

MIRIAM'S PASSION

"Often when you think you're at the
end of something, you're at the
beginning of something else." ~
Fred Rogers

FADE IN:

EXT. THE ESTATE, CARMEL, CA. - DAY

A beautiful place. HE and HER, Angels, timeless, luminous
beings at a cliff edge looking at US. Behind He and Her,
Mother Nature's magnificence. He and Her mingle, swirl skin
colors, sizes. He becomes Her, Her becomes He, they merge
into one eternal light. He and Her reappear. They zigzag
toward US. They smile at US.

HE/HER
We love you.

He and Her look at US. They come closer to US.

HER
We are always nearby, watching you,
praying for you, hoping for you,
most of all, loving you.

HE/HER
Love one another.

We settle on He for now. Her drifts to the side. Her smiles
at US. He points toward the Monterey Bay. A Humpback Whale
surfaces, exhales, inhales, and dives.

HE
We want you to see us, beyond this
spiritual veil. If you are **called**,
will you listen?

He and Her float to a doorway. YELLING. SCREAMING. They stop
at the doorway and pull back a silky translucent veil.

HER
God calls us all for a reason.
HADRIAN's being called.

HE
Will Hadrian listen?

INT. THE ESTATE'S OFFICE, CARMEL, CA. - DAY

HADRIAN, early 60s, he glares at a fidgeting LAWYER, 40s.
Hadrian flings an iPad across the office at the Lawyer.

The Lawyer hops to the side. The iPad bounces off the office's side-desk. She drops her folio on a chair. She walks toward the shattered iPad.

HADRIAN

Fuck them.

LAWYER

They've threatened your life.

HADRIAN

It's not my fault.

LAWYER

Keep your security close by...

HADRIAN

Relax. We're not shorting their currency anymore. Huge profit, though. We can move on to a large debt load. Maybe the US currency?

LAWYER

Don't do that - Uncle Sam has sharp teeth. You know this... but you can't help getting into trouble.

HADRIAN

I've made the board members rich.

Hadrian gets up, pours coffee, spits it out. He paces behind his desk, squeezing the life out of his chair's backrest. The Lawyer picks up the iPad. She drops it into the trash.

LAWYER

Really? Don't make any appearances. You took off the currency short, good boy, so let things calm down.

HADRIAN

You think they'd kill me?

LAWYER

You almost collapsed their economy. They can blame you for being a capitalist pig. Oink?

The Lawyer picks up her folio. She taps the door frame. She examines framed photos that hang on the wall.

HADRIAN

Spit it out.

LAWYER
Take a vacation?

HADRIAN
Not my thing.

The Lawyer taps on a photo with a fingernail.

LAWYER
Were these real people?

Hadrian glances over at the Lawyer. The photos.

HADRIAN
My grandparents, my Mother's DNA.

STEPHEN, 26, and HAZEL, 24, from the photo, their spirits are curious, moving about. The Lawyer unaware. The Lawyer examines the second photo of young Hadrian, he's with a school basketball team. Hadrian's the only white guy.

LAWYER
Is that you?

HADRIAN
Yes.

LAWYER
Were you quite the athlete?

HADRIAN
Not really. Good guys.

LAWYER
Where was these photos taken?

HADRIAN
Kentucky.

LAWYER
Maybe go there?

HADRIAN
I'll pass.

The Lawyer waves and slinks away. Hadrian punches the chair, causing it to spin. Hadrian's smartphone vibrates on his desk. He examines the number. He picks it up.

HADRIAN
Who're you?

Hadrian listens. He stomps out of his office onto a terrace.

HADRIAN
Call her lawyer.

High above Hadrian in a lone cypress tree, a RED-TAILED HAWK SHRIEKS down at him. The bird poops. Hadrian flips the bird off. Slips his smartphone into his pocket. He glances at his shirt, jiggles it to cast off any perceived poop while walking toward the estate house.

INT. THE HOUSE KITCHEN, CARMEL, CA. - DAY

Hadrian steps inside. He rechecks his shirt. SABINA, wife, late 50s, slices onions with a knife. She backs up, holding the knife, blinking her eyes.

SABINA
Oh god. Onion spirits got me...

A Chinese American chef, GRACE, 40s, brings her a wet towel. Sabina squints. She sets down the knife. She wipes her eyes and glances at an agitated Hadrian.

SABINA
What?

HADRIAN
Mother passed.

SABINA
Oh? I guess we'll go pay our respects. We'll play nice.

Sabina glares at Hadrian. She keeps wiping her eyes.

HADRIAN
That hawk tried to shit on me? To be clear, we're not going back to Kentucky. Funerals suck...

Grace looks at Hadrian. She grips Sabina's waist.

GRACE
That bird is a spiritual being.

HADRIAN
You're full of nonsense. Seriously, see any bird shit on me?

GRACE
No. That bird sent you a message.

Hadrian shakes her off. He walks farther into the kitchen.

HADRIAN

Coffee?

SABINA

I don't see any bird shit. Maybe
our boy's ghost sent you a message?

Hadrian stops searching. He looks over at Sabina.

HADRIAN

He'd have been, what, twenty-seven?

SABINA

Twenty-seven next month.

He and Her appear. Grace sees them. He and Her place their
fingers in front of their mouths. Grace understands. She
glances back and forth, nudges Hadrian toward the patio.

GRACE

Go outside. I will make you my
mother's crepe recipe.

HADRIAN

Am I being shooed away?

GRACE

This is your house, but this is my
kitchen. I feel my mother's spirit.

Grace keeps nudging Hadrian. She keeps glancing at He/Her.

HADRIAN

God you're a bossy little thing.

Sabina blinks her eyes following Grace and Hadrian.

SABINA

Can you make us spring rolls? I
hate airport food...

HADRIAN

We're not going back to Kentucky.

SABINA

We're going. Don't argue with me.

Grace stops nudging Hadrian. She stands still and quiet. He
and Her are now with the spirits of Stephen and Hazel.

GRACE

I feel energy from the spirit
world. They're **calling** for you.

HADRIAN

You're a wack job. No offense.
(to Sabina)
And you're a pain in my ass.

Stephen and Hazel vanish. And then a group of African slaves, chained together appear. They look at an unaware Hadrian. They stare at US. They vanish. Startling Grace.

SABINA

(to Grace)
You think our baby boy is a spirit?

Grace leans her shaking hands on a table. She sucks in air.

GRACE

Spiritual love lasts... forever, yes.

He and Her look at US with intent. They fade away.

INT. SABINA'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Sabina sits before a tall, gold-inlay mirror, sans makeup, caressing a fancy urn. She holds the urn close to her chest while she stares at her barren reflection. Unseen in the mirror, He and Her hug Sabina. Sabina closes her eyes. She cries. He and Her kiss her cheeks. They fade away.

INT. THE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM, CARMEL, CA - NIGHT

Hadrian rises from the bed. Sabina sleeps. Hadrian stumbles into the bathroom. He stares at his reflection in a mirror. He and Her appear behind him. Startled. He turns to find an empty bathroom. He stares forward having a vision of a white chapel. A young women in distress. SCREAMING. A group of African slaves chained together staring at him. Hadrian tries to touch the images. They vanish. He's all alone. Quiet.

SABINA (O.S.)

Hadrian? Is it time to go?

Hadrian blinks his eyes. He breaths in and out. He paws at where the vision once was.

HADRIAN

I'm here. I, I'm coming.

EXT. WHITE CHAPEL, EASTERN KY. - DAY

Hadrian and Sabina exit an SUV. They step onto a crumbling walkway, heading toward the front double-doors.

HADRIAN
Her funeral at my grandparents's
chapel makes perfect sense. To her.

SABINA
What were they like?

HADRIAN
Happily authentic.

Hadrian walks to the double-doors. He grips the right side door handle, but stops and points up at an old cemetery.

HADRIAN
They're buried up there.

SABINA
We're not going up there?

HADRIAN
No. Mother's resting with my less
charitable ancestors.

INT. WHITE CHAPEL, EASTERN KY. - DAY

Hadrian and Sabina step inside the decaying chapel filled with strangers, a coffin, bereft of flower displays.

HADRIAN
You know something?

SABINA
No idea what you're asking me?

HADRIAN
They were happily poor - my
grandparents. I didn't get it.

Stephen and Hazel's spirits gaze over at Hadrian, manifesting near an old piano. He and Her are next to them. They all point at Hadrian. They vanish. Hadrian sucks in a quick breath, but keeps the experience to himself. He looks around the chapel for clues. Then a group of African slaves chained together stare at him. They vanish. Hadrian's confused, speechless, but keeps the visions to himself. Sabina looks at him questioning his odd behavior. He shrugs.

EXT. FAMILY CEMETERY, EASTERN KY. - DAY

Cemetery workers cover the burial hole. Hadrian and Sabina stroll near a line of headstones. Sabina kneels.

SABINA

These all have CSA and this symbol?

HADRIAN

You realize you're standing in a
slave state? Civil War?

SABINA

I know about the Civil War.

Hadrian kneels. He points at a headstone.

HADRIAN

CSA-Confederate States of America.
Meet my great, great, grandfather.

SABINA

You'd have been a slave owner?

HADRIAN

My ancestors were never slave
owners. Ever. But they were
Confederates. No idea why.

Sabina stands up. She scans the cemetery.

SABINA

We should go to your mother's
house. Tonight. Get some closure.
And then forget this place exists.

INT. MOTHER'S OLD HOUSE, LEXINGTON, KY. - NIGHT

Hadrian and Sabina stand in the foyer. He steps up the
stairs. She steps down a creaky wooden stairway.

After a moment, Sabina emerges. She flops down a dilapidated
cardboard box. She waves away the plume of dust. She covers
her face. Hadrian coughs.

HADRIAN

Jesus, what the actual fuck?

SABINA

Guess what I found?

Sabina yanks out a book, hands it to Hadrian. Hadrian flips
through a few pages, shuts it, and hands it back.

HADRIAN

My grandfather's diary. Nope.

SABINA
It was like magic.

HADRIAN
Leave-'em behind.

SABINA
No. I'm taking them.

EXT. ESTATE'S TERRACE, CARMEL, CA. - NIGHT

Hadrian sets down a wine glass. Sabina sits reading. Hadrian gets up. He picks up an iron poker and stokes a fire.

SABINA
Don't get mad, but your
grandfather's diaries are amazing.

HADRIAN
Let that history remain dead.

He pokes the fire harder. It emits bright-orange embers.

SABINA
I just read when you grandfather
met your grandmother. No kidding.
Remember the time when we met?

HADRIAN
Your law firm was suing me.

SABINA
Not me. I was a baby lawyer.

Hadrian's gaze softens up a bit. He sets the poker down.

SABINA
I don't like what you've become.
Old greedy hermit.

HADRIAN
Money doesn't equal happiness?

SABINA
Let's travel. Get away from here.

Hadrian, glassy-eyed, prophetically points at the diary. He sits down and grabs the wine glass.

HADRIAN
I bet he writes about me driving
him home after her funeral. I did.

INT. OLD STEPHEN'S CAR, EASTERN KY. - DAY, LONG AGO

YOUNG HADRIAN, 16, driving. OLD STEPHEN, late 60s, loosens his tie. He and Her gaze at US from the backseat.

EXT. ESTATE'S TERRACE, CARMEL, CA. - NIGHT

Sabina watches Hadrian. She controls her breathing with slow ins and outs. Hadrian reclines. He sips wine.

SABINA
We should drive down to LA.

HADRIAN
It's not a good time to travel.

Sabina closes a diary.

SABINA
I need more, this is not working.

HADRIAN
What are you saying?

SABINA
These diaries are a gift. We need to go on an adventure. I need it.

Hadrian stares at the fire.

SABINA (CONT'D)
Otherwise, I'm leaving you. This is a fancy prison. Old man.

HADRIAN
What?

SABINA
I need to feel alive. I need to go chasing ghosts. Anything but sit here and rot in a gilded cage.

HADRIAN
Might be fun. And a bit weird.

SABINA
Breathe. I called your lawyer. She said you've been a bad boy. Again.

Hadrian sits forward. He contemplates Sabina's statements.

HADRIAN
You called her?

Sabina smacks Hadrian's knee with a diary. She gets up and pokes the fire with the poker. The flames grow.

SABINA

We leave in the morning. We have an appointment at the LA County Library, a Ms. Wilkinson.

HADRIAN

Security will have to follow us?

SABINA

I want this lady to examine these diaries. There's something magical about them. It's a feeling.

Hadrian gets up. He warms his hands with the fire.

HADRIAN

The currency I shorted, the country's really pissed. They've threatened my life.

Sabina sits back down contemplating the situation.

SABINA

Fine. We'll go with security. I'm not going to live in fear.

Hadrian looks out into the darkness. WAVES CRASHING. He turns to stare down at Sabina.

HADRIAN

There's something else. I've been seeing weird visions. Visions about my grandparents chapel. I think.

SABINA

What do you mean visions?

HADRIAN

I'm seeing their chapel, you saw it. I think I saw angels and slaves. They stare at me, they don't say anything - just stare.

Sabina picks up a diary. She pats the cover while thinking.

SABINA

That chapel's falling apart. It's obvious. We were meant to find these diaries, you know that?

HADRIAN
Am I going mental?

SABINA
Weird to say, but Grace has a point. Is the spirit world calling you? Whatever that means... maybe I'm just buzzed, too.

Hadrian's confused. Sabina taps on the diary.

SABINA
Let's go down to LA. What's the worst thing we'll find, maybe your grandparents' ghosts?

INT. THE HOUSE KITCHEN, CARMEL, CA. - DAY

Hadrian half-heartedly searches for signs of Sabina. He discovers Grace waiting for him, holding a small box. She stands still but her knees shake.

HADRIAN
Didn't Sabina tell you?

GRACE
My mother taught me to give a gift, when a friend is sad. You are sad.

HADRIAN
I'm not as sad as you might think.

GRACE
I pray for you. I pray for Sabina.

Grace's hands tremble giving the box over to Hadrian. He and Her appear, they hug Grace. She relaxes her shoulders.

GRACE
My mother taught me to have meaning for anything shared. Open the box.

Hadrian opens the box. A pearl drops out and onto his palm.

HADRIAN
I can't accept this.

GRACE
It will open the spirit world. You need this pearl for your journey.

HADRIAN
This is wacky, I'll say that.

GRACE

I see your grandparents in my dreams. Their spirits are searching for you. They want you to help them. I see a white chapel.

HADRIAN

The hell they are. They're dead, I think. Not exactly sure...

He and Her with Stephen and Hazel all smile at Grace. They vanish. Grace closes her eyes, a quick prayer.

GRACE

When I see you next, you will not be the same man. I know this.

A car bugle horn stabs the air.

HADRIAN

I'm being summoned.

But Hadrian stops at the garage door. He looks back at Grace. He contemplates the chapel visions he's been seeing. Grace, unmoved, prophetically gazes back at Hadrian.

INT. THE ESTATE'S GARAGE, CARMEL, CA. - DAY

Hadrian steps inside. Sabina sits on the passenger side of a vintage convertible. She leafs through diary pages. Hadrian crinkles his face.

HADRIAN

Let's take something practical.

SABINA

Let's go. You're driving.

Hadrian examines the car. A note. Hadrian reads it.

HADRIAN

I see you cornered Wylie. Wylie?

A man leans over from behind a shiny tool chest, WYLIE, early 70s, African American. He grins at Hadrian, holding a wrench.

WYLIE

She's in perfect running condition, boss. You don't need to worry.

SABINA
(at Hadrian)
Get in and start driving. I got us
a nice suite at the Biltmore.

WYLIE
Call me if you need me.

HADRIAN
You're sure this is a good idea?

WYLIE
It's good to drive her, keeps her
system flushed. LA's not that far.

HADRIAN
I trust you.

WYLIE
Oh? But I'm just aging mechanic.

HADRIAN
You want to come along?

WYLIE
I'll stay here.

Hadrian smirks at Wylie. He starts the car, drives it through
the open garage door. A black SUV sits parked outside.

INT. BILTMORE HOTEL SUITE, LOS ANGELES, CA. - NIGHT

Hadrian sips a drink. He looks at downtown LA. Sabina opens a
diary. She fingers the pages. She taps on the window.

SABINA
See the pyramid? That's are
destination. Listen to your
grandfather's words.

HADRIAN
Do I really want to hear this?

SABINA
Shut up. You're mine until the
lawyer says you can return home. Or
you get poisoned by the Russkies.

HADRIAN
It wasn't the Russians.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES, CA. - DAY 1926

STEPHEN, 22, accidentally on purpose bumps into HAZEL, 20. He and Her are nearby, invisible, they are joyful.

SABINA (V.O.)

"My first day in LA. I am not sure how to feel, for I have met another believer. As if God meant for it. I think? Or am I stupid? Her name is Hazel. A Kansas girl. Her father died from polio. They lost the farm. Moved here."

EXT. BILTMORE HOTEL, LOS ANGELES, CA. - DAY

Sabina clasps Hadrian's hand. They stride across bustling South Grand Avenue. Two large SECURITY GUARDS, 30s, follow.

EXT. HOPE STREET, LOS ANGELES, CA. - DAY

Hadrian and Sabina loiter near an inactive skyscraper. The Security Guards remain alert, stroll toward the library.

SABINA

See the street lamps? He likely saw these, they're original.
The LA County Library over there.
What year did they build it?

HADRIAN

No clue.

SABINA

1926. Your grandfather lived at this address. He would have walked underneath these street lamps.
Let's go inside, I have more to share...

Hadrian and Sabina walk toward the library entrance.

INT. LA COUNTY LIBRARY ROTUNDA, LOS ANGELES, CA. - DAY

Sabina and Hadrian look up at a chandelier. A group of children usher past them. The Security Guards are near.

SABINA

The Zodiac Chandelier. The murals reflect California history. Your grandparents would have seen these.

HADRIAN

These murals are not even close to historical. Laughable more like it.

SABINA

Who are you?

HADRIAN

I can be culturally sensitive.

SABINA

No. No, you can't. Let's go.

Sabina steps toward a doorway. Hadrian stops. Stephen and Hazel appear underneath Art Deco fixtures. Hadrian steps back. He pulls out the pearl. The Security Guards are suspicious. Hadrian waves at them. He shrugs.

HADRIAN

(at Stephen and Hazel)

What do you want?

Stephen and Hazel point at Hadrian. The wavy image of the white chapel appears near them. They vanish.

INT. LA COUNTY LIBRARY HISTORY DEPT, LA, CA. - DAY

Sabina walks up to the service desk, behind it, Miriam, 27, she bounces on her feet without overt awareness. Hadrian's amused by her. He waves for the Security Guards to chill.

SABINA

You're Ms. Wilkinson?

MIRIAM

Call me Miriam. Sabina?

Miriam waves for Hadrian and Sabina to follow her past rows of bookshelves. She unlocks a door and welcomes Hadrian and Sabina to come inside. Miriam glances down the hallway at the ominous Security Guards. She steps into the room.

MIRIAM

I love exploring history, history never dies. It waits for us.

Miriam directs them to sit down near a table topped with a computer and farther down a projector screen.

MIRIAM

I did some basic research after your call, no clue growing up.

HADRIAN
You're a native?

MIRIAM
Pomona. Not far from here.

HADRIAN
My grandparents were married in
Pomona. A house there. I think?

MIRIAM
Check these out.

Miriam clicks a switch to project 1920s era photos.

SABINA
We have the diaries with us.

MIRIAM
Can I see one?

Sabina hands a diary over to Miriam, who has slipped on white gloves. Her eyes entranced by the pages.

MIRIAM
He's writing about everyday LA. In
1926? Can I keep this to study it?

HADRIAN
Sure.

MIRIAM
What happened to them?

HADRIAN
1930, they drove back to Kentucky.

MIRIAM
Wait. In 1930?

HADRIAN
I think so.

MIRIAM
Maybe we can trade the diaries. I
can offer you something in return?

SABINA
We don't need anything.

MIRIAM
Yes you do. You need a map. I don't
think you understand someone if you
don't study their history.

INT. BILTMORE HOTEL SUITE, LOS ANGELES, CA. - NIGHT

Hadrian paces. He spies in on Sabina, in bed, sleeping. He rubs the pearl. He looks through the window at the Library. But behind Hadrian, in the windows reflection, the spirits of Stephen and Hazel appear with He and Her. He turns around.

HADRIAN

What? What do you want?

Stephen and Hazel point at Hadrian. The white chapel appears as a wavy image. And then an African slave family of three appear. They are chained together. A father, a mother, and a little boy. They stare painfully at Hadrian. He's pulverized. All visions vanish. Hadrian's eyes search for answers.

INT. FRENCH RESTAURANT, LOS ANGELES, CA. - DAY

Miriam, Hadrian, and Sabina sit in a half-circle booth. Miriam hands back the diary but Sabina pushes back over a bag of diaries. Hadrian nods at the Security Guards through a large window, who patrol outside. Hadrian sips coffee.

MIRIAM

Really? I'm honored.

Miriam clutches the bag like discovering a treasure trove.

HADRIAN

I've got a weird vibe from them.
But you might understand them?

Miriam's smartphone vibrates. She silences it.

MIRIAM

I guess he includes their journey
back to Kentucky?

HADRIAN

No idea.

Miriam's smartphone vibrates. Again, this time she turns it off. She half-grins. Piano taps the table.

MIRIAM

Why do you all have security
guards? Seems a bit much.

HADRIAN

My company, it's a precaution.

Hadrian points at the smartphone. Miriam nods.

HADRIAN
Someone's persistent?

MIRIAM
Yeah, he's all into me. He wants to
get married. I want freedom.

Miriam saunters back and forth on the seat. Hadrian senses
she's concealing her behavior.

HADRIAN
Freedom?

MIRIAM
My mother was a single parent, she
never got to be free, she had me.

SABINA
Oh, good for you.

Miriam's expression belies her predicament. She's pregnant.

MIRIAM
I don't lie. The dudes corporate,
like you all. Me and a corporate
dude? No way.

SABINA
He's not abusive?

MIRIAM
No, he's dark as my hair. He's so
beautiful. Hey, I read where your
grandparents got married in P-Town.
I have the address, do a drive-by?

SABINA
You're so sweet. I don't know?

MIRIAM
The library encourages us to engage
the community. I'm quite serious.

HADRIAN
I'll do the driving. You navigate?

EXT. POMONA STREET, POMONA, CA. - DAY

Miriam shifts up close behind Hadrian and Sabina. The car
rolls forward. She points at a 1920s era A-framed home.

MIRIAM
That's it. I'm positive.

An angelic Hispanic woman, ISABELLA, late 80s, her anticipatory presence watches them from behind a large window. He and Her are behind her. An Hispanic man marches out from the home, RICARDO, late 40s. Hadrian waves.

HADRIAN

Sorry. We'll move along.

RICARDO

Wait, you are the Christian people?

HADRIAN

Not us. I can promise you that.

RICARDO

Grandma has been waiting for you.
Come inside. Do I know you?

INT. POMANA HOME, POMONA, CA. - DAY

Hadrian, Sabina, and Miriam step inside the living room. Isabella RAPID FIRES SPANISH at Ricardo. He acknowledges his grandmother. Ricardo glances through the front windows. He focuses on the Security Detail parking a half-block away.

RICARDO

You're one of the happy Christian people. Your grandparents, no?

HADRIAN

How did she know my grandparents?

RICARDO

My grandmother, Isabella. She only speaks Spanish, sorry. I'm Ricardo. She saw you in a dream. She is very, very spiritual. I am not.

HADRIAN

Nice to meet you all. I'm Hadrian, this is my wife Sabina and our new friend, Miriam. Ah, she's a local.

Hadrian glances over at Sabina. Sabina's eyes say play along.

MIRIAM

I think she's beautiful. I'm spiritual, too.

SABINA

What are you saying?

Sabina stares at Miriam. Miriam squirms.

MIRIAM
I get immersed at locations. I'm
kind of clairvoyant.

SABINA
Really? I'm not sure what that
means. You see ghosts?

MIRIAM
I'm strange. Yeah, I see ghosts.

SABINA
Well, you're fun.

Isabella speaks and points over at Hadrian. Hadrian perks up.

RICARDO
She's been prepping all morning to
make you her chicken with mole
poblano. Will you sit with her?

HADRIAN
I love authentic Mexican food.

INT. POMANA HOME, POMONA, CA - DAY

Hadrian, Sabina, and Miriam sit next to a table. Ricardo
spreads dishes and glasses. Isabella cooks, BARKING SPANISH.

RICARDO
(to Hadrian)
I watch you on business shows. You
a tough man. No disrespect.

HADRIAN
None taken. I can be rather direct.

MIRIAM
What's really up with the security
guards?

Miriam stares over at Hadrian. She piano taps her fingers on
the wooden table.

HADRIAN
Hand me your smartphone.

Hadrian taps on the screen and hands it back to Miriam.

HADRIAN (CONT'D)
That's my business profile. If you
poke around a-bit, you'll see.

Miriam reads the smartphone screen. She reads something troubling. Ricardo returns with a dish.

RICARDO
You did not know him?

MIRIAM
We just met. You all scare me.

SABINA
I promise we don't bite.

RICARDO
Grandma has been expecting you. She does not know who you are. It's all about your grandparents.

Isabella returns conducting the modest meal. She says a prayer. She giggly encourages everyone with a wave to eat. Miriam's smartphone vibrates on the dining table. She looks down at the phone number. We all know who it is. Hadrian and Sabina glance at each other. Wondering what's up with her?

RICARDO
Your grandparents were married inside this house. They would come by over the years, you know this?

HADRIAN
No. Tell her she's an amazing chef.

Ricardo expresses Hadrian's compliment. Isabella smiles. Miriam's eyes search the room, here or there. The spirit world blooms. She hums and breaths deeply.

MIRIAM
Is someone touching a spirit attracting object? Not kidding.

SABINA
Where are you going with this?

Hadrian pulls out the pearl. He holds it out in his palm.

HADRIAN
My spiritual chef gave me this?

MIRIAM
Has to be. I'm seeing spirits.

SABINA
Really? You're a wacky one.

Hadrian examines Miriam's face. He looks back over at Isabella and then Ricardo. He sees the spirits, too. Stephen and Hazel manifest near Isabella. But they glare at Hadrian. Hadrian's questioning everything all at once.

HADRIAN

Tell me what's she's thinking?

RICARDO

The spirits are calling you.

He and Her appear standing near Isabella. They place their forefinger in front of their mouths. Miriam understands.

MIRIAM

I believe her. I see them like they are alive but not alive. Whoa.

SABINA

I feel left out.

Hadrian hands the pearl to Sabina. He encourages her to grip it in her palm. He glances away from Stephen and Hazel.

HADRIAN

I don't have any idea what to do.

Sabina starts to look around. She's stunned to see spirits.

SABINA

Oh god. We're surrounded.

Sabina keeps investigating the spirit activity. She sees and points at Stephen and Hazel.

SABINA

(to Hadrian)

Wait. Is that your grandparents?

MIRIAM

I'm not so strange, now am I?

Hadrian nods back over at Sabina. Miriam smirks. She has a proud countenance. Sabina's not buying any of this.

SABINA

(to Ricardo)

Did you roffie us? In the food.

MIRIAM

What you're seeing is real. We are all drug free. Cool?

Isabella begins to speak with precision. Ricardo watches her, never taking his eyes off her. He then looks at Hadrian.

RICARDO

You have diaries? You can see the
spirits of your grandparents?

Hadrian's eyes start blinking. Sabina coughs. She pinches her hands. Miriam looks over at Hadrian for guidance.

SABINA

This cannot be real.

He and Her are hugging Isabella. She smiles. They are encouraging to Stephen and Hazel. They are joyful.

MIRIAM

It's real. I, I, promise.

HADRIAN

How does she know that?

Isabella talks to Ricardo in a direct fashion. She appears confident, communicating with the spirit world.

MIRIAM

Dude, I've never experienced this.
I know she's not hearing them. The
spirits don't talk out loud.

HADRIAN

Why?

MIRIAM

They lack physical energy. They're
spirit beings. They communicate in
our thoughts, according to experts.

SABINA

Experts?

MIRIAM

I'm all into learning about my
unique gifts. It's who I am.

Isabella talks to Ricardo. Ricardo nods at Isabella.

RICARDO

They wanted Sabina to find the
diaries.

Isabella begins to talk to Ricardo. Sabina looks at Miriam for answers. Isabella stares at Hadrian. Ricardo hesitates.

HADRIAN

What do they want from me?

Ricardo and Isabella discuss Hadrian's question.

RICARDO

You have your guide. Her.

Isabella points at Miriam. Miriam's stunned.

RICARDO (CONT'D)

The pearl and the diaries... They are all you need for your journey.

HADRIAN

Guides? No. Only place I'm going is back home. (at Sabina) Maybe we should wrap up and get out of here.

Isabella glares at Hadrian. She speaks.

RICARDO

Your grandparents are telling you to go on a journey. They will show you true suffering. At the end of the journey, you will be given the task to save their chapel for a higher purpose. If you listen.

Stephen and Hazel's spirits vanish. Hadrian's startled. Sabina quickly hands the pearl back to Hadrian. He and Her smile at Miriam. They hug Isabella. They fade away. But then the African slave family appears. Hadrian sees them, he's gobsmacked. Miriam sees them, too. They glance at each other. The slave family nods over at Hadrian. They vanish.

MIRIAM

Whoa, they took all my energy.

SABINA

Let's get back to the hotel. I'm totally lost.

HADRIAN

(to Ricardo)

Ah, I didn't expect this. Thank you both, I think we'll move along.

EXT. BILTMORE HOTEL, VALET STATION, LOS ANGELES, CA. - DAY

Hadrian, Sabina, and Miriam walk toward the busy doors. Miriam stares down, she fidgets with her purse's clasp.

MIRIAM

Can you get my car back?

HADRIAN

Sorry, I don't know what to think of any of this. But thanks for playing along. That was weird.

MIRIAM

It was real. It was not a trick. But, it was nice meeting you both.

HADRIAN

You think she was serious?

MIRIAM

The spirits won't go away. That I can promise you.

Hadrian waves a twenty at the Valets. They grab it and the ticket for Miriam's car. Hadrian, Sabina wait with Miriam contemplating the day. Her car arrives. She gets in.

SABINA

(to Hadrian)

Let's go home.

HADRIAN

Should I donate to the library?

MIRIAM

It's not necessary. But my boss, she's always fund raising. By the way, keep an open mind, the spirit world can be quite powerful.

Hadrian waves and steps back. Miriam drives away. The Security Guard's SUV thunders up, the Security Guards exit.

SECURITY GUARD ONE

We just got a credible threat. We need you all to step inside the hotel, it's not safe here.

INT. BILTMORE HOTEL, LOBBY BAR - DAY

A Security Guard stands in front of Hadrian and Sabina. Security Guard Two stands at the bar entrance.

SECURITY GUARD ONE

We advise that you not go home.

SABINA

Why?

SECURITY GUARD ONE

Our network has been picking up on the country in questions chatter. They sound serious.

SABINA

(to Hadrian)

I'll call Grace, tell her not to come to work. Wylie?

SECURITY GUARD ONE

Wylie? He's the man that called us. He noticed suspicious activity.

HADRIAN

He lives above our garage.

SABINA

How long we do we avoid going home?

SECURITY GUARD ONE

If you were my parent's? I'd say several weeks. And to blunt, I'd get you out of downtown LA.

HADRIAN

Explain.

SECURITY GUARD ONE

It's easy to hide in a busy area like downtown LA. Tough for us to spot, before, well, it's too late.

SABINA

Thank you. We'll go back to our room. Sort this out.

INT. BILTMORE HOTEL SUITE - DAY

Hadrian and Sabina are drinking adult beverages. They ordered in room service but they're not hungry. Sabina gets up to refresh her drink. She taps her shoe on the plush carpet.

SABINA

We need to get Wylie out of there.

HADRIAN

Wylie's easy. I feel like I need him down here.

SABINA

But where do we go?

Hadrian ponders the question. He pulls out the pearl.

HADRIAN

Think logically, are those spirits real? Or, did that woman slip us something in our food? If so, they could have easily harmed us.

SABINA

True. Where are the diaries?

Hadrian and Sabina look at each other as the answer emerges.

SABINA

Miriam. She has them.

HADRIAN

Ah, we can track her down.

Sabina holds her drink up to get Hadrian's attention. She paces over in front of the windows. She gazes at the library.

SABINA

I have a better idea. Go visit her boss, offer her a large donation.

She stares at Hadrian with intentions.

SABINA

Let's buy her. The old lady said we needed her? We get her and the diaries together with that pearl. We'll just see what happens?

Hadrian gets up and paces. He stops, stares at Sabina.

HADRIAN

Sabina, let me say this, once I saw those slaves, my thinking changed. I have to do something. If these spirits are real and connected to my grandparents, I owe a debt to my friends. You know me, I'm about money, not racism or other, ever.

Sabina purses her lips. She takes a drink, she nods.

SABINA

If Miriam's right, the spirit world
will not go away. For some weird
reason, I believe her. We don't
have a choice. We need her.

INT. LA COUNTY LIBRARY HISTORY DEPT, LA, CA. - DAY

Hadrian sits near the desk for Miriam's BOSS, 50s.

HADRIAN

Miriam's been invaluable to
understand my grandparent's
diaries.

BOSS

She's been a great find.

HADRIAN

We have an idea we'd like you to
consider?

BOSS

About Miriam?

HADRIAN

Yes. I think it will be quite
beneficial to the library. Miriam
has my grandfather's diaries. She's
chronicling them.

BOSS

I was not aware of this.

HADRIAN

My wife thinks Miriam would be a
great historical guide. She'd be
invaluable if we follow my
grandparents journey as described
in the diaries. We think?

Hadrian conjures the Bosses expectations.

BOSS

How interesting?

HADRIAN

We thought to fund her research
perhaps we donate, what? A million
dollars to the library? Or more?

BOSS

Oh? I guess Miriam's available.

EXT. BILTMORE HOTEL, VALET STATION, LA, CA. - DAY

Wylie, Miriam, Sabina, and Hadrian are in the vintage car. Busy Valets. Traffic. Hadrian's gripping the rattling steering wheel. Miriam's non-pulsed staring over at Sabina.

HADRIAN

(at Miriam)

I'm glad you changed your mind.

MIRIAM

I didn't. You hired me. You made the head of the library an offer she'd never refuse. Big money.

Hadrian glances over at a grinning Wylie.

HADRIAN

I did.

MIRIAM

I'm afraid. The spirit world out there, no telling what's waiting.

Sabina waves over at Miriam.

SABINA

It was my idea. I had Hadrian offer a donation to get you.... I also got us iPads, they're connected to a satellite. How about these?

Miriam dead stares at Sabina with her mouth open.

MIRIAM

You're just like him. You don't get it. His grandparents spirits aren't playing. This is serious stuff.

SABINA

The old lady said we needed you and those diaries. Easy solution.

MIRIAM

That pearl is dangerous.

Wylie turns staring back at Miriam. Mystified.

WYLIE

Pearl? Diaries? What on earth are you talking about?

HADRIAN

We'll explain later. Miriam?

MIRIAM

You all do realize they want to show you ugly history - it's why they want you do something with their chapel. I'm certain.

SABINA

Hadrian's convinced, me too.

MIRIAM

What did the old lady say?

HADRIAN

I know, I know, their chapel.

MIRIAM

They're going to 'show you true suffering' and I don't know what to think about a chapel and African slaves - this is way heavy.

WYLIE

Child your describing someone being called by the spirit world?

MIRIAM

Correct. He's been called.

Miriam points at Hadrian. Hadrian shrugs at Wylie.

SABINA

Let's at least get out of here. Where to spirit guide?

MIRIAM

Drive to the Bunker Hill steps, that's where we start.

WYLIE

How do you know this?

MIRIAM

His grandfather's diaries. They're a road map - I just grab one, start reading, he guides me. But we must always stay on path, I sense. If we get off path, we might lose his guidance. That would be bad.

WYLIE

All right then, but you're a strange child.

EXT. BUNKER HILL STEPS, LOS ANGELES, CA. - DAY

Hadrian, Sabina, Wylie, and Miriam loiter at the bottom of the steps. Miriam has a diary open.

HADRIAN
It feels weird.

Standing near Hadrian are Stephen and Hazel. Miriam notices Stephen and Hazel. Stephen and Hazel vanish.

MIRIAM
They were here, a second ago. This is where they started their journey. I'll read it for you. I think reading out loud will draw them closer to us from the supernatural world.

WYLIE
You see the supernatural world?

MIRIAM
It's who I am. Let me read.

I/E. MODEL A FORD, DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES, CA - DAY 1930

Stephen and Hazel are waving goodbye to a grouping of friends. The engine rattles. Bags packed. He and Her are near the car, they are joyful but invisible to all but US.

MIRIAM (V.O.)
"I am a married man. I'll protect Hazel. My one. I came to Los Angeles alone. I will miss it. But we are called back home to mission. We are one. I felt God's pure love for the first time with her."

EXT. BUNKER HILL STEPS, LOS ANGELES, CA. - DAY

Hadrian has covered his face with his hands. Wylie smiles over at Miriam. Sabina's laughing. Miriam closes the diary.

HADRIAN
I just heard the first time my grandparents got laid.

MIRIAM
I thought it sweet.

HADRIAN
Where's next?

MIRIAM
Do you realize I think we're going
along the original Route 66?

WYLIE
Now that's intriguing. My father
took our family across Route 66.
They were escaping South Carolina.

MIRIAM
The more I read it's obvious.

HADRIAN
Makes sense. But we need to get out
of LA. The Security Guards are
getting rambunctious.

Hadrian waves over to the Security Guards. They wave back.

SABINA
Yeah, they don't look happy.

MIRIAM
We'll drive along the Arroyo Seco
Parkway. The key is if we see them,
I think that's their tell.

SABINA
Got a stop outside LA?

MIRIAM
Let's go to the Aztec Hotel. He
wrote about it, briefly.

Hadrian stares down the busy city streets. He reflects.

INT. OLD STEPHEN'S CAR, EASTERN KENTUCKY - DAY, LONG AGO

Young Hadrian driving. Old Stephen exhales. He taps over at
Young Hadrian. He and Her are in the backseat looking at US.

OLD STEPHEN
Someday our spirits will come find
you. We'll need your help.

YOUNG HADRIAN
Okay... ah, grandpa...

OLD STEPHEN
Not sure why I said that. But I
believe it. Have faith.

He and Her grin at US.

EXT. E. AZTEC HOTEL, MONROVIA, CA. - DAY 1930

Stephen and Hazel drive the car near the hotel exterior. They
look back over at each other. Hazel shakes her head.

MIRIAM (V.O.)
"We saw a strange place along the
road, a hotel we think, but we
dared not go inside."

EXT. E. AZTEC HOTEL, ROUTE 66, MONROVIA, CA - DAY

Hadrian parks the car. Hadrian, Sabina, Wylie, and Miriam are
milling near the front doors. Stephen and Hazel appear.
Hadrian, Sabina, and Miriam step backwards seeing them.
Wylie's oblivious and walks through Stephen and Hazel.

HADRIAN
I saw them. I did.

WYLIE
Saw what? Are you all on something?

HADRIAN
Don't laugh. I've been seeing my
grandparents spirits. And others.

Wylie stops. He points at Hadrian.

WYLIE
What's really going on?

Hadrian stares into the sky. He points at Miriam.

HADRIAN
She's clairvoyant, she sees them
too. Sabina and I think they might
be behind this whole death threat.

WYLIE
Sabina? Miriam?

MIRIAM
He's telling the truth.

SABINA

I didn't believe it, until that flipping pearl. It's wacky.

Wyllie snickers and rubs his head. He wipes his eyes.

WYLIE

I'll play along. I do believe in the Holy Spirit. But I've never seen anything with my own eyes.

MIRIAM

Let's go check out the Wigwam Village next. It's an experiment to see if they appear. They should not appear. You follow me?

HADRIAN

That makes logical sense.

SABINA

Why wasn't it called a TeePee Village?

EXT. E. WIGWAM VILLAGE, SAN BERNARDINO, CA - DAY

Hadrian parks the car. Hadrian, Sabina, Wyllie, and Miriam get out gazing over at the concrete teepees.

SABINA

I used my iPad for good use. The Native Americans did not use wigwams. They used teepees.

MIRIAM

You'll find a lot of cultural appropriations like these buildings that were insulting to the indigenous peoples.

HADRIAN

(at Miriam)

I didn't see them. Did you?

MIRIAM

Nope. We learned something.

WYLIE

What that might be? Again?

MIRIAM

They might disappear when we get off path. He's guiding us to teach us - but I don't know where.

WYLIE

How do you know this? Again?

MIRIAM

I'm highly clairvoyant. He talks to me through the diaries, it's not a trick - it's who I am.

SABINA

Your smartphone hasn't been blowing up?

MIRIAM

I told him to chill, I needed time to think. Next let's go to a Harvey House, he mentioned them in his diaries, he didn't like them.

EXT. HARVEY HOUSE, NEEDLES, CALIFORNIA - DAY

Hadrian parks the car. Hadrian, Sabina, Wylie, and Miriam get out to inspect the abandoned depot. Miriam senses spirit energy. Hadrian sees Stephen and Hazel appear and vanish.

MIRIAM

Can I borrow that pearl?

HADRIAN

Another experiment?

Hadrian hands the pearl over to Miriam.

MIRIAM

I want to do this solo first. And then, we will to use the pearl collectively by holding hands.

HADRIAN

It's like an electrical connection?

MIRIAM

The spirit world operates beyond the speed of light. This pearl attracts their light.

WYLIE

(at Hadrian)

Where did you find this child?

HADRIAN
At the library.

MIRIAM
It's true. I'm a librarian.

Wyllie's amused looking back at Hadrian and Sabina.

EXT. HARVEY HOUSE, NEEDLES, CALIFORNIA - DAY, LONG AGO

Miriam becomes immersed within a white light. The building has transformed to be active with only white patrons. An all African American staff and servers. From outside the building, a NATIVE AMERICAN MAN, 40's, sees Miriam. His family watching the high-end service. He steps toward Miriam. The Native American man spits at Miriam. Miriam backs away.

EXT. HARVEY HOUSE, NEEDLES, CALIFORNIA - DAY

Miriam hands the pearl back to Hadrian. Sabina, Wyllie, and Hadrian are not sure what to say. Miriam sucks in oxygen, shaking out her hands, walking in a circle.

SABINA
What did you see?

Sabina and Wyllie tend to the frightened Miriam.

MIRIAM
I went back in time. Native Americans spat at me.

WYLLIE
You went back in time?

MIRIAM
I saw this place. It was active, full of whites only.

HADRIAN
They are showing us racism?

Wyllie looks hard at Miriam. He considers things.

WYLLIE
Maybe it's Miriam's vibe? But I'm getting a serious sensation - like I'm supposed to be with you, boss.

Hadrian, Sabina, and Miriam gaze at Wyllie.

MIRIAM

Maybe so, he wants us to see an old bridge, let's keep going?

EXT. OLD TRAILS BRIDGE, ROUTE 66, ARIZONA - DAY

Hadrian, Sabina, Wylie, and Miriam stroll outside the car. The bridge crosses over the Colorado River. Miriam's holding a diary, with her other hand she reads off her iPad.

MIRIAM

They drove across this bridge. It's a national historic landmark.

SABINA

Looks modern even today.

MIRIAM

He wrote about it. Let me read it.

Stephen and Hazel appear. And they vanish. Miriam sets down her iPad. Hadrian and Miriam look at each other.

HADRIAN

(to Sabina and Miriam)

I saw them. We're on path, right?

Wylie whistles, claps his hands, shakes his head.

WYLIE

I must be blind. But I sense my moment is coming. I know this...

EXT. OLD TRAILS BRIDGE, ARIZONA - DAY 1930

Stephen and Hazel stop their car. They get out. There are homeless people living under the bridge. There are trucks and cars packed with families rolling toward and past them.

MIRIAM (V.O.)

"We are making progress. Hazel's not missing her family as much. She seems secure in her decision. We crossed over an amazing bridge today. It was breathtaking and nothing like we'd ever seen."

Miriam clears her throat.

MIRIAM

"But we noticed more families are driving west - with what they can pack and carry. Like us. Not sure. Hazel said they were farmers. They looked a lot like her family."

EXT. OLD TRAILS BRIDGE, ROUTE 66, ARIZONA - DAY

Wyllie mutters something inaudible. He stands still. Miriam touches his arm. Wyllie turns to pat her hand. He's tearful. Hadrian and Sabina are unsure what to do.

MIRIAM

Wyllie?

Wyllie wipes away tears. He snuffles. He and Her appear. Miriam can see them. Wyllie's unaware.

WYLLIE

Maybe your rubbing off on me child.
I can't stop thinking of my family.
It just hit me. They likely crossed
this bridge when they fled from
South Carolina.

SABINA

I've never seen you get upset.

WYLLIE

My father made the decision in the
forties. Had too. My uncle...

Wyllie's lips tremble. Miriam hugs him. He and Her stand near, unseen. But they touch and reassure Wyllie. He stops crying.

WYLLIE

My Uncle, Uncle Caleb, I was told.
He'd gotten pulled over one night.
Mob lynched him, for no good
reason. No good reason...

HADRIAN

California meant safety. A fresh
start from what, Jim Crow?

WYLLIE

My father's thinking. You don't
understand Jim Crow unless you
experienced it. But things worked
out. Sorry about that...

Hadrian pats Wylie on the shoulder. He and Her smile at Miriam. They fade away. But the African slave family of three appear. Only Hadrian and Miriam see them. They vanish.

HADRIAN

I, I don't know what to say...

MIRIAM

Wylie. You're presence is important. But, I'm afraid for you.

Wylie nods at Miriam. He walks toward the car.

SABINA

Any ideas where we should stay?

MIRIAM

Kingman, it's not far.

SABINA

I'll find us a hotel. Although, don't get your hopes up for anything nice.

EXT. HOTEL, KINGMAN, ARIZONA - DAY

Hadrian, Sabina, Wylie, and Miriam stroll toward a Route 66 themed hotel wrapped in neon. Miriam's reading a diary in one hand and looking at her iPad in the other. Wylie's hanging back cruising alone watching them with curiosity.

HADRIAN

Cool. I live for neon, babe.

SABINA

Sorry, it's the only place I can get three rooms.

HADRIAN

(to Miriam)

What's the plan for tomorrow?

MIRIAM

Maybe check out Hoover Dam? It's not far. He didn't write about it, but it's a powerful sensation. It has to be him guiding us.

HADRIAN

I've never seen to Hoover Dam.

MIRIAM

Since we seem to be always on or near Route 66. I've been reading up on it. It's shrouded in pop culture, myths, ugly stuff.

Wylie helps Miriam with her iPad. She closes the diary.

WYLIE

According to my father, Route 66 was dangerous. They drove only during the daytime, because they were not allowed out after dark.

HADRIAN

What the actual fuck?

WYLIE

Ever heard of the Green Book? Blacks had to be resourceful, it wasn't just in the south.

MIRIAM

That's upsetting. I had no idea.

WYLIE

Just the historical truth nobody likes to talk. You get this?

MIRIAM

Just to be clear, the Hoover Dam was not part of their journey. But I'm sensing he wants us to see it, there's a lesson for us there - this will be part of our journey.

EXT. HOOVER DAM, BOULDER CITY, NEVADA - DAY

Hadrian, Sabina, Wylie, and Miriam tour along the walkway. Behind them the active waters of Lake Meade. They randomly intermingle with tourists and the like.

HADRIAN

This dam would never get built today, no way. A lot of workers were killed building this.

WYLIE

I was not aware of this...

HADRIAN

Carbon monoxide poisoning. I think that's the lesson.

(MORE)

HADRIAN (CONT'D)

We easily forgot those that came before us who endured hardship for a greater good. Or, something like that... I'm about making money, not hurting innocent workers.

Hadrian rubs the pearl between his fingers. Miriam waves Sabina, Wylie over to encourage them to all hold hands. The CONSTRUCTION WORKERS spirits, all ages, their spirits emerge.

MIRIAM

Don't be afraid Wylie. Just go with it, be chill to what you see.

Wylie looks curious but determined at Miriam. He grips her hands. He watches Hadrian and Sabina do the same thing.

The Construction Workers emerge along the walkway. The spirits look at Miriam. Hadrian, Sabina, and Miriam are taken aback. Wylie shutters. Hadrian looks at the other tourists who don't seem notice anything. They stop holding hands. Wylie has to sit down to catch his breath. Hadrian, Sabina, and Miriam comfort him.

WYLIE

I don't know what to say.

Wylies breathing with quick gasps.

MIRIAM

They are real spirits.

WYLIE

Boss. I don't tell you what to do. But, I am one hundred percent certain you're being called by the spirit. I'm serious. No doubt.

HADRIAN

Me too. I've never done anything like this ever. But here I am.

WYLIE

There's a chapel involved? Slaves?

HADIRAN

An old woman told me I'm tasked to save it. And yes, she said something about slaves.

WYLIE

This is a spiritual journey. I was not certain before, I am now. Where's next? Grand Canyon?

MIRIAM

I think it so, close by, why?

Wyllie contemplates hard inside his mind.

WYLIE

This trip will get a lot tougher.
Grand Canyon is an ancient site.
Wonder what will we see there?

EXT. GRAND CANYON, SKYWALK, WEST RIM, AZ - DAY

Hadrian, Sabina, Wyllie, and Miriam hold hands. The spirits of a HUALAPAI WARRIOR party on horseback, ride along the rim. The hunting party threateningly stare over at them. They ride away without acknowledging them. Hadrian, Sabina, Wyllie, and Miriam stop holding hands. Miriam moans.

WYLIE

I always believed in the
supernatural. But never seen it.
They saw us, I have no doubt, boss.

HARDRIAN

We'll keep this exercise to the
group, okay? I have bosses, too.

WYLIE

I'm with you.

SABINA

(to Miriam)
Feeling sick?

Miriam sits. She breaths in, she breaths out. Sabina suspects something more profound. She sits next to Miriam.

MIRIAM

Maybe a bit. This is all so intense
for me, I'm sensing spirits
everywhere. It's overwhelming.

Miriam stares over toward the canyon. He and Her appear. She sees them, they come to her, they kneel before Miriam.

MIRIAM

I'm pregnant.

Miriam grips Sabina's hand. He and Her kiss her on the forehead and fade away.

SABINA

I had that feeling. Do we need to
get you back home?

MIRIAM

No. I feel like I need to be here.
It's just a lot to take in.

WYLIE

Whatever you need child. Me and my
dearly departed wife, we never
conceived. It's one big miracle.

Sabina looks up at Wylie. She hugs Miriam. Hadrian turns
away. Miriam pulls out a diary. She waves it at Hadrian.

HADRIAN

What's this?

MIRIAM

I can't read this out loud. Maybe
it's what upset me. But he wanted
you to read this out here - it's
the reason we came here. It's his
plan, he's guiding us, not the
diaries. You must read this alone.

WYLIE

Let's get her to the car.

Hadrian sits. He opens the diary. His eyes trace words.

EXT. APPALACHIA FOREST, EASTERN KENTUCKY - DAY 1931

Stephen directs Hazel to a rock formation canopied by the
sturdy trees. BIRDS CHIRPING. He and Her walk with them in
union with Mother Nature. They look at US, painfully.

HADRIAN (V.O.)

"I walked her to the spot. The
birds were there. The rocks and
trees looked the same. Brother and
me had gone into the mountains to
shoot birds, stupid birds."

EXT. APPALACHIA FOREST, EASTERN KENTUCKY - DAY 1923

YOUNG STEPHEN, 19, walks with a similar featured YOUNG MAN,
20, his brother, both holding shotguns. They are having fun,
chitchatting, smiling as they sit down on a rocky spot. His
brother taps down his shotgun. (O.S.) A shotgun BLAST.

Stephen's face splattered with blood. Stephen's gasping, clutching his brother's now lifeless body. He and Her appear and kneel to care for the brothers. They accept the brother's spirit. They fade away. Stephen sees them. He's shaking.

HADRIAN (V.O.)

"It started raining. I held him until he stopped breathing and shaking, hugged him for a bit and then carried him home. None of us talked much. I know he's with God."

EXT. GRAND CANYON, SKYWALK, WEST RIM, AZ - DAY

Hadrian closes the diary. He takes a deep breath. Hadrian stares forward, gets up and ambles toward the car. His face hard as stone, but he clutches the diary close to his chest. He and Her appear. They stroll along with Hadrian.

EXT. GRAND CANYON SKYWALK WEST RIM, AZ - DAY

Hadrian gets into the car and behind the wheel. He glances at Wylie. He turns to look at Sabina holding Miriam.

HADRIAN

(to Miriam)

How are you doing?

MIRIAM

I'll be all right. My emotions can be overwhelming.

HADRIAN

You were right. I needed to read that alone. I'm not sure if I'll ever be able to talk about it.

Wylie and Sabina look at each other wondering. Hadrian nods.

HADRIAN

It was a moment my grandfather lost his brother. An accident in the mountains, shotgun, brother died.

Wylie and Sabina understand. Sabina reaches for Hadrian.

MIRIAM

We're to go to the Petrified Forest. It's maybe three hours. I need the time to calm down.

WYLIE

Oh lands, I've always wanted to see it. I'm told its a sacred place, full of spiritual energy.

HADRIAN

Wylie, can you drive? I'm with Miriam, I'll need the time to get my mind right. My grandfather warned me I'd experience loss, he said it would make me feel alive.

SABINA

Are you okay?

HADRIAN

It was startling to read about him experiencing his brother's death. I can't imagine that... life's precious, isn't it?

Hadrian looks over at Sabina. Sabina closes her eyes.

INT. OLD STEPHEN'S CAR, EASTERN KENTUCKY - DAY, LONG AGO

Young Hadrian grips the steering wheel. Old Stephen stares at Young Hadrian. He and Her in the backseat lean forward to touch Hadrian and Stephen's shoulders. They look at US.

OLD STEPHEN

You can't feel alive without experiencing loss. Someday you'll understand. We all need each other, don't isolate yourself. Here me?

EXT. PETRIFIED FOREST, ARIZONA - DAY

Wylie parks the car. Hadrian, Sabina, and Miriam get out with him. They walk up to an observation deck. Miriam's clutching a diary close to her chest. She smiles. She opens it. The Security Guard's park their SUV nearby. They get out.

MIRIAM

I think you'll like these selections from his diaries. He's becoming a beautiful writer.

WYLIE

I like you child. You have a lovely spirit. I feel closer to the Holy Spirit standing with you.

MIRIAM
But I'm not a believer?

WYLIE
It doesn't matter. I think the Holy
Spirit loves us all the same.

A Red-Tailed Hawk flies high in the blue sky. It SHRIEKS down at Hadrian. Hadrian puts his hand up, he considers if it might poop on him. It does not. It circles, landing on an old telephone pole. Beneath the pole, a PUEBLO SHAMAN sits within a bright light meditating. He and Her stand next him, and Stephen and Hazel appear. Miriam looks at them with wonder.

EXT. PETRIFIED FOREST, ARIZONA - DAY 1930

Stephen and Hazel stand on an observation deck. They gaze in awe at the metaphysical majesty with a wide range of colors splashing across their faces.

MIRIAM (V.O.)
"We drove quite far and luckily we made it. The A is sturdy. It was a good stop for gas and food - so we rested. It was like Heaven appeared, being revealed by the sun. The tall mountains were painted with lines of red, orange and yellows. We stood in silence, prayed and wondered about life."

Miriam turns a page.

MIRIAM (CONT'D)
"Hazel asked if we can stop in Kansas, go find her father's grave. She asked if I would perform my first funeral service for her dad. I am deeply honored. I'm also scared. It's important to respect the dead. I need God's grace."

EXT. PETRIFIED FOREST, OBSERVATION DECK, ARIZONA - DAY

Miriam closes the diary. Sabina taps Wylie's arm. She waves for him to follow. Wylie smiles at Sabina

SABINA
Let's get some pictures.

Miriam holds the diary close. She looks up at Hadrian who watches the hawk flying high in the sky.

MIRIAM

How'd you get so rich?

Hadrian looks down at her. He grunts.

HADRIAN

Hedge fund.

MIRIAM

I don't understand.

HADRIAN

Sophisticated gambling. We make financial bets observing human behavior. But it's gambling.

Miriam rubs her belly. Hadrian notices. Miriam looks over at Wylie taking a photo of Sabina with the forest behind her. Miriam watches a NAVAJO WARRIOR, 25, in full tribal dress guide his painted horse across the land. He glances at her.

MIRIAM

I'm seeing spirits everywhere. It's way more intense than I expected. Maybe it's just hormonal?

HADRIAN

If you want to stop?

MIRIAM

No. Do you think God exists? This place makes me feel there's something beyond us.

Hadrian gazes at the Painted Desert, at the ancient petroglyphs. He taps his mouth.

HADRIAN

I'm not sure. I thought it was bullshit. But now... not sure.

MIRIAM

Me too. I thought growing up that the spirits I saw where me being, kind of, you know, wacky, but now? This place is highly spiritual, my senses are almost uncontrollable.

Miriam hugs the diary. Hadrian focuses on Miriam's face.

HADRIAN

Say it, it's in your eyes.

MIRIAM

I assumed seeing your grandparents spirits were connected to the diaries. It's sort of how that world works. I thought. Not anymore... I feel a powerful energy.

HADRIAN

I'm at a loss. Even my contrarian thinking is being challenged.

MIRIAM

Please don't think I've lost my mind, too. But, there are two beings following us, watching us.

HADRIAN

I've seen them too.

MIRIAM

I don't think they're spirits like your grandparents. I don't think they were ever alive. I wonder if they'll appear in Albuquerque? He wrote about a statue. I have a strong sensation about this statue.

Hadrian nods. He waves at the Security Guards who are standing next to their SUV.

HADRIAN

Let's keep going.

MIRIAM

I'm afraid.

Hadrian and Miriam walk toward the car. They stop. Wylie and Sabina are inside inspecting their smartphone photos.

HADRIAN

Don't leave me wondering?

Miriam faces Hadrian.

MIRIAM

Soon. We're going to see something terrible. I feel it. It has to do with this statue. He didn't like the statue, he thought it was a lie, your grandfather would never lie, especially not to himself.

HADRIAN
Albuquerque? Land of Enchantment. I
guess we're going to find out.

EXT. HOTEL, OLD TOWN, ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO - DAY

Wylie's got the car hood up. Hadrian's watching him. Sabina
and Miriam are searching their iPads. The Security Guard's
SUV pulls up next to Hadrian. They get out of the SUV.

WYLIE
I've found a place to hoist her up.
Maybe you all go be tourists?

Hadrian cleans off his hands with a towel.

HADRIAN
Got any good news?

SECURITY GUARD ONE
We think one more day.

HADRIAN
We can tolerate one more day.

SECURITY GUARD ONE
Question, might we borrow your
mechanic? Sir?

Wylie leans back from under the hood. Hadrian looks at Wylie.

WYLIE
I've got an address, follow me?

Security Guard nods and walks over to his SUV.

HADRIAN
(to Miriam)
Let's check out this statue?

EXT. MADONNA OF THE TRAIL, ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO - DAY

Hadrian, Sabina, and Miriam get out of a car. Miriam leafs
through a diary. She finds the section. They walk around the
dramatic statue placed on a random street corner.

MIRIAM
This was not here when they drove
through. This one was moved.

Miriam looks down at the open diary.

MIRIAM

He only wrote, "not real history".

Hadrian reads the monuments dedication. Miriam searches for information on her iPad. Sabina takes a photo.

HADRIAN

Says Harry Truman attended the dedication in 1928.

MIRIAM

I'm not sure how to feel about it.

HADRIAN

Why this statue? It's not particular interesting.

SABINA

Come on, don't hold back.

MIRIAM

They erected these after the westward expansion. It's overly dramatic and doesn't even give any outreach to the indigenous peoples.

Miriam notices the spirits of two APACHE TRIBE GIRLS, 9 & 10, are playing near the statue. Their APACHE MOTHER, 20s, appears, they stop playing and stare over at Miriam.

APACHE MOTHER

(to Miriam)

Tell them spirit woman.

Hadrian and Sabina are oblivious what Miriam notices.

HADRIAN

I grew around Confederate memorials. Big statues to losing generals. They confused me, too.

MIRIAM

I think, rather, I sense we need to hold hands with the pearl.

Sabina and Hadrian hold Miriam's hands, grasping the pearl.

EXT. BARREN LAND, NEW MEXICO - DAY 1876

Hadrian, Sabina, and Miriam are transported to a post-Apache battle. The woman and children cower from an oncoming US Calvary soldier on horseback who gallops to them.

He shoots the woman in the head and then the children. He dismounts his horse, pulls out his scabbard, and stabs them.

But as the Apache woman and children lie dead. He and Her appear. They appear luminous, tender, kneeling, and tending to the fallen. A bit of bright light from the bodies that He and Her accept. They look at Hadrian, Sabina, and Miriam. And then, Stephen and Hazel appear standing with He and Her. A group of slaves chained together appear. They fade away.

EXT. MADONNA OF THE TRAIL, ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO - DAY

Hadrian, Sabina, and Miriam are no longer holding hands. Hadrian backs away breathing hard, gripping his knees. Miriam's hands are shaking, clutching the diary to her chest. Sabina's crying with her hand over her mouth.

HADRIAN

Damn. I saw what I saw.

SABINA

He shot a woman and her babies?

Sabina's crying. Miriam drops the diary on the ground. She hugs Sabina. They hold each other. Mortified.

SABINA

(to Hadrian)

Who or what were those things?

HADRIAN

I don't know.

SABINA

Did one those come for our baby?

Hadrian gets up, he ponders a moment, he steps over and gently hugs Sabina. Miriam picks up the diary, she weeps looking at a husband trying to console his wife.

SABINA

Is that why we're so ugly?

HADRIAN

We'll get through this.

SABINA

I didn't want to be lawyer. I wanted to a mom. Why was that so hard for me? Am I bad person?

Hadrian releases his hug. Sabina's emotionally spent, she sits down. Miriam looks to Hadrian for guidance.

HADRIAN
Those beings are real. Angels?

MIRIAM
I think they're angels. I do. I've
never sensed anything like them.

Hadrian pushes against the statue. He backs up.

HADRIAN
We're going to go find my
grandparents' chapel. Miriam?

MIRIAM
I feel spiritually connected to
your grandparents. I'm in.

HADRIAN
All I know is we need to drive.
I'll not fail my friends, ever.

SABINA
What? What friends?

HADRIAN
Remember my mother's cemetery?

SABINA
Yes. The CSA symbols?

HADRIAN
My family fought for the South. It
was almost unspoken, but my
grandparents never allowed any form
of racism. Never. It's the reason
they are not buried in the family
cemetery. But on that hillside...

SABINA
I wondered about that. They lived
during Jim Crow. Didn't they?

HADRIAN
All of my grandfather's brothers
and sisters went into the ministry.
I think I know why...

EXT. INTERSTATE 40, NEW MEXICO - DAY

Wyllie's driving with Hadrian staring forward. Miriam's
scanning her iPad. She pushes forward. Sabina's asleep.

MIRIAM

Hey, we should stop in Santa Rosa -
they went swimming there.

WYLIE

What? All sand and rocks out here-

Miriam shows Wylie the address from her iPad.

MIRIAM

Drive to this address.

Miriam slides back into the seat next to Sabina. Sabina awakes, she pats Miriam's hand. Sabina's reflective.

SABINA

I'm happy you stayed.

MIRIAM

I don't want to regret not being
open to whatever waits for us.

SABINA

We should do something fun, get me
out of this funk. What have you
always wanted? Something you'd
never buy yourself.

Miriam puts the diary back in her bag.

MIRIAM

I'm content with being me.

Sabina looks out at the flat lands, they drive past highway
signs for Historic Route 66 and Amarillo, Texas.

SABINA

What about a fancy cowboy hat?

Miriam covers her face with her hands.

MIRIAM

I thought about a Tom Mix hat.

SABINA

Where's my iPad. There has to be a
serious place to get a cowboy hat
in Amarillo, Texas. This is an off
path decision by me.

MIRIAM

You're funny. I think they'll be
okay with us being off path for a
cowboy hat. Or not... that was weird.

EXT. BLUE HOLE, SANTA ROSA, NEW MEXICO - DAY

Wyllie, Hadrian, Sabina, and Miriam stand close together. Hadrian moves over to inspect along the water's edge. He's rubbing his thumb over the pearl. Stephen and Hazel appear.

WYLLIE

I'd never think this existed here
in twenty lifetimes. Amazing.

MIRIAM

This has been a crossroads for all
peoples over centuries. It's an
amazing vibe standing here. I can
sense a vast number of cultures.

Miriam looks across the dark waters and watches from centuries before INDIGENOUS PEOPLES drinking and bathing. And time folds over as BLACK COWBOYS are managing cattle drives. Miriam opens the diary.

EXT. BLUE HOLE, SANTA ROSA, NEW MEXICO - DAY 1930

Stephen smiles at Hazel with his feet in the water. Hazel splashes water at Stephen. They are joyful being together.

MIRIAM (V.O.)

"The blue water cooled us off.
Amazing what God gave us. We needed
it. To rest. I pray I can help
those in spiritual need."

EXT. BLUE HOLE, SANTA ROSA, NEW MEXICO - DAY

Miriam picks up a local attraction leaflet. She reads it. Hadrian, Wyllie, and Sabina are walking toward the parked car.

MIRIAM

Hey, I found a car museum? It's not
part of their journey. We'll be off
path? But this seems harmless.

Wyllie grins over at Hadrian. Sabina laughs. Miriam's curious.

INT. HOTROD MUSEUM, NEW MEXICO - DAY

Sabina sits down on a cushion chair near the entrance. Hadrian and Wyllie roam the aisles as Miriam follows. The dusty building a neon-lit relic in disrepair.

WYLIE
Ford, flathead six.

HADRIAN
Nice.

Miriam strolls over into a dark corner of the museum. She points at a car.

MIRIAM
Like your grandparents' car?

A Model A Ford. Hadrian examines the car.

HADRIAN
1930 Ford Deluxe Tudor, exact match... I want it.

Wylie acknowledges Hadrian. Miriam's confused.

INT. HOTROD MUSEUM, NEW MEXICO - DAY

Wylie returns. He brings along with him an older woman, MILDRED, 70s, a sassy gate. Her hands on her narrow hips.

WYLIE
This is Mildred.

HADRIAN
I like your museum. It's nice.

MILDRED
Why thank you, a life's work.

Miriam steps away. Hadrian points at the car.

HADRIAN
What is she, a 1930?

MILDRED
You've got a good eye, honey.

HADRIAN
Can I make you a serious offer?

MILDRED
She's family. She was my grandad's.

WYLIE
Original safety glass?

MILDRED
Honey, we're both 'all' original.

WYLIE

I have no doubt.

Hadrian steps over to admire the car.

WYLIE

I love her curves.

MILDRED

Wylie Coyote, you're a fun one.

Mildred stares over at Hadrian. Ponders his vibe.

MILDRED

You look a bit intense. Just saying. I'll buy you shot?

HADRIAN

My grandparents had an A. 1930.
I'll offer you a hundred thousand
US-all cash.

MILDRED

Oh honey, you're good. Not for
sale, she's going to my grandkid.

HADRIAN

How about a hundred fifty thousand?
I'm way over paying, respectfully.

MILDRED

Sorry, you look evil, it's in your
eyes. Hear me straight, no. You all
should just move on. I'm done.

Wylie backs away and he steps over toward Sabina and Miriam.

HADRIAN

We'll leave. I understand you
Mildred. You need money?

Hadrian walks a circle around Mildred. He opens his wallet,
removes a business card and hands it over to Mildred. She
accepts it. She reads the card.

HADRIAN

Do an internet search. A deep dive...
You've never heard of me. But I'm
well known. All cash offer?

MILDRED

I'm done. Get outta her boy.

HADRIAN

Boy? Well then, that's kind of offensive. Where I come from... you don't call a man, a boy. Ever.

MILDRED

Leave.

Mildred flips the card at Hadrian. Hadrian stands his ground.

HADRIAN

I've rescinded my offer. I think you will donate the car to my foundation. A gesture of good faith for calling me - a boy.

MILDRED

Go fuck yourself, ain't happening.

HADRIAN

No need to be offensive. In say, three months, a nicely dressed realtor will call on you. She'll make you an offer on behalf of the city government for this property. You say, no way?

MILDRED

You bet your sweet ass. Leave.

HADRIAN

Good girl, smart, well, your local government will decide this location is ideal for a some do-gooder social need. A new fire station or just needing to widen the road, who knows?

MILDRED

You can't just take someone's property, get out.

HADRIAN

Happens all the time, *sweetie*. 5th Amendment in the Constitution. Eminent Domain. Look it up.

MILDRED

Fuck you.

HADRIAN

Now, now, no need to be offensive. I'll leave. I want you to consider this final thought....

Hadrian smirks at Mildred for a few ponderous seconds.

HADRIAN (CONT'D)

I am now aware of you, your family,
this decaying museum... You need
money. Are you behind in your
property taxes? You should search
my name, I have a reputation. You
have two days...

EXT. HOT ROD MUSEUM PARKING LOT, NEW MEXICO - DAY

Wyllie and Hadrian stand next to each other near the car.
Mildred fidgets behind a window watching. Miriam and Sabina
are down a side road having a spirited conversation.

WYLIE

I think you riled the girl up.

HADRIAN

Sabina will calm her. She was a
gifted lawyer, don't be fooled.

Hadrian looks back over at Mildred. He grunts.

HADRIAN

I don't know why I bulldozed the
old cow? I don't need that car.

WYLIE

You're a predator, she's prey.

HADRIAN

It's not a good excuse. Even so, we
need to drive. This has to end.

Hadrian crosses his arms looking down the road.

I/E. INTERSTATE 40, NEW MEXICO - DAY

Hadrian sits in the car next Miriam. Miriam stares forward
boring a hole in the back of the front seat. Wyllie drives.
Sabina looks back at Hadrian, at Miriam, and turns around.

MIRIAM

Why were you so mean to her?

Miriam furrows her eyebrows. She holds the diary bag close.

HADRIAN

Mean? She got personal.

MIRIAM
You'd take her property?

HADRIAN
She's holding onto the past, it'll
put her into bankruptcy. It will.

Hadrian sighs. He exhales.

MIRIAM
I can't believe I got pregnant. I'm
not sure I want it.

Miriam looks over at Hadrian for guidance.

HADRIAN
Sorry about that situation back at
the museum... I shouldn't have done
that. I can be vindictive. It's not
a good excuse. It's like my ego
takes over and boom.

MIRIAM
What happened to your baby?

Hadrian nods. He gazes out at the flat land.

HADRIAN
He died in the crib. SIDS, sudden
infancy death syndrome. We donate
every year to the cause.

MIRIAM
Ever think maybe that's why you're
so mean? Holding onto to that past?
I think you have a rage inside you.

HADRIAN
Maybe so...

Miriam opens the bag and fumbles with the diaries.

MIRIAM
By the way, your grandparents have
disappeared. I'm not seeing them. I
think you pissed them off. And it's
partly my fault, I took us off
path. I should've known better.

HADRIAN
It's not your fault. Fuck'em. I can
find that chapel. I can solve any
problem they're having. And save
that rickety chapel.

Hadrian snaps his fingers.

MIRIAM

That's it, isn't it?

Hadrian squints his eyes looking over at Miriam.

MIRIAM

Total control, otherwise, you'll
just blow everything up. Walk away.

INT. FANCY HOTEL LOBBY, AMARILLO, TEXAS - NIGHT

Hadrian, Sabina, Wylie, and Miriam are enjoying beverages near an active hotel bar. Miriam's drinking water and staring at the glass. Sabina's watching her.

MIRIAM

I remembered I found the cemetery.
If we go there with the pearl maybe
they'll come back?

HADRIAN

It's in Kansas. I know that.

MIRIAM

Baxter Springs. I'd like to read
the section about the funeral
service. Maybe that will attract
them?

WYLIE

I like you child, but you live in a
strange wave length.

Hadrian grunts looking at Wylie.

HADRIAN

I'm in. I hope you're right. But in
the morning - cowboy hat.

MIRIAM

Cowboy hat?

SABINA

Something fun, it makes me happy.
We can just wing it for awhile, be
free. You want freedom?

Miriam nods. She glances over at Hadrian. He winks at her to play along with Sabina. Wylie understands as well.

INT. SADDLE & TACK SHOP, AMARILLO, TEXAS - DAY

Hadrian, Sabina, Wylie, and Miriam enter a western wear shop. A tall man with long arms, SHORTY, 60s, he's weathered like his boots that THUMP the wooden floor over to Sabina.

SABINA

Shorty?

SHORTY

I am. The nice lady that called?

SABINA

That's me.

Shorty ambles over and greets them. He spots Miriam.

SHORTY

(to Miriam)

Tom Mix - ten-gallon hat girl?

MIRIAM

Yes - this is crazy.

SHORTY

Fan of the old westerns?

MIRIAM

Silent films - Tom Mix.

SHORTY

Well, young lady, I'm your man.

Shorty starts showing Miriam cowboy hats.

SHORTY

Ever heard she's mad as a hatter?

WYLIE

Yeah? What's that all about?

Shorty examines a cowboy hat on Miriam's head. He glances over at Wylie. He grins.

SHORTY

Looks tight... They used to put mercury in the felt, made a cowboy go 'loco'. They don't do that anymore, you'll be fine.

Shorty steams the inside until he makes Miriam's enormous cowboy hat a perfect fit. Miriam gazes at her reflection.

SHORTY

How's that lookin' cowgirl? And by the way, here in Texas we have a rich tradition for cowgirls, and even Black cowboys.

WYLIE

Black cowboys? I never knew this.

SHORTY

Goes back to Sam Houston. He despised slavery. But cowpokes didn't care what color you were, just get the job done.

MIRIAM

Is this a dream?

SHORTY

No. Texas is a state of mind.

SABINA

Boots. Our girl needs boots.

HADRIAN

(to Shorty)

My treat. Some people buy flowers and chocolates to say they're sorry. I'm buying cowboy hats and boots.

Hadrian hands Shorty a fancy credit card.

SHORTY

I like you partner.

EXT. INTERSTATE 40, TEXAS - DAY

Miriam, Wylie, Sabina, and Hadrian are all wearing cowboy hats. Wylie drives. Sabina and Miriam are in the back sleeping. Wylie answers his smartphone, sets it down, and glances at Hadrian. He huffs.

WYLIE

You're the new owner of a Model A.

Hadrian gazes at the scruffy plains passing by mile after mile. He grimaces back over at Wylie.

HADRIAN

I'll get you a plane, collect the car, you go back home?

WYLIE

I can tell Grace I checked up on you and *the spirit world*.

HADRIAN

Thanks. I'll need to give her pearl back, it's caused enough trouble.

WYLIE

I bet those spirits will reappear, they're just waiting you out.

HADRIAN

You lost me?

WYLIE

They're waiting for you to get your mind right. I can tell by looking at you, you're getting there. You sometimes have anger issues, my recommendation, let the anger go away brother, it's a choice.

Hadrian nods back over at Wylie. He looks at the land.

INT. EXECUTIVE JET HANGAR, OKLAHOMA CITY, OK - DAY

Miriam taps at her iPad. She references a diary. Wylie sits next to her holding a bag. Hadrian paces. Sabina watches him being neurotic and uncertain.

HADRIAN

Maybe I've got this wrong?

Wylie walks over to open the exit door and toward a waiting jet. And across the waiting room Stephen and Hazel appear. Hadrian notices them. He looks back at Wylie. He looks at Stephen and Hazel. Hadrian rubs his forehead. The pearl.

HADRIAN

Wait. Forget the car... Stay with us...

Hadrian looks back at Stephen and Hazel. They nod at him.

WYLIE

Pardon?

Miriam craftily notices Hadrian's reaction. She looks over at Stephen and Hazel. And He and Her appear. They are praying.

HADRIAN

(to Wylie)

Tell Mildred to keep the car.

(MORE)

HADRIAN (CONT'D)

Tell her I'm sorry. I'm sorry. And, I'll make a fifty-thousand dollar donation to her museum. Wait. She needs the money. A hundred thousand, better.

MIRIAM

(to Hadrian)

You did good. I see them.

HADRIAN

(to Wylie)

Stay with us?

WYLIE

Sure. I can drive, while you, ah, think. You know, think about life.

MIRIAM

I like you Wylie. You have a super kind vibe, your spirit calms me.

WYLIE

Well, thank you child. I like you too. I like your quirky self. Do I get to be a godfather?

Miriam half-grins. She rubs her belly.

MIRIAM

Maybe so... I'm not sure yet.

I/E. VINTAGE CONVERTIBLE, OKLA CITY, OKLAHOMA - DAY

Hadrian sits behind the wheel messing with the gearshift. Wylie sits in the back with Sabina talking inaudibly. Miriam sits up front next to Hadrian looking through her diary bag.

HADRIAN

Let's drive to Kansas?

MIRIAM

I'm sorry about before.

HADRIAN

I'm not sure what you mean?

MIRIAM

I got you off your path. The museum, it was my idea. But you got us back on path. You did it.

HADRIAN

I guess. Maybe I'm trying not to be so mean. It's a bad habit.

MIRIAM

Let's find the cemetery. Your grandfather wrote about it. He was a kind man, his words are filled with kindness. Honesty.

Hadrian starts the car. He shifts into a gear.

HADRIAN

I wish you had met him.

Miriam opens a diary. She smiles over at Hadrian.

MIRIAM

I already have.

EXT. - INTERSTATE 35, OKLAHOMA - DAY

Hadrian drives. He answers a smartphone call. Wylie's sitting behind him. He snaps his gaze over into the west at a gathering darkness. The security SUV powers past them with its caution lights winking. Sabina and Miriam stop reading.

WYLIE

(to Hadrian)

What happened?

HADRIAN

Dust storm.

Wylie looks over at the fast approaching dust storm.

WYLIE

Oh? Floor it.

Hadrian slams on the gas pedal and follows the SUV. It exits the interstate. They park. Sabina and Miriam run inside a restaurant. Wylie and Hadrian retrieve a car cover from the trunk. The storm intensifies and they are being pelted with dust and swirling winds.

HADRIAN

This going to work?

Wylie and Hadrian have to strongly hold the cover from the harsh wind catching it and taking it away.

WYLIE

Lock it down... at the corners...

Wyllie verifies the lock. He scrambles with Hadrian inside.

INT. LOCAL ROADSIDE RESTAURANT, OKLAHOMA - DAY

Hadrian, Sabina, Miriam, Wyllie sit near a table. The Security Guards huddled at the next table examining the menu. Outside the windows, a storm rages. A SERVER, 20s, walks over with a suspicious expression looking at Hadrian.

SERVER

(to Hadrian)

You must be a bad omen. Ain't had a dust storm in years. Then you appear looking all important like.

HADRIAN

I'm not evil.

MIRIAM

Yes you are...

SERVER

It'll blow off. What can I get ya?

Server takes the drink orders. She walks away. Security Guard One leans over to get Hadrian's attention.

HADRIAN

(to Security Guard One)

You have news?

SECURITY GUARD ONE

Ah, promise me you'll not kill the messenger?

HADRIAN

Spit it out.

SECURITY GUARD ONE

The threat assessment has been lowered. You can return home. Either way, we'll continue working.

Hadrian smirks. He look up at the wooden ceiling.

HADRIAN

I could've predicted this.

SABINA

Let me guess, we're about at the half-way point?

MIRIAM

I'd say that's about right.

SECURITY GUARD ONE

Roger that. Call us when needed.

The Security Guard turns around. He picks up the menu. Miriam taps the table hard. Miriam's reading a diary.

MIRIAM

I think we should re-route through
Tulsa. It's the Route 66 midpoint.

He and Her appear. They touch the diary. The page lights up. Miriam's eyes widen. Stephen and Hazel appear. But the African slave appear as well.

MIRIAM

He wrote something quite troubling.
It... magically appeared.

Hadrian and Miriam see the spirits.

HADRIAN

Okay. We'll get there on Tulsa
time, right? *We're livin' on Tulsa
time...*

Miriam's confused. Unaware the song exists.

MIRIAM

After Tulsa then they drove north.
The cemetery. I totally missed
this, diaries are not always
sequential. But then, they have
reappeared and well, magic happens.

WYLIE

Clapton is a guitar god, child. He
has a black man's soul. He does.

SABINA

I bet Tulsa has nice hotels.

HADRIAN

Good thing Wylie stayed, I'd never
have gotten the cover over the car.

WYLIE

Now I know why they called them
black blizzards. I don't mean a
darky like me. You understand me
child?

MIRIAM

No. Dude?

HADRIAN

This ought to be good.

WYLIE

Didn't you read Grapes of Wrath?

MIRIAM

I get that, what's a 'darky'? Dude...

WYLIE

Oh, my father thought it was funny to call me his favorite darky. He did. It's a brotherly thing.

MIRIAM

Steinbeck didn't go into Jim Crow. Even though it was obvious. But, I'd never say, what you just said.

Miriam goes silent. She ponders at Wylie and over at Hadrian.

SABINA

Miriam's thinking hard.

MIRIAM

I'm afraid of the history we are heading into. The slave spirits, you know? I'm sensing hate.

WYLIE

I'm not shocked. We'll see things. Ugly things. But these are things you're destined to write about.

MIRIAM

I think I'll be good writer.

HADRIAN

You will. After all, I promised your boss I'd fund your research. I keep my promises, remember that.

EXT. - HISTORIC HOTEL, DOWNTOWN TULSA - DAY

Hadrian drives the car in front of an ornate hotel. Wylie, Sabina, and Miriam are met by VALETS, 20s, seeking tips by opening doors and gathering baggages.

SABINA

This was built in 1925, they might have seen it?

HADRIAN

Didn't stay here, no way.

Miriam taps Hadrian on his arm.

MIRIAM

They stayed in an area called Greenwood - It might be troubling with the pearl and all... It might be scary.

VALET

Be careful. That's black town.

WYLIE

(to Valet)

Pardon?

VALET

Oh. Sorry, didn't mean nothin'.

HADRIAN

Yeah you did, learn better. Here, take a twenty and remember this moment - learn from it.

EXT. 1921 BLACK WALLSTREET MEMORIAL, TULSA, OK - DAY

Hadrian, Sabina, Wylie, and Miriam stand and read about the massacre. Miriam opens a diary. She closes the diary. She furrows her eyes and clutches the diary close to her chest.

MIRIAM

I'm afraid to read out loud. Here.

Nearby by them the faint shadows of hundreds of African American spirits begin to emerge. Hadrian, Sabina, Wylie are unaware of these spirits emerging. Miriam senses them. He and Her appear in front of Miriam. She's awestruck. Miriam's hands tremble. He and Her touch Miriam. She stops trembling. He and Her float over near unaware Wylie.

HADRIAN

Hand it over, I'll read it.

SABINA

I didn't know about this, Wylie?

WYLIE

Nothing.

MIRIAM

(to Hadrian)

Ah, the, the pearl?

Hadrian hands the pearl over to Miriam. He opens the diary. He stares down at the words. Miriam watches the emerging spirits. They are all staring over at an unaware Wylie. He and Her gently touch Wylie. He starts to appear emotional, his eyes seeking instinctual answers.

INT. BOARDING HOUSE BEDROOM, GREENWOOD, OK - NIGHT 1930

Hazel's asleep in bed. Stephen's writing. Outside his window are the flattened ruins. He looks outside.

HADRIAN (V.O.)

"Blessed. Negro family took us in for a night. They trust us as I am a man of God. But we are still looked on with great suspicion. I know why. We are white. I look out the window at concrete stairs that once lead up to where homes had set. Now burned out, leveled. It's as if a great war happened. The lady of the house, her husband was murdered defending his home. We asked nothing more, they said nothing more. We pray for peace, hate has no purpose."

EXT. 1921 BLACK WALLSTREET MEMORIAL, OK - DAY

Hadrian hands the diary back over to Miriam. He examines the memorial and appears to read the names. Sabina and Wylie are focused on Hadrian and Miriam. Miriam starts to cry. He and Her they open the luminous veil. The spirits emerge being almost life like. Only Miriam sees them, for now.

WYLIE

(to Miriam)

I feel a great sadness.

MIRIAM

I do too. They're all around us.

Miriam stares over at a large group of nearby spirits. She holds out her hand with the pearl in her upright palm.

MIRIAM
 (to Wylie)
 Come hold my hand. Hadrian and
 Sabina, let's do this.

Wylie grips Miriam's hand. Hadrian holds Sabina's hand,
 Sabina steps over and holds Miriam's other hand. Hadrian
 stares over at Wylie with a reassuring wink. And the AFRICAN
 AMERICAN SPIRITS, all sexes, ages, emerge in front and all
 around the memorial. There are hundreds of them.

AFRICAN AMERICAN SPIRIT
 We see you brother - white sister.

WYLIE
 Dear Jesus...

Wylie starts to cry, he wobbles, his knees weaken.

MIRIAM
 (to Wylie)
 Breathe. Just breathe...

WYLIE
 Why? Why this?

African American Spirit Woman floats forward.

AFRICAN AMERICAN SPIRIT WOMAN
 A girl lied. White men came, they
 burned everything to the ground.

Wylie paws at the spirits but touches nothing.

AFRICAN AMERICAN SPIRIT WOMAN
 (to Miriam)
 Will you promise to write a
 truthful book to teach that
 violence has no purpose?

MIRIAM
 I promise.

Miriam stares forward with tears dripping down her face.

AFRICAN AMERICAN SPIRIT MAN
 All of us endure hardship. We are
 all equal in the eyes of the Lord.
 We were Americans too.

AFRICAN AMERICAN SPIRIT GIRL, 7, unaware, naive, steps near
 Hadrian. She looks up at him.

AFRICAN AMERICAN SPIRIT GIRL
(to Hadrian)
Were you one of them?

Hadrian leans down to face the little girl.

HADRIAN
I, I don't understand.

AFRICAN AMERICAN SPIRIT GIRL
The one that shot me, he looked
like you... Am I dead?

Hadrian doesn't know what to say or how to react. He's numb.

AFRICAN AMERICAN SPIRIT WOMAN
(to Wylie)
Guide him. He trusts you.

WYLIE
I, I will.

AFRICAN AMERICAN SPIRIT MAN
His grandparent's know his true
nature. He must lose his angry
mask. God is calling. Listen.

AFRICAN AMERICAN SPIRIT WOMAN
(to Miriam)
Be mindful of the baby growing
inside you. It is a helpless life.

He and Her are silent but emote powerful energy. Wylie, Miriam, Hadrian, and Sabina are in disbelief and awe. He and Her close the veil. They fade away.

HADRIAN
(to Wylie)
You all right?

WYLIE
Yeah, its a mighty thing for an old
man to see. But I saw them.

MIRIAM
That was super heavy. This place,
hundreds of people were murdered.

HADRIAN
Let's keep going. I feel like this
was a reminder, a reminder we seem
to forget how horrible we treated
other Americans. Where's next?

MIRIAM

I think we can stay in Joplin,
Missouri, tonight. It's close to
the cemetery.

EXT. FAMILY CEMETERY, BAXTER SPRINGS, KANSAS - DAY

Hadrian, Wylie, Sabina, and Miriam stand within an old cemetery near a gurgling stream. Miriam opens a diary. Miriam stops, considers, and hands the diary over to Hadrian.

MIRIAM (CONT'D)

(to Hadrian)

Wait. I think you should read
this.... It's about your family.

EXT. FAMILY CEMETERY, BAXTER SPRINGS, KANSAS - DAY 1930

Stephen, dressed in his formal pastoral clothes, stands at the end of a gravesite. Hazel cleans the headstone. A middle-aged farmer stands nearby wearing dirty overalls. There are children with him observing the service. He and Her appear. He stands next to Stephen. Her kneels with Hazel. They pray.

HADRIAN (V.O.)

"Hazel spent the morning cleaning the cemetery. The farmer was kind to let us go on the land. His children helped. He lost his wife to TB the year before. They buried her there. I performed my first funeral service for Hazel's father. She told me to be strong. I did my best as the farmer and his children watched. After - I let Hazel be still, she was quiet for a long spell. I feel it important to let her mourn, quietly. Within that quiet hides God and understanding."

EXT. FAMILY CEMETERY, BAXTER SPRINGS, KANSAS - DAY

Hadrian, Sabina, Wylie, and Miriam walk back toward the car. Hadrian hands the diary to Miriam. Wylie and Sabina stroll arm in arm. Miriam puts the diary in her bag.

HADRIAN

Wylie can you drive? My brains on lockdown.

WYLIE

Sure thing, where to?

MIRIAM

Kansas City, it's not far...
They stayed with a friend.

WYLIE

(to Miriam)

Hm. You're in for a treat I
suspect. Barbecue.

INT. HISTORIC BARBECUE RESTAURANT - KANSAS CITY, MO - DAY

Hadrian, Miriam, Sabina, Wylie sit near a table. A busy restaurant. Kitchen steam billowing out with active staff coming and going. The Security Guards sit at a nearby table.

SABINA

The reviews indicted this was the
place. This is old school.

Sabina waves over at the Security Guards. They all happily give her thumbs up. They're enjoying the barbecue.

MIRIAM

They stayed near here on 18th with
their friend. He didn't give an
exact address. Sorry-

HADRIAN

(to Sabina)

I love it. Nice find.

MIRIAM

(to Sabina)

My hotel room is for real.

SABINA

I'm a hotel snob. The reviews
screamed for us to stay there.

WYLIE

I'm humbled to be along. Tulsa has
changed me. But I must tell you
all.

Wylie taps his forefinger on the table. He sighs.

WYLIE

I can't shake a powerful sadness.

HADRIAN

How so?

WYLIE

We are going toward something. I've never felt this way.

Hadrian nods over at Wylie. He looks at Miriam.

HADRIAN

Got anything interesting in those diaries about Kansas City?

MIRIAM

I'm not comfortable reading here.

Miriam glances over at Wylie. Wylie smiles at Miriam.

WYLIE

Something this darky can help with?

HADRIAN

(to Wylie)

Can you read minds?

SABINA

Give it over.

Miriam hands Sabina the open diary. Sabina reads.

MIRIAM

See what I mean?

SABINA

It's not racist - Wylie will understand, Wylie?

Sabina hands the diary over to Wylie. He looks at the page.

INT. - HISTORIC BARBECUE RESTAURANT, KC, MO - DAY 1930

Stephen, and Hazel, and their FEMALE FRIEND, 23, pleasant, modest, are being served. A BOISTEROUS crowd of mostly African American's working and dining together.

WYLIE (V.O.)

"We made it to Kansas City. We stayed with Gracie on 18th. They lost their farm, too. Sad. Hazel's not blue. Gracie perked her up."

Wylie chuckles. He folds over a diary page.

WYLIE (V.O.)

"Gracie took us to a Negro restaurant. Barbecue. It was wondrous, molasses taste, hickory smoke, it reminded me my mother's cooking. Collard Greens. We also went to listen to Negro music. Some of it reminded me of our church hymns - blessed - I would like to attend a Negro church. I would feel honored to worship and learn how they worship to the same God. I think God loves everyone. We should learn to love one another better."

INT. HISTORIC BARBECUE RESTAURANT, KANSAS CITY, MO - DAY

Wylie closes the diary. He's quiet, reflective. He grips the diary. Hadrian, Sabina, and Miriam are eating and glancing back over at Wylie.

WYLIE

That man was not a racist. No way.

HADRIAN

My grandpa never met a stranger.

WYLIE

I wish I had met your grandfather. But I guess, in a sense, we're all meeting your grandfather.

HADRIAN

(to Miriam and Wylie)

You two like baseball? Got a museum I'd like to check out.

MIRIAM

Not my thing. But I'll hang.

WYLIE

I love baseball. What's this about?

HADRIAN

Read about it in the room. I get the feeling my grandparents' spirits approve. Just a hunch...

MIRIAM

You're getting into their vibe. They're talking to you now.

INT. NEGRO LEAGUES BASEBALL MUSEUM, KANSAS CITY, MO - DAY

Hadrian, Wylie, Sabina, and Miriam stroll past the displays. Miriam reads museum information. She walks over to Hadrian. Sabina smiles at her. Wylie's watching Miriam.

MIRIAM

Can I borrow the pearl? Wylie?

Hadrian hands the pearl to Miriam. She grasps it.

WYLIE

I should be afraid of you.

Hadrian and Sabina walk toward other memorabilia. Miriam and Wylie walk into a baseball diamond display with bronzed images of baseball players. And then, the bronzes come to life. SATCHEL PAIGE pitching with JOSH GIBSON hitting. Both notice Miriam and look at Wylie. They wave at him.

WYLIE

I'm, I'm not sure what to say.

Wylie waves back at Satchel and Josh. They wink at him.

MIRIAM

They must have been a special players? Let me investigate.

Miriam unfazed, steps across the diamond. She reads a large historical sign. A baseball whizzes past her head. Wylie tries too late to stop her. He covers his face with his hands.

EXT. NEGRO LEAGUES BASEBALL MUSEUM, KANSAS CITY, MO - DAY

Miriam, Wylie, Sabina, and Hadrian are leaving the museum. They are walking toward the car. The parking lot empty but for a few other patrons roaming here or there.

WYLIE

That was astonishing.

MIRIAM

Historically quite interesting. These men were robbed of their opportunity to play major league baseball. Terrible.

Miriam hands the pearl back to Hadrian.

MIRIAM

My mind has started to slow down
and absorb the locations, the
sensations, better. I'm feeling
stronger dealing with the pearl.

WYLIE

Do you always see ghosts?

MIRIAM

Even more with the pearl, it causes
me to see color deep within the
visual spectrum. It is trippy. This
is way beyond my normal energetic
vibrations.

WYLIE

You're a strange child.

MIRIAM

I know, been weird from birth.

WYLIE

Sorry, I didn't mean it like that,
your gifts to see what I cannot
see. You're a blessing to help me
see - to experience the Holy Spirit
in real time. This was fun.

MIRIAM

But some of the spirits are not
holy. They are potentially demonic.

WYLIE

Let's avoid those...

HADRIAN

I agree, Wylie. I'm glad we came.

Hadrian's contemplating. He grips the pearl.

MIRIAM

(to Hadrian)

What are you thinking?

HADRIAN

I think I should take you and Wylie
to Cheapside. In Lexington... it was
a slave market.

Hadrian opens the passenger side door for Sabina.

MIRIAM

That's sounds heavy. Whoa. But
could it be?

HADRIAN

I guess St. Louis is next? We've
plenty of time to think about it.
But unless I miss my guess, I think
we all know who will be waiting.

EXT. INTERSTATE 70, ST. LOUIS, MO - DAY

Wylie drives the car. Hadrian's next to him. Sabina and
Miriam are in the rear seat. The Gateway Arch appears in the
distance above the horizon.

INT. THE HILL, ITALIAN RESTAURANT, ST. LOUIS, MO - NIGHT

Hadrian, Sabina, Wylie, and Miriam sit next to a round white-
clothed table with full plates and wine glasses.

MIRIAM

Can we see inside the Arch? Go up?

SABINA

Not me, those pods creep me out.
But you deserve some fun, go have
fun. We can happily wait for you.

WYLIE

(to Miriam)

I'm with you.

Hadrian lifts up his full wine glass.

HADRIAN

Cheers. We'll wait for you two.
Anything he wrote about St. Louis?

MIRIAM

Real short stuff - like, his
favorite, "blue".

SABINA

Blue? That's all he wrote?

MIRIAM

Yeah. I'm excited to check out the
Arch. It was built to represent
western expansion. It's iconic.

INT. GATEWAY ARCH POD, ST. LOUIS, MO - DAY

Miriam and Wylie wear their cowboy boots and hats. On the other side of the pod there are two European, middle-aged men, DIETER, 40, playful, and GUNTER, 40, equally playful.

DIETER

Hello - perhaps you are following
the Mother Road, as well?

GUNTER

I love ya boots.

Dieter touches Gunter's arm in agreement.

MIRIAM

We started in LA.

DIETER

Ya. We did Chicago, there we rented
a long red Cadillac.

GUNTER

El Dorado. It's dark red.

DIETER

I love your outfits. You must tell
us. Was the place along Route 66?

MIRIAM

Yes. And I have a recommendation.
Just remember, ask for Shorty.

Gunter and Dieter clap at each other.

GUNTER

Where is your next stop, Chain of
Rocks Bridge?

MIRIAM

Yes. I have a section about Chain
of Rocks Bridge. A Route 66 legacy.

WYLIE

Child you have this all mapped out?

Miriam shrugs. She breaths in and breaths out.

MIRIAM

I think Hadrian wants to show me
the Kentucky Derby. That's *US*
history and not my thing. He
dropped a hint. I'll play along.

WYLIE

He looks at you like his young
protege. Actually, they both do.

MIRIAM

I'm about the age their boy would
have been. It makes sense. But
their sadness oozes out of them.

WYLIE

They're good people. Hadrian needs
time to think, get out of his way.

MIRIAM

I think he's softening up.

WYLIE

He's been patient with you. His
staff avoids him. He hangs out in
the garage with me when he's angry.

MIRIAM

Yeah? You have a gift to calm him,
it's in your aura. I see it.

EXT. CHAIN OF ROCKS BRIDGE PARK, ST. LOUIS, MO - DAY

Hadrian, Sabina, Miriam, and Wylie stand near the car looking
back over at the St. Louis Arch. A dog walker and joggers
pass-by. Stephen and Hazel appear and vanish.

MIRIAM

This was their last Route 66 stop.
And I just saw them. That's good.

HADRIAN

As well, at least we're going where
they want us to go.

Miriam opens a diary. She looks down at the page.

MIRIAM

I have this one last entry.

I/E. CHAIN OF ROCKS BRIDGE, ST. LOUIS, MO - DAY 1930

Stephen and Hazel are inside their Model A Ford driving
across the unsafe bridge. They exit into Illinois.

MIRIAM (V.O.)

"We made it across the Mississippi.
We were scared.

(MORE)

MIRIAM (V.O.) (CONT'D)
We are almost back to Kentucky - to mission. We are tired. God gave us the strength."

EXT. CHAIN OF ROCKS BRIDGE PARK, ST. LOUIS, MO - DAY

Wylie's behind the wheel. Hadrian sits next to him. Miriam and Sabina are in the back seat. Miriam shrugs.

MIRIAM
I don't have much to share.

HADRIAN
Their trip was coming to an end?

MIRIAM
No. He wouldn't just stop writing. I think those diary entries will magically appear, I do.

WYLIE
(to Hadrian)
I still feel that sadness. This might sound nuts, now, I think they are whispering only to you.

MIRIAM
I think Wylie's right.

Hadrian looks across the Mississippi River. He nods.

HADRIAN
Let's keep going. Besides, I wanted to show Miriam, Churchill Downs?

Wylie and Miriam glance over at each other.

SABINA
Churchill's a tourist spot.

WYLIE
That does seem out of character.

Hadrian contemplates the recommendations.

HADRIAN
I know what to do. I think I'll take you all to a horse farm.

WYLIE
Horse farm?

HADRIAN
They grow horses in central
Kentucky. We need to just go with
it. Chill. Let's drive.

MIRIAM
Chill?

Miriam, Wylie, and Sabina curiously glance at each other.

HADRIAN
(to Sabina)
Find us a place to stay in
Louisville. And then I'll drive us
back home and see what we will see.

EXT. INTERSTATE 64, KENTUCKY - DAY

Hadrian drives with Wylie on the passenger side rolling away from Louisville's skyline. Sabina and Miriam are in the rear compartment. The beauty of central Kentucky reveals itself.

EXT. HORSE FARM, LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY - DAY

Hadrian, Wylie, Miriam, and Sabina stand outside a horse barn. A man leads a thoroughbred from the barn. FINN, 50s, walks the massive horse around on a faux soft paddock.

HADRIAN
Forgot about home, amazing how a
phone call can land you here?

SABINA
Only a call from you can get us on
this farm. Just saying...

HADRIAN
(to Finn)
How about you tell my friends the
secret to central Kentucky?

Finn grins back over at Hadrian.

FINN
The secret's under our feet.
Limestone, underground layer, it's
in the water - for good bourbon,
and helps grow our bluegrass. It
helps our horses grow strong bones.

Miriam steps closer to the horse.

MIRIAM
Does he sleep all day?

FINN
Not this one. He's here to begin
his at-stud career.

MIRIAM
Can I pet him?

Finn waves Miriam to come over closer.

FINN
Just along the neck.

SABINA
So powerful, Hadrian said you breed
him over in that barn?

Finn glances over at a hexagonal shaped breeding shed.

FINN
Yes ma'am, since I'm in polite
company. I'll leave it be-

HADRIAN
Great gig.

Miriam looks at Hadrian and then Finn. Wylie smirks.

FINN
(to Miriam)
For makin' babies, like those. Our
clients pay a large fee for this
fella to, ah, mate with their
prized mares. They are dealt with
great care and respect.

Finn points over at foals that are GALLOPING and NEIGHING in
a nearby bluegrass pasture.

MIRIAM
The limestone? Is that why you all
have all these rock walls? They're
everywhere -

Hadrian winks over at Finn. He steps next to Miriam. Finn
shifts the horse away and walks it back toward the barn.

HADRIAN

(to Miriam)

How do I tell you this, many of these rock walls are what are labeled as slave walls, built by African slaves. Many are hundreds of years old.

WYLIE

Dear god, I'd never have known.

HADRIAN

If I remember, the Scot-Irish built them with the slaves free help.

MIRIAM

Slave walls? Can you show me?

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD, OLD SLAVE WALL, CENTRAL KENTUCKY - DAY

Miriam has the pearl and holds Sabina's hand. Sabina follows Miriam's lead and they are touching an old limestone wall.

EXT. SLAVE WALL CONSTRUCTION, CENTRAL KENTUCKY - DAY 1843

Miriam and Sabina are transported through an oval shaped bright light. AFRICAN AMERICAN SLAVES, all ages, and SCOT-IRISH MEN, 30s, are constructing the walls. They stop working. They notice Miriam and Sabina. The side of a sturdy horse and the OVERSEER'S leather boot in a stirrup.

He and Her appear. They hug the Old African American Slave. He begins to cry. He and Her gaze at Miriam and Sabina.

OLD AFRICAN AMERICAN SLAVE

Sweet Jesus, angels have come for us. God has sent angels.

He and Her vanish before Miriam and Sabina vanish.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD, OLD SLAVE WALL, CENTRAL KENTUCKY - DAY

Miriam and Sabina stumble away from the wall. Sabina's breathing hard from her chest. She leans with her hands on the car. Miriam stares forward. Hadrian hugs Sabina. Wylie steps over and he fatherly tends to Miriam. Miriam vomits.

WYLIE

(to Miriam)

You're a brave young woman. I, I don't want to see what you all saw.

MIRIAM

This pearl and being pregnant has
me super sensitive. I think.

WYLIE

You saw slaves?

MIRIAM

They were powerless. Some looked
like they've been whipped
repeatedly. An old man smiled at
us, he thought we were angels.

SABINA

He did. But those two beings showed
up. It was wild. Heartbreaking.

Miriam flips the pearl back over to Hadrian.

MIRIAM

I can't control that thing.

Hadrian grips the pearl. He looks down at Miriam.

HADRIAN

In the morning, Cheapside. It might
get rough. But that's the spot I'm
thinking we need to investigate.

MIRIAM

This will get worse. I feel it.

Miriam wipes her face. She coughs. She gets up.

WYLIE

Should I be afraid?

HADRIAN

You might consider not
participating? I'm scared, too.

Wylie helps Miriam. He defiantly nods.

WYLIE

I'll not fail my people. They want
me to see something. Truth is we're
all scared.

MIRIAM

It was like magic, not. I read an
entry last night. It was about
Cheapside. It was sad.

HADRIAN

Can you read now? Let's get it
behind us, maybe prepare us?

Miriam searches inside the car and retrieves the diary. She opens it and stands near everybody. She takes a deep breath.

EXT. CHEAPSIDE, DOWNTOWN, LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY - DAY 1975

OLD STEPHEN, late 60s, and OLD HAZEL, late 60s, stroll. They stop to read a historical marker: CHEAPSIDE SLAVE AUCTION BLOCK. Hazel's health has deteriorated.

MIRIAM (V.O.)

"We strolled Cheapside park. These statues are about ego, hate, waste of money. We both needed to be outside in the air. We both felt a massive sadness, maybe it was the doctor's visit. Breast cancer. No cure. But then I read that sign, it reminded me we all suffer in life. I don't understand slavery. My grandfather fought for the south, but he never owned slaves. Why did he and his brothers fight to defend that? Confused. I'm old. God's still a mystery to me. I am just a simple man. Hazel faces the ultimate suffering. I will pray hard for her. It's all I can do."

EXT. - CHEAPSIDE, DOWNTOWN LEXINGTON, KY - DAY

Hadrian, Miriam, Sabina, and Wylie walk from their parked car. They are at a street corner. Quiet. Still.

An historical marker. Miriam stands in front of it. Close behind her, are Hadrian, Sabina, and Wylie. We read.

CHEAPSIDE SLAVE AUCTION BLOCK

African Americans were sold as slaves at Cheapside Auction Block on the public square in the 19th Century, Lexington was the center of slave trading in Ky. by the 1840s and served as a market for selling slaves farther south. Thousands of slaves were sold at Cheapside, including children who were separated from their parents.

Miriam turns around with her right hand palm out. Hadrian hands her the pearl. Miriam grasps the pearl, walks a few steps. She holds her hand out for Wylie. Wylie's leg shakes. Miriam contemplates the moment and turns toward Hadrian and Sabina. Hadrian and Sabina step forward. They are all holding hands. Together they walk forward into the light.

EXT. CHEAPSIDE, DOWNTOWN, LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY - DAY 1847

Hadrian, Miriam, Wylie, and Sabina have been drawn into an oval shaped light. Beyond them, are AFRICAN SLAVES, all ages, women, men, and children. They are held in iron chains.

The WHITE MEN negotiate. WHITE WOMEN prance amongst them wearing flowery dome skirts. The oak trees barring the intense heat. He and Her float near the enslaved. Their luminous faces express intense sadness. They look at US.

A YOUNG AFRICAN FAMILY of three, brought up onto the auction stage. Their LITTLE BOY, 5, gets the auction interest. The auctioneer's gavel. The Little Boy taken away. He looks back at his father who struggles with his chains and the White Men. The Mother weeps. The Father stops, stares at Wylie.

Miriam releases her grip. She drops the pearl on the grass.

EXT. CHEAPSIDE, DOWNTOWN LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY - DAY

He and Her move to comfort Wylie. Wylie's overcome. He drops to his knees. Hadrian and Sabina are frozen to the grass, unable to speak. Miriam sits on a park bench. Hadrian starts pacing. Wylie's steps over to another bench. Miriam stares forward gripping the bench. Sabina sits down next to her. But Miriam gets up, walks over, picks up the pearl. Hands it back to Hadrian. Miriam stares over at a Confederate statue on the far corner of the town square.

SABINA

That little boy, they took him away
like his parents didn't exist. It
was them, they've been with us the
whole time. Right?

MIRIAM

I know now, we'll see worse.

He and Her sit with Wylie. They comfort him, then fade away.

WYLIE

The father, he looked at me for
help.

(MORE)

WYLIE (CONT'D)

I, I... was powerless, but he saw me?
What did I look like to him? Like I
didn't give a damn?

Miriam stares at the statue. She holds her hand out for the pearl. She walks with purpose toward the bronze Confederate statue. She finds another historical marker. We read it.

Slavery In Fayette Co.

On the N.E. corner of the Fayette County Courthouse lawn stood the whipping post established in 1847 to punish slaves for such offenses as being on the streets after 7p.m. Fayette Co. was one of the largest slaveholding counties in Kentucky. By 1860, one in four residents of the city of Lexington were slaves.

Miriam notices something, she shakes, gasps, and almost collapses. Hadrian followed in behind her. He catches her. He holds his hand out to grasp the pearl with Miriam.

EXT. WHIPPING POST, DOWNTOWN LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY - DAY 1847

Hadrian and Miriam emerge in an oval shaped bright light. Time blurs. The CRACK from a leather whip. The face of a AFRICAN AMERICAN MAN, 40's, in front of Miriam and Hadrian. They are inches apart. Gasping, chained to the tree, he rattles the chains. Another CRACK. He reacts. Blood stains.

AFRICAN AMERICAN MAN

Thank you sweet Jesus, sorry I
stayed out late... I didn't mean too...
But Jesus, you sent me angels.

Another whip CRACK and the Man reacts. He spits blood.

AFRICAN AMERICAN MAN

Take me home, home, be with Elijah...

The delirious man passes out. His body dangles, held by chains. He and Her appear. They touch the man's body. They gaze for a long moment at Hadrian. They fade away.

Miriam and Hadrian return to the park benches. Both lost in the moment.

EXT. CHEAPSIDE, DOWNTOWN LEXINGTON, KY - DAY

Miriam sits with Sabina on the park bench. Miriam's staring down. Hadrian paces. Wylie's found composure.

Miriam's touching her belly. She searches for a diary. She picks one, opens it to an exact page.

MIRIAM

I didn't understand your grandfather's words. I remember he wrote these notes. "Went to Lexington, saw Negroes. Sad day. I do not understand the violence."

HADRIAN

I can't believe what we just saw.

Miriam gazes at Hadrian with intense eyes. Miriam shuffles her shoes. She flings the diary away.

MIRIAM

I'm having my baby. You asked me what I'll write about?

HADRIAN

I did.

MIRIAM

I'll write about this place. I'll make it come alive. This should be sacred ground. Why is there no memorial here?

Miriam dagger points at the government signs.

MIRIAM

They have two stupid government signs, why are there Confederate statues? They lost, but you'll tell me they were Americans, just like Union soldiers? Right? The slaves were Americans, too.

Wyllie steps over and hugs Miriam. Sabina hugs them.

WYLLIE

We're here for you child. Breath easy - in and out, in and out.

He and Her re-appear. They step over near Miriam. She snaps back at them. She swings at them, but misses them. She falls. Wyllie helps her up. He holds her back and close to him.

MIRIAM

Who are you?! Why did you allow this? This place is horrible.

Sabina steps forward and embraces Miriam and Wylie. Hadrian's bewildered, lost. He and Her hold hands. They step to Miriam.

HER
(to Miriam)
Who do you think we are?

MIRIAM
I sense you've never been dead.

HE
We were never born, we will never die. You said the truth.

Her kisses Miriam's forehead. Miriam calms. She looks at Her and He with complete confusion.

HER
It was meant for you to be here, but only if you decided to be here.

HE
We live in your consciousness. We cannot prevent you from yourself. Or what evil lurks in human hearts. We weep at human self destruction, destruction without understanding.

Her turns to stare at Hadrian.

HER
Your grandfather understood this universal truth. A kind spirit asking you for help. Can you see with your eyes and listen to your heart?

HE
Humans need symbols to answer the riddle we call pure love. From the invisible spring, a humble symbol gives meaning. A loving symbol.

Miriam looks over at Hadrian searching for an answer.

HADRIAN
What's being asked of me? I still don't understand any of this.

He and Her drift toward Hadrian. He and Her smile at Hadrian.

HER
You have the free will to choose.

HE

You have a task? Go to your
grandfather's favorite diner. Do
you remember it?

Hadrian searches the sky. He nods.

HADRIAN

I don't understand. Why?

HER

Through spiritual consciousness,
your grandfather has been asking
you simple questions to help you.
Now, he needs your help, but you
must listen to your heart, first.

HE

You must seek love. Will you
listen? God's waiting for your
answer. It's your choice.

HER

Go find the diner. Listen carefully
to the old man. Listen closely.

He and Her pray. They fade away. Hadrian looks down.

HADRIAN

I'll drive. I know the way. The
diner was my grandfather's favorite
spot in town. Let's go...

INT. DINER, EASTERN KENTUCKY - DAY

Hadrian, Sabina, Wylie, and Miriam sit on vinyl stools next
to a countertop. They are unsure what they expect, looking
around and looking at each other for guidance. TYRONE, late
70s, African American man ambles over, holding an old order
pad and an ancient retractable pen.

TYRONE

(to Hadrian)

You look a lot like someone?

HADRIAN

Paster Stephen, my grandpa?

TYRONE

Oh, my lands. And Hazel. Only folks
that would marry a couple of
coloreds - back in the day.

MIRIAM

Whoa... dude.

WYLIE

I resemble that remark. Are you well brother?

TYRONE

Yes... you always welcome here.
(to Miriam)
Now, where you from, child?

MIRIAM

Southern California, I'm chill.

TYRONE

Chill? What does that mean?

MIRIAM

I'm good with everything.

Miriam bounces on the stool without any awareness.

TYRONE

I know what ya thinkin'. But hillbillies aren't racists. I'm a hillbilly these days. Not kidding. We found safety here with the mountain folk. This is our home.

Tyrone glances back over at Hadrian. He taps the counter with his pen. He frowns. Tyrone steps toward Hadrian.

TYRONE

Guess you goin' to the chapel?

HADRIAN

Sorry? I would guess so.

TYRONE

They're tearing it down the. City needs to build a new bridge. Besides, chapels gotten old, moldy, rotting away, like me. Just need to start over, you know? A rebirth.

Tyrone grins at Wylie, who grins back at Tyrone. Tyrone reaches over and grabs Hadrian's hand.

TYRONE

From the old, make new, again - I feel that spirit, do you?

Hadrian snaps his hand back. He emotes an intense certainty in his eyes and posture. Miriam, Sabina, and Wylie notice. Hadrian pulls out his smartphone and waves for everyone to follow him. Tyrone's dumbfounded.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROADS, EASTERN KENTUCKY - DAY

Hadrian drives the car at top-speed, weaving between slower truck and sedan traffic. He swerves onto a narrow mountain road. Sabina, Miriam, and Wylie are tossed back and forth. Sabina's clutches Miriam close to her with all her strength.

SABINA

Slow down!

Hadrian ignores them, driving the car into a sharp bend along the narrow two-lane road, missing a unforgiving coal truck. LOUD HORNS. Coal dust rains. And then white chapel appears in the distance. Hadrian's Security Guards arrived first. The CONSTRUCTION CREW under their professional management.

EXT. WHITE CHAPEL, EASTERN KENTUCKY - DAY

Hadrian slams the car brakes. The car metal moans. A man, CLYDE, 30s, tries to negotiate with the Security Guards who are not interested him. Hadrian rushes over, he examines Clyde. His hands on his hips.

HADRIAN

Who are you?

CLYDE

I'm Reverend Landrum. Call me Clyde. Can you helm me?

HADRIAN

I'm Preacher Stephen's grandson.

CLYDE

Okay. Can you let these men go?

Hadrian stops charging forward, aware he's being rash. Again.

HADRIAN

I guess so. Sorry. Sorry.

Hadrian waves at the Security Guards. The release everyone.

CLYDE

(to Construction Crew)
Go home - work another day.

Clyde strolls toward the chapel doors. He waves over at Sabina, Wylie, and Miriam. Hadrian follows them. The Security Guards stand outside near their SUV.

INT. WHITE CHAPEL, EASTERN KENTUCKY - DAY

Miriam, Hadrian, Sabina, and Wylie stand in the front area with Clyde. Dusty oak floors, rows of old wooden pews, and a rickety one step-up stage and a pulpit.

MIRIAM

Whoa, it even smells like history.

CLYDE

Simmer. We just got here.

HADRIAN

Why here?

CLYDE

It's beautiful here. But this chapel has a mold problem. I'm afraid we can't save it. But, we're giving the land a rebirth.

A dark-haired, woman, Indian descent, ACACIA, 30s, enters the sanctuary from a back doorway. She waves at Clyde.

CLYDE (CONT'D)

This is my wife, Acacia. I should tell you all, we're physicians.

HADRIAN

I don't understand this?

ACACIA

(to Hadrian)

You're rather intense. Can I make you some tea? It's calming.

CLYDE

We are missionaries from LA.

HADRIAN

What? I'm confused. I thought. I don't know what I thought.

MIRIAM

I'm from SoCal, too.

Miriam's complexion fades and her words wispy from her dry lips. She's wobbly but upright. Wylie's watching her.

ACACIA
(to Miriam)
Are you all right?

MIRIAM
I'm good. I think.

WYLIE
(to Miriam)
You look off to me, too.

Wylie maneuvers in behind Miriam. He ignores Hadrian. Sabina focuses on Miriam. Clydes aware.

CLYDE
Someone called the school, they
told us about the situation. We
thought, we can mission anywhere.

HADRIAN
What about the construction crew?

Acacia maintains focus on Miriam. She moves closer to her.

CLYDE
The city was about to demolish
everything. Build a bridge. City
lawyer used some legalese.

HADRIAN
Eminent domain?

CLYDE
That's it. We lucked out it was
like magic. They helped us out,
rerouted for the clinic land.

ACACIA
We promise to honor your
grandparents by repurposing the
land for God's work.

She shrugs looking back at Clyde.

A new clinic if we can somehow get
it funded. We need some magic.

But Acacia nudges at Clyde to watch Miriam. Wylie steps closer to Miriam. Hadrian's clueless. Sabina stands up, but almost paralyzed in space. Her eyes ablaze with fear.

HADRIAN
Sorry I was so aggressive. I'm just
confused these days, sorry.

WYLIE

You're fine boss, but Miriam's not.

Miriam wobbles. And then blood trickles down her leg. Clyde bolts forward to grasp Miriam. He scoops her up. He carries her toward the back doors of the chapel. Wylie and Sabina follow half-way, but Acacia waves them off, opening a door. Clyde slips past the doorway, careful with Miriam's body.

INT. WHITE CHAPEL, EASTERN KENTUCKY - DAY

Clyde returns to the sanctuary. His shirt specked with blood. Hadrian, Wylie, and Sabina sit well-apart.

CLYDE

Any idea how long she's been pregnant? Three months? Guessing-

HADRIAN

No idea.

CLYDE

We have her stabilized. But she needs blood, like now, anybody by chance, O Negative?

Hadrian raises his arm. He glances back over at Sabina. Sabina cries. Wylie steps over to comfort her.

CLYDE

Come. I have your consent? Just say it, please don't sue me. I have nothing but student debt-

INT. WHITE CHAPEL, TREATMENT ROOM, E. KENTUCKY - DAY

Acacia examines Miriam. A tube flows with blood from Hadrian's right arm into Miriam's left arm. Miriam's eyes are closed. Still. Quiet.

HADRIAN

What else can I do? Name it.

ACACIA

Nothing. Be still.

He and Her appear. Her touches Miriam. He encourages Hadrian.

HADRIAN

I can fund anything you need for her. Don't worry about money.

ACACIA
Can you talk to God and heal her?

Acacia scrutinizes Miriam's vital signs. Her kisses Miriam's forehead, Miriam's eyes blink. She awakens. Acacia notices. He and Her step back and fade away.

ACACIA
Clyde. Call it in...

In a few moments, a helicopter lands near the chapel. BLADES THUMPING. Clyde rolls out a makeshift gurney. Acacia and Clyde place Miriam on the bedding. They carry Miriam. Sabina and Wylie watch. Hadrian stands agitated and useless.

EXT. WHITE CHAPEL, EASTERN KENTUCKY - DAY

Acacia and Clyde back away from the active helicopter. It takes flight. Hadrian, Sabina, and Wylie stand back. Clyde turns to everyone with his arms open. He waves them closer.

CLYDE
Let's pray - shall we?

ACACIA
The silent prayer that only God
hears for Miriam and her baby.

CLYDE
(to Hadrian)
Without you, we'd have lost her...

HADRIAN
I could've killed her.

Hadrian turns to look up at the cemetery on the hill. A Red-Tailed Hawk lands on a thick oak branch near the chapel. It CALLS loudly down at Hadrian.

HADRIAN (CONT'D)
They're calling me.

Hadrian scampers away and on toward the hillside cemetery.

SABINA
Hadrian?

Wylie reaches out to hold Sabina close. He hugs her.

CLYDE
Let him go. We'll follow. We'll
need a truck to get up to where I
think he's going.

EXT. HILLSIDE BENEATH CEMETERY, E. KENTUCKY - DAY

Hadrian struggles to climb. He gets covered with mud and grass, sweating. But Hadrian makes it up. He collapses near his deceased grandparents headstones. Hadrian stares forward, a look in his eyes, he remembers, right now.

INT. OLD STEPHEN'S CAR, EASTERN KENTUCKY - DAY, LONG AGO

Young Hadrian driving. Old Stephen looks at Young Hadrian. He and Her hum, pray, they lean forward to touch Young Hadrian.

OLD STEPHEN

Someday, you'll be a rich man and
you'll come back to visit our
graves. Our spirits will be there.

YOUNG HADRIAN

I'm not sure?

OLD STEPHEN

You'll help us by repurposing our
chapel. The journey we send you on
will show you we all suffer. It's
life. Listen. Decide to be happy.
Help others be happy too. But it's
your decision to allow happiness
into your heart.

YOUNG HADRIAN

I don't understand Grandpa?

OLD STEPHEN

You will. We all want to love and
be loved. Love one another.

EXT. CEMETERY, HEADSTONES, EASTERN KENTUCKY - DAY

Yellowish truck lights appear. The shadows of legs scurrying. Sabina, Wylie, Clyde, and Acacia converge near Hadrian. Sabina hugs Hadrian. Clyde kneels near Hadrian. Wylie and Acacia stand nearby searching for how to help.

CLYDE

They weren't here?

HADRIAN

No. I've saved nothing.

SABINA

I love you.

CLYDE

You saved a young woman with child.
That's not nothing.

HADRIAN

My rage almost killed her and her
baby. I know better because I
wanted to be a father. A loving
father. Like my grandfather.

And within a bright light emerges He and Her. Clyde, Acacia,
Wyllie, Sabina, and Hadrian are in awe at the luminous beings.
They float forward in front of Hadrian.

HER

Are you listening now?

He floats forward holding a baby wrapped in pure white.

HE

Sabina and Hadrian, we have someone
that wants to say hello.

He kneels. He shares with Sabina and Hadrian the spirit of
their BABY BOY, he smiles at them, content, in harmony with
the universe. Sabina reaches out to touch him. The Baby Boy
giggles. Hadrian cries.

HADRIAN

I'm sorry. I failed you.

HER

It's not failure. It's learning.
Now, what does your heart tell you?

Hadrian grins through his tears, touching his Baby Boy. He
kisses Sabina. He looks into his Baby Boy's eyes. Whispering.

HADRIAN

(to Clyde)

Can we buy what's left of the
chapel? And, we'll fund the clinic.
You'll never have to ask for money.

Clyde and Acacia are frozen in disbelief. They are stunned.

CLYDE

We're humbled beyond any words.

He and Her drift back. He shares the Baby Boy one more time.
And they fade away into the dusk.

A BIT OF TIME PASSES

EXT. NEW WHITE CHAPEL, CHEAPSIDE, LEXINGTON, KY - DAY

Miriam holds her BABY with her AFRICAN AMERICAN PARTNER, 30, business like, handsome. The gleaming new chapel set on Cheapside land. Hadrian, Sabina, Wylie, and Grace stand together. There are many a curious PASSERSBY.

HADRIAN
(to Miriam)
What do you think?

MIRIAM
It's beautiful. It speaks for
itself - quiet power.

HADRIAN
By the way, we helped build a free
clinic, too - Hazel's Clinic.

EXT. HAZEL'S CLINIC, EASTERN KENTUCKY - DAY

Clyde and Acacia are outside admiring their new free clinic.

EXT. NEW WHITE CHAPEL, CHEAPSIDE, LEXINGTON, KY - DAY

HADRIAN
I hope you like the chapel. It's
open to everyone, all faiths or
not, a place for meditation.

MIRIAM
What about the Confederates?

Miriam points up at a nearby statue. Hadrian looks up.

HADRIAN
I think our nation was robbed when
Abraham Lincoln was murdered...

Hadrian touches Miriam's Baby's fingers. The Baby giggles.

HADRIAN (CONT'D)
He had plans for the freed slaves.
He would have never let Jim Crow
laws exist. I pray his spirit
approves of this.

WYLIE
I am proud of you. The chapel
symbolizes a community center, a
place of safety during Jim Crow.
(MORE)

WYLIE (CONT'D)

My family always knew where to find safety. This chapel means more to me than words can express.

Wyllie grips Hadrian's shoulder. Grace steps nearby.

GRACE

And, my vision came true. You are a new man, you let go the angry man.

Hadrian smiles back at Grace, Wyllie, and Sabina.

HADRIAN

(to Miriam)

Cheapside is sacred ground. Think of it this way, teach the children what that statue represented. They'll never let history rhyme.

MIRIAM

I'm dedicating the book to your grandparents. They knew the chapel would be powerfully symbolic.

HADRIAN

My grandfather would have told me I was moved by the spirit... In truth, I was moved by their spirits.

MIRIAM

And whoever those two beings were. I think we all know. Don't we?

HADRIAN

(to Grace)

I left the pearl inside. I dropped it into the waters.

GRACE

My pearl has found a new home. I am honored. When we get home, I will make you my mother's crepe recipe.

INT. NEW WHITE CHAPEL, CHEAPSIDE, LEXINGTON, KY - DAY

Miriam holds her Baby, being followed by her Partner. The chapel's doors open. A refurbished sanctuary. Within the stage area a dark water reflection pool. Within the pool appears a singular flame emerging from the calm waters. And within the waters near the flame rests the pearl.

And tucked away in a quiet spot. Miriam looks at the photo of Stephen and Hazel standing next to their Model A Ford.

And then, the spirits of the reunited African American Family emerge. Miriam smiles at them. She cries joyful tears.

A RETURN TO CALIFORNIA

INT. SABINA'S WALK-IN CLOSET, CARMEL, CALIFORNIA - DAY

Sabina holds the urn close to her chest. She kisses it before nestling it inside a tiny wooden sailboat. Hadrian hugs her.

EXT. CARMEL BEACH, CARMEL, CALIFORNIA - DAY

Hadrian and Sabina are dressed in white, surrounded by Miriam and family, Wylie, Grace, and all their invited guests. Hadrian and Sabina hold the sailboat.

He and Her stand with Hadrian and Sabina. They are invisible to all but Miriam, Wylie and Grace. They move forward into the ocean waves holding the diminutive sailboat. They release the boat and encourage it forward into the waters. The boat taken by the wind and current. The boat dissolves into the ocean mists and waves.

EXT. THE ESTATE BACKYARD, CARMEL, CALIFORNIA - DAY

The Red-Tailed Hawk makes its CALL, surrounded by its chicks. It gazes down at Hadrian. Hadrian smiles looking up at the hawk. Sabina sits on a cushioned bench holding Miriam's baby. Hadrian's sitting next to her, playing with the child. Miriam and her partner, Grace, and Wylie all smiling and laughing.

And below them at the cliff edge, He and Her smile at US.

FADE OUT.