

LUCILE:

The way you describe it. It sounds beautiful.

SIR:

It was. A beautiful woman and a beautiful place, that's what I think about when I see you.

(Awkward moment of pause.)

LUCILE:

If you're trying to make me blush...

SIR:

No. No...

LUCILE:

I'm sure you've seen a lot of beautiful things in your travels. And what brought you to Greenwood?

SIR:

Just looking to stake a claim on something I can call my own.

LUCILE:

Would you like something to drink, Sir?

SIR:

Thank you I would. How about you? What got you to Greenwood?

(LUCILE goes to the bar and pours a glass of bourbon.)

LUCILE:

I didn't know anything about no Greenwood. It was all Red-Manning's idea. He came home one day and said, "We're moving to Greenwood. Greenwood is going to be our home and we'll never have to move again."

(LUCILE hands the glass to SIR.)

SIR:

Am I drinking alone.

LUCILE:

You, Sir, are late to the party. Shawnese and I started earlier.

SIR:

And you followed him...Here to Greenwood.

LUCILE:

He is my husband. And I trust he would make the best decision for us. We knew each other when we were just kids. My family--my mother moved to Kentucky. Later on, he found me you might say. He's the only man I've ever loved.

SIR:

And how can you be so sure he's the right one if he's all you've known?

LUCILE:

Have you ever had anything that you would not trade? Anything of such high physical, material or emotional value that it could not be replaced?

SIR:

Anything can be replaced. Anything except life itself.

LUCILE:

When I was young I lived in Oklahoma. I had a condition that made it very difficult to be outdoors. So I could not run and play like most kids. Because I had to stay indoors I did not have many friends. My grandparents who were Creek Indian convinced my mother that I was cursed. So she moved me to Kentucky to be with Creeks they thought could rid me of my condition. Being outdoors made it difficult, impossible for me to breath. They would force me to go outdoors to show faith in the land. Many times I

SIR:

So you cannot go outside, even now, Lucile? When have you last tried?

LUCILE:

When was the last time you tried breathing under water?

SIR:

I guess I don't understand.

LUCILE:

That's what it's like. It's like breathing under water.

SIR:

Lucile, you have a grace and a beauty about you that hides burdens most people can't begin to imagine. And you have carried this burden all your life. You have an amazing inner strength. Your resiliency has allowed you to endure with such finesse that your burden goes unseen.

(SIR reaches for LUCILE's hands and holds them.)

But strength is a blessing and a curse. Cause you rely on your strength to endure, but not to cure. My grandmother read the palms of slaves to comfort them from the unknown. My mother read the palms of freedmen to prepare them for the unknown.

(SIR traces the landscape of LUCILE's palm. He gets out of his chair and rises LUCILE to her feet. He takes both LUCILE's hands and holds them briefly. He releases her hands and goes to a phonograph and puts on an record. The music plays a soft soothing trumpet.)

I understand how traumatized you were. But do not be of little faith, but steadfast in your belief that a wound can heal. And know that if a heart which has no bones yet can break and in time that broken heart can mend so too can you be made whole. Will you trust me?

(LUCILE replies with a cautious nod and a soft response.)

LUCILE:

Yes.