeared all across his ass.

GORDON

I'll get some traps put down in the rooms upstairs.

ALLA MAE

Mack, something else crazy happened when you were gone.

GORDON

Like what, Mae?

ALLA MAE

Kim came here to the house with some colored dude who I thought was a trick. I don't know where she picked up this dude, but I must say that he was one ugly motherfucker. He had scars all over his face, crooked brown teeth, and he stunk real bad. Anyway, he had knife to Kim's back.

GORDON

You ever seen this colored guy before?

ALLA MAE

Never in my life.

GORDON

Why'd he have a knife to Kim's back?

ALLA MAE

He must've knew that Kim worked for you. He brought her back here to confront either you or me.

GORDON

Confront us about what?

ALLA MAE

Said something about your girls cutting into the street action of Doc Davidson's girls.

GORDON

Phillip 'Doc' Davidson, huh?

ALLA MAE

Kim told me that they call him the  
'Godfather of the Kansas City Black  
Mafia'.

GORDON

This nigger thinks he owns the streets  
of KC.

ALLA MAE jumps out of her seat and throws both hands over  
her waist. A very sour look comes upon her face.

ALLA MAE

Excuse me, Mack? You said who thinks  
he owns what?

GORDON

You heard me the first time. I said  
the word 'nigger' and that settles  
that. This is my goddamned house,  
anyway!

ALLA MAE

How would you like for me to call  
your people a buncha potato-picking,  
peckerwood-micks?

GORDON rushes ALLA MAE and grabs her neck in a light  
chokehold. She reaches into the left pocket of her housecoat  
and whips out the straight razor. The blade is pressed  
lightly across the middle of his throat. GORDON doesn't  
move a single muscle in his body.

ALLA MAE (CONT'D)

Do you want me to slice your fucking  
throat until your whole head falls  
off your shoulders?

GORDON

(strained voice)  
Noooooooooooo!

ALLA MAE

If you ever put your hands on me  
again, you'll be one dead white man.  
You got that, Mack?

GORDON

Yeaaaaaaaah!

ALLA MAE slowly pulls the razor away from his throat.

INT. BASEMENT - AFTERNOON

GORDON shows ALLA MAE many boxes of whiskey, beer, wine, and cigarettes from the hijacking mission. He reaches into one particular box and hands her several coupon books from Safeway, Kroger, and Milgram that were found in some of the boxes.

INT. BACK ROOM - AFTERNOON

GORDON sits around a table counting large sums of money. KIM, LANA, and a fully healed LOUISE look on as their pimp separate large bills from small ones. GORDON pays them their fair share for prostituting out on the streets for him.

INT. KCPD HEADQUARTERS - DAY

The thirty-second chief of police for the KCPD, FRANK HUTCHINSON, a robust man in his late forties, with thick black hair and strong facial and bodily features, holds a meeting at the police headquarters with captains, lieutenants, two FBI agents, and several patrolmen. The men of law enforcement are assembled inside of a conference room on the third floor with many charts and modern office equipment.

CHIEF HUTCHINSON points to a large photo of GORDON MCCOYD REYNOLDS that is attached to a chart with his vital criminal statistics.

CHIEF HUTCHINSON

This enchanting face here, is that of Gordon Mccoyd Reynolds, a very well-known procurer along the Twelfth Street strip, and probably other areas of Kansas City. Gordon has over fifty-two criminal convictions, starting as far back as nineteen thirty-two. The crime he committed which brought the eyes of the FBI on him was a nineteen forty-four federal conviction for the possession of OPA ration coupons.

Lieutenant JERRY HAINES waves a noticeable hand signal up towards CHIEF HUTCHINSON.

HAINES

Reynolds is nothing more than a low level pimp who traffics in women. A scumbag who sells flesh for a living. The guy, he never worked a legitimate job in his life, like the filth gangsters who he works for. Let's face it, they're nothing but a detriment to society.



CHIEF HUTCHINSON

Reynolds has several women working the Twelfth Street strip for him. This piece of scum has earned the so-called title of: 'King of the Pimps'.

HAINES

The Twelfth Street strip is a raucous collection of joints known for prostitution and dope peddling.

CHIEF HUTCHINSON

It's like a breeding ground for crime. Ask yourself this, men? What if everybody decided to stop being patrons of the bookie, the dope peddler, the prostitute, the loanshark, or the gambling joints? Would crime completely go out of business?

HAINES

Not a chance. You've got dirtbags like Gordon Reynolds who'll always find women to solicit on the streets for him. Then there's evil geniuses like Bruno Maggadino, who'll run dope and prostitution through those sleaze joints that he has along Twelfth Street.

CHIEF HUTCHINSON flips over a large sheet and introduces the fresh chart of a known Kansas City criminal. He points to the photo of a black man and his criminal statistics.

CHIEF HUTCHINSON

Here you have Phillip 'Doc' Davidson. He calls himself the 'Godfather of the Kansas City Black Mafia. Davidson controls loansharking, gambling, prostitution, burglary and narcotics on the city's east side. Davidson has been arrested twenty times for violent felonies, including armed robbery, burglary, and assault and battery, which includes pistol whipping a seventy-seven year old man.

Lieutenant HAINES points directly up at the chart.

HAINES

The question remains. How do we shut these guys down?

(MORE)

HAINES (CONT'D)

How do we put them out of business?  
Where do we start?

Veteran police patrolman BARRY RANKIN stands up and looks around the conference room at his law enforcement colleagues.

RANKIN

Don't worry, men. We'll come up  
with a solution to rid this city of  
filth like Gordon Reynolds.

INT. TWELFTH STREET RESIDENCE - THIRD FLOOR - DAY

Another black hooker who works for GORDON, LINDA JOHNSON, is in one of the third floor bedrooms, giving one of her WHITE TRICKS a masterful blowjob.

INT. FIRST FLOOR - DAY

More HOOKERS and TRICKS traffic in and out of the house through the back door. ALLA MAE is seen selling some of the TRICKS beer and whiskey, then packaging the liquor in brown paper sacks.

INT. FRONT ROOM - DAY

From seemingly out of nowhere, a thick Coca Cola bottle comes crashing through a window on the east side of the house.

INT. BACK ROOM - DAY

GORDON grabs his Colt revolver out a drawer.

INT. FRONT ROOM - DAY

GORDON peeks out the window while stooped down with the pistol gripped in both hands.

EXT. TWELFTH STREET - DAY

A green Chevy Impala speeds up the street with three WHITE MEN inside.

INT. FRONT ROOM - AGAIN - DAY

ALLA MAE picks up the Coca Cola bottle. She turns it sideways and upside down.

ALLA MAE

Who'd wanna throw a coke bottle  
through the window?

GORDON takes the bottle and looks at the contents inside.

GORDON

Looks like they've written something  
on the little piece of paper in there.

ALLA MAE

Can you get the paper out?

GORDON

Maybe.

GORDON turns the bottle upside down and shakes it repeatedly.  
The rolled up paper refuses to fall out. GORDON finds a  
hammer and bangs on the soda bottle until it breaks open.  
ALLA MAE takes the curled paper and reads the contents.

ALLA MAE

(reads message out  
loud)

Poor white trash, peckerwood bastard!  
Why can't you find a white woman for  
yourself? Poor, ghetto nigger bitch!  
Why can't you find a nigger man for  
yourself? Race-mixing sickens us  
righteous, law-abiding white folks  
to our goddamned stomachs!

ALLA MAE hands the cryptic racial note to GORDON.

ALLA MAE (CONT'D)

Mack, did you get a look at who sped  
up Twelfth Street?

GORDON

Looked like three white men in a  
green Impala.

ALLA MAE

Ku Klux Klan, maybe?

GORDON

Probably some rednecks from a small  
Missouri hick town.

ALLA MAE

What would a buncha racist white men  
want in this colored neighborhood?

GORDON

Who knows?

ALLA MAE

Do you think the note in the bottle  
was just a warning to us?

GORDON

(angrily)

Klan or no Klan, if I ever catch them cruising this neighborhood again, I'll empty this Colt into their heads.

GORDON takes ALLA MAE by the hand and gently pulls her closer to him. The interracial couple engage in a long, passionate kiss.

GORDON (CONT'D)

Mae, I never would've thought in my wildest fantasies that I'd start liking colored women.

ALLA MAE

Really?

GORDON

Before I started being around colored women, I always believed that white women were the nicest, prettiest, smartest, and best-shaped women in the whole wide world. After the first time I kissed and had sex with a colored woman, my thoughts about them changed right away.

ALLA MAE stands on her tiptoes to give GORDON a kiss.

ALLA MAE

Here's what I say, Mack. If two people love one another, then their race shouldn't matter. Love has no color.

GORDON

When a man and his woman lie down next to one another in bed at night, and when all the lights go out, neither one of them can see each other's color.

ALLA MAE

Mack, you and I knew what we were getting ourselves into when we first came together. In fact, you knew what you were getting yourself into when you first had colored women working the streets for you. I'll bet the K.C. cops really started bothering you once they found out that a white man was pimping colored women.

INT. THIRD FLOOR BEDROOM - NIGHT

GORDON and ALLA MAE are in one of the third floor bedrooms having hot passionate sex.

INT. BEDROOM - TWO HOURS LATER - NIGHT

GORDON and ALLA MAE are lying in bed under the sheets and covers. They have rested up after having marathon sex.

ALLA MAE

You might be the pimp around here,  
but even you have to pay if you wanna  
play.

GORDON

Me, pay? That's like asking a rich  
guy to get permission to spend his  
own money.

ALLA MAE

Remember what I told you when we  
first met?

GORDON

Which is?

ALLA MAE

Every man's got a pussy bill.

EXT. TWELFTH STREET - NIGHT

It is Friday night and KIM and LANA work Twelfth Street between Central and Wyandotte Streets in the heart of downtown Kansas City. Two well-dressed BLACK MEN drive up to the curb in a 1958 Ford Galaxy 500. The DRIVER of the car hisses through clenched teeth to get the women's attention.

DRIVER

Hey there, ladies. How's the coffee  
and cream of the evening doing?

KIM and LANA step closer to the curb.

LANA

Doing just fine.

KIM

Doing great.

DRIVER

How would you ladies like to make a  
lot of money tonight?

LANA

Depends.

DRIVER

On what, sugah?

LANA

What we'll have to do.

DRIVER

We're just looking for a good time.

LANA

A good time could mean a blowjob, a good fuck, a long, tight butt screw, or all of them.

DRIVER

Maybe a blowjob, maybe a good fuck.

LANA

That'll be fifty dollars a piece for me and my girlfriend.

The DRIVER pulls out a thick wad of ten- and twenty dollar bills.

DRIVER

Money's no problem, baby.

LANA

All right, where are we going?

DRIVER

I don't know. We're not from around here.

LANA

Where are you from?

DRIVER

Saint Louis, babygirl.

LANA

The Capri Motel over there by Independence Avenue sounds like a good spot. We also have a house at the other end of Twelfth Street.

DRIVER

Then let's go.

KIM and LANA climb into the backseat. The foursome cruise towards the east end of Twelfth Street.

INT. FORD GALAXY - NIGHT

The FRONT SEAT PASSENGER pulls out a Smith and Wesson .38 caliber and points it into the faces of KIM and LANA. The pair of women are scared beyond their senses.

FRONT SEAT PASSENGER  
Listen up, goddammit! Do what we  
tell you, and neither one of y'all  
will get blasted on.

EXT. TENTH STREET - NIGHT

The car makes a sharp left turn and towards a series of tall buildings.

INT. FORD GALAXY - NIGHT

LANA has her head drawn back to keep from being so close to the barrel of the gun.

LANA  
Why're you bringing us to Wayne Miner?

FRONT SEAT PASSENGER  
Cause there's somebody up in one of  
the towers who wants to see you and  
the white girl.

LANA  
For what?

FRONT SEAT PASSENGER  
You'll find out when you get up there.

EXT. WAYNE MINER HOUSING PROJECTS - NIGHT

The four of them arrive in a neighborhood of Kansas City where crime, poverty, hopelessness, and single parent homes are quite common. The FRONT SEAT PASSENGER jerks KIM and LANA out of the car and keeps the gun aimed at their backs. He escorts them across the parking lot of burned-out mattresses and scattered trash.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

KIM and LANA face the door of the elevator, as they ride to the upper floors of the 912 Euclid Building of Wayne Miner Housing Projects. The two women cover their noses since the unbearable stench of urine and defecation have set into the space of the elevator.

INT. DOC DAVIDSON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Both women are forced inside the apartment rented out by PHILLIP 'DOC' DAVIDSON, a tall and lean black man with an immaculately trimmed afro and sideburns and mustache, to compliment his smooth caramel complexion. DOC DAVIDSON forever has his signature mean look on his face.

A feared enforcer and executioner, he lives up to his title as 'Godfather of the Kansas City Black Mafia'. Several minutes after arriving inside the apartment, KIM and LANA are tied up. The DRIVER and FRONT SEAT PASSENGER have pistols pressed to the side of their heads. DOC DAVIDSON gets into their faces with an intimidating snarl.

DOC DAVIDSON

All right, bitches! Tell me what I want to hear, you might leave here alive. Who's got you all working the streets for them?

Neither KIM nor LANA would speak a word.

DOC DAVIDSON (CONT'D)

Speak, goddammit!

Both women choose to remain silent.

DOC DAVIDSON (CONT'D)

Speak or I'm gonna have your brains blown all over this floor.

The pistols are cocked and ready to be fired. In spite of the vicious scare tactics, KIM and LANA insist on remaining quiet.

DOC DAVIDSON (CONT'D)

Still don't wanna talk?

DOC DAVIDSON uses a head signal to his two men. They fully understand the secret code. Both men slip large hunting knives out of their suitjackets. The tip of the blades are poked into the throats of KIM and LANA. Both women tremble profusely with fear, having guns to their heads and knives to their throats.

DOC DAVIDSON (CONT'D)

So, you're gonna die for somebody else?

DOC DAVIDSON snaps his finger and his men open two windows facing the other high rise buildings of Wayne Miner Projects. KIM and LANA are untied and shoved over by the windows.



Like specially trained military operatives, the men grab KIM and LANA by their ankles and hang them upside down right outside the windows. DOC DAVIDSON sticks his head out one of the windows. He gives both women the look of death.

DOC DAVIDSON (CONT'D)

All right, go ahead and drop both of these bitches on their heads.

His men begin to loosen their grip from around their ankles. KIM transmits a look of desperate fear up at DOC DAVIDSON.

KIM

(strained voice)

Mack Reynolds!

DOC DAVIDSON

Mack, huh? I done warned that white-honky-peckerwood to keep his girls out of my girls' territory.

DOC DAVIDSON signals for his men to pull the women back inside the apartment. Grottesquely, there is a large wet ring at the front of KIM'S skirt, and a large brown ring covering the backside part of LANA'S skirt. This indicates that both women have respectively urinated and defecated on themselves. They tremble excessively from fear. DOC DAVIDSON steps up and puts both of them into a very light chokehold.

DOC DAVIDSON (CONT'D)

Mack Reynolds thinks I'm stupid. I know that he's running that good time-whore house at the east end of Twelfth Street. Some skanky colored bitch named Mae is helping him run that house. Am I right?

LANA

Yes.

DOC DAVIDSON

What's wrong, you two bitches scared of your pimp?

KIM

No, we're not scared of Mack.

DOC DAVIDSON

Here's the message that I want you two half-pint hookers to deliver to your pimp. You tell that honky-Mick-motherfucker that Doc Davidson said that if he doesn't keep his girls out of my street territory, that I'm

(MORE)

DOC DAVIDSON (CONT'D)  
gonna shoot him in one eye and stab  
him in the other. You got that?

KIM and LANA nod in total agreement.

DOC DAVIDSON (CONT'D)  
Now, you can go. Get out of those  
pissy and shitty drawers and into  
some clean ones.

EXT. JOPLIN, MISSOURI RESIDENCE - DAY

GORDON knocks on the door of a two-story residence in a well-kept neighborhood of Joplin, Missouri. A slender and attractive white woman in her middle forties, THELMA REYNOLDS, answers the door with her mouth gaped wide open in astonishment.

THELMA  
Mack? Where've you been all these  
years?

GORDON  
In Kansas City.

THELMA  
How'd you find us?

GORDON  
My sister Doris.

INT. THELMA REYNOLDS RESIDENCE - DAY

GORDON sits on the sofa as THELMA takes a seat in a plush chair across the room. THELMA is GORDON'S ex-wife from years ago and also the mother of his two children. They remain silent while glancing at one another from across the room.

THELMA  
Mack, what's the real reason why you  
came to Joplin?

GORDON  
To check on you and the kids.

THELMA  
Why show up now? You think I'm a  
stupid woman, don't you?

GORDON  
What's that supposed to mean?

THELMA

You're down there in Kansas City  
living the gangster lifestyle.

GORDON

Who told you that?

THELMA

What happened to the Mack Reynolds  
that I once knew?

GORDON

(very sympathetically)

Thelma, I'm sorry for running out on  
you and the kids. I couldn't look  
myself in the mirror after I left  
you all behind.

THELMA

Many days and nights I wondered if  
you even cared whether we had food  
to put in our mouths, clothes on our  
backs, or a roof over our heads.

GORDON

Thelma, honey, I'm sorry.

THELMA

I've also been told that you've got  
yourself a colored woman.

GORDON

Who told you that?

THELMA

Never mind. You and I both know  
that whites and coloreds don't belong  
together.

GORDON

Says who?

THELMA

So, Mack, what's her name?

GORDON

Alla Mae Briggs, but everybody calls  
her Mae.

THELMA

The Ku Klux Klan won't hesitate to  
lynch a white man and a colored woman  
for being together. Missouri is a  
very racist state.

(MORE)

## THELMA (CONT'D)

Look at what they did to that little colored boy down in Mississippi back in the fifties for whistling at that white woman.

GORDON shakes his head in silence. His two children, fifteen year old MONICA, and thirteen year old BUTCH, walk into the house carrying their schoolbooks. GORDON jumps out of his seat and sweeps MONICA off her feet.

GORDON

Monica? Sweetheart, is that you?

MONICA

Yes, Dad, it's me.

GORDON pulls BUTCH under his arm.

GORDON

Butch? Son, is that you?

BUTCH

It's me, dad.

GORDON

How're you two doing in school?

MONICA

Great. I made five A's and one B on my last report card.

GORDON

That's my girl! Dad's so proud of you.

MONICA

Thanks, Dad.

BUTCH

I got three A's, two B's, and one C.

GORDON

What was the C in?

BUTCH

Math.

GORDON

Maybe you can get someone to tutor you in math.

GORDON reaches into his pocket and pulls out a wad of cash. He hands over twenty dollars a piece to MONICA and BUTCH.

MONICA

Thanks, Dad.

BUTCH

Yeah, thanks a lot dad.

MONICA and BUTCH run to their rooms in jubilation.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

GORDON and THELMA stand under a large shade tree speaking to one another in a low voice.

THELMA

Fine time to show up and try to be a father. Your children have to eat everyday, have clean clothes on their backs, and somewhere to stay.

GORDON

Thelma, maybe I never knew how to be a real father. I admit that I'm restless, that I'm troubled, and that I'm confused. I guess that I'm of no real use to you and the kids.

THELMA

Do yourself a favor, Mack.

GORDON

What would that be?

THELMA

If you decide to come back and visit Monica and Butch, just don't make it every ten years.

GORDON

I won't. Say goodbye to the kids for me.

GORDON gets inside his car and drives off.

INT. BETHEL A.M.E. BAPTIST CHURCH - DAY

ALLA MAE and her younger sister, JACQUELINE BRIGGS-WYLIE, sit next to one another inside of a packed church listening to a powerhouse sermon from their father, the REVEREND POMPEII BRIGGS. ALLA MAE leans over to whisper to her sister.

ALLA MAE

Hey, Jackie, guess what, girl?

JACQUELINE

What, girl?

ALLA MAE

I met this man.

JACQUELINE

What man?

ALLA MAE

His name's Gordon Mccoyd Reynolds.

JACQUELINE

Colored man or white man?

ALLA MAE

He's an Irish white man.

JACQUELINE

Where'd you meet this Gordon?

ALLA MAE

Where else, out on the streets?

JACQUELINE

Is he a hustler?

ALLA MAE

To his core. He's into women, dope, liquor, and cigarettes.

JACQUELINE

Let's listen to daddy's sermon.

More people come into the already packed church. The REVEREND POMPEII BRIGGS, a man of medium height, with a shiny black complexion and strong afrocentric features, stands at the podium in the pulpit delivering his moving sermon. REVEREND BRIGGS is more than forty-five minutes into his sermon.

REVEREND BRIGGS

(very loud voice)

These womenfolk. You don't think enough of yourself to not sell your body to every Tom, Joe, Larry, and Billy? Don't you know that your body is a sacred vessel from God?

ALLA MAE looks up at her father with glossy eyes of embarrassment.

REVEREND BRIGGS (CONT'D)

Every time you lay with strange men, you're transferring those evil spirits from those men straight into you. If they've got demonic spirits in them, then guess what? You're gonna have demonic spirits.

MEMBERS OF CONGREGATION  
 (in perfect unison)  
 Yes it will, reverend!

REVEREND BRIGGS looks down into the full congregation with disappointed eyes, since he knows that his eldest daughter has been involved with many facets of prostitution.

REVEREND BRIGGS  
 Women, your body is precious. For big amounts of money, or for even small amounts of money, don't sell your bodies to these whoremongers.

MEMBERS OF CONGREGATION  
 Preach, reverend, preach!

REVEREND BRIGGS  
 Children, don't play with sin.

INT. BETHEL BAPTIST CHURCH - HALF-HOUR LATER - DAY

People have poured out of the church to the point where the sanctuary is almost empty. REVEREND BRIGGS and his wife, IDELLA BRIGGS-JOHNSON, approach their daughters from the right side of the church.

ALLA MAE  
 Hello, Mama and Daddy.

REVEREND BRIGGS  
 How're you, Mae?

ALLA MAE  
 I'm fine, daddy.

IDELLA  
 Are you sure you're fine?

ALLA MAE  
 Yes, Mama, I'm fine.

REVEREND BRIGGS looks at his daughter JACQUELINE and smiles.

REVEREND BRIGGS  
 Jackie, can me and your mother have a word with your sister in privacy?

JACQUELINE  
 Sure, daddy.

REVEREND BRIGGS escorts his wife and daughter to the front bench.

REVEREND BRIGGS

Mae, honey, it's time for you to come in and stop what you're doing.

ALLA MAE

Daddy, I do what I do and that's not about to change no time soon. Right now, the streets are where I belong.

REVEREND BRIGGS

Is hell where you belong, too? Baby, them streets are nothing but the Devil's playground. There's nothing but death out there. Do you want to send your soul to hell all because you wanna live for the streets instead of for God?

ALLA MAE

Well, to answer your question, right now, I prefer to live for the streets.

IDELLA slaps her daughter on the leg.

IDELLA

Mae, whoring around in them streets is gonna cause you to burn in hell for all of eternity.

ALLA MAE

Mama, I'm a grown woman, and I can take care of myself. If I wanna burn in hell forever, then that's my business.

IDELLA

Did you listen to your daddy's sermon?

REVEREND BRIGGS

Mae, people been coming back to me and telling me that you out there messing around with them white menfolks.

ALLA MAE

White menfolks is the only type that I fool with, and they treat you way better than colored menfolks. Gordon Reynolds is the white man who I found and he's been real good to me.

REVEREND BRIGGS

Watch yourself, Mae. The Klan see y'all together, they gone do something terrible to the both of you.



ALLA MAE

Him being white, and me being colored,  
it really don't matter to me.

REVEREND BRIGGS

It sho nuff matters to them white  
menfolks wearing them white robes  
and white hoods on they heads. Don't  
you know it's against the law for  
coloreds and whites to mix together?

ALLA MAE

Things like that don't scare me.

REVEREND BRIGGS throws his arm around ALLA MAE and kisses  
her on the cheek.

REVEREND BRIGGS

Mae, your mother and I love you very  
much. We're going to be praying  
harder than ever for you.

ALLA MAE

Thank you, daddy.

As ALLA MAE walks out the church with her back turned, her  
parents look at her with the saddest expressions.

INT. FLORA AVENUE - DAY

ALLA MAE decides to pay her two children a visit after several  
months of being absent from them. The owner of the residence,  
ANNABELLE FRESSINEAU, brings the children in the front room.  
Her five year old son, WILLIAM, runs up to greet his mother.

WILLIAM

Mama!

ALLA MAE

How's mama's baby doing?

WILLIAM

Fine.

Her three year old daughter, FRANCINE, runs up and hugs her  
mother.

FRANCINE

Hi mama.

ALLA MAE

Hi Fracine. What have mama's babies  
been doing?

WILLIAM

Coloring in our coloring books.

ALLA MAE

Boy, that sounds fun, William.  
Francine, you been coloring, too?

FRANCINE

Yes ma'am.

INT. BACK ROOM - DAY

The owner and caretaker of the home, ANNABELLE, a short and heavyset woman with a fair complexion, briefly talks with ALLA MAE.

ANNABELLE

Mae, I thought you'd like to know.  
You know that I don't mind watching  
William and Francine for you, but  
those snooty white folks gonna know  
that I've been keeping your children.  
People talk, Mae, and those white  
folks gone find out what you and  
that white man doing at that house.

ALLA MAE

Annabelle, thanks for watching my  
son and daughter for me. I'm not  
out on the streets like I used to  
be.

ANNABELLE

What're you doing for yourself?

ALLA MAE

Helping this Irish white man run a  
good time-whore house down at the  
north end.

ANNABELLE digs into the pocket of her housecoat and hands  
ALLA MAE six square pieces of white paper with Biblical seals  
written in dark red ink.

ALLA MAE (CONT'D)

Are these those Holy Seals?

ANNABELLE

They sure are. Even in the middle  
of your wrongdoing, Mae, God is still  
watching over you.

ALLA MAE

I know that he is.

ALLA MAE shoves her hand down into her bra and pulls out two twenty dollar bills.

ALLA MAE (CONT'D)

Take this money, Annabelle. I do truly appreciate you watching William and Francine for me.

INT. TWELFTH STREET RESIDENCE - DAY

GORDON paces back and forth after he slips into one of his rages. He has learned that KIM and LANA were humiliated and assaulted by DOC DAVIDSON and his BLACK MAFIA SOLDIERS. ALLA MAE watches his every move, as he has broken out into a serious sweat.

ALLA MAE

Mack, honey, why don't you try and calm down.

GORDON

Calm down? That goddamned nig-.

ALLA MAE throws up a commanding hand signal.

ALLA MAE

Mack, don't you say that word.

GORDON

This Doc Davidson, do you know what he and his men did to Kim and Lana?

ALLA MAE

No, what'd he do?

GORDON

The bastard, he had two guys snatch them off the streets and took them to one of them apartments up in Wayne Miner.

ALLA MAE

For what?

GORDON

Once he got them up in there, his boys put pistols and knives up to them.

ALLA MAE

And the reason being?

GORDON

Doc Davidson claims that my girls are interrupting his girls' business right there on Twelfth Street. They hung Kim and Lana upside down out of some windows. You wanna know the most embarrassing part?

ALLA MAE

What?

GORDON

Kim and Lana pissed and shitted on themselves.

ALLA MAE

Yuck!

GORDON

Yeah, that's what I said.

ALLA MAE

Now I see why they haven't been around for a few days.

GORDON

Something's gotta be done about this Doc Davidson. He's taking me for some softie ass white man who'll take shit from a colored man. Well, this motherfucker is in for the surprise of his life.

ALLA MAE

How're you gonna handle the situation?

GORDON slides out his .45 Colt from the back of his pants.

GORDON

Match him bullet for bullet. He fires at me, I fire right back at him. He wants me dead, I want him more dead. Anybody hurts my girls, they'll have to answer to me.

RUFUS walks into the house with a Smith and Wesson wedged on the side of his pants.

RUFUS

Mack, I came as soon as you called.

GORDON

Good, Rufus.

(MORE)

GORDON (CONT'D)

Doc Davidson needs some hot lead pumped into his ass to make him straighten up. This shithead nig-.

ALLA MAE steps up and pinches GORDON on the arm.

ALLA MAE

Gordon, don't you say that word. If you call one of us that word, you're calling all of us that word.

GORDON

(heartfelt apology)  
Mae, I'm sorry.

ALLA MAE

Now, give me a kiss.

GORDON bends down to give the tiny ALLA MAE a big kiss.

INT. THE KANSAS CITY SHAKE HOUSE - AFTERNOON

GORDON receives a friendly summons from feared Kansas City gangster BRUNO "THE RAT" MAGGADINO. MAGGADINO decides to switch locations for another one of his secretive meetings. A meeting with GORDON, CATALANO, BLANDO, and CUSUMANO takes place in the office of another one of his strips clubs there on Twelfth Street, the very profitable Kansas City Shake House. They sit quietly in the office.

INT. CLUB OFFICE - TWENTY MINUTES LATER - AFTERNOON

GORDON and MAGGADINO'S HENCHMEN have waited patiently inside the office of his strip club. The squeaking sounds of door hinges gets their attention. MAGGADINO and one of his very attractive STRIPTease GIRLS comes out of an adjoining room. MAGGADINO zips up his pants while the STRIPTease GIRL wipes her mouth. She leaves the office so business can be conducted. MAGGADINO fires up a cigar and pours himself a drink.

MAGGADINO

It seems like when one problem goes away, another problem's there to take its place.

CATALANO

What's your latest problem, Bruno?

MAGGADINO

Two punks who think they can steal from me and get away with it.

(MORE)

MAGGADINO (CONT'D)

Somebody steals from me, they won't live long enough to enjoy the stolen fruits of their labor.

CATALANO

Who're we talking about, Bruno?

MAGGADINO

Jerry Burster and Lenny Shanahan.

CATALANO

The two guys you hired to grab the jewels?

MAGGADINO

That's them.

CATALANO

What exactly did they do?

MAGGADINO

You know my garage over there on Fifth and Monroe?

CATALANO

Been there many times.

MAGGADINO

Bruster and Shanahan stole about twenty grand in jewels from me. As a part of our agreement, they'd get about five grand's worth for the legwork, and I would take the rest. These two peckerwood dumb-dumbs had the iron-cast balls to break into my garage and steal all twenty grand's worth of the jewels.

CATALANO

Do you know for sure it was them?

MAGGADINO

A million percent sure. My watchdogs described Bruster and Shanahan from head-to-toe.

CATALANO

Didn't those two *cazzus* know that nobody steals from Bruno Maggadino?

MAGGADINO

(violent outburst)

Nobody fucking steals from me!

(MORE)

MAGGADINO (CONT'D)

I want both Bruster and Shanahan dead. In the end, I want them in the bottom of the fucking Missouri River.

CATALANO

Why don't we go back to the old days and send them away with cement shoes?

MAGGADINO

(snaps his finger)

Great idea, Tony. I know just the place where I can get some ready-to-mix bags of cement.

MAGGADINO averts his killer eyes over to GORDON.

MAGGADINO (CONT'D)

Mack, you're pretty good at breaking a few arms and legs and heads. I'm gonna need you to help us when we go after Bruster and Shanahan.

GORDON

Bruno, whaddaya need for me to do?

MAGGADINO

To go along with Tony, Vito, and Frankie when they snatch up Bruster and Shanahan.

GORDON

I'm definitely in, Bruno. Just keep me posted when you're ready to make your move.

MAGGADINO

It'll be in the next couple'a days. My watchdogs need to stake out their schedules before we make our move on them.

GORDON

I'll be waiting on your call.

INT. TWELFTH STREET RESIDENCE - EVENING

ALLA MAE goes all through the first floor placing Biblical seals in the windows.

INT. FRONT ROOM - EVENING

GORDON jumps in front of ALLA MAE before she can place another Biblical seal in the last two windows on the first floor.

GORDON

Mae, what on Earth's name are you doing?

ALLA MAE

Putting protective seals in the windows.

GORDON

For what?

ALLA MAE

Protection for this house.

GORDON

Protection from what?

ALLA MAE

In The Bible, seals were created to ward off evil spirits and bring good luck. This house needs all the protection it can get.

GORDON

Don't go bringing that voodoo hoodoo crap into this house.

ALLA MAE

I won't.

INT. BACKDOOR - EVENING

KIM, LANA, and LOUISE come in through the back door with their three separate TRICKS. Two more of the HOOKERS who work for GORDON are leaving out the back door with their TRICKS. ALLA MAE is seen selling whiskey and cigarettes to several CUSTOMERS there at the door.

INT. SAFEWAY GROCERY STORE - DAY

GORDON and ALLA MAE are inside a local Safeway Wholesale Grocers store shopping for much needed food items. The couple decides to use the Gold Bond food coupons found in some of the boxes during the hijacking mission. The shopping carts and shelves and overall makeup of the store are what's to be expected during the early 1960s.

Ninety-nine percent of the shoppers inside Safeway are white. ALLA MAE pushes her cart down the canned goods aisle and works hard to avoid hitting the white shoppers who refuse to get out of her way. Many of them make grunting noises and showcase their twisted faces at ALLA MAE. GORDON is behind her studying their very hostile demeanors.



ALLA MAE pushes the cart over to the meat section. She dumps ground beef, ground chuck, sausages, and a big ham into the cart. A WHITE WOMAN rushes down the meat aisle and crashes into the side of ALLA MAE's cart. She scoops up a ham, gives ALLA MAE a mean stare, and then rushes over into the next aisle.

ALLA MAE

Mack, did you see what she just did?

GORDON

I sure did, Mae.

ALLA MAE

Somebody needs to teach that pale face heifer some manners. Bitch!

GORDON

Mae, calm down.

ALLA MAE pushes the cart over to the produce section. She inspects a few of the red potatoes before dropping them into the cart. She is swide swiped by a WHITE MAN who chants the word 'nigger' in a low, but quite detectable voice. The cart handled by ALLA MAE punctures her on the side after the WHITE MAN'S disrespectful gesture.

ALLA MAE

Ouch! Dammit, he didn't even say excuse me.

ALLA MAE pampers her side from the slight pain. The WHITE MAN looks back at her with an expression no remorse.

WHITE MAN

(hisses through  
clenched teeth)

I don't apologize to niggers!

GORDON hears his exact racist words towards ALLA MAE and pursues him further down the aisle. He catches up with him and wraps both of his powerful hands around his neck. The WHITE MAN is lifted up off the ground and held in mid-air. GORDON squeezes tighter and tighter until his breathing circulation is almost completely cut off. His eyes begin to bulge from his head and mucous runs over his upper lip.

GORDON

(brutal warning)

Look, you redneck son of a bitch!  
You ever hit my woman with another  
grocery basket, I'll cut your balls  
off and feed them to you.

(MORE)

GORDON (CONT'D)

Then, I'll stick your ass in the bottom of the Missouri River. Have I made myself clear, boy?

GORDON releases the chokehold. The WHITE MAN fights hard to resume normal breathing. His face is beet red.

WHITE MAN

Yes sir! Yes sir!

He leaves the shopping cart in the aisle and runs out of the store gasping for air.

INT. CHECKOUT LINE - MINUTES LATER - DAY

GORDON and ALLA MAE have come to the checkout line with a full cart of groceries. The WHITE CUSTOMERS in front of them and behind them continue to display their hostile attitudes towards the interracial couple. GORDON and ALLA MAE move up in the line and place their grocery items on the counter.

ALLA MAE reaches down into her purse and pulls out a book of Gold Bond stamps. The CASHIER, who is a tall and slender blonde white woman, gives ALLA MAE a very distasteful look.

CASHIER

Ma'am, how do you plan on paying for all of this?

ALLA MAE

With Gold Bond stamps.

CASHIER

Where'd you get all of those stamps?

GORDON steps in front of ALLA MAE and gives the CASHIER intimidating eye contact.

GORDON

You let us worry about that. You should be thankful that we're able to pay for all this food, so that you can stand at that cash register and ring it all up. Understand?

CASHIER

It's just that I've never seen anyone with that many Gold Bond stamps, especially no-.

GORDON quickly cuts her off.

GORDON  
Colored woman?

The CASHIER remains quiet and rings up their total. On the way out of Safeway, GORDON and ALLA MAE notice the many WHITE CUSTOMERS coming and leaving the store whispering to one another and making obscene gestures at them.

EXT. WORNALL ROAD - NIGHT

It is Saturday night in Kansas City. GORDON trails GERRY BRUSTER in his Bel Air along the south end of Wornall Road, in the historic Waldo area of the city. The three MAGGADINO HENCHMEN are in the front and backseat. GERRY continues his drive through Waldo, with GORDON cruising at about five car lengths behind him.

EXT. GRANDVIEW - NIGHT

GERRY parks his car in the driveway of a residence at 119th and Bennington Avenue in the Grandview area of the city.

INT. GORDON'S CAR - NIGHT

GORDON and the other three watch as GERRY approaches the unknown residence.

GORDON  
If we're gonna make our move, we'd  
better make it now.

CATALANO notices a woman answering the front door.

CATALANO  
Wait! That must be his side piece  
of ass.

The WOMAN greets GERRY with a kiss. He returns to his car and unlocks the trunk for a couple of brown sacks. GORDON and the others quickly emerge from his car. Cunningly, GORDON runs up on GERRY and hits him in the back of his head with a blackjack.

CATALANO, CUSUMANO, and BLANDO wrap several layers of duct tape around his mouth, hands, and legs. The four of them lift him up and dump him inside his trunk. The trunk is quietly closed. CUSUMANO jumps inside GERRY'S car and follows directly behind GORDON.

EXT. RIVER QUAY DISTRICT - NIGHT

GORDON and CUSUMANO cruise down East 3rd Street at the far north end of the River Quay area of the city. Both cars turn right and they spot LENNY SHANAHAN coming out of Carollo's Italian Ristorante carrying two large white sacks.

LENNY gets into his car and drives southbound out Main Street.

EXT. WESTPORT DISTRICT - NIGHT

LENNY has driven to the popular nightclub and bar district of Westport. He parks his car behind a popular drinking establishment. GORDON and CUSUMANO slowly swerve into the parking lot where there is very poor lighting. They put the cars into park while keeping the engine running.

While LENNY locks up his car, CUSUMANO sneaks up and punches him hard in the face. CUSUMANO and CATALANO and BLANDO wrap several layers of duct tape over his mouth and around his hands and legs. The trio lift him up and dump him into the trunk of GORDON'S car. GORDON and CUSUMANO speed off through the dark parking lot and onto a main street.

INT. WAREHOUSE BASEMENT - NIGHT

MAGGADINO fires up a fat cigar in the semi-lit basement of a warehouse in the West Bottoms section of the city. He looks on at GERRY and LENNY, whose hands and feet have been tied to sturdy wooden chairs. A pair of battery starter cables are attached to their testicles. The cables run from inside their pants and underwear and over to a motor generator device, which produces powerful electrical voltage power into the cables.

MAGGADINO takes very strong puffs off his cigar. He displays the ultimate act of disrespect by pressing the fire end of the cigar into their faces. Large red blisters puff up from their skin within seconds. MAGGADINO snatches the duct tape off their faces.

MAGGADINO

What cha say there, fellas?

GERRY

(painfully)

Shit, Bruno, what the hell's going on?

MAGGADINO

Haven't you a clue, Gerry?

GERRY

No, Bruno, I don't.

MAGGADINO

You stole from me. And when somebody steals from me, that's worse than taking my manhood away from me. Do I look some retarded faggot to you?

GERRY

Never, Bruno, never.

MAGGADINO

You and your friend Lenny treated me softer than toilet paper that's used to wipe your ass with. Do I look like shit paper to you?

GERRY

No way, Bruno.

MAGGADINO

Then why did you steal the jewels out of my garage?

GERRY

Jewels? What jewels?

MAGGADINO

The jewels that I stashed in my garage on Fifth and Monroe.

GERRY

Lenny and I would never steal from you, Bruno. Would we, Lenny?

LENNY turns his head sideways to look over at GERRY.

LENNY

That's right, Gerry. We'd never steal from Bruno.

MAGGADINO bends forward and spits in their faces.

MAGGADINO

(violent outburst)

Lying bastards! I gave you five grand from that score, and this is how you show your appreciation? See, what you didn't realize is that my garage is being looked at by my watchdogs every minute, of every hour, of every day. And my watchdogs described you from head-to-toe.

LENNY

We've been mistaken for someone else.

MAGGADINO slaps LENNY across the face.

MAGGADINO

Shithead liar!

(MORE)

MAGGADINO (CONT'D)

You and Gerry were the only two who knew those jewels were in there. Go ahead and confess and take your punishment like real men.

LENNY

Listen to me, Bruno. You'd be the last person on Earth who we'd steal from. Look, I have an old lady and kids. Please let me live to see my kids grow up and finish high school, go to college, get married, and have kids of their own.

MAGGADINO

You maggot motherfucker! Were you thinking about all of that when you stole my jewels out of the garage? We Italians have this thing about people who steal from us. We'd rather take an iron pole up the shithole than have somebody steal from us.

LENNY

Bruno, please give us another chance.

MAGGADINO

Sorry, but your fate has already been sealed.

MAGGADINO snaps his finger and points over to CATALANO. He turns a few knobs on the motor generator. High voltages of power run through the battery cables and straight to the tender testicles of GERRY and LENNY. Judging by their facial expressions, their screams, and their moans and groans, the both of them are in excruciating pain.

MAGGADINO snaps his finger again and points to GORDON, CUSUMANO and BLANDO. GORDON and CUSUMANO snatch up baseball bats from the floor. They waste no time swinging wildly at the chests of GERRY and LENNY. The hard wooden bat swung by GORDON breaks a couple of GERRY'S ribs. BLANDO slips on a pair of brass knuckles and delivers severe blows to their faces. Within less than two minutes, both of their eyes are shut, and deep lacerations cover most of their faces. Three of LENNY'S front teeth fall to the floor.

MAGGADINO once again snaps his finger at GORDON and CATALANO as though they knew the routine that he'd outlined earlier. They disappear for just over a minute and return with four large buckets filled with freshly mixed concrete, water, and a yellow pasty substance. CUSUMANO steps up and drops pieces of scrap iron and steel into the buckets for extra dead weight.

GERRY and LENNY'S feet are placed firmly inside all four buckets. MAGGADINO moves in closer and blows a long stream of cigar smoke into their faces.

MAGGADINO (CONT'D)

So long, Gerry and Lenny. We'll be back in a few days to dump you two in the river.

INT. TWELFTH STREET RESIDENCE - DAY

GORDON and ALLA MAE sit comfortably on the sofa watching an episode of the *The Untouchables*, which features a story surrounding Kansas City gangsters, on the brand new Motorola television that they recently purchased. The exchange of machine gun fire races across the black and white screen.

ALLA MAE

Mack, what makes gangsters from Prohibition different from the gangsters here in the early nineteen sixties?

GORDON

The gangsters back then were bolder, smarter, crazier, and some of them were even outright insane. The gangster of today, whether they're Italians, Irish, Jewish, or Colored, they make their moves without thinking first.

ALLA MAE

Mack, have you ever killed anybody?

GORDON

(hesitantly)  
No...Mae...I've never killed anybody.

ALLA MAE

Have you, yourself, ever been shot at or stabbed?

GORDON

I've been shot at many times. When my enemies saw my Colt forty-five, they decided to end the gun battle.

ALLA MAE pushes herself off the sofa and turns off the television.

ALLA MAE

Mack, since we've got this new stereo console, let's listen to some music.

GORDON

Music sounds good to me.

ALLA MAE

All right, I'll find something nice  
and slow that you and I can dance  
to.

She shuffles through an assortment of vinyl records and comes across a forty-five of the Ray Charles classic: *I Can't Stop Loving You*. ALLA MAE places the needle on the record and moves over to GORDON in the sexiest way. The couple begin to dance and drift into a seductive dream world. A hard bold knock is heard at the front door. ALLA MAE stops the music and GORDON peeks around the corner to see who is at the front door.

GORDON

What the hell do they want?

ALLA MAE

Who is it, Mack?

GORDON

It's the goddamned cops! Those  
bastards just don't let up.

ALLA MAE

We better see what they want.

GORDON

Yeah, let's see what they're trying  
to accuse us of now.

GORDON and ALLA MAE glance at the front door and immediately recognize Patrol Officers BARRY RANKIN and MICHAEL STRICKLER. Patrolman RANKIN taps on the screendoor with his billyclub. GORDON cracks the door about halfway.

GORDON (CONT'D)

Can I help you gentleman?

RANKIN

In fact, you can. Gordon Mccoyd  
Reynolds, we'd like to know what you  
and this colored woman are doing at  
this residence here on Twelfth Street.

GORDON

That's none of your business.

RANKIN

Look, buddy, we're making it our  
business.



GORDON

(furiously)

All right, what the fuck do you two  
redneck cops want with me and Mae?

RANKIN and STRICKLER shove their way into the residence.  
Both patrolmen place firm grips around their service  
revolvers. RANKIN looks around with eyes of suspicion.

RANKIN

Nice place. All of this stuff in  
here must've cost a fortune. Where'd  
you get the money?

GORDON

(sarcastically)

Selling chocolate chip cookies door-  
to-door.

RANKIN

Very funny.

ALLA MAE moves closer to GORDON and places her arm around  
his waist.

RANKIN (CONT'D)

Good day to you, Miss Alla Mae Briggs.

ALLA MAE

That's Mrs. Alla Mae Reynolds to  
you.

RANKIN

Oh, two are married, huh?

ALLA MAE

That's right, and we're very happy  
together.

RANKIN

A nigger woman and a poor white trash  
man. The both of you are nothing  
but criminals, who are poor and  
uneducated lowlifes. You're two  
lowdown scoundrels who deserve each  
other.

GORDON steps up and points his finger right in the face of  
RANKIN. He balls up his fist with his other hand as though  
he wants to punch the patrolman. RANKIN gradually slides  
his weapon halfway out of the holster.

GORDON

You're nothing but poor white trash  
with a badge and a gun.

RANKIN

The two of yous are married, so you say? Well, here's what the law says. The United States Supreme Court enacted anti-miscegenation laws a long time ago.

ALLA MAE

Miscegenation laws?

RANKIN

In case you need me to brief you, these are laws which forbid and disapprove of the mixing of the white and the colored races through marriage, cohabitation, sexual relations, or the procreation in many states throughout this country.

ALLA MAE

Thanks for that lesson in American Constitutional Laws. I'd like to ask you some very serious questions.

RANKIN

Go right ahead.

ALLA MAE

Did the laws back in slavery times forbid white men from raping colored women? Did the laws back then forbid the same white men from impregnating the colored women with mixed-race, mulatto children? From allowing white men the luxury of having sex with both their wives and the colored slave women they owned?

RANKIN

This is nineteen sixty-two, and things have changed drastically since slavery times.

ALLA MAE

You see, we colored people have learned some things about you white people over the years.

RANKIN

Which is?

ALLA MAE

Whenever something doesn't suit the white man's agenda, then he's totally,  
(MORE)

ALLA MAE (CONT'D)  
absolutely against it. Whenever someone disrupts the white power structure, even other white people, the white man throws them in jail or just outright kills them. Before a white man relinquishes power, he'll kill his own mother and father, his own wife and children, and even his ownself. How well do you know history, Patrolman Rankin?

RANKIN  
I took courses in history in high school and in college.

ALLA MAE  
Did you know that George Washington owned over three-hundred slaves?

RANKIN  
I knew that.

ALLA MAE  
Did you know that Thomas Jefferson's mistress was a colored woman whom he had several mixed-race children with?

RANKIN  
I knew that, too.

ALLA MAE  
Then please tell me, why are white people so against the coloreds and the whites marrying and having children?

RANKIN  
It's illegal and it's immoral.

ALLA MAE  
For who? The ones who do it or the ones who can't benefit from it? Look, I didn't make it out of high school, but I still consider myself a very intelligent woman.

RANKIN  
But that still doesn't make it right.

ALLA MAE  
There's something that I want you to tell me.

RANKIN

And what would that be?

ALLA MAE

You two men patrol this area all the time. Of course, I had an encounter with you all several months back. Why is it that the colored women who work the streets seem to always have white men as their tricks?

RANKIN

That I cannot answer.

ALLA MAE

I'll answer it for you. There's a certain mystique that colored women carry about themselves that drives you white men insane. The same can be said about colored men when it comes to white women. It's not just their succulent brown or black skin, or their luscious, curvy bodies, or the fact that their sex appeal is second to none. It's their intellect and their mannerism that lots of white men can't find in their white girlfriends or wives. I'm not saying that white women aren't desirable or intelligent, but the contrast in skin color and their way of thinking is what draws white men to colored women.

GORDON wildly shakes his head in total agreement.

RANKIN

I disagree with everything you just said. When white men are done having sex with the colored women, they return home to their white wives and children. I've been working the streets long enough to know that. Colored women are only objects of desire for them. Most of them know that their families will disown them and throw them to the wolves if they are to be found having sex with colored men or women. Little do you know that you and your white pimp right here are living dangerously by being together. The state of Missouri acknowledges the anti-miscegenation laws. Your freedom and lives are at stake here.

GORDON once again approaches RANKIN with a finger in his face.

GORDON  
You listen up, punk. First of all,  
I'm not her pimp. I don't know why  
you're in my house in the first place.

RANKIN  
It's just a matter of time before we  
make a big bust on you two.

GORDON  
I'm sure you and the police chief  
and all the others live for that  
day.

RANKIN  
(nods head)  
Good day to you two.

RANKIN and STRICKLER walk peacefully out of the house. GORDON pulls ALLA MAE closer and gives her a bursting kiss.

GORDON  
Dam, Mae! I thought I'd never live  
to see the day when a colored woman  
tells off a white man, especially a  
white man who's the law.

ALLA MAE  
I gave him a piece of my mind, along  
with some of my book knowledge.

GORDON looks out the window and notices a green Chevy Impala driving up Twelfth Street. There are three white men inside.

GORDON  
Well, whaddaya know.

ALLA MAE  
What is it, Mack?

GORDON  
Remember the green Impala that sped  
up the street the same day that the  
Coke bottle came crashing through  
the window?

ALLA MAE  
I remember.

GORDON  
It just drove up Twelfth Street.

ALLA MAE

You don't say.

EXT. ASB BRIDGE - NIGHT

Two cars that are driven by MAGGADINO and GORDON are parked in a grassy area near the ASB Bridge, which stretches about three city blocks. GORDON and CATALANO pull GERRY'S brutalized body out of the trunk of GORDON'S car. CUSUMANO and BLANDO pull LENNY out of the trunk of MAGGADINO'S black Cadillac.

The cement inside the four buckets covering part of their legs and feet has hardened to a rock solid form. GORDON and CATALANO swing the body of GERRY like a jump rope. GERRY is thrown into the Missouri River while he is still alive and makes a big splash. CUSUMANO and BLANDO sling the body of LENNY into the Missouri River seconds later.

The dead weight of the heavy cement buckets causes their bodies to float to the very bottom of the river. GORDON and MAGGADINO and the others look out at the river, as many bubbles float to the surface.

MAGGADINO

It's a hundred percent certain that Gerry and Lenny won't be heard from again.

GORDON

The Missouri River is like a cemetery that stretches for many miles.

MAGGADINO

C'mon, fellas, let's get the hell out of here.

INT. TROOST AVENUE AND FIFTH STREET - DAY

MAGGADINO meets with the reigning vice lord of the Kansas City Mafia Outfit, SALVATORE DECARLO, a man with an even olive complexion, a slender, hooked nose, and thin build. Both men relax in DECARLO'S office with lit cigars and glasses of whiskey.

DECARLO

Bruno, there's something important that I'd like to talk to you about.

MAGGADINO

Yeah, sure, Sal.

DECARLO

It's about this Mack Reynolds.

MAGGADINO

What about him?

DECARLO

Why haven't I met this guy?

MAGGADINO

Since he's not Italian like us, I figured that he'd only be an associate who helps us do some legwork for The Outfit. You know, play the back field.

DECARLO

Do you really trust this guy?

MAGGADINO

Without a doubt. Look, Sal, he kicks back to me three- to five hundred bucks every three weeks to a month. The money that he kicks back to me, I turn around and pay tribute to you.

DECARLO

This Mack, what exactly is he into?

MAGGADINO

You name it, he's done it. Robbery, burglary, assault and battery, hijacking, pimping, and God only knows what else.

DECARLO

Sounds like my kinda guy.

MAGGADINO

He did a hijacking job with us a while back and we scored big on that job.

DECARLO

We can always use the extra dough.

MAGGADINO

We sure can.

DECARLO

Where'd you meet this Mack guy?

MAGGADINO

Through Benny Indelicato.

DECARLO  
Indelicato from the Northeast,  
Independence Avenue crew?

MAGGADINO  
That's him.

DECARLO  
I've been told that Indelicato's a  
solid guy.

MAGGADINO  
Mack's one of those insane Irishmen  
who flat out doesn't give a fuck.

DECARLO  
The type of raw blood that The Outfit  
could definitely use.

MAGGADINO  
Mack and some colored woman are  
running a hooker house and selling a  
little whiskey and cigarettes and  
dope on the side.

DECARLO  
Colored woman?

MAGGADINO  
Yeah.

DECARLO  
C'mon, Bruno, you and I both know  
that you can't trust those moolinyans.  
They should work close together, and  
we should work close together. Though  
we might do a little legwork with  
them, we still have to keep our eyes  
on them.

MAGGADINO  
That's true, Sal.

DECARLO  
Have you ever met this colored woman?

MAGGADINO  
Never. Word has it that she spent  
some time out on the street hooking.

DECARLO  
Despite anything, La Cosa Nostra  
will reign here in Kansas City  
forever.



MAGGADINO and DECARLO lift their glasses of whiskey and tap the edges.

MAGGADINO

Salut.

DECARLO

Salut.

INT. TWELFTH STREET RESIDENCE - EVENING

GORDON and one his many prized hookers, LINDA JOHNSON, a woman with a smooth cinnamon complexion and the perfect female figure, hold court to hatch a plot to rob a wealthy trick. They are in the back room going over final plans.

GORDON

Hear me good on this one, Linda. I want you posted up right there on Twelfth Street, somewhere between Troost and Paseo. The guy we're looking for, he's one of those rich, spoiled kids who hungers for colored women, who lives way past the north end of the river. Now, here's what I want you to do: I want you to try and flag this trick down before any of the other girls do.

LINDA

How will I recognize him?

GORDON

He drives a shiny black Corvette.

LINDA

I mean, how does he look?

GORDON

He's got dark-brown hair, clean-shaven, a medium build, wears nice jewelry, and dresses real fancy.

LINDA

That's enough to go on, Mack.

GORDON

Most of the other girls know that he's real big spender.

LINDA

I'll put my colored woman charm on this white boy.

GORDON

This guy hits Twelfth Street between seven o'clock and nine o'clock. We'll have you there between those hours.

LINDA

No problem, Mack.

GORDON

Linda, you've gotta be extra aggressive with this guy. There's other pretty and shapely girls out there.

LINDA

Mae tells me that this is going to be a big score.

GORDON

A big one, indeed. Rufus will be taking you over to Twelfth Street to make sure that everything goes right.

EXT. TROOST AVENUE AND TWELFTH STREET - EVENING

Many COLORED HOOKERS work the corners of Twelfth Street between Troost Avenue and Paseo Boulevard. They're in search of the usual WHITE TRICKS.

INT. GORDON'S CAR - EVENING

LINDA and RUFUS sit inside GORDON'S Bel Air right at the corner of Troost Avenue and Twelfth Street. They wait patiently for the wealthy white trick who goes on the search for COLORED HOOKERS on Saturday evenings.

RUFUS

Remember, Linda, we're looking for a white guy driving a black Corvette. Do what you have to do to make him pick you up. The competition's tough tonight, since the rent's coming up for a lot of these girls. I think you'll make them look like rag dolls.

LINDA

From just listening to you, Rufus, it sounds like you know exactly what men want when it comes to women.

RUFUS

I do, Linda. What you women have between your legs is priceless.

(MORE)

RUFUS (CONT'D)

Pussy rules the world. Wars have been fought over pussy. Inventions have been created over pussy. Men have left their wives and children behind for some pussy. Guys have spent their last thin dime for some pussy. Therefore, if a woman plays her hand right, she can get a man to swim the deepest ocean, climb the highest mountain, cross the steepest valley, run through the hottest fire, walk the tightest rope, and come crawling on his hands and knees, begging for that crown jewel between her legs.

LINDA

You've been schooled well, Rufus.

Cars cruise east and west bound along Twelfth Street. The WHITE TRICKS are seeing what's available along the busy strip. RUFUS spots a black Corvette driving towards the east end near Troost Avenue.

RUFUS

That's him! Okay, you remember what to do.

LINDA

Like the nappy hairs around my coochie.

RUFUS

You better make your move now. The other girls are starting to swarm around his car.

LINDA emerges from the car and quickly walks within a half-block.

EXT. STREET CORNER - EVENING

She approaches the Corvette, which is already surrounded by five other HOOKERS. LINDA is quite clever, since she executes some of her best enticing tactics. Slowly, she raises up her tight black skirt and reveals part of her firm, fleshy buttocks. The wealthy white trick, ROBERT THOMAS COLLINS, ignores the other HOOKERS and focuses solely on LINDA.

ROBERT

You're my kinda woman.

LINDA  
And you're my kinda man. What can I  
do you for you this evening?

ROBERT  
A date is what you can do for me.

LINDA  
So, you're looking to spend time  
with me?

ROBERT  
Oh yes!

The other HOOKERS raise up their dresses and skirts to also entice ROBERT, but it does them no good. He keeps his focus on LINDA.

LINDA  
Then let's get to having some fun.

ROBERT  
By the way, what's your name?

LINDA  
Charlene Travis.

ROBERT  
Where are we going, Charlene?

LINDA  
To my house.

ROBERT  
Where's that?

LINDA  
Tenth and Garfield.

ROBERT  
Is it safe there?

LINDA  
Safer than money in a bank vault.

ROBERT  
Then let's go.

LINDA climbs inside the Corvette. She pulls up her skirt and pinches the middle of her panties to reveal her luscious legs and part of her hairy crotch. ROBERT drives off up the street.

EXT. GARFIELD AVENUE - EVENING

ROBERT parks his car directly in front of a residence in the middle of the block there on Garfield Avenue.

INT. RESIDENCE FIRST FLOOR - EVENING

GORDON and RUFUS look out a first floor window, and are aware that LINDA has arrived with the wealthy trick known as ROBERT. Both men alert ALLA MAE with hand signals, who wears a long black curly wig and long false eyelashes.

INT. RESIDENCE FRONT ROOM - EVENING

LINDA and ROBERT walk to the middle of the front room and are greeted by ALLA MAE. The home is furnished with very little furniture, which arouses ROBERT'S suspicion.

ALLA MAE

Sir, how might you be doing this evening?

ROBERT

Fine. And you are, ma'am?

ALLA MAE

(deep southern accent)

Annabelle Simpson, sir. I'm the madam of this residence.

ROBERT looks around and notices how the residence looks almost empty.

ROBERT

This house, it seems like nobody hardly lives here.

ALLA MAE

Trust me, there are occupants who live here.

ROBERT

Okay then, I guess it's all right.

ALLA MAE

I see that you want to spend an evening with Charlene.

ROBERT

As much time as possible.

ALLA MAE

For one hundred dollars, sir, you can spend the rest of the evening and part of the night with her.

ROBERT

Well, a hundred bucks don't sound bad.

ALLA MAE

We've got the perfect room upstairs waiting for you. If you'll just follow me upstairs.

INT. SECOND FLOOR - EVENING

ALLA MAE leads ROBERT down a partially lit hallway on the second level, right towards the very end, where it becomes pitch black. GORDON emerges from a dark room and uses his Herculean strength to grab Robert into a tight bearhug. RUFUS throws a black burlap sack over his head. A thick rope is wrapped around the lower part of the sack. RUFUS takes a .22 caliber pistol and places it up to ROBERT'S head.

RUFUS

Do what the fuck you're told so you won't get popped in your head.

GORDON reaches down into both of his pants pockets and jerks out thick rolls of high bills. He then snatches off his rings and watch and slides them into his pocket, along with the rolls of cash. RUFUS guides ROBERT into the pitch dark bedroom and slams him to the floor. The door is slammed and GORDON and RUFUS and ALLA MAE and LINDA all run downstairs and out of the house.

EXT. GARFIELD AVENUE - DAY

GORDON speeds off up the street with ALLA MAE and RUFUS and LINDA inside the car.

EXT. GARFIELD AVENUE - FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER - EVENING

ROBERT jumps inside his Corvette and speeds up the street whisking his hand through his hair and across his face.

INT. TWELFTH STREET RESIDENCE - NIGHT

GORDON sits on a sofa in front of a long table in the front room counting a large amount of cash. ALLA MAE also sits on the sofa with an expression of sheer delight on her face.

ALLA MAE

Whew, Mack, that's some serious money.

GORDON

This Robert character wants to go around being flashy, then he's gotta pay the price.

ALLA MAE

He seems like the type who comes down into the ghetto to remind us poor colored people that rich white men like him has everything and we've got nothing.

GORDON counts all of the money and splits it up four different ways. The largest percentage of the money is taken off the table and stuffed into his pocket.

GORDON

As of now, he's twenty-seven hundred dollars less richer.

ALLA MAE

That won't hurt a spoiled, rich brat like him.

LINDA and RUFUS walk into the front room. GORDON hands them their percentage of the robbery money.

EXT. US ROUTE 24 - DAY

It is the early spring of 1963. GORDON and ALLA MAE enjoy a smooth ride along the two lane highway en route to visit GORDON'S parents in Lexington, Missouri. Cars occupying whites along the highway give the interracial couple the most intimidating stares.

A WHITE MAN in a 1961 burnt orange 1961 Dodge Dart drives parallel alongside GORDON'S Bel Air and rolls down the window. He sticks his head out of the window to get GORDON'S attention.

WHITE MAN

Do yourself a favor, buddy boy.  
Drop that nigger gal off on the side of the road, so the Deputy Sheriff won't throw your ass in jail.

GORDON looks into the WHITE MAN'S eyes with the look of instant death. He jerks the steering wheel of his Bel Air and forces the racist man off the road and into a ditch of dirt. GORDON parks and swiftly jumps out of his car to snatch the man right out of the front seat of his car.

Using the power of his brute strength, he picks him off the ground and clamps both of his hands around his neck. The WHITE MAN has no oxygen flowing through his windpipe. GORDON releases the chokehold and drops him to the ground.

GORDON

(savage growl)

That colored woman over there, the one that you called a nigger gal, she's my lady. If you ever disrespect me or her again, I'm going to slice your balls off, and then deep fry the two little things, and then feed the motherfuckers to you. You've got that, you poor piece of shithead trash?

WHITE MAN

(gasping desperately  
for air)

Yes, yes, I've got it, mister!

The WHITE MAN runs back to his car and speeds off up the highway.

EXT. REYNOLDS FAMILY FARM - DAY

GORDON and ALLA MAE have arrived at the Reynolds family farm outside the city limits of Lexington, Missouri. They drive up in front of an off-white house that is three stories high. An elderly white couple in their late seventies and early eighties come out on the porch with cups of coffee. GORDON and ALLA MAE emerge from the car and take a long stretch.

GORDON

Mae, this is where I was born and raised.

ALLA MAE looks up on the porch where the elderly couple stand almost motionless.

ALLA MAE

Are those your folks standing there on the porch?

GORDON

Those are my folks.

ALLA MAE

Looks like they've been married forever.

GORDON

Over sixty years.

ALLA MAE

No kidding?



GORDON

When they first got married, she was thirteen and he was eighteen.

ALLA MAE

People could get married back then and stay married.

GORDON

Okay, Mae, let's go up there so you can meet my folks.

GORDON and ALLA MAE walk up on the porch and stand between the older white couple. He plants a big kiss on the elderly woman's cheek.

GORDON (CONT'D)

Mae, this is my beautiful and beloved mother, Mrs. Margaret Myrtle Reynolds. Mother, this is Alla Mae Briggs.

ALLA MAE extends out her hand.

ALLA MAE

Ma'am, how are you doing?

MRS. REYNOLDS extends out her hand and gives ALLA MAE a welcoming hug.

MRS. REYNOLDS

I'm fine, and the pleasure's all mines, Mae.

GORDON steps over to his father and throws his arm around his shoulder.

GORDON

Mae, this is my handsome and wonderful father, Mr. Samuel Elmer Reynolds.

MR. REYNOLDS gives ALLA MAE a mean and openly disapproving stare. He slowly, yet apprehensively, extends his hand out to ALLA MAE.

ALLA MAE

How are you doing, sir?

MR. REYNOLDS gives her no reply.

MRS. REYNOLDS

Can I get you two anything?

GORDON

A couple'a glasses of lemonade is fine, mother.

MRS. REYNOLDS

No problem, Mack.

INT. FRONT ROOM - DAY

GORDON has taken ALLA MAE into the front room of his parents residence, which has Victorian-style furniture and large paintings on the wall. He points out and names off all of his siblings from a twenty-by-thirty poster sized photo from 1943.

GORDON

That pretty little princess right there is my baby sister, Stella. Next to her is my sister Doris. My dad is next to Doris, and my mom is next to him. Next to my mom is my sister Essie, and next to Essie is my other sister, Shirley.

ALLA MAE

You all are a good looking family.

GORDON

Beginning on the second row, it's me, of course. Next to me is my brother Jimmy, my sister Leota, my sister Chloe, my brother Kenneth, my brother Lloyd, and my sister Marie.

ALLA MAE

Your brother, Kenneth.

GORDON

What about him?

ALLA MAE

He looks like the Hollywood glamour boy Paul Newman.

GORDON

Kenneth has had to fight the girls off him all of his life.

MRS. REYNOLDS enters the front room with two large frosty glasses of lemonade. She hands them to GORDON and ALLA MAE.

GORDON (CONT'D)

Thanks a lot, mom.

MR. REYNOLDS sticks his head from around a doorway.

MR. REYNOLDS

Mack, son, can I see you in private for a second?

GORDON

Sure, pop.

INT. BACK ROOM - DAY

GORDON and MR. REYNOLDS sit at a small table across from one another.

MR. REYNOLDS

Son, where'd you meet that colored woman at?

GORDON

I met her while driving down the street one day.

MR. REYNOLDS

What're you doing for yourself these days?

GORDON

Making a few bucks here and there.

MR. REYNOLDS

Honestly or dishonestly?

GORDON

Honestly, of course.

MR. REYNOLDS

I've been told that you've got women out there prostituting themselves. I've also been told that you run a house for whiskey and dope and cigarettes and stolen property. Mack, is any of this true?

GORDON

None of it's true, pop.

MR. REYNOLDS

I'd be torn to pieces to find out that my oldest son is pushing dope and having women prostitute themselves.

GORDON

I'm sure it would.

MR. REYNOLDS

How heavy are you involved with that colored woman?

GORDON

Heavy, pop, real heavy.

MR. REYNOLDS

Son, don't you know that if the Klan caught you two together on some dark road, they'd beat, burn, castrate, skin, gut, and hang you two alive.

GORDON

Wow, pop, does that Klan do all of that to people?

MR. REYNOLDS

Listen to me, Mack. It's against the law for whites and coloreds to be together. If you were smart, you would've stayed with Thelma.

GORDON

I wasn't happy with Thelma anymore.

MR. REYNOLDS

I don't want no son of mine found hanging from no tree or with no bullet pumped into his head. You understand me, son?

GORDON

I understand, pop. But I've never felt so good about any woman until I met Mae.

MR. REYNOLDS

Why can't you find a white woman for yourself? We both know that whites and coloreds just don't belong together.

GORDON

Says who?

MR. REYNOLDS

Says the sheriffs and cops and politicians and the rich white folks who can make the laws to favor themselves. Did you know that there is a Klan chapter somewhere between here in Lexington and Kansas City.

GORDON looks away and briefly drifts into heavy thinking mode.

GORDON

No, pop, I didn't know that.

MR. REYNOLDS

Please be careful on your way back  
to Kansas City.

GORDON

We will.

MR. REYNOLDS

Do you plan on staying with that  
colored woman for good?

GORDON

Yes I do.

INT. DIRT PAVED ROAD - DAY

About three city blocks up the street from the REYNOLDS residence, a green Chevy Impala cruises along a long stretch of dirt road. Inside the Impala are two WHITE MEN who are devout white supremacists, who have white hoods and robes that are worn by the White Knights of the Ku Klux Klan. The vehicle happens to be the same one that sped off after the coke bottle was thrown through the window at the Twelfth Street residence.

EXT. PORCH - EVENING

GORDON and ALLA MAE and the REYNOLDS COUPLE stand on the porch to give their goodbyes.

ALLA MAE

Meeting you two, Mr. and Mrs.  
Reynolds, I wouldn't have traded it  
for the world.

MRS. REYNOLDS

Likewise, Mae. We appreciate you  
and Mack visiting with us.

The four of them hug. GORDON and ALLA MAE make their way towards the car. MR. AND MRS. REYNOLDS wave goodbye to them as they cruise up the dirt road.

MR. REYNOLDS

Y'all be careful, now.

EXT. US ROUTE 24 - NIGHT

GORDON and ALLA MAE have traveled just over fifteen miles outside of Lexington, Missouri. They see two signs which cautions motorists to slow down and to detour over to the next road.

INT. GORDON'S VEHICLE - NIGHT

GORDON drives at a very slow speed on the very dark road that he has made a detour over to.

GORDON  
Just what I needed. Detouring off on this road is going to make our trip back to KC too long.

ALLA MAE  
Tell me about it, Mack.

GORDON  
The road up ahead on Twenty-four looked fine to me.

ALLA MAE  
Looked like nothing was wrong with the road from what I seen.

GORDON drives for a half-mile and something startles ALLA MAE, since she fidgets out of control in her seat.

GORDON  
Mae, what's the matter with you?

ALLA MAE  
Mack, I'm getting this crazy feeling. My left eye is jumping like crazy.

GORDON  
Which says what?

ALLA MAE  
That we're being warned.

GORDON  
Warned about what?

ALLA MAE  
There's danger somewhere nearby.

GORDON travels a mile and a half along an extremely dark road. He and ALLA MAE are abruptly met by a series of beaming floodlights coming from several different directions. GORDON stops his car and is suddenly blocked in by two cars with a total of three men in each car.

Inside both cars the six men cover themselves with white hoods and white robes. The ensemble of men have Traditionalists of the Ku Klux Klan stitched across the front of their robes.

INT. GORDON'S CAR - AGAIN - NIGHT

GORDON and ALLA MAE sat frozen inside his car. The six KLANSMEN get out of the two cars and surrounds the Bel Air.

GORDON

You got your twenty two on you, Mae?

ALLA MAE

Yeah.

GORDON slides out his .45 Colt revolver from around his waist.

GORDON

Give it to me.

ALLA MAE

Mack, we're outnumbered.

GORDON

Do as I say.

ALLA MAE

All right.

She hands GORDON the .22 and he exits the car. The KLAN LEADER of the white supremacists stands at front and center of the other five.

KLAN LEADER

For your sake, boy, I sure hope you plan on using one or both of them pistols.

GORDON

Oh, I do, if it calls for it.

KLAN LEADER

You tell that nigger gal of yours to get out of the car, too.

GORDON has both pistols gripped firmly in both hands.

GORDON

She's not a nigger gal.

The KLAN LEADER is handed a rifle and cocks it to intimidate GORDON and ALLA MAE.

KLAN LEADER

Neither one of you are leaving here alive.

GORDON

Why don't you just leave us the hell alone? Furthermore, your voice sounds real familiar.

KLAN LEADER

Here in the state of Missouri, the anti-miscegenation laws are in full effect. I think it'd be easier to just kill all you race-mixing folks.

GORDON

Real men don't hide behind white hoods and white sheets. You rednecks must be real proud of your Klan association.

KLAN LEADER

I certainly ain't ashamed of it. Listen good, nigger lover! Our children, our race, and our nation have no future unless we unite and organize white Christian Patriots. Purity of the white blood must be maintained.

GORDON

Is that so?

KLAN LEADER

One of the crying evils of the times is the mixture of white blood with that of nigger blood and other mongrel races. The bullshit mixing of the races is not only biologically disastrous, but gives rise to lots of social problems. We whites will do whatever is necessary for the preservation of the white race, who, for moment of sexual pleasures, have betrayed their own kind and their own blood.

GORDON sarcastically applauds after listening to his brief speech.

GORDON

Bravo! Oh, how I'm so touched by your racist, redneck speech.

The KLAN LEADER lifts the rifle and aims it right at ALLA MAE. He curls his finger around the trigger.



KLAN LEADER

Like I said, you or the nigger gal  
ain't leaving here alive.

ALLA MAE shakes uncontrollably from ultimate fright. GORDON executes lightning quick reflexes. He fires the .45 Colt and the bullet nicks the knuckles of the KLAN LEADER. The burning sensation across his knuckles causes him to drop the rifle to nurse his somewhat mild injury. GORDON quickly hands both pistols to ALLA MAE and snatches up the rifle.

GORDON

Mae, if either of the six of them  
come towards us, I want you to empty  
both pistols into their grimy asses.

The six of them begin to move back. GORDON walks up to the KLAN LEADER and snatches off his hood.

GORDON (CONT'D)

(surprise)

Un-fucking-believable! Patrolman  
Rankin? The same patrolman with the  
police department? You have proven  
me right tonight, buddy.

RANKIN

I guess I have.

GORDON

Why am I not surprised? One of KC's  
finest in a Klan robe and hood.

RANKIN

KC's finest to keep nigger lovers  
like you in line.

GORDON

First, you came to my house to harass  
me and my lady about being a mixed-  
race couple. Now, you've got your  
lice-filled, tobacco-chewing, scuzzy  
redneck buddies to join you. Don't  
tell me, Rankin. You followed us  
all the way from Kansas City.

RANKIN

Sure did.

GORDON looks over at one of the vehicles and notices that it is a green Chevy Impala. He points over to the car with estranged eyes.

GORDON

So, that's the same car that sped off up the street, after the soda bottle was thrown through the window with the nasty little note inside.

RANKIN

Sure was.

GORDON

And I'll bet that you were inside that same car.

RANKIN

Maybe.

GORDON

You boys wouldn't be too hard to find after you took your Klan uniforms off. Doctors, lawyers, teachers, police patrolmen, and businessmen. You know what it makes you? It makes you cowards.

RANKIN

Being with her, you're committing pure evil against the white race.

GORDON

No, I'm doing what makes me happy.

GORDON acts on violent impulse and blasts out both windshields to their vehicles. He goes over and takes both pistols out of ALLA MAE's hands. One by one, he shoots out all eight tires on both vehicles.

GORDON (CONT'D)

Good evening to you, gentlemen.

GORDON and ALLA MAE get inside the car and they speed off.

INT. WAYNE MINER HOUSING PROJECTS - NIGHT

GORDON and his close friend RUFUS have somehow snuck their way into Wayne Miner Housing Projects and into DOC DAVIDSON'S apartment. GORDON has the barrel of his .45 Colt pressed into the temple of DOC DAVIDSON'S head, while RUFUS has a .38 pointed to the back of his BODYGUARD'S head.

GORDON

(angrily)

The only bad motherfucker inside this apartment right now is me!

(MORE)

GORDON (CONT'D)

If it's a war that you want, then it's a war that I'll give you. Like the oldtimers used to say, Doc, there's plenty of room left out at the cemetery. If you keep fucking with me and my girls, you'll be filling up a plot out there in Forest Hills. You understand me, boy?

DOC DAVIDSON nods his head in a swift fashion.

DOC DAVIDSON

Yeah, Mack, I understand.

INT. TWELFTH STREET RESIDENCE - DAY

It is November 22nd, 1963, the exact same day when it has been announced over the airwaves that President John F. Kennedy is due to arrive in Dallas, Texas.

There is much trafficking of people going through GORDON'S residence at 1414 East Twelfth Street. The residence is listed in the Kansas City, Missouri directory as a club for men over forty, which provides unusual forms of raw and unadulterated entertainment.

GORDON has temporarily taken several of his HOOKERS off the streets. They are instructed to lounge around the house until the WHITE MALE TRICKS over the age of forty show up.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

KIM, LANA, and LOUISE surround a king-sized bed in their bra and panties. The three women are giving a totally nude WHITE MAN in his late forties hard lashings with thick black belts. He is stretched out on his stomach with his hands and feet tied to the bedposts. The WHITE MAN enjoys the beating given to him by KIM, LANA, and LOUISE.

KIM

Enjoying this asswhipping?

WHITE MAN

(smiles)

Yes! Yes! I'm loving it.

LANA

Like getting your ass beat?

WHITE MAN

Yes, baby, beat me some more.

LOUISE

Want us to stop whipping you?

WHITE MAN

No! No! Beat me much harder!

INT. BEDROOM NEXT DOOR - DAY

LINDA is next door providing one of the most uninhibited forms of unusually raw entertainment. She is also in her bra and panties entertaining a nude WHITE MAN who is about in his middle fifties. At his sole request, she shoves a cucumber up his rear end. He enjoys being sodomized by the large vegetable.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

ALLA MAE reaches into the refrigerator for some whiskey and beer. She begins coughing louder and harder with a handkerchief over her mouth. GORDON walks into the kitchen and stops at the doorway.

GORDON

Mae, are you all right?

ALLA MAE

I'll be all right, Mack.

GORDON

You sure?

ALLA MAE

Yes, I'm sure.

GORDON

Is your asthma acting up again?

ALLA MAE

I'm low on my breathing treatment. My asthma medication is getting low, too.

GORDON

You're just now telling me? Honey, don't wait until you're almost dead before you tell me that you're low on your medication.

ALLA MAE

We'll go to the doctor soon to fill up my prescription.

GORDON

Mae, let me know later how your asthma's doing, okay?

ALLA MAE

Okay, Mack.

INT. FRONT ROOM - TWO HOURS LATER - DAY

GORDON sits on the sofa counting large amounts of cash.

EXT. BACK YARD - DAY

GORDON and BRUNO MAGGADINO stand on the side of his shiny black Cadillac with MAGGADINO'S BODYGUARD. GORDON peels off about three-hundred dollars from a thick wad of cash and hands it to MAGGADINO.

GORDON

Bruno, there's a lot more where that came from.

MAGGADINO

(shakes hands)

Mack, you're a natural, my friend. You're a proven, fierce moneymaking machine.

GORDON

Thanks a lot, Bruno. I'm always looking to expand.

MAGGADINO and his BODYGUARD get inside the Cadillac and take off westbound out Twelfth Street.

INT. FRONT ROOM - DAY

GORDON enters the front room and sees ALLA MAE slumped forward with tissue covering her mouth. He wraps his arms around her waist and helps her over to the sofa.

GORDON

Mae, I'm taking you to the hospital.

ALLA MAE

My asthma has gotten worse.

GORDON

We're going to Saint Joseph so a doctor can take a look at you.

INT. ST. JOSEPH HOSPITAL - DAY

GORDON and ALLA MAE have arrived inside the emergency room at St. Joseph Hospital at the intersection of Linwood Boulevard and Prospect Avenue. The emergency room is packed with mainly BLACK PEOPLE waiting to get in and see a doctor. GORDON stands at the main desk shouting at one of the HEAD NURSES.

GORDON

Nurse, my lady has had an asthma attack! She's having problems breathing right now.

The HEAD NURSE remains silent and just stares at the interracial couple with eyes of disparage.

GORDON (CONT'D)

Did you hear what I just said? My lady is real sick and she needs to see a doctor right now.

HEAD NURSE

Sir, wait just a moment.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM OFFICE - DAY

The HEAD NURSE steps into the office of DR. JAMES EMERY, one of the main emergency room doctors.

HEAD NURSE

Doctor Emery, there's a white gentleman out there with a colored woman. He says that she suffered an asthma attack and he wants immediate medical attention for her.

DR. EMERY

A mixed-race couple?

HEAD NURSE

Yes.

INT. WAITING AREA - DAY

DR. EMERY has followed the HEAD NURSE out to the main waiting area. GORDON stands at the desk with a very angry look on his face.

DR. EMERY

Sir, you will have to fill out some forms before we can see your girlfriend.

GORDON

(furious)

Forms my ass! My lady is real sick, doctor. She's having problems breathing and she needs medical attention right now. While you're seeing her in the emergency room, I can be filling out those forms.

DR. EMERY

But that's not how it works, sir.  
We have to follow hospital procedures.

GORDON picks up one of the ink pens on the nurse's desk and crushes it until the ink drips on the counter.

DR. EMERY (CONT'D)

Do you have medical insurance, sir?

GORDON reaches into his right pocket and flashes a big roll of cash.

GORDON

Her medical costs will be paid for  
in cash, doctor. Now please, help  
her before she stops breathing  
altogether.

INT. EMERGENCY MEDICAL ROOM - DAY

An oxygen mask has been placed over the face of ALLA MAE. Another physician gives her injections of pain killers and fluids to help open up her lung passageways. A nurse performs an initial evaluation of her cardiopulmonary status and lung function. A veteran physician of respiratory disorders, DR. RICHARD WELLINGTON, examines ALLA MAE'S vital signs.

DR. WELLINGTON

Miss Briggs, how long would you say  
that you've used anti-inflammatory  
bronchodilator asthma inhalers?

ALLA MAE

Most of my life.

DR. WELLINGTON

I'm going to recommend a treatment  
that will shrink the muscles in your  
lungs, the same muscles that tighten  
during asthma attacks and make it  
hard to breathe.

ALLA MAE

Aren't you a sweetheart, doctor?

DR. WELLINGTON

Also, I'm going to prescribe a strong  
dose of oral asthma medication and a  
more powerful breathing inhaler.

ALLA MAE

Thank you, doctor.

DR. WELLINGTON  
How's the air filtration system in  
your house?

ALLA MAE  
It's pretty good, come to think of  
it.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

A NURSE runs down the hallway in a state of hysteria.

NURSE  
Oh my God!

DR. WELLINGTON steps out into the hallway.

DR. WELLINGTON  
Hey, what's the ruckus all about?

NURSE  
The President's been shot!

DR. WELLINGTON  
President Kennedy?

NURSE  
Yes, President Kennedy. He's been  
shot down in Dallas.

DR. WELLINGTON  
Who shot the President?

NURSE  
They haven't found the shooter yet.

INT. BREAK ROOM - DAY

Many HOSPITAL STAFF are crowded around a television which shows a black and white screen of WALTER CRONKITE reporting on the shooting of PRESIDENT JOHN F. KENNEDY.

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

GORDON and ALLA MAE are sadly hugged up near the front entrance of the emergency room waiting room.

GORDON  
Shame what happened to our President,  
Mae. Everybody loved Kennedy. What  
was the reason behind them shooting  
him? Was it some dumb-dumb trying  
to make a name for himself?



ALLA MAE

President Kennedy and his brother Robert really cared a lot about us colored people. Where are we headed now as a country?

GORDON

Had he been in office just a little bit longer, he would've made it easier for people like you and me to be together.

ALLA MAE

What, a mixed-race couple?

GORDON

Yes. Kennedy got with Martin Luther King to try and desegregate the whites and coloreds. Let's just hope that they find the sonofabitch and make him pay for what he did.

ALLA MAE

They should pay with their own life for killing our President.

GORDON

I've gotta admit, Mae, you sure had me scared there for a second. I can't imagine losing my Mae.

ALLA MAE stands up on her tip toes to give GORDON a big wet kiss.

ALLA MAE

And I can't imagine losing my Mack.

INT. PINK PUSSYCAT STRIP CLUB - DAY

MAGGADINO and several of his ORGANIZED CRIME ASSOCIATES sit around a television in the back section of one of his downtown Kansas City strip clubs. MAGGADINO and his ASSOCIATES puff on cigars and sip on cocktails while watching the black and white screen of WALTER CRONKITE still reporting on the assassination of PRESIDENT JOHN F. KENNEDY.

MAGGADINO

Kennedy's brother, Robert, he might've pissed off the bigtimers up there in New York and Chicago.

INT. TWELFTH STREET RESIDENCE - DAY

It is late February of 1964. GORDON sits in the front room watching an old Western movie while eating a tender lean

steak and mixed vegetables. ALLA MAE enters the front room with a tall glass of soda for him. She sits the soda down and slumps over after experiencing a sharp pain in her stomach. GORDON jumps up and seats her properly on the sofa.

GORDON

Mae, you all right?

ALLA MAE

Mack, you better take a deep breath on this one.

GORDON

What?

ALLA MAE

Honey, I'm pregnant.

GORDON

Say what! To think, you haven't been with nobody but me since you left the streets and came to work for me.

ALLA MAE

You're definitely the only one who I've been with since I left the streets.

GORDON

You mean to tell me that I'm going to be a father again?

ALLA MAE

Yes, you are.

GORDON

Doesn't surprise me one least bit. We've been playing around in between those sheets for quite some time. Here I am, almost a sixty-year old man, and still producing children.

ALLA MAE

Men in their eighties have produced babies. Look at Abraham in The Bible.

GORDON

I'd be proud to have you as the mother of my child, Mae.

ALLA MAE

Thank you, Mack. Something tells me that it's going to be a boy. But I've got one question.

GORDON

Which is?

ALLA MAE

Are we going to have to give up the life that has fed us the last two years or so?

GORDON

I wish that was a question that I could answer on the spot. But what else do we know how to do?

ALLA MAE

We're going to have to decide before this baby is born.

GORDON

This caught both of us off guard.

ALLA MAE

Neither one of us have our two children. The state is already threatening to take away my son and daughter who Annabelle's been watching for me.

GORDON

We'll figure something out, Mae.

ALLA MAE

Well, it better be fast.

GORDON lifts himself off the sofa and walks over to the windows facing Twelfth Street. He stares out the windows at the HOOKERS going up and down the street.



