

FADE IN:

EXT. CAPE FEAR RIVERBANK - WILMINGTON - 11 NOV 1898 - FOG

His face hidden behind newspaper, JACK THORNE - black journalist, 40s - sits alone on riverbank.

**NEW YORK HERALD, 11 NOVEMBER 1898**  
**WHITES KILL NEGROES AND SEIZE CITY OF WILMINGTON**

Thorne slowly lowers newspaper, addresses audience.

JACK THORNE

Once upon a time, the best possible feeling amongst Negroes and whites here ruled the day.

EXT. CAPE FEAR RIVERBANK - MAY 1898 - SUNNY - B&W

Bustling waterfront. Thorne - newspaper under arm - walks among black and white POLICEMEN, BUSINESSMEN, PREACHERS, LABORERS, TEACHERS with CHILDREN.

JACK THORNE

Negro policemen, their white counterparts walked their beats together. White and black Aldermen, a black chief-of-police, white and black school committeemen all sat together in council.

Thorne tips hat at others.

JACK THORNE (CONT'D)

White and black mechanics worked on the same buildings. White and black teachers taught in the same schools. White and black preachers, lawyers, were cordial in their greetings one toward the other.

EXT. CAPE FEAR RIVERBANK - 11 NOV 1898 - CONTINUOUS

Rising, Thorne looks up and down desolate waterfront.

JACK THORNE

Negroes built their own businesses, worked, saved, bought land, built houses, made babies.

Thorne folds paper, places it under arm.

## JACK THORNE (CONT'D)

Let the prejudiced scoffer say what he shall. The Negro has done his full share in making this city blossom as the rose. Alas, the old city is no longer dear. The spoiler is among the works of God.

Thorne looks up toward cloudy skies as he walks away.

**THE WHIR OF A PLANE**

INT. AIR SPACE ABOVE WILMINGTON - 25 MAY 1998 - RAINY DAY

In a plane flying above a foggy swamp of dead cypress trees, an infant cries. BALAAM "BAILEY" LESTER - black, 30, bald, Euro dressed - sleeps restlessly.

EXT. SWAMPY WOOD - 10 NOVEMBER 1898 - RAINY - B&W

Muted calamitous sounds - horses' hooves, gunshots, angry shouting, a steady rain - mingle with a newborn's cries and the moans of a woman giving birth.

Lying on dank ground under a live cypress dripping with Spanish moss, KATHERINE "KITTY" FUTRELLE - black, 20s - delivers BABY LILAH into hands of RUTH PHILPOTT - black, 40s.

## KITTY

Unh - unh - unh - aiiiiiiiiiiiiiii!  
Molly! Where Balaam, Molly? Aiiiiii!

## BABY LILAH

Waaaaaa- waaaaaaa - waaaaaa!

MOLLY PIERPOINTE - mixed race, 20s, in undergarments covered by a cloak - cocks her rifle, looks around furtively, then kneels, gently puts her hand over Kitty's mouth.

EXT. ABANDONED SLAVE CEMETERY - CONTINUOUS

Kitty's muted cries reverberate upon makeshift tombstones guarding 100 year-old graves.

Two sets of WHITE HANDS tackle a struggling BALAAM FUTRELLE - spitting image of Bailey, same age, 1800s natural hair.

His head crashing against the trunk of a live oak, Balaam falls back - face bloodied, unconscious.

GEORGE GILES SR. - white realtor, 50s - kneels over Balaam, pulls out a document from Balaam's coat pocket, spits in his face. Balaam flinches ever-so-slightly.

BALAAM  
(whispers to himself)  
Where are you, Kitty?

EXT. SWAMPY WOOD - CONTINUOUS

Riotous sounds rebound against live cypress trees, dank earth, rain puddles.

Baby Lilah to Kitty who suckles at her mother's breast.

KITTY  
Ruth, tell Balaam to name her  
Lilah, after my momma.

Her arms dropping to her sides, Kitty takes her last breath. Molly catches Baby Lilah with her free hand.

RUTH  
Kittyyyyyyyy! Nooooooooooooo!

EXT. SWAMPY WOOD - CONTINUOUS

Trudging through muddy, uneven terrain towards sounds of chaos, Ruth - her midwifery satchel over one shoulder - cradles a dead Kitty covered in a cloak.

Behind Ruth treks Molly - undergarments only, rifle over one shoulder, carrying Baby Lilah tightly wrapped in her cloak.

EXT. SLAVE CEMETERY - CONTINUOUS

Chaotic background sounds churn as Giles and his posse stand over an unconscious Balaam.

GEORGE GILES SR  
Go scaih up a coupla shovels, boys.  
As sho as my name is George Giles,  
nobody'll evuh find Balaam Futrelle  
in a hunnert yeahs.

INT. BOYS & GIRLS COMMUNITY CENTER - 15 MAY 1998 - DAY

To a sparse but attentive MIXED AUDIENCE. KENDRA PARKS - black, 30, dreadlocks, casual - gives a slideshow lecture.

**SLIDES: CONFEDERATE PARADE; CIVIL WAR STATUES; JIM CROW SIGNS; 1800 CARTOON BALLOT BOXES**

KENDRA AT 30

Wilmington had become a venue for Confederate parades. Life-size Civil War monuments decorated virtually every street corner. The city had not yet resorted to Jim Crow and blatantly racist voting laws. That is, not prior to 1898.

**SLIDES: BLACK POLITICIANS, 1800S; BLACK BUSINESS LISTINGS; BALAAM'S SIGN SHOP; BLACK SOCIETY 1800S**

KENDRA AT 30 (CONT'D)

A black phenomena was forming. Never before had blacks occupied such a central place in a city's political, economic and social life as they did in Wilmington from 1865 to 1897. This, from a people just 30 years out of chattel slavery.

A TEEN raises his hand.

TEEN AUDIENCE MEMBER

Chattel slavery? You talking about slave cows?

Kendra and audience giggle.

KENDRA AT 30

Not cattle, chattel. It means black people were personal property. They didn't belong to themselves. They were considered things, not 100% human. Just three-fifths of a human. Whatever that means.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - WILMINGTON - THAT NIGHT

Kendra keeps vigil nearby as LILAH AT 99 sits next to stroke victim MATILDA "MATTIE" LESTER - black, 80 - asleep in a hospital bed.

MARIE LESTER - black, 44, modestly dressed - sits on bed holding Mattie's hand.

Balaam and Kitty (with a baby bump) - visible only to Lilah - hover in a dark corner.

MATTIE AT 80  
(mumbles)  
Come home, Young Balaam.

LILAH AT 99  
(looks at Balaam, Kitty)  
Daddy Balaam here. Momma too.  
(turns to Marie)  
Marie, please help my child settle herself down.

MARIE AT 44  
Alright, Gramma Lilah. You settle yourself too.  
(rubs Mattie's arm)  
Momma? Momma, wake up.

Mattie opens her eyes, raises head off pillow, also sees Balaam and Kitty.

MATTIE AT 80  
(to Balaam)  
You promise me you come back home, Young Balaam.

MARIE AT 44  
Shhh. Your grandson not here. I miss him much as you do.

MATTIE AT 80  
(turns to Kendra)  
Kendi, go find Young Balaam. Bring him home before I - before -  
(falls back asleep)

Kendra and Marie look at each other sadly. A CANDY STRIPER wheels in a magazine kiosk. Unseen by others, Kitty deftly knocks a magazine off kiosk.

Kendra picks up magazine, stares at a photo of Bailey standing next to YVETTE FONTAINE - white, 44 - both in casual chic at *La Galerie D'Art Rive Gauche* in Paris, France.

Kendra drops magazine to the floor.

EXT. FRENCH COFFEE HOUSE - LEFT BANK, PARIS - SUNNY DAY

Trees, bushes, foliage in full bloom. Sitting outside coffee shop on *Rue de Seine*, facing *La Galerie D'Art Rive Gauche* across the street, Kendra picks up same magazine from ground.

Keeping an eye on art gallery, Kendra spots Yvette exiting and locking gallery, then entering adjacent door.

Kendra pays tab, grabs travel bag, begins crossing boulevard. She abruptly stops in mid-traffic when she spots Yvette and Bailey, kissing on penthouse balcony.

Safely scuttling to sidewalk in front of gallery, Kendra quickly follows a TENANT through the locked entrance.

INT. PENTHOUSE - FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

An elevator opens onto penthouse front door. Kendra hesitates, then rings doorbell. Yvette answers.

KENDRA AT 30  
I want to see Balaam. Now.

YVETTE  
(in French)  
Who?

KENDRA AT 30  
Balaam Lester.

YVETTE  
(in French)  
Sorry, wrong apartment.  
(starts closing door)

Kendra catches door, bargains her way into penthouse.

KENDRA AT 30  
(calls out)  
Bailey! It's Kendra! Where are you?

Kendra runs towards balcony. Yvette follows.

YVETTE  
(in English)  
Who are you?

KENDRA AT 30  
(runs back into apartment)  
Balaam, where are you?

YVETTE  
Shhh! He is asleep in his studio!  
Be quiet. You will wake him!

KENDRA AT 30  
I just saw him!  
(calls out)  
Bailey!

YVETTE  
You saw him where? He is napping.

KENDRA AT 30  
Nobody falls asleep that fast.

YVETTE  
Bailey does. He works at night.

KENDRA AT 30  
Well, wake him up!

YVETTE  
Non! He cannot be disturbed! He  
needs his sleep! Now, who are you?

KENDRA AT 30  
Who are you? Why have you kept him  
from his family all these years?

YVETTE  
You are family?

KENDRA AT 30  
No. Yes. I'm his - I'm his cousin.

YVETTE  
But Bailey has no living relatives.

KENDRA AT 30  
Do I look dead to you?

YVETTE  
Ah, makes sense now. The holes in  
his memory.

KENDRA AT 30  
What holes?

YVETTE  
And the nightmares.

KENDRA AT 30  
Bailey has nightmares? Since when?

YVETTE  
Sometimes he's being beat up and  
buried alive. Or he's floating in a  
river full of bloated dead bodies.  
(MORE)

YVETTE (CONT'D)

Once, he was a little boy and kills  
a giant who looks just like him.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE ART STUDIO DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Yvette turns to Kendra, puts finger to mouth.

INT. ART STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Kendra follows Yvette into a studio cluttered with paintings,  
art supplies, detritus. Bailey sleeps restlessly on a couch.

On a wall hangs a James Baldwin poster with quote: *To be a  
Negro in this country and to be relatively conscious is to be  
in a rage almost all the time.*

Approaching Bailey, Kendra stoops, gently caresses his back,  
whispers in his ear.

KENDRA AT 30

Bai-Bai, it's me, Ken-Ken.

Opening glazed-over eyes, Bailey looks at Kendra, caresses  
her arm, kisses her lips, then lay his head in her lap,  
closes eyes. Kendra freezes, looks at Yvette.

YVETTE

Shhh. He is not yet awake. Just  
back away.

Kendra backs up. Yvette leads her out, closes door.

INT. PENTHOUSE - BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

Yvette pours two glasses of wine, sits next to Kendra.

YVETTE

You do not speak French, do you,  
Ken-Ken?

KENDRA AT 30

The name's Kendra. Un petit peu.

YVETTE

What you've just witnessed is a  
*troubles du sommeil.*

KENDRA AT 30

Come again?

YVETTE

*Trouble - excusez - sleep disorder.*

KENDRA AT 30

Sleep disorder? Holes in his  
memory? Nightmares? Not Bailey.

Kendra stands up, finishes her wine.

INT. ART STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Kendra bursts into studio, Yvette behind her. Bailey stands  
at his easel, putting a few touches on an abstract painting.

BAILEY AT 30

(in French, to Kendra)

Allo, I'm Bailey Futrelle. May I  
help you?

A ghostly RITA and KENNETH PARKS - black, 50s, '80s style, B&W  
- stand behind Kendra, seen only by a mystified Bailey.

KENDRA AT 30

(in French)

Bailey Futrelle? Non, vous êtes  
Balaam Lester.

Bailey looks askance at Yvette. Kendra shoves Yvette out the  
door, closes it, locks it. Rita and Kenneth now hover in a  
dark studio corner.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE ART STUDIO DOOR - CONTINUOUS

YVETTE

(in French, yelling)

You lock me out of my own home?  
Open this door at once! I will call  
security if I have to!

(listens, then in English)

I am calling security now!  
(puts ear back to door)

INT. ART STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Looking curiously from Rita and Kenneth to Kendra, who  
doesn't see the couple, Bailey has flashes of lost memory.

INT. KINDERGARTEN CUBBIE, WILMINGTON, 1 MAY 1974

A black children's wall calendar set at May 1, 1974 hangs on a Kindergarten wall. KENDRA AT 5 sneaks a surprise kiss from BAILEY AT 5, then rushes away.

INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - WILMINGTON - 14 FEB 1980 - DAY

A Valentine's Day flag hangs at the entrance to public library stacks. BAILEY AT 11 follows KENDRA AT 11 into the stacks, hands her a red envelope.

BAILEY AT 11  
Happy Valentine's Day, Ken-Ken.

Bailey quickly kisses Kendra on the lips, darts away.

INT. LESTER HOME - DINING ROOM - 10 JUNE 1988

On a wall next to a framed picture of a White Jesus hangs an MLK calendar set at 10 June 1988 with quote: *I have decided to stick with love. Hate is too great a burden to bear.*

A banner announcing *Congratulations & Bon Voyage, Balaam* floats above the calendar.

At a dinner table set for eight with seven heads bowed in prayer, BAILEY AT 19 and KENDRA AT 19 steal a quick kiss.

Seated across the table Kenneth, Rita and KEITHY "KEY" PARKS AT SIX, witness the kiss. Keithy giggles.

INT. ART STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

BAILEY AT 30  
(moves closer to Kendra)  
Ken-Ken.  
(starts to kiss her)

Kendra pulls away, slaps Bailey across his cheek. Kenneth and Rita fade away.

INT. OUTSIDE ART STUDIO DOOR - CONTINUOUS

YVETTE  
(loudly, in French)  
What was that?

INT. ART STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

KENDRA AT 30  
 (to Bailey)  
 That's for standing me up in 1988.

BAILEY AT 30  
 (rubs cheek, looks around)  
 Your parents. Where'd they -

KENDRA AT 30  
 What? My parents? They died in a  
 car crash the summer you came here.  
 I called the Sorbonne, left you  
 messages, but you never -

BAILEY AT 30  
 Died? No.  
 (walks to dark corner)  
 Where - they've disappeared.

KENDRA AT 30  
 Yes, they died. YOU disappeared.  
 What's wrong with you?

Bailey walks to the dark corner, has more flashbacks.

INT. LESTER HOME -FOYER - 10 JUNE 1988

At front door, MARIE AT 33 - high on heroin, prostitute  
 styled - gives Bailey a hug.

MARIE AT 33  
 Sorry I'm late. Oh shit. I forgot  
 your present. Going back to get it.

BAILEY AT 19  
 No, it's ok, Marie.

MARIE AT 33  
 You so sweet. Just come by my place  
 tonight, ok?

INT. ART STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

KENDRA AT 30  
 Are you on drugs? I mean, not to  
 come back home after the institute  
 was over? Not even a phone call to  
 Miss Mattie, Miss Lilah, Marie, me?

Bailey moves to window, looks out on the River Seine.

KENDRA AT 30 (CONT'D)

For all we knew, you coulda been lying dead in some alley or - or at the bottom of the River Seine!

(pauses)

I went to the police. They showed me a dead body. It wasn't you.

(pauses)

Your Ma Mattie, Bale. She's dead.

BAILEY AT 30

(turns to Kendra)

My Ma Mattie?

KENDRA AT 30

Yes, your Ma Mattie. You know, your grandmother? The woman who raised your ass? Are you kidding me?

BAILEY AT 30

(remembers, whispers)

Ma Mattie.

(sits on couch)

INT. LESTER HOME DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MATTIE AT 70, LILAH AT 90 sit on either side of Bailey.

MATTIE AT 70

Why you got to go way overseas to a art school?

YOUNG BALAAM AT 19

It's just for the summer, Ma Mattie. I'll be back before y'all know it. Promise.

LILAH AT 90

You better.

YOUNG BALAAM AT 19

What you want me to bring you back?

LILAH AT 90

I wont me a scarf.

MATTIE AT 70

You.

INT. ART STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Tears in his eyes, Bailey rubs an old scar on the palm of his right hand, gazes at the river.

KENDRA AT 30

You gonna keep your promise to Miss  
Mattie? The funeral's on the 25th.

(pauses, heads for door)

I'm going home. You do remember  
home, don't you? Or have you  
forgotten where you're from?

A baby cries.

INT. AIR SPACE ABOVE WILMINGTON - 25 MAY 1998 - CONTINUOUS

A baby's cry pierces the cabin. Bailey awakens with a start.

As the plane circles for a landing, Bailey peers down through  
the tops of the dead cypress trees.

EXT. DEAD CYPRESS TREES SWAMP - CONTINUOUS

Balaam sits on swamp in small boat, waving at plane.

INT. AIR SPACE ABOVE WILMINGTON - 25 MAY 1998 - CONTINUOUS

Curiously looking closer into swamp, Bailey jumps, spins  
around when he hears a whisper in his ear.

BALAAM (V.O)

Find me, Balaam.

EXT. TAXICAB, NORTH WILMINGTON STREETS - CONTINUOUS

KENDRA AT 30 (V.O.)

Abe Lincoln's party captured the  
black vote. It became the political  
force behind the disruption of  
Democratic party domination.

A taxicab whizzes away from ILM airport, past a barbed-wired  
prison yard peopled with mostly black PRISONERS, Screen Gems  
Studio, railroad tracks, industrial businesses.

KENDRA AT 30 (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Making it the core of their  
 political campaign, the Democrats  
 fought back, with Wilmington a  
 particular target of their crusade.

Balaam and Kitty sit in backseat on either side of a sleeping Bailey, his head resting on Kitty's shoulder.

EXT. PINE FOREST CEMETERY GATES, INSIDE - CONTINUOUS

*Pine Forest Cemetery*, etched in black wrought iron, arches over a gated entrance.

A historic plaque announces that the cemetery was "*opened for Coloreds during the Civil War*".

The TAXI DRIVER - white, 60s - pulls over inside opened gates onto grounds that show neglect and almost appear forgotten.

INT. TAXICAB - CONTINUOUS

Bailey slowly awakens, looks askance at Driver as Balaam and Kitty fade from his sight.

Exiting the taxi, Bailey remains near the gate, a voice singing a Negro spiritual wafting towards him.

TAXI DRIVER  
 Want me to drive you over yonder?  
 (indicates gravesite)

Suddenly, Bailey almost loses his balance as Balaam - races past him, then fades away. Bailey looks around, bewildered.

GROUNDSKEEPER JONES - black male, 80s - approaches Bailey.

GROUNDSKEEPER JONES  
 What's wrong wit you, boy? If ya  
 heah for Mattie Lester's funeral  
 yondah, you just 'bout missed it.  
 (saunters away)

EXT. FRESH GRAVESITE - CONTINUOUS

A portrait of Mattie rests on a funereal easel next to a knot of MOURNERS huddled over the fresh grave.

Marie, modestly dressed in black, sings the Negro spiritual. Her voice cracks.

In a wheelchair, Lilah sits next to Marie. On the other side, Kendra, in dark clothes, holds Marie's hand.

EXT. CEMETERY GATE - CONTINUOUS

Mattie, in modest 1950s dress, approaches and kisses Bailey on the cheek, then walks "through" him.

A baffled Bailey touches his cheek, follows Mattie with his eyes until she disappears beyond the cemetery gates.

EXT. PINE FOREST CEMETERY GATE - CONTINUOUS

The Driver joins Bailey, points toward the cemetery's wooded edge, makes small talk.

TAXI DRIVER

You not from 'round here, are ya?

(pauses)

They say there's a old slave cemetery back up in them there woods somewheres. Behind that there grove of willas. You into history? Love history. Lotta history buried in these graves. Where you from?

(pauses)

Want me to drive you over yonder?

Bailey looks back at the graveside gathering, then absentmindedly kicks at a pile of stones nearby. They tumble.

INT. GEORGI GILES PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Stones and plaster crumble as a CONSTRUCTION WORKER smashes through a wall in the studio. Unnoticed by the Worker, an old metal box tumbles out, lay buried beneath rubble.

EXT. PINE FOREST - FRESH GRAVESITE - CONTINUOUS

CEMETERY WORKERS throw shovels of dirt onto Mattie's grave. Mourners offer their condolences, begin to disperse. Gazing toward the gate, Marie spots Bailey, falters in her step.

Following Marie's gaze, Kendra grabs her hand to steady her. Marie takes off toward the gate. Kendra runs behind her.

LILAH AT 99

(loudly, excitedly)

Daddy Balaam here!

EXT. CEMETERY GATE - CONTINUOUS

When Bailey spots Marie heading towards him, he hears a flash of lost memory.

MARIE AT 33 (V.O.)  
Quit it, Big Dirk! I gave you all  
the money! I did! Stop! That hurts!

BAILEY AT 30  
(screams)  
Marie!

EXT. CEMETERY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

MARIE AT 44  
I'm coming, Baby Boy!

Before Marie can reach him, Bailey backs up, hastily gets in back seat of taxicab.

EXT. PINE FOREST - INSIDE CEMETERY GATE - CONTINUOUS

Marie and Kendra watch as the taxi pulls away.

MARIE AT 44  
Where he going? Why he scream?

Kendra walks Marie back to the gravesite. Sitting next to Lilah, Marie lights up a cigarette.

STEFAN BARDO - white male, late 30s; KEITHY AT 16; and MEGAN AT 16 - white, holding hands with Keithy - surround Kendra.

STEFAN  
What was that all about?

LILAH AT 99  
It's Decoration Day! We gotta put  
flowers on my husband's grave.

MARIE AT 44  
Sh, Gramma Lilah. It's all right.

KEITHY AT 16  
(to Kendra)  
We're walking to Grace Street.  
We'll meet you there.

KENDRA AT 30  
Walking? Ok, but go straight there,  
ya hear?

Kendra kisses Keithy who departs with Megan through the gates. Kendra catches up with Groundskeeper Jones.

KENDRA AT 30 (CONT'D)

Mr. Jones. The grounds are looking so much better. Good job.

GROUNDSKEEPER JONES

Had to get the place spiffed up for Decoration Day.

KENDRA AT 30

It's called Memorial Day now, Mr. Jones. Hey, think you might want to come to Remember 1898? That's where

GROUNDSKEEPER JONES

Don't believe in no 1898.  
(saunters away)

KENDRA AT 30

(aloud to herself)  
Don't believe in 1898 - what is that supposed to mean?

MR. & MRS. THOMPSON - black couple, 80s - walk towards the gate past Kendra, who catches up, walks with them.

KENDRA AT 30 (CONT'D)

Mr. Thompson, Miss Thompson. Thanks for coming out to Miss Mattie's homegoing. Listen, could I interest you two in coming to Remember 1898? Didn't y'all come last month?

Mr & Mrs Thompson keep slowly crossing towards the gate.

MR. THOMPSON

1898? I 'membuh. Crying shame, that riot. My grandpappy told me all about it.

KENDRA AT 30

It wasn't a riot. It was-

MRS THOMPSON

Was that Mattie's grandchild there at the gate?

KENDRA AT 30

Um, yes, it was. About the meeting.

MRS THOMPSON  
Where he been at all this time?  
What ails him?

MR. THOMPSON  
Some folk got killed and throwed in  
that river.

KENDRA AT 30  
Well, that's not quite been -

MRS. THOMPSON  
First they killed em. Then they  
throwed 'em in the river.

KENDRA AT 30  
So you'll come to my talk?

MR. THOMPSON  
No. We not coming to no talk. Can't  
do nothing 'bout no past.

MRS. THOMPSON  
Stay away from the whites. Dey'll  
throw you in the river too if you  
don't watch out.

EXT. TAXI - LESTER HOME - GRACE STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Driver meanders through "the 'hood", pulls up in front of a  
modest, two-story house.

KENDRA AT 30 (V.O.)  
Reluctant to talk about the 1898  
massacre, black and white  
Wilmingtonians, for many years,  
would regard each other with a  
latent suspicion.

EXT. LESTER HOME SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

Bailey ascends front steps, falters when a very pregnant  
Kitty - in her cloak, rushes past him.

KENDRA AT 30 (V.O.)  
Hearing horrific tales of November  
10th from parents and grandparents,  
some blacks still hold fear in  
their bones today, not  
understanding the damage done, that  
the black populace dropped from 56%  
to 34% two years later.

(MORE)

KENDRA AT 30 (V.O.) (CONT'D)

That less than 60 of hundreds of  
black businesses ceased to exist  
with only 20 left by 1904.

Molly, in cloak with rifle and Ruth, satchel on her shoulder,  
follow closely behind Kitty. They all fade away as they flee  
down the block.

KENDRA AT 30 (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Today, only 3% of the city's  
businesses remain black-owned. We  
have yet to rise to what our  
counterparts once attained 100  
years ago. Whites remain supreme.

Watching the three women disappear, Bailey lands on porch.  
Mattie's funereal stand guards front door. Pulling out a worn  
key ring, Bailey unlocks door, enters foyer.

INT. LESTER HOME - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Photos of Mattie, Bailey, Lilah and Marie sit on a table in  
the neat and quiet foyer.

Newspaper clippings of Bailey receiving an art institute  
scholarship to the Sorbonne grace the walls.

A portrait of a white Jesus hangs next to an MLK wall  
calendar set at 25 May 1998.

Calendar quote: *"We will not be satisfied until justice runs  
down like waters and righteousness like a mighty stream"*.

In the quiet house, Bailey hears a voice from the past.

MATTIE AT 50 (V.O.)

Take yo hat off in the house, boy.  
And wipe yo feet. You know better.

Bailey removes hat, glimpses down the hall, spots Mattie  
crossing the kitchen doorway, heads toward her. Suddenly LIL  
DIRK JACKSON - black, 13 - bolts from hall closet.

Holding a CD player, Lil Dirk dashes past Bailey, heads for  
front door. Tripping over the player's dangling cord, the  
teen drops it, rushes out of house.

BAILEY AT 30

(runs to front door)  
What the - Hey!

EXT. LESTER HOME - PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Bailey runs out, sees "BIG DIRK" JACKSON - black, 40s, '80s pimp style, B&W - gazing at him from across the street.

Bailey slowly backs up, enters house, closes door.

INT. FOYER - FRONT DOOR WINDOW

Bailey peaks out window, sees no one. He retrieves broken player, places it on foyer table, picks up picture of Mattie, hears her voice.

MATTIE AT 50 (V.O.)

Almost time to eat, Young Bale. Go wash your hands.

BALAAM AT 5 (V.O.)

Yes, ma'm. What we having?

MATTIE AT 50 (V.O.)

Chicken and dumplings. Now go 'head. And use soap. And go find your momma. Tell her to come eat.

Bailey's eyes light upon attic door which closes, seemingly, by itself.

INT. LESTER HOME - FOYER STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Curious, Bailey cautiously climbs stairs, listens at attic door, hears nothing. He slowly opens door, enters darkened attic, peers in.

BAILEY AT 30

Anybody up here?

INT. LOST MEMORY, LESTER HOME, ATTIC, 27 MAY 1974 - DAY - B&W

MARIE AT 19 - '70s style - sits in a corner on a padlocked trunk, sings along with Curtis Mayfield's "Pusherman" playing on a transistor radio as she prepares to shoot up heroin.

BALAAM AT 5 stands at attic door holding a tennis ball.

BALAAM AT 5

Marie! Catch!

He throws tennis ball at Marie, hitting spoon of heroin. It spills onto floor.

MARIE AT 19

What the - ? Boy, what's wrong with you? Look what you did!

(falls to her knees)

You not 'sposed to be up here. Get the hell back downstairs. Go 'head, goddammit!

INT. LESTER HOME - ATTIC - 25 MAY 1998 - CONTINUOUS

Bailey slowly walks into dark attic crowded with items packed away long ago and long forgotten.

BALAAM

(whispers)

Welcome home, Balaam.

Bailey gradually makes out Balaam across the room in a dark corner, perched atop the same padlocked trunk, partially hidden beneath aged drapes and worn rugs.

Heading to Balaam, Bailey hears a car door close. Balaam disappears. Bailey moves to the small attic window, peers out as a line of cars pull up and park in front of the house.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF LESTER HOME - CONTINUOUS

Marie steps out of the first car, looks up toward house, spots Bailey standing at window.

INT. ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

Seeing Marie emerge from car, then spotting Big Dirk in B&W across the street, Bailey quickly moves away from window.

Leaning against the wall, Bailey feels a presence breathing, whispering in his ear.

BALAAM

(whispers)

Been waiting a 100 years, Balaam.

BAILEY AT 30

(slaps ear, turns around)

What?

The trunk's lid now open, padlock dangling, drapes and rug on floor, Bailey hears another whisper coming from trunk.

BALAAM

Find me, Balaam.

## INT. GEORGI GILES PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

From beneath the pile of rubble, GEORGI AT 40 - white female, '90s punk style - unearths padlocked metal box, shakes it.

Georgi places box on a work table, opens a drawer, pulls out a large screwdriver, breaks lock, opens box, peers inside.

## INT. ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

Bailey moves closer to trunk, stops, listens, hears nothing.

Dragging trunk to window, Bailey peers in, pulls out a top layer of old newspapers, yellowed letters, family photos, places them carefully on floor.

Reaching inside a packed gunnysack at bottom of trunk, Bailey pulls out a lace-covered diary and a worn black ledger.

At bottom of gunnysack lay a small revolver wrapped in burlap. He warily places pistol next to trunk. A phone rings.

## INT. PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Georgi's studio phone rings. Fingering through several old trinkets and photographs inside the box, its lock now dangling, Georgi absentmindedly puts receiver to her ear.

GEORGI AT 40

(to herself, into phone)

This shit must be over a hundred years old.

## EXT. GILES BEACH HOUSE - DECK - WRIGHTSVILLE BEACH - DAY

CARLA GILES - white female, high-end beachwear, late 50s - is on other end of phone line.

CARLA

Georgi! Your mouth needs washing out with soap.

GEORGI AT 40

Oh, shit. I mean shoot. Sorry. Hello, Mother.

CARLA

Is someone there?

GEORGI AT 40  
 (closes box)  
 No, I was just -

CARLA  
 We're leaving for Hilton Head. Come  
 to lunch. And bring dog food.

GEORGI AT 40  
 Yes, Mother, dog food. Got it.

Georgi hangs up, re-opens box, continues exploring contents.

INT. ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

Stretched out on floor, Bailey explores the black ledger.  
 Etched on the inside cover: "BALAAM FUTRELLE, SIGN PAINTER".

INT. LESTER HOME, KITCHEN, 27 MAY 1974, DAY, B&W

An MLK wall calendar: Memorial Day, 27 May 1974. Quote:  
*Darkness cannot drive out darkness; only light can do that.*  
*Hate cannot drive out hate; only love can do that.*

Mattie cooks at stove, Lilah shells peas at table. Balaam at  
 5 lies on floor drawing on a piece of paper, the tennis ball  
 next to him.

LILAH AT 70  
 We gon' put flowers on Willie's  
 grave today, Mattie?

MATTIE AT 50  
 Yes, momma. We gon' put flowers on  
 my daddy's grave today.

BALAAM AT 5  
 Ma Mattie, what my daddy name?

MATTIE AT 50  
 You ask a lotta questions to be  
 only 5 years old. I don't know who  
 your daddy is, let alone his name.  
 Only your momma know that.

BAILEY AT 5  
 What your daddy name, Gramma Lilah?

LILAH AT 70  
 Same as your'n. You his namesake.

BAILEY AT 5

I'm a namesnake?

LILAH AT 70

Namesake, boy! That mean we named you after my daddy, Balaam, your great great granddaddy.

BAILEY AT 5

But where he get a name like that?

MATTIE AT 50

I don't know where he got it from. From his momma and daddy, I guess. It's in the Bible.

LILAH AT 70

Balaam of the Bible found out the hard way that God always protect his people, even from the dangers they don't know 'bout.

MATTIE AT 50

Nobody know much 'bout my granddaddy neither. Just up and disappeared that day.

BAILEY AT 5

What day?

LILAH AT 70

Mighta got throwed in the river. But that was his name. Balaam. B-a-l-a-a-m. Now it's yours.

INT. ATTIC - 25 MAY 1998 - CONTINUOUS

Bailey views lists, figures, pencil sketches of houses, landscapes, and portraits in the ledger, then puts it aside.

Carefully untying lace from the diary, Bailey opens it, reads inscription, *Diary of Kitty Futrelle* silently.

Flipping from inside cover to back of diary, Bailey comes to Kitty's last entry dated 10 November 1898.

KITTY (V.O.)

10 November 1898. Dear Lord, if you please, keep my Balaam safe until he can return home to us. The noises outside the window are so awfully loud and close.

(MORE)

KITTY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Most have fled. Ruth and Molly  
 await me. I dare say baby will come  
 soon.

BAILEY AT 30  
 (stands up, paces)  
 November 10th? Gramma Lilah?

Suddenly, in front of him, on the floor, Bailey sees a very pregnant Kitty in labor.

KITTY  
 Balaaaaaaaaam!

Bailey drops diary to floor. Kitty disappears. Bailey then retrieves it, reads opened entry to 18 August 1898.

KITTY (VO) (CONT'D)  
 Dearest Lord, I cannot shake the  
 dread that overtook me when I  
 looked upon the face of that  
 despicable George Giles.

Propped against trunk, Bailey flips through diary, stopping at entry dated 29 May 1898. Before he can read entry, he falls into a deep sleep.

Balaam "emerges" from Bailey's sleeping body, heads toward the door.

EXT. CAPE FEAR RIVER - 29 MAY 1898 - SUNNY DAY

Balaam rushes to Kitty - visible baby bump. They frolic barefoot at a secluded section of the river.

Scampering to a picnic basket on a blanket under a magnolia tree, Balaam hands Kitty a fallen blossom, pulls a hand towel out of basket, dries Kitty's feet. They munch on food.

KITTY  
 You ever wonder what's at the  
 bottom of that there river?

BALAAM  
 A graveyard full of 100 year-old  
 barges and boats and bones.  
 (rubs Kitty's tummy)  
 What do we name it? I know. If it's  
 a boy, Balaam III. If God blesses  
 us with a girl child, let's name  
 her after your momma, Lilah.

Balaam kisses Kitty's tummy. Kitty stops writing and eating.

KITTY

No. I don't want to name it. Not yet. How you know we won't lose it again like our last two? I would rather we wait until at least August, when I am further along.

BALAAM

Now don't talk like that, Kitty. We can carry this one. All the way this time. You shall stay off your feet and not take in sewing.

KITTY

What would my customers do? And those day dresses won't finish making themselves for tomorrow's Decoration Day parade.

BALAAM

I'm the only bill poster in town, the sign shop's plenty busy. Enough work coming in for us to buy land and maybe even build our house before baby comes in November.

KITTY

(packs up)

And those signs are not going to paint themselves neither. Time to get back to work, Mr. Futrelle.

BALAAM

(closes newspaper)

The work shall get done, Mrs. Futrelle. But first -

Balaam gently lowers Kitty to the ground, kisses her. The diary falls softly to the blanket.

INT. FUTRELLE CITY SIGN SHOP - 29 MAY 1898 - AFTERNOON

In his sign shop filled with printing devices, supplies and tools, Balaam munches from picnic basket.

JACK THORNE (V.O.)

(reading with commentary)

*The Associated Press 11 November.  
With the killing of the Negroes  
yesterday the backbone of the  
trouble seems to have been broken.*

Balaam works on a portrait sketch of THOMAS C MILLER - black business man, 50s.

JACK THORNE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

(reads news article)

*The authors of the tragedy have gone to their homes and the mob has disbanded as if in contempt of the gangs of Negroes who still hang about in the black quarters growling and threatening whites.*

Miller enters shop. Balaam moves to work table, spreads out large banner: *Thomas C. Miller - Real Estate Agent, Pawn Broker, Auctioneer.*

JACK THORNE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

(reads news article)

*300 resolute white men gathered at the Mayor's office and were sworn in as new policemen.*

THOMAS MILLER

Just saw your lovely wife strolling down Front Street.

JACK THORNE (V.O.)

*Six negroes jailed. One was Thomas Miller, charged with declaring he would wash his hands in a white man's blood before night.*

THOMAS MILLER

I see she's with child once again, yes? How's she faring so far?

JACK THORNE (V.O.)

(reads news article)

*The six Negroes were taken out and escorted to the northbound train by a detachment of militia, to be banished from the city.*

BALAAM

Taking it one day at a time.

JACK THORNE (V.O.)

Rising up from slavery's to become the wealthiest black man in town, Miller did business with and loaned money to both blacks and whites.

Balaam and Miller examine banner together.

JACK THORNE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Miller's presence in the city was viewed by fellow blacks with pride and inspiration. Whites saw Miller as being a most undesirable element that needed to be expunged.

ALEXANDER MANLY - mixed race, appears white, 30s, newspaper under arm - enters shop. Balaam unfurls his banner: *Alexander L. Manly - The Daily Record*.

JACK THORNE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*The Daily Record* proved to be a strong champion of the town's colored citizens.

Balaam and Manly examine the banner.

JACK THORNE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 To millions, the newspaper is the Bible, the Apostles Creed. Their opinion of God, of religion, of immortality is shaped by what it has to say upon such subjects.

ALEXANDER MANLY  
 Excellent work, Balaam. Do you not agree, Thomas?

JACK THORNE (V.O.)  
 Headlines kindled the flames of anarchy, started men upon the path of destruction like wolves stimulated by the scent of blood, to pause only when irreparable evil hath been wrought.

Miller examines Manly's banner.

THOMAS MILLER  
 Well, since you asked, of the two, I think mine is the winner.

ALEXANDER MANLY  
 You would think that.

The men continue examining the banners.

BALAAM  
 Tell me, what's the chance of me building a house before November?

THOMAS MILLER

November? That's just six months away. Let me think on it.

JACK THORNE (V.O.)

*The Daily Record* exposed the very unsanitary conditions of the colored wards in the city hospital. Put the hospital in habitable shape. This, though a good work, did not enhance the editor's popularity with the whites who thought him too high strung, saucy.

THOMAS MILLER

Come August, I will be auctioning off a prime piece of property. So prime that your nemesis, George Giles, wants it grab it up.

JACK THORNE (V.O.)

Negroes who appreciated Manly's pluck felt a little shaky over his many tilts with white editors.

THOMAS MILLER

More than a thousand of us own homes in Wilmington now, some not as grand as mine, but you and Kitty and the baby deserve a new home. We shall have to work fast.

ALEXANDER MANLY

And smart. Jealousy, greed and hatred are already raising their murderous heads in this town. Whites are being forced to compete with a capable black contingent.

Manly accidentally knocks Balaam's ledger off the work table.

INT. ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

The ledger falls with a thud off Bailey's chest to floor. He awakens, stretches, continues perusing ledger, studies Balaam's portraits, pulls a snack out of his travel bag.

INT. LESTER HOME - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Near a table laden with food next to Mattie's funereal banner, a gathering of lively MOURNERS mingle about eating, hugging, laughing, crying.

Lilah dozes in her wheelchair. Marie fiddles with CD player. Kendra approaches Marie, gently takes CD player, sets it on a table, guides her over to a seat near Lilah, who awakens.

LILAH AT 99

It's Decoration Day! We gon' put flowers on my husband's grave!

MARIE AT 44

We did, Gramma Lilah. Right after momma's funeral, 'member?

(to Kendra)

I can't wait to hug him.

KENDRA AT 30

So, where is he? And you see Key and Megan yet?

MARIE AT 44

(shakes head)

He's up in the attic. Why he up there? He never liked going up there. Not after - Something's not right with him, Kendra. I know it.

LILAH AT 99

Daddy Balaam here.

MARIE AT 44

What's that, Gramma?

LILAH AT 99

And my poor momma.

MARIE AT 44

Momma?

(points to Mattie's photo)

You her momma, Gramma Lilah.

(to Kendra)

Why don't you go up and bring him down, sweetie?

KENDRA AT 30

He's your son, Miss Marie. You go get him.

INT. ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

His back to attic door, Bailey rummages through trunk, does not hear or see Kendra enter attic.

KENDRA AT 30  
The only thing you'll find up here  
is your past. Sure you want to?

Bailey whips around, drops revolver into his travel bag,  
arises, stays put as Kendra saunters into attic, walks past  
him, looks around.

KENDRA AT 30 (CONT'D)  
'Member our first time up here?

BAILEY AT 30  
We were seven, practicing our song,  
and Marie caught us and chased us  
back downstairs.  
(sings acapella)  
"Two hearts are always better" -

KENDRA AT 30  
(sings acapella)  
"Together forever."

BAILEY AT 30  
Love your dreads. Can I touch them?

KENDRA AT 30  
No. Yes.

Bailey touches Kendra's hair, then her face, then her lips.

KENDRA AT 30 (CONT'D)  
I waited for you that night. We  
were gonna -

BAILEY AT 30  
Make love for the first time.

KENDRA AT 30  
My parents and Key were at the  
movies. You went to say goodbye to  
Miss Marie and -

Bailey turns away, looks out window, sees Big Dirk across the  
street, looking up at him. Bailey moves out-of-sight.

KENDRA AT 30 (CONT'D)  
What?

Kendra joins him at window, sees no one. Bailey rubs scar.

KENDRA AT 30 (CONT'D)  
(takes Bailey's hand)  
How did you - this happened the  
morning you left, didn't it?  
(MORE)

KENDRA AT 30 (CONT'D)  
 Your hand was all wrapped up. Wait.  
 Or was it the night before? You  
 know, Miss Marie and you, y'all  
 both know something you're not  
 tell-

Bailey snatches his hand away, walks away.

KENDRA AT 30 (CONT'D)  
 Why you leave like that?  
 (spots diary, picks it up)  
 Miss Lilah and Marie, they can't  
 wait for you to come down. You do  
 remember your Great Gramma Lilah?  
 (opens diary)  
 Oh shit! What the - this is -  
 where'd this come from?  
 (indicates trunk)  
 In there?  
 (picks up photo)  
 Oh my God. You look just like this  
 man. Is this -

BAILEY AT 30  
 Gramma Lilah's father, Balaam.  
 Kendra, I saw -

KENDRA AT 30  
 (flips to diary's end)  
 What? November 10th, 1898?

BAILEY AT 30  
 Yeah, Gramma Lilah's birthday.

KENDRA AT 30  
 Celebrated every November 10th  
 since - forever. I interviewed her.

Kendra sees Balaam's ledger, picks it up, opens inside cover.

KENDRA AT 30 (CONT'D)  
 Balaam Futrelle?  
 (skims book)  
 You know, he disappeared that day.

BAILEY AT 30  
 How do you know that and I don't?

KENDRA AT 30  
 Because I stayed. You're the one  
 who left. And didn't come back.

BAILEY AT 30  
 I'm back, ok?

KENDRA AT 30  
 (skims ledger)  
 I need to use these for my *Remember*  
 1898 talks.

BAILEY AT 30  
 Oh, yeah, the riot.

KENDRA AT 30  
 It wasn't a riot. It was a bloody  
 massacre.

BAILEY AT 30  
 Balaam disappeared during the riot?

KENDRA AT 30  
 Bloody massacre  
 (glances at watch)  
 Oh, shit. Gotta get to the Memorial  
 Day service at the National  
 Cemetery in a few. Then my next  
 lecture. Wanna come with us?

BAILEY AT 30  
 No, I've had my fill of cemeteries  
 for today.  
 (pauses)  
 Who's "we"?

KENDRA AT 30  
 When's your flight back?

BAILEY AT 30  
 Wednesday. Early. Who's we?

KENDRA AT 30  
 You mean we've got to catch up on  
 ten years in less than 48 hours?

BAILEY AT 30  
 My first solo exhibit's going up  
 this weekend. Who is we?

A knock at the attic door. Stefan pops his head in.

STEFAN  
 Sorry to interrupt, Kendge.  
 (looks at watch)  
 Don't want to lose the light.

KENDRA AT 30  
 Bailey, meet Stefan Bardo. He's -  
 uh - my uh -

Stefan walks in, extends a hand towards Bailey.

STEFAN

Fiancé. Feels like we've already met. Kendge talks about you. Often.

Bailey stares at Stefan, doesn't shake hands, looks at watch.

BAILEY AT 30

(to Kendra)

What time we leaving?

INT. LESTER HOME - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Kendra escorts Keithy and Megan to the front door.

KEITHY AT 16

Wait. Where's Bailey?

MEGAN AT 16

I wanna meet him!

KENDRA AT 30

You'll see him. Come straight home after the movie, ok?

INT. LESTER HOME - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Marie gives Lilah a sip of water. Kendra approaches them.

MARIE AT 44

Why he ain't come down yet?

KENDRA AT 30

I think you might know why.

MARIE AT 44

He hungry? Take him up something?

KENDRA AT 30

No. You do it.

MARIE AT 44

You know y'all still in love. You not fooling me.

KENDRA AT 30

And you're not fooling me. What happened the night before Bailey left for Paris, Miss Marie?

Marie nervously looks up toward attic, begins preparing a plate. Mourners pass around dishes of food.

EXT. GILES WRIGHTSVILLE BEACH HOME - DECK - CONTINUOUS

GEORGE GILES III - spitting image of George Giles Sr, tanned, late 50s, in expensive casuals - lunches with Carla.

EXT. GILES WRIGHTSVILLE BEACH BOAT DOCK - CONTINUOUS

Georgi arrives in her speed boat, anchors and bounces up the deck stairs, the old metal box in hand. Two dogs greet her.

GEORGI AT 40

Daddy, look what I found in the studio today!

CARLA

You could say hello, Georgi. Are you hungry?

Georgi kisses Carla, takes food off her plate.

CARLA (CONT'D)

Georgi! Get your own plate.

Georgi places box on table, grabs a plate, begins filling it.

GEORGI AT 40

There's all this old stuff in here. Must've been hidden away in the walls of the loft. Want to see?

George stops eating, eyes the box.

CARLA

It's no wonder. That building's pretty ancient. Did you remember to pick up the dog food?

GEORGI AT 40

Oops. Forgot. I'll bring it out later. Promise. Daddy -

CARLA

(to Georgi)

Please don't let my babies starve to death. Again.

GEORGI AT 40

Yes, mother. Daddy, the box. It belonged to George Giles Sr, right? The one who drank himself to death?

CARLA

Georgi! Must you refer to your great great grandfather that way?

GEORGI AT 40

That's all I know. Nobody ever talks about him. Why is that, hunh? Anyway, these things could be worth something. There just might be more buried treasure in those walls.

GEORGE

I doubt it. Let me take care of the box. It needs proper preservation. I'll add them to the estate papers. They'll be safe -

Georgi moves the box out of her father's reach.

GEORGI AT 40

What estate papers?

GEORGE

I'm the executor of the estate. Are you going to give me that or not?

GEORGI AT 40

Um, not. I want to photograph the contents first. For perpetuity.

Georgi places her plate next to the box.

INT. LESTER HOME - ATTIC - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Marie enters attic carrying a plate of food, walks over to a sleeping Bailey, places plate next to him.

Bailey awakens abruptly, jumps up, eyes Marie suspiciously.

EXT. LOST MEMORY NORTHSIDE ALLEY - 10 JUNE 1988 - NIGHT

Big Dirk - in same pimp attire - knocks Marie to the ground.

INT. ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

BAILEY AT 30  
Nooooooooo!

Marie puts the plate down, rushes to Bailey, embraces him.

MARIE AT 44  
It's all right, baby boy.

Bailey awkwardly endures the embrace, remains silent. Marie picks up the plate of food, offers it to Bailey who does not take it. He moves to window, looks out, sees Big Dirk.

MARIE AT 44 (CONT'D)  
Hungry? Your favorite. Chicken and dumplings. Momma showed me how to - watcha looking at?

EXT. ACROSS STREET FROM LESTER HOME - CONTINUOUS

Big Dirk stares back at Bailey.

BAILEY AT 30  
(turns from window)  
Some kid tried to steal your CD player today.

MARIE AT 44  
So that's why it wouldn't work. In the 30 years momma's been renting from Giles Realty, nobody never tried to break in here.

Bailey glances at Kitty's diary.

KITTY (VO)  
That despicable George Giles.

MARIE AT 44  
Momma's smiling down on both of us. And now that you're back home, it's gonna be good between us again.

BAILEY AT 30  
Good between us?

MARIE AT 44  
Ok, it's time I come clean about -

BAILEY AT 30

Come clean? You clean now? Once a junkie, always a junkie. Isn't that what they say?

MARIE AT 44

I been clean since that night when - oh why don't you just let sleeping dogs lie!

Bailey turns away. Balaam and Kitty glare at him.

BAILEY AT 30

What're you looking at?

MARIE AT 44

What? I'm looking at my son. You used to love me.

(pauses)

You and Gramma Lilah. Y'all all I got I left in the world.

Bailey picks up Kitty's diary, flips to entry, reads.

BAILEY AT 30

Did you say George Giles?

MARIE AT 44

Yeah. Giles Realty. Momma took the rent to his office downtown every month like clockwork.

Bailey packs the two books in his bag, dons his cap and exits, leaving Marie alone in the attic. Peering into the trunk, she begins perusing old photographs.

INT. KENDRA'S CAR - MARKET ST - CONTINUOUS

Kendra glances at Bailey who is fast asleep.

EXT. MARKET STREET - NATIONAL CEMETERY - 30 MAY 1898 - B&W

A cheering MIXED-RACE CROWD lines street corners and walkways leading up to the cemetery gates.

In a full-blown Decoration Day parade, Balaam appears among other PARADERS, marches behind four US COLORED TROOPS leading horse-drawn carriages draped by Balaam's banners.

In the carriages ride CITY OFFICIALS, including Manly and Miller; MAYOR SILAS WRIGHT - white, 50s; JUSTICE ROBERT BUNTING - white, 40s.

The *Ladies Union Aid Society* and CHILDREN follow with banner, sashes, stately day dresses, and wreathes of fresh flowers:

Kitty with baby bump, Ruth, Molly, CARRIE SADGWAR - black, 20s; MRS. SILAS WRIGHT - white, 40s; MRS. ROBERT BUNTING - black, 30s; and THOMASINA MILLER - black, 20s.

EXT. NATIONAL CEMETERY - USCT SECTION - CONTINUOUS - B&W

Parade participants gather around Manly who stoops down in front of several small white USCT headstones. The four USCT stand behind him.

ALEXANDER MANLY

Asleep are the ranks of the Union  
dead and it is the loving hand of  
the black woman and child that  
places the rose, the jasmine, the  
lilac and forget-me-not there, with  
wreathes of cedar and of pine.

The Ladies' group places wreaths on the headstones.

CARRIE SADGWAR SINGS *GREAT DAY*.

ALEXANDER MANLY (CONT'D)

Oh Lord of Hosts, be with us yet,  
lest we forget, lest we forget. For  
among those sleeping heroes her  
husband, her brother, her father is  
lying, having given up their lives  
that a nation of the people, for  
the people, and by the people,  
might not perish from the land.

The USCT salute as one plays TAPS.

EXT. NATIONAL CEMETERY - USCT SECTION - 25 MAY 1998 - DAY

Taps music carries over. Kendra takes photos. Stefan shoots video of USCT RE-ENACTORS saluting, marching, kneeling at a section of small white headstones.

EXT. NATIONAL CEMETERY GATES - 25 MAY 1998 - CONTINUOUS

Still in Kendra's car, Bailey awakens, sits upright, looks around. Kendra approaches.

KENDRA AT 30

Hey, Sleeping Beauty.

BAILEY AT 30  
The parade over?

KENDRA AT 30  
Parade? Oh, you mean the Re-  
Enactors? You know what? Decoration  
Day 1898 might've been the last  
parade in Wilmington.

INT. KENDRA'S CAR - MARKET ST - CONTINUOUS

Kendra points to large brick historic homes fronted by deep,  
lush lawns, some with tall privacy fences.

KENDRA AT 30  
Now, that was the residence of Hugh  
MacRae, the notorious leader of the  
Secret Nine, and that one -

Kendra glances at Bailey, who's sound asleep.

EXT. MACRAE HOME - VERANDA - MARKET ST - 29 MAY 1898 - B&W

Three white businessmen - George Giles Sr, BEN HART, 40s and  
HUGH MACRAE, 50s - sip on drinks, watch the Decoration Day  
parade disband.

GEORGE GILES SR  
Nigra lawyers, Nigra doctors, Nigra  
teachers, Nigra preachers, Nigras  
politicians in fine houses. Nigras  
on parade. Judgement Day can't be  
far off, Lawyer Hart.

BEN HART  
They are now a two-thirds majority  
in our beloved city.

GEORGE GILES SR  
Surely, they must be plotting to  
obtain absolute control and making  
North Carolina a thoroughly Nigra  
sovereign state.

BEN HART  
We may have lost control in '96.  
It's either Nigra domination or  
white supremacy.

GEORGE GILES SR  
(shouts)  
Long live White Supremacy!

BEN HART  
 (shouts)  
 Yeah! Long live White Supremacy!

INT.. KENDRA'S CAR - FRONT STREET - CONTINUOUS

Bailey abruptly awakens, looks around.

BAILEY AT 30  
 Was I sleep?

As Kendra turns onto Front Street, Bailey spots the sign,  
 "Giles Realty".

BAILEY AT 30 (CONT'D)  
 Pull over!

KENDRA AT 30  
 What?

BAILEY AT 30  
 That's Giles Realty.

KENDRA AT 30  
 Ok. And?

BAILEY AT 30  
 Just pull over.

EXT. GILES REALTY, GEORGI GILES PHOTOGRAPHY - CONTINUOUS

Kendra pulls in front of Giles Realty with *Closed* sign. Next door, Bailey spots Georgi working from inside on a window display of subjects photographed in 1800s costumes.

A "*Models Wanted*" sign hangs in a corner of the window.

INT. KENDRA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

KENDRA AT 30  
 It's closed for Memorial Day. Why -

Bailey exits the car, faces both businesses. Kendra catches a glimpse of Georgi in her studio window.

KENDRA AT 30 (CONT'D)  
 Bailey, wait. I'm cooking dinner for you and Miss Marie and Miss Lilah tomorrow. And Key can't wait to see you and introduce you to his white girlfriend. Ok?

Suddenly, Bailey feels a gush of wind as George Giles Sr and his Posse of Two gallop past him on horseback. Bailey turns, watches them disappear into thin air.

BAILEY AT 30  
(rattled)  
What the - did you see that?

KENDRA AT 30  
Yeah, I see her. Don't be late.  
(pulls off)

EXT. OUTSIDE GEORGI GILES PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Bailey regains his composure, walks closer to window, waves at Georgi. Georgi waves back flirtatiously, keeps working. Bailey attempts to speak to her through the window.

BAILEY AT 30  
(shouting)  
Um, excuse me. Hello.

INT. GEORGI GILES PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Georgi opens her front door, points to the modeling sign.

GEORGI AT 40  
You saw the sign. Awesome.

BAILEY AT 30  
The sign?

GEORGI AT 40  
You're hired!

BAILEY AT 30  
No, I -

GEORGI AT 40  
No, you'd be perfect!

BAILEY AT 30  
No, I'm just wondering if - Do you happen to know when this office will be open again?  
(points to realty office)

GEORGI AT 40  
Oh, sorry! Not until next week.  
Looking to rent or buy?

BAILEY AT 30  
Neither. It's just that -

GEORGI AT 40  
Interested in posing for me - 19th  
century style? Really. Just  
kidding. You'd make a great model.  
I'm Georgi Giles.  
(holds hand out)

Georgi and Bailey shake hands. Georgi holds on to it for a  
second longer than necessary.

BAILEY AT 30  
Bailey Futrelle. You're related?  
(indicates realty office)

GEORGI AT 40  
That would be my father, George  
Giles III. He owns the whole block.

BAILEY AT 30  
Well, Georgi, your family name,  
Giles, I came across it today.

GEORGIE AT 40  
MY family name? What? Let's take  
this inside.

Georgi waves him in. The studio houses a long rack of 1800s  
attire, two garment figures dressed in 1800s attire.

INT. GEORGI GILES PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Georgi clears a spot near a work table and chair. Bailey  
remains standing, looks around at Georgi's photographs.

GEORGI AT 40  
You're not from around here. Let me  
guess - New York City? LA?

BAILEY AT 30  
Paris.

GEORGI AT 40  
Get outta Dodge. Really?  
(continues in French)  
I went to the Sorbonne!

BAILEY AT 30  
(in French)  
Oh? So did I. Late 80s. For visual  
art. When were you there?

GEORGI AT 40  
Early 80s. Dang, it IS a small world. What medium do you work in?

BAILEY AT 30  
(in English)  
Acrylic. I have my first solo exhibition this weekend. Nudes.

GEORGI AT 40  
Nudes? I do nudes as well. Why're you here in the states if you have an exhibit opening this weekend?

BAILEY AT 30  
Death in the family.

GEORGI AT 40  
Oh, my condolences.

BAILEY AT 30  
My grandmother. She raised me.

GEORGI AT 40  
Oh I'm so sorry. I was just rattling on and on. Sorry.

BAILEY AT 30  
That's ok.

GEORGI AT 40  
So, how'd you end up in Paris?

BAILEY AT 30  
Art institute scholarship. Summer of '88.

GEORGI AT 40  
And now you live there? I am so jealous. Do you miss Wilmington? Ever think about moving back?

BAILEY AT 30  
Um, no. And no.

GEORGI AT 40  
Why not? Wilmington's definitely not Paris. But this town is full of talent. Sorry. Too nosy? You're in mourning and I'm an asshole.

BAILEY AT 30  
No, it's ok.  
(glances towards door)  
(MORE)

BAILEY AT 30 (CONT'D)

It's -  
 (pulls Kitty's diary out)  
 This is why I'm here.

Georgi gently takes the diary, places it on the work table, opens the cover.

GEORGI AT 40

Oh my fucking God! This is over a hundred years old! I've got to photograph this! May I?

BAILEY AT 30

Yeah, sure.

GEORGI AT 40

I'm actually about to shoot this.  
 (hands old box to Bailey)  
 It literally fell out of these very walls. Today! I'm always finding old shit in this building.

Georgi hands the box to Bailey who goes to sit in chair.

GEORGI AT 40 (CONT'D)

No. Come sit over here.  
 (leads to couch)  
 I'm pretty sure it's over a hundred years old as well. So, you definitely aren't coming back?

Bailey shakes his head no.

GEORGI AT 40 (CONT'D)

Why not?

BAILEY AT 30

You really want to know? Ok, I'll tell you. Southern accents.

Georgi laughs, begins photographing Kitty's diary. Bailey browses through items in box. He begins to nod.

Georgi sneaks a photo of a sleeping Bailey, then gets closer, scrutinizing Bailey's face. When Bailey moves in his sleep, Georgi quickly returns to her work.

Appearing very close to Bailey's face, then knocks box out of his lap. The box crashes to the floor, breaking apart.

GEORGI AT 40

Bad dream?

Bailey and Georgi both look down at the broken box. Yellowed letters have fallen out of a secret compartment.

GEORGI AT 40 (CONT'D)

Well, what do you know. More buried treasure.

BAILEY AT 30

Oh man, I think I broke it. Did you photograph it yet?

GEORGI AT 40

Yeah. No problem. Really.

Georgi picks up a letter, silently reads. Bailey also picks up a letter from the pile.

GEORGI AT 40 (CONT'D)

What the - what did you say your last name was?

BAILEY AT 30

Futrelle. Why?

Georgi hands Bailey the letter who reads it aloud.

BAILEY AT 30 (CONT'D)

*Dear Mr. Giles, I performed the duty as requested. I assure you that those plots heretofore have not been in use since the War. Therefor, not to fret. Futrelle will never be disturbed. My family name. What plots?*

GEORGI AT 40

(picks up another letter)  
*I will keep you abreast of the upcoming land for sale. I am in total agreement with you. It is just not right that Futrelle or any other - N word, sorry - should own land. I'll bet you this building that my father knows something about this. He's got to.*

(pauses)

The estate papers of George Giles Sr! They're in my dad's office.

BAILEY AT 30

But the office is closed today.

GEORGI AT 40

No! His home office! Oh shit!

BAILEY AT 30

What?

GEORGI AT 40

I forgot to feed my parents' dogs. They're probably eating each other by now.

(grabs a big set of keys)  
Come on. We'll kill two birds with one stone.

BAILEY AT 30

As long as no one else gets killed.

EXT. CAPE FEAR RIVERFRONT MARINA - CONTINUOUS

Bailey and Georgi head to her boat. Bailey lags behind when he spots a B&W Jack Thorne sitting on a bench reading the *New York Independent*, 17 November 1898.

Bailey looks back at Thorne, who tips his hat.

JACK THORNE

Ha!

(addresses audience)

The white Reverend Mr. McKelway, in giving a plausible excuse for the crimes of 10 November 1898, makes a dismal failure.

(slams newspaper on bench)

GEORGI AT 40

See something of interest?

BAILEY AT 30

Not sure.

Bailey catches up with Georgi, still looking back at Thorne as they head for the boat.

JACK THORNE

Can someone please point out where that awful thing reiterated these days that Negro domination and bad government exist in the municipality of Wilmington?

Georgi holds out a life jacket to Bailey who still looks behind him at Thorne.

GEORGI AT 40

What are you looking at? Permission to come on board. Any day now.

Bailey takes life jacket, peers into murky river waters.

JACK THORNE

(reads from newspaper)

*The new government soon found itself incapable of governing. It could not control its own. The homes of the people were at the mercy of thieves, burglars and incendiaries, and the police were either absolutely incapable of preventing crime or connived at it.*

EXT. CAPE FEAR RIVER - CONTINUOUS

Dressed in the life jacket, Bailey rides with Georgi in the noisy speed boat down the river.

JACK THORNE

*White women were insulted on the streets in broad daylight by Negro men and on more than one occasion slapped in the face by Negro women on no provocation. Laughable!*  
(throws paper in river)

Fragmented bloated dead bodies bobbing face down beneath the river's surface churn past a bewildered Bailey.

EXT. NORTHSIDE ALLEY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

A posse of THREE WHITE TEENS attack Keithy with baseball bats. Keithy covers his head as Megan stands by, screaming.

MEGAN AT 16

Stop it, Jake! You're killing him!

JAKE

Stay away from my sister, nigger.

The teens run out of the alley. Megan rushes to Keithy.

MEGAN AT 16

Key! Help! Somebody help!

INT. GILES BEACH HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Bailey and Georgi walk into the spacious kitchen of the Giles home. Georgi turns on the lights.

GEORGI AT 40

Make yourself at home. I'll only be a minute. See what's in the fridge.

BAILEY AT 30

No thanks. I'll wait for you.

Georgi exits out the back door. Bailey wanders around the spacious kitchen, finds himself back at refrigerator door.

He peeks into refrigerator, then closes it. Startled, Georgi stands in front of him, dangling a set of keys.

GEORGI AT 40

Follow me. Let's see what's waiting to be found.

BAILEY AT 30

Georgi, we're trespassing.

GEORGI AT 40

Not when you've been given the keys to the whole kingdom.

INT. GILES HOME OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Bailey stands behind Georgi as she searches through several file drawers, then comes across a locked strongbox hidden beneath a pile of files.

GEORGI AT 40

Now what is a locked box doing in an unlocked file drawer? Something in here needs to be under lock and key. I wonder why. Wait here.

Georgi exits the office. Bailey looks around, spots a surveillance camera hidden on the bookshelf.

BAILEY AT 30

Uh oh.

Bailey starts for the door when Georgi comes running in with a screwdriver, leaving the office door open.

BAILEY AT 30 (CONT'D)

Look.  
(points to camera)

GEORGI AT 40

(keeps working on lock)  
Oh that. Daddy had to order another part to complete the installation.

BAILEY AT 30

That make me feel better? Georgi,  
if you break the lock, I could be  
charged with trespassing.

GEORGI AT 40

Not unless we get caught. My  
parents are well on their way to  
Hilton Head. This isn't the first  
lock I've had to break today.

Georgi works on the lock for a few more moments before it  
breaks open, opens it.

A manila envelope contains two documents - one, *"Last Will  
and Testament of George Giles Sr"*, the other a property deed  
belonging to one *"Balaam Augustus Futrelle."*

GEORGI AT 40 (CONT'D)

Bingo!  
(hands deed to Bailey)

BAILEY AT 30

What's this?  
(reads document)  
Is this - this looks like a  
property deed.

The door to the office flings open. Followed by Carla, George  
Giles III strides into room, pulls out a revolver, points it  
at Bailey.

GEORGE GILES III

Step away from my daughter, you  
black nigger.  
(indicates deed)  
And hand that over.

GEORGI AT 40

Daddy, apologize! He's with me!

GEORGE GILES III

(ignores Georgi)  
I said give it to me.

Bailey hands deed to Giles who reads it.

GEORGE GILES III (CONT'D)

I need to have a word with you,  
young lady. In the kitchen. Now.

GEORGI AT 40

I am 40 years old, and I am not your young lady, and no, you may not have a word with me.

(snatches deed)

Apparently, our families knew each other a long time ago, isn't that right? Bailey Futrelle, meet George Giles III. Any bells ringing now?

GEORGE GILES III

(looks at Bailey)

Futrelle?

CARLA

(shakes Bailey's hand)

Carla Giles. Hello, Bailey. Are you sleeping with my daughter?

GEORGI AT 40

Mother!

CARLA

Your biological clock is ticking.

(turns to Bailey)

You're not the first black man Georgi has fallen for. Ooh, the two of you - y'all would produce the most precious babies.

GEORGE III

Carla, please.

CARLA

I've got a pet theory. God allows interracial mixing is to bridge that great divide between whites and blacks and make gorgeous human beings. Mixed children are the most

GEORGE III

(turns to Georgi)

Give me that deed.

GEORGI AT 40

No. Bailey needs answers first. You owe him.

GEORGE III

I don't know him and I don't owe him a damn thing.

Bailey steps up and snatches deed from Georgi.

BAILEY AT 30

Mr. Giles. Why was this locked up  
in your office?

GEORGE GILES III

(grabs deed from Bailey)  
I should've done this years ago.

Giles moves towards door, his back to the room, takes out a lighter, puts a flame to the deed. Bailey rushes George, snatches deed which falls in flames to the floor.

GEORGI AT 40

What're you doing?

Georgi rushes to stamp flame out, salvages deed, picks it up.

GEORGI AT 40 (CONT'D)

You can burn this and whatever else  
you want to burn up, daddy, but you  
can't burn up the past.

Georgi hands deed to Bailey, turns towards door.

GEORGE III

You leave here with that, Mr.  
Futrelle, and I'll call the police.

Georgi takes the deed from Bailey.

GEORGI AT 40

Call the police on your own  
daughter? I don't think so.

Georgi and Bailey walk out of the room.

INT. GEORGI'S PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Georgi and Bailey walk into her studio with takeout boxes.  
Georgi opens a bottle of wine, preps the meal.

BAILEY AT 30

Nothing like looking down the  
barrel of a gun to take your  
appetite away. Glad he didn't shoot  
first and ask questions later.

INT. PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Full of takeout and wine, Georgi and Bailey playfully take  
selfies of themselves posed behind the 1800s garment figures.  
Afterwards, Bailey picks up the deed from the table.

BAILEY AT 30  
 Only 24 hours. I've learned more  
 about Balaam than I've ever known.

In a few moments, Bailey nods off into a restless slumber.

Georgi shoots the deed, diary, ledger and a sleeping Bailey, puts camera down, turns on sexy jazz, lights candles, drinks more wine, sits on floor, watches Bailey sleep.

INT. PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Bailey stirs, opens his eyes, vacant, glassy. Georgi, asleep on the floor in front on the couch, also stirs. Bailey bends down, kisses her forehead, neck, arms.

Georgi turns, kisses Bailey on the mouth. Bailey grabs her, lay her down on the floor, removes her panties, unbuckles his pants, and they make passionate love.

After they both climax, Bailey falls instantly back to sleep on the floor. Georgi observes Bailey curiously.

INT. GEORGI'S STUDIO - NEXT DAY, EARLY MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Surprised to see his belt unbuckled, his zipper down, Bailey jumps up, zips up. Georgi brings him a cup of coffee.

BAILEY AT 30  
 (dazed )  
 Bonjour. Did I fall asleep? Sorry.

GEORGI AT 40  
 (hands him coffee)  
 Well, yeah, afterwards. And before.

BAILEY AT 30  
 Before what?

GEORGI AT 40  
 You know.

BAILEY AT 30  
 Ok, I can explain. I've been told I do things in my sleep that I don't-

Bailey spots the deed, picks it up.

BAILEY AT 30 (CONT'D)  
 I do know your father's coming for this. Is City Hall still downtown?

INT. COURTHOUSE - REGISTER OF DEEDS OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The deed lay next to Bailey as he goes through records on a public computer.

JACK THORNE (V.O.)  
 Who orchestrated the the wholesale  
 killing of Wilmington's black  
 citizens on November 10th? Why,  
 Wilmington's leading wealthy  
 citizens. Who else? Over \$30,000  
 was subscribed to buy arms and  
 ammunition.

A screenshot shows "BALAAM FUTRELLE" as owner of the property, dated August 1898.

JACK THORNE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Secret dispatches were sent to  
 sympathizers in adjoining states to  
 come and assist.

Another screenshot shows a record indicating that the land was sold to George Giles Sr in January 1899.

JACK THORNE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Banishment and slaughter of both  
 blacks and whites were carefully  
 listed. Clubs and clans of  
 assassins were drilled in signals  
 and tactics. The State Militia and  
 the Naval Reserves were solicited.

INT. COURTHOUSE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Exiting the Register of Deeds office, Bailey spots Lil Dirk entering a courtroom with CAT JACKSON - black female, late 30s. Bailey follows them into the courtroom, stands in back.

INT. COURTROOM - CONTINUOUS

The DISTRICT ATTORNEY calls attendance. Bailey hears Lil Dirk's full name.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY  
 Dirk Jackson, Jr?

Bailey hears Marie's screaming voice in his head.

MARIE AT 44 (V.O.)  
 No, Dirk!

DISTRICT ATTORNEY  
Dirk Jackson, Jr?

MARIE AT 44 (V.O.)  
Dirk, you're hurting me!

LIL DIRK  
Right here.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY  
Say present.

LIL DIRK  
No.

CAT  
Boy! Shut up and cooperate.

LIL DIRK  
I ain't do nothin'.

Bailey leaves courtroom.

INT. COURTROOM HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Bailey spots Big Dirk Jackson staring at him from a dark corner. He continues on to a pay phone, calls Marie.

Cat exits courtroom, stands near phones, lights a cigarette.

BAILEY AT 30  
Marie, remember the young kid I told you about yesterday? The one who broke into the house?

MARIE AT 44 (V.O.)  
Who? What kid? Listen, Balaam. Where you at? Keithy's -

BAILEY AT 30  
Not Keithy. The one who broke your CD player. You know him? His name's Dirk Jackson Jr.

Cat gets closer, eavesdrops.

MARIE AT 44 (V.O.)  
Dirk? You remember now? But Balaam, it's Keithy. We headed -

BAILEY AT 30  
What? Seeing a man hitting you in some dark alley?  
(MORE)

BAILEY AT 30 (CONT'D)  
 Hearing you scream the name, Dirk?  
 Look, I'm on my way to Grace  
 Street. You are going-

MARIE AT 44 (V.O.)  
 No, Bailey, it's -

Bailey hangs up, exits courtroom. Cat makes a call of her own, speaks in a low voice.

CAT  
 Hey, it's Cat. I'm downtown at the  
 courthouse with Lil Dirk. You not  
 gonna believe this. This guy. He  
 was on the phone talking bout Dirk.  
 (pauses)  
 No! Big Dirk! And he was talking to  
 Marie.  
 (pauses)  
 Marie! One of Dirk's girls back in  
 the day. And he said something  
 'bout the alley. No shit.  
 (pauses)  
 He's on his way there now.  
 (pauses)  
 Yeah, from the courthouse. Grace  
 Street, her momma's house.

INT. LESTER HOME - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Marie writes a note, props it on foyer table. Leaves house.

INT. LESTER HOME - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Bailey rushes in to a quiet house, no lights.

BAILEY AT 30  
 (calls out)  
 Marie! Where are you?

Eying note on table, Bailey reads it, rushes out of house.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF LESTER HOME - CONTINUOUS

Two black males - JOE JACKSON and his brother, MARCUS JACKSON  
 - sit in a parked car across the street.

Bailey emerges from the house, walks quickly down the block.  
 The Jackson Brothers follow in their car.

At the end of the block, the Brothers jump out of the car, yell at Bailey from across the street. They both have guns dangling by their sides.

JOE JACKSON

Hey, you! You was in that alley my brother died in, wasn't you?

MARCUS JACKSON

Yeah, you killed our brother, Big Dirk, didn't you?

Seeing Big Dirk standing across the street, Bailey takes off running, ducking between houses, through alleyways.

Joe Jackson runs after him. Marcus jumps in the car, turns the corner. A gunshot is heard.

EXT. WILMINGTON STREETS - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Bailey holds on to his bleeding right arm as he cuts through alleyways, backyards, gates and walls until he reaches the privacy fence to Kendra's backyard. He begins climbing fence.

INT. PARKS HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

While giving Lilah a drink of water, Kendra looks out her kitchen window and sees Bailey jumping over her back fence.

KENDRA AT 30

What the -  
(rushes out back door)

EXT. PARKS HOME - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Kendra comes out into the yard. Only Bailey sees that her parents follow her out the door. They stand on the backsteps.

KENDRA AT 30

You got something against the front door? You know, the last time you jumped that fence, my father -

Ken and Rita disappear. Kendra spots blood on Bailey's arm.

KENDRA AT 30 (CONT'D)

You're bleeding! What happened?

BAILEY AT 30

(looks behind him)  
Let's go inside.

INT. PARKS HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Lilah sits in her wheelchair at the kitchen table.

LILAH AT 99  
Daddy Balaam here.

BAILEY AT 30  
(kisses Lilah)  
Hey, Gramma Lilah.  
(to Kendra)  
Where's Keithy? Marie left a note.

KENDRA AT 30  
Upstairs. Got a concussion and  
broken ribs, but he's alive. Is -

BAILEY AT 30  
I'm going up to see him.

KENDRA AT 30  
(gets out first aid kit)  
Not with that gunshot wound, you're  
not. You'll scare the hell out of  
him. Megan's up there. Sit down.

Bailey sits. Kendra pulls out first aid kit, attends wound.

BAILEY AT 30  
Who would beat up Keithy?

KENDRA AT 30  
Who shot you? Oh, it's just a  
graze. You've already made enemies?

BAILEY AT 30  
Real guys with real guns just  
chased me through real streets.

KENDRA AT 30  
What? No way. Why? Who were they?

BAILEY AT 30  
I was at the courthouse and I  
called Marie and - where's Marie?

KENDRA AT 30  
What were you doing there?

BAILEY AT 30  
And then I was leaving Ma Mattie's,  
and these two guys start yelling  
something about Big Dirk.

KENDRA AT 30  
Who's Big Dirk?

BAILEY AT 30  
Beats me. Oh. Must be his father.  
But I know that name. I just -

KENDRA AT 30  
Whose father?

BAILEY AT 30  
The kid's. But why would Marie -

KENDRA AT 30  
What kid?

BAILEY AT 30  
Marie definitely knows something.

KENDRA AT 30  
Knows something about what?

BAILEY AT 30  
I saw something in the river,  
Kendra. Dead bodies.

KENDRA AT 30  
Ok, stop. What time's your flight  
tomorrow?

BAILEY AT 30  
Seven am. Why?

KENDRA AT 30  
Because we need to keep you alive  
and sane until then. You'll stay  
here tonight.

BAILEY AT 30  
What about Stefan, the fiancé?

KENDRA AT 30  
He flew out to LA for a gig.

BAILEY AT 30  
So who beat Keithy up? Raising a  
teenage brother all by yourself  
has got to be tough.

KENDRA AT 30  
Keithy's a good kid. A stone cold  
gamer, but a good kid. Black people  
gonna be pissed about him getting  
beat up. If - they find out.

BAILEY AT 30

They're gonna find out when Keithy presses charges. He is pressing charges, right?

KENDRA AT 30

This is what inflamed 1898 - taboo interracial relations. Still pisses people off a hundred years later.

BAILEY AT 30

Keithy's got a white girlfriend?

KENDRA AT 30

Why you sound so surprised? You've got a white girlfriend. I've got a white fiance. Look, I'm sorry for springing my engagement on you like that. Wait a minute. No I'm not.

BAILEY AT 30

When's the wedding?

KENDRA AT 30

October. And you're not invited. You wouldn't come anyway. Would you? Oh! Marie's out on the front porch waiting on the police. They could be here already.

EXT. PARKS HOME - FRONT PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Marie sits on front porch steps smoking a cigarette. Black detective JOE MCLEOD, 50s, questions her.

DETECTIVE MCLEOD

And you would be?

MARIE AT 44

A friend of the family.

DETECTIVE MCLEOD

Have a name, friend of the family?

MARIE AT 44

Marie Lester.

DETECTIVE MCLEOD

Well, Miss - wait a minute. I know you. You were one of Dirk Jackson's girls! My, you've changed.

MARIE AT 44

What you expect? That was ten long years ago.

DETECTIVE MCLEOD

No, I mean you look - you've changed for the better.

MARIE AT 44

No matter how much you flatter me, you still can't see Keithy until he's feeling better.

DETECTIVE MCLEOD

You were never pulled in again after Jackson was found dead in that alley. You change careers?

EXT. PARKS HOME - FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Marie and McLeod do not notice Bailey peaking his head out and then having a flash of lost memory.

EXT. NORTHSIDE ALLEY, WILMINGTON, 10 JUNE 1988

Big Dirk lunges with a straight edge razor, slicing through a disembodied black hand.

EXT. FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Bailey rubs his old scar, backs up into the house.

DETECTIVE MCLEOD

(sees Bailey, flashes ID)  
Hold up. Detective McLeod. And you would be?

BAILEY AT 30

(stands in doorway)  
A friend of the family.

MCLEOD

Wow. You and Miss Lester here related? Y'all sound so much alike. And y'all favor, too.

MARIE AT 44

He's my son. What of it?

MCLEOD

My, are we on the defensive. Should you be?

BAILEY AT 30

(rubs right palm)  
She's just stressed a bit over  
Keithy, right, Marie?  
(closes front door)

MCLEOD

Did he just call you Marie? Never  
seen him around here. Where's he  
live? New York? DC?

MARIE AT 44

Paris, France. Since '88.

MCLEOD

'88? That was the year Jackson's  
body was found in that alley. We  
never found out who offed him. So,  
why'd your son leave the country?

MARIE AT 44

He had nothing to do with it!

MCLEOD

And why would he? Calm down, Miss  
Lester. Nobody's accusing your son  
of anything. Jackson's death?  
Probably just a drug deal gone  
wrong, right? His brothers most  
likely got their revenge by now on  
whoever did it. It's a cold case.

MARIE AT 44

(lights a cigarette)  
Closed?

MCLEOD

Not closed, per se. Cold. Any new  
evidence turns up and it could be  
re-opened.

Kendra comes out onto the front porch.

KENDRA AT 30

I'm Kendra Parks, Keithy's sister  
and guardian. Officer -

MCLEOD

Detective.

KENDRA AT 30

My brother isn't up to being questioned yet, Detective. We're not sure about pressing charges.

MCLEOD

Well, what would be worse than not pressing charges would be the perpetrators committing that kind of crime. Again. Maybe even have a riot on our hands. I'll be back. Bye, Miss Lester. See you 'round?

INT. PARKS HOME - DEN - CONTINUOUS

A framed Maya Angelou poster, "*There is no greater agony than bearing an untold story inside you*", hangs above a large desk holding a phone, computer and piles of papers.

Bailey sits on couch next to Lilah. Marie rushes in, stops when she sees Bailey's bandage.

KENDRA AT 30

It's just a surface wound.

MARIE AT 44

They shot you?

BAILEY AT 30

They who, Marie? I call you from the courthouse, then show up on Grace Street. Next thing I know I'm getting shot at. You know who they are, don't you?

MARIE AT 44

Who? Listen -

BAILEY AT 30

Nevermind, Marie.  
(to Kendra)  
I need to make a call.  
(indicates home phone)  
May I?

KENDRA AT 30

Both of y'all know something.

Kendra pushes Lilah towards kitchen. Bailey pulls out a card, dials a number. Marie doesn't move.

MARIE AT 44

You really don't remember.

INT. GEORGI GILES PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

GEORGI  
Hello? Hello?

KENDRA AT 30  
(to Marie, Lilah)  
Y'all want something to drink?  
(leads them to kitchen)

INT. PARKS HOME - DEN - CONTINUOUS

BAILEY AT 30  
Hey, it's me. You hear from your  
father yet?

THREE-SPLIT SCREEN: DEN, KITCHEN, PHOTOG STUDIO

INT. PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

GEORGI AT 40  
Haven't heard a peep. He's probably  
still fuming. Find out anything at  
the courthouse?

INT. PARKS HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Marie and Kendra eavesdrop from the kitchen.

MARIE AT 44  
Whose father? Who he talking to?

KENDRA AT 30  
I don't know. Yvette?

LILAH AT 99  
Eavesdrop, never hear nothing good.

INT. PARKS DEN - CONTINUOUS

BAILEY AT 30  
Balaam purchased the land in August  
1898, and someone bought the same  
exact property in January 1899.  
I'll give you one guess as to whom.

INT. PARKS HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

MARIE AT 44  
Balaam, land? What land? When?

INT. GEORGI GILES PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

GEORGI AT 40  
Wonder what made Balaam sell it.

BAILEY AT 30  
If - he sold it.

INT. PARKS HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

KENDRA AT 30  
Miss Marie, why would anyone be  
after Bailey?

Marie shushes Kendra.

INT. GEORGI'S PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

GEORGI AT 40  
I'll keep digging and let you know  
if I find anything. What're you  
doing tonight?

INT. PARKS DEN - CONTINUOUS

BAILEY AT 30  
Laying low. Early morning flight  
tomorrow. I have the opening.

INT. GEORGI GILES PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

GEORGI AT 40  
(in French)  
Wish I could fly over for that.  
Hope you sell a lot of paintings.

INT. PARKS HOME - DEN - CONTINUOUS

BAILEY AT 30  
(in French)  
Merci, Georgi. Yvette will make  
sure of that.

INT. PARKS HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

MARIE AT 44  
He's speaking French. Is it Yvette?

KENDRA AT 30  
No, it's Georgi. She's a female.

INT. GEORGI GILES PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

GEORGI AT 40  
(in French)  
Well, our families are connected,  
but how is the question. Hope we're  
not related. Not after last night.

BAILEY AT 30  
Last night?

INT. PARKS HOME - DEN - CONTINUOUS

BAILEY AT 30  
(in French)  
You can explain that next time.

GEORGI AT 40  
Will there be a next time?

BAILEY AT 30  
I don't know but you've got some  
explaining to do.

GEORGI AT 40  
Au revoir, mon nouvel ami.

INT. PARKS HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

When Marie and Kendra hear Bailey coming towards kitchen,  
they scurry to table, sit down.

LILAH AT 99  
Daddy Balaam here.

BAILEY AT 30  
Yes, Gramma Lilah. Marie, why were  
those men after me? You know them?

MARIE AT 44  
What were you at the courthouse?

BAILEY AT 30  
 (pulls out deed)  
 I came across this today.  
 (hands deed to Marie)

Bailey pulls out black ledger from his bag, hands it to Kendra who peruses it.

MARIE AT 44  
 (reads deed)  
 "Balaam Augustus Futrelle"! Where  
 you get this?

BAILEY AT 30  
 He was a bill poster, and he owned  
 a sign shop. That's where he made  
 the banners.  
 (passes book to Marie)

MARIE AT 44  
 He was a artist too? No.

KENDRA AT 30  
 Balaam owned a business? Wait.  
 (exits to den)

MARIE AT 44  
 That night, the night before you  
 left. You don't remember?

BAILEY AT 30  
 Why was that young boy in Ma  
 Mattie's house? Why do I keep -

Kendra re-enters kitchen.

KENDRA AT 30  
 If Balaam owned a business, it  
 would be in here. It's an 1897  
 business directory. Blacks actually  
 owned most of the barber shops and  
 restaurants and a bunch of other  
 businesses in town. Hell, more than  
 150 black professionals lived here.  
 (shows book to Bailey)  
 All "colored" businesses were  
 marked with asterisks.

BAILEY AT 30  
 That's a lot of asterisks.

KENDRA AT 30  
 Now. Futrelle, Futrelle.  
 (pauses)  
 (MORE)

KENDRA AT 30 (CONT'D)

Oh my goodness. Look! Wait. How did you know? From his sketchbook, right? And, oh my Lord, here's an ad for his business! There he is, right there in black and white.

BAILEY AT 30

"Balaam Futrelle, Bill Poster, 7th Street."

(skims book)

Hmm. Looks like he was the ONLY bill poster in town.

LILAH AT 99

I know Daddy Balaam and momma dead. But they here. Momma Ruth told me how she carried my dead momma and how Miss Molly, she toted me all the way back to town. Won't gon' leave me and my momma in no swamp.

INT. PARKS HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

LILAH AT 99

Momma Ruth won't 'bout to leave us, riot or no riot.

KENDRA AT 30

It wasn't a riot, Miss Lilah. It -

LILAH AT 99

Momma Ruth couldn't figure out where Daddy Balaam went to after that - that terrible sorrow.

KENDRA AT 30

(quietly)

Massacre.

LILAH AT 99

Momma Ruth knowed him. Said something bad happened to my daddy. Mighta got throwed in the river. People don't just disappeah.

KENDRA AT 30

Losing his life has to be the only reason a real man abandons his pregnant wife.

INT. PARKS HOME - FRONT DOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Bailey wheels Lilah to front door, kneels down in front of her, gives her a hug. Marie and Kendra trail behind.

MARIE AT 44

(to Bailey)

Honey, what're you doing with this?  
(pulls pistol from pocket)

KENDRA AT 30

Miss Marie! What the -

MARIE AT 44

(to Bailey)

You don't need to be taking no  
weapon on no plane.

(pockets gun, takes out  
wad of cash)

And is this real money?

KENDRA AT 30

Let me see that.

(pauses)

This money's a 100years old! Could  
be worth something. Leave it with  
me. I'll research it. Bailey, where

MARIE AT 44

(takes Bailey's hand)

I can't even think about trying to  
get you to come back home, can I?  
Not now. It's all my fault anyway.  
Promise me you'll be on that plane  
tomorrow morning?

Immediately, Bailey withdraws his hand, rubs the scar, hears a lost memory.

MARIE AT 33 (V.O.)

You will be on that plane in the  
morning. Go, goddammit!

INT. PARKS HOME - FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Bailey stares at Marie, then quickly pushes Lilah to door.

MARIE AT 44

(to Kendra)

He don't remember.

KENDRA AT 30

Don't remember what? It's something to do with why he got shot, right?

MARIE AT 44

Why don't he - Kendra, just keep him safe until he can get the hell out of Wilmington.

INT. PARKS HOME - DEN - CONTINUOUS

Kendra enters den, covers a sleeping Bailey with an afghan. His eyes glazed over, Bailey reaches up, grabs Kendra, kisses her passionately.

Kendra breaks free, slaps him across his face. Bailey grabs his face.

BAILEY AT 30

Why you keep slapping me?

KENDRA AT 30

We don't have it like that anymore.

BAILEY AT 30

Like what? What're you talking about? You mad because I fell asleep? I couldn't help it. I -

KENDRA AT 30

How well do you sleep, Bai? Really. Maybe Yvette wasn't lying. What's going on? You see things that are not there. You know things and don't know how you know them. You've got a hole in your memory.

BAILEY AT 30

I feel like I'm living their lives, Ken-Ken.

KENDRA AT 30

Living whose lives?

BAILEY AT 30

A picnic by the river - no, first he waved at me. I was in the plane! Then in the taxi. The attic. Then they were running for their lives.

KENDRA AT 30

What? Who? You need sleep. Bad.

BAILEY AT 30

What happened that would make a man go missing from his business, his pregnant wife, his new house, and still be missing after a 100 years?

KENDRA AT 30

A white supremacy massacre. I've got an even better question for you. What could've happened that caused you to go missing from your home, from your family, from your city, from me, for ten whole years?

INT. YVETTE'S PENTHOUSE, ART STUDIO - AUGUST 1998 - NIGHT

On studio patio red, orange, yellow-leaved trees and plants.

Bailey - with dreads, a beard - sits painting, smoking weed.

Piles of drawings based on Balaam's sketchbook litter the floor, including a portrait of Alex and Carrie Manly.

INT. ORTON HOTEL, FRONT ST WILMINGTON AUGUST 1898 DAY

Alex Manly, newspaper under his arm, and Carrie Sadgwar enter, stand in back of ballroom set up for an auction.

Peopled with several groups of WHITE and BLACK men, both white collar and blue, among them George Giles and Ben Hart.

Behind Alex and Carrie enters Jack Thorne.

JACK THORNE

The whites are much incensed over your editorial, Mr. Manly. There is rumor that they will demand you retract or leave the city.

ALEX MANLY

I will not retract! Not a single word! The truth's been said, a slanderer rebuked. I won't go back on that truth. Not satisfied with the South's bloody record since the war, she clamors, whines like a she-wolf for more human sacrifices, for the flow of more human blood.

JACK THORNE

I quite understand your position.  
Unfortunately, as we both know, the  
South is no place to speak plainly  
upon race matters.

CARRIE SADGWAR

You have written the truth,  
Alexander, a truth that whites of  
the South cannot handle.

ALEX MANLY

The article was issued in defense  
of the defenseless! It is right  
against wrong, truth against error.  
It must stand, even if the one who  
uttered it is annihilated!

Balaam and Kitty enter ballroom, position themselves next to  
Thomas Miller, who stands near the auctioneer's podium.

A young BLACK NEWSBOY enters, approaches Balaam.

BLACK NEWSBOY

Get your Daily Record today, sir?

Balaam and Thomas buy a paper each.

Molly and Ruth enter the ballroom, head towards podium, the  
Daily Record in Molly's hand. Carrie joins them.

MOLLY

They are bringing the article  
forward to be used by their stump  
orators to fan the flames of race  
hatred. It was a truth unwisely  
said by a man defending his own.

RUTH

Let us make the best of it. I  
wouldn't have Mr. Manly feel for a  
moment that we're such ingrates as  
to say anything against him.

CARRIE SADGWAR

The newspaper office of Mrs Ida B  
Wells mysteriously burned down a  
few years ago in Chicago, didnt it?

Catching sight of Molly, Ben Hart follows her, tips his hat  
as he passes by. Molly nods at him, then she and Ruth join  
Balaam and Kitty. Hart rejoins George.

Thomas approaches Alex.

ALEX

Another letter today, Thomas.  
 (pulls out letter)  
 Leave on pain of death? Despicable!

THOMAS MILLER

I fear bigger trouble is brewing.  
 There's not a white merchant in the  
 city who'll sell a Negro an ounce  
 of gunpowder, let alone a weapon.

JACK THORNE

Chairman Lee attempted to order  
 rifles from New Jersey, and Lawyer  
 Meares became suspicious. Persuaded  
 the company not to fill the order.

THOMAS MILLER

Poor whites are buying guns when  
 they can't even buy food. The rich  
 are going to use them to perform  
 their dirty work. But I've got a  
 few pistols and old army muskets,  
 and I, for one, will wash my hands  
 in a white man's blood if need be.  
 Hunh, I've got an auction to run.

Thomas moves towards podium, raps gavel, begins auction.  
 Balaam and George bid against each other.

THOMAS MILLER (CONT'D)

In regards to the lot at Seventh  
 and Grace, we begin bidding at  
 \$100. \$100 bid now 2, now 2, will  
 ya give me 2? \$200 bid, now 3, now  
 3, will ya give me 3? \$300 bid, now  
 4, now 4, will ya give me 4? \$400  
 bid, now 5, now 5, will ya give me  
 5? Going once, going twice. Sold to  
 Balaam Augustus Futrelle!

Balaam grabs Kitty and dances her around.

BALAAM

We are landowners, Kitty! We are  
 landowners at last.

Alex, Carrie, Molly and Ruth surround the couple and  
 congratulate them.

KITTY

Balaam, honey, I fear Mr. Giles  
 will not take this lying down. What  
 if - ooh! It just kicked.

BALAAM

Giles has no power over us. Just three more months to go. You and baby are just excited. Come, Mrs. Futrelle. Let us pay a visit to our property! Join us, neighbors!

The black entourage exits. Ben Hart approaches George.

BEN HART

Didn't see that one coming, did ya?

GEORGE

That nigra's getting a tad uppity. Needs to be brought down a notch or two. Or strung up a tad tighter.

INT. YVETTE'S PENTHOUSE, ART STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

A sleeping Bailey falls off his art stool to the floor, sits in confusion. Yvette, in her nightgown, rushes in, kneels next to Bailey.

YVETTE

(in French)

Another nightmare?

BAILEY AT 30

George Giles.

Bailey rushes to the home phone, dials Georgi.

YVETTE

(in French)

Who are you ringing this hour of the night?

BAILEY AT 30

(in English)

Hello, Georgi? You been able to get more info out of your father?

GEORGI AT 40 (V.O.)

I was gonna call you - when I woke up. Guess what? My father was actually with George Giles Sr when he was on his death bed. He's got to know more than he's letting on.

YVETTE

(takes phone from Bailey)

Georgi, it is 3am here.

GEORGI AT 40

He called me, Yvette.

YVETTE (CONT'D)

Bailey needs sleep. He will ring you tomorrow. Perhaps.

(hangs up phone, walks  
Bailey to door)

BAILEY AT 30

Balaam wants me to find him.

YVETTE

Balaam wants you to sleep.

INT. YVETTE'S PENTHOUSE - ART STUDIO - OCTOBER - LATE NIGHT

Trees, foliage on studio terrace are bare.

Bailey works intently on a portrait of Balaam and Kitty in their wedding garb, the photograph propped on a small easel.

Moments later, he walks to window, looks out on the River Seine, goes back to painting.

Then, from his couch, he sifts through and contemplates several of the sketches and photographs littering the studio.

Finally, Bailey falls into a restless sleep.

Balaam and Kitty step out of the photograph. Kitty, now about eight months along, sits next to a sleeping Bailey. Balaam "enters" Bailey, exits, walk towards window.

INT. CITY HALL RALLY - WILMINGTON - OCTOBER 1898 - SUNNY DAY

George Giles Sr hides behind an opened newspaper, shows date of October 24, 1898.

On the sidelines of a mostly white crowd, Balaam joins Thomas, Molly and Ruth. They observe the crowd. A white Christian choir sings a hymn onstage.

Hidden from Balaam's view, George Giles Sr, watches him, stalks him.

WHITE NEWSBOY

Extra. Extra. Outrageous attack on white women by a Negro paper published in Wilmington.

George buys a newspaper from WHITE NEWSBOY, hides behind it, keeps up with Balaam. Mrs Cronley and Mrs Bruce - white, 40s - stroll by.

MRS BRUCE

Hunh. Our men are too pigeon-livered to take that Nigra Manly out and give him what he deserves.

MRS CRONLEY

Well, what about all the lynchings and the burnings occurring daily, Mrs Bruce? They are intended as warnings to us white women as well as checks to Negro men.

MRS BRUCE

All I know, Mrs. Cronley, is that that nigra editor ought to be food for catfish in the river by now.

Mrs Bruce walks away.

MRS CRONLEY

Mrs Bruce. I have more to say!  
(rushes after her)

THOMAS MILLER

It was wise of you to insist that Kitty not attend a rally such as this, given her delicate condition.

BALAAM

Alex wisely decided to forego this clown show. Now they're fanning the flames with his editorial, printing and reprinting it every week.

George gets closer to Balaam and his friends, eavesdrops.

THOMAS MILLER

The situation' grave. The executive committee's been advised by the Governor to withdraw Republican candidates from the field.

MOLLY

Withdraw? It would never do to show such cowardice!

Three white red-shirted males walk by.

## RED SHIRT #1

De're in better houses. Dere chillans are uh wearin' better cloes an' er gittin' moe larnin den ours. An gentermen, jes tackle eny er them little Nigra chillans an dey'd surprise yer! Why dey kin spit Latin faster den er terbacky worm kin spit terbacky!

## RED SHIRT #2

You wont Nigras marrying yo daughters? To sit in school beside yo chillans? On de juries tryin' white men? If you don't wont such dreadful calamities to befall de South, go to de polls. Do yo duty!

## RED SHIRT #3

What you say? Nigras er marryin our darters? Nigras in school wid we little ones? Det aint er goin ter du! Le' me see dat dere ticket!

ALFRED WADDELL and MR GIDEON - white males, 50s, business attire - head toward the stage. Waddell waves at crowd.

## MR GIDEON

I see that poor white men are being armed - a dangerous proceeding, Colonel Waddell. Shall we, for the sake of political ascension, plunge Wilmington into an abyss of shame?

## ALFRED WADDELL

These half educated black rascals who think themselves as good as white men, must go.

## MR GIDEON

While it is your object, Colonel, to carry the election and triumph politically, the poor whites will murder and plunder. When once licensed, you cannot check them.

## ALFRED WADDELL

White supremacy must be restored. You will regret the day you refused to assist your white brethren to throw off the yoke of oppression.

(MORE)

ALFRED WADDELL (CONT'D)

We are going to elevate the white man to his place and regulate Sambo to his sphere, even if the streets have to flow with blood to accomplish that end.

MR GIDEON

Calm yourself, Colonel.

ALFRED WADDELL

Our city government is in the hands of ignorant niggers and carpetbaggers. God did not intend that his white-faced children were ever to be ruled by black demons.

MR GIDEON

We ought to be ashamed to raise the cry of Negro rule in North Carolina when we so largely outnumber them. There are objectionable Negroes in Wilmington who would greatly benefit the community by leaving it, but shall we slay the righteous with the wicked? Must the innocent and guilty suffer alike?

ALFRED WADDELL

Why, Mr Gideon, I do believe you are a nigger lover.

Waddell takes a swig from a flask, steps onto stage, waving.

ALFRED WADDELL (CONT'D)

Long live the Democratic Party!

RED SHIRTS

Long live the Democratic Party!

A brass band plays "Dixie". George sticks close to Balaam.

MOLLY

As chairman, I'd put the ticket in the field and go to the polls if the devils were 'round it as thick as shingles upon a housetop.

ALFRED WADDELL

(shouts)

Negroes have become unbearable. The government is corrupt and so bold has the Negro become that the virtue of our women has been assailed by that rascal, Manly.

RED SHIRT #1  
Kill that blasphemer!

RED SHIRT #2  
Burn the scoundrel!

RUTH  
(over noise)  
I am of the same mind. In the upper section of the state, they have already organized more brigades. They've been riding through the countryside terrorizing Negroes. The same is taking place here.

ALFRED WADDELL  
(shouts)  
Let them understand once and for all that we will have no more of the intolerable conditions under which we live. We are resolved to change them, even if we have to choke the current of the Cape Fear River with black carcasses.

RED SHIRT #1  
Throw 'em in the river!

BALAAM  
Despite my previous confidence in the integrity and honesty of our North Carolina white people, that my faith is being tested.

ALFRED WADDELL  
Before we allow the Negroes to control this state as they do now, we will kill enough of 'em that there won't be enough left to bury them. Democrats will win this election at all hazards and by any means necessary, even if we have to shoot every Negro in the city.

Gunshots ring through the air. Balaam and his friends move towards the back of the crowd. George follows them.

THOMAS MILLER  
Mayor Wright has received threatening letters. He's afraid.

ALFRED WADDELL  
Long live the Democratic Party!

## RED SHIRTS

Long live the Democratic Party!

The crowd cheers loudly.

## BALAAM

I will breathe a huge sigh of relief when next month comes and goes. Our new baby will have arrived, our new home built, and this farce of an election will be over. I will hear no more of this. I'm going home to my wife.

INT. YVETTE'S PENTHOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Alone in bed, awakened by the phone, Yvette answers.

## YVETTE

Allo?

INT. PARKS HOME - WILMINGTON - DEN - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Kendra stands talking on her home phone. Marie sits in a chair at the desk.

## KENDRA AT 30

Yvette, so sorry to wake you and Bailey but I'm calling for Marie.

## YVETTE

(walks to studio)

Marie? Bailey refuses to talk to her. He's working in his studio.

INT. YVETTE'S PENTHOUSE - ART STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Yvette walks into the studio with the phone, finds Bailey in a restless sleep. Yvette gently shakes him awake.

## BAILEY AT 30

(agitated)

Yvette. George is stalking Balaam. He wants that land back.

## YVETTE

Who? Stalking? What is stalking?

(hands phone to Bailey)

Kendra is calling from America.

Bailey takes phone, looks out window into the dark waters of the River Seine.

BAILEY AT 30  
 (to Yvette)  
 What time is it?

Yvette examines Bailey's latest sketches and paintings.

YVETTE  
 (in French)  
 Mon dieu! These are excellent! Your next series?

BAILEY AT 30  
 (to Kendra)  
 Kendra? It's the middle of the night here. Did you finally press charges in Keithy's beating?

Bailey sees Balaam and Kitty in a corner - with Lilah.

BAILEY AT 30 (CONT'D)  
 This isn't about Keithy, is it?

INT. PARKS HOME - KITCHEN - MORNING

KENDRA AT 30  
 No.  
 (hands phone to Marie)

MARIE AT 44  
 (weeps)  
 Bailey, honey, don't hang up. It's Gramma Lilah. She had a stroke, and - and she didn't make.

BAILEY AT 30  
 (staring at Lilah)  
 When?

BALAAM  
 (unheard by others)  
 Find me, Balaam.

MARIE AT 44  
 About a hour ago. But much as I want you to, don't even think about coming back here for the funeral.

INT. LESTER HOME - FOYER, LIVING ROOM - A WEEK LATER - DAY

A gathering of mourners spill from living room into foyer. Bailey enters front door with travel bag, heads for kitchen.

INT. LESTER HOME KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Marie and Kendra prepare food. When Bailey walks in, Marie runs to him, hugs him.

EXT. LOST MEMORY - NORTHSIDE ALLEY - JUNE 1988 - NIGHT

Big Dirk lay unconscious on the ground, Marie unties her head scarf, wraps Bailey's bleeding hand.

INT. LESTER HOME KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Bailey rubs the scar in the palm of his right hand, does not hug Marie back. Balaam, Kitty and Lilah sit in a corner, seen only by Bailey.

MARIE AT 44

What you doing here? You got a death wish? They been watching the house! Today!

BAILEY AT 30

I came for Gramma Lilah. And for Balaam and Kitty. And for answers, Marie. Hello, Kendra.

Kendra heads to dining room door with a tray of food.

KENDRA AT 30

You're late. Again.  
(exits to dining room)

MARIE AT 44

Stay here. Outta sight.

BAILEY AT 30

I need to make a call.  
(dials phone)

Marie rushes down hallway to front door, sees Jackson Brothers climb the front steps, take a seat on steps. Marie ducks out of sight, listens from foyer.

EXT. LESTER HOME - FRONT PORCH - CONTINUOUS

The Jackson Brothers sit on porch stairs.

JOE JACKSON

Imma wait here for 'em to come out.  
You go 'round back case he come out  
that way. I'll stay here in front.

MARCUS JACKSON

Can I go in and get some potato  
salad first?

JOE JACKSON

Hell no.

MARCUS JACKSON

But I'm hungry.

JOE JACKSON

Get your ass to the back door.

Marcus reluctantly heads around back of house. Marie rushes to kitchen. Bailey hangs up the phone.

BAILEY AT 30

I have to make a run. It's about  
Balaam's deed.

MARIE AT 44

You can't leave. They're waiting  
for you. Oh, Lord, how are we going  
to get you out of this town alive?  
Again. Wait, I have an idea.

BAILEY AT 30

I got away from them before without  
you. I'm leaving.

MARIE AT 44

Yes, you're leaving, but they won't  
see you leaving. Come with me.

BAILEY AT 30

Why should I? You -

MARIE AT 44

Because I said so. Look, I love  
you. And I won't lose you. Not to  
that scum. Now shut up and follow  
me. And then I'll call you a taxi.

Kendra re-enters kitchen.

KENDRA AT 30

Ok, what y'all up to now?

Marie leads Bailey up back stairs leading to second floor.

MRS CRONLEY (V.O.)

Nearly the whole Democratic Party has broken faith again and again with the colored race. Yet they have patiently submitted. They were told if they registered they would be dismissed from their situations.

INT. LESTER HOME - FOYER - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

A large woman, dressed in a long black dress, coat and a large hat with a veil - exits out front door, walks past Brother #1, gets in a taxi which drives off

MRS CRONLEY (V.O.)

In most cases they did register, for the average Negro has a most exalted opinion of the value of his vote. He imagines the whole Constitution will fall to pieces if his vote fails it.

INT. GEORGI GILES PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO - LATER - CONTINUOUS

Georgi and her parents, George and Carla, await Bailey's arrival. George III makes himself a drink.

MRS CRONLEY (V.O.)

On election day, the Democrats rolled out the Hotchkiss guns to mow them down at the polls but Lawyer Elliot scurried over and told them it would be the worse possible policy, that the Republican leaders would plead intimidation at the polls and so have the whole vote thrown out.

The "woman in black" enters the studio. "She" raises her veil. Everyone stops and stares at "her".

BAILEY AT 30

Hi, Georgi.

GEORGI AT 40

Bailey. Oh. Ok. Just so you know, I'm all right with this.

BAILEY AT 30

Sorry. Long story. Hello, Mr. Giles. Mrs. Giles.

CARLA

Ah, a man of mystery.

Carla shakes hands with Bailey who walks to the side, removes the outer women's clothing, revealing his own clothing.

GEORGE GILES III

You're keeping company with this?  
Is he why you asked us to stay?  
Whoever or whatever you are - you  
better have that deed with you.

BAILEY AT 30

So you can burn it up again? Why  
would you want to destroy it? why  
was it in your possession?

GEORGE GILES III

Look, it's 1998. George Giles  
Senior is dead. Balaam Futrelle,  
he's dead as well. They're all  
dead. There's nothing anyone can do  
about what happened a hundred years  
ago.

BAILEY AT 30

Oh? What happened a 100 years ago?

GEORGI AT 40

Yeah, what happened a hundred years  
ago, daddy?

GEORGE GILES III

How do I - what do I care? Get out.  
Get out of my building now.  
(pulls out a cell phone)  
Get out or I call the police.

Bailey starts to leave, then stops when Georgi snatches phone from George.

GEORGI AT 40

This is my building, daddy. You  
sold it to me for a dollar,  
remember? Tell Bailey what you  
know. You owe it to him.

GEORGE GILES III

The past is past. Why don't you  
just let sleeping dogs lie?

BAILEY AT 30  
 (grabs Giles by collar)  
 Yeah, that's what my mother says.  
 But I say it's time for sleeping  
 dogs to wake up!

GEORGE GILES III  
 (composes himself)  
 It doesn't matter now anyway.  
 There's nothing you can do.

Carla makes two drinks, gives one to George, one to Bailey.

CARLA  
 Tell the young man what he needs to  
 know, George Giles. You may have  
 drank enough at the cocktail party  
 for all four of us, but I think  
 you're gonna need this. Tell him.

GEORGE GILES III  
 Only if he gives the deed back.

Bailey hesitates, then takes deed out of his bag, hands it to  
 George III.

GEORGE GILES III (CONT'D)  
 (sits down, drinks)  
 He had cirrhosis of the liver. In  
 his drunken stupors, he'd mumble  
 something or other about the riot.

BAILEY AT 30  
 Wasn't a riot. It was a massacre.

GEORGE GILES III  
 I never knew what he was going on  
 about, not until he was on his  
 deathbed, his life flashing before  
 his eyes. It seemed like he envied  
 Balaam, like he was jealous of him.

BAILEY AT 30  
 Why was George jealous of Balaam?

GEORGE GILES III  
 Balaam outbid him for a prime piece  
 of property. About three months  
 before the - the rebellion.

BAILEY AT 30  
 So George threw Balaam in the  
 river? Because he wanted a prime  
 piece of property?

GEORGE GILES III

Yes. No. Not the river. He stalked him. Watched him post billboards around town. Watched him supervise the building of his new home. Watched as his wife swelled with their first child. Watched him dare to cast his vote at the polls November 8th. Two days later, George used the cover of the riot to get rid of him.

BAILEY AT 30

Massacre.

GEORGE GILES III

George said it looked like the middle of a war zone that day. Oh, the white men of Wilmington resorted to no secrecy or mask. What they did was done in broad daylight. The entire proceeding suggested the stateliness of a Greek tragedy.

(drinks)

They hunted him down like a dog. Beat him to death. Stole his deed. Buried him in the colored cemetery.

BAILEY AT 30

Pine Forest?

GEORGE GILES III

He carved the letter "B" in an ancient live oak. Said it was Balaam's headstone.

INT. GEORGI GILES PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Bailey uses Georgi's office phone to call Marie.

INT. LESTER HOME - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Kendra answers phone. The house has a few remaining mourners.

KENDRA AT 30

Lester Residence.

INT. GEORGI GILES PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

BAILEY AT 30  
Kendra, where's Marie?

INT. LESTER HOME - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

KENDRA AT 30  
Why you always disappearing? You -  
nevermind. Wait. I'll get Marie.

BAILEY AT 30  
I know what happened to Balaam!

Marie walks in from the kitchen, overhears the conversation.

KENDRA AT 30  
What? What happened to Balaam?  
Don't tell me. He's at the bottom  
of the Cape Fear.

MARIE AT 44  
Balaam was thrown in the Cape Fear  
River? Who you talking to, Kendra?

KENDRA AT 30  
(to Marie)  
It's Bailey. Hold on.

INT. GEORGI GILES PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

BAILEY AT 30  
No, Kendra. Georgi's great great  
grandfather murdered him and buried  
him in an old colored cemetery.

KENDRA AT 30  
What? Oh my Lord. What for? Wait.  
Who's Georgi and what old colored  
cemetery? You mean Pine Forest?

MARIE AT 44  
How is Balaam buried in Pine Forest  
when he got throwed in the river?

KENDRA AT 30  
Bailey, where are you? Come on back  
to the house.

MARIE AT 44

No! He can't come back here. Tell him to meet us at your house. I'll get rid of these stragglers.

EXT. KENDRA'S CAR - IN FRONT OF LESTER HOME

As Kendra and Marie pull off, the Jackson Brothers follow from a distance.

INT. PARKS HOME - DEN - LATER

Kendra and Marie wait in the den for Bailey to arrive.

MARIE AT 44

How Bailey know all this? Something wrong with with him. It's all my fault. That night before he left for Paris, he came to see me and -

The doorbell rings.

INT. PARKS HOME - DEN - CONTINUOUS

Kendra and Marie sit on the couch. Bailey paces.

BAILEY AT 30

(to Kendra)

I have to find Balaam.

KENDRA AT 30

Find Balaam? You mean find the spot where he might be buried and place a marker near it, right?

BAILEY AT 30

No. I mean find the spot where he's buried, then dig up his remains, and give him a proper burial.

MARIE AT 44

Dig him up? No, we can't do that.

KENDRA AT 30

Have you totally lost your mind? That's got to be illegal. Oh, this is starting to sound like some bad horror movie.

(MORE)

KENDRA AT 30 (CONT'D)

Granted, a lot of black history fits into the horror genre, but - how in the world do you know exactly where Balaam is buried? Don't tell me. Balaam told you, right? Right. Pine Forest?

BAILEY AT 30

Look, a man was murdered and illegally buried in a cemetery. Two horrendous crimes. I say we find him, unearthen his remains and give him a proper burial. Every person deserves that. Are you in or not? Georgi's already agreed to help. She'll bring her camera.

KENDRA AT 30

Finding Balaam's bones. I must admit that would be major. For you and Miss Marie and your ancestors. Heck, for the whole city. But, what if you don't find him?

BAILEY AT 30

I will find him.

KENDRA AT 30

You know, construction workers came across a burial ground in 1991 in downtown New York City. Found the remains of over 400 African slaves.  
(pulls book from shelf)  
See? It was just designated by New York State five years ago.

MARIE AT 44

Now both of y'all sounding crazy. I don't like this one bit. Let's just get him a nice gravestone and -

BAILEYN AT 30

No! Balaam will not remain in an unmarked, unconsecrated grave. He deserves a proper burial next to his wife and his daughter and his grandchild.

EXT. PARKS HOME - FRONT PORCH - CONTINUOUS

The Jackson Brothers alight undetected on the front porch.

INT. PARKS HOME - DEN - CONTINUOUS

KENDRA AT 30

I can't believe I'm saying this.  
We'll need shovels, gloves,  
flashlights, hedge cutters,  
something to place the remains in -  
if we find them. Wait. We don't  
even know where in Pine Forest he's  
in. It's highly unlikely so don't  
even get your hopes up, Bailey.  
Hundred year old bones. Damn.

Suddenly, the Jackson Brothers enter the den, brandishing  
guns. Lil Dirk comes in behind them, stands at door. Bailey  
and Kendra jump up.

KENDRA AT 30 (CONT'D)

What the - how did - what're you  
doing in my house? Get the -

JOE JACKSON

(to Marie)

So your precious son here offed Big  
Dirk. He was our big brother.

Kendra heads to phone. Marcus cuts her off.

BAILEY AT 30

I don't know any Dirk. Other than  
that Dirk there.  
(indicates Lil Dirk)

KENDRA AT 30

Bailey didn't kill anybody! Wait.  
Y'all the ones who chased him back  
in May, aren't you?

JOE JACKSON

(to Bailey)

Yeah, but yo momma lied. Said she  
was the only one in that alley. We  
been waiting on the prodigal son to  
come back. So we can off both of  
you. Two for one.

Joe knocks Bailey to the floor. Both brothers begin pummeling  
him mercilessly, drawing blood.

Marie subtly reaches inside her pocketbook, pulls out the  
antique pistol, points gun at the Brothers.

MARIE AT 44

Stop! Leave him alone! In God's name, please stop! Or I'll shoot. I swear I will.

Marcus knocks pistol out of Marie's hand.

MARIE AT 44 (CONT'D)

You're killing your nephew! He's Dirk's son!

Everyone freezes, stares at Marie.

JOE JACKSON

You lying through your teeth, bit-.

LIL DIRK

Yeah, she lying. Big Dirk was my dad, not his.

MARIE AT 44

(to Bailey)

It was all my fault. I was gon' go to the police as soon as you got back from your art school that summer, but you never came back.

KENDRA AT 30

You're blaming Bailey, Miss Marie?

MARIE AT 44

No. No. It was all my fault.

BAILEY AT 30

(gets up from floor)

He was beating you up. I said leave her alone. He told me to mind my own business. Took out a razor, and  
(looks at scar)  
Slashed my hand, pushed me against the wall. I saw him raise the razor again, at you.

MARIE AT 33 (V.O.)

No, Big Dirk! He's your child.

BAILEY AT 30

I tackled him from behind. He crashed into the wall and - and he didn't get up. He was - dead.

MARIE AT 44

No, he wasn't dead! He grabbed me by the ankle after I made you leave. I got free and - and I ran out of there and called 911.

(to the Brothers)

I didn't know he was dead, not until - until - I'm the one you want. Go ahead. Shoot me and get it over with. Just leave my son alone.

KENDRA AT 30

Detective McLeod is on his way over to question my brother. Sure you want to stick around and knock off your nephew and his mother?

BAILEY AT 30

He was my father. Marie -

JOE JACKSON

(heads to door)

Come on. Let's blow this joint.

MARCUS JACKSON

It ain't over.

(looks at old pistol)

This a real gun?

JOE JACKSON

Let's go. She paying her dues.

(to Marie)

You better not rat us out else I'll tell 'em what yo' precious boy did.

Marcus throws pistol into room, leaves, followed by Lil Dirk.

MARIE AT 44

(to Kendra)

Where's your first aid kit?

Bailey follows the Jackson Brothers and Lil Dirk, catches up with him on the front porch.

EXT. PARKS HOME - FRONT PORCH - CONTINUOUS

BAILEY AT 30

Hey, Lil Dirk. Did you hear? We're brothers.

Lil Dirk turns, walks back up the front steps.

LIL DIRK

All I heard is you left my pops to die in a alley.

BAILEY AT 30

Our pops. Yes, I left, but the nightmares followed me for ten years. You can run but you can never hide. Not from the truth. Or from the past.

LIL DIRK

I don't believe none of it. Your momma probably lying to keep from getting shot. You lying too.

BAILEY AT 30

There was a time when you could never believe anything Marie said.

LIL DIRK

Why you call your momma Marie? My momma would knock my lips off for calling her by her name.

BAILEY AT 30

Maybe I didn't want to believe that night ever happened.

LIL DIRK

You not from 'round here, is you?

BAILEY AT 30

Used to be. I live in Paris now.

LIL DIRK

Paris, France? You shitting me. Why living in Paris, France?

BAILEY AT 30

I'm an artist.

LIL DIRK

A artist? Like drawing and shit? I'm a artist too. No shit. If you see "Lil DJ" spray-painted downtown, that's me. I'm Lil DJ.

Marie comes to front door.

MARIE AT 44

What's he still doing here?

BAILEY AT 30  
He's my little brother.

MARIE AT 44  
They're talking 'bout Keithy on TV.

INT. PARKS HOME - DEN - CONTINUOUS

They all enter den, turn to TV NEWS REPORTER.

NEWS REPORTER (OS)  
No arrests have been made regarding  
the alleged racially-motivated,  
brutal beating of black teen, Keith  
Parks, in May of this year.

KENDRA AT 30  
Racially motivated? Why she say  
that? Where she get that from?

Keithy and Megan walk into the den.

KENDRA AT 30 (CONT'D)  
Keithy! How they know about this?

LIL DIRK  
You the one they talking 'bout? Who  
the white chick? I'm guessing not  
your sister.

KEITHY AT 16  
Megan's my girlfriend. S?

MEGAN AT 16  
I told the police, Miss Kendra.

LIL DIRK  
I'm Little DJ.  
(points to Bailey)  
I'm his new half-brother.

KENDRA AT 30  
You told the police what?

MEGAN AT 16  
That my brothers did it.

LIL DIRK  
(to Keithy)  
Wait up. You took a beat down from  
white boys? And you still wit her?  
Keithy sound white. But me and my  
posse, we got sumpin' for them.

KEITHY AT 16

My friends call me Key.

(to Kendra)

We finally decided to do the right thing. So they won't think they getting away with it. And so they won't think I'm scared of 'em.

'Cause I'm not.

Lil Dirk picks up Balaam's sketchbook.

LIL DIRK

This your sketchbook? Why you draw all this old timey stuff?

BAILEY AT 30

Got something for 'em?

LIL DIRK

You heard the news. They probably not gon' do nothing no way. We gon set the record straight. What you draw this wit? You got some on you?

(looks around)

Hey, y'all own this house?

BAILEY AT 30

Keithy. Key. Way to go, man.

LIL DIRK

Me and my posse, we gon bust a cap up in their asses. We got yo' back no matter what yo' name is. You black. Them white boys gon' pay.

LIL DIRK (CONT'D)

(heads for front door)

I gots to roll.

BAILEY AT 30

Hey, hold up, Lil DJ.

LIL DIRK

Just DJ. There ain't nothing little about me no mo'.

Lil Dirk and Bailey walk out the front door onto the porch.

EXT. PARKS HOME - FRONT PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Bailey notices Big Dirk lurking across the street.

BAILEY AT 30

Key pressed charges, so you and your posse can back off.

(pauses)

You want to be the one who ends up locked up and they go free? Hold off and let's see what happens. I got another job for you.

LIL DIRK

Hey, I ain't gon' be your personal house nigger. What's the job?

BAILEY AT 30

Help me dig a hole.

LIL DIRK

You got a body to bury?

BAILEY AT 30

No, I got one to dig up. Give me your mom's number and I'll ask her if you can join our expedition.

LIL DIRK

I'm not joining no church!

BAILEY AT 30

An expedition is an adventure.

LIL DIRK

Oh, ok, well I'm in.

INT. PARKS HOME - DEN - CONTINUOUS

Marie covers a restlessly sleeping Bailey with an afghan, turns down the lights, exits to the kitchen.

Soon, Balaam emerges out of Bailey, walks towards kitchen.

INT. FUTRELLE HOME - WILMINGTON - 8 NOV 1898 - DAY

Balaam grabs his coat and hat. Kitty - now almost nine months pregnant - runs to Balaam.

KITTY

Why you got to go? What about me? What about our baby? I am begging you. Please, stay with me. Don't go out there. They'll kill you!

BALAAM

Kitty, you know I have to go vote.

Kitty continues crying as Ruth walks in.

BALAAM (CONT'D)

Stay with her, Ruth.

RUTH

Kitty. Calm down. The men have been going to vote all day. And they are coming back home. Let him go. Here, sit down. Let him go.

INT. FUTRELLE HOME - BEDROOM

Kitty sleeps restlessly, dreams.

EXT. ABANDONED SLAVE CEMETERY - NIGHT

Balaam is thrown violently against a tree by white hands. His head bleeds profusely as he falls to the ground unconscious.

INT. FUTRELLE HOME - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

KITTY

(wakes with a start)  
They're killing my Balaam!

BALAAM

(rushes into bedroom)  
I'm here, Kitty. I'm back.  
(embraces Kitty)  
I did it. I voted. And I'm alive to tell it.

KITTY

My brave man. How was it out there?

BALAAM

Oh, only poor buckras with guns at every corner. I looked them in the eye, called those I knew by name, and walked on. Didn't seem to be a big turnout of us though.

INT. PARKS HOME - GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bailey continues to sleep restlessly, thrashing about. A sepia Molly Pierpont stands over Bailey, walks towards kitchen, disappears.

INT. MOLLY'S COTTAGE 9 NOVEMBER 1898 NIGHT

Molly, half-dressed, sits down on a chaise lounge, picks up newspaper with headlines "Democrats Win". Ben, pacing and inebriated, drinks and also reads the papers.

BEN HART

Victory is ours! City government  
has been wrested from the  
Republicans and their Nigra allies.  
And now we must remove the cause as  
the effect.

MOLLY

The cause has been removed. Negroes  
have been thoroughly intimidated.  
They destroyed property, ambushed  
citizens, kidnapped people from  
their homes, whipped them at night,  
We lost the election. We will no  
longer put up a fight. We have our  
families, our businesses, our  
properties to protect.

INT. PARKS HOME - DEN - CONTINUOUS

Kendra comes in the den, tries to wake Bailey.

KENDRA AT 30

Hey, Bailey. Bailey, wake up.

BAILEY AT 30

(wakes up excited)  
Molly has to warn them. I've got to  
find Balaam.

KENDRA AT 30

Molly? Shhh. It's okay. You've been  
dreaming. If we're going to find  
Balaam, you need some uninterrupted  
sleep because we've got a lot to do  
tomorrow. I've made up the bed for  
you in the guest room. Come on.

BAILEY AT 30

I've got to find Balaam.

INT. PARKS HOME - GUEST BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Now fast asleep, Bailey continues to sleep restlessly. A sepia Alfred Waddell stands over Bailey, walks towards front door, disappears.

INT. COURTHOUSE - WILMINGTON - 9 NOVEMBER 1898

Flanked by armed RED SHIRTS, Alfred Waddell stands in front of a crowd of WHITE MEN, some, including George Giles, also armed. Waddell addresses several BLACK MEN, including Balaam, Thomas Miller, and Jack Thorne.

ALFRED WADDELL

As drawn up by Mr. Hugh MacRae, we, the 457 undersigned citizens of Wilmington do hereby declare that we will never again be ruled by men of African origin.

RED SHIRTS, GEORGE GILES SR

Hear, hear!

INT. MOLLY'S COTTAGE 9 NOVEMBER 1898 NIGHT

BEN HART

That damn Nigra auctioneer, Thomas Miller. That darky has sent just about every white man to the poorhouse. He's hand in glove with that scoundrel, Editor Manly. They both have to go, along with every white and Nigra Republican officeholder there is.

INT. COURTHOUSE - WILMINGTON - 9 NOVEMBER 1898 - CONTINUOUS

ALFRED WADDELL

We demand that Alexander Manly leave this city within 24 hours, that his printing press be packed and shipped from the city, that we be notified by you within 12 hours of the acceptance of this demand.

THOMAS MILLER

Well, Colonel, if -

ALFRED WADDELL

Silence, Miller!

INT. MOLLY'S COTTAGE - 9 NOVEMBER 1898 - CONTINUOUS

BEN HART

This is a white man's city. Nigra  
have no business here when a white  
man wants him gone! Editor Manly,  
big black burly coon, mustn't live.

MOLLY

Big black burly coon! Alexander  
Manly? Ha!

INT. COURTHOUSE - WILMINGTON - 9 NOVEMBER 1898 - CONTINUOUS

RED SHIRT #1

(in front of white mob)

There's er lot befo' us ter do.  
Hell is ter begin at de Cotton  
Press while de Cap'n kinda  
peramerlate er roun in de middle er  
de town wit dat everlastin' hell  
belcher of his ter keep things in  
check. De othuh big ones will march  
er roun to'ards Dry Pond an blow up  
de printin press. We'll just canter  
to'ards Brooklyn holdin' up Nigras.  
We are ter take no chances wid dees  
Wilmington darkies. Let none git by  
without bein' searched, woman,  
child er man. Shoot ef they resist.  
Them's the Colonel's orders.

INT. MOLLY'S COTTAGE - 10 NOVEMBER 1898 - EARLY MORNING

Molly, half-dressed, grabs her cloak, heads for the door.  
Ben, also partially dressed, jumps out of bed.

BEN HART

Where do you think you're going? I  
will always stand by you no matter  
what happens, Molly. You know that.

MOLLY

You will stand by your  
colored mistress? When the time  
comes that the two races are  
arrayed against each other, my fair  
complexion will be of no avail. I'm  
a colored woman and will be dealt  
with as such, even by the man who  
now promises me protection. I must  
go and warn my friends, my people.

BEN HART

By thunder, don't you know you are talking to a gentleman lawyer?

MOLLY

Careful, Ben Hart. You wouldn't have your wife, the woman for whom you would be so chivalrous know who you really are, now would you?

BEN HART

Why, what's the matter, Molly? Have you joined the sanctified band?

MOLLY

I know just who and what I am. Your trying to flatter me into the belief that I am better than colored women darker than me is a revelation of who and what you are.

BEN HART

Your pride that speaks now, but when it comes to deciding between the easy life that a white man pays for and Nigra drudgery, you will doubtless change your tune.

Molly dons her cloak over her undergarments.

BEN HART (CONT'D)

Now, Molly. What? Come over here.

Ben puts his arms around Molly, attempts to kiss her.

MOLLY

Unhand me!

Molly pushes Ben away, points a finger at him as if placing a curse upon him.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Tell your hypocritical associates in crime that the deed they are about to commit will recoil upon their own heads, and upon the heads of their children, the heads of their children's children!

Molly storms out of cottage. Ben watches her leave.

BEN HART

You will come back to me, Molly Pierpont.

INT. FUTRELLE HOME - SEWING ROOM - 10 NOV 1898 - OVERCAST

Shouting, screaming, running feet, horses' hooves, gunfire, the loud report of a cannon reverberate into the room.

JACK THORNE (V.O.)

When the sun set on the 9th of November there seemed to be a rift in the storm cloud that had hung over it. The city had apparently resumed its wonted quiet.

A newspaper - dated 8 Nov 1898 with the headline, "Democrats Win!" - lay on top of fabric piled high on a table.

A writing desk on the opposite side holds two small journals - one covered in lace, the other leather-bound.

JACK THORNE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Far out on Dry Pond, a gang of men had met, who ere the sun should set upon another day would make Wilmington the scene of a tragedy astonishing to the State and to the nation. They had gathered to await the signal to begin. They had good rifles and a plentiful supply of ammunition, and their tethered steeds standing about the old Wigwam were pawing and neighing for the fray.

Balaam - in work clothes, a printer's apron - and a very pregnant Kitty in a nightgown - rush into the room, peer out the window at a gray and angry sky.

KITTY

Look there. In Dry Pond. Those low-hanging clouds. It's - it's like they all lit up and hanging over a lake of fire. 'Tis fire, Balaam!

The ring of a shotgun intrudes into the room. Balaam deftly moves Kitty away from the window.

BALAAM

The cannon shot. Could be a ruse to entice the men at Sprunt's Cotton Compress out into the streets.

KITTY

It's November 10th! The election been over for two days now. They won! What they want from us?

An urgent knock at the back door. Balaam peers out window, lets in a distraught Ruth, a rifle and midwifery bag slung over her shoulder.

RUTH

Where my Molly? She been here?

Balaam shakes his head "no", quickly exits the room.

KITTY

(cradles tummy)

Ruth! Dry Pond is on fire!

RUTH

You in labor? It's too early.

Kitty shakes her head "no", slowly sits at the table.

RUTH (CONT'D)

(looks out window, paces)

They burned down The Daily Record. I was headed back from delivering that white girl's child and - and they battered down the door. Smashed the printing press to pieces. Threw it out the window. There was smoke and the teachers from Gregory, the children, they was rushing past me. Musta been headed for the woods. Thank the Lord Alex and his brother escaped the city days ago.

KITTY

They did? Are you certain?

RUTH

Probably had to pretend to be white to get past the Red Shirts.

(heads for back door)

I got to find my Molly.

Ruth stops when Balaam re-enters sewing room, carrying property deed, a wad of cash, a pistol. Kitty clutches her tummy, rushes to him.

KITTY

What you doing with that?

BALAAM

Shhhh. Breathe, baby.

Balaam takes Kitty's hand, walks her back to the chair, sets items on the table. Kitty picks up the deed.

KITTY  
Our property deed?

BALAAM  
Hide 'em.

KITTY  
(slams deed on table)  
Hide 'em? What? Why? No! I won't!

Balaam dons a coat and hat from a coat rack near back door.

BALAAM  
Kitty, there's 500 black men  
working, as we speak, at the Cotton  
Compress on the river. They could  
be fired upon at any moment. They  
must be warned to stay inside.

KITTY  
No, Balaam, no! You can't go out  
there. You can't leave me.

Kitty holds on to Balaam.

BALAAM  
I'm taking the shortcut through the  
alleys. Won't be long 'foe I'm  
back. Promise.

Balaam bends down, kisses Kitty's tummy, shuts the window.  
He and Ruth do not see Kitty having a labor pain.

RUTH  
What about Molly?

BALAAM  
Was she with Lawyer Hart last  
night? Might be better off there.

RUTH  
You might be right.  
(points to pistol)  
Oughtn't you hold on to that?

Balaam eyes the pistol, leaves it and the cash, takes the  
deed, pockets it, gazes at Kitty for a moment, turns to Ruth.

BALAAM  
(whispers)  
I must see to the new house.

Balaam takes Kitty in his arms. They embrace for a long moment. Kitty stands solemnly as Balaam opens back door, turns to Ruth, whispers.

BALAAM (CONT'D)

Lock the door. Remain inside.

Ruth locks the door behind Balaam, removes her rifle. Woeful outdoor sounds continue to penetrate the room.

KITTY

(softly)

Good thing Carrie's in London  
singing for the Queen.

(crumples newspaper)

Alex shoulda never said whites and  
blacks having consensual relations.

RUTH

Wasn't his fault they used it to  
fan the flames of white supremacy.

KENDRA AT 30 (V.O.)

The armed mob, now swollen to 2000,  
descended upon the Northside known  
as Brooklyn. They looked to loot  
and destroy the homes of the black  
bourgeoisie for the demagogues had  
promised to turn over to them the  
confiscated property of wealthy  
blacks in return for their  
assistance.

Kitty walks to coat rack, removes a cloak, sits at her sewing machine, deftly rips a seam open in the cloak's lining.

KENDRA AT 30 (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Fatalities transpired when whites  
tried to disperse groups of angry  
black men gathered on corners and  
sidewalks. Ironically, at Bladen  
and 3rd Street, a white man,  
William Mayo, was the first who  
died. Straight away, three blacks  
went down on the same corner.  
Daniel Wright, a black man who  
supposedly shot Mayo, was chased  
and killed.

Kitty cradles her tummy in pain, continues ripping the seam open, shoves the cash inside, then sews seam back up.

## KENDRA AT 30 (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Throughout the day, blacks were shot and killed at several locations, the 4th Street Bridge, 6th and Bladen, 3rd and Harnett, a local dance hall. At Cape Fear Lumber Company, six black employees were murdered. The killing and terror went on into the night.

## EXT. WILMINGTON ROAD STREET POLE - 10 NOV 1898 - CONTINUOUS

Balaam stealthily runs down tumultuous city street, spots the defaced portrait of Robert Bunting and his wife hanging on a street pole.

Written across the front in red paint reads "Justice Bunting and his Nigra Wench".

## EXT. LOT - BALAAM'S NEW PROPERTY - CONTINUOUS

Balaam stands in front of what was his partially constructed new house, now completely demolished.

## EXT. FUTRELLE SIGN SHOP - DOWNTOWN WILMINGTON - CONTINUOUS

Arriving at his sign shop, Balaam sees that the front windows have been smashed. He hears horses' hooves and running feet nearby, ducks onto the riverbank.

## EXT. CAPE FEAR RIVER - 10 NOV 1898 - LIGHT RAIN - CONTINUOUS

Balaam crouches behind a bush on the riverbank, watches in horror as George Giles Sr and a POSSE of Red Shirts hurl several BLACK BODIES into murky river waters.

George Giles Sr, a pistol in his hand, standing on the riverbank over a BLACK BODY, hears a rustling of dead leaves. He turns, spots Balaam, takes a shot at him.

The bullet misses. Balaam darts away through the brush.

GEORGE GILES SR

It's that uppity Nigra, Futrelle!

## INT. PARKS HOME - GUEST BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bailey abruptly awakens. Kendra knocks at door, enters.

BAILEY AT 30  
They threw dead black bodies in the  
Cape Fear River.

KENDRA AT 30  
What? How do you -

BAILEY AT 30  
I saw them - Balaam saw them.

INT. FUTRELLE HOME - FRONT DOOR - 10 NOV 1898 - CONTINUOUS

An urgent knock. Ruth grabs rifle, runs to door, looks out window. Molly, in petticoat and cloak, trembles on porch.

INT. FUTRELLE FRONT DOOR, INSIDE - CONTINUOUS

Ruth opens door. Molly rushes in, hugs Ruth.

MOLLY  
Momma Ruth. Please forgive me. He's  
after me.

Ruth quickly locks door, follows Molly into sewing room.

RUTH  
Who after you, Molly? Lawyer Hart?

MOLLY  
Red Shirts! They are looking for  
Editor Manly and Justice Bunting  
and his colored wife and - and Mr.  
Miller, the pawnbroker! Ben Hart  
revealed as much to me!

A boisterous knock at front door. Spotting the pistol, Molly grabs it, heads for the door. Ruth stops her, cocks rifle.

EXT. FUTRELLE FRONT DOOR, OUTSIDE - CONT.

A RED SHIRT - white male, 20s, with a rifle on his shoulder - breaks through front door.

INT. FUTRELLE FRONT DOOR, INSIDE, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Red Shirt creeps in, calls out.

RED SHIRT #1

Miss Molly, I have a message for you from Lawyer Hart. He says you are to come with me.

INT. FUTRELLE SEWING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Red Shirt appears in the doorway, advances toward Molly, who, with both hands, points pistol at intruder.

MOLLY

Stay away from me!

RED SHIRT #1

(slowly inches closer)

Now Miss Molly -

The Red Shirt then lunges at Molly who fires the pistol. The man falls dead. For a moment, the women do not move. Ruth slings rifle over her shoulder.

RUTH

Quick, take his legs, Molly!

Molly stands still, frozen with shock.

RUTH (CONT'D)

Take his legs, gal!

Molly drops pistol, helps Ruth drag the man toward the back door, blood trailing. Kitty opens door, gets out of the way, picks up the pistol. Ruth sniffs the air.

RUTH (CONT'D)

Kitty, 'tis fire! Be ready to run soon as we done here.

EXT. FUTRELLE BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Ruth and Molly drag the man to the brush. They hear the running feet of wailing women and children.

INT. FUTRELLE SEWING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kitty places pistol, Balaam's ledger and her diary in a burlap bag. She dips a fountain pen into the inkwell, quickly writes a note, props it on sewing machine.

Ruth and Molly run in from the backyard.

RUTH  
Ready, Kitty?

INT. PARKS HOME - GUEST BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bailey awakens with a start.

BAILEY AT 30  
(shouts)  
Find me, Balaam!

EXT. PINE FOREST CEMETERY GATE - LATE NIGHT

Kendra tries to open the cemetery gate with a set of keys. Bailey's entourage - Lil Dirk, Georgi, Keithy and Megan - stand by, carrying a gunny sack, photo equipment, shovels.

KENDRA AT 30  
It won't budge. Heard there's been break-ins and vandalism recently. Maybe they changed the locks since I got off the board. Now what?

BAILEY AT 30  
We climb over.

KENDRA AT 30  
Are you kidding me? And tramp all over dead people? In the dark? We don't even know where we going.

DJ begins climbing the fence. Keithy follows suit.

BAILEY AT 30  
Not so fast. Throw the gear over and then give the females a boost.

Kendra, Georgi and Megan look at each other, then at Bailey.

BAILEY AT 30 (CONT'D)  
I'm going over this fence, with or without you.

KENDRA AT 30  
Oh, shut up and throw this mess over the fence.

BAILEY AT 30  
(kisses Kendra on cheek)  
Thank you.

GEORGI AT 40

Well, you're sure as hell not  
leaving me out here by myself.

MEGAN AT 16

Me, neither!

EXT. PINE FOREST CEMETERY - CONTINUOUS

The group gathers gear on cemetery side, begin trekking  
through the graveyard, stumble over gravestones, tree stumps.

Just before Bailey gets to the wood's edge, his entourage  
some distance behind him, he falls flat on his face, looks  
up, sees Balaam running, gets up, follows him.

EXT. PINE FOREST CEMETERY - CONTINUOUS

KENDRA AT 30

We're getting closer to the edge of  
the woods. Stick closer together.  
Copy that, everyone?

KEITHY, GEORGI, MEGAN

Copy that.

LIL DIRK

Copy what?

KEITHY AT 16

Just a filmmaking thing. It means  
you heard what the director said.

Bailey does not answer. Kendra shines flashlight around.

KENDRA AT 30

Bailey, where are you? I can't see  
you. Bailey?

The others shine their flashlights around.

GEORGI AT 40

Maybe he went into the woods and  
can't hear us.

KENDRA AT 30

But that's out of the cemetery.  
Giles said he was in Pine Forest.

Kendra leads the others into the woods.

EXT. SWAMPY WOOD, SOUTH SIDE - 10 NOVEMBER 1898 - CONTINUOUS

Molly, Ruth and Kitty trudge through the damp wood. Kitty trips over entangled roots, falls to the ground. Molly tries to pick her up. Ruth points the rifle, looks around.

EXT. FUTRELLE BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Balaam rushes into backyard, sees trail of blood on steps.

INT. FUTRELLE SEWING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Balaam runs inside, calls out.

BALAAM

Where are you, Kitty?

He spots the note from Kitty.

KITTY (VO)

We are safe and will soon return.  
Wait for us here, my love.

EXT. PINE FOREST CEMETERY - WOODED EDGE - CONTINUOUS

Bailey rushes through the woods, cries out.

BAILEY AT 30

Balaam!

When they hear Bailey call out, the group stops dead in its tracks. They see Bailey running toward them and keeps running past them. They quickly run after him.

Bailey gets entangled in a thicket of bushes grown over makeshift graveyard markers. The group rushes to help Bailey out of the thicket, surprised to find that he is soaking wet.

GEORGI AT 40

What the- You're literally all wet!

KENDRA AT 30

(looks around)

This is it! Giles called it a colored cemetery. This is an abandoned slave cemetery.

BAILEY AT 30

(surveys area)

We're looking for a live oak.

LIL DIRK

What a live oak look like? Like  
poison ivy?

GEORGI AT 40

(shines light on leaf)  
Like this. Small, kind of oval and  
leathery, kind of shiny on top.  
Feel it. It's an evergreen.

LIL DIRK

What's evergreen mean?

GEORGI AT 40

The leaves stay green through more  
than one season.

KEITHY AT 16

That's where acorns come from.  
Which one is Balaam buried near?

BAILEY AT 30

The one with a "B" carved into it.

MEGAN AT 16

All these tree roots. How could  
somebody be buried under the roots?

Bailey stops, watches as George Giles Sr, unseen by the  
others, walks to a live oak directly in front of him.

EXT. ABANDONED SLAVE CEMETERY - WILMINGTON - 10 NOV 1898

George Giles Sr carves the letters "B" into a tree trunk,  
then walks a few yards away into a clearing.

GEORGE GILES SR

Go scaih up a coupla shovels, boys.  
As sho as my name is George Giles  
Seenyah, nobody'll evuh find Balaam  
Futrelle in a hunnert yeahs.

EXT. ABANDONED SLAVE CEMETERY - CONTINUOUS

Bailey walks into a grove of live oaks. Meanwhile, the group  
uses hedge clippers, shovels to strip away a hundred years of  
vines from several other live oaks.

BAILEY AT 30

(quietly)  
Kendra.

Busy cutting vines from a tree trunk, Kendra does not hear Bailey; however, everyone else hears, joins Bailey at the tree, shining a light on its trunk.

KEITHY AT 16  
(louder)  
Kendra!

KENDRA AT 30  
What?

Bailey backs up, points to tree. Four flashlights shine on the tree trunk, revealing the engraved letter "B". Kendra finally turns around, joins others.

They all stand in silence. Bailey traces the "B" carved into the tree, walks away. Tears flow from everyone's eyes.

GEORGI AT 40  
Well, where do we begin? He could be buried in any number of spots around here. Could take days.

KENDRA AT 30  
(points around tree)  
See the way the roots grow? They couldn't possibly bury him under any of them. They go way too deep.

A few yards from tree, Bailey stops.

BAILEY AT 30  
He's right here.

LIL DIRK  
I don't know 'bout y'all but this getting real. Big time.

KEITHY AT 16  
You scared? Come on, Bailey, let's get Balaam out of there.

Bailey, Lil Dirk and Keithy fetch shovels. Georgi takes pictures. Megan holds her flashlight on the spot.

JACK THORNE (V.O.)  
About 1pm on that awful day of destruction and death, a meeting was held at City Hall purportedly to enact a prohibition ordinance, making it illegal to sell alcohol until after November 14th at noon.  
(MORE)

JACK THORNE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

To the contrary, in a blatant violation of the city charter, 13 new aldermen were sworn in with only five aldermen and Mayor Silas Wright the only elected members present. Later, under Waddell's leadership, Wright and his Board, all city officers and the entire police department, were forced to resign and were replaced by Democrats. Waddell was unanimously elected mayor.

EXT. PINE FOREST CEMETERY FRESH GRAVE - 10 NOV 1998 - SUNNY

Balaam, Kitty, Lilah, Mattie, Kenneth and Rita Parks stand behind Bailey, Stefan, Kendra, Keithy, Megan, Lil Dirk, Cat, Georgi, George and Carla Giles.

They take turns throwing handfuls of earth into a fresh grave housed by Balaam's coffin.

EXT. CEMETERY GATE - CONTINUOUS

Yvette enters through the gates, walks over to Bailey.

YVETTE

Bonjour, mon ami.

Surprised, Bailey jumps up.

BAILEY AT 30

Yvette! How did you get here?

YVETTE

I flew on my broomstick. How did you think I got here?

As Bailey and Yvette hug, Kendra and Stefan - chatting separately a short distance away - spot Yvette, join them. Kendra and Yvette hug.

BAILEY AT 30

(to Kendra)

You did this?

KENDRA AT 30

Moi? Non.

YVETTE

Cousin Kendra felt I should be here. So did I. Sorry I am late. My flight was delayed.

KENDRA AT 30

Yvette, meet - Stefan.  
(points to Keithy)  
And that's my brother's over there with his girlfriend.

Stefan and Yvette shake hands.

STEFAN

Kendra, a word?

Now alone, Yvette kisses Bailey.

YVETTE

I came to take you back home.

Georgi and her parents approach Marie whose ghostly family hover near her.

GEORGI AT 40

My father has something he wants to say to you, Miss Marie.

GEORGE GILES III

This, this whole thing, Miss Lester, well - I've been thinking about everything and I - I - well, you've been renting from us for -

MARIE AT 44

No, my mother was. For over thirty years.

GEORGE GILES III

Well, yes, and my condolences on her passing. I was thinking -

CARLA

We've decided the house is -

GEORGE GILES III

Not yet, Carla. Marie. May I call you Marie? First, I need to - I mean I want to - to - uh - uh - on behalf of my - uh - on behalf of George Giles Sr, I want to offer my deepest, most sincerest apology for - um - for what he did.

MARIE AT 44

Thank you, but I already forgave George Giles. I had to. Not for him, mind you. For myself.

GEORGE GILES III

But - but -

CARLA

Thank you, Marie, but there's more. Tell her, George.

GEORGE GILES III

I'm trying. Marie, how would you -

CARLA

After figuring 30 years worth of rent - well, basically, the house your mother called home? It's paid for. It's yours. If you accept it.

GEORGE GILES III

Technically, you now have the option to buy the house. In your name. It's all paid in full. Of course, we'll manage taxes and insurance the first few years.

MARIE AT 44

Mine? What do you - I don't know what to say. I -

GEORGE GILES III

Well, why don't you and your son come down to the office, say some time next week?

Stefan and Kendra speak some distance away.

STEFAN

That was a nice move, sending for Yvette. Why'd you do it? You're still in love with Bailey.

KENDRA AT 30

Bailey's practically family. He's got a life in Paris with Yvette.

STEFAN

You didn't introduce me as your fiance. Are you setting a new date for our wedding or not?

KENDRA AT 30

Stefan, I told you. I can't think about -

STEFAN

Kendge, why don't you admit the truth? Look, I'm taking a job in Canada for a few months. That'll give you space and time to think.

Bailey and Yvette observe Stefan who kisses Kendra, walks away. Kendra joins Marie, who sits alone near the grave.

KENDRA AT 30

You ok?

MARIE AT 44

That Yvette? Uh oh, here she comes. He going back to Paris with her, ain't he? Kendra, do something.

KENDRA AT 30

You do something. Hey, Yvette, may I introduce you to my brother and to Bailey's brother?

Yvette follows Kendra away from Marie and Bailey.

MARIE AT 44

You sleeping better? No more flashbacks? Nightmares?

BAILEY AT 30

Not since that last visit with the Jackson Brothers.

MARIE AT 44

Can we talk? Please?

(sits down)

Sit with me for a minute?

Bailey hesitates, then sits next to Marie. Balaam, Kitty, Lilah and Mattie stand behind them.

MARIE AT 44 (CONT'D)

You saved my life in that alley. When I couldn't find my way - Momma, Gramma Lilah, they never stopped loving me. When you couldn't find your way back home, we never stopped loving you. You used to love me. Can't you find a way to love me again?

INT. FUTRELLE-LESTER ARTS COLLECTIF - 10 NOVEMBER 2022 - DAY

A huge banner - *The Futrelle-Lester Arts Collectif Presents "Dance of Redemption: A Festival of Black Joy" 10 November 2022* - hangs from the rafters.

A large crowd meanders through an exhibit of original art work of 1898-1998 Wilmington. GEORGI AT 64 takes pictures.

KENDRA AT 55 steps up to a microphone on a raised stage.

KENDRA AT 55

Black joy. Black love. Thanks for coming out to commemorate the 125th anniversary of Wilmington's White Supremacist Massacre and Coup D'Etat of 1898, family! How about that banner? Created by Balaam Lester III. Where are you, my son?

Applause. BALAAM LESTER III, 20, joins his mother.

BALAAM LESTER III

Thanks for coming out, family. Time to show some joy and some love for my brother, Key, his wife, Megan, and their twins for organizing this family affair. Job well done, yes?

KENDRA AT 55

And now for the artists of the hour, my husband, Bailey Futrelle Lester and his great great grandfather, Balaam, the faithful husband and artist who insisted on being found and properly laid to rest, despite being secretly murdered and buried on the worst day in Wilmington history.

Applause. BAILEY AT 55 joins Kendra, addresses audience.

BAILEY AT 55

Bringing the past and the present together can be a bridge over the river of black healing, black joy, black love. But if we judge that our past is greater than our present, we suffer. We are not fully free to be who we really are. Right, Lil Dirk?

(MORE)

BAILEY AT 55 (CONT'D)  
Ladies and gentlemen, the man who  
made this festival and this arts  
collective possible, my brother,  
your County Commissioner, Dirk  
Jackson, Jr!

Applause as LIL DIRK AT 40 joins the family.

BAILEY AT 55 (CONT'D)  
Owning our story can be challenging  
but not nearly as challenging as  
spending our lives running from it.  
Embracing our vulnerabilities can  
be risky but not nearly as risky as  
giving up on love and belonging and  
joy. Only when we are brave enough  
to explore the darkness will we  
discover the power of our own light  
and our own truth, right, Mom?

MARIE AT 78 with JOE MCLEOD AT 80 join Bailey, kisses and  
hugs everyone.

BAILEY (V.O.)  
We don't have to sacrifice our  
individuality. What we must  
sacrifice is whatever separates us  
from being our sacred and authentic  
selves. In the end all suffering,  
all judgement, all separation is  
just a call for love. Love for  
self. Love for family. Love for  
community. Love for our country.  
Love for our planet. For love is  
the greatest reconciliation.

Applause. GEORGI AT 60 snaps photos of art exhibit  
interspersed with smiling, crying faces of the live audience.

#END