

MEMOIRS OF A SOUTHERN YANKEE HISPANIC

Written by

Larry A. Clayton

Based on the Book:

Memoirs of a Southern Yankee Hispanic by Larry A. Clayton

INT. NICARAGUA RESTAURANT - NIGHT

SUPER: Managua, Nicaragua, 2004

A group of DOMINICAN FRIARS (60s) and HISTORIANS sits around a small table in the restaurant. Among them is LAWRENCE 'LARRY' ANTHONY CLAYTON (62), a Chilean-American man in summer slacks and an open-neck shirt as befits a trip to the tropics. A briefcase sits at his feet.

They speak in subtitled Spanish.

FRIAR 1

I look forward to delving further into Bartolomé de las Casas at the conference tomorrow.

A waiter collects the empty plates and refills glasses of wine. Larry covers his glass with his hand.

LARRY

No more, thank you.

The waiter nods and moves away.

HISTORIAN

Professor Clayton, am I right in hearing you came straight from the airport?

LARRY

Right you are, and as much as I have enjoyed your company this evening, it is time for me to retire for the evening.

He stands.

EXT. NICARAGUA RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Larry stands outside the restaurant with his briefcase. He fans himself in the sweltering heat and dabs his brow with a handkerchief.

LARRY (V.O.)

(English)

I had been traveling all day. Into the tropics, to Managua, Nicaragua. The temperature was ninety-one degrees when we touched down at Sandino International Airport's only runway.

A taxi cab pulls up onto the curb and he steps inside.

INT. CATHOLIC RETREAT - NIGHT

Larry enters the small, simple room containing a single bunk and a wooden set of drawers. He looks around with a resigned nod. His eyes look up at the fan-less ceiling.

LARRY (V.O.)

Now it was evening and I was finally getting to my shower. I needed it. I was in a Catholic retreat, a place for individuals desiring quiet and simplicity to practice their spiritual exercises, to pray, to meditate.

Larry lets out a sigh.

LARRY (V.O.)

I didn't expect an air conditioner. A retreat is kind of like a monastery. Air conditioning? In a monastery? In the Third World? Forget it. But maybe a fan?

He steps into the dusty room and sits on the bed.

LARRY

Nope.

INT. RETREAT BATHROOM - NIGHT

Larry turns the valve of a rusting shower with a *creak*.

Nothing happens.

He turns it again.

The shower splutters and gurgles but...no water appears.

LARRY

Nothing? Nada?

He moves to the sink and turns on the tap... No water appears.

He tries to flush the toilet... Still nothing.

He hangs his head back in exhaustion.

LARRY (CONT'D)
(a whisper)
Thank you God for plumbing in
America.

INT. CATHOLIC RETREAT - NIGHT

Larry climbs into the bed and pushes the light blanket to the end of the bed. He lies on his back and stares up at the ceiling.

The sound of a low thumping loudspeaker in the far distance drifts in, thudding away in some Latino rap.

LARRY
Why am I here?

EXT. CATHOLIC RETREAT - DAY

Larry stands among the group of Friars and historians. He looks tired but manages a smile and nod at his colleagues.

He speaks with them in subtitled Spanish.

FRIAR 1
Good morning, Professor, did you
sleep well?

LARRY
Hopefully better tonight, God
willing.

He waves away a fly *buzzing* in his ear.

A yellow bird bus pulls up next to them and the men and women climb aboard.

INT. BUS - DAY

Larry takes a seat next to a PRIEST toward the back of the bus. At the front stands the TOUR LEADER (50s).

TOUR LEADER
A warm welcome to you all as we
officially begin this week's
conference on Bartolomé de las
Casas, defender of the American
Indians. Our first stop will be at
the Cathedral.

He nods and takes a seat as the bus draws away.

Larry turns to the Priest next to him.

LARRY

A pleasure to be sat next to you,
Father. I'm Larry Clayton.

PRIEST

Where have you traveled from,
Professor?

LARRY

America.

PRIEST

You speak perfect Spanish for an
American.

LARRY

My Mother is Chilean, and I was
raised in Peru.

PRIEST

And now you are in Nicaragua
surrounded by Dominicans. How did
that come to be?

The bus comes to a halt and the sound of GIRLS VOICES fills
the air. Larry turns his attention to the window to see-

EXT. MANAGUA STREET - SAME TIME

A group of GIRLS on the side of the road with their hands
outstretched toward the bus with bracelets and signs in
Spanish asking passersby to purchase something. They are thin
and desperate.

INT. BUS - CONTINUOUS

Larry watches the girls as the bus moves away with a look of
sadness.

LARRY

That is a question I've been asking
myself a lot, recently, Father.

PRIEST

There is no question that God
cannot answer.

Larry nods to himself.

He pulls a small notebook from his pocket and opens it to a fresh, blank page.

He writes:

'A bit about me.'

INT. LIVING ROOM, ALABAMA HOME - DAY

The space is comfortably decorated with family photos lining the wall. LOUISE CARLTON CLAYTON (50s) reads in an armchair.

The sound of the front door opening stirs her from the book.

LARRY (O.S.)

Louise?

LOUISE

I'm in here!

Larry appears in the doorway with his suitcase. He places it on the ground and approaches Louise. They embrace.

LOUISE (CONT'D)

How was the conference?

LARRY

It was...enlightening.

LOUISE

Oh?

Larry takes a seat on the sofa next to his wife.

LARRY

Being back in a Third World Country gave me pause for thought... It reminded me of the privileges we take for granted here in Alabama.

He takes Louise's hand and squeezes it.

LARRY (CONT'D)

And it gave me an idea.

LOUISE

Anyone would think you'd never traveled before!

Larry chuckles.

LARRY

Well, that's just it, I've realized that not even my own wife knows my story. My whole story that is.

LOUISE

Does this have something to do with your idea?

Larry takes a slow breath then turns to Louise with a serious expression.

LARRY

I've decided to write a memoir.

Louise smiles.

LOUISE

I think that's a wonderful idea.

LARRY

The problem is, I have absolutely no idea where to begin. How do I summarize everything that has led me to being this man living this life? It's all I've had in mind since I left Nicaragua.

Louise nods slowly.

LOUISE

What made you want to write it in the first place?

LARRY

I was at the conference, surrounded by students of God and history, studying the life of a man who died five hundred years prior... And all I could think was how little of me and my story there is for Carlton and Steph. I feel some sort of responsibility to them, and to my parents to...to... To document the Clayton family history.

LOUISE

You want to create something for the Claytons of the future?

LARRY

Exactly.

LOUISE

Perhaps you need to start with the
Claytons of the past?

Larry looks up at Louise with a pensive expression.

LARRY

The Claytons of the past...

A smile slowly spreads across his face.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Louise, how would you feel about--

LOUISE

A trip to Central?

LARRY

How did you know I was going to say
that?

LOUISE

Because, Larry, if there's one
thing I've come to know about the
Claytons, it's that it always comes
back to Central.

She smiles warmly back at Larry.

I/E. CAR/CENTRAL, SC - DAY

Larry drives through the streets of Central, South Carolina.
He watches the streets go by with a wistful expression. In
the back of the car is CARLTON (14), his son.

LARRY (V.O.)

The first Clayton, at least the one
associated with my branch, was
probably Jesse Clayton in the
1700s. He may have been born in
Virginia but after he started his
family, Jesse took the Great Wagon
Road down the eastern side of the
Appalachian Mountains to South
Carolina, where the Claytons have
lived ever since.

Larry drives along a railway line.

LARRY (V.O.)

Three Clayton brothers, Frederick
Van, Silas, and William Henry
fought in the Civil War.

(MORE)

LARRY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I can remember my father's sisters talking about Confederate veterans they had known, a time—from the early twentieth century through the 1930s, when the war was still part of one's memory life, at least in the South.

Larry passes a sign welcoming him to 'Southern Wesleyan University'. He smiles.

LARRY (V.O.)

Someone, somewhere, has observed, very correctly, that the losers in any war tend to remember that war more vividly than the winners. Suffice it to mention here that in my South Carolina family, I don't think my aunts and uncles ever, albeit in good humor, forgave my parents for allowing me to be born in Summit, New Jersey, and so condemned me to be a little damn Yankee in the Southern family for the rest of my life.

EXT. HOME PLACE (2004) - DAY

Larry parks his car on a smaller road and steps out to see a one-story building with a sloping wooden roof. He steps out of the car with a smile. The building is surrounded by trees and bushes.

Carlton exits the car.

CARLTON

Why are we here again?

Larry turns to him.

LARRY

It may not look it, but this building is an important part of our family history.

Carlton squints at the University sign in front of the building.

CARLTON

It doesn't look like much to me.

Larry laughs.

LARRY

When I was a little tyke, I thought this was as close to Nirvana or Arcadia as one could get!

CARLTON

I thought you lived in Peru?

Larry's smile falters.

LARRY

Well, I did, but that's just one part of the story. Come on.

He beckons Carlton to follow him closer to the building.

LARRY (CONT'D)

This land is where my Father, your Grandfather, grew up. This building was built in 1965 to replace the original Home Place.

CARLTON

When was that built?

LARRY

Oh, it must have been very late in the nineteenth century when my Grandfather first bought the land. Central was named Central by the railroad builders because it was the central point for the new railroad, The Atlanta and Richmond Air Line, between Atlanta and Charlotte.

CARLTON

Why was your Grandad here?

Larry ruffles Carlton's hair with a wry smile.

LARRY

Now, that's a good story.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Larry sits at his computer and begins to type:

'LAWRENCE GARVIN CLAYTON, THE DOCTOR'

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. CENTRAL - DAY

SUPER: Central, SC, 1884

Central is transformed by the coming of the railroad. The houses are smaller and simpler, with carriages in place of cars, and an abundance of men working along the railway line.

LARRY (V.O.)

Anyone familiar with Central of the 1940s and 1950s might be amazed at Central in the 1870s and 1880s.

DR. LARRY GARVIN CLAYTON (30), a man with a smart black coat and briefcase, steps into a horse-drawn carriage. Behind him is his wife, MARTHA IRENE ADELAIDE "ADDIE" CLAYTON (20s) carrying NITA IRENE CLAYTON (1).

I/E. CARRIAGE / CENTRAL - DAY

Dr. Clayton looks out of the carriage to the small town and nods to himself.

DR. CLAYTON

It's perfect.

Addie follows his gaze with a concerned look.

ADDIE

Are you sure? There's practically nothing here!

DR. CLAYTON

There's the railroad, Addie! The people are sure to follow. What better place to open my first practice?

Dr. Clayton smiles at his wife.

DR. CLAYTON (CONT'D)

This is a good, Southern home for us. There's a strong church presence and an abundance of hardworking people in need of a Doctor. This is going to be a good place to raise our family.

The carriage comes to a halt.

DR. CLAYTON (CONT'D)

Looks like we're here!

EXT. HOME PLACE (1884) - DAY

The carriage arrives at Home Place, nothing but a small farm building surrounded by farmland.

Dr. Clayton steps out and helps Addie and Irene out of the carriage. Addie smiles.

DR. CLAYTON

I know it's not much, but it's ours, Addie. All of this is ours.

ADDIE

I love it.

EXT. DR. CLAYTON'S PRACTICE - DAY

Dr. Clayton, wearing a finely tailored suit, stands back to look at a small building as a worker hammers a sign into the ground. It reads:

'Dr Larry Clayton, Physician & Surgeon'

He nods to himself.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

The room is adorned with simple furnishings. Dr. Clayton reviews the chart of a CLAIRE LIVINGSTONE(22) who sits on the wooden examination table.

DR. CLAYTON

How have you been faring since our last visit, Mrs. Livingstone?

CLAIRE

Quite well, Doctor, though the backaches trouble me, and I find myself weary more often.

DR. CLAYTON

Common symptoms, my dear. Now, let's listen to the little one's heartbeat, shall we?

Dr. Clayton retrieves a wooden fetoscope and gently places it on Claire's abdomen.

DR. CLAYTON (CONT'D)

There we are. A steady rhythm is a sign of a healthy baby.

(MORE)

DR. CLAYTON (CONT'D)

Now, about those backaches, I recommend a warm compress and rest when you can. And continue with the chamomile and mint tea infusions. They'll do wonders to calm the nerves.

CLAIRE

Thank you, Doctor.

Both stand and Claire leaves the room. Dr. Clayton begins to pack up his desk when an ASSISTANT (20s) enters.

DR. CLAYTON

I'm just finishing up for the day--

ASSISTANT

The Robins' boy just arrived, his Mother is complaining of a sudden pain in her stomach.

Dr. Clayton sighs.

DR. CLAYTON

Tell him I'll make a stop at their house on my way home.

His Assistant nods.

ASSISTANT

Right away, Doctor.

EXT. ROBINS HOUSE - NIGHT

Dr. Clayton rides his horse through the town. He pulls up outside of a small home and dismounts. He ties his horse to the fence and approaches the door.

He knocks firmly and after a moment, GEORGE ROBINS (30s) appears.

GEORGE

Doctor Clayton, thank you for stopping by, I know it's late.

DR. CLAYTON

Of course, Mr. Robins.

They step inside.

INT. HOME PLACE ENTRANCE (1889) - NIGHT

Dr. Clayton arrives home to the homely farmhouse. It is filled with wooden furniture and a cross on the wall. He places his Doctor's bag on the floor with a heavy sigh when--

NITA

Father!

Nita (now 8) runs to greet her Father. He lifts her into a hug.

DR. CLAYTON

Nita, where's your Mother?

NITA

Setting the table, will you read to me?

Dr. Clayton smiles.

DR. CLAYTON

Perhaps later, after dinner.

Addie appears in the corridor.

ADDIE

Welcome home, we waited to eat dinner with you.

DR. CLAYTON

Thank you, I'm sorry it's so late again.

NITA

Father's going to read to me after dinner, Mommy!

Addie smiles warmly.

ADDIE

Well, aren't you lucky?

They turn to walk toward the kitchen, when--

Knock. Knock.

ARTHUR LITTLE (O.S.)

Doctor? Doctor!

Dr. Clayton's face becomes stern.

He returns to the door and opens it to see ARTHUR LITTLE (50s), a black man in worker's clothes.

DR. CLAYTON
Addie, take Nita inside.

Addie begins to retreat inside.

ARTHUR LITTLE
Please, Doctor, I mean you no harm.
It's my daughter, she needs your
help! We live just down the road!

DR. CLAYTON
What's wrong?

ARTHUR LITTLE
She's gone into labor, she wasn't
even due for another four weeks.

Dr. Clayton's eyes widen at the news. He bends to pick up his bag but--

NITA
Must you go, Father?

He turns back to look at his wife and daughter.

DR. CLAYTON
If I don't care for them, who will?

Dr. Clayton steps out.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Dr. Clayton runs down the street carrying his Doctor's Case.

INT. THE LITTLE HOUSE - NIGHT

Dr. Clayton kneels at the feet of ANNIE LITTLE (20) as she lies on the floor in heavy labor.

DR. CLAYTON
You're doing everything you need to
be Annie... Just a few more
contractions--

Annie lets out a CRY OF PAIN.

DR. CLAYTON (CONT'D)
I need you to try and breathe
deeply.

He looks up to Arthur.

DR. CLAYTON (CONT'D)
I need clean blankets and hot
water.

Arthur nods and disappears.

Dr. Clayton removes a pair of forceps from his bag.

DR. CLAYTON (CONT'D)
This may be uncomfortable.

He positions himself and gently guides the forceps as Annie
SCREAMS. Blood gushes down onto the floor.

DR. CLAYTON (CONT'D)
STAY WITH ME ANNIE!

Arthur reappears in the doorway with blankets in his arms. He
GASPS in shock and steadies himself on the doorframe.

EXT. THE LITTLE HOUSE - NIGHT

The small, one-room farmhouse sits on the side of a small
path. The sounds of SCREAMS echo through the night.

Suddenly silence falls then... A baby's cry.

INT. HOME PLACE (1889) - NIGHT

Dr. Clayton steps into the home. Addie appears in the
corridor wearing a nightgown.

ADDIE
Larry?

He stands solemn and silent in the doorway.

ADDIE (CONT'D)
Was everything alright?

Dr. Clayton doesn't look up.

DR. CLAYTON
A healthy baby boy.

Addie sags with relief.

ADDIE
That's wonderful--

DR. CLAYTON
We lost the Mother.

Addie lifts a hand to her mouth.

DR. CLAYTON (CONT'D)
I did everything I could.

Addie crosses the room to Dr. Clayton and lays a hand on his arm.

ADDIE
I'm sorry. Why don't you come to bed? We can discuss everything in the morning.

Dr. Clayton shakes his head.

DR. CLAYTON
In a moment, I need to write up my notes first.

She kisses him on the cheek and returns to her bedroom.

INT. HOME PLACE KITCHEN (1889) - NIGHT

Dr. Clayton takes a seat at the dining table and lets out a long, tired sigh. He opens his case to retrieve a notebook and begins to write.

END OF FLASHBACK.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Larry pauses his writing and carefully stares at the screen. He frowns and turns to look at his bookshelf lined with texts on European and American history. He selects a few books on the Civil War and flips through the pages.

He lands on several images of black slaves and large plantations. He places the books on his desk and ends with *My People* by RoBurt Morris Clayton.

Larry turns back to his computer and begins to write again.

LARRY (V.O.)
Since slavery plays such an important role in early America, here's my disclaimer: my family was not a large plantation or slave-holding family. There are no Gone With the Wind mansions like Tara in my family, no Rhett Butlers or Scarlet O'Haras. But keep reading.

He glances back down at *My People* then continues to write.

LARRY (V.O.)

The real ones are often a lot more fascinating than the ones invented by novelists and enshrined in American lore by Hollywood moviemakers.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. DR. CLAYTON'S PRACTICE - DAY

Dr. Clayton sits at his desk working on a typewriter. He glances out of the window at the sound of chatter to see a group of men riding together on their horses. They dismount in front of a saloon.

Behind them, Dr. Clayton notices Claire Livingstone walking with her baby in her arms. He smiles and raises a hand and she waves back.

Dr. Clayton holds up a finger to indicate for her to wait then stands and grabs his coat.

EXT. DR. CLAYTON'S PRACTICE - DAY

Dr. Clayton exits his practice and crosses the street to Claire.

DR. CLAYTON

How are you and the young one fairing, Mrs. Livingstone?

CLAIRE

Very well, Doctor, thank you.

He takes a look at the baby and smiles.

DR. CLAYTON

He seems very healthy.

CLAIRE

He is, all thanks to you!

DR. CLAYTON

Make sure to see my assistant for an appointment next week, you hear me!

CLAIRE

Of course, Doctor, thank you.

The sound of CELEBRATION fills the air. Dr. Clayton turns to the saloon.

DR. CLAYTON

It seems something's afoot. Was there a hunt I was unaware of?

CLAIRE

A hunt of sorts... You didn't hear about the conflict?

DR. CLAYTON

No?

CLAIRE

A negro man was caught in the wrong end of town trying to enter a whites' saloon.

DR. CLAYTON

Why would he do a thing like that? They'll have his head!

Claire doesn't respond. Dr. Clayton's face turns grave.

DR. CLAYTON (CONT'D)

Where did they take him?

CLAIRE

Ramsey's Woods--

Dr. Clayton spins and runs toward his Practice. To one side is a small stable with a horse tied up. He quickly grabs the reigns and jumps onto the horse.

DR. CLAYTON

AWAY!

He takes off down the street.

EXT. RAMSEY'S WOODS - DAY

Dr. Clayton rides his horse at an urgent gallop through the woods. His eyes search intensely through the trees.

DR. CLAYTON

HELLO? CAN ANYONE HEAR ME?

Silence.

He pulls at the reigns and jumps from his horse as they approach a clearing.

DR. CLAYTON (CONT'D)

HELLO?!

He listens and hears...a *GROAN!* Dr. Clayton's eyes widen as he runs toward the noise.

He turns a corner to see...a *LYNCHED BLACK MAN (30s)* hanging from a tree!

DR. CLAYTON (CONT'D)

No!

He runs to the man and pulls a knife from his belt. The man groans painfully.

DR. CLAYTON (CONT'D)

Just hold on, I'm coming.

He reaches up and jaggedly *CUTS* the man free. He falls into Dr. Clayton's arms and he staggers back at the weight.

Dr. Clayton lays the man on the ground and takes in the deep cuts on his arms and raw skin around his neck. The man fades in and out of consciousness. Dr. Clayton searches his eyes.

DR. CLAYTON (CONT'D)

I'm a Doctor. I'm going to help you.

The man *GRASPS* Dr. Clayton's hand in desperation. He struggles to open his mouth.

BLACK MAN

(rasping voice)

Thank you.

Dr. Clayton nods.

EXT. DR. CLAYTON'S PRACTICE - DUSK

Dr. Clayton rides his horse through the town with the Black Man slumped on the saddle in front of him. Men and women pause to watch him as he passes them.

NURSE ANDERSON (30s), wearing a nurse's dress and apron, appears at the entrance of the Practice.

DR. CLAYTON

Nurse Anderson, get the gurney!
Quickly now!

She disappears inside then reappears with a gurney. She and Dr. Clayton carefully lift the black man onto it. She wheels him back toward the Practice.

Dr. Clayton follows when George Robins steps out to block his path.

GEORGE

Clayton!

Dr. Clayton tries to move around him.

DR. CLAYTON

Mr. Robins, I'm afraid I don't have time to speak with you. A patient is waiting for me.

GEORGE

You should have left that patient where you found him.

Dr. Clayton stops and looks up at the man.

DR. CLAYTON

Excuse me?

George steps closer to Dr. Clayton menacingly.

GEORGE

He got what was coming to him and you had no right to interfere!

Dr. Clayton doesn't budge.

DR. CLAYTON

Not only do I have the right, I have the responsibility, George, to care for people in need of help.

GEORGE

He ain't people. He's a black.

DR. CLAYTON

It couldn't matter less to me if he's black or white or purple. In there is a man in need of medical attention. And I intend to help him, as I helped your wife in the birth of your son.

George glares then...steps to the side.

DR. CLAYTON (CONT'D)

Good man.

Dr. Clayton walks passed him to his Practice.

INT. WARD - NIGHT

Dr. Clayton works on the Black Man with Nurse Anderson by his side. He stitches up wounds and applies creams.

INT. DR. CLAYTON'S PRACTICE - DAWN

Dr. Clayton sleeps at his desk, still in the clothes from the night before.

Knock. Knock.

He starts and looks up to see Nurse Anderson in the doorway. Dr. Clayton jumps to his feet.

DR. CLAYTON

How is--

She gravely shakes her head.

NURSE ANDERSON

I'm sorry, Doctor. He passed.

Dr. Clayton SLAMS his fist onto his desk.

DR. CLAYTON

DAMNIT!

EXT. CENTRAL - DAWN

Dr. Clayton rides his horse through the streets. He is exhausted.

LARRY (V.O.)

If medicine was Dr. Clayton's great love, his faith and education were close seconds.

Dr. Clayton rides up to a church and pulls on the reigns to slow his horse. The sign outside reads:

'Central Wesleyan Methodist Church'

Dr. Clayton pauses, then dismounts his horse and ties it up outside of the building.

INT. WESLEYAN METHODIST CHURCH - DAY

Dr. Clayton quietly enters the church. He takes a seat in one of the pews and closes his eyes in silent prayer.

After a moment, he opens them to see a REVEREND (50s) approaching. Dr. Clayton bows his head.

DR. CLAYTON

Pastor, I'm sorry if I should not be here.

REVEREND

All are welcome in the house of God, my child. What brings you to the Wesleyan church?

Dr. Clayton hesitates, then--

DR. CLAYTON

I am a Doctor, but I could not heal a man hurt by the people of this town. I failed him.

The Reverend takes a seat next to him.

REVEREND

You did your duty, it is not up to us whether a person lives or dies.

Dr. Clayton slowly nods.

DR. CLAYTON

How can the people of this town have so much hate? Not just whites for blacks, but each man to one another. Just last week I intercepted a white man being chased by a mob, then this today... I cannot fathom a South that is fueled so much by hate.

REVEREND

Hatred casts a long over our community, fueled by fear, ignorance, and the scars of a troubled past. The path to unity and understanding is a challenging one, but we must strive to be beacons of compassion and bridge builders in these turbulent times.

He turns to gesture at his congregation.

REVEREND (CONT'D)

Within these walls of the Wesleyan Church, we gather not just as individuals, but as a community bound by our shared humanity and a commitment to love one another. Our duty, both as servants of God and as citizens of this town, is to work towards a South where love triumphs over hate.

Dr. Clayton turns to look at a statue of Jesus on the Cross at the front of the church. His eyes remain on it.

DR. CLAYTON

Thank you, Reverend. Thank you.

LARRY (V.O.)

And so, Clayton disassociated himself from the Methodist Church and joined the Wesleyan Methodist church. You may well ask, what's the difference? The basic one came from the resistance of mainline Methodism to take a strong stand against slavery before the Civil War.

INT. WESLEYAN METHODIST CHURCH - DAY

Sunlight filters through stained glass windows, casting colorful patterns on the wooden pews. The congregation gathers in anticipation, a hushed reverence settling over the sanctuary.

The Reverend stands at the pulpit, a Bible in hand. Dr. Clayton, dressed in a dark suit, stands in front of him.

LARRY (V.O.)

Five years later he was ordained as an elder.

In the pews stand Addie, TEENAGE NITA, YOUNG FAITH (4), and YOUNG WILLIAM (2).

Reverend Thompson places his hands on Dr. Clayton's head, invoking a blessing.

LARRY (V.O.)

He rose as a leader of the church, serving two times as President of the South Carolina Conference in 1900-1905 and 1911-1914.

(MORE)

LARRY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

To Dr. Clayton, religion and education were closely intertwined. To get into the truth of Scripture and worship, one needed to be educated.

Elsewhere in the pews stands a young black boy, PATRICK LITTLE (10). He watches the Reverend and Doctor in awe.

Dr. Clayton looks out and locks eyes with Patrick.

EXT. WESLEYAN METHODIST CHURCH - DAY

Dr. Clayton stands with the Reverend at the entrance of the church shaking hands with members as they exit.

DR. CLAYTON

Good to see you today.

MAN

Thank you, Doctor... Or should I say President?

Dr. Clayton laughs.

DR. CLAYTON

Doctor is quite good enough!

MAN

I look forward to your term.

DR. CLAYTON

Thank you.

Dr. Clayton glances around to see Patrick Little standing alone on the church green. He turns to the Reverend.

DR. CLAYTON (CONT'D)

Would you excuse me for a moment?

The Reverend nods.

Dr. Clayton crosses the green to Patrick.

DR. CLAYTON (CONT'D)

I don't believe I've seen you at church before.

He extends his hand.

DR. CLAYTON (CONT'D)

I am Doctor Larry Clayton.

Patrick stares uncertainly at the hand then shakes, eyes cast on the ground.

PATRICK
Patrick Little, Sir.

Dr. Clayton smiles.

DR. CLAYTON
You are Arthur Little's Grandson?

Patrick looks up in surprise.

PATRICK
Yes, do you know him?

DR. CLAYTON
My land backs onto his. I believe I was the physician at your birth Patrick.

PATRICK
Then you knew my Mother?

Dr. Clayton hesitates, then--

DR. CLAYTON
I wish I had known her better.

Addie appears behind Dr. Clayton.

ADDIE
Larry, William is getting hungry...

DR. CLAYTON
Addie, this is Patrick Little, he is Arthur's Grandson.

ADDIE
(understanding)
Oh...

She nods to Patrick.

DR. CLAYTON
Patrick, we must be leaving, my wife has prepared us a wonderful Sunday lunch...

His eyes brighten with an idea and he turns to Addie.

DR. CLAYTON (CONT'D)
Addie, I don't suppose we have an extra plate?

Addie leans close to Dr. Clayton's ear.

ADDIE
(hushed voice)
Larry, I hardly think that's
appropriate.

DR. CLAYTON
Nonsense. Patrick here is a member
of our church, that makes him a
member of our family.

He turns to Patrick.

DR. CLAYTON (CONT'D)
Would you join us for lunch today,
Patrick? I would love to hear how
you've found yourself at
congregation today!

Patrick looks between Addie and Dr. Clayton.

PATRICK
Thank you, Sir... If you're sure?

DR. CLAYTON
Absolutely!

INT. HOME PLACE (1902) - DAY

Dr. Clayton and Addie sit around the dining table with their
children and Patrick. In front of them are plates full of
food and they hold hands as Dr. Clayton says grace.

DR. CLAYTON
Bless the hands that toiled to
bring this food to our table, the
farmers who tilled the soil, the
hands that caught the fish, and the
laborers who provided for our
needs. Amen.

ALL
Amen.

They open their eyes and begin to eat. Young Faith smiles
kindly at Patrick.

DR. CLAYTON
So, Patrick, tell me what is life
like for a young man like you?

PATRICK

I help my Grandparents and I work at the cobblers as an apprentice when I can.

DR. CLAYTON

And education? Are you in school?

PATRICK

Yes, Sir, elementary school.

DR. CLAYTON

What did I tell you about saying, Sir? Doctor is just fine.

PATRICK

Yes Sir... I mean Doctor.

Faith giggles.

ADDIE

How was work yesterday? I didn't hear you come in last night.

Dr. Clayton shakes his head in irritation.

DR. CLAYTON

Ridiculous. I had to step in on another of that Young Doctor's deliveries! If he uses pituitrin in one more birth I shall whip him down Main Street and right out of town!

ADDIE

Larry! Really, that isn't how we should conduct ourselves at the dining table.

Dr. Clayton turns to his son.

DR. CLAYTON

William will need to know these things, should he become a Doctor one day.

He turns to Patrick.

DR. CLAYTON (CONT'D)

Or Patrick, you may well have a mind for medicine and I'll be damned if a boy under my watch uses that damn drug!

Addie covers Faith's ears.

PATRICK

I'm hardly likely to become a Doctor.

DR. CLAYTON

Well, what would you like to do, Patrick?

PATRICK

I... I never thought about it. Whatever my Grandparents need me to do to support them.

DR. CLAYTON

But you must stay in education, surely.

PATRICK

Grandmother thinks I'm better off going to work as soon as I'm able, next Spring I hope.

Dr. Clayton shakes his head.

DR. CLAYTON

Absolutely not!

ADDIE

What the boy's Grandparents want for him is hardly our business.

DR. CLAYTON

Patrick is a patron of our church, which makes his future our business.

Dr. Clayton turns to Patrick.

DR. CLAYTON (CONT'D)

What brought you to the Wesleyan Church, my boy?

Patrick thinks for a moment.

PATRICK

It's so close to our house and I pass it each day... I suppose I was curious.

DR. CLAYTON

And what made you keep coming?

PATRICK
I felt welcomed, Doctor.

Dr. Clayton slams his hand on the table.

DR. CLAYTON
Exactly! Exactly that Addie! I sit
as the President of this
conference, an elder of the church,
with a duty to serve. I'll be
damned if we do not insist upon the
importance of educating each and
every member of our congregation.
How can we expect to understand God
without a fundamental understanding
of the world he has created for us?

Dr. Clayton falls silent... *An idea forming.*

Faith leans into William.

FAITH
(a whisper)
Father has had an idea.

A smile spreads across his face.

EXT. CENTRAL WESLEYAN COLLEGE - DAY

Dr. Clayton stands outside of a new school building next to
three peers. In front of them stand a small crowd of
churchgoers, the Clayton family, and Patrick.

A sign reads:

'Central Wesleyan College'

The men shake hands as a JOURNALIST (30s) approaches them, a
notebook and pen in hand.

JOURNALIST
Gentlemen, would you like to make a
statement for the paper?

Dr. Clayton steps forward.

DR. CLAYTON
We, members of the Wesleyan
Methodist Church Southern
Conference, are pleased to announce
the opening of the Central Wesleyan
College.

(MORE)

DR. CLAYTON (CONT'D)

We aim for this school to help alleviate ignorance in the Wesleyan Methodist ministry and remove the need for Wesleyans to send their children to a Northern school.

William wriggles from Addie's arms and runs toward Dr. Clayton. He picks him up.

DR. CLAYTON (CONT'D)

My hope is for my son William here to attend this school and mark the first in the next generation of great thinkers from this town of Central.

Dr. Clayton smiles at his son.

LARRY (V.O.)

William Harold Clayton, my father, took a page or two out of his father's life. His story is next.

END OF FLASHBACK.

INT. LARRY'S STUDY - NIGHT

Larry leans back in his chair. He turns his eyes to the side of his desk where a faded portrait photograph of a mustached man.

LARRY (V.O.)

It represents, in a significant way, how Southerners stepped out of their physical and geographic boundaries into not only much of the rest of the United States but also into the world.

He picks up the frame and looks at it more closely. Written on the bottom is 'Harold Clayton, Cartavio'.

LARRY (V.O.)

In my Father's case, into Latin America for most of his life.

INT. UNIVERSITY OF ALABAMA CLASSROOM - DAY

Larry stands in front of a room of university students. They type and make notes as he speaks. Larry uses a projector to show slides on the topic.

LARRY

The surge in industrialization in the United States not only led to an increased demand for Latin American raw materials but also influenced the development of infrastructure and manufacturing capabilities within Latin American nations.

Larry moves to the next slide.

LARRY (CONT'D)

The rise of the United States as an economic powerhouse created a dynamic where Latin American countries became both suppliers and consumers in the global market, contributing to the formation of complex trade relationships. Which I--

He moves to the next slide to show a photo of Larry as a child in Peru.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Happen to have a personal connection with!

He chuckles.

LARRY (CONT'D)

That's all for today, next week we shall unpack what those trade relationships were, and what they have come to look like today.

He nods at the students and they begin to pack away their belongings and exit the classroom.

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

Larry sits across from Louise as she finishes reading a pile of papers. She lowers them.

LARRY

So? What do you think?

LOUISE

I didn't realize your Grandfather was so...

LARRY
Established?

LOUISE
Stubborn.

They laugh.

LOUISE (CONT'D)
How did you get so much detail?

LARRY
My Aunt Faith's writing, she has
pages and pages about her Father.

LOUISE
It makes sense Doctor Clayton would
be a headstrong man to have raised
such a headstrong daughter!

LARRY
You don't become the first woman to
serve on the State Employment
Office without some fire!

Ding dong!

Larry and Louise look up at the sound of the doorbell.

LOUISE
That will be Steph.

She begins to stand.

LARRY
I'll get it, I have something to
show her in fact.

INT. ENTRANCE - DAY

Larry opens his front door to reveal STEPHANIE RICHMOND (29).

STEPHANIE
Dad!

They embrace.

LARRY
How was the flight?

STEPHANIE

The same as ever. Jason and the kids are checking into the hotel and will be over this evening for dinner.

LARRY

Excellent, I look forward to it. In the meantime, however, I have something quite interesting to share with you.

INT. LARRY'S STUDY - DAY

Stephanie sits with Larry in his study. In front of her are the pages of his manuscript and a series of old tapes.

STEPHANIE

Dad, what is all this?

LARRY

It's our family history. I'm writing a memoir to document it all... Or as far back as I can, at least.

STEPHANIE

That's quite a task... I barely know anything beyond Grandad's old stories of his time in South America.

LARRY

That's exactly why I'm doing it. If I don't transmit as much of what I know to you and your generation, the Clayton story will be lost.

Stephanie nods eagerly.

STEPHANIE

So, what is all this I'm looking at?

LARRY

Over the years I have kept notes, sometimes in chapter form, sometimes just loosely written, of my own trajectory through time and space. I never thought those notes were of much importance in determining who I was and what I did over my lifetime--

STEPHANIE

They're important to me!

LARRY

That may be, but what I've come to realize is that before I can explore my life, I must first get down the life of the people that came before.

He reaches for a tape and holds it up to Stephanie.

LARRY (CONT'D)

I much admired the professional life of my father, and I interviewed him extensively in the 1970s for a book on W. R. Grace & Co.

STEPHANIE

That's the company he worked for?

LARRY

Yes, these tapes contain so much of his life that I want to revisit them in this memoir-style narrative.

STEPHANIE

Can I hear them?

LARRY

It is mostly technical talk, Steph, his work, and the science behind it.

STEPHANIE

I want to know! He's my Grandfather and I'm not even sure I could tell you what he spent his life doing!

Larry nods and smiles.

LARRY

Well then, let's put them on.

He pulls out an old cassette player and inputs the first tape.

HAROLD (V.O.)

When I received my discharge from the Army on December 17, 1918, and took inventory of what had happened in the meantime, I found that I had only attended one class.

Larry hits pause with a smile.

LARRY

Found he had attended only one class!

He winks at Stephanie.

STEPHANIE

He joined the army before starting university?

LARRY

A Student Army Training Corps had been established a few weeks before Harold went to Columbia to enroll at the University of South Carolina, except the date for induction was before his eighteenth birthday.

STEPHANIE

So what did he do?

LARRY

He just put his age down as eighteen. Problem solved.

Stephanie laughs.

STEPHANIE

What happened when he returned in 1919 with only one class?

LARRY

The university told him they would take him back as a full-fledged freshman if he could pass a full year's coursework between January and the end of the semester. He thought about this, returned home to Central, and returned to Columbia in the fall of 1919.

SUPER: WILLIAM HAROLD CLAYTON AND THE WORLD, THE CHEMIST

INT. HAROLD'S STUDY - DAY

SUPER: Harold's Study, 1975

Larry (now 34) sits across from his Father, WILLIAM HAROLD CLAYTON (76). In front of them is a tape recorder. They are in an old study covered in books on chemistry in English and Spanish.

HAROLD

In July or August 1919, I borrowed two teams of mules and wagons from my father on the farm in Central. A hired hand drove one team and I the other. We hauled dirt for topsoil and I saved close to three hundred dollars before commencing my freshman year.

Larry leans forward, astounded.

LARRY

Three hundred dollars got you through the freshman year?

HAROLD

Yes, the total cost of four years at Carolina was less than two thousand dollars. I worked in an indigent clinic for venereal diseases my sophomore year and received one dollar twenty-five an hour, this was plenty to cover all my expenses.

LARRY

And at this time you still wanted to go to Medical School like your Father?

HAROLD

Yes but I didn't have enough money for that, so I started thinking about jobs. My goal at this time was to go to Alaska, to the mining industry up there, but I needed some money before that could be realized.

LARRY

So what did you do?

HAROLD

Luckily for me, my professor received a letter from his brother, who was chief engineer with W. R. Grace & Co. in New York asking him to recommend a young chemist to go work in Chile, in the nitrate fields.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. DR. LIPSCOMB'S HOME - DAY

SUPER: COLUMBIA, SC, 1923

HAROLD (now 23) sits across from DR. LIPSCOMB (50s) at his dining table. Behind them his wife, MRS. LIPSCOMB (50s), prepares tea.

DR. LIPSCOMB

So, would you want to go to Chile?

HAROLD

Sure, I'm ready to go anywhere. Which way do you go to get to Chile?

Mrs. Lipscomb spins.

MRS. LIPSCOMB

Young man, that's a long way off. You ought to think about it for a while.

Harold shrugs.

HAROLD

Okay, I will think about it... Until tomorrow morning.

Dr. Lipscomb laughs and Mrs. Lipscomb rolls her eyes.

HAROLD (V.O.)

Next morning, I told Doctor Lipscomb I was ready to go. Before I knew it, I received a telegram from Grace in New York asking me to come for an interview.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

Harold sits in a train compartment staring through the window at the landscape outside. He smiles with excitement.

LARRY (V.O.)

Were you excited about this?

HAROLD (V.O.)

Yes. I had never been out of South Carolina in my life except perhaps once to a beach in Georgia.

Harold looks down at the paper ticket in his hand showing his destination: New York City.

INT. NEW YORK OFFICE - DAY

Harold sits in a suit across from MR. LIPSCOMB (50s) in a smart-looking office. Mr. Lipscomb looks down at a paper resumé in his hands.

MR. LIPSCOMB

You're from South Carolina?

HAROLD

Yes Sir.

MR. LIPSCOMB

Did you grow up near Columbia?

HAROLD

No Sir, I was raised in the town of Central where my Father is a Doctor.

MR. LIPSCOMB

That's an honorable profession, you didn't think to go into medicine yourself?

HAROLD

I did, but as I graduated so late due to being discharged from the army in 1918 and returning to university in 1919, I didn't think continuing to Medical School would be the most economical decision.

Mr. Lipsomb nods.

MR. LIPSCOMB

Well, thank you for your service,
Mr. Clayton.

Harold nods in response.

MR. LIPSCOMB (CONT'D)

Now, how about we get back to
engineering?

HAROLD

That's why I'm here.

MR. LIPSCOMB

Your role would be to assist two
well-seasoned chemical engineers to
work out a problem in the
production of nitrates, does that
interest you?

HAROLD

Of course, Sir.

MR. LIPSCOMB

Good. Can you analyze or do a
chemical analysis on nitrate?

Harold thinks for a moment.

HAROLD

I think I could, yes, if a good
chemical library was accessible.

Mr. Lipscomb nods.

MR. LIPSCOMB

Specifically, now, could you
determine the amount of boric acid
in nitrate?

HAROLD

Yes, Sir, if you have the books
there and somebody tells me how to
go ahead and analyze for boric acid
the same as any other element, I
could do it.

MR. LIPSCOMB

How close could you come to
determining the amount of boric
acid?

Harold frowns in thought for a moment, thinking through the
question. Finally-

HAROLD

Well, how about two percent? I think I can come within about two percent.

Mr. Lipscomb smiles.

MR. LIPSCOMB

Well, that's alright.

END OF FLASHBACK.

INT. HAROLD'S STUDY - DAY

Harold begins to laugh.

LARRY

What's so funny? You got the job, didn't you?

HAROLD

I did, and I didn't think anything about it until I got back to Columbia and was talking with Doctor Burney and Doctor Lipscomb about the interview. Old Doctor Burney just laughed his head off. He said, 'Do you know that they have to analyze down to two thousandth of one percent? And you told him you could get it down to two percent!'

Larry laughs with his Father.

LARRY

That must be why he gave you the job, because you were honest, even though pretty ignorant of nitrate chemistry at the time.

HAROLD

Only a few days later I was on a boat set for Chile.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. GRACE LINE FREIGHTER - DAY

SUPER: Pacific Ocean, 1923

Harold stands on the deck of the large freight ship staring out over an endless ocean.

HAROLD (V.O.)

I was a little scared but always figured that if a captain and his crew knew what they were doing, I could certainly get along.

He turns to look at the crew members and other passengers around him.

HAROLD (V.O.)

I figured I was as good as the other passengers. They simply had seen more of the world than I had.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

- The freight ship sails down the West Coast of South America.

- Harold watches from the deck as the ship sails into a port

HAROLD (V.O.)

It seemed we stopped at every port on the way South from Panama.

- Harold jerks awake in the night. He looks out of the window to see them approaching another port.

HAROLD (V.O.)

Stops were made in the daytime, and we sailed at night.

END OF MONTAGE.

EXT. GRACE LINE FREIGHTER - DAWN

Harold walks out onto the deck as the sun rises overhead. He squints at the approaching land.

HAROLD (V.O.)

The first impression anybody got of South America going down that West Coast, was...well, it would make you think.

Along the beach are rows upon rows of things sticking up out of the ground. Harold cocks his head as a SEAMAN (40s) passes.

HAROLD
What are those things?

The Seaman pauses to look out at the land then slaps Harold on the back.

SEAMAN
Those are graves, my boy. Welcome
to South America.

He moves away.

Harold stares wide-eyed at the seemingly endless graveyard.

INT. PAPOSO PLANT - DAY

Harold enters the room wearing heavy-duty trousers, work boots, and a long-sleeved shirt. He takes in the large space filled with enormous machinery and a conveyor system.

Uniformed Chilean workers monitor the machinery. They glance at Harold with little interest. An extremely tall, bald Swedish man, DUNAIRE (60s), oversees the space. He turns to see Harold.

DUNAIRE
Ah, you must be the new assistant.

HAROLD
Yes, I--

DUNAIRE
Follow me.

He spins and walks toward a large door. Harold takes one last look at the space then follows.

INT. PAPOSO PLANT CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Harold follows Dunaire into a room filled with dials and gauges. Standing in front of the machinery is an American Engineer, EDWARD BURT (60s).

DUNAIRE
The new American is here.

Burt turns and extends a hand to Harold.

BURT
Edward Burt, inventor of the plant
and its process.

DUNAIRE
The *failed* plant.

Burt narrows his eyes.

DUNAIRE (CONT'D)
Burt is here to consult on what not
to do with this new plant. I am
Dunaire, the chief Chemical
Engineer.

BURT
You must be William?

Harold shakes.

HAROLD
I go by Harold, my middle name.

BURT
Ah, Harold, it is then. Good to
have another Yank here with me.

Dunaire nods to Harold.

HAROLD
It's good to be here, the ship
was... Long.

Burt laughs.

BURT
Well, we have a long way to go.

HAROLD
What's been going wrong with the
plant until now?

DUNAIRE
Besides hemorrhaging millions of
dollars?

BURT
Nothing is wrong with the plant.
It's these materials that are the
problem, the slimy nature makes
Nitrate production near impossible.

DUNAIRE
We need to find a new filtration
method, and soon... Which is where
you come in. I'm told you have a
chemical engineering background?

HAROLD

I just graduated with a degree in
chemical engineering.

BURT

He's completely fresh.

DUNAIRE

Moldable. You have a lot to learn,
Harold.

HAROLD

I'm ready, set to me to work!

Burt and Dunaire exchange a look.

INT. PAPOSO PLANT - DAY

BEGIN MONTAGE:

- Harold watches intently as massive machinery hums and workers move purposefully between stations.
- Harold, now wearing overalls and a pair of sturdy boots, observes a mixing process with Burt. He takes notes diligently as Burt speaks.
- Harold reads up on Nitrate Production
- Harold stands with Dunaire as he monitors the gauges and control panels. Harold makes a few adjustments and Dunaire nods with approval.
- Harold and Burt review a report
- Harold sits in a team meeting. He makes notes and nods, then stands to present his report.

INT. PAPOSO PLANT CAFETERIA - DAY

Harold enters the basic cafeteria space and takes a seat on a plastic table next to the BOOKKEEPER (40s) and an ENGLISHMAN (30s).

BOOKKEEPER

Harold, was it?

HAROLD

Yes, I'm the new engineering
assistant from America. And you--

BOOKKEEPER

Swiss.

ENGLISHMAN

English.

Harold smiles.

HAROLD

If you told me a year ago in South Carolina that I'd be working with folks from England and Switzerland, I'd never have believed you.

The Bookkeeper smirks.

BOOKKEEPER

Young man, how long do you think you'll last here?

Harold blinks in surprise.

HAROLD

Excuse me?

BOOKKEEPER

How long do you think you'll stay in Chile before retreating back home like the Yanks before you?

The Englishman grimaces at the question. Harold thinks for a moment, then--

HAROLD

Eight years.

The Bookkeeper starts.

BOOKKEEPER

Eight years?!

HAROLD

About that, by my calculations.

BOOKKEEPER

What calculations? Most young men like you are out of Chile within a year. How did you come up with eight years?

HAROLD

Well, within eight years, Grace will be out of the nitrate business because synthetic nitrates will run them out of business.

The Bookkeeper splutters.

BOOKKEEPER

That's nothing but a guess.

ENGLISHMAN

An educated guess. The Germans are already in the synthetic nitrate game and this plant is barely profitable as it is.

BOOKKEEPER

Eight years... You'll be gone within a year, mark my words.

END OF FLASHBACK.

INT. HAROLD'S STUDY - DAY

Larry leans forward, intrigued.

LARRY

And?

HAROLD

I worked for exactly eight years in Chile. Grace sold its nitrate interest in 1930, and off I went to another job in Peru.

LARRY

What do you remember of Chilean politics in this period?

HAROLD

Well, our company never got too involved in politics. I shouldn't say 'too much' because we weren't supposed to mix in politics at all, but you can't live in a country without reading newspapers and knowing more or less what's going on. Chile was a dictatorship when I went there and Alessandri was president.

Larry nods.

LARRY

Did the political situation, stable or unstable as it may have been the case, affect Grace's operations in Chile?

HAROLD

Yes, we had problems with strikes, unrest...everything you could think of in that line. I remember one revolution they had. I guess you'd call it a revolution...a small one anyhow.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. CHILE DESERT - NIGHT

SUPER: Chilean Desert, 1925

200 mounted policemen, CARABINEROS, gallop through the desert. Their faces are stern and they carry guns on their belts.

EXT. PAPOSO PLANT - DAWN

3000 workers march in the direction of Paposo. They carry signs and CHANT in Spanish.

STRIKERS

(subtitled Spanish)

COME OUT! JOIN US!

INT. PAPOSO PLANT CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Harold stands with his team with Dunaire facing them.

DUNAIRE

What do they want?

ENGLISHMAN

They're asking our workmen to join their cause.

DUNAIRE

What cause?!

HAROLD

Reduced work hours.

DUNAIRE

That's ridiculous! Every plant in the country runs on twelve-hour shifts!

BOOKKEEPER

Those that haven't been closed down by this so-called revolution.

DUNAIRE

What are they asking for?

ENGLISHMAN

Eight-hour days.

Dunaire shakes his head in frustration.

HAROLD

We need to get rid of them before I lose any of my workmen.

EXT. PAPOSO PLANT IODINE HOUSE - SAME TIME

The strikers approach the Paposo iodine house and a STRIKE LEADER(30s) climbs onto the roof.

Paposo Workmen stare up through the windows of the plant.

STRIKE LEADER

You know how we put in long hours, right? It's tough for all of us. But today, I'm asking you to think about something different. Picture this: a job where we don't have to work crazy long hours. A job that lets us have time for ourselves and our families. A job where we're not just workers, but people with dreams and time to chase them. That's what we're asking for with this strike - a chance for a better life, a life we all deserve!

The crowd explodes with CHEERS and APPLAUSE.

INT. PAPOSO PLANT CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The men look around at the sound of raucous cheering.

DUNAIRE

Harold, any ideas on how to get this plant back in action?

HAROLD

The carabineros have already been called, which means a fight.

DUNAIRE

A massacre more like. Those men won't last a day against armed, and mounted police.

EXT. CHILE DESERT - DAY

The carabineros close in on a group of revolutionaries.

They speak in subtitled Spanish.

MAN 1

SCATTER! IT'S THE CARABINEROS!

MAN 2

NO! STAY TOGETHER! THEY WANT US TO GIVE UP AND WE WON'T DO IT!

The workers crowd together against the oncoming police officers.

The carabineros gallop faster.

MAN 1

THEY'RE COMING!

MAN 2

DON'T GIVE IN! THEY'LL STOP!

The carabineros move closer.

MAN 1

THEY'RE NOT STOPPING!

Fear strikes the group of workers.

MAN 1 (CONT'D)

RUN! SAVE YOURSELF!

The officers draw their guns. They aim them at the workers and...UNLEASH! Chaos erupts as workers run in all directions.

INT. PAPOSO PLANT CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Harold steps forward.

HAROLD

If our men join this cause they
won't be fit to return to work,
eight-hour days or not.

DUNAIRE

So what do we do?

Harold thinks for a long moment. Finally, he looks up, face
set with an idea.

HAROLD

We give them what they want.

BOOKKEEPER

You can't be serious.

Harold runs to a desk, grabs paper and a pen, and begins to
write. Dunaire stands behind him.

DUNAIRE

Harold?

Harold nods as he works, then passes the paper to Dunaire. He
scans it.

HAROLD

So?

DUNAIRE

It just might work.

He passes it to the bookkeeper.

DUNAIRE (CONT'D)

What do the books say? Is it
possible?

The Bookkeeper considers it.

BOOKKEEPER

It's possible. We won't be spending
any more money...

Dunaire turns to Harold.

DUNAIRE

Make it happen.

Harold nods.

INT. PAPOSO PLANT - DAY

Harold stands in front of his workers. Outside is the sound of more CHANTING.

HAROLD

Listen here! I know some of you
have been considering walking out
to join their cause--

He gestures outside.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

And if I'm honest, I don't blame
you. Twelve hours is a long day and
even I figure we're losing a lot of
efficiency by trying to work you
people too damn hard.

The workmen begin to murmur to one another.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

So, I'm going to put you on an
eight-hour shift.

The men look at each other in surprise and confusion. WORKMAN
1 (40s) steps forward.

WORKMAN 1

What about our pay?!

Others CRY OUT in support of the question. Harold holds up a
hand for quiet.

HAROLD

I will pay you the same money that
I'm paying you now for twelve
hours. Just the same pay. But there
is going to be less of you on each
shift, and we're going to have
three shifts instead of two, and
I'm going to take all of my men and
divide you into three shifts. So,
since there will be fewer of you on
each shift, you will probably have
to work a little harder. But you
are going to get the same pay in
eight hours that you have been
getting in twelve.

The men fall silent. Harold takes a deep breath.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

So, what do you say?

EXT. PAPOSO PLANT IODINE HOUSE - DAY

The strikers CHANT and storm the plant.

STRIKERS
COME OUT! JOIN US!

A PAPOSO REPRESENTATIVE (40s) steps outside and the strikers CHEER.

They speak in subtitled Spanish.

STRIKE LEADER
Welcome, brother, to our cause!

The Paposo Representative looks around the group of men, then-

PAPOSO REPRESENTATIVE
GO AWAY!

STRIKE LEADER
Away?

PAPOSO REPRESENTATIVE
GET OUT OF HERE! WE DON'T WANT TO
JOIN YOUR CAUSE!

More Paposo Workmen step outside and begin glaring at the strikers.

PAPOSO WORKMAN 1
GO AWAY!

PAPOSO WORKMAN 2
GET AWAY BEFORE WE MAKE YOU!

PAPOSO WORKMAN 3
WE DON'T NEED YOUR CAUSE!

The strikers look to their leader uncertainly. He hesitates.

STRIKE LEADER
Brothers--

PAPOSO REPRESENTATIVE
We are not your brothers.

He holds up a fist and RUNS at the strikers. The other Paposo Workmen follow behind. They chase the strikers far off the plant.

INT. PAPOSO PLANT CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Harold steps inside to see Dunaire sitting alone.

HAROLD

The workmen have all signed the new agreement. We didn't lose a single one of them.

Dunaire nods.

DUNAIRE

Great work today, Harold.

HAROLD

Thank you. I'm just glad production wasn't halted and no one hurt.

DUNAIRE

Most people don't stay here for long, you know that.

HAROLD

I've seen it for myself.

DUNAIRE

Why is it you're doing so well? The workmen like you, it's been several years and you seem happy here.

Harold shrugs.

HAROLD

I don't know why I get along except for that I find the work extremely interesting. And I don't mind the language, that helps.

Dunaire stands.

DUNAIRE

Is that so?

He smiles.

DUNAIRE (CONT'D)

I'll be sending my recommendation for you to become Plant Manager.

HAROLD

Plant Manager? I've only been the general superintendent for a short time.

DUNAIRE

You have a hand for this kind of work, Harold. I'll be damned if we lose out on a mind like yours.

CLICK.

END OF FLASHBACK.

INT. HAROLD'S STUDY - NIGHT

The tape in the recorder *clicks* off, full.

The sun has set over the interview. Larry changes the tape in his recorder to a new one. He hits record and the tape *clicks* on.

HAROLD

So where were we?

LARRY

At the end of the 1930s and the end of the nitrate companies.

Harold nods.

HAROLD

That's right. Well, I closed Oficina Paposo. I was the Plant Manager and knew it would be closed down. I left in November 1930.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. CHILE CHURCH - DAY

SUPER: Chile, 1930

Harold stands at the front of a church across from MAROCHA ROSA 'MAROCHA' CLAYTON REICHEL LEMA (23). The crowd stands to their feet to cheer as the couple turns to them. Sitting in the pews is William and Martha.

HAROLD (V.O.)

I had just married your Mother Maria Rosa, or Marocha as we've always known her, in September. She didn't know a thing about America and didn't even speak English, but she was beautiful and ready for adventure.

Marocha and Harold turn to look at one another. They smile with flushed cheeks.

HAROLD (V.O.)

I was overdue for a vacation. So, by the time the shutdown ended, I was told to come home and take a four to six-month vacation.

END OF FLASHBACK.

EXT. HOME PLACE (1930) - DAY

Harold and Marocha step out of a taxi cab to Home Place.

HAROLD

(subtitled Spanish)

This is it, what do you think?

Marocha takes it in. She smiles.

MAROCHA

(accented English)

Beautiful.

Harold grins back at her. He lifts their luggage and approaches the house. Snow begins to fall around them and Marocha lets out a small cry of joy.

Dr. Clayton and Addie open the door and smile warmly at their son and new daughter-in-law.

INT. HAROLD'S STUDY - NIGHT

Harold smiles to himself.

HAROLD

We arrived in New York on December 14 and went straight on home December 15. That was the night of the big snow. It snowed fifteen inches right here in South Carolina. The biggest snow that had ever been recorded here.

Larry looks out of the window to reveal...

EXT. HOME PLACE (1975) - SAME TIME

Larry and Harold can be seen mid-interview through the window.

INT. HAROLD'S STUDY - CONTINUOUS

They are in Home Place.

LARRY

How long were you in America?

HAROLD

Well, in New York, they told me that I wasn't going back to Chile, which was a surprise to me. Mr. Lipscomb told me they were going to send me down to Peru as superintendent of a sugar factory.

LARRY

What did you know about sugar?

Harold shakes his head.

HAROLD

Me? I didn't know anything about sugar. I know that it is supposed to be white and sweet. And that's all I knew.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. NEW YORK OFFICE - DAY

SUPER: New York, 1931

Harold sits across from Mr. Lipscomb. He smiles at Harold, bemused.

MR. LIPSCOMB

Well, when we sent you down to nitrates, you knew just about the same amount about nitrates that you now know about sugar. You can learn the same as you learned about nitrates. So, get yourself ready and go on down there.

END OF FLASHBACK.

INT. LARRY'S STUDY - NIGHT

Larry sits across from Stephanie she shakes her head in disbelief.

STEPHANIE

And did he?

HAROLD

Of course. Your Grandfather bought his first sugar books after having become the superintendent of the biggest sugar factory in Peru. Harold Junior was born on August fifth, 1931, and--

STEPHANIE

Uncle Bill was born in Peru?

LARRY

Yes, you didn't know that?

STEPHANIE

I assumed he was born in America like you.

LARRY

Oh no, my Father wouldn't move back to America for several more years before I was born.

Stephanie nods.

STEPHANIE

I would love to hear Uncle Bill's story.

LARRY

You know what? So would I! Perhaps it's time I pay a visit to my brother.

STEPHANIE

He does seem to be the next step in this book, Dad.

They smile at one another.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Larry sits at a table in a casual-style restaurant. He writes in a notebook in front of him.

LARRY (V.O.)

Like my Father, my oldest and only brother was also a technical person, trained as a mechanical engineer at Georgia Tech.

(MORE)

LARRY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

They both traveled outside the US for large portions of their lives as they made a living working in both chemistry and engineering. Their stories are also the stories of the United States over the twentieth century through the lives of two individuals who in many ways represented many of the trends that marked the history of America.

BILL (O.S.)

A writer through and through.

Larry looks up to see WILLIAM 'BILL' HAROLD CLAYTON JUNIOR (73) approaching the table.

LARRY

Bill, there you are!

Bill takes a seat across from his brother.

BILL

It's been a while, I wasn't sure you'd recognize me!

Larry shakes his head.

LARRY

You look the same as ever, just a little older.

Bill laughs.

BILL

How are you? And Louise and the kids?

LARRY

Everyone is very well, Louise sends her love. And you?

BILL

We're all doing just fine... Now, why don't you tell me what this is all about!

Larry nods, then holds up his notebook.

LARRY

I'm writing a new book.

BILL

I thought you might be, you're always writing something!

LARRY

This one is different.

BILL

Different how?

LARRY

It's about me...us. It's a memoir about our family history to pass on to the future generations.

Bill leans back, processing Larry's words.

BILL

A memoir? That's a lot to fit into one book, isn't it?

LARRY

This will be the first of several I suspect. But this one focuses on our family. I've already written on our Grandfather, and am working to transcribe the interviews with Dad. That just leaves...

A wry smile creeps onto Bill's face.

BILL

That just leaves us.

LARRY

Precisely. Now, I don't want to put any pressure on you, but, I do remember you mentioning a document of sorts recounting your life. I've been sharing all this with Steph and she agreed that your part should be told in your words. If you're willing.

BILL

I'm no writer, Larry.

LARRY

I know, but you know your story better than anyone! We have the same parents but completely different upbringings, how could I even begin to write your experience?

Bill thinks for a moment.

BILL
How long would it be?

LARRY
As long as you like.

BILL
I can't promise it'll be very good.

LARRY
That's fine, just as long as it's accurate.

BILL
I'm an engineer, if there's one thing I know, it's accuracy.

Larry smiles.

LARRY
So you'll do it?

Bill takes a breath, then--

BILL
I'll give it my best shot.

SUPER: WILLIAM HAROLD CLAYTON JUNIOR, THE ENGINEER

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. CARTAVIO HOME - DAY

Marocha gently rocks BABY BILL in her arms.

BILL (V.O.)
I was born on August 5, 1931, at home in Cartavio, Peru. Cartavio was a sugar plantation owned by W. R. Grace & Co., located a couple of hundred miles north of Lima, Peru, on the shores of the Pacific Ocean.

EXT. SHIP - DAY

Harold and Marocha stand with YOUNG BILL (4) and BABY MARTHA IRENE 'TATA' on the deck of a ship.

BILL (V.O.)

I've been told that I made my first trip to the US sometime in 1934 when my father was assigned a new position in New Jersey. By then my sister Martha had been born.

The ship pulls into a US Port. Harold picks Bill up to point to a large American Flag flapping in the wind. Bill stares at it in wonder.

EXT. HOME PLACE (1934) - DAY

Young Bill runs around the yard with SIMON TATE (5). They laugh and play. Baby Martha wobbles behind them trying to join in.

BILL (V.O.)

Supposedly, I learned my English playing with Simon Tate, a first cousin, while on vacation in Central.

INT. BOEING STRATOLINER - NIGHT

Young Bill (now 9) sits up looking out of the aircraft window as his parents and sister sleep in lie-flat beds next to him.

BILL (V.O.)

I also have a strong memory of flying on a Boeing Stratoliner back to Peru, probably in early 1939. I remember the plane had regular beds to sleep in. Nothing like that today!

EXT. MIRAFLORES HOME - DAY

Harold exits the suburban home and crosses the front yard dressed in his work attire.

BILL (V.O.)

We lived in Miraflores, a suburb of Lima, while my father worked installing a paper mill in Paramonga, another sugar plantation about a hundred miles north of Lima.

Harold crosses the street and walks toward his car.

The front door swings open and Young Bill runs out of the house to wave to his Father.

INT. SAN SILVESTRE SCHOOL - DAY

Young Bill sits in a classroom with other international children. The boys wear gray pants with green ties and the girls are dressed in blue pinafores with green jackets.

The room is filled with posters in English and the teacher points to a grammar lesson on the blackboard.

BILL (V.O.)

I attended a school named San Silvestre. Everything was taught in English in the morning and everything in Spanish in the afternoon.

Young Bill raises his hand with a smile on his face, ready to answer a question.

Suddenly the ground begins to VIOLENTLY SHAKE.

BILL (V.O.)

Another remembrance was when an earthquake struck while in school.

The teacher jumps to their feet and gestures for the children to duck under the tables. The children look around in fear as objects FLY ACROSS THE ROOM.

Young Bill ducks under a table and locks eyes with a young girl. They stare fearfully at one another.

Plaster begins to fall around them when... THE ROOF FALLS IN.

Young Bill squeezes shut his eyes.

EXT. SAN SILVESTRE SCHOOL - DAY

Young Bill walks away from the school damaged by the earthquake. He is covered in dust but unharmed. His teacher carefully leads the children away from the building.

Young Bill looks up to see Martha approaching and RUNS TO HER.

BILL (V.O.)

Luckily no one was seriously hurt. Everybody slept outside for a few nights, fearing another quake.

Martha drops to her knees and pulls Bill close to her. He stares at the wreckage of the school behind them.

BILL (V.O.)

In December 1941, my father was again transferred to New York, and for the second time, we sailed for the USA.

INT. SHIP DINING QUARTERS - DAY

SUPER: PACIFIC OCEAN, JUST OFF THE PORT BUENAVENTURA, 7th December 1941

Young Bill (10) sits across from his Father at a table-clothed dining table. Both are reading.

Bill looks up at his Father from his book.

YOUNG BILL

Dad?

Harold puts down his book.

HAROLD

Yes, Bill?

YOUNG BILL

What's it going to be like in America?

HAROLD

This isn't your first time there, Bill. Don't forget you're just as much American as you are Latino.

YOUNG BILL

What does that mean? To be American?

HAROLD

It means you come from the land of opportunity.

YOUNG BILL

Are we going to live at Home Place? Mama said it belongs to us since Grandfather passed away.

HAROLD

Yes and no. It is ours, but your Aunt Faith is looking after it for us whilst we've been gone. You remember Aunt Faith, don't you?

YOUNG BILL

Of course, she always tells me how big I'm getting.

Bill smiles.

HAROLD

Well, you are getting big. We'll be staying with her for a few months until my new position in New York begins.

YOUNG BILL

What will New York be like?

HAROLD

It's very big. Taller buildings than you've ever seen in your whole life!

The sound of footsteps and murmuring fills the space and Harold looks up with a frown.

Other passengers whisper then stand and swiftly move from the room.

YOUNG BILL

What's going on?

HAROLD

I don't know...

He trails off as Marocha appears in the doorway. She gestures for Harold to follow her.

INT. SHIP SLEEPING QUARTERS - DAY

Harold, Marocha, Young Bill, and YOUNG MARHTA 'TATA' (8) gather around a small radio.

MAROCHA

(subtitled Spanish)

I can't make out what they're saying, but I think it's something bad.

HAROLD

Let me listen.

He turns up the volume. Young Bill looks between his parents.

RADIO

...a surprise military strike on Pearl Harbor by Japanese forces. Multiple explosions were reported, causing significant damage to the Pacific Fleet.

Harold's eyes widen.

YOUNG BILL

Multiple explosions?

HAROLD

Those goddamn Japs.

RADIO

At approximately 7:55 AM local time, Japanese fighter planes descended upon the harbor, targeting battleships, cruisers, and aircraft. The extent of the damage is still unclear, but initial reports suggest severe casualties and considerable destruction.

MAROCHA

What are they saying, Harold?

HAROLD

The Japanese have bombed our base in Hawaii. America is about to be at war.

Bill runs to the window and looks out at the water, straining his eyes as if to try to see a glimpse of this 'war'.

INT. SHIP SLEEPING QUARTERS - NIGHT

The Claytons sleep in their small ship beds. The ship JERKS to a halt and Young Bill's eyes shoot open.

INT. SHIP CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Young Bill sneaks out of his room and slips through the corridor at night.

EXT. SHIP/PANAMA PORT - NIGHT

Young Bill stands on the deck of the ship as it docks into a Panama Port. He watches as a series of uniformed military personnel load up their ship and march on board.

He smiles with excitement.

 YOUNG BILL
 (to himself)
 The navy!

His eyes lock onto the weapons on the men's holsters.

 YOUNG BILL (CONT'D)
 Going to defend America... One day
 that'll be me.

EXT. GEORGIA TECH - DAY

Super: Georgia Tech University, 1953

The school is adorned with graduation banners and students in robes. Families stand around with their graduating children as BILL (now 23) approaches his Father (now 53). Bill is dressed in an Army uniform.

 BILL
 Dad!

They shake hands.

 BILL (CONT'D)
 You made it!

 HAROLD
 Of course I did, I couldn't miss my
 first son's graduation now, could
 I?

 BILL
 How was the trip from New Jersey?

 HAROLD
 Much quicker than from Paramonga,
 I'll tell you that!

 BILL
 How have you settled into being
 back in America? It must be almost
 a year now.

HAROLD

You know, in some ways it's as if I never left.

BILL

And Larry? How is he?

HAROLD

I'm not sure he's quite taking to America the way you did, he's spent so much of his life living in Peru that New Jersey doesn't feel much like home.

BILL

Perhaps you should send him down South, I've always felt more akin to the Southern Clayton way of living!

Harold nods thoughtfully.

HAROLD

Perhaps... Anyway, today is about you graduating! I couldn't be more proud of you, son.

BILL

Thank you, it's been a hell of a few years.

HAROLD

And reporting straight to the Corps of Engineers. When do you leave for Germany?

BILL

July.

Harold pats Bill on the back.

HAROLD

Well then, I'm very glad to get to see you now.

He nods toward the building.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

Shall we head in?

HAROLD (CONT'D)

After you.

INT. GEORGIA TECH HALL - DAY

A stage is set up with a SPEAKER (70s) standing at a podium. In front are rows of seats filled with graduating students. Family members and friends sit in the rows behind.

Bill lines up to one side of the stage as graduates cross one by one.

SPEAKER
Franklin Wayne Caldwell with a
Major in Chemistry.

A graduate crosses the stage, shakes hands with the speaker, and receives their diploma.

SPEAKER (CONT'D)
Eugene Russel Chambers with a Major
in Mathematics.

Another student crosses. Bill moves forward to be next in line. He looks out into the audience and spots his Father watching. The men nod to one another.

SPEAKER (CONT'D)
William Harold Clayton Junior,
graduating with a degree in
Mechanical Engineering.

Bill smiles and crosses the stage to receive his diploma. Harold claps proudly from his seat.

EXT. FORT BRAGG - DAY

Bill approaches a port carrying a duffle bag over his shoulder. He wears his army uniform with neatly cropped hair.

He pauses to look up at the ship then continues to board in a line of other uniformed troops.

INT. TROOP TRANSPORT SHIP CABIN - NIGHT

Bill sits in a cabin with three old-time WARRANT OFFICERS (50s). Each holds a hand of cards as they play poker.

Bill looks at his cards to see three of a kind. He suppresses a smile.

BILL
I raise you three dollars.

The Warrant Officers exchange a bemused look.

WARRANT OFFICER 1

I'm out.

He lays down his cards.

WARRANT OFFICER 2

Me too.

He throws his cards on the table. Warrant Officer 3 throws \$3 into the pot. He nods to Bill.

WARRANT OFFICER 3

Go on, Bill, show us what you've got.

Bill lowers his cards.

BILL

(smug)

Three of a kind.

He goes to take the pot, but--

WARRANT OFFICER 3

Full house.

He shows his cards. Bill's smile drops.

BILL

What? How?

WARRANT OFFICER 3

You lose again, Bill!

The Warrant Officers break into laughter.

WARRANT OFFICER 1

At this rate, you won't win a single game in the whole two-week trip to Germany.

Bill holds up his hands.

BILL

Alright, alright. One more game!
I'll have you this time!

EXT. BREMERHAVEN STATION - DAY

Bill arrives in a small German station with his duffle bag over one shoulder. He approaches a group of UNIFORMED OFFICERS standing on one platform.

Bill salutes a Captain.

UNIFORMED OFFICER
At ease, Lieutenant.

Bill lowers his hand.

UNIFORMED OFFICER (CONT'D)
Where are you heading?

Bill retrieves a piece of paper from his pocket and hands it to the Officer.

BILL
Heidelberg, Sir. Reporting to the
nine-hundred and fifty-fourth
Engineers Maintenance Company.

The Officer nods and returns the paper.

UNIFORMED OFFICER
On you get, it's a twenty-four-hour
journey so I suggest you make
yourself comfortable.

Bill nods then boards the train.

INT. TROOP TRANSPORT TRAIN - NIGHT

Bill sleeps in the train overhead luggage rack. He tosses and turns, trying to get comfortable.

EXT. HEIDELBERG STATION - DAY

Bill carries his duffle bag across the station with bleary eyes and wrinkles in his uniform. He spots a UNIFORMED MAN (30s) holding a sign with his name on it. Bill stops in front of him and salutes.

BILL
Second lieutenant William Clayton
reporting for duty, Sir.

The man nods to him.

UNIFORMED MAN
Follow me.

BILL
Yes, Sir.

The Uniformed Man crosses the station with Bill close behind. He comes to a sudden stop by another platform.

UNIFORMED MAN

Here we are.

Bill looks up in confusion.

BILL

Another train, Sir? I thought I was stationed here in Heidelberg?

UNIFORMED MAN

That's correct, however, your first duty will be to return to Bremerhaven to retrieve your car.

Bill staggers.

BILL

Back to Bremerhaven, Sir? I just came from there.

UNIFORMED MAN

Afraid so.

Exhaustion washes over Bill's face.

UNIFORMED MAN (CONT'D)

Don't worry, the German train only takes about six hours.

I/E. 1952 FORD / GERMAN COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Bill drives his car through the German countryside. He takes in his surroundings as he drives.

BILL (V.O.)

My company was one of three companies in the Seventh Army assigned the duty of maintaining all Seventh Army engineering equipment. We were located in an old German Army barracks which had a work bay, complete with spare parts and repair equipment.

Bill passes a sign welcoming him into Heidelberg. He looks around to see an old city.

BILL (V.O.)

While the war had been over seven years, there were many cities in Germany that still had ruins from the bombing and the fighting. However, Heidelberg had been picked as a future site for Army headquarters and had been left untouched physically by the war.

Bill looks up to see an old castle on a hill.

INT. SCHWETZINGEN ARMY BARRACKS SUPPLY OFFICE - DAY

Bill walks through the barracks repair shop to see many GERMAN NATIONALS alongside AMERICAN SOLDIERS.

BILL (V.O.)

Although we were fully staffed with Army personnel, we had a hundred to a hundred and fifty German nationals who really were more qualified than us to do most of the actual repair work.

A German National shows Bill around the equipment. He nods at the explanation.

BILL (V.O.)

I was the least experienced officer in the company, all the rest were WWII veterans. My main responsibility was the supply office for the company, and I was also responsible for all the repair parts required by our shop; again, most of this work was done by German nationals.

Bill stops at a desk and takes a seat. He looks around the space and begins making notes.

INT. STAT GARDEN OFFICERS' CLUB - NIGHT

The cigar smoke-filled room is filled with uniformed officers gathering around tables draped in crisp white linen. A military band plays on a small stage as people talk and drink.

The door swings open and Bill enters the room. The conversation briefly hushes as men turn to look at him. One man, JOE (20s), waves to Bill from the bar.

JOE

Bill! Join me over here!

Bill approaches Joe with a warm smile.

BILL

Joe, how are you?

JOE

Oh don't bother with the small talk, I want to hear about Paris! I thought you'd be gone until Wednesday.

BILL

That was the plan, I took five days' leave.

JOE

So what happened?

BILL

We ran out of money after two.

Joe bursts into laughter.

JOE

You're too much, Clayton.

BILL

That might be my only chance to go to France, I wasn't very well going to waste it, was I?

Joe slaps him on the back.

JOE

Well said. Let me get you a drink.

Bill nods in thanks and Joe turns to the bartender.

Bill leans against the bar and looks out over the club. His gaze crosses the band, to the dancing couples, and finally the cigar-smoking officers at their tables.

Finally, he pauses on a young woman, MARY JANE (20) leaning against a wall on the other side of the room speaking with some friends.

Bill turns back with a drink and hands it to Bill.

JOE (CONT'D)

There you go.

Bill nods at the woman.

BILL
Who's that?

Bill looks up and grins.

JOE
No idea, but she sure is pretty.

BILL
I've never seen her here before, I wonder if she works on-base.

Joe shrugs.

JOE
Why don't you go and ask her yourself?

Bill looks from Joe back to Mary Jane, then--

BILL
I'm going to do just that.

JOE
Good for you, Clayton.

Bill crosses the room to Mary Jane and her friends. They don't notice as he approaches. Bill's eyes remain locked on Mary Jane.

BILL
Excuse me--

Mary Jane looks up at Bill with a curious smile.

MARY JANE
Yes?

BILL
Who... I, um... Would...

He stumbles through the words. Mary Jane and her friends exchange smiles.

MARY JANE
Mary Jane--

She extends a hand and Bill shakes it. Bill doesn't let her hand go.

MARY JANE (CONT'D)
I haven't seen you here before.

BILL

That's what I came to say to you.
I'm William, but you can call me
Bill.

MARY JANE

Nice to meet you, Bill.

They hold each other's gaze with a shared, sweet smile.

BILL

Would you like to dance, Mary Jane?

MARY JANE

I'd love to.

Bill leads her onto the dance floor and gently places a hand
around her waist. They sway and twist to the music.

MARY JANE (CONT'D)

Where are you from, William?

BILL

That is a complicated question.

MARY JANE

It is?

BILL

I was born in Chile, raised between
there, Peru, and New Jersey, and
graduated from Georgia Tech. And
now I'm here.

MARY JANE

And now you're here.

She smiles at him.

BILL (V.O.)

Mary Jane and I had a few good
months together in Germany before I
returned to the US.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

- EXT. NECKER RIVER - DAY: Bill and Mary Jane walk hand in
hand along the river.

- INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT: Bill and Mary Jane laugh over a
dinner together.

BILL (V.O.)

We shared lots of good meals on the
Necker River

- INT. TRAIN - DAY: Bill watches lovingly as Mary Jane stares out of the window in awe of the disappearing countryside.

- EXT. VIENNA STREETS - DAY: Bill and Mary Jane pose for a photograph in Vienna.

BILL (V.O.)

We even took a trip to Vienna, at
that time in the Russian zone of
occupation

- EXT. VIENNA STREETS - DAY: Bill and Mary Jane watch a series of Russian Soldiers march past them.

- EXT. LUCERNE RIVER - DAY: Bill and Mary Jane picnic whilst overlooking the beautiful scenery.

BILL (V.O.)

And then on to Lucerne Switzerland

- EXT. LUCERNE RIVER - DAY: Bill leans in to gently kiss Mary Jane

BILL (V.O.)

However, my tour of duty was soon
over, and I sold my car and flew
back from Rhine-Main Air Force Base
in Sept.

END OF MONTAGE.

EXT. HEIDELBERG STATION - DAY

Bill stands with Mary Jane on the station platform. He gently brushes her cheek.

MARY JANE

What am I going to do without you?

BILL

You'll be back in America before we
know it.

MARY JANE

What if you forget about me and
move on with some other American
girl?

Bill shakes his head.

BILL

Impossible. You're the only girl
for me, Mary Jane.

He kisses her.

Bill pulls away and steps onto the train.

INT. TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

Bill sits on the train and breathes a long exhale.

BILL (V.O.)

I made a grand total of \$2667.60 as
a Lieutenant in the employ of Uncle
Sam. All in all, it was a good
experience, particularly meeting
Mary Jane.

He turns to look out at Mary Jane on the platform. He waves.

END OF FLASHBACK.

INT. LIVING ROOM, ALABAMA HOME - DAY

Larry sits on his sofa reading when--

Ring. Ring.

He looks up at his telephone then carefully places the papers
on the coffee table, stands, and answers the phone.

LARRY

Larry speaking--

STEPHANIE (O.S.)

Hey, Dad!

LARRY

Steph! What a lovely surprise. Did
you get Uncle Bill's pages?

INT. STEPHANIE'S KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Stephanie stands in her kitchen, speaking into the phone.
Behind her, her sons SAM and HENRY do homework at the table.

STEPHANIE

I just started reading them! That's
actually why I'm calling--

SAM

Mom, who's on the phone?

Stephanie pulls the phone away from her ear and turns to the boys.

STEPHANIE

Your Grandfather, do you want to say hello?

She holds the phone out to them and--

SAM AND HENRY

HI GRANPA!

INT. LIVING ROOM, ALABAMA HOME - CONTINUOUS

Larry smiles at the voices of his Grandsons.

LARRY

Send them my love, Steph.

STEPHANIE (O.S.)

Grandpa says hello.

LARRY

Now then, Steph, I'm looking forward to hearing what you make of your Uncle's writing. Not bad for a first-time writer, is it?

STEPHANIE (O.S.)

Not bad at all, but that's why I'm calling! All of Bill's stories have got me thinking about where you fit into all this. I've read about your Grandfather, my Grandfather, and now your brother, but there's so much of your story I still don't know.

LARRY

Like what?

INT. STEPHANIE'S KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Stephanie leans against the wall as she talks.

STEPHANIE

Like what were you doing when Bill went off to boarding school? And how was it growing up in Peru?

LARRY (O.S.)

Steph, I know you've heard my stories a thousand times--

STEPHANIE

But not like this. I want to know more details about everything.

INT. LIVING ROOM, ALABAMA HOME - CONTINUOUS

Larry is silent for a moment, thinking.

LARRY

Where should I begin?

STEPHANIE (O.S.)

At the beginning. Where were you born?

LARRY

New Jersey, making me a Yankee...or a damnYankee to the rest of our Southern family.

STEPHANIE (O.S.)

And why there and not Peru?

LARRY

My Father was between Peru and New York setting up a new plant. I spent the first two years of my life in New Jersey, then we moved to Lima.

STEPHANIE (O.S.)

And then what?

LARRY

Steph, I can't very well tell you every little detail over the phone.

STEPHANIE (O.S.)

I want to know everything! Just make sure to write it all down, this has to be in your book.

INT. LARRY'S STUDY - NIGHT

Larry sits at his desk and stares at a blank page. He pauses, hesitates, then begins to type:

'LAWRENCE ANTHONY CLAYTON, THE HISTORIAN'

He continues to type.

LARRY (V.O.)

If one lives long enough, one's memory, by definition, becomes a historical source. And since historical sources are indispensable in writing history, I thought I'd spend some time recording my passage through the last eighty years, or since I was born on October 5, 1942, less than a year after the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. HOME PLACE (1934) - DAY

Harold and Martha carry BABY LARRY through Home Place with Young Bill and Young Tata behind.

Martha passes Baby Larry to FAITH (53) who gently rocks him.

LARRY (V.O.)

I wouldn't say I was born in a time of fear necessarily, but certainly one of war, and of high anxiety, none of which I can remember.

EXT. DOS DE MAYO AVENUE - DAY

YOUNG LARRY (4) is dragged down the street by his nanny, CARMELA (40s), a loving but stern Peruvian woman.

LARRY (V.O.)

My first memory that I can anchor accurately to a place and a time was about 1946 or 1947. I remember distinctly being dragged down Dos de Mayo Avenue on my way to kindergarten or first grade.

Carmela turns to Young Larry with an unimpressed look. They speak to each other in subtitled Spanish.

CARMELA

Larry, you must go to school.

YOUNG LARRY

I don't want to!

CARMELA

Why not, little one? What are you scared of?

YOUNG LARRY

(unconvincing)

I'm not scared!

CARMELA

No?

YOUNG LARRY

I just don't understand why I can't keep on staying home with my friends. Why do I have to go?

CARMELA

Because you need an education. And your friends will be at school too. If you don't start going you'll be left behind!

YOUNG LARRY

I don't want things to change.

CARMELA

Everything changes, Larry. The sooner you learn that, the easier everything will be.

Young Larry frowns and crosses his arms. Carmela crouches to look him in the eye.

CARMELA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Larry, but you must go to school. I promise you'll enjoy it. Maybe you'll even make some new friends.

Larry slowly uncrosses his arms, giving in.

YOUNG LARRY

Will you be there to pick me up afterward?

Carmela smiles.

CARMELA

Of course I will.

They continue down the street.

LARRY (V.O.)

Actually, I've grown to like school after all these years. Except for a couple of years in the Navy, I have either been a student or teacher in school for my entire life. For a kid who had to be dragged down Avenida Dos de Mayo to school, that's richly ironic.

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

Young Larry exits his school surrounded by new friends. He smiles, chats, and laughs.

Carmela waits for him with a smile.

EXT. HERRADURA BEACH - DAY

Young Larry sits with his Mom and Tata (15) on the horseshoe-shaped beach filled with families playing and enjoying the waves. Steep cliffs surround the sand with a small parking lot filled with cars.

LARRY (V.O.)

I grew up next to the World's largest ocean. Are all children fascinated by water and sea? I don't know.

Larry tugs on his Mother's arm.

YOUNG LARRY

Mama, can I go in the water?

MAROCHA

Just be careful, Larry. Please.

YOUNG LARRY

I will be!

He jumps up and excitedly runs toward the waves. Marocha watches him fondly.

LARRY (V.O.)

I can remember the smell of vinegar poured and rubbed into my skin to take away the sting of being scorched by the sun.

(MORE)

LARRY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Sand in my trunks, changing in the dark, damp tents that lined the beach by the dozens, the bright, radiant rays of the sun warming me as I rushed out of the surf. Only later did I learn to respect the power of those waves.

Young Larry launches himself into the water with glee. He jumps through the waves, tumbling and riding them back to the shore. He jumps up and immediately runs back into the water.

Marocha watches him with a bemused smile as Larry disappears again into the waves. He doesn't reappear.

She frowns.

MAROCHA

Larry!

A nearby family turns to look at her. Marocha jumps to her feet and runs toward the water.

MAROCHA (CONT'D)

He's gone! My son is gone!

INT. OCEAN - DAY

In the water, Young Larry flips and tumbles. He tries to reach for the surface but cannot find it.

Darkness appears at the edge of his vision as panic sets in.

An arm reaches into the water and grabs him.

EXT. HERRADURA BEACH - CONTINUOUS

A LARGE MAN (40s) scoops Young Larry from the current and into his arms.

LARGE MAN

Here he is!

He calls to Marocha who quickly runs toward them. The man looks down at Larry.

LARGE MAN (CONT'D)

You okay, chiquito?

Larry looks from the man to his rapidly approaching Mother with a grimace.

MAROCHA

LARRY!

She grabs him and pulls him into a tight hug.

MAROCHA (CONT'D)

Nunca! Nunca! Nunca!

She pulls away to look earnestly into Larry's eyes.

YOUNG LARRY

Claro, Mama.

MAROCHA

You must be more careful or I will
leave you here instead of taking
you with us to Central.

Larry's eyes go wide.

YOUNG LARRY

No! Please, Mama, I want to go!

MAROCHA

I can't be bringing silly children
all the way to America now, can I?

YOUNG LARRY

Please let me go! I'll be more
careful I promise!

She studies his face and finally gives in.

MAROCHA

Okay, but be careful from now on.

YOUNG LARRY

I promise!

EXT. HOME PLACE (1948) - DAY

Super: Home Place, 1948

Young Larry steps out of the car to see Home Place in front
of them. He grins from ear to ear as his parents, Tata, and
Carmela follow him out onto the path.

Aunt Faith steps out of the doorway with a bright smile.

YOUNG LARRY

Aunt Faith!

He runs to her and she meets him in a hug. Tata is close behind.

FAITH

Larry, Martha! Let me get a look at you both!

She bends down to see her niece and nephew.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Look how big you've both gotten!

Harold and Marocha join them.

FAITH (CONT'D)

I can't believe my rotten brother has kept you away from me for so long, come here!

She pulls them back into another hug and the children giggle.

TATA

Aunt Faith, Mama says you're an important woman now.

Faith laughs.

FAITH

Did she now?

HAROLD

You are! The first woman to serve on the labor commission!

Faith stands and hugs her brother.

FAITH

They needed a woman's touch.

HAROLD

Thank you, Faith, for looking after this place for us.

FAITH

It's my pleasure. Now, why don't you all follow me... I have a surprise for the children.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

The family approaches the farmhouse.

TATA

What is it, Aunty?

FAITH

You'll see... Stand right there.

She pauses a few yards from the farmhouse and puts her fingers in her mouth to whistle. The children look up at her in confusion. Marocha and Harold exchange a knowing look.

Suddenly a DOG appears from the crawlspace under the building and runs up to Faith!

YOUNG LARRY

A dog! Mama look!

The dog bounds up to Faith, then turns to lick Larry and Tata. They squeal with laughter.

MAROCHA

Careful, please!

FAITH

And that's not all...

She gestures to the crawlspace to see... PUPPIES! One by one they appear and run over to join their Mother.

YOUNG LARRY

PUPPIES!

The puppies jump up at his and Tata's feet. The children kneel to stroke and play with them.

Faith stands and leans into Harold.

FAITH

It's going to be a good summer.

EXT. SOUTHERN CAROLINA STREET - DAY

Young Larry walks with Carmela through a busy street. Carmela carries a paper bag of groceries.

They speak together in subtitled Spanish.

YOUNG LARRY

Do you like it here in America?

CARMELA

I like it well enough. What about you, Larry?

He nods firmly. *

YOUNG LARRY *

I like it. Although no one here
understands Spanish and the food is
different. *

CARMELA *

That's true. *

Larry pauses and squints at a restaurant across the road. *

CARMELA (CONT'D) *

Your Aunt Faith has been sharing
some Southern recipes with me to
cook for your Father when we return
to Peru. *

Carmela turns to see Larry staring. *

YOUNG LARRY *

That's a strange sign. *

CARMELA *

What's a strange sign. *

YOUNG LARRY *

That one. *

He points at the sign. It reads: *

'Whites Only.'

CARMELA *

What does it say? *

YOUNG LARRY *

(in English)
Whites only. *

She tuts like a granny talking to her charge. *

CARMELA *

What's that in Spanish, silly? *

YOUNG LARRY *

(in Spanish)
Whites only. *

They both stare at the sign blankly. *

CARMELA *

What? *

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Harold approaches the farmhouse carrying a rifle. He pauses, sadness flashing across his face, then whistles.

INT. HOME PLACE LIVING ROOM (1948) - DAY

Young Larry and Tata lie on Faith and Marocha's laps sniffing when...

BANG!

They jump. Larry looks tearfully at Faith who gently covers his ears.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Silence falls.

Larry buries himself into Faith's lap.

Faith begins to stroke his head. She frowns.

FAITH

Sit up for me Larry.

He does so and she gently presses a hand against his forehead.

MAROCHA

What is it?

FAITH

He has a temperature.

Marocha moves closer to Larry.

MAROCHA

Do you feel okay, Larry?

He shakes his head.

LARRY

My head hurts.

Faith and Marocha look at one another fearfully.

MAROCHA

Carmela!

Carmela appears in the doorway.

CARMELA
Yes, Mrs. Clayton?

MAROCHA
Fetch Mr. Clayton at once. It's
Larry.

Carmela nods and quickly moves to the door.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Young Larry sits alone in a Doctor's office. He swings his legs on the chair and looks around. Voices come from the corridor outside.

HAROLD (O.S.)
Just give it to us straight. My
Father was a Doctor, I know how
these things go.

DOCTOR (O.S.)
We can't be sure of anything
without testing, but, these are
symptoms of polio.

Larry hears his Mother let out a SOB. He bites his lip fearfully.

HAROLD (O.S.)
What do we do?

DOCTOR (O.S.)
The test is unpleasant, we'll need
to withdraw some of Larry's spinal
fluid.

MAROCHA (O.S.)
My poor baby...

She trails into sobs.

HAROLD (O.S.)
(Spanish)
We must be strong for him, my love.

Beat.

The door swings open and a DOCTOR (50s) enters with a smile. Larry's parents follow behind. Marocha holds a tissue to her face.

DOCTOR

Well, Larry, it seems like you've been very brave up until this point.

He gives a small nod.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Your parents are very worried about you so we're going to do some testing just to make sure there's nothing to be worried about.

YOUNG LARRY

Testing?

The Doctor looks up to Harold who gives a small nod.

DOCTOR

Just a procedure. There will be a needle so I'm afraid you're going to have to be brave for a little longer. Can you do that for me?

Larry looks up to his Dad. Harold places a hand on his shoulder and squeezes.

Larry turns back to the Doctor and nods.

YOUNG LARRY

I can be brave.

The Doctor smiles. He looks at Harold and Marocha.

DOCTOR

I'm afraid I have to ask you to step outside for this.

They move toward the door. Marocha pauses and turns back.

MAROCHA

I love you, Larry.

He smiles back at his Mother.

They exit and a nurse enters with a tray. On it are a pair of gloves and a long needle. Young Larry inhales quickly in fear.

The Doctor puts on the gloves and picks up the needle.

DOCTOR

Nothing to be afraid of, Larry. Remember it's just a procedure.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

The sound of Young Larry's CRIES echoes through the corridor.

INT. HOME PLACE LIVING ROOM (1948) - NIGHT

Young Larry lies on the sofa with his Mother carefully dabbing at his head with a cold rag.

Her eyes are locked on Harold as he speaks into the telephone.

HAROLD

Yes, Doctor. Thank you, I understand. Goodbye.

He places the phone down.

MAROCHA

Well?

Harold smiles.

HAROLD

His results came back clean.
There's no polio.

Larry sits up to see relief wash his Mother's face.

MAROCHA

Oh! Thank you, God! Thank you thank
you thank you!

She pulls Larry into a hug.

EXT. MIRAFLORES HOME - DAY

SUPER: Miraflores, 1952

Young Larry, his family, and Carmela stand outside of their home watching movers pack up their belongings into a large truck.

LARRY (V.O.)

In 1952 my father was promoted and transferred to the New York headquarters of WR Grace & Co., then in Hanover Square, downtown, and so we packed our bags and bid farewell to Peru.

Marocha leads Larry toward a car and they pause. Carmela kneels down to pull him into a hug.

LARRY (V.O.)

If I thought being dragged off to Kindergarten in Lima was a big change, I had little in my mental and emotional makeup to cope with this much bigger change.

Young Larry climbs into the car with his parents and Tata and they drive away. Larry watches Carmela and his home grow smaller and smaller, finally disappearing.

LARRY (V.O.)

I'm not sure that my basic failure to adapt easily to my new circumstances in the United States was my fault, the circumstances, or a combination of the two.

INT. WARDLAW SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

Young Larry sits at a small desk in an all-boys school classroom.

He looks around at groups of boys talking and joking together. One boy turns and looks at Larry and he tries to smile and nod hello.

INT. PRINGY SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

TEEN LARRY (now 14) sits in a similar classroom, now older. The boys around him stand in clusters together.

LARRY (V.O.)

I found myself not really relating well to the upper middle classes' attitudes towards the world and, even now, I'm not quite sure how to describe it since I certainly was in the upper middle class.

Larry sighs and turns to look out of the window.

LARRY (V.O.)

My best guess for my discomfort or feeling somewhat like an outsider was that I had never really fit into that New Jersey layer of society that I had been introduced to at the age of nine years coming from Lima, Peru.

INT. PLAINFIELD HOME, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Marocha entertains a group of well-to-do WOMEN (40s). The cook, MELCHORA (40s), a black South American woman, places a tray of food down on the table.

Marocha speaks fluent English with a slight accent present.

MAROCHA

Thank you, Melchora.

MELCHORA

You're welcome, Mrs. Clayton.

Melchora exits and Marocha turns to the women.

MAROCHA

You must take our recipe, Harold just loves these.

WOMAN 1

Your cook is just the best, where did you find her?

MAROCHA

She's been with us since we left Peru. She adores the children and we couldn't live without her.

Teen Larry enters the room.

MAROCHA (CONT'D)

Ah, Larry, how was school?

TEEN LARRY

The same as always.

MAROCHA

And lacrosse practice?

She turns to the women.

MAROCHA (CONT'D)

Larry is the team's best player, so he tells me!

TEEN LARRY

Only so I don't get beaten up by big defensemen with equally big sticks trying to nail me as I score!

Marocha's smile drops.

MAROCHA

(stern)

Larry.

He pastes a smile on his face.

TEEN LARRY

Sorry, Mama. Practice went well.

MAROCHA

Good. Would you like some cake? It's freshly baked!

TEEN LARRY

No thank you, I need to get my studying finished before we leave this weekend.

WOMAN 2

Leave? Are you going away on vacation?

Marocha beams.

MAROCHA

Our Bill is getting married!

The women coo.

WOMAN 2

Oh, how wonderful!

WOMAN 1

You must show us what you'll be wearing!

Larry uses the distraction to sneak away from the room.

INT. PLAINFIELD HOME, LARRY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Teen Larry sits at his desk studying. He sighs and closes his books, then turns to look around his room.

His eyes settle on a faded photograph of Home Place and he smiles.

INT. ALEXANDRIA CHURCH - DAY

Super: Alexandria, Virginia, December 31st, 1955

Bill stands across from Mary Jane at the altar of a small church. In the pews are Harold, Marocha, Tata (now 22), and Teen Larry. A few family members sit on the other side of the aisle.

A PASTOR (60s) stands between Bill and Mary Jane.

PASTOR

I now pronounce you Man and Wife.

The family members stand and clap.

EXT. ALEXANDRIA CHURCH - DAY

Family members stand in lines on either side of the church entrance as Bill and Mary Jane appear in the doorway. They throw rice in the air as they run down the church stairs hand in hand.

INT. RECEPTION - NIGHT

The families sit in a small reception room eating and sharing stories. Music plays gently in the background.

Teen Larry is seated next to Bill on one side, and Harold on the other.

Harold stands and the room falls silent.

HAROLD

I want to thank you all for being here to celebrate our Bill and his Mary Jane. The World is a strange thing. I met my wife in Chile, and my son Bill met his in Germany. And yet somehow, we are all here today.

(MORE)

HAROLD (CONT'D)

I know Bill and Mary Jane have waited a great deal of time for today to come, being separated by oceans and then state line, but now I'd like to make a toast--

He lifts his glass and the family members follow.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

To the happy new couple, may they never be separated again.

GUESTS

To Bill and Mary Jane!

They clink glasses and smile at one another.

Larry turns to Bill.

TEEN LARRY

Congratulations!

Bill smiles.

BILL

Thank you, Larry. I'm glad you could be here to see it.

TEEN LARRY

I wouldn't miss it for the World!

BILL

How are you? I feel I hardly see you now that Combustion Engineers has me working so hard.

TEEN LARRY

Dad says it's a good company.

Bill nods.

BILL

It is, they're even sending me to Texas for work in a few months!

TEEN LARRY

What's in Texas?

BILL

A great many golf courses.

They laugh.

BILL (CONT'D)

Now, tell me about school. Are you enjoying Pingry?

Larry's smile fades.

TEEN LARRY

There is nothing much to say. I study, have a few friends, and my grades are good enough...

BILL

You make it sound like the most boring thing in the world.

TEEN LARRY

Isn't school supposed to be boring?

BILL

Sometimes... But it's also supposed to be *fun*. Some of my best memories are of playing sports with my friends, that feeling of true camaraderie!

Larry shrugs.

TEEN LARRY

I'm not sure if I've quite found that in New Jersey... I don't seem to think or feel the way other Yanks do.

BILL

Well, don't forget you're not just a Yank. You're a southern hispanic yank.

Larry nods.

TEEN LARRY

Strangely I do feel more at home down in South Carolina than I ever have on the East Coast.

Bill places a hand on Larry's shoulder.

BILL

Then perhaps it's time for another visit. I'm sure Aunt Faith would love to have you.

A smile creeps back onto Larry's face.

INT. HOME PLACE ENTRANCE (1955) - NIGHT

Knock. Knock.

Faith runs to the door and throws it open to find Teen Larry on the doorstep.

FAITH

Larry!

She pulls him into a hug.

TEEN LARRY

Aunt Faith, thank you again for having me!

FAITH

Of course, this is your home just as much mine.

INT. HOME PLACE KITCHEN (1955) - NIGHT

Faith serves Teen Larry a huge slice of freshly baked pie and a glass of iced tea.

He smiles up at her.

TEEN LARRY

Thank you, this looks incredible.

FAITH

Give it a try.

Larry takes a bite and...his face LIGHTS UP.

TEEN LARRY

It's delicious!

FAITH

Good.

She takes a seat next to him.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Now why don't you tell me why you're here?

Larry steps inside and places his coat on a hook by the door.

TEEN LARRY

Can't a boy come and visit his Aunt just because he wants to?

Faith raises an eyebrow.

FAITH

He could...although I've never seen it happen.

Larry laughs.

TEEN LARRY

Well, how about a boy looking for a little bit of Southern hospitality?

Faith smiles.

FAITH

Now that I will believe.

Larry takes another bite of pie.

TEEN LARRY

Aunt Faith, I've been meaning to ask you why you decided to stay here in Central instead of moving off elsewhere like Dad?

Faith smiles.

FAITH

Central is my home. It is called Home Place after all.

TEEN LARRY

But what if there was another place that you were... I don't know, *supposed* to be?

FAITH

Maybe there is, but nowhere feels like home the way South Carolina does. And at the end of the day, listening to your heart is all that matters.

Larry sits quietly, letting her words wash over him. Finally...

FAITH (CONT'D)

Tell me, Larry, have you started thinking about what comes after High School yet?

His shoulders sag.

TEEN LARRY

It's all I seem to think about
these days.

FAITH

And?

TEEN LARRY

Everyone expects me to be a Doctor.

FAITH

Like my Father?

TEEN LARRY

Mama says I'm destined for
medicine. What was your Father
like? I never got to meet him.

Faith smiles sadly.

FAITH

He was an amazing man, right to the
end.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

INT. HOME PLACE, DR. CLAYTON'S ROOM (1919) - NIGHT

Dr. Clayton (now 70s) and his wife sleep in their bed. They
wake up suddenly.

FAITH (V.O.)

When the worldwide influenza
pandemic hit in 1919 it nearly
floored him. He was well into his
seventies by then.

INT. HOME PLACE ENTRANCE (1919) - NIGHT

Dr. Clayton opens the door to a crying woman.

FAITH (V.O.)

People were just banging on the
door, 'tell the Doctor to please
come, please come, we need him.' He
would get up and go.

INT. PATIENT'S HOME - NIGHT

Dr. Clayton cares for a sick patient in their home. He checks their temperature and administers medicine.

FAITH (V.O.)
In the first two weeks, I saw
Father only two times.

EXT. HOME PLACE (1919) - NIGHT

Dr. Clayton drives up to the house. He parks but does not exit the car.

FAITH (V.O.)
One time he drove up to the front
door, he was so tired and so
whipped, he couldn't get out of the
car by himself.

FAITH (20s) and Addie run out to help him from the car.

END OF MONTAGE.

INT. HOME PLACE ENTRANCE (1955) - NIGHT

Faith blinks out of the memory.

FAITH
He only stopped practicing due to
his tremor that prevented him from
working.

She smiles wistfully.

FAITH (CONT'D)
Sometimes I wonder if he would have
gone on forever without those
shakes. Caring for this community
is what kept him alive.

TEEN LARRY
I'm sad I never got to meet him.

FAITH
Me too, you remind me of him
sometimes. That tenacity.

She pauses, a thought crossing her mind.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Have you considered studying closer to us here? You always seem so at home here... Maybe it's time for you damnYank to come live in the South.

A slow smile spreads across Larry's face.

FAITH (CONT'D)

The food is better here in the South... And the music... In fact, everybody and everything is better in the South!

Larry takes a bite of pie in agreement.

LARRY (V.O.)

I decided then and there that when I was old enough to decide some things for myself that I would apply to colleges in the South.

EXT. DUKE UNIVERSITY - DAY

SUPER: Duke University, North Carolina, 1960

Teen Larry (now 18) walks through the campus of Duke University. He is taller and moves with confidence.

LARRY (V.O.)

This is how I found myself arriving at the Duke campus that warm September of 1960.

Larry walks through an array of welcome banners and booths. He smiles to himself as he explores the campus.

LARRY (V.O.)

And heading straight in search of ROTC programs on the advice of my brother.

Larry spots a sign for NROTC and heads toward it.

LARRY (V.O.)

The service seemed like a pretty good interlude after college.

(MORE)

LARRY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Besides, every male in our family worth anything, according to several of my South Carolina aunts, had served, although not necessarily in the Army of the United States--

END OF FLASHBACK.

INT. LARRY'S STUDY - DAY

Knock. Knock.

Larry looks up from his writing to see Louise at the door.

LARRY

I'm just in the middle of a chapter...

He trails off at her grave expression.

LOUISE

I've just had a call from Bill...
It's your Mother.

Larry's eyes go wide.

LOUISE (CONT'D)

He says we're to come right away before...

Her words hang silently in the air.

I/E. LARRY'S CAR / INTERSTATE - NIGHT

Larry drives with Louise beside him in the car. Both are silent, concerned expressions etched deep into their faces.

Larry stares in front of him at the road.

LARRY (V.O.)

I spent only one summer living with my Mother in New Jersey.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. FERRY BOAT - DAY

SUPER: Hudson, 1961

Teen Larry stands on the deck of a transporter ferry as it moves along the Hudson. He watches the water with fascination.

LARRY (V.O.)

I needed to advance in the pre-med program at Duke so, I enrolled in summer school at Columbia University and commuted from Plainfield five days a week.

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - DAY

Larry stands on a bust subway train alongside businessmen and commuters.

INT. COLUMBIA LECTURE HALL - DAY

Teen Larry sits at a desk as a Professor gives a chemistry lecture. Larry blinks and rubs his forehead in confusion.

LARRY (V.O.)

My career as a budding physician, however, got a very rocky start.

He looks down at his notes to see...nothing. Larry taps his pen in frustration then SIGHS and throws it down.

LARRY (V.O.)

I think I remember making a D and a C, or, to remember as best as possible on a high note, perhaps two Cs.

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - DAY

Teen Larry sits on the train, people-watching the men and women around him

LARRY (V.O.)

What I really remember most was the ride in and out of New York from Plainfield, New Jersey. The Jersey Central railroad to Jersey City, the ferry boat across the Hudson, the local subway/train to about 14th or 16th St. Then transfer to the express to about 96th St.

I/E. FERRY BOAT - DUSK

Teen Larry stands on the boat and looks out at the water.

LARRY (V.O.)

Then another local to 116th St. And
then do it all over again on the
way home in the afternoon.

INT. PLAINFIELD HOME, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Teen Larry arrives home and sits down on the sofa.

LARRY (V.O.)

When I think about it now, I'm
amazed I did such a crazy thing.
But at the age of eighteen or
nineteen, energy isn't a problem.
My problem was chemistry.

Larry pulls out his test papers to see them all graded with
Cs and Ds. He flops backward in disappointment.

MAROCHA (O.S.)

(subtitled Spanish)

What's wrong, Larry?

He looks up to see his Mother standing behind him.

He talks to her in subtitled Spanish.

TEEN LARRY

I'm no good at Chemistry.

She moves around to sit next to him.

MAROCHA

Let me see.

He passes her the papers with a strained expression. She tuts
at the bad grades.

TEEN LARRY

Father is an excellent chemist, why
didn't that gene pass to me?

MAROCHA

We cannot choose our gifts, Larry.
We can only find them. This does
not seem to be your gift.

He grimaces.

TEEN LARRY

What am I going to do?

MAROCHA

There's not much you can do. Are you studying?

TEEN LARRY

Constantly!

MAROCHA

And no improvement?

TEEN LARRY

It seems I'm getting worse by the day. How am I going to be a Doctor if I can't get higher than a C?!

He rubs his temples.

Marocha watches him, then carefully pulls his hands away from his head.

MAROCHA

Maybe being a Doctor isn't your path.

Emotion floods Larry's face.

TEEN LARRY

But I was going to be like my Grandfather.

MAROCHA

Why can't you just be you?

Larry opens his mouth to respond...but no words appear. Finally--

TEEN LARRY

I don't know how to be just me.

Marocha cocks her head at her son.

MAROCHA

What do you mean?

TEEN LARRY

I mean, I have been an outsider my whole life. Not quite a Latino, not quite a Yank, and not quite a Southerner.

(MORE)

TEEN LARRY (CONT'D)

I thought going to Duke and becoming a Doctor would lead me to my place in the World but now I'm more confused than ever.

Marocha studies his face, then gently cups his chin in her hand.

MAROCHA

Larry, don't you see? You are different, and that is what makes you special. You're a Southern Yankee Hispanic. No one can take that away from you.

She leans in and smiles.

MAROCHA (CONT'D)

I love you so much exactly as you are. Follow your instincts and do what you love. **That will be your place in this World.**

END OF FLASHBACK.

I/E. LARRY'S CAR / INTERSTATE - NIGHT

Larry turns to Louise with the ghost of a smile.

LARRY

Did I ever tell you I intended to become a Doctor when I started at Duke?

LOUISE

No, I don't think you did. What happened?

LARRY

I was terrible at chemistry. It was a conversation with my Mama that helped me to realize it wasn't the path for me after all.

Louise places a hand on Larry's thigh and squeezes.

LOUISE

She's an amazing woman.

LARRY

The best...

They drift into a moment of heavy silence.

LOUISE
What did you change to?

LARRY
Pardon?

LOUISE
At Duke? What was your Major in the end?

LARRY
History. I graduated in '64 and was immediately off to do my service on the USS Donner.

Louise smiles.

LOUISE
Which is where you met...

Larry shakes his head.

LARRY
Oh, you don't want to hear that story again, I must have told you it a thousand times!

LOUISE
Yes, I do! It's my favorite!

Larry doesn't respond.

LOUISE (CONT'D)
Please?

He gives in, a wry smile on his face.

LARRY
Okay, fine, by September I was at sea, learning the ropes of being an officer and a gentleman, which meant a lot of things. Anyway, one or another, I found at a casino in San Juan, Puerto Rico...

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. CARIBE HILTON - NIGHT

Larry (22) strides through a bustling casino dressed in civilian clothes with his hair cropped.

He is among hundreds on the casino floor including servicemen, vacationers, and neatly suited wait staff passing out drinks from silver trays.

Larry sidles up to the blackjack table and takes a seat next to an attractive woman. The DEALER (20s) nods to him.

DEALER

Buy-in is five dollars.

Larry nods and throws in a chip. The Dealer begins to shuffle.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN

Good luck!

Larry turns to the woman to see... DIANA ROSS (21)

His jaw drops.

LARRY

You're Diana Ross!

She laughs.

DIANA ROSS

Was the last time I checked!

LARRY

I am playing blackjack with *the* Diana Ross!

She extends her hand and Larry gently shakes it.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Larry Clayton, it's a pleasure to meet you, Miss Ross.

DIANA ROSS

What brings you to San Juan?

LARRY

I'm in the Navy. We're in port right now.

She nods to him.

DIANA ROSS

Well then, thank you for your service.

LARRY

I must admit, I never imagined
I'd find myself playing blackjack
with Diana Ross.

He shakes his head in bemused disbelief.

DIANA ROSS

Life's full of surprises, Mr.
err...

LARRY

Clayton.

DIANA ROSS

Now let's see if luck is on your
side tonight, Mr. Clayton.

The dealer deals two cards each to Larry and Diana. The Dealer turns over his card to reveal... Blackjack. Diana Ross chuckles, and Larry raises an eyebrow in mock dismay.

LARRY

Well, it seems luck has decided to
take a detour tonight.

DIANA ROSS

(laughing)

Don't worry, in the game of life,
we always get another hand.

The Dealer deals a new hand. Larry has a 5 and a Queen. Diana has a 9 and a Jack.

LARRY

What do you think?

DIANA ROSS

The pros would say to stay, but
I've never been one to follow the
rules.

Larry smiles.

LARRY

Hit me.

The dealer deals him a 6, he's a winner.

DIANA ROSS

Congratulations, Mr. Clayton.

Diana gestures to the Dealer that she'll stay. He deals himself a card and busts.

Larry lifts his glass and clinks it with Diana.

EXT. HOME PLACE (1966) - DAY

Larry stands outside of the house wearing his Navy uniform. He looks nervous and lets out a slow breath to calm himself.

He waits for a long beat.

The door swings open and Marocha appears.

MAROCHA

Larry! You're here!

She pulls him into a hug.

LARRY

Mama, it's good to see you.

MAROCHA

The Navy had you for too long, your family missed you.

She leads him inside.

EXT. HOME PLACE PORCH (1966) - DAY

Larry sits on the porch of Home Place across from his Father. It is a bright and sunny day and the occasional bird song fills the air.

HAROLD

Diana Ross? Of the Supremes?

LARRY

That's right.

Harold shakes his head.

HAROLD

Now that is a story for the grandkids.

Marocha steps outside carrying a jug of iced tea. She fills Harold and Larry's glasses.

LARRY

Gracias, Mama.

She takes a seat next to Harold.

MAROCHA

We're just so glad to have you home.

LARRY

How are you enjoying living in Central again?

HAROLD

I can't complain, retirement has been treating us very well.

MAROCHA

I don't think I've ever spent so much time with your Father.

They laugh.

HAROLD

Bill tells me he's gunning for an assistant manager position next year.

LARRY

Is that so? Didn't he just return from a trip to Italy?

HAROLD

They've been sending him all over the World, must be taking after his old man.

LARRY

I look forward to catching up with him.

HAROLD

Well, anyway, that gets me thinking about you, Larry. Have you decided what you want to do now that you've been discharged?

LARRY

Actually, I have.

MAROCHA

Oh? What are you going to do?

Larry smiles at his parents.

LARRY

I've decided to become a Doctor after all.

Harold and Marocha exchange a confused glance.

MAROCHA
A Doctor? But, Larry-

He chuckles.

LARRY
Don't worry, I don't mean a Doctor
in the traditional sense.

Beat.

LARRY (CONT'D)
I'm going to pursue a PhD from
Tulane University.

HAROLD
Academia? Now, that is different
for a Clayton man. Good for you,
Larry.

MAROCHA
What will the PhD be in?

LARRY
Latin American History. I'm going
to be a historian.

Marocha smiles.

MAROCHA
You've found your gift.

LARRY
I think I have, Mama.

END OF FLASHBACK.

EXT. BILL'S HOME - NIGHT

Larry parks the car outside of the suburban house. He and Louise step out onto the street. They hold each other's gaze for a long moment.

LARRY
Thank you for coming with me.

LOUISE
Of course I came with you.

They walk down the path to Bill's front door.

Before reaching it, the door swings open. Bill stands in the doorway.

LARRY
Bill, how is--

He shakes his head.

Larry comes to a sudden halt.

INT. BILL'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Louise places mugs of coffee in front of Larry and Bill. Mary Jane sits in an armchair. She moves with a tremor and has a walker resting against the chair.

LOUISE
There you go.

BILL
Thank you, Louise.

She turns to Mary Jane.

LOUISE
Can I get you anything?

MARY JANE
No, thank you, Louise.

Louise sits.

BILL
I just can't quite believe she's gone...

LARRY
What happened?

BILL
They said it was peaceful, she passed in her sleep.

LOUISE
That is a blessing at least.

MARY JANE
I'm so sorry, Larry.

He nods gently.

LARRY

Thank you... I just wish we'd been here sooner...

Bill places a hand on Larry's shoulder.

BILL

You're here now. The vieja would be glad to see us together.

LARRY

We were so lucky to have her as our Mother.

BILL

We were...

Louise turns to Mary Jane.

LOUISE

How are you doing, Mary Jane?

MARY JANE

Fine enough, Carol is coming five mornings a week now. My body might be falling apart, but at least my mind is sharp.

LOUISE

That's good to hear.

Mary Jane looks up at a clock.

MARY JANE

In fact, it's about time for my medication.

She slowly rises. Bill goes to stand but Louise holds up her hand.

LOUISE

I'll help you, Bill you stay right there.

He nods in thanks as Louise helps Mary Jane from the room.

Larry looks at his brother.

LARRY

Now might not be the best time but... I have something to show you.

BILL

Go on?

Larry reaches into his bag and withdraws a paper manuscript. He hands it to Bill.

BILL (CONT'D)

(reading)

Memoirs of a Southern Yankee
Hispanic.

LARRY

It's a first draft and not quite finished but... I wanted to give it to you. For feedback.

BILL

This is amazing, Larry.

LARRY

Your part is in there too.

Bill nods and carefully flicks through the pages.

BILL

I never imagined my writing would be in a real book.

LARRY

It's good, Bill, great even. I know the future Claytons are going to appreciate it.

Bill nods sadly.

LARRY (CONT'D)

There's so much more I want to say. This feels like just the beginning. I'm barely into the seventies.

BILL

We've lived a lot of life, haven't we?

LARRY

It's funny, I was just writing about Mama. Her story shaped me just as much as Dad's did. All of you did. It didn't feel right to tell my story without all of yours.

BILL

You know, Larry, I really appreciate that.

(MORE)

BILL (CONT'D)

We weren't close as children, but as the years have gone by I've come to realize more and more just how special it is to have gone through this life together.

LARRY

So you'll read it?

BILL

I'd be honored.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. TULANE UNIVERSITY - DAY

SUPER: Tulane University, New Orleans, 1966

Larry wanders around the campus, taking in his new home in New Orleans.

LARRY (V.O.)

This volume one of the memoirs ends here. This, as you dear reader, family, or friend, realize, is not a chronological remembrance but like life itself, it jumps around and meanders.

Other students pass him, some in groups, others hand-in-hand. He sees a younger student hug goodbye to their parents by their car.

LARRY (V.O.)

We have covered much of family life to the end of the twentieth century and even wandered a bit through Nicaragua in the twenty-first century.

INT. TULANE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY - DAY

Larry walks through the seemingly endless shelves of books.

Larry reaches a section on European History and carefully selects a book on Seville.

LARRY (V.O.)

Little did I know back then, that Seville, Sevilla, would grow large in my life as I got close to researching for and writing my dissertation a few years later. Right now, though, my main thoughts were on getting a place to stay and exploring the Crescent City a bit.

Larry carries the book to a nearby desk and sits down. He begins to read.

LARRY (V.O.)

That, and the bulk of my life, the last fifty years, is still to come. Those stories will have to find their home in the next Volume of my memoirs as a Southern Yankee Hispanic.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.