

Issue 134: Spike Lee

Love vs. Hate: A Live Boxing Event Featuring Spike Lee Joints

Russell Nichols



illustration by Ben Turner

FADE IN:

EXT. BROOKLYN - DAY

MOOKIE runs up the street, coming straight for us, looks dead into the camera and yells:

MOOKIE

FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!

As the sun drops west of the Hudson, the streets buzz.

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY (V.O.)

Look alive, people, look a-live!

All around, people drop whatever they're doing to rush down the bustling block.

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY

You are now tuned in to the hottest show in town!

KIDS in the street scatter from a gushing fire hydrant.

GIRLS in barrettes abandon their double dutch.

BOYS in Jordans quit their basketball game.

Fathers, brothers, sisters, mothers, aunties, and uncles all on the move, bolting out of brownstones and bodegas.

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY (V.O.)

You know who this is, but for those who need a refresher course, it is I, your main man on the mic and in your mind. The player with more flavor than Da Mayor. This is Mister Señor Love Daddy, coming to you live and di-rect from the heart of Brooklyn.

INT. WE-LOVE RADIO STATION STOREFRONT - DAY

A cramped space, where MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY, renowned DJ and radio

personality, wearing his signature sunglasses and vibrant attire, leans into a microphone.

His control booth looks directly out into the street.

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY

Now here at WE-LOVE RADIO, we're all about peace and harmony and all that. But not tonight! Why? Because tonight, it's going down. Down it's going. The epic rematch of all rematches. The fight we've all been waiting fuh-eva and a day for. The main event: Love vs. Hate.

Mister Señor Love Daddy takes a sip of coffee.

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY

But before we take a deep dive into the gritty nitty nitty gritty, allow me to set the stage for you.

EXT. BROOKLYN - DUSK

Around a makeshift boxing ring, people gather. Perched on stoops and folding chairs. Sweating. Fanning. Snacking on Mister Softee ice cream and Sal's Famous Pizzeria pizzas.

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY (V.O.)

It's capital H-O-T hot! But we not gonna let a little record-breaking, backside-baking heatwave stop us from showing up and showing out, are we?

The crowd looks up at the camera.

CROWD

HELL NO!

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY (V.O.)

Lookin' good, good lookin'!

As Mister Señor Love Daddy rambles on, we pan around, conducting a 360-degree panoramic roll call.

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY (V.O.)

Now, the beef between Love and Hate goes way, way, waaaay back. An oldie but a goodie, if you will.

And everybody and they mama is out here:

LYSISTRATA side-eyes NOLA DARLING.

FLIPPER PURIFY tries to get away from RON STALLWORTH.

Is that MALCOLM X peering down from MOTHER SISTER's window?

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY (V.O.)

You heard the story. The story you heard. It all started in the beginning when Cain iced his brother.

DAP DUNLAP lectures a perturbed PIERRE DELACROIX.

TROY CARMICHAEL sits on a stoop, braiding her friend's afro while staring at the stepping GAMMA RAYS.

In the boxing ring, hyping the crowd up, TINA and MANRAY have a dance battle to "Fight the Power" by Public Enemy.

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY (V.O.)

And this tale of good and evil was delivered to us by none other than the Hip Hoppin', show-stoppin', brass knuckle-rockin' Radio Raheem!

We whip pan around to RADIO RAHEEM, cool as ever, standing ringside, mic in his right hand, boombox on his shoulder.

RADIO RAHEEM

Yo, what's up! This is Radio Raheem reporting live from Bed-Stuy –

His voice echoes on the broadcast.

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY (V.O.)

Whoa, Brother Raheem, you're bleeding through. Turn your box down, please.

Radio Raheem complies.

RADIO RAHEEM

Right on, right on. So here we are people, 35 years after that first fight. I'll be your ringside commentator, taking you round by round to break down how the story of Right Hand, Left Hand – the battle of Love vs. Hate – clings to

Spike Lee's body of work like T-shirts on the hottest day of the year. But of course, this event wouldn't even be possible without the man himself, so everybody make some noise for the legendary filmmaker...Spike Lee!

The crowd erupts as we pan to SPIKE LEE, sitting ringside, wearing his trademark Knicks paraphernalia.

Radio Raheem rushes to Spike Lee to dap him up, then goes into an impromptu interview.

RADIO RAHEEM

Mr. Lee, can you believe it's been 35 years since Love got the best of Hate in your undisputed classic, *Do The Right Thing*?

SPIKE LEE

You know, what's crazy is, back in '89, some critics thought my film would incite Black folks to tear shit up in the streets.

RADIO RAHEEM

Oh, they was real scared?

SPIKE LEE

Those motherfuckers were scared then and they scared now.

RADIO RAHEEM

Is that why you had that quote from the *Autobiography of Malcolm X* at the beginning of the screenplay?

Spike Lee turns to the camera, reciting the quote:

SPIKE LEE

"The greatest miracle Christianity has achieved in America is that the black man in white Christian hands has not grown violent. It is a miracle that 22 million black people have not risen up against their oppressors -- in which they would have been justified by all moral criteria, and even by the democratic tradition. It is a miracle that a nation of black people has so fervently continued to believe in a turn-the-other-cheek and heaven-for-you-after-you-die philosophy..."

(coyly)

Or something like that, right?

RADIO RAHEEM

That's what I'm talkin' 'bout! And I'm betting there won't be too much of that other-cheek-turnin' going on here tonight.

SPIKE LEE

Not the Jesus kind.

Hearing his name, JESUS SHUTTLESWORTH gives a nod.

RADIO RAHEEM

In your *Do The Right Thing* script, the word love shows up ninety-four times. But hate shows up only four times. That mean anything to you?

SPIKE LEE

Don't believe everything you read.

RADIO RAHEEM

True dat, but I'm saying, who you liking to win tonight? Love? Or Hate?

Spike Lee smiles, lips compressed.

SPIKE LEE

After what my Knicks went through this year, I just want to see one helluva fight.

Suddenly, streetlights flash and "Da Butt" by Experience Unlimited blasts through speakers.

The crowd looks around.

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY (V.O.)

Hold on to your hats and High Lifes, folks, because here comes the sheriff of shade. The harbinger of hostility. The big bad challenger of trolling...Give it up for HATE!

HATE saunters down the street, entourage in tow, stopping every few steps to do the signature dance.

Folks join in, swept up in the energy.

Hate climbs into the ring, tapping his gloves together. Sneers at the crowd. Growls at Spike Lee.

RADIO RAHEEM

Hate's looking ready to rumble.

Hate's trainers call him to the corner.

The song cuts off. The lights stop flashing.

But for only a second.

Then: On the speakers, James Brown says "one, two, get down" and "The Boss" comes on. The crowd roars.

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY (V.O.)

Okay now, WE-LOVE listeners, prepare to be swept off your feet as we welcome the most forgiving brother on the block. Known to fight the powers that be with pure positivity. The reigning heavyweight champion who kills 'em with kindness...Give it up for LOVE!

LOVE floats (via Spike Lee's patented double dolly shot) up the street with a smile, making his way to the ring.

As the fighters get ready to face off, Radio Raheem takes his ringside seat and talks to us:

RADIO RAHEEM

So here we go, yo! As we dig into the dope career of Mr. Spike Lee, we'll soon find out who the real champ is. Will Hate get his ultimate revenge? Or will Love, against all odds, pull off another decisive victory?

ROUND 1 - EARLY WORK, FANCY FOOTWORK

DING!

Love and Hate shuffle around, studying one another. After 35 years since the release of *Do the Right Thing*, they need to feel each other out first.

Hate misses a right hook.

Love gets the first hit, a precise jab.

Hate staggers back.

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY (V.O.)

Ooh, Love came out swanging!

RADIO RAHEEM

A quick hit with *She's Gotta Have It*. Introduced us to the character Nola Darling and her multiple suitors.

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY (V.O.)

That's some New Age love right there! And I'm here to tell ya: Mister Señor Love Daddy is all for it!

RADIO RAHEEM

Her three lovers in the film represent different types of love: Jamie gave her that emotional stability. Greer had the passionate, physical attraction. And Mars Blackmon came with the humor.

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY (V.O.)

They say the way to a woman's heart is through her belly-laugh. And that's the truth, Ruth!

RADIO RAHEEM

Personally, I only got room in my life for one love. And that's my box. But I can't knock Nola. She's having it her way. And this joint celebrates her way of living and loving.

Hate throws a savage rear uppercut into Love.

Love buckles over, caught off guard by the gut punch.

The crowd gasps.

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY (V.O.)

Whoa! But what about that scene?

RADIO RAHEEM

What scene?

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY (V.O.)

You know the scene.

RADIO RAHEEM

Is that Hate?

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY (V.O.)

Mr. Lee himself even said that scene was his biggest regret. He said, and I quote: "I hate that I did not view rape as the vile act that it is."

Flash over to Spike Lee, looking back over his shoulder, talking to us behind him.

SPIKE LEE

If I could have any do-overs, that would be it.

INT. WE-LOVE RADIO STATION STOREFRONT - NIGHT

Mister Señor Love Daddy scarfs down a chicken parmigiana hero with extra cheese and extra sauce.

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY

Speaking of do-overs, Brother Raheem, how's that rematch of the Brass Knuckle Battle in Brooklyn looking?

EXT. BROOKLYN - NIGHT

Back to Radio Raheem, sitting ringside, who jumps as Love delivers a three-punch combo.

RADIO RAHEEM

Love hits back with School Daze, which looks at identity, community, and social dynamics at an HBCU during homecoming weekend.

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY (V.O.)

Mr. Spike Lee is a Morehouse man, so I'd expect nothing less.

RADIO RAHEEM

Here we got love for higher education. Love for heritage.

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY (V.O.)

Love for fried chicken.

RADIO RAHEEM

Love for social consciousness through Dap's anti-apartheid protests.

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY (V.O.)

That's pan-African love there. But with all *School Daze's* back and forth between the brothers, the "Jiggaboos" vs. the "Wannabes," hair politics, colorism, class division, and that confrontation at KFC, it seems to me Hate was getting some good licks in.

Hate dodges a lead hook by Love.

RADIO RAHEEM

Self-hate be bobbing and weaving like a motherfucker.

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY (V.O.)

Whoa, brother, we live!

RADIO RAHEEM

Oh, right on. I forgot where I was.

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY (V.O.)

Well, waaaake up!

DING!

The fighters return to their respective corners.

ROUND 2 - THE BIG SWINGS OF DO THE RIGHT THING

DING!

The fighters, rejuvenated and ready, rush at each other without hesitation.

RADIO RAHEEM

Oh, they not playing no more!

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY (V.O.)

Check out the confidence! Evidently, that first round was just them getting their gloves wet. Now the gloves are capital O-F-F off!

RADIO RAHEEM

They know exactly what they wanna do.

Pan to DA MAYOR, perched below Mother Sister's window.

DA MAYOR

Do The Right Thing!

Both Love and Hate take huge swings. The crowd hollers.

RADIO RAHEEM

1989 the number, another summer...a cinematic masterpiece of racial tensions boiling over on a scorching day in Brooklyn.

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY (V.O.)

To put it mildly.

RADIO RAHEEM

This where we meet Right Hand and Left Hand.

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY (V.O.)

Well, that's not the entirety of the truth, now is it? We had a nearly identical encounter with similar, albeit much paler, hands in 1955.

RADIO RAHEEM

Talk to me.

INT. WE-LOVE RADIO STATION STOREFRONT - NIGHT

Mister Señor Love Daddy leans back with his feet up.

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY

For those who don't know, allow me to give you the lowdown and the rundown so it can be eternally broken down. *Night of the Hunter* is a film about a preacherman named Harry Powell. But Mr. Powell's not just any ol' preacher — he's a psycho killer, a con artist with the words LOVE

and HATE tattooed on his right and left knuckles. And he's scheming to get those tattooed hands on some hidden cash. Even marries a widow. Her son, you see, he knows where the stash is and so, to get in good with the kids, this preacher-slash-killer delivers this same love vs. hate speech.

RADIO RAHEEM (V.O.)

Hold up, so I'm a knockoff?!

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY

Nobody said all that.

RADIO RAHEEM (V.O.)

You just said it's the same speech!

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY

That it is. It is that. The message may look the same, but the messenger makes all the difference. The preacher was a deceiver, telling the tale for selfish means. But you, my brother, you were keeping it real. He used his hands to manipulate the system while yours were tied by it. Your account has a different brass-knuckle ring to it.

More body blows send the crowd into a frenzy.

EXT. BROOKLYN - NIGHT

Back to Radio Raheem, ringside, processing this new info.

RADIO RAHEEM

So like Malcolm X said about "the black man in white Christian hands," sounds like Mr. Spike Lee remixed the story from that fake-ass reverend to give power to it.

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY (V.O.)

And that's the truth, Ruth!

RADIO RAHEEM

So does Love get this round? Or does it go to Hate?

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY (V.O.)

I can't say, for sure. But hate strikes BIG TIME at the 1990 Academy Awards! Only two nominations for Best Original Screenplay and Best Supporting Actor and it leaves with zippo, zero, zilch! And what wins Best Picture?

RADIO RAHEEM

Driving Miss Daisy.

Flash over to Spike Lee, shaking his head.

SPIKE LEE

Driving Miss motherfucking Daisy.

RADIO RAHEEM

So, Mr. Lee, I gotta ask you: What is the "right thing" to do?

Spike Lee smiles, lips compressed.

DING!

The fighters return to their respective corners.

ROUND 3 - NINETIES KNOCKDOWNS

DING!

The fighters square up again.

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY (V.O.)

Peoples, that second round was a wallop with extra sauce! Brother Raheem, what's cooking for Round 3?

RADIO RAHEEM

You got that right. After feeling the heat, Love's gotta be sharp.

Love lands a right cross to Hate's chest.

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY (V.O.)

Right on cue with Mo' Better Blues. This is my joint right here! Bleek Gilliam, jazz trumpeter, playing out of his mind and damn near losing it.

RADIO RAHEEM

But this ain't a love story.

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY (V.O.)

How it's not? The original title was *A Love Supreme*! But it was changed because John Coltrane's legendary and very religious widow, Alice Coltrane, didn't want no cussin' in the movie.

RADIO RAHEEM

But still, this ain't no love story. Mr. Spike Lee said it wasn't. He said love stories were corny.

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY (V.O.)

Duly noted, but he also said it goes beyond romantic love. It's love for God and the human community. That's universal love right there!

Hate delivers a couple quick jabs.

RADIO RAHEEM

But what is universal love without love for one another? Bleek couldn't stay faithful to save his life. And what about all that hating from Shadow Henderson?

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY (V.O.)

Shadow was just a lonely Black man looking for love, is all. Reminds me of my brother what's-his-face?

RADIO RAHEEM

Flipper.

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY (V.O.)

Flipper Purify!

RADIO RAHEEM

He's got *Jungle Fever*.

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY (V.O.)

That he does. He does that. Married architect in Harlem falls for his Italian-American secretary.

RADIO RAHEEM

Tale as old as Tutankhamen.

Hate pins Love against the ropes, throwing body shots.

RADIO RAHEEM

Is that self-hate?

The crowd leaps to its feet.

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY (V.O.)

Self-hate or not, both of them get a whole lotta backhanded, belt-branded hate from friends and family for...intermingling.

RADIO RAHEEM

Malcolm X intermingled. Then he got sent to prison.

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY (V.O.)

Call that *Sophia's Choice*.

The crowd roars as Hate delivers a mean left hook that drops Love to the mat.

RADIO RAHEEM

It ain't just white women Red, a.k.a., Brother Malcolm, was up against. It was systemic racism, oppression, violence. He got flat-out knocked down by hate!

Love rises to his feet. Not through yet.

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY (V.O.)

But Malcolm's journey towards self-discovery was rooted in love, was it not? Love of people.

RADIO RAHEEM

Till he got iced by his own!

Again, Hate lands a left cross and Love falls. Hard. Slightly gasping. Bleeding from a cut over his eye.

The crowd holds its breath.

But Love gets up again.

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY (V.O.)

But, as we here at WE-LOVE RADIO, 108 FM like to say: Nothing beats Love!

RADIO RAHEEM

Ain't looking too factual from where I'm sitting, Mister.

With only a few seconds left in the round, Love gets busy. Slips a left cross. Counters with three hooks.

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY (V.O.)

From the Carmichael family, who still come together in Crooklyn despite all the drama. To Judy, the phone sex operator, who chooses in the end to love herself over exploiting herself. To the men who Get on the Bus headed to the Million Man March, who change their course to stay with Jeremiah, their ailing elder statesman brother from another. I'm here to tell ya: Nothing, nothing, nothing beats love!

RADIO RAHEEM

Looks like Ruth's gonna soon find out if that's the truth.

DING!

The fighters return to their respective corners.

ROUND 4 - POWER PUNCHES

DING!

The fighters meet in the middle, bruised up, but not beaten.

RADIO RAHEEM

Love is looking a little worn down.

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY (V.O.)

Time out, time out! Love is not worn down. If anything, Love is beat up. Why? Because Love isn't just God and families and romance. Love also gotta deal with the media, the public, all

them handsy folk out there who want a piece of him. And as a celebrity myself, I can tell ya: That mess gets tiring real quick.

RADIO RAHEEM

That sounds like Hate in Love's clothing.

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY (V.O.)

At a certain point, it's hard to tell who is who. All you know is somebody's tryna manipulate you.

RADIO RAHEEM

Package you.

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY (V.O.)

Turn you into a product.

RADIO RAHEEM

Put you in a box.

Radio Raheem ponders this, patting his boombox.

RADIO RAHEEM

How does Love handle that?

Love throws a blink-and-you-missed-it right uppercut that smashes into Hate's chin.

The crowd gasps.

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY (V.O.)

Like that.

Before Hate can recover, Love strikes again.

Hate lurches to the ropes.

RADIO RAHEEM

Yo, was that a Red Hook?!

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY (V.O.)

That, my radio-active brother, was a classic counterpunch.

RADIO RAHEEM

But what was Love even countering?

Hate slips a jab, then delivers a crushing body blow to Love's midsection.

Love staggers.

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY (V.O.)

Racist stereotypes perpetuated by perpetrators in showbiz.

Hate follows with another hook to Love's ribs.

Love gasps for breath.

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY (V.O.)

Commodification of culture.

Hate lands a sharp uppercut.

Love's head snaps back, blood spraying from his mouth.

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY (V.O.)

Exploitation, and the oh-so-dehumanizing effects of hate speech.

Radio Raheem winces, shielding his eyes from the brutality.

RADIO RAHEEM (V.O.)

I can't — I can't watch this.

Flash over to Spike Lee, who springs up from his seat.

SPIKE LEE

We have to! We can't turn away from the ugliness of the truth. We gotta look at it. Deal with it. Confront it. Put viewers in uncomfortable positions.

Spike Lee cups his hands around his mouth and hollers.

SPIKE LEE

FACE IT HEAD ON!

Fired up by Spike Lee's powerful voice, Love ducks under Hate's next punch.

Counters with a furious strike to Hate's head.

Hate stumbles, caught off guard.

Radio Raheem lowers his hands, forcing himself to watch

what's happening.

Now, against the ropes, Hate tries to block Love's flurry of punches, but they keep coming.

RADIO RAHEEM

"People pay for what they do, and still more for what they have allowed themselves to become, and they pay for it, very simply, by the lives they lead."

(pause)

That's James Baldwin via uptight TV writer Pierre Delacroix, real name Peerless Dothan — Dothan being the Biblical city where Joseph was sold into slavery by his own brothers.

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY (V.O.)

There comes a point when the poor souls forced to dance on their feet gotta turn everything on its head. Lest they get Bamboozled.

RADIO RAHEEM

Yo, that's a sharp hook, but you know how it is. The truth don't always be hitting like that.

Love goes for a knockout blow, but Hate slips it.

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY (V.O.)

Not at first.

Hate counters with a rear uppercut to Love's body.

RADIO RAHEEM

And Hate always gets his lick back.

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY (V.O.)

You talking about She Hate Me?

RADIO RAHEEM

It's right there in the title.

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY (V.O.)

But that Jack Armstrong's got a whole lotta love to give!

Hate pops Love on the nose.

RADIO RAHEEM

But I think all those lesbians paying for Jack to knock them up kept this joint from being a knockout.

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY (V.O.)

Mr. Spike Lee hired a lesbian consultant. He knew some would dig it and some wouldn't. If you ain't taking risks, why get in the ring?

RADIO RAHEEM

But why lesbians?

Flash over to Spike Lee.

SPIKE LEE

Here's the thing: If all the women were heterosexual, there wouldn't be the same tension as it would be with women who don't like men. And it provokes discussion, which is what I want all my films to do.

Back to Radio Raheem, who considers this, and nods.

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY (V.O.)

Sex and politics make for a nasty one-two combo
—

Both fighters, exhausted, take swings, but swipe air.

RADIO RAHEEM

— but it don't always connect.

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY (V.O.)

Until it does in the land of pain, misery, and strife!

RADIO RAHEEM

Welcome to Chi-Raq.

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY (V.O.)

Or, as I like to call it, *She's Gotta Have It 2: She's Gotta Hold It!*

Love strikes Hate with a right hook that makes Hate spin.

RADIO RAHEEM

So we out of New York City now, on the South Side of Chicago. In a power move to stop the gang violence, Lysistrata tells sisters to put a chastity lock on the loving.

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY (V.O.)

I'd hate that. That I'd hate. Lucky for me, I'm here and not there. Why? Because Love is my middle name and if I don't get none, this truth-telling DJ is capital D-O-N-E done.

DING!

The fighters return to their respective corners.

ROUND 5 - LASTING IMPACT

DING!

The fighters stagger out, gassed, bleeding, lumped up.

The crowd murmurs. How much longer can these two go?

RADIO RAHEEM

You can tell they feeling those punches from last round. How much longer, you think?

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY (V.O.)

Me? I got all night long, let my listeners tell it. But if Love and Hate make it through this round, I'll be mightily surprised.

RADIO RAHEEM

Not as surprised as the KKK was to find out Ron Stallworth wasn't no white man. With so much Hate hiding under those white sheets, hard to see Love getting the upper hand here.

Hate circles Love, looking for an opening.

Love sways, barely standing, dripping with sweat and blood.

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY (V.O.)

So you saying BlackKlansman isn't a love story,

either?

With everything in his heart, Hate connects with a brutal cross, a shot right to Love's jaw.

Love leans left, then right. Falling back.

JESUS SHUTTLEWORTH

Jesus.

Love crumples to the mat.

RADIO RAHEEM

BlacKkKlansman? Man, I can't even say the title without my blood jumping.

Love spits.

Is it over?

The crowd holds its breath.

Love, trembling, wobbling, wheezing, forces himself up.

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY (V.O.)

What about the bond between Detective Stallworth and the student activist?

RADIO RAHEEM

Patrice Dumas wasn't even in the memoir! She was made up!

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY (V.O.)

Just because something's made up don't make it any less impactful. That "Too Late to Turn Back Now" scene is, to me, the most powerful scene in the whole movie!

RADIO RAHEEM

But is it too late?

Love stumbles, back on his feet.

The crowd erupts.

Hate's eyes go wide. He can't believe it. Love just won't quit.

With whatever he has left, Love throws one punch.

Then another.

Backing Hate against the ropes.

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY (V.O.)

Mr. Spike Lee won his first and looong-overdue competitive Oscar.

RADIO RAHEEM

Not for Best Director!

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY (V.O.)

Not for Best Director.

RADIO RAHEEM

Not for Best Picture!

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY (V.O.)

Not for Best Picture. The big kahuna went to *Green Book*.

RADIO RAHEEM

It's Driving Miss Daisy all over again!

Flash over to Spike Lee again.

SPIKE LEE

Driving Miss motherfucking Daisy.

Suddenly, Spike Lee jumps to his feet, eyes wide, clapping fast like a drill sergeant.

SPIKE LEE

Let's go, let's go, LET'S GO!

The raucous crowd springs up too as Love pummels Hate.

Finding renewed strength each time he connects.

Right-hand blow after right-hand blow.

RADIO RAHEEM

But how...how can Love win?

Then: Love lands a right cross that spins Hate around and –

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY (V.O.)

Hate is hurt! Hate is down!

RADIO RAHEEM

Answer me that, Mister Señor Love Daddy! HOW CAN LOVE WIN?!

INT. WE-LOVE RADIO STATION STOREFRONT - NIGHT

Mister Señor Love Daddy erupts.

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY

Oooh! It's over, people! It's all over. Hate KO'd by Love once again. I thought Love was finished, but he came roaring back to take out Hate in Round 5. What a fight! What a night! What a testament to an unmatched body of work by the one and only Mr. Spike Lee. What a statement to show us, 35 years after he rocked the world with *Do The Right Thing*, how far we've come as a society. How much we've learned. How much has changed.

(pauses to catch his breath)

Brother Raheem, anything you wanna add before we sign off here?

But Radio Raheem doesn't respond.

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY

Brother Raheem, you still with us?

Horrified, Mister Señor Love Daddy falls back in his chair.

MISTER SEÑOR LOVE DADDY

Radio Raheem?

FADE OUT.

TAGS

#DO THE RIGHT THING

#POSTS

#SPIKE LEE

Share



Russell Nichols



Russell Nichols is a speculative fiction writer and endangered journalist. Raised in Richmond, California, he got rid of all his stuff in 2011 to live out of a backpack with his wife, vagabonding around the world ever since. Look for him at russellnichols.com.