

GOLDEN SECRETS

Written by

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TITLE CARD READING "1864 - ANGOLA, LOUISIANA"

EXT. ANGOLA PLANTATION WHARF - DAY

A 5,000 acre cotton plantation sits at the mouth of the Mississippi River. The golden sunshine dances off the water. Twenty or so Enslaved Persons load thousands of COTTON BALES onto Union Naval vessels.

AMANDA, late 20s, black, guides the wagons onto the wharf. A rugged OVERSEER, late 40s, watches from behind - a leather whip hangs from his belt.

Two Union Officers, with disdain on their faces, watch the Enslaved People work...

UNION OFFICER 1

Why don't we just burn it? We're at war ain't we?

The second officer rubs his index and middle finger together with his thumb, a nod to MONEY.

UNION OFFICER 1 (CONT'D)

Then why don't we just take the cotton and sell it ourselves.

UNION OFFICER 2

You a cotton broker?

UNION OFFICER 1

How hard can it be?

UNION OFFICER 2

What's the market rate for 10 Bales?

UNION OFFICER 1

Uh...

UNION OFFICER 2

5?

No response...

UNION OFFICER 1

1?

Nothin...

UNION OFFICER 1 (CONT'D)

We need her.

Two enslaved men and one woman push a wagon full of cotton in front of the officers. The second officer spits at their feet.

The Enslaved ignore the incident and push on - heads down.

Amanda nods at the group as they push the wagon onto the wharf. She gestures for another group to follow in its tracks. Her body language is open and direct - she's in charge.

EXT. ANGOLA PLANTATION HOUSE - DAY

A white antebellum home overlooks the Mississippi River. Union officers litter the back lawn. Between the home's thirty foot white Corinthian columns stands SARAH HAYNES, late 40s, jet black hair. Her emerald green eyes track the activity on the wharf below with laser focus.

JOSEPH HAYNES, Sarah's son, 15, walks up from behind. He hands his mother an envelope...

JOSEPH

A letter from Jefferson Davis.

Sarah gasps and snatches the letter from Joseph.

SARAH

You fool!

Sarah stuffs the letter in her dress then scans her surroundings. Her head swings back to Joseph, her lips pursed.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Are you trying to-

UNION NAVAL OFFICER

We're nearly loaded.

A Union Officer approaches from the yard, startling Sarah. The Officer hands her a document.

UNION NAVAL OFFICER (CONT'D)

Last order of business.

SARAH

What is this?

UNION NAVAL OFFICER

The ironclad oath of allegiance...

She reads the document out loud...

SARAH

And I, Sarah Haynes do swear that,  
to the best of my knowledge and  
ability, will support and defend  
the Constitution of the United  
States, against all enemies,  
foreign and domestic; that I will  
bear true faith and allegiance to  
the same.

Sarah contemplates the words...

SARAH (CONT'D)

Very well.

She signs the document and hands it back to the Officer. He  
smiles and gestures to a younger officer behind him. The man  
presents Sarah with a ceremonial Union SWORD. Sarah accepts.

UNION NAVAL OFFICER

Welcome back to the Union, Mrs.  
Haynes.

In the distance Amanda barks...

AMANDA (O.S.)

Steady! Steady!

The Union Officer glances to Amanda and chuckles...

UNION NAVAL OFFICER

Never seen a Slave with so much  
power. She's a pretty little thing  
too. Someone oughta put her in her  
place.

The Officer licks his lips. Joseph clenches his fist and  
takes an aggressive half-step forward. Sarah lifts her finger  
by her side. Joseph freezes. Sarah glides forward - halving  
the distance between her and the Officer.

SARAH

It's rather interesting  
Colonel...in New Orleans. Because  
of the war, no business, no  
legitimate business, is profiting.

(beat)

But...illegitimate business? Now  
that's thriving. You're a married  
man are you not?

(beat)

(MORE)

SARAH (CONT'D)

It'd be a shame If somehow the  
ledgers of the city's largest  
brothels made their way North. Even  
published perhaps?

UNION NAVAL OFFICER

What are you-

SARAH

Fifty Five nights, Colonel.

(beat)

Under the name of Lance Randolph  
Stephenson. Sound familiar? Odd  
that someone would sign their  
actual name at a brothel.

The Officer's eyes widen. Sarah looks towards the wharf.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Back to work then?

The Officer turns without making a sound and trudges towards  
the wharf.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Colonel?

He turns back...

SARAH (CONT'D)

Not a hand nor a foul word.

The officer sharply turns - jaw clenched.

TITLE CARD READING "PRESENT DAY - ANGOLA UNIVERSITY"

INT. ANGOLA UNIVERSITY CAFETERIA - DAY

Hundreds of college students carry trays of food to their  
tables - lots of laughing, joking, chitchatting.

Sitting alone at a table in the back corner is BRITNEY, a  
young black woman in her early 20s. Her laptop's up and she's  
googling "The value of a history degree." She pulls up an  
article titled "History Degrees Bring Zero Value to Recent  
Grads." She rolls her eyes and shuts her laptop.

She grabs a pamphlet from her side body bag. It reads "Angola  
Business School Start Your Legacy." She bites her lower lip.  
To her left she hears...

## COLLEGE GIRL

Hey!!

Britney looks and sees a girl waving at her. She cracks a smile and waves back.

The girl ignores Britney and walks right by. The girl hugs someone at the table next to her. OUCH.

Britney puts her head down in shame...

Britney's PHONE vibrates. She glances at it then packs up her things.

She keeps her head down as she walks past the girls at the table next to her.

## INT. ANGOLA UNIVERSITY LECTURE HALL - DAY

Hundreds of students file into a large lecture hall. The stage is arranged in a Q & A format fit for three people. A young moderator sits on the left and an older guest speaker sits on the right. One of the chairs to the right is empty.

A large projection screen reads "Angola in the 19th Century with Professor Jarvis Snowden, Angola University and Warren Flanagan, Curator of Collections, Haynes House Museum."

Britney sits in the back of the hall - several empty seats beside her. She's reading "Souls of Black Folk" by WEB DuBois.

An older black man, early 70s, dressed in a suit two sizes too big, walks up the aisle. This is PROFESSOR SNOWDEN.

He turns to Britney as he walks by and WINKS. Britney smirks. Professor Snowden walks onto the stage, shakes everyone's hands, then sits in the empty chair.

The crowd quiets and the panel begins...

## MODERATOR

Thank you everyone for coming to our panel. With me today is Jarvis Snowden, an Early United States History Professor here at Angola University and Warren Flanagan, the Curator of Collections at the Haynes House Museum. Let's get right into it. My first question addresses the elephant in the room. Professor Snowden, we'll start with you.

(MORE)

MODERATOR (CONT'D)

Since the city of Angola was fueled  
by the Haynes Family Cotton  
Plantation, how-

Professor Snowden leans into his microphone...

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN

Family Fortune.

MODERATOR

Excuse me, Professor?

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN

The city and University were fueled  
by the Family's FORTUNE, not the  
plantation per se.

MR. FLANAGAN, mid 70s, white, rolls his eyes.

MR. FLANAGAN

Here we go.

The moderator looks to Mr. Flanagan and then back to  
Professor Snowden, confused...

MODERATOR

But the fortune derived from the  
cotton, did it not?

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN

A portion did, sure. But the bulk?  
No, not from the cotton.

MODERATOR

Could you elaborate?

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN

Did the Haynes family make a lot of  
money from selling cotton in the  
1850s? YES of course they did.  
Everyone did. Thanks to a free  
labor force and an unquenchable  
European demand, how could they  
not? But the money that built this  
town? The money that propelled the  
Haynes family into Forbes Magazine?  
That's not from the cotton.

Mr. Flanagan jumps in.

MR. FLANAGAN

I think I know where this is going.  
Come on Jarvis this isn't a forum  
for one of your conspiracy  
theories. Yes the family's fortune  
appreciated after the civil war.  
Sarah Haynes made savvy investments  
in the stock market.

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN

Sarah Haynes made one savvy  
investment. And it wasn't in the  
stock market. It was in...

The professor looks around the lecture hall, owning the  
silence.

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN (CONT'D)

GOLD.

Hushed murmurs in the crowd. Britney smiles and rolls her  
eyes.

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN (CONT'D)

Confederate Gold, minted by  
Jefferson Davis himself.

Mr. Flanagan laughs as he shakes his head.

MR. FLANAGAN

Here we go-

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN

Sarah Haynes conspired with  
Jefferson Davis to steal and  
conceal millions in Gold from the  
lost confederate treasury. It's all  
here in my upcoming book.

Professor Snowden take a book out of his suit pocket and  
waves it at the audience.

MR. FLANAGAN

This is an old wives tale. We're  
not here to sell your latest book,  
professor.

Mr. Flanagan turns to the moderator.

MR. FLANAGAN (CONT'D)

There's no corroboration for any of  
the Professor's allegations. It's  
just an urban legend - a bedtime  
story!



PROFESSOR SNOWDEN

A bedtime story indeed. One told to me by my mother. One told to her by her mother. And one told to her by her mother, Amanda Hemings Snowden, Sarah Haynes' favorite enslaved. I believe you have her portrait in your collection, don't you Mr. Flanagan?

Mr. Flanagan rolls his eyes...

MR. FLANAGAN

No, well yes, technically...

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN

How come it's never on display in the mansion?

MR. FLANAGAN

It almost always is, Professor. Just ask any of our visitors.

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN

Well I would love to come see it for myself but your docents won't even let me through the front door!

MR. FLANAGAN

Because you've made a mockery of the family's history! Look at what you're doing right now!

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN

That's a portrait of my great grandmother! It belongs-

The moderator tries to regain control of the lecture...

MODERATOR

Okay Okay Okay. Conspiracy theories aside. Let's get back to my original question.

Professor Snowden and Mr. Flanagan lean back into their chairs, relaxing a bit.

MODERATOR (CONT'D)

Given this city's antebellum history, How can the Haynes family right the wrongs of their ancestors? We'll start with you this time, Mr. Flanagan...

MR. FLANAGAN

Being simply the curator of the family's museum, I'm in no position to speak on the family's behalf. But with that said, Jackson Haynes has given millions to the fight against social injustice. I also speak from personal experience when I say that Mr. Haynes and his son Blake are both honest and highly admirable individuals.

INT. OLD HICKORY UNIVERSITY FRAT HOUSE - NIGHT

BLAKE HAYNES, 21 years old, snorts a caterpillar sized line of cocaine off a kitchen counter. He darts up, brushes back his sweaty hair and screams...

BLAKE

Let's go!!!

A hype squad of frat boys surround him. They're in the middle of a 'Project X' type house party. A guy does a keg stand. A group of girls take shots. A girl takes a bong hit. A group shotguns beers. Two girls make out.

Time for Blake's party trick.

He grabs a bottle of BEER and angles the cap onto the edge of a nearby table.

While holding the bottle with his right hand, he slams his left hand down on top of the bottle. The cap pops off.

Flawless execution.

He lifts his beer into the air and looks around...

BLAKE (CONT'D)

Listen up. Listen up!

The room quiets down immediately.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

Only three things matter tonight...  
One! Honor the gods!

Blake gestures to the wall of Frat Alumni - all clean cut white guys.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

Two! Finish your beers!

He tilts up his bottle...

BLAKE (CONT'D)  
And Three! Don't go home alone!!

Blake brings his fingers to his mouth and pretends to perform cunnilingus. The room explodes into laughter.

BLAKE (CONT'D)  
Here Here!

GROUP  
Here Here!

Everyone takes a massive chug. Blake pulls a small baggie of cocaine out of his pocket and looks around.

BLAKE  
Who's hittin' the slopes tonight?

A Frat Guy in khaki shorts and a polo runs up to Blake and whispers in his ear...

FRAT GUY  
Cops out front.  
(whispers)

Blake nods and puts the cocaine in his pocket. He taps a few of his boys on the arm and gestures towards the back door. The group heads to the exit. Blake grabs a six pack on the way out.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Cops storm into the house. The party scatters. Blake and three of his buddies laugh behind bushes across the street.

EXT. OLD HICKORY UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - NIGHT - LATER

Blake and the boys drunkenly meander around campus. They pass a sign that reads "Durkheim Building - School of Sociology." Another reads "Buffett Building - Business School."

The group finally passes a small school building with a sign that reads, "W.E.B. Du Bois - History."

FRAT GUY #1  
Who's Du Bois?

FRAT GUY #2  
A famous history dude, obviously.

FRAT GUY #2 (CONT'D)  
They should put Blake's name on it  
instead. Isn't your great grandma  
like famous or some shit?

BLAKE  
Ha. Something like that.

Blake finishes his beer and tosses it on the ground. He walks  
over to the sign, unzips his pants, and pisses all over it.

COP  
Freeze!

Three Campus Police Officers surround Blake. His piss stream  
halts as he turns around. He takes a deep breath...

BLAKE  
You gotta be-

INT. OLD HICKORY UNIVERSITY - PRESIDENT'S OFFICE - DAY

JACKSON HAYNES, Blake's father, early 50s, red in the face...

MR. HAYNES  
kidding me!

Mr. Haynes screams at a well dressed man sitting behind a  
desk. Blake relaxes on the couch opposite - legs spread. Old  
Hickory University merchandise and signage fill the walls.

MR. HAYNES (CONT'D)  
Expelled? For having a little  
harmless fun with his friends?

PRESIDENT ALEX MCKEE, white haired, early 60s, crosses his  
arms then uncrosses them.

PRESIDENT MCKEE  
My hands are tied here, Mr. Haynes.  
Drugs, alcohol, public indecency,  
vandalizing school property, he's  
lucky we didn't call the actual  
police.

Mr. Haynes shakes his head.

MR. HAYNES  
I can't believe I flew all the way  
from New York for this...

He takes out his phone and dials. President McKee sits up.

PRESIDENT MCKEE  
Who are you calling?

MR. HAYNES  
The foundation...

President McKee shifts his weight.

PRESIDENT MCKEE  
Mr. Haynes -

MR. HAYNES (ON PHONE)  
Yes, Barbara - cancel any and all  
ACH transfers to Old Hickory  
University. Have counsel draft a  
letter of termination. Float the  
news to our connect at the paper.  
Let's get in front of the story.  
Also, get the Dean of Angola  
University of the phone. Thanks.

He hangs up and turns to President McKee.

MR. HAYNES (CONT'D)  
So much for that 15 million dollar  
pledge. Let's go Blake.

Blake's lips perch up, as if to say "told you so."

He storms out of the office with his father.

EXT. OLD HICKORY UNIVERSITY - ADMISSIONS BUILDING - DAY

Blake and his father exit the building. Mr. Haynes takes out  
his phone, dials...

MR. HAYNES (ON PHONE)  
Hey Barbara, I'm gonna need a box  
at the Pelicans game tonight. What?  
Absolutely not. No one goes near  
the books but me. Thanks.

He hangs up.

BLAKE  
Did she say anything about Angola?

Mr. Haynes pushes his eyebrows together...

MR. HAYNES  
What? Oh yeah, no. That whole thing  
was fake.

BLAKE

What?

PRESIDENT MCKEE

Mr. Haynes!

The president, out of breath, calls out from behind. Mr. Haynes smirks at Blake before turning around.

PRESIDENT MCKEE (CONT'D)

A word?

Mr. Haynes struts towards President McKee. The two chat out-of-earshot from Blake. A few awkward moments pass before Mr. Haynes struts back to Blake.

MR. HAYNES

Walk with me.

The two walk away from the building. Blake lifts up his arms, begging his dad for the scoop...

BLAKE

And...

MR. HAYNES

It's taken care of. Just some community service in Angola and you're in the clear.

BLAKE

Community service? You've gotta be kidding me.

Mr. Haynes grabs his son by the collar and pulls him close.

MR. HAYNES

You pull some shit like this again and your cut off, you hear me?

BLAKE

Come on, Dad. It's not that big of a deal

Mr. Haynes pulls his son in closer, more aggressively...

MR. HAYNES

If this leaked it'd be catastrophic for our brand. The press is just itchin' to find ways to cancel people like us.

Mr. Haynes let's go of his son...

BLAKE

Okay. Okay. I'm sorry. So where do I have to do this community service?

MR. HAYNES

I made a deal with McKee.

BLAKE

Huh?

MR. HAYNES

Might be time to brush up on your family history.

Mr. Haynes chuckles and walks off. Blake squints, dumbfounded. Then it clicks. His eyes go wide...

BLAKE

Oh no...

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY - MOVING

Blake drives his black and chrome Audi down a lonely two lane country road. He passes a country convenience store, Angola University, and a sign that says "Historic Haynes House NEXT RIGHT." Blake puts on his right turn signal.

INT. PROFESSOR SNOWDEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Professor Snowden paces the tiny office. Britney slouches back in the leather chair behind the desk.

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN

How'd I do?

BRITNEY

Welllllll...

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN

That bad?

BRITNEY

You did come off a little cuckoo.  
But intriguing. Definitely  
intriguing.

Britney snatches up a copy of "Sarah Haynes and the Lost Confederate Treasury" from the desk.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)  
Is this the smoking gun? When does  
it come out?

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN  
You still don't believe in this  
stuff huh?

BRITNEY  
I just don't see the point is all.

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN  
Historians interpret the past.

Britney bites her lower lip.

BRITNEY  
The only thing history majors  
interpret is the unemployment  
office...  
(whispers)

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN  
What was that?

BRITNEY  
Nothing!

EXT. ANGOLA UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - DAY

Britney tours the business school campus with JESSICA, a  
pretty, white, finance 'try-hard' who works part-time in  
admissions...

JESSICA  
The Business School is one of the  
best in Louisiana. Behind Old  
Hickory, of course. We have the  
finest amenities on campus. Eight  
state of the art class buildings. A  
private library. A student center.  
A state of the art gym. Stock  
ticker in every room, of course.

BRITNEY  
Of course.

Britney nods her head as if this was the info she needed.  
They pass several buildings with the name Haynes plastered on  
the front.

JESSICA  
You trade?



BRITNEY

Huh?

JESSICA

You know, securities, crypto, NFTs?  
What's your poison?

Britney's mouth falls open. This is a foreign language to her.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

What'd you say your current major was?

BRITNEY

Um. History.

JESSICA

Ah. Yikes. Smart move to switch. No money in knowing Abraham Lincoln's birthday.

BRITNEY

Except if you're playing trivia...

Jessica looks at Britney, dumbfounded - she doesn't get it.

JESSICA

Anyways, two-thirds of business graduates receive Associate offers from the big players in New Orleans. Haynes Capital is the most competitive program.

Britney lets out a sarcastic laugh.

BRITNEY

Of course it is.

JESSICA

Excuse me?

Britney clears her throat and nods her head reassuringly.

BRITNEY

I said of course it is. Makes sense.  
(serious tone)

JESSICA

Right. Well, yeah. 90k base. Plus bonuses. I'll be starting there in the fall.

Britney's eyebrows shoot up at this info. The two arrive at the end of campus.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
Alright, let's get you back to admissions and get your transfer paperwork started.

Jessica and Britney walk towards the admissions building.

INT. ANGOLA UNIVERSITY CLASSROOM - DAY

Professor Snowden lectures to 30-40 students. He's extremely animated - using his hands as he talks. His energy is in a different stratosphere than his students.

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN  
There are some crazy, twisted, dangerously insecure people in this world. Always have been. Any of you ever have a crazy classmate growing up? Crazy friend? Crazy relative?

Some giggles in class.

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN (CONT'D)  
I'm serious. Everyone can think of that one person who if you found out they blew up frogs with fireworks on the weekends, you wouldn't be surprised...

Some smiles. Some head nods...

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN (CONT'D)  
Now imagine those people owning human beings.

A silence falls over the room.

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN (CONT'D)  
It's a scary thought, I know.

Professor Snowden takes off his BELT and holds it as if it's a whip.

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN (CONT'D)  
Imagine giving that person one of these.

He moves an empty chair to the front of class. He whips the empty chair with all his might. A high pitched snap is heard on impact. The entire class jumps.

Professor Snowden whips the chair over and over and over again. He stops to catch his breath - observing the class's response...

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN (CONT'D)  
Imagine this...torture...for no  
reason at all. Just because. And  
it's perfectly legal.

He regains his composure and puts his belt back on.

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN (CONT'D)  
These are the harsh realities of  
the slave system.

He looks at his watch.

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN (CONT'D)  
That's all for today.

Students begin to pack their things and walk out of class.

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN (CONT'D)  
Remember, my signing's tonight at  
the campus bookstore. Will anyone  
be stoping by?

The students ignore him as they file out of the room. Professor Snowden frowns then notices a flyer drop from a group of students exiting the class.

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN (CONT'D)  
Hey...hey, you dropped...

But the kids are gone.

Professor Snowden bends over and picks up the flyer. It reads..."Summer Tour Guides Needed at The Historic Haynes House."

He smiles...

INT. ANGOLA UNIVERSITY - CAMPUS BOOKSTORE - NIGHT

Professor Snowden sits at a foldout plastic table with copies of his new book, "Sarah Haynes and the Lost Confederate Treasury," stacked nicely on top. A marquee sign reading "Pre-Release" is propped up to his left.

Professor Snowden looks around helplessly.

A young student walks up to the table.

Professor Snowden sits up and flashes a contagious smile. The woman smiles back.

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN  
Good Evening! Interested in a  
signed copy?

STUDENT  
What? Oh, no thanks. Do you know  
where the bathroom is?

Professor Snowden's excitement deflates.

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN  
It's over by the coffee shop.

STUDENT  
Thanks.

Professor Snowden sits alone once again - his head down.

BRITNEY  
I'll take the lot!!!

Britney slams a 20 dollar bill down on the table. Professor Snowden grins from ear to ear.

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN  
Look who it is!

BRITNEY  
I'd like a signed copy, please.

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN  
Coming right up! This one's on the  
house.

Professor Snowden signs the front cover of his book, slides the 20 dollar bill inside, and hands it to Britney.

BRITNEY  
You are too kind!

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN  
Oh one more thing.

Professor Snowden digs in his bag and pulls out a folded piece of paper. He hands it to Britney...

BRITNEY  
What's this?

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN  
Your summer plans...

Britney opens it and reads, "Summer Tour Guides Needed at The Historic Haynes House." She laughs.

BRITNEY  
Are you asking me to go  
undercover??

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN  
No, not undercover. Just, you know,  
under the radar. No one over there  
knows you. It'd be our perfect way  
in.

Britney crumples up the flyer and throws it at her grandfather.

BRITNEY  
Nope. No way.

Professor Snowden tosses it back.

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN  
There's something in that house,  
Brit.

Britney rolls her eyes.

BRITNEY  
Oh yeah?

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN  
There's gotta be...A letter, a  
journal, a sketch, a photograph.  
Something. Anything that ties the  
family to the Gold. That's all we  
need.

BRITNEY  
All you need.

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN  
This involves you too.

BRITNEY  
No it doesn't. Last I checked, we  
don't have the same last name.

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN  
Just think about it...

Professor Snowden offers up the flyer. Britney takes it and heads towards the exit.

BRITNEY  
As intriguing as it sounds, I'm not interested in spending my whole summer cozying up on a cotton plantation in a slaveowner's house.

She tosses the flyer in the trash can on her way out.

EXT. HAYNES MANSION - DAY

An enormous Antebellum Mansion at the mouth of the Mississippi River (the same one from the opening flashback). An unimpressed Blake drives his Audi up a long cobblestone driveway.

EXT. HAYNES MANSION FRONT DOOR - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Blake walks up the steps, takes a deep breath, and reaches for the front DOOR - it's locked. He looks around and tries again - aggressively yanking at the handle.

The door won't budge.

He looks through a window and lifts up his hands in frustration. He reaches for the door a third time, grits his teeth and shakes the door knob.

CLICK. The door unlocks and opens. EMILY, an older docent, 70s, stands in the doorway. Her wrinkly face is filled with disgust. She points to a large sign next to the door that reads "RING THE DOORBELL! PLEASE DO NOT TOUCH THE HISTORIC DOOR!"

BLAKE  
Oh. Sorry. I'm here to see Warren Flanagan. I'm Blake Haynes...

A smile wipes away Emily's frown.

EMILY  
Mr. Haynes! My apologies sir. We weren't expecting you until later this afternoon. Come inside.

The two walk through the front door...

INT. ANGOLA PLANTATION HOUSE - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

The entry hall is the epitome of Victorian Style. Red Venetian glass fills every transom window, both interior and exterior. 20 foot ceilings. Hand carved cornice.

Blake shuffles his way past dozens of ornate Marble statues. The two walk to the right of a grand wooden staircase. Blake peers up the stairs and sees a 10 foot tall portrait of his great great great grandmother, Sarah Haynes.

Blake and Emily make their way into the Grand Salon.

EMILY

You know, I met your father once.  
I'm sure he doesn't remember.  
Surely not.

BLAKE

Is that so?

EMILY

Yes. Yes. Well, welcome to the  
largest antebellum house in the  
country.

BLAKE

Thanks. It's been years...

Blake walks around, owning the space.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

So where's Warren?

MR. FLANAGAN (O.S.)

Blake!

Mr. Flanagan enters from the west wing, smiling from ear to ear.

MR. FLANAGAN (CONT'D)

Ah. Long time no see kiddo. So  
great to have a Haynes back in the  
house.

He gives Blake an unwelcomed hug...

MR. FLANAGAN (CONT'D)

How was the drive from New Orleans?

BLAKE

Not bad.

Mr. Flanagan nods. The two just kinda stand there. Neither knows what to say - it's a bit awkward.

MR. FLANAGAN

Well, come come. Let's give you a tour and get you up to speed.

Mr. Flanagan takes Blake on a tour of the entire house. They make their way through the Grand Salon.

MR. FLANAGAN (CONT'D)

The house was built in 1850 by your great great grandparents, James and Sarah Haynes. At the time, this was the largest house in the country.

BLAKE

So I've heard.

MR. FLANAGAN

Let's start with the grounds.

EXT. ANGOLA PLANTATION RIVERSIDE - DAY

MR. FLANAGAN

The mansion sat at the edge of the family's 5,000 acre cotton plantation. Right at the mouth of the Mississippi River. Down stream from New Orleans.

EXT. ANGOLA SLAVE HOUSE - DAY

A ragged brick building with a old sign that reads "Slave House."

MR. FLANAGAN

Here's where it gets uh sticky. These are the slave buildings. Your family owned over 900 slaves, making them one of the largest slave owners in the country. This is part of the self-guided tour so no stress no stress. Moving on...

INT. WINTER PARLOR - DAY

Mr. Flanagan and Blake enter a small sitting room full of original wooden furniture. A chocolate marble fireplace hugs a wall and an Ornate gasolier hangs from the ceiling.



MR. FLANAGAN

When James Haynes died in 1855,  
Sarah became the wealthiest widow  
in the country.

INT. CENTRAL PARLOR - DAY

Yellow upholstered chairs and couches sit underneath a painted ceiling. The room resembles the atrium of an Italian courtyard...

MR. FLANAGAN

She never remarried though. A  
little odd if you ask me. Instead  
she turned this place into a money  
machine.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Seven mahogany bookcases line the walls. A chess set, fake cigars, period books all lay on a large rectangular mahogany library desk...

MR. FLANAGAN

From 1855-1860 Sarah Haynes tripled  
the family's net worth - taking it  
from 1 to 3 million dollars. And  
that's not even accounting for  
inflation.

INT. FORMAL DINING ROOM - DAY

A twenty foot dining room table is set for twenty four guests. Underneath is a vibrant red floor cloth...

MR. FLANAGAN

Now her sons helped run the  
plantation of course but all  
evidence points to her being the  
head honcho.

INT. SECOND FLOOR GALLERY - DAY

Mr. Flanagan and Blake stand on a Faux marbled floor and examine a portrait of Robert E. Lee and Jefferson Davis. Mr. Flanagan points at them.

MR. FLANAGAN  
 Friends of the family. Rather  
 controversial, I know. But they're  
 originals. Originals indeed.

Mr. Flanagan shrugs.

MR. FLANAGAN (CONT'D)  
 She was quite the woman, you know.  
 Risked her life to save the family  
 fortune during the Civil War.

INT. SARAH'S BEDROOM - DAY

Original scenic, green wallpaper. A 10 foot tall bed frame  
 centered against the interior wall. Blake and Mr. Flanagan  
 examine a civil war SWORD on display.

MR. FLANAGAN  
 She tricked the Union Army into  
 helping take her cotton to market.  
 She promised them that she'd sell  
 her cotton in Union-occupied New  
 Orleans. But instead she snuck the  
 cotton onto private naval vessels  
 and shipped it off to London. There  
 it sold for MILLIONS.

BLAKE  
 I remember learning about that as a  
 kid.

MR. FLANAGAN  
 It's always a crowd pleaser on  
 tours. The family spent quite a lot  
 of time in Europe after the war. We  
 call it the Grand Tour. She really  
 saw it all. It's a trip I hope to  
 take myself one day. Magnificent.

Mr. Flanagan stares off into the distance - lost in a  
 daydream.

BLAKE  
 Cool cool.

He snaps back to reality.

MR. FLANAGAN  
 So - feeling good about everything?

BLAKE  
 I guess?

MR. FLANAGAN  
Here's the official script.

Mr. Flanagan pulls a thick packet of papers out of his back pocket and hands it to Blake.

MR. FLANAGAN (CONT'D)  
Oh and your name tag.

He hands Blake a name tag that reads "Historic Interpreter"

MR. FLANAGAN (CONT'D)  
Listen, I've got some work to do.  
Any questions, Emily can help.  
She's been here for decades. Have  
fun! So great having a Haynes back  
in the house.

Mr. Flanagan walks back from where he came from. Blake looks down at the script.

BLAKE  
Great.

Blake eyes the confederate sword. He reaches for it when...

EMILY  
Careful!

Blake jumps and swings around.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
It's still sharp.

Blake walks past Emily and out the door. He whispers to himself...

BLAKE  
Then why on earth is it on display?

INT. BANK DEPOSITORY - NIGHT

Britney follows her grandfather into a vault filled with thousands of safety deposit boxes. They're alone. Professor Snowden opens a box and takes out two metal combination safes. They sit at a table in the center of the room.

BRITNEY  
Is this the part when you tell me  
you work for the CIA? Cause I've  
seen this movie before.

Professor Snowden sets the dials on each safe. He puts on a pair of white gloves. Hands Britney a pair. Professor Snowden lifts the lid of each box and swivels them around to face Britney...

Inside each box is a gold coin that reads "Confederate States of American 1861."

Britney's eyes light up.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)  
Is this what I think-

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN  
Yes.

BRITNEY  
Is it from the-

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN  
Yes.

BRITNEY  
You found the confederate treasure?

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN  
No. Of course not.

Britney examines the coin with the curiosity and excitement of a child. A close up of the coin before we fade out...

TITLE CARD READING "1864 - ANGOLA, LOUISIANA"

EXT. ANGOLA PLANTATION WHARF - DUSK - CONTINUOUS

(Picking up from where the last flashback left off)

Two enslaved men and one enslaved women (same group as prior flashback) push the last WAGON of cotton onto the wharf but the wagon buckles.

The younger man (16) rushes to the side of the wagon and steadies the load.

On his walk back to the front, the young man trips and lands on his face.

The two nearby Union Officers laugh hysterically. The young man, embarrassed, picks himself up and rushes the wagon forward.

As the wagon crosses onto the wharf, an entire bale of cotton tumbles over.

The sound of COINS CLINKING fills the air on impact. The union officers continue to laugh. It's unclear if they heard the coins or not.

Two golden coins roll out from the fallen bale - well within the officer's view.

Upon seeing the mishap, the Overseer grabs his whip from his belt and steps toward the wharf.

Amanda puts her hand up, halting the overseer in his tracks. She floats over to the wagon and elegantly scoops up the coins - ice water in her veins.

The officers are oblivious - still laughing.

Amanda slips the coins into her pocket and helps lift the bale back onto the wagon.

Deep within the bale we see a partially hidden 3x5ft wooden chest with "BANK OF RICHMOND" painted on the side.

The group looks over their shoulders as they quickly hide the chest within the cotton.

Amanda gently places her hand on the cheek of the young man who fell.

AMANDA  
Steady, my son.

The two hold each other's gaze.

EXT. ANGOLA PLANTATION HOUSE - DAY

Sarah looks down towards Amanda. Her right hand is locked around her son's wrist. Her knuckles, white.

EXT. ANGOLA PLANTATION WHARF - DAY

Amanda walks off the wharf - looks up to the house and nods reassuringly towards Sarah.

EXT. ANGOLA PLANTATION HOUSE - DAY

Sarah lets out a breath and releases her grip on her son. She continues to watch Amanda - a longing gaze.

EXT. ANGOLA PLANTATION WHARF - DAY

The Overseer looks up to Sarah then back to Amanda. He grinds his yellow teeth as Amanda walks by.

The two enslaved men look at Amanda - eyebrows drawing together. Amanda looks away from them. She's alone - standing between her enslaved family on the wharf and Sarah at the house.

TITLE CARD READING "PRESENT DAY"

INT. BANK DEPOSITORY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

We pick up where we left off. Britney, sitting with her grandfather, examines the gold coins...

BRITNEY

If you didn't find the treasure,  
then how did you...

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN

Sarah Haynes gifted your great  
great grandmother these two coins  
before she died. They've been  
passed down from generation to  
generation ever since.

BRITNEY

How did Sarah get her hands on the  
treasure?

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN

That's the mystery. She had to have  
stolen it. There's no other way  
Amanda could have-

BRITNEY

How much are they worth?

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN

A lot. But it's not about the  
money.

He slides one box closer to Britney. Britney looks up at her grandfather - eyes peeled.

BRITNEY

Why?

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN

It's safer if we split them up.

BRITNEY

No I mean why haven't you said anything? To me. To the press. To the Haynes family.

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN

There's no hard evidence tying these coins to Sarah Haynes.

BRITNEY

That's so stupid. They obviously came from her.

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN

The family would discredit the story in seconds. We need more.

Britney picks up the coin and looks at it closely.

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN (CONT'D)

You getting inside the mansion is our only hope.

BRITNEY

I need some time to think about it.

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN

It'll be a piece of cake.

BRITNEY

I don't know about that. I'm not the best at walking on eggshells.

INT. GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

Britney puts a carton of eggs in her basket. Blake struts through the front door, takes off his sunglasses, and whips his brown hair back (sexy Michael Bay slow motion entrance). Britney's mouth falls open. She's thirsty - but not for water.

Britney creeps behind a shelf of bottled water and watches Blake as he grabs a 6 pack of beer and heads to the register. The cashier looks closely at Blake's name tag as he rings up the beer...

CASHIER

Historic Interpreter? What's that mean?

BLAKE

Just a glorified tour guide.

Blake hands the cashier a 20 dollar bill.

CASHIER  
Gotcha. Where at?

BLAKE  
Haynes House Museum.

Britney gasps. She clasps her hands around her mouth and ducks behind an aisle. Blake and the cashier look around. The cashier shrugs his shoulders.

CASHIER  
Weird. Here's your change boss.

INT. HAYNES MANSION - SARAH'S BEDROOM - DAY

Blake gazes around the ornate room - the coast is clear. He wraps his hand around the handle of the confederate sword. He tries to lift it but it's attached to the display case and won't budge.

It's completely silent when...

RING RING. The doorbell scares the living shit out of Blake. He impulsively yanks the sword causing the entire display to fall to the ground.

The sword detaches from the display on impact...

BLAKE  
Shit shit.

Blake picks up the display and places it back on the desk. He lightly places the sword on top. The damage is unnoticeable.

The doorbell rings again. Blake's head swings toward the door.

INT. ENTRY HALL - DAY

Blake looks around. No one's in the mansion. Blake peers into the Grand Salon...

BLAKE  
Emily? You in here?

RING RING. The doorbell rings a third time...

BLAKE (CONT'D)  
Ah fuck it.



Blake walks back into the entry hall and answers the door...

Smiling in the doorway is Britney. She's clutching her book "Souls of Black Folk" by WEB DuBois. Blake freezes up - muted by her beauty. It's awkward.

Britney clears her throat...

BRITNEY

Uh hi?

BLAKE

Hi. Sorry. Hi.

Britney looks around, confused...

BRITNEY

This is the Haynes Mansion, right?

The life returns to Blake's eyes as he remembers that he's the house's newest tour guide.

BLAKE

Oh shit. Sorry. Yes it is. Come in.

INT. GRAND SALON - DAY

Blake leads Britney into the room. He searches around then whispers to himself...

BLAKE

Alright. I guess we're doing this.

He takes out the script that Mr. Flanagan gave him and turns to face Britney...

BLAKE (CONT'D)

So - welcome to the Haynes Mansion.  
My name's Blake by the way. Blake  
Haynes.

Britney's eyebrows jump after she hears Blake's last name. Blake reaches out his hand and flashes a flirtatious smile.

BRITNEY

Britney.

The two shake hands.

BLAKE

Welcome to the Haynes mansion,  
Britney.

Blake throws his left arm into the air, gesturing to the house in dramatic fashion. Britney's eye's narrow...

BRITNEY  
You already said that.

BLAKE  
Right. Well welcome.

Blake looks down to the written tour...

BLAKE (CONT'D)  
This house was built in the 1800s-  
ish by Sarah Haynes. At the time it  
was the largest...in the country.  
People would travel many miles to  
see the beauty here. Sarah was an  
amazing woman too. Made millions of  
dollars and risked her life to  
protect the family fortune.  
This...was her house. The largest  
house in the country, I believe.

Britney frowns.

BRITNEY  
Question.

BLAKE  
Uh yeah shoot.

BRITNEY  
How exactly did she make her money?

Little droplets of sweat appear on Blake's brow - he knows where this convo is going...

BLAKE  
Mainly from uh planting and such.

BRITNEY  
What'd they plant?

Blake clears his throat...

BLAKE  
Like Cotton I believe. She owned a  
bunch of cotton plantations and  
such. She actually went on a rather  
daring adventure to protect-

BRITNEY  
Did she plant the cotton herself?

Blake scratches the back of his neck, revealing some armpit sweat.

BLAKE

I don't believe so. The family had a bunch of uh slaves you know. Which is unfortunate but it's how it was back then.

BRITNEY

How was it back then?

BLAKE

Uh people just had slaves back then, ya know.

BRITNEY

How many enslaved persons did Sarah have?

BLAKE

I'm not actually sure. But I know it was a lot.

BRITNEY

Do you know any of their names?

BLAKE

The slaves?

BRITNEY

Yes, the enslaved people.

BLAKE

I don't know. They may not have had names.

Britney tilts her head to the side.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

Well - I mean they had names. Of course they had names. I'll just have to uh check that...

Blake looks down into his script. He blinks rapidly and avoids eye contact with Britney. A tightness behind his eyes. He rubs the back of his neck.

MR. FLANAGAN (O.S.)

Blake!

The sound of heavy stomping emanates from the gift shop. Blake turns.

Emily and Mr. Flanagan carry a large antebellum writing DESK into the room. They each sport a set of white gloves. Blake lets out a breath - he's been given a lifeline.

BLAKE  
Oh thank god.  
(whispering)

BLAKE (CONT'D)  
Mr. Flanagan!!

MR. FLANAGAN  
Come help me with this would ya?  
Emily can finish the tour.

BLAKE  
Absolutely!

Blake, smiling now, turns to Britney...

BLAKE (CONT'D)  
Emily's literally been here for 50  
years. She'll have all the answers.

BRITNEY  
Thanks, Blake.

Britney nods to Blake's script.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)  
Study that script.

She winks. Blake blushes as he walks away. Emily sets down her side of the desk and walks over to Britney, a wide smile on her wrinkly face.

Blake takes Emily's place by the desk.

MR. FLANAGAN  
Good to finally have some muscle  
around here.

BLAKE  
What's this?

MR. FLANAGAN  
Sarah's writing desk.

BLAKE  
She was a writer?

MR. FLANAGAN  
In her own right. Big journaler.

Blake bends down and grabs a hold of the desk.

MR. FLANAGAN (CONT'D)  
It's an original so be careful.

BLAKE  
Where we headed?

MR. FLANAGAN  
Front door. We're loaning it to the County Museum for a few weeks. Kind of a shame since we just got our hands on it.

Blake and Mr. Flanagan carry the desk through the entry hall.

BLAKE  
What do you mean?

MR. FLANAGAN  
Family in New Orleans had it for 75 years. Old man bought it at an estate sale. We ID'd it about 15 years ago but they refused to sell. Anyways, the old man died last year and none of his kids wanted it. So home it came.

MONTAGE - HAYNE MANSION - VARIOUS

A) Blake walks back into the mansion, brushing his hands together. He spots Emily's tour and listens in from a distance - A slack expression on his face.

B) Mr. Flanagan joins the tour. Gives an anecdote while pointing to a fire place.

C) Mr. Flanagan, Emily, and Britney all laugh together. Blake peers from behind the gift shop door.

D) Britney points to her book while delivering a monologue. Emily and Mr. Flanagan nod their heads with a fixed gaze.

E) Britney shakes Mr. Flanagan's hand. Both are smiling and maintaining strong eye contact. Britney walks out the front door.

END OF MONTAGE

INT. ENTRY HALL - DAY

Mr. Flanagan closes the door behind Britney. He shakes his head back and forth - grinning. He turns to Blake.

MR. FLANAGAN

Now SHE knew her stuff. I wish all guests were that knowledgeable.

Blake chuckles...

BLAKE

Well I wish I would've gotten her number.

MR. FLANAGAN

You can ask her out on Monday...

BLAKE

What?

MR. FLANAGAN

She's our newest tour guide.

Blake's jaw drops...

MR. FLANAGAN (CONT'D)

Turns out she was looking for a summer job.

He walks by an insecure Blake and pats him on the back.

MR. FLANAGAN (CONT'D)

Oh! One more thing.

Mr. Flanagan whips back around and tosses Blake a key.

MR. FLANAGAN (CONT'D)

To the house.

BLAKE

Okay? Why?

MR. FLANAGAN

Well it's your family's house isn't it?

BLAKE

I guess..

MR. FLANAGAN

I'll be a little late on Monday.  
Gonna need you to open up shop.

BLAKE  
Ah. That's it.

MR. FLANAGAN  
The alarm code is Sarah's birth  
year.

BLAKE  
And what's that?

Mr. Flanagan laughs...

MR. FLANAGAN  
Very funny!

Mr. Flanagan walks out. Blake looks at the key.

BLAKE  
Great...

INT. BRITNEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Britney rushes through the front door.

BRITNEY  
Grandpa! You here?

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN (O.S.)  
In my office.

Britney skips through the house and through the office door.

BRITNEY  
You're not gonna believe it...

Behind the desk sits Professor Snowden. He's examining one of  
the Confederate Gold Coins with a magnifying glass. He looks  
up at Britney.

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN  
What is it?

BRITNEY  
You're officially looking at the  
Haynes Family Mansion's newest  
Historic Interpreter.

Professor Snowden sits up.

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN  
You applied for the job?

BRITNEY  
Hired on the spot!!

Professor Snowden pumps the magnifying glass into the air with excitement. He puts the coin into a heavy duty metal protective case and makes his way from around the desk to hug Britney.

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN  
Fabulous news darling. Fabulous.  
I'm so proud of you. First order of business. We need eyes on Amanda's portrait.

BRITNEY  
It wasn't on display...

Professor Snowden scoffs.

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN  
Of course it wasn't. God forbid they acknowledge the truth. They've probably got it down in collections. There's something hidden in that painting Brit. I'm sure of it.

BRITNEY  
I'm on it.

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN  
That's my girl.

BRITNEY  
Oh one more thing. There's a Haynes working at the house.

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN  
What? Who? The kid?

BRITNEY  
Yeah, his name's Blake. A little naive but very cute.

Professor Snowden jumps out of his chair.

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN  
Shit! Okay. Okay.

He paces the room...

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN (CONT'D)  
It'll be fine. It'll be totally fine.



BRITNEY  
Jesus. Why are you freaking out?

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN  
You'll just have to keep your  
distance.

BRITNEY  
I know grandpa. I'll be careful. I  
promise.

INT. BLAKE'S CONDO - MORNING

A modern condo that's way too big for a college student.  
Pizza and beer dirty the marble kitchen counter.

Blake's fast asleep in his king sized bed. An alarm shocks  
him awake.

He groans, rolls over, and shuts off the alarm. He checks his  
phone and sees 10 missed texts. They read...

"Brooo you're missing a rager at Tanner's right now. When are  
you coming back to the city?"

Another reads

"Tanner's is lit brodie!! Where you at???"

Blake closes out his phone and screams into his pillow.

INT. BLAKE'S BEDROOM - MORNING - LATER

Blake puts on a name badge in front of his mirror. It reads,  
"Blake Haynes - Historic Interpreter." He lowers and shakes  
his head.

EXT. HAYNES MANSION - FRONT DOOR - MORNING

Blake meanders up to the front door. Britney's there waiting.

BRITNEY  
Good morning Mr. Haynes.

Blake smiles.

BLAKE  
Ha. Just call me Blake. You're here  
bright and early.

BRITNEY  
It's my first day!

BLAKE  
I heard. Welcome aboard matey.

Blake salutes Britney, immediately regrets it. He grabs a key from his pocket and unlocks the front door.

BRITNEY  
They already gave you a key?

BLAKE  
Well my family owns the place so...

BRITNEY  
Right. I forgot.

The two awkwardly walk inside. An ALARM BOX starts to beep. Blake flips on the lights. The beeping continues. He walks over to the alarm box and scratches his head.

He types in a number - it continues to beep. He types in another number - it beeps faster.

BLAKE  
Uhh...

He types in a third number and...

A shrieking alarm goes off causing both Blake and Britney to jump.

BLAKE (CONT'D)  
Damnit.  
(screaming over the alarm)

BRITNEY  
I thought you owned the place???  
(screaming)

BLAKE  
What year was Sarah born?  
(screaming)

BRITNEY  
What?  
(screaming)

BLAKE  
WHAT YEAR WAS SARAH BORN?  
(screaming louder)

Britney puts her hands on her hips and frowns. She walks over to the alarm and types in four numbers.

The alarm shuts off immediately. Britney turns to Blake...

BRITNEY

1817

BLAKE

Congratulations. You passed your first test of training!

Blake grins from ear to ear. Britney rolls her eyes.

INT. HAYNES MANSION - GRAND SALON - DAY

Blake scrolls through his phone. He sits on an old, blue upholstered wooden chair near the front door. Britney walks up to the window and peers out. She looks at him and then down at the chair.

BRITNEY

That's an original.

Blake jumps up.

BLAKE

Oh shit.

He stands next to Britney.

BRITNEY

So we just wait for people to show up?

BLAKE

Yup. They rarely do though.

BRITNEY

Where's Emily and Mr. Flanagan?

BLAKE

No clue.

Blake continues to scroll through his phone.

BRITNEY

Well who's going to give the tours today? You?

Blake looks up.

BLAKE

What's that supposed to mean.

BRITNEY

No offense but You barely knew a thing on Friday. And you didn't know Sarah's birth-

BLAKE

Listen, listen. THIS...

He gestures to their surroundings...

BLAKE (CONT'D)

It's my family's history. I don't need a script to give a tour.

Blake looks back down to his phone. Britney raises her eyebrows.

BRITNEY

Right. So when was this house built again?

Blake looks back up. A blank expression. Then a smile.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)

Thought so...

Britney pulls a script out from her bag and hands it to Blake.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)

Here. Study mine.

BLAKE

Don't you need it?

BRITNEY

I've already got it memorized.

Blake takes the script and looks over it for a beat. Britney looks back out the window. Blake murmurs under his breath.

BLAKE

Teachers pet.

BRITNEY

Slacker.

The two glance over at each other and grin.

EXT. ANGOLA UNIVERSITY HISTORY BUILDING - DAY

A quiet, empty campus. An old, two-story University Building. A sign in front that reads "History Department." Britney walks through the front door.

INT. ANGOLA UNIVERSITY HISTORY BUILDING - DAY

Britney knocks on an office door. A voice from behind the door...

PROFESSOR WHITFIELD

Come in!

Sarah enters a sea of books and scattered papers. PROFESSOR WHITFIELD, 30s, bookish, sits behind his desk...

PROFESSOR WHITFIELD (CONT'D)

Ah Britney! What a surprise. I don't think your grandfather's coming in today...

BRITNEY

I wanted to see you, Professor.

PROFESSOR WHITFIELD

Oh. Okay. Take a seat.

Britney sits down...

PROFESSOR WHITFIELD (CONT'D)

What can I do for you?

BRITNEY

I uh. I need a letter of recommendation.

PROFESSOR WHITFIELD

Of course.

He swings his chair over to his computer and opens up a Word document.

PROFESSOR WHITFIELD (CONT'D)

What's the job?

BRITNEY

It's for a transfer application...

Professor Whitfield turns...

PROFESSOR WHITFIELD  
You're transferring? It's not Old Hickory is it?

Britney laughs.

BRITNEY  
Hell no. I'd have to take out a million student loans just to pay for one day of tuition there.

PROFESSOR WHITFIELD  
Thank goodness.

BRITNEY  
It's just for the Angola business school. They need a letter of recommendation from a faculty member in my current department. And since you're my history advisor...

PROFESSOR WHITFIELD  
What about your grandfather?

BRITNEY  
I was worried about nepotism, ya know?

PROFESSOR WHITFIELD  
Makes sense.

Professor Whitfield turns back to his computer...

PROFESSOR WHITFIELD (CONT'D)  
So what does he think about the major change?

BRITNEY  
He's fine with it.

She lowers her gaze...

PROFESSOR WHITFIELD  
It makes sense, practically. History majors have never really fared well in the job market. Who do I make this out to?

BRITNEY  
Dean Carmello, please.

PROFESSOR WHITFIELD  
Plus you can always make loads of  
money in finance and read history  
books in your spare time.

BRITNEY  
True...

PROFESSOR WHITFIELD  
I'm glad your grandfather was  
understanding though. He can be a  
bit uh...passionate if you know  
what I mean.

BRITNEY  
You're preaching to the choir!

The two smile.

INT. ANGOLA MUSEUM - DAY

A small building with a plaque that reads "Angola Museum."

Blake and Britney follow Mr. Flanagan through the Museum. All  
three wear white gloves. Britney's WEB DuBois book is visible  
in her side body bag.

The group enters into an exhibit titled "Antebellum Angola."  
19th century pieces of furniture are scattered around the  
room. Each piece has an ID card with additional information.  
The writing desk is in the front display. The group looks  
around but no one's there.

BLAKE  
So like. Can we just take them?

Mr. Flanagan scratches his head.

MR. FLANAGAN  
The lease is technically up.

BRITNEY  
And security did let us in.

Mr. Flanagan shrugs then turns to Britney and Blake...

MR. FLANAGAN  
You two start with the portrait in  
the back. I'll see if I can hunt  
down the curator.

Mr. Flanagan walks out. Towards the back of the room is a portrait of a young black woman wearing a white cotton dress and bonnet. Britney's mouth drops. Her voice shaky...

BRITNEY

I...I didn't know that was here.

BLAKE

The painting?

BRITNEY

Yeah.

BLAKE

I didn't even know it existed. Who is she?

The two walk over to it.

BRITNEY

Amanda Hemings Snowden.

BLAKE

Who?

A tentative smile builds on Britney's face as the surprise sinks in.

BRITNEY

She was one of the Haynes family's enslaved. It was said she never left Sarah's side. Went everywhere with her until...

(beat)

BLAKE

Until what?

BRITNEY

Well, until she didn't.

Britney takes a step forward and examines the painting.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)

This is the only portrait ever made of one of the family's enslaved.

BLAKE

How do you know so much about this?

Britney shakes her head and flashes a fake smile.



BRITNEY

Just a big history nerd. Come on  
let's grab it.

Britney takes off her shoulder bag and sets it on the edge of a nearby glass enclosure. As Britney turns, the bag slides off the exhibit and is launched across the floor. It lands at Blake's feet. Britney gasps. She lunges forward but Blake beats her to the punch. He picks up the book.

BLAKE

Relax Derek Jeter. Why do you  
always have this anyways.

Blake carelessly flips the book over, examining it. He tries opening it but he fumbles with the leather book strap. Britney tries to yank the book away. Blake resists at first but lets go on Britney's second yank. The book slingshots into the portrait.

It's a direct hit.

The impact detaches the frame from the wall.

CRACK.

The gilded frame snaps as it slams into the concrete floor. Pieces of wood fly in every direction. Blake and Britney look at each other, eyes wide.

In runs Mr. Flanagan. He pauses. Voice trembling.

MR. FLANAGAN

Sweet mother of god.

He darts over to the fallen panting, the big man has never moved so fast in his life. He kneels next to the painting. Examines the damage.

MR. FLANAGAN (CONT'D)

What on earth happened?

Britney is about to fess up when Blake steps forward.

BLAKE

It was me sir. I thought I could  
carry it on my own...

Britney, stoic, doesn't say a word. She looks at Blake in a way she never has before, a wistful smile pokes through.

Mr. Flanagan scours over the painting. He exhales and leans back.

MR. FLANAGAN  
The painting's fine.

Britney's brow narrows...

BRITNEY  
What do you mean? It's cracked in half.

MR. FLANAGAN  
The frame's not original. Only the canvas. And the canvas looks good as new. Take a look.

Britney kneels down and closely examines the canvas...

MR. FLANAGAN (CONT'D)  
Not a scratch. I'll make arrangements for this. You two grab the writing desk.

Blake turns and Britney stands up. Mr. Flanagan gestures to Blake.

MR. FLANAGAN (CONT'D)  
Oh and Blake...

He turns.

MR. FLANAGAN (CONT'D)  
Be careful this time would ya?

Blake grins and nods.

INT. HAYNES MANSION - SARAH'S BEDROOM - DAY

Blake and Britney gently drop the writing desk next to the confederate sword. Britney's side bag is draped around her body. The two brush off their hands - a job well done. Blake eye's Britney's side bag.

BLAKE  
A question for you.

BRITNEY  
Okay...

BLAKE  
Can I borrow your book?

Britney hesitates...

BLAKE (CONT'D)  
I'll leave my white gloves on, I  
promise.

Britney pushes her lips out, squints an eye - considers the  
request.

BRITNEY  
Do you even know who WEB DuBois is?

BLAKE  
You do know I'm college educated,  
right?

BRITNEY  
And what college would that be?

BLAKE  
Old Hickory.

Britney chuckles and slightly shakes her head.

BRITNEY  
Ah. Makes sense.

Blake smiles back...

BLAKE  
What?

BRITNEY  
Who was he then?

BLAKE  
Who? DuBois?

BRITNEY  
Mhmm...

BLAKE  
I'd know more if you let me borrow  
it...

BRITNEY  
Maybe you should get your own  
book...

She turns towards the door.

BLAKE  
A second question then...

She turns back to Blake.

BLAKE (CONT'D)  
Can I take you out tonight?

Britney releases a flirtatious smile.

EXT. ANGOLA COUNTY FAIR - TICKET BOOTH - NIGHT

Classic small town county fair. A family plays the Ball and Bucket toss. A young couple rides the Ferris Wheel. Large men compete in a pie eating contest.

Blake and Britney are next in line at the ticket booth. She has on her trademark side body bag. Her WEB DuBois book pokes out the top. Blake walks up to the cashier...

BLAKE  
20 coins please.

CASHIER  
That'll be twenty dollars.

Blake hands the cashier a 100 dollar bill. He receives his change along with 20 plastic gold coins. Britney laughs to herself.

BLAKE  
What?

BRITNEY  
Oh nothing.

EXT. ANGOLA COUNTY FAIR - DAY - LATER

Blake and Britney eat cotton candy as they meander through the fair.

BRITNEY  
You do know your grandmother was the largest slave owner in the country, right?

BLAKE  
I think you're missing a couple greats in front of the grandmother...

Britney smirks...

BRITNEY  
That's beyond the point.

BLAKE  
What's the point?

BRITNEY  
It's as if we skip over slavery on  
our tours. We barely talk about it.

Blake shakes his head up and down, not disagreeing.

BLAKE  
Have you always been this into  
history?

BRITNEY  
You could say that. It's in my DNA.

BLAKE  
What do you mean?

BRITNEY  
My great great grandmother was a  
slave. Plus my grandfather's a  
history professor.

BLAKE  
Woah. That's wild. I had no idea.  
Where does he teach?

Britney's revealed too much. She scratches the back of her  
neck. Fumbles to find the words...

BRITNEY  
Oh uh...just a small school up  
north. Anyways, what's your deal?  
Your family basically built this  
town so you've obviously got  
beaucoup bucks.

Blake chuckles.

BLAKE  
Just getting my finance degree then  
working for the business I guess.

BRITNEY  
Taking over the family cotton  
plantations?

BLAKE  
Very funny. But no. We do  
commercial real estate investing  
now.

BRITNEY

Riveting. So riddle me  
this...you're crazy rich, you go to  
school an hour away, you're  
majoring in finance, and your easy  
on the eyes...so why on earth are  
you working at the Museum?

BLAKE

You think I'm easy on the eyes?

Britney rolls her eyes.

BRITNEY

Oh my god.

Blake smiles. The two pass a giant "Ring the Bell" game where  
you slam a RUBBER MALLET in hopes of ringing the bell.

Blake reaches into his pocket and pulls out one coin.

BLAKE

Let's see what you got.

Blake hands the coin to the carnival worker. Britney picks up  
the rubber mallet. She winds up with ease and slams the  
mallet down with earthquaking force. The bell rings  
immediately.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

Holy shit.

BRITNEY

10 years of softball.

BLAKE

I'm impressed.

A GREASY PUNK storms by with a group of not so kind-looking  
friends. The Greasy Punk bumps Britney's shoulder - knocking  
her off balance. Blake turns...

BLAKE (CONT'D)

Hey, watch where you're going  
asshole.

The Greasy Punk turns and gets in Blake's face.

GREASY PUNK

What was that pretty boy?

Blake steps up to the challenge.

BLAKE

I said - watch where you're fucking going.... Asshole.

The Greasy Punk stares into Blake's soul - every facial muscle, clenched. Blake looks the punk up and down.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

Swing. I dare you.

The Greasy Punk chickens out. He backs away. Blake snickers and shakes his head.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

Thought so.

Blake turns and walks back to Britney, who's still holding the rubber mallet. The Greasy Punk looks to his friends then back to Blake. He grits his teeth, pushes back his greasy hair, steps forward and winds up for a haymaker cheap shot. Just as he winds up....

SMACK.

Britney rocks the Greasy Punk in the face with the rubber mallet.

LIGHTS OUT.

The punk instantly drops. His friends rush over to him and drag him into the grass. Brit and Blake turn to face each other. Fireworks explode in the background - neither notice. Blake bites his lip. Britney drops her mallet and the two pounce on each other for a hot, steamy make out session under the fireworks.

INT. BLAKE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Blake and Britney have slow, passionate sex on the bed. Blake is on top. He caresses the side of her face and locks eyes with her before lusting in for a kiss. Heavy rain is heard and seen from the bedroom window.

TITLE CARD READING "1864 - NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA"

EXT. NEW ORLEANS ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Heavy rain falls on a cobblestone street. Sarah and Joseph, lit by moonlight, are huddled in an alleyway. They're leaning against a brick, colonial building.

SARAH  
Is it done?

Joseph nods.

JOSEPH  
Leaving for London at Dawn.

SARAH  
And the gold?

JOSEPH  
On board. Packed in the center.

A Union officer walks by the alley. The two look in the opposite direction.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)  
(Whispers)  
The captain's worried about the  
Union blockade...

Sarah pulls out a satchel from under her jacket. She hands it to Joseph. He looks inside - wads of GREENBACKS. He quickly hides the satchel in his jacket.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)  
Will it work?

SARAH  
Them yankee boys care more about  
money than winnin this war.

JOSEPH  
I don't know, mom. I'm not ready  
for this. It just-

SARAH  
It'll work, Joseph. You have to  
trust me.

JOSEPH  
What if the Union army finds the  
Gold and-

SARAH  
It'll work.

JOSEPH  
But what if the Captain turns us in  
and we-

SARAH  
It'll work.



JOSEPH  
I don't know, mom. What if-

Sarah slaps her son in the face. He looks down in shame.  
Water droplets, or maybe tears, roll down his cheeks.

Sarah shakes her head with disappointment and peels off onto the street.

INT. SARAH'S BEDROOM - NEW ORLEANS - LATER

Amanda sits alone in the dark room. The firelight glimmers off of two GOLD COINS she's twirling in her hands. The front door flies open. Sarah rushes in. Amanda hides the coins in her pocket and comes to Sarah's service...

AMANDA  
Good heavens. You're soaking wet.

She takes off Sarah's jacket and hangs it up on the coat rack.

SARAH  
Everything's on schedule.

AMANDA  
Your plan might actually work.

Sarah grabs Amanda's hands and brings her in close.

SARAH  
You mean, our plan. And yes.  
There's no doubt.

Sarah and Amanda gaze trustfully into each other's eyes.

A loud KNOCK comes from the front door. Amanda jumps back. A voice emanates from behind the door...

AGGIE  
Shall I run you a bath Miss Haynes.

SARAH  
Not tonight, Aggie. Thank you.

Aggie's footsteps dissipate down the hall.

AMANDA  
There is something I've been  
meaning to tell you.

Amanda pulls out the two gold coins.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
They fell out on the wharf. It was  
too risky to put them back. I...I  
wasn't sure what to do so I...I  
just. For safe keeping.

Amanda thrusts her hand out - the coins lay in her open palm.  
Sarah looks down at the coins then back up to Amanda. She  
gently folds the coins into Amanda's palm.

SARAH  
They're safer with you. Show no  
one. Tell no one.

AMANDA  
Of course.

Sarah rushes to gather her things

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
Where are you going?

SARAH  
(whispers)  
I must travel with the gold.

AMANDA  
But I thought Joseph-

SARAH  
He's not ready. I'm leaving at  
first light. Angola will be in your  
care while I'm away.

Amanda takes a deep breath and nods. Sarah grabs Amanda's  
wrist.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
I trust you...

Sarah's grip tightens around Amanda's wrist. Amanda looks up.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
With everything.

Sarah's grip tightens even firmer around Amanda's wrist.  
Sarah looks down at Amanda's quivering hand and releases her  
grip. She regains her composure and caresses the side of  
Amanda's face.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
I can't do this without you.

TITLE CARD READING "PRESENT DAY"

INT. BRITNEY'S HOUSE - MORNING

Britney sneaks back into her house - creaking the front door closed. She tiptoes up the stairs. Her hair's a mess and her makeup's smeared. This is clearly a walk of shame.

She's almost past the top step when...

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN

Brit?

She freezes and cringes her eyes in shame...

BRITNEY

Heyyy. Grandpa.

Professor Snowden emerges from the kitchen. He takes big sip of coffee and adjust his robe.

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN

Have a nice night?

BRITNEY

Um...

He takes another sip of coffee.  
(beat)

BRITNEY (CONT'D)

I meant to text you. It just uh it got really late and uh...

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN

Don't you have to get ready for work?

BRITNEY

Yes, of course.

Britney turns back up the stairs...

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN

Any luck on the painting?

BRITNEY

Yes! I found it!

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN

And???

BRITNEY

I'm gonna get a closer look today!

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN

Well, get to it.

He takes another sip of coffee and smiles as Britney trots to her room.

INT. HAYNES MANSION - BASEMENT COLLECTIONS - DAY

Britney cracks open the door and tiptoes in. She looks around. It's dark and packed full of 19th century artifacts - chairs with arms missing, ripped wallpaper, cracked mirrors.

The broken frame that housed the Amanda Hemings Snowden PORTRAIT sits on a work table near the back of the room. The original canvas is next to the frame.

Britney puts on gloves, picks up a magnifying glass and starts examining the frame and canvas. She flips the canvas over and carefully examines the back...

There's nothing there.

She drops the painting and exhales all of her disappointment. A voice bellows from behind her...

MR. FLANAGAN (O.S.)

Can I help you?

Britney turns.

BRITNEY

Mr. Flanagan! It's me.

MR. FLANAGAN

My goodness, Britney! What on earth are you doing down here? I thought someone broke in.

Britney gathers herself and walks over to Mr. Flanagan.

BRITNEY

No. No. I'm so sorry. I was looking for you when I stumbled upon this. I was just looking around.

MR. FLANAGAN

Well I'm glad you put on the gloves. You've gotta be extra careful down here. This is where we store our most fragile pieces.

Britney zooms past Mr. Flanagan - barely making eye contact.

BRITNEY

Right. I'm sorry I should've asked.  
Anyways, see you upstairs.

Britney walks out the door. Mr. Flanagan's eyebrows squish together. He taps his index finger against his lips.

MR. FLANAGAN

Britney?

She turns...

MR. FLANAGAN (CONT'D)

What'd you need?

BRITNEY

What?

MR. FLANAGAN

You said you were looking for me?

BRITNEY

Oh! Right.

She let's out a nervous chuckle.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)

Just curious if we were opening on  
the 4th of July? Wanted to check  
before I made plans, ya know?

MR. FLANAGAN

No - we're closed. Our hours should  
be on the sign out front.

BRITNEY

Right. Right. Thank you! See you  
upstairs!

Britney darts out of the room. Mr. Flanagan strokes his chin.

EXT. HAYNE'S MANSION - DAY

Britney and Blake exit the mansion - kissing at the front  
steps before splitting off in different directions.

BRITNEY

7 o'clock?

BLAKE

On the dot.

BRITNEY  
I'll be ready.

She winks at Blake as she walks to her car.

INT. BRITNEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Britney glides through the front door.

BRITNEY  
Grandpa, I'm home!

She peers into her Grandfather's office. He's knee deep in research. The GOLD COIN is on his desk.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)  
Working late tonight, huh?

Professor Snowden looks up in a daze. He glances down at his watch. His eyes widen.

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN  
Rats.

He jumps from his seat and gathers his things.

BRITNEY  
What?

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN  
I'm late to the alumni dinner.

Britney smirks...

BRITNEY  
Sounds fun.

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN  
It won't be. But some heavy hitters from the New Orleans Tribune will be there.

Britney nods.

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN (CONT'D)  
The book's gonna need media support.

Snowden attempts to tidy up his desk. He puts the GOLD COIN in the safe, closes the door, and turns the latch to lock it. He quickly turns and flies past Britney and out the door.

BRITNEY

Good luck!

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN

Thanks. See you later tonight.

Britney follows him out. We linger in the empty office and see the SAFE DOOR creak open. It didn't latch...

INT. BLAKE'S CONDO - NIGHT

Blake walks in the front door and hears his dad talking in the living room...

MR. HAYNES (O.S.)

It'll be cause for an audit,  
Warren. We'll be ruined. Regardless  
it's defamation. They'll cancel us  
if it publishes. Yeah, the lawyers  
will handle it eventually but what  
about the court of public opinion?  
He needs to know that you can't  
fuck with my family and get away  
with it. No, he wouldn't take any  
of my calls. Why do you think I'm  
here? Well that too.

Mr. Haynes notices Blake walk in.

MR. HAYNES (CONT'D)

Hey kiddo!!

MR. HAYNES (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)

Gotta go.

He hangs up.

BLAKE

Dad...I didn't know you were coming  
into town.

MR. HAYNES

An appointment popped up last  
minute. Plus Manhattan gets so  
humid in the summer.

BLAKE

Well that's why we have a place in  
Vermont.

(whispers)

Mr. Haynes gestures to the mess Blake's made in the condo.

MR. HAYNES

I see you've made yourself at home.

Blake puts some dishes in the sink - desperately trying to clean up a little.

MR. HAYNES (CONT'D)

Relax. I'm just giving you a hard time. How's the community service going? Warren says you're a natural tour guide.

Blake chuckles.

BLAKE

Warren's just blowing smoke up your ass. The mansion's really not that bad though. Learning a lot.

MR. HAYNES

You know, I'm surprised your here on a Saturday. Didn't want to go and see your friends in the city?

Blake shrugs.

BLAKE

Eh. The drive is such a hassle. Plus, I'm keepin busy.

MR. HAYNES

Well, hang in there. The fall semester be here before you know it.

Mr. Haynes looks at his watch.

MR. HAYNES (CONT'D)

I wish we could grab dinner but I'm taking the jet back to JFK at 9.

BLAKE

It's all good, pops. I've got plans anyways.

Mr. Hayne's eyebrows shoot up.

MR. HAYNES

Plans huh? Well be careful - girls around here would give their left arm to get knocked up by a Haynes.



EXT/INT. BRITNEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Blake rings the doorbell. He adjusts his tailored button down shirt with his left hand while trying not to drop the flowers in his right. Around his chest is a side body bag. Britney answers. Blake awkwardly stretches out the flowers.

BLAKE  
For the pretty girl.

She smiles.

BRITNEY  
I prefer tulips but...these will do.

She accepts the flowers and gives Blake a kiss. She notices the bag...

BRITNEY (CONT'D)  
Is that a murse?

BLAKE  
A what?

BRITNEY  
A man purse. A murse.

Blake laughs.

BLAKE  
It's a bag! I needed one to carry my books and my backpack was too big.

BRITNEY  
Your what now?

BLAKE  
My books!

BRITNEY  
And here I was thinking you couldn't read!

BLAKE  
You inspired me. What can I say?

BRITNEY  
Look at you! Blake Haynes - the scholar! Do these books have pictures in them. Let me see.

Britney reaches for the bag and pulls out two books. The first is "The Souls of Black Folk" by W.E.B Du Bois and the second is "Black Reconstruction in America." She looks up to Blake - impressed.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)  
Okay. Okay. Is this new 'Woke  
Blake' supposed to impress me?

Blake shifts his weight to the side.

BLAKE  
What? No, no not at I all. I  
wasn't. You know, I'm not...

BRITNEY  
I'm kidding! Come inside.

Blake exhales, wipes the sweat off his forehead, and walks in the house. Britney trots up the stairs.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)  
I'm almost finished getting ready.  
Five more minutes. Make yourself at  
home.

Blake looks down at his bag, suddenly feeling insecure about it. He shakes his head - regretting the purchase.

He wanders around the house before coming across a cracked door. He pokes his head inside...

It's Professor Snowden's office. A large wooden desk sits at the far end. Books and papers are scattered throughout. Blake goes inside.

He sees photographs of Britney and Professor Snowden on an end table.

On The bookshelf, Blake sees several books including "The Hunt for Confederate Gold," "Jefferson's Gold," "The Mystery of the Confederate Gold Uncovered," and finally "Sarah Haynes and the Lost Confederate Treasury."

He pauses at this last book and gives it a closer look. The cover reads "written by Jarvis Snowden." Blake puts the book down and notices a black, 4x4 steel SAFE behind the desk.

Blake takes a couple steps towards it.

The SAFE's door is ajar.

Blake looks around then opens the door and peers inside.

He sees a golden glare dancing off of an object towards the back of the SAFE.

He reaches inside and takes out a small metal display case.

He flips the case around and see's a gold coin shimmering FACE UP on a jewelry cushion.

Blake picks up the coin and gets a closer look. Inscribed on the front is "Confederate States of American 1861."

His eyes widen...

Blake places the coin back onto the cushion, FACEDOWN. He slides the coin case back into the safe and closes the door.

He looks over to the picture of Jarvis and Britney and scratches his head - eyes narrowing.

He shrugs and then exits the room.

EXT. ANGOLA SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Blake and Brit walk along the sidewalk - both eating gigantic ice cream cones.

BLAKE

So do you live in that house all alone?

BRITNEY

I live with my grandfather. Just until I finish school.

BLAKE

Let me guess. Majoring in history?

BRITNEY

I was but just changed my major to Finance!

BLAKE

Finance?? Just when I thought I had you figured out. I thought you loved history?

BRITNEY

I did. I mean, I do. It's just. Not practical, ya know?

BLAKE

Practicality's overrated.

BRITNEY

For you maybe. But we don't all  
have your money and name.

BLAKE

What's in a name?

BRITNEY

Everything, Blake. Everything.

BLAKE

I'll say this. Being here. Meeting  
you. It's making me really think  
more about history. I mean it's in  
my DNA too. Except my family's not  
really...not really on the right  
side of things if you know what I  
mean...

BRITNEY

You can't change the past, Blake.  
But you can learn from it.

Blake nods...

BLAKE

Let me ask you. What do you think  
about this whole confederate Gold  
thing that's been going around?  
Apparently some guy wrote a book.  
My dad's pissed.

Britney stumbles - almost tripping over her own feet.

BRITNEY

Uh yeah I mean I think it's  
possible. Who really knows what  
happened 170 years ago.

BLAKE

True.

An awkward silence as the two walk and eat their ice cream.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

You're right though.

BRITNEY

About what?

BLAKE

There really needs to be more about  
slavery on the tour.

(beat)

Blake and Britney lock hands and gaze into each other's eyes.

INT. BRITNEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Britney gleams as she walks through the front door. Her grandfather is sitting on the couch reading. He looks up at her.

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN

Uh oh.

BRITNEY

What?

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN

I know that look.

BRITNEY

I don't know what you're talking about.

Britney smirks.

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN

What's his name?

Britney hesitates...

BRITNEY

Blake...

Professor Snowden laughs.

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN

I'm serious. Someone's making my granddaughter all giddy. I want to know who!

BRITNEY

I already told you Grandpa. Blake.

Professor Snowden closes his book.

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN

Haynes?

Britney shakes her head up and down.

BRITNEY

He picked me up and we went for ice cream. He's actually a really nice guy.

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN  
He came here?

BRITNEY  
Yeah, what's the big deal?

Professor Snowden jumps out of his seat and rushes towards his office. Britney follows.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)  
What are you doing?

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN  
Did he come inside?

BRITNEY  
Yeah?

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN  
Was he in my office?

BRITNEY  
Uh no. I mean I don't know. I had to finish getting ready and...

Professor Snowden blasts past his desks and towards the SAFE. He notices the door's ajar. His shoulder's slump.

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN  
It's open...

He slowly opens the SAFE door and examines the coin...

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN (CONT'D)  
He knows...

BRITNEY  
No he doesn't. He wouldn't snoop around.

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN  
Then why was the door open?

BRITNEY  
Because YOU probably forgot to lock it!

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN  
Then why is coin faced down when I left it faced up?

BRITNEY  
That could've easily been you and you just don't remember.

Professor Snowden take a closer look at the coin.

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN  
Finger prints. Did you touch this  
without gloves?

BRITNEY  
No, I would never...

The realization hits them both at the same time.

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN  
God damnit.

BRITNEY  
I didn't mean to-

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN  
We can't risk him telling his  
father.

BRITNEY  
What do we do? Take the coins back  
to the bank?

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN  
The bank's not safe enough. Damnit!

Professor Snowden slams his fist down on the desk.

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN (CONT'D)  
A press conference! Yes. We need to  
schedule a press conference. I need  
to call the school.

Professor Snowden searches for his phone.

BRITNEY  
But the evidence? I thought you  
said we needed more?

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN  
We do. But we don't have a choice.

He finds his phone and begins to dial when...

KNOCK KNOCK.

Both of their heads swing to the front door. Professor  
Snowden locks the coin in the safe and turns to Britney.

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN (CONT'D)  
Stay here.

INT. BRITNEY'S FRONT DOOR - NIGHT - LATER

KNOCK KNOCK.

Professor Snowden cracks open the door and reveals a smiling Mr. Haynes. He's proudly holding Professor Jarvis' new book in his hands. Britney is nowhere in sight.

MR. HAYNES  
Good Evening, Jarvis.

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN  
Evening Jackson.

Mr. Haynes displays the book.

MR. HAYNES  
Autograph?

Professor Snowden doesn't react.

MR. HAYNES (CONT'D)  
You wouldn't take my calls.

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN  
I'm aware.

MR. HAYNES  
Why?

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN  
I'm very busy this evening. You'll  
have to excuse me.

Professor Snowden shuts the door but Mr. Haynes blocks it with his foot. He leans into the cracked door...

MR. HAYNES  
On Monday we're filing for  
injunctive relief. And we'll win.  
Not one of these will go on sale.

Mr. Haynes slides the book through the crack.

MR. HAYNES (CONT'D)  
Open it.

Professor Snowden accepts the book and opens it. Within the front cover is a check for \$50,000.

MR. HAYNES (CONT'D)  
A years salary. Don't fight the  
injunction, Jarvis. Let it die.



Mr. Haynes walks away. Professor Snowden follows him out onto the front porch.

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN

Jackson.

Mr. Haynes turns. Professor Snowden puts the check into the book and tosses it back to Mr. Haynes.

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN (CONT'D)

I'll see you in court then.

Mr. Haynes' jaw tightens. He steps towards Professor Snowden until he's inches from his face.

MR. HAYNES

Why? It's Libel. You can't prove a damn thing.

Professor Snowden smiles.

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN

Some of us aren't so eager to forget the past. Are you afraid your family's sins will return to haunt you?

Mr. Haynes shoves Professor Snowden with enough force to move an elephant. He falls back into the house and onto the ground. Mr. Haynes advances into the house just as Britney springs from the office. Mr. Haynes stops and smiles at Britney.

MR. HAYNES

Clumsy old man. Tripped over himself.

Mr. Haynes tucks the book into his jacket, accidentally revealing a handgun. He looks down at the professor and smirks before walking back out the door. Britney runs over to help her grandfather.

BRITNEY

Are you okay, grandpa? What happened?

Professor Snowden takes a deep exhale and smiles as he stands up.

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN

I'm okay, sweetheart.

BRITNEY

Why are you smiling?

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN  
He doesn't know about the coin.

He takes his phone back out and starts to dial.

BRITNEY  
So can the press conference wait? I  
can look harder. I'm close grandpa.  
I can feel it.

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN  
It's only a matter of time. We need  
to do it as soon as possible.  
There's no other way. We need to  
get ahead of this.

Professor Snowden brings the phone to his ear.

INT. CURATOR'S OFFICE - HAYNES MUSEUM - DAY

Mr. Flanagan is reading "Sarah Haynes and the Lost  
Confederate Treasury" at his desk. Blake pops his head into  
the office.

BLAKE  
Hey Warren, happy Saturday. Any  
idea where the 40 watt bulbs are?  
The lights in the small study are  
out.

Mr. Flanagan doesn't answer - still reading.

BLAKE (CONT'D)  
Mr. Flanagan?

He finally looks up.

MR. FLANAGAN  
Sorry. Um I think we have a few in  
the gift shop. Under the register.

Blake notices the book.

BLAKE  
Whatcha reading?

MR. FLANAGAN  
Some conspiracy theorist professor  
at Angola wrote a fairytale about  
your family's fortune. Don't worry  
we're filing a law suit.

BLAKE

I heard about that. The book that is. Not the lawsuit.

MR. FLANAGAN

The author is having a big press conference on Monday morning. I'm trying to figure out why.

Mr. Flanagan opens up the front cover and shows Blake a photograph of Professor Snowden.

MR. FLANAGAN (CONT'D)

If you ever see this guy trying to get into the mansion, don't let him in.

Blake notices the man from the pictures in Britney's house.

BLAKE

Wait THAT'S the author?

MR. FLANAGAN

Yeah. Why? Do you know him?

BLAKE

I'm pretty sure that's Britney's grandfather.

Mr. Flanagan sits up.

MR. FLANAGAN

What?

BLAKE

Yeah I saw a million pictures of them together at her house. They live together.

MR. FLANAGAN

Interesting.

Mr. Flanagan strokes his chin while Blake contemplates...

BLAKE

Why wouldn't she say anything?

MR. FLANAGAN

Maybe she was embarrassed.

BLAKE

Yeah that's possible, I guess. His office was full of books on the confederate treasury.

(MORE)

BLAKE (CONT'D)

Man, I should've put two and two together. Especially with the coin and all.

MR. FLANAGAN

Coin?

BLAKE

Yeah, he has a gold confederate coin. It was hidden in his safe.

Mr. Flanagan's brows furrow...

BLAKE (CONT'D)

The door was open. I just peaked inside.

MR. FLANAGAN

Was the coin real?

BLAKE

I don't know.

MR. FLANAGAN

It's probably just a replica he uses to inspire his crazy theories.

Blake laughs.

BLAKE

You're probably right.

Blake heads for the door...

BLAKE (CONT'D)

I'll see you up there.

MR. FLANAGAN

Yup.

Blake exits. Mr. Flanagan types "Jarvis Snowden Family" into google. Up pops several pictures of Professor Snowden and Britney at various events. He scrolls. We see a newspaper article with the headline, "Local Professor takes custody of his granddaughter following accident." Mr. Flanagan lunges for the phone.

MR. FLANAGAN (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)

Can you put me through to Mr. Haynes please. It's Warren Flanagan. Thanks.

Mr. Flanagan taps his knee up and down as elevator music plays over the phone.

MR. HAYNES (O.S.)

Yeah?

MR. FLANAGAN (ON PHONE)

We've got a problem.

INT. BRITNEY'S HOUSE - DAY

Professor Snowden writes a speech out on notecards. The safe is closed behind him. Britney pokes her head in...

BRITNEY

Headed to work. I'll help you prep when I get home.

PROFESSOR SNOWDEN

Sounds good. Love you.

BRITNEY

Love you too grandpa.

Britney exits.

EXT. BRITNEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Britney pulls her car into the driveway. She notices all the lights in the house are off. She wrinkles her brow and peers into the window as she walks to the front door.

INT. BRITNEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Britney slowly steps into the dark house.

BRITNEY

Grandpa? You here? Why are all the lights off?

She turns on the lights and looks around...

Nothing out of the ordinary. She puts her bag down on the couch and slowly walks through the house. She pushes open the office door and SCREAMS.

Her grandfather's corpse is facedown in a giant puddle of blood. Britney rushes to his side. She jumps back when she feels his ice cold skin.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)

Grandpa! Grandpa! Wake up.  
(in tears)

She checks his pulse...nothing.

Britney can no longer control her tears - wiping them with bloody hands.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)  
Come back. Come back to me.

She looks around and notices the office is an absolute mess. Books and furniture are thrown all over the place. There was an obvious struggle. Britney runs around the desk to find the 4x4 safe OPEN and EMPTY. She looks on the desk.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)  
No. No. God please no.

She shuffles through all the papers and books on the desk. Nothing.

The coin is gone. The notecards too.

INT. BRITNEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Two police officers interview Britney on the couch.

COP 1  
Do you know anyone who might have  
wanted to harm your grandfather?

Britney's expression is lifeless. She shakes her head "no."

COP 2  
What about the safe?

Britney doesn't respond.

COP 2 (CONT'D)  
What was in it?

BRITNEY  
I don't know.

The cops nod.

COP 1  
We're deeply sorry for your loss.  
We'll let you know if we find  
anything.

The cops exit. Leaving Britney alone in the dark house. She notices her WEB DuBois book poking out of her bag. She gently opens the book and reveals a secret compartment hidden within its pages.

Within the compartment is a small protective box. She opens it and reveals the 2nd Confederate Gold Coin.

Her jaw clenches as her sadness turns to anger.

INT. HAYNES MANSION - GRAND SALON - DAY

Mr. Haynes walks through the front door. His face is ghost white and his hands are shaking. He looks like he hasn't slept in weeks. Mr. Flanagan stands on a ladder - somberly painting the cornice.

Mr. Haynes straightens himself up and clears his throat.

MR. HAYNES

The lawsuit's officially been  
filed. We'll see how 'ol Jarvis  
holds up in federal court. You  
ready for this press conference? My  
PR team is on standby.

Mr. Flanagan puts his brush down. His face is drooped in a deep sadness.

MR. FLANAGAN

You haven't heard?

MR. HAYNES

Heard what?

MR. FLANAGAN

Jarvis was murdered last night.

Mr. Flanagan climbs down the ladder.

MR. FLANAGAN (CONT'D)

I tried calling...

MR. HAYNES

Oh my god! What happened?

His expressions are melodramatic.

MR. FLANAGAN

Burglary gone wrong looks like. He  
was shot in the chest.

(beat)

Britney found him.

Mr. Haynes' chest caves in.

MR. HAYNES

Oh my god. That's terrible.

The front door slams shut. Both men turn and see Britney standing in the entry hall. Mr. Flanagan rushes over to her.

MR. FLANAGAN

Britney. Good heavens. How are you holding up? What can I do for you?

BRITNEY

I'm fine.

MR. FLANAGAN

What are you doing here? You should be home.

Britney eyes Mr. Haynes.

BRITNEY

Long time no see.

Mr. Haynes clears his throat.

MR. HAYNES

I'm...I'm so sorry for your loss.

He can barely make eye contact with her.

BRITNEY

I'm sure you are.

MR. HAYNES

Jarvis was a productive member of this community. He will be missed.

The front door slams shut ones again. Everyone turns and sees Blake. He runs over to Britney.

BLAKE

Britney! I just heard on the news.

He gives her a big hug. She doesn't hug back.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

Here, let's get you home.

BRITNEY

I'd like to stay here and work.

She looks towards Mr. Flanagan.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)

If that's alright? It'd be good to stay busy.



MR. FLANAGAN

Of course. Whatever you need. I  
could use a hand with the cornice.

Mr. Flanagan smiles. Mr. Haynes clenches his jaw.

MR. HAYNES

You've been through a lot, sweetie.  
I think it best if you head home  
and get some rest. Isn't that  
right, Warren?

Mr. Flanagan doesn't take the hint...

MR. FLANAGAN

It's really no problem at all. I'll  
keep an eye on her.

BLAKE

Yeah, dad I'll stick around too. No  
worries.

Mr. Haynes glares at Mr. Flanagan. Time to go alpha.

MR. HAYNES

You know what, why don't you all  
take off.

MR. FLANAGAN

But the museum?

MR. HAYNES

I'm closing the museum for the day.

It's now clear who works for who.

Mr. Flanagan purses his lips and narrows his brow.

BLAKE

But Dad, I think-

BRITNEY

It's fine, Blake.

She flashes a smile at the group.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)

I'll see you all in the morning.

Britney exits. Blake and Mr. Flanagan begin to follow when...

MR. HAYNES

Blake, Warren....a word.

The three form a circle. They wait for Britney to leave. Mr. Haynes addresses Mr. Flanagan first...

MR. HAYNES (CONT'D)  
She is not to step foot in this house again, understood?

MR. FLANAGAN  
You want me to fire her?

MR. HAYNES  
Whatever you have to do.

MR. FLANAGAN  
But she's the best interpreter we've ever had. Why-

Mr. Haynes shoves a shaky finger in Mr. Flanagan's chest...

MR. HAYNES  
Don't you dare question me.

Mr. Flanagan's mouth falls open - he's speechless.

Mr. Haynes turns to his son...

MR. HAYNES (CONT'D)  
Pack up your things and head back to the city. You'll finish out your community service there. And you're not to see her again. Do you understand?

BLAKE  
Dad. What the hell. Her grandfather just died. She has no family.

Mr. Haynes is nearly in tears.

MR. HAYNES  
She wants to ruin us, Blake. I know it. Just like her grandfather. Why else lie about her relationship to him? Why else come here the day after he...after he passed away.

MR. FLANAGAN  
You mean after he was murdered?

Mr. Haynes shoots Mr. Flanagan a look that could kill.

MR. HAYNES  
Out. Both of you.

Blake and Mr. Flanagan exit. Their postures, slouched. Mr. Flanagan takes one last look at Mr. Haynes. He strokes his chin and exits.

Mr. Haynes stands alone in the Grand Salon. He reaches into his pocket and takes out the gold confederate coin. He clenches it in his fist and bursts into tears.

INT. BRITNEY'S HOUSE - DAY

Britney sits alone in her grandfather's office. She's combing through his books. Looking for answers. The family's Legacy rests on her shoulders.

She pauses and looks towards the spot where her grandfather died...

KNOCK KNOCK.

She jumps back in her chair - eyes bulging. Deja vu from the night before. She grabs a envelope opener from the office desk and approaches the front door. She moves closer to the peep hole when...

KNOCK KNOCK.

She jumps again.

BLAKE (O.S.)

Brit! You in there? It's Blake.

Britney lets out a sigh of relief. But she quickly regains her guard. Who can she trust?

BRITNEY

What do you want?

BLAKE

I just want to make sure you're alright. You won't answer any of my texts.

Dead silent...

BLAKE (CONT'D)

Can I come in?

A tear falls down Britney's face. She clenches her fist.

BRITNEY

Go away.

BLAKE  
Come on, Brit. Don't be like this.

BRITNEY  
Get off my property or I'm calling  
the cops.

Blake shakes his head in disbelief. Why is she being like this? He backs away from the door.

BLAKE  
I'm sorry. I'm here if you need me.

BRITNEY  
I said go away!

BLAKE  
I mean like you can call me if you  
need me.

BRITNEY  
Don't call me. Don't text me. I  
never want to talk to you again.  
We're done.

Blake draws his head back quickly - his posture crumbles.

BLAKE  
Can't we just-

BRITNEY  
Fuck off, Blake! Go back to Old  
Hickory, where you belong.

Blake opens up his mouth to speak - he's got nothin...

He slugs back to his car and drives off.

EXT/INT. CAR - PARKED - SAME TIME

Mr. Flanagan watches the previous action unfold from his car. He's leaning back so Blake can't see him as he drives off. The coast is clear.

Mr. Flanagan gets out of his car...

INT. BRITNEY'S HOUSE - DAY

Britney is back sitting at her grandfather's desk. She's examining the coin with a magnifying glass. She slams the magnifying glass down. What is she even looking for?

RING RING.

Her cell phone rings on the desk. She hesitates then picks it up...

BRITNEY

Hello?

MR. FLANAGAN

Britney. It's Warren Flanagan.  
Listen. I know about the coin...

Britney's mouth falls open. Which coin is he talking about?

MR. FLANAGAN (CONT'D)

Blake told me he saw one in your  
grandfather's office. I told Mr.  
Haynes. We figured it was a replica  
but then your grandfather called a  
press conference and...

Britney doesn't respond.

MR. FLANAGAN (CONT'D)

Listen, I don't know what happened  
but your grandfather and I were  
once classmates. Even friends. I  
was wondering if I could maybe take  
a look at that coin?

BRITNEY

Why should I trust you?

MR. FLANAGAN

I'm not a Haynes. I'm a Historian.  
And it appears I might not have all  
the history here.

Britney takes a deep breath.

BRITNEY

Okay. Where can we talk?

MR. FLANAGAN

How about your house?

BRITNEY

What time?

MR. FLANAGAN

I'm already here.

KNOCK KNOCK.

BRITNEY

Jesus.

INT. BRITNEY'S HOUSE - DAY

The front door swings open revealing Mr. Flanagan. He's holding a picture frame the size of his torso. He flips it around...

It's the portrait of Amanda Hemings Snowden, Britney's great great grandmother.

MR. FLANAGAN

Two originals were painted in 1860.  
I figured at least one of them  
belonged with you.

BRITNEY

But Mr. Haynes...

MR. FLANAGAN

Doesn't have to know.

Britney smiles as she takes hold of the painting.

INT. BRITNEY'S HOUSE - DAY - LATER

Britney pours two cups of coffee.

MR. FLANAGAN

Do you have a picture of it?

BRITNEY

He did but they're all gone.

MR. FLANAGAN

What about his computer? Did you  
check it?

BRITNEY

They took that too.

MR. FLANAGAN

Who.

BRITNEY

Whoever killed him.

Some silence as the heaviness in the room becomes evident.

MR. FLANAGAN  
Why wouldn't he come forward  
earlier.

BRITNEY  
He needed a link between the coin  
and the Haynes family.

MR. FLANAGAN  
Smart.

Britney glares at Mr. Flanagan...

BRITNEY  
He was convinced there was  
something hidden in the mansion...

MR. FLANAGAN  
Like what? A treasure map?

BRITNEY  
A letter or some document. I don't  
know. Anything I guess.

MR. FLANAGAN  
I've combed over every item in the  
collection countless times. I've  
never found a shred of evidence  
connecting the family to the gold.

BRITNEY  
And everything's in the museum  
collection, right?

MR. FLANAGAN  
It is now. Ever since we got back  
Sarah's writing desk...

Britney's head perks up.

EXT. BRITNEY'S FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Britney races out the front door with Mr. Flanagan following  
behind...

MR. FLANAGAN  
I've already inspected it! There's  
nothing there!

BRITNEY  
Prove it!

The two run to Britney's car...

EXT/INT. HAYNES MANSION - NIGHT

Blake's Audi zooms down the street. His music is blaring. He finishes his beer and tosses the empty bottle on the floorboard next to three others..

He rips the car's parking brake and drifts until he comes to a skidding stop in front of the mansion.

He opens another beer and stumbles to the front door.

INT. HAYNES MANSION - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Blake unlocks the door and stomps in...

BLAKE  
Grandma, I'm home!!!

He takes a large sip from his beer and burps as he disarms the alarm. He stumbles his way into Sarah's Bedroom. He plops down face first onto the historic bed. He lays still for a second then gets up...

BLAKE (CONT'D)  
Jesus. Not comfortable at all.

He walks over to Sarah's WRITING DESK and plops down on the ornately carved wooden chair behind it. He sits up straight, mocking the formality of the time...

BLAKE (CONT'D)  
Amanda dear, fetch me my feather pen.

He shakes his head...

BLAKE (CONT'D)  
So messed up.

Blake grabs another beer bottle from his 6 pack.

Time for his party trick.

He angles the bottle cap on the edge of the desk.

While holding the bottle with his right hand, he slams his left hand down on top of the bottle.

CRACK.

A massive wooden chunk is torn off the desk.



Blake freezes - his face turns pale. He jerks his head around - no one's there. He hops down onto his knees and tries to put the pieces back in place.

BLAKE (CONT'D)  
Come on come on.

It's not working.

BLAKE (CONT'D)  
Damn it.

Blake squints at the desk - something within the missing chunk catches his eye. He turns on his phone's flashlight and looks closer.

We see a hidden compartment underneath the desk.

Blake reaches his hand inside the compartment. He digs around and pulls out a stack of old parchment letters.

He looks through them - eyes peeled. He begins to read the one on top...

JOSEPH (V.O.)  
For too long I've lived with the  
sins of my mother. And the cost is  
more than I can bear. She couldn't  
burn the papers herself for her  
memory lived within them, so she  
turned to me. "No one must ever  
know," she said. Nay the strength  
to destroy. Nor the courage to  
publish. I store them here. The  
burden is now yours... - Joseph  
Haynes. Dec. 1924

Blake places the cover letter on the desk and reads on...

We see a long diary entry dated, December 6, 1899...

SARAH (V.O.)  
I haven't much time left. I aim to  
leave this world with a clear soul.  
Regret has poisoned my life. It's  
infected every inch of my being.  
Today marks the 10 year anniversary  
of Mr. Davis' passing in London, it  
seems proper to start there...

TITLE CARD READING "1865 - ATLANTIC OCEAN"

EXT. BOAT DECK - ATLANTIC OCEAN - TWILIGHT

Waves crash onto the vessel. Men run around barking orders at each other. In the front of the boat stands Sarah. Her dress flowing in the wind. The CAPTAIN approaches from behind..

CAPTAIN

I must take you down to your  
quarters. It's too dangerous up  
here.

Sarah doesn't acknowledge the man. She stares straight ahead. She lifts up her hand and points.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

What is it?

Land is visible in the distance...

SARAH

Tell your men to prepare for port.  
We unload right away.

Sarah walks down into the cabin. The captain stands alone.

INT. LONDON BANK VAULT - DAY

Golden light dances off of Sarah's smile. She faces a vault filled with massive amounts of gold.

A BANK CLERK approaches from the side.

BANK CLERK

Mrs. Haynes. Your Bill of Sale.

He hands Sarah a document...

BANK CLERK (CONT'D)

3,000 Bales of cotton for 857,000  
dollars. Paid in gold.

The Bank Clerk hands Sarah another document.

BANK CLERK (CONT'D)

Your deposit slip. 50 Gold tons.

SARAH

And how much is that?

The Bank Clerk smiles...

BANK CLERK  
1,857,000 Dollars, Miss Haynes.  
Minus our commission.

SARAH  
Commission?

INT. GOLD FOUNDRY - DAY

The Confederate Gold Coins are melted and formed into gold bars.

INT. LONDON BANK VAULT - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

SARAH  
Of course.

EXT. BANK - DAY

Sarah exits through the front door. On the sidewalk waits a dirty, sea-worn man.

SARAH  
Good morning, Captain. We set sail  
in the morning.

The CAPTAIN nods..

CAPTAIN  
Of course.

SARAH  
And I'll need you to draft me a  
letter...

Sarah hands the Captain a small sack of gold coins...

EXT/INT. HAYNES MANSION - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Blake continues to read...

SARAH (V.O.)  
Then there was the problem of Mr.  
Davis' cut. But I made quick work  
of that...

INT. JEFFERSON DAVIS' OFFICE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

President Jefferson Davis sits rigidly behind a desk flooded with maps and correspondence. Sarah Haynes stands stoically in front of him - her expression, cold.

SARAH

The storm was too heavy. The captain needed to lighten the load. The bales were dumped into the ocean. We lost...everything.

Sarah hands President Davis a letter...

SARAH (CONT'D)

From the captain.

He reads for a moment and then slams his fist down on the desk.

JEFFERSON DAVIS

Damnit!

Sarah smirks. Davis regains his composure.

JEFFERSON DAVIS (CONT'D)

My apologies. This misfortune is not your fault. I promised your husband I'd look after you. But now I fear I will be unable to look after myself.

SARAH

Don't you worry about me, Mr. Davis. The south may fall but the Haynes family will rise.

EXT/INT. HAYNES MANSION - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Blake reads on, eyes wide...

SARAH (V.O.)

It was time to head home to see my family. To see Amanda. I couldn't get home fast enough...

EXT. ANGOLA PLANTATION - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Six carriages roll down the dirt driveway. Sarah rides a horse in front of the procession. The horse gallops at full speed towards the house. Sarah's hair flows in the wind. Her gaze, searching.

Amanda emerges from the house. She smiles upon seeing Sarah. Sarah fires back a longing gaze.

INT. ANGOLA PLANTATION HOUSE - SARAH'S ROOM - NIGHT

Sarah and Amanda roll around in bed, kissing passionately. With Amanda on top, Sarah places her hand on top of Sarah's head and gently pushes her under the covers and between her legs. Sarah moans as she climaxes.

INT. ANGOLA PLANTATION HOUSE - SARAH'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Sarah and Amanda lay in bed, looking up to the ceiling. Amanda rolls onto her side, facing Sarah.

AMANDA  
Any news on the war?

Sarah hesitates...

SARAH  
I've been thinking. Why don't we  
spend a few years overseas.

AMANDA  
Years?

SARAH  
Yes and depending on how things go.  
Maybe we find a new home there.

Amanda sits up...

AMANDA  
You want to leave, for good?

SARAH  
It'd do the family good to get out  
of this blood stained country for a  
while.

AMANDA  
But my family...

SARAH  
They'll be looked after here at  
Angola

Sarah exhales deeply and rolls onto her shoulder. She pulls the covers up and closes her eyes as she falls into a peaceful slumber.

Amanda stares at the ceiling - her chin and lips, trembling.

INT. ANGOLA PLANTATION - SLAVE BUILDINGS - NIGHT

Amanda frantically wakes up her husband, CHARLES and their two children, GEORGE and LUCY (16 and 12).

AMANDA

Get dressed. Hurry. We leave tonight.

CHARLES

Huh? What happened?

AMANDA

She's splitting us up, Charles. Wants to take me to Europe.

CHARLES

Oh no...

AMANDA

Take them to the outer swamp. I'll get us two horses. If I'm not there by morning, you take the kids and run. You run straight to Fort Jackson. You hear? You'll be safe within Union lines.

CHARLES

Yes ma'am.

She gently places her hand on her husband's cheek and kisses him softly...

AMANDA

I love you.

CHARLES

I love you too, baby.

Amanda digs through her bag and pulls out the two gold confederate coins. She hands them to her son.

AMANDA

These are from the confederate treasury. Guard them with your life. They may be our only weapon.

She kisses her two children then looks at Charles.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

See you soon.

Amanda darts out of the cabin and into the night.

INT. ANGOLA PLANTATION HOUSE - SARAH'S ROOM - LATER

The room is dark. Sarah's in bed alone. She's abruptly awoken by her son, Joseph.

JOSEPH  
Mother! Mother! Wake up!

He shakes her awake.

SARAH  
What is it, son?

JOSEPH  
It's Amanda.

Sarah is instantly alert. She looks to the side of her bed, empty.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)  
She tried to run away. We caught her stealing horses. Her family's gone.

Sarah gets out of bed and begins to dress.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)  
What do we do?

SARAH  
Release the hounds.

Joseph swallows.

JOSEPH  
And Amanda?

SARAH  
Bring her to me.

Joseph is confused...

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Now!

He jumps and darts out of the room. Sarah's gaze is cold and hard.

INT. ANGOLA PLANTATION HOUSE - ENTRY HALL - NIGHT - LATER

Sarah, now fully dressed, stands stoic in the center of the dimly lit room. Amanda is thrown through the front door - it slams shut behind her. Joseph peers into the house through a side window. Amanda regains her balance and looks up at Sarah. The sight of Amanda softens Sarah's posture - she's clearly conflicted.

SARAH

Where'd they go?

Barking dogs are heard in the distance. Amanda starts to cry. Sarah steps closer...

SARAH (CONT'D)

You must let the past go. We can start anew in London. You, me, Joseph. A family...

Amanda continues to cry...

AMANDA

I can't leave them.

Sarah moves in close. She puts a hand on Amanda's cheek. She turns away. Sarah takes a step back.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Just let us go. I'll take your secrets to the grave. I promise

A single tear falls down Sarah's face. The two lock eyes...

Sarah turns and exits the room - walking through a dark doorway.

Amanda looks around, unsure what she's supposed to do.

Out of the same dark doorway emerges, the Overseer...

He unclips the WHIP hanging on his waist and slowly walks towards Amanda...

OVERSEER

Boy I been lookin forward to this...

She runs towards the door and tries to exit but it's locked.

CRACK.

The Overseer whips Amanda in the back. Chunks of skin scatter on impact.



Amanda falls to her knees. The Overseer whips her again. And again. And again. The overseer then misses and accidentally cracks the red venetian glass in the center of the door. Shards of glass fall down onto Amanda. The overseer looks around to see if Sarah saw the damage. No sign of her. He continues...

Joseph watches, mortified...

Amanda, hunched over on all fours, notices a shard of red glass near her right hand. She grabs it...

The Overseer moves in close. He reels in his whip - making a tight loop. The hounds bark in the distance...

OVERSEER (CONT'D)

Them dogs ain't eaten in days.

He wraps it around Amanda's neck and yanks her up to her feet.

OVERSEER (CONT'D)

Your family should make a fine meal.

He turns her around and leans back into the door - squeezing the life out of her.

The Overseer smiles as he strangles Amanda - getting off on the struggle when...

SLICE. The sound of glass entering flesh.

The Overseer's expression deflates into shock. His face turns pale white. His grip on Amanda loosens and she jolts free.

Blood oozes from the Overseer's gut.

Before the Overseer has time to react, Amanda, in one fluid motion, yanks the glass from his gut and slices his neck wide open.

The Overseer drops to his knees before keeling over, dead.

Amanda takes a deep breath. She drops the glass and turns around...

SLICE! A SWORD fully impales Amanda - entering through her stomach and exiting out her back. Blood spurs from her mouth.

Amanda looks up from her wound and sees Sarah, tears pouring down her face.

Amanda stutters as if she's about to say something when her gaze turns vacant and all life leaves her body.

She slides to the floor.

Sarah drops the sword and kneels beside Amanda's dead body.

She leans over and explodes into a painful cry.

Sarah looks up at the window. A horrified Joseph stares back...

INT. ANGOLA PLANTATION HOUSE - SARAH'S ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Blake reads the letter at Sarah's desk. His hand covers his mouth. Tears well up in his eyes...

SARAH (V.O.)  
Joseph never looked at me the same again. I ordered him to find Amanda's family and retrieve the coins, but he never did. I don't think he ever tried...

Blake wipes his tears.

MR. HAYNES  
Freeze!

Blake jumps onto his feet and turns around. His dad's standing in the doorway. A gun aimed at his head.

MR. HAYNES (CONT'D)  
Jesus. Blake. It's you.

Mr. Haynes exhales and holsters his gun.

MR. HAYNES (CONT'D)  
The alarm was disarmed I thought it was...

He notices the damaged desk and letters...

MR. HAYNES (CONT'D)  
What in god's name-

BLAKE  
It was an accident.

Mr. Haynes looks at the letters in Blake's hand...

MR. HAYNES  
What's that?

He reaches for the letters but Blake steps back - wary of his father.

BLAKE  
It's all true...

MR. HAYNES  
What are you talking about?

BLAKE  
The gold.

Blake holds up the letters.

BLAKE (CONT'D)  
It's all here.

Mr. Haynes reaches out his hand...

MR. HAYNES  
Give it here, son...

EXT. HAYNE'S MANSION - NIGHT - SAME TIME

Britney and Mr. Flanagan come to a skidding stop in front of the mansion and hop out of the car. They see Blake's Audi and Mr. Haynes' G Wagon.

MR. FLANAGAN  
They're already here.

BRITNEY  
Hurry.

They rush to the front door...

INT. HAYNE'S MANSION - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Britney and Mr. Flanagan tiptoe closer to Sarah's room.

BLAKE (O.S.)  
Did you know?

MR. HAYNES (O.S.)  
Of course not. And we still don't know anything for certain.

Britney and Mr. Flanagan peek into the room...

BLAKE

She said it herself. She stole the gold. Smuggled it to London. Melted it down....Murdered Amanda.

Britney and Mr. Flanagan look at each other, eyes wide.

MR. HAYNES

Those haven't been authenticated. We don't know who wrote them. It could all be made up.

BLAKE

It was hidden in her desk-

Blake's dad snaps. He pleads with his son...

MR. HAYNES

We could lose everything! Do you not understand that? We'll be cancelled. If this comes to light, we're finished. The government will open our books. They'll be nothing we can do to stop them.

BLAKE

So what? We have nothing to hide.

MR. HAYNES

YOU have nothing to hide.  
(screaming)

A blank stare from Blake...

BLAKE

Wha...What do you mean?

Mr. Haynes shakes his head in desperation.

MR. HAYNES

We need to take care of this right now.

He reaches out his hand...

MR. HAYNES (CONT'D)

Give it here, son.

MR. FLANAGAN

Don't do it, Blake.

Mr. Flanagan pops out from behind the door.

MR. FLANAGAN (CONT'D)  
Come on, Jackson. It's over. The  
world deserves to know the truth.

Blake's caught in the middle of his Father and Mr.  
Flanagan...

MR. HAYNES  
Son...

Blake looks at his father.

Mr. Haynes gently nods. His arm still outstretched.

Blake inches toward his father.

BRITNEY (O.S.)  
He's going to destroy them.

Blake stops as Britney eases out from behind the door.

BLAKE  
Brit...

BRITNEY  
You're family's done terrible  
things. It's true. But that's not  
you. You're different. This is your  
chance to be on the right side of  
history.

MR. HAYNES  
Oh give me a break. We don't know  
if any of this is real. You're  
gonna need more than a letter...

Britney takes out her book. She opens it up and takes out the  
coin.

Mr. Haynes' mouth drops open...

BRITNEY  
Oh you thought we only had one?

Mr. Haynes looks at his son...

MR. HAYNES  
Blake. Come on now. Hand me the  
goddamn letters.

Blake looks to his father then to Britney then back to his  
father.

MR. HAYNES (CONT'D)

Now!

(screams)

Blake jumps. He no longer recognizes his father.

BLAKE

I'm sorry, dad.

Blake hands the documents to Mr Flanagan. Mr. Haynes rubs his hands through his hair.

MR. HAYNES

No. No. No.

MR. FLANAGAN

Come on, let's go. The shows over.

As Brit and Mr. Flanagan begin to walk towards the door, we hear a...

CLICK.

It's the sound of a gun cocking.

MR. HAYNES

Don't take another god damn step...

The group turns.

They see a trembling Mr. Haynes pointing a gun directly at them. Tears of streaming down his face.

Mr. Flanagan shields Britney with his body. Blake backs off to the side.

BLAKE

Dad, what the hell.

MR. HAYNES

Quiet, son.

He can't keep his arm steady.

MR. HAYNES (CONT'D)

This is your fault.

Mr. Flanagan lifts up his hands.

MR. FLANAGAN

Listen, Jackson. It's not worth it.

MR. HAYNES  
I'm not a killer. I'm not a fucking  
killer.

MR. FLANAGAN  
No one said you were. Now put...the  
gun...down.

MR. HAYNES  
I...I can't.

Britney peers out from behind Mr. Flanagan. She's in tears...

BRITNEY  
Is this what you did to my  
grandfather too? Murdered him in  
cold blood?!

MR. HAYNES  
It was an accident. I didn't mean  
to..to...

Blake's gaze darts up to his father.

BLAKE  
What?

MR. HAYNES  
It was an accident. He wouldn't  
give me the coin. He attacked me!  
It was self defense!  
(in tears)

BRITNEY  
Bullshit!  
(crying)

MR. FLANAGAN  
Put the gun down, Jackson. This  
isn't you...

Mr. Haynes is in tears. He lowers the gun a few inches...

MR. FLANAGAN (CONT'D)  
The world deserves to know the-

BANG.

Mr. Haynes shoots Mr. Flanagan in the chest.

Britney screams. Mr. Flanagan falls to the floor. Blood  
puddles around his body.

Mr. Haynes shakes uncontrollably. His eyes are bloodshot.

The diary entries are still in Mr. Flanagan's grasp.

Britney lunges for them.

Mr. Haynes points the gun at her and puts his finger on the trigger.

He squeezes when Blake grabs the gun and points it away from Britney.

BANG.

The gun fires - nearly hitting Britney in the face.

Blake tries to wrestle the gun from his father. Britney gains her composure and joins the fight, trying to help Blake wrestle the gun away from his father.

But Mr. Haynes is too strong. He overpowers both of them.

Mr. Haynes pistol whips Blake and Britney in the face - Blake takes most of the impact. They drop to the ground. Blake is out cold but Britney remains conscious.

Moaning is heard from behind. Mr. Haynes turns.

Mr. Flanagan rolls onto his back.

He's still alive!

Mr. Haynes walks towards him.

Britney looks around the room until her gaze lands on the UNION SWORD attached to the display case.

Mr. Haynes lifts his gun and points it at a bleeding Mr. Flanagan.

MR. FLANAGAN (CONT'D)  
P...please. You don't have to do  
this.

MR. HAYNES  
I'm sorry old friend. But I'm  
afraid I do...

He starts to squeeze the trigger when...

SLICE.

Britney cuts Mr. Haynes arm clean off.

The amputated arm, which still clutches the gun, falls to the floor.



Mr. Haynes is in shock.

Blood pours from the wound. The reality of what just happened hits him and he screams in pain.

Britney's knees buckle. She drops the sword.

Mr. Haynes snatches Britney's neck with his left hand.

He squeezes, crushing Britney's windpipe. She tries to fight him off but he's too strong.

She's just about to fall unconscious when...

BANG. BANG. BANG.

Three bullets hit Mr. Haynes in the chest. He stumbles back, wobbles a bit, then drops.

Mr. Flanagan, still on the floor, holds the smoking gun.

Blake regains consciousness and stands up.

BLAKE

Wha....What..

He see's his father bloody and gasping for air. He rushes to his side. Blake grabs his father's hand. Mr. Haynes gathers enough strength to muster a few words to his son...

MR. HAYNES

I...I'm sorry son...

He lifts his hand up to his son's cheek. A brief, touching moment before all life leaves his body.

Blake cries next to his father's corpse.

Britney hugs him from behind.

The diary entries are scattered around the room.

TITLE CARD READING "10 YEARS LATER"

## INT. ANGOLA UNIVERSITY - LECTURE HALL - DAY

An older Britney, dressed in a blazer and pencil skirt, stands in front of a projector screen the reads "Britney Snowden Baker - The Dark Side of American History Why It's Critical to Understand Slavery - PhD Dissertation Defense." 10 teachers sit in the first row - including Professor Whitfield in the middle. They each hold a copy of Britney's dissertation...

## BRITNEY

Slavery was instrumental to the formation of the United States. In fact, slavery has been legal in the United States for longer than it's been illegal. African American History IS American History. They're one and the same. But this aspect of our country's history has been whitewashed. Stripped from textbooks. Softened in family discussions. And why? Because the subject makes people "uncomfortable." 10 years ago I was involved in a historical discovery. The TRUTH about the stolen confederate treasure. The media spun this "truth" into an inspiring hero's journey. One ambitious woman's daring adventure smuggling stolen gold across enemy lines. What a log line! Am I right? But life isn't a movie plot. Despite all of our efforts, the truth - the REAL truth - has been whitewashed by the press. Missing from the tale are the 900 enslaved men and women whose labor elevated Sarah Haynes' economic status to such a level that she was able to make deals with Jefferson Davis. Missing are the enslaved who picked the cotton Sarah used to hide the Gold from the Union Army. Missing is Amanda, Sarah's enslaved nurse and LOVER who kept every one of Sarah's secrets until she was murdered by the one woman she swore to protect.

Britney owns the silence in the room. Making eye contact with her professors and colleagues.

BRITNEY (CONT'D)  
Families, schools, museums, and  
historical sites need to expand  
their narratives. It's time the  
stories of the marginalized  
complete the American story.

A brief pause then the room erupts in applause.

Sarah smiles - thrilled by the response.

The applause dies down and the row of professors whisper to  
each other.

Professor Whitfield leans forward into his mic...

PROFESSOR WHITFIELD  
Congratulations, Britney. Your  
grandfather would be so proud.

Britney covers her face. Tears stream down her face.  
Professor Whitfield and the rest of the faculty smile and  
clap.

BRITNEY  
Thank you.

PROFESSOR WHITFIELD  
So, tell us. What's next?

Britney grins...

EXT. ANGOLA PLANTATION HOUSE - MORNING

Reporters are scattered in front of the house - anxiously  
holding their microphones. Everyone is gathered around an  
empty podium in front of the mansion.

INT. ANGOLA PLANTATION HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Blake peaks through the front window. He looks older, more  
mature. He turns to Mr. Flanagan in the entry hall...

BLAKE  
Look at them. Wide eyed. Excited.  
They look at me like I'm him.

MR. FLANAGAN  
They need someone to help sell  
papers.

BLAKE

And to think, he was convinced they would vilify us.

MR. FLANAGAN

I guess tax evasion is no longer front page news. A treasure hunt is. No one could've predicted the public's reaction.

BLAKE

It's not right. I don't deserve it.

MR. FLANAGAN

Deserve what?

BLAKE

The attention. The fame. The money. Any of it.

MR. FLANAGAN

You're not your father. What you've done with the foundation speaks for itself.

BLAKE

It's not enough.

MR. FLANAGAN

It's a start.

He brushes lint off his blazer and trousers...

BLAKE

It's a start.

Blake shakes out his arms and jumps up and down.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

Ugh. I'm nervous.

Mr. Flanagan puts his hands on Blake's shoulders.

MR. FLANAGAN

You got this.

He looks at Mr. Flanagan and nods. It's go time...

EXT. ANGOLA PLANTATION HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Blake walks out the front door. Mr. Flanagan follows close behind.

In front of the mansion is 25-30 members of the press. They're nervously chatting. Blake walks straight up to the podium. The crowd hushes...

BLAKE

Good morning. Thank you all for coming. Good morning. Good morning. Let's get right into it... The Hayne's Historic Mansion will officially be reopening in the fall.

Cheers in the crowd.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

Our primary guided tour will be titled "Journey to Jubilee." It will explore the stories of the African-Americans who were brought to, and born at, Angola Plantation. Many men, women, and children were present here from enslavement to freedom. They endured, and we want to honor them by telling their story.

Blakes looks back to Mr. Flanagan...

BLAKE (CONT'D)

With that said, It's with great sadness that I announce, After 50 years of service to this property and to my family, Warren Flanagan will be stepping down as Curator.

Murmurs heard throughout the crowd.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

He plans to spend his retirement overseas.

Blake looks back to Mr. Flanagan and smiles...

BLAKE (CONT'D)

The foundation's decided to kickstart his retirement with a fully funded Grand Tour of Europe. His trip will replicate the same Grand Tour taken by Sarah Haynes in 1866.

Mr. Flanagan's eyes go wide with surprise. He flashes a smile that can't be contained.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

But Warren's not leaving just yet!  
He's kindly agreed to stay with us  
throughout the summer, in an  
advisory capacity, to ensure a  
smooth transition.

Blake looks around...

BLAKE (CONT'D)

I will also be stepping down as  
Director of the Haynes Mansion.

REPORTER 1

Why? What happened?

REPORTER 2

Why?

BLAKE

I'll be taking more of an active  
role within the Haynes Family  
Foundation with the goal of leaving  
this world in a better place than I  
found it.

Even more murmurs...

REPORTER 1

Who's taking your place?

REPORTER 2

Who will be the new curator?

Blake smiles.

BLAKE

I'm beyond excited to announce our  
new Director AND Curator, Doctor  
Britney Snowden Baker...

Blake looks up to the mansion as Britney emerges from the  
front door. The crowd explodes in applause. Her powerful  
presence intoxicates the crowd. Light bounces off her golden,  
coin necklace.

She revels in the love and walks down to the podium. She  
shakes Blake's hand and moves in front of the podium, her  
hands behind her back...

BRITNEY

Any questions?

Every reporter's hand shoots up to the sky. Britney smirks.

REPORTER 1

Doctor Baker!

REPORTER 2

Doctor Baker!

REPORTER 3

Doctor Baker!

Britney points to Reporter 3...

BRITNEY

Yes?

REPORTER 3

Will the new tour cover the  
confederate gold?

BRITNEY

There would be no gold story  
without the help of the enslaved.

REPORTER 3

Is that a yes?

Britney smiles...

BRITNEY

Yes.

The reporters look relieved.

REPORTER 1

Dr. Baker!

BRITNEY

Yes.

REPORTER 1

I can't help but notice your coin  
necklace. Is that thee coin?

Britney rolls her eyes.

BRITNEY

A replica of course. A gift from my  
fiancé.

She flashes an engagement ring and looks back towards  
Blake...

REPORTER 1

Dr. Baker, is there something  
you're not telling us?

Britney smirks. Blake swoops in from the side and kisses her  
on the lips. Cameras flash. Everyone cheers. Mr. Flanagan  
claps. Blake and Britney laugh in each other's arms.

One last picture is taken of the two - freezing them in a  
blissful image just as we...

FADE TO BLACK.

