

*KILLING DETROIT*

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KILLING DETROIT (EPISODE 1)

EXT. STREETS - DAY

Detroit, late 1960s. An ordinary day on the busy streets. People are on their way to work. Some talk, laugh, flirt.

TWO silhouetted figures sit in a parked car and watch them in silence.

One of them removes a cigar from his mouth and breaks the silence.

SILHOUETTE 1

I like your thinking. The darkies have gotten too comfortable and too well off. Comfortable people are a threat to our way of life. Something must be done.

The other figure weighs these words, then speaks.

SILHOUETTE 2

what can you do for us?

SILHOUETTE 1

I can talk to people. Many people. We can form a plan.

The conversation continues as we see the plan unfolding. CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

Rain pours down, drenching a young black man slipping out of the back door of an appliance store, unwieldy box in hand.

He spots a squad car pull up to him, freezes. A cop races out of the car, gun drawn.

The black man lifts his hands, eyes wide with fear.

BLACK MAN

Look, you got to understand. I didn't mean to -

The cop casually shoots the man in the face, then turns and nods to his partner.

SILHOUETTE 1 (V.O.)

we'll start simple, take a few  
nobodies that won't be missed.

The cop steps closer to the body, sees blood oozing from the young man's head.

Up close, the box he'd been holding is revealed to be a box of diapers.

The cop taps the man's face with a gun, watches his face twitch.

COP 1

What do you say, Reynolds? This guy still got enough life in him to tell anybody what happened?

The other cops shrugs.

COP 2

I'd say make sure the monkey is dead. Why risk it?

COP 1

Agreed.

Cop 1 shoots the guy a second time, this time at close range.

He takes the black glove off his gun hand drops the gun close to the body, no fingerprints.

He casually gets back in the car and takes a seat next to the other cop.

SILHOUETTE 1 (V.O.)

These things are easy to do when you own the police force. This police force has the kind of power to make any change we want even the power to turn life into death.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

An older black man limps through the street. He sees a pay phone and heads over to it, dipping a finger into the coin return slot.

He comes up empty, then notices a squad car roughly a block away.

The cop at the wheel gestures him over.

The older man ignores him and steps away in the opposite direction.

SILHOUETTE 1 (VO)  
 Those who don't want to co-  
 operate with our plans will be  
 handled accordingly.

The officer charges out of his car, then shoots the man in  
 the back of the head.

The officer steps back into his car, leaving the bloodied  
 corpse laying in the street.

EXT. DETROIT STREETS - NIGHT

A few discreet people slip into a door marked 'The Economy  
 Printing Company.'

Super: "July 28, 1967

SILHOUETTE 1 (V.O.)  
 And when it's time to accelerate  
 things, we get Brown involved.

A man dressed like everyone else steps toward the car. The  
 VO continues as he steps inside.

SILHOUETTE 1  
 who is this Brown?

SILHOUETTE 1 (V.O.)  
 He's a local undercover guy,  
 he knows how to keep his  
 profile low. Always good to  
 have him around when you need  
 a few seeds planted.

Officer Brown blends in and joins the drinkers at the bar,  
 nods to them, pats a few shoulders.

SILHOUETTE 1  
 He'll take a look around, find  
 out if the time is right to kick  
 things off. He'll check for armed  
 assailants or any other possible  
 obstacles.

He steps up to the bar, orders a beer, then takes a subtle  
 glance around.

SILHOUETTE 1 (CONT'D)  
 Soon as Brown gives the signal --

Brown gives his ear a discreet rub.

SILHOUETTE 1 (CONT'D)  
 -- it's time to get things started.

In the background, loud voices demand that everybody's hands go up.

A slight grin lands on Brown's face as the music stops and everyone is herded out of the door.

OFFICER  
 Come on, come on! Everybody out!  
 Now!

The sound of a loud ticking clock has replaced the music. It grows louder with each tick.

OUTSIDE - an angry crowd has gathered.

SILHOUETTE 1 (V.O.)  
 We expect a crowd to gather  
 shortly after the trouble begins.

SUPER "3:45 am."

SILHOUETTE 1 (V.O.)  
 Soon things may get a little ugly.

SUPER: "4:05 am."

Police begin hauling patrons into the paddy wagon. Beer bottles are tossed toward the cops.

Glass shatters as the cops get hit in the legs and ankles.

The police speed up the process of herding bodies into the wagon.

Things are louder now, more hostile.

SILHOUETTE 1 (V.O.)  
 But nothing the boys in blue  
 can't handle.

The wagon speeds away as the crowd has now swelled to the thousands.

SILHOUETTE 1  
 And besides... by then, the seeds  
 have already been planted.

We see CHRIS sitting before footage of the 1967 Detroit riot as it starts to escalate.

In the background, the voice of a police city official can be heard.

DISPATCHER

We are ordering 12-hour shifts for all officers! Repeat, we are ordering 12-hour shifts for all officers.

The crowd has now swelled to over 5000 people at the intersection of the after hours club.

The voice-over of the silhouetted man goes on.

SILHOUETTE 1 (V.O.)

This is how we kick things off. Large crowds, rage, energy focused on vengeance, violence. This is a perfect recipe for...

The silhouetted man's last sentence fades out with Chris' first sentence.

CHRIS (age 19)

what this is is a perfect recipe for a nightmare of violence and mayhem. It was the start of the Detroit riot of 1967. The disturbance started on July 23 of 1967 and would last five long days. The riot resulted in a killing spree for the police and National Guard. The next few days would be a free for all, a police induced blood bath on the streets of Detroit. After five days, the riots would come to an end. Not before the senseless deaths of forty-three people, including thirty-three African Americans, and ten whites. Over seven thousand arrests were made, more a thousand buildings were torched. And out of the ashes, a new voice of the Black community emerged. The Black Power Movement, a movement that would change America forever.

Bass drum music stops and surrenders to solemn music to underscore the tragedy of the riot's aftermath.



The music reaches silence as before/after images are displayed on screen.

FADE OUT.

INT. CITY HALL - DAY

SUPER "Day 2 of the Riot"

The area is packed. Bodies are jammed in the City Council chambers, standing room only.

Black and white citizens stand on opposite sides of the room. The mood is tense, with glares exchanged across the hallway.

The black side of the room has garnered more of a police presence than the white side.

The muttering crowd is silenced by a commanding gavel.

CHRIS (V.O.)

Of course, angry voices that cried out for justice were nothing new in the city. One of the voices belonged to councilman Ken Cockrel.

A tall imposing black man, afro, stylish blue suit and bright red tie, stands and addresses the crowd and mayor.

COCKREL

Mayor, let me be the first to speak today. We are clearly in a state of emergency. Let me be very clear. This riot is the result of the constant attacks by police on black citizens -- yes, I said attacks! People are sick and tired of this kind of of treatment. The STRESS division of this police department are nothing but killers. STRESS is nothing more than a tax payer funded terror organization whose sole purpose is to demoralize and demobilize the black community.

A roar of approval rises from the black side of the crowd. The white side remains quiet and tense.

Various angry shouts rise up from citizens.

CITIZEN 1  
Go, brother! Tell these  
crackers the damn truth -- we  
are sick of these racist cops  
killing us!

RANDOM SHOUT  
Right on!

RANDOM SHOUT 2  
Tell it like it mother fucking is!

RANDOM SHOUT 3  
Preach it!

Cockrel's voice rises, growing angrier as he directs his  
rage at the mayor.

COCKREL  
Furthermore, this city can't fix  
anything until we fix the Big  
Four Unit of the police  
department.

The mayor speaks uneasily.

MAYOR  
Well now, slow down. I have it on  
authority that the Big four are  
an elite four man crime-fighting  
unit.

COCKREL  
That's a bald-face lie!

MAYOR  
Well... according to the Police  
chief --

COCKREL  
Mr. Mayor, I'm sure you've been  
told a number of things about the  
Big Four from the Police Chief.  
But if you listen to the voices  
of the black community, you'll  
hear a different story.

Shouts of 'amen' from the crowd.

COCKREL (CONT'D)  
I recommend you listen to the  
black men and women who fear for  
their lives each and every time  
they see the unit coming down the

street.

More shouts.

COCKREL (CONT'D)

Listen to the citizens -- especially the young -- who are guilty of nothing more than driving, walking, or just standing in the wrong place at the wrong time. No probable cause, no crimes committed.

The voices of the crowd grow louder.

COCKREL (CONT'D)

We are degraded, called boy, called nigger, called everything but a child a God by these so called 'elite crime fighters.' We are harassed, attacked and brutalized, both verbally and physically. And that, Mr. Mayor, is why the city is in flames right now. The police department lit the damn match.

More screams and shouts of support. Clenched fists are raised. Chants of 'black power' rise out in unison.

The flustered mayor gavels the crowd to silence. He addresses Cockrel in a stern by condescending voice.

MAYOR

Now, Mr. Cockrel, we had an illegal nightclub, something that cannot be tolerated no matter what color the people are. I will always make sure the law is enforced in this city no matter what. Some people may have desired to burn this city down over the last few days. I'll tell you right now that our tolerance for destroying property is now at zero. All of those intent on violence, looting and destruction will be shot on sight.

CHRIS (V.O.)

In the coming few days, the mayor would get just what he asked for. The streets of the city were about the run red with the blood of its citizens.

MONTAGE - a series of shots featuring victims of shootings from the police and the National Guards.

When each victim is displayed, the camera freezes on them as we see their names, ages and circumstances of their shootings.

- Richard Sims, 35, shot dead by police
- Helen Hall, 50, shot dead by the National Guard. More names, faces and facts assault the view.

There are additional shootings by the police, the National Guard and there is a return to the silhouetted figures.

SILHOUETTE 2

You make it all sound so simple.

SILHOUETTE 1

Isn't it? There are those who don't believe in conspiracies. They say it is too difficult to get individuals to act in concert to achieve a common goal. The problem is they don't understand what people can do when motivated. A lust for money, a lust for power.

SILHOUETTE 2

This is true.

SILHOUETTE 1

What about you? Are you a believer?

The first man chuckles.

SILHOUETTE 2

Are you joking? Of course I am. Conspiracies are what the Bureau does, it's our business. Something of this scale could be a little tricky though.

SILHOUETTE 1

Don't worry. We'll get it done. We just need cooperation from a few more of the dumb darkies.

SILHOUETTE 2

What do you mean?

SILHOUETTE 1

I mean, we need them to stay passive. As long as they accept

it all and don't organize,  
we'll get this done. We just  
need to keep the teachers,  
preachers and politicians  
dumbed down and stupid. At that  
point our plan will be fine.  
The few trouble makers will get  
exactly what they are asking  
for, trouble! Our goal is to get  
get them to do our job for us.  
That will be the drug H-Bomb  
for these monkeys. Drugs will  
not only put an end to them, it  
will wipe out generations of  
these filthy rats.

The two men chuckle together.

EXT. DETROIT STREETS - DAY

It's morning.

The streets are quiet now. Some of the buildings are in rubble.

A few people wander about 12th street, checking the new ghost town for damage.

As a fire engine's siren cuts through the air, two young men slowly ride their bikes past the charred remains of various structures.

One of them, ANTHONY (age 18), carefully steers past glass and bits of car parts on the streets.

The other, CHRIS, is distracted by the words 'Soul Brother' graffiti-ed on the glass of a storefront pawn shop.

A loud SHOT rings out.

CHRIS

It's the Big Four, get down!

The boys jump from their bikes, then duck and cover their heads.

After several seconds of silence, they look up and see nothing. Chris notices the flat tire on his bike.

with a relieved grin, Chris gives his tire a squeeze.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Aw, man! It's flat! All this damn glass!

ANTHONY (age 18)

Told you to watch where you was going. It's glass everywhere, worse than it looked on TV this morning. Black folks tore this place up. And you screaming 'The Big Four!'

CHRIS

(laughing)

Nigga, shut up! Let's get to the bike store.

ANTHONY  
 Seriously, you screaming like my  
 little sister about the Big Four,  
 but really it was black folks  
 that tore your tire up.

More laughter.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)  
 (high-pitched, mocking  
 voice)  
 Mama, Mama! Come help me! The Big  
 Four's coming!

CHRIS  
 Nigga, please shut your punk ass up.

They continue to clown each other as they cautiously weave through the glass-littered streets.

They arrive at a burn bike shop. The sign, "Joe's Bike Repair" lays on the ground amid smoldering wood and bricks.

The store is collapsed except the front door. The words 'Condemned, No Trespassing' and 'Keep Out' are on the door.

The boys stare at the wreckage in uneasy silence.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
 I guess I ain't getting no tire  
 fixed today. This place is  
 making my brain hurt.

ANTHONY  
 Mine too.

CHRIS  
 Come on, let's get out of here.

Unable to take their eyes off the damage, they don't move.

More uneasy silence until Anthony tries to lift the mood with more clowning.

ANTHONY  
 What's the matter, you see the  
 Big Four Coming back?

They share nervous laughs as they ride away.

We get a wide view of the post-riot debris as the adult Chris' voice returns.



CHRIS (V.O.)

As the days and weeks went by, everything came into clear focus. Nothing was getting fixed or rebuilt. The damage was so widespread that it could never be repaired. The piles of wood and bricks became a permanent part of the city's landscape. Life in Detroit as I always known it had disappeared, erased by anger and hate for the cops. The shoe shop, the cleaners, the corner restaurant were now only memories. While all this was going down to make matters worse, my dad left his family in the middle of the night for a white woman from Germany.

SHOT - a brief flash back to the 12th Street teeming with life. Busy streets, traffic jams, fancy cars, well-dressed people filling the sidewalks. A dad embracing his new found white woman.

FADE TO:

EXT. DETROIT STREETS - DAY

A return to the post-riot Detroit shows Chris and Anthony riding past more wreckage.

CHRIS (V.O.)

In 1967, Detroit had more than just a police department.

As Chris and Anthony ride into the distance, a squad car slowly rolls down the street, leaving a menacing crush of glass behind them.

CHRIS (V.O.)

The city had two specialized units. The units were feared by black people all over town. The most violent without question was the Big Four, referred to by many blacks as the Grey Ghost.

Black pedestrians notice the car and quickly step away to safety.

CHRIS (V.O.)

Their reputation in the community was well-known and well-earned.

Inside the car, a tall driver in full police uniform wears a smug grin as the pedestrians scatter.

CHRIS (V.O.)  
They traveled in packs of four,  
always ready for whatever.

CLOSE SHOT - the three plain-clothed cops dip their hands  
inside pockets, gripping guns. One of them reaches under  
the seat, ready to pull out a rifle.

CHRIS (V.O.)  
For black people from the  
south, their intimidation  
tactics looked frighteningly  
familiar.

SHOT - brief image of the four clad in Klansman's robes and  
hoods as they ride horses instead of a squad car.

BIG FOUR OFFICER 1  
What do you say we just step on  
it, mow all these cocksuckers  
down? That way, we get back in  
time for lunch and that leaves  
us with three or four less porch  
monkeys to think about?

BIG FOUR OFFICER 2  
Naw, the guys on the night  
shift would complain that we're  
taking the fun away from them.

The car fills with chuckles.

FADE TO:

EXT. THE HENRY FORD AUDITORIUM - DAY

Same streets, slightly cleaned up and rebuilt. A  
large, excited overflow crowd gathers and enters the  
building.

SUPER: "Two months later"

Archival sound recording of Malcolm X is heard.

MALCOLM X  
I just don't believe that when  
people are being unjustly  
oppressed that they should let  
someone else set rules for them  
by which they can come out from  
under that oppression. Be  
peaceful, be courteous, obey the  
law, respect everyone, but if  
someone puts his hands on you,  
send him to the cemetery.

Inside the building, H. Rap Brown is at the podium, addressing the loud, robust attendees.

BROWN

We say to these so-called black leaders, how can you tell black people to be nonviolent, and at the same time condone the sending of white killers cops into black communities? It's something wrong. We are going to control our own communities by any means necessary!

Loud shouts from the crowd.

BROWN (CONT'D)

we built the country up, we'll burn it down! You can quote me on that. I say violence is necessary. I say violence is a part of America's culture. It's as American as cherry pie. So I say burn, baby, burn!

The crowd has been whipped into a wild frenzy.

EXT. DETROIT STREETS - NIGHT

The crowd has spilled from the auditorium and into the streets.

They block traffic, chanting, "Black Power Now!" There are now people running, breaking of glass, throwing of bottles.

One of the bottles lands in front of AL. He's a chubby man in his 40s, black baseball cap, bright African Dashiki. He stands still looking at the bottle, with an annoyed smirk on his face.

After a sigh, he throws his arms in the air and groans to himself.

AL

Now that's kinda stupid! How is that gonna' help anything. So you broke a bottle -- now what?

He steps proudly like a man waiting for people to get of his way. Mayhem erupts outside the auditorium. The crowd smashes windows, beats against walls, street lights.

Al casually steps behind a safe barrier across the streets and watches.

Chris joins him and they both watch in bemusement.

The younger man is more rattled by what he sees, but also more intrigued. His eyes are wide.

AL (CONT'D)

You know, some black people just don't have the education they need.

CHRIS

Education? What that got to do with it, brother? Half these fools got all kind of college degrees. That just makes 'em act stupider if you ask me.

Al chuckles.

AL

True, but not completely true. The education I'm talking about is a little different. I'm talking about education about themselves, their condition. That's the part they won't get in college no matter how many letters they get after their names. College in many ways is brain removal.

Chris nods in enthusiastic agreement.

CHRIS

I hear you, brother!

AL

Do you really?

CHRIS

Hell, yeah! I been watching it all my life. Black people getting educated and trained and taught to be good slaves. And this --

(gestures across  
the streets)

-- is where we wind up!

Al nods, studies the young man's face.

AL

I like your thinking, young man. What's your name?

CHRIS

(shaking hands)

Chris.

AL  
Chris, my name's Al. You got a good mind on you. Sound like you've been using it a little.

CHRIS

A little?

With a laugh, Al pulls out a card and hands it to the younger man.

AL  
Yes, a little. You ever want to take those flickers of truth and turn them into a raging fire, I got a place in Chicago you need to check out.

Chris gawks at the card, puzzled.

CHRIS  
What the hell is the TOP? And what's all these mountains on the card? Ain't no mountains in Chicago, brother.

AL  
(chuckles)  
That's symbolic. It's called the Black People's Topographical Research. We call it concepts of the future for black people. We help our people find out who they are.

CHRIS  
Oh, I get it. Like the Nation of Islam, right?

AL  
No, not at all. We love those brothers, but we have a different goal. Our goal is to give information and direction to our people. It's just facts, little-known information. No membership dues and you can eat all the pork you want.

Chris laughs.

CHRIS  
well, good luck with that. It looks like the only goals these fools got is breaking more windows.

AL  
You got any better ideas?

CHRIS  
Not really. Breaking windows, "self-education." All of it seems like a dead end to me.

Al makes a grand gesture across the street.

AL  
In that case, why not join them?

Chris sees this as a challenge.

(CONT'D)

Go ahead. AL

CHRIS  
Maybe I will later. I mean, it won't solve nothing, but at least it'll get white people nice and scared. Look, all due respect to your club or organization or whatever it is, giving people information won't help either. You can do all the writing in the world and black folks won't read it.

AL  
We have ways of getting them to listen. Our people may have lost our way, but we've got plenty of road maps at TOP.  
He starts to step away.

AL (CONT'D)  
Next time you're in Chicago, check us out. Sound like you're looking for something you haven't found yet.

CHRIS  
Yeah, brother, thanks. I get up there every month. You ever heard of Operation Breadbasket?



AL  
 Yes, that's Jessie Jackson's  
 begging and boycotting thing. The  
 latest production by the Rainbow  
 Collision. Yeah, that thing. I  
 know all about it. Next time you  
 come to Chi, maybe you can skip a  
 meeting and come check us out.

Chris studies Al's smirking face.

CHRIS  
 You don't sound too happy with  
 the group.

AL  
 Truth be told, neither do you.  
 Just a few seconds ago, you were  
 talking about how hopeless the  
 situation was. 'It all seems like  
 a dead end?' Remember that?

Chris is flustered, unable to address the remark.

CHRIS  
 Yeah... well, at least  
 they're doing something  
 besides giving people  
 information.

Al lifts his hands in a playful surrender.

AL  
 Alright, brother. Hey, I got  
 nothing against the good Reverend  
 and operation Bread casket -- uh,  
 I mean, basket. But next time you  
 get on that bus ready to march,  
 you got to ask yourself, do you  
 want to march into the future? Or  
 just keep marching in circles?

Al steps away, shaking his head at the rioters.

Smirk on his face, Chris takes another glance at Al's card.

CHRIS (V.O.)  
 who the hell was this brother?  
 with this group nobody's ever  
 heard of.  
 Topographical Research Center?  
 Acting like he knew what I was  
 looking for, then had the nerve  
 to dog out Jessie and his group!  
 (MORE)

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

I mean, yeah, Jessie could talk a lot of stuff, with his Baptist preacher behind, but at least he was doing something. I never even heard of these cats Al was talking about. Probably some kind of scam. Just another shell game dressed up in a militant outfit.

Chris shakes his head, dismissively stuffs the card in his pocket.



KILLING DETROIT EPISODE 2

EXT. BUS STATION - DAY

TITLE: "three weeks later"

The chartered bus is being boarded by black people of all ages.

A sign on the front says "Operation Breadbasket. Chicago Bound."

Two young men, Chris and Glen board the bus together. Glen is glancing at Chris' TOP card.

GLEN  
The hell is this?

CHRIS  
It's an alternative to Breadbasket, that's what.

GLEN  
You planning on climbing some mountains or something?

CHRIS  
Look, I'm telling you. We were at the Rap Brown speech and this guy broke it down for me!

He gestures so enthusiastically that he doesn't notice the card fall from his hand into onto the seat behind at the rear of the bus.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Square biz! The brother made me think I should skip out of Breadbasket and check TOP out instead.

They take a seat as Glen takes a look at all the 'boogie' black people and sneers to himself.

GLEN  
I don't know. It's tempting, but...

CHRIS  
But what? What we got to lose?

GLEN  
What's this guy's name anyway?

CHRIS

Brother's name is Al, and you should have heard what he was talking about. He was talking serious self-empowerment for black people. No political games, no compromise just raw truth.

GLEN

Yeah, it sounds good, but you know what they say about something that sounds too good to be true, right? I mean, you don't even know nothing about this dude or his group. At least with Breadbasket, we know what it is.

CHRIS

Yeah, you may be right. The brother sounded cold, and it could be risky.

A pretty young lady, Lena and a handsome, well-dressed man, Henry take the seat behind them.

She's well-dressed with 'good hair' and a well-behaved demeanor.

She leans over, scoops the TOP card from the seat and looks at it.

LENA

TOP? Is that some new clothing store or something?

HENRY

Come on now, don't get any ideas. You've spent enough of your daddy's money. Just make sure he's got enough for the wedding.

Chris looks back and politely takes the card back.

CHRIS

Sorry, this is mine.

LENA

You know if they would have anything like a white cocktail dress?

Henry rolls his eyes.

(MORE)

LENA (CONT'D)  
Sort of like that thing Marilyn  
Monroe wore in --

GLEN  
It ain't no clothing store, sister.

LENA  
Too bad. It's so hard to find  
good clothes in Chicago. I've  
even gone into one of those  
dreadful 'ghetto' places. You can  
guess how that went. Bad quality,  
snotty service. And the place was  
a mess!

HENRY  
Ain't that the truth.

Henry reaches for a handshake from Glen and Chris

HENRY (CONT'D)  
Say, brothers! My name's Henry.  
This here's my fiance Lena. I  
haven't seen you two around  
before.

Glen gives him a half-heated handshake. Chris does the same.

GLEN  
I like to keep my profile low.  
Especially with certain  
political events.

HENRY  
I know what you mean, brother.  
I don't want somebody thinking  
I'm one of those crazy  
radicals.

Glen thinks about this.

GLEN  
Crazy radicals, huh? Like  
who? Malcolm X? H. Rap Brown?

HENRY  
Exactly.

GLEN  
You mean all those wacky Negros  
talking about self-empowerment  
and uplifting the race.

HENRY

Right! Look, I'm proud to be a  
Negro, don't get me wrong.  
(MORE)



HENRY (CONT'D)  
I just think we shouldn't bite  
off more than we can chew.

GLEN  
What's that mean?

HENRY  
Look at it this way: You got  
folks like these black moose-lims  
talking about how we want our own  
land and our own money and our  
own property. You really think  
black folks can handle all that?

Glen releases an exhausted sigh.

HENRY (CONT'D)  
Hell, I've been in some black-  
owned restaurants. Believe me, it  
you want some service, you're  
better off sticking with white  
folks -- they know how to treat  
you.

Glen turns in disbelief.

CHRIS  
(under his breath)  
Let it go, brother.

GLEN  
White folks know how to treat us,  
huh?

Lena gets a little uneasy.

LENA  
Look... I'm not saying you don't  
occasionally have... unfortunate  
things happen -- especially down  
south. But most of the time, it's  
because we colored folks just  
want to agitate, you know, rock  
the boat, when we should be just  
working hard, trying to improve  
ourselves.

Glen gives her a side-eye.

GLEN  
Oh, that's the key our survival  
and success, huh?

HENRY  
It's a step in the right  
direction, yeah.

Glen sarcastically nods.

GLEN  
Lucky us, Chris. We stumbled  
across a couple of real educated  
negroes who can tell us how we  
can rise up from our lowly place  
in life.

Henry gets his sarcasm, grins.

HENRY  
we know things aren't perfect,  
but we're working hard to get  
where we need to be.

GLEN  
And where's that?

HENRY  
well, when I graduate, I've got a  
job lined up as an assistant  
manager at a hotel.

GLEN  
(to Lena)  
And you?

LENA  
I just graduated high school and  
I'm planning on getting my degree  
in social work, maybe education.  
I hear Columbia is even hiring  
Negro professors these days.

CHRIS  
You ever thought about getting a  
real education?

LENA  
Don't tell me you're one of those  
people pushing 'black colleges'  
and all that. Look, if I had  
wanted to learn to cook grits or  
sing negro spirituals or whatever  
it is they teach at Spellman or  
Morris Brown, I would have sat  
down and talked to my grandma.  
what the hell do we gain by going  
to college to learn about being

black?

As Lena drones on, Chris tunes her out, choosing to gaze at the TOP card instead.

EXT. BUS - DAY

Chris gets off the bus alone and steps over to a guy, Gerald, just outside the bus.

CHRIS  
Say brother, can you tell me  
where this address is?

He shows Gerald the card.

GERALD  
Oh, yeah! That's the TOP. Just  
go up to East 75th street, then  
make a right and go three  
blocks. You'll see a big sign on  
the corner.

CHRIS  
Thanks, brother.

He starts to move on, but hears a voice from behind.

It's Glen, running off the bus to join him.

GLEN  
I know you ain't going to that  
TOP place without me!

Chris smiles.

CHRIS  
I wasn't sure if you'd be into  
it. Figured you were dead set on  
Operation Breadbasket.

GLEN  
Naw, man. The more I think about  
it, the more I think it's time to  
move on from Jesse and his boys.

CHRIS  
Alright then, let's go!

Glen nods his head toward Lena who's stepping toward them with a scowl on her face.

GLEN  
Looks like you got a follower, my  
man.

She walks up to the guys, arms folded in irritation.

LENA  
You'll never guess what happened.

GLEN  
what?

LENA  
There's some delay in the event.  
They're not even opening the  
doors for another two hours.

Chris shrugs.

CHRIS  
These things happen with CPT.

LENA  
Yeah, especially when they leave  
the wrong kind of black people in  
charge of an event.

Glen rolls his eyes.

LENA (CONT'D)  
Guys, I am starving. And I don't  
feel like waiting around for  
another two hours before I eat.

GLEN  
It's Chicago, baby. I'm sure  
you'll find someplace around here  
you can grab a bite.

The guys start to move on.

LENA  
wait! You can't just leave me here -  
- in the middle of  
(leans in to whisper)  
The South-side! This place is  
dangerous.

GLEN  
what happened to your fiancee?

LENA  
He's got a meeting to go to.  
Please let me go with you guys.

Chris and Glen share an exasperated sigh.

CHRIS

Look, TOP has a grocery store nearby. We can stop there, grab something to eat. Long as you don't mind being fed by some 'crazy black radicals.'

LENA

(reluctant)

okay, let's go.

The three of them walk to 75th Street. Lena focuses her energy on brushing her hair in the reflection of a store's window.

Chris and Glen notice the abundances of black businesses.

CHRIS

Damn! what is this place, some kind of black downtown or something?

LENA

Can't be. We haven't gotten bugged yet.

Glen gets fed up, turns to her anger.

GLEN

You know, you're welcome to take your ass off and head toward the white downtown any time you want! Oh wait, I forgot -- half the places wouldn't let your black ass in, my bad.

LENA

At least it would be clean.

GLEN

You see any trash building up around here? Or are you just hoping for this place to be nasty?

Lena scans the landscape, sees nothing but clean sidewalks and kept-up shops.

LENA

It's okay so far. But we'll see how the place looks inside.

As they enter, the store inside, they're greeted warmly by a woman with a red black and green head wrap.

They walk around the store and gaze at the vast selection of fruits and vegetables.

LENA (CONT'D)

Okay, so the food is good, but what's with these clothes? Is this some kind of weird cult or something?

CHRIS

What do you mean?

LENA

I mean, it's like they're wearing uniforms or something.

CHRIS

You mean like the Boy Scouts? Or the police? Or the New York Yankees? Cults like that huh?

LENA

That's different. I mean... those are uniforms, but -- I don't know, they're just different...

Chris and Glen, tired of Lena's BS, move on as she fumbles with her words.

Lena is approached by a well-dressed female cashier displaying a red, black and green scarf.

CASHIER

Excuse me sister. Can I interest you in a head scarf?

She gasps.

LENA

Why? Does my hair look messed up?

CASHIER

(with a grin)

No not at all. It's just that if you value it, a modest approach may be more attractive.

Lena side-eyes her.

LENA

Look, no offense, but are you guys like Muslim or something?

CASHIER

We are all of different backgrounds, sister. That includes Muslims.

LENA  
well, maybe you can tell me, then.

She leans in close, speaking in a whisper.

LENA (CONT'D)  
why are the Muslims so obsessed  
with hair and faces. You know,  
with all those veils and scarves.

The cashier consider the question and smile.

CASHIER  
Can I ask you something, sister?

LENA  
Sure.

CASHIER  
what would happen if someone told  
you you had to wrap your hair up?

LENA  
I'd refuse to do it.

CASHIER  
why?

LENA  
Are you kidding me? I spend hours  
getting my hair together,  
straightening it, combing it,  
coloring it. Not to mention the  
time and money I spend at the  
hair salon.

The cashier's face spreads into a slow smile.

CASHIER  
So tell, me, sister. who is  
obsessed with hair?

Lena struggles for a reply...

LENA  
well, yeah, but...

The cashier nods to her with a knowing  
grin. Lena grins back.



LENA (CONT'D)

Okay, so you're right. I'm  
obsessed with hair. I want to  
look good.  
Anything wrong with that?

CASHIER

Nothing at all. But let me ask  
you: what does looking good mean  
to you.

LENA

well... nice hair is a good  
place to start.

CASHIER

Nice according to who?

Lena rolls her eyes.

LENA

Okay, I see where this is headed.  
"The white man's standards" and  
all that.

CASHIER

It's like you were reading my mind.

LENA

I've heard it before. I dated a  
guy who was really into Malcolm  
X.

CASHIER

You know what Malcolm's real name  
was?

LENA

(trying to remember)  
Let's see... Malik... something or  
other...

The cashier shook her head.

CASHIER

No, that was the name he gave  
himself after ??? But what was  
the name handed down to him by  
his family, you know, the way  
George Washington got his name  
from his father, who got his name  
from his father and so on.

LENA

I don't know.

CASHIER

Neither do I. And neither did Malcolm. That's why Malcolm chose the X as his surname, to indicate the unknown. Sister, our culture is unknown to us. You have the white man's beauty standards because it's the one that wasn't stolen from you.

Lena pays attention to the lady's words for the first time.

Chris and Glen step down the aisle, giant grins on their faces.

They gaze out of the window, taking a few more looks at 'black downtown.'

CHRIS

Now see, this is how our people need to live. No trash on the street, no homeless drunks, everything black owned.

GLEN

I don't know, brother. I dig it so far, but it just seems...

CHRIS

Too good to be true.

GLEN

Yeah. There's gotta' be a catch.

CHRIS

Catch or not, all I got to say is this my kind of town. It's good and it's true!

GLEN

You starting to sound like Frank Sinatra now.

They continue to gaze around.

GLEN (CONT'D)

I like what this place can be -- at least the parts that slip through the Mayor Daily cracks.

CHRIS  
 Not just this place -- any  
 place! I'm telling you,  
 brother, this is right where we  
 need to be.

When their attention turns to the library next to the grocery store, they find stacks of books, pamphlets and huge file cabinets.

They are greeted by, C1 a small, thin man with large black rimmed glasses and military garb with shiny combat boots.

C1  
 Greeting and Black laws, my  
 brothers.

He gets a traditional black handshake from both guys, more enthusiastically from Chris.

Glen's eyes roam about. There's an air of suspicion in his glances.

CHRIS  
 Good afternoon, brother. I met A1  
 a few weeks back. He told me to  
 stop by the next time I was in  
 Chicago.

C1  
 Ah, yes! Around here, we know the  
 brother as C2.

This catches a puzzled glance from Glen.

(CONT'D)

C1  
 That stands for second in  
 command. We never use street names  
 in here.

GLEN  
 Command, huh? Ya'll some kind of  
 army or something?

C1  
 In a manner of speaking. You'll  
 get a better understanding of who  
 we are if you join us for our tour.  
 We'll be starting another one  
 shortly. After that, you can speak  
 to C2. He'll be around in a minute

-  
 -

GLEN

wait, slow down. A tour? We're only in town for six hours, and look, much as I dig Chi we ain't trying to spend it taking a tour of the city.

CHRIS (V.O.)

Glen wasn't alone in being puzzled by that one. This guy wants to take us on a tour of Chicago. Does he know we're in a library? These dudes seemed strange to me.

Glen whispers into Chris's ear.

GLEN

Let's get up out of here, man!

C1 hears the comment.

C1

Slow your roll, brother and let me explain. This *is* a tour of a different kind. What you'll be doing is taking a seat in the classroom and moving from chair to chair. It'll only take up a few hours of your time.

Glen and Chris exchange looks.

GLEN

cool, we can do that.

C1

Alright! well, have a seat and relax.

They guys take seats among twelve others. They overhear a friendly debate.

CLEO

Naw, brother. Cassius Clay's a bad boy, but if he ever got into the ring with my man Jim Brown, that be the last ring he ever stepped into!

LOUIE

Sheet, all the power in the world can't help you if you can't catch a brother! Like my man

says, float like a butterfly,  
sting like a bee.  
(MORE)

LOUIE (CONT'D)

His hands can't hit what his eyes  
can't see!

The debate gets a laugh out of Chris.

CHRIS

Looks like this tour's starting  
out at the local barbershop.

Chris steps outside and greets those waiting in the long line.  
The people are mostly young, disciplined and well-behaved.

C1

Will everyone please lineup to my  
right. Before we get started I  
would ask each of you not to  
record or photograph any of what  
you are about to see and hear.  
Brothers and sisters, welcome to  
the Black People's Topographical  
Research Center.

The tour begins when C1 opens the door to a brightly  
lit room.

CHRIS (V.O.)

We never left the center, but  
C1's words were vivid and  
powerful enough to make this  
tour feel like a worldwide  
trip through black space and  
time.

C1 guides them on the shores of West Africa as slaves are  
herded onto ships in the distance.

C1

... the reason we don't know who  
we are is that we were robbed of  
our our glorious past.

They watch as bodies are packed on board like chattel.

C1 (CONT'D)

These people you see being forced  
aboard the SS Slave Master? They  
are your ancestors. They were  
stripped of their language,  
culture and history. Which means  
you were too.

SHOT -- A quick transition to another scene as C1's speech  
continues.

In an elegant colonial building, white-wigged men in 18th century garb sign a piece of paper.

C1 (CONT'D)

The document these slave owners are signing, called the Constitution, was not written for you because you are not considered a whole person by those slave owners who wrote those one-sided rules.

C1 snatches the document from the hands of the signers and holds it up for Chris to read.

C1 (CONT'D)

what does that say about the worth of a black person?

CHRIS

(reading;stunned)

Three-fifths of a man?

C1

Exactly, brother. Not fully human.

SHOT - after another quick transition we are on the set of a glamorous Hollywood movie.

C1 (CONT'D)

Brothers and sisters, meet Marilyn Mon-hoe. This American icon was a busy lady. In addition to being the mistress to not one, but two Kennedy boys, she also played a role in setting beauty standards for young girls from Harlem to Hollywood. And that's how we get here --  
(snaps fingers)

SHOT - with another quick change of scenery, the groups sees young black girls wincing in pain as they straighten their hair and bleach their skin.

When a flag is brought into the room, the girls put their hands over their hearts and stand erect.

C1 (CONT'D)

Let's talk a little more about the nation these young ladies are pledging allegiance to. It is a



nation in which at least twelve  
of its presidents were slave  
owners. That's right.

(MORE)

C1 (CONT'D)

George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, James Monroe, Andrew Jackson, Martin Van Buren, William Henry Harrison, John Tyler, James K. Polk, Zachary Taylor, Andrew Johnson and Ulysses Grant held your people -- your great grandmothers and grandfathers -- as property. This is what these sisters are expected to admire and respect?

The girls have books handed to them. They dutifully open the books and read.

C1 (CONT'D)

And we somehow expect the history written for and about these people to be honest? To be worthy or our respect? To grant dignity to all people of the world -- including those they have enslaved, oppressed and degraded?

SHOT - the tour ends where it began: in the TOP center.

C5

Does anybody have any questions?

Chris and Glen cringe when they spot a hand being raised in the back by someone they recognize -- Lena.

GLEN

Oh, man! I had a feeling she'd pop up and embarrass us.

CHRIS

I just hope she don't tell anybody she's from Detroit.

C5

Yes, sister.

LENA

Yes, I just want to know if all this is true, how come I never heard about it in school. I mean I was class valedictorian at Central high -- go Trailblazers! -- and I never heard these things.

C5

That's an excellent question,  
sister. (MORE)

C5 (CONT'D)

The best way I can answer it is to say that you are well-education indeed -- according to the goals of public education. And those goals, understand, are to misinform you and distract you with information that has nothing to with yourself. There is a reason you know all about the kings, queens and captains of industry of white America and Europe, but you could not tell me the first thing about the rulers of those who are like you.

The suspicion is fading from Lena's eyes.

C5 (CONT'D)

When your books and curriculum are selected by those who feel you are undeserving of a history, you will learn nothing of your past. Hell, look at the original lie in those school books, ya'll. This whole damn country was based on a big fat lie. They fed us that Christopher Columbus stuff knowing full well the Indians were here on this soil first, so who discovered what? When the nation's founding is based on a lie, what do you expect to find about all the information about that nation? You will find the planned systematic brainwashing and physiological lobotomy by a racist America. And nothing more.

The audience roars with applause as C1 raises his fist and steps from the front of the room to his office in the rear. Near the front door, a gray donation box can be seen, with people lined up to put dollars into a small slot on top of the box.

Lena applauds along with the others, but her stoic face is hard to read.

CHRIS (V.O.)

Wow! This guy made my eyes water. The ending was unexpected. It was

like a calm fire, explaining  
everything I had seen.  
(MORE)

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

My raging anger was soothed, and it turned into more thinking and reasoning. This tour was incredible, and something every black person in America needs to hear, especially those fools in Detroit. I wanted to see what I could do to bring a center like this to Detroit.

Chris and Glen gaze about the bookstore when Al approaches them.

CHRIS

(holding back tears)

Brother Al, thank you so much for inviting us here. It was just what you described. I have never learned so much. Thank you a million times.

AL

I know you would appreciate the knowledge, and I thank you for coming.

CHRIS

Let me ask you this: Is there a way you can do this in Detroit?

Glen chimes in, just as thrilled as his friend.

GLEN

We would help get it done, Al!

AL

(skeptical)

Yes, there's a way, but you may not like the plan. We're aiming for every city with a fifty thousand black population. But we'll be happy to take on small towns too. Like the brothers from Kalamazoo. They got their center together in a little over a month.

GLEN

Wow, that's moving quick!

AL

That's what a motivated people can do, brother.

CHRIS

well, we're motivated to make it happen in Detroit. You can count on us!

AL

Glad to hear it. Two motivated brothers is a good start. I'm in Detroit a lot, so I can help train your people and get you started. I just need to know you're ready to commit to it. We do get a lot of bullshitters you know.

GLEN

Not us! We're ready to do what we need to do.

AL

Cool. I just want to make sure ya'll know what you're jumping into. Cause with this, once you jump in, ain't no jumping out. You got to be committed -- even with all the danger involved.

CHRIS

Danger? what you mean?  
Al speaks in a scolding tone.

AL

Do I have to explain how that part works?

The guys are confused.

CHRIS

Yeah.

AL

First off, you need to get hip to cointelpro, the best way to keep black folks ignorant, poor and out of touch.

CHRIS

Coin what?

Al jerks his head to the other side of the room, gesturing for the guys to follow him.

They step into a superimposed simulation of an FBI office.



J. Edgar Hoover sits at his desk, clad in bright red lipstick and pink chiffon dress. As he chomps on a cigar and barks into a telephone, he leans back and rests his feet on the desk, revealing six-inch stiletto heels.

AL

If you want to understand your position in this nation, you need to know what this paragon of American masculinity is doing to keep you right were you are -- and where you will always be if you don't get education about the things around you.

The guys nod their heads.

AL (CONT'D)

But we'll save that lesson for your training.

CHRIS

I can't wait, brother.

EXT. TOP CENTER - DAY

As they step outside and on to the sidewalk, they find Lena, giving them a gentle smile.

CHRIS

You still hanging around, Lena?

GLEN

Yeah, I woulda' thought you'd be off to your beloved Breadbasket by now.

LENA

I overheard your conversation with Al.

GLEN

That's C2. And what about it?

LENA

I want to help you. I can get you funding you need to start a center in Detroit.

The guys exchange looks of disbelief.

GLEN

Look, if this is some kind of

joke...

LENA  
It's no joke. Let's talk on our  
way back to the bus.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

The conversation continues as they stroll down the  
sidewalk.

LENA  
I can't make any promises, but  
I'm sure if I talked to my dad...

CHRIS  
He's cool with radical political  
causes?

LENA  
Not really, but let's put it this  
way: he's cool with making sure  
his only daughter is happy.

CHRIS  
You sure you can talk him into  
this?

LENA  
If you saw, my wardrobe, you'd  
know I can talk him into  
anything. I just need to give him  
a call and --

Lena's fiance Henry rushes up to them on the sidewalk in a  
somewhat annoyed state.

HENRY  
Here you are! I've been looking  
all over for you!

LENA  
I was down at the TOP center and --

HENRY  
Never mind all that. They're  
starting the Breadbasket meeting  
and we're not going to get a seat  
unless we hurry.

Lena gives him a somber look.

LENA  
Henry, I don't think I'm going to  
the Breadbasket meeting.

HENRY  
Are you crazy? That was the  
reason we came here?

She looks around, grappling for the right words.

LENA  
Let's just say I've changed my  
mind about Breadbasket and some  
other things.

He studies her face.

HENRY  
What's going on here? Have  
these creeps brainwashed you  
into some craziness?

LENA  
You know, you really should  
respect these brothers. And you  
should respect what we're doing  
at TOP.

He stares at her aghast.

HENRY  
I can't believe what I'm hearing.  
I thought I knew you. You got any  
more surprises for me?

She grins slowly.

LENA  
As a matter of fact...

She takes the engagement ring from her finger and hands it  
to him.

HENRY  
You have lost your damn mind,  
Lena!

The three of them stroll down the sidewalk as Henry  
rants after them.

INT. DINER - DAY

Lena is on the phone as Chris and Glen stand nearby, their  
fingers crossed.

LENA  
(into phone)  
No... Daddy, look.

(MORE)

LENA (CONT'D)  
I know you really liked Henry,  
but what you don't understand is  
--

Chris spots the sour look on her face. He turns to Glen and they share disappointed glances.

LENA (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Yeah... I understand, Daddy.

She hands up and steps over to the guys, eyes aimed at the floor.

GLEN  
I'm gonna' guess you don't  
have good news for us.

LENA  
I'm sorry. The broken off  
engagement and the TOP thing has  
him thinking his daughter has  
lost her mind.

Chris gives her back a supportive pat.

CHRIS  
That's alright, sister. We know  
you haven't lost anything but  
your chains.

She smiles a little.

LENA  
We better get on that bus now.

She takes off and the guys follow.

CHRIS (V.O.)  
We were still excited about TOP,  
but we knew if we were going to  
play a role in getting a center  
in Detroit, we'd have to find  
another way.



KILLING DETROIT (EPISODE 3)



EXT. SPAIN (STREETS) - DAY

Chris and Lee stroll through the Spanish streets hand-- in-hand *while on vacation*. Taking a break from the drug infested streets of Detroit.

They step inside a restaurant and get seated at a table.

CHRIS

That bus ride was a trip, huh?

LEE

Yeah, it's something I won't forget, that's for sure.

CHRIS

What gets me is this: *Here* we are in Spain, miles away from the ugly Americans these people are mad at, and we get pelted by rocks! Don't these people know we ain't the ones to be angry with!

LEE

Calm down, they were just targeting a bus. Probably didn't even bother to look at who was on it.

CHRIS

I just hope all these black and brown people around the world know we may be black Americans -- but we are way more black than we are Americans, we are black first, Americans second.

Lee tries to calm him down with a smile and gentle pats on his hand.

LEE

Didn't know I was having dinner with Marcus Garvey.

Chris cracks a smile.

CHRIS

Yeah, let me calm down. I have to admit, this is a lovely vacation we are on.

LEE

I don't know about you, but it sure feels good to be away from all the insanity of Detroit right now.

Chris smirks.

CHRIS  
I'm not sure how far we  
actually are away from it.

LEE  
what are you talking about?

He leans in close, voice low.

CHRIS  
You see my man over in the  
corner, thinking he's discreetly  
hiding in the shadows.

Lee starts to turn her neck.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Don't look back. Just check him  
out in the reflection.

LEE  
The reflection?

He casually lifts the butter knife from the table and  
hands it to her.

He then speaks in an exaggeratedly loud voice.

CHRIS  
Damn, baby. You'd think a nice  
place like this would have some  
clean silverware for us to eat  
off.

Lee lifts up the knife.

ANGLE - from Lee's point of view, a middle-aged white man  
is seen in the corner.

He wears sunglasses and maintains an erect and alert  
position.

(CONT'D)

CHRIS  
I Recognize my man from the airport?

She tilts her head, thinking.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Then again, when we checked out  
that band of street musicians?  
Then once again, checking in at  
the hotel.

LEE

Now that you mention it, he does look familiar. I'm guessing you don't believe it's a coincidence.

Chris shakes his head.

CHRIS

Once is a coincidence. Two, maybe. Three means somebody is tailing us.

Lee keeps holding the knife up.

LEE

Yeah, and it is a little dark in that corner for shades, wouldn't you say?

CHRIS

(voice low)

He's calling himself trying to keep a low profile, but in here my man sticks out like a fox in the hen-house.

A young man steps up to the table and hands them a flier.

CASABLANCA MAN

Is there a problem with the silverware, sir?

Lee tries to subtly place the knife back on the table.

CHRIS

No, we're fine. Good evening.

CASABLANCA MAN

May I ask where you're from.

Chris is a little reluctant with his reply.

CHRIS

We're Americans. From... Detroit Michigan.

The man grins.

CASABLANCA MAN

I'm from Gary, Indiana myself. There are many of us in exile from the United States.

CHRIS

who's us?

The man gives a discreet look around.

CASABLANCA MAN  
I imagine I can speak freely  
to you, correct?

Chris takes a subtle glance at the man in the sunglasses.

CHRIS  
Maybe we'd better take it  
outside. (to Lee)  
Baby, let's get some fresh air  
before we eat.

The three of them weave through a thick crowd of people quickly and get outside.

Flash BACK TO THE U.S.A.

INT. LENA'S APARTMENT MORGAN'S LOVE CONNECTION- NIGHT

A handsome young man, Morgan with a neat well kept afro sits on her couch as Lena brings food from the kitchen.

Morgan (Age 23) is dressed like a revolutionary, leather jacket, jeans, afro.

Lena looks different than before. Her perm and stuffy clothes are gone.

She now wears a long, African dress and has her hair wrapped in a colorful bandanna.

We catch Morgan in the middle of an intense monologue.

MORGAN  
... see, the thing folks need to  
understand about what Sly was  
saying on that masterpiece is all  
in the title: There's a Riot  
Goin' On. He was basically  
answering the question Marvin had  
asked earlier this year: What's  
Goin' On.

Lena nods in agreement.

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
That means a riot is going on.  
Not always a riot of violence,  
but a riot in the mind --

He stops himself with a chuckle.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Look, I apologize if I'm getting kind of intense for a first date.

LENA

Maybe a little. Although to be honest, I can get worked up myself.

MORGAN

Let's start with something nice and relaxed. Tell me about yourself.

LENA

Sure, what do you want to know?

with a grin, Morgan's eyes roam through the tastefully decorated apartment.

MORGAN

How does a college kid afford a place like this? Better yet, let me guess: your daddy's a lawyer or maybe professor for that black college in town.

LENA

Close. He's a lawyer for the local chapter of the NAACP. How'd you guess?

MORGAN

well, college girl like you? Ain't but a couple a' ways you could make this money on your own. And you don't look the type for either one. So I figured on the rich daddy.

LENA

we're not exactly rich, but we do alright.

MORGAN

You can say that again. Plush carpet, designer couch, French Impressionist art on the wall. Nice.

She gives him a mischievous grin.

LENA

Is it my turn to take a guess?

MORGAN  
Guess away.



LENA

Your parents are teachers. Music or maybe art.

MORGAN

Not bad. Moms teaches art. How'd you guess?

She points to the painting.

LENA

You know that was a French Impressionist. To most people it just looks like weird colors and squiggly lines.

MORGAN

Yeah well, that's what I hope to do some day. Turn squiggly lines into art. But from a different perspective. See, instead of sitting in a French cafe and making portraits of all these uppity French freaks sipping wine, I'll be sitting on 125th st. Harlem, showing our world the way it is. Pimps, pushers, hard-working mothers, strung-out brothers. Everything. The beautiful and the brutal. And hope it inspires our people to take it someplace else.

Lena gazes longingly into his eyes.

But she pulls away before she gets too drawn into him.

LENA

Um... our foods getting cold.

EXT. CASABLANCA RESTAURANT - DAY

Outside the restaurant, Chris, Lee and the mystery man gather in a secluded spot, having a discreet conversation.

CHRIS

So this flier you gave me. I get the feeling you ain't selling barbecued ribs.

CASABLANCA MAN

No, my brother. I'm dealing with something a little more serious. And I get the feeling you are as well.



Chris nods, but is afraid to say too much.

CHRIS  
Keep talking.

CASABLANCA MAN  
This part of the world is known  
among dissidents as the third  
world capital of Freedom  
Fighters.

CHRIS  
You mean, Black Panthers and  
stuff like that?

CASABLANCA MAN  
Among many others. You are  
familiar with Eldridge Cleaver,  
yes?

CHRIS  
Of course.

CASABLANCA MAN  
He and his wife are among us  
here, running from a murder  
charge in the United States.

LEE  
I remember hearing something about  
him going into exile.

CHRIS  
I guess that explains our friend  
back in there, following us.

The man nods knowingly.

CASABLANCA MAN  
This man you speak of is probably  
with the FBI.

CHRIS  
I figured there was some kinds  
of letters involved.

CASABLANCA MAN  
He may not be alone so keep your  
eyes open.

Chris shakes his head in disgust.

CASABLANCA MAN (CONT'D)  
I just thought you should know  
that.

(MORE)

CASABLANCA MAN (CONT'D)

And I wanted you both to know that if you get involved in anything, you would be taking a big risk.

CHRIS

Involved? We're just on vacation.

LEE

(to the man)

But you're saying the FBI may not see it that way, right?

CASABLANCA MAN

Maybe not. All I can say is: If you ever need a place to be safe, we are here for both of you.

They share a strong handshake, then the man disappears into the crowd.

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

Chris and Lee board an airplane, bags in hand.

Chris scans the landscape carefully before stepping onto the plane.

CHRIS

You don't see anybody familiar on our tails, do you?

LEE

No. Looks like sunglasses man is done with us at least for now.

The couple turns and breathes in the stunning landscape surrounding the airport.

CHRIS

Well, take a good look, baby. If things don't go so well back in the US of A, we may wind up calling this place home.

INT. LENA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Lena and Morgan are having dinner with Chris and Lee. Lee is laughing her way through a story about the events in Spain and North Africa.

LEE  
... I'm telling you, Lena. This  
one here --  
(points to Chris)  
-- in Algeria he was just about  
ready to start a riot his damn  
self when them rocks started  
flying.

CHRIS  
Hey, I was looking for a  
building to burn.

MORGAN  
Sounds about right, brother. With  
all the chaos and control this  
country is starting overseas, I  
wonder why other nations let us  
in the gates.

CHRIS  
I think I have a good idea why.  
Chris rubs fingers together to gesture 'money.'  
Lena is taking a swig of apple juice, but stops herself.

LENA  
Speaking of money, sweetheart, I  
hope you didn't buy this at that  
cheap little grocery store around  
the corner.

MORGAN  
Yeah, what's wrong?

LENA  
What's wrong is everything they  
sell. Food past the expiration  
date, stale bread, bags that have  
punctured open.

MORGAN  
That bad, huh? I knew the place  
didn't look pretty, but I  
figured it would do.

LENA  
And don't get me started on all  
that unhealthy crap they're  
selling to unsuspecting folks in  
the neighborhood! Sugar, carbs,  
red meat!

LEE

(laughs)

You starting to sound like  
this one.

(point to Chris)

Don't get him started on black  
folks and unhealthy diets.

CHRIS

If I hadn't come across those  
brothers and sisters at the Top,  
I'd probably have type two  
diabetes by now.

MORGAN

Speaking of the Top, you still  
trying to put together a center  
here in Detroit?

CHRIS

Sure am. We just need to get the  
money together.

LEE

You know, I was bringing my  
clothes to the laundromat the  
other day and I was thinking...  
why can't we do what these  
Chinese folks do when they get  
here?

Faces perk up around the table.

CHRIS

what do you mean, open a  
laundromat?

LEE

Sure, laundromat, restaurant,  
hardware store. Some kind of  
business.

Lena stares at the junk at the end of her fork and shakes  
her head in disgust.

But there's a glow in her eyes that suggest she's stumbled  
across an idea.

LENA

How about a book store?

CHRIS

Just like the one *the* Top  
had in Chicago!

Chris starts staring in the distance and nodding as a smile grows on his face.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I know just the one too. There was a sign outside a place that said it was for lease.

LEE

Baby, I don't know if we can afford that.

CHRIS

We'll cross that bridge when we come to it. First I just want to know what's available.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

After noticing the for Lease sign on the window, Chris and his friend Glen -- both clad in suits -- step inside.

The place is empty apart from a few older people in the aisles.

CHRIS (V.O.)

This place was available alright. It looked like it had been abandoned after a war. It smelled like rotten meat and vegetables. Funkier than James Brown wearing George Clinton's sweat pants.

GLEN

Man, can you believe this joint? The only thing it's got going for it is how big it is?

Glenn's comment sparks an idea in Chris's head. He starts gazing around.

CHRIS

You're right, you're right! This place is huge.

He keeps gazing while Glen's attention is focused on a room in the back.

He hears a loud voice engaged in a heated conversation.



GLEN  
 Yo, check it out! That must be --  
 (tries to get Chris's  
 attention)  
 Come on, man! What are you looking  
 at?

CHRIS  
 I'm looking at how big this place  
 is.

GLEN  
 Exactly! Just think about how much  
 of a pain it would be to clean up  
 every night.

CHRIS  
 No, no, no. Bigger is better, my  
 brother. We fix this place up  
 right, and it could serve as more  
 than just a book store to fund the  
 TOP center -- it can be both!

Glen starts gazing around and paying attention to the size.

GLEN  
 Yeah, I see it. And we're in the  
 right neighborhood to reach the  
 people we need to reach.

CHRIS  
 You got that right. Now when we  
 talk to the owner, make sure you  
 tell him --

Glen gestures to the back room as they hear footsteps  
 coming out.

A tall, bearded man, Goldberg, appears arms angrily  
 crossed.

GOLDBERG  
 Who are you guys?

They're taken aback by his abrupt manner.

CHRIS  
 How do you know we're not  
 customers?

The man grins.

GOLDBERG

Customers in this neighborhood don't dress like that -- unless they're coming from church. But it ain't Sunday, so what do you want?

GLEN

We just had a few questions about this property.

GOLDBERG

Look, will you guys leave me alone about that!

GLEN

Excuse me?

GOLDBERG

You told me I have until the seventeenth, right? So just give me time to make all the adjustments I need to make. I got nine other properties in this neighborhood alone and I --

CHRIS

wait, slow down. Who do you think we are?

GOLDBERG

They sent you from the health department, right?

Glen and Chris exchanged puzzled looks.

CHRIS

The health department? We're just asking about the 'for lease' sign.

Goldberg tries to laugh off the awkwardness.

GOLDBERG

Oh, that!  
(shakes their hands)  
No, sorry. Just got a little mixed up. I'm Jerome Goldberg. So... you're looking to lease it?

They take another glance around.

CHRIS

Possibly. How much are you asking?

GOLDBERG  
Twelve-hundred a months seems fair  
to me. What do you say?

GLEN  
Don't seem so fair to me.

GOLDBERG  
Name a price you think is more  
fair.

CHRIS  
How about six-hundred a month.

GOLDBERG  
You're joking, right?

GLEN  
Do we look like Richard Pryor you?

CHRIS  
Mr. Goldberg, if you don't mind me  
asking, how many offers have you  
had for this place?

GOLDBERG  
Serious offers? Not many, but I'm  
an optimistic man. The glass is  
always half full.

CHRIS  
In this neighborhood, that  
glass is a Molotov cocktail. And  
let's be honest, that's why you  
want out, isn't it?

Mr. Goldberg gets uneasy.

GOLDBERG  
I don't think we need to get  
into my reasons for leasing  
this place out.

CHRIS  
Fair enough. But if we did,  
we'd also get into all the  
problems you're having with the  
department of health.

GOLDBERG  
That stuff'll take care of itself.

CHRIS  
 Maybe it will. Maybe it won't.  
 You don't know what might happen  
 between now and the seventeenth.

Goldberg gets antsy and angry.

GOLDBERG  
 Hey, you'd better not be  
 threatening me!

CHRIS  
 Calm down, nobody's threatening  
 you, but you are real uptight.  
 All I'm saying is if something  
 did happen before the  
 seventeenth, you'd have a  
 problem. Right?

Goldberg throws up his hands in defeat.

GOLDBERG  
 Okay, here's the story. If you  
 can take this place off my hands  
 before the seventeenth, I can get  
 a little more flexible on my  
 price.

CHRIS  
 We like flexibility, don't we Glen?

GLEN  
 Like a couple of gymnastics  
 coaches.

CHRIS  
 How flexible can you get?

The man thinks for a while.

GOLDBERG  
 How does nine-hundred a  
 month sound?

GLEN  
 Not flexible enough. Keep  
 stretching.

GOLDBERG  
 Eight-hundred?

CHRIS  
 Can you meet me at seven-hundred?

GOLDBERG  
 I can meet you halfway. Seven-

fifty.

Chris and Glen exchanged pleased glances. They nod.

CHRIS  
 Me and my friend are happy with that.  
 (shakes hands with Mr. Goldberg)  
 You got yourself a deal, Mr. Goldberg.

GOLDBERG  
 And you've got yourself a building. You're in before the seventeenth, right?

CHRIS  
 Yes, we are.

GOLDBERG  
 Great, I'll have the papers to sign by tomorrow morning. Nice doing business with you.

He steps into the back room.

GLEN  
 Chris, what the hell have we gotten ourselves into?

CHRIS  
 We've gotten ourselves into an opportunity, that's what. It'll take work, but the opportunity is there.

Chris looks the store and run down images before their eyes are instantly transformed into a bustling center and bookstore.

(CONT'D)

CHRIS  
 You see it, Glen?

GLEN  
 Man, all I see is a bunch of rotten vegetables and rat piss. Plus where we gonna' get the money to pay the rent and...

As Glen's rant goes on, Chris continues to smile while gazing at the visions of the soon-to-be TOP center.

CHRIS (V.O.)  
 Glen couldn't see it yet, but I knew he would in time.

(MORE)

CHRIS (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 I knew after a while, he'd  
 understand how important all this  
 work is.

Glen's rant continues.

CHRIS (V.O.)  
 He was right about one thing  
 though. We had to think about  
 where the money was going to come  
 from to open things up. We  
 figured after we got things  
 going, the center would pay for  
 itself -- with the book store  
 and all of that. But we needed to  
*find* that first six hundred to  
 get things started and if we  
 we're going to get in before the  
 seventeenth, we needed that money  
 pronto.

INT. LENA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Lena pours beverages for her father, Mr. Brecker and  
 Morgan at the dinner table.

CHRIS (V.O.)  
 Lena told us not to worry, she  
 had an idea.

Her father is a conservatively dressed man who looks around  
 the apartment with an unimpressed sneer on his face.

In particular is unimpressed with Morgan and his modest  
 clothing.

LENA  
 You've been awful quiet, Daddy.  
 what do you think about what we've  
 done to my place?

MR. BRECKER  
 It's... interesting. I'm just glad  
 you've kept the art up.

LENA  
 why would I get rid of it. It was  
 a present.

MR. BRECKER  
 I'm glad you remember that. You  
 seem to have forgotten so much.

Lena wants to rant, but she bites her tongue.



LENA

Daddy, you have to remember: I see things a little differently after connecting with the people of the TOP.

MR. BRECKER

You can say that again.

(to Morgan)

I remember when she was interested in attending college and finding a fruitful career -- or at least one that justified all that money I spent on tuition.

LENA

We've been through this before --

MR. BRECKER

Yes, that's right. You were telling about how it was a waste of my money and your time to be in that college where you were being taught -- I believe this is the way you put it -- "lies" about American history --

MORGAN

And world history.

MR. BRECKER

Excuse me?

MORGAN

All due respect, sir. The lies being taught at the college didn't just pertain to American history it also had to do with lies being spread about the white man's history with worldwide colonialism. Among other things.

Mr. Brecker shakes his head in disbelief.

MR. BRECKER

Speaking of wasting time, what the hell am I doing here?

He starts to get up.

Lena gently guides him back into his seat.

LENA

Daddy, I apologize if our tone is  
a little disrespectful.  
(MORE)

LENA (CONT'D)  
It's just that... well, we're  
kind of desperate for your help.

MR. BRECKER  
This is how you ask for you help?

LENA  
Yes, it is. We respect you too  
much to bombard you with  
nonsense. The truth is we're  
trying to make the world better  
for black people -- just like you  
and your associates at the NAACP.

MR. BRECKER  
Don't make me laugh, young lady.  
You really think we'd deliver the  
kind of heated rhetoric you've  
been giving off. We are a  
respected organization!

LENA  
Respected by who?

Mr. Brecker is shocked.

MR. BRECKER  
Who are you speaking to in that  
tone, Lena?

Once again, Lena stops herself on the verge of erupting.

LENA  
Daddy, all I'm trying to say is  
that we're all trying fight the  
same fight. And sometimes that  
fight isn't about being  
respected by white people with  
money.

Mr. Brecker rises from his seat indignantly.

MR. BRECKER  
I don't have to listen to this!

LENA  
You sure don't.

He storms out of the apartment and slams the door.  
The couple sits in uneasy silence for several  
seconds.

MORGAN  
what are we going to do now?

LENA

Don't worry. Daddy will *be* around again. He may not be around with money, but he'll be around.

MORGAN

Okay. So what are we going to do for the money we need?

She stares at the French impressionist painting on the wall and nods.

LENA

I've got a plan. Let me handle it.

Morgan notices where her eyes lead to.

MORGAN

Don't do it, Lena. I know it means something to you.

She turns back to him with fire in her eyes.

LENA

Look, we need money, right?

He  
nods.

LENA (CONT'D)

Then let me handle it.

INT. ART GALLERY - DAY

Lena speaks with, Susan, a well-dressed white woman who gazes at the French impressionist painting.

SUSAN

Lovely! Just lovely. This will make a nice addition to our gallery.

LENA

I'm glad to hear that.

SUSAN

I will need your home address to send all the necessary paperwork to be filled out.

LENA

Sure. So... um, can you tell me roughly how long it will take to get all the paperwork completed.

SUSAN

These things can't be rushed,  
dear. We have to authentic the  
painting and have it  
professionally appraised.

LENA

I can assure you that it's  
authentic.

SUSAN

That's fine, but if you don't  
mind, we'll need the opinion of a  
professional in order to  
establish the precise pricing for  
it.

A demanding male voice from behind interrupts the  
conversation.

MR. BRECKER

I can tell you myself what the  
precise pricing was. Hell, it  
costs me over a month's wages.

Lena turns, mouth open in shock.

LENA

Daddy?

With a smile on his face, Mr. Brecker addresses Susan.

MR. BRECKER

You mind if I have a talk with my  
daughter before the sale is  
finalized.

SUSAN

why... sure.

Lena and her father find a quiet corner to talk.

LENA

what are you doing here?

MR. BRECKER

I'm trying to talk you out of  
making a big mistake.

LENA

Daddy, we need money for the  
center I told you about, and that  
painting is the only thing that I  
have worth anything. Doesn't  
sound like a mistake to me.

MR. BRECKER  
Is that right?

LENA  
This center is important. It is  
the only way we can educate  
people in the community about all  
the lies --

He holds up a hand to stop her.

MR. BRECKER  
Look, you don't have to convince  
me. The fact that you're here  
says it all.

LENA  
what do you mean?

MR. BRECKER  
I know how much that painting  
means to you. I remember the way  
you lit up like a Christmas tree  
when you first saw it, and I  
remember how you wouldn't shut up  
about all the symbolism of it and  
what it represents and all that  
other stuff they taught you in  
that expensive art class. So I  
figure if you're will to give  
that up for this center, the  
center must mean something to  
you.

She holds back tears.

LENA  
It does.

MR. BRECKER  
Good. How much do you need?

LENA  
It's six hundred a month.  
We'll need the first few  
month's rent before the place  
can pay for itself. Can you  
handle that?

MR. BRECKER  
I can. All I want from you is to  
promise you'll be serious about  
that center. I don't want my  
daughter involved in nothing that  
will embarrass our family.

LENA  
I promise.

MR. BRECKER  
Good. Now you get your painting  
back from that lady and let's  
get out of here.

with a smile, Lena starts toward Susan then stops and turns  
back to her father.

LENA  
Daddy, how did you know I was  
here with the painting?

MR. BRECKER  
I got a phone call from someone  
who also didn't want you to make  
a big mistake.

LENA  
Are you going to tell me who this  
somebody was?

MR. BRECKER  
(sly grin)  
Let's just say it was somebody  
your daddy didn't like -- until  
he made that phone call. His  
name starts with M.

The two of them step back over to the painting and take it  
away.

INT. BOOKSTORE STORE - DAY

Glen and Chris are hard at work sweeping the floor and  
trying to clean up.

A few others are helping as well, but the place is still a  
mess.

GLEN  
I don't know, brother. We got  
forty- eight hours to get it  
together, and I'm not sure we can  
get there.

CHRIS  
Come on, man. We gotta' be  
positive about this. We gotta'  
hear that voice.

GLEN  
What voice?



CHRIS

Can't you hear that? That commanding voice educating our brothers and sisters about the realities behind the stars and stripes?

GLEN

Chris, you sure you didn't make a trip to the liquor store before you came here?

Chris gestures with a hand behind his ear like he hears something in the distance. He speaks in a faint voice. He envisions the center and a tour taking place. The act is designed to motivate Glen.

CHRIS

Brothers and sisters, here in Detroit we have added something different. You won't find this in any other Top center in America...

His voice rises in volume. Glen can hear it now.

(CONT'D)

Now don't be afraid to step right up, what you are looking at is the home at sea for millions of slaves forced to come to America to work for free...

Glen is motivated by the act.

Chris

Now Glen that's what we are working hard for - turning that vision into reality.

(MORE)

An energized Chris and Glen keep on cleaning.

MONTAGE - The pair are moving faster now, cleaning everything with pride and purpose.

INT. VISION REALIZED TOP CENTER OPENING - DAY

TITLE - "Forty-eight hours later" FADE OUT.

The center is filled with people, grinning with pride.

KILLING DETROIT (Episode 4)

INT. TOP CENTER - DAY

In the now completed Top center, C9 (Chris) addresses the crowd.

Soon, Chris becomes the speaker addressing the crowd. His demeanor is bolder, more mature.

CHRIS  
The replica you're looking at is based on a ship called The Brookes...

As he goes on, we also hear the older Chris on voice over.

CHRIS (V.O.)  
It was a big moment of pride for me to actually be leading the first Detroit top tour. This was my chance to take the driver's seat and apply everything I'd learned from Al. and the rest of the brothers from Chicago.

He approaches a woman in the crowd.

CHRIS  
Young lady, can you tell me how much these human bodies were valued on this ship?

WOMAN  
well... I suppose not much.

CHRIS  
You suppose right. Those who didn't survive the trip were dumped into the sea like discarded blankets. In fact, over one and half million of them didn't make it. Some historians put that number at four million. Think about that! Imagine the entire population of Brooklyn, New York -- gone, wiped away on a boat ride, never to be seen

again.

The woman starts to sob.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Think about all those family members, friends, trusted confidantes, left in the sea like property that no longer served their purpose of an emerging white America.

He gently pats the woman on the shoulder.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I know it's hard to deal with, but that's the reality of it. And we have to face it. In case you don't know it, slavery is no longer done using ships, now it's drugs.

After a dramatic pause, he addresses the crowd.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Thank you all very much for joining us, ladies and gentlemen.

After a somber round of applause, people file out.

Glen joins him and shakes his hand.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

what you think, Glen?

GLEN

Strong stuff, brother. Strong stuff.

CHRIS

Thanks.

GLEN

But maybe a little too strong.

CHRIS

Look, I know I got that lady crying, but hey, man. The truth is harsh. So the presentation needs to be just as harsh.

GLEN

I don't know.

(searches for the words)

Don't get me wrong. It was powerful and all that. It's just... it was missing something.

Like what? CHRIS



GLEN  
 Can't put my finger on it.  
 Just... something.

They share a handshake.

GLEN (CONT'D)  
 But hey, I ~~II~~ check you later. I  
 got to get outta' here.

Once alone, Chris reflects on Glen's words.  
 Puzzled, he repeats Glen's words to  
 himself.

CHRIS  
 Missing something?

EXT. LENA'S LIVING ROOM OPENING DAY CELEBRATION - NIGHT

At a gathering, Lena (now pregnant) and Morgan mix with  
 friends.

Chris is shaking hands and smiling. But he's a little  
 distracted by something in a corner of the room...

CHRIS (V.O.)  
 The next few months were a  
 little rough. I'm watching my  
 own brother turn into a junkie.

ANGLE - From Chris's POV, we see a young man in the corner  
 alone, smoking weed.

CHRIS (V.O.)  
 It started with meeting up with  
 my older brother Mike again and  
 watching him take a deep dive  
 into the poison that was already  
 killing our community.

Lena approaches with a drink.

LENA  
 Hey, Chris! Where's your brother  
 Mike hiding? I still haven't had  
 a chance to meet him.

Mike looks at his watch and takes off.

CHRIS  
 Looks like Mike ain't in a  
 sociable mood. Let me go get his  
 triflin' ass. I'll be right  
 back.

As Chris storms away, Lena is puzzled.

EXT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Chris chases after Mike and grabs him by the shoulder.

CHRIS  
Where you going this time of night?

MIKE  
That little place called None-ya-damn business.

Chris snatches the blunt from Mike's mouth.

CHRIS  
I told you not to light up tonight! Bad enough you ingest that crap in private, but then you bring it here? Giving the cops an excuse to send our asses to jail and shut down the Top for good! The hell's wrong with you? I once looked up to you, but those days are over.

MIKE  
I told you to stop treating me like some kind of child!

CHRIS  
Then stop acting like one!  
His brother waves him off and struts away.

MIKE  
Later for you. I got more important stuff to deal with anyway!

Chris watches him strut away.

His eyes soften and he follows him around a corner into a dark alley.

MONTAGE - more images of Mike drifting into rough areas and meeting with drug dealers. Main lining drugs and needles going into black arms.

CHRIS (V.O.)  
I was trying to find out what my brother was up to, but really I knew damn well already. I'd seen this madness with my own eyes.

Surrounded by filth and tweaking addicts, he shakes his head in utter disgust.

CHRIS (V.O.)  
 One day, I happened to be holding  
 a new birthday present I'd had  
 just gotten, a 35MM camera.

Chris find a dope house nearby and reaches into a bag with a stern look on his face.

One of the junkies reacts in horror when he sees Chris reach into the camera bag.

JUNKIE  
 A junkie on the floor screams Don't  
 shoot, brother!

Chris lifts a camera to his eyes.

CHRIS  
 I'm gonna' shoot alright! The  
 world needs to see this bullshit.

He takes pictures of all the decay and desperation around him. His pictures include more junkies, dealers, and various hangers-on some covering their eyes.

CHRIS (V.O.)  
 Now if I'd been paying attention  
 to the faces in those photos, I  
 might have recognized a few  
 people I grew up with.

We see a still photo a dealer -- middle-aged, heavysset white man -- siting in his car.

CHRIS (V.O.)  
 But it would be a few years  
 before I learned that everyone  
 is a suspect, even the cops.

EXT. DRIVE-IN - NIGHT

Chris and Lee (age 20) pull into a drive-in theater.

CHRIS (V.O.)  
 In the meantime, life was giving  
 me more and more lessons to  
 learn.

Lee is a little uneasy as they drive up to the parking spot.

LEE  
 I don't know, baby. I got  
 my doubts about this place.

CHRIS

Look, I know Warren ain't the friendliest place to be after dark for us, but it's got to be better than Dearborn. And since those are just about the only options for us to see this movie without catching a plane, Warren it is.

with a sigh, Lee surrenders.

LEE

If you say so.

The camera zooms in on the movie screen, then illustrates the passage of time with a fade.

The couple are having a good laugh while sharing popcorn.

CHRIS

Aw, come on now! I know he's James Bond and all that, but tell me how he's gonna' survive a night in a Harlem nightclub *and* a pond of hungry alligators in the same movie!

As he goes on, a car of unhappy white guys pulls up next to them.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

And another thing. I know my man fired at least seven shots from that six-shooter in that scene where --

Chris notices a threatening glare coming out of the car next to them.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Looks like we doin' some staring tonight. Well, I got eyes too. And I can stare right back.

The two of them have a long, tense, stare down.

The white dude at the window pulls out a noose and hangs it from the window, the angry scowl still on his face.

LEE

Chris, baby. We better get out of here.

CHRIS  
Good ass idea.

Chris cranks the car's ignition.

But nothing happens.

He tries a second time, then a third. Finally the car budes and he's able to pull out of the spot.

As he rockets out of the drive-in, he hears a voice behind him.

VOICE  
Yeah, get out of here,  
nigger.

Pulling out of the drive-in, he looks into the rear-view window and sees the car still after him.

A third vehicle joins the hunt, with menacing hoots and hollers coming out of all windows.

Soon a high-speed chase is underway.

CHRIS  
Leave it to these crackers to put  
me into some black James Bond  
shit.

He turns back and sees the cars gaining on him.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Hold on to something, baby.  
'Cause I'm about to step on it.

Another check in the mirror. He sees the cars are gaining on him more.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Shit, I can't outrun a GTO!

One of the cars pulls up beside them, keeping pace.

With more hoots and hollers, the noose gets dangled from the window once again.

One of them lifts a brick in the air and aims at his car.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Put your head down!

Clutching the seat in fear, Lee ducks her head down.

with his heart racing, Chris's eyes dart ahead checking for road signs.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I don't know Warren as well as you! How far before we hit 8 mile?

Lee starts to raise her head to see.

LEE  
Where are we?

CHRIS  
No, no! Stay down, baby! We're on...  
(squinting)  
What is that? Nine Mile Road, moving toward Woodward!

The loud POUND hits the side of the car.

Lee screams.

(CONT'D)

CHRIS  
Don't worry, baby! That was a just a brick! How far before we hit 8 mile?

LEE  
Just keep going straight! You'll get there in a minute!

From the driver side, Chris sees the other car pull up and keep pace with him.

CHRIS  
I don't think we have a minute!

The cars start to move ahead of him and block him from reaching the next intersection.

ANGLE - the speedometer reads ninety and rising.

The GTO tries to get in front of him.

Chris skillfully dodges past him, but the GTO quickly catches up.

He sees the intersection ahead.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Do I turn here at the light?

LEE  
No, not yet! After this light, we're there!

Chris breathes a sigh of relief.

But he looks up and sees the light turning yellow...

Then red.

He races through the red light, barely dodging a cement truck coming from the other direction.

The GTO and the other car slip around the truck... But sideswipe each other.

A sign up ahead reads 'welcome to Detroit.'

CHRIS  
(relieved)  
we're home.

Lee catches her breath as she climbs back into her seat.

LEE  
I've never been happier to  
be *back in* Detroit.

Chris looks back at the two cars, now stalled on the side of the road as they race into the distance.

CHRIS  
Those coward ass crackers were afraid  
to keep coming. I guess we gave them  
what they wanted, huh? Perhaps you  
need a gun to visit Warren.

LEE  
I tried to tell you about Warren.

A small smile lands on Chris's face.

CHRIS  
Yeah, you were right about  
that one. You okay?

LEE  
Yeah. But next time we want to  
catch a movie, let's stick to  
someplace away from the suburbs.

INT. GYMNASIUM - DAY

Chris steps inside the crowded area and takes a seat. A community gun raffle was about to take place.



CHRIS (V.O.)

Right around that time, I decided to try my luck at a raffle. Only this wasn't a Thanksgiving turkey being offered. I needed a little more than that to keep me and my people protected.

An announcer steps before the crowd, lifts an black imposing rifle above his head and addresses those in attendance.

ANNOUNCER

Alright ya'll, here's how we do this: You need to be in here, in the house, to pick up this prize. If we pull a number of somebody not here, we move to the next number. Got it?

The crowd shouts in agreement.

Chris addresses, Tommy, the guy seated next to him.

TOMMY

I have to confess I wasn't real cool about this gun idea at first.

Chris nods.

CHRIS

Me neither. I was like, 'why are these people raffling off an instrument of death for folks already dropping like flies.

TOMMY

Exactly. So what changed your mind?

CHRIS

A trip to a drive-in out in the suburbs. What about you?

TOMMY

Started reading about co-intelpro.

CHRIS

I herd that...Good luck.

They exchange dap.

ANNOUNCER

Now I want to be clear. This

prize is for self-defense only,  
and not a damn thing else.  
(MORE)

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)  
 If I find out this thing gets  
 used as another tool in our  
 people's annihilation, I don't  
 know what I'm liable to do.

(pause)

Okay, ya'll, here we go! Check  
 the number at the bottom of your  
 ticket.

The room goes quiet as the announcer reads off the number.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)  
 Anybody got 4590? No? Nobody?  
 Looks like we got some  
 revolutionaries too lazy to pick  
 up their ammunition. Next number:  
 3401.  
 Anybody?  
 (pulls out another number)  
 Alright, let's see if this  
 revolutionary bothered to show up.  
 (reads another  
 number) 2445?

Chris rises from his seat, ticket in hand.

CHRIS  
 That's me! I'm 2445!

He strolls to the front, and after having his ticket number  
 checked, picks up the rifle handed to him in a long box.  
 He exits the gym quickly.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

After stepping to his car, Chris takes a cautious glance  
 around, pops the trunk open and places the innocent-looking  
 box inside.

CHRIS (V.O.)  
 I was in no big hurry to put that  
 thing to use, but it was good to  
 know I had it if I needed it.

Within a minute of driving away, he hears sirens  
 behind him and sees a cop's blaring lights approach.

CHRIS (V.O.)  
 It didn't take long for me to  
 see a downside to winning that  
 raffle.

Chris pulls over and tries to calm himself with a deep  
 breath and brief, whispered pep talk.

CHRIS  
Stay cool, Chris. Stay cool.

As one officer remains a few feet away, the other struts to his window, annoyed look on his face and his hand on his gun.

COP  
Alright, you know the drill:  
license and registration.

Avoiding eye contact, Chris hands over his documents. The cop takes a look, then growls to him.

(CONT'D)  
COP  
Out of the car.

CHRIS  
I'm going to take off my seat  
belt. Is that okay?

COP  
Get out of the car.

with his hands raised, Chris obeys.

(CONT'D)  
COP  
what do you have in the trunk?

CHRIS  
Nothing.

COP  
Open it.

CHRIS  
It's broke and it won't open.

COP  
It's not broke. Open it.

CHRIS  
I can't. It's broke.

COP  
You open it or I'll pry it open.

CHRIS  
I'm not giving you permission to  
search my car.

The cop becomes enraged. He lifts his billy club to Chris's

face.

COP  
Here's my permission this  
nightstick. Now open the God  
damned trunk.

CLOSE UP - Chris's anguished face as he says nothing,  
keeping his jaw clenched tightly.

The cop casually nods to the other cop who reaches into the  
squad car and pulls out a crowbar.

CLOSE UP - more worry on Chris's face as he drops his head  
in defeat, knowing what's coming next.

As the cop behind him chuckles, he hears a loud  
snap of broken metal. Then he hears the truck slowly creak  
open. His eyes grow panicked as he hears more snapping  
sounds. He then hears a long whistle from the cop  
behind him.

(CONT'D)  
COP  
well, well. Look at this little  
cutie. What do you think, Larry?

The other cop replies with a chuckle.

(CONT'D)  
COP  
I think this lying son-of-a-bitch  
needs to have his car impounded  
while he gets arrested for  
carrying a concealed weapon.

Chris clamps his eyes shut tightly as he hears the hammer  
of a gun being pulled back, then pointed at his head.

(CONT'D)  
COP  
what you got to say now, Mr.  
Revolutionary?

Chris says nothing. He stares straight ahead and tries  
to keep it together.

INT. SQUAD CAR - NIGHT

Chris sits in the back, saying nothing.

COP  
(chuckling; to the other  
cop)  
Hey, Jim! Mr. Big mouth sure is

quiet, isn't he?

COP#2

Yeah, something about pressing a gun to his face seems to shut him up.

The cop turns and presses the gun against Chris lips and teeth.

COP

I should blow your funky head off right now, you piece of nigger shit! You look like somebody that needs to learn a lesson.

The cop pulls his gun away and places it back in his holster. The two cops chuckle as the car pulls into a dark alley.

CLOSE UP - Chris's eyes shift from the two cops to the station ahead.

CHRIS (V.O.)

I wasn't sure if they were going to take me to the docks or take me to be booked and charged. Truth be told, I didn't know which one scared me more. The word 'fear' can't even come close to what I was feeling. It closer to paralysis. My body lost all power to move.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

TITLE - "One month later"

Chris steps out of the station, nursing his wrists.

CHRIS (V.O.)

Thanks to a few lies told by Detroit's finest, it didn't end well. They claimed I gave them permission to search my car and they claimed they never broke the lock on my trunk. Nobody was listening to me. Not the judge, not my court-appointed attorney, nobody.

CHRIS

But thankfully, the lies could



only go so far. The gun was new  
and had never been fired.  
(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Plus, I had proof of winning the raffle. So I ended up with a slap on the wrist -- or should I say, slap on the head, and a one thousand dollar fine. So in the end, the court got my money, the cops kept the gun and I kept my life.

CHRIS (V.O.)

As bad as things were going, they were about to get much worse. You see we did these off site tours at schools and community centers. This helped us get the word out to a broader audience. I never liked this idea. Mostly because I never knew what was being said and how people reacted. This time I was short staffed and I had to send C7 Gary who could be a real hothead at times. This event was a big deal it was on the campus of Michigan State University and a large audience was expected.

EXT. UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - Night

Two guys, Gary (Age 21) and Stan (a Michigan State University student Age 22), stroll from the TOP meeting and step onto the Campus after the presentation.

CHRIS (V.O.)

We never wanted our organization to become the very thing were fighting against, but on one fateful day after a TOP tour, that had happened -- at least for a brief and tragic moment.

STAN

You see how locked in them brothers was? Even the uncle toms in the room had to take notice. That was a strong presentation my brother.

GARY

Shit it even pissed me off and I

was doin all the talkin, look at  
all these fuckin crackers around  
here! I don't know how you last  
in this bitch without losin  
your damn mind.

(CONT'D)

How many brothers are there  
on this campus anyway?

STAN  
(counts on fingers)  
Uh... let's see...  
approximately... one -- me!

They laugh and share dap.

GARY  
Man, don't let me loose in this  
motherfucker. It would be only a  
matter of time before I'd have to kill  
one of these bitch ass crackers just  
for looking at me.

STAN  
Any of them fuck me with me, they  
better have a fucking casket waiting.

Gathered beneath a statue, a student Martin Brown has a  
conversation with friends.

The Beach Boys play in the background and a few guys toss  
around a frisbee.

He says goodnight to his friends and starts walking toward  
Stand and Gary.

GARY  
(Still hyped up from his  
presentation)  
I heard that! I'd slice a cracker  
up like government cheese up in  
this bitch. Look at punk ass Opie  
over here! Straight from some  
racist ass Mayberry.

STAN  
Let me get a cigarette from this  
fool.

Martin ignores them as he walks toward them.

STAN (CONT'D)  
Hey man, you got a cigarette?

MARTIN  
I don't smoke.

STAN  
I didn't ask your ass if you

smoked, did I?

Martin tries to diffuse the tension with a laugh.

MARTIN

well... the two usually go hand-  
in- hand.

But Gary doesn't share in the laughter. He sends a  
lethal glare at him.

GARY

Oh, so you one of them smart ass  
honkies, huh?

Panicked, Martin freezes, sending his panicked eyes back  
and forth between Gary and Stan.

MARTIN

Hey, guys... I'm not looking  
for any trouble.

GARY

well, you done found it,  
motherfucker.

Gary pulls a hunting knife from his waist and plunges it  
hard into Martin's chest.

FREEZE FRAME on Martin getting stabbed by Gary while  
Stan holds him still.

CHRIS (V.O.)

Not only was this a tragic day  
for Martin Brown and his family,  
but it threatened to damage our  
organization and me. You see, my  
hands were dirty as well because  
I sent them to the campus and as  
a result a person was murdered  
for being the wrong race in the  
wrong place at the wrong time.

EXT. HOME - DAY

Chris casually steps toward a large, English Tudor  
style home where his mother lives.

CHRIS (V.O.)

I hadn't hit rock bottom just  
yet. But a visit to my mothers  
home brought me there quickly.

Chris enters the house and walks through the kitchen,  
then the dining room. walking into the living room, he  
sees a body on the floor, hypodermic needle hanging from  
his brothers arm.

Stunned, he lunges toward the body, shaking.

CHRIS  
Mike! Mike, open your eyes! Are  
you okay?

He frantically tries to revive the body, shaking Mike, but  
his brother doesn't respond he is dead.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
wake up, man - please!

He leaps to his feet and races out of the house, screaming  
in the street for help.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Help, somebody! Please! Call and  
an ambulance, my brother is  
dying!

People run out of there homes to help.

CHRIS (V.O.)  
I'd seen him using before, but  
that was weed. And here it was  
only a few months later, he'd  
gone from weed to heroin. It was  
a nightmare. This would take a  
long time to get over. A very  
long time. Maybe it would take  
forever.

INT. TOP CENTER - THE NEXT NIGHT

Chris enters the building and takes a long walk toward the  
giant slave ship.

He looks at it, holding back tears, lowering his head.

CHRIS (V.O.)  
All this was racing through my head when  
I stepped up for a slave ship tour. We  
are forced to come by slave ships then  
years later we become slaves to drugs.

Al approaches him from behind.

AL  
Hey brother, I'm sorry to hear  
about Mike. It always hurts to  
lose another black man --  
especially when the loss is so  
close to home.

CHRIS  
Thank you. I appreciate it.

AL  
 Look, I could understand if you weren't feeling today's tour under the circumstances. If you like, I could find somebody else to fill in --

CHRIS  
 No, no. I need this today. I need to remind myself that there's something out there calling me. A reason for all this pain. I have to get this feeling out to others.

The two men share a hug, then Al steps away.

AL  
 (gestures toward  
 the gathering  
 crowd)  
 It's all yours, brother.

Chris grabs the microphone and turns to face the crowd.

CHRIS (V.O.)  
 But the truth is I hadn't really answered that question yet. What was the reason for all this pain? Maybe today's talk would help me find an answer.

He takes a long look at the crowd, glances at the various faces.

One face in particular catches his attention. Lena's young incredibility cute toddler.

CHRIS  
 Brothers and sister, I prepared a lot for this talk, did a lot of research, wrote down lots of names and dates. But the basic idea is one you already know: Drugs are all over this city -- and the damage it's doing is real. Your children will have drugs in their veins!

He looks at the faces again.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
 You've seen the images. Hell, you've probably walked past them to get here tonight. And many of you know the victims.



Looking down he holds back tears.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

In fact, my own brother just recently joined that club. Don't be so stupid as to hold your people at fault. The true culprits are accountable. Who are these culprits? Here's one...

He holds up a photo that features a drug deal in a police car Chris had photographed.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

This is slime bag Officer Henry Marzette, a former cop who became Detroit's most powerful heroin boss.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Now notice I didn't say he was Dearborn's biggest dealer, or Warren's or some other suburban place whiter than a Klansman's ass! He's selling that crap, where he knows his boys in blue can and will look the other way. Where the damage done to young men, the mothers and daughters won't be stopped.

The crowd reacts with disbelief and strong murmurs.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

But don't think this excuse for a human being was acting alone. This is no one-man job we're talking about here. This man hired his former colleagues to network with him.

He holds up more pictures.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

He got these rats Sgt. William Stackhouse, Sgt. Rudy Davis, Patrolman Robert Mitchell. I could go on and on with the names and the long list of crimes committed. I could talk about the CIA's role in all of this as well and their twisted role in the death of Martin Luther King. But the big point here is that if this bullshit keeps up --

He hard slaps the side of the slave ship.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

-- we might as well load this thing back up. Because the place we're headed for is just another kind of slavery. A life of desperation and injustice. A life that would seem not worth living.

Chris stares at the faces once again, fighting back tears. Glen's words echo in his head.

GLEN

"It was missing... something".

Chris nods his head. He understands what the previous tour was missing. He speaks the answer out loud.

CHRIS

Hope.

With a smile on his face, he steps over the Lena's young child.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Our hope is in these kids. Our hope is that if we pass this information along, people will listen, they'll wake up. They will grow up to become the change we must create. This comes from telling the truth no matter what the cost.

He lifts up a stack of papers.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

All of this is here for anybody who needs it and we all do. If you're a teacher or a parent or just somebody who cares about people and likes to spread the truth, it's here for you. Thank you brothers and sisters.

A young woman walks up to the table where Chris is standing and leaves a yellow post-it note that read's: Murder on Michigan State campus. Stunned by the news he has already put two and two together.

KILLING DETROIT (EPISODE 5)

## ERIK &amp; SUE - NIGHT

Two students on the Michigan State campus on March 10, 1973, the two began walking toward the Red Cedar River at about 12:30 am. As they neared a bridge, they saw two African-American males "walking briskly." the two men were walking towards the Sparty statue a popular campus gathering place. The couple became alarmed, and returned to the dorm. The next day, they watched TV and learned that police were looking for a blond-haired couple that had been standing on the bridge that crossed the Red Cedar River in the early morning hours the night of the murder.

SUE  
(Pointing to the TV)  
Did you see that?

ERIC  
(Stern voice)  
Yeah, that is definitely us they are talking about, lets get dressed we need to go to the police station right now!

Sue and Eric leave their apartment arriving at the campus police station. An officer in uniform meets with Eric, and is shown a photo array, from which he picked out Gary as one of the men that he saw that night. Eric nodding his head and pointing at a mug shot.

ERIC  
Yes he's the one we saw, he was walking fast, and never made eye contact. He was looking down, and only glanced at us once, and then he quickly turned his head away. It was strange sort of like, he didn't want us to see him.

INTERVIEWING OFFICER  
Are you sure this is who you saw?  
Are you sure?

ERIC  
Yes I'm 101% sure.

SUE  
Yes he resembles the man we saw. Officer was someone killed last night?

INTERVIEWING OFFICER  
Yes, a young man was stabbed to

death.  
Sue drops her head in sorrow. Eric places his arm  
around her shoulder to offer her comfort. A tear comes  
to Sues eye as she shakes her head

EXT. NIGHT THE SUSPECTS VOLKSWAGEN IS FOUND

INTERVIEWING OFFICER #1  
I understand you came in today to  
tell us about something you  
observed last night correct?

SAM  
Yes, two men left a car in the  
parking lot last night and walked  
away from it very fast, almost  
running. I know one of the men.

INTERVIEWING OFFICER#1  
How do you know him?

SAM  
well I see him in my dorm all the  
time. So I didn't have any  
trouble recognizing him.

INTERVIEWING OFFICER #1  
Do you recall how he was dressed?

SAM  
Sure he was wearing army  
fatigues.

CUT TO:INT. ANOTHER WITNESS GOES TO THE POLICE -  
MOMENTS LATER

DESK OFFICER  
How can I help you

JOHN  
I have some information that may  
be related to that murder on  
campus last night.

INTERVIEWING OFFICER #2  
Let's go to my office.

The two men walking down long hall to a private office  
at the end of the hall.

INTERVIEWING OFFICER #2  
OK tell me what you have.

JOHN  
well I was on the elevator in  
Holden Hall at 5:30 AM this  
morning. I saw a short dark  
skinned man, and a taller black  
man in the elevator. Both men

were wearing Army jackets and pants and black lace-up boots. To me they fit the description of the guys who committed that



(CONT'D)

murder last night. They looked strange, and turned away from me like they didn't want to be seen. Very odd if you ask me, the whole thing gave me the chills.

INTERVIEWING OFFICER  
(officer is stunned but excited)  
OK let me get your statement recorded.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. DIRECTOR REPORTS TO POLICE - MOMENTS LATER

WE SEE a older overweight balding black man on the phone calling the campus police department from one of the campus dorms. The department is getting a solid flow of good leads about the murder.

INTERVIEWING OFFICER #3  
Good Morning Campus Police

WILLIAMS  
Hello, I'm the Assistant Director here at Holden Hall. Today around noon I asked this guy had he heard about the murder on campus. I mean this guy is always dressed in army clothes, so I was sort of checking him out from what was on TV. This thing has been all over the news and the description with army fatigues and all, I had to check him out. I asked him about the murder on campus. His answer was kind of strange. He said "someone would have to be crazy to stab someone ten times". After he said that he sort of smiled kind of like a smirk and then he just walked away.

INTERVIEWING OFFICER #3  
Did you say ten times? He said ten times to you?

WILLIAMS  
Yes he said ten.

INTERVIEWING OFFICER #3  
 How could that be? We haven't done the autopsy yet. We have no idea about the number of stab wounds. Look don't speak to anyone about this. Can you get here around 1:00 today? I need to get your statement in writing.

WILLIAMS  
 Yes, I can come in at 1:00 no problem, you can count on me.

williams slowly hangs up the phone and takes a deep breath looking up and leaning back in his office chair.

The three interviewing Detectives are coming together late in the day to compare notes, from all the witnesses interviewed so far. They are meeting with the lead detective James Dunlop.

DETECTIVE DUNLOP  
 Look guys this case is very high profile right now. Its looking more and more like it's could be one of our own students, who my be involved in this thing.

INTERVIEWING OFFICER #2  
 Well detective I know you've seen some of the eyewitness stuff, but more information just came in.

DETECTIVE DUNLOP  
 More? More like what?

INTERVIEWING OFFICER #2  
 Like a witness from the dorm where one of the suspects lives. He says this guy he spoke with knew the number of stab wound's inflicted into the deceased, and we haven't even announced the results of the autopsy yet. Now if that isn't probable cause I don't know what is!

A desk phone rings and Dunlop picks up. Its the corner Dr. Roberts with the autopsy results.

DETECTIVE DUNLOP  
 Good afternoon Dr. Roberts what

do you have for me?

DR. ROBERTS

Well we have completed the autopsy. We have ten stab wounds to the upper body as the cause of death. I'll send you the full report in the morning.

Dunlop looks at the other officers in the room with a stare of concern. The other officers also overhear the corners comments.

DETECTIVE DUNLOP

OK Dr. I'm in a meeting right now and I'll give you a call as soon as its over. One question, has anyone else been informed of the autopsy results?

DR. ROBERTS

No you are the first call I've made.

DETECTIVE DUNLOP

Do me a favor Doctor if you can. Keep the results under your hat until we have a chance to talk OK?

DR. ROBERTS

OK you got it, talk to you soon. Roberts hangs up with Browns battered body on the examination table. The body is ripped with stab wounds, pale and cold on a stainless steel surface.

DETECTIVE DUNLOP

Look guys here's the deal. We are not going to release the number of stab wounds to the press. I want all of you to keep the number of wounds to yourself. You are not to release any related information to the press, until I give you further instructions. Also, keep an eye on that VW I have concerns.

DETECTIVE DUNLOP

(Dunlop raises his voice to make sure his order in understood.)  
Everybody got that!

Heads nodding agreement.

CHRIS (VO)  
During the initial investigation,  
officers realized that the only  
car parked in front of the

(CONT'D)

Benison Field house, in the vicinity of the stabbing, was a beige Volkswagen Beetle, officers kept an eye on the car throughout the night while they processed the crime scene. An Officer Plummer was watching the vehicle and reported that it was moving at 6:30 am. Officer Plummer began to pursue the car. Plummer stopped the vehicle for a turn-signal violation. The vehicle was driven by a man, who was dressed  
CONT'D

in Army Fatigues it was Stan a student at the school.

The Volkswagen is getting pulled over after making a right turn and failing to signal. The officer is seen exiting the patrol car walking up to the drivers side window.

PLUMMER

I pulled you over for failing to turn on your directional signal.

STAN

(angry and hostile)  
So what no one was behind me!

PLUMMER

Well I was behind you. I need to see your drivers license and registration.

STAN

Man I'm not giving you shit I ain't done nothing wrong!

Plummer places his hand on his gun.

PLUMMER

OK get out to the car now!

Stan exits the car while taking a combative stance with his fist locked together at his belt buckle.

PLUMMER

You are coming down to the station for questioning.

STAN  
 (Defiant and disrespectful)  
 Fuck that man I ain't going  
 nowhere!

Plummer calling for backup, as he stands to the side of the car to conceal his conversation. Plummer makes sure that Stan is not hearing the request for backup. Backup arrives within 90 seconds. with lights flashing, two patrol cars and four officers arrive. The handcuffed suspect is taken into custody.

PLUMMER  
 You are wearing clothing that fits the description of a suspect in a murder here on campus. So I'm placing you under arrest.

STAN  
 Man fuck you, that's bullshit! You don't have shit on me! You are just doing this cuz I'm black. What's wrong with you I'm a student here!

PLUMMER  
 well I'm sorry you feel that way but this has nothing to do with your race. I am trying to do my job and right now my job involves a murder investigation.

INT. DAY INTERROGATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Inside police department interrogation room. Stan is seated with his head down.

PLUMMER  
 why was your car left in the parking lot last night.

STAN  
 (Again same defiant voice)  
 Because I was sleeping!

PLUMMER  
 (Plummer trying to use black slang to get on the same verbal level with the suspect)  
 Your car was not parked where you were sleeping last night. It was in the Jenison Lot and you don't have a dorm in that hall. Stop bullshitting me man.

STAN

(Stan is now speaking in a more compliant voice)  
I parked the car near Jenison Hall at about 11:00 pm. and then walked across campus to Fee Hall to visit a friend.

PLUMMER

whats your friends name?

STAN

(Stan is becoming increasingly cooperative but also looking concerned)  
His name is Lockhart Haywood Lockhart.

PLUMMER

How long did you stay?

STAN

I left Lockhart's right at around 4:00 am.

PLUMMER

OK that's all I need for now. I'm going to release you today, but make sure you signal all your turns OK?

STAN

(Soft remorseful voice)  
Yes officer I'll be more careful next time.

stan walks from the interrogation room down the hall of the police station whispering to himself.

STAN

(Talking to himself)  
These dumb ass pig mutherfuckers!

Plummer is walking over to lead detective Dunlap's office.

DETECTIVE DUNLOP

OK what do you have.

PLUMMER

I just interviewed the owner of that Volkswagen, and his story sounds solid. I'm going over to visit his alibi to see if it shakes out.

DETECTIVE DUNLOP



OK, keep me posted.  
Plummer is now driving to  
Lockhart's dorm and knocking on  
the door. Lockhart answers.

PLUMMER

Good morning my name is Detective Plummer from the Campus Police Department. I'd like to ask you a few questions, may I come in?

LOCKHART

Yeah come on in, have a seat how can I help you.

The two men sit down at a small kitchen table.

PLUMMER

I just want to quickly follow up on a friend of yours Stan and his whereabouts last night. You do know Stan don't you?

LOCKHART

Yes we are very close I have know him for 5 years. We attend a few classes together.

PLUMMER

where were you last night?

LOCKHART

I was here in my dorm all night. I was preparing for a test tomorrow.

PLUMMER

Did Stan visit you during that time?

LOCKHART

(Lockhart's voice body language showing concern)  
Yes, he was here till about 4:00 or 4:30 AM or so. We played cards and watched some TV.

PLUMMER

what time did he arrive?

LOCKHART

Some time around 11:00 or so.

PLUMMER

what did you watch on TV?

LOCKHART

Some horror movie, but I don't remember the name.

PLUMMER

So you forgot the name of the  
movie you just watched last  
night?

LOCKHART

Uh I think it was Uh, I don't remember.

PLUMMER

what was the plot of the move?

LOCKHART

(Nervous voice and shrugging his shoulders)  
Man I forgot, I just don't remember.

PLUMMER

At anytime did Stan leave the dorm last night?

LOCKHART

No, he never left the dorm he was here all night.  
(Lockhart's speech is halting and now very nervous)

PLUMMER

OK that's all I need for now. By the way who is your room mate?

LOCKHART

well he's not here right now.

PLUMMER

(Plummer grows a bit angry at Lockhart attempt to evade his question)  
No, I was asking you for his name, what is his name.

LOCKHART

Oh yeah his name is Miller Gregory Miller. He's in class right now.

PLUMMER

OK thanks for your help.

LOCKHART

(Lockhart overdoing his act of cooperation and Plummer picks up on Lockhart's tactic.)  
No problem detective, I'm always glad to help. By the way have you caught the people involved in that murder?

PLUMMER

No, but we are very close.

After Plummer leaves the dorm Lockhart is seen pacing the floor. He's looking out his window at Plummer as he pulls off from the dorm parking lot. Plummer calls Dunlop from his patrol car.

DETECTIVE DUNLOP  
How did it go?

PLUMMER  
This guy had the perfect story it was so clean he gave me the perfect alibi lie. He's flat out lying! He was studying but also was watching a movie, and playing cards with our suspect. Three things at once, no way. His body language changed completely when I asked about his roommate. He could not even recall the movie he watched just a few hours ago. He's covering up. I've got the name of his roommate and I'm going to administration now to pull him out of class and confirm Lockhart's story. This guy needs to go to school to learn how to lie a little better, he's a dead giveaway.

Plummer interacting with campus administration. The secretary looks up Miller's picture and class schedule. Plummer then walks across campus, he pauses as he walks past the site of the murder and looks at the body markers still viable shaking his head. He arrives at the classroom to interview Miller. Miller is leaving the class and walking directly toward Plummer.

PLUMMER  
Good morning are you Gregory Miller?

MILLER  
Yes I'm Gregory.

PLUMMER  
I'm detective Plummer with the campus police department, do you have a moment?

MILLER  
Sure how can I help you?

PLUMMER  
I just need to ask you a few questions about your whereabouts

last night.

MILLER  
No problem, I was in my dorm all night catching up on my studies and preparing for a test today.

PLUMMER  
What time was that?

MILLER  
From about 9:00 till 1:00 AM.

PLUMMER  
Who was in the dorm with you?

MILLER  
Just me, and my roommate that's all.

PLUMMER  
Did anyone visit you during the night?

MILLER  
No, it was just my roommate and I that's all, no visitors. What is something wrong?

PLUMMER  
No not at all. I'm just following up with a few students OK, thanks for your help.

Plummer is walking back to his car and calling Dunlop. He reports the news of Millers interview. Dunlop now picking up his phone.

DETECTIVE DUNLOP  
Who is Dunlop who is this?

PLUMMER  
I just interviewed Miller and he confirmed exactly what I suspected. Lockhart is lying. Miller told me no one came to his dorm last night. I think we have our man.

DETECTIVE DUNLOP  
Just to make sure get back over to Lockhart. I want to see if you can get him to choke. This time go into him hard!

PLUMMER  
You got it I'm on my way back  
over there now.

Plummer is pulling up to Lockhart's dorm knocking hard  
on the door. Lockhart answers.

PLUMMER  
(Arrogant voice)  
Its me again. I'll give you one  
guess as to why I came back to  
see you, just one guess.

WE SEE Lockhart looks nervous and stands in the  
doorway this time blocking entry.

PLUMMER  
well can I come in?

LOCKHART  
No! oh I mean yes come in.

PLUMMER  
Listen to me we can make this  
easy or we can make this very,  
very hard. I just spoke with  
your room mate Mr. Miller what  
do you think he told me?

LOCKHART  
I have no idea, how would I know  
what you two talked about?

PLUMMER  
(Plummer is laser focused on  
Lockhart's eyes and his voice is  
stern and loud.)  
Don't be stupid OK! He told me he  
was in this dorm all night, and  
no one came to visit. Right now I  
can arrest you for obstructing a  
police investigation do you know  
that?

CONT'D

PLUMMER  
(Plummer speaks with a strong  
voice making a direct threat.)  
Now think real fucking hard  
before you say anything else. If  
I take you in to custody today  
your college days are over, and  
that's just the beginning of your  
problems.



LOCKHART

OK look I,I,I lied. I was nervous and man I don't want to go to jail. What do you need I'll tell you everything I know about last night.

Lockhart is now on the verge of tears and puts his hands over his face and curses in a low tone.

LOCKHART

Shit, what the shit,shit, shit!

PLUMMER

OK tell me everything that happened last night.

LOCKHART

I lied. Stan called me early in the morning, about 2:00 am., he asked me to meet him on campus to pick up his car at Jenison Field house. He was nervous, and I could tell from his voice something was wrong. This guy Gary from Detroit was with him. So I met with them. Stan asked me to tell anyone who asked that they both were with me, at my dorm all night. The truth is they were never in my dorm. That all I know. Also, if you check out Stan's car you will find that the parking permit on his car is stolen. That's all I know that's it I swear.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY THE ARREST AT STANS DORM - AFTERNOON

Stan is being arrested outside of his dorm building for receiving stolen property. A uniformed officer handcuffs him. The arrest is rough with officers pushing his body hard against a wall.

PLUMMER

You are under are under arrest for receiving stolen property. You have the right to remain silent and refuse to answer questions. Anything you say may be used against you in a court of law. You have the right to consult an attorney before

speaking to the police and to  
have an attorney present during  
questioning now or in the future.  
Do you understand?

STAN  
 (Hostile defiant tone)  
 Man I'm not going anywhere fuck  
 y'all. You fucking pig, you can  
 kiss my ass!

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION STANS INTERROGATION - DAY

Stan is being interrogated back  
 at the police station. He breaks  
 down crying after he finds out  
 about Lockhart's statement. He  
 confesses that he was at the  
 murder scene.

CHRIS (V.O.)  
 At first Stan repeated the same  
 old story that he had told  
 before, denying that he even knew  
 Gary. He said he was with  
 Lockhart on the night of the  
 murder. When he found out about  
 Lockhart rating him out he  
 suddenly changed his story.  
 Stan caves in and starts to  
 admit his whereabouts.

CHRIS - (V.O.)  
 The police got aggressive they  
 knew they had their man. The  
 police even got a search warrant  
 to search Stan's dorm. What did  
 they find? None other than a set  
 of military fatigues. When they  
 went into Stan's bedroom he was  
 so dumb that he wrote the word  
 "Marty," short for Martin the  
 name of the guy that was  
 murdered was written on his  
 wall. How fucking stupid can you  
 get. He wrote his name on the  
 wall right beside his telephone.  
 After hours of questioning the  
 police could never get enough  
 out of Stan to hold him. The  
 parking permit was a slap on the  
 hand resulting in a small fine.  
 As for the murder, he walked  
 away a free man.

The police Chief and the head prosecutor for the  
 county engage in a heated discussion about getting  
 a warrant to make an arrest in the stabbing. The men  
 are not seeing eye to eye. The Chief forcefully hands  
 a stack of documents to the prosecutor.

CHIEF

Look we have enough to arrest the suspect right now for murder. Look at these witness statements. I even have a number of students who have come into my office, naming the suspects including the director of his dorm. His clothing matches, and his alibi failed when his friend was caught in a lie. It's all there on page nine. All I need is for you to sign the warrant, and my guys will pick him up today.

PROSECUTOR

OK you have a lot here, but it may not be enough?

CHIEF

Enough? What more do you want?

PROSECUTOR

Well, I don't like this case. Looking over the arrest documents I noticed that the reading of the rights has a flaw. Have you updated your guys on Miranda lately?

CHIEF

On what?

PROSECUTOR

On the proper reading of a citizens rights when they are arrested, that's what.

CHIEF

The suspect was made aware of his rights. Where are you going with this?

PROSECUTOR

Well he was made aware that he could consult with an attorney, but what about the part that says he can have an attorney present? That's where your guys blew it. Shortcuts never work. The law always works every time, and sloppy police work always fails every time.

CHIEF

The evidence is the evidence, and he committed this crime. I don't know what more you can ask.

PROSECUTOR

No wrong again, I'm only asking for a good case, and the evidence is no good if the rights aren't read properly. So Chief you have a great deal of facts here, but you have no case. At this point all I can tell you is to go back and make sure your men are properly trained so this won't happen again. Let the suspect go, thanks to sloppy police work he's a free man.

The Chief storm out angry at the Prosecutor. He mumbles the words ass hole.

CUT TO:

INT. THE CONFESSION - NIGHT

The inside of the TOP center a large room with floor to ceiling windows. The area we see is a bookstore with a long table with eight chairs four on each side. A radio is playing WJR News at 10 PM. The news coverage starts with news of a stabbing, and murder in Lansing Michigan on the campus of Michigan State University. The story concludes with the police looking for two murder suspects. The story gets the passing attention of Chris. On this night he is sitting with six other people duty as a Tour is ending in the rear class room. One hour after the news story Gary walks in the front door of the center smiling wearing a red lumber jack type shirt, and bluejeans His eyes are bulging and he looks tired haggard and somewhat strange.

GARY

(Loud voice)

Hello brothers black laws!

CHRIS

(standing up to shake Gary's hand with black hand shake)

How are you brother.

WORKER#1

(2nd handshake)

Black laws my brother

GARY

( He paces the floor)

Yeah, yeah shit goes down yes.

CHRIS

(CONT'D)

Yes it goes down all over America my brothers. Things will go down until we get our freedom! Yeah, by any means necessary!

GARY

(Still pacing the floor, but also making downward stabbing motions with each step)  
Yeah, and it just did. I stabbed a cracker, and he went down all the way down. I made that shit real!

WORKER #1

Here he goes again talking that bullshit, you need to shut up fool.

CHRIS

Yeah, yeah Gary you always talking shit nigga, shut up brother and find something to do with your talkin and walking ass.

GARY

(Smiling with boastful pride)  
Yeah OK I made that shit real it went down in America nuf talk my brothers action is the real deal.

CHRIS

Man shut yo ass up, its your day to clean up the kitchen. It looks like shit back there, and we don't live like that. Get it clean, and shut up taking shit.

GARY

(Smiling sheepishly)  
OK but you'll see, you'll see. Gary is walking to the back of the center to clean up the kitchen with a swagger.

CHRIS (V.O.)

Then it hit me. Was this just more bullshit from Gary? He loves to brag and yak. This time I tied what he was saying to that news story on the radio an hour ago. No, I thought no way would Gary kill someone never would he do that. Then things started to add up. This time he had a different look in his eyes, it was a crazed desperate look. That night by 3:00 AM I had not gotten any sleep. Gary's words just keep

repeating over and over in my  
head. I decided to call the MSU  
campus police.



Chris on the phone while sitting at his bedside.

CHRIS  
Can I speak to a detective?

DISPATCHER  
what does this involve?

CHRIS  
That recent murder on campus.

DISPATCHER  
OK, Hold on.

OFFICER SMITH  
This is officer Smith how can I help you.

CHRIS  
Look I don't know anything, but what I've heard on the radio. You had a murder on campus, and I have some information that may be helpful. I work with a guy named Gary, and he told me about a stabbing, and he acted like he was involved. Now I'm not saying he stabbed anyone, but he described how he stabbed someone. He was on campus last night, and I just need you to check it out.

OFFICER SMITH  
what did he tell you?

CHRIS  
well not in these exact words, he told me he stabbed a white person and showed me the motions he made during the act.

OFFICER SMITH  
Can you come in to give me a written statement?

CHRIS  
(In a strong resolute voice)  
No, I ain't doing that, in fact hell no!

OFFICER SMITH

You want to give me information  
but you wont come in. How do I  
know you aren't the one who did  
the stabbing?

CHRIS

well if you think I did it come and arrest me I'll give you my address. Look I'm going to give you this guys name and address you can do what you want with it. Forget about me coming in that's off the table. I just want this off my back. I can't sleep the way things are now. You need to do your job. Do you want the information or not?

OFFICER SMITH

OK give me what you have.

CHRIS

OK this guys name is Gary he's about six feet tall and he lives at 2391 Main Street in Detroit. He is at that address every day all day. All I'm asking is that you to do is question him. That's it OK? Man since when do I have to argue with cops to give up a lead?

OFFICER SMITH

OK, but what's your name?

CHRIS

My name is Puttin Tane ask me again and I'll tell you the same no names...goodbye officer!

Chris hangs up the phone and lays down in his bed looking up at the ceiling.

OFFICER SMITH

(Angry)

Smart ass!

Officer Smith throws the tip in the waste basket and never follows up.

ON SCREEN One Month later.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHICAGO TOP GETS HIT - NIGHT

A large explosion at an apartment building on the South Side of Chicago. The explosion is powerful, and it blows out bricks and glass from the buildings facade, and produces a large fireball. Debris and the bodies of four men in army fatigues can be seen laying lifeless in the street. The men all work at the Top. Two black cars are seen pulling away slowly from a side street near the apartment building. Sirens can be

heard in the distant background. We hear a radio broadcast with breaking news about the explosion. one hour latter A phone rings at the Top Center in Detroit Chris answers.

CHRIS  
Topographical Research Center how  
can I help you?

CHICAGO CALLER  
(Serious tone the caller speaks  
quickly and hangs up. Chris puts  
his head down.)  
This is Chicago, we've been hit.  
(dial tone)

CHRIS (V.O.)  
I knew the voice it was C1 head  
of the Chicago center. I also  
understood the word hit. The  
Chicago center had been attacked.  
What I didn't know was the extent  
of the hit. Had people been  
arrested? Was this the Chicago  
Police, The FBI? Was anyone  
killed? I only had one way to  
find out, that was to drive to  
Chicago.

An emergency meeting being held late that night.  
The TOP workers sit at a large table in front of the  
center. Chris speaks to the group.

CHRIS  
(Voice of fear)  
We have just learned of a hit on  
the Chicago center.

Everyone gasp in complete shock.

CHRIS  
(Taking charge of the crisis)  
This is the day we hoped would  
never happen, I wish I could tell  
you all more, but until we know  
more we all have to be on high  
alert. I must tell you that over  
the next few days we could also  
be hit, yes this is life and  
death stuff, so take it  
seriously. For the next forty  
eight hours all doors are to  
remain locked. I want two men  
stationed at the front door  
working in four hour shifts. We  
need to move these tables into  
the corner and pull the drapes  
over the main window. We also  
need who ever is on door duty to  
be on the lookout for strange

cars. The unmarked ones,  
especially those with government  
plates. Another person will need  
to patrol the building from the

outside covering the alley and the side streets. We will still conduct Tours, but with people we can clear at the door. We don't have any guns here so don't bring in any. Gary, get rid of that fucking knife, and do it now!

GARY

(Boasting tone)  
Naw man, I don't have that thing anymore, I got rid of it, it's gone!

CUT TO:

WE SEE Workers getting in place preparing the center to operate on emergency status. The back door is locked, blinds and drapes are closed. One worker is seen surveying the street with binoculars. Another worker walks the alley looking for any suspicious activity.

CHRIS

Now one last thing brothers. I'm driving to Chicago tonight. I need someone to come with me, any volunteers?

Three people raise their hands. Joe a tall dark skinned man stands up and Chris points to Joe.

CHRIS

Joe are you in?

JOE

What time are you leaving brother?  
Chris looks at his watch.

CHRIS

Well it's 2:39 AM right now. How about 2:45?

JOE

(Smiles and nods in approval)  
Damn brother that fast huh, OK  
let's ride!

INT. AUTOMOBILE - NIGHT

Chris and Joe driving way over the speed limit on a dark highway. Joe is in the passenger seat trying to tune the radio, but only getting static.

JOE

Shit man these stations are weak as hell. I'm trying to get WGN news in Chicago, but we are still too far away. All I can get is

this hillbilly ass country ass music.



CHRIS

We should get rid of this static in about fifty more miles WGN has a strong signal. You know what? I think we are being followed.

JOE

Why do you say that?

CHRIS

Look at your side mirror. You see that car in the slow lane?

JOE

You mean the second one behind us?

CHRIS

(Fearful voice)  
Yeah, I think that car was parked on Grand River before we left. This is the pattern when the killing starts!

JOE

I didn't see it.

CHRIS

Well when we got on the freeway it followed us. He keeps changing lanes, but he keeps laying back. I could slow down, but I'm going to act like he's not following us. I don't want to let him know that we have made him. I'll just keep watching him in the rear view.

A sign on the side of the road that reads Chicago 75 miles.

JOE

We are getting close let me see if I can get the Chicago news. Joe tunes the radio and he gets a strong signal.

JOE

Got it the news should be on at 5:30.

CHRIS

That car is still in the right lane. I know that fucker is following us.

During the news cast the two men are silent with Chris glancing at his mirror every few seconds.

CAR RADIO

This is WGN news we have a report  
of four men killed in a water

(CONT'D)

heater explosion at an apartment building on 75th street on Chicago's South Side. Apparently a gas leak caused the tank to explode killing the men. In other news....

CHRIS

(Angry)

Man turn that shit off!

JOE

(Joe is very, very upset and shouting)  
That's bullshit, just bullshit, a water heater explosion, bullshit. Those lying ass racist holes. You can't tell me that people stood around smelling gas and did nothing. When you smell gas you find out where its coming from, you shut it off, they are lying. This sounds like more of that J. Edgar Hoover shit.

CHRIS

Be cool brother, we got another problem, that car just followed us off the ramp, he's tailing us alright.

JOE

Man this shit is real. We need to call Detroit, and let them know what's goin down.

CHRIS

We will as soon as we get to the center we can make that call. The two men arrive at the center and walk up to the front door. All doors are locked the building is dark. The men peer through the windows, but only see a dark abandoned center. Four unmarked police cars are parked on the side street, and the men quickly spot them.

JOE

(Concerned)

Look the cops are all over this place. Look at that one he's looking our way.

CHRIS  
Check it out, don't turn around,  
look at the reflection in the

(CONT'D)

glass. That's the same car that followed us here, that one on the right.

JOE

OK if we were followed here they know who we are. Let's get the fuck outta here. The two men walking swiftly back to their car. Once in the car an unmarked police car pulls up and stops beside them blocking their departure.

CHICAGO UNMARKED CAR COP

Good Morning are you looking for someone?

JOE

(Whispering)  
Fucking pigs!

CHRIS

(Polite tone)

No, officer we were just going to visit the Top center today, but we see it's closed.

CHICAGO UNMARKED CAR COP

Yes, it's closed, so if I were you I'd move on.

CHRIS

Yes we see it's closed, and we are leaving now.

The police car backups allowing the men's car to exit the parking space. As the men drive away the unmarked car follows closely. The men head toward the Chicago Loop the police car follows them closely for the next ten miles or so. The men can't shake the unmarked car. They decide to turn around to head back to Detroit. The police car continues to follow them all the way to the Illinois state line, and then drops the pursuit.

CHRIS

(Mad and aggravated about being tailgated by the police)  
This bastard almost wants me to know he's following me. He is almost on my bumper.

JOE

They will keep up this tail shit

until we leave Chicago, that's  
what he's trying to do I know it.

CHRIS

(Shaken by the last few hours)  
Man see what you can get on the  
radio.

The two men hear WGN newscast with no mention of the  
explosion from the earlier newscast.

JOE

Those dirty son of a bitches,  
they have dropped the news  
story. The dirty bastards, four  
people dead and no more  
reporting, son of a bitch!

CHRIS

Let's get to a pay phone and call  
Detroit. I got a number I can  
call at C5's home, he may have an  
update on the hit. Plus, I need  
some gas and I'm starved. Let's  
pull over at this truck stop.

The men are at a payphone Chris is inside and Joe  
stands near the open door of the booth. C5's wife  
answers the phone.

C5'S WIFE

(Defensive tone)

who's speaking?

CHRIS

This is C7 from the Detroit Top.  
We just left Chicago Center, and  
it's closed where is everyone?

C5'S WIFE

(Phone goes to dial a tone at end  
of call.)

C7 this line is probably tapped,  
but I'm so hurt right now I don't  
even care anymore. Brother you  
need to leave Chicago now. My  
husband is dead and so are C4, C2  
and C3. It was an explosion, but  
not from a water heater that's a  
lie. You go home and protect your  
families. I've got to go now  
goodbye.

The two men in light tears as they walk slowly from  
the pay phone and sit down at the truck stop  
restaurant to get something to eat.

CHRIS

Man let's get outta here, I can't eat, I can't think, I'm in a bad place right now. I knew all those guys. I knew their families. I



(CONT'D)

respected each one of them, they were good brothers, all dead, all gone.

The men are walking back to their car. A police car sits close-by with two cops going in for lunch. Chris looks in the direction of the car and gives the police the finger as he gets into his car.

CHRIS  
(Mad)

They can look at us all they want, they can arrest me, I don't give a shit.

The men arrive back in Detroit in the late afternoon. A meeting is called where staff is given details of the Chicago hit.

CHRIS

Now that you know what happened in Chicago, I understand that you are in fear. If anyone wants leave now I don't blame you, and I truly understand. Chris is holding up the Chicago Tribune with the headlines "5 killed in South Side Explosion". Four workers leave the Detroit center in fear never to return.

Everyone in the room grows concerned and fearful.

CHRIS (V.O.)

Someone once told me that this is the business we are in. That this is a life or death business, and when you tell the truth you can be killed this is what happens in America. This news right now is strange, it just can't be believed. Some say it was a water heater others say it was a space heater, a robbery, some say the place was bombed. I don't know what happened, but what I do know is that our brothers were burned alive. As far as I'm concerned it was the government the feds, until somebody convinces me otherwise.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. THE CHECK - DAY

CHRIS (V.O.)

After the hit on the Chicago Center things in Detroit began to show signs of decline. Whether or not people in the city knew about Chicago was not a clear, however our audience size, and donations were definitely down in a big way. We were operating with five people, and only three were able to conduct Tours. Chicago was our anchor, and without support our future was in question. I never mentioned it to anyone, but the next hit would more than likely be on us.

CUT TO:INT. FRIDAY AT THE TOP - NIGHT

JOE

Man where are the people? We used to be packed on Fridays we only got six people in back.

CHRIS

(Speaking softly)

I heard that brother, I think people are scared. People ain't trying to come up in here and get killed. Some of this may be the schools who may have gotten warnings about us, I don't know. I put some money in the bank today for the rent, but we will still end up short this month unless things pick up. We've come to the point where we couldn't even pay Goldberg's rent last month. It was ether pay the rent or the electric bill, we need both of them. Detroit Edison gave me a break on the electric bill for thirty days, but that shit is up next week, and then I'm back on the hook. I even had some discussions with some of the brothers about shutting down the center and told them never. You know we have a bulls eye on our backs, they want to shut down the truth behind that wall. If we go down it damn sure won't be at the hands of this racist ass government hell naw!

JOE  
I heard that!

CHRIS (V.O.)  
Closing down was a reality I didn't want to face, but it was still a reality. I never told Joe or anyone how bad it really was. Goldberg was understanding he gave me two months rent free. That's the kind of favor you can only ask for once.

INT. THE GOVERNMENT CHECK - DAY

The inside of an FBI office and a check IRS style check being printed out and mailed to the TOP. The government has cocked a less violent way to destroy the group. Chris is in the front of the center when the mailman drops off a stack of mail.

CHRIS - (V.O.)  
One day I was checking the mail I discovered a envelope with what looked like a green check. I opened the envelope, and the check was made out to a local pest control company with our address on it. It was one of those government checks, the kind you get from the internal Revenue Service. The amount was \$3500. I couldn't help but to think this was the shot in the arm we needed, the one shot that would keep us going, and pay the back rent, and the electric bill. So after a few days of consideration I decided to make a move, a risky one and cash the check. I had thought out a plan. I would put on a suit and tie and get a briefcase. This was to look like a real business man, I took the check to Manufactures Bank on Grand Boulevard, I signed it and presented it to the bank teller asking for cash.

CHRIS  
(Dressed neatly acting professional and polite)  
Good afternoon I'm an account holder here, and I would like to cash a check.  
Chris is seen opening an empty

briefcase with only the check  
inside, and nothing else. The top  
of the briefcase is opened

(CONT'D)

blocking the tellers view of the empty briefcase.

TELLER

(Looks young an inexperienced)  
All I need is your I.D.  
Chris hands his I.D. to teller.

CHRIS

Great here it is.

The teller examining the I.D.

TELLER

OK everything looks good, How would your like your bills in \$20's or \$50's or \$100's?

CHRIS

\$20's and \$50's will be fine.

CHRIS (V.O,)

Because it was one of those government checks it was easy to cash. Little did I know the consequences would be devastating. A few months after cashing the check the center was back in the same situation, low donations and few people attending our Tours. The rent was past due once again. Now I would have a new problem called the United States Secret Service.

ON SCREEN TWO WEEKS LATER

INT. THE SECRET SERVICE COMES TO THE CENTER - DAY

Four TOP workers all men are sitting at a table in the front of the center. Two men in dark suits walk in and ask for Chris.

TWO SS AGENTS

Good afternoon. We are looking for Mr. Chris Hood.

JOE

(Joe is resentful at the agents approach)

who are you?

TWO SS AGENTS

I'm agent Conner with the Secret Service, is he here?

One agent is looking around at the door to the class room.

JOE  
who? what's that name?

TWO SS AGENTS  
Chris Hood do you know where we can find him?

JOE  
Nope, I have no idea, I don't know that name.

TWO SS AGENTS  
OK, if he happens to show up give him my card.  
Agent hands a business card to Joe.

JOE  
(Snappy voice)  
Yeah whatever.

After the agents depart Joe walks down the street to a pay phone to call Chris.

JOE  
Chris the SS just left the fuckin Secret Service. The guy left his card, and they want to talk with you. Whats going on?

CHRIS  
Nothing man I'll deal with it.

JOE  
Do you want this guys card?

CHRIS  
(Bold voice)  
Naw, throw that shit away.

CHRIS - (V.O.)  
I was away from the center that afternoon when the Secret Service came. If I was there I would have been straight up busted. I knew I would never set foot in the center again so it was time to go underground. A few days later the Secret Service would surround my mothers home with guns drawn. They told her I was being sought under a Federal warrant for uttering and publishing.



Government agents surrounding a large home. Agents are in the front and rear of the home with pistols and long guns in hand.

CHRIS (V.O.)  
 well ain't this a bitch. This uttering and publishing thing is just fancy language for cashing a check that didn't belong to me. That bullshit check is coming for my ass. was this another government trick to shut the center down? was Hoover behind this? I should have never cashed that damn check, but now it's too late. I should just go across the bridge to Canada, and never come back. I had lots of crazy thoughts at this point I could easily hide, change my name or, leave the country just across the Detroit River. Fuck it I'll just leave I'm sick of America anyway.

Chris at the Detroit's Ambassador Bridge to Canada. He drives up to pay the toll to cross into Canada, but he turns around and makes an abrupt U turn just before reaching the toll booth.

CHRIS (V.O.)  
 Instead I decided to stay. I thought I could beat this charge by simply going underground, and let time kill the charges. So, I changed my name, and got a new drivers license. I pretty much got a whole new identity. The only thing I never got rid of was my old I.D., but I put it under a brick in a plastic bag at my mothers house.

Chris hides his I.D. Under a brick in the backyard of his mothers home.

CHRIS - (V.O.)  
 From this point on anything I did was under the new name this would make me very hard to trace. I even executed a lease for a two bedroom flat in the new name. At this point I was feeling pretty good. After all they can't find me if they don't have an address.

On screen "One Year Later"

CHRIS - (V.O.)  
It's been over a year maybe the  
case has gone cold. It's not as  
if I robbed Fort Knocks or robbed

a bank. I always parked my car a few blocks way from my flat, just in case I was ever followed. I started to feel like they stopped looking for me. After all how many resources was the government going to put into a little \$3500 check scam? With all the street crime and murder happening who would gives a shit about me? I already had a daughter so I always had it on my mind to get married, I had already started a family but, never committed, now I was ready, I'm a free man now. I learned a lot from working at the TOP, and one of the most important lessons was to build, and provide for your family. We always told the brothers not to be be one of those men who fathers children, and then leaves them fatherless. So getting married was an easy decision, it was a matter of manhood, and responsibility.

Chris and Lee arriving in Toledo Ohio to a court house, where they will encounter yet another act of racism. They have made an appointment with a local JP.

CHRIS

Good morning, we are here to see the Justice of the Peace. We have an appointment to be marred.

OLD FEMALE COURT CLERK

well do you have an appointment?

CHRIS

Yes, I just told you we do it's for 2:00 today.

OLD FEMALE COURT CLERK

(Snappy voice, looking up over her glasses)

well first of all you are in the wrong building. You need to go around the corner. It's the third door on the right.

CHRIS

Thank you.

Chris and Lee walking around the corner talking.

CHRIS

(Angry)

Did you pep the way she talked to  
us?

LEE  
 Yes how could I miss that?  
 Typical arrogant,  
 ignorant no count angry  
 government worker.

CHRIS  
 (Angry)  
 Yeah a straight up bitch if you  
 ask me!

Chris and Lee enter the door to a small office. No  
 receptionist is at the front desk.

CHRIS  
 (Loud voice)  
 Hello, anybody home?

JUSTICE  
 (Faint voice from a long hall  
 from the back of the office.)  
 what can I do for you?

CHRIS  
 we have a 2:00 o'clock  
 appointment to be married.

A big fat balding slob of a white man emerges from  
 the end of the long hall. He waves for Chris and Lee  
 to come down the hall to his office.

JUSTICE  
 You must be my two o'clock. OK  
 let's get this over with. I see  
 you two are from Detroit.

CHRIS  
 Yes, we are from Detroit.

JUSTICE  
 That used to be a nice city. I  
 used to go there all the time to  
 baseball games, but not anymore  
 oh no. That place isn't safe  
 anymore. OK you two understand  
 that marriage is a public  
 declaration of two people too  
 accept each as a married couple.  
 You realize that right?

CHRIS  
 (Puzzled about the question)  
 Yes?

JUSTICE  
 (Reading from a book)  
 Do you, take her to be your wife

from this day forward, to honor  
and to cherish her, in sickness  
and in health for richer or for

(CONT'D)

poorer, and will be faithful to her, for as long as you both shall live?

CHRIS  
Yes!

JUSTICE  
Do you take him the same way?

LEE  
(Puzzled)  
What? The same way?

JUSTICE  
Yes, like I just said to him, to have and to hold in sickness or in health for richer or poorer.

LEE  
(Puzzled look)  
Yes I do.

A phone rings on the desk of the Justice.

JUSTICE  
Hold on I need to answer that call.

The Justice answer the phone talking about tee times at a local golf course. He talks about how he will be leaving his office shortly. The call turns into more small talk about clubs and golf balls. Chris and Lee wait looking at one another as if not overhearing the conversation. The call ends and the Justice has forgotten where he left off.

JUSTICE  
OK, where were we?

CHRIS  
(Somewhat aggravated)  
You were on the as long as we both shall live part.

JUSTICE  
(Confused)  
Oh yes do you have a ring?

CHRIS  
(Embarrassed)



No, no not today.

JUSTICE  
(Look of smugness)  
Well since we don't have a ring  
I'll skip part of this. Now  
repeat after me. With this ring,  
No forget that part. This is  
next, With the authority that  
has been granted to me  
by the State of Ohio, I pronounce  
that you are now man and wife.  
That will be \$60.

Chris hands three twenty dollar bill to the Justice

JUSTICE  
OK, you can go out the same way  
you came in.

CHRIS  
(Upset)  
Yeah, thanks.

The Justice sits down and start dialing his phone.  
Chris and Lee walk back down the long hall toward the  
reception area.

CHRIS  
Did you noticed how nonchalant  
that guy was?

LEE  
He was being an ass for no  
reason. Answering that call was  
so rude. Did you hear how he  
sounded when he mentioned  
Detroit?

CHRIS  
Yeah like we were from the  
Detroit Zoo, and the city ain't  
safe. How Detroit used to be  
nice, straight up insulting.

Chris and Lee exit the office, but on the way out  
Chris notices two paintings of the Sphinx and another  
of the Egyptian Pyramids.

CHRIS  
(Angry)  
Did you see those paintings he  
had?

LEE  
(Laughing)  
Yes I noticed on the way in. I

was thinking Judge was black at  
first.

CHRIS

Here take the keys and start the car, I'll be right back I gotta make a move .

Chris is walking back into the office, and he looks down the long hall. He hears the Justice still on the phone in back talking about his new golf clubs. He quickly removes the two paintings from the wall, and walks swiftly to his car with the painting under his arm, placing them in the back seat. He speeds away towards the highway back to Detroit.

LEE

what are you doing?

CHRIS

stealing that fools paintings, its not what I'm doing it's what I've already done fuck him.

LEE

why? why did you do that?

CHRIS

why? Are you kidding me. The way that fat fool treated us that's why. I don't even think he read the vows properly, screw him. The fat racist motherless bastard. He thinks he can talk to people like that, hell no. He just paid a price, the punk ass bitch!

LEE

So you just steal his paintings right off the wall over that? what's wrong with you?

CHRIS

(Smirking)

OK I'll turn this car around and give him his shit back, how's that sound?

LEE

No that would be even more stupid than what you just did.

CHRIS

(Holding back laughter from his sarcastic statement)  
well if it makes you feel any better lets just say I liberated the paintings OK. No theft involved, it was a black liberation move. He was holding those paintings hostage, they were enslaved

so I freed them up. I'm a hero  
those painting got rescued, they

(CONT'D)

are now free paintings. Besides I think they will look better on our living room wall anyway.

LEE

You crazy, for doin some shit like that. Then you try and justify it with some silly ass revolutionary talk, you need to quit.

CHRIS

Just consider it a weeding gift OK.

LEE

(Laughter)

You are a mess. Wedding gift my ass, you just need to get me that ring you promised.

CHRIS

I got you covered you know that.

LEE

You still crazy as hell. Chris leans over to the passenger seat puckering up for a kiss.

CHRIS

(Smiling)

Naw, baby I'm just crazy bout you.

The two kissing lightly.

CUT TO:INT. AT HOME - DAY

Later that week Chris relaxing at home on a Friday after work laying on the floor, and playing Miles Davis records next to a turntable. The two bedroom flat is on a quiet well kept tree lined street on the edge of Detroit.

CHRIS

We need to get some grocery's in this house. What time do you want to go to the store.

LEE

Give me an hour I have some clothes in the washer.

CHRIS

(Shouting to be heard over the  
washing machine)  
OK that's good for me.

A sunny mid afternoon with three people one a young child walking down a street. They turn, and walk around the block to the car. Chris scans his surroundings, and noticed a number of men stationed behind trees on corners. They are near the car, but trying to hide. Chris puts his arm in front of his wife, and they start to walk slower. As Chris and his family approach, four agents in black suits come from behind the trees with large pistols pointed at their heads.

SS AGENTS

(Forceful tone)  
Get down, get down now. Miss  
please step to the side move,  
move to the side now!

CHRIS

I'm down don't shoot, don't  
shoot.

Chris is being handcuffed while face down  
on the ground.

SS AGENTS

what's your name?

CHRIS

You know my name, it's Chris  
Hood.

SS AGENTS

You are under arrest for uttering  
and publishing a government  
check. You made a good long run,  
you were tough to find.

CHRIS

(In a low tone)  
Yeah I know.

SS AGENTS

we had a such a hard time finding  
you we almost gave up on you.

CHRIS

(Smiling)

Yeah, well I'm glad it's over,  
but I wished you had given up.

CHRIS(V.O.)

I was put in a unmarked car and  
taken to the federal lock up in



downtown Detroit. I was treated well. I was a read the charges and was found guilty a month later, fortunately I was sentenced under

(CONT'D)

some youth sentencing act, it allowed my record to be wiped clean years later. I happen to have had the good fortune of getting a decent probation officer. He did what a probation officer is supposed to do, put me on the straight and narrow. Part of my sentence was to pay all the money back, and I did that in just six months. Now the center was closed, and everyone involved was long gone. I was busted but now I could be free of anything associated with horrible events at the TOP.

WE SEE Chris driving by the center stopping to look into the empty building, and slowly driving away.

CHRIS - (V.O.)

Topographical Research Centers nationwide were closed forever many shut down under strange circumstances.

KILLING DETROIT (EPISODE 6)

## INT.KILLERS GO WEST - NIGHT

Two killer's Gary and Stan are sitting in a Denny's where they meet to sit, and talk about their future plans.

STAN

(Nervous and cautious, looking around to see if anyone is watching.)  
Good to see you man. You want some coffee?

GARY

(Looking tired and worn out)  
Yeah I'll have some.

STAN

How you felling, Man I'm not feeling so good. I think this thing is still hot. It's been two years, but it feels like that thing just happened yesterday.

GARY

I know, but I think it will go away over time. If they ain't got nothing they can't get nothing.

(Looking around and talking in code)

GARY

This thing has been beat to death and nothing has legs anymore, nothing. Man this shits going to the cold case file.

STAN

(whispering)

That don't mean it can't be reopened. what's cold now can get hot later my brother.

GARY

So what you gonna do? what can you do?

STAN

For me I'm getting out. The longer I stay around here the more chances I have of getting hot. I'm thinking about going out west. To me out west seems like as far away as I can get. The farther the better all I care about right now is distance from

this place. I even want to change my name. If this shit ever comes back I want to make sure the trail goes cold.

GARY

Not a bad idea, I may just do the same. One thing is for sure, I'm done with this state. Fuck Michigan! Did you hear about Chris?

STAN

Yeah, I understand he got clipped by the feds.

GARY

Yeah, he cashed a check that belonged to someone else. I think that shit was a setup. It was a Hoover hit. They just found a better way to do it without killing him. In the end it was the thing that closed the center, and that's all they cared about, shutting down that black truth.

STAN

He'll be OK, he always knew what to do. I got a lot of respect for that brother.

GARY

(Remorseful)

Yeah, man he was like a father to me, I miss him, I miss him a lot.

COME UP ON SCREEN - THIRTY TWO YEARS LATER  
EXT. RICH MAN POOR MAN - DAY

Both men go west. San Diego street life. Men and women on the streets sleeping in parks, and huddled in front of vacant store fronts. Then the inside of a dingy homeless shelter with occupied bunk beds. Gary sits on a bottom bunk smoking a cigarette looking worn and in bad health.

CUT TO:INT. BUSY REAL ESTATE OFFICE - DAY

Henderson NV just outside Las Vegas: Inside a busy real estate office. The office is busy with black agents doing real estate deals. The office is well equipped, and modern. A sales scoreboard on the wall is showing \$1,500,000 in sales for the month. We see Stan parking a Range Rover in front of a large luxury home with a three car garage. A seven series BMW is also parked in the driveway. He is well dressed and professional he walks into the home and greets his wife.

CHRIS (V.O.)

Both Gary and Stan left Michigan and headed west. Each encountered much different outcomes.

(CONT'D)

Gary headed to San Diego where he became homeless on the cities streets for years, going from one homeless shelter to the next. Stan on the other hand went into the real estate business in the Las Vegas area, and built a multi-million dollar business while living in one of Henderson Nevada's most exclusive gated communities.

INT. FBI COLD CASE LETTER - DAY  
ON SCREEN THIRTY TWO YEARS LATER

The inside of an office of the MSU campus police station. An aged Dunlap sits at his desk opening the days mail. He focuses on one envelope that reads. Federal Bureau of Investigation. He opens the letter, and the first word he sees is congratulations. He reads on to find that the department has qualified to receive cold case funding to reopen the case of their choice. Dunlap is elated and runs full speed into the Chiefs office.

DETECTIVE DUNLOP  
Chief take a look at what just came in from the F.B.I.

CHIEF  
This is great, I knew they were doing this, but never expected we would qualify. Wow, this is unbelievable. Do you have an old case in mind?

DETECTIVE DUNLOP  
Chief as soon as I read that letter only one case came to mind.

CHIEF  
what case is that?

DETECTIVE DUNLOP  
The Martin Brown case. That one was before your time Chief, but I always thought we had our man, and we let him slip away on a bullshit technically. We were short one speck of evidence so the suspect walked.

CHIEF



That's been a long, long time ago. So what makes you think you can nail him now?

DETECTIVE DUNLOP

Great question. For one we have new technology, not to mention a host of witnesses that I think we can locate using the new NCIC database. We even had a confession witness in this case.

CHIEF

what, and this guy walked?

DETECTIVE DUNLOP

well it was two guys. The one that was a student here even admitted to being at the scene of the crime, and his first alibi was found to be a big lie.

CHIEF

(Angry)

How in the hell did he ever walk I don't get it!

DETECTIVE DUNLOP

well we did our job, but you know sometimes it's just politics, or you can sometime get these ass hole prosecutors who just want things to go away. Having a killer as a student is not a good look for the school. Think about how that would have impacted enrollment on campus. I was pissed, and I'm still pissed off after all these years. The prosecutor picked up on some Miranda bullshit and ran with it. This is the case we need to open without question. This was a cold blooded and very violent murder!

CHIEF

well detective I don't even need to read the file. Let's get that case reopened!

A cold case team was dispatched across the U.S. tracking down old witnesses getting new statements. The effort stretched across many states and lasted over a year. We see agents on airplanes and trains, and rental cars knocking on doors in the aggressive effort to reopen the Brown case. Enough information was developed to obtain two murder warrants.

CHRIS - (V.O.)

These cops really went to work on this case, they were relentless.

I couldn't believe it when they  
knocked on my door all the way  
in Florida for two hours of  
questioning. In the end I was to  
be

(CONT'D)

their star witness in the Martin Brown murder case.

EXT DAY THE 32 YEAR END OF SEARCH - DAY

CHRIS (V.O.)

The United States Marshall's Service arrested Gary in a San Diego homeless shelter on October 4, 2005, on a vagrancy warrant he was taken to the San Diego jail. Ingham County Detective Jason Ferguson met with Gary at the San Diego jail, and explained that he also had a warrant for his arrest for first degree open murder.

In the homeless shelter Gary is awoken from his bed. He is read his rights and arrested. Gary is seen boarding an airplane in handcuffs. He is thin and balding, his face is sagging with worry lines, and bags under his eyes. During the flight to Michigan, Gary ask to talk to Ferguson the arresting officer. Stan is arrested as he exits the gates of his community in his Range Rover. He is blocked by two agents in black vehicles. Guns are drawn, but Stan surrenders without any resistance. He is handcuffed and extradited back to Michigan for trial.

INT. DAY THE ARREST AND FLIGHT TO LANSING

GARY

I need to talk, and get this thing off my mind. My mother raised me to hate white people, and that was part of the reason I ended up living at the Top Center. They and those tours pushed me over the edge. They helped reinforce my hatred against white people, and that damn center required me to participate in certain acts against white people, but not murder.

FURGUSON

what about Marty, do you know Martin Brown?

GARY

(whispering)

Man I'm guilty of this, I did it, and I have to own up to what happened, I'm responsible for

this, but I'm not the only one.

(CONT'D)

I did that shit because of my hatred towards white people. Now I'm older and I regret it. I regret it so bad that I hate myself for doing it. Someday I would like to meet with Martin's family face-to-face and tell them why this happened.

FURGUSON

Are you confessing to this murder?

GARY

(Head down not making eye contact)  
Yes, I did it, I killed Martin Brown.

An airplane lands and Gary walks off in still in handcuffs. He is seen being booked into jail and fingerprinted. His face looks sad and depressed.

INT JAIL PRE TRIAL DAYS - DAY

Stan is seen going to a bond hearing weeks before the trial. He is returning from his bond hearing, and sitting down in his cell. When Stan returns from the hearing, he is very upset, because they have switched prosecutors on him, and now he's has a white Prosecutor and is angry.

STAN

(Anger)

I'm fucked they changed prosecutors on me, shit!

ALLEN (cell mate)

(Understanding tone.)  
what's the deal man?

STAN

(Hyper angry)

This is some bull shit. I was optimistic about getting bail today, because my attorney went to school with the prosecutor, and they both were black. Now I've got this cracker ass prosecutor so I'm fucked. Man I helped kill this white guy in Lansing a long time ago this dude Martin Brown. These bastards extradited me from Las Vegas, and

this homeless bum was with me  
when it happened. They  
extradited him from San Diego.

(CONT'D)

Shit, I'm worried because I can't remember what I did with the Army fatigues that I was wearing that night. The pigs could get DNA from my clothes, and I'd be fucked. You know they have technology and shit they didn't have 30 years ago. This is some bullshit. Man I've got some thinking to do.

Stan sitting on the side of his bunk bed. He lays down and takes a two hour nap when he wakes up he's energized.

STAN

Allen, you know back in the day I was pissed off all the time. You know about the situation in Vietnam, because white mother fuckers were coming back from Vietnam, but black people were staying over there and being brought back in body bags. That's was some racist shit if you ask me. I was pissed off that night. Me and Gary were out to fuck with with someone anyone. We saw a white boy walking, and decided to go up and ask him for a light. When he said that he did not have a light, we just started going off on him. I was not the one who stabbed him, but I held his ass and Gary chopped away t his upper body. I kicked his ass and punched him a few times, but Gary was the one who stabbed him. After the stabbing we ran in different directions. Shit man when this goes to trial I'm gonna deny that I even knew that bitch Gary fuck him. Besides who's gonna believe a homeless lazy ass nigger anyway.

ALLEN

(Siding with Stan)

Man I hope you can pull it off. From what you are telling me you ain't killed nobody so how in the fuck are they gonna charge you with murder? Shit man you had no idea that this dude Gary was



gonna go off like that.

STAN

Now check this out. They were talking about witnesses today at the hearing. Listen to this shit. My ex-wife's name came up, and she will be testifying against me. The bitch ratted me out and sided with these crackers.

ALLEN

what? Man is that shit even legal?

STAN

well she's my Ex wife so she can talk shit, and lie to get back at me. I hate that dirty bitch. Man I sent that cow money after we separated, to be quiet about this murder thing. I had to hide that shit. I had to tell my current wife that I had been sending the money for my children's college education fund. I should kill that snitching ass bitch. I'm ain't going to lose everything I got over this stupid ass murder case.

Stan is scratching his head walking back and forth in his cell. He is having second thoughts about what he has just said.

STAN

No, Naw that ain't right she is the mother of my kids, no fuck that it's a bad idea. I should have never said that shit. I'm gonna get the best attorney in Lansing money can buy. I don't care what it cost, I'm gonna beat this shit.

KILLING DETROIT (EPISODE 7)

CUT TO: INT THE COURT ROOM - DAY

CHRIS - (V.O.)

The murder trial began in the Ingham County Michigan Circuit Court on April 26, 2007. for a murder that took place on March 11 of 1973, thirty four years later. Stan and Gary were charged on October 2005 with open murder for the 1973 stabbing death of Martin Brown, a 20-year-old Michigan State University student. The prosecution's theory in the case was that Stan, an MSU student, and Gary decided to commit a random act of violence against the first convenient white target they encountered in the early hours of March 11th.

INT. THE COURT TRIAL CROSS EXAM - DAY

CHRIS (VO)

well Stan had enough money to hire this high priced hot shot attorney who turned out to be a real ass hole. I looked up a bit of information about this arrogant son of a bitch. He's a big time attorney that's for sure. He has never lost a case in his life. So I was expecting him to come at me hard. He is said be good at picking witnesses apart. I plan on throwing him a curve ball. I'll play dumb with him right away. I'm going to act like I forgot my birth date and if he falls for the act I'll have him right where I want him.

Chris on the witnesses stand as the first witness.

ATTORNEY FRERNCY

what is your date of birth, and how old are you?

CHRIS

September 8th., 1949 I'm 56 years old.

ATTORNEY CLARKE

What? I was born in August, 1949  
and I never answer that question  
saying I'm 56.

CHRIS  
Okay. I'm sorry, Sr.

ATTORNEY CLARKE  
(Arrogant tone)  
Well their goes his credibility,  
what do we do now?

CHRIS (V.O.)  
Well that was easy the fool fell  
for it now he thinks I'll be an  
easy mark, but he's in for quite  
a surprise.

ATTORNEY FRERNYCY  
Please your birth date and you  
give is September 8th, 1949. That  
makes you Fifty-eight.

JUDGE  
How old?

ATTORNEY FRERNYCY  
Well, Your Honor, in defense of  
the witness I can't can tell you  
my birth date, my mother's  
birthday but I can't tell you how  
old they are.

JUDGE  
OK please proceed.  
ATTORNEY FRERNYCY  
I'm sorry, OK the Topographical  
Research Center on Grand River in  
Detroit. Was that the name of  
this entity. Or was it Black  
Library something that was added  
as a matter of custom, or usage?

CHRIS  
It was, it was really two  
separate entities. It was both.  
We did sell books, and we had a  
research center in the same  
location. So it was sort of two  
things in one.

ATTORNEY FRERNYCY  
What was your role at the  
Topographical Research Center in  
Detroit? Did you sort of act as  
director?

CHRIS  
Yes, there wasn't a formal  
structure as such, I just acted

in that roll.

ATTORNEY FRERNY  
what was done at the center?

CHRIS

We conducted classes in the back. It would be the most likely individuals that would take these classes at the Center? Neighborhood people however would attend so it could be anyone. People from high schools, colleges you name it.

ATTORNEY FRERNY

Now, those of us that have a birth date in the forties, I'm included as one of those, can recall from our own memory what we witnessed in those years, was this organization a militant organization as you would, define it?

CHRIS

What do, You mean by militant?

ATTORNEY FRERNY

Did you advocate physical confrontation or the use of force?

CHRIS

No.

ATTORNEY FRERNY

You came to know A person by the name of Stanley Price in 1973? And Mr. Hood, Tell us how it is that you came to know Stan.

CHRIS

I believe he was a student at MSU. He just came in one day a took our tour and asked how he could get involved. Later we taught him how to conduct some of the classes.

ATTORNEY FRERNY

It was your understanding that Mr. Price had an attachment to Lansing and Michigan State University?

CHRIS

Yes, that is correct.

ATTORNEY FRERNY

would the classes have been



conducted at locations other than  
the Center itself on Grand River?

ATTORNEY CLARKE

I'm going to object, Your Honor, unless there's some personal knowledge of that.

ATTORNEY FRERNY

Let me put it this way. Do you know if classes were conducted at locations other than at the Center on Grand River?

CHRIS

Yes, classes were conducted in many places such as High Schools, Community Centers and on college campuses.

ATTORNEY FRERNY

Do you know if any were conducted at MSU?

ATTORNEY CLARKE

Well I'm going to again object. How is this personal knowledge? He's saying, yes, yes, he knew, he knew. Well, how did he know? Was he there? Did somebody tell, him? In which case, it's hearsay. What's his personal knowledge of any of this?

CHRIS (V.O.)

OK this guy is getting on my nerves, he's objecting to everything. This also makes his case look weak and him look angry.

ATTORNEY FRERNY

I'll withdraw that question. Did you, as acting director of the Center, direct let me choose a different word - allow classes to be conducted on the Center behalf at Michigan State University?

CHRIS

I was aware that there was a University class on the campus of MSU we had booked. They requested it and we acquiesced. I was the one who gave final approval to conduct the class.

ATTORNEY CLARKE

Again! Objection. This sounds

Like more hearsay, he doesn't even know if this so called class was conducted.

JUDGE

well he just said in his role as acting director that he was aware. He said he authorized the class is that true?

CHRIS

That's correct.

CHRIS (V.O.)

This is just what I expected from this guy. He's blocking everything. All these objections, so I won't place Stan on campus that night. He should shut up and just let me tell the truth.

ATTORNEY CLARKE

well no, he indicated that a group wanted a class, but he didn't have any contact with this group. He can't even say the classes were conducted.

Clarke standing and using hand jesters towards the witness to make his point.

JUDGE

Can you indicate how you made contact?

CHRIS

well, in reference of the contact with the group, my contact was with Stan, and he was part of the group he was a student and part of a black campus organization. This is the same group that wanted to have the class conducted on campus.

JUDGE

Did you have contact with other individuals that were part of this group yourself?

CHRIS

No.

JUDGE

Apparently he doesn't want to deal with this any further. So I take it the objection is withdrawn?

ATTORNEY CLARKE

Yes your honor.

ATTORNEY FRERNY

Before I proceed with the precise next line of questioning, was there a customary choice of male clothing worn by members of the Topographical Research Center in 1973?

CHRIS

Yes, the choice for at least male members of the group was Army fatigues.

ATTORNEY FRERNY

Did Stanley Price ordinarily wear these Army fatigues as a worker at the center?

CHRIS

Yes.

ATTORNEY FRERNY

Can you recall the type of transportation available to him in 1973?

CHRIS

He owned a Volkswagen.

ATTORNEY FRERNY

Was that a vehicle that Mr Price used to travel to and from the Center?

CHRIS

Yes.

ATTORNEY CLARKE

I object that's speculation. It certainly assumes that Stanley Price maybe didn't have a another vehicle. Perhaps he took the Greyhound bus, hitchhiked, walked, took an airplane, whatever.

JUDGE

Please... overruled!

CHRIS - (V.O.)

Good now I hope that shuts him up. I'm sick of this fool.

ATTORNEY FRERNY

Was Gary Mason a more frequent

visitor to the center than  
Stanley?

CHRIS  
Yes he worked longer hours.

ATTORNEY FRERNY  
How frequently would you see Gary  
Mason in the early part of 1973.

CHRIS  
Every day.

ATTORNEY FRERNY  
How was that?

CHRIS  
He was pretty much in charge of  
opening the Center. He lived at the  
Center periodically. We had a room  
in back, and that's where he was  
housed. He had a bed and kitchen.

ATTORNEY FRERNY  
In terms of Gary Mason's customary  
choice of clothing, were you able  
to recognize a habit or a pattern  
in his actions?

CHRIS  
Blue jeans and Army fatigues, all  
the time.

ATTORNEY FRERNY  
How did you become aware of a  
homicide that occurred.

CHRIS  
Originally through a WJR radio  
broadcast.

ATTORNEY FRERNY  
Was that particular news of any  
particular interest to you at the  
time?

CHRIS  
No not at all.

ATTORNEY FRERNY  
How did you know Stanley was  
going to East Lansing?

CHRIS  
The discussion came about because  
of the class that was going to be  
conducted on short notice. The  
planned trip required the



gathering of materials that would go up to Lansing to make the presentation. All of this was discussed a few days beforehand.

ATTORNEY FRERNY

So there was discussion with Stanley about a class that was to be conducted at the MSU campus, and that class was to be in a few days correct?

CHRIS

That is correct.

ATTORNEY FRERNY

Did you have concerns about Gary Mason representing the interest of the Center when he was making presentations off site?

CHRIS

Just the concern that he tended to be more emotional, and more graphic than say, Stan. Therefore the balance between the two, I think they could have pulled it off well. Both of them doing parts of the class.

ATTORNEY FRERNY

It's been a long time since 1973, Mr. Hood, do you recognize someone here in the courtroom that would be Stanley?

CHRIS

Yes I do.

ATTORNEY FRERNY

Where is he seated and what is he wearing?

CHRIS

He's seated on the end of the table. For the record he's wearing the yellow colored suit.

ATTORNEY FRERNY

So what did Mr. Mason tell you the next time he came to the center? Do you recall what he said?

CHRIS

Well, there was a number of us seated at a table at the front of the center. He was bragging and

he described how the stabbing  
happened

ATTORNEY FRERNY

Tell us the words that you recall Mr. Mason saying when he described the stabbing.

CHRIS

Partially smiling, he had motioned with his hand in a downward chopping fashion. He performed this motion several times.

ATTORNEY FRERNY

Can you demonstrate that for the Judge and Jury?

CHRIS

Yes, the motion was like this. WE SEE The witness moving his arm up and down in a chopping motion with a clenched fist as if holding a knife.

ATTORNEY FRERNY

You indicated on the record a clenched fist and a downward motion from the elbow, with a right hand. Is that fair?

CHRIS

That's correct.

ATTORNEY FRERNY

As he's making that gesture, do you recall the words he was using along with the motions that you've demonstrated.

CHRIS

It was something along- the lines of, I stabbed that honky or ether cracker.

Clarke jumps to his feet and strongly and loudly object.

ATTORNEY CLARKE

I'm going to object, Your Honor does he recall, or does he not recall? He starts out with ether one of those words.

CHRIS

It was either stabbed that or...

ATTORNEY CLARKE  
Excuse me don't say that again.

Clarke points at Chris and orders him not to speak.

JUDGE  
Just a second, sir.

CHRIS  
Well it was Stab that,--

JUDGE  
Wait until I clear you to answer the question. Now do you recall exactly what was said?

CHRIS  
I don't recall the exact word for one part of the sentence, whether it was white boy or Honky or cracker. I don't know which word was used. That's the only part I don't know.

JUDGE  
All right then, we will go with what you do you remember, as to the rest of sentence?

ATTORNEY FRERNY  
How long after the statement that you testified about did Mason continue his relation with the Center? Does that question make sense to you?

CHRIS  
Yeah, he continued his relation with the Center, yes. Until it closed or close to that.

ATTORNEY FRERNY  
Did you notice any kind of change? Did you take note of any behavior or personality change in Gary?

ATTORNEY CLARKE  
I'm going to object to that as not being relevant?

ATTORNEY CLARKE  
Overruled.

ATTORNEY FRERNY  
Thank you.

CHRIS

Yes, I noted a change in his  
temperament and attitude. He was

(CONT'D)

short, and angry most of the time. He was also sleeping more than normal.

ATTORNEY FRERNY  
I pass the witness your honor.

ATTORNEY CLARKE  
You don't have personal knowledge of Gary Mason's family did you?

CHRIS  
I had met some of his family his brother I think in the past.

ATTORNEY CLARKE  
well, let me ask you this, did you tell the police that you had spoken with your wife in 1987. And that in 1987 that you made contact with the Police officer you wouldn't disagree with the date of December 1987?

CHRIS  
(In a I don't care voice)  
I wouldn't agree or disagree, I just don't know.

CHRIS  
(In a wise cracking way)  
As far as the dates go. If that's the date you have, your recollection would be better than mine, so I accept your date.

ATTORNEY CLARKE-  
I'm going to show you page four of that statement, direct your attention to the fourth paragraph and the read portion I have circled'. Read that to yourself, let me know when you finish please.

JUDGE  
MR. CLARKE: He said he didn't agree or disagree with the 1987 date. I take that as an I don't remember. But you can read the report, and see if it refreshes your memory,



Chris is reading the report.

CHRIS  
It doesn't refresh my memory.

JUDGE  
Aren't we wasting a lot of time here? Let's just get to the bottom line, what's the question?

ATTORNEY CLARKE  
So you wouldn't agree or disagree that was 1987, was the first time you made any contact with anyone.

CHRIS  
I apologize, I'm very bad with dates, that's the reason I'm unable to help you.

ATTORNEY CLARKE  
I'm asking that is because there's time difference of twelve years would you agree?

CHRIS  
Yes, but what is your point with all this?

ATTORNEY CLARKE  
In 1987, December 5, were you living in Houston, Texas?

CHRIS  
(Squirming getting tired of the questions)  
I'm not going to be able to help you with this line of questioning.

ATTORNEY CLARKE  
To your recollection did you have a conversation with an Officer Plummer?

CHRIS  
If you have these things on the record I would tend to agree with the record more than my memory. Some of this is 30 years old, I can't remember his name.

ATTORNEY CLARKE  
Well let me ask you this. You had  
never seen Gary carry a knife or  
gun have you?

CHRIS

No, well let me correct you. I have seen him with a knife, yes, but no guns.

ATTORNEY CLARKE

Let me ask you this. What you were doing at the center in fact had very little to do with black history. In fact 1973 was pretty much the time of Vietnam era correct? It wasn't uncommon for men from time to time you saw people wearing what would be say, wearing Army fatigues or field jackets?

CHRIS

We used many historical elements in our classes at the center. We did use historical content. In reference to the style of dress, people would wear the full military gear, the jacket the boots though they weren't in the military. In Detroit it was a style, it was somewhat prevalent to see people back then, in those times wearing at least some type of military garb. People connected with the Top Center all would be wearing outfits that would be military pants and shirts. You understand the full outfit with the boots.

ATTORNEY CLARKE

Please follow my question, it wasn't uncommon to see people who were not connected with the Top Center wear some type of military gear, like, a field jacket.

CHRIS

(Snapped back at Clarke)  
well, now you've changed your question. Are we talking about field jackets now?

ATTORNEY CLARKE

well, I won't argue, but I know what

I clearly said, people not with the  
Top Center. However, people In  
Detroit, would wear these green

field jackets, correct? I believe that's' what you just said.

CHRIS  
Can I clarify?

ATTORNEY CLARKE  
No, you can't.

CHRIS  
(He speaks anyway over speaking the attorney)  
what we wore was our trademark, and no one else dressed like us. You are trying to get me to say that our way of dressing was common, and it was not.

ATTORNEY CLARKE  
I move to strike the last part of the answer, Judge, it was not responsive. I kept saying, not with the Top Centers way of dressing. I understand what he wants to throw in there, but that's not my question.

ATTORNEY FRERNY  
Objection your Honor, it was responsive in the sense that he is trying to distinguish field jackets from the attire of the Center. I just don't know how you can get that answer truthfully by forcing it in with a shoe horn.

ATTORNEY CLARKE  
Well, because my question was outside of that. I didn't ask him that. He's interjecting things Judge, thank you. Let's change subjects. Around the time of the demise of the Top Center, did that have anything to do with the improper negotiation of a federal check of two or three thousand dollars? was that check cashed improperly or illegally, whatever. who cashed that check?

CHRIS  
Yes that did occur and I cashed that check. To clarify the check was for thirty five hundred dollars.

ATTORNEY CLARKE  
where you contacted by law  
enforcement about that. In fact

you were contacted and arrested  
by the F.B.I correct.

CHRIS

Yes that is what happened, and I  
paid all the money back to the  
U.S. government.

ATTORNEY CLARKE

Have You ever been convicted of  
criminal offense involving theft,  
dishonesty, uttering and  
publishing, breaking and  
entering, or anything within the  
last ten years?

WE SEE the witness firing his answer back quickly  
before Clark completes his  
question.

CHRIS

Of course not. Whatever happened  
with the F.B.I. was done prior to  
that ten year window. Let me  
correct the record it was the  
Secret Service not the FBI.

ATTORNEY CLARKE

(He's not pleased with the  
witnesses mentioning the FBI  
correction)

ATTORNEY CLARKE

I have no other questions your  
honor.

ATTORNEY FRERNCY

MR. FERENCY: Your Honor, we have  
gone at great lengths to try to  
discredit this witness. We know  
nothing about his motive for  
being here today. This is an  
opportunity to hear that.

ATTORNEY CLARKE

Your Honor I'm trying to get done  
with this for gods sake.

ATTORNEY FRERNCY

why don't we let him explain in  
his own words why he came



forward?

JUDGE

will you explain to the court  
your motivation to the court?

CHRIS

(Laughter from jurors)  
Yes well first of all I received  
a subpoena, and you know I had no  
choice.

CHRIS

(Sincerity and passion in his  
voice)  
Seriously I would have come here  
regardless. This family has  
certainly suffered, and if my  
information provides them comfort  
that is what I'm here for. They  
deserve at least to know what I  
know. What happens with the  
information I provide is not  
within my control. The selfish  
part of this is that by being  
here today, it releases me from  
the responsibility of having  
concealed anything related to  
what happened to their son.  
That's why I came here today your  
honor.

The court room in stunned silence. Chris has  
touched them at an emotional level.

ATTORNEY FRERNCY

I move he be discharged from the  
subpoena, and allowed to return  
to his home.

JUDGE

Mr. Clarke?

ATTORNEY CLARKE

(Loud and angry looking at the  
jury and then at the Judge)  
Well Your Honor, I don't object  
to him being discharged from the  
subpoena, If he wants to go home  
or wherever else, if he wants to  
go to Disney Land, that's up to  
him.

CHRIS (V.O.)

So this big bad never lost a case  
ass hole attorney has lost his  
cool. The Judge has turned on  
him, and so have the jurors. He's  
dug himself a hole and even his

client knows it. He's walked around like he owned the court room, and now no one likes him, or the case he's putting on.

Clarke sit down next to his client. Stan whispers to Clarke.

STAN  
(Looking worried low tone)  
Man was that Disney Land shit  
necessary?

ATTORNEY CLARKE  
Yes, do you want me to win your  
case or not!

Stan sliding back in his seat while slightly shaking his head showing displeasure for his attorneys response. A rotation of people are shown on the stand giving damaging testimony as proof the two men's guilt. The main words of their statements are captured.

ON SCREEN WE SEE FADE IN FADE OUT  
WE SEE witnesses faces are seen while they say words like "Yes I picked them out of a lineup" Another Face "They were running toward the dorm" Another Face "He told me the guy was stabbed 10 times before the autopsy was complete". Same Face "How could he know that?" Another Face of witness "He was wearing Green Army Fatigues and black combat boots" and Another Face of witness "They were getting out of a light colored Volkswagen" Another Face of witness "I lied to the cops. They were not in my dorm the night of the murder". A few jury members shaking their heads at the incriminating witnesses statements with no real defense offered in cross examination by the defense.

CHRIS (V.O.)  
witness after witness came forward each hammering one more nail of guilt into the minds of the jury. However no witness provided testimony more chilling than Stan's Ex wife Roberta. Her recollection of 22 years of marriage, and the violent physical abuse she suffered seemed to move the jury's final verdict toward absolute guilt. Roberta Stan's ex wife is now on the witness stand under direct examination.

ATTORNEY FRERNY  
Do you recall a phone call you made in 1989 to the police

concerning your husband at the  
time?  
ROBERTA  
(Hostile)

No I don't recall any call to the police.

ATTORNEY FRERNY

This is the police report of that call. Read it, and see if it helps you remember. The attorney had a report to Roberta. She reads it quickly and hands it back to the attorney dropping her head.

ATTORNEY FRERNY

Do you remembered saying to the police in 1989 information about a murder?

ROBERTA

(No longer a tone of hostility) Yes now I remember. I said he threatened to kill me and that he said he was going to kill me like he killed that student at Michigan State. I was afraid that day I didn't know what else to do. Stan was acting crazy, and he hit me. I was on the phone sitting in the bedroom with my two children on my lap, and a gun in my hand for protection.

ATTORNEY FRERNY

Was this the first time you were threatened?

ROBERTA

No, I lost count, it happened all the time.

ATTORNEY FRERNY

Did Stan say anything else about the murder?

ROBERTA

Yes, he told me one night after he had been drinking, that he discarded the knife used in the murder. He said he put it in a sewer grate behind the Brody dorm complex. ROBERTA

I called MSU police because local  
police never helped me in the  
past. I wanted to make it all

stop after 22 years I couldn't take it anymore.

ATTORNEY FRERENCY

Take what? What do you mean by take it?

ROBERTA

The abuse, and the violence from Stan. I have lived a life physical and emotional abuse. I didn't want to be murdered by him. I was always in fear day and night. I had other fears as well.

FRERENCY

(Puzzled)  
What kind of other fears?

ROBERTA

This is sort of unrelated to this case, but it impacted me. My father had always warned me about stopping in a place called Mason Michigan. He was concerned about me driving from Detroit to Michigan State University where I attended classes. My father feared for my life because Mason was filled with racists whites with ties to the Klu Klux Klan. When the police questioned me about my husband's friends they asked me for a name and when they mentioned "Mason" I lied. I never wanted to say the word Mason ever, it was the city I feared as well as Stan's friend Gary Mason. It was just a word I feared saying.

Still photo shots of Mason Michigan  
it's main street and homes.

CHRIS (V.O.)

Roberta's fear of Mason Michigan was well founded. Just saying the word Mason sent chills down her spine. Perhaps it was only in part due to her father's warnings, or was it something else? You see this place called Mason was just outside Lansing Michigan, and it was a place where a popular kid named Malcolm Little excelled at Mason Junior High School. Malcolm even got elected Class President. Yes, this was that Malcolm, the



Malcolm who would later become known as Malcolm X, who went to Mason High after his family was burned out of their home by a mob

of racist whites in none other than... Lansing Michigan near the MSU campus.

Subtle emotion from the jury. Each juror was moved by Robert's testimony. A few of the jury members gaze at one another silently confirming the verdict of guilt.

THE VERDICT - DAY  
The jury enters the room after only a few hours of deliberations. The foreman announces the verdict.

COURT  
If the jury is agreed, you may please take the verdict.

CLERK  
Ladies and Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed upon your

FOREMAN  
We have.

CLERK  
Gary Mason and Stan Price please stand.  
(Defendants Mason and Price stand

FOREMAN  
Guilty

Clerk  
Hold up your right hand. Mr. Foreman, look upon the prisoners. Prisoners, look upon the Foreman. What say you, Mr. Foreman, are the prisoners at the bar guilty or not guilty?

FOREMAN

Yes Guilty of 2nd degree murder!

INT. ON SCREEN TWO WEEKS LATER SENTENCING - DAY

Attorney's presenting sentencing information as the Judge reads letters from the defendants families and friends. The Judge gavels the court to order.

JUDGE

(Stern and very serious, leaning forward, taking off his glasses not reading from a script) This crime hits very close to home for this community. Our college is a place of safety, and education for students from all over the country, and the world. I've looked over a number of these character reference letter's. Frankly, they make me sick to my stomach. It sickens me to think that, someone could blame their own mother for this brutal act of violence. For you two to stand there, and try to blame your life up to this point on what you have done, is just plain outrageous. I still don't think you, and your families for that matter get it. Life is a very precious thing, and for you to play God, and take someone's life is not something this community wants. What ever this group of yours was, and whatever you were representing, never belonged on our campus in the first place. Your message of hate and division has no home here, and it never will. Another thing, I find incomprehensible in your statements to probation officials that ether of you deserve a break. You didn't give a break to Mr. Brown, did you?

The accused stand looking dumbfounded and in fear of what's next.

JUDGE

That's the kind of break you deserve, the same kind of break you gave to Mr. Brown, no break at all. I'm going to sentence you both to the maximum sentence this state will allow. I sentence you to 25 to 40 years in state prison. You are hereby placed into the custody of the Ingram County Sheriff, to be transported immediately to the Oaks Correctional Facility in Manistee, Michigan to serve out your sentences. This court is now adjourned.

The men are being transported in handcuffs and leg chains. They are processed at the prison and given their uniforms. Steel doors slam hard and loud as they are locked away.

into their cells. They are seen sitting on their bedsides with their heads down completely defeated.

DETROIT TODAY

WE SEE The Renaissance Center on the Detroit riverfront. A fly over of the city panning in on the most improved downtown areas of the city. Then later to the cities worst neighborhoods showing complete collapse and devastation of burned out homes, retail centers, schools and hospitals.

CHRIS (V.O)

It's been nearly fifty five years since the Detroit Riot, and some wounds never seem to heal. Today the city is still trying to heal from the scares inflicted in the past. These scars are not only from the 67 riot, but also from one of the most corrupt police departments in America. Today what's happening downtown is for long time Detroit residents sort of like business as usual. Yes, the city is improving. However, the real collapse of Detroit can still be seen in the neighborhoods, and in its people. Abandoned homes and people bundled up at bus stops in the winter are seen.

CHRIS - (V.O.)

For decades home values have plummeted while taxes have continued to rise. People, and business left for the suburbs leaving thousands of foreclosed homes and empty storefronts. The economic devastation has over the years hit Detroit's black communities the hardest, with former middle class neighborhoods turning into ghettos in the course of only a few years.

Building after building, and home after home with broken windows and overgrown with weeds. Schools, hospitals, businesses are also displayed as symbols of the cities steep decline.

CHRIS - (V.O.)

In 1970, 1,670,000 people lived in this city. By 2010, that

number had declined to 713,000, a loss of 57 percent of Detroit's population. Today the the population stands at just over

674,000 as the population decline continues. Today Detroit is touted as Americas comeback city, but is it? Is this just a new form of economic segregation benefiting a few?

New construction in downtown with cranes and workers. Coming soon signs herald new office and housing projects. CHRIS - (V.O.) For some the comeback is real. WE SEE whites enjoying themselves at bars and restaurants, as well as at sporting events. We see whites enjoying theaters and major events downtown, and a large ice skating rink filled with whites in the heart of downtown.

CHRIS - (V.O.)

For others who for decades lived through Detroit's devastating influx of drugs, and the cities police corruption nightmare, little has changed for the better. Billions of dollars in black generational wealth have evaporated with each declining neighborhood. While some see a makeover, others see a takeover. People who come here always ask the same question "How did this place get like this". Now you know.

whites are seen enjoying new condos, lofts, and high rise apartments in downtown Detroit. Black people are seen living below the poverty line. Some sit on porches of rundown homes and apartments, others are shown being evicted with furniture and belongings on curbs.

CHRIS - (V.O.)

Detroit is perhaps the best example of an American city destroyed by Drugs, corruption, and racism all with the covert help of the United States Government. This is an American city that will not die. The people never quit and they too are on their way back. Nothing kills Detroit!



ON SCREEN

Montage - a series of twelve images from the Detroit area.

Showing black developers building major new projects all over Detroit.

Over these images we see the following title cards.

Gary Mason, currently serving 25 to 40 years in prison for second degree murder.

Stanley Price was released after serving 13 years of a 25 year prison sentence for murder.

H. Rap Brown is currently serving a life sentence for murder following the shooting of two Fulton County Georgia Sheriff's deputies in 2000.

Defense attorney Hugh Barrington Clarke, Jr. Became a judge in Lansing Michigan. He retired in 2019 amid sordid sexual misconduct allegations.

Chris Hood lives with his wife Lee in Florida and helped develop computer software for police departments for over 16 years. Currently Chris promotes and works in the field of solar power and real estate investment.

THE END

FADE OUT.

