

AFFIRMATIVE ACTION II - SWEETBACK STRIKES BACK

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EXT. SIDEWALK OF BUSY STREET - DUSK

SWEETBACK, a well dressed black man, walks down the sidewalk of a busy street. He wears a black jacket and has a strut as he passes out of view down the sidewalk.

INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM/DOORWAY - DAWN

Sweetback lies on his back in bed. Names come out of his mouth as he mumbles in his sleep. After some time, he sits up very quickly and looks around with a confused look on his face. Suddenly, his shirt and flannel pants disappear and he is wearing nothing but a blue pair of boxer shorts. Throwing the covers away, he hops out of bed and stares at the calendar. There are blue x marks on every day leading up to the 14 of april which is marked "taxes due". He shakes his head.

SWEETBACK

Hell no!

Sweetback runs out of the apartment and into the bright morning.

CUT TO

EXT. DEEP WOODS - DAY

Sweetback suddenly appears in a forrested area wearing nice clothes. He has no idea how he arrived and looks around for signs of anything.

SWEETBACK

Where the fuck am I?

Moving quickly, he pans his vision around the woods and catches a glimpse of an average size white man, HENCHMAN, standing between two trees. Back and to his left, he hears a twig snap and turns quickly to see Henchman standing 10 feet from him. He hears another snap and the sound of leaves rustling and turns again to find Henchman seated on a fallen tree some distance away. Suddenly, Henchman is right in front of Sweetback. Henchman holds up a white card and then lets it fly into the wind. As Sweetback follows the card, Henchman slaps him in the face. Sweetback turns away holding his cheek.

SWEETBACK

(turning back to
Henchman)

You honky mother fucker!

When Sweetback turns back, Henchman is gone.

Sweetback sees the white card land on a pile of leaves. The card has the words "look up" written on them. Sweetback looks toward the sky when the booming voice of THE MAN rings out in the woods.

THE MAN

Hello Sweetback. We need to talk.

SWEETBACK

(spinning around)

What is this? What the fuck is going on?

THE MAN

If you will let me finish...I have a game we could play Sweetback. If you can figure out why you are suddenly appearing in different places, then you can keep your "soul". But if you can't, then your "soul" is mine. Care to play?

SWEETBACK

Who are you? Are you god or something?

THE MAN

No, I'm The Man.

SWEETBACK

The Man...Damn you cracker sons of bitches...

Sweetback looks around for a moment then takes a fighting stance for no reason.

SWEETBACK

Are you in that cloud? I'll whoop that cloud's ass!

THE MAN

No Sweetback. I am not in the cl...You are confusing me Sweetback.

SWEETBACK

(running away)

If you want my soul, come get it bitch!

Sweetback starts running thru the trees.

CUT TO

INT. SUBURBAN LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sweetback is suddenly caught off guard by the fact that he is running down the hall of a suburban house. He comes out into the living room and SUBURBANITE is reading a book in a lounge chair.

SUBURBANITE
Look honey, a negro.

SWEETBACK
The correct terminology is colored mother fucker.

SUBURBANITE
Oh. The man is looking for you.

Sweetback notices the holster on his shoulders and pulls the gun out. He levels it at the suburbanite and shoots.

CUT TO

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

Sweetback falls into the concrete floor of a parking deck. Looking around, he notices he is in an apartment complex. She stands up and looks around to get his bearings. As he walks down a walkway, the voice of the man comes in and starts harassing him.

THE MAN
You can't solve all of your problems by shooting them.

Sweetback rolls his eyes and keeps walking, noticing the voice of the man has a direction now.

THE MAN
Wait, where are you going? There is nothing down that hallway.

Sweetback walks up to a door in the hallway.

THE MAN
There is nothing behind that door! Alright, fine, keep your soul. Just pay ASHTON the money you owe him.

Sweetback opens the door to find another black man standing inside with a microphone in his hands.

SWEETBACK

You're the man? You just set us
back 200 years.

ASHTON

200 years? What the hell are you
talking about? How about the \$200
dollars I'm out. And what is this
about being the man? I'm not the
man, but I am a man, and just
because you're the black Vin
Diesel, don't front like I won't
take you out. Now I want my money.

SWEETBACK

What fucking money? Negro, I don't
owe you anything.

ASHTON

What money? What money?! WHAT
MONEY?! BOOM!!!!

CUT TO

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sweetback suddenly jerks up out of a computer chair he had
fell asleep in. Both Ashton and the Suburbanite sit on the
nearby couch playing video games and yelling at each other.
They both look over at the awoken Sweetback.

SUBURBANITE

Hey, he looks like Wesley Snipes
today. Heh.

Both Ashton and Sweetback look over at the suburbanite and
Ashton lays him out with a punch to the jaw.

SWEETBACK

I had the weirdest dream man. I
was running out of my place naked,
then I was in the forrest, and this
white guy slapped me, and the man
was talking to me from the trees...

Ashton keeps playing the game.

SWEETBACK (CONT'D)

Are you gonna keep killing him?
He's knocked out.

ASHTON

He called you Wesley Snipes. It's his own fault.

SWEETBACK

Anyway, then I was in this house and I shot this white guy in the face, and then I was at an apartment building, and you turned out to be the man, and you said something about me owing you money. Then I woke up.

ASHTON

Yeah, that reminds me, where is my money?

CUT TO BLACK

ROLL CREDITS