

AMERICAN HISTORY X
screenplay by
David McKenna
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INT. HOUSE - CLOSED EYES

A young man's blue eyes 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. TUPAC SHAKUR blares from inside.

INT. HOUSE - TIGHT ON THE EYES

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

EXT. VENICE BEACH HOUSE - A WET NIGHT

A slight buzz emanates from the power lines and street lights above the humble VINYARD household. A black FORD BRONCO rests in the driveway.

EXT. WET STREET - A GRAY TRANS AM

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

They move with purpose. The larger figure, crowbar in hand, moves to the truck. The GUN wielding passenger hurries to the front door and stands guard. Inside the car, another man methodically waits.

INT. BEDROOM - DANNY VINYARD'S EYES

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

A poster of Lee Ving of FEAR onstage, taped to the wall. Pre-Calculus and Biology books on the floor. Cassettes scattered on his tiny desk. A stereo in the corner.

The off-screen sound of breaking glass grabs Danny's attention. He sits up and looks through the blinds.

EXT. HOUSE - SAME

Danny SEES a man reach through the broken window and unlock the door. He quickly pans to the idling Trans Am.

INT. DANNY'S BEDROOM - TIGHT ON DANNY

His fearful expression says it all.

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 NAZI IRON EAGLE BATTLE FLAG

It hangs above a serious computer and next to a giant, tome-filled bookshelf. The moans, meanwhile, approach orgasm.

TIGHT ON DEREK VINYARD. The young man has a shaved head, a thick goatee, and a well-crafted SWASTIKA on his left tit. On top of Derek in the bed is his barely-of-age girlfriend, STACEY. The covers are completely off and a BLACK ROSE is tattooed across her right shoulder blade. Danny watches her fuck, only for a second.

DANNY

(softly)

Der !

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 car.

Derek, muscled and tattooed, jumps out of the bed and quickly puts on his skivvies. He reaches under his

mattress, pulls out a SIG .45 semi-automatic pistol, and shoves in a clip.

DEREK

How long has he been out there?

DANNY

Not long.

STACEY

Who?

DEREK

Nobody. Relax.

Stacey sits up quickly from the bed as Derek pulls on his black combat boots.

STACEY

Who's out there, Derek?

DEREK

Not right now, honey.

(to Danny)

How many?

DANNY

One...I think.

DEREK

Is he strapped?

DANNY

Hunh?

DEREK

Does he have a fucking gun, Dan?

DANNY

I'm not sure.

DEREK

Is there a driver?

Danny nods his head yes.

DEREK

Okay. Stay the luck here.

STACEY

Derek? Be careful.

He looks at his girlfriend and walks off.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

TIGHT ON DEREK. He walks down the hall. The intensity on his face is alarming. He stops at the front door and grabs the doorknob. Before he turns the knob, he peeks through the eye hole on the door.

EXT. HOUSE - DEREK'S EYE POV

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

INT. HOUSE - DEREK AT THE DOOR

The guard has his back to him. Derek goes.

EXT. HOUSE - THE DUEL

Derek throws open the door and the black man standing guard wheels and fires a shot into the front door. Derek buries two bullets in his chest.

DEREK

Fuck you!

The force propels the man six feet backwards.

INT./EXT. BRONCO - THE OTHER MAN

Stunned by the gunfire, he charges back to the getaway Tranny. Derek buries a bullet into his shoulder. The car splits and Derek fires a shot through the side window. He then walks towards the car and fires shot after shot at it until it disappears.

INT. VINYARD HOUSEHOLD - DARKNESS

Davina and Doris Vinyard yell in the background like they were in Vietnam. They meet in the hallway, still not able to place the direction of the gunfire.

DAVINA

MOM!!!!

DORIS

STAY DOWN, HONEY! DANNY?!

They stay down on the carpet together.

EXT. BEDROOM - DANNY'S POV

From the rain-soaked window he watches Derek face his wounded prey - crawling on the ground. Sirens sound from a distance.

STACEY (O.S.)

Get down, Danny! Jesus!

TIGHT ON DANNY. His gaze is locked on his brother from his bedroom window. Derek cocks his piece, points it and walks toward the man.

TIGHT ON DEREK'S FACE. Eyes blistering.

FADE TO BLACK:

THREE YEARS LATER

EXT. POLICE STATION - EARLY MORNING

A black man in a suit and tie, ROBERT SWEENEY, goes through the automatic doors and into the station. He approaches a DESK SERGEANT. A daily calendar on her desk reads MONDAY. MARCH 3. 1997.

SWEENEY

Captain Rasmussen?

DESK SERGEANT

Briefing room. Down that hall...third door on the left.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - A MEETING

Cops and detectives sit attentively and a few sip coffee. The clock on the wall above reads 7:38 AM. Middle-aged with slicked-back hair, CAPTAIN JOHN RASMUSSEN finishes a thought. He spots Sweeney as he enters and aimlessly reaches for a file.

RASMUSSEN

All right. Moving on--
(acknowledging)
Good Morning, Doctor.

The group looks over and meets Sweeney's hard glare.

SWEENEY

Good morning.

RASMUSSEN

Gentlemen, this is Dr. Bob Sweeney. He's Principal over at Venice High and for some time now he's done a load of outreach work with gangs...in and out of the can.

Sweeney nods as Rasmussen cough. He sips water and continues.

RASMUSSEN

Three years ago a local kid named Derek Vinyard gets sent up for murdering a couple of Crips who were trying to jack his car. Bob taught Vinyard back in high school and has followed the case closely.

YOUNG COP

He was a skinhead, right?

SWEENEY

Derek was more like...the skinhead. He and Cameron Alexander.

COP #2

Who?

Rasmussen opens a FILE in front of him. There rests Derek's mug shot. He flips it over and reveals CAMMERON'S MUG SHOT. Front and side view.

RASMUSSEN

Cammeron Alexander is probably the biggest writer and distributor of white power literature in LA County. He promotes white power bands, writes reviews, columns, all at the ripe age of forty.

YOUNG COP

(smiling)
He's forty? Jesus.

RASMUSSEN

Pretty clean record...runs everything out of his house down by the beach.

SWEENEY

There weren't any organized white

gangs around Venice before those two hooked up. Very few, if any. It was mostly just black and Mexican. But it was tiny. They hit it off though... and Alexander hit the jackpot with Derek.

Rasmussen reaches over and pushes play on a VCR.

RASMUSSEN

We got some uncut footage here.
Courtesy of NBC.

ON THE TELEVISION--

REPORTER

Earlier this evening...LA County Firefighter Dennis Vinyard was shot and killed while putting out a fire in a suspected Compton drug den.

RASMUSSEN

(to the group)
This being February of '90.

EXT. VINYARD HOUSEHOLD - A LIVE BROADCAST - VIDEOTAPE

A YOUNGER DEREK, short haired with no tattoos, stands next to the reporter. Derek wears a Venice High Basketball jersey drenched in sweat. Towel around neck, he thinks to himself as the man speaks into the camera.

REPORTER

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

DEREK

How do I feel? How do you think I feel? It's typical.

REPORTER

Typical how, Derek?

DEREK

Well...look at our country. It's a haven for criminals. Black...brown...yellow...whatever.

REPORTER

So you're saying the murder of your

father is "race" related?

DEREK

Every problem in this country is "race" related. Every problem, not just crime. These problems are rooted in the black community, the Hispanic community, the Asian...every non-Protestant group in our society.

(then)

Look at the shit. Immigration... welfare...AIDS...they're all the problems of the non-white. Look at the statistics.

REPORTER

Most of these issues you're referring to though son are related to--

DEREK

(interrupting)

No no no! Don't say poverty right now cause that's not it. They're not a product of our fucking environment either! Minorities don't give two shits about this country! They're here to exploit...not embrace.

RASMUSSEN (O.S)

(over reporter's question)

When Alexander got his hands on this segment...he copied it, sent it out and it became the Gettysberg Address for hate groups across the country.

BACK TO THE TELEVISION.

DEREK

Millions of white Europeans came to this country and flourished within a generation! A generation! So what the fuck is wrong with these people?!

REPORTER

What does any of this have to do with your father?

DEREK

Because my father was doing his fucking job! Saving a nigger neighborhood he didn't give two shits about! And he got killed by some drug

dealer who still collects a fucking welfare check.

Derek looks at the man and walks over to HIS MOTHER DORIS, who smokes a cigarette. The camera follows him as he puts his arm around her and escorts her back inside their Venice Beach residence. The camera pans back to the reporter who just stands there, speechless.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - SAME

Rasmussen ejects the tape, the screen turns to fuzz, and he turns it off.

RASMUSSEN

Vinyard was quietly released from Chino on Saturday after three and some odd years. And I think it's something we might want to keep an eye on for a few days.

SWEENEY

I don't wanna be an alarmist. But payback is out there. I know it is. And in this particular case...if Vinyard gets popped...more people will get popped.

RASMUSSEN

It's not exactly LAPD policy but I want 24-hour surveillance on Vinyard for a few days.

COP #2

(smiling in disbelief)
Twenty-four hour surveillance, sir?

RASMUSSEN

Just for a few days.

ANOTHER COP

He doesn't sound like Mr. Lovely here, Captain. You want us to bust him or protect him?

Rasmussen offers Sweeney a look that it's his question.

SWEENEY

I don't think Vinyard's gonna be the one to start anything. It's his following.

RASMUSSEN

Either way...let's keep it low.

CUT TO:

EXT. VENICE BEACH BOARDWALK - MORNING

PEACEFUL DAY by PENNYWISE blasts from 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 down the strand.

His appearance is changed, now resembling a younger, softer Derek.

Head shaved to a quarter of an inch, he wears a PLAIN WHITE BACKPACK with punk/white power bands scribbled all over it. Your standard Sex Pistols, DK, Germs, G.B.M., and Adolescents in black. Cro-Magnons and Skrewdriver off to the left. 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 A THRASHED LOCKER

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

LIZZY

Hi Danny.

DANNY

Hey Lizzy.

The two smile at one another as the FIRST BELL RINGS.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL BATHROOM - A URINAL

Danny takes a piss. Outside, a voice pleads "It wasn't me!" DARYL DAWSON, pale and thin, is shoved into the bathroom and he trips into the sink. LITTLE HENRY, a young black kid, enters with two of his buddies. Danny zips up and faces them.

LITTLE HENRY

(to a terrified Daryl)
Tellin' Baker I'm fuckin' cheatin'?
I've never cheated in my life.

BUDDY #1

Beat his ass, Henry!

LITTLE HENRY

Why you trippin' on me?

DARYL

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

BUDDY #2

He's lying, man! I was right there!

Little Henry cracks Daryl in the face and practically knocks him down with one shot. A bleeding Daryl struggles to his hands and knees behind Danny.

LITTLE HENRY

Next time, man.

Danny stares into Henry's eyes and the trio exits. Danny helps Daryl back up to the sink. THE SECOND BELL RINGS.

CUT TO:

INT. CLASS - SAME

Kids have just settled into their seats. Danny walks in and tries to be discrete.

OFFSCREEN VOICE

Vinyard!?

An OLDER TEACHER writes an Algebra problem on the board for the students to solve.

OLDER TEACHER

You're late.

The man grabs a pink slip off his desk and hands it to Danny.

OLD TEACHER

But it looks like you got bigger problems.

DANNY

(reading the slip)
Oh, man! Come on. Get a job.

The teacher stares at him.

CUT TO:

INT. PRINCIPAL LOBBY - DANNY

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

TIGHT ON DANNY. He listens to the conversation through
the crack in the door as his eyes swell.

MURRAY (O.S.)

I do not have a problem with him as an
individual, alright!?

SWEENEY (O.S.)

Oh shit Murray sure you do. You hate
this kid.

INT. OFFICE - THE CONVERSATION

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 and smiles
in horror. It is titled BOOK REPORT--MEIN KAMPF.
"Daniel Vinvard - American History" is in the upper left
hand corner.

MURRAY

This paper is a travesty, Bob!
Arguing for Hitler as a civil rights
hero?! You've gotta draw a line.

SWEENEY

Murray...it says in your syllabus that
they could do their report on any book
related to the struggle for Civil
Rights.

MURRAY

Oh come on, Bob!

SWEENEY

Let me finish! He needs help...I'm

not disputing that. But I read it and I'm not going to throw him out.

MURRAY

His brother probably put him up to it.

SWEENEY

I can guarantee you his brother didn't have anything to do with it, Murray.

Murray sighs and takes off his glasses.

MURRAY

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

Sweeney stares at the younger teacher and nods.

CUT TO:

EXT. OFFICE - THE DOOR OPENS

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!

INT. OFFICE - DANNY ENTERS

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

SWEENEY

What's it gonna be, Dan?

DANNY

What's what going to be?

SWEENEY

This petty shit you're pullin'.

DANNY

Well...I don't know.

SWEENEY

You said it, all right. Sit down.

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

SWEENEY

Are you okay?

DANNY

Yeah.

SWEENEY

Any time you wanna talk, Dan--

DANNY

Okay.

SWEENEY

How's Derek?

DANNY

Fine.

SWEENEY

Adjusting okay?

DANNY

Yeah.

SWEENEY

He was a student of mine. Honors English. He was a great student... like you...but he hung out with scumbags. Also like you. That's why he ended up in the pen, hunh?

No answer. Sweeney holds up Danny's paper.

SWEENEY

Great writing. I can't correct it though. It wreaks too much of shit.

DANNY

Come on, man! I followed directions and wrote an "A" paper. It's got nothing to do with Derek.

SWEENEY

Everything you do now has something to do with Derek. Who told you to do this?

DANNY

Let us get on with our lives, man!

SWEENEY

Hey, I'm not worried about Derek--he can take care of himself. I'm worried about his little brother.

(softly)

Mein Kampf, Dan? I should expel you!

DANNY

Do it. What? You don't think I could handle it?

SWEENEY

(smiling in disbelief)

The street would kill you, Danny. You're not tough. The second a brother pulls a gun on your ass you'll be holierin' for Doris.

(pondering to himself)

So here's the drill. Take it or leave it cause I'm sick of babysitting. I'm your history teacher from here on out. We're gonna deal with shit happening right now. 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

It took me a week to read Mein Kampf. Come on, Sweeney.

SWEENEY

My name is Dr. Sweeney. And I want a another paper on my desk tomorrow.

DANNY

What am I doing it on then?

SWEENEY

It'S not a "what", it's a "who."

(after a beat)

Derek.

SMASH TO:

EXT. VENICE SHORELINE - LATE AFTERNOON

A series of intercuts shows activity in and around the pier. A HOMELESS LATINO MAN searches 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. He eats shit, recovers, and looks off into the distance.

DANNY (V/O)

People look at me...and they see my brother. That's how things have gone since the murder of our father.

EXT. BOARDWALK - NEAR THE BASKETBALL COURT

From afar, he spots a group of black gang members shoot hoops. He and Little Henry from earlier exchange a cold glance.

DANNY (V/O)

Little Henry Hastings and his older brother Jerome. Jerome's a Shoreline Crip...Henry's on his way.

Little Henry and older brother JEROME catch their breath and stare down Dan. Danny doesn't flinch. Jerome sips from a 40 oz. beer and resumes playing.

DANNY (V/O)

Venice Beach, man. It didn't always look like this. I mean...our Dad used to take us down here to run...and it was cool. Derek fucking owned this place. Since then though...the gangs, man--

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

DANNY (V/O)

--they've moved west from Inglewood and South Central and have really just...taken over. Especially at my high school. The Venice Locos are big too but they hang out in bumfuck Mar Vista. It's scary.

(then)

And then there's The Disciples of Christ. The D.O.C.

Jerome and Little Henry joke and argue with eight extra players and spectators.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BASKETBALL COURT - A GAME - FLASHBACK

DANNY'S POV. The teams are a mixed assemblage of 3 blacks and 2 Latinos and 3 whites and 1 black and 1 Latino. SKINHEAD FAT SETH RYAN, early twenties, and his two skinhead buddies, can't compete against the better, predominantly black team. One of the skins, CURTIS, has a shaved head, a light beard and an M-16 RIFLE tattooed on his head.

JEROME and LITTLE HENRY sit together to the right of the court and monitor closely. Danny looks over his left shoulder and sees Derek and Stacey sit with CAMMERON. Cowboy hat and BRONCO JERSEY, they sit and converse on the bleachers.

LAWRENCE

Seven-six. Let's go! Set some picks!

SETH

Bring it on, boy.

Derek quickly moves his eyes to the court.

LAWRENCE

Boy?

Lawrence quickly pivots past Seth, dunks it, and yells as he hangs on the rim. The crowd cheers.

SETH

Lucky piece of shit! I'm through "monkeying" around with your ass!

Lawrence spins around and challenges Seth.

LAWRENCE

Fat, pasty, pale, pastrami eating, cracker, motherfucker. A hundred bucks says I make you my bitch.

SETH

(to the crowd)
Here we go! Trying to make ends meet

for that cut in welfare.

He makes a scene and passes Danny on the sideline. Lawrence waits for Seth to take it further. Danny looks at him, concerned.

DANNY

It's eight-six, Seth.

SETH

When I want your fucking opinion I'll ask for it, fuckhead.

(to Derek and Cam)

Help me cover here, guys.

Derek and Cameron stare at Seth, knowing Seth will lose and embarrass them.

CAMMERON

You got a big fucking mouth, fat kid.

SETH

I'll take this negro down.

DEREK

You can't take a shit, Seth. Shut up.

Derek shoots a look to Cameron, comes to a decision, and stands. He shouts for all to hear.

DEREK

I got a bet.

Lawrence stares at him, sensing something harder.

DEREK

I come in, same score now, first one to eleven. Black boys against the white boys.

Lawrence looks back to his boys in disbelief.

LAWRENCE

Name your price, Cracker.

DEREK

No money...for the court. We win, you grab your shit and find a different place to run. Not just today... forever. You win, and we don't come back. No hitching, no fighting, here in front of everyone. Six-eight, our

ball.

The action around the court gets very still. Finally, Lawrence nods.

LAWRENCE

You got a lot of fucking balls, man.
Bring it. Right now.

Derek pulls off his sweatshirt and gives it to Stacey.
Lawrence gets his team together.

CUT TO:

EXT. COURT - BLACK VERSUS WHITE

No more mixed assemblage of players. One team is white, one team is black.

A SERIES OF SMOTS

Derek blows by Lawrence for a left handed layup. Derek hits a thirty looter. Curtis grabs a rebound and uses his elbows to get defenders off him. Big Lawrence fouls Derek hard and Derek stares at him. Big Lawrence makes a twenty foot turnaround. Lawrence advances on a three on two and dunks it. Derek pump fakes three times and uses the glass for a deuce. Finally, Derek drives the lane and dishes to Seth at the last minute for a bucket.

SETH

Yes! Ten a piece! Nice fucking dish.

SETH and CURTIS slap Derek's hand as they get back on transition. Derek stares at Lawrence. CAMMERON watches intently.

CAMMERON

It's all you, Der!

LAWRENCE

Fuckin' BYU, man! All right! All we need is one now!

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

CAMMERON

Use that fat ass and keep him out,
Seth!

Seth and the opposing player bang to get position underneath.

LAWRENCE

I ain't losin' in my house! Clear it out!

The POWER FORWARD dribbles beautifully up the court -- his teammates clearing out the key. Defensively, Derek is solid. He tries to pass Derek but Derek's defense is stifling. Again. With another tricky move, Lawrence inadvertently puts his LEFT ELBOW into Derek's face, sending him quickly to the pavement. EVERYBODY STOPS.

CURTIS

That's fuckin' offense!

LAWRENCE

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

Derek, teeth bloodied, rises. The two have a stare down.

DEREK

(threateningly)
I'll go if you want to.

LAWRENCE

You wanna piece! Bring it!

Players quickly rush to restrain the two even though the teams hate each other.

DEREK

If you wanna go...I'm ready. Don't be throwin' fuckin' elbows.

LAWRENCE

Fuck you!

Derek walks over to Cammeron, Danny and Stacey standing courtside. She has a water bottle and a towel waiting for him. He wipes his BLOODY LIP and takes a sip. Cameron stares at Derek.

CAMMERON

Hey. Are you copacetic?

Derek nods and looks at Danny and Stacey.

CAMMERON

He's gonna do that 180 spin move.

DEREK

I know what he's gonna do.

DANNY

You gotta call offense on that shit.

DEREK

Not on point game you don't.

STACEY

Fuck that, D. That chucker can't pull that shit. It's fucking-

DEREK

Not on point, honey.

He turns back to the court and walks over to Lawrence. He stands in front of him and checks the ball in.

DEREK

Tens!

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. Derek reads it perfectly and REJECTS IT. Lawrence trips to the ground, Derek grabs the ball off the fast break and DUNKS IT.

DANNY

(amazed by the dunk)

Holy shit!

Everybody courtside goes nuts. Derek walks to the sideline, ignoring all the hand slaps being offered. Everyone is riveted on Derek.

SETH

(to the other team)

Get off my fucking court! This is my house!

DANNY

Yeah! Fuck...yeah!

A sweaty Derek pulls his little brother close. He takes a drink of water, spits out more blood, looks at his bitter opponent, and says nothing.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - BY THE COURT

Derek, Danny, Seth, Cammeron, Curtis and Stacey stand outside the Bronco. The doors are all open and the stereo softly plays music in the b.g. Derek dries off.

DANNY'S POV. Derek throws a shirt and tie over his sweaty, tattooed body. Danny watches the tats disappear, and it's almost like his brother is normal. A name tag reads LA COPY CENTER - DEREK - ASSISTANT MANAGER.

Derek looks at JEROME and LAWRENCE from afar. Danny notices the two men stare at his brother, ready to kill. Derek meets their gaze.

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)

It was only the beginning.
(then)

Derek once told me that minorities would take America over one day. That white people are too afraid. Maybe he was right.

CUT TO:

EXT. SMALL BEACH HOUSE - A PATIO

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

EXT. SIDE ENTRANCE - TWO 14-YEAR-OLDS

LIZZY, the redhaired beauty from earlier, and her blond friend KAMMI, sturable out and laugh. They're stoned.

KAMMI

Hey! Danny!

DANNY

(smiling)
Hey.

LIZZY

You're going tonight, right?

DANNY

Where?

LIZZY

That party. Go there.

The two young girls giggle and take off.

INT. TINY, MESSY BEDROOM - SAME

JASON and CHRIS, two 17-year-old skinheads with shaved heads, prepare to hit the surf. Chris sings to INSTITUTIONALIZED BY SUICIDAL TENDENCIES on the stereo while Jason throws on a ZOG T-SHIRT, the tops of their fullsuits hang down.

DANNY (O.S)

There's dick for waves.

CHRIS

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

TIGHT ON DANNY. He flips through a book titled TURNER DIARIES. On the nightstand to his left is a digital clock that reads 4:47 p.m.

DANNY

I've been trying to buy this. You can't find it anywhere.

The two look at Dan.

JASON

Cammeron dropped us off a copy. Dope fucking shit, man. It's all about reclaiming the country. I'll let you read it when I'm done.

DANNY

Fuck that. I just read Mein Kampf.

JASON

There you go.

CHRIS

Hey? What was this Daryl shit you were talking about?

DANNY

Henry Hastings almost kicked Daryl

Dawson's ass. He would're too if--

CHRIS

Little Henry the negroid?

Danny nods.

DANNY

Everyday there's something over there,
man.

CHRIS

Why do you think we fuckin' quit?

DANNY

I hear you.

JASON

Daryl Dawson's a pussy faggot.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOARDWALK - DANNY, JASON AND CHRIS - LATER

The three skateboard down the strand, Jason and Chris with their surfboards and suits. Chris looks at Jason's shirt.

CHRIS

What's ZOG again?

JASON

Zionist somethin'.

DANNY

Zionist-Occupational-Government.

Ahead an OLD ASIAN 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 - TIGHT ON TEARY EYES

DAVINA VINYARD, in a UCLA T-SHIRT and panties, cries on the couch as she hugs a LONG HAIRED Derek. DORIS sobs as she lays under a pink blanket, burdened by the flu. Shirtless Derek grabs Doris' hand and leans over to kiss her.

DEREK

It's gonna be fine.

EXT. DUMPY APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Danny skates up to his residence and looks at a car across the street. Two plainclothes cops from the earlier meeting sit in their car and stare from afar. Danny goes through the gate.

INT. HOUSE- SAME

Danny walks in on the tearful family conclave. He stands there, wishing the day would just end.

DANNY

Oh man--! Come on! What are you crying about now?

THE PHONE RINGS and Derek rushes down the hall to get it.

DEREK

I got it.

Danny looks to his mother.

DANNY

Are you feeling better at all?

DORIS

I need a kiss.

Danny wipes away her tears, kisses her, and moves away quickly so he won't get sick.

INT. BEDROOM - DEREK ON THE PHONE

He listens to the man on the other line.

DEREK

Unhuh. Unhuh. Did you expel him?

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

There's a knock on the front door and Davina answers. She opens the door and tries to shut it immediately. SKINHEAD FAT SETH, from the game earlier, wears a GOOD GUYS STEREO UNIFORM. He pushes the door back open.

DAVINA

What do you want!?

SETH

Open up, bitch!

Davina relents and Seth enters.

DAVINA

(examining him)

Jesus! Are you sure you can fit through the door?

SETH

Fuck off.

(excited)

Where is he?

DAVINA

Back in his bedroom.

Seth pushes Danny to the side, passes Doris and yells.

SETH

(smiling)

Where are you, you free motherfucker?

Seth moves down the hall and bangs on Derek's door.

SETH

Vinyard!

DAVINA

He's on the phone, asshole!

SETH

Fuck off.

DEREK (O.S.)

I'll be out in a minute!

Without pushing it, Seth undoes his pants and moves into the bathroom. Danny walks down the hall.

INT. BATHROOM - THE CAN

Seth sits on the toilet. Danny pushes the door slightly and stares at Seth's GUN on the bathroom counter. Danny looks at him. After a few seconds--

SETH

What are you lookin' at?

DANNY

I'm still trying to figure it out.

SETH

Come in here and I'll show you,
maggot.

DANNY

Fuck off. When'd you start carryin'?

SETH

I'm dropping the kids off at the pool,
junior. Shut the fuckin' door!

Danny grabs his nose and turns to the door behind him.

DANNY

Jesus! Chew your food, dude!

INT. BEDROOM - DEREK

He continues into the phone receiver.

DEREK

All right. Thanks. I'll take care of
it. Yeah.

DANNY'S POV. He opens the door and sees Derek on the
phone with his back to him. Above Derek is Danny's
surfboard, hanging on ropes hooked to the ceiling.

Blue jeans, black boots and slicked back hair, Derek
holds his hand up and motions for Dan to be quiet. The
sleeves of tats covering his arms, shoulders and back
(D.O.C.) define the hatred that has engulfed his past.

DEREK

(into the receiver)
Okay. Okay. I'm what? What channel?

He covers the receiver, turns on a ten inch TV, and flips
to the correct channel.

DEREK

(without turning)
What is it, Danny?

DANNY

You got pigs outside.

DEREK

I know.

Derek leans over the computer to check it out.

INT./EXT. BEDROOM - DEREM'S POV

He looks through the blinds and stares at the UNMARKED CAR. Danny throws his backpack on the bed and exits.

TIGHT ON DEREK. He listens to the television.

TV ANCROR (O.S.)

Saturday's prison release of a former skinhead gang leader has many community leaders up in arms tonight.

INT. BATHROOM - TIGHT ON SETH

He points his Glock 9mm at the mirror.

SETH

Drop the t.v., nigger.

He laughs to himself and exits.

INT. HALLWAY - SETH CONTINUED

He bangs on Derek's door once more, pissed that Derek didn't open it earlier. He heads for the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUE TV ACTION

Danny, Davina, and Doris are glued to the news story on the same station. Doris, once beautiful, is now aged and graying. NYQUIL, PEPTO BISMOL, two PRESCRIPTION CONTAINERS, and a spoon rest on the coffee table.

TIGHT ON THE TELEVISION. A WELL-DRESSED BLACK WOMAN speaks angrily to the reporter covering the story. Random black protestors nod and comment in the background.

BLACK WOMAN

Maybe now whites will understand the motives behind people like Malcolm X and the Black Panthers. Just put the shoe on the other foot.

FLASH TO:

EXT. CHINO PRISON - THE VINYARDS ON NEWS FOOTAGE

Danny walks' towards Derek and they smile and hug. Davina

and Doris soon join in.

Davina

BLACK WOMAN (V/O)

Derek Vinyard deserved the death penalty for what he did to that young man! And now he walks the street as free as you and I.

DANNY

{to the tv}
What about OJ, bitch!?

INT. VINYARD HOUSE - TIGHT ON THE TV

The news segment winds down.

BLACK WOMAN

(fed up, to the camera)
They've done it to us again.

A hand reaches over to turn the channel. IT'S SETH.
Doris, in an awful state, lays back down.

TIGHT ON SETH. Tattoos cover his forearms. A BLOODY SNAKE is halfway tucked under his rolled-up sleeves.

SETH

Nigger lovin' Jew media calling the shots. Watch cartoons. It's the only t.v. that's safe nowadays.

DORIS

No one's safe--until we all are.

Seth looks at the woman like she's from another planet.
He laughs and goes into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - SETH'S POV

He looks through the fridge but finds nothing. He closes the door and looks at the family pictures on the door.

A FAMILY SHOT of Doris, Derek, Danny, Davina, and DENNIS VINYARD in front of church. Seth appreciates Dennis in a coat and tie. Below that, a picture of a dirty and rugged Dennis and a young Davina, wearing her father's FIRE HELMET. Danny with Doris.

SETH

Come in here, Dan.

INT. SMALL KITCHEN - SAME

He sits and comes upon Davina's revealing CROTCH. She studies and so does he. Danny walks in the kitchen and looks through the fridge. He pulls out a leftover piece of steak and gnaws on it. Seth looks over at Dan

SETH

Where the fuck you find that?

DANNY

Goin' to Cam'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

Listen to you. You callin' me a blimp, you fuckin' Democrat?!

DAVINA

Yes! I am!

Danny takes a bite and laughs at Seth.

DANNY

I'm there tonight.

SETH

Oh yeah? You ask Derek?

DANNY

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 looks up her shirt.

SETH

Where is the fucker, by the way!?
He's hiding from us.

Davina looks up from her homework and catches the pervert looking at her.

DAVINA

You're not even human.

Seth erupts with laughter.

DANNY

Is Cam playing sticks?

SETH

Of course, man.

Seth drums on the table as Danny shoves the last bite into his mouth.

SETH

Sit down. I wanna ask you some questions.

DANNY

I got homework, Seth.

SETH

Two fucking seconds, dude!

Danny sits and looks at Seth.

SETH

Tell me your convictions.

DANNY

Fuck off.

SETH

Tell me some of the shit you've learned luckbrain or I'll pistol-whip you.

DANNY

About Adolf?

SETH

About anything. What do you believe in?

Danny thinks to himself and smiles.

DANNY

I believe in filth and destruction and chaos and death and greed.

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, asshole.

DANNY

You mean that stuff about your mother?

Davina CACKLES in the background.

SETH

You wanna get beaten?

DANNY

No.

SETH

Then tell me about Adolf and Mein.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAVINA

She puts down her homework and looks over at Seth.

DAVINA

Hey Seth? Cut the shit.

SETH

I'm not fuckin' talkin' to you,
Davina, shut up! Do you believe in
Adolf?

DANNY

Yeah, man. I believe in Adolf.

Seth smiles at the youth and speaks intimately.

SETH

What do you hate, Danny?

DANNY

I hate everyone that isn't white
Protestant.

SETH

Why? And say it with some fucking
conviction!

DANNY

Because they're a burden to the
advancement of the white race. Some
of them are all right--

SETH

None of them are all right, Danny.
They're all a bunch of fucking
freeloaders.

(after a beat)

Remember Canuneron. "We don't know
them, we don't want to know them,
they're the fucking enemy." What
don't you like about them?

DANNY

I don't know. 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 rapt on her little brother.

DANNY

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

SETH

Good.

DANNY

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

SETH

Good!

DANNY

I hate Hilary Clinton and all of her
Zionist MTV pigs telling us we should
get along. Save the rhetorical
bullshit honey, it ain't gonna happen.

Seth 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 that mouth.

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

DAVINA

I feel sorry for you, Danny.

SETH

Shut up, Davina.

DAVINA

You shut up, you poison to fuckin'
society! Get out of our house!

SETH

(laughing)

Is this any way to treat a guest?

DAVINA

Derek hates you, Seth.

DEREK (O.S.)

How do you know who I hate, Davina?

TIGHT ON DEREM VINYARD - SILENCE.

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

DAVINA (O.S)

What do you mean?

Seth stands and smiles.

SETH

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

Seth moves to hug his old friend but Derek offers a
reluctant hand instead.

DEREK

Gimme just one second, okay?

Seth nods as Derek stares at Danny.

DEREK

Did you do a book report on Mein Kampf?

DANNY

What's it to you?

DEREK

(ready to kill)

What's it to me?

DANNY

(seeing this)

I mean...how'd you find out?

DEREK

None of your fucking business how I found out.

SETH

I thought it was a great idea.

DEREK

That figures. You're more stupid than he is.

SETH

It's nice to see you too, man.

DEREK

Why'd you do it, Dan? Because of Seth.

DANNY

No.

DEREK

Cammeron?

DANNY

I did it cause I felt like it.

DEREK

Oh, you do everything you feel like? I feel like smacking you in the fucking head. Would you mind if I did a report on that?

DANNY

Uhhh...yeah.

DEREK

Get a clue, you dumbshit. Hey! Look at me! Don't be a dickhead. Sweeney cares about you.

SETH

(smiling)

Sweeney does? Since when?

DANNY

Was that him on the phone?

DEREK

Yep. So wise up. You hear me?

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.

Derek stares at Seth, ready to beat the fuck out of him. Suddenly, Doris starts in with a COUGHING ATTACK. Derek quickly fills a glass of water and goes in there.

INT. LIVING ROOM - THE PINK BLANKET

She coughs incessantly. Derek sits down beside her, hands her the water, and caresses her head. The others stare at her in the background.

DORIS

Just put me out of my mercy.

DEREK

You'll be okay. You want me to pick you up any more medicine?

Together they look at all the bottles and laugh. Derek checks out the couch.

DEREK

Jesus. I can't believe I ever let it get this bad.

DORIS

It's not that uncomfortable.

DANNY

Are you gonna to live or what, Mom?

DORIS

I need a cigarette.

DEREK

My ass. You smoke two 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.

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

DORIS

I'm high as a kite.

DANNY

You got any more?

DORIS

Daniel? I know you got homework.

DANNY

I'm goin' in a second. Relax.

SETH

(interjecting to Derek)
Hey. I'm gonna re-wipe and we're out
of here.

Seth laughs as he walks down the hall.

DAVINA

You're a pig.

DORIS

I don't like him in this house.

DEREK

I knew.

DAVINA

He ' s a fuckin ' loser, Nazi scumbag.

DANNY

No he's not.

DEREK

Yes he is. Open your eyes.

Danny looks at Derek and smiles.

DANNY

Whatever, dude. I'm gonna go power
that shit and I'll see you later.

He pats his brother on the shoulder and walks off.

DEREK

Not at Cammeron's you won't see me.

DANNY

(turning back)
Come on, Der! It's gonna be fuckin'--

DEREK

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

Danny walks off, frustrated. He crosses Seth's path,
gets shoved into the wall, and reacts like it's an
everyday occurrence. Seth moves out the side window and
climbs out.

SETH

Hurry up. I'm starving.

DAVINA

What else is new?

Derek nods, looks at his mother and kisses her on the
forehead.

DEREK

I'll see ya.

DORIS

Okay. Be careful.

DEREK

I will.

Derek follows Seth out the SIDE WINDOW and goes down the
alley.

INT. APARTMENT - TIGHT ON DORIS

She thinks to herself and closes her eyes.

EXT. SIDE STREET - SETH'S TRUCK

Derek looks at the oblivious cops and drops into the passenger's seat. Seth starts the engine and drives away. As the truck disappears, we pick up on a WHITE SOUPED UP JEEP CHEROKEE turning the corner. Tinted windows, it cruises past the apartment complex.

INT. DANNY'S BEDROOM - A DESK

CUT TO:

Danny's attention is everywhere except on his homework.

DANNY

This sucks.

He walks back out of his bedroom.

INT. HALLWAY/LIVING ROOM - 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!

The scholar sets her homework aside and impatiently follows him down the hall.

INT. BEDROOM - TWO SINGLE BEDS

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

DAVINA

I got shit to do, Dan.

DANNY

Just read it.

She sighs and begins to read it out loud.

DAVINA

"American History X? Take home paper as assigned by Principal Robert Sweeney?"

(to Danny)

Why is he giving you homework? What happened to Murray?

DANNY

Asshole turned me in.

DAVINA

Why?

DANNY

Just read.

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

The night Derek wasted those guys.

Davina takes a moment.

DAVINA

Sweeney gave you this?

DANNY

Yep.

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, blab blab blah--this'll be good for you..

DANNY

Nooo...it'll be good for you.

She stares at him for a good three seconds.

DAVINA

Eat me, Dan.

DANNY

Come on! Dick Nixon's playin' at Cammeron's tonight. You owe me.

DAVINA

I'm not doing your homework for you!
I gotta spreadsheet due!

DANNY

Goddammit!

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

DAVINA

What's the matter with you? You wanna
be a fuckin' loser your whole life?

Not receiving a response, she walks out the door.

DANNY

Asshole Sweeney.

He slowly begins to strike the computer keys. The screen
reads "People look at me and they see my brother. That's
the way things have gone since the murder of our father,"

TIGHT ON DANNY. The frustated kid sits and thinks to himself.
himself.

QUICK CUT TO:

EXT. ESTABLISHING SHOT - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

THE BROAD EXPANSE OF AN EMPTY, DIMLY LIT PARKING LOT. In
the distant corner we see a few parked cars and a group
of skins gathering.

DANNY (V/O)

It was lunacy after he left us. All
the time. Derek believed in
Cammeron...he was angry...that
combination gave them bodies. White

punks...sick of gettin' their asses
kicked by black and mexican gangs at
school.

TIGHT ON DANNY LEANING AGAINST AN ADJACENT CAR.

Seven skins, including Seth and Curtis, smoke and wait.

DANNY'S POV. Danny looks to his left and sees Derek with
Cameron, who sits in the driver's seat of the BRONCO.
Stacey leans in from the backseat.

STACEY

I hope you kill that fucker.

Derek looks back at her and straight to Cameron.

CAMMERON

He might have a gun.

DEREK

Are you going in or not?

CAMMERON

You know I got the cops on me. If I
come up on one of those cameras I'm a
dead man.

Derek stares at the older man, who appears nervous.

CAMMERON

Somebody needs to drive, Derek.

DEREK

(referring to his mouth)
All right. You can turn it off now.
(back to Stacey)
You're right on his tail, right?

STACEY

(nodding)
I hate that fucking Korean. I hope
you smash his face in.

DEREK

Just be ready, okay?

She nods and Derek gets out. The group is silent.

DEREK

Come on. Let's pull it together.
Hey! We're not playing fuckin' games

here. Let's go.

The group snaps to attention behind him as Seth toys with the camera. CURTIS from earlier takes a hit off a joint and makes Derek wait for him. Derek walks over to the crazy man, takes the joint, and throws it onto the ground.

DEREK

What the fuck, Curtis? You a fuckin' nigger now? Want some crack?

CURTIS

No.

DEREK

(grabbing his neck)
Pull your fucking stupid head out of your ass then.

CURTIS

Okay. Jesus.

DEREK

(to the group)
We're here tonight cause we got immigration problems spiralling out of control. We got Asians up the ass... taking over our land with their fucking Yen. Mexicans...flocking into this place like some giant fucking Pinata was shattered.

The group busts up. Cammeron watches Derek and smiles.

DEREK

Don't laugh. It's tragic. On the Statue of Liberty it says "Give me your tired, your hungry, your poor, your huddled masses...yearning to be free." It does not say give me your shiftless, your greedy, your indolent, your criminals, looking for a free ticket.

The group agrees.

DEREK

We're here tonight to show the government how we feel about minorities taking over our country. The treat us like criminals while they

reward them with jobs and fucking welfare checks. And it's only getting worse.

ET AL

(nodding)
Fuck yeah it is.

DEREK

Are you ready to do something about it?

ET AL

Yeah.

DEREK

Okay then.

AND THEY'RE MOVING. In formation. Fast. Directly at us. Angry.

As the camera swings into line, TRACKING WITH THEM, Derek reaches into his back pocket and pulls out a STOCKING MASK. He pulls it down over his face.

The foot soldiers follow him in unison.

DEREK

(back to his troops)
Remember. No names. Danny? Stay right on my fucking ass, man.

And now they're getting ahead of us. As the CAMERA SWINGS behind them, we see their destination.

EXT. LIGHTED GROCERY STORE - SAME

They storm the front entrance. The few people who are in there scream and scramble for cover. Derek grabs a Mexican boxboy and throws him to the ground. Seth catches up to another and gets him on the ground.

SETH

Wheto's your fucking green card, asshole?

Seth kicks the young man in the face with a blatant shot and continues. DEREK leaves a terrified white woman alone like she's not even there and pushes over an adjacent shelf, knocking over another worker with CANS OF BEANS.

DEREK

(referring to the border)
Can't hide from me, motherfucker!

He kicks the man and looks around the market for more. Danny watches in awe. Curtis breaks a giant jelly jar over a head. Another skin throws a BLACK CHECKER into a shelf of POTATO CHIPS.

DEREK'S POV. He looks up at one of the aisle mirrors.

INT. BACK STOCK AREA - THE 55-YEAR-OLD KOREAN OWNER

He rushes out with a pistol. He takes aim on Curtis and--
FROM OUT OF NOWHERE, DEREK TAKES A MOP TO THE OWNER'S HEAD AND PROCEEDS TO KICK HIM. Danny looks at Derek like he's Superman.

Derek looks to his watch and straightens up.

DEREK

Let's go! We're outta here! Move !

From just inside the door we see skins get in their last blows and pour out the aisles and pass us through the doors. TIRES SCREECH. THE CAMERA HOLDS ON THE WRECKAGE
OF THE MARKET AND THE MOTIONLESS BODIES ON THE FLOOR;

INT. BRONCO - TIGHT ON DANNY

He takes off his stocking mask and stares at his stone-faced brother.

DANNY (V/O)

And before Derek could even blink...he had a crazed army behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - PRESENT - THE COMPUTER

Danny sparks up a cigarette and types on the screen.

DANNY (V/O)

Willing to follow his 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 Vinyards 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)

And then came October 4th, 1993.

INT. BEACH HOUSE - THE DINING ROOM

Doris looks wonderful while Murray, mustache and beard, shakes his head at Derek as he chatters away.

DANNY (V/O)

Things were fine on the homefront. My Mom had a good job but a below average boyfriend. We had a four-bedroom house that Dad left us with. Everyone was happy.

TIGHT ON DEREK. Shaved head, rolled-up sleeves, tattoos, loosened tie, LA COPY CENTER name tag from earlier. His charisma draws their attention as he rambles over the crackling rainfall.

DANNY (V/O)

Everyone but Derek.

DEREK

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

MURRAY

No. You guys make bombs.

Derek stares at the man, eyes filled with homicide.

DEREK

You're so fucking lame. A couple of cranks in cabins in Montana is not statistically significant.

(then)

White Americans don't take PCP and drink and drive a hundred and twenty fuckin' miles an hour! We pull over and trust the law.

MURRAY

You're 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' skull with his boot. Still, the dumbfuck's tryin' to get up and kick their asses! That's how stupid that motherfucker is. Those cops 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. Yes it does. They're cops! They are taught to use that stick and they did.

MURRAY

Excessively.

DEREK

No. Appropriately. Appropriately! Cops have been granted a certain amount of authority by society and white people, unfortunately, are the only ones who acknowledge it. 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, so take a fucking course in
semantics. 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' low rent,
disorganized, redneck Ku Klux Klan..
Pull your head outta your ass and look
at who you're dealing with.

MURRAY

Don't speak to her that way, Derek.

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

(to Derek)

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

DEREK

Give thanks to the food on the table
and then believe it, Doris.

DORIS

We both put food on this table, fella.

DEREK

True enough. The point is...if Dan
was walking across the street that
night and Rodney King plowed into him--

DORIS

Can we forget about Rodney King for
chrissake?!

DEREK

(fiercely continuing)
--while hopped up on Chivas 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 "Hands Across America" for the son of a bitch.

Derek takes a bite of food.

DEREK

We are still so hung up in this notion that we have an obligation to help the struggling black man and all you contribute to it! Lincoln freed the slaves a hundred and thirty years ago! Get off your fucking asses!

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 his 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 tumble to the floor.

DEREK

You don't know when to shut up.

DORIS

Dammit Derek!

MURRAY

What are you trying to prove, man?!

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! Tell me you're gonna shut up and I'll let go.

DORIS

Derek! Let go of her hair and sit down!

DEREK

I will when I hear an answer, Doris. Are you going to shut up, Davina?

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?!

Danny nods his head as everyone looks at Derek.

DEREK

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. Me 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 your's and let my girlfriend tell her opinion? Are you?!

DORIS grabs him from behind and he aggressively turns on her. Derek curls 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 get out.

Derek releases his grip on his sister and she spits the roast beef onto the floor. She runs into 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? Thanks Murray.

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 goddammit! You talk to me with respect or--!

DEREK

Or what, Murray!? What're you gonna do? Give her fucking detention?

DORIS

Both of you get out right now.

Murray stares at Derek with pity. Doris becomes emotional.

DORIS

(to Derek)

Do you think you're the only one who's affected 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 comment 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 steel-tips to your fucking Jewish 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.

DEREK

Weasel like that again Murray...you fuckin' ponytail, pussy, bagel eating,

teacher, faggot...and I'll cut your shylock nose off. Make no mistake.

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

STACEY

Murray Rosenberg...International Jew.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Murray goes to his car and Doris follows. Danny watches from the door.

DORIS

He's a stupid kid, Murray! I'm sorry!

MURRAY

He's not a kid, Doris. We were kids. We didn't call people kikes.

DORIS

It's just gonna take some time with him. What can I do?

MURRAY

You don't know your children, Doris! You have no clue about the world they live in. Your son is a terrorist.

DORIS

He's not a terrorist, Murray. Jesus!

MURRAY

He's a member of the Disciples of Christ. You remember that grocery store incident?!

DORIS

Murray?

MURRAY

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

And I wouldn't want to. Goodbye.

Murray gets inside and goes down the street.

INT. HOUSE - SAME

DANNY'S POV -- He watches Doris stand alone, her face in her hands, crying.

BEHIND Dan a humiliated Davina storms towards Derek, now wielding a BASEBALL BAT.

DANNY

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.

DAVINA

Fuck you! Let go!

DEREK

(whispering in her ear)
I'm sorry, Davina. Come on.

DAVINA

Let go of me!

DEREK

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

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?

DAVINA

(wiping her tears)
I don't believe you anymore.

DEREK

I swear to God I would, Davina.
Please.

DANNY

I believe you, Der.

Derek smiles at his little brother, lovingly.

DEREK

Davina? Please forgive me. Please.
I'm sorry.

DAVINA

(nodding, after a beat)
That fuckin' sucked, Derek.

DEREK

I know it did. And I'm sorry.
I just really hate that guy.

DAVINA

You couldn't tell.

A RAINSOAKED DORIS walks through the front door.

DORIS

Find an apartment because I want you
out of here.

DEREK

Morn, I'm sorry but that guy's--

DORIS

I don't wanna hear it anymore! I want
you out!

STACEY

He can move in with me.

DORIS

When?

STACEY

Tomorrow.

DORIS

Good.

She walks past Derek and into the back bedroom.

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 blinds down. From the other room, he hears Doris break into another coughing fit.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DANNY

He sits beside her and hands her a glass of water.

DANNY

Here.

DORIS

Thank you, honey.

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

DORIS

Hey. Come here. Sit with me.

DANNY

I've got this thing to do.

DORIS

You can sit down for two seconds.

He looks at her and sits beside her.

DANNY

Don't breathe on me.

DORIS

I won't.

They share a smile.

DANNY

It's cold in here, no wonder your sick.

She stares and smiles at him for a few moments.

DANNY

What?

DORIS

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

He smothers her face with his hand, jokingly.

DANNY

No. You're not.

DORIS

(laughing)

Daniel Patrick! Stop it! Are you ever gonna let that beautiful hair grow back?

DANNY

Nope. Never.

DORIS

I bet you will.

He smiles and locks eyes with his mother for several moments. He finally rises and walks back to his room.

DANNY

Get some sleep.

DORIS

If you need me to proof anything for you I will.

DANNY

I'll be all right.

DORIS

Wake up early if you get tired.

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

INT. BEDROOM CLOSET - DANNY

He grabs a flannel and throws it on. He sees a cigar box that rests on the right shelf. He grabs it and looks inside. The rolled-up LA TIMES clipping reads "Prominent Skinhead Charged with Murder." The accompanying picture of Derek is near evil.

TIGHT ON HIS EYES. Danny stares at the clipping. ON THE TRACK--GUNSHOTS.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM WINDOW - THE EYES - FLASHBACK

He watches Derek 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 (O.S.)

Get on the floor, Danny! Jesus!

Danny looks down 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

You fucked with the wrong bull.

LAWRENCE

Goddamn, man!

Danny watches his brother from the front porch.

DANNY

Let the cops handle it, Der!

DEREK

Fuck that. The cops will let him walk.

Derek grabs Lawrence and drags him to the CURB.

DEREK

Ever shoot at firemen, you fuck?
(then)

Open your mouth and put it on the corner of the curb. I'm gonna teach you a little lesson.

DANNY

Derek!?

DEREK

Get in the fucking house, Dan!

Danny doesn't move.

LAWRENCE

Come on, man. Call an ambulance.

DEREK

My dad gave me that truck,
motherfucker. Couldn't leave well
enough alone. Put your mouth on the
corner of the fucking curb!

Derek cocks his piece and Lawrence complies--his teeth
now scraping concrete. SIRENS sound from afar. Danny
walks out into the middle of the street to check it out.

DANNY

The cops are comin' Der'

Lawrence mumbles something unintelligible from his
outstretched mouth.

DEREK

What the fuck did you say? You just
threaten me? Hunh? Hunh? Hunh?

DANNY

(anticipating)

No!

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

DANNY

(crying)

Holy fucking shit! Derek! What the
hell was that for?! Jesus!

The two lock eyes. Derek does not flinch. Helicopter
lights shine on the house. COP CARS SCREECH TO A HALT.

DANNY'S POV. Two cops take cover behind their door, draw
their guns, and shout instructions. Derek puts the gun
down, puts his arms behind his head, and drops to his
knees. His eyes are remorseless.

DANNY (V/O)

Joseph Conrad once wrote that "murder
is always with us. It's almost an
institution." That couldn't rang more

true than with me.

CUT TO:

EXT. WET STREET - THE CRIME SCENE - LATER

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 two uniformed cops and RASMUSSEN.

DANNY (V/O)

Bobby Lawrence died of massive head trauma early that morning.

Derek marches past the bodies -- which are being tended to thoroughly.

DANNY (V/O)

Six months after that...Derek was convicted and sentenced to seven years for voluntary manslaughter...to be served at the California State Penitentiary in Chino.

Rasmussen forces Derek's head down and he gets in the car. He stares at his brother and sister as police lights flash on him. Then to Stacey. Finally, to a lifeless Doris. They lock eyes as the patrol car takes off down the street.

DANNY (V/O)

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

CUT TO:

OMIT

INT. BEDROOM - DANNY'S EYES

They clearly focus on the computer. HIGHLIGHTED is the sentence "There might have been if I testified." Only when he hits the DELETE KEY does it disappear. He continues typing.

DANNY (V/O)

(continuing)

Over the next year we'd lose our house and the rest of our father's pension to attorney fees. My mother...much to

all of our surprise...stood by Derek.

Danny's interrupted by a LOUD KNOCK on the front door.

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

Drop your dick and grab your stick.

DANNY

I told you I can't tonight.

DORIS (O.S.)

(from the couch)

Danny?

DANNY

It's okay, Mom.

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

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

CHRIS

Just tell 'em you'll do it tomorrow.
You can't miss the party.

JASON

Fire pie Lizzy called and told us to
grab your ass.

DANNY

She did?

CHRIS

(nodding)

You gotta hit that shit. It's the
only fun thing that's legal anymore.

The PHONE RINGS and Danny grabs it.

DANNY

Hello?

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.

INTERCUT THE CONVERSATION

DANNY

(worried)

What's going on?

SWEENEY

Nothing here. Is everything all right over there?

DANNY

Everything's fine.

SWEENEY

How's it comin'?

DANNY

I'm doing it right now.

CMRIS

Who is it, dude?

DANNY

(covering the receiver)

It's Sweeney.

CHRIS

Who?! Why is he calling here!? Fuck you, Sweeney! Asshole!

JASON

(grabbing the receiver)

Get a fucking job, you reggie!

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.

SWEENEY

Just make sure it's on my desk tomorrow, Danny.

DANNY

It'll be there, alright!?

SWEENEY

It better be.

Sweeney hangs up abruptly. Danny slams the phone on the hook, gives it TME FINGER, and looks at his friends.

DANNY

Let's go.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMMERON'S HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT

A TRUCK sits across the street.

INT. TRUCK - DEREK AND SETH

They sit in the car as a band JAMS from Cam's house. Shiftless Seth throws on a black CRO-MAG t-shirt and tosses his work shirt in the back. He wolfs down a burger as Derek rolls his foot on a basketball on the floor.

SETH

You're an idiot if you ask me.

DEREK

I'm not asking you.

SETH

What if he writes something stupid and that nigger turns you in? Jesus. He didn't testify, Der. They can use that shit and re-try you.

Derek takes a long stare at Seth, who devourshis burger.

DEREK

Sweeney's not gonna do anything, Seth.
He helped get me released.

Seth is a pathetic vision to Derek. Derek stares at him for several moments.

DEREK

I'm out, Seth.

Seth wipes his mouth and casually meets eyes with Derek.

DEREK

I'm only going to tell you this once
so pay attention. I'm done, Seth. I
don't want you to come near me...near
Dan...I want you to leave my family
alone.

Seth stares and laughs at Derek.

SETH

You're serious.

DEREK

I'm dead fucking serious. No more
phone calls, no more visits, no more
nothing.

Seth doesn't know what to say.

DEREK

We don't exist as far as you're
concerned, Seth.

SETH

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

DEREK

Believe it, Seth. Believe it. I
spent over three years away from my
family. My family, Seth. For what?

SETH

For your country, fuckhole, that's
what. I'd do a hundred years before I
felt like that.

Seth gets out, slams the door, and walks to the party.

SETH

You're a motherfucking traitor!

Derek stares out the window and sighs.

EXT. STREET - DEREK'S POV

He watches the house. Suddenly, Danny, Chris and Jason skate up to the residence and follow Seth inside.

DEREK

What the--? Shit.

INT. CAMMERON'S HOUSE - THE FRONT DOOR

CUT TO:

DICK NIXON plays a punk version of WHITE CHRISTMAS as skins slam dance.

EXT. CAMMERON'S BACK PATIO - A SKINHEAD

His face is tattooed with crow's feet and prison ink. CASSANDRA, a frail, older, English woman with green hair and multiple piercings, approaches JASON at the keg.

CASSANDRA

You're full of shit!

JASON

If he ain't here, he's comin'.

INT. HOUSE - MORE SLAMMING

Chris, Danny and Jason pound beer and huck DARTS at a picture of O.J. SIMPSON. Seth violently slams past the kids. Derek walks in.

CHRIS

Yo! What's up, Fat Seth!?

Seth throws Chris against the wall.

SETH

I'm not fat, cockwart! I'm husky!

CMRIS

Okay! I'm sorry, bro!

DANNY

Take it easy, dude!

Seth then grabs Danny hard by the shirt. Chris and Jason stare at him like he's gonna hurt him.

DANNY

What're you doin'?!

DEREK

Your brother's a piece of shit!

Seth sees Derek enter and he releases Danny. Seth mixes into the party and SLAM DANCES into ten other skins. Danny follows Seth towards the keg.

DEREK'S POV. He analyzes the crowd. Quickly, Chris recognizes him.

CHRIS

Holy shit. Father Vinyard!?

JASON

Son of a bitch.

Derek looks at the two kids.

JASON

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

They stick out their hands but Derek prefers to check the scene.

CHRIS

You're a fuckin' god, man!

JASON

No shit!

DEREK

Do me a favor. Grab Danny and get outta here!

The two boys look at each other and LAUGH.

CHRIS

We just got here, man!

DEREK

You what!?

Chris looks at Derek like he's dead.

DEREK

You don't have any homework?!

JASON

School doesn't exist anymore, Father.

Derek stares at him, not really knowing what to do.

CHRIS

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

Derek ignores them and weaves his way through the crowd, causing many an individual to double-take. Chris and Jason look on in wonderment.

EXT. LARGE, OPEN SHED AREA - A CROWD

TIGHT ON CAMMERON ALEXANDER. The older, white trash skin furiously bangs his sticks on the drums to the song. Cam's hair is still long but now he's got a swastika between his eyebrows like CHARLES MANSON. He wears TROY AIKMAN'S DALLAS JERSEY and a BLACK COWBOY HAT.

DEREK'S POV. He pans right to check out the crowd. A man pisses out the window. Then to a distinct woman.

IT'S STACEY. Her head is now completely SHAVED but she's still gorgeous as ever. Derek indulges her for a few moments until he turns and walks away. He bumps into a girl and knocks her drink.

CASSANDRA

Excuse fuckin' me!

DEREK

Sorry.

She smiles at Derek as the SONG comes to a close.

CASSANDRA

Derek?

DEREK

Cassandra.

CASSANDRA

Oh my God! They said you might be here but I didn't fucking believe 'em!

CURTIS, the M-16 on the side of his head perfectly intact, walks by Derek. He walks past Derek with his young son on his shoulders.

CURTIS

I hope what I heard ain't true, man.
You better hightail it the fuck outta
here if it is.

After a moment, Derek looks away and Curtis heads off.

CASSANDRA

You gotta chop that mop, Der!

Cassandra lights a brown menthol cigarette.

CASSANDRA

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

Derek shakes his head.

DEREK

The only person I've seen is Seth.

CASSANDRA

Oh God. I'm sorry.

DEREK'S POV. He sees Cameron puts his arm around her and kiss her. Cameron sticks his hand down the back of her pants, smiles, pulls it out, and licks his finger.

Derek watches as Danny delivers a beer to Cammeron. Ca puts his arm around Dan and they go into the bedroom. Stacey looks at Derek and follows them.

LIZZY (O. S.)

Are you going in there?

Derek looks down to see Lizzy and Kammi.

LIZZY

Can you tell Danny that Lizzy's
looking for him?

Derek can only stare at the girl's youth.

INT. LARGE BEDROOM/OFFICE - A SHRINE TO HITLER

DEREM'S PoV. He stands in the doorwell and listens.

White Power paraphernalia cover the walls. Articles, posters, everything. The room has a bed, a couch, a glass coffee table and a desk with a computer on it. Organized stacks of papers, pamphlets and magazines are strewn throughout the floor. Cameron sips a beer and talks with Dan. Stacey listens in the background.

CAMMERON

He won't do anything'drastic I hope.

DANNY

I gotta do that paper though.

CAMMERON

I thought you already turned that fucker in?

DANNY

My teacher cried to Sweeney, man. have to do another one.

Cammeron laughs.

CAMMERON

Oh man. Fucking Sweeney.

STACEY

(chiming in)

Meanwhile, niggers and spics do their reports on Malcolm X and fucking Fidel Castro.

Cameron laughs again but then becomes quickly serious.

CAMMERON

Sweeney's got an agenda, Danny. And it's all a load of crap. You hear me? He's all about brainwashing. Don't get fucking fooled by it.

DEREK (O.S.)

What the hell are you doing here, Dan?

They all look over.

CAMMERON

(smiling)

Hey. I was wondering when he was going to show his face.

Derek doesn't lift his eyes from Danny.

DEREK

What did I tell you, Dan?

DANNY

I had to check it out, Der. Come on.

CAMMERON

He'll be all right, Derek.

Derek shoots Cameron a look and tries another way.

DEREK

There's a redhead out there looking
for you. Go talk to her.

Danny gets up and walks out. Cam looks to Stacey.

CAMMERON

You go with.

Derek seizes his brother with the eyes as he exits. Then
Stacey.

STACEY

Welcome back.

He just closes the door on her. Cammeron looks for his
cigarettes.

CAMMERON

You made it, man. When I heard they
threw you in General Population I
thought it was curtains.

DEREK

It wasn't too bad.

CAMMERON

So what's all this self-righteous,
born-again shit I'm hearing then?

Derek doesn't blink. Cameron smiles and points to a
chair.

CAMMERON

Have a seat, Derek. Relax.

TIGHT ON CAMMERON. He sparks up a cigi to break Derek's
uncomfortable stare.

CAMMERON

How was it in there with all those

fuckin' monkeys, man? You're lucky
they didn't kill you.

DEREK

I agree.

CAMMERON

Who runs the place? The monkeys or
the wetbacks?

DEREK

The Mexicans.

CAMMERON

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

DEREK

They were really organized. I'll tell
ya...it was impressive. They--

INT. HOUSE BATHROOM - DANNY AND LIZZY

CUT TO:

The two make out. She sits on the sink and wraps her
legs around him. They stop and smile at each other.

LIZZY

I like you.

DANNY

I like you, too.

CUT TO:

INT. CAMMERON BEDROOM - SAME

Derek and Cam converse over the coffee table.

CAMMERON

They're fuckin' peasants, Derek. All
of them.

(then)

So what's up, man? I'm hearing a lot
of shit about you.

DEREK

Be careful with me, Cam. You don't
know what's going on with me.

CAMMERON

Fuckin' talk to me then. We're family

here. Let's work it out whatever it is.

DEREK

I'm family, Cam? Is that why you came to see me all the time up there?

Cameron smiles but doesn't know what to say.

CAMMERON

I had to distance myself from you after that.

DEREK

Fuck you, Cameron. You're a fucking chicken hawk...praying on kids.

CAMMERON

I don't pray on fucking anyone.

DEREK

No. You fucking use them. To filter your insanity.

Cameron smiles in disbelief.

CAMMERON

You and Danny are like brothers to me, Derek. Come on, man.

DEREK

He's not your brother, Cameron. All right? He's my brother.

(after a beat)

You hear me, Cam?

CAMMERON

(exploding)

Fuck you, Derek! Fuck you! Don't think you can threaten me with this shit for a fuckin' second! I'm more important to him now than you ever were.

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 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 punch to the kidney.

DEREK

You gonna listen?!

CAMMERON

I'm gonna fuckin' kill you.

Derek bangs Cam's face against the mirror ONCE MORE.

DEREK

Shut the fuck up! You're gonna stay away! That's what you're gonna do!

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

DEREK

It's over.

Derek stares at him in silence. CAMMERON RETALIATES. 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 his third and Derek gets the upper hand.

BACK TO THE MIRROR. Derek prepares to crash Cam's face into the shards of glass one last time. The final blow. As Cam screams, Derek launches him forward then pulls back at the very last moment. Derek, noticing Cam's condition, throws him into the tub.

Derek throws him a towel, grabs one 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. The singer inquires about his DRUMMER. Derek pushes his way through and spills a few beers on the way. Cassandra smokes a cigarette with a few random skins as Derek passes by.

RANDOM SKIN

Hey Derek!?

DEREK

What?!

CASSANDRA

(exhaling)

Jesus, Der. What happened?

CURTIS

(psychotically)

Where's Cammeron, man?!

DEREK

I haven't seen him.

Cassandra looks at him curiously and then focuses her attention to the bedroom.

STACEY (O/S)

Hey!

Derek turns around and faces her.

DEREK

(pointing his finger)

Stay away from me.

STACEY

Don't point your fucking finger at me.

DEREK

I'm serious, Stacey! Stay away!

She grabs and pulls on his shirt.

STACEY

What are you gonna do?! Hunh?! Hit me?! Kick me as I roll on the fuckin' ground screaming?!

(then)

That bullshit with Cammeron is nothing, Derek!

DEREK

I don't care.

Stacey looks deep into his eyes and can feel it.

STACEY

Goddamn you, Derek! Those two niggers deserved what they got. They deserved to die! And just like Cameron and Seth and a million others out there...I'll believe that 'til the day I fucking die. I will. Nothing will

ever change that either.

Derek breaks from her grasp and walks away.

EXT. PATIO - DEREM'E 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. Seth sucks the tap while skins count in the background. Derek walks out and watches Dan pump the keg.

ET AL

Forty-five! Forty-six! Forty-seven...!

Seth removes his mouth from 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

Let him go, Seth.

Seth sees blood on Derek's face and shirt and takes a moment to identify the source. He draws his 9mm Baretta and points it at Derek's head from four feet away.

SETH

Where's Cameron?

Derek stares directly into the BARREL.

DANNY

(frightened)
Seth, man!? Come on!

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

SETH

I'd be doing America a great fucking favor, let me tell you.

STACEY

Do it, Seth.

Seth glances at her and Derek quickly GRABS the pistol. A shot goes off and people hit the deck. Derek wrestles the pistol away and punches Seth in the STOMACH. Falling to the ground in pain, Derek cracks him in the face once more and it's over.

INT. CAM'S BATHROOM - CASSANDRA AND CURTIS

They walk in and look at Cammeron, bleeding in the tub. Curtis pulls the METAL TOWEL HOLDER off the wall and storms after Derek. Cassandra laughs.

CASSANDRA

You got fuckin' guests out there, Cam.

EXT. PATIO - SAME

Derek tosses the gun over the fence and looks to Danny.

DEREK

Come with me right now.

He looks at his brother. He then sees Curtis and three other skins come through the house. Derek stares at Dan and hauls ass down the back alley.

DANNY'S POV. Curtis arrives and tends to Seth rather than go after Derek. Confused and mildly embarrassed, Danny bolts back into the house to get his board.

CUT TO:

EXT. VENICE BLVD. - SLEEPING HOMELESS

Danny passes them on his board as he conquers the cracks in the street at an incredible rate. He turns the tight corner and cuts off a turning car. The man yells.

Danny spots his brother walking twenty yards up on the left-hand side of the street and crosses. Approaching quickly, he skates faster and faster as Derek nears a BUS STOP BENCH. Hearing the board, Derek turns to face the clickity clack behind him.

DANNY LUNGES FROM HIS BOARD AND TACKLES DEREK. The two crash into the street as a car henks from the inside lane, barely missing the duo. Danny punches his brozher in the face.

DANNY

Fucking asshole!

Derek gets on top of his brother, spots a speeding car heading right for him, and pulls his brother to the sidewalk. Just in time.

DEREK

What the luck are you thinking!?

DANNY

What are you thinking!? Friends don't fight friends, Der! They stick together!

DEREK

They're not friends, Dan!

DANNY

What the hell are they then?!

Derek picks his brother up and sits him on a **BUS STOP BENCH.**

DEREK

Just sit there and relax for a second.

DANNY

I don't wanna relax! You looked like an idiot back there!

Derek stares and sits next to him. Cars and homeless randomly pass in the b.g. Danny looks at his brother, transfixed in thought.

DANNY

What's happened to you, Derek?

TIGHT ON DEREK. He looks into his brother's eyes.

DISSOLVE TO BLACKNESS:

INT./EXT. CHINO PRISON - ESTABLISHING SHOTS

FILING OUT OF THE CELL.

The morning drill. His roommate, an old Latino guy, right behind. Derek's eyes cast among the inmates, noting everyone and looking for a friendly face. He notes a familiar tattoo, catches the guy's eye and nods.

WALKING THROUGH THE CAFETERIA.

Derek with his tray. A sea of tables divided by race. He spots a tiny island of white guys at a distant table. He

looks at STEVIE THE LEADER, but gets a nod from the HUGE ARYAN next to him. Derek moves to sit with them.

A WIDE SHOT OF THE YARD.

From a distance, he approaches the Aryan corner. They casually greet each other. Derek then looks over to the HUGE ARYAN from the cafeteria and to STEVIE MCCORMICK, the crazy looking leader. Derek walks over and shakes their hands.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON LAUNDRY ROOM - MORNING

Derek quietly folds towels with a young, chattering black man.

YOUNG MAN

You got lucky, man. I was in the kitchen for a year before making it in here. Pots and motherfucking pans... disgusting beef stroganoff shit... boiling hot water...fuck that!

(looking over)

My name's Lamont, man.

Derek doesn't even look at LAMONT. Stone cold, he continues folding.

LAMONT

I got your back. Righteous white Cracker with attitude. Just like the Judge who sentenced me, man.

Lamont laughs but then becomes serious.

LAMONT

If your smart though you'll remember one thing. You're the nigger in here. Not me.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRISON YARD - DAY

DEREK'S POV. He sees Stevie McCormick conferring with a Mexican gang leader. The Mexican hands Stevie a joint through a handshake.

Derek turns and talks to two white guys who seem impressed. Stevie walks up and takes a hit off his

joint.

STEVIE

I was just talking about you. You're Cammeron's boy?

Derek turns and stares at him.

DEREK

His boy? No, I don't think so, man. I'm not anybody's boy.

STEVIE

Well...you know what I mean.

DEREK

Nooo, I don't know what you mean.

Derek and Stevie lock eyes. Stevie sneaks a hit and offers Derek.

STEVIE

Here, man. Relax and have a hit.

Derek stares at him.

DEREK

Nooo...how about you getting that fucking shit away from me?

Stevie looks at him, ready to kill. The other two can't believe Derek's gall. Stevie shrugs.

STEVIE

You got a problem, man?

DEREK

Excuse me? Do I have a problem? No, I don't have a problem. Do you have a problem?

STEVIE

No. I don't.

Stevie stares at Derek and walks off. He turns back again and he and Derek lock eyes. He walks back to his group.

DEREK

Who the fuck are you?

Derek turns back to the other two and they are already

walking away. Derek looks at the two and back to Stevie. Stevie sits with HUGE ARYAN and says something to him.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON LAUNDRY ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Lamont in mid-conversation.

LAMONT

But I won't go down on that shit. No way, no how. You ever been with a soul sister?

Derek looks over and meets his eyes. Lamont sees this and laughs.

Just for a second.

LAMONT

Oh shit! Sorry, man! Forgot who the luck I was talking to there for a second.

(after a beat)

Let me ask you this one though cause I don't know the white man's take. You like eating pussy?

Derek can't help but smile.

LAMONT

Oh man! You sick fucking bastard! You sick pig!

DEREK

And you don't!? Shut up.

LAMONT

Man...you don't know shit about the brothers. We won't go down on that shit if the bitch was holding a gun to our fucking head.

Derek laughs and the two continue to converse.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRISON QUAD - DAY

A group of White Aryans are gathered in the yard. Derek plays basketball with a mixed assemblage, including Lamont. Derek continues to look over every now and then at Stevie and his group. Stevie suddenly smiles towards

Derek.

Not understanding what it's all about, Derek turns 'around. Standing there is HUGE ARYAN and his STOCKY FRIEND.. They proceed to beat the shit out of Derek right in the middle of the court. The players circle as Derek rolls on the ground. He gets bombarded with kicks and punches, a few even coming from randoms on the court.

CUT TO:

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - MORNING

A beat-up Derek quietly folds. Lamont stays quiet. He glances over but knows Derek isn't in the mood.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAFETERIA - AFTERNOON LUNCH

Derek looks over to the white table and they something amongst themselves. They break into laughter. Derek thinks about eating somewhere else, but there's nowhere to go. He walks BACK over to the white table and looks at STEVIE.

STEVIE

How's your face, man?

Everyone laughs. Derek sits and eats, his tail between his legs.

STEVIE

That'll teach you. Don't be a prick to your superiors.

CUT TO:

EXT. NARROW PRISON CORRIDOR - LATE AFTERNOON

Stevie walks by himself and smokes a cigarette. He turns a corner and standing there waiting for him is DEREK. Derek stares him down.

STEVIE

What do you want?

DEREK

I'm right here, man. You wanna have it out with me, let's go. Just me and you though.

STEVIE

Man...you are a stupid motherfucker.
You know that? When are you--?

Derek cracks him in the face and Stevie falls to the ground.

DEREK

Stupid?! You have anything else to say, you little pussy! Hunh?!

STEVIE

Fuck you!

Derek kicks the man a few more times and takes off. A few black prisoners laugh at Stevie from the PING PONG TABLE.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON SHOWER - MORNING

Derek puts his head down under the warm water and closes his eyes. From out of nowhere, he is slammed out of frame to the floor. HUGE ARYAN and his STOCKY BUDDY from earlier proceed to beat him. Bathers leave and after a few moments, Stevie's boys drop their TOWELS.

HUGE ARYAN

Well well well. A virgin.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SHOWER - LATER

Derek lies on the tile floor, bloody and beaten.

HUGE ARYAN

You ain't so tough now, are you?

The two men smile at each other, kick him and exit. After a few seconds, LAMONT enters with the cart and picks up dirty towels. He spots Derek laying on the tile.

LAMONT

Motherfucker. What now, man?

He tends to Derek. He picks him up, throws him over his shoulder, and carries him off.

LAMONT

Shit, holmes.
(carrying him)
Hang on to me, man. You're heavy.

INT. PRISON INFIRMARY - EVENING

Derek lies on a table, silent. A Mexican DOCTOR examines his ass.

DOCTOR

Well, you do have some tearing down here. Christ. Okay. I'm gonna have to stitch you up so I'll be back.

The doctor passes Dr. Sweeney on his way out. Derek hears Sweeney talk to the doctor and turns his head. The two look at each other for a long moment. Sweeney sits down next to him and puts his hand on Derek's shoulder. Derek finally breaks down and sobs.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - LATE NIGHT

Sweeney and Derek in mid-conversation. A small lamp shines off their faces.

SWEENEY

Honor and loyalty run thick, Derek.
Not skin color. Skin is thin. I
don't get you, man. I don't.

(after a beat)

I got my Doctorate in Education...not
in medicine. But if you think babies
come into this world evil...you're
fucked up, Derek. You're way to smart
to believe that shit.

(then)

There's nothin' more beautiful Derek,
nothin' more pure, nothin' more
innocent...than a baby.

DEREK

They killed my father, Sweeney.

SWEENEY

Jesus Derek. Use that brain God gave
you for chrissake. What are you gonna
do? Seek revenge your whole life and
become a lifer in here. That's what
these guys are like, you wanna be like
them? Fucking little boys in prison?

Think, man. None of your guys back home give a shit about you.

(after a beat)

They only care about your brother. The new blood. And he sure as hell can't take care of himself like you could.

Derek looks at the man with regret.

DEREK

Get me outta here, Sweeney.

Sweeney looks at the young man, heavily weighing his options. The two lock eyes.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRISON QUAD - DAY

Derek reads by himself on the cement stairs by himself. A shadow approaches from behind.

VOICE

How you doin', man?

Derek turns his head and sees LAMONT standing there.

DEREK

All right.

(after a beat)

How are you?

LAMONT

I'm fucking incarcerated, man. With a bunch of faggots. How you think I'm doin'?

Derek looks at the young man and can't help but laugh. Derek slowly gets up and limps past Lamont.

LAMONT

What are you gonna do, man?

Derek looks at him for a few moments, still shaken.

DEREK

I'm not going to do anything.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON VISITING ROOM

He looks through the window at his mother. Together they pick up the phone.

TIGHT ON DEREK. He can feel her pain more than he can feel his own. He forces a smile.

DEREK

Hey Mom.

DORIS

Hello.

The two sit there and stare at each other for a few moments.

DORIS

Dr. Sweeney called me. He spoke with a guy on the parole board here.

(then)

He thinks you might be getting out soon.

Derek nods and stares at his mother, broken.

DEREK

How are the others?

DORIS

Davina's good. UCLA Math major.

(frustrated)

All three of you have always been so great in school. I wonder why all this--

DEREK

What about Dan, Mom? How's he?

DORIS

He's doing the same stuff you were doing, Derek. Hanging out with Cammeron, getting into trouble. It brings back a lot of sad memories. And I can't do anything...he won't listen to me. He needs you.

Derek stares at his mother like it's the last thing he wanted to hear.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PRISON CHECK-OUT - DAY

Derek gives back his prison garb. LAMONT APPEARS. Through the partition we see Derek say goodbye to Lamont: and walk out to his awaiting family.

DISSOLVE BACK TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT - PRESENT

Danny tearfully stares at his brother, speechless.

DEREK

(after a long beat)
You're my best friend, Danny. You're my only friend. And I just want what's best for you.

The two rub heads as DEREK puts his arm around him. Danny squeezes back and Derek kisses him on the top of the head.

CUT TO:

EXT. 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 you got.

COP #1

Out of respect for your father.

DEREK

Oh yeah? What the hell 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. Danny goes to his room while Derek heads for the girls in the living room. He gently shakes Davina.

DEREK

Hey. Wake up.

She looks at him, delirious.

DAVINA

What?

DEREK

Time for bed.

INT. OPEN BEDROOM - DEREK'S POV

Dan types at the computer as Derek escorts Davina and Doris to bed.

INT. DAVINA BEDROOM - SAME

Davina plops herself down and falls asleep instantly.

DORIS

Goodnight.

DEREK

Goodnight, Mom.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - LATE NIGHT

Derek stares at himself in the mirror. A million thoughts race through his head as computer keys echo in the b.g. He looks at all of his tattoos and SCARS.

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.

129 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 time before he bends over to pick it up. He immerses his

face into the shower faucet and thinks to himself.

INT. BEDROOM - TIGHT ON DANNY

He sits back down at the computer and looks back at his brother as he dries off. Danny thinks to himself and types a sentence.

DANNY (V/O)

There was only one person who loved Derek more than me.

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 SINGS while she scrambles eight eggs with mushrooms and peppers.

DANNY (V/O)

That was Dad. They were best friends. Fathers and sons are never best friends...but they were..

YOUNGER DANNY stares at his larger-than-life father with a cap turned backwards. Doris breaks from song and yells to the back.

DORIS

Breakfast!

DENNIS

Okay! Let's go, Davina! Derek!

DORIS

So what's this all about, Dennis?

Dennis doesn't hear because his attention is on Danny. YOUNGER DEREK, donning a flat-top haircut and no tattoos, walks into the kitchen. The smiling athlete has his backpack and blue VENICE HIGH gym bag. He drops it all onto the ground and sits at the table.

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

What about this gang stuff?

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...changin' a valve on a hydrant. LAPD is worried that more firefighters will become targets. That's what this bullshit is about.

(sipping his coffee)

A good father this guy was though and now he's in intensive care because of some goddamn--! They've pretty much declared war on LAPD and us.

DORIS

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

DENNIS

They think we would rather let a building burn down over there than fight it. So now we got two fights goin' on at one goddamn time.

Dennis takes a bite of his eggs and explodes.

DENNIS

(to the bedroom)

Dayins! Get in here!

DAVINA (O.S.)

I'm coming right now! Jesus!

DENNIS

I'll tell you one more thing. This "affirmative blaction" shit is driving me up the fucking wall. Firefighters gettin' 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 say otherwise, Danny. Including me.

DENNIS

A lot of people don't know shit, either.

Doris just stares at the back of her husband's head like she wants to smack it. He turns back and disarms her with a look.

DENNIS

If I'm fightin' a brush fire... surrounded by thousand degree flames...who would I want watchin' my back? A guy who scores a 99 or a guy who scores a sixty?

(then)

You don't see half the NBA with whites, gooks and spics.

DORIS

Nooo...what you don't see are minorities on the boards of Fortune 500 companies cause whites won't stand for it.

DENNIS

Doris! I'm tired of your damn argument! You sound like an idiot!

DEREK

Sweeney actually had a pretty good take on affirmative action the other day.

DENNIS

(smiling)

Really? I didn't know you spoke "African", Derek? Where'd you learn that shit? Johannesburg?

Dennis laughs and Derek eventually smiles. Danny looks at them, not really understanding. Doris stares down Dennis.

DORIS

Honey? Please don't speak that way.
They don't--

DENNIS

How am I speaking, Doris!? Hunh?!
I'm speakin' fineP
(quickly to Derek)
Hey. Don't let that him confuse you
over there, Derek. Look at me. This
shit he's pulling is a load of crap.
Hey. Look at me, Derek. I mean it.
If we keep givin' niggers everything,
there'll be nothing left for us.

Derek and Danny stare at their father, not knowing how to react.

DORIS

You can be a stupid son of a bitch
sometimes.

DENNIS

And then we have naive fools like her.

DORIS

I really hate you with a passion some
times.

An upset Doris exits the room past YOUNG DAVINA. Dennis looks to Derek.

DENNIS

You know what I mean though, right?

DEREK

(nodding)

Yeah.

DAVINA

(to the family)

Good morning.

She sits.

Her lips glare excessively this morning.

DENNIS

Well...good morning, Miss Monroe!
(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.

DENNIS

Yeah. Well you're lucky I'm letting
you wear that crap on your eyes. I
love you but you're too young.

DAVINA

That sucks, man.

DENNIS

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

Everyone laughs but Dan, still shaken over his mother.

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?

DANNY

Sure.

DENNIS

(quickly to Derek)
Santa Monica High tonight, right?

DEREK

Yep.

DENNIS

Perfect.

(to Danny)

Ben'll whip us up a couple of double deckers and we'll head over.

DANNY

(smiling)

Okay.

Dennis smiles, reaches over with a fatherly hand, and messes up his hair.

BACK QUICKLY TO:

INT. BEDROOM - DANNY - PRESENT

He stops typing and almost cries. He leans back in his chair and and stares himself in the side mirror. He feels his bald head, almost exploring.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEN'S BURGER SHOP - LATE NIGHT

A white homeless man in an ARMY JACKET sits outside begging for change. Seth and Cameron, 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.

SETH

Fuck you.

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

HOMELESS MAN

Fifty cents is all I ask.

Vietnam, man.

I was in

CAMMERON

Really? So you've had what? Thirty years to get your shit together?

HOMELESS MAN

All I want is something to eat.

CAMMERON

There are plenty of fuckin' dishwashing jobs out there, Vietnam boy. Go get yourself one.

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

HOMELESS MAN

Did I do something?

CAMMERON

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

HOMELESS MAN

Fuck you then. Now and forever. Fuck you.

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

CAMMERON

Noooo. Fuck you.

QUICKLY TO ACROSS THE STREET. Little Henry and two of his friends watch Cammeron's brutality from their bikes. They turn in the opposite direction and hurry off.

INT. BURGER SHOP - CAMHERON AND SETH

CUT TO:

Seth eats a burger and chili fries at the same time. Cameron smokes across from him and watches Seth eat like a pig. He 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

Who gives a fuck?

Seth takes a bite and chews.

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...old school Venice bro. He's at Chino...doin' life. He hated Derek.

(exhaling)

Said he was a fucking blow-up doll in there.

SETH

(overwhelmed)

Fucking A.

Seth continues to eat. Cammeron looks out the window and hates what he sees.

CAMMERON

Oh Christ. You gotta be kidding me?

SETH

What?

CAMMERON'S POV. A large, mature and sharp-looking BLACK MAN helps A BEAUTIFUL BLOND out of a RED BMW. THEY KISS. Cammeron is at a loss for words. Cam puts out his cigarette as the couple ENTERS.

CAMMERON

(looking at the two)
Is there anything sacred in this
country anymore? Jesus Christ. Hey.
Stop feeding your face for a second
and look behind you.

Seth turns his head and stares at the interracial couple.
He turns back to Cam and sings a verse from the famous
atevie Wonder song, EBONY AND IVORY. Cameron laughs.
The black man turns and looks at the two.

CAMMERON

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

BLACK MAN

No questions.

CAMMERON

I recommend either the "Big Ben
Burger" or the "Chicken Taco Special."
Ben'll replace the dark meat with the
white meat if you ask nicely.

BLACK MAN

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

CAMMERON

I ain't your fucking pal first of all.
Secondly...I don't have problems.
People who luck with 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 Tyrone either.

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--

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 stinky pussy.

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

CAMMERON

(smiling)

Everything's hunky dory, Ben! No problemo. Only us white folk.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - A DIGITAL CLOCK

It reads 2:36 a.m. Shiftless Derek lifts a sleeping Danny off the computer keyboard. He helps him into the bottom bunk, tucks him in, and watches him snooze.

DEREK

(softly)

Did you "save" it?

An asleep Danny nods. Derek slowly walks back into the bathroom to grab his towel off the floor. He looks at his SWASTIKA TAT in the mirror and sighs to himself. He turns off the light and exits.

CUT TO:

INT. BURGER JOINT - SETH AND CAMMERON

Seth finishes his display of gluttony.

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 man and white women and I'm fucking sick of seein' it! I wouldn't mind so much if it were more even.

SETH

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

CAMMERON

I used to think that too but...it's gotta be more, man. It has to be more than the fact 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

They get off on it.

CAMMERON

And you can't really blame Tyrone.

SETH

Why the fuck not?

CAMMERON

Well...how'd you like to drag around some fat 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 and head outside--leaving a mess on the table.

EXT. ACROSS THE STREET - THE CHEROKEE FROM EARLIER

The white vehicle gets passed by cars left and right.

INT. CHEROKEE - HENRY'S POV

Henry sits up front with JEROME, nervous and scared. The three thugs in back lock and load.

LITTLE HENRY

You gonna waste 'em?

JEROME

Only if we have to.

Jerome grabs a baseball bat and they quietly get out.

INT. VAN - TIGHT ON LITTLE HENRY

Me bites his nails and watches the foursome sneak up on an oblivious Seth and Cammeron.

EXT. GRAVEL PARKING LOT - HENRY'S POV

The men close in. Seth and Cam are blind to it. Jerome raises the bat as they close in and we--

FADE TO:

INT. BATHROOM - EARLY MORNING - BIRDS CHIRPING

Danny stares at himself in the mirror and tries to find some stubble on his chin.

INT. BEDROOM - A SLICK DEREK

He stares into the mirror in a coat and pants. Danny

rushes to get his things together.

DANNY

I'm printing it up and we're out of here.

DEREK

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, bends over and kisses her on the forehead. Davina sits on the couch and writes. Derek just smiles.

DORIS

Wow. What happened?

DEREK

I gotta see my parole officer.

DAVINA

Hey Der? Do you have Excel on disk?

DEREK

I've got everything on disk.

Davina smiles and walks 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 here soon. Is that okay with you?

DORIS

I'd love it.

(after a beat)

Do you think I should color my hair?

DEREK

Yes.

He sits beside his mother and enjoys the moment. He

thinks to himself.

DORIS

I'm glad you made it back. I wasn't too sure I was going to see you again. You know how I get.

Filled with regret, he nods.

DEREK

You think you'll be able to forgive me? Someday maybe?

DORIS

You're my son. Of course I will.

Derek smiles and can't believe his tearful reaction.

DEREK

Look at me. I'm such a pussy.

DORIS

No you're not.

CUT TO:

EXT. VENICE BLVD. - A NEWSPAPER MACHINE

Derek plunks a quarter down the slot and removes a copy of the LA TIMES. Danny continues to skate ahead of him. Sensing danger, Derek looks back behind him. With no one in sight, 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 Derek's paper.

DEREK

What do you want?

DANNY

Maple 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 pretty.

She laughs.

TISHA

Thank you.

DEREK

How do I look?

BLACK GIRL

(bashfully)

Fine.

DANNY'S POV. He looks up from the paper. He watches the girl together with his brother.

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 returns to her mother and they quickly exit. Derek watches the girl as she continues to stare at him as they make their way down the street.

Outside, a BLUE FORD screeches out front. Rasmussen and the Young Mark Fuhrman type from earlier get out and wait. Dr. Sweeney meets the duo and together they walk inside.

DEREK

What's goin' on?

SWEENEY

We need to talk, Derek.

DEREK

How'd you find out I was here?

SWEENEY

We were just at your apartment.

RASMUSSEN

Cammeron and Seth are in the ICU at St. Johns, Derek. They were jumped in front of Ben's Burgets early this morning.

Derek thinks to himself for a few more seconds.

DEREK

How bad?

RASMUSSEN

They'll live.

(then)

They must have been looking for somebody else.

Derek stares at Rasmussen and walks away. Sweeney, who knows to walk over to him.

He eyes

TIGHT ON SWEENEY AND DEREK. The two lock eyes.

SWEENEY

Are they coming after you?

DEREK

Fuckin' A.

Sweeney sighs.

SWEENEY

I don't know.

(after a long beat)

You might have to talk to your old crew though.

Derek looks over and analyzes the innocence of his brother.

DEREK

I can't, Sweeney.

SWEENEY

Try, Derek. Okay?

Derek senses the danger in his voice.

SWEENEY

Okay? Before it explodes.

Sweeney walks away and then turns back to Derek.

SWEENEY

And watch your back.

Derek nods.

SWEENEY

(back to Danny)

You showing up today?

Danny looks at Sweeney and nods his head yes.

SWEENEY

Good.

CUT TO:

EXT. VENICE HIGH - DEREK AND DANNY

They are outside the fence surrounding the field.
Students head off to morning class.

DEREK

Hey. Keep your head up, alright? I'm
going to take care of this.

DANNY

How?

DEREK

I don't know. I'll figure it out
though. You gonna be okay?

DANNY

Yeah.

The two stare at each other as THE BELL RINGS.

DANNY

I gotta turn that paper in.

Danny hops the fence with his backpack on. He looks back
at Derek. Cops #1 and #2 sit in their car in the b.g.

DEREK

Hey.

DANNY

What?

DEREK

Come here.

Derek puts his hand over the fence. Danny walks up and clasps it -- FINGERS INTERTWINED. Derek wants to say one thing but something else comes out.

DEREK

I'll see you at home.

Danny smiles at his brother and nods. Danny puts his ear phones on and heads to class. Derek watches his brother through the chain-link fence. Danny meets up with Lizzy and they soon disappear from Derek's sight. Derek turns and walks down the street.

COP #1

You need a lift anywhere?

DEREK

Nope.

Derek stops in his tracks, walks back over to the fence, and stares at the school.

INT. MESSY HALLWAY - DANNY AND LIZZY

Students rush past them. Danny kisses Lizzy and she hurries off to class. He pushes on the men's room door.

INT. SCHOOL BATHROOM - SAME

Danny enters, sets his "AMERICAN HISTORY X" PAPER on top of the sink, and takes an unearthly long piss at the urinal. He finishes, flushes and turns.

Standing there is LITTLE HENRY. A GUN IN HIS HAND.

DANNY

Jesus Christ. What are you doing, Henry?

LITTLE HENRY

(afraid)

What does it look like I'm doin'?

DANNY

Come on, man, no. You don't want to do this. Come on. Henry?

THE DOOR SMACKS OPEN and Danny moves to grab the pistol. It discharges and a bullet rockets into Danny's chest. He SLAMS back into the URINAL and gasps for air. The force of the pistol knocks Henry to the ground. The two kids who just entered bolt for help.

Danny slides to the tile, leaving a bloody trail. The two stare at each other - EYE TO EYE. THE BLOODSTAINED PAPER falls into the DAMP SINK. Danny inhales like glass is raking his lungs.

LITTLE HENRY

(terrified)

Danny?

Danny's breathing slows to a choked whisper. He blinks, coughs, twitches. And dies.

LITTLE HENRY

Vinyard? Danny?

Henry watches teary-eyed with the same altered look Derek had after killing Lawrence. Together they FREEZE on the cold tile floor.

CUT TO:

INT. HALL AT VENICE HIGH BATHROOM - YELLOW POLICE TAPE

Officers and detectives monitor the area. Young students, including Lizzy and her friends, stand around and cry. Rasmussen brings THE BLOODY PAPER over to Sweeney. Sweeney looks at it for a moment but is interrupted.

RASMUSSEN

He won't let go. Will you talk to him?

INT. BATHROOM - TIGHT ON DEREK AND DANNY

Derek cradles his bloody brother. Sweeney walks over, crouches, and talks to Derek's back.

SWEENEY

Derek? You gotta let him go, man. They gotta get him outta here.

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. Guilt-ridden, Derek tears from them and storms down the hall with Sweeney soon in tow.

SWEENEY

Derek! I know what you're thinkin' right now and I want you to forget about it!

DEREK

How the fuck do you know what I'm thinkin', Sweeney!?

SWEENEY

Cause I'm thinkin' the same damn thing!

Drowning in rage, Derek turns back to a misty eyed Sweeney.

DEREK

They shot him in a fucking...pisshole!

SWEENEY

And goin' after them won't bring him back. Don't do it, Derek. Please, man. You've come too far. The war is over.

Derek contemplates the situation and presses his tongue against his teeth, crackbrained. Sweeney slowly approaches and cautiously wraps his arms around the young man. Derek buries his tearing face in Sweeney's shoulder.

DEREK

It stops now, Sweeney.

Sweeney nods and the two lock eyes. Derek makes his way back to Doris and Davina and together, they grieve.

DANNY (V/O)

We've heard it a million times, a

Bible quote become cliché: "Vengeance
is mine, sayeth the Lord."

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SCHOOL BATHROOM - DANNY AND HENRY

A still of the two immediately after the murder. We move
in tighter and tighter until we get close on Danny.

DANNY (V/O)

Vengeance brought about by hate...and
fear. When it points its head in our
direction, we take notice and
everything changes. The way we choose
our friends, the way we protect our
families, the way we create enemies
out of strangers.

(then)

Welcome to America.

TIGHT ON DANNY'S EYES. They are gently pushed shut by
Henry's two small BLACK FINGERS.

THE END