

# C I 3 4

by  
sascha penn

Madhouse Entertainment // Creative Artists Agency

In both 1964 and 1966, the F.B.I., struggling to solve two heinous crimes, hired notorious Mafia assassin, Greg Scarpa, to go to Mississippi and kidnap and torture members of the Ku Klux Klan.

While declassified documents, and subsequent court testimony, confirm the existence of these operations, little else is known about what actually transpired.

This story is based on these real events.

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

# Memorandum

TO : DIRECTOR, FBI

DATE: 11/21/61

FROM : *J* SAC, NEW YORK

~~SUBJECT:~~ GREGORY SCARPA

~~CONA INFNT.~~ TOP ECHELON CRIMINAL  
INFORMANT PROGRAM  
NEW YORK DIVISION

b2 -1,2

*C 9-1-2*  
*C-2*

*FD-217*

GREGORY SCARPA is a current member of the JOSEPH PROFACI group in Brooklyn and is considered to be an individual worthy of concentrated attention in accordance with this program.

A. NAME AND ALIASES

GREGORY SCARPA

B. SYMBOL NUMBER

b2 -1

C. ADDRESS AT WHICH CONTACTED

Not presently applicable

*(Sc)*

D. RESIDENCE ADDRESS

43 Marscher Place, Staten Island, NY.

E. PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

The following description was obtained from observation and interrogation:

b6 -1  
b7C -1

3 - Bureau  
1 - New York   
1 - New York

MCI - 14

JLM:mtj  
(5)

b2 -2

12 NOV 22 1961

*EX 104*

*JLM*

EE: DEC 4 1961

[redacted] b2 -2

Sex	Male
Race	White
DOB	5/28/28
POB	Brooklyn, NY
Height	5'10"
Weight	210 lbs.
Build	Heavy
Complexion	Medium
Hair	Black
Eyes	Brown
Marital Status	Married
Wife	[redacted]
Children	[redacted]
Brother	SALVATORE SCARPA
Military Service	None
Occupation	Gambler, numbers writer, etc.

b7C -3  
b6 -3

F. DATE DESIGNATED INFORMANT

11/21/61

G. ESTIMATE OF RELIABILITY

Informant is considered reliable.

H. EMPLOYMENT

Informant is self employed as a clothing salesman and operates a numbers business.

I. PAST ACTIVITIES

SCARPA has been known to be engaged in selling stolen merchandise and for the past several years has operated a social club in Brooklyn, NY as a cover for his numbers business and other illegal activities.

J. CRIMINAL RECORD

The following is the identification record  
of GREGORY SCARPA under FBI number 584217A: (as of 8/30/60)

Contributor of Fingerprints	Name and Number	Arrested or Received	Charge	Disposition
PD NY NY	Gregory Scarbo #290296	9-1-50	1897 P.L.(gun)	
Pen Riker's Island NY NY	Gregory Scarpa #84139	12-5-50	Firearm etc	Ind.
PD NY NY	Gregory Scarpa #290296	10-7-59	722 PL Sub.11 (consorting) with others with evil reputations	
USM Brooklyn NY	Gregory Scarpa #23439	3-7-60	371 T 18 conspiracy theft interstate shipment	
USM Brooklyn NY	Gregory Scarpa #23465	3-16-60	poss of goods stolen from Interstate Shipment	

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

# Memorandum

TO : ASST. DIR. [REDACTED]

DATE: 1/21/66

FROM : [REDACTED]

SUBJECT: NY [REDACTED]

This is to record at 9:42 AM, 1/21/66, [REDACTED] of the Investigative Div. called and wanted to know my comments concerning the possible use of this informant on a special in the Jackson Office and he needed to know whether or not this informant was available.

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I told Mr. [REDACTED] I would have to check with the agent handling him and have him contacted since his file indicated that he was not available for assignments outside the NY area. Mr. [REDACTED] indicated that this informant had been handled by [REDACTED] at one time and I identified [REDACTED] as [REDACTED] who is now in the Jackson Office. I told Mr. [REDACTED] I would check and call him back.

At 10:30 AM, after conferring with [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] I called [REDACTED] and told him [REDACTED] that the informant was available to go provided we would furnish the money and we were recommending that an agent go along. [REDACTED] stated that he was approving the recommendation that the informant be sent, be given expense money and that the agent handling him should go along to be of assistance in the area where the informant would be working.

Mr. [REDACTED] indicated that [REDACTED] the Jackson Office would be in touch with the NYO concerning finalized plans in connection with this matter.

[REDACTED] called Supv. [REDACTED] in my absence and stated that we should furnish the informant enough money to cover his expenses for hotel room and transportation for the SA, plus 2 individuals. The informant and his wife were to go to Mobile, possibly by way of Atlanta and they had already set up a hotel reservation for him there. The informant should leave Monday.

[REDACTED] should proceed to Hattiesburg, Miss. and he should leave Sunday so that he will meet the informant in Mobile when he arrives on Monday.

[REDACTED] DJG

SEARCHED	INDEXED
SERIALIZED	FILED
JAN 21 1966	

**EXT. RURAL ROAD - LATE NIGHT**

We're on a quiet rural highway. Two lanes.

And then we hear the SOUND OF CAR ENGINES approaching.

Their HEADLIGHTS illuminate A LARGE WOODEN SIGN on the side of the road that reads, *"Welcome to Hattiesburg. Hub of the South. Population 35,731 And Growing!"*

We STAY ON THE SIGN as the cars get closer, their engines GETTING LOUDER.

All of the sudden, a MOLOTOV COCKTAIL is thrown out of the car, SMASHES AGAINST the sign and SETS IT ON FIRE.

We watch it burn.

GRAPHIC: 1966.

**EXT. THE DAHMER'S HOME - LATE NIGHT**

This ample-sized ranch home is located right next to a small shop with a storefront that says, *"Dahmer's Grocery"*.

There's a banner stretched across the store's facade that reads, *"Voter Registration Event This Sunday 3 PM! If You Don't Vote, You Don't Count!"*

The grocery and the house are closed up for the night.

TWO CARS, headlights off, glide quietly down the street and pull up in front of the house.

We're CLOSE ON THE VEHICLES' DOORS OPENING.

And then we see a collection of TIGHT SHOTS...

Legs and boots exiting the vehicles. Looks like FOUR OR FIVE MEN, but we don't see any faces.

SHOTGUNS are distributed.

GAS CANS are pulled out the back of a truck.

The men start to CREEP toward the house.

**INT. THE DAHMER'S - VERNON AND ELLIE'S ROOM - SAME**

VERNON DAHMER (fifties, African-American) and his wife, ELLIE (forties, also African-American), are asleep in bed.

Quiet. Still.

And then Vernon's eyes burst open just as -- KRI-KRASH! -- GAS CANS with flaming rags stuffed down their throats FLY THROUGH THE WINDOWS IN THE LIVING ROOM.

As these makeshift bombs hit the floor, they immediately EXPLODE and set the room ON FIRE.

The gas cans are followed by SHOTGUN FIRE -- BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! -- that BLASTS APART the interior of the house.

IN THE BEDROOM, Vernon and Ellie are both out of bed.

Vernon pushes his wife toward the ground, making sure she stays low to avoid the gunfire.

VERNON DAHMER  
Go to Bettie! I'll deal with  
them!

As Ellie crawls to the window, Vernon grabs the RIFLE next to his bed and TEARS out of the room.

**INT. THE DAHMER'S - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

The SHOTGUN BLASTS continue to savage the house, PUTTING HOLES through walls, RIPPING APART the mantle.

Meanwhile, the FLAMES continue to consume everything in their path.

Holding the rifle, Vernon enters, coughing and gasping for air. He RETURNS FIRE, BUCKING RIFLE SHOTS out the window at unseen assailants.

**INT. THE DAHMER'S - BETTIE'S ROOM - A MOMENT LATER**

Ellie has gotten their terrified daughter out of bed.

BETTIE  
Where's Daddy?! Where's Daddy?!

As if on cue, Vernon enters the room and scoops up his daughter in his arms.

CONTINUED:

VERNON DAHMER  
I'm right here, baby. Right here.

He turns to Ellie.

VERNON DAHMER (CONT'D)  
The window in the bedroom.

Ellie nods and heads down the hallway which is FILLED WITH SMOKE.

The SHOTGUN BLASTS at the front of the house continue.

**INT. THE DAHMER'S - VERNON AND ELLIE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Ellie goes to the big window at the rear of the bedroom and tries to lift it, but it's stuck. It won't budge.

Vernon is about to put Bettie down and help his wife, when Ellie picks up a CHAIR and THROWS IT THROUGH THE WINDOW, ripping the entire frame apart.

VERNON DAHMER  
(to Ellie)  
Go out! I'll hand her to you!

Ellie climbs through the window and then turns back to reach for her daughter, who Vernon gives to her.

VERNON DAHMER (CONT'D)  
Run to the Mitchells'! Get help!

Ellie wants her husband to come with them.

ELLIE DAHMER  
Come with us!

No.

VERNON DAHMER  
Gonna keep them busy while you get away! I'll be right behind you!

She's terrified that it won't play out this way.

ELLIE DAHMER  
Come now, Vernon!

He assures her that he will.

VERNON DAHMER  
I'll be right out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

With Bettie in her arms, Ellie RACES for the tree line.

**INT. THE DAHMER'S - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Vernon grabs the GUNS and RIFLES that he's placed strategically around the house and FIRES out the windows.

The men outside continue to FIRE THEIR SHOTGUNS into the house, but a far more pressing problem for Vernon are the FLAMES and SMOKE.

He has burns all over his body and face, but he just keeps FIRING HIS RIFLE.

Having emptied his last gun, and about to collapse, he STUMBLERS through the house and FALLS OUT the window that Ellie smashed.

**EXT. THE DAHMER'S - CONTINUOUS**

With all the remaining strength he has left, Vernon pulls himself off the ground and STAGGERS across his backyard toward the tree line.

He makes it about twenty yards before he falls to the ground again.

This time he doesn't get up.

**EXT. CITYSCAPE - JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI - DAY**

Mississippi's capital has a population of roughly 150,000 residents.

*Graphic: Jackson, Mississippi.*

As we FLY OVER some of the city's most notable structures - the Governor's Mansion, the State Capitol Building, the Standard Life Building and the Mississippi Coliseum - we can track Jackson's architectural evolution from the antebellum South to this moment in time.

In 1966, Jackson is a fairly cosmopolitan city. At least for Mississippi. It has museums, a symphony, even its own small opera house.

This is the "New South".

EXT. NORTH STATE STREET - MORNING

A CITY BUS pulls up in front of the Old Capitol Building.

TERENCE WAYNE (early thirties, African-American), dressed in a suit that's just slightly too small for him, RACES off the bus, across the street and into...

EXT. F.B.I. FIELD OFFICE - JACKSON DIVISION - MORNING

In fact, only the top floor of this relatively new and horrifically ugly EIGHT-STORY BUILDING houses the offices of the Jackson Division of the F.B.I.

And it was only opened two years earlier - in 1964 - after the infamous murders of civil rights workers Michael Schwerner, James Chaney and Andrew Goodman.

INT. F.B.I. FIELD OFFICE - STAIRWAY - MORNING

Terence runs up the stairs, two at a time, until he gets to the top floor and then rips open the door.

INT. F.B.I. FIELD OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Terence is greeted by a corridor that is teeming with activity. F.B.I. AGENTS (young, white, all wearing J. Edgar Hoover-mandated dark suits and black shoes polished to a gloss) move quickly up and down the hallway and in and out of various offices.

Terence, trying to be as inconspicuous as possible, walks cautiously down the corridor with his head down. He's bumped and jostled by various agents, who don't bother to say, "Excuse me".

No one notices him. Or even sees him. He's invisible.

As he walks by the office SPECIAL AGENT IN CHARGE ROY K. MOORE (fifties), he can see Moore having an animated conversation on the phone.

Terence can't hear what he's saying, but he still stands here for a beat and watches.

INT. F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS - MOORE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Moore is being berated by whomever is on the other end of the line.

CONTINUED:

SPECIAL AGENT MOORE  
(into the phone)  
I understand, sir.

He pauses.

SPECIAL AGENT MOORE (CONT'D)  
(into the phone)  
I can assure you that we'll find  
the parties responsible as soon as  
possible, Director Hoover.

*Hoover.* As in, J. Edgar Hoover. Director of the F.B.I.

SPECIAL AGENT MOORE (CONT'D)  
(into the phone)  
And please assure President  
Johnson of that as well.

We can hear Hoover yelling through the phone.

SPECIAL AGENT MOORE (CONT'D)  
(into the phone)  
Of course. No stone unturned, sir.

Moore cuts an imposing figure. A former Marine, he distinguished himself as a uniquely talented agent when, in 1955, he helped solve the midair explosion of an airliner over Colorado in which 44 people died.

Within 13 days, he discovered that Jack Gilbert Graham had placed a bomb in his mother's suitcase before she boarded the plane in order to collect her life insurance.

Moore is also credited with solving the murders of Schwerner, Chaney and Goodman.

SPECIAL AGENT MOORE (CONT'D)  
(into the phone)  
Our agents are on the ground in  
Hattiesburg right now.

**INT. F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Terence is still standing there, watching Special Agent Moore when...

AGENT RHODES (O.S.)  
You've been working here only  
three months...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Terence turns and finds himself face-to-face with AGENT EVERETT RHODES (white guy, forties).

AGENT RHODES (CONT'D)  
And you've been late twice  
already.

TERENCE  
The buses were off-schedule, sir.  
I'm sorry.

AGENT RHODES  
You keep pleading with me to put  
you on a case, but how can we even  
consider putting you out in the  
field when you can't even perform  
properly here in the office?

Terence Wayne is nobody's punk.

TERENCE  
I didn't plead, sir. I asked.

Rhodes ignores this subtle barb.

AGENT RHODES  
A critical piece of working for  
the Bureau is being *where* you're  
supposed to be *when* you're  
supposed to be there, Agent Wayne.

Rhodes doesn't like Terence. The feeling is mutual.

AGENT RHODES (CONT'D)  
Your work is waiting for you in  
the file room.

Terence nods, but before he goes...

TERENCE  
Did you get a chance to give my  
memorandum to Agent Moore, sir?

AGENT RHODES  
I did.

TERENCE  
And did he say anything about it?

AGENT RHODES  
Not to me.

Terence isn't sure what that means exactly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TERENCE  
But he read it.

AGENT RHODES  
I'm happy to report that monitoring the reading habits of Special Agent in Charge Roy K. Moore is one of the few things that doesn't fall under my purview here at the Jackson Division of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

Terence grabs a last look at Moore, locks eyes with Rhodes for a beat and then heads down the hallway.

**INT. F.B.I. FIELD OFFICE - FILE ROOM - A SECOND LATER**

This room could not be more appropriately named. It is a large space that has massive filing cabinets lining every single one of its walls.

In the middle of the room are rows of tables covered in documents and dossiers. A TEAM OF AFRICAN-AMERICAN AGENTS are busy sorting everything here.

In fact, there are no caucasian agents in here.

Terence enters and he's greeted by his friends and fellow agents, ARCHIE CRAWFORD (thirties, African-American) and RANDY TOLLIVER (thirties, African-American).

ARCHIE  
You and Allie okay?

TERENCE  
Allie's scared. But we're okay.

RANDY  
At least Vernon's wife and daughter got out.

TERENCE  
The house and store are gone.

Vernon Dahmer was a well-known figure in Mississippi.

ARCHIE  
Vernon Dahmer was good people.  
Trying to change things.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RANDY  
So was Medgar.

ARCHIE  
So were Chaney, Schwerner and Goodman.

The list goes on.

RANDY  
Same with Henry Dee and Charles Moore and Herbert Lee.

Terence sits down next to his friends.

ARCHIE  
I joined the Bureau because of what they did to Emmett Till.

Randy quotes the famous Nina Simone track about the killing of civil rights leader Medgar Evers.

RANDY  
Mississippi Goddam.

ARCHIE  
Say that again.

Terence grabs a fistful of folders.

TERENCE  
And here they got us spending all day filing 302's and 395's and 292's.

Speaking of which...

ARCHIE  
(To Terence, re: the paperwork)  
Gotta classify by county, alphabetize by subject, number chronologically.

Terence exhales and starts to do the work.

RANDY  
You guys ever see that episode of *The Untouchables* where F.B.I. Agent extraordinaire Eliot Ness heroically alphabetizes all those reports and saves the day?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Randy gets back to work.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
Me neither.

OFF TERENCE, seething. And filing.

**EXT. F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS - DAY**

Terence, Randy and Archie sit on the stairs outside the building and eat their lunch.

TERENCE  
Burned over forty percent of his body, and he inhaled so much fire that he scorched his lungs.

Randy and Archie pick at their lunches.

TERENCE (CONT'D)  
This is what they do to blacks who try to get folks to vote.

Terence tosses what's left of his lunch into the garbage.

TERENCE (CONT'D)  
Maybe if the Bureau would let us fight something bigger than a paper clip we could get some justice for Vernon Dahmer.

Something that Terence just said gives Archie pause.

ARCHIE  
(to Terence)  
"Blacks". That's a new one.

Randy clues him in.

RANDY  
Stokely Carmichael and all them say that we're moving on from negro. Calling ourselves "black" from here on out.

Archie smiles.

ARCHIE  
Black. I like it.

Terence sees Special Agent Moore walking up the block with Agent Rhodes and a COUPLE OTHERS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RANDY

They called us colored and negro,  
and now we're calling each other  
black. Naming ourselves. Feels  
like some sort of progress, right?

Terence watches Moore and his entourage approach.

TERENCE

Colored, negro, black. Don't  
matter what we're called as long  
as they're still killing us.

Terence is gearing up, trying to muster the courage. And then he stands up and heads straight for Moore.

RANDY

Where you going, Terence?

We FOLLOW TERENCE as he walks determinedly toward Agent Moore, who's briefing the other senior agents.

SPECIAL AGENT MOORE

The President said that this  
murder is an attack on democracy.  
He said that the Voting Rights Act  
isn't a suggestion, it's a law.  
And he told Director Hoover that,  
if we can't adequately protect our  
citizens in Mississippi, he'll  
find someone who can.

SENIOR AGENT #1

We need more manpower.

Not going to happen.

SPECIAL AGENT MOORE

They're not going to approve any  
additional funding for us. Just  
opening this office two years ago  
broke the bank. We have to be  
resourceful. Clever.

He looks over at Rhodes.

SPECIAL AGENT MOORE (CONT'D)

We may have to revisit  
unconventional methods we've used  
in the past.

Meanwhile, Rhodes sees Terence approaching.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TERENCE  
Special Agent Moore?

Rhodes tries to head this off at the pass.

AGENT RHODES  
Not the right time, Agent Wayne.

But Moore steps in.

SPECIAL AGENT MOORE  
(to Terence)  
What can I help you with, son?

TERENCE  
I was wondering if you had a  
chance to read the memorandum I  
put together for you.

Moore looks over at Rhodes, who comes clean.

AGENT RHODES  
I actually haven't put it on your  
desk yet, sir. I was holding it  
until you got past other, more  
urgent, business first.

Back to Terence.

SPECIAL AGENT MOORE  
Maybe you can synopsize it for me,  
Agent Wayne.

TERENCE  
I've been collecting crime  
statistics, anecdotal information  
and empirical evidence on the  
increase of Klan activity in  
Forrest and Lamar Counties over  
the last year, sir.

Okay.

SPECIAL AGENT MOORE  
And how do you know so much about  
Forrest and Lamar Counties?

TERENCE  
I live in Hattiesburg, sir.

Interesting.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SPECIAL AGENT MOORE  
Did you know Vernon Dahmer?

TERENCE  
Everyone knew Vernon. My wife was  
working with him on registering  
people to vote.

Moore is suddenly intrigued by Terence.

SPECIAL AGENT MOORE  
Hattiesburg is two hours south of  
here. You live *there* and work  
*here*?

TERENCE  
I take the bus, sir. Actually,  
five buses. I take five buses  
each way to get here and go home.

Moore is impressed.

SPECIAL AGENT MOORE  
Tell all your friends in  
Hattiesburg that we're going to  
find the people responsible Vernon  
Dahmer's murder. Soon.

TERENCE  
I'd like to help, sir.

Moore sizes up Terence for another beat and then...

SPECIAL AGENT MOORE  
(to Rhodes)  
Get me Agent Wayne's memorandum.

Rhodes nods. But he's still pissed that he just got  
shown up by Terence.

SPECIAL AGENT MOORE (CONT'D)  
(to Terence)  
I'll read it tonight.

Moore might have plans for Agent Terence Wayne after all.

SPECIAL AGENT MOORE (CONT'D)  
You travel four hours everyday to  
work here. Least I can do is read  
the material you prepared.

TERENCE  
Thank you, sir.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

And with that, Moore and his entourage head into the building, leaving Terence alone on the stairs.

SPECIAL AGENT MOORE (O.S.)  
Five buses each way. I believe  
that's three more buses than I've  
ridden in my whole damn life.

Archie and Randy approach Terence.

ARCHIE  
You let Special Agent Moore know  
that he needs to call us black  
from here on out?

TERENCE  
Didn't get to it.

RANDY  
That's alright. Just send him one  
of your memorandums.

They laugh.

**EXT. CITYSCAPE - NEW YORK CITY - LATE NIGHT**

As we fly south over New York City, we see all the familiar landmarks. Central Park, the Empire State Building, the Chrysler Building...

Once we get to lower Manhattan, though, we see construction down near the tip of the island.

This little project will become none other than the World Trade Center.

GRAPHIC: New York City.

This is the year they broke ground on the Twin Towers.

We keep FLYING OVER the Brooklyn Bridge. Past Brooklyn Heights, Park Slope and Borough Park.

We finally DROP DOWN INTO GRAVESEND, a working class neighborhood that's notorious for its residents' violent distaste for outsiders.

If you're not from Gravesend, don't come to Gravesend.

We end up on Avenue U where the only lights that are still on come from...

EXT. MORETTI'S LOUNGE - NIGHT

Moretti's is a dive bar. Plain and simple.

A brand new Pontiac Grand Prix pulls up outside of the bar and stops in front of it. The driver's door opens and out of it emerges GREGORY SCARPA (late thirties).

Over time, Greg Scarpa would be known by many names - "The Grim Reaper," "Hannibal Lecter" "The Mad Hatter" - but the one he preferred most was, "The Killing Machine." (In fact, he even took to signing personal letters with the initials, "KM".)

As he exits the car, we see that he's dressed to the nines in a slick suit, replete with a pocket square. He's also wearing a seven-carat pinky ring and a watch that's covered in diamonds.

Scarpa doesn't bother turning off the car's engine or closing his door as he heads for the bar.

INT. MORETTI'S LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

This spot is completely empty save for CARMINE DESTEFANO (forties), VINITA (twenties, African-American), his date for the night, and WILLY THE BARTENDER (twenties).

Vinita hangs on Carmine as they sit at the bar together.

CARMINE DESTEFANO  
I know who really killed Kennedy.  
Whole neighborhood does.

Vinita giggles, even though there's no reason to giggle.

Carmine turns to Willy the bartender.

CARMINE DESTEFANO (CONT'D)  
Tell her Willy: Go to any corner  
in Bensonhurst and they'll tell  
you it was New Orleans. Carlos  
Marcello did it.

From behind them...

SCARPA (O.S.)  
Wouldn't recommend bringin'...

He gestures toward Vinita.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCARPA (CONT'D)  
 Harriet Tubman here around  
 Bensonhurst.

The blood drains from Carmine's face.

SCARPA (CONT'D)  
 Doubt she'd get a very warm  
 reception.

In one hand, Scarpa has a PISTOL trained on Carmine.

SCARPA (CONT'D)  
 Couldn't understand why you'd be  
 gettin' drinks in this fuckin'  
 dump...

He uses the other hand to take a handful of nuts from a small glass bowl on the bar.

SCARPA (CONT'D)  
 But now I get it. Looks like  
 someone's got a deep...  
 (re: Vinita)  
 Dark secret.

Vinita hasn't even taken a breath.

Immediately, Carmine tries to talk his way out of this.

CARMINE DESTEFANO  
 I was never gonna do it, Scarpa.  
 It was just talk. Just runnin' my  
 mouth.

SCARPA  
 Talkin' about whackin' the boss is  
 way worse than actually doin' it,  
 Carmine. You know that. At least  
 if you do it, you got a seat at  
 the table. A hand you can play.

Carmine is shitting himself.

SCARPA (CONT'D)  
 But you ain't got shit but a cheap  
 nigger on your arm and a watered-down  
 drink in your hand.

CARMINE DESTEFANO  
 I-

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! Scarpa SHOOTS him three times.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Vinita, covered in Carmine's blood, has fallen to the ground. She looks up at Scarpa and pleads for her life.

VINITA  
It's our first date!

SCARPA  
First and last, sweetheart.

BOOM! BOOM! He shoots her dead too.

The only one left alive in here is Willy, who has watched, paralyzed in horror, as all this has transpired.

SCARPA (CONT'D)  
(to Willy)  
Scotch.

Willy grabs a bottle of Johnnie Walker.

SCARPA (CONT'D)  
Fuck Johnnie Walker. You got Dewar's?

Willy nods, reaches under the bar, grabs the Dewar's and starts to pour Scarpa a glass. His hand shakes, spilling the liquor all over the bar.

SCARPA (CONT'D)  
Just gimme the bottle.

Willy hands the bottle to Scarpa, who looks this kid up and down.

SCARPA (CONT'D)  
What's your name?

This kid is hyperventilating with fear.

WILLY THE BARTENDER  
Willy Ambrosino.

SCARPA  
You Joe's kid?

WILLY THE BARTENDER  
Nephew.

SCARPA  
Gimme your driver's license.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

His hands still shaking, Willy pulls out his wallet and quickly hands his license to Scarpa, who looks at it and then puts it on his pocket.

SCARPA (CONT'D)

*You know who I am?*

WILLY THE BARTENDER

Yeah.

Willy didn't understand the question.

SCARPA

*You know who I am?*

Now he gets it.

WILLY THE BARTENDER

*No. No. I don't know you. I don't know you at all.*

SCARPA

*Would you know who I was if you saw me again?*

WILLY THE BARTENDER

No.

SCARPA

*Sure about that?*

WILLY THE BARTENDER

*Really, really sure.*

And with that, Scarpa leaves.

**EXT. MORETTI'S LOUNGE - A MOMENT LATER**

Scarpa exits the bar, steps into his idling car and drives off into the Brooklyn night.

**INT. BUS - NIGHT**

Terence sits in the back and reads the recently published Autobiography of Malcolm X.

The bus cuts through the Mississippi night.

As he finishes a chapter, he looks up from the book and stares out the window at the passing fields and pastures. The full moon gives everything a silvery glow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The South.

For a moment, Terence gets lost in the beauty of it all.

The bus passes by A FARM that has a giant CONFEDERATE FLAG hanging from a pole in front of it.

Terence stares at it for a beat.

And then gets back to his book.

**EXT, HATTIESBURG STREET - NIGHT**

The bus pulls up to the stop, opens its doors and Terence, weary from a long day, exits.

As he steps out of the bus, Terence helps ADELENA HAMLETT (African-American, seventies) down the stairs.

ADELENA HAMLETT

Thank you, Terence.

The bus pulls away.

ADELENA HAMLETT (CONT'D)

The F.B.I. gonna catch whoever did that to poor Vernon Dahmer and his family?

TERENCE

We are, Ms. Hamlett.

Adelena looks out at downtown Hattiesburg.

ADELENA HAMLETT

These white folks don't understand that there are a hundred thousand negroes behind Vernon Dahmer that are gonna step right in and take his place. And another hundred thousand behind them. They underestimate us. They always do.

TERENCE

You're right.

ADELENA HAMLETT

Of course I'm right, Terence. You get to my age, you get to be right about everything.

Terence laughs.

CONTINUED:

TERENCE  
You're right.

ADELENA HAMLETT  
See?

More laughter.

TERENCE  
You want me to walk you home?

ADELENA HAMLETT  
That's alright, baby. My nephew, Grafton, gonna pick me up. You go home and give my best to that beautiful wife of yours.

TERENCE  
I will. You have a good night, Ms. Hamlett.

Adelena walks toward a waiting car; Terence heads off in the opposite direction.

**EXT. HATTIESBURG STREET - LATER**

As Terence walks down this tidy street lined by small shops on both sides, we can hear men LAUGHING and YELLING from the Veterans of Foreign Wars post up the street.

And Terence immediately tenses up.

Like most small southern cities in the sixties (and still today), Hattiesburg is segregated. There are white and black neighborhoods...and never the twain shall meet.

Terence is going through the white part of town. We see it on his face and in his focused and purposeful gait.

As he passes by the V.F.W. post, he sees a COLLECTION OF MEN standing around, drinking in the parking lot.

And they see him too. One of them calls to him.

CRACKER #1  
Hey boy!

Terence keeps walking.

CRACKER #3  
We're talkin' to you, Sambo!

CONTINUED:

The other men LAUGH.

Terence continues to walk. Not faster. Not slower. Same pace as before. But he stares straight ahead.

CRACKER #1  
You hear us, Smokey?

Getting no response, this guy and SEVEN OF HIS FRIENDS run across the street and approaches Terence.

CRACKER #1 (CONT'D)  
(to Terence)  
You deaf, boy?

Now that we get a better look a this guy, we see that he's got slicked back hair, a thin mustache and a narrow, angry face.

And he's big. Bulky.

His name is LAWRENCE BYRD, SR. (forties).

He's joined by BILLY ROY PITTS (thirties) and CHARLES CLIFFORD WILSON (thirties) and a CREW OF OTHER CRACKERS.

They block Terence's path.

CHARLES CLIFFORD WILSON  
(to Terence)  
Because I know you're not ignoring  
me.

Terence puffs out his chest.

TERENCE  
I don't know you.

Wilson flips Terence's tie.

CHARLES CLIFFORD WILSON  
Why you all dressed up this late  
at night?

He makes a crack about Vernon Dahmer.

LAWRENCE BYRD  
Little early to be dressed up for  
ol' Vernon's funeral, ain't it?

TERENCE  
I'm coming home from work.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Wilson sneers.

CHARLES CLIFFORD WILSON  
Who trusts someone who look like  
you to work for them?

Terence stares him down.

TERENCE  
The Federal Bureau of  
Investigation.

Byrd breaks into a smile.

LAWRENCE BYRD  
Hey, boys! We got us an important  
niggra here.

Terence's fists are clenched as tight as they can be.

Billy Roy isn't enjoying this as much as his friends.

BILLY ROY PITTS  
(to his friends)  
We should go back to the club.

He's perpetually anxious.

BILLY ROY PITTS (CONT'D)  
Chilly out here and Sam was sayin'  
that he wanted to talk to us about  
something. Let's head back. I-

CHARLES CLIFFORD WILSON  
Shut up, Billy Roy.

These guys want to beat Terence's ass as badly as he  
wants to beat theirs. This entire exchange is a study in  
repressing one's most violent inclinations.

LAWRENCE BYRD  
You need to pass along the word to  
J. Nigger Hoover up in Washington.  
We don't need his help.  
Mississippi just fine the way we  
are.

Byrd gets in Terence's face and stares him down.

LAWRENCE BYRD (CONT'D)  
Ain't we?

Wilson adds his two cents.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CHARLES CLIFFORD WILSON  
(re: Terence)  
Hoover got this niggra feelin' all  
special and shit, and that's no  
good for nobody.

Byrd's hot, liquor-filled breath is right on Terence.

LAWRENCE BYRD  
(to Terence)  
Especially you.

The two men LOCK EYES and it really feels like punches  
are about to be thrown.

Billy Roy interjects yet again.

BILLY ROY PITTS  
Come on, man. Let's go get  
another beer. Ain't nothin' but  
bullshit out here.

And then from across the street...

SAM BOWERS (O.S.)  
Let that boy get on about his  
business...

All of them look across the street and see SAM BOWERS  
(forties), the elder statesman here, calling to them from  
the doorway.

SAM BOWERS (CONT'D)  
And get on back here.

Terence and Byrd stare each other down for another beat,  
and then the white man breaks into a wide smile.

LAWRENCE BYRD  
You have yourself a pleasant  
evening, G-Man. Or should I say,  
G-Boy.

They break into laughter.

LAWRENCE BYRD (CONT'D)  
We'll see you around.

They head back across the street to Bowers.

SAM BOWERS  
Don't need no trouble right now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

LAWRENCE BYRD  
Wasn't no trouble, Sam. That was  
just fun.

As the men disappear inside, Bowers stays outside and stares over at Terence.

If you could point your finger at the most violent and virulent racist in Mississippi during the civil rights era, your finger would be aimed squarely at Sam Bowers.

He is as vicious, cruel and hateful as anyone who has ever walked this planet.

Terence and Bowers LOCK EYES for a pregnant beat, and Bowers smiles.

And then he steps back into the hall.

Terence resumes walking up the block.

But not before wiping a few beads of sweat from his brow.

**INT. TERENCE AND ALLISON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Terence is sitting up in bed as his wife, ALLISON (thirties, African-American) massages his back.

ALLISON  
I don't understand why you don't just take Pine Street home. You know they're gonna be there at the V.F.W.

TERENCE  
First off, Pine Street adds ten minutes to my walk. Secondly, and more importantly...

Terence turns around and stares at his wife.

TERENCE (CONT'D)  
*Fuck them.*

Allison doesn't like that kind of language.

ALLISON  
Terence.

But he's furious

CONTINUED:

TERENCE

They're killing us, Allison.  
Killing us and then going about  
their lives like it's the natural  
order of things. Like we don't  
matter.

He's on a roll.

TERENCE (CONT'D)

Malcolm X says that nobody can  
give you freedom or equality or  
justice. If you're a man, you  
take it. Well, I'm a man.

Terence gets up out of bed.

TERENCE (CONT'D)

They murdered Vernon Dahmer last  
night. Burned him to death in his  
own house. In front of his wife  
and child. We don't mean anything  
to them.

He pounds at his chest.

TERENCE (CONT'D)

They need to know I mean  
something.

Terence storms out of his bedroom, through his house and  
OUTSIDE where he walks over to a HEAVY BAG that he's hung  
from tree in his front yard.

He PUNCHES the bag. Hard. Angry.

Straight rights, left hooks, crosses... Big hits.  
Sneering with every blow.

Allison emerges from the house and gets between him and  
the bag.

ALLISON

Vernon was my friend too. And I  
feel his loss just like you. I  
feel all of 'em.

She looks her husband in the eye.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

But you're an agent in the Federal  
Bureau of Investigation, Terence.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ALLISON (CONT'D)

And whether you believe it or not,  
that means something. To me. To  
this community. To the world.

Terence just doesn't see it the way his wife does.

TERENCE

Half the people on our street  
won't look me in the eye. To  
them, I'm just part of the  
problem. And they may be right.

ALLISON

You're blazing a trail. Breaking  
down barriers.

Terence disagrees.

TERENCE

All I am is a damn signpost. A  
marker that Hoover and Johnson can  
point to and say, "See? We kinda  
trust 'em, so maybe you should  
too." But they don't really trust  
us. Not enough to let us join  
this fight.

Terence has been ruminating on all this for a while.

TERENCE (CONT'D)

Can you imagine if someone who  
looked like me arrested these  
crackers who killed Vernon?

He punches the bag again.

TERENCE (CONT'D)

Can you imagine how proud of me  
you'd be then? How proud everyone  
around here would be?

ALLISON

I don't think I could be any  
prouder of you than I am every  
morning when you get on that bus.

TERENCE

You could. I could.

Allison steps closer to Terence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ALLISON

And so what if you are a signpost?  
What that sign says to me is,  
"Look how far we've come. Look  
where we're going. You can't stop  
us." That's a powerful sign.

TERENCE

The people that killed Vernon  
aren't scared of signs. All a  
sign is to them is one more thing  
they can burn down.

OFF TERENCE, his eyes steely and determined...

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Ellie and Bettie, Vernon's wife and daughter,  
respectively, sit in chairs next to Vernon's casket,  
which is suspended above the plot that's been dug.

A LARGE CROWD, comprised of black and white folks,  
surrounds the grave and listens as PASTOR TOLBERT  
delivers the eulogy.

PASTOR TOLBERT

How do we confront a pain that  
feels endless?

We FIND TERENCE and ALLISON WAYNE amongst the crowd.  
Both are wearing sunglasses. Allison dabs at her eyes.

PASTOR TOLBERT (CONT'D)

For me, I think back to what my  
friend, Vernon Dahmer said me at  
one of my lowest moments.

EXT. LAWRENCE BYRD'S HOUSE - DAY

Beer in hand, Lawrence Byrd sits on his porch across from  
TWO F.B.I. AGENTS.

LAWRENCE BYRD

Just because I don't like niggras  
doesn't mean I kill 'em. I don't  
like possums neither, but I let  
one cross right in front of my car  
the other day and drove right  
around him. And that's what I do  
with niggras too. I just avoid  
'em.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Byrd takes a long pull off his beer and grins.

LAWRENCE BYRD (CONT'D)  
Like the plague that they are.

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

A LARGE CROWD, mostly African-American, but there are some white folks sprinkled in here as well, marches down the middle of Main Street, singing, "We Shall Overcome".

PASTOR TOLBERT (V.O.)  
Think about your best day, Vernon said to me. The day when you were happiest. The day when everything was as brilliant and wonderful as you ever hoped it could be.

The people in the front carry a large banner that reads, "Who Killed Vernon Dahmer?"

**EXT. CEMETERY - DAY**

We still hear the people SINGING (and we will hear them throughout the rest of this montage) as the pastor continues to speak back at the cemetery.

PASTOR TOLBERT  
Remember how that day transpired?  
How fleeting it felt? How quickly it passed?

The pastor wipes at his own tears.

**INT. GARAGE - DAY**

Grease on his face, MAURICE ALLEN (thirties, African-American) stands in the middle of his garage and speaks with TWO FBI AGENTS.

Maurice is justifiably skeptical of the agents.

MAURICE ALLEN  
If the F.B.I. don't know nothin',  
why would I?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

F.B.I. AGENT #1  
 Well, we're not from around here.  
 We just assumed that, as a  
 resident of Hattiesburg, you might  
 have heard rumors or gossip or  
 something of that nature.

MAURICE ALLEN  
 Right. You're not from around  
 here. But I am. I live here. My  
 family lives here. And we'd like  
 to keep on living here.

Maurice is done here.

MAURICE ALLEN (CONT'D)  
 I gotta get back to work. These  
 cars ain't gonna fix themselves.

**EXT. MT. CALVARY BAPTIST CHURCH - NIGHT**

A car skids to a stop in front of this church. THREE MEN exit and THROW MOLOTOV COCKTAILS through the windows.

PASTOR TOLBERT (V.O.)  
 This day -- your *worst* day -- is  
 no longer than your *best* day. And  
 like that one, this day will pass  
 faster than you think.

They explode and the church starts to burn.

The men get back in the vehicle and speed away.

**EXT. CEMETERY - DAY**

The pastor continues.

PASTOR TOLBERT  
 The sun will rise and set. The  
 moon will climb into the night  
 sky.

The crowd voices their agreement.

**INT. DINER - DAY**

Billy Roy Pitts nervously sips from a cup of coffee and eats his breakfast as TWO DIFFERENT AGENTS question him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

F.B.I. AGENT #3  
So you didn't know Vernon Dahmer.

BILLY ROY PITTS  
*Everyone heard of 'im. But it's not like we were friends or nothin'.*

AGENT #4  
We're not suggesting that you and Mr. Dahmer were friends.

Pitts's hand shakes as he takes a sip of his coffee.

BILLY ROY PITTS  
I don't know nothin', and I'm done talkin'.

He gets up and sits somewhere else.

**EXT. CEMETERY - DAY**

The pastor's voice is rising. Building.

PASTOR TOLBERT  
And there will be a tomorrow.  
There's always a tomorrow. There has to be! It's ordained! It's affirmed! It's guaranteed!

**INT. BEAUTY SALON - DAY**

Adelena Hamlett, who we met at the bus stop earlier, and BIRDIA KEGLAR (African-American, seventies) are sitting in barber's chairs as they get their hair done.

F.B.I. AGENTS question them.

ADELENA HAMLETT  
I don't know who killed poor Vernon, but you tell 'em that they ain't stoppin' us from votin'.

Birdia agrees.

BIRDIA KEGLAR  
Tell 'em they just made us more powerful. Because now Vernon's with God, lookin' down and watchin' over us. Pushin' us to be even stronger.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADELENA HAMLETT  
Even more righteous.

The F.B.I. agents scribble down notes.

**EXT. F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS - DAY**

As Sam Bowers walks down the stairs that lead to the Bureau's office in Jackson, he's trailed by a FEW REPORTERS, who bark questions at him.

SAM BOWERS  
The F.B.I. drug me all the way to Jackson to tell them what I'm gonna to tell you: I didn't like Vernon Dahmer and I didn't agree with Vernon Dahmer. But I also didn't kill Vernon Dahmer. That niggra wasn't worth my bullets.

Bowers steps into a waiting car.

**EXT. TOWN SQUARE PARK - NIGHT**

Located in the middle of downtown Hattiesburg, this park is the site of countless civic events and celebrations.

But not tonight.

A GIANT CROSS is AFLAME in the center of the park, and a CREW OF HOODED KLANSMEN stand around it with torches in their hands.

PASTOR TOLBERT (V.O.)  
Tomorrow is God's will! Tomorrow is the promise! Tomorrow is the revelation! Tomorrow is the truth!

It's a message. To everyone. Everywhere.

**EXT. CEMETERY - DAY**

The pastor's got the crowd here worked up.

PASTOR TOLBERT  
The sun comes up, goes down and comes up again! That's God's way! That's his bond with us!  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PASTOR TOLBERT (CONT'D)  
 That there's nothin' that happens  
 today that won't meet its  
 reckonin' tomorrow!

They're clapping their hands and cheering now.

PASTOR TOLBERT (CONT'D)  
 And my friend, Vernon Dahmer, he  
 wanted our eyes fixed on tomorrow!  
 Because you can't stop tomorrow!  
*Tomorrow's coming whether they  
 like it, or not!*

Everyone's hearts are about to pound out of their chests.

**EXT. CEMETERY - DAY**

The service over, Terence and Allison walk back toward their automobile.

Up ahead, parked amongst all the other cars, Terence sees Agent Rhodes standing outside a black sedan.

TERENCE  
 Damn.

ALLISON  
 I hope whatever it is that  
 inspired you to just blaspheme in  
 a cemetery is worth it.

Terence gestures toward Rhodes.

TERENCE  
 Work.

ALLISON  
 Didn't you tell them that you were  
 going to be out for a couple days?

TERENCE  
 Guess they didn't get the memo.  
 As usual. Can you get a ride home  
 with Rachel?

She kisses Terence on the cheek.

ALLISON  
 Don't take long.

As Allison breaks off toward her friends, Terence approaches Rhodes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AGENT RHODES  
Special Agent Moore would like to  
speak with you.

Terence opens the door to the sedan and steps inside.

**INT./EXT. MOORE'S CAR - DAY**

Terence and Agent Moore sit in the back as the car drives through Hattiesburg.

SPECIAL AGENT MOORE  
No one around here is talking to  
us. We've questioned over a  
hundred people -- negroes and  
whites, alike -- and we're hitting  
a dead end before we even get on  
the road with our investigation.  
President Johnson is beside  
himself.

TERENCE  
The Klan killed Vernon Dahmer,  
sir. Everyone knows the Klan  
killed him. And with all due  
respect, sir, the reason folks  
around town aren't talking to you  
is because they figure that if the  
F.B.I. doesn't know that the Klan  
did it, the Bureau's either in on  
it, or too useless to catch the  
guys who did it anyway.

It's more complicated than that, of course.

SPECIAL AGENT MOORE  
There's a big gap between knowing  
something and proving something,  
Agent Wayne.

Moore looks out the window.

SPECIAL AGENT MOORE (CONT'D)  
I read your memorandum. It was  
excellent. And thorough. But as  
good as it was -- as many names as  
you named -- it won't bring your  
friend's murderers to justice.

Terence knows this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TERENCE

But I could bring my friend's  
murderers to justice. If you let  
me.

SPECIAL AGENT MOORE

You're angry.

TERENCE

Hell yes I'm angry.

Moore likes it.

SPECIAL AGENT MOORE

I'm angry too. And more  
importantly, President Johnson is  
angry.

Moore gets to the reason he's here.

SPECIAL AGENT MOORE (CONT'D)

There may be an opportunity for  
you to assist in this  
investigation. There-

He doesn't need to say another word.

TERENCE

I'm in. Whatever it is. I'm in.

Moore can't help but smile at Terence's enthusiasm.

SPECIAL AGENT MOORE

Given the dearth of information  
and evidence, we're taking an  
unorthodox approach here.

Moore studies Terence closely.

SPECIAL AGENT MOORE (CONT'D)

You'd be paired up with a  
consultant. He's uniquely skilled  
when it comes to this kind of  
work. Your familiarity with the  
area and the players could be  
invaluable to him and our  
investigation.

Terence nods. This keeps sounding better and better.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SPECIAL AGENT MOORE (CONT'D)  
But it's a black bag operation.  
Off the books. And it's  
dangerous.

The car pulls up in front of Terence's house.

SPECIAL AGENT MOORE (CONT'D)  
You need to know that, if anything  
goes wrong...

He tries to figure out the best way to say it.

SPECIAL AGENT MOORE (CONT'D)  
Director Hoover will protect the  
Bureau at all costs.

Terence could give a fuck about all that. As far as he's concerned, he just got called up to The Show.

TERENCE  
When do I start?

Rhodes opens Terence's door.

SPECIAL AGENT MOORE  
We'll be in touch.

Terence exits the car, Rhodes shuts the door behind him and then gets back into the car's front seat.

Terence watches them drive away.

And then he pumps his fist.

He can't help himself.

**EXT. NEW YORK CITYSCAPE - NIGHT**

Back to the city that never fuckin' sleeps.

We ZERO IN ON STATEN ISLAND...

**EXT. GREG SCARPA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

With a steak on a plate in front of him and a bottle of Dewar's also on the table, Greg sits at the dinner table with his son, GREG, JR. (16).

CONNIE (thirties), Scarpa's wife, washes dishes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GREG JR.

Coach said that gettin' hit by a pitch is just a part of the game. I shouldn't get upset.

SCARPA

That's because you're coach isn't the one catchin' a heater in his ribs. That kid hit you on purpose.

Scarpa has a mouthful of steak.

SCARPA (CONT'D)

And when someone hits you, you hit 'em back.

The phone rings. Connie answers.

SCARPA (CONT'D)

Hundred times harder.

Greg Jr. worships his father, but just like everyone else, he's also terrified of him.

Connie interrupts.

CONNIE SCARPA

(to Scarpa)

Phone's for you.

We STAY WITH GREG JR. as he watches his father take his call. This sixteen-year-old kid will end up following his old man into a life of crime and ultimately spend most of his life in prison.

But for right now, he's just a son who adores his dad.

SCARPA

(into the phone)

Yeah.

He listens for a beat.

SCARPA (CONT'D)

(into the phone)

It's late.

He looks out the window and sees a downpour.

SCARPA (CONT'D)

(into the phone)

It's also pissin' rain out there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Listens again.

SCARPA (CONT'D)  
(into the phone)  
Okay then.

He hangs up the phone.

SCARPA (CONT'D)  
(to Connie)  
I gotta go to my tailor for a  
fitting.

Connie's justifiably skeptical.

CONNIE SCARPA  
At this time of night?

SCARPA  
The special fuckin' guy from  
Mumbai with the special fuckin'  
fabrics is here with his special  
fuckin' swatches and he has to be  
on a plane tomorrow and bullshit,  
bullshit, bullshit... I'll be  
back soon.

CONNIE SCARPA  
You're the customer. Shouldn't  
they work around your schedule,  
not the other way around?

Scarpa gives his wife a look that tells her that she's  
overstepped. And she knows it.

CONNIE SCARPA (CONT'D)  
I'll keep your dinner warm.

On his way out the door, Scarpa kisses his wife and  
tousles his son's hair.

SCARPA  
Won't be long.

**INT./EXT. GREG SCARPA'S CAR - NIGHT**

Scarpa drives up the mostly empty New Jersey Turnpike.

Up ahead, he sees a sign for a rest area.

He checks his rearview mirror to make sure no one's  
following him. No one.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He exits.

**EXT. REST AREA - A FEW MINUTES LATER**

This rest area is no more than a couple dirty bathrooms and a few picnic tables.

AGENT ARTHUR LEVINE (forties) sits by himself at one of the tables in the pouring rain.

Scarpa approaches.

SCARPA

Sittin' out here all alone in the rain like this, people are liable to think you're some kind of pervert.

AGENT LEVINE

What's your excuse?

Scarpa laughs and sits down across from him.

SCARPA

How goes it at the Bureau, Art?

AGENT LEVINE

Fightin' the good fight.

SCARPA

That makes two of us.

Now it's Levine's turn to laugh.

AGENT LEVINE

What do you know about the hit on Carmine Destefano in that bar in Gravesend?

SCARPA

Moretti's.

Yes.

SCARPA (CONT'D)

Carmine got clipped. That's all I know.

Scarpa is cool as a fan.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCARPA (CONT'D)  
Guy had his hands in all sorts of  
hustles. Slippery motherfucker.  
Shit happens.

Levine is scrutinizing the hell out of Scarpa.

AGENT LEVINE  
This informant arrangement between  
us - it's predicated on you being  
honest with the Bureau, Scarpa.  
If you lie to us, the whole thing  
falls apart.

SCARPA  
I'm not lyin' to you, Art. You  
lyin' to me?

Levine continues to size up Scarpa.

AGENT LEVINE  
If you hear anything about the  
hit, let me know. All we got  
right now is a bartender who says  
he was in the can when bullets  
started flying and didn't see a  
thing.

Scarpa's had enough of this particular conversation.

SCARPA  
I know you didn't bring me out  
here in the middle of the night,  
and in a fuckin' typhoon, to talk  
about Carmine Destefano.

He's right, of course.

AGENT LEVINE  
We need you to go back down South.

SCARPA  
Jews gone missing again?

Levine takes offense but doesn't say anything.

AGENT LEVINE  
Negro in Mississippi. Voting  
rights activist. He was murdered  
a couple weeks back and no one's  
talking.

Scarpa's interested.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SCARPA  
How much you paying?

AGENT LEVINE  
This isn't a drive-by like the last one. Gonna need you on the ground. There'll be some shoe leather this time around.

There's nothing Scarpa likes more than driving the deal.

SCARPA  
You know I'm gonna want my get-out-of-jail-free card extended to forever and for everything.

That's not all.

SCARPA (CONT'D)  
And my day rate. Doubled.

Christ.

SCARPA (CONT'D)  
Need to be compensated for time away from my family. Greg Junior's growin' up. Days away are days I miss with my son.

Levine's been down this road before.

AGENT LEVINE  
We'll talk to the man in charge.

SCARPA  
Hoover?

AGENT LEVINE  
Johnson.

Scarpa grins.

SCARPA  
The President. That's what I'm talkin' about.

Awesome.

**INT. TERENCE AND ALLISON'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Terence packs a suitcase while Allison stands nearby.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TERENCE

They just told me I have to drive  
to Atlanta. That's all I got.

ALLISON

You understand why this lack of  
specifics is unsettling for your  
wife.

Terence smiles and takes her face in his hands.

TERENCE

Like I said, the whole thing's a  
secret. No one can know.

ALLISON

I didn't realize wives were *no*  
*one*.

TERENCE

You know what I mean, baby.

Terence throws a couple more things into his bag and then  
closes it. He kisses his wife good-bye.

TERENCE (CONT'D)

I love you.

ALLISON

We'll miss you.

TERENCE

I'll miss you too.

Terence heads for the door.

ALLISON

I said, we'll miss you, Terence.

He stops and turns around and sees Allison standing there  
with her hand on her belly.

TERENCE

Stop lyin'!

She's laughs.

ALLISON

Unlike you, I don't keep secrets  
from my spouse.

Terence breaks into a massive grin, runs across the room  
and picks up his wife in his arms.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TERENCE

Oh my God! Oh my God! Oh my God!

Despite her best efforts to be angry at her husband, Allison can't help but smile as well.

ALLISON

Your baby and I are not *no one*.

Terence kisses his wife.

TERENCE

No. No. You're everything.

And kisses her again.

TERENCE (CONT'D)

Everything.

**EXT. HOLIDAY INN - PARKING LOT - DAY**

Terence pulls up in a 1960 CHEVY IMPALA outside of this large hotel located in downtown Atlanta.

He exits his car and heads for the front doors.

**INT. HOLIDAY INN - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS**

Terence walks into the lobby and looks around. He hasn't been standing here for more than ten seconds when a HOTEL EMPLOYEE (white woman, thirties) approaches him.

HOTEL EMPLOYEE

May I help you with something?

TERENCE

I'm meeting someone here.

HOTEL EMPLOYEE

Are you certain you're supposed to meet them *here*?

Terence looks around the lobby, sees that the clientele are exclusively white and immediately understands this interrogation.

HOTEL EMPLOYEE (CONT'D)

Do you have a name for the person you're meeting?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TERENCE  
I'll know them when I see them.

HOTEL EMPLOYEE  
I haven't seen anyone you would  
know.

Terence can't help but give a cynical chuckle.

TERENCE  
How would you know who I know?

Just as he says this, he sees Agent Levine, dressed in  
the standard F.B.I. attire.

TERENCE (CONT'D)  
Mr. Levine?

Levine sees him and walks over with his hand extended.

AGENT LEVINE  
Mr. Wayne. Welcome to Atlanta.

As they shake...

TERENCE  
(to the woman, re:  
Levine)  
Does he look like someone I'd  
know?

She turns her attention to the white agent.

HOTEL EMPLOYEE  
(to Agent Levine)  
Are you a guest here, sir?

AGENT LEVINE  
I'm renting out the entire top  
floor of this hotel. Is there a  
problem?

She forces a smile.

HOTEL EMPLOYEE  
You both have a nice day.

As she walks away, Levine shakes his head.

TERENCE  
She was just making sure I was in  
the right place.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Levine knows what's up.

AGENT LEVINE  
Of course she was.

**INT. HOLIDAY INN - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Agent Levine gives Terence the lowdown as they stand outside a door to a room.

AGENT LEVINE  
I don't know what they've told you  
about Confidential Informant 34.

TERENCE  
They haven't told me anything, and  
I didn't ask.

It's clear to Agent Levine that Terence has no idea what the fuck he's getting into here.

AGENT LEVINE  
C.I. 34 is one of our most  
valuable assets.

He reaches for the door's handle and then stops himself.

AGENT LEVINE (CONT'D)  
He's also an absolute son of a  
bitch. If he's talking, he's  
lying. If his feet are moving,  
he's dancing. If he's standing  
near you, make sure you still have  
your wallet.

This is a lot to take in.

AGENT LEVINE (CONT'D)  
Having said that, he's been around  
the block. You'll be following  
his lead.

Levine opens the door and the two men step inside.

**INT. HOLIDAY INN - SCARPA'S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Terence and Levine are greeted by the sight of Scarpa, in a bathrobe, sitting on a couch with a WOMAN, also in a bathrobe (but hers is open), straddling him.

Levine clears his throat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCARPA  
(to the woman)  
Company.

The woman, who is, at the most, in her early twenties, closes her robe and dismounts Scarpa.

Immediately, we notice that she is *not* Scarpa's wife.

Her name is LINDA SCHIRO (twenties) and she will give birth to, and raise, two of Scarpa's children...while she's married to another man.

Scarpa does the introductions.

SCARPA (CONT'D)  
(to Linda)  
This is Art.

They exchange nods and smiles.

SCARPA (CONT'D)  
(re: Terence)  
And that's Art's driver.

No. Asshole. It's not.

AGENT LEVINE  
Terence Wayne. He's going to be working with you in Mississippi.

Scarpa's surprised. Stunned is more like it.

SCARPA  
That right?

Scarpa extends his hand as he sizes up Terence.

SCARPA (CONT'D)  
I'm-

Before he can gets another word out, Levine steps in.

AGENT LEVINE  
34.

Scarpa chuckles.

SCARPA  
Yeah. 34.

Linda takes a sip from a glass of champagne.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LINDA  
We're doing code names again?  
That's fun.

Again? This gives Terence momentary pause as he and Scarpa shake hands.

TERENCE  
Terence Wayne.

Levine offers up the particulars.

AGENT LEVINE  
You and Terence will drive to Mobile tonight, and then you'll continue on into Mississippi tomorrow.

Scarpa is still studying Terence.

AGENT LEVINE (CONT'D)  
Terence is from Hattiesburg. He knows the city and everyone in it.

Scarpa wants to establish the ground rules right now.

SCARPA  
Don't know what Art told you, but I've done this before.

TERENCE  
He told me.

SCARPA  
I know more than you, and I'm the best at what I do.

From the peanut gallery.

LINDA  
And he's really humble.

SCARPA  
(to Linda)  
Watch your mouth.  
(to Terence)  
Point is, I'm freelance. Only clock I punch is my own.

This guy is already a pain in the ass.

TERENCE  
I'll keep that in mind.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Scarpa eyes Terence.

SCARPA  
You better.

Sizing him up.

**EXT. HOLIDAY INN - PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON**

Scarpa stands outside the car and says good-bye to Linda before he steps inside with Terence, who's behind the wheel already.

LINDA  
I get so little time with you back in New York, and now you're leaving me again. It's not fair, Greg.

Terence hears her call him Greg and takes note.

SCARPA  
I saw you droolin' over that bus boy. He can keep you busy for a few days while I'm gone.

She playfully slaps Scarpa.

LINDA  
Stop!

But he really doesn't give a fuck.

SCARPA  
Do what you need to do.

Scarpa kisses her and grabs her ass in the process.

SCARPA (CONT'D)  
Keep it tight for me.

Gross.

Scarpa steps into...

**INT./EXT. CHEVY IMPALA - CONTINUOUS**

As Scarpa takes the seat next to Terence, he pulls a GUN out of his jacket and places it under the seat.

Terence watches him do it; Scarpa notices him watching.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCARPA  
Have gun - will travel.

Terence stares at Scarpa...and then starts the car.  
He pulls out of the parking lot.

**EXT. HIGHWAY - EVENING**

Scarpa's window is down and he breathes in the air.

SCARPA  
Love it down here. Nobody knows  
me. Nobody sees me comin'.

He takes another deep breath.

SCARPA (CONT'D)  
Like I been born again.

The Four Tops play on the radio -- "I Can't Help Myself" --  
- as Terence continues to drive up the road.

Terence hands Scarpa a folder.

TERENCE  
It's a memorandum I wrote about  
the Klan in Hattiesburg. I  
thought it might be helpful.

Scarpa take a quick look and then tosses it at his feet.  
He could give a fuck about Terence's memorandum.

SCARPA  
I'll read it later.

He won't.

SCARPA (CONT'D)  
So when they start letting niggers  
into the Bureau?

Terence turns to him.

TERENCE  
I'm going to ask you *not* to use  
that word around me.

Scarpa's testing him.

SCARPA  
Just a figure of speech.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TERENCE

I know what it is. Don't say it around me.

Scarpa smiles. He likes Terence's toughness.

SCARPA

Never seen a negro agent before.

TERENCE

James Wormley was appointed as a Special Agent of the Bureau in 1919. After him was James Amos in 1921. Then Earl Titus and Thomas Leon Jefferson in '22.

Scarpa takes a sip of his soda.

SCARPA

How 'bout that?

The car continues up the road.

**INT./EXT. CHEVY IMPALA - NIGHT**

Terence's eyes are getting heavy; Scarpa is asleep.

Suddenly, POLICE LIGHTS appear behind them.

TERENCE

Shit.

Scarpa wakes up.

SCARPA

What?

And then he sees.

SCARPA (CONT'D)

Fuck.

Terence slowly pulls over to the shoulder and brings the car to a stop.

He watches TWO COPS get out of their car and approach.

And then he sees Scarpa grab his pistol and put it under his leg.

The cops come up both sides of the car and SHINE THEIR FLASHLIGHTS into Terence and Scarpa's faces.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The cop in Terence's window talks first.

COP #1  
What crime are you two runnin'  
from in such a hurry?

TERENCE  
We're headed for Mobile.

The cop nearest Scarpa speaks.

COP #2  
Mobile's not going nowhere, so why  
you tearin' up our roads?

TERENCE  
I didn't realize I was.

The cop in his window gets in his face.

COP #1  
He just told you that you were,  
boy.

This interaction feels like it could fly off the rails,  
and turn violent, at any moment.

COP #2  
What's in Mobile?

TERENCE  
Just a motel. We're staying there  
for the night.

COP #1  
You queers?

What Scarpa says next will most likely get them both  
killed, but Terence stops him.

TERENCE  
I'll get you my paperwork.

COP #2  
(to Scarpa)  
We need identification from *both*  
of you.

Scarpa protests.

SCARPA  
I wasn't driving.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The second cop gets loud.

COP #2  
You refusing to obey an order from  
a law enforcement officer?

Terence settles things down. He looks over at Scarpa.

TERENCE  
We'll both give you our  
identification.

Scarpa pulls out his wallet and hands the guy his license. Terence does the same.

COP #1  
Stay in the car.

The cops head back to their vehicle.

Terence turns to Scarpa.

SCARPA  
They're just fuckin' with us to  
fuck with us.

No shit.

TERENCE  
They see your gun, they'll kill us  
right here. No questions asked.

SCARPA  
Why don't you tell them that  
you're an F.B.I. agent?

Because that's the worst idea.

TERENCE  
We're on an empty highway in  
Alabama at night. And I'm a black  
agent in the Bureau. Only thing  
these guys hate more than people  
that look like me are people who  
work where I do. They could put a  
bullet in my head right now and  
get a medal of commendation from  
the governor before the week is  
up.

The cops return to the car and the one on Scarpa's side  
hands him back his I.D.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

COP #2  
(to Scarpa)  
Thomas Miller from New York.

SCARPA  
That's me.

COP #2  
What are you doin' in Alabama?

SCARPA  
I'm a reporter from the New York  
Herald Tribune doing a piece on  
negro F.B.I. agents.

COP #1  
There's no such thing.

Scarpa begs to disagree.

SCARPA  
The first negro F.B.I. agent was  
Earl Wormley in 1932.

He fucks this all up, of course.

SCARPA (CONT'D)  
After him was Amos James. Then  
James Leon and then Thomas  
Jefferson.

He points at Terence.

SCARPA (CONT'D)  
As a matter of fact, *this one's* in  
the F.B.I. right now.

Cop #1 takes a beat to process this and then pulls out  
his GUN and points it at Terence's face.

COP #1  
Get the fuck outta the car. Right  
now. And lemme see your fuckin'  
hands!

Terence looks at Scarpa and then does as he's told.

The other cop points his gun at Scarpa.

COP #2  
You too! Get the fuck out!

Scarpa protests.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

SCARPA  
What'd I do?

COP #2  
I said, get the fuck outta the  
car!

The cop puts his gun to Scarpa's head.

SCARPA  
You don't wanna do that.

COP #2  
There's a lot I wanna do, and even  
more that I'm gonna do, if you  
don't get your ass outta this car  
right fuckin' now!

Terence and Scarpa share a look.

*The gun underneath Scarpa's leg.*

As Scarpa opens his door, he expertly PALMS HIS GUN in  
his left hand so it can't be seen by the cop.

As he steps outside, he drops the gun down his leg kicks  
it under the car in one fluid, undetectable motion.  
Coughing along the way to camouflage any noise.

The guy's a fuckin' pro.

Terence, who has watched the whole thing, can't help but  
be impressed.

**EXT. ALABAMA HIGHWAY - NIGHT**

Terence and Scarpa are both facedown on the pavement as  
the two officers stand over them.

One of them holds Terence's memorandum.

COP #1  
We could throw you both in jail  
for transporting confidential  
materials across state lines.

SCARPA  
That's a law?

COP #2  
The law is what we say it is.

CONTINUED:

The cop takes the memorandum and tears it into pieces and throws it into the road.

COP #1

Instead, we're just going to write you a citation for littering.

He gets low, right next to Terence and presses his gun to his head.

COP #1 (CONT'D)

You people need to let us know when you're traveling through the state. Not accustomed nigras with a badge around here.

He pulls back the hammer on his pistol.

COP #1 (CONT'D)

Throws us off. Might make some kind of fatal mistake.

The other cop chimes in.

COP #2

Do your business in Mobile and then get the fuck out of Alabama. Both of you.

Terence nods.

**INT./EXT. CHEVY IMPALA - NIGHT**

Terence and Scarpa are back in the car and they watch as the two cops pull away past them, eyeing them as they go.

SCARPA

Lemme get my gun from under the car.

Terence is furious.

TERENCE

You could've killed us, you know.

SCARPA

They're cops. I'm a white man. We were safe.

Terence can't help but laugh at Scarpa's absurdity.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TERENCE

I know you know everything  
already, but it's 1966. And this  
is the South.

He LOCKS EYES with Scarpa.

TERENCE (CONT'D)

*No one is safe.*

OFF TERENCE, more concerned than ever about the guy  
riding shotgun...

**EXT. MOTEL 6 - DAY**

Terence and Scarpa, both with cups of coffee in their  
hands (Scarpa has a biscuit too), walk across the parking  
lot toward the entrance to the motel.

SCARPA

Is it ever *not* hot and humid down  
here? Feels like we're walking  
straight into someone's ass.

Lovely.

MARCO (O.S.)

Get the fuck outta here! Scarpa?!

Scarpa. Linda called him, "Greg". This guy just called  
him, "Scarpa".

*Greg Scarpa.*

Terence will remember that.

Scarpa turns and sees MARCO ESPOSITO (forties, Italian,  
fat). And he is *not* happy about it.

Under his breath...

SCARPA

*You gotta be shittin' me.*

Scarpa walks over and gives him a hug and a kiss.

SCARPA (CONT'D)

As I live and breathe! Marco  
Esposito! What the fuck are you  
doin' here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARCO  
You tell me first!

SCARPA  
Thinkin' about opening up a club.  
No room in New York, so figure why  
not try greener pastures?

He tugs at his sweaty shirt.

SCARPA (CONT'D)  
But now I'm thinkin' it's too  
fuckin' hot all the time. Who  
wants to dance when their balls  
are stuck to their legs? What  
about you? What brings you to  
America's asshole?

Marco laughs.

MARCO  
Moved to New Orleans a few years  
back to work with the Marcellos.

Scarpa remembers.

SCARPA  
That's right.

Marco eyes Scarpa closely.

MARCO  
We're also exploring some  
opportunities here in Mobile.

Marco gestures toward Terence.

MARCO (CONT'D)  
(re: Terence)  
Who's Licorice Slim over there?

Fuck.

SCARPA  
Tour guide. Knows all the  
shortcuts.

Not sure what to make of Terence, Marco moves on.

MARCO  
I'm twiddling my thumbs for a  
couple hours. Maybe show me the  
spot you're thinking of buying.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARCO (CONT'D)  
I'm pretty familiar with local  
real estate.

SCARPA  
Wish we could. Heading back to  
New York this morning.

MARCO  
Well, if you want a belt before  
you head out, I got the good stuff  
back in 314. Stop by before you  
leave.

SCARPA  
Appreciate the offer. In a rush.

Scarpa gives Marco another hug

SCARPA (CONT'D)  
Good seeing you, Marco.

MARCO  
You too.

Scarpa heads over to Terence.

SCARPA  
Gotta finish packing. I'll meet  
you at the car.

Terence's watches Marco head into the motel.

**INT. MOTEL 6 - ROOM 314 - A FEW MINUTES LATER**

Marco sits on his bed and talks on the phone.

MARCO  
If he's here, New York's here.  
And Mobile's not big enough for  
both of us.

There's a KNOCK at his door.

MARCO (CONT'D)  
(into his phone)  
Someone at my door. Gotta go.

Marco gets up, opens his door and finds himself staring  
at the business end of a pistol with a silencer on it.

Scarpa.

CONTINUED:

SCARPA  
Wrong place, wrong time.

THWIP. Right between the eyes.

Scarpa, holding his luggage, walks into the room and closes the door behind him.

**EXT. MOTEL 6 - PARKING LOT - A MINUTE LATER**

Terence puts his bag in the car's trunk; Scarpa approaches.

SCARPA  
Sorry to make you wait.

Scarpa throws his bag in the trunk as well.

SCARPA (CONT'D)  
Turns out this southern cooking  
doesn't agree with me.

**INT./EXT. CHEVY IMPALA - DAY**

Terence and Scarpa drive by the burned sign on the side of the road.

SCARPA  
(re: the sign)  
What's that supposed to say?

TERENCE  
Welcome to Hattiesburg.

They keep driving.

**EXT. CAMP SHELBY - DAY**

Located in the southern boundary of Hattiesburg and covering 136,000 acres, Camp Shelby is the largest state-owned training site in the United States. During times of war, the camp's mission is to serve as a major independent mobilization station for the army.

Terence and Scarpa drive through the camp's North Gate.

**INT. HANGAR - MOMENTS LATER**

Terence pulls into a massive, empty hangar where Agents Moore and Rhodes, as well as TWO OTHER SENIOR-LEVEL AGENTS, are sitting at a table that's been set up in the middle of the enormous space.

Terence and Scarpa exit the car.

They walk over to the table and take the two seats across from the agents.

SCARPA

(to Moore)

Can't get enough of me. Can you,  
Special Agent Moore?

Another surprise for Terence. Scarpa knows Moore.

SPECIAL AGENT MOORE

The situation here is different  
than your prior engagement.

And yet another reference to Scarpa being here before.

SPECIAL AGENT MOORE (CONT'D)

We know less this time. So you  
need to do more.

Rhodes steps in.

AGENT RHODES

(to Terence, re:

Scarpa)

If anyone asks, he's a special  
agent on assignment from New York.

Scarpa loves it.

SCARPA

Special agent on assignment.  
That's who the fuck I am.

OFF TERENCE, more and more in the dark...

**INT. HANGAR - LATER**

Scarpa eats at the table while Terence talks to Moore and Rhodes off to the side and out of his earshot.

CONTINUED:

SPECIAL AGENT MOORE  
When you were in Mobile, did you  
happen to cross paths with someone  
named Marco Esposito?

Of course.

TERENCE  
In the parking lot of the motel.  
They knew each other.

Moore and Rhodes share a look.

TERENCE (CONT'D)  
(re: Scarpa)  
He gave him a story about visiting  
from New York and looking for a  
location for a club he was  
thinking of buying.

Terence clocks yet another loaded glance between Moore  
and Rhodes.

TERENCE (CONT'D)  
(re: Scarpa)  
Can you tell me who he is? I know  
he's an informant.

SPECIAL AGENT MOORE  
It's better for you -- *safer* for  
you -- that you don't know the  
specifics.

Terence wants more than that.

TERENCE  
We're working together, sir. I-

Rhodes is Moore's hammer.

AGENT RHODES  
Just do your job.

OFF TERENCE, getting tired of all the cryptic bullshit...

**EXT. TERENCE AND ALLISON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Terence talks on the phone while Allison sits at the  
kitchen table and drinks from a cup of tea.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TERENCE  
(into the phone)  
They found him dead in the  
bathroom at the motel in Mobile?

Marco Esposito.

TERENCE (CONT'D)  
(into the phone)  
*Damn. I guess he could've done it*  
when he went to get his luggage.

He shakes his head in bewilderment.

TERENCE (CONT'D)  
Shit. I don't know.

Allison looks up at him. He needs to wrap this call up.

TERENCE (CONT'D)  
(into the phone)  
It's Scarpa. S-C-A-R-P-A. First  
name Greg. Lemme know what you  
find. Thanks.

He hangs up. More disturbed than ever.

ALLISON  
I think I liked it better when you  
were just doing the filing.

Terence studies his wife for a moment.

TERENCE  
You should go to your sister's in  
Laurel.

ALLISON  
Why?

Terence's patience is stupidly short right now.

TERENCE  
Because I said you should.

Allison takes another sip of her tea.

ALLISON  
There will never be a time in this  
marriage or in this life where I  
will allow you to speak to me the  
way you just did, Terence Wayne.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ALLISON (CONT'D)

I don't know who you think you  
married.

She gets up and heads for the door.

TERENCE

I'm sorry.

She stops.

TERENCE (CONT'D)

You know I didn't mean it.

Terence comes clean, or at least as clean as he can.

TERENCE (CONT'D)

They brought someone in from New  
York who I'm working with to catch  
the guys who killed Vernon.

Allison smiles.

ALLISON

That's what you wanted. You're  
working to bring Vernon's killers  
to justice.

She can see that it's not all he'd hoped it would be.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

But...

TERENCE

This guy isn't an agent. He's an  
informant. I'm assuming he's in  
the Mafia up in New York.

ALLISON

Why would you think that?

Simple.

TERENCE

One look at him.

To make matters worse, though...

TERENCE (CONT'D)

When we stopped over in Mobile, we  
bumped into some guy he knew.

So?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TERENCE (CONT'D)

Archie just told me that a housekeeper at the motel found the same guy dead from a bullet to the head.

If Allison was scared before, she's terrified now.

ALLISON

And you think your Mafia informant guy did it?

TERENCE

I don't know. I don't know anything right now.

Allison's had enough.

ALLISON

Don't do this, Terence. Just tell them you can't. Tell them you want to go back to the file room. Whatever you need to do. Because this isn't not who you are. It's not who you're supposed to be.

As much as she'd like Terence to step away from this, she knows he never will. So she's not surprised when he doesn't even acknowledge what she just said.

TERENCE

I need you to go to Cynthia's in Laurel. Just for a couple days until I can figure out what's what.

ALLISON

You're in danger.

TERENCE

Maybe.

Allison hugs Terence. Tight.

**EXT. TERENCE AND ALLISON'S HOUSE - MORNING**

Terence places Allison into a waiting car that's being driven by her sister, CYNTHIA (forties).

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TERENCE  
(to Cynthia)  
Take good care of her, Cyn.

CYNTHIA  
You know I will.

And then he kisses his wife good-bye.

ALLISON  
We're a family now, Terence. And  
this family needs you.

TERENCE  
I love you.

And then he shuts the door and watches her drive away.

**INT./EXT. CHEVY IMPALA - DAY**

Terence and Scarpa, both with hats pulled low over their heads and the collars of their jackets turned up, sit in a car outside of the OAK GROVE DAIRY, a local milk manufacturing facility.

Their eyes are focused on the front door.

Billy Roy Pitts, one of the men from the V.F.W. who approached Terence that night, exits.

He's dressed in an Oak Grove Dairy uniform.

TERENCE  
Billy Roy Pitts.

Billy Roy heads over to his FORD TRUCK, gets inside and starts to pull away.

TERENCE (CONT'D)  
Billy Roy Pitts. Klan. Nervous.  
Talks too much. And for whatever  
reason, he doesn't hate us as much  
as all the other guys do.

Terence follows behind him at a safe distance.

TERENCE (CONT'D)  
In this chain, Billy Roy's the  
weak link.

**EXT. BILLY ROY PITTS'S HOUSE - DAY**

As Billy Roy pulls up in front of his small, decrepit house, he's greeted by a BARKING DOG.

He bends down and pets the dog, lets him lick his face.

Billy Roy goes inside.

**INT./EXT. CHEVY IMPALA - CONTINUOUS**

Terence and Scarpa are about a block away.

Scarpa points to the curb.

SCARPA

Pull up there.

Terence does as he's told.

SCARPA (CONT'D)

These things always work better  
when they're a surprise. Keeps  
'em off-balance,

Terence sees Scarpa pull his gun out from under the seat.

SCARPA (CONT'D)

I like to be prepared.

TERENCE

For what?

SCARPA

Anything.

**EXT. BILLY ROY PITTS'S HOUSE - A MINUTE LATER**

As Terence and Scarpa SNEAK AROUND THE BACK OF THE HOUSE, they see Billy Roy, boiling some potatoes on his stove.

They're trying to be as quiet as possible, but suddenly, the DOG spies them and immediately starts BARKING.

He MAKES A BEE-LINE for Scarpa, but before he gets to him, Terence sees a stick nearby.

He GRABS IT and THROWS it as far as he can.

The dog, being a dog, chases it.

INT. BILLY ROY PITTS'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - A MOMENT LATER

Billy Roy is still at his stove when his BACK DOOR IS KICKED OPENED by SCARPA. Terence follows behind him.

Billy Roy reaches for a knife.

Scarpa already has his gun out and pointed at him.

SCARPA  
(to Billy Roy)  
You don't wanna do that, sugar pie  
honey bunch.

Billy Roy puts down the knife.

INT. BILLY ROY PITTS'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Terence and Scarpa sit across from Billy Roy.

SCARPA  
What'd you do to Vernon Dahmer?

BILLY ROY PITTS  
Nothin'.

Billy Roy has already sweat through his shirt.

BILLY ROY PITTS (CONT'D)  
Just like I told those other  
F.B.I. guys.

SCARPA  
We're not those guys.

BILLY ROY PITTS  
Who are you then?

Without any warning at all, Scarpa rears back and SLAPS THE SHIT out of Billy Roy, sending him FALLING BACKWARD OFF HIS CHAIR and onto the floor.

SCARPA  
I'm a special fuckin' agent.

Terence is shocked but doesn't do anything.

SCARPA (CONT'D)  
On special fuckin' assignment.

Scarpa pulls out his gun.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCARPA (CONT'D)  
Or some fancy-soundin' shit like  
that.

He points it at Billy Roy.

SCARPA (CONT'D)  
Basically, it translates to, I  
don't have any problem at all  
putting a bullet in your empty  
fuckin' head.

Billy Roy starts to panic.

BILLY ROY PITTS  
I don't know anythin'! I swear!

Scarpa places his gun on the table, picks Billy Roy up  
off the floor and THROWS HIM AGAINST THE CABINETS, which  
SHATTER and FALL OFF THE WALL.

SCARPA  
(to Billy Roy)  
You know *something*, Billy Roy. I  
can smell it on you.

Terence continues to watch.

SCARPA (CONT'D)  
(to Billy Roy)  
Or did you just piss yourself?

Scarpa THROWS ANOTHER PUNCH into Billy Roy's jaw, and his  
KNEES BUCKLE. But Scarpa holds him up by his collar.

Suddenly, the DOG COMES RUNNING into the house.

He ATTACHES himself to Scarpa's leg. Growling and  
bearing his teeth.

Without a second thought, Scarpa grabs his gun and SHOOTS  
THE DOG IN THE HEAD.

He's dead.

BILLY ROY PITTS  
Boone!

Billy Roy collapses on the floor next to his dead dog.

SCARPA  
Boone!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Scarpa blows on his swollen knuckles.

SCARPA (CONT'D)  
Boone. Even the dogs down here  
got country fuckin' names.

Billy Roy is devastated. Tears well up in his eyes.

BILLY ROY PITTS  
*Boone.*

Scarpa gets down next to Billy Roy.

SCARPA  
Vernon Dahmer.

BILLY ROY PITTS  
You killed my fuckin' dog!

Scarpa grabs a knife off the counter and sticks the BLADE  
INTO THE STOVE'S FLAMES.

SCARPA  
*That was just a start.*

Terence continues to watch in amazement. He can't  
totally believe what he's seeing.

As the blade glows red hot, Scarpa pulls Billy Roy up off  
the floor again.

SCARPA (CONT'D)  
What'd you do to Vernon Dahmer?

He raises the searingly hot blade to Billy Roy's face.

He's about to press it into his flesh when Terence GRABS  
his arm.

TERENCE  
No.

Scarpa looks at Terence.

SCARPA  
You fight fire with fire.

But Terence has had enough.

TERENCE  
We're leaving.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SCARPA

I told you how this works.

Their eyes meet, and Terence says it again.

TERENCE

We're leaving.

Scarpa looks at Terence for a long beat and then...

SCARPA

(to Terence)

This is why things down here don't ever change for you people. No heart.

Scarpa throws the knife across the room and it sticks in the wall. Right next to Billy Roy's head.

Scarpa exits, leaving Terence behind.

Terence stares down at Billy Roy, who's still kneeling next to his dead dog. It almost looks like Terence is about to apologize but before he can, Billy Roy looks up at him and with tears in his eyes...

BILLY ROY PITTS

Fuck you, nigger.

And with that, Terence leaves.

**EXT. STREET - A MINUTE LATER**

Terence heads to the car where Scarpa is waiting for him.

As Terence approaches, without so much as a word, Scarpa REARS BACK and THROWS A RIGHT into Terence's face.

SCARPA

Don't ever tell me what to do.

And just like that, IT'S ON.

SCARPA (CONT'D)

I'm a gun for hire.

A HOOK to Terence's ribs.

SCARPA (CONT'D)

A goddamn soldier of fortune.

These two go toe-to-toe.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCARPA (CONT'D)  
I don't answer to you.

And for the first thirty seconds or so, it's a pretty close fight. They TRADE SHOTS with no one getting the upper hand.

But after about a minute, it becomes clear that Terence is the better fighter. His punches are sharper, crisper.

TERENCE  
I don't stand by and watch people hurt people. No matter who they are.

And his defense is even more impressive. He BLOCKS most of Scarpa's blows.

SCARPA  
Yeah. You do. That's why I'm here. Cuz you ain't doin' shit to help your own people.

Terence starts to beat the ever-loving shit out of the infamous hitman. JABS, HOOKS, CROSSES... They all land.

Finally, after getting his ass handed to him for long enough, Scarpa TACKLES Terence. They both hit the ground hard, but Scarpa is able to get on top of Terence.

He's about to start raining down blows when he realizes that he's completely fuckin' gassed.

He's got nothin' left.

He collapses next to Terence.

SCARPA (CONT'D)  
They brought me back down here because I'll do things you won't.

Scarpa reaches in to his mouth to check on loose teeth.

TERENCE  
What does that mean, brought you back down here?

Terence touches his ribs. They hurt like hell.

SCARPA  
You want to catch the guys that murdered your friend?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TERENCE  
I do.

SCARPA  
Then let me do what I do.

Scarpa wipes blood from his nose.

SCARPA (CONT'D)  
And stay the fuck out of my way.

As they talk, Billy Roy, exits his house, gets in his truck and tears out of his driveway.

Terence and Scarpa get into the Chevy and follow him.

**EXT. V.F.W. POST - TWO MINUTES LATER**

Billy Roy's truck skids to a stop outside the V.F.W.

He runs inside.

Terence and Scarpa pull up just down the block.

**INT. V.F.W. POST - LATER**

Like most of these "posts", this spot is nothing more than a glorified bar.

A black and white TV plays reruns of "Your Show of Shows".

Billy Roy sits at a table with Charles Clifford Wilson, Lawrence Byrd, Sam Bowers and a FEW OTHER WHITE GUYS (in their thirties, forties and fifties, respectively).

SAM BOWERS  
What kind of accent did he have?

BILLY ROY PITTS  
Shit, Sam! I don't know! An accent of someone who's not from around here?!

LAWRENCE BYRD  
You gotta do better than that.  
That ain't shit to go on.

Billy Roy thinks.

CONTINUED:

BILLY ROY PITTS  
I don't know.

And then he looks up at the television where SID CAESAR is playing a mad professor.

BILLY ROY PITTS (CONT'D)  
He sounded like that!

ON THE TELEVISION, Sid Caesar rolls his eyes.

BILLY ROY PITTS (CONT'D)  
The fuckin' guy sounded like Sid Caesar!

LAWRENCE BYRD  
He sounded like a Jew.

Bowers has a *slightly* more nuanced take.

SAM BOWERS  
New York.

Meanwhile, Billy Roy is beside himself.

BILLY ROY PITTS  
He shot Boone! Right there on my kitchen floor!

Bowers is deep in thought as Byrd gets the details.

LAWRENCE BYRD  
And the nigger F.B.I. agent was there too.

Billy Roy nods his head.

LAWRENCE BYRD (CONT'D)  
You tell 'em anything, Billy Roy?

BILLY ROY PITTS  
Course not, Byrd!

Bowers speaks.

SAM BOWERS  
Couple years back, when they came lookin' for the two kikes and the nigger, there was a rumor -- damn near legend -- that the F.B.I. brought in a guy from New York -- gangster-type -- to work over Edgar Ray Killen.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SAM BOWERS (CONT'D)

Story goes that this New York guy beat Killen up and down, left and right, until he told 'im about the bodies being buried in the dam in Philadelphia.

Bowers looks over at Billy Roy.

SAM BOWERS (CONT'D)

(to Billy Roy)

Way it was told to me, New York was the kinda guy, who'd shoot your dog dead on your kitchen floor.

Bowers thinks.

SAM BOWERS (CONT'D)

Who was the pizza nigger we dealt with when we bought the dynamite and guns from the Marcellos in New Orleans a while back?

LAWRENCE BYRD

Donato. Frank Donato.

That's the guy.

SAM BOWERS

See if he knows anything about a guy from New York being around. They keep track of each other, the dagos.

Byrd nods.

SAM BOWERS (CONT'D)

(to Billy Roy)

And you're right, Billy Roy. You don't know nothin'. And the more you keep telling yourself that, the better off you'll be.

OFF BILLY ROY, still mourning his dog...

INT./EXT. CHEVY IMPALA - DAY

Terence and Scarpa watch as Billy Roy exits the V.F.W. post with Bowers, Byrd, Pitts and the rest of the crew.

The men all circle around Bowers as he talks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TERENCE

The guy in the middle is Sam Bowers.

SCARPA

The boss.

Byrd is standing closest to Bowers, and whenever he talks, Bowers listens. More so than when any of these other jokers speak.

TERENCE

Klan wasn't violent enough for him, so he started his own version. We been trying to put him away for the last five years, but these juries down here don't want to see him go.

Scarpa's eyes are locked on Bowers.

SCARPA

I know Bowers.

Everyone does.

TERENCE

Probably from the news. They brought him in front of the House Un-American Activities Committee, and he took the Fifth.

That's not what he's talking about.

SCARPA

I know him from before.

Terence has had enough of all this bullshit.

TERENCE

What the hell does that mean? Why were you in Mississippi before?

Bowers and all the other men get into their cars and drive off.

SCARPA

They don't tell you nothin', do they?

Scarpa looks over at Terence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SCARPA (CONT'D)  
Ever wonder why?

Meanwhile, Scarpa's eyes are still locked on Bowers.

SCARPA (CONT'D)  
Bowers is the don, but the top dog  
don't hunt. We gotta go after the  
capo. The number two.

Scarpa points at Lawrence Byrd.

SCARPA (CONT'D)  
*Him.*

TERENCE  
We don't know for sure that he's  
second-in-command. No one does.  
The Klan keeps their  
organizational structure pretty  
loose for just this reason. They  
don't want us to know who's who.

Scarpa knows a capo when he sees a capo.

SCARPA  
He's our guy.

**INT./EXT. CHEVY IMPALA - AFTERNOON**

Terence and Scarpa follow Lawrence Byrd as he drives  
around town.

He swings by the LAUNDROMAT and picks up his clothes.

Then he stops by the GROCERY STORE and grabs a six pack  
of beer that he cracks open before he even sits back down  
in his car.

Finally, he drives down an alley that leads him to the  
parking lot behind the BYRD ELECTRONICS AND APPLIANCES,  
his own shop in the middle of Hattiesburg.

He goes inside.

Terence and Scarpa park nearby.

**EXT. BYRD ELECTRONICS AND APPLIANCES - EVENING**

Terence and Scarpa are still here when Byrd leaves and  
close up the shop for the night.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Once again, they follow him.

This time he drives HOME.

He exits the car and walks to his front door where he's greeted by his WIFE AND YOUNG SON.

Scarpa pulls out his gun.

SCARPA

Time to dance.

No.

TERENCE

His wife and a kid are there.

SCARPA

And your friend got burned to death in front of his wife and kid. There's a nice balance to it all.

Scarpa opens his door, but before he can get out, Terence starts to drive away.

SCARPA (CONT'D)

What the fuck?!

Scarpa tells Terence how it works.

SCARPA (CONT'D)

They're going to come back at us for that guy and his fuckin' dog today! And they're going to come hard. We need to hit them first!

TERENCE

Not in front of his family.

SCARPA

Christ. Rules. You actually got rules. There are no rules! That's the point! That's why Vernon Dahmer is dead! That's why I'm sitting across from you! Rules are for people who don't know better.

TERENCE

And you know better.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SCARPA

I'm not here because I care. I'm here to do work and get paid. *Let me do my fuckin' job.*

Scarpa's had enough of this bullshit.

SCARPA (CONT'D)

I need to talk to Moore. I told you from the rip that it's my way or the highway.

Terence pushes back.

TERENCE

The highway's open for you. I just wonder how it'll play when I tell that powers that be that you threw in the towel because I wouldn't let you torture a guy in front of his woman and her child.

SCARPA

As long as the Bureau don't know about it, they don't care what I do.

Exactly.

TERENCE

As long as they don't know about it.

Terence doubles down.

TERENCE (CONT'D)

You cross the Bureau, they'll come after you. For everything. You know it just like I do.

Scarpa knows Terence is right. At least for now.

TERENCE (CONT'D)

I'm taking you back to the base. We'll get at it again tomorrow.

They continue up the road.

**EXT. CITYSCAPE - NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA - NIGHT**

We FLY OVER NEW ORLEANS'S FRENCH QUARTER.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The typical revelers are out. Bourbon Street is packed as usual. Jazz clubs line both sides of the street.

GRAPHIC: New Orleans, Louisiana.

Laissez les bons temps rouler.

**EXT. CARLOS MARCELLO'S COMPOUND - NIGHT**

This massive house in the center of the French Quarter is home to Carlos Marcello, head of the local crime family.

**INT. CARLOS MARCELLO'S COMPOUND - DINING ROOM - NIGHT**

CARLOS MARCELLO (fifties) sits at the head of the table and picks apart a freshly boiled crawfish.

When all said and done, Carlos Marcello will preside over the New Orleans branch of the Mafia for over thirty years. During that time, he will be implicated in crimes ranging from insurance fraud to the Kennedy assassination. He will also be responsible for scores of killings, kidnappings and robberies.

Simply put, you don't want to fuck with Carlos.

Carlos, who's the only one eating here, is surrounded at the table by various LACKEYS and HEAVIES, but he speaks exclusively to FRANK DONATO (forties).

CARLOS MARCELLO  
You think this clown in  
Hattiesburg is the one who whacked  
Marco?

Frank doesn't know.

FRANK DONATO  
Gotta get in his face and see  
what's what. Might be him. Might  
be some other guy. Can't call it.

Carlos sucks at a crawfish.

CARLOS MARCELLO  
Don't bring him back here, Frank.  
I don't want blood in the Quarter.

Frank nods at two other guys, and all three of them get up and leave.

**INT. DINER - NIGHT**

Terence sits across from Archie and Randy in this diner that's filled exclusively with African-American patrons.

TERENCE

I'm on this because, if the whole thing goes wrong, they can hang me out to dry. I'll be some rogue agent that went off the reservation. And no one will ever believe me about what happened.

Randy nods.

RANDY

They'll bury it so deep, no one will even sniff it for fifty years.

Archie shares what he knows about Scarpa.

ARCHIE

We looked into him and all we know is that he's part of the Top Echelon Informant Program.

RANDY

Which means he's a big fish.

ARCHIE

Everything else is classified.

That's not much to go on.

TERENCE

No idea why he was down here before.

Archie offers an alternative.

ARCHIE

Maybe he's lying about that.

Terence rules that possibility out immediately.

TERENCE

He knew Bowers. And not from seeing him on the TV or in the papers. I could see it on his face.

OFF TERENCE, trying to put it all together...

**INT./EXT. FORD GALAXIE - NIGHT**

GRAFTON GRAY (forties, African-American) drives this brand new car up a dark highway.

Adlena Hamlett, who we met in the beauty salon earlier, sits next to him. Birdia Keglar and two other AFRICAN-AMERICAN WOMEN sit in the backseat.

ADLENA HAMLETT

I'm a Sidney Poitier girl. Always have been. Always will be.

BIRDIA KEGLAR

I'm with Harry. I'm a sucker for any man who can sing and look like that at the same time.

As they all laugh, a car pulls up close behind them. Its headlights are just inches from their rear bumper.

GRAFTON GRAY

(re: the car)  
What in the-?

Suddenly, the car VEERS into the lane next to them, SPEEDS UP and SLAMS into their car as hard as it can.

We hear SCREAMING as the Galaxie RUNS OFF THE ROAD and CRASHES into a COLLECTION OF TREES and CATCHES FIRE.

**INT. MAURICE ALLEN'S GARAGE - NIGHT**

Maurice Allen, who we also saw answering the F.B.I.'s questions, is working underneath a car in his garage.

We hear the SCREECH OF TIRES out in the street as a car BLASTS past the open doors to the garage.

As it SPEEDS BY, someone throws a MOLOTOV COCKTAIL that lands in a corner of the space.

It EXPLODES in flames.

**INT. TERENCE AND ALLISON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Terence sits at his kitchen table. And thinks.

*Dahmer. Bowers. Byrd. Scarpa.* So many pieces to this puzzle.

CONTINUED:

And then he hears something. He gets up and walks to the front of his house.

BA-BOOM! He DIVES for cover as his front windows are BLOWN OUT by SHOTGUN BLASTS.

BA-BOOM! BA-BOOM! More shot sprays across the room.

As his house is torn apart, Terence crawls over to a nearby closet, opens the door and pulls out his own REMINGTON 12-GAUGE.

Terence pumps it, stands up and RETURNS FIRE. BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

From where he's standing, he can see that the ASSAILANTS are RUNNING BACK to a WAITING CAR.

Terence rips open his front door...

**EXT. TERENCE AND ALLISON'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Terence FIRES AT THE CAR from his porch. BOOM! BOOM!

But he misses, and the car TEARS AWAY.

Terence jumps off his porch, hops into his own car and GIVES CHASE.

**INT./EXT. CHEVY IMPALA - CONTINUOUS**

Terence floors it as he chases after what are only taillights in the distance.

But he's GAINING ON THEM.

As he gets closer, one of them leans out a rear window.

He's wearing a mask and he has a SHOTGUN in his hand.

He FIRES at Terence. BOOM!

Terence SWERVES to avoid the incoming blast.

BOOM! The masked man FIRES again.

Terence STEERS away.

He's CLOSING IN, but the road is winding and there are sharp turns. Needless to say, the Impala doesn't handle corners all that well.

CONTINUED:

The CHASE continues.

They FLY THROUGH a SINGLE-LANE BRIDGE, BOUNCE over a RAILROAD CROSSING...

And Terence is still there.

There's a SLOW-MOVING TRUCK up ahead, and the car uses the opposite lane to pass it.

But when Terence tries to do the same as he goes AROUND A BEND, he sees ONCOMING CAR heading right for him.

He PULLS THE WHEEL WILDLY TO THE RIGHT to avoid the collision, but LOSES CONTROL of the car in the process.

It FISHTAILS back and forth until it VEERS off the road and SPINS OUT on the GRASS SHOULDER.

The other car has gotten away.

Terence punches at the steering wheel in anger. Over and over again.

**EXT. CAMP SHELBY - BARRACKS - NIGHT**

Barracks are barracks. Small, cramped, ugly.

**INT. CAMP SHELBY - BARRACKS - NIGHT**

Scarpa's the only one in here.

He lies on his bed sipping from a bottle of Johnnie Walker as he plays solitaire with a worn deck of cards.

He sees headlights approaching.

And then the doors to the barracks are ripped open, revealing Terence, in a rage.

TERENCE

Let's go.

**INT./EXT. CHEVY IMPALA - NIGHT**

Angry as hell, Terence burns down the road.

TERENCE

I don't know exactly know who you are, what you do...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Scarpa listens.

TERENCE (CONT'D)  
Or where you come from, but more  
of my people are dead tonight.

Terence foot is pushed to the floor.

TERENCE (CONT'D)  
And they came to my house to kill  
me. Where I live. Where my  
pregnant wife lives.

Scarpa looks out the window.

SCARPA  
Here's hopin' it's a boy. Every  
king needs his prince.

Terence isn't passing out cigars.

TERENCE  
The Bureau put me with you because  
they figured I'd just stand by and  
watch you do your thing.

Scarpa sees it differently.

SCARPA  
No. They put you with me because  
they figured someone who looked  
like you would be angry enough to  
ride with me.

Terence turns and faces Scarpa.

TERENCE  
You said you came here to do a  
job.

He SKIDS to a stop in front of the V.F.W. post.

TERENCE (CONT'D)  
Let's do it then.

Terence exits the car.

**EXT. V.F.W. POST - CONTINUOUS**

With Scarpa following behind him, Terence makes his way  
toward the entrance.

CONTINUED:

SCARPA

There's a smart way to do this and  
a stupid way.

Scarpa grabs Terence.

SCARPA (CONT'D)

Once we step in there, we're not  
in control anymore. We don't hold  
all the cards. We're in the belly  
of the beast.

Terence laughs.

TERENCE

This is Mississippi, man. I been  
in the belly of the beast since I  
was born.

He pulls away from Scarpa and heads for the doors.

**INT. V.F.W. POST - NIGHT**

Lawrence Byrd, Charles Clifford Wilson, Billy Roy Pitts  
and a FEW OTHERS play cards at a table.

LAWRENCE BYRD

I'll see your quarter and raise  
you a dime.

CHARLES CLIFFORD WILSON

Big stakes over here.

From the doorway...

TERENCE (O.S.)

Who was it?

Terence and Scarpa are standing in the doorway.

TERENCE (CONT'D)

Who ran those ladies off the road?

CHARLES CLIFFORD WILSON

You gotta be a member to be in  
here, boy.

Terence pulls out a gun and shoots -- BOOM! -- the TV.

CHARLES CLIFFORD WILSON (CONT'D)

That's private property, nigger.  
You gonna pay for that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Byrd gestures to Billy Roy to call the police.

TERENCE  
Who bombed Maurice's garage?

BOOM! Terence shoots the phone before Billy Roy can get to it.

TERENCE (CONT'D)  
Who came to my house?!

BOOM! Terence shoots the juke box and then -- BOOM!  
BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! -- shoots all the liquor on the back shelf behind the bar.

TERENCE (CONT'D)  
Who killed Vernon Dahmer?!

Byrd speaks up.

LAWRENCE BYRD  
You gonna have to answer to the police for all this damage, boy.

Terence could give a shit.

TERENCE  
You're going to have to answer to me...

He gestures to Scarpa.

TERENCE (CONT'D)  
And him. And we're the fuckin' reckoning.

Byrd laughs.

LAWRENCE BYRD  
The F.B.I. So tough that they had to import this...  
(re: Scarpa)  
Greaseball from New York to do their dirty work.

Byrd locks eyes with Scarpa.

LAWRENCE BYRD (CONT'D)  
(to Scarpa)  
Yeah. We know who you are. We know what you did to Edgar Ray Killen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Edgar Ray Killen, who was convicted for the murders of Schwerner, Chaney and Goodman.

Finally, Terence knows why Scarpa was here before.

LAWRENCE BYRD (CONT'D)

Just know that you're no better  
than...

(re: Terence)

This nigger. Just as dirty. Just  
as polluted. That's why they got  
you with him. But that salami  
shit doesn't work down here.  
We're pure bloods. White men.  
And we'll be here long after  
you're both done raping your  
mothers and sisters.

Scarpa smiles.

SCARPA

Funny what happens when guys like  
you see all your *pure blood*  
spillin' out on the floor. You  
start talkin'. Start tellin'.  
It's a beautiful thing.

Byrd turns back Terence.

LAWRENCE BYRD

(to Terence)

You and yours will never be safe  
here. Not as long as I'm alive.

Terence points his gun at Byrd.

TERENCE

Tempting offer.

His finger twitches on the trigger.

Scarpa pushes Terence's arm down.

SCARPA

No.

We hear SIRENS in the distance, and Scarpa pulls Terence  
toward the door.

SCARPA (CONT'D)

Gotta go.

**EXT. V.F.W. POST - NIGHT**

Terence and Scarpa exit the post, get in their car and drive away just before the police arrive.

**EXT. EVERETT'S BAR - NIGHT**

This small bar is really no more than a shack located in the Mobile-Bouie neighborhood, Hattiesburg's African-American enclave.

It's perched next to a small creek.

A BUNCH OF CARS are parked out in front of the bar, including Terence's Chevy Impala.

**INT. EVERETT'S BAR - NIGHT**

The bar is crowded. Scarpa's the only white guy in here, and he's catching some wary looks.

He and Terence sit at a small table off to the side.

SCARPA  
(re: the bar)  
They don't like me in here.

TERENCE  
They don't like me much either.

Terence takes a pull off his drink.

TERENCE (CONT'D)  
So the Bureau brought you to  
Mississippi for Schwerner, Chaney  
and Goodman.

Correct.

SCARPA  
They couldn't find the bodies.

Scarpa drinks too.

SCARPA (CONT'D)  
So I did.

Terence puts his glass down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TERENCE

How'd you get Edgar Ray Killen to talk?

Scarpa doesn't speak of his methods.

SCARPA

Look, this thing's starting to get stupid. Too out in the open. Too exposed. And if it goes off the rails, the Bureau's washing their hands of me. I'm the first fuckin' write-off. The goddamn cost of doing business.

Scarpa's had enough.

SCARPA (CONT'D)

This isn't my fight.

Terence calls bullshit.

TERENCE

What about what you said in there? All that stuff about pure blood spillin' and those guys doing some tellin'?

Scarpa waves all that off.

SCARPA

That's just tough guy talk. Shit you say in the heat of the moment. Makin' muscles. Doesn't mean nothin'.

Terence can tell that Scarpa's about to bail.

TERENCE

You walk away from this, I'll make sure the Bureau comes after you for the guy you murdered in Mobile.

SCARPA

As much as shit as they have on me, you don't think I got just as much shit on them?

Scarpa's still not sure what to make of Terence.

SCARPA (CONT'D)

Where's the bathroom?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Terence points out the window.

TERENCE  
Outside. In the back.

Scarpa gets up and heads for the door.

But we STAY WITH TERENCE, who looks down at his watch and then glances out the window just as TWO OF MARCELLO'S GUYS escort Scarpa to a sedan where Frank Donato waits.

Terence looks closely and sees one of these guys has a GUN pressed into Scarpa's back.

**EXT. STREET - LATE NIGHT**

Terence is on a pay phone across the street from the BEST NIGHT MOTEL.

TERENCE  
I followed them to a motel in Waynesboro. They're in there right now.

**INT. F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS - MOORE'S OFFICE - LATE NIGHT**

Moore and Rhodes are huddled around the speaker phone.

TERENCE  
There's three of them, and they have Louisiana plates on their car.

Rhodes mouths the word, "Marcello" to Moore, who nods.

SPECIAL AGENT MOORE  
Go home, Agent Wayne. Get some rest. We'll see you in the office tomorrow for a debriefing.

We CUT BETWEEN TERENCE and MOORE'S OFFICE.

TERENCE  
What does that mean?

AGENT RHODES  
It's over. There's nothing more we can do for him.

TERENCE  
He's in there right now.

CONTINUED:

SPECIAL AGENT MOORE  
The Bureau breaks down that door  
and saves him, he's as good as  
dead anyway. The die has been  
cast.

Terence protests.

TERENCE  
But what about Vernon Dahmer and  
the Klan and our case?

Rhodes cuts him off.

AGENT RHODES  
Your work is done here.

OFF TERENCE, shaking his head in disbelief...

**INT. BEST NIGHT MOTEL - ROOM 111 - BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Scarpa is on the floor, chained to a pipe in the bathroom as he's worked over by the heavies who grabbed him.

FRANK DONATO  
Imagine our surprise when this piece of shit Klan guy, Byrd, who bought some guns off us to kill some niggers in Hattiesburg, reaches out and asks us if we know anything about a New York guy in the neighborhood.

One of the guys kicks Scarpa in the face.

FRANK DONATO (CONT'D)  
Marco called us up and told us he saw you right before you popped him in Mobile.

Scarpa smiles through the blood dripping from his mouth.

SCARPA  
I did you a favor. Marco was a habitual skimmer. An absolute cocksucker. You're welcome.

FRANK DONATO  
The Marcello family handles its own business.

But they have a bigger concern.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANK DONATO (CONT'D)  
Byrd said you were workin' with  
the feds.

INT./EXT. CHEVY IMPALA - NIGHT

His eyes locked on the motel room where they're holding Scarpa, Terence is sitting by himself in the car when, all of the sudden, both Randy and Archie step inside the vehicle and join him.

RANDY  
Did someone call the F.B.I.?

ARCHIE  
Because you got us instead.

INT. BEST NIGHT MOTEL - ROOM 111 - BATHROOM - NIGHT

The interrogation continues.

FRANK DONATO  
Who you working for, Scarpa?

SCARPA  
I'm like Sinatra. Battlin'  
injustice. Fightin' for civil  
rights. You should try it. Feels  
right.

Another KICK to his face.

FRANK DONATO  
Byrd told us you're working with a  
nigger agent.

SCARPA  
He's just my guy. Like my  
assistant. Think of it like I'm  
Frank, and he's Sammie.

There's a KNOCK at the door.

FRANK DONATO  
Who the fuck is that?

He nods at ONE OF THE HEAVIES.

FRANK DONATO (CONT'D)  
Go check.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Scarpa warns Donato.

SCARPA

You fuck with me, you fuck with  
New York.

ON THE HEAVY, who walks to the door.

HEAVY #1

Who is it?

From behind the door.

ARCHIE (O.S.)

Housekeeping, sir. Just came to  
refill your ice bucket.

The heavy looks through the peephole and sees Archie just  
as the DOOR IS KICKED OPEN, right INTO HIS FACE.

The heavy goes FLYING BACKWARDS onto the floor as Archie,  
Terence and Randy EXPLODE into the room.

They're wearing masks, and they all have guns out.

TERENCE

Everybody down on the fuckin'  
floor!

Donato and his lackeys do as they're told.

Terence sees Scarpa chained in the bathroom, and walks  
over to him.

TERENCE (CONT'D)

Who's got the key?

No one answers at first.

BOOM! Terence fires his gun into the floor.

TERENCE (CONT'D)

Who's got the fuckin key?!

Frank Donato holds it up, dangling it from his finger.

Archie goes and collects it from him.

FRANK DONATO

You have no idea who you're  
fuckin' with.

Archie unlocks Scarpa, who pulls himself off the floor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

In the blink of an eye, Scarpa GRABS Archie's GUN right out of his hands.

SCARPA  
(to the heavies)  
We shall overcome, motherfuckers.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! He shoots all three of them dead.

**EXT. CHICKASAWHAY RIVER - LATE NIGHT**

The Impala and Randy and Archie's car are parked on the banks of a small river.

Scarpa sits in Terence's car and smokes a cigarette while Terence, Archie and Randy stand near the water and talk.

Archie looks back at Scarpa.

ARCHIE  
By all rights, we should be  
arresting him for a triple  
homicide right now.

Terence is not the guy he was back in the filing room.

TERENCE  
That's not how this works.

Randy calls bullshit.

RANDY  
That was coldblooded murder,  
Terence.

TERENCE  
I know what it was. But right  
now, I'm focused on what it takes.

He looks over at his friends.

TERENCE (CONT'D)  
What it takes to get justice.

RANDY  
If that was justice in that motel  
room, we're all going to hell.

TERENCE  
Tell that to the Klan.

CONTINUED:

ARCHIE

We all joined the Bureau so we could enforce the law, not break it.

Now it's Terence's turn to call out the hypocrisy.

TERENCE

The Bureau's the one that brought...

He points at Scarpa.

TERENCE (CONT'D)

Him down here. And this isn't the first time. They used him for Schwerner, Chaney and Goodman too.

Fuck.

TERENCE (CONT'D)

He worked Edgar Ray Killen until he gave up the bodies. Scarpa -- that guy right there! -- cracked the fuckin' case!

Randy and Archie are speechless for a beat.

TERENCE (CONT'D)

Sometimes to get justice, you have to break the law.

Randy and Archie's eyes meet.

ARCHIE

There's a law bigger than the Bureau. Bigger than Hoover. Bigger than President Johnson. That's the law I answer to.

RANDY

We all do.

Archie throws his gun into the river.

ARCHIE

We weren't here, Terence.

Randy throws his gat into the water as well.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)

We had nothing to do with any of this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

And with that, Randy and Archie head back to their car.

**EXT. BYRD ELECTRONICS AND APPLIANCES - DAY**

Driving a FORD FAIRLANE, Lawrence Byrd takes a turn into the alley next to his shop.

**EXT. REAR PARKING LOT - DAY**

Byrd exits his car, opens the backdoor to his store and walks inside.

**INT. BYRD ELECTRONICS AND APPLIANCES - AFTERNOON**

Byrd sits in his shop and works on a Sylvania television.

The bell on the door chimes, and Billy Roy Pitts walks in.

Byrd looks up.

BILLY ROY PITTS  
You hear anything?

LAWRENCE BYRD  
They grabbed him at Everett's last  
night.

Billy Roy nods.

LAWRENCE BYRD (CONT'D)  
He won't be bothering us anymore.

BILLY ROY PITTS  
What about the F.B.I.?

LAWRENCE BYRD  
They got jackshit. If they did,  
they wouldn't have brought this  
from New York. He's the hail  
Mary. The shot in the dark.

Billy Roy checks out a Westinghouse television.

BILLY ROY PITTS  
How much for this one?

LAWRENCE BYRD  
More than you can afford.

**EXT. REAR PARKING LOT - EVENING**

Byrd exits his shop and locks it up for the night.

He heads to his car and, as he puts the key in the door, a BLACK HOOD is thrown over his head, and he's slammed up against the car.

Scarpa puts a gun to his head.

SCARPA

Make a fuckin' noise, and I'll  
kill you right here.

Terence pulls up in the Impala and Scarpa throws Byrd into the back.

He gets in next to him.

The car speeds off.

**EXT. SHACK - EVENING**

Terence's Chevy is parked outside this small wooden house in the middle of fuckin' nowhere.

**INT. SHACK - SAME**

Byrd is bound to a chair in this dirty, decrepit space.

Scarpa looms over him as Terence stands off to the side.

LAWRENCE BYRD

You think you gonna do me like you  
did Edgar Ray Killen? Because  
everyone knows Edgar Ray was a  
pussy.

Scarpa rolls up his sleeves.

SCARPA

That sounds like a challenge.

THUD! Scarpa punches Byrd RIGHT IN THE FACE.

SCARPA (CONT'D)

I love challenges.

Byrd's nose EXPLODES with BLOOD.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAWRENCE BYRD  
Fuck you, wop.

THUD! THUD! TWO MORE PUNCHES to Byrd's face.

Byrd laughs.

Terence watches. Uneasily.

THUD! Byrd's face is a bloody pulp. Already.

THUD! THUD! More blows. Up and down his body.

Scarpa turns to Terence.

SCARPA  
(to Terence, re:  
Byrd)  
You want some?

Terence looks at Scarpa and then at Byrd and then...he walks over.

He takes a beat. Unsure if he can do it.

SCARPA (CONT'D)  
This piece of shit tried to kill  
you. And your family.

Terence THROWS A STRAIGHT RIGHT into Byrd's face. THUD.

And then ANOTHER ONE. And ANOTHER ONE.

SCARPA (CONT'D)  
Feels good, don't it?

*It does.* Of course it does. It feels great.

Until it doesn't.

Terence throws ANOTHER PUNCH. Solid. Brutal.

And he's about to throw another one when BLOOD from his fist SPATTERS ONTO HIS OWN FACE.

He stops. And looks at his hands. They're covered in Byrd's blood.

SCARPA (CONT'D)  
(re: the blood)  
Payback is a dirty business.

**INT. BEST NIGHT INN - ROOM 111 - NIGHT**

Moore and Rhodes take in the crime scene. Frank Donato and the other two thugs lie dead on the floor.

AGENT RHODES  
(re: the bodies)  
Marcello's guys. Maid found them this afternoon. They probably been here since last night.

Moore sees the unlocked chains in the bathroom.

SPECIAL AGENT MOORE  
Scarpa.

AGENT RHODES  
He didn't get out of this on his own.

Moore nods.

**EXT. SHACK - NIGHT**

Terence stands outside the shack and uses a rag to clean the blood off his hands.

He HEARS BYRD'S SCREAMS coming from inside.

**INT. SHACK - NIGHT**

Scarpa takes a burning cigarette and extinguishes it on Byrd's bare chest.

Byrd YELLS.

SCARPA  
Imagine what it felt like for Vernon Dahmer as his lungs burned to a crisp inside his body.

Byrd's chest is covered in marks from cigarettes.

His face is swollen. Misshapen. Grotesque.

He's only in boxer shorts. The rest of his clothes have been removed.

Scarpa pulls out a razor blade. It's rusty. Old.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCARPA (CONT'D)  
Who killed Vernon Dahmer?

He puts the sharp end of the blade to Byrd's shoulder and CUTS DOWN the length of his arm, all the way to his hand.

More SCREAMING.

SCARPA (CONT'D)  
I know Bowers gave the word. Who pulled the trigger?

Scarpa smiles. He's enjoying this. Too much.

He's in his element, and for the first time, we really see the depth of his depravity and sadism.

*The Killing Machine.*

SCARPA (CONT'D)  
I can do this all night.

He uses the blade to cut Byrd' arm again.

SCARPA (CONT'D)  
Can't say the same for you.

And then he SLICES Byrd's chest wide open.

**EXT. SHACK - NIGHT**

Terence hears more SCREAMING.

He heads back inside.

**INT. SHACK - NIGHT**

Terence walks in to see Byrd looking like his entire body has been dipped in blood. He's covered from head-to-toe.

He's passed out from the pain so Scarpa takes a BUCKET OF WATER and throws it on him.

Byrd's eyes open wide.

SCARPA  
We don't take breaks,  
motherfucker.

Byrd is barely coherent.

CONTINUED:

LAWRENCE BYRD  
I can't...I don't...It's-

Scarpa takes out his gun and -- BOOM! -- SHOOTS BYRD in the foot. He SHRIEKS in pain.

Terence watches.

And then Scarpa SHOVES HIS GUN INTO BYRD'S MOUTH.

SCARPA  
Tell me what I want to know, or  
I'm going to blow your fuckin'  
head off!

Byrd is choking on the barrel of the gun.

SCARPA (CONT'D)  
Talk, motherfucker!

From across the room...

TERENCE (O.S.)  
*Scarpa.*

Scarpa does not hear him at first.

He's too focused on Byrd.

SCARPA  
Motherfucker, I will cut you up  
and mail back pieces of you to  
your kid for Christmas!

BOOM! A bullet FLIES by SCARPA'S HEAD.

He turns and sees Terence with his gun pointed at him.

SCARPA (CONT'D)  
(to Terence)  
*This shit again.*

Scarpa is tired of Terence's back and forth.

SCARPA (CONT'D)  
Make up your mind already. You in  
or out?

Terence keeps the gun trained on Scarpa.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SCARPA (CONT'D)  
If you're not ready to let *me* kill  
*him*, what makes you think I'd ever  
believe that *you'd* kill *me*?

Fair point.

TERENCE  
Walk away. I'll tell the Bureau  
that you tried, but he wouldn't  
give it up.

SCARPA  
I finish what I start. Bad for  
business to do otherwise. And I  
made a deal with the Bureau.

*The "get out of jail free card".*

SCARPA (CONT'D)  
For them to hold up their end, I  
need to hold up mine.

And that's not all.

SCARPA (CONT'D)  
Truth is, when we grabbed this  
guy, we rounded a corner we can't  
go back around. Believe me. You  
ever want to feel safe in  
Mississippi again, you and yours  
want me to finish this.

Terence doesn't see it that way.

TERENCE  
Just go, Scarpa. Just get the  
fuck out of here. Please.

Not gonna happen.

SCARPA  
(re: Byrd)  
You think he'd do the same for  
you? You think if you were  
sittin' there, he'd step in and  
save your ass?

TERENCE  
It's not about him. It's about  
me. And I can't do this. I  
thought I could, but I can't.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Scarpa shakes his head at Terence's naiveté.

SCARPA

Just like a nigger. So convinced  
you're going to heaven when you're  
dead that you're willing to go  
through hell while you're still  
alive.

TERENCE

It's not that, Scarpa. I'm just  
not willing to hate myself the way  
you hate yourself.

He points at Byrd.

TERENCE (CONT'D)

The way he hates himself.

Scarpa doesn't get it, and he never will.

SCARPA

(re: Byrd)

Give him a chance, and he'll  
string up you and your pregnant  
wife. Won't think twice about it.

Scarpa explains his "world view" to Terence.

SCARPA (CONT'D)

No war's ever won without  
bloodshed. But if you're the one  
doing all the bleeding, you can be  
goddamned sure you aren't on the  
right end of that fight.

But Terence pushes back.

TERENCE

Is that what you tell yourself?  
That you're a soldier in some war?  
Is that how you justify what you  
do?

SCARPA

If you were more like me -- if you  
thought like I do -- I wouldn't be  
here.

TERENCE

But I'm not you. And I don't ever  
want to be you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

From the door...

AGENT RHODES (O.S.)  
Lower your gun, Agent Wayne.

Terence looks over and sees Rhodes.

AGENT RHODES (CONT'D)  
(to Scarpa, re: Byrd)  
Has he talked?

SCARPA  
Not yet.

Terence lets his gun drop to his side.

TERENCE  
(to Rhodes, re: Byrd)  
We need to get him to a hospital,  
sir.

AGENT RHODES  
We will.

He walks over to Byrd.

AGENT RHODES (CONT'D)  
After he tells us what we need to  
know.

Scarpa grins; Terence tries to protest.

TERENCE  
Sir-

Rhodes cuts him off.

AGENT RHODES  
You're free to leave, Agent Wayne.  
We'll finish up without you.

He turns to Scarpa.

AGENT RHODES (CONT'D)  
(to Scarpa)  
Where were we?

THUD! Scarpa punches Byrd in the solar plexus.

AGENT RHODES (CONT'D)  
(to Byrd)  
I was there for Edgar Ray Killen,  
Mr. Byrd.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

Terence watches Scarpa SLUG Byrd again. And AGAIN.

Byrd is crying now. His blood is mixed with tears.

BYRD  
*Please. Please.*

But they're not hearing him.

AGENT RHODES  
You don't want to end up like  
Edgar Ray.

Terence is still standing there as Scarpa takes the barrel of his gun and pushes it into Byrd's crotch.

SCARPA  
(to Byrd)  
Time we make sure there aren't  
anymore of you that're born into  
this world.

He pulls back the gun's hammer.

BYRD  
Bowers.

Scarpa leans in.

SCARPA  
What'd you say?

BYRD  
It was Bowers.

Scarpa looks at Rhodes and then over at Terence.

AGENT RHODES  
Keep talking.

This is it. They've won. This confession is what it's all been about.

But then why is Terence is sick to his stomach?

As they give Byrd some water, Terence takes out his badge and places it on the floor along with his gun.

And with that, he leaves.

**EXT. SHACK - LATE NIGHT**

Terence gets into his car and drives off into the Mississippi night.

**EXT. TERENCE AND ALLISON'S HOUSE - MORNING**

Terence hits at the heavy bag in front of his house. He's worked up a sweat. Puttin' in that work.

A SEDAN pulls up, and Scarpa emerges from the front passenger's side door.

Terence sees him and stops swinging.

Scarpa rubs at his jaw as he approaches Terence.

SCARPA

I've felt that right cross. I know how that bag feels.

Terence doesn't react. Stoic.

SCARPA (CONT'D)

Wanted to say good-bye.

There's a beat of silence between them. And then...

TERENCE

Did he-

Terence can't even bring himself to finish the sentence.

SCARPA

He talked. Hell. He sang. Gave up everything.

Scarpa takes a swing at the bag himself.

SCARPA (CONT'D)

Should hang one of these in my garage in Staten Island.

Scarpa takes another swing and then turns to Terence.

SCARPA (CONT'D)

Heard you're quitting the Bureau.

That's right.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TERENCE

Figuring out another way to fight  
this fight.

Scarpa has something he wants to say.

SCARPA

I appreciate you gettin' me out of  
that jam the other night. I want  
you to know that, if you ever need  
anything; if you-

Terence cuts him off.

TERENCE

I won't.

SCARPA

You say that now, yet here I am.  
Down in Mississippi. Fighting  
this war. Helping you out.

TERENCE

You came down here to help  
yourself, Scarpa.

Terence makes it plain.

TERENCE (CONT'D)

That's what you don't get. The  
war I'm fighting? It's for a  
cause bigger than me. It's for an  
idea. A principle. A truth. And  
I'm standing shoulder-to-shoulder  
with millions of people just like  
me, who believe what I believe.  
Who want what I want.

Scarpa listens.

TERENCE (CONT'D)

But you're the only soldier in  
your fight. It's a one-man war.

He's not wrong, and Scarpa knows it.

TERENCE (CONT'D)

So maybe it feels like you're  
winning, but you'll lose. You're  
always gonna lose. Because there  
are no winners in your war.  
There's just you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Allison comes out onto the porch.

ALLISON  
(to Terence)  
You need to wash up so we can go  
to go-

She sees Scarpa.

ALLISON (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry. I didn't realize you  
had company.

SCARPA  
I'm about to get outta here.  
Congratulations on the baby, by  
the way.

Allison smiles.

ALLISON  
(to Scarpa)  
Thank you. I don't think we've  
met.

SCARPA  
I'm a friend of your husband's  
from work.  
(re: Terence)  
He's a solid citizen, this one.

ALLISON  
That's what I keep telling him.

Scarpa turns back to Terence.

SCARPA  
If you're ever in New York, look  
me up.

He holds out his hand. Terence stares at it for a beat.  
And then shakes it.

SCARPA (CONT'D)  
Nothing down here will change  
until you show these people that  
you'll fuck with them the same way  
they fuck with you.

TERENCE  
Maybe that's true, but I don't  
want to live in a world where what  
you do passes for justice.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TERENCE (CONT'D)  
Real justice won't ever come out  
the barrel of a gun.

Scarpa begs to differ.

SCARPA  
Fifty years from now, someone just  
like Sam Bowers will be saying the  
same shit he says and doing the  
same shit he does.

TERENCE  
And I'll be better than that guy  
too.

Terence's eyes meet Scarpa's.

TERENCE (CONT'D)  
Just like I'm better than you.

Scarpa stares back at Terence for a long beat.

SCARPA  
The good guys don't always win.

TERENCE  
But the bad guys don't win until  
the good guys say they do.

Scarpa smiles sadly.

SCARPA  
Take care of yourself, Terence.

And then he walks back toward the car and gets inside.

As the sedan pulls away, Terence starts pounding on the  
heavy bag again.

#### EXT. F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Special Agent Moore stands on the steps of the building  
in Jackson and speaks to a GANG OF REPORTERS.

SPECIAL AGENT MOORE  
This morning, local Hattiesburg  
businessman, Lawrence Byrd...

#### INT. JAIL - DAY

Byrd, beat to shit, is escorted to a cell by TWO GUARDS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPECIAL AGENT MOORE (V.O.)

Signed a twenty-two page confession detailing his and others' involvement in the murder of Vernon Dahmer and the firebombing of his home.

*GRAPHIC: Lawrence Byrd, Sr. received a ten-year prison sentence for arson.*

**EXT. V.F.W. POST - DAY**

Charles Clifford Wilson is escorted out of the V.F.W. post by a TEAM OF F.B.I. AGENTS.

SPECIAL AGENT MOORE (V.O.)

This confession was the result of tireless work on the part of both local law enforcement and federal authorities.

*GRAPHIC: Charles Clifford Wilson was convicted of the murder of Vernon Dahmer and served six years in prison.*

**EXT. BILLY ROY PITTS'S HOUSE - DAY**

His hands cuffed behind his back, a terrified Billy Roy Pitts is led out of his home by the F.B.I.

SPECIAL AGENT MOORE (V.O.)

The message here is clear. The protection of all citizens' civil rights is a priority for the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

*GRAPHIC: Billy Roy Potts turned state's evidence. His testimony helped convict the other conspirators. He also plead guilty to a federal charge of conspiring to violate Vernon Dahmer's civil rights. He was sentenced to five years in prison.*

**EXT. COURTHOUSE STEPS - DAY**

Sam Bowers is SURROUNDED BY REPORTERS AND CAMERAS as he walks down the steps of this courthouse.

SPECIAL AGENT MOORE (V.O.)

There is no place in American society for prejudice and intolerance.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPECIAL AGENT MOORE (V.O.)  
 And if you choose to use violence  
 as a means to further your hateful  
 message, there will be no safe  
 harbor for you.

*GRAPHIC: After four previous trials ended in deadlock, in 1988, Sam Bowers was convicted of giving the order to kill Vernon Dahmer. He was sentenced to life in prison. He died in 2006.*

SPECIAL AGENT MOORE (V.O.)  
 We will find you...

Bowers smiles from ear-to-ear like he's got the world on a fuckin' string.

**EXT. F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS - DAY**

Back on the steps, Moore finishes up his speech.

SPECIAL AGENT MOORE  
 And bring the full weight of the  
 law to bear on your person and  
 soul. Thank you. And now I'll  
 take your questions.

Reporters SCREAM out at him.

**EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - DAY**

In his brand new Range Rover, NICHOLAS "NICKY BLACK" GRANCIO (forties) is stopped at a red light.

He's just lit a cigarette when Scarpa walks up to the driver's side window with a RIFLE in his hands.

BLA-BOOM! He BLASTS Grancio off this earth.

*GRAPHIC: Greg Scarpa went on to become the most notorious hitman in the history of the American Mafia.*

*It's been estimated that, during the forty years he was a member of the Colombo crime family, Scarpa was responsible for the murder of over sixty people.*

*During that same time period, he was a member of the F.B.I.'s Top Echelon Informant program and provided information that led to countless arrests and convictions.*

CONTINUED:

*For all his crimes, Greg Scarpa spent a total of six months in prison.*

*He died of AIDS in 1992.*

Scarpa walks to his car, gets inside and speeds away.

**EXT. TERENCE AND ALLISON'S HOUSE - DAY**

A long table has been set up outside of Terence's house with a banner across it that reads, "If You Don't Vote, You Don't Count. Register To Vote Today."

Allison sits behind the table with a few others and they assist the long line of people who have come to make their voices heard.

Terence, holding his baby son, hands out glasses of lemonade to the people waiting in line.

TERENCE  
Glad you could come out.

He smiles as he mingles with his neighbors.

TERENCE (CONT'D)  
Good to see you!

The sun is out. There's not a cloud in the sky.

And people from all corners of Hattiesburg are here to help. Black and white alike.

They're here to make their voices heard. To take a stand. To fight for justice.

It's perfect day.

A magical day.

A miraculous day.

A day filled with hope and promise and optimism.

There are days like this in Mississippi.

There are days like this in America.

**THE END**