

AMERICAN HISTORY X

by

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FOR EDUCATIONAL PURPOSES ONLY

INT. HOUSE - CLOSED EYES

The young man's beautiful blues slowly open. A girl moans from the next room.

EXT. STREET CORNER - A LARGE TIRE

turns the corner and splashes through a puddle from an earlier rain. 2PAC SHAKUR blares from inside.

INT. HOUSE - TIGHT ON THE EYES

They snap wide as the woman in the next room MOANS even louder.

EXT. VENICE BEACH BEACH HOUSE - A WET NIGHT

A slight buzz emanates from the power lines and street lights above the humble VINYARD household. A black 1986 Jetta GLI with sharp rims rests in the driveway.

EXT. WET STREET - A BLACK TRANS AM

2PAC'S rapping builds. The window-tinted drive-by slowly heads down the residential street, cruises past the Jetta in the driveway, and slows to a stop. The music stops and TWO BLACK MEN with SKI CAPS spring from the car.

They move with a purpose. The larger figure, crowbar in hand, moves to the Jetta. The GUN wielding passenger hurries to the front door and stands guard. Inside the car, a SKI MASKED DRIVER with WHITE HANDS sparks up a joint.

INT. BEDROOM - DANNY VINYARD'S EYES

The sex happening in the next room makes it difficult for Danny to sleep. Next to the digital clock that reads 3:07AM, the clean cut 14-year-old flips to his side.

Danny's room is decorated with athletic and academic trophies. One basketball trophy above his head reads "VENIVE HIGH SCHOOL - FRESHMAN MVP." To the side, a TEAM PICTURE where Danny holds the ball in the forefront. Another white kid stands behind - the rest all black.

A whisper from outside grabs Danny's attention. He sits up in the dark and looks through the blinds. He SEES the man trying to jar open the trunk and spots the car with the driver.

DANNY

Holy shit.

Danny quickly bolts out of his room and into the adjacent bedroom down the hall. He barges through the door.

INT. DEREK'S BEDROOM - A HUGE AMERICAN FLAG

TIGHT ON DEREK VINYARD. The young man has a shaved head, a trimmed goatee, and a SWASTIKA on his right tit - the center of the symbol crossed perfectly at the nipple. On the top of Derek in the bed is his barely-of-age girlfriend, STACEY. The covers are completely off and a BLACK ROSE is tattooed on her shoulder. Danny watches in awe.

DANNY
(softly)
Derek!

Danny walks over and shakes him. Startled, Derek forcefully grabs his little brother's arm.

DEREK
(controlled)
What?

Stacey stops and looks over. Frustrated, she rolls off Derek and onto her side.

STACEY
Fucking pervert, Dan.

DANNY
There's a black guy outside
Der...breaking into your trunk.

Derek, muscled and tattooed, jumps out of the bed and quickly puts on his skivvies. He reaches under his mattress and pulls out a SIG 45 semi-automatic pistol. He grabs a pair of glasses off the night stand and places them on.

DEREK
How long have they been out there?

DANNY
Not long.

STACEY
Who?

DEREK
Nobody. Relax.

He checks the cartridge. There are no shells.

DEREK
Shit. Where are my boots?

DANNY
I don't know.

Stacey sits up quickly from the bed. Derek spots his BLACK COOTS by the closet.

STACEY
(concerned, to Derek)
Who's out there, Daddy?!

DEREK
Not right now, honey. Please.
(to Danny)
How many?

DANNY
One...I think.

DEREK
Is he strapped?

DANNY
Huh?

DEREK
Does he have a fucking gun, Dan?

DANNY
I'm not sure.

Derek reaches into the boot, pulls out a seven clip cartridge, and fists it in.

DEREK
Okay. Is there a driver?

Danny nods his head yes. Derek quickly slides his feet into his UNITED BLACK COMBAT BOOTS.

DEREK
Stay the fuck here.

He looks at his girlfriend and says nothing. She nods with confidence.

TIGHT ON DEREK. He storms down the hall. The intensity on his face is alarming. He stops at the front door and grabs the knob, he walks over to the small kitchen window and looks out front.

EXT. HOUSE - DEREK'S POV

THE BLACK GUARD turns toward the driveway to see what's taking his partner so long.

BLACK GUARD
(whispering)
Come on, man!

The trunk pops open. The man lifts up a towel and sees a KILO OF COCAINE. He smiles.

INT. HOUSE - DEREK AT THE DOOR

The guard has his back to him. Derek thinks, takes a deep breath, and goes.

EXT. HOUSE - THE DUEL

Derek throws open the door and before the black man standing guard can wheel, Derek, TOUNGE pressed violently against his TEETH, buries three bullets in his chest. The force propels the man six feet backwards.

INT. JETTA TRUNK - THE BAG OF COKE

The other man, stunned by the exchange of gunfire, quickly grabs the stuff and CHARGES back to the awaiting Trans Am.

In tight skivvies, and without hesitation, Derek buries a bullet in the other man's shoulder. The man falls to the ground, the bag of cocaine dropping safely to the grass.

From the getaway car, the driver fires off a late volley of bullets but they miss Derek wide. Derek faces the car, walks towards it, and fearlessly fires shot after shot at the driver as the car speeds down the street.

INT. VINYARD HOUSEHOLD - DARKNESS

Davina and Doris Vinyard scream and yell in the background. Totally oblivious, they can't place the direction of gunfire.

DAVINA

MOM!!!!

DORIS

STAY DOWN, HONEY! STAY DOWN!

INT. BEDROOM - DANNY'S POV

From the rain soaked window he watches Derek face his wounded prey - crawling on the ground. On the ground behind Danny is Stacey.

STACEY (O.S.)

Get down, Danny!

TIGHT ON DANNY. He curiously stares at his brother from his bedroom window. Adrenaline pumps through his blue eyes. Derek, in a manic sweat, hovers over the man. His shadow moves even closer as the gun reflects off the street lights.

TIGHT ON DEREK'S FACE. Eyes blistering. The frame FREEZES.

FADE TO BLACK.

THREE YEARS LATER

ANCHOR (O.S.)
Earlier this evening...LA County
Firefighter Dennis Vinyard was shot
and killed while putting out a fire
in the City of Industry.

EXT. POLICE STATION - EARLY MORNING

A black man in a suit exudes power as he passes two cops,
goes through the automatic doors and into the station. The
news segment plays over the man's clattering shoes against
the hall floor.

ANCHOR (O.S.)
"The death of a hero", many from the
community are calling it. But still
the questions, who and why, remain.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - SIX DETECTIVES

They all sit in a darkened room and watch the television
screen. The clock on the wall reads 7:33AM. CAPTAIN JOHN
RASMUSSEN, middle-aged with slicked black hair, takes a long
drag off his cigarette and drops it on the floor. DARKNESS.

DR. ROBERT SWEENEY ENTER THE DIM ROOM. His black masculine
face is a combination of power and control. He watches the
t.v. and stares at Rasmussen and the others like they were
once his enemies.

INTERCUT LIVE ACTION WITH VIDEOTAPE

RASMUSSEN
(sarcastically to
Sweeney)
I'm sure you remember this.

Sweeney gives him a look and we shift back to the screen.

EXT. VINYARD HOUSEHOLD - A LIVE BROADCAST - VIDEOTAPE

A YOUNGER DEREK, flat top and no tattoos, stands next to the
reporter. Derek wears a Santa Monica City College Basketball
practice jersey drenched in sweat. Towel around neck and
extremely disturbed, he stares at the ground.

REPORTER
To my right I have Lieutenant
Vinyard's oldest son Derek.
(to Derek)
How do you feel about all this, son?

DEREK
(composed, into the
camera)
"How do I feel?!" Well...I think it's
typical.

REPORTER
Typical how?

DEREK
Well...look at our country for
chrissake. It's a melting pot of
criminals. Black... Brown...
Yellow... whatever.

REPORTER
So you're saying...the shooting of
your father is "race" related?

DEREK
Every problem in this country is
"race" related. It's either the
blacks, the Mexican's, the Chinese...
Every non-Protestant group in our
society.
(then)
Look at immigration...welfare...AIDS...it's
all the fault of the non-white.

INT. POLICE STATION - A GROUP OF DETECTIVES

They all watch the OLD NEWS SEGMENT in awe. One even smiles.

COP #1
Holy shit.

RASMUSSEN
Classic Derek Vinyard, gentlemen!
That point right there!

DR SWEENEY rises and walks up to Captain Rasmussen and quietly
stands at his side. Rasmussen acknowledges, albeit
reluctantly.

REPORTER

EXT. VINYARD HOUSEHOLD - YOUNG DEREK

He stares at the reporter, anticipating.

DEREK
(interrupting)
Don't say poverty right now cause
that's not it. They're not a product
of our environment either. Minorities
don't give a fuck

DEREK
(beep)
about America! They're here to
exploit...not embrace.

INT POLICE STATION - TIGHT ON VARIOUS FACES

Sweeney, Rasmussen, and the rest of the suited detectives
attentively watch the screen..

RASMUSSEN (O.S.)
(over the reporter's
question)
Once the press got a hold of this...it
became the Gettysberg address for
hate groups all across the country.

TIGHT ON THE SCREEN. Derek grabs the mike from the reporter
and explodes in a fit of frenzy.

DEREK
My father was doing his fucking
(beep)
job and he got killed because some
fucking
(beep)
nigger (beep) with a gun took
advantage of the fucking
(beep)
system! Plain and fucking
(beep)
simple.

Derek stare into the camera, drops the mike to the ground,
and walks over to his mother DORIS. The camera follows him
as he puts his arm around her and escorts her back inside
their Venice residence. The camera pans back to the reporter
who just stands there, speechless.

INT. POLICE STATION - THE SCREEN

Rasmussen ejects the tape from the VCR and the screen turns
to fuzz. Cops chuckle in amazement.

RASMUSSEN
Curtis? Get the shades, will you?

A voice acknowledges with a "Yes sir" and light leaks in to
the gloomy conference room. Officers in the background
quietly sip hot coffee.

A young MARK FUHRMAN prototype, hungry and slick, gestures
sincerely to his left.

YOUNG COP
(softly busting up)
This guy's fucking great!

RASMUSSEN
(continuing intensely)
Gentlemen. This is Bob Sweeney.
He's Principal over at Venice High
and for some time now he's worked
with Crips...in and out of the can.

SWEENEY
(nodding)
Hello.

COP #1
Where is Vinyard? Is he still at
Metro Detention?

SWEENEY
Not any more he's not.

RASMUSSEN (V.O.)
Vinyard just made parole,
gentlemen...after three and some odd
years.

FLASH TO:

EXT. METROPOLITAN PRISON - THE VINYARD'S

Doris, Danny, and Davina wait outside as a few reporters
film in the background.

RASMUSSEN (V.O.)
And Mr. Sweeney has contacted me in
advance about a possible situation
that may exist.

Danny walks to meet a long-haired Derek and they smile and
hug. Derek is then hugged by Davina and Doris. Not one of
them loosens their hold.

SWEENEY (V.O.)
Prepare for the worst...cause I have a
pretty good understanding of what
these guys have in mind.

CUT TO:

INT. STATION - TIGHT ON THE YOUNG FUHRMAN

He smirks at Rasmussen and Sweeney almost like he's excited.

YOUNG COP
So what are we saying exactly?

SWEENEY
We're sayin' that if Vinyard goes
down...you can expect bloodshed. On
more fronts than you think.

The concerned group stares at the intimidating Sweeney.

COP #1
Why are we here, Captain?

RASMUSSEN
It's not exactly LAPD policy but I
want 24-hour surveillance on Mr.
Vinyard. For the time being.

COP #2
We don't have the manpower for---

RASMUSSEN
I know, Lieutenant. But when I hear
war... I get kind of scared. I'd
like to say that I at least tried to
stop it beforehand.

SWEENEY
There are kids out there who have
been waiting for this day for a long
time.

RASMUSSEN
So stay on your toes.

CUT TO:

EXT. VENICE BEACH BOARDWALK - MORNING

PEACEFUL DAY by PENNYWISE blasts on Danny's walkman
headphones. The day is cloudy and overcast but that doesn't
bother the local SURFERS. A twosome paddles north to get a
better break on the next set. Danny watches as he skateboards
aggressively down the strand.

His appearance is changed, now resembling a young version of
Derek. He stops for a moment, scratches his head with his
cigarette laden hand, and takes a deep drag.

Head shaved to a quarter of an inch, he wears a PLAIN WHITE
BACKPACK with punk bands scribbled all over it. Your standard
Sex Pistols, DK, The Germs, G.B.H., AND Adolescence in black.
Outlined in red is the largest name, DICK NIXON.

CUT TO:

EXT. VENICE HIGH SCHOOL - THE BIKE CORRAL

Kids from all walks of life park their cars, lock their bikes
and head off to class.

EXT. HALLWAY - TIGHT ON THRASHED LOCKER

Danny throws his SKATEBOARD in, slams the door, and turns to
face LIZZY, a pretty, redheaded freshman.

LIZZY

Hi Danny.

DANNY

Hey.

The two fondly smile at each other.

CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM - A WHITE MALE TEACHER

He sits in front of the quiet STUDY HALL class. A door opens and a well-dressed boy enters and the teacher a small piece of paper. The tall, intimidating man looks up.

TEACHER: Vinyard?

The class knows better than to "ooh" and "aah." Danny grabs his backpack and casually strolls up to the front. He grabs the note, snaps his gum, and walks out.

TIGHT ON THE PIECE OF PAPER. Out of all the "time convenience" choices on the paper, the box checked is "NOW PLEASE."

DANNY

Shit.

Danny puts his gum in the paper and balls it into a locker.

INT. SCHOOL BATHROOM - A URINAL

Danny smokes a cigarette and pees simultaneously. Outside, a voice pleads "It wasn't me!" DARYL DAWSON, pale and thin, is shoved into the bathroom and he falls to the tiles. LITTLE HENRY, a young black kid, enters with two of his buddies. Danny quickly zips and faces them.

LITTLE HENRY

(to a terrified Daryl)

Little fuckin' rat, this guy. Tellin' bitch Baker I'm fuckin' cheatin'?

DARYL

I didn't say anything, Henry! I swear!

LITTLE HENRY

I oughta cap your mother fuckin' ass right now!

Little Henry cracks Daryl in the face and practically knocks him out with one shot. A bleeding Daryl struggles to his hands and knees behind Danny as Henry and his pals cackle. Danny simply defends Daryl by staring into Henry's eyes and taking a drag.

After a few moments, Henry and his boys exit.

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY - DANNY

He sits in a chair next to an office door marked DR. ROBERT SWEENEY - PRINCIPAL. Danny glances at the white trash secretary as she types and talks about Oprah on the phone.

TIGHT ON DANNY. He sighs and quietly listens to the conversation through the crack in the door.

MURRAY (V.O.)

I do not have a problem with him as an individual, alright? I don't.

SWEENEY (V.O.)

Oh shit Murray sure you do. Let's be honest and maybe we'll get somewhere. You hate this kid.

MURRAY (V.O.)

If I went around hating kids Bob I woulda quit this job ten frickin' years ago.

SWEENEY (V.O.)

You hate what he stands for.

INT. OFFICE - THE PRINCIPALS

The bespectacled, short-haired MURRAY ROSENBERG, 48, looks over and spots Danny listening outside. Murray walks over and shuts the door. He looks at DR. SWEENEY, who now has his jacket off.

He points to a typewritten report on the desk. It is titled MEIN KAMPF. "Daniel Vinyard - American History" is in the upper left hand corner.

MURRAY

It's genius racism, Bob! At its finest! This paper made me sick.

SWEENEY

Murray...it says in your syllabus...right here in front of me...that they could do their assignment on any book related to Civil Rights. Tell me if I'm readin' it wrong. You even emphasized the word "any."

MURRAY

That wasn't my intent.

SWEENEY

Let me finish, Murray! I try to give you answers but you keep jumpin' in!

MURRAY

Okay. I'm sorry.

SWEENEY

The fact that he chose Mein Kampf is a problem...I'm not disputing that.

MURRAY

His brother probably put him up to it.

SWEENEY

I don't give two shits who put him up to it, Murray. He chose a racy topic...I won't throw him out for that.

Murray sighs and takes off his glasses.

MURRAY

Don't let him walk scot-free here like he always does. For his sake Bob...not mine. You might be all he has left.

(relenting with a smile)

we both know the family a little better than we'd like to.

SWEENEY

(definitively)

You more than me, big guy.

MURRAY

Fine. Please do something though.

Sweeney stares at Murray.

CUT TO:

EXT. OFFICE THE DOOR OPENS - TWO MINUTES LATER

Murray walks out and turns back to Sweeney.

MURRAY

Thanks, Bob.

SWEENEY (O.S.)

Okay. Get in here, Dan!

Danny and Murray make hostile eye contact.

DANNY
I knew it was you.

SWEENEY (O.S.)
Shut up and get your ass in here!

Danny relents.

INT. OFFICE - DANNY ENTERS

Before he even gets through the door he's chastised.

SWEENEY
(pissed)
What's it gonna be, Dan?

DANNY
What's what going to be?

SWEENEY
I'm sick and tired of all this petty
shit your pullin'. I've had it.

DANNY
(confused)
Well... I don't know.

SWEENEY
You don't know what?

DANNY
(looking away)
Nothin'.

SWEENEY
You said it, all right. Sit down.

Danny does what he's told. Sweeney stares at the teenager, smirks and leans back in his chair.

SWEENEY
(calmly)
How are things at home?

DANNY
Fine.

SWEENEY
How's basketball?

DANNY
You know I quit.

SWEENEY
Yeah I know. But I wanted to hear
it come outta your mouth.

DANNY
Well now you have.

SWEENEY
Why'd you quit, Dan?

Danny shrugs at Sweeney and looks away. Sweeney takes a sip of coffee, takes a breath, and continues.

SWEENEY
How's your brother?

DANNY
Fine.

SWEENEY
Derek was a student of mine...you knew that, right?

DANNY
Yeah.

SWEENEY
Honors English. Was one of my favorite students. He was very smart Dan...like you...but he hung out with a bunch of strung-out knuckleheads. Also like you. That's probably why he ended up in the can, hunh?

Danny looks at his principal, conceding. Sweeney hold up Danny's paper in disgust and shakes his head.

DANNY
(defending)
Look. Sweeney. I followed directions and wrote an "A" paper. What happened with Derek has nothing to do with me.

SWEENEY
That's where we disagree, Danny. It has everything to do with you.

DANNY
How so?

SWEENEY
What do you think?
(after a beat)
You think these guys have just forgotten about everything?

DANNY
Let us get on with our lives, man.

SWEENEY

Hey. I'm not worried about Derek.

DANNY

Okay then.

SWEENEY

I'm worried about his little brother.

DANNY

Why?

SWEENEY

Why? Look at yourself. I should expel you indefinitely right now and put your ass in the street.

DANNY

You don't think I could handle it?

SWEENEY

I think it would kill you. You're not tough. The second a brother pulls a gun on your ass you'll be hollerin' for Doris.

Danny smirks at the reference.

SWEENEY

So here's the drill. Take it or leave it. I'm your history teacher from here on out. This is my class. Call it American History... X. I see your ass once a day. Any more... any less... and you're a memory at Venice High. Clear?

DANNY

Clear.

SWEENEY

Okay. First things first then. I'm not even gonna read this bullshit.

DANNY

It took me a week to read Mein Kampf! Come on Sweeney! It's important!

SWEENEY

It's Dr. Sweeney! And I want a new one on my desk tomorrow Dan, or you're gone.

Danny sulks quietly in his chair.

DANNY

Who am I doing it on then... Doctor?

-- .

SWEENEY
DEREK...ALAN...VINYARD

SMASH TO:

EXT. VENICE SHORELINE - LATE AFTERNOON

A series of intercuts shows activity in and around the pier. A HOMELESS LATINO MAN searches in a trash dumpster. OPEN VENDORS sell tie dye and water bong paraphernalia. A FAT WOMAN walks past eating a hot dog. BLACK GANG MEMBERS play basketball in their low-rider shorts and boxers.

TIGHT ON DANNY. He skateboards down the boardwalk, performing tricks and spinning the board. From afar, he sees the group of black gang members shooting hoops. He stops, sparks up a cigarette, and watches them play.

DANNY (V.O.)
Venice Beach didn't always look like
this. It didn't. I mean...our dad
used to take us down here to
run...before he got shot...and it was
cool, you know. My brother Derek
owned this place. Since then
though...the Crips, man—

Danny stops as LITTLE HENRY from earlier and OLDER BROTHER JEROME catch their breath. Danny doesn't flinch. He and Little Henry exchange cold eyes. Jerome, in a blue bandana, sips from a 40 oz. Beer. Soon, they both resume playing.

DANNY (V.O.)
Jerome Hastings and his little brother
Henry. I know Jerome's a Shoreline
Crip and I'm sure Little Henry's
pretty damn close.

TIGHT ON DANNY. He watches the basketball action as he takes drag after drag off his Marlboro Red.

DANNY (V.O.)
The Shoreliners moved west from
Inglewood and South Central and
they've really just... taken over.
Especially at my high school. The
Venice Locos are another big gang
but they stay in bumfuck Mar Vista
most of the time. And then there's
the The Disciples of Christ. The
D.O.C... kind of a subdivision of
the Fourth Reich Skinheads North...
but gnarlier.

Jerome and Little Henry argue with the players on the other team. Danny's cigarette crackles sharply.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BASKETBALL COURT - A GAME - FLASHBACK

The sun beats down on the blacktop. The players are a mixed assemblage of black and white, jumbled together on different teams.

DANNY (V.O.)
My brother Derek was pretty much the
backbone to D.O.C...before all the
bullshit.

TIGHT ON DEREK. He has a shaved head, a GERMS t-shirt on, and eye goggles. Derek brings the ball upcourt as LAWRENCE, a monstrous black man in a blue bandana, blatantly HAND CHECKS him.

LAWRENCE
Bring it on, boy.

Derek yo-yo-'s the ball in place and grins at this irony.

DEREK
President Lincoln was a good man,
hunh?

LAWRENCE
Fuck you.

Derek blows by Lawrence easily for a left handed layup. Big Lawrence fouls him hard but it still goes in.

SETH
Ten a piece! Nice left, Daddy.

The chubby SETH RYAN slaps Derek's hand enthusiastically as they get back on transition. Derek's stares at Lawrence as long-haired CAMMERON ALEXANDER, in a GREEN BAY PACKER JERSEY, STP HAT and JEANS, also congratulates him.

CAMMERON
Beautiful fucking left!

LAWRENCE
Let's go, O! All we need is one!

Lawrence and Derek lock eyes, a look exceeding competitive boundary. A look filled with rage.

DEREK
Dee up now, Seth! Use that fat ass
and keep him out!

Seth and the opposing player bang to get position underneath.

LAWRENCE

(to Derek)

This is my house! And I ain't fuckin'
losin' in my house! Clear it out!

The six-five POWER FORWARD dribbles beautifully up the court - his teammates clearing out the key. Defensively, Derek is solid.

DEREK

You got nothin'. You do the same
move every time.

LAWRENCE

You mean this one?

He tries to pass Derek but Derek's defense is stifling. With another tricky move, Jerome inadvertently puts his LEFT ELBOW into Derek's face, sending him quickly to the pavement. Everybody stops.

SETH

That's fuckin' offense!

CAMMERON

All the way!

LAWRENCE

Get the fuck outta here! He was
movin' his feet!

A bleeding Derek rises, diplomatically. He stares at the bigger player.

DEREK

(threateningly)

I'll go if you want to.

LAWRENCE

What's that?

DEREK

If you wanna go...let me know. Don't
be throwin' fuckin' elbows.

SETH

Derek?

LAWRENCE

(smiling)

I think that would be a mistake,
man.

DEREK

I don't give two fucks what you think.

DEREK
Just let me know if you want to.

SETH
Derek! Come on, man.

DEREK
Shut the fuck up, Seth!
(to Lawrence)
What's it gonna be?

LAWRENCE
Jesus, man. It was an accident,
a'ight?

A bleeding Derek removes his goggles and walks over to Danny and short-haired STACEY standing courtside. She has a water bottle and a towel for him. He wipes his BLOODY LIP with the towel, takes a sip, and kisses her. Cammeron, sweating hard from his heavy attire, stares at the two.

CAMMERON
(grimacing)
Father V? Are you copacetic?

Derek ignores him and looks at Danny and Stacey.

DANNY
You gotta call offense on that.

DEREK
Not on point game you don't.

STACEY
((gesturing to Lawrence)
Fuck that, Daddy. That chucker can't
be doin' that shit...especially to
you.

DEREK
Not on point, honey.

He turns back to the court and walks over to Big Lawrence. He stands in front of him and checks the ball in. Cammeron looks over his shoulder at the beautiful Stacey. She looks back, uncomfortably.

DANNY (O.S.)
Dee up, Cam!

DEREK
(to the group)
Tens! Dee up right now! Ball in!

Lawrence takes the ball, passes it to the wing, and quickly gets it back. Lawrence dribbles up top, makes a marvelous 180 spin with the ball, and pulls up for a ten foot jumper.

It's REJECTED by Derek. Derek grabs the ball off the fast break and DUNKS IT.

DANNY
(amazed by the dunk)
Holy shit!

Everybody courtside goes nuts, especially after the last exchange of words.

DEREK
(to the other team)
Fuck you! Get off my court! This
is my house!

Seth, Cam, and his other teammates congratulate him. Derek STARES DOWN a recovering Lawrence and the rival team. He walks to the sideline and slaps his brother's hand.

DANNY
(smiling)
Yeah! Fuck...yeah!

Derek takes a drink of water, spits it out, and says nothing. Players randomly come up and pat him on the back. "That was your show" from a friendly looking black man. Derek doesn't even acknowledge him. Then, an admiring "nice game" from a few other dorky whites. Derek nods.

DANNY'S POV. He watches Cammeron from afar talk to a recovering Lawrence. Danny notices cam stare back over Stacey, methodically. He looks at an approaching Seth.

SETH
(to Derek)
I hear you got the "mother load."

DEREK
Intervene in something like that
again you fat tub of shit and I'll
kill you.

SETH
Oh. You will, hunh?

DEREK
What do you think?

SETH
All right.

Seth looks at him and walks away with his tail between his legs. Danny watches Stacey congratulate Derek with a kiss.

STACEY
(pulling off slightly)
What "mother load" is he talking
about?

DEREK
Nothin'. Don't worry about it.
(smiling to Lawrence)
Goddamn! How sweet it is!

Young Danny proudly stares at his brother.

CUT TO:

EXT. VENICE BOARDWALK - PRESENT - DANNY'S POV

Danny awakens from his daydream. The black players now stare at him. Danny puts his board down and skates down the boardwalk.

DANNY (V.O.)
Cammeron told me once that the Crips
would take America over one day.
That white people are all too afraid
to stand up for themselves. Maybe
he was right.

EXT. SMALL BEACH HOUSE - A PATIO

Danny skates up to the gate and shoots his board up to his hand. He passes two SURFBOARDS on his way towards the back.

EXT. SIDE ENTRANCE - TWO 14-YEAR-OLDS

Stoned LIZZY, the redhead beauty from earlier, and her blond friend KAMMI, stumble out and laugh.

KAMMI
Hey Dan!

DANNY
Hey.

Lizzy is immediately on him as Kammi sparks up a cigarette in the background.

LIZZY
You going tonight, right?

DANNY
Where?

LIZZY
That party.

DANNY
What party?

KAMMI

Liz! Come on! We're late, man!

LIZZY

Go there. I wanna see you.

The two girls take off.

INT. TINY, MESSY BEDROOM A BONG

JASON, a 17-year-old punk with a shaved head, holds the bong in one hand and a lighter in the other. He sings a verse from INSTITUTIONALIZED BY SUICIDAL TENDANCIES on the stereo. His partner in crime, CHRIS, sprinkle COCAINE on the top of the bong load and Jason finally lights it. The two wear the pants of their full wetsuits - with the tops hanging down.

DANNY (O.S.)

There's dick for waves.

CHRIS

I don't care. I just wanna get wet.

Jason sucks it through, clears it, and holds it in. The two quickly turn behind them and face the bed.

TIGHT ON DANNY. He sits on the sandy, unmade bed and spins a basketball on his finger.

CHRIS (O.S.)

(continuing to Dan)

So what was this now?

DANNY

Henry Hastings almost beat the shit out of Daryl Dawson. He would've too if-

CHRIS

Little Henry the negroid?

DANNY

Yeah.

JASON

Daryl Dawson is a pussy faggot.

He stops and looks at Jason as he exhales.

CHRIS

Want a "Coco-Puff," Vinyard?

DANNY

I already told you. I gotta bail.

JASON

(smiling)

You'll be able write that fuckin' bullshit paper in ten minutes on this shit, dude. Guaranteed.

(reacting to the hit)

You'll be able to take on the fucking world, man!

CHRIS

One puff to get the juices flowin'?

Danny thinks to himself and stands up.

DANNY

I can't. I have to do this shit.

CHRIS

You don't have to do anything, dude.

DANNY

Yes I do.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOARDWALK - DANNY, JASON AND CHRIS - LATER

The three skateboard down the strand, Jason and Chris with their surfboards and suits. Ahead an OLD DRUNK WHITE WOMAN tows a succession of SHOPPING CARTS. As Jason passes, he smacks her with his surfboard and knocks her to the ground. They all laugh and Danny breaks off and heads east on Rose.

CUT TO:

INT. DUMPY APARTMENT - A PINK BLANKET

DAVINA VINYARD, the raspy middle sister, takes the wretched blanket and carefully places it over DORIS, her sleeping mother. There's a knock on the door and Davina, in a large UCLA T-SHIRT and panties, rushes to get it.

INT. APARTMENT - THE OPENING OF A DOOR - NIGHT

She opens the door and tries to shut it immediately. FAT SETH, from the game earlier, forcefully pushes it back open, a BOX in hand.

DAVINA

What are you doin' here?

SETH

Gotta take a shit, bitch. Step aside.

DAVINA

(examining him)

Jesus!

Danny quickly grabs his nose.

DANNY
You need to go to the doctor!

He slams the bathroom door and faces the closed bedroom behind him.

INT. BEDROOM - DANNY'S POV

He opens the door and hesitates. His muscular brother Derek stands there in jeans and black boots. LONG HAIR slicked back to his shoulders, everything about him is different now. He looks through THE CLASSIFIEDS.

DANNY
What's up?

THE PHONE RINGS IMMEDIATELY. Derek glances up at his brother, turns around and grabs the receiver. Above Derek is Danny's surfboard, hanging on ropes hooked to the ceiling.

DEREK
(into the receiver)
Hello. Yeah? Hi.

Across Derek's back is a massive tattoo that reads "PECKERWOOD." All the smaller tats covering his arms and shoulders are inconsequential next to PECKERWOOD. Soft music quietly plays in the background. DANNY STARES AT THE TAT.

DANNY
Who is that?

DEREK
(into the receiver)
Can you hold on a minute?
(to Danny without turning)
What's up?

DANNY
The pigs are outside.

DEREK
I know. I think they got me around the clock.

Derek cautiously leans over the computer, looks through the blinds, and stares at the UNMARKED CAR.

DEREK
(quickly)
Is Seth here yet?

DANNY
Yep.

DEREK

Okay. I'll be out in a few minutes.

Danny throws his backpack on the bed and exits. Derek puts his ear back up to the receiver.

DEREK

Yeah. Sorry. What's up?

INT. BATHROOM - TIGHT ON SETH

He points his Glock 9mm at the mirror. The thick kid grabs the camera, points it at the mirror, and films himself.

SETH

Drop the t.v., nigger.

He smiles, reaches over and flushes the toilet.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUE ACTION

Danny walks through the living room and sees his mother asleep on the couch. Doris, once beautiful, is now aged and graying. NYQUIL, PEPTO BISMOL, two PRESCRIPTION CONTAINERS, and a spoon rest next to her on the coffee table. FAMILY MATTERS IS ON THE TELEVISION. Davina hasn't moved.

DANNY

Turn the channel, Davina.

DAVINA

No. It helps her sleep.

Seth walks out of the bathroom, into a small dining room, and looks at Davina's revealing panties.

SETH

Turn that shit, brainchild.

DAVINA

(under her breath)

Whatever you say...FREE WILLY.

TIGHT ON SETH. Small tattoos completely cover Seth's forearms. A BLOODY SNAKE is halfway tucked under his black t-shirt. Gut lightly hanging out, the bald skin stares through the view finder of the brand new 8mm camera.

SETH

This thing is fuckin' sick, man.
Two hundred speed... playback view
finder-

INT SMALL KITCHEN - VIDEO CAMERA POV

He focuses on Davina's CROTCH.

Seth pans back to Danny as he walks in the kitchen and look through the refrigerator. He pulls out a leftover piece of steak and gnaws on it.

DANNY
(chewing)
Goin' to Cammeron's party tonight?

SETH
Is Davina's ass water tight?

Danny laughs.

DAVINA
Hurry up and leave, Goodyear. You've taken your dump now go.

SETH
(smiling at Danny)
Listen to her. You callin' me a blimp, you fuckin' Democrat?!

DAVINA
Yes!

Danny takes a bite and laughs at Seth.

SETH
Hey. Keep Cameron's house fuckin' low.

DANNY
I'm already there.

SETH
Oh yeah? You ask Derek?

DANNY
(begging)
Noo... but... he's got two kegs.

SETH
Well... you can think of me drinkin' 'em then when you're studying with fuckin'...White Trash in there.

Davina scoffs and Seth refocuses the camera on her.

DANNY
That girl's goin', too.

SETH
Ask Derek, dude. Where is he? I haven't even seen the fucker yet.

Davina finally looks up from her homework and catches the pervert. He quickly moves the camera back to Danny.

Davina crosses her legs and looks at Seth, shocked and disgusted.

DAVINA
You're not even human.

DANNY
(to a laughing Seth)
Is Cam still playing with DICK NIXON?

SETH
Yep.

Seth drums his hands on the dining room table. Danny takes another bite off the steak – smearing barbecue sauce all over his mouth. Seth points the camera at Dan.

SETH
Hey. Hold still. I wanna ask you a few questions.

DANNY
(looking into the lens)
I got homework, Seth.

SETH
Two fucking seconds, dude! I wanna see how this thing records.

Danny sits across the table from Seth. He looks uncomfortably into the lens and takes another bite.

SETH
Okay. Tell me your convictions.

DANNY
Excuse you?

SETH
Tell me some of the shit you believe in fuckbrain before I pistol-whip you.

Danny thinks as he looks into the camera.

VIDEO CAMERA VIEW – BLACK AND WHITE

The barbecue sauce all over his mouth looks more like blood.

DANNY
(smiling)
Okay. I believe in death and destruction and chaos and filth and greed.

SETH
What else?

 DANNY
I believe in the Disciple of Christ.

 SETH
Are you absolutely, 100 percent
positive?

 DANNY
Yes.

 SETH
What else?

 DANNY
I believe in my family.

 SETH
Why?

 DANNY
"Respect your father and your mother.
Whoever curses your mother and
father... is to be put to death."
Matthew 15-4.

 SETH
Good. What else? Tell me what I
want to hear, ass hole.

 DANNY
I don't know what you wanna hear.

 SETH
Yes you do.

 DANNY
You mean that stuff about your mother?

Davina CACKLES in the background.

 SETH
You're just begging for a beating.

Danny smirks and sparks up a cigarette, unfazed.

 SETH
Do you believe in Adolf?

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAVINA

She puts down her homework and looks over at Seth.

 DAVINA
Seth? Cut it out.

SETH
I'm not fuckin' talkin' to you,
Davina, shut up!
(filming Danny)
Do you believe in Adolf?

DAVINA
Get the hell outta here!

Doris stirs—

DORIS
Davina, please.

DANNY
(to Davina)
Yes! I believe in Adolf!

Seth smiles at the youth and speaks intimately.

SETH
Who do you hate, Danny? Tell the
millions of people watching.

DANNY
I hate everyone that isn't white
Protestant.

SETH
Why?

DANNY
Because they're a burden to the
advancement of the white race. Some
of them are all right... the one
that are productive... but—

SETH
None of them are fuckin' productive,
Danny. Get that in your head right
now. They're all a bunch of
freeloaders. Now... what don't you
like about them?

DANNY
I feel threatened by them.

DAVINA
They feel threatened by you.

SETH
(ignoring her)
What else, Danny? And speak
intelligently you little queer faggot.

Davina's attention is unwavering.

DANNY
I hate the fact that it's cool to be
black these days.

SETH
Good.

DANNY
I hate this fuckin' hip hop influence
on white fuckin' suburbia.

SETH
Good!

DANNY
I hate Tabitha Soren and all of the
Zionist MTV pigs telling us we should
all get along. Save the rhetorical
bullshit, Miss Hilary Rodham Clinton.
It ain't gonna happen.

Seth stops filming and looks at the young man. He smiles at
him with distinct revelation.

SETH
That's the best shit I've ever heard
come out of your mouth.

TIGHT ON DAVINA. She stares at the two hate mongers.

DAVINA
(from the living room)
I feel sorry for you, Danny. You
don't stand a chance.

SETH
Shut up, Davina.

DAVINA
You shut up, you poison to society.
Get out of our house.

SETH
Your brother requested my presence.

DAVINA
Derek hates you, Seth. Haven't you
figured it out yet?

DEREK (O.S.)
How do you know who I hate, Davina?

TIGHT ON DEREK VINYARD - SILENCE.

He's a striking presence with his scruff, tight t-shirt and
tats hanging down his arm. A rundown jacket wraps around
his waist.

DAVINA (O.S.)
I just know.

DEREK
Maybe you do.

Derek removes a cigarette and lighter out of Danny's shirt pocket and sparks it up. Seth stands and smiles at his old friend.

SETH
How are you, man? Fuckin' A. Long time no see. Look at that fuckin' hair.

Derek virtually ignores Seth's greeting.

DEREK
(to Danny)
Did you do a book report on Mein Kampf?

DANNY
Yeah.

DEREK
Why?

DANNY
I don't know. Because I felt like it.

DEREK
Oh. You felt like it? Well I feel like smacking you. Would you mind if I did a report on that?

DANNY
(like Butthead)
Uhh...yeah.

DEREK
Get a fucking clue, you idiot.

DANNY
How'd you find out about it?

DEREK
None of your fucking business.

SETH
I thought it was a pretty good idea.

DEREK
That figures. You're even more stupid.

 SETH
It's great to see you too, Der, you
fuckin'...

Derek stares down at Seth - who's too afraid to finish.
Derek looks back at Danny.

 DEREK
Don't be a dick. Sweeney cares about
you.

 DANNY
Was that him on the phone?

 DEREK
Yep. So wise up.

 SETH
Sweeney's a fuckin' nigger on a power
trip, Vinyard. That's what he was
like when we were there and that's
how he is now. It'll never change
either. A nigger is a nigger.
 (pointing the camera
 at Derek)
Now smile and say... "monkey."

 DEREK
Give me the camera, Seth...

Derek stubs his cigarette in the ashtray

 SETH
Let me play Dan back for you.

 DEREK
I already heard enough. Give me the
camera.

 SETH
I want to see you through this.

 DEREK
Seth? You have three seconds to
give me the goddamn camera before I
strangle your fat ass.

 SETH
I think it's extremely important
that you hear this though, Der.
Come on!

Derek quickly clasps Seth's NECK and forces him out of his
chair and to the ground.

SETH
(begging)
Son of a bitch! Okay! Jesus Christ!

Seth releases the camera and Derek grabs it.

SETH
(recuperating)
Fuckin' asshole, man.

Derek checks out all of its function.

SETH
(desiring approval)
Go ahead, man. I stole it for you.

Derek puts the camera up to his eye.

IN SLO MO - DREAMLIKE SEQUENCE

Derek pans the camera around the kitchen and stops at assorted pictures of the family. Derek focuses on a FAMILY SHOT of Doris, Derek, Danny, Davina, and DENNIS VINYARD.

TIGHT ON DENNIS. The handsome man smiles in a coat and tie. Derek PANS to a picture of a dirty and rugged Dennis and a young Davina, wearing her father's FIRE HELMET.

Derek pans the video camera. He stops on Danny who's now in the sink washing barbecue sauce off his hands and face. Derek concentrates on the RUNNING WATER. The sink faucet becomes a POWERFUL SHOWER FAUCET crashing down.

He turns off the camera and hands it back to Seth.

DEREK
Here. Keep it.

A bewildered Seth stares at him.

SETH
You're bein' weird, dude.

DEREK
Oh yeah?

Derek's tongue presses against his teeth. Fear sparks in Seth's eyes as Derek approaches.

SETH
(afraid)
What the fuck did I do?

DAVINA
(sensing danger)
Derek?

Doris suddenly starts in with a COUGHING ATTACK. Derek stops and the moment is lost.

DORIS (O.S.)
What time is it!?

Derek walks into the living room and sits down beside his sick mother. Everybody follows.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DORIS ON COUCH

The middle-aged woman is half asleep on the couch. Caught under a severe spell of the flu, Derek CARESSES her head.

DEREK
Where'd you get this couch?

DAVINA
Piece of shit garage sale.

Derek checks out a significant tear on the right cushion.

DEREK
We gotta get the hell outta here.

DAVINA
Sounds good to me.

DORIS
(softly, once more)
What time is it?

DEREK
Night time. Are you going to live?

DORIS
I think so. I need a cigarette.

DEREK
No way. You smoke three packs a day. That's why you're spittin' phlegm.

Doris coughs once again and spits green into her napkin.

SETH:
(astonished)
Jesus Mrs. Vinyard. I think a lung just came up.

Everyone laughs.

DEREK
That's good though. Get all of that mucus outta there.

DEREK
(after a beat)
Just wait until we take off, will
you?

Everybody laughs - including Doris. Derek tenderly puts his
hand on his mother's cheek.

DEREK
You're drowsy from all those drugs.

DORIS
I'm high as a kite is what I am.

DANNY
You got any more?

DORIS
Daniel? I know you got homework to
do.

DANNY
I'm goin' in a second! Relax.

SETH
(interjecting to Derek)
Hey. I'm puttin' the camera in your
room and we're outta here.

Derek hardly acknowledges as Seth walks down the hall.

DORIS
(whispering to Derek)
I don't like him in this house.

DEREK
I know you don't.

DAVINA
He's a fuckin' loser, Nazi scumbag.

DANNY
(defending)
No he's not.

DEREK
Yes he is. Open your eyes.

Danny looks at Derek, perplexed.

DANNY
Why are you goin' out with him then?

DEREK
Why are you so curious?

DANNY
Can't help it.

DEREK
Try.

Danny pats his brother on the shoulder and walks off.

DANN
Okay. I'll see you later then.

DEREK
(over his shoulder)
Not at Cammeron's you won't.

DANNY
Come on, Der! It's gonna be—

DEREK
Forget it, Danny! It ain't gonna
happen for you tonight.

DAVINA
Is Stacey gonna be there?

Derek looks at her, caught completely off-guard.

DANNY
(back to Derek,
diverting)
Can I use your computer?

DEREK
Go ahead.

Danny walks off, crosses Seth's path, gets shoved into the wall, and reacts like it's an everyday occurrence. Derek kisses Doris' forehead, smiles and stares into her eyes.

DEREK'S POV - TIGHT ON A SMIRKING DORIS.

MATCH CUT TO: INT. PRISON VISITING ROOM - DORIS - FLASHBACK

She holds a receiver to her ear, a look of false strength in her eyes.

DORIS
Are you making it okay?

Derek sits opposite from Doris and nods, not wanting her to think otherwise.

DORIS
How's the biker? Keeping an eye out
on you I hope.

DEREK
(nodding again)
Jimmy's a good man.

DORIS
Davina got accepted to UCLA last
week.

They share a long, magical smile.

DEREK
Make sure you put some of that money
towards it.

DORIS
I'm planning on it. Even though I—

DEREK
Mom? Relax. It's going to good
use. What about Dan?

DORIS
(after a beat)
I don't know. He says he's good
but... Cammeron's name keeps popping
up.

TIGHT ON DEREK'S EYES. That's the last thing he wanted to
hear.

DORIS (O.S.)
I can't monitor him all day, Derek.
I wish I could but I can't. He needs
you.

BACK TO:

INT. VINYARD APARTMENT – PRESENT

Derek smiles at his precious mother.

SETH (O.S.)
Hey? Are you back on fuckin' earth
yet?

DEREK
What?

SETH
Can we go soon?

DEREK
Yeah. Right now.
(to the girls)
I'll be back early.

Derek looks out the front window. He sees the two cops outside, oblivious. Derek follows Seth out the SIDE WINDOW as if it was planned. They jump and quickly dart down the alley.

INT. APARTMENT - TIGHT ON DORIS

She thinks to herself and closes her eyes.

Derek looks at the COPS and drops into the passenger's seat. Seth starts the engine and drives away.

CUT TO:

INT. DANNY'S BEDROOM - A DESK

Danny's attention is everywhere except his homework. He walks back out of his bedroom.

INT. HALLWAY - DANNY'S POV

He watches Davina complete her homework on the couch. Doris, on the sofa opposite, tries to sleep.

DANNY
Hey.

DAVINA
Hey what?

DANNY
Come here.

DAVINA
What?

DANNY
Come here for a second!

Danny looks at her. The wiry, pretty scholar sets her homework aside and follows him down the hall into...

INT. BEDROOM - TWO SINGLE BEDS

She sits on the edge of DANNY'S bed. Danny hands her his syllabus.

DAVINA
I got shit to do, Dan.

DANNY
Just read it.

She sighs and begins to read it out loud.

DAVINA
"American History X.

DAVINA
Take home paper as assigned by
Principal Robert Sweeney."
(to Danny)
Why is he giving you homework? What
happened to Murray Rosenberg?

DANNY
Just read the thing.

DAVINA
"Describe in detail your opinion of
the historical event that took place
in the early morning of October 4th...
1993." What's that?

DANNY
What do you think it was?

DAVINA
I didn't know it was like this.

DANNY
I know.

DAVINA
(continuing her reading)
"Before and after...how has this event
helped or hurt your present
perspective concerning life in
contemporary America. Use the
standard five paragraph format...
stating your thesis in the
introduction... blah blah blah blah
blah blah blah.
(to Danny; amazed)
He can't do this.

DANNY
It's already done.

THE PHONE RINGS. Davina quickly reaches over to pick it up.
Danny stares hard at his sister.

DAVINA
Hello? Hello? Yeah?
(after a beat)
What do you want, you fuckin' --?

Danny snatches the receiver from her.

DANNY
Who is this?

DAVINA
(upset)
That same asshole who keep callin'.

Danny hangs it up.

DANNY
What did he say?

DAVINA
(afraid)
He doesn't say anything!
(then, referring to
the paper)
What do you want from me on this?

DANNY
Will you do it?

DAVINA
Eat me, Dan.

DANNY
Come on! Dick Nixon's playin' at
Cammeron's tonight.

DAVINA
Forget it! I have a spreadsheet
due.

DANNY
Goddammit!

Davina walks to the door and looks back to her brother.

DAVINA
(frustrated)
What's the matter with you? You
wanna be a loser your whole life?

Not receiving a response, she walks out the door.

DANNY
(to himself)
Fuckin' asshole Sweeney.

TIGHT ON DANNY. The frustrated kid sits and thinks to himself. He slowly begins to strike the computer keys.

DANNY (V.O.)
People look at me... and they see my
brother.

CUT TO:

EXT. UCLA CAMPUS ALLEY – AFTERNOON – FLASHBACK

TIGHT ON SKINHEAD DEREK. He looks at a newspaper and reads to himself.

DANNY (V.O.)
(snapping the keys)
That's how things have transpired
since my father was murdered.

Derek now reads the article out loud.

DEREK
(smiling)
"University Officials approved over
\$15,000 in funding for the Gay and
Lesbian Student Union, The Bruin
learned yesterday."
(looking up from the
paper)
This is fucking hilarious!

He looks over at SETH who kicks a man as he painfully lies
on the ground. The man wears a PINK POLO SHIRT. Derek's
tongue presses hyperactively against his front teeth as his
boot strikes the helpless man after Seth.

DEREK
(reading in disbelief)
"Robert Gibbons, President of the
G.L.S.U., declared the funding a
major victory for gay students across
the nation."

A smiling CAMMERON stands in the b.g. in a white COWBOY HAT
and a DALLAS COWBOY JERSEY #8 with "Aikman" on the back.
Cam has his arm around Danny.

DEREK
(to Cammeron)
Can you believe this shit?

CAMMERO
It makes me wasn't to vomit.

DANNY'S POV. He stares at the sobbing man as he rolls around
in pain. Cammeron laughs as Derek KICKS him again.

DEREK
(reading)
Said Gibbons - "Gays are one of the
most pivotal on-campus organizations
and we..."
(frustrated, to the
man)
What the fuck are you saying!?

CAMMERON
(to the man)
You're such a pretty little thing.
You know that?

SETH
He's beautiful.

DEREK
How about I interview you, you little
flamer? Hunh?
(then, smiling)
Do you like big red nipples that
stick out a half fuckin' inch? Do
you?

Derek kicks the tortured man - dirtying his shirt further.

SETH
Fuckin' pink shirt faggot pussy.

DEREK
How about a thin, beautiful back?
With tiny little freckles?

Derek kicks him again - tongue pressed against teeth.
Cameron continues to laugh.

DEREK
A tight, wet pussy?! How could you
not like a tight, wet pussy?!

The man cries and yells on the ground as Derek kicks him
again and again and again. Danny observes his brother's
power as horrified STUDENTS watch from afar.

SETH
Instead you prefer a nice, hairy,
ass.

Seth kicks the man a final time.

CAMMERON
(laughing)
With pimples all over it.
(looking up)
PIGS!

Simultaneously, two SQUAD CARS turn the corner and sound
their sirens. The four quickly scatter.

TIGHT ON A FLEEING DANNY. He sprints alone through the side
of a building. He enters an alley and, anticipating another
SQUAD CAR, jumps into a DUMPSTER.

DANNY (V.O.)
President Gibbons, A.K.A King Faggot,
turned out to be a huge pain in the
ass.

EXT. ALLEY - TIGHT ON BOBBY GIBBONS

He lies on the ground, motionless.

DANNY (V.O.)
My brother got 30 days... Seth ten...
Cameron - a slap on the wrist.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CAMPUS ALLEY - NIGHT

Nobody around. The scene is serene compared to earlier.
DANNY CRAWLS FROM THE DUMPSTER and walks down the alley.

DANNY (V.O.)
Soon after, Derek—one of the four
Grand Fathers of the Fourth Reich
North—quit and formed the more
militant Disciples of Christ.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - PRESENT - THE COMPUTER

Danny sparks up another cigarette and types on the screen

DANNY (V.O.)
The sixty or so Disciples followed
my brother's word like it was the
word of God.

CUT TO:

EXT. VENICE BEACH HOUSE - A RAINY NIGHT - FLASHBACK

As the rain falls we see the Vinyard's sitting at the table.
Stacey and Murray Rosenberg, Doris' then boyfriend who we
met earlier, round out the clan. Stacey sits close to Derek.

DANNY (V.O.)
Then came October 4th.

Doris looks wonderful. And Mr. Murray Rosenberg is a far
cry from his present clean-cut image. PONYTAIL and BEARD,
Murray stares at Derek talking away.

DANNY (V.O.)
Everything was fine at the time. My
Mom had a good job and a new
boyfriend...her first in a while. We
had a four bedroom house six blocks
from the beach that Dad set us up
with. Everyone was happy.

TIGHT ON DEREK. His hair is longer on his face than on his
head. His head is completely shaved.

A wife-beater cotton tank top, tattoos, nose and ear rings, wire-rimmed glasses. His charisma draws their attention as he rambles over the crackling rainfall.

DANNY (V.O.)
Everyone but Derek.

DEREK
White men don't cruise the streets
of LA killing each other, Murray.

MURRAY
No. You guys make bombs.

Derek stares at the man, eyes filled with homicide.

DEREK
White Americans don't take P.C.P.
and drink and drive a hundred and
twenty fuckin' miles an hour! That's
reality. We pull over and trust the
law.

MURRAY
(smiling)
You are kidding, right?

DAVINA
(sarcastically)
Don't you know, Murray? White people
never break the law. We're perfect
little angels.

DEREK
That's not what I said, Davina.
(to the group)
Three different times Rodney King
comes at those officers with the
intent to hurt them. To hurt them!
Three times! But since we see it on
some fucking tampered videotape...
the bleeding heart media makes you
believe that he only comes at them
once. All we see is Powell... Koon
and Wind hittin' him and...
(busting up laughing)
Briseno kickin' him in the back of
the fuckin' head with his boot.
Still...the dumbfuck's tryin' to get
up and kick their asses! That's how
stupid that mother fucker is. They
used textbook-solid tactics and if
Dad were still here he'd say the
same damn thing.

DORIS
That doesn't make it right.

DEREK

Yes... it does. Cops are taught to use that stick and they did.

MURRAY

Excessively.

DEREK

Appropriately. Cops demand authority and white people... unfortunately... are the only ones who give it to them.

(after a beat)

Even I acknowledge a cop's authority.

Davina starts to laugh.

DAVINA

Look who's talking about respecting the law? MR. K.K.K. HERE.

DEREK

That's two errors in one sentence, Davina. First error - I didn't say I respect the law. I said I respect a cop's authority. Second error... I'm not a member of the fuckin' Ku Klux Klan. Pull your head outta your ass.

MURRAY

Don't speak to her that way, Derek. Come on.

DEREK

Murray, stay out of it. You're not a member of this family and you never will be.

MURRAY

What the hell does that have to do with anything?

DORIS

You know, sometimes it's hard to believe that I gave birth to you.

DEREK

If dan was walking across the street that night and Rodney King plowed into him—

DORIS

Forget about Rodney King for chrissake!

DEREK
(fiercely continuing)
-while wasted on Chias and P.C.P...
You'd consider the force those cops
used to be justified.

DORIS
He didn't hit anybody!

DEREK
If he did though! If that shithead
killed Dan... you would have believed
the beating to be justified and so
would everybody else. But since he
didn't hit anyone... it's "Hand's
Across America" for the son of a
bitch. It's a "modern day, do
anything to help the struggling black
man society," and we're all fucking
suckers to it.

STACEY
I'm with you, honey. All the way.
It's one... giant... ploy.

DAVINA
Here we go.

STACEY
I mean... nobody likes Chief whatever
his name is, right?

DAVINA
Gates.

STACEY
Yeah. So here comes this filthy
piece of garbage in a hyundai. He
pulls over in front of a perfectly
lighted area where a video camera is
sitting there...fucking waiting for
him, man. What happens next? Chief
gates is dust. It's total-

Davina drops her silverware on the plate with a clatter and
looks at her mother. Everyone stares at Davina.

DAVINA
(to Doris)
May I be excused please?

DEREK
Don't interrupt, Davina.

DAVINA
I didn't interrupt shit.

DEREK

The hell you didn't. I was listening to Stacey and then I heard you. That's called interrupting. Wait til' she's finished and you can be excused.

DAVINA

Who the hell do you think you are?

Derek jumps up from the table and grabs her by the back of the hair. The table JOLTS and plates drop to the floor.

DEREK

You don't know when to shut up, do you?

DORIS

Goddammit Derek!

MURRAY

Come on, Derek! What are you trying to prove, man?! Jesus!

Derek turns and laughs at Murray.

DEREK

I'm trying to teach my sister some respect, Murray.

DAVINA

Let go of my fucking hair!

DEREK

(to Murray)
See! See the way she speaks!
(softly to Davina)
Tell me you're gonna shut up and I'll let you go.

DORIS

Derek! Let go of her hair and sit down!

DEREK

I will when I hear an answer, Doris.
Tell me, Davina.
(softly)
Are you going to shut up?

TIGHT ON DANNY. He gets up quickly and tries to pull Derek off. Derek turns and cracks Danny in the face with a BACKHAND, dropping him back into a cabinet. A crystal vase with flowers crashes to the floor, just missing Danny's head.

MURRAY

Jesus!

DEREK
(to Danny)
What are you thinkin'?

DORIS
Danny? Are you okay? Derek!

Danny nods his head as everyone looks at Derek.

DEREK
(to Davina)
Are you going to shut up so Stacey
can finish or what?
(sympathetically)
It's a real easy question, Davina.
A simple yes or no will suffice.
Tell me what I want to hear and I'll
let go.

DAVINA
Fuck...you.

Derek takes a piece of roast beef off her plate and shoves it in her mouth. He holds the whole piece inside so she can't spit it out. Davina cries as she chokes on the meat.

MURRAY: She can't breathe, Derek!

DEREK
Stay back, both of you! It's her
bed...she's gotta lie in it.
(grabbing harder)
You can cry all you want, Davina.
I'm not gonna let go until you tell
me what I wanna hear! Are you going
to shut that fat fucking mouth of
yours and let my girlfriend tell her
opinion?
(exploding)
Are you?!

DORIS grabs him from behind and he aggressively turns on her. Derek curled his tongue behind his teeth and raises his arm like he's actually going to smack his mother. She grabs his arm though, forcefully.

DORIS
Let go of her hair and sit down.

Derek releases his grip on his sister and she spits the roast beef onto the floor. She runs in the back bedroom crying, choking and coughing.

DAVINA (O.S.)
I hate you, you fucking asshole!

The door slams shut in the background. Doris, Murray, Danny, and Stacey all stare at Derek. Derek calmly faces his brother.

DEREK

You okay?

Danny nods.

MURRAY

(softly)

Psycho.

IN SLO MO - Time FREEZES as Derek slowly turns his head back to Murray. ON THE TRACK we hear a few keys being typed and then silence. A cigarette sizzles.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - DANNY THINKING - PRESENT

He takes a long drag off his cigarette and exhales. He slowly runs his hands over his stubbly head, marveling at the past.

BACK QUICKLY TO:

INT. DINING ROOM - TIGHT ON DEREK - FLASHBACK CONT.

Derek smiles at Murray in wonder and disbelief.

DEREK

Would you care to repeat that, Murray?
I'm not sure I got all of it.

STACEY

(smiling)

He called you a "psycho", honey.

DEREK

(smiling back)

Was that it? Golly. Thanks Mur.

MURRAY

See. Here we go again with this,
Derek. Making me out to be the bad
guy again.

STACEY

You callin' me a liar, RosenKike?

MURRAY

(to Stacey)

Hey goddammin! You talk to me with
respect or--!

DEREK

Or what, Murray!?

DEREK
What're you gonna do? Give her
detection?

DORIS
I want both of you outta here.

Murray stares at Derek with pity. Doris becomes emotional.

DORIS
(to Derek)
Do you think you're the only one
that hurts around here?

Derek focuses on his mother for a moment. A captivated Danny watches and waits as Derek turns to Murray.

DEREK
Out of respect for my mother...I'm
gonna let that go, Murray. I won't
bash your face in. But let me tell
you somethin'... man to fuckin' mouse
here. Normally in a situation like
this I'd take my steeltips to your
fucking temple. That goes for anyone
making comments about me... my
family... Stacey...whomever. You know
and I know that I could crush that
puny fuckin' skull of yours in a
second. So it's beyond me why you
would say something like that without
being able to back it up? What's
worse, you sack of shit, is you
calling the woman I love a liar.

MURRAY
I never said she was a liar.

A fed up Derek stares down Murray and puts out his cigarette.

DEREK
Weasel like that again Murray...you
fuckin' ponytail, pussy, bagel eating,
teacher, faggot... and I'll cut your
nose off. Make no mistake.

Murray silently walks out of the house. Derek claps and signs the Jewish celebration song "Hava Naghila Hava." Stacey joins in and the two laugh. Doris goes after Murray.

DEREK
My problem is...Dad's corpse is still
warm.

Doris stops in her tracks and slowly turns around.

DORIS
Don't you ever disrespect your father
like that.

Derek looks at her and realizes he's said and done something wrong.

EXT. HOUSE - DANNY'S POV

Murray hyperactively bangs his fists on top of his wet car.
Rain crashes down as Doris approaches from the lawn.

DORIS
He's a kid, Murray.

MURRAY
He's a kid, my ass Doris! We were
kids! We didn't...call people kikes!

DORIS
It's gonna take some time with him!

MURRAY
You don't know your children, Doris!
You don't know the world they live
in! (then, truly believing) Your
son is a terrorist.

DORIS
He is not a terrorist!

MURRAY
He's founder of The Disciples of
Christ! Louis Farrakhan has gotten
death threats from the Disciples.
Alan Dershowitz. Mayor Bradley.
(then)
My sister and her two kids got
evacuated from her Temple in Woodland
Hills!!!

DORIS
Murray! Please! Derek would never
have anything to do with bombs, okay?!
You don't know him like I do.

MURRAY
I wouldn't want to know him like you
do, Doris.

Murray gets inside and drives down the street.

INT. HOUSE - DANNY

He watches Doris as she stands alone in the rain. BEHIND
Dan a humiliated Davina storms toward Derek wielding a
BASEBALL BAT.

DANNY
(stunned)
Davina?

Derek hears Dan and looks out of the corner of his eye. He spots her at the last moment.

DAVINA
Take this, you fucking dick!

Derek pops up quickly, disarms her, and pulls her close.

DEREK
Davina! It's okay! Calm down.
Please.
(whispering in her
ear)
I'm sorry, okay? Come on.

DAVINA
Let go of me!

DEREK
Come on Davina, I'm sorry. I lost
control. Come on. I screwed up.
Please.

Derek holds tight until the crying girl settles down. He's gripped as desperately by remorse as he was moments before by rage. He kisses and repeats his apology over and over. Finally, she succumbs and puts her arms around him. Derek looks to Danny.

DEREK
(hugging Davina)
You guys are my life...and I'd do
anything for you. You do know that,
don't you?

DAVINA
(wiping her cheek)
I don't know anything anymore.

DEREK
I swear to God I would, Davina.

DANNY
I believe you.

Derek smile at his little brother, lovingly.

DEREK
Davina? Please forgive me.

DAVINA
(nodding, after a
beat)
That sucked, Derek.

DEREK
I know it did. And I'm sorry.
(then, referring to
Murray outside)
I just really hate that guy.

DAVINA
I couldn't tell.

Derek kisses her, walks over to the front door, puts his arm
around Dan, and looks at his mother outside.

DEREK
(whispering in his
ear)
Don't take sides against me like
that again.

DANNY
I won't. I'm sorry.

DEREK
Dad's gone to a better place so he's
not here to help any of us. Treat
me with respect and I'll do the same
with you.

DANNY
Okay.

DEREK
(still whispering)
Go against me though... and I'll do
my Lawrence Powell imitation on you.

A RAINSOAKED DORIS walks through the front door, disgusted
with her son.

DORIS
Find an apartment because I want you
out of here.

DEREK
(shocked)
WHAT? THE GUY'S—

DORIS
I don't care what he is. I want you
out.

STACEY
He can move in with me.

When? DORIS

Tomorrow. STACEY

Good. DORIS

She walks past Derek and he watches, suddenly filled with remorse.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BEDROOM - TIGHT ON DANNY'S EYES - PRESENT

He rises from the computer and PEEKS out the blinds. The two cops supposedly watching Derek are now eating in the car. One of them looks up. Danny flips the blind down and exits.

INT. KITCHEN - THE FRIDGE

Danny grabs the gallon of milk and chugs straight from the container. The phone rings and Danny is quick to answer.

DANNY
((into the receiver))
Yeah.

MAN (V.O.)
It's me, Dan.

DANNY
Who's Me?

MAN (V.O.)
You know.

Danny stretches the cord and checks out his mother and sister. Both snooze on the two couches.

DANNY
(softly)
Look asshole. It's getting' really old.

MAN (V.O.)
He's fucking dead, Dan.

A dial tone.

DANNY
Hello?

Danny quietly places the phone on the hook and thinks about the threat.

Doris immediately goes into a coughing attack in the living room. Danny hears this, fills a glass with water and brings it to her.

DANNY
Here.

DORIS
Thank you, honey.

She coughs, recovers, and sips. Danny walks away.

DORIS
Hey. Come here. Sit down for a second.

DANNY
I've got this thing to do.

DORIS
You can sit down for two seconds.

DANNY
(sitting)
Don't breathe on me.

DORIS
I won't.

They share a smile.

DANNY
What?

DORIS
What? I'm not allowed to look at you?

He smothers her face with his hand, jokingly.

DANNY
No. You're not.

DORIS
(laughing)
Daniel Patrick! Stop it!
(softly)
Are you ever gonna let that beautiful hair grow back?

DANNY
Nope. Never.

He smiles, rises and walks back towards his room.

DORIS
If you need me to proof anything...

DANNY
I think I can manage.

DORIS
Okay. Wake up early if you get tired.

Doris watches him disappear down the hall, distant thoughts creeping back slowly.

INT. BEDROOM - DANNY

He searches through his closet, finding a secret scrapbook. The LA TIMES news clipping reads "Prominent Skinhead Charged with Murder." The accompanying picture of Derek is near evil.

TIGHT ON HIS EYES. Danny stares at the clipping.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM WINDOW - THE EYES - FLASHBACK

He watches Derek, in his SKIVVIES, fire his gun at the TRANS AM as it blazes down the street. He walks over to the wounded man on the lawn and points his weapon.

STACEY (V.O.)
Get down, Danny!!!!

Danny looks at her and hurries out of his room.

EXT. HOUSE - TIGHT ON DEREK.

He hovers over Big Lawrence. Gun pointed steadily, he kicks him in the stomach over and over - tongue pressed against teeth. Hot air flows from Derek's breath and into the cold.

DEREK
Did you follow me from the courts?
Answer me, motherfucker!

Derek answers the silence with a gunshot to the leg. The man screams in agony.

LAWRENCE
Goddamn, man!

DANNY (O.S.)
Derek! What are you doin;?!

DEREK
Get in the house, Dan!

Danny is now outside watching his older brother.

DANNY
Let the cops handle it, Der!

DEREK

He won't talk to the cops!

Derek grabs Lawrence and drags him by the shirt to the corner of the CURB.

DEREK

He will talk to me, though. Won't you?

(while dragging)

Ever shoot at firemen, you fuck?

LAWRENCE

I don't know shit, man! I swear!

DEREK

We'll soon find out. Open your mouth and put it on the corner of the curb.

DANNY

Derek!?

DEREK

Get in the fucking house, Dan!

DANNY

No!

LAWRENCE

Come on, man. Call an ambulance. I'm dyin' here. Please.

DEREK

How did you know, asshole?

LAWRENCE

Know what, man?

Derek kicks the man in the stomach.

DEREK

Don't fuck with me. You know what. You planned this shit at the courts. Put your mouth on the curb. NOW!

He cocks his piece and Lawrence complies—his teeth scraping concrete.

DEREK

How did you know there was shail in the trunk? I'll put your brains all over this fucking sidewalk!

SIRENS sound from afar. Danny walks out into the middle of the street to check it out.

- - -

DANNY
The cops are comin', Der!

DEREK
(to Lawrence)
Three seconds. Two seconds... one
second...

LAWRENCE
(mumbling)
That cowboy!

DEREK
The cowboy?

LAWRENCE
Please. Man.

Derek shakes his head slowly side to side. Danny takes a few steps closer from the street.

DEREK
Sorry.

DANNY
(anticipating)
Nooo!

Derek STOMPS his foot on the back of LAWRENCE'S head - completely tearing his jaw in half on the curb's corner.

DANNY
Holy fucking shit! Derek! What the
hell was that for?! Jesus
(losing it)
Why'd you do that?!

The two look at each other. Derek analyzes himself - a gun in one hand and a key of coke in the other. Danny checks the man's condition.

DANNY
He's not moving, Der.

A shattered Derek looks blankly at his brother.

DANNY
What do you want me to do?

DEREK
I don't know.

DANNY
(looking at Lawrence))
Jesus Der...I think he's dead.

Danny grabs the bag of blow - relieving some of the burden.
As SIRENS near, Danny heads towards the house.

DEREK

Danny?

DANNY
(turning back)
What?

Derek takes his time answering, drunk with confusion.

DEREK

What happened?

Danny runs inside the house. The women scream from the other room. He quickly pans the house for a hiding place. Nothing. He spots a PLANTER on the back porch as a HELICOPTER now hovers above.

Copter lights shine briskly through the house's windows.
Obnoxious sirens blare and TIRES SCREECH OUTSIDE.

DANNY'S POV. He watches a lone cop take cover behind his door. The officer draws his gun and waits for backup. Derek and the cop stare at each other.

Without instruction, Derek drops the gun, turns around, puts his arms behind his head, and drops to his knees facing Danny. The two brothers share a look of reckoning.

CUT TO:

EXT. WET STREET - THE CRIME SCENE - LATER

DANNY'S POV. FIVE PATROL CARS, a FIRE TRUCK, TWO AMBULANCES, and a throng of terrified NEIGHBORS strangle the front of the house. Clothed and handcuffed, Derek is escorted from the house by a uniformed cop and RASMUSSEN. Derek marches past the bodies - which are being tended to thoroughly. Derek watches Lawrence dying, unable to fathom what he has done.

DANNY (V.O.)

Twenty minutes later Bobby Lawrence died of massive head trauma. Six months after that... Derek was sentenced to seven years for voluntary manslaughter at the Metropolitan detection Center in Los Angeles.

Rasmussen forces Derek's head down and he sits in the car, staring at his family.

DANNY (V.O.)
Prosecutors wanted murder one for my
brother's torture method... but there
wasn't enough "premeditated" evidence.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - DANNY'S EYES

They clearly focus on the article as he sits at the computer.
He types the sentence "There might have been if I testified"
but then decides to delete it.

DANNY (V.O.)
Over the next year we'd lose out
house and most of our father's pension
to attorney fees. My mother... much
to my surprise... stood by Derek
throughout.

Danny's interrupted by a LOUD KNOCK on the front door. He
quickly grabs a MACHETE from his closet.

INT. FRONT HALL - DANNY'S POV

He looks through the PEEPHOLE and sees it's CHRIS AND JASON.
He sighs in relief and opens the door.

JASON
We're here, dude.

CHRIS
Grab your stick and drop your dick.

DANNY
I told you assholes I can't tonight.

DORIS (O.S.)
(from the couch)
Danny?

DANNY
It's okay, Mom.

JASON
Does Mommy want her baby to do his
homework?

DANNY
Fuck off.

The two punks laugh as Danny pushes them and their boards
back to his bedroom. He shuts his bedroom door.

INT. BEDROOM - THE THREESOME

Danny looks at the two.

DANNY
What do you guys want?

JASON
Cruise over there with us.

DANNY
If I don't finish this thing I'm
dead.

CHRIS
Just tell 'em you'll do it tomorrow,
alright? You can't miss this party.

JASON
Fire pie Lizzie called and told us
to grab your ass.

DANNY
Did she?

CHRIS
You gotta fuck that freshman shit.
You're not eighteen yet.

The PHONE RINGS ONCE AGAIN. Danny quickly picks it up.

DANNY
(into the receiver)
Look dickwad! Stop fuckin' callin'
here!

INT. DARK OFFICE - TIGHT ON SWEENEY

The only illumination shines through the window from the street. Holding his briefcase, he stands over his desk phone, all packed up and almost out the door.

SWEENEY
Dan?

DANNY (O.S.)
Yeah.

SWEENEY
Dr. Sweeney.

DANNY (O.S.)
Oh, shit. I mean... golly. I'm
sorry, sir.

JASON
(softly to Danny)
Who is that?

INTERCUT THE CONVERSATION

SWEENEY
Is everything okay over there?

DANNY
Everything's fine.

SWEENEY
How's it comin'?

DANNY
I'm workin' on it.

CHRIS
Who is that?

DANNY
(covering the receiver)
It's Sweeney.

CHRIS
Who?! Why is he calling here!?
(then, loudly)
Fuck you, Sweeney! Asshole!

JASON
(grabbing the receiver)
Get a fucking job, you---!

Danny grabs the receiver back and yells at his friends.

DANNY
You fuckers are going to get me
booted!
(into the receiver)
Dr. Sweeney? I'm sorry man. That
was...uncalled for.

SWEENEY
If that paper isn't on my desk
tomorrow Dan...you're gone.

DANNY
It'll be there.

SWEENEY
It better be.

DANNY
It will, alright!

Sweeney hangs up. Danny slams the phone on the hook and
gives it THE FINGER.

DANNY
Fuck you!

EXT. CAMMERON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Danny, Chris and Jason skate up to the party and cruise inside.

INT. SETH'S TRUCK - ACROSS THE STREET

Derek and Seth sit in the car as a band JAMS from Cam's house. Seth wolfs down a cheeseburger as Derek grabs a BASKETBALL from the floor and grips the familiar object.

SETH
(feeding his face)
You're an idiot if you ask me.

DEREK
Well... I'm not asking you.

Derek spins the ball on his finger and Seth, hands all greasy, knocks it to the floor.

SETH
What if he writes something stupid
and fuckin' Sweeney turns you in?
I've seen D.A.'s reopen cases over
shit like this.

Derek takes a long stare at Seth.

DEREK
I've done my time, Seth. Down the
road... you'll probably do yours.

SETH
What the fuck's your problem, dude?

DEREK
You're my problem, Seth.

SETH
I'm the least of your problems.

DEREK
You're the root of my problems.

Seth takes the last bite, smiles and stares at Derek.

SETH
You're serious.

DEREK
Yeah I'm serious. I'm finished with
this shit. I'm done.

SETH
What exactly are you "done" with?

DEREK
You know exactly.

SETH
I can't believe I'm hearing this
shit come out of your mouth.

DEREK
Spend three years of your life locked
in a cell and then talk, Seth. You
don't know shit until you've done it
and you haven't. Over three years
of my fucked up life are lost. And
for what?

SETH
You're a piece of shit, scumbag,
traitor.

Seth walks inside to the party. Derek sparks up a cigarette
and observes a shadow-cloaked female enter the party.

STACEY (V.O.)
(reading)
Hi Daddy. I was just thinking about
how much I love you. So...I decided
to pick up a pen and let you know
what I'm thinking and feeling.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON CELL - LATE NIGHT - FLASHBACK

A sweaty, longer haired Derek lays on the top bunk with
glasses and the night light on. He stares at the letter as
his HUGE ROOMMATE sleeps below.

STACEY (V.O.)
(reading)
I go to work... I go to bed... I go
on with my life. Despite all my
emptiness... I go on. But I hurt.
I really, truly hurt.
(after a beat)
I don't want to hurt anymore, Derek.
I won't.

TIGHT ON THE BALLOON. There are two tiny needle holes poked
into the bottom where heroin had leaked out.

The guards arrive at the scene as Derek stands. Derek looks
over at Stevie and his smirking gang. He charges over but
is restrained by a pair of hulking guards. Derek struggles
with rage as Stevie waves before disappearing.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON CAFETERIA - DEREK

He eats alone. STEVIE and his HUGE ARYAN bodyguard join him.

BIG ARYAN
We're sorry about your friend, man.

Derek looks at the smiling monster but says nothing.

STEVIE
You need us now, Derek. You got no one else.

DEREK
(after a beat)
You guys actually like it in here, huh?

BIG ARYAN
You gotta wise up, little man.

DEREK
Go fuck yourselves. Both of you.

Derek looks at the men, grabs his tray, and rises.

STEVIE
Be careful, Derek.

Derek walks to a different table and sits alone as inmates from all walks of life look on.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON QUAD - A BRUTALLY HOT DAY

TIGHT ON DEREK

He plays basketball with mostly black prisoners. A BLACK INMATE looks over to STEVIE AND HIS GANG and Stevie nods at him IN A "BE MY GUEST, FASHION." The man pulls a pipe from his backside and heads toward Derek.

Just as Derek grabs the ball off the rim, the black man hits him with the bar across the back. Prisoners circle and three other BLACK MEN join in and beat Derek with pipes as he rolls on the ground. One of the prisoners KICKS a bloody Derek when he tries to GET UP.

BLACK KICKER
Stay down, motherfucker!

DEREK'S POV. Oblivious, dizzy, and beaten, Derek sees the four blurry prisoners dressed in LAPD UNIFORMS. They continue to whale on him, a la Rodney King.

CUT TO:

INT. SETH'S TRUCK - TIGHT ON DEREK - PRESENT

He flicks his cigarette out the window, gets out of the car, and slowly walks across the street to the party.

INT. CAMMERON'S HOUSE - THE FRONT DOOR

DICK NIXON plays the song 'BIG BLACK WOMAN' and skinheads slam dance. DANNY joins the crowd, skanking violently.

EXT. CAMMERON'S BACK PATIO - A SKINHEAD

His face is tattooed with crow's feet and prison ink. CASSANDRA, a frail, English woman with green hair and a huge nose ring approaches the skin filling his beer at the keg.

CASSANDRA
(over the music)
I think you're full of shit!

OLDER SKIN
Have you even looked yet?

CASSANDRA
Of course I've looked, you wanker!

INT. HOUSE - MORE SLAMMING

Chris and Jason pound beer and huck DARTS at a picture of O.J. SIMPSON. Seth violently slams past the kids while Derek stands in the b.g.

CHRIS
Yo! What's up, Fat Seth?

Seth throws him against the wall.

SETH
I'M NOT FAT, COCKBREATH!

CHRIS
Okay! I'm sorry, bro!

JASON
Take it easy, dude!

Seth then grabs Jason and tosses him like a dart to Chris' side. Both kids stare at him, alarmed. Seth releases them, mixes into the party, and SLAM DANCES into ten other skins.

DEREK STANDS AT THE ENTRANCE. He looks around the room and analyzes the seedy crowd. JASON recuperates and looks at Derek.

JASON
Are you lost, dude!?

Derek says nothing. Quickly, Chris recognizes him.

CHRIS
(softly, to himself)
Holy shit!

Derek turns to walk away but he's stopped by Chris.

CHRIS
Father Vinyard?

DEREK
What?! Piss off.

It's obvious the two kids are on COCAINE by the way they move their jaws and talk.

CHRIS
(excited)
Son of a bitch motherfucker! I didn't even recognize you, sir!

DEREK
(competing with the music)
Don't call me "sir!"

JASON
I'm Jason and that's Chris! We're friends with your brother!

They both stick out their hands but Derek doesn't even acknowledge them.

CHRIS
You are fuckin' god, man! I'm sorry... but you are!

JASON
No doubt!

DEREK
Don't you two have homework or something?

The two boys look at each other and LAUGH.

JASON
School doesn't exist anymore, Father.

DEREK
Don't call me "father."

Chris pulls out a cigarette and sparks it up.

CHRIS
I wrote you. Two letters while you
were in there! Did you get them?

DEREK
Chris Jones?!

CHRIS
Fuckin' A! I thought for sure they
confiscated that shit.

DEREK
Yeah...I got them. But I threw them
away. You got the I.Q. of a dial
tone, kid.

The boys laugh at Derek like he's joking around.

CHRIS
You're kidding, right?

Derek ignores and weaves his way through the crowd, causing many individuals to double-take.

EXT. LARGE, OPEN SHED AREA - A CROWD

In the corner, the band performs in front of a white sheet banner spray painted with the name DICK NIXON. Derek spots partygoers sitting on a TOTALLES TRANS AM. The windows are knocked out and he recognizes the vehicle instantly. He stares for a beat, turning to the DRUMMER.

CASSANDRA
Fuckin' great, man! I didn't even
recognize you with this doo!

DEREK
Oh yeah?

CASSANDRA
(volunteering)
It's too fuckin' long, Der! I like
the whiskers but you gotta chop that
mop.

Cassandra pulls out a brown menthol cigarette. Derek quickly pulls out a lighter and lights it.

CASSANDRA
(exhaling)
Stacey's meandering around here
somewhere! Have you seen the bitch?!

Derek lies and shakes his head.

DEREK

The only person I've seen is Seth.

CASSANDRA

Oh God. I'm sorry.

DEREK'S POV. When he turns to face Stacey, he sees Cammeron descend from the tiny stage. Cam puts his arm around her as if she's his main squeeze. Knowing Derek's watching, Stacey pushes Cam's arm OFF. Cam tells her to "fuck-off" along with a few other indignities. Cammeron then acknowledges that Derek saw them together.

Derek watches, stunned, as Danny delivers a beer to Cammeron and the two make their way into the house.

LIZZY (O.S.)

Excuse me? Are you going in there?

Derek looks down to see two very young girls.

DEREK

Why?

LIZZY

Can you tell Danny that Lizzy's looking for him? Derek can only stare at the girl's youth.

INT. BEDROOM - DANNY AND CAM

Cammeron leans over the small table in the messy bedroom and quickly sniffs TWO LINES OF COKE through each nostril. Danny stares at the large BAG OF COKE on the table.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACKYARD - A YOUNGER DANNY - FLASHBACK

The longer-haired youth pulls a plant out of a planter. Beneath the dirt, in a plastic bag, is THE KILO OF COKE from earlier. Danny looks at it for a moment and quickly throws it in his backpack behind his books.

Danny walks back into the house, grabs his skateboard, and exits the front door. He goes under the YELLOW POLICE TAPE and past THREE UNIFORMED OFFICERS. Danny confidently nods at them and they watch him skate away down the street.

EXT. CORNER - SETH'S TRUCK

Seth and Cam eagerly await Danny's arrival. Young Danny skates up and hands Cammeron the coke through the passenger window.

CAMMERON
I'll get you the money soon.

Before Danny can answer, Seth quickly takes off in the other direction.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - DANNY'S POV - PRESENT

Cammeron, coke hanging out of his nose, looks at Dan.

CAMMERON
Want a little pick-me-up or what?

DANNY
No thanks.

Cam wipes his moustache and the table. In the glass he sees DEREK'S REFLECTION. Sure enough, Derek stands in the doorway - a ghost of three years' past.

CAMMERON
Well-
(smiling to Derek)
I can tell by the look on his face
that he wants one.

Danny turns. Derek doesn't lift his eyes from Cammeron.

DEREK
You need to get your eyes examined.

CAMMERON
I need to get my fucking nose
examined.

Cam laughs and puts his cowboy hat back on.

DEREK
(calmly to Danny)
There's a cute little redhead out
there looking for you, Dan. Why
don't you go talk to her?

DANNY
I'd like to kick it for a second.

CAMMERON
Naw...get the fuck... Outta here, Dan.

DEREK
Please. Get out of here, please.

Danny looks at Cam, stands up, and walks out of the room. Derek seizes his brother with his eyes as Danny exits.

CAMMERON
Fuckin' pigs are hasslin' me any
chance they get, man. Gotta be extra
careful.

DEREK
What'd you expect? They have a job
to do.

CAMMERON
Fuck cops. They don't understand a
goddamn thing.
(hiding the coke)
Last chance before I put it away.

DEREK
Give it a rest.

CAMMERON
(smiling)
Okay. Alright. Just don't preach
any self-righteous prison shit to me
and I won't ask.

DEREK
Don't worry about that.

CAMMERON
Have a seat.

Derek sits. The sketchy Cammeron smiles, licks his lips,
and sits back down. He jitters his jaw as Derek stares him
down.

CAMMERON
I haven't had a chance to thank you,
Derek. Since you haven't fuckin'
stopped by here.
(after a beat)
You kept your mouth shut and did
your time and I... I respect that,
man.

DEREK
Did I have a choice?

Cammeron laughs.

CAMMERON
No.
(smiling at him)
So what are you gonna do? What are
your plans?

DEREK
I'm gonna get a job.

CAMMERON
Professional basketball?

DEREK
Uhhh... I don't think so.

CAMMERON
Courier boy?

Derek coldly shakes his head sideways in amazement. Cammeron sniffs a little from his fingernail and takes a sip of beer.

CAMMERON
Do the shit in the pen at all?

DEREK
Nope. Not once.

CAMMERON
We thought you might be making a killing in there.

DEREK
Who's we?

CAMMERON
Me and the fat kid.

DEREK
Nope. Kept my nose clean.

CAMMERON
No pun intended.

Derek nods slightly, pulls out a pack of Marlboro's and lights up. Derek stares down at the laughing cokehead.

TIGHT ON CAMMERON. The sketchy dealer looks behind the couch to break the stare.

DEREK
Why would you think that I could make a killing in there, Cammeron? I only did it when my mom was short on cash.

Deep inside Cam knows. Behind the couch is a PISTOL and a BONG. Nervous and hesitant, he grabs the bong.

CAMMERON
Well... she sure was short a lot.

CUT TO:

EXT. SANDY BEACH - DANNY AND LIZZY

Her skirt is hiked high, her taut thighs reflecting the moonlight. His pants collect at his ankles, anchoring each pelvic thrust.

LIZZY
(getting into it)
Not yet, no. Think about something else. Think about baseball. Don't stop. No. No.

DANNY
Yes. Yes. Yes.

Danny releases inside of the redhead, yells in relief, and looks at her. She firmly grabs his face.

DANNY
What? It's still on.

LIZZY
I wasn't finished.

DANNY
They'll be other times.

He smiles and she kisses him.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE - SETH

He stands around the keg with a group of skinheads and lectures.

SETH
Niggers aren't the worst... they're like... third, man. Jews are the worst... the gays right behind them.

Lizzy walks through the back gate and into the house. Danny follows her and stops, focusing his attention on Seth.

SETH
Gays and Jews should die... there's no fucking question about that.

RANDOM SKIN
We need another holocaust, man.

Seth turns and stares at the man.

SETH
What do you mean "another?" When was the first one?

The young man doesn't know what to say. Neither does anybody else.

SETH
Everybody else... the Coloreds, the
Chinks, the Japs, The Mexicans...
they should have their own separate
continent. As far away from us as
possible.

(after a beat)
On second thought... blow them all
to fucking hell, man.

Everyone laughs except for Danny. Instead, he sparks up a
cigarette and analyzes the scary faces of the Disciples.

CUT TO:

INT. CAMMERON'S BEDROOM - TIGHT ON CAMMERON

Derek looks at the man and takes a drag off his cigarette.

CAMMERON
How was it in there with all those
fuckin' monkeys? You're lucky they
didn't kill you.

He exhales and nods his head.

DEREK
I agree.

CAMMERON
Did any of them try and--?

DEREK
(defiantly)
What? Fuck me? No.

Cammeron smokes pot from a three foot BONG and clears the
carb. He holds the smoke in for a few seconds and exhales.

CAMMERON
(changing the subject)
Who runs the place?

DEREK
Who runs what?

CAMMERON
The fucking pen, man. Who's callin'
the shots? The monkeys? The
wetbacks?

DEREK
The Mexicans.

CAMMERON
It's a fuckin' vacation for them in
there, huh?

DEREK
Three squares a day.

CAMMERON
Fuckin' peasants.

DEREK
They were really... organized.

Cammeron puts the bong back behind the couch and collects
himself.

CAMMERON
There's something I have to tell
you, Derek.

DEREK
Is that right? I don't think I wanna
hear anything you have to say,
Cammeron.

Cammeron smiles and thinks to himself. Derek stares at him,
calculatingly.

CAMMERON
I feel bad about it cause I value
you as my friend.

DEREK
You value me as your friend?

CAMMERON
Always, man. You and Danny. You're
like brothers to me.

Derek presses his tongue psychotically against his teeth and
stares at Cam.

DEREK
He's not your brother, Cammeron.

CAMMERON
Fuck you, Derek. I'm the one whose
been looking after him the last three-

Derek EXPLODES. With his feet, he pushes the GLASS COFFEE
TABLE hard into Cammeron's knees. Cam screams in agony.
Derek SLUGS him in the face TWICE and Cam RETALIATES with
two of his own. They wrestle around the room and push their
way into the bathroom.

INT. TINY BATHROOM – DEREK AND CAM

Derek takes Cam by his long hair and SMASHES his face into the mirror. IT SHATTERS. Derek follows with a solid puck to the face.

DEREK
Talk to him again and... I'll kill
you!

CAMMERON
(bloody and beaten)
Derek, man. What are you doing'?

DEREK
Shut up!
(teary eyed)
Why, Cam? Why'd you set me up?!
Because you think of me as a fucking
brother?!

CAMMERON
(slowly, mumbling)
I'm gonna...

Derek bangs Cam's face against the mirror once more.

DEREK
Shut the fuck up! You're not doing
anything.
(then)
Do you understand what you put me
through, you fucking cunt?! Do you!?

Derek slams Cammeron's face into the mirror three more times.
Blood squirts on both of them and the entire bathroom.

DEREK
Ssell me the shit to re-sell... hire
a couple of scumbags to steal it
back... use me as the fall guy.
Double your profit. I got great
friends, don't I?!

Derek rinses Cam's bloody face off by PLUNGING it into the
toilet. He pulls him back up, they turn and face the mirror.

DEREK
(softly)
And Seth was drivin', right? Course
he was. Anybody else would've hit
me.

Derek stares at him in grave silence. CAMMERON RETALIATES
AGAIN. He forcefully backs Derek into the wall behind him.
He throws two punches at Derek – one in the stomach and one
to the face that opens his lip.

He misses on the third and Derek proceeds to kick the living hell out of him.

BACK TO THE MIRROR. Cammeron is completely pummeled, Derek grinds his face into the glass.

DEREK
See what shit looks like?

CAMMERON
Your life...is over.

DEREK
It already was with you in it.

Derek throws a bloody Cameron through the SHOWER CURTAIN and he slams his head against the wall. He falls in the tub, unconscious. Derek looks at him, grabs a small towel for his lip, and exits.

EXT. SHED AREA - A GROUP OF 20 NAZI'S

They SALUTE the band and chant as they tune up for another set. Derek pushes his way through and spills a few beers on the way.

Cassandra smokes from a CRACK PIPE with a few random skins as Derek passes by.

RANDOM SKIN
Hey Derek!?

DEREK
What?!

CASSANDRA
(exhaling)
Oh my god. What happened to you?

RANDOM SKIN
Have you seen Cammeron?!

DEREK
No I haven't man.

STACEY (O.S.)
Hey Daddy!

He turns and faces her.

DEREK
(pointing his finger)
Stay away.

STACEY
Don't you point your finger at me.

DEREK
I'm serious, Stacey! Stay away.

STACEY
What are you gonna do?! Hit me?!
Kick me as I roll on the ground?!

DEREK
Yeah.

DEREK'S POV. He looks over to the kegs. Through the sliding glass window, he sees Seth taking a tap hit off the keg. All the guys in the b.g., INCLUDING DANNY, count and cheer.

STACEY (O.S.)
I have a secret that I have to tell
you.

DEREK
(staring at Seth and
Danny)
No.

STACEY (O.S.)
Read my lips then.

Derek looks back at Stacey. She says the three magical words to Derek by moving her big, red luscious lips. "I LOVE YOU."

DEREK
You've got terrible taste.

STACEY
(examining him)
Is that blood?

He sees the skins forming a group to approach him so he walks the other way, ignoring her and them.

EXT. PATIO AREA - A CROWD

Seth continues his tap hit while all the other skins count in the background. Derek walks out and watches Dan pump the keg.

ET AL
Forty-five! Forty-six! Forty-
seven...!

Seth takes his mouth off the tap and belches like a pig. All the guys laugh.

SETH
(grabbing Danny)
Why the fuck did you pump it?! I
coulda gone for a minute at least!

Danny looks over and meets eyes with a bloody Derek. He FREEZES while everyone turns to look Derek over.

DEREK
Take your hands off him, Seth.

Seth sees blood on Derek's face and shirt and DRAWS HIS PISTOL. He points it at Derek's head from four feet away.

SETH
Where's Cammeron?

Derek stares directly into the BARREL of Seth's pistol.

DANNY
(frightened)
Seth, man!? What are you doing?

STACEY
Put it down, Seth!

SETH
Don't test me, Vinyard. Where the fuck did that blood come from?!

DEREK
Go ahead and shoot me, Seth. It wouldn't be the first time you fired shots at me.

Seth puts the gun directly to Derek's cool head.

SETH
What are you talking about?

DEREK
(in front of everyone)
You were driving, Seth. I know. It was you and Cammeron.

Danny watches and listens in denial. Seth nods and smiles.

SETH
So what now then? A phone call to the cops? Tell them all about the blow and how Dan covered your sorry ass.

DEREK
(turning back to Dan)
Did you get all of that?

Seth glances over to a nodding DANNY. The second he takes his eyes off of Derek, Derek grabs the pistol. A shot goes off and people hit the deck. Derek wrestles the pistol away and kicks Seth in the STOMACH.

Falling to the ground in pain, Derek cracks him in the face with his fist TWICE and it's over.

TIGHT ON DEREK. He turns with the pistol, takes the clip out and walks over to Danny.

DEREK
Take a good look around, man.

He makes his way over to Stacey, hands her the pistol, and launches the clip over a fence.

The entire party watches Derek exit the party.

INT. BATHROOM - CASSANDRA

She walks in Cammeron's small bathroom and looks at Cammeron, bleeding and moaning in the tub. All wasted, she starts to LAUGH.

CASSANDRA
You got fuckin' guests out there,
Cam.

EXT. STREET - DEREK

He makes his way down the dark street.

EXT. PATIO AREA - DANNY'S POV

Stacey, the gun tucked in her buttocks, helps Seth inside the house. Inside, Dan sees Cassandra pull glass out of Cam's forehead with a pair of tweezers. To the right, JASON smokes CRACK from a pipe with two other skins. Danny walks in the house, looks back at the pathetic crowd, and bolts with his skateboard.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - TIGHT ON THE SKATEBOARD

It flies down the street. The board conquers the cracks in the street at an incredible rate. It turns a tight corner, cuts off a turning car, and suddenly STOPS ON A DIME.

Danny spots his brother walking twenty yards up on the left-hand side of the street and slowly follows from across the way.

EXT. VENICE BLVD. - A CROSSWALK

Derek steps across the SLEEPING HOMELESS as he walks down the street by himself.

DANNY'S POV. Approaching Derek from THIRY YARDS away and two animated black men. Derek reaches behind him and realizes he's without a gun.

Paranoid, Derek sticks his hand in his jacket and pretends to be armed. The three men cross paths. The two laughing black men are in SUITS with BRIEFCASES.

BLACK MAN
What's going' on?

DEREK
Not much.

Derek looks back at them as they pass and exhales. He spots Danny from across the street, staring and skating from behind. Derek stops, sits on a BUS STOP BENCH next to an old man, and waits. Danny crosses the street and barely avoids a collision with an oncoming Caddy.

DEREK
(yelling)
You're gonna get nailed on that thing
one of these days!

DANNY
(approaching)
I haven't yet.

DEREK
Your trucks are loose as shit. I
can see that from here.

Danny sits next to him on the bench and offers him a CIGARETTE. The two have a smoke.

DANNY
(exhaling)
Why didn't you tell me?

DEREK
I thought you knew.

DANNY
If I knew... I could've done
something.

Cars and street hoods with CHANGE CANS randomly pass by.

DEREK
Like what, Dan? Rat them out? No.

DANNY
(teary eyed)
What is it, Der. Tell me...cause... I
want to understand this shit.

Derek takes an extra long drag off his cigarette, thinks to himself, and stares at his brother.

DEREK

What is it? I fucking lost it Dan...
the minute I killed those guys. And
I couldn't fight anymore because all
of my energy... all of my fucking
hate...everything man... had just...

(looking for the words)

I looked at them as animals, Dan. I
did. But I learned a lot in there.
I found out what it was all about.
I thought about what they thought of
me and I realized... I was the same
animal.

(after a beat)

Shit happens to you when you hate.
The worst shit imaginable.

The two rub heads and Dan puts his arm around his sullen
brother.

DEREK

You with me on that?

Danny nods.

DEREK

Good.

Danny squeezes tight and Derek kisses him on the top of the
head.

DEREK

(softly recollecting)

You reap what you sow, Dan.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAM'S HOUSE - LATE NIGHT

SETH

He won't be able to fuckin' walk
when I'm done with him.

CAMMERON

Yeah, right.

SETH

Fuck you, I'm serious.

CAMMERON

What've you been smokin', Seth?
Derek would kick your ass so quick
it wouldn't be funny.

(then, sincerely)

we're gonna have to kill him.

CUT TO:

APARTMENT BUILDING – THE COPS

Danny skates up to the front gate and looks at them.

COP #1
How the hell...?

Derek slaps the roof on the passenger side and scares the hell out of the officers.

COP #2
Son of a bitch!

DEREK
Pretty shitty assignment.

COP #2
No shit.

COP #1
Out of respect for your father,
though.

DEREK
Oh yeah? What do you know about my
father?

The two men sit there speechless as Derek walks over to an awaiting Danny.

INT. VINYARD HOUSEHOLD – A SLEEPING DORIS

She snores on the couch. The clock on the wall reads eleven as the boys ENTER. Davina awakens from her chair, delirious.

DAVINA
Hello?

DEREK
It's okay, Davina.

INT. BEDROOM – DEREK AND DANNY

Danny turns on the computer while Derek gets undressed and tends to his lip.

DORIS (O.S.)
(half asleep)
Goodnight boys.

TOGETHER
Goodnight Mom.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - THE MIRROR - CONTINUED

Derek stares at himself as he takes out his CONTACT LENSES, a million thoughts racing through his head. He looks at all of his tattoos and SCARS. He twists to look at a huge scar on his lower right back.

TIGHT ON HIS UPPER BODY. He stares at the SWASTIKA on his tit. He puts his hand over the tattoo to see what he looks like without it. He turns on the shower and gets inside.

INT. SHOWER - TIGHT ON DEREK

As he soaps himself down, the soap slips out of his hand and sits on the bottom of the tub. He looks at it a long hard time before he bends over to pick it up. He immerses his face into the shower faucet and slowly begins to cry.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PRISON SHOWER - FLASHBACK

Derek lies on the tile floor, crying. The gigantic WHITE ARYAN friend of STEVIE MCCORMICK and a gigantic BLACK INMATE walk off with towels around their waist, satisfied. The white trash Aryan whips his wet towel and it smack Derek.

WHITE ARYAN
Thanks Peckerwood. That was nice.

The two exit and laugh.

INT. PRISON HOSPITAL - SAME - FLASH BACK CONT.

Derek sits on the bed on ALL FOURS as a middle-aged Latino examines his rear end. The hospital ID shows his picture and DR. EDUARDO AGUILAR printed below.

AGUILAR
Well...you got some tearing down here.
You're gonna need a few stitches.
Lay back down.

Dr. Aguilar clicks off his light and prepares to inject Derek in the ass.

SWEENEY (O.S.)
Well... I tried to save your ass.

TIGHT ON DR. SWEENEY. He softly chuckles from his chair and manages to spark a smirk out of Derek. Derek closes his eyes in pain as Aguilar puts the needle in his ass.

AGUILAR
Hold still, Eric. Okay. I'll be
right back. Don't go anywhere.

Aguilar looks at Derek and walks away. Derek turns his head slightly and meets Sweeney's eyes.

SWEENEY

I sure hope you learn from all of this bullshit.

DEREK

What am I gonna learn in here, Doc? Hunh? What the fuck am I gonna learn?

SWENEY

That you have the final say in who you are, man. What did you expect, Derek!?

The two look at each other and Derek puts his face into his pillow. Sweeney stands up and walks over to the bed. He sits right beside him and thinks to himself for a moment.

SWEENEY

I got my Doctorate in Education... not medicine. But if you think babies come out of the womb evil... like I think you do... you're bein' a goddamn fool. No two ways about it. You're missing the big picture, man.
(after a beat)
There's nothin' more beautiful, Derek. Nothin' more pure... and nothin' more innocent... than a baby. Yet... you can't see this.

DEREK

They killed my father, Sweeney.

SWEENEY

Hate killed your Dad... not that kid. You reap what you sow, Derek...

DEREK

You gotta get me outta here, man.

SWEENEY

Oh yeah? Why should I help you?

DEREK

Why the hell are you here?

SWEENEY

I don't know. You've got something. I can't put my finger on it but—

DEREK

They're going to kill me, Sweeney.

Sweeney looks at the young man, heavily weighing his options.

BACK TO:

INT. HOUSE SHOWER - PRESENT - DEREK

Water crashes on top of his head as he composes himself.

Danny enters with a cigarette hanging out of his mouth and opens the shower curtain. He looks at his naked brother.

DANNY
Did you tool any of my cancer sticks?

DEREK
Yesterday I did.

DANNY
Okay. I'll let it slide this time.
Do it again though...and I'll do my
Lawrence Powell imitation on your
ass.

Danny laughs, shuts the curtain and takes a piss. Derek pushes the curtain open, leans out, pushes Danny, and he pisses all over himself.

DANNY
(smiling)
Fucking asshole!

Derek slides the curtain shut. Danny hears a SOFT KNOCK offscreen so he zips up and flushes and exits.

DEREK
(screaming from the
water)
Don't flu-AAAHHH! You shit!

INT. HALLWAY - TIGHT ON DANNY

He looks through the PEEPHOLE. He sighs, drops his MACHETE to his side, and opens the door.

INT. BATHROOM - THE SHOWER

TIGHT ON DEREK. Behind him, after a few seconds of water therapy, the shower curtain opens again. A naked STACEY comes in from behind and wraps her arms around him. He looks over his shoulder and puts his head back under the faucet. She kisses him, erotically.

STACEY
I love you, Derek. More than
anything.

DEREK
Who says I love you?

STACEY
You do. Your eyes. You will always
love me, too.

Slowly, Derek turns to face Stacey - knowing deep down it's the truth. He analyzes her beautiful body. He grabs her face with one hand and cups her breast with another. She french kisses his ear and then his mouth.

STACEY
I've missed you so much. Oh God.
You feel so good.

INT. BEDROOM - DANNY'S POV

He stares at the closed bathroom door where Derek and Stacey make love. He sits at the computer and begins to type.

DANNY (V.O.)
(on the screen)
There was only one person Derek loved
more than Stacey Sanders.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. VINYARD HOUSEHOLD - MORNING - FLASHBACK

The place is immaculate. DENNIS VINYARD, the father of the household, eats his breakfast in his LA COUNTY FIREFIGHTER UNIFORM. Vintage fireman material: muscular, receding hairline, zero facial hair. Handsome. A pretty and well-dressed Doris scrambles eight eggs with mushroom and red peppers.

DANNY (V.O.)
That was Dad. Derek and Dad were
best friends...which is something I've
never heard of before. Fathers and
sons are never best friends... but
they were.

YOUNGER DANNY stares at his larger-than-life father. Dennis takes his fire helmet off the table and sets it on the floor.

DORIS
(towards the back)
Breakfast!

DENNIS
Let's go, Davina! Derek!

DORIS
So what's this all about, Dennis?

Dennis doesn't hear his wife because his attention is focused on Danny.

YOUNGER DEREK, donning a flat-top haircut and no tattoos, walks into the kitchen. The smiling athlete has his backpack and blue SANTA MONICA CITY COLLEGE gym bag. He drops it onto the ground and sits at the table. His father stares at him.

DENNIS
Good morning.

DEREK
Good morning.

Doris sets food in front of her two sons and they both go to work. Young Danny eats quietly.

DORIS
(to her husband)
Are you going to keep ignoring me?

DENNIS
Jesus Doris... it's not that big of a deal. All departments have to take a precaution class on gang patrol today.

DEREK
What for?

DENNIS
A guy was shot yesterday in Inglewood while changin' a valve on a hydrant and LAPD is worried more firefighters will become targets. That's what this bullshit is about.
(sipping coffee)
A good father this guy was though and now he's in intensive care because of some goddamn... nigger. Compton Crips have pretty much declared war on LAPD and us.

DORIS
Why you guys though? I can see LAPD but the fire department?

DENNIS
They think we would rather let a building burn down over there than fight it.

DEREK
They hit the nail on the head, basically.

DENNIS
(smiling)
Pretty much, yeah.
(then, to Derek)
Hey? Are you ready for tonight or
what?

DANNY
Hell yeah he is.

DEREK
Let it all burn down I say Dad.

DENNIS
Yeah. So...now we got two fights goin'
on at one goddamn time. And of course
you know whose fault that is?

DANNY
Whose?

DENNIS
Mayor Tom Bradley's.

DANNY
(excited)
He spoke at our school.

DENNIS
(smiling)
I didn't know you spoke "African",
Dan?

Derek and Dennis laugh. Danny looks at them, confused.
Doris stared down Dennis.

DORIS
Honey? Please don't speak that way.
They don't—

DENNIS
How am I speaking, honey? I'm
speakin' fine.

Dennis takes a bite of his eggs and explodes.

DENNIS
(to the bedroom)
Davina! Get in here! Now!

DAVINA (O.S.)
I'm coming right now!

DENNIS
I'll tell you one thing. This
"affirmative blaction" shit is driving
me up the fuckin' wall.

DENNIS
(taking a bite)
Firefighters getting' 99's on their
tests while rappers who score a
goddamn 62 walk away with the job.

DANNY
Don't we have to have "affirmative
action?"

DENNIS
Not when a job requires ability.
No.

DORIS
A lot of people would say otherwise.

DEREK
Oh yeah? If Dad's fightin' a brush
fire... surrounded by thousand degree
flames... who would you want watchin'
his back? A guy who scores a 99 or
a guy who scores a sixty?
(after a beat)
You'd want the best man for the job.

DENNIS
(smiling)
You're absolutely right, Derek.

YOUNGER DAVINA enters the dining room and takes a chair.

DAVINA
Good morning.

Her lipstick glares off the dining lights.

DENNIS
Good morning!
(smiling)
Look at you. You look like a star.

DEREK
I like that color, Davina.

DAVINA
Thanks.

DENNIS
You did like it.

Dennis reaches over and wipes it off with his napkin.

DAVINA
(whining)
Come on, Dad. I'm a sophomore now.

DENNIS
Yeah. Well you're lucky I'm letting
you wear that crap on your eyes.

DAVINA
That sucks, man.

DENNIS
It totally sucks. And we all
sympathize with you, too.

Everyone laughs at their father - including DAVINA.

DENNIS
((shifting to Danny)
You got practice today?

Danny shakes his head no

DANNY
Coach's sick.

DENNIS
You wanna go to Der's game with me
then?

DANNY
(excited)
Yeah.

DENNIS
(quickly to Derek)
Long Beach CC tonight, right?

DEREK
Yep.

DENNIS
Okay.
(to Danny)
Ben'll whip us up a couple of double
deckers and we'll head over.

DANNY
(smiling)
Killer.

DANNY'S POV. He looks at his happy father. Dennis reaches
over, puts his hand on Dan's shoulder, and leaves it there.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - DANNY - PRESENT

He stops typing and realizes just how much he misses his father. Tears form in his eyes.

CUT TO:

EXT> BEN'S BURGER SHOP - LATE NIGHT

A white homeless man in an ARMY JACKET sits outside begging for change. Seth and Cammeron, both beat-up, drunk and bloody, stare at the man.

HOMELESS MAN
Spare change for a cheeseburger?

SETH
Get a job and buy one why don't you.

HOMELESS MAN
God bless you, brother.

SETH
Fuck you.

Seth stumbles into the shop. Cam stares at the homeless man, psychotically.

HOMELESS MAN
Fifty cents is all I ask. I was in Vietnam, man.

CAMMERON
Really? So you've had, what? Twenty fuckin' years to get your shit together?

HOMELESS MAN
All I want is something to eat, brother.

CAMMERON
There are plenty of fuckin' dishwashing jobs out there, Vietnam... and you're not my brother.

In the background, BEN THE OWNER and Seth shake hands.

HOMELESS MAN
Who am I then if I'm not your brother?

CAMMERON
You're a disgrace to the white race is what you re. If Adolf Hitler was alive... God bless his soul... he would have you shot.

HOMELESS MAN

Fuck you then. Now and forever.
Fuck you.

Cammeron knees the weak man square in the face. The man slopes down to his side, unconscious. As an afterthought, Cammeron kicks him several more times.

CAMMERON

Noooo. Fuck you.

He walks inside the shop. He sees Ben and smiles.

CAMMERON

Hey Ben. How are you?

BEN

Fine. What happened to you?

CAMMERON

(smiling)

I don't look that bad, do I?

BEN

You look like you got hit by a Mac Truck. You want somethin' to eat?

CAMMERON

Uhhh... I don't have too big an appetite right now, Ben. I'm just gonna watch fat boy over here eat.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - TIGHT ON DEREK

He lies naked in the tub and stares at the ceiling. A naked Stacey sits on the toilet, smokes a cigarette and stares at her former boyfriend.

STACEY

(softly)

What are you thinking about?

DEREK

What aren't I thinking about?

STACEY

Not that bullshit with Cammeron. I told you it's nothin'.

Derek shifts his eyes upwards to hers and stares her down. She looks at him and takes a drag off her cigarette.

DEREK

I was thinking about Dan's two buddies. Chris and the other one.

STACEY
What about them?

DEREK
Their lives are fucked.

STACEY
(smiling)
Hey. Jason and Chris are cool.
They fuckin' worship you.

DEREK
Worshipping me doesn't mean they're
cool, Stacey. It means they're
fucked.

Stacey leans over and touches his shoulder.

STACEY
Hey. Those two niggers deserved
what they got, Derek. And just like
Jason and Chris and a whole lotta us
out there... I'll believe that 'til
the day I die.

Derek looks at her, quickly sits up on the edge of the tub,
and flashes her his PECKERWOOD TATTOO.

DEREK
You see that?

STACEY
Yeah.

DEREK
What does it say?

She stares at him, confused.

DEREK
(distraught)
Tell me what it says!

STACEY
It says Peckerwood, Derek.

DEREK
Do you know what that means?

STACEY
No. What does it mean?

Derek lays back down in the water and looks at her like she's
from a different world.

DEREK
It means "white boy."

She drops her cigarette in the toilet, grabs the hanging towel, and drapes it over her.

STACEY
So what's the point?
(softly, after a beat)
What are you saying?

DEREK
Everything's different now, Stacey.
And I can't pretend I don't see
through it anymore.

Derek stares at her naked body and reminisces for a moment before he shifts his eyes back at the ceiling.

STACEY
(sensing it)
So?

DEREK
So goodbye, Stacey.

She stares at him, knowing it's over.

CUT TO:

INT. BURGER SHOP - TIGHT ON SETH

He eats a burger and chili fries at the same time. Cammeron sits across from him, sparks up a cigarette and watches Seth eat food nearly as gruesome as his face. He then takes a look at the homeless man outside - who still lays motionless. Cam feels his BANDAGED FACE.

CAMMERON
I think I need to go to the hospital.

SETH
Seriously?

CAMMERON
I don't know. I think so.

SETH
Where's Stacey?

CAMMERON
Hanging out with Cassandra.

Seth continues to stiff his mouth. Cam looks outside again and this time he sees a RED BMW slowly pull up. Cameron slowly feels for his pistol and looks back at Seth.

SETH
Derek's a fuckin' traitor pussy.

CAMMERON
Well... we might be pussies too if
we got treated the way he did.

SETH
What do you mean?

CAMMERON
Stevie McCormick called me... old
school Venice bro.

SETH
You're kidding. Is he still--?

CAMMERON
Fuck yeah. He's doin' ten years.

SETH
For what again?

CAMMERON
Heroin. He said Derek was a blow up
doll in there.

SETH
(overwhelmed)
What?
(laughing in disbelief)
Fucking A.

CAMMERON
(amazed)
He turned his back on those guys in
there.

SETH
Jesus.

Seth continues to eat as Cammeron becomes serious.

CAMMERON
(towards the street)
Oh Christ. You gotta be kidding me?

SETH
What?

CAMMERON'S POV. A large and mature looking BLACK MAN with
the red BMW helps a BEAUTIFUL BLOND out of the car and THEY
KISS. Cammeron is at a loss for words. Cam puts out his
cigarette as the couple ENTER.

CAMMERON
(looking at the two)
Is there anything sacred in this
country anymore? I mean... Jesus
Christ.

SETH
(more worried about
food)
What?

CAMMERON
Stop feeding your face for a second
and look behind you.

Seth turns his head and stares at the interracial couple.
With his back to them, Seth starts to sing a verse from the
famous Stevie Wonder song, EBONY AND IVORY. Cammeron starts
to laugh. The hard black man turns and looks at the two.

CAMMERON
Can we help you with something? Do
you have any questions about the
menu?

BLAK MAN
No questions.

CAMMERON
I recommend either the "Big Ben
Burger" or the "Chicken taco Special."
Ben'll put white meat or dark meat
in your tacos if you ask him nicely.

BLACK MAN
I only like white meat.

CAMMERON
Obviously.

BLACK MAN
(fed up)
What's your problem, pal?

CAMMERON
First of all...I'm not your pal.
Secondly... I don't have problems.
People who fuck me have problems.

WHITE GIRL
Come on. Let's get out of here.

CAMMERON
Hey! What a great idea! You got a
clever little whatever it is there.
I'd listen to it if I were you.

BLACK MAN
You're not me.

- - -

CAMMERON
(smiling)
And I thank God Almighty every day
for that, believe me.

SETH
Excuse me? Tyrone?

BLACK MAN
My name's not fuckin' Tyrone, man.

SETH
Whatever. Why can't you stick to
your own race.

WHITE GIRL
(disgusted)
Jesus Christ! Where do you assholes
come from?

CAMMERON
What the fuck difference does it
make where we come from, bitch? I'm
from a place called America. A place
that used to be a nice place to live
before it became fuckin' Africa-
America.

BLACK MAN
You ignorant... mother...fucker.

Seth quickly gets out of his chair and makes his gun totally
visible to the couple.

SETH
You got a fuckin' death wish, asshole?
Do you? Make your move now if you
do. If you don't... get the fuck
out of my sight. Cause I'm real
close to shoving my piece up your
girlfriend's crotch... let me tell
you.

The black man stares at the gun sticking out of Seth's belly.
He grabs his girlfriend and quickly walks out of the joint.
Seth sits back down and continues with his food. Cammeron
looks over at Ben and raises his hands in the air.

CAMMERON
(smiling)
Everything's hunky dory, Ben. No
problemo, okay?

BEN
Better not be.

EXT. BURGER JOINT - THE RED BMW

The black man slams the passenger door and makes his way to his side. He stops, produces a POCKET PHONE and snaps it open. He hits one button and waits.

BLACK MAN
((into the receiver))
Put Jerome on.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - LATE NIGHT

A half-dressed Stacey sits in her piece of shit Ford Mercury and sobs.

INT. BEDROOM - THE COMPUTER

Derek lifts a sleeping Danny off the keyboard. He helps him into the bottom bunk, tucks him in, and watches him snooze.

DEREK
(softly)
Hey. Did you save it?

An asleep Danny nods. Derek slowly walks over to the computer and reaches back to turn it off. Instead, he PEERS at the screen, grabs his GLASSES and sits in the chair.

CUT TO:

INT. BURGER JOINT - SETH AND CAMMERON

Seth winds down on his feast.

CAMMERON
Ready?

SETH
Yeah.

They get up and walk towards the door - leaving a mess on the table. Cammeron sparks up another cigarette.

CAMMERON
It wouldn't irritate me so much if
the ratio was a little more even.

SETH
What's that?

CAMMERON
(going mad)
Ebony and Ivory back there! Almost
all of those orange kid relationships
are black men with white women and
I'm fuckin' sick of seein' it!

CAMMERON

I wouldn't mind so much if it were more even.

SETH

Huge dicks, Cam. That's all it is.

EXT. SHOP - LATE NIGHT

CAMMERON

I used to think that too but... it's gotta be more, man. It has to be more than the fact that they carry a big load. Chicks aren't that shallow, are they? It's politically correct... that's what it is. White women... bein' seen with the coloreds... it's great for their image. Bitches today want to be known as bein' fuckin' color blind.

SETH

Oh yeah. They get off on it.

CAMMERON

And you can't really blame Tyrone.

STH:

Why the fuck not?

CAMMERON

Well... how'd you like to drag around some fat, obnoxious Fly Girl? I wouldn't.

SETH

No shit.

(imitating)

Oh go girlfriend! Don't be puttin' up wid dat, girl! Oh stop girl!

Seth and Cammeron laugh together.

INT. CAN - TIGHT ON LITTLE HENRY

He watches his brother Jerome and three others finish loading. Henry sits in the driver's seat as the four get out of the WHITE VAN. Brandishing AK-47's and pistols, Henry watches them follow Seth and Cam through the van mirrors.

TIGHT ON THEIR FEET. The men close in. PANNING UPWARDS - the one with a BLUE BANDANA on his head is JEROME.

SETH

Are we goin' to the hospital or what?

JEROME (O.S.)
Funny you say that, Vinyard.

Seth and Cam freeze in their tracks. As they wheel with their guns, the black men open fire. Shots virtually tear apart their bodies and they fall to the pavement.

As Seth and Cammeron lie in pools of blood, the assassins quickly walk over and examine their faces. Cammeron struggles to stay alive.

THUG #1
(quickly checking
them out)
What the fuck?! I thought you said
he was here!

JEROME
Homeboy said he was!

TIGHT ON CAMMERON. He struggles to breathe.

THUG #2
That's what's his name!

JEROME
Cammeron Alexander. Long time no
see, nigger bitch.

A siren builds in the background.

THUG #1
LETS'S GO!

Three of the men jet back to the WHITE VAN - Jerome staying behind. He grabs CAMMERON and drags him over to the curb.

THUG #2
(to Jerome)
Come on, man!

Jerome places Cameron's mouth on the corner of the curb.

CAMMERON
(delirious, half-dead)
Where we goin'?

JEROME
How does Hell sound?

Jerome slams his foot to the back of Cam's head. As sirens approach from almost around the corner, he runs back to the van and LITTLE HENRY takes off down the street. The two bodies lay there - blood escaping them.

MOVING UPWARDS - we see their transfixed bodies composed
over the lights of Venice.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - BIRDS CHIRPING - EARLY MORNING

Danny stares at himself in the mirror as he rinses the
toothpaste from his mouth. He tries to shape the stubble on
top of his head.

INT. BEDROOM - CLEAN-SHAVEN DEREK

The whiskers are gone but still he has difficulty trying to
get the knot on his TIE correct.

DEREK
Almost ready?

DANNY
I'm printing it up and we're out of
here.

DEREK
Okay. Hurry up.

Derek walks out into the living room.

INT. MESSY LIVING ROOM - DORIS

She's on the couch watching cartoons. She takes a jar of
Vick's Vapor Rub and puts some on her chest. Derek walks in
the room on with a coat and tie. He bends over and kisses
her on the forehead.

Davina sits on the couch with a bowl of FROSTED FLAKES.

DEREK
Good morning.

DORIS
(shocked)
Jeez. What happened to you?

DEREK
I'm going to see my parole officer.

DAVINA
Do you have Excel on disk?

DEREK
I've got everything on disk.

DAVINA
Can I use your computer?

DEREK

Sure.

Davina smiles and takes her cereal bowl into the back bedroom.
Doris looks at Derek.

DORIS

You look good.

Derek smiles and caresses his mother's cheek.

DEREK

We're getting out of this dump, Mom.

DORIS

All right. I'm all for it.

(after a beat)

Do you think I should color my hair?

DEREK

Yes.

Derek smiles at his mother and thinks to himself.

DORIS

What are you thinking about?

Derek gathers his thoughts and stares at her for a moment.

DEREK

When I was in jail... all I thought
about was how I was going to apologize
to you. You, Davina, and Dan... but
you mostly. You believed in me.
You stood by my, even when it meant
losing the house.

(tearing up)

Then I thought about Dad and—

(wiping his eyes)

You think you'll ever be able to
forgive me someday, Mother? Maybe?

A tear rolls down her face.

DORIS

You're my son.

DEREK smiles and hugs her tightly. She pulls back and brushes
the tears from his cheek. He smiles at his reaction.

DEREK

Look at me. I'm such a pussy.

DORIS

No you're not.

EXT. VENICE BLVD. - MORNING

Derek takes out some change and gets a copy of the LA TIMES as Danny continues to skate ahead of him. Derek looks back behind him, sensing danger. With no one in the distance, he walks into a doughnut shop.

INT. DOUGHNUT SHOP - DEREK'S POV

He takes a guarded look outside. Everything seems normal. A bus drives by. A group of Mexican laborers, dressed for work and smiling, walk past in the other direction.

Inside, a black woman orders a dozen doughnuts from a short Korean man behind the counter. Her young daughter grabs her leg. Danny sits down and reads over his paper.

DEREK
What do you want?

DANNY
Chocolate bar and a... large milk.

Derek smiles at the little girl while he waits. She wanders from her mother's leg and over towards Derek.

DEREK
(to the girl)
You look very pretty today.

She laughs and runs back to her mother. He looks outside the window. Nothing. He looks back at the little girl.

DEREK
How do I look?

BLACK GIRL
(bashfully)
Fine.

DANNY'S POV. He looks up from the paper. He watches the girl come over and check out his brother. Derek laughs at her spontaneity and drops to one knee.

DEREK
What's your name?

BLACK GIRL
Tisha.

DEREK
How old are you, Tisha?

She holds up four fingers. Derek smiles.

BLACK MOTHER
(staring at Derek)
Come here, Tisha.

Tisha return to her mother and they exit. Derek watches the girl as she continues to stare at him, wide eyed.

Outside, they hear SCREECHING TIRES and a BLUE FORD pulls up in front. Rasmussen and Young Fuhrman get out.

INT. SHOP - DEREK AND DANNY

The two walk in and look at a curious and confused Derek.

DEREK
What's goin' on?

RASMUSSEN
We need to talk, Derek.

DEREK
About what?

RASMUSSEN
Seth Ryan and Cammeron Alexander are dead. They were shot to death outside Ben's Burgers early this morning.

Derek takes both hands and pulls back his hair. He sits down and thinks to himself for a few more seconds, frightened. Familiar Cops #3 and #4, now on call, walk in and sit down. SWEENEY FOLLOWS IN LAST AND DEREK STARES AT HIM.

DEREK
(to Rasmussen)
Any suspects?

RASMUSSEN
Possibly. Big Cam's jaw was shattered and nine of his teeth were knocked out on the curb.

SWEENEY
Sound familiar?

Facing a vicious circle, Derek takes his frustration out on a nearby chair. The owner barks at Derek in Korean. A confused Derek eyes Sweeney, who walks over to him.

TIGHT ON SWEENEY AND DERED. Derek sparks up a cigarette and stares over at Rasmussen, Danny, and the other officers.

SWEENEY
Are they coming after you?

DEREK
Fuckin' A.

SWEENEY sighs to a concerned Derek.

SWEENEY
I don't think so. I think they feel
justice has been served.

DEREK
Maybe it has.

SWEENEY
But we can't let this thing escalate.
(after a long beat)
Will you talk to them?

Derek looks over and analyzes the innocence of his brother.
He then takes a long drag off his cigarette and nods.

DEREK
I'll do whatever it takes.

SWEENEY
Okay. Good.

Sweeney walks away and then turns back to Derek.

SWEENEY
Watch your back.

Derek says nothing. Sweeney exits with Rasmussen.

SWEENEY
(back to Danny)
You're showing up today, right?

Danny looks at Sweeney and nods his head yes.

CUT TO:

EXT. VENICE HIGH - A BEAUTIFUL DAY

DEREK AND DANNY

Are outside the fence surrounding the field. There are boys
playing basketball on the far courts. Girls sitting in
circles on the grass. People eating lunch.

DEREK
Hey. Keep your head up, alright?
I'm going to take care of this
bullshit and everything's gonna be
okay.

DANNY
All right.

Derek stares at his brother as THE BELL RINGS.

DANNY
I gotta bail.

DEREK
Okay. I'll see you at home.

DANNY
Okay.

Danny hops the fence with his backpack on. He looks back at Derek. Cops #3 and #4 sit in their car in the background.

DEREK
Hey.

DANNY
Hey what?

DEREK
Come here.

Derek puts his hand over the fence. Danny walks up and clasps it - FINGERS INTERTWINED.

DEREK
I love you, Dan.

Danny smiles at his brother and nods, embarrassed. Danny puts his ear phones on and heads to class. Derek watches his brother through the chain linked fence. Danny meets up with REDHEAD LIZZY and they soon disappear from Derek's sight. Derek turns and walks down the street, COP #3: You need a lift anywhere?

DEREK
Nope.

INT. MESSY HALLWAY - DANNY

Students rush past him off to class. Danny kisses Lizzy and he hurries off to class. He pushes on a men's room door.

INT. SCHOOL BATHROOM - SAME

Danny enters, sets his AMERICAN HISTORY X PAPER on the sink, and takes an unearthly long piss at the urinal. He finishes and turns. Standing there, GUN drawn is LITTLE HENRY.

DANNY
(terrified)
What are you doing, Henry?

HENRY
Taking care of business.

Henry fires a shot into Danny's chest. Danny SLAMS into the URINAL, gasping for air.

The force of the pistol knocks Henry to the ground. The two stare at each other - EYE TO EYE. The PAPER falls to earth.

A teary-eyed Henry observes Danny's death and together they FREEZE on the tile floor.

CUT TO:

EXT. VENICE HIGH BATHROOM - YELLOW POLICE TAPE

Officers and detectives monitor the area. Young students, including Lizzy and her friends, weep at the horror. Rasmussen brings THE PAPER over to Sweeney. Sweeney looks over the bloodstained report and peers up.

SWEENEY'S POV. He spots a grieving Davina and Doris.

RASMUSSEN
He won't let go. Will you talk to him.

INT. BATHROOM - TIGHT ON DEREK AND DANNY

A tearful Derek cradles his bloody brother. Sweeney walks over, crouches, and talks to Derek's back.

SWEENEY
Derek? You gotta let him go, man.

DEREK
I can't.

Derek begins to cry outright. He can't control himself. He lets go of Danny's corpse and charges out into the hall.

INT. HALLWAY - DORIS AND DAVINA

Derek embraces them. Doris grabs his face - torn between love and hate. A guilt ridden Derek tears from them and walks away with Sweeney soon in tow.

THE END