

CHUCK
Relax, we'll be outside, listening
in.

RON STALLWORTH
Can I order a Drink at The Bar?

Chuck steps away, no comment.

JIMMY
That's fine, just don't get
drunk.

CHUCK
Got it?

RON STALLWORTH
I got it. I'm gone.

Jimmy laughs, Slaps Ron on the back.

13 EXT. CITY STREET - OUTSKIRTS OF DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

13

Ron pulls an unmarked Sedan to the curb. He gets out and
looks around.

A Crowded sidewalk overflows into The Street, filling a line
that Bottlenecks into The Club with the Sign:

CLOSE SIGN - BELL'S NIGHTINGALE

ANGLE - TONIGHT: KWAME TURE SPEAKS

Ron walks to the back of the line. He becomes an Every
Brother slowly moving forward as People enter. As he moves
forward he notice a striking Woman at the Front Door.

PATRICE DUMAS

Mid 20's, an Angela Davis Afro, she wears a Hip array of
Militant wear, Black Leather Jacket, Love Beads but on her it
looks fantastic. Ron is taken by her Beauty, he watches as
she monitors the door, clearly in charge.

RON STALLWORTH
How are you doing, my Queen?

Patrice gives Ron a good look summing him up.

PATRICE
I'm doing fine, my Soldier. This is
going to be an Amazing Night.

RON STALLWORTH
Indeed it is.

PATRICE

Have you heard Brother Kwame speak before?

RON STALLWORTH

Who?

PATRICE

Kwame Ture.

RON STALLWORTH

Actually, I haven't, I didn't know he changed his name.

PATRICE

Yes, after he moved to Africa. He took the names of Kwame Nkrumah of Ghana and his Mentor Sekou Toure of Guinea to honor The Great Leaders.

RON STALLWORTH

That's Heavy. I can dig that. Do you know how he got to Colorado Springs?

PATRICE

The Colorado College Black Student Union brought him in.

RON STALLWORTH

You ah, you with Black Student Union.

PATRICE

I'm The President.

RON STALLWORTH

Right On. Right On.

14 INT. BELL'S NIGHTINGALE - NIGHT

14

The Club is PACKED, a Sea of Black Faces punctuated by an occasional White Face. Ron moves through The Crowd. He avoids direct Eye Contact, trying like Hell to act casual.

Ron steps to The Bar and signals The BARTENDER JABBO, 60's, Black.

RON STALLWORTH

Rum and Coke with Lime.

As Jabbo makes his Drink, something catches Ron's Eye. Patrice exits a door with several Black Bodyguard's.

Ron observes as a Tall figure exits with Patrice as they near The Stage. The Tall figure hangs back covered by The Bodyguards.

Ron on his feet, Black Fist in the air with The Crowd.
 Patrice on Stage with Kwame Ture with her Fist raised too.
 The Shouting and Chanting finally cease, as Patrice speaks.

PATRICE

The Black Student Union of Colorado
 College is honored to bring The
 Vanguard of Revolutionaries fighting
 for The Rights of Black People all
 over The World. Let's show some Black
 Love to The One and Only, The Former
 Prime Minister of The Black Panther
 Party, The Brother Man with The Plan
 who's giving it to the Man, put your
 Hands together my People... for Our
 Kwame Ture.

PANDEMONIUM! As Kwame Ture walks onto a small raised stage
 with Patrice. The entire place rises to their Feet, Fists
 Raised, Clapping, Shouting "Ungawa Black Power!" Ron watches
 as Patrice and Kwame hug. Patrice then leaves the Stage.

Kwame soaks in the Crowd's reaction, until...

KWAME TURE

Thank you all for coming out tonight,
 My Beloved Sista's and Brotha's. I
 Thank you...

CLOSE - KWAME TURE

towering at Six Feet-Four with an infectious smile and
 Flawless Dark Skin, he's oozing Charisma out of every pore.
 He stands behind a small podium.

KWAME TURE (CONT'D)

...I'm here to tell you this evening
 it is time for you to stop running
 away from being Black. You are
 College Students, you should think.
 It is time for you to understand that
 you as The growing Intellectuals, The
 Black Intellectuals of this Country,
 you must define Beauty for Black
 People.

The Black Students in The Audience are laser focused on him.

KWAME TURE (CONT'D)

Beauty is defined by someone with a
 Narrow Nose, Thin Lips, White Skin.
 You ain't got none of that. If your
 Lips are Thick, Bite them in. Hold
 your Nose! Don't drink Coffee because
 it makes you Black!

The Audience laughs! Loving it.

KWAME TURE (CONT'D)
Your Nose is Boss, your Lips are
Thick, you are Black and you are
Beautiful!

Everyone cheers including Ron!

KWAME TURE (CONT'D)
We want to be like The White people
that oppress us in this Country and
since they hate us, we hate
ourselves. You dig Tarzan? I remember
that when I was a Boy I used to go
see Tarzan Movies on Saturdays. White
Tarzan used to Beat up The Black
Natives. I would sit there yelling
"Kill The Beasts, Kill The Savages,
Kill 'Em!" Actually I was saying:
"Kill Me." It was as if a Jewish Boy
watched Nazis taking Jews off to
Concentration Camps and cheered them
on. Today, I want The Chief to beat
The Hell out of Tarzan and send him
back to Europe. But it takes time to
become Free of The Lies and their
shaming effect on Black Minds. It
takes time to reject the most
Important Lie: that Black People
inherently can't do the same things
White People can do unless White
People help them.

The Audience laughing, overwhelmed, shouting back support! A
ROAR from The Crowd. Ron finds himself clapping along.

RON STALLWORTH
Right on!!! Right On!!!

KWAME TURE (CONT'D)
The White West are the most Violent
People on The Face of The Earth. They
have used Violence to get everything
they have. And yet, they're the First
to talk about Violence. I never get
caught up with Violence. As a matter
of fact, one of my Favorite Quotes
that stops all the talk about it is
from Sartre: "What then did you
expect when you unbound The Gag that
muted The Black Mouth? That they
would chant your praises?"

KWAME TURE (CONT'D)

Did you think that when those Heads that our Fathers had forcefully bowed down to the ground were raised again, you would find adoration in their eyes?" That's Jean-Paul Sartre, not me.

Ron looks around at everyone caught up in Kwame's spell.

KWAME TURE (CONT'D)

If a White Man wants to Lynch Me, that's his Problem. If he's got The Power to Lynch Me, that's My Problem. Racism is not a question of Attitude; it's a question of Power.

Ron is struck by the remark.

KWAME TURE (CONT'D)

It is White Power that makes The Laws and it is Violent White Power in the form of armed White Cops that enforces their Laws with Guns and Nightsticks. The vast majority of Negroes in this Country live in Captive Communities and must endure their conditions of Oppression because and only because they are Black and Powerless. Now We are being shot down like Dogs in the streets by White Racist Policemen. We can no longer accept this Oppression without retribution. The War in Vietnam is Illegal and Immoral. I'd rather see a Brother Kill a Cop than Kill a Vietnamese. At least he's got a reason for Killing The Cop. When you Kill a Vietnamese you're a Hero and you don't even know why you Killed him. At least if you Kill a Cop you're doing it for a reason.

Another Applause Break. Ron listens, challenged, torn.

15 INT. BELL'S NIGHTINGALE - NIGHT

15

Kwame holds The Crowd in The Palm of his Hand. They stand rapt as he reaches his rousing Finale.

KWAME TURE (CONT'D)

We are on The Move for Our Liberation.

KWAME TURE (CONT'D)

We're tired of trying to prove things To White People. We're tired of trying to explain to White People that we're not going to hurt them. We are concerned with getting things We want. The thing we have to have to function. The question is, Will White People overcome their Racism and allow for that to happen in this Country? If not, We have no choice but to say very clearly, "Move on over or We're going to move over you," sure as the Night follows day.

Members of the Audience who were sitting already are rising to their Feet...

CLOSE - RON

sits, claps vigorously, as if forgetting he is Undercover... Kwame is on a Dynamic Roll!!!

CLOSE - TURE

KWAME TURE (CONT'D)

Let me remind you of a Poem By Prime Minister Winston Churchill read when England was getting ready to Attack Germany. It Was written by a Black Man named Claude McKay from Jamaica and He wrote it for Black People. It is called "IF WE MUST DIE". It is our Poem Today in The United States. "If We must Die, let it not be like Hogs Hunted and Penned in an Inglorious Spot While round us Bark The Mad Hungry Dogs Makin Their Mock at Our Accursed Lot. If We must Die, O let Us Nobly Die, So that Our Precious Blood may not be Shed In Vain; then even The Monsters We Defy Shall be constrained to Honor us though Dead O Kinsmen!!! We Must meet The Common Foe!!! Though Far Outnumbered Let Us Show Us Brave And for their Thousand Blows deal One Deathblow! What though before us lies The Open Grave? Like Men we'll face The Murderous, Cowardly Pack Pressed to The Wall, dying, but Fighting Back!"

The Black Crowd Cheers.

KWAME TURE (CONT'D)

That's Brother Claude McKay, not me. In closing I know it's getting late, may I leave you Sista's and Brothers with these Last Words. "If I am not for myself, who will be? If I am for myself alone, who am I? If not now, when? And if not you, who?" We need an Undying Love for Black People wherever We may be. Good Night and POWER TO THE PEOPLE, POWER TO THE PEOPLE.

The BLACK MASS STANDS AS ONE WITH KWAME TURE.

KWAME TURE AND BLACK MASS

POWER TO THE PEOPLE
POWER TO THE PEOPLE
POWER TO THE PEOPLE

Caught up in the moment, Ron gathers himself, as if remembering why he is here. Ron takes Patrice's Hand and raises it in Celebration and Unity!

16 INT. BELL'S NIGHTINGALE - NIGHT 16

Ron moves down the Greeting Line for Kwame. He watches as Patrice stands near him. Kwame pulls her in close, whispers something in her ear. She smiles, a bit smitten.

Ron watches as he finally reaches Kwame, shaking his hand.

RON STALLWORTH

Brother Ture, do you really think a War between The Black and White Race is inevitable?

Kwame pulls Ron in close toward his face. Too close.

17 INT. SURVEILLANCE CAR - BELL'S NIGHTINGALE - NIGHT 17

Chuck and Jimmy wearing Headphones listening react to ear-splitting Audio feedback.

18 INT. BELL'S NIGHTINGALE - NIGHT 18

Ron stands mid-grip with Kwame. Nerves pinballing. Kwame lowers his voice, looking around conspiratorially.

KWAME TURE

Brother, arm yourself. Get ready. The Revolution is coming. We must pick up a Gun and prepare ourselves...Trust me, it is coming.

Kwame pulls back. Returns to his normal speaking voice.

KWAME TURE (CONT'D)

Thank you for your support, Brother.

19 EXT. BELL'S NIGHTINGALE - FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT 19

Ron is waiting outside as Patrice steps out. Ron nears her.

RON STALLWORTH

I don't know what you have planned
now but maybe I could buy you a
Drink?

PATRICE

I'm waiting for Kwame, I have to make
sure he gets back safely to the Hotel
and he's squared away.

RON STALLWORTH

I can dig it.

Ron starts to walk away.

PATRICE

Maybe, if it's not too late, I'll
meet you at The Red Lantern. You know
where that is?

RON STALLWORTH

I do.

PATRICE

So I'll see you then.

RON STALLWORTH

Cool. Power to The People.

20 INT. RED LANTERN INN - NIGHT 20

Ron sits at The Bar waiting for Patrice. He looks at his
watch having been there a while. He finishes his Rum and
Coke with Lime watching the door open but it is not Patrice.
He decides to call it a Night, stepping off his stool, paying
his Tab to BRO POPE, The Bartender when...

PATRICE

Sorry I'm late...

Patrice is right there near him. She flops down on the Bar
stool, exhausted.

PATRICE (CONT'D)

My sincere apologies, you won't
believe what happened.