

CHICAGO 1919

Act 1 Sample

By

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Based On True Events

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FADE IN:

TEXT OVER BLACK:

"One feels his two-ness — An American, a Negro; two souls, two thoughts, two unreconciled strivings; two warring ideals in one dark body, whose dogged strength alone keeps it from being torn asunder." -W.E.B. DuBois

EXT. ROOFTOP/STREET - HOWARD THEATER - DAY

SUPER: Washington, D.C. JULY 24, 1919

Mayhem in the streets!

BLACKS and WHITES attack each other with bats and pipes.

A WHITE GUNMAN wildly shoots Blacks at random.

A BLACK MAN rushes him from behind and bashes his head with a brick.

ON THE ROOFTOP

A BLACK SNIPER trains his rifle on the streets below.

SNIPER P.O.V. - A YOUNG WHITE MAN chases a BLACK TEEN.

SNIPER

I see you.

BANG!

The Sniper pulls the trigger. A second later, a pink mist explodes from the White Man's head.

ON THE STREET

Blood gushes from the White Man's head and soaks a strewn WASHINGTON POST newspaper.

"Negroes Attack Girl. White Men Vainly Pursue." reads the headline.

A WHITE STREETCAR CONDUCTOR holding a gun stops it in the middle of T Street and walks toward a BLACK PASSENGER in the back of the car.

CONDUCTOR

Stay away from our women you
fucking coon!

The Conductor raises and points the gun at the man.

Blood splatters the Black Passenger's face and several others near him.

The Conductor collapses from the Sniper's bullet that punctured his skull.

The Black Passenger jumps off the car amid terrified screams.

He looks in the direction of the Sniper who salutes him.

As he runs away, he tramples over more White people than Black dead in the street.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SOUTH SIDE OF CHICAGO - DAY

PULL BACK from the running feet on the D.C. street that become the running feet of 17-year old EUGENE WILLIAMS (Black).

SUPER: Chicago, ILL. South Side "Black Belt". July 26, 1919

Eugene grips a baseball as he streaks through the neighborhood. He's lean with a six pack rippling through his bright red shirt.

The kid CAN RUN! He exudes athleticism and confidence.

Eugene zooms by a brownstone office building with a modest sign that reads THE CHICAGO DEFENDER.

Seconds later, a pickup truck pulls in front of the building with a new THE CHICAGO DEFENDER sign in the back bed.

INT. THE CHICAGO DEFENDER OFFICES - DAY

MR. MARCUS PRICE (Black, mid 40's) is a picture of intelligent elegance as he walks through the small offices of the busy newspaper.

REPORTERS and SECRETARIES greet him with nods and hellos. He's the boss, and they respect him.

ANDREW HIGGINS (Black, 25), approaches him with a newspaper in his hand.

ANDREW

Mr. Price, did you read the story
on the Washington D.C. riots?

MR. PRICE
I did. Great work, as usual.

ANDREW
I had an excellent mentor.

MR. PRICE
That may be, but flattery was not
on the syllabus.

Andrew chuckles.

ANDREW
Your two o'clock's in your office.

MR. PRICE
Thank you, Andrew.

CARL SANDLER (White, 42), a bespeckled news man, catches up
to Mr. Price.

CARL SANDLER
Marcus! You got a minute?

MR. PRICE
Carl. Is your paper telling the
truth now?

CARL SANDLER
You can count on it. I was
wondering if I could ask you a few
questions.

MR. PRICE
What answers do you need?

CARL SANDLER
The black belt holds at least
125,000 people now, which is double
the number from five years ago when
the war started. What's the general
sentiment in the black belt now
that the soldiers are back?

MR. PRICE
Why don't you ask a soldier?

INT. MR. PRICE'S OFFICE - DAY

SERGEANT TODD BANES (Black, late 20's) is decked in a
Doughboy army uniform.

He stands and removes his cap when Mr. Price lets Carl into his private office.

MR. PRICE
Sergeant Todd Banes, this is Carl Sandler from the Daily News.

CARL SANDLER
Pleased to meet you, Sergeant Banes. How long were you overseas?

SERGEANT BANES
Nine months, sir.

CARL SANDLER
You don't have to call me sir. Carl 'll do.

MR. PRICE
Carl needs a statement from the returning black soldiers for his paper.

Carl pulls a pen and pad from his breast pocket.

The Sergeant hesitates.

MR. PRICE (CONT'D)
Go ahead, son.

SERGEANT BANES
We made the supreme sacrifice for old glory, the flag and the land we love. Because it stands for our freedom too. Now all we ask is that our country pay it back. And live up to the claims of the Constitution and the Declaration Of Independence.

CARL SANDLER
Succinct and potent.

MR. PRICE
I couldn't have said it better.

EXT. THE CHICAGO DEFENDER OFFICE - DAY

WILLIE PARKS (Black, 40's) supervises TWO BLACK WORKERS replacing the old Defender sign with the new one.

Mr. Price emerges from the building.

MR. PRICE
The new sign looks excellent,
Willie.

WILLIE
Thank you, Mr. Price. You want me
to hail you a cab?

MR. PRICE
No, thank you. It's a nice day. I
think I'll walk a while.

EXT. SOUTH SIDE OF CHICAGO - DAY

MONTAGE - Accompanied by V.O.:

Mr. Price strolls through various neighborhoods in the Black Belt, DISSOLVING in and out of the economically mixed areas.

The streets are filled with Black owned businesses - dress shops, grocery stores, barbershops, restaurants, a funeral home, bakeries, banks, a church...

MR. PRICE (V.O.)
The founding father of Chicago,
Jean du Sable, was a Black man. By
1919, an estimated 500,000 Negro
Americans had migrated from the
South to the industrial Northeast
and Midwest. We came in search of a
better life. To escape the noose
and the laws of Jim Crow. This
influx, combined with limited
employment and the empowerment of
returning Negro soldiers, led to
resentment among whites,
particularly the Irish.

INT. PRICE HOME - DAY

Mr. Price sits with his family at the breakfast table.

ROSLYN PRICE (Black, 35) is beautiful with bright, positive eyes. She exudes upper class.

The Price parents dote on their two boys while they regale them with adolescent animation.

JOHN PRICE (Black, 13) is a fidgety, adorable kid who can hardly sit still.

ROBERT PRICE (Black, 17), is handsome like his father, athletic, and cool in his spirit. An inherited intelligence inhabits his aura.

MR. PRICE (V.O.)

Following the war, a series of race riots broke-out across the nation in what became known as the Red Summer. My wife and I were raising two boys. Being a teenager is challenging enough. There's school, baseball, and girls to think about. But the Red Summer in Chicago, 1919, changed all of that.

EXT. HENRY'S BARBER SHOP - DAY

Eugene tosses a ball in the air as he jaunts past Henry's Barber shop on the corner of Wabash Ave and 60th street in the black belt.

He dips his head at passing black SOLDIERS in their WWI military DOUGHBOY UNIFORMS.

EUGENE

Welcome home, brothers in arms.

DOUGHBOY

Thank you, young brother. It's good to be back.

HENRY (Black, 60), the owner of the Barber shop, stands in the doorway.

HENRY

Eugene, get on up in here, boy. Walking around with a nappy head like that.

EUGENE

I'm coming in tomorrow, I'll be back.

HENRY

Na, na. Come on. I'm mo git chu right now. That's embarrassing.

INT. BARBER SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Eugene takes a seat in the first chair. Henry drapes an apron over him.

A BLACK & WHITE PHOTO of a young Henry in a Buffalo Soldier Uniform stands in prominent display near his station.

Four BARBERS cut CUSTOMER'S hair and listen in on the talk.

MR. PIP (Black, 60's) tosses gab to no one in particular.

MR. PIP

Dem boys in D.C. done gone crazy.

HENRY

What they done now?

MR. PIP

Said somethin' in the Post about a Negro attacking a White woman.

HENRY

They always tryin' to pull that.

MR. PIP

Ain't give no names. No dates. Locations.

HENRY

Mr. Pip, you and me both know ain't no black man attacked a white woman. How many times they gone spit that lie?

MR. PIP

It's a damn shame, ain't it.

HENRY

(to Eugene)

Eh, don't chu go messin' with no white women. You hear me? Don't even look at'em.

EUGENE

You ain't gotta worry about me. Only thing I'm thinkin' about is the diamonds in the outfield of the big leagues.

HENRY

Atta boy.

EUGENE

You know I can run, right?

HENRY

I seen you streakin' up and down the street.

EUGENE

I'm faster than the spots on a cheetah.

HENRY

You better be humpin' like that when the lynch mob comin' atcha.

EUGENE

Please, I ain't worried.

EXT. STOCKYARD - BRIDGEPORT - IRISH NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

European Immigrants and Black and White American men are side by side, jockeying for position at the slaughterhouse.

A FOREMAN stands on a wooden crate and speaks over the sounds of pig squeals, cows mooing and the horrific screams of animal slaughter.

FOREMAN

I've only got five jobs left for the day.

The Foreman scans the crowd. He picks a LARGE AFRICAN MALE. The crowd grumbles and shouts.

FOREMAN (CONT'D)

Knock it off! You know how this goes. Anyone from Lithuania who also speaks English?

A couple hands go up.

He points to a FORMIDABLE-LOOKING MAN near the middle of the pack who makes his way through the horde.

An angry IRISHMAN, one of several in the crowd, speaks up in protest.

IRISHMAN

What's going on? You've picked every sasanach, chalky and mother's bastard you could find, but the Irish, we're not good enough?

FOREMAN

Calm, down. There are plenty Irish working.

IRISHMAN

The hell you say. I promise ya,
hire us or we'll burn the yard to
the ground and feast on the spoils.
Meat as hard to come by as it is!

The crowd is completely riled up at the Irishman's speech.
The Irishman pushes the Foreman off the crate and all hell
breaks loose.

The Irish begin punching and stomping as many non-Irish
immigrants and Blacks as possible.

EXT. SOUTH SIDE CHICAGO NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Eugene ambles down the street, tossing a ball, lost in
thought.

A ROCK WHIZZING TOWARD HIM suddenly snaps him to attention
and he dodges it.

VOICE (O.S.)

Watch your step, boy!

Eugene lurches back, realizing he accidentally stepped into a
bordering Irish neighborhood.

AIDEN DALEY (Irish, 17), a stout lad with slits for eyes
stands on his front porch.

Next to him is SHAWN CALLAHAN (Irish, 19), a slender bloke
with red hair and an Irish lilt.

Aiden steps out into the middle of the street.

AIDEN

You crossed the line. This is
Bridgeport. Irish only, no niggers
allowed.

Eugene steps forward and draws an imaginary line in the
street with his foot.

EUGENE

What? You mean this line?

Aiden throws another rock. Eugene dodges it easily and
laughs.

REBECCA CALLAHAN, 40's, is weathered and beaten down from the
hard life of an Irish immigrant.

She's still attractive in a no-nonsense way.

She steps out onto her porch a few doors down with her nine-year-old son, CONNER.

REBECCA

Aiden Gallagher Daley, leave that boy alone! His people fought in the war for you. Shawney, you know better.

Shawn lowers his head and moves towards his home porch.

Aiden hisses at her in Irish Gaelic.

AIDEN

Mallacht na baintrí ort!
(Translation: A widow's curse upon you!) Niggers ain't done nothing for me and mine, but take our jobs and try to rape our women.

Shawn moves to defend his Mam.

SHAWN

Watch your mouth!

REBECCA

Pay him no mind, Shawney. Go ndéana an diabhal dréimire do chnámh do dhroma!
(Translation: That the Devil will make a ladder out of your spine!)

Aiden chuckles and turns back to Eugene.

AIDEN

Come around here again, and it won't end well for ya. And ain't no bleedin' deadly gonna save ya.

REBECCA

You go on now, Eugene, but come see me if them Hamburg Boys look to bother ya.

Eugene nods and takes off running with unparalleled speed - his shirt a red blur.

EUGENE

(to himself)
Faster than the spots on a cheetah.

Aiden spits aggressively.

REBECCA

You got something to say, Aiden?

AIDEN

You're a traitor to your race. You call yourself Irish?

REBECCA

You're a bully, like yer father, and I'm not scared of neither one of ya.

AIDEN

You should be, slag. You can only live off of your dead husbands reputation for so long.

SHAWN

You need to crack on.

AIDEN

Feck off!

Aiden walks away.

CONNOR

Why is Aiden so mean? And how does Eugene run so fast?

SHAWN

I don't know, Connor. Go on in the house now.

Connor goes inside. Shawn turns to go too. As he does, Rebecca hands him the GUN she'd been holding behind her back.

REBECCA

Put this away somewhere's your brother can't find it.

SHAWN

Yes, mam.

REBECCA

And remember, Shawney. Pride is the sin of the weak. The Irish weren't warmly accepted when we first arrived.

SHAWN

OK.

She grabs him by the jaw.

He stops and looks into her eyes.

REBECCA

You understand me? I don't like
that boy. You're not like him.

SHAWN

Yes, mam.

She kisses him affectionately on the cheek.

REBECCA

You and your brother go get washed
up for supper.

EXT. ANOTHER PART OF SOUTH SIDE OF CHICAGO - DAY

Eugene jogs up to Robert and his little brother John who
carries a baseball bat.

Eugene and Robert do a unique handshake while they speak.

ROBERT

Where you been, man?

EUGENE

Had a run-in with one of them Irish
boys.

Eugene does the handshake with John.

ROBERT

Eh, don't be playin' around them.
Them boys is for real.

EUGENE

I kept it friendly. Besides, they
can't catch me.

John chokes up on the bat.

Eugene throws him a soft pitch.

JOHN

Can't no lynch mob catch me
neither. I'm faster than the
stripes on a tiger.

EUGENE

Boy, shut up, I know you ain't
tryin' to steel my line. You ain't
even sayin' right.

The boys laugh.

ROBERT
It's a cheetah.

JOHN
Wait til I get big. I'm mo beat
chu!

John does some fancy footwork with way too much energy,
almost tripping over his own feet.

ROBERT
Why you talkin' about lynch mobs?

JOHN
I heard it at the barbershop.

ROBERT
What I tell you about gettin' into
grown folks business?

JOHN
What was I s'posed to do, cover my
ears and hide in the bathroom?

John does a few practice swings with his bat.

In b.g., Mr. Price approaches.

MR. PRICE
Son, what did you hear?

Mr. Price puts a hand on John's shoulder to calm him down.

JOHN
I heard a mob of white folk dragged
a Negro from his house and strung
him over a bridge.

MR. PRICE
Unfortunately, that's true.

EUGENE
That's messed up.

MR. PRICE
We live in precarious times, but
you boys will be fine as long as
you remember what I told you.

ROBERT
Don't argue with the police. Be
respectful.

EUGENE

And run if you see the mob coming.

JOHN

Why can't we just talk to them,
Pop?

ROBERT

The only thing they understand is
fighting.

MR. PRICE

Listen, it's my job to protect you
and keep you safe. There are those
who see you as less than them. But
you don't have to believe what they
say you are. And you don't have to
become them in order to defeat
them. You're better than that.
Okay?

All the boys nod in agreement.

MR. PRICE (CONT'D)

Good.

Robert and his father share a knowing glance.

Eugene tosses the baseball in the air. Mr. Price catches it
before it hits Eugene's hand and pitches it to John.

John swings super hard and misses. Mr. Price and the boys
laugh.

EUGENE

What chu aiming for, Mississippi?

INT. PRICE HOME - DAY

The Price home is luxurious, beautifully decorated.

John is seated at a baby grand piano, so shiny, you can see
his reflection in it.

PATRICE (Black), a student about John's age, holds a violin
to her chin. Both are under the tutelage of Roslyn Price.

John and Patrice are playing Niccolò Paganini's Concerto no.1
in D major, Opus 6, for violin and piano.

John makes a mistake.

ROSLYN

Again!

John plays a few notes then breaks into a bouncy jazz piece. Roslyn tries not to laugh out loud, but can't help herself.

ROSLYN (CONT'D)

Johnathan Price, if you don't get a hold of yourself...

John laughs and smoothly segues back into Paganini. He's that good. Patrice smiles and joins him.

Robert tumbles down the stairs with a couple of beach towels and his baseball bat.

ROBERT

Mom, I'm gonna meet Eugene and the rest of the guys at the 29th street beach.

ROSLYN

Don't you mean, "Mom, may I please meet my friends at the beach today?"

ROBERT

Yes, that's what I mean.

Roslyn gives Robert the mom death stare. Robert straightens up.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Mom, may I please meet my friends at the beach today?

ROSLYN

You may. Church next week, no excuses.

ROBERT

But what if I have a game?

ROSLYN

Beach or no beach? It's your choice.

ROBERT

Alright.

John hops off the piano stool with the biggest grin ever and grabs the beach towels from Robert.

JOHN
I'll carry those!

ROSLYN
You all be safe now and be back in
time for dinner. Oh, and tell
Maryanne I said, hello.

They all laugh as the boys run out the door.

ROSLYN (CONT'D)
Take it from the solo, Patrice.

EXT. BEACH - BLACK SIDE - DAY

The beach is flowing with Black families and teenagers on their own.

Robert sits with MARYANNE TILSON (Black, 17), a statuesque beauty with deep thoughtful eyes and a long braid flowing down her back.

MARYANNE
So, Robert. Are we gonna go for a swim?

ROBERT
Sure.

John is bouncing all over the place, tugging on Robert's arm.

JOHN
Come on then. Let's go!

Robert looks at Maryanne. She smiles and takes John's hand.

MARYANNE
Come on, John.

As they walk away, John looks back at Robert and winks. Robert is not happy.

They move towards their crew on the beach playing a light game of baseball.

Eugene is outplaying everyone, but getting some stiff competition from their street-smart, pretty boy, friend BERNARD (Black, 18).

EXT. BEACH - WHITE SIDE - SAME TIME

An invisible line separates the white side of the beach from the black side.

Rebecca, Shawn, and Connor, wearing a bright red t-shirt, watch Eugene from a distance in obvious awe.

Connor stands up on his toes to see better.

Aiden and some HAMBURG BOYS are pitching and hitting a baseball, until Aiden stops and turns towards Rebecca.

AIDEN

How can you live with yourself
letting your son grow up to be a
nigger lover, Rebecca?

HAMBURG BOY #1

Yeah, you gammy lookin' dog.

Shawn stands up. The Hamburg Boys step up with bats at the ready.

REBECCA

Sit back down, Shawney.

AIDEN

Yeah, sit back down Shawney.

REBECCA

It's Mrs. Callahan for you. And
you'd do well to show some respect.

AIDEN

I don't respect ya. Wouldn't spit
on ya if yer arse was on fire.

REBECCA

I don't allow that language in
front of my children.

AIDEN

But you allow them to worship
monkeys? They should be idolizing
The Sox. Plenty of good Irish
blokes on that team.

CRACK! Eugene hits a home run.

Connor pops up with glee, clapping his hands. Even the Hamburg Boys recognize the sound and instinctively turn towards it to watch the ball soar into the water.

This angers Aiden.

Shawn pushes Connor back down, gently.

CONNOR

Shawney, did you see that? Mam?! I
wanna be like him when I grow up.

REBECCA

Work hard, practice and you will
be.

EXT. BEACH - BLACK SIDE - CONTINUOUS

Eugene perks up when he sees his best friend, Robert. He drops his bat and puts his hands in the air, his shirtless muscles on full display.

EUGENE

Robbay!

They do their handshake. John's included but through it all, he doesn't release Maryanne's hand. The others gather and get shakes in, too.

JOHN

Hey, Eugene.

EUGENE

John John. How's it going little
man?

JOHN

I'm not that little.

BERNARD

You are kinda little.

JOHN

What do you know, Bernard?

BERNARD

I know I'm looking down at you,
little man.

ROBERT

Leave him alone, Bern.

John is disheartened until Maryanne leans down and whispers in his ear.

MARYANNE

You might be little, but you sure
are cute.

She kisses him on the cheek. John grins from ear to ear and pokes his chest out. Bernard chuckles while Robert shakes his head and rolls his eyes.

ROBERT

So, what's up, Gene, you gettin'
in?

EUGENE

The big leagues? Hell yeah.

ROBERT

No fool, the water. Maryanne wants
to swim.

EUGENE

Oh, I don't know about all that. Ma
swing is better than ma stroke.

ROBERT

You ain't gotta do nothin' fancy.
Just grab a piece a wood and float.

MARYANNE

Yeah, come on it'll be fun.

BERNARD

You gone beat your gums or what,
son? Les go!

Bernard, strips off his t-shirt. His body rivals Eugene's. He runs full speed into the water. The others follow him in.

Eugene pauses and takes a long look down the beach.

The other side of the "whites only" invisible line is a mirror image in all ways other than skin color.

He shakes off the thought, runs to the water and jumps onto Roberts back.

MONTAGE:

The Black kids and crew splash and frolic in the water having a fantastic day at the beach doing what kids do.

EXT. BEACH - BLACK SIDE - LATER

The kids have returned to shore.

They're laying on towels, exhausted from swimming most of the day.

Robert and Maryanne's towels are cozied up next to each other. John is bored as the third wheel nearby.

JOHN

What happened to Bernard?

ROBERT

He left.

EXT. WATER - CONTINUOUS

Eugene lays on a driftwood raft and floats in the water. It's quiet and peaceful as he stares up at the clouds lost in a day dream.

A rock whizzes over his head and splashes nearby, snapping him out of his revelry. At first he thinks it came from his friends. He looks over but none of them are looking his way.

Another rock bounces off his pitching arm. That's when he realizes:

HE'S DRIFTED INTO THE WHITE SIDE!

Now rocks are coming more frequently from Whites boys throwing them from the shore.

Eugene begins to paddle in a panic!

EXT. BEACH/WATER - CONTINUOUS

Maryanne taps Robert and points to Aiden and the Hamburg boys throwing rocks at Eugene.

MARYANNE

Get out of the water, Eugene!

Robert and Maryanne run to the edge of the water.

ROBERT

Gene! Duck under the water and swim!

Eugene paddles hard with slow progress. A bigger rock hits his arm, injuring him.

Eugene screams and continues with his good arm.

Rocks are coming faster now.

Rebecca stands, frightened. Shawn looks conflicted.

REBECCA

Stop it! You'll kill that boy!

Robert and John and OTHERS jump into the water, careful to stay on the Black side, vocally urging Eugene to cross the invisible line to safety.

Eugene paddles wildly!

JOHN

Come on, Eugene! We gotchu!

A rock hits Eugene squarely on the forehead. Eugene yells with pain and fear as blood gushes down his face.

Aiden throws another rock. It slams Eugene in the head and knocks him out.

REBECCA

NOO...!!

The Hamburg Athletic Club members cheer.

Aiden throws up his arms and bounces about in a victory dance.

Eugene's grip on the raft loosens and his head drops into the water

ROBERT

Eugene! Eugene...!!

Robert takes off swimming into the deep end.

A few OTHERS follow him.

JOHN

Go Rob! You can get him!

Hamburg boys continue to throw rocks at Eugene's limp body.

Robert swims as fast as he can but can't get there in time.

ROBERT

GENE!!

Connor watches it all in the arms of Rebecca, who attempts to cover his young eyes.

CONNOR
Mam, make them stop!

Shawn looks at his mother before taking off towards the shore. Rebecca grabs him.

REBECCA
No, Shawney! That boy's gone. I
don't want you near that, sharing
the blame!

Finally, Robert gets to Eugene. He turns him over. Eugene's eyes are rolled back into his head. He's dead.

ROBERT
NOO!!!

Tears roll down Robert's face. Other FRIENDS get to Robert and Eugene and help Robert pull his body to shore.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
They killed him, they killed him!

EXT. BEACH - MINUTES LATER

The GROUP stands over Eugene's dead body, SCREAMING and CRYING and CURSING with anger and disbelief!

OFFICER DALEY, (Irish, 40's) a sturdy man with a permanent scowl on his face, approaches:

OFFICER DALEY
Outta my way! Police! Coming
through!

Robert is seething as he points to Aiden.

ROBERT
He did it! It was him.

Officer Daley doesn't look at Aiden.

OFFICER DALEY
I'm sorry your friend drowned.

ROBERT
He didn't drown!

OFFICER DALEY
Best back away now.

Robert sees Rebecca, Shawn and Connor.

ROBERT
Tell him Shawn! He didn't drown, he
was killed!

REBECCA
Brannigan Daley! Aiden did this!

OFFICER DALEY
File a report, Rebecca.

REBECCA
Whatta ya think I'm doing?!

OFFICER DALEY
Put a plug in her Shawn 'fore I do!

Shawn grabs her.

SHAWN
We gotta get Connor out of here.

OFFICER DALEY
Now feck off! The lot of ya! 'fore
ya wind up like your darky there in
the Michigan!

Officer Daley tries to move Robert aside but he stands firm.

ROBERT
I'm not moving until you arrest
him!

Officer Daley reaches for his cuffs.

AIDEN
Where's ya home run nigger now? He
could run, but he sure as shite
couldn't swim.

Robert screams and lunges at Aiden.

Officer Daley grabs him and takes him to the ground.

OFFICER DALEY
I've had enough of you!

ROBERT
Let me go! I didn't do anything!

OFFICER DALEY
You're interfering with police
business!

Officer Daley tries to handcuff the struggling Robert.

A BLACK BOY throws a rock and smacks a WHITE BOY in the face.

SUDDENLY THE BEACH EXPLODES IN MAYHEM with Rocks flying from both sides!

Rebecca, Shawn and Connor scramble from the shore.

Families, Black and White, scoop up their young and run!
Women and children scream and scatter in all directions.

Maryanne runs to safety with her girlfriends.

Whites throw rocks. Blacks throw rocks back in a stampede of confusion.

Officer Daley pulls Robert up, trying to hold him still.

ROBERT
Let go of me!

Robert squirms from Officer Daley's grip.

OFFICER DALEY
Get back here!

Robert runs to John and yanks him!

ROBERT
C'mon!

Robert and John sprint through the crowd beneath a storm of flying stones.

AIDEN
Yeah, Blackie! You better run!

Officer Daley grabs another BLACK BOY, the same age as John.

He slams him to the ground and digs his knee into his back.

OFFICER DALEY
Look at the shite you've started!

Officer Daley cuffs the boy, then pulls out his billy club.

OFFICER DALEY (CONT'D)
I'll beat ya smart!

Officer Daley begins to beat the Boy severely! The Boy
SQUEALS in agony!

BLACK BOY
Stop, please...stop...!!

John pauses to stare back through the mayhem. Officer Daley's arm moves up and down smashing the boy's head with his club.

ROBERT

John! Come on!!

John quickly catches up to his brother and they both run off. Robert looks behind him.

Other WHITE MEN and Hamburg Boys join Officer Daley in beating and kicking the Boy until his body thrashes about with no more screams.