

REMEMBER FREETOWN

Written by

Monique Morton Derouselle

1791 Coteau Rodaire Hwy Arnaudville, LA 70512  
318-393-5423

INT. NEW ORLEANS STREET- DAY

Title Card: Orleans Parish 1935

A warm, humid morning. Simple shotgun houses and creole cottages line each side of the quiet street. A fair skinned Black MILK MAN walks the streets with a crate of milk.

EXT. SHOTGUN HOUSE - PORCH - DAY

WILLIE JOHNSON, a charming, dark skinned Black man of few words (30s) sits in a chair with his eyes closed and a half smoked cigarette in his hand. Soft jazz music plays. Willie contently sways his head to the music. He is relaxed. CLUNK!

The music stops. Willie slowly opens his eyes to see the milk man has placed a glass jar of milk on the front porch.

WILLIE

We didn't order milk.

MILK MAN

It's on me. A thank you for playing in my nephew's second line. I'll bring more tomorrow...

WILLIE

Thank you, but no need. We'll be on the road by noon and won't be back for a couple of weeks.

MILK MAN

Welp, give me a shout when you get back. I'll drop off fresh milk until you leave again.

Willie shakes the milk man's hand. The milk man leaves. Willie flicks away the cigarette butt then takes the milk inside the house.

INT. SHOTGUN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The living room is cluttered with clothes and brass instruments. On the sofa sleeps CECIL, an impressionable 18 year old fair skinned boy. Willie walks past a drum set. The bass drum has "Crescent City Swingers Jazz Band" written in fancy lettering.

INT. SHOTGUN HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY

Willie carries the milk through the dinning room where LESTER a 30 something year old light skinned man sleeps in a wing back chair. His hat is propped over his face where his eyes are hidden.

INT. SHOTGUN HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Willie puts the milk in the Frigidaire then moves to the kitchen table and lights a cigarette. He pulls a pen and note pad from his shirt pocket and flips to a page with a half written poem inside.

Willie's POV:

The sun, the moon, all the stars in the sky.

I dream of you when I look up high.

I recognize your soul in everything I see.

The clouds, the trees, the fish in the sea.

He writes:

I am meant for you, you are meant for me.

Whenever we meet I will be free.

Free to laugh, free to love,

Free to sit with you and look at the stars above.

OLIVIA a young pretty woman in a slip walks in the kitchen. She looks in the fridge and lingers for a moment. Willie cuts his eye to her. Olivia takes the bottle of milk and heads towards the back room.

WILLIE

That's not for you.

OLIVIA

Jack said I can help myself to anything in the house I wanted.

The woman continues.

WILLIE

Seeing as how that milk wasn't in this house when Jack offered everything up, means the milk doesn't apply.

Olivia rolls her eyes. She slams the milk on the counter and goes back to the room from which she came. Willie takes a drag from his cigarette.

Moments later JACK CRAWFORD, a brassy fair skinned Creole man in his late 30s emerges. He looks at Willie without saying a thing.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

Don't start with me Jack.

JACK

You giving Olivia trouble again?

WILLIE

I ain't giving Olivia nothing.

JACK

That's the point.

WILLIE

I'm supposed to let her take the whole bottle out of the room? Why can't she pour a glass like a normal person? Or better yet ask first. (Mumbling) Like she pay bills around here.

JACK

I gotta keep her happy man. I told her she could have...

Jack notices the milk on the counter.

JACK (CONT'D)

I didn't even know we had milk.

Jack pours a glass of milk and drinks it.

WILLIE

We didn't. The milk man is the uncle of the boy who was lynched. He gave us the bottle for playing the second line.

JACK

Um, um, um... I still can't believe what they did to that boy for trying to pass. It's a damn shame.

Jack takes a sip of the milk.