



THE FIRST BLACK CHILD

By J.A. Brown

GENRE: Drama

LOGLINE:

When a small-town grocery store owner discovers a hidden diary from 1619, he unearths the untold story of William Tucker, the first Black child born in America. As his community grapples with racial tensions and historical erasure, he must confront the ghosts of both the past and his own life to heal generational wounds and reclaim a history long forgotten.

SYNOPSIS:

“The First Black Child” weaves together two parallel narratives: the present-day struggles of Carlos Mixon, an African American store owner haunted by a tragic shooting, and the historical journey of Isabell “Cara” Tucker, an enslaved woman in 17th-century Virginia. After a racially charged confrontation in his store reveals a hidden compartment containing an ancient diary, Carlos embarks on a transformative journey to uncover the legacy of William Tucker, the first Black child born in the American colonies.

Through Isabell's harrowing firsthand accounts, the script explores the brutal realities of the transatlantic slave trade, systemic oppression, and the resilience of Black families. As Carlos navigates his own grief and confronts community tensions fueled by racism and historical denial, the past and present collide, igniting a powerful movement to preserve Black history and inspire hope for future generations.

Inspired by true events, this poignant story is a testament to the enduring fight for identity, justice, and the importance of remembering the voices history tried to silence.

THE FIRST BLACK CHILD

Written by

J.A Brown

Inspired by a True Story

SUPER:

"While this story is inspired by actual persons and events, certain characters, characterizations, incidents, locations and dialogue were fictionalized or invented for purposes of dramatization."

"The truth I happen to be most interested in has to do with the nature of oppression, and how people survive it, or don't." - Toni Morrison

FADE IN:

SUPER: 1619

FLASHBACK - EXT. THE WHITE LION - SEA - DAY

The BRITISH SEA VESSEL WHITE LION is seen swaying and surging. The massive ship of 150 feet fights the unpredictable sea currents. Massive rogue storm waves bombard the ship, causing it to violently and uncontrollably pitch.

First Officer JOHN CONNORS (mid-40s) Caucasian, British, handsomely disheveled is shouting orders to his crew as they scramble to hoist several large sails.

INT. CAPTAIN JOPE'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS

The chaotic shuffling of feet is heard above. CAPTAIN JOHN JOPE (mid-40s) Caucasian, British, sits at a small desk, writing in his JOURNAL and smoking a pipe.

The items on his table drastically shift with every massive wave strike. The ship rocks hard as Captain Jope violently shifts in his chair. There is a heavy knock on his cabin door.

CAPTAIN JOPE

Enter!

The CREW MEMBER (mid-20s) Caucasian bursts into the cabin. He is soaking wet. He's frantically pointing upwards to the main deck.

CREW MEMBER

(panting and excited)

Sorry to interrupt you Captain, Mr. Connors is calling for you to come to the main deck.

Captain Jope quickly puts down his writing instrument, closes the journal and stuffs it into a canvas bag before grabbing his UNIFORM CAP.

CAPTAIN JOPE
 (excited)
 Lead the way!

EXT. MAIN SHIP DECK - LATER

Both men emerge onto the main deck, where the chaos reigns. Rain and wind gusts swirl through the air throwing sails in all directions as sailors rush to retrieve them.

Other British sailors rush around, shouting orders to each other.

Captain Jope spots his first officer, who stands at the helm, shouting orders to the crew. Captain Jope approaches him.

CAPTAIN JOPE
 (excited)
 What's happening, Connors?

FIRST OFFICER CONNORS
 (excited)
 We're caught in a riptide, Captain and the ship is taking on water. We need all hands-on deck to keep her afloat.

Captain Jope grabs a crew-member by the arm.

CAPTAIN JOPE
 (excited, but calm)
 Ring the bell! Go gather everyone from below and have them report to me at once! We're caught in a storm, and the ship is taking on water. We need everyone's help to keep her afloat. Now go!

CREW MEMBER 2
 Aye, aye Captain!

The crewman scrambles away. Captain Jope takes off his uniform JACKET as heavy rain quickly engulfs his dry shirt.

CAPTAIN JOPE
 (frantic)
 Let's go men, grab a bucket and start bailing water out of the hold! We need to keep her afloat until the storm passes.

FIRST OFFICER CONNORS
 And what about the passengers, Sir?

CAPTAIN JOPE
Give them all a bucket. We need as
many hands as we can.

PRESENT DAY - EXT. GROCERY STORE - CHESTNUT AVE - NEWPORT
NEWS, VIRGINIA

The sounds of tree leaves wrestling in the gusts of wind as
people hurry to cover to get out of the impending storm.

INT. GROCERY STORE - AFTERNOON

Through the GROCERY STORE window, rain is falling heavy.
CARLOS MIXON (mid-50s) African American, heavy build pauses
reading. He suddenly looks up from being lost in his book.
He's standing on a ladder stocking shelves not paying
attention.

He folds the page, closes the book and steps down. He places
the book "The First Black Child in America" by Thelma
Williams on the counter while he glances out the window.

CARLOS
(preoccupied)
It looks bad out there. Looks like
we're getting a storm.

His wife, LUCINDA (mid-40s), African American, very pretty,
slim, stands behind the counter, counting money and placing
it in the CASH REGISTER.

A medium sized TV is on the wall, tuned to the AFTERNOON
NEWS. Carlos pivots giving Lucinda his full attention.

LUCINDA
(to Carlos)
Yeah, I just said that two seconds
ago! That book must be pretty
exciting.

She looks over at Carlos.

LUCINDA
(questioning)
So you didn't hear anything I said
earlier?

Carlos shrugs has shoulder and laughs.

CARLOS
No, honey. That book I'm reading is
pretty exciting. What did you say?

LUCINDA

I was saying something's gotta give. Our community's struggling, and Jamal can't even find a damn job.

CARLOS

(sympathetically)

I know, babe. But we gotta keep the faith. Jamal's smart, and he's got a degree. Something will come up.

LUCINDA

(sighs)

I just don't want him to end up like so many of these young men around here. On drugs, trapped in poverty and committing crimes.

Carlos nods in agreement, and they both fall silent, lost in their own thoughts. Suddenly, the sound of an afternoon news story on the TV grabs his attention.

Carlos pivots as he locks his eyes on TV NEWS ANCHOR, KAREN REESE (mid-30s), Caucasian, attractive, as she reports.

KAREN

Critical Race Theory is still a hot topic of conversation all across the state of Florida. Their Governor wants all aspects of this removed from schoolbooks and replaced with a watered-down explanation that slavery somehow never existed. We go to Jim Simien for the story...

EXT. ELM VIEW COLLEGE - DAY

A close-up of FIELD REPORTER, JIM SIMIEN (mid-30s) African American is seen. He's standing in front of ELM VIEW COLLEGE.

Many students ages 18 to 24, Caucasian and African American are seen leaving. He revolves and points his MICROPHONE towards the school. He looks into the camera and reports.

JIM SIMIEN

Karen, I'm reporting live from outside Elm View College, where controversy has erupted over critical race theory.

Behind him, a group of African American Students hold up signs and chant slogans.

GROUP OF STUDENTS
(chanting)
Stop messing with our history! Keep
politics out of our schools!

Jim continues his reporting, trying to maintain his composure despite the noise.

JIM SIMIEN
What is Critical Race Theory? CRT is an academic concept that is more than 40 years old. The core idea is that race is a social construct and that racism is not merely the product of individual bias or prejudice, but also something embedded in legal systems and policies that examines how systemic racism has shaped our society and institutions. Supporters of CRT argue that it's a necessary tool to promote racial equality and understanding, while opponents say it's divisive and teaches children to see each other as oppressors or victims based on their skin color.

Jim turns to one student, who is holding a sign that reads "My History, My Choice". The screen goes to stock footage.

INT. GROCERY STORE - CONTINUOUS

Carlos mumbles and shakes his head as he sees a school bus approach. He folds the ladder, places it away, and walks behind the counter.

EXT. ELM VIEW COLLEGE - CONTINUOUS

Jim walks up to an African American, female student (23).

JIM SIMIEN
Excuse me, young lady, can you tell us why you're for critical race theory?

YOUNG FEMALE STUDENT
I'm for it because I don't want anyone indoctrinated with the hard right's negative ideology.

(MORE)

YOUNG FEMALE STUDENT (CONT'D)
 We should be taught facts about our
 American History and not push a
 political agenda.

Jim nods and turns back to the camera.

JIM SIMIEN
 While the debate over critical race
 theory continues to rage on here at
 Elm View, it's clear that it has
 become a flashpoint in our society,
 with passionate arguments on both
 sides.

The chanting and noise from the students grows louder,
 drowning out Jim's voice.

JIM SIMIEN
 Reporting live from Elm View
 College, I'm Jim Simien. Back to
 you, Karen.

INT. GROCERY STORE - CONTINUOUS

CARLOS
 (to himself)
 Unbelievable.

The Grocery Store door opens, and a group of children run
 inside to escape the rain. Carlos looks down from the TV and
 greets them warmly.

CARLOS
 Hey there, kids.

SHANICE GREEN, (16), African American, approaches Carlos and
 smiles with a handful of candy. She looks in her pocket and
 doesn't have enough change.

SHANICE
 (shyly)
 Hi, how much is this candy bar?

Carlos sets down the box cutter and smiles at Shanice.

SHANICE
 I don't think I have enough...

CARLOS
 (grinning)
 For you, my goddaughter? It's on
 the house. How's your dad?
 (MORE)

CARLOS (CONT'D)

Tell him we're still looking for his replacement. It's only been 10 years.

Shanice laughs.

SHANICE

Godfather, you're not suppose to give me special treatment. I'm a paying customer.

CARLOS

I'll make an exception today, so how's school?

The other kids form a line behind her.

SHANICE

School's all right, I guess. We're learning about history and stuff.

CARLOS

But, are they actually teaching you about true African American history?

SHANICE

Not really. We learned about Martin Luther King Jr. and stuff, but that's it.

Carlos reaches for a book next to him, titled "The First Black Child in America" by Thelma Williams.

CARLOS

Here, Shanice. Take a look at this book. I just brought it the other day. It's pretty good. It's about a man from our city named William Tucker, the first black child born in America in 1624.

Shanice looks at the book with curiosity. There is a man on the book cover dressed in a decorative headscarf and clothes of African decent. She flips through the pages.

SHANICE

Wow, I like the book cover, but I've never heard of William Tucker before. Why isn't he in our history books?

Carlos sighs. A beat.

CARLOS

That's a good question, honey. But that's why we have to keep learning and educating ourselves about our own history, to understand where we come from and how far we've come. Our ancestors fought hard so we could have the opportunities we have today. It's our responsibility to honor their legacy and keep fighting for equality and justice.

Lucinda nods as she rings up another purchase as Carlos continues his story.

CARLOS

(flipping the pages)

Some people say that William Tucker's parents were indentured servants. Do you know what they are?

Shanice looks up from reading.

SHANICE

No sir.

CARLOS

Indentured servitude is a form of labor in which a person is contracted to work without salary for a specific number of years. It could be voluntarily, a debt repayment or it may be imposed as a court punishment. No one really knows the truth.

SHANICE

Were they slaves?

CARLOS

Yes, but there's not a lot written about their story, Shanice. All we know is that Isabell, Antoney and eighteen other africans were kidnapped by English pirates from a Spanish slave ship headed for Mexico. They were brought over on a British ship called the White Lion. When they arrived in Virginia, they were forced to work for Captain William Tucker.

(MORE)

CARLOS (CONT'D)

In 1624, Isabell gave birth to a boy, William Tucker, and he was recognized as the first black child born in America. Actually he was born in the 13 colonies because we didn't become America until 1776.

Shanice listens intently, her eyes widening with each word. Carlos closes the book and hands it to her.

CARLOS

You should read this book. It's important to know your history.

Shanice takes the book, clutching it tightly to her chest.

SHANICE

Thank you, I will.

One of Shanices' girlfriends signals for her. She places the book into her book bag, slings it over her shoulder and walks out of the store, followed by the other children.

Carlos turns to Lucinda.

CARLOS

(sighs)

I'm serious, it's up to us to make sure our young people know where they come from. And what they're capable of.

Lucinda nods in agreement, and the camera pans out as they both return to their work, the TV droning on in the background.

INT. GROCERY STORE - NEXT DAY - AFTERNOON

Joseph Connors (mid-30s) an African American electrician inspects the grocery store.

The lights in the store flicker, and Joseph shakes his head in disapproval. He rotates to face Carlos.

JOSEPH

You need some serious electrical work, Carlos. Unfortunately, from what I see you're going to need a complete rewiring. The wires in the wall on this side are old as hell. No telling what the other side will show.

CARLOS

This store is over 100 years old. I knew it needed some work when I got it, but I can't hold back any longer. How much is it going to cost?

JOSEPH

Let me crunch the numbers.

Joseph looks around the store.

JOSEPH

For a building over 100 years old, take away some minor interior work and the electrical issues, it sure held up pretty good. You can't find craftsmanship like this anymore.

CARLOS

It was built by slaves, by some of my ancestors. The deed states it was built in 1860 and passed down from family member to family member until it was given to me.

JOSEPH

Well, if I were you, Carlos, I would shut down until the electrical work is completed. It's only a matter of time until the lights go out for good and possibly cause a fire.

Carlos hesitates to answer while looking at Lucinda. A beat.

CARLOS

Yeah, I agree. Let me look at your quote, and we'll talk about it.

JOSEPH

I'll have this ready for you later today. Have a good day, Carlos. Bye Lucinda.

Lucinda waves bye as the bell above the door rings, and Shanice walks into the store carrying her book-bag.

Joseph departs as a group of WHITE TEENAGE BOYS, including JOHN SMITH (17) Caucasian, slim enters the store. Carlos looks at John and his friends and sighs.

CARLOS

Hello, Shanice! So, how's the book?

Before she can speak, John interrupts the conversation.

JOHN

Do you got to be black to shop here?

Carlos glances at Lucinda.

CARLOS

Mr. Smith, how can I help you this afternoon, do you need anything?

JOHN

No I was just in the neighborhood. Thought I'd stop by and see an old friend. Aren't we friends, Carlos?

Carlos hesitates to answer.

CARLOS

If you're not going to buy anything I suggest you leave.

JOHN

You suggest I leave. Did you suggest that to my brother?

John turns to Shanice.

JOHN

Hi! Sorry for not introducing myself. That was rude of me. My name is John. Who might you be?

John extends his hand. Shanice looks over at Lucinda. She nods.

SHANICE

Hi. I'm Shanice.

JOHN

(angry)

Well, Shanice it's nice to meet you. Do you have any siblings?

SHANICE

I have a brother.

JOHN

And so did I. He's dead and do you know who killed him, take a guess?

John becomes more aggressive and pushes over a POTATO CHIP display and laughs.

CARLOS

(angry)

What the hell are you doing? Stop it! I told you not to come in my store again! You take your friends and get the hell out!

The confrontation escalates. John now becomes physically violent, attacking Carlos.

He pushes Carlos, and he pushes John back, and in the struggle, John accidentally knocks over a heavy metal shelf as it crashes into the wall, causing a gaping hole, revealing a hidden compartment in the wall.

John's friends look on with excitement as they egg him on.

John walks over to Shanice, snatches her book-bag, and opens it to find the book.

SHANICE

Hey, give that back!

Shanice steps in front of Carlos and tries to grab her book bag from John, but he shoves her away, causing her to stumble and fall to the ground.

SHANICE

(fearful)

Leave me alone!

Carlos rushes to her side and helps her up, glaring at John and his friends.

CARLOS

That's enough! You and your friends need to leave right now!

JOHN

(smirking)

Or what? You gonna call the cops on us? Do you really think they'll believe a murderer over us?

Carlos feels a surge of anger rising in him, but he takes a deep breath and tries to remain calm.

CARLOS

I don't need the cops to deal with you. You're not welcome in my store, and if you ever come back here again, there will be consequences.

(MORE)

CARLOS (CONT'D)

I know why you're doing this and it's not going to change what happened. Now, take your friends and get out of my store!

JOHN

(angrily)

You don't know shit! You don't know what it's like to lose anybody! You live your life everyday like nothing ever happened. My mom... My mom hasn't been the same since you ruined our lives!

CARLOS

I understand these past few years have been tough for you, John, but believe me, it's been tough for me too. Let me call your father. He knows what happened and can help you get some help to manage your anger.

JOHN

(shouting)

You understand nothing, you, you goddamn... Nigg...

Shanice quickly interrupts.

SHANICE

(angrily at John)

Hey! You don't use that word! You're being very disrespectful! My Godfather is a good man! He's always been there for our neighborhood and this community. He's given us jobs and helped us when we needed it.

JOHN

(mockingly)

Oh, boo hoo, hoo. Well, your Godfather, this so called good man of yours is a murderer! A goddamn, Mother...

CARLOS

(stepping forward)

That's enough, John! You need to leave now.

JOHN
(grinning)
Make me, old man!

As John advances on Carlos, Shanice steps in between them.

SHANICE
(to John)
Stop it! This isn't the way!

JOHN
(ignoring her)
You're going to regret this, you
Sonofabitch...!

With that, John lunges at Carlos, and another fight ensues. He pushes Carlos, and he falls to the floor, hitting the back of his head against the counter.

John sees this and runs out the main door followed by his friends

Carlos is panting, trying to catch his breath. He rubs the back of his head while looking over at the hole in the wall. He stands, walks over and glares into the opening and sees the hidden compartment.

Inside the compartment, he finds an old CEDAR BOX.

INT. GROCERY STORE - LATER

The police arrive, and Carlos shows them the damage that John has caused. The officers take notes and promise to follow up on the incident.

Carlos and Shanice continue to discuss the unopened box.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

John is sitting on his bed, surrounded by empty Mountain Dew cans and fast food wrappers. He's on his laptop looking at Tik Tok videos.

John slams his laptop shut, visibly angry.

JOHN
(to himself)
Can you believe this crap? He's not
getting away with this!

John's dad, WALTER SMITH (male 48), Caucasian walks in, carrying a stack of mail.

WALTER

Hey, Johnny. What's got you so riled up?

JOHN

That damn grocery store and that stupid owner! He killed Sean-Patrick and got away with it!

WALTER

Have you been taking your medication, John? You know what your doctor said...

John interrupts and hesitates answering.

JOHN

(agitated)

Ok, I missed taking them for a few days, but I feel fine, dad!

WALTER

(angry)

You have Bipolar disorder, son! You can't miss anymore doses. You must stay medicated or else!

JOHN

(angry)

I know what I have, dad and I'm trying to deal with it! He said I might grow out of it and that was two years ago. I have better judgement now! I just went there to talk with the man that killed Sean-Partick.

WALTER

(sighing)

First of all, Johnny, you were told not to go back to that store again. Secondly, you gotta understand, as much as it pains me to say this, he wasn't the son I raised. That Sean-Patrick was high on meth! That Sean-Patrick should have never been in that store. I know it's not what you want to hear, son, but it's not something you can just ignore either, but you can't keep blaming that man! He acted in self-defense.

JOHN

(angry, rolling his eyes)
But why do you keep defending him,
dad!? Sean-Patrick was your son,
Goddammit! I can't just move on;
it's been six years.

WALTER

Son, moving on doesn't mean
forgetting. It means acknowledging
what happened and work to make
things better. If you stop hanging
out with those trailer trash, drug
dealing hoodlums you call friends,
maybe you'd understand and show a
little empathy. I told you before,
those guys are no good. They will
either get you arrested or get you
killed! I raised you better than
that, son. Now, go take your
medication and then take out the
garbage. Your mother will be home
soon.

JOHN

(muttering)
Whatever.

Walter shakes his head and exits the room, leaving John to
stew in his anger.

FLASHBACK - INT. GROCERY STORE - NIGHT - SIX YEARS EARLIER

A group of masked men with guns enter the Grocery Store.
Lucinda, Carlos' wife, is behind the counter, and Jamal,
their son, is stocking the shelves.

SEAN-PATRICK SMITH (20) Caucasian, John's older brother, is
among the robbers.

SEAN-PATRICK

(to Carlos)
Give me the money, old man, and
nobody gets hurt.

Carlos stands in front of Lucinda. Jamal is caught off
guard. Carlos puts his hands in the air.

CARLOS

Okay, okay. Just don't hurt anyone.

Lucinda is crying. She is scared and her hands are shaking.
She pushes a button on the register and the draw opens.

Sean-Patrick grabs the cash from the register, stuffing the money into a bag. He turns to leave but pivots in front of Lucinda behind the counter. He touches her face and runs his finger across her chest.

SEAN-PATRICK

(grinning)

Hey, sweetheart. You should come with us. We can show you a good time.

LUCINDA

(scared)

Stop it please, just leave us alone. You got what you came here for.

Sean-Patrick raises his gun, pointing it at Lucinda.

SEAN-PATRICK

(voice raised)

Bitch, I said, you're coming with us!

SEAN-PATRICK cocks the gun and aims it toward Lucinda's head. Without hesitation, Carlos reaches underneath the counter and pulls out his own gun before Sean-Patrick can react.

He shoots Sean-Patrick, killing him instantly. Lucinda and Jamal scream. The other masked robbers run out of the store.

PRESENT DAY - INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - EVENING

John is sitting on his bed, holding a picture of Sean-Patrick, and looks over at Sean-Patrick's empty bed.

His mother CONNIE SMITH (47) Caucasian peeks into the room.

CONNIE

(softly)

John, it's time for supper.

John stands up and places the picture on his dresser as he wipes the fingerprint smudges off the glass.

JOHN

(voice shaking)

Ok, I'll be down in a minute.

As Connie leaves, John looks at the picture again, tears rolling down his cheeks.

JOHN
(tearfully)
I'll never forgive him for what he
did to you, Brother, never!

John clenches his fists and departs.

INT. GROCERY STORE - EVENING

Shanice and Carlos are sitting at a table, surrounded by the aftermath of the fight. Lucinda is sweeping up.

The broken shelves and hole in the wall are visible in the background. The unopened cedar box is on the table.

SHANICE
What was that all about?

CARLOS
(sighs)
His name is John Smith. He's been
causing trouble around here since
the incident.

SHANICE
Why? What incident, what happened?

CARLOS
(looks down with remorse)
It's a long story. It happened six
years ago.

Shanice looks at Carlos, waiting for him to continue.

CARLOS
Six years ago, John's older
brother, Sean-Patrick, robbed the
store. During the robbery, he
raised his gun at Lucinda, and I
shot and killed him.

SHANICE
Oh my god!

CARLOS
Even though I was completely
exonerated, John's been provoking
trouble for me ever since. It's not
a day that goes by that I wish
things would have ended
differently, but...

Shanice reaches out and puts her hand on Carlos' shoulder.

SHANICE

I'm so sorry. That must be hard for you to carry.

CARLOS

(nods)

It is. But I can't let John's anger and hatred get the best of me. I have to stay strong for Lucinda and my sanity.

Shanice nods in agreement, understanding the weight that Carlos carries with him. The two sit in silence for a moment, taking in the events of the day.

EXT. JOHN'S HOUSE - EVENING

Two police officers, OFFICER JONES (mid-30s) an African American, and OFFICER SZASZKO (mid-30s) Caucasian knock on the front door of John's house. Walter answers the door.

OFFICER JONES

Good Evening, Mr. Smith. We'd like to speak with your son, John.

WALTER

(sighs)

What is this about, officers?

OFFICER SZASZKO

Sir, we're here to discuss your son and the incident at the Grocery Store this afternoon.

Walter's expression shifts, and he becomes more serious. He vehemently shouts into the living room.

WALTER

John, come to the door, please.

John, looks around the corner then walks over to the door and stands beside his father.

OFFICER JONES

John, can you tell us what happened at the Grocery Store today?

JOHN

(sullen)

We were just messing around. Things got out of hand.

OFFICER SZASZKO

Do you know how serious this could have been? Someone could have gotten seriously hurt. Mr. Mixon is not going to press charges, but you need to stay away from his establishment. Do you think you can do that?

JOHN

(looks away)

I guess.

OFFICER JONES

We know what happened to your brother, John. Mr. Mixon acted in self-defense and was exonerated of any wrongdoing. We're here to make sure things don't escalate any further. Do you understand what I just told you?

WALTER

(chimes in)

Officers, I'm a lawyer. I've spoken to my son about his behavior today, and I can assure you his mother and I will handle this situation accordingly.

OFFICER SZASZKO

(skeptical)

We sure hope so, Mr. Smith because if we come back again, we're bringing a warrant.

OFFICER JONES

Just know that we'll be keeping an eye on things.

The officers turn to leave.

WALTER

We appreciate your concern.

John and his father watch as the officers walk back to their POLICE CAR.

EXT. GROCERY STORE - CONTINUOUS

Carlos and Shanice stand outside the grocery store. Carlos is holding the cedar box tightly. He takes a deep breath, and slowly opens it revealing a handwritten letter.