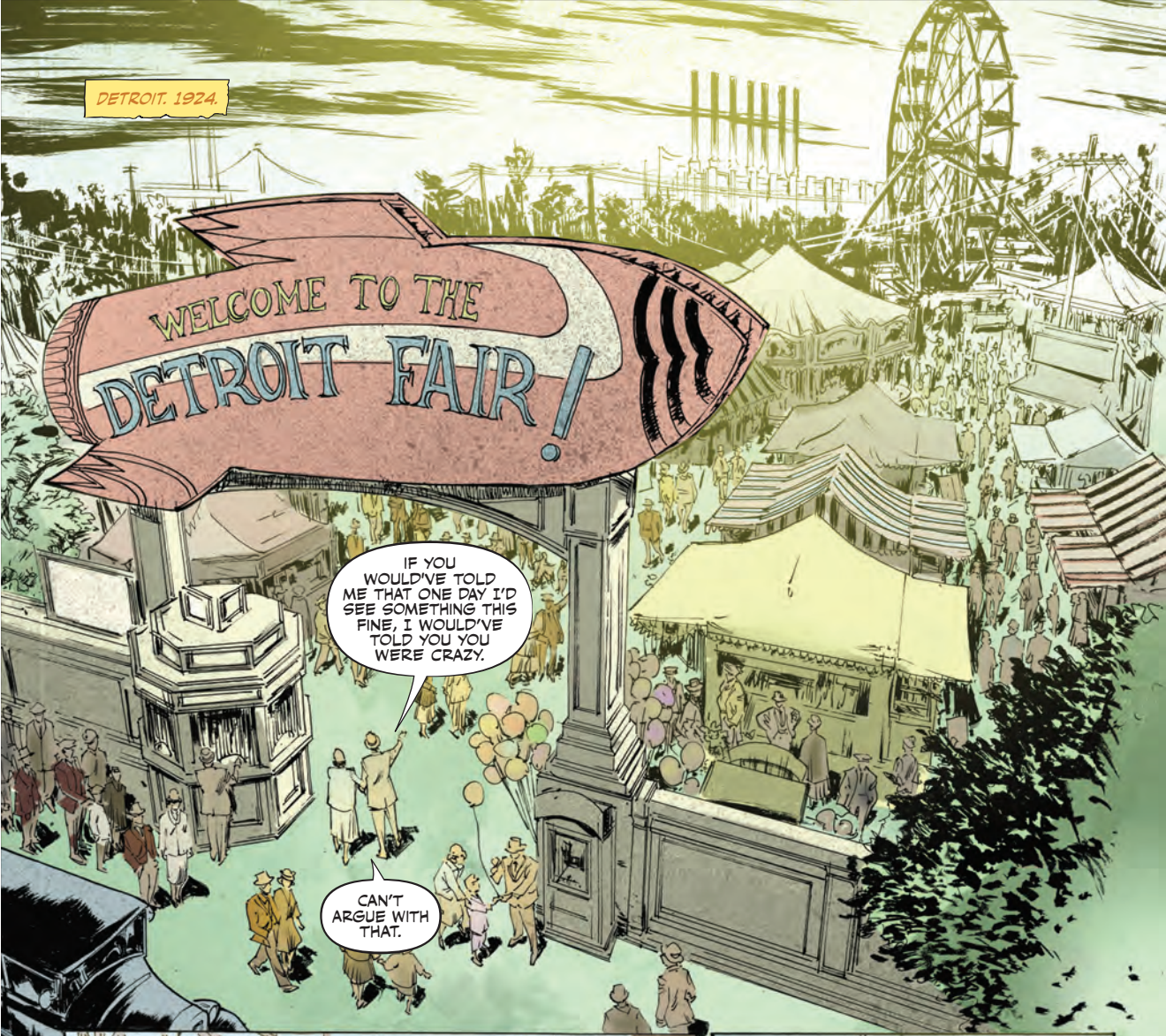


DETROIT, 1924.



IF YOU WOULD'VE TOLD ME THAT ONE DAY I'D SEE SOMETHING THIS FINE, I WOULD'VE TOLD YOU YOU WERE CRAZY.

CAN'T ARGUE WITH THAT.



TOUGH TO ARGUE WITH YOUR LOGIC.



DON'T SIT RIGHT, HUH?


NOT AT ALL.




MISSISSIPPI  
DONE BORE  
A HOLE IN MY  
HEAD AND SET  
UP SHOP.



"STILL REMEMBER THOSE  
LONG DAYS IN THE FIELDS  
WITH MY FOLKS."



"EVEN AS A KID I WANTED OUT,  
BUT FIGURED THE WHOLE WORLD  
WAS LIKE THE ONE I WAS IN."



"MY PARENTS, KEEPING  
THEIR HEAD DOWN LIKE  
THIS IS HOW LIFE S'POSED  
TO BE... MADE ME WANT  
OUT ALL THE MORE."



STILL  
FEEL GUILTY  
FOR COMING  
UP HERE  
WITHOUT  
THEM.

THE  
DEVIL THEY  
KNEW WAS  
STRONGER  
THAN THE  
UNKNOWN.



AND BEFORE YOU GO MAKING THE NORTH SOME KIND OF PARADISE...



...NOT EVERYONE IS HAPPY ABOUT DETROIT INTEGRATING.



"IF THEM RIOTS DON'T CALM DOWN SOON, IT MIGHT BE SAFER IN MISSISSIPPI."



"COLORED GETTING KILLED IN THE STREETS EVERY WEEK..."



"...WITH THE POLICE TURNING A BLIND EYE."



HAD ENOUGH OF ALL THIS SAD TALK, ELAINE. I'M SUPPOSED TO BE SHOWING MY SWEETHEART A GOOD EVENING.



BLACK BOTTOM.  
JUST OUTSIDE  
OF THE CITY.



I'D WELCOME YOU IN, BUT TEMPTATION MIGHT LEAD US DOWN A PATH WE'D REGRET COME SUNRISE.

BEEN WAITING THIS LONG, WHAT'S A FEW MORE WEEKS?



WHAT MADE YOU ASK ME FOR MY HAND, EARL?



WE'VE COME SO FAR, AND QUITE FRANKLY, I CAN'T IMAGINE TAKING ANOTHER STEP FORWARD IN LIFE WITHOUT YOU, ELAINE.

YOU ARE MY WORLD... MY EVERYTHING.



I LOVE YOU.



I LOVE YOU, TOO. SEE YOU TOMORROW?

AND EVERY DAY AFTER THAT. SLEEP WELL, MY DEAR.



IN THE BEGINNING,  
GOD CREATED THE  
HEAVENS AND EARTH.



HE SPOKE...



"LET THERE  
BE LIGHT."



AFTER CREATING THE  
BEASTS ON LAND AND  
SEA, HE CONJURED MAN.



THE ONE THAT WOULD  
RULE THE EARTH.



THEN CAME THE  
PEOPLE OF CUSH.

WHAT WE CALL  
THE NEGRO.

BECAUSE OF HAM'S SIN  
AGAINST NOAH, THE  
CURSED PEOPLE OF  
CUSH HAVE THEIR PLACE  
IN THE ORDER OF MAN.

AT THE  
BOTTOM.

SERVANTS IN  
SUBJUGATION  
TO A MASTER.

SLAVES.



"C'MON, CONSTABLE, I  
AIN'T DRUNK NO MORE."



YA GOTTA  
LET ME OUT. MY  
WIFE MARY FINDS  
OUT I'M IN THE  
BRINK, SHE'LL BE  
ON ME SOME-  
THING GOOD.

SERVES  
YA RIGHT,  
CONNOR.



YA PISSED ON FATHER  
O'REILLY'S TROUSERS  
AND MADE A MESS OF  
O'MALLEY'S TAVERN.



IT'S THE  
PRESSURE.  
WORKING AT THE  
PLANT, COLORED'S  
TRYING TO MOVE  
IN ON OUR TURF...  
IT'LL DRIVE A  
MAN TO THE  
SAUCE.

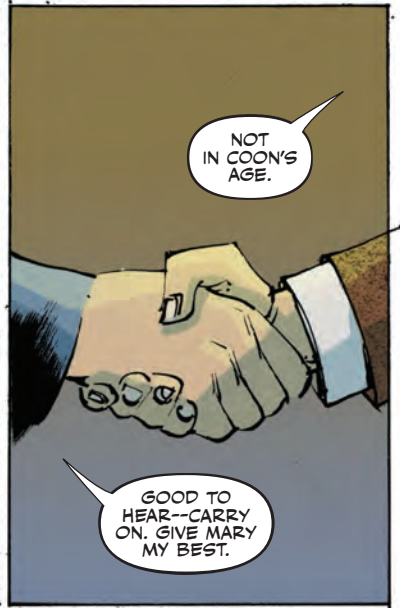
WE ALL GOT OUR AILS  
IN THIS LIFE, SON. MAN'S  
STILL GOT TO KEEP HIS  
HEAD ABOUT HIM.



ON MY CHILDREN,  
I PROMISE TO NEVER TOUCH  
THE SPIRITS 'CEPT THE WINE  
ON COMMUNION SUNDAY.







"A MURDER."



SOMEBODY MADE ASSURANCES THIS LAD WOULD MEET HIS MAKER.



DR. DOBBINS.

CONSTABLE.



CAN YOU LEND SOME INSIGHT TO WHAT LAY BEFORE ME, DOC?



EARL HAWKINS, MISSISSIPPI BOY GOT HERE A FEW MONTHS AGO--LOOKING TO WORK AT ONE OF THE PLANTS.



QUICK SIGHT, I'D SAY A CLEAVER OR MACHETE DID THE DEED.



WASN'T THE CLEAVER, DOC DOBBINS. EVERYBODY AND THEIR MAMA KNOW GOOD AND GODDAMN WELL IT WAS "LEGS" LAMAN AND HIS THUGS FROM THE CITY.



YOU KNOW THAT FOR CERTAIN, SON, OR YOU PLAYING AMATEUR SLEUTH?



SHOULDN'T BE SURPRISED YOU THINK TWICE INSTEAD OF LOOKING TO ONE OF YOUR OWN.



CALM YOURSELF, BUTCH.

OR ELSE WHAT? FROM THE LOOK OF THINGS THERE'S TWO OF THEM AND A TOWN FULL OF US.



HE'S GOT A POINT, CONSTABLE.



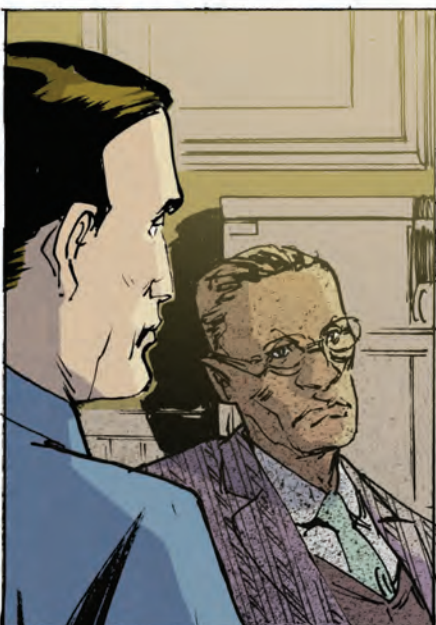
THAT'S EARL'S LADY. I'LL BRING HER DOWN TO THE STATION, BUT I THINK IT'S BEST YOU TWO GET OUT OF HERE.



AND THE BODY?



I'LL TEND TO IT.





OKAY... ANY IDEA OF WHO MIGHT WANT TO DO THIS TO YOUR MAN?



EVERYBODY KNOWS WHO IT WAS! YOU SAID IT YOURSELF. IT WAS THEM LAMAN BOYS. JUST 'CAUSE WE DIDN'T HAVE WORDS DON'T MEAN THEY DIDN'T WAIT 'TIL EARL WAS ALONE TO DO THE DEED.



EARL WAS HERE FOR FOUR MONTHS. HE DIDN'T BOTHER ANYBODY. BUT I KNEW AS SOON AS HE GOT THAT JOB AT THE PLANT, HE WAS IN DANGER.



M'AM, WE'RE GOING TO FIND EARL'S KILLER.

OH YEAH?!

LIKE YOU'VE FOUND THE KILLERS TO ALL THE OTHER NEGROES WHOSE BLOOD IS IN THE STREETS?



SETTLE YOURSELF, ELAINE. THEY'RE TRYING TO HELP.

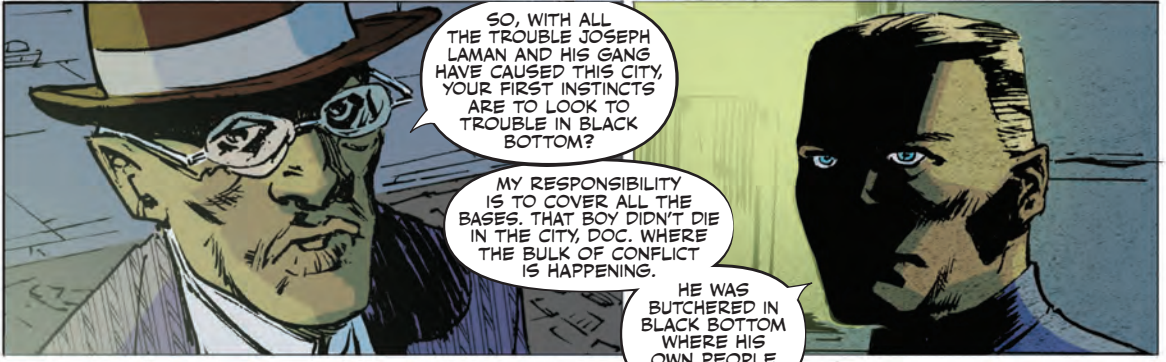
REALLY? YOU BELIEVE THAT? THEN YOU'RE A BIGGER FOOL THAN THE REST OF US.



I THINK WE'RE ABOUT DONE HERE.



WHAT DO YOU THINK, DOC? THIS BOY FIND HIMSELF IN THE WRONG PLACE AT THE WRONG TIME? OR IS SOMETHING GOING ON IN BLACK BOTTOM I NEED TO BE AWARE OF?



SO, WITH ALL THE TROUBLE JOSEPH LAMAN AND HIS GANG HAVE CAUSED THIS CITY, YOUR FIRST INSTINCTS ARE TO LOOK TO TROUBLE IN BLACK BOTTOM?

MY RESPONSIBILITY IS TO COVER ALL THE BASES. THAT BOY DIDN'T DIE IN THE CITY, DOC. WHERE THE BULK OF CONFLICT IS HAPPENING.

HE WAS BUTCHERED IN BLACK BOTTOM WHERE HIS OWN PEOPLE LIVE.



THAT'S WHY I ASK.

I SEE.



AS A PHYSICIAN, I STUDY FOLKS' THINKING, AND THERE IS ONE THING I'VE COME TO KNOW... IT DOESN'T MATTER WHAT THE TRUTH IS, BUT RATHER WHAT FOLKS BELIEVE.

WITH COLORED DYING LEFT AND RIGHT ON A NEAR NIGHTLY BASIS AT THE HANDS OF WHITES, IT'S GOING TO BE NEARLY IMPOSSIBLE TO GET A COMMUNITY WHO HAS RISKED ALL THEY HAVE TO MIGRATE NORTH TO THIS CITY TO BELIEVE THAT ONE OF THEIR OWN KILLED EARL HAWKINS.



GOOD DAY, CONSTABLE.



"I SAY WE BUST SOME HEADS."



THAT'LL HELP THE FEELING OF THE MOMENT, BUT IN THE END, THEM LAMAN BOYS HAVE MORE GUNS AND MANPOWER. THEY'D STRIKE BACK WITH A VENGEANCE.

SO, WE JUST STAND HERE WITH OUR HANDS IN OUR POCKETS WHILE THEY SLAUGHTER US LIKE SPRING HOGS?



EARL WAS A GOOD MAN. WE BOTH WORKED THE LINE AT THE PLANT, WHITE BOYS GLARING AT US EVERY MOMENT OF EVERY DAY.

HOW IN GOOD CONSCIENCE CAN WE STAND HERE AND DO NOTHING?



LET'S GIVE THE CONSTABLE A CHANCE TO SEE HIS INVESTIGATION THROUGH.

WHY AM I NOT SURPRISED THE WHITE MAN'S PRIZED HEN GONNA STICK UP FOR HIS COCK?



SAY WHAT YOU FEEL, BUTCH. WE'RE ALL MEN HERE.



WHAT I FEEL IS YOU PUT YOURSELF IN THE WAY OF US AND THE WHITE MAN LIKE THEM GEECHIES IN THE HOUSE FOR THE RICH PLANTATION OWNERS BACK HOME.

EXCUSING THEIR SLIGHTS IN THE NAME OF GETTING THE BIGGEST APPLE IN THE BARREL.



"AS A PHYSICIAN, BOTH IN THE SOUTH AND HERE IN DETROIT, I'VE SEEN A LOT OF BLACK BODIES."



"BODIES BRUTALIZED AT THE HANDS OF WHITE MEN."



"AFTER SEEING THE WORST THAT PEOPLE CAN DO TO ONE ANOTHER, A TROUBLING THOUGHT COMES TO MIND."



"THEY HATE US."



"TO THE POINT THAT THEY CANNOT BE REASONED WITH."



"SO, WHILE YOU SEE ME AS AN OCCUPIER OF UNCLE TOM'S CABIN, IN FACT I'M ATTEMPTING TO SAVE LIVES. BLACK LIVES."



"LIKE TO HAVE YOUR ATTENTION."



AIN'T GOT BETTER THINGS TO DO THAN INTERRUPT WORKING MEN RELAXING AFTER A LONG DAY AT WORK?



DEPUTY BRADDOCK AND I ARE INVESTIGATING A MURDER AND WE'D APPRECIATE YOU LENDING US AN EAR.



THIS ABOUT THAT MONKEY THAT FELL OUT OF A TREE IN BLACK BOTTOM?



THIS IS ABOUT A YOUNG MAN THAT WAS BUTCHERED A NIGHT AGO. ANY OF YOU FELLAS KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THAT?





CAN'T SAY WE DO, BUT I CAN'T SAY IF WE DID, WE'D TELL YOU, MCGUIGAN.

YOU THINK THAT PEASHOOTER ON YOUR HIP AND THAT PIPSQUEAK DEPUTY GONNA MAKE US QUAKE IN OUR BOOTS?



WE RUN THIS CITY, NOT YOU.



IS THAT SO?



IF YOU GOT A WORD OTHERWISE, DON'T LET THE CAT GET YOUR TONGUE.

WON'T BE A CAT BUT RATHER A TEAM OF FEDERAL MARSHALS THAT'LL SHUT DOWN THE SHENANIGANS I TURN A BLIND EYE TO.



I WERE YOU, I'D TALK.



UH... CONSTABLE...

I'M IN THE MIDDLE OF SHOVELING THE SHIT IF YOU CAN'T TELL, DEPUTY.



I CAN SEE THAT, SIR, BUT WE'VE GOT ANOTHER SITUATION IN BLACK BOTTOM.



OH, MY FATHER IN HEAVEN.