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As for script abbreviations: INT. and EXT. refer to whether the scene is inside or outside and whether the lighting is natural or artificial. A SUPER is something printed on the screen. POV stands for "point of view." O.S. refers to dialogue spoken by someone who is "off stage." V.O., or "voice over," refers to dialogue spoken by someone who is not on the screen, or onscreen but not talking.

Now enjoy the story.

Madam President

A Romantic/Adventure Feature Film

by

Dennis Goldberg

FADE IN:

EXT. CITY - NIGHT

It is winter. Campaign music plays while a downtown hotel is eventually singled out. A T.V. studio announcer is heard.

announcer #1 (o.S.)

The polls have been closed for nearly five hours but the race remains too close to call.

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

This hotel lobby has the carnival atmosphere of election night crowded with festive people.

announcer #1 (o.S.)

At the moment, Ms. Myra Jo Greer appears to have a slight lead. Let's go to Pat Patton at the Downtown Hotel where the festivities for this amazing woman are in full swing.

□

2.

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT

Posters of Myra Jo Greer's smiling face and the slogan 'Myra Jo Greer For President' hang everywhere. The band plays festive music. The crowd evidences a party mood. Media people and cameras abound. ANNOUNCER #2 speaks directly into the

camera.

announcer #2

It is absolute bedlam here. There is no doubt in the minds of her supporters that Ms. Myra Jo Greer will be elected... Thus culminating an incredible political career... As you know, she skyrocketed  
(more)

announcer #2 (con't)

Then City Councilwoman and went on to become the first female Governor of the state... This local woman has really made good... Now, in the most important moment of her life, she anxiously awaits

INT. SUITE - NIGHT

This is the penthouse. MYRA JO GREER, a mid forties, elegant African American lady with short hair, wears a conservative yuppie suit. On the sofa, she watches T.V. Announcer #2. She rests her bare feet on the coffee table and smokes a cigarette. She exudes a nervous confidence and softly hums a jazz tune. Adjacent, sits BARTHOLOMEW CARTER, a mid forties, short fat cigar smoking, white Southerner. He is the party boss and looks it in his silk suit. Myra Jo's brother, MILTON, late thirties, sits with his wife, MARGARETTE, mid thirties, on an other sofa. They bathe in this celebration. SAMUEL, mid twenties, Secret Service, stands by. Myra Jo's mother, BERTHA, wears a traditional evening gown covering her large hulk. She is the active grandmother to Milton's children, THOMAS and CLAIR both appropriately dressed for under ten years

bartholomew

It won't be much longer.

myra jo

Can't be too soon for my taste, Bartholomew.

bertha

Myra, when are you going to stop smoking.

myra jo

3.

Not now, mother. Besides, I never do it in public.

bertha

That's not the point. It ain't good for you. Bertha hums the Negro Spiritual, 'I Couldn't hear Nobody Pray.' Gently but firmly, she stops the children from frolicking and puts them near Myra Jo. They are respectful children.

myra jo

Mother, please stop humming that, it isn't going to help me now.

bertha

It always did before.

myra jo

You really believe that don't you?

bertha

Yes, I do.

myra jo

Please, stop, I've heard it since I was a kid. Bertha continues to hum. Myra Jo remains a bit irritated.

bartholomew

Myra Jo, if you win...

myra jo

When I win.

bartholomew

You owe a lot of people favors.

myra jo

Bartholomew in particular?

bartholomew

I've been with you from the start and now it's time to really pay off.

myra jo

□

4.

Haven't I always? When you asked me, did I not push your relocation bill through?

bertha

And it caused a lot of hardship to those poor people.

myra jo

Mother, that's politics.

bertha

Not when it hurts others.

myra jo

How about the welfare bill I passed as Governor?

bertha

Put a lot of money in the pockets of your supporters. Almost none in the hands of those in need.

bartholomew

Bertha, be reasonable. It's how you play the game that counts.

bertha

Winning is everything. The voters don't count no more!

myra jo

Mother, please. It's not like that.

bartholomew

Things continue as they are, that's the arrangement and always has been.

myra jo

I know that but Bertha does not understand.

bertha

I don't? Reverse Robin Hood, that's what you are, take from the poor, give to the rich. There is a knock at the door. Samuel opens it. A BELLMAN enters carrying a tray of pastries. He approaches the coffee table, starts to put it down then notices Myra Jo's feet.

□

5.

He struggles looking for a place to set it, loses control and the tray falls on the table. Pastry goes everywhere messing Myra Jo, the table and the floor. The children laugh as Myra Jo feigns anger and the apologetic bellman retreats.

myra jo

Look at me! Look at me!

bellman

I'm sorry. I couldn't help it.

bertha

Now honey, he didn't mean no harm. Myra Jo with a deliberate lightness winks at giggling Milton.

myra jo

I think we should have him fired.

bellman

Please, please... I have a wife and three children.

myra jo

I don't know what that's like. I haven't any children and I sure don't have a wife.

milton

Hey, this is like when we were kids. Myra Jo's eyes devilishly light. She grabs a cream puff.

myra jo

Ready, Milton. She throws the cream puff at her brother. It misses. The kids join in. The bellman hesitates, then after being hit by a flying cream puff, joins the fray. The group throws pastries as Bertha, Bartholomew and Samuel avoid the melee. Bertha indulgently watches while Bartholomew is disgusted and Samuel is mildly amused.

bartholomew

This is no way for a President to behave.

myra jo

It's free time, I can do what I want.

bertha

6.

Kids, enough is enough.

myra jo

Never could throw, could you Milton?

milton

Oh, Yah. Here. Myra Jo ducks as Milton throws a pastry at her so it hits Bartholomew in the face. He is upset. The combatants roll on the floor in a heap of laughter, whipped cream, berries and jelly.

bellman

I think I should leave.

myra jo

We had better clean up. The Bellman leaves grinning. Myra Jo grabs a remaining pastry, feints a shot at Milton who ducks then she goes into the bedroom with Bertha following. All others leave except Samuel.

INT. BEDROOM #1 - NIGHT

Myra Jo takes a huge bite of pastry, puts it messily on the dresser and dresses as Bertha lays out her clothes.

bertha

I wish you wouldn't eat junk food. It ain't good for you.

myra jo

I'll eat what I want, when I want. I watch my figure. She shows off her physique.

bertha

That was no way for you to behave.

myra jo

We were just having fun.

bertha

You've forgotten everything I taught you.

myra jo

Huh, uh.

□

7.

bertha

I never had your chance. I worked to give you and Milton more than I ever dreamed for myself.

myra jo

So how did I get as far as I did?

bertha

By selling out to that evil man, Bartholomew.

myra jo

That's the price I have to pay.

bertha

Is it? The cleaned up children enter sullen, trying to hide their glee. They speak softly.

clair

Aunt Myra, they just announced the winner.

thomas

I'm afraid you... well, ah... You lost. The children burst out laughing.

myra jo

You little devils. You're just like your father. Milton and Margarett enter laughing.

milton

Little apples don't fall far from the tree.

bertha

I'm so happy for you.

myra jo

Wait until I'm president of the world. They all laugh.

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT

The band blares a patriotic tune as people are wild with

happiness. Some dance. Announcer #2 looks into the camera.

announcer #2

8.

I'm not sure you can hear me above the crowd, but you certainly can see their jubilation. These are the people who worked so hard in an uphill battle to have humble Myra Jo Greer become the first

INT. SUITE - NIGHT

Myra Jo stands with her family and Samuel at the door. Bertha gives her a once over.

myra jo

Have to look good for the peasants.

bertha

I know. On with the show.

myra jo

As always.

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT

The BAND LEADER waves frantically for silence. He goes unnoticed so he waves to the band which play a fan fare. The crowd still ignores him.

band leader

Ladies and Gentlemen... (MORE)

band leader (con't)

Ladies and Gentlemen, please. The band plays another fan fare and the crowd slowly silences.

band leader

The first lady in our minds... The first lady in our hearts... The first lady of America... The crowd goes wild as he finishes.

band leader

Our very own Ms. Myra Jo Greer... The next President of The United States. The band plays 'Hail to the Chief'. Myra Jo, walks confidently jubilant but not cocky onto the stage. She stands by the band leader. Bartholomew, Milton, Margarete, Thomas and Clair join her. Myra Jo waves for her mother who gathers herself together and joins them. All are show people. Myra Jo waves her arms for silence. The crowd responds with a wild ovation. Myra Jo whispers to Bartholomew.

9.

myra jo

I did it.

bartholomew

We did it and don't you forget it. She glares at him then speaks to the crowd.

myra jo

Thank you... Thank you... To each and every one of you who had the faith, the vision and the confidence, I tell you now it is our victory. The audience goes wild. As she introduces each member of her family, they move forward and accept their applause.

myra jo

One that could not have occurred without the support of my family... My mother Bertha... My brother Milton and his wife Margarett... And of course their children, Thomas and Clair... But most

myra jo

A victory for the party... A victory for all America... Now, we put the election behind us and get to work, to the tasks I pledged in my campaign. The band plays 'Hail to the Chief' as Myra Jo salutes the people.

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

A limousine is parked in an area filled with media and a crowd. When Myra Jo in a yuppie business suit exits the hotel and jubilantly waves, everybody celebrates. ANNOUNCER #3 pushes a microphone at her.

announcer #3

Ms. Greer. Ms. Greer. Can you tell us where you're going to recuperate from this hard fought campaign?

myra jo

Oh, no you don't. I want peace and quiet. She waves farewell and slips into the Limo which drives away.

INT./EXT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

The limousine drives a twisty road within snowy mountains while Myra Jo softly hums Jazz.

□

10.

EXT. CABIN #1 - DAY

The limo stops at a mountain cabin. The driver assists jazz humming Myra Jo who enters as he gets her bags from the trunk.

INT. CABIN #1 - NIGHT

This cozy cabin is rustic/modern with all the comforts. A fire blazes in the fireplace. Myra Jo, dressed casual; pants, shirt and tennis shoes, stands before a brightly lighted easel. She paints the face of ROBERT, a handsome, mid forties African American and sings with the stereo jazz. As

she steps wearily away from the canvas, she sips wine from her glass. The bottle is half empty. Feeling fulfilled, Myra Jo turns off all lights except the easel, continues to hum to the stereo and reclines in a chair. As she stares at Robert's portrait, thunder and lightning strike. Myra Jo fades, then disappears.

EXT. ROAD #2 - DAY

This is springtime, Southern Alabama with blooming flowers, cotton and tobacco fields. A buggy drawn by a matched set moves leisurely on the dirt road. It is driven by BEAURIGARD CARTER JR. (same actor as Bartholomew), dressed plantation owner 1860's. An African American, RUTH, dressed 1860's slave, sits adjacent. It is obvious he is there for a sexual encounter and she is not happy. A rustic cabin is ahead of them.

INT. CABIN #2 - DAY

This is sparsely furnished. Myra Jo awakens on a cot. She wears the casual clothes as previous. Sleepily, she sees nothing familiar, rubs her eyes, gets up, walks around puzzled over the change in environment. She hears hoof beats approach and stop. They are followed by footsteps which shock her from her wonder. Beaurigard Jr. enters tugging an unwilling Ruth. He looks lustfully at Ruth who pulls away. Neither sees Myra Jo. Myra Jo, astounded to see who she believes is Bartholomew, blurts out.

MYRA JO

Bartholomew, thank God you're here. Beaurigard Jr. and Ruth are caught off guard.

beaurigard jr.

What are you doing in my cabin?

myra jo

Your cabin?

11.

beaurigard jr.

Darkies aren't allowed here. Myra Jo is shocked.

myra jo

Darkies? How dare you talk to me that way.

beaurigard jr.

I'll talk anyway I like.

myra jo

Not to the President elect you won't.

beaurigard jr.

Buchanan's our president... Has been since '57.

myra jo

You know me. Beaurigard boldly confronts her but she holds her ground.

beaurigard jr.

Don't make me laugh.

myra jo

Bartholomew, this has gone far enough.

beaurigard jr.

Stop calling me that... I am Beaurigard, Beaurigard Jr.

myra jo

Next you're going to tell me I'm in the south.

beaurigard jr.

Alabama... On my plantation.

myra jo

Now you're going to call me a slave.

beaurigard jr.

Right.

myra jo

12.

This is preposterous. She storms the room in disbelief.

beaurigard jr.

Who do you belong to? Myra Jo glares at him.

myra jo

You know I don't belong to anyone. And I certainly am not a slave.

beaurigard jr.

You look like one to me, boy.

myra jo

Boy! Boy... Ah, ha. I see, this is another one of my brother's practical jokes. She dances with a hearty laugh, stops and faces Beaurigard Jr.

myra jo

Now you're supposed to say I'm crazy.

beaurigard jr.

Right again. Ruth speaks with a southern slave's accent.

ruth

Ya ought a take her to the doctor.

myra jo

This could be interesting. Got a cigarette?

beaurigard jr.

Let's go. Beaurigard Jr. shoves Myra Jo out the door with relieved Ruth following. Jaunty jolly, Myra Jo accepts this believing her own words.

EXT. ROAD #3 - DAY

Beaurigard Jr. drives the buggy on a dirt road with Myra Jo and Ruth adjacent.

myra jo

I've never seen the South so lovely in the winter before.

ruth

□

13.

This here's Spring. Myra Jo puzzles. Beaurigard Jr. turns onto a road leading to a small country southern house.

EXT. HOUSE #1 - DAY

The sign in front declares, 'Doctor Timothy Marlin, Physician and Surgeon, Masters and Slaves Welcome.' Myra Jo grins at the sign. Beaurigard Jr. stops the buggy, alights but Ruth remains. Myra Jo leaps off.

beaurigard

Come on, boy. Myra Jo skips along with Beaurigard to the steps of the house then she pretends to resist. He shoves her and she stumbles. He drags her to the door.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Beaurigard pushes Myra Jo into a quaint house furnished 1860's. She looks around delighted. DOCTOR MARLIN, caucasian, dressed middle class, wears a stethoscope around his neck. He greets Beaurigard Jr. with a huge smile and strong hand shake. He peers out the door, glimpses Ruth and smiles

beaurigard jr.

Now, don't you go saying nothing 'bout my being with Ruth.

dr. Marlin

No, sir, Junior.

beaurigard jr.

Don't call me Junior!

dr. Marlin

What have we here?

beaurigard jr.

A run away who thinks he's the next President of the U.S. of A.

myra jo

Where are the magazines; Time, Life, Playboy?

dr. Marlin

This ain't no play, boy. Come with me. He takes Myra Jo into the next room. Beaurigard Jr. starts to follow and Marlin pops his head out the door.

□

14.

dr. Marlin

This is private.

beaurigard jr.

With a slave? Beaurigard Jr. enters.

INT. ROOM #1 - DAY

The sterile room is equipped with medical apparatus of the period. Myra Jo admires this and remains her poised person.

dr. Marlin

Take off your clothes.

myra jo

You're only checking my head.

dr. Marlin

I must see your brand.

myra jo

I don't have one.

dr. Marlin

Whip marks?

myra jo

No... Do these look like the hands of a slave? She holds her hands palm up into the face of Marlin.

dr. Marlin

Yep. They're black.

myra jo

I tell you I am the next president.

dr. Marlin

Take off your clothes.

myra jo

No! She teasingly moves away from the men and faces the window. Marlin spins her around.

15.

dr. Marlin

I have to see if you're a boy or a girl.

myra jo

I'm a woman.

dr. Marlin

In pants?

myra jo

In pants! She rips open her top exposing her chest to them and laughs heartily. They are astonished.

dr. Marlin

Yep, you're a girl!

EXT. PLANTATION - DAY

Beaurigard Jr. drives the buggy and stops in front of the huge plantation house. Ruth pushes resistant Myra jo out of the buggy. Myra Jo is in awe of the place but not so sure this is a joke any more.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

This is an elegant 1860's library. Behind the desk sits BEAURIGARD SENIOR, a large man dressed in a rich robe. He smokes a huge cigar and reads the newspaper. His voice is deep southern. He looks up as Beaurigard Jr. pushes Myra

beaurigard jr.

Look what I found, Daddy. A run away slave.

beaurigard sr.

Who's he belong to?

myra jo

No one. I'm my own person. Beaurigard Sr. raises his fist at her. Myra Jo begins to feel fear.

beaurigard sr.

Hush, boy!

beaurigard jr.

16.

Daddy, she's a girl pretending to be a boy.

beaurigard sr.

What's your name girl?

myra jo

Ms. Myra Jo Greer. The next President of the United States and this joke has gone far enough.

beaurigard jr.

I took her to the doctor. He says she's pretending to be crazy so as not to be punished.

beaurigard sr.

Put her with the rest of the slaves. We'll keep her 'till someone claims her.

myra jo

Unless this is the 'Twilight Zone' you can't keep me.

beaurigard sr.

Hush! Ruth, take her to the bunk house and give her proper clothes.

ruth

Yassa, boss.

myra jo

Milton, you've really out done yourself this time.

EXT. BUNKHOUSE - DAY

A huge worn building stands apart from the rest and has one large door with high windows. Myra Jo does not look happy as she walks with shuffling Ruth who carries an arm full of clothes. They enter.

INT. BUNKHOUSE - DAY

The hall is sterile and dingy. Myra Jo adjusts her eyes to semi-darkness then she sees the bunks lining the walls and in two rows down the middle. In the far end, two long tables with benches are set with tin plates and cups. Ruth shuffles to a distant bunk then turns toward Myra Jo.

myra jo

17.

This has gone far enough. Call my brother!

ruth

You sleep here.

myra jo

Smells like a barn. Ruth throws the clothes on the bunk.

myra jo

What do I do with these?

ruth

Put 'em on. And don't try to run away or you'll get whupped. Ruth leaves, closes the door and a throw bolt is heard. Myra Jo panics, struggles with the door then runs trying to find a way out. She leaps on a bunk but the windows are too far overhead. Myra Jo drops onto the bunk bewildered.

myra jo

Darn you Milton. Darn you. I've had enough. (she screams)  
Let me out of here!

EXT. BUNKHOUSE - DAY

Myra Jo's screams are heard as Ruth shuffles away.

myra jo (o.S.)

Let me out of here! Help! Help!

INT. BUNKHOUSE - NIGHT

Oil lamps are lit on the walls and the dining tables. Slaves eat family style; men at one table, women at the other. Slave dressed Myra Jo sulks on her bunk. The smell of the food wafts by. She is hungry but miserable. Ruth comes over and leads her toward the woman's table. Myra Jo reluctantly sits adjacent Ruth who fills a plate for her. Myra Jo stares at the pathetic food. She is repulsed by its sight but not its smell. She dips in her spoon, studies the food then lifts it to her mouth and tastes it. She is surprised how good it tastes.

myra jo

Just like Ma Ma used to make. She grabs a hunk of bread and dips hungrily. She glances at the men's table and to her astonishment sees ROBERT as she had painted him. She is enveloped by a sudden chill causing her hair to stand on end.

18.

This instantly passes. He notices her. There is an attraction; him toward her beauty, her towards the likeness of her painting. It is a tender moment.

myra jo

Who is that man over there?

ruth

Which one?

myra jo

Third from the left.

ruth

Robert. And he's mine, so don't get no ideas.

myra jo

I thought Junior was.

ruth

That's different. And you hush about it. Myra Jo glares at Ruth, dips her bread and coyly stares at Robert. He responds with a cautious interested look.

INT. BUNKHOUSE - NIGHT - LATE

Everyone enjoys Robert with three other MALE SLAVES singing the last part of 'I Couldn't hear Nobody Pray.' Myra Jo recognizes this tune, gazes at Robert wistfully and their eyes meet in mutual attraction.

robert & singers

Troubles am over I couldn't hear nobody pray In de Kingdom. Myra Jo hums at first then near the end, she joins in.

All SLAVES

I couldn't hear nobody pray, Wid a my Jesus, I couldn't hear nobody pray, O, Lord, An' I couldn't hear nobody pray, O, Lord, I couldn't hear nobody pray, O, Lord, O way down yonder by myself. An'

singer #1

Jackass rared. Jackass pitch.

four together

19.

Throwed ole Massa in de ditch.

singer #2

Jackass stamped. Jackass neighed

four together

Throwed ole Massa on his haid.

singer #3

Jackass stamped. Jackass hupped.

four together

Massa hear you slave, you sho' git whupped. Everyone laughs including Myra Jo and the singers disperse. Robert approaches Myra Jo to the irritation of Ruth.

robert

Who are you?

ruth

A runaway slave. And don't get no ideas.

myra jo

Myra Jo. Myra Jo Greer.

robert

You ain't from around here.

ruth

She ain't gonna be for long either, Robert.

robert

That isn't the way to treat a guest. Irritated Ruth leaves and joins some females. They huddle in conference while Robert and Myra Jo talk.

myra jo

I am not a guest, but I do need help.

robert

So do we all.

□

20.

myra jo

I mean real help. I don't belong here. I'm not one of you.

robert

You look like us.

myra jo

I'm the future President of the United States.

robert

And I'm Uncle Tom.

myra jo

Don't be funny. I came from the future.

robert

And I came from Africa. Have you seen the doctor?

myra jo

That quack! He's no help.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Ruth enters the library followed by Myra Jo, dressed slave maid and carrying a feather duster.

ruth

Now, mind you dust everything.

myra jo

I am not a maid.

ruth

If'n you don't behave like one, Junior's going to whup you. Ruth leaves. Myra Jo searches the library. She picks up the newspaper and reads the headlines: 'LINCOLN TO STUMP NEW YORK', then the date: 'APRIL 1, 1860'. She can not believe it. She drops into the chair, stunned.

myra jo

This is ridiculous... April Fool's Day... It has to be my brother... Was the campaign too much for me? (pause) Am I losing my mind?

□

21.

She searches the desk, finds a strong box and opens it. She removes legal documents, peruses them and is shocked by what she reads. Footsteps approach. She puts the papers away, closes and replaces the box. Beaurigard Jr. enters as Myra Jo lightly feather dusts the desk. He nears her and stares with lust in his eyes. She ignores him, hums as if happy and gaily moves to laxly dust the book shelves. Beaurigard Sr. enters to overhear Junior speaking sweetly to Myra Jo. He is aghast at the overture.

beaurigard jr.

I think you and I will have a lot of fun together, sugar. If you get my meaning.

beaurigard sr.

Junior! How many times must I tell you. (MORE)

beaurigard sr.(con't)

Leave the women alone. It's bad for morale and it ain't moral. Myra Jo grins at Beaurigard Jr. becoming sheepish.

beaurigard jr.

Yes, daddy.

myra jo

Sir, may I speak with you for a moment?

beaurigard sr.

Go ahead.

myra jo

With all do respect, sir... I am not a run away... Some misfortune has overtaken me but I can assure you I do not belong here.

beaurigard jr.

You do until we find your rightful owner. If no one claims

you then you're mine.

myra jo

Again, sir, some horrible event occurred bringing me here from the future. I---

beaurigard sr.

□

22.

Nonsense, girl.

myra jo

Then how do you explain my clothes? Have you ever seen anything like them before? And here... She picks up the newspaper and begins to read.

myra jo

Headline: Lincoln to stump New York. Story: Abraham Lincoln will make an historic---

beaurigard jr.

Some slaves learn to read.

myra jo

Do they also learn to speak French?

beaurigard sr.

Creole, in New Orleans.

myra jo

I mean classical, formal French like this.  
(in French, sub-titled)

I am the future President of the United States. And you, sir, are a complete idiot.

beaurigard sr.  
(in French, sub-titled)

Do you think me uneducated.  
(in English)

I am not an idiot!

myra jo

Would I know the South plans secession?

beaurigard sr.

Rumors, just Yankee rumors.

myra jo

□

23.

Would that also give me the knowledge that right now there are Southern diplomats in Europe attempting to form alliances with Napoleon III of France and Prime Minister Viscount Palmerston of England.

BEAURIGARD SR.

Hush! Don't meddle in white folks affairs.

myra jo

Next year the war begins, Lincoln declares emancipation and the South will be defeated.

beaurigard sr.

Now you're a prophet.

myra jo

Would I know?

beaurigard sr.

Go upstairs and help my wife get dressed.

EXT. PLANTATION - DAY

Ruth huddles with the women of earlier.

ruth

I tell you she's crazy.

slave woman #1

You're just jealous.

slave woman #2

And we all saw how Robert looked at her.

slave woman #1

You ain't happy with this Myra Jo. Ruth glares at the women.

INT. BEDROOM #2 - DAY

Myra Jo enters an elegant bedroom. A fat fifties WHITE FEMALE stands by the mirror admiring her figure under her elegant bathrobe. She sees Myra Jo in the mirror and motions for her to advance and

female

□

24.

You're the new one aren't you?

myra jo

Yes, ma'am.

female

Fetch me my corset. Myra Jo hesitates, looks around bewildered as to where it is while the woman becomes impatient.

female

The large bureau... Third drawer on the left.

myra jo

Yes, ma'am. Myra Jo opens the third drawer and puzzles over the undergarments.

female

Be quick about it, I don't have all day.

myra jo

Which one?

female

Don't you know anything? She struts to the bureau and points to a corset.

female

That one. She walks back to the mirror, admires her physique while Myra Jo tentatively pulls out a huge undergarment. She eyes it quizzically, walks over to the Female and hands it toward her. She recoils as if it were a snake.

female

Put it on me.

myra jo

Yes, ma'am. The Female drops her robe while Myra Jo tries to figure out this thing. Finally she places it over the Female's head and they struggle to pull it down. The Female holds it against her chest and all thumbs Myra Jo laces the back. The Female wiggles and squirms causing the corset to slip. Myra Jo tries to save it but fails as it slides around the Female's feet.

25.

Myra Jo bends and struggles pulling it up. The Female wiggles angrily.

female

What's a matter with you?

myra jo

Nothing, ma'am. I can't seem to get it right.

female

I see that. This time, Myra Jo gets the corset on and laces it, pulling as hard as she can.

female

Tighter. Myra Jo tugs.

female

Tighter... I said tighter.

myra jo

Yes, ma'am. (whispers) If you weren't so fat---

female

What?

myra jo

Just dis and dat.

female

Put your foot in my back. Myra Jo puts a tentative foot in her back and tugs harder. The Female struggles and Myra Jo loses her grip on a lace.

myra jo

Drat. They struggle again. Myra Jo loses her grip. The Female falls face to the floor, arms outstretched. Myra Jo laughingly stretches out her arms and mimics her.

myra jo

Splat.

□

26.

EXT. BUNKHOUSE - DAY

Myra Jo is at a wash tub with a pile of dirty clothes. She scrubs a shirt on the wash board splashing everything in a playful manner. SLAVE #1, older woman, adjacent washes her pile of clothes. Myra Jo puts the shirt in the hand operated wringer but it will not go through. She comedically wrestles with it, backs it out then shoves it in but it will not go through. It sticks in the rollers.

myra jo

Ya all got ta enjoy bein' a slave. There ain't no other life for us.

slave #1

That's right, honey.

myra jo

T'aint right for darkies to want to be no different. We is what we is.

slave #1

Sho nuff. In time with her singing, Myra Jo washes the shirt up and down with exaggerated body movement. She singsongs.

myra jo

This is the way we wash our clothes, wash our clothes, wash our clothes... This is the way we wash our clothes so early in the morning... Nuts! Beaurigard Jr. sees Myra Jo throw the shirt in the water and run angrily down the road.

slave #1

Myra, ya all come back, ya hear!

myra jo

No!

slave #1

Run away! Run Away! Beaurigard grins an evil grin, turns and walks briskly away.

EXT. ROAD #4 - DAY

Exhausted Myra Jo walks slowly. Beaurigard approaches on a Tennessee walker at a fast pace. The buggy follows with Robert driving two male slaves.

27.

Myra Jo hears the hoof beats and vainly tries to run then falls in mortal fear. Beaurigard Jr. stops close by. The buggy arrives in a cloud of dust. Robert and the two men are not happy to do this but put her in the buggy. She is too weary to resist. Beaurigard is delighted.

beaurigard jr.

Take her to the stables so I can whip her!

INT. BUNKHOUSE - DAY

Robert carries limp Myra Jo and gently places her on her bunk. He gets a small pot of water and dips his handkerchief into it and wipes Myra Jo's face and neck. He is sad and caring. She awakens and offers a weak smile of thanks.

myra jo

Help me. I don't belong here.

robert

You're delirious.

myra jo

I am from another time... Another place.

robert

Rest now. The wounds will heal soon.

myra jo

Please... I beg you... Please. Robert looks pathetically as she moans in pain. He wipes her face. Ruth enters and jealously joins them.

robert

I'm glad you're here.

ruth

She needs her back tended and you can't do that. Robert leaves as Myra Jo roles over and Ruth bathes her back.

ruth

Even if you think you are what you say you are, you had better behave like a slave.

□

28.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Myra Jo, in cook style clothes, stands in the large kitchen of the plantation house. The HEAD COOK, an elderly African American female, directs the others in their work.

head cook

Trisha, stir the pot... Matilda, hurry with the salad... And you, don't just stand there, fetch a bucket of water.

myra jo

Yes, 'em. She takes a wooden bucket and leaves.

EXT. YARD - DAY

Myra Jo carries the Bucket to the well and sets it down. She stands for a moment studying the mechanism then thinks she has it figured out.

MYRA JO

Get the water from the well. Long before the dinner bell. She releases the catch. The well bucket careens down with the rope smoking and hissing. When it hits bottom there is a distant splash. She grunts and slowly turns the handle raising the bucket almost within reach. Myra Jo stretches for it; close, closer then almost grabs it while chanting.

myra jo

Oh, wishing well, oh wishing well, Wash away this horrid spell.

She looses her grip on the handle and the bucket falls as before. Myra Jo raises the bucket and nearly gets it but watches it fall while chanting.

MYRA JO

(continuing)

Oh, wishing well, oh wishing well,  
I wish to go home from this hell.  
She tries a third time while  
chanting.

□

29.

MYRA JO

(continuing)

Oh, wishing well, oh wishing well,  
I wish I had a dollar. She slams  
the catch, grabs the bucket and  
sets it on the rim of the well.  
Myra Jo pours sloppily into the  
kitchen bucket wetting herself and  
the ground. Hunched by the  
kitchen bucket's weight, she  
trudges to the house. INT.  
KITCHEN - DAY Myra Jo carries the  
bucket into the kitchen. As she  
enters, Head Cook, carrying a tray  
of food, collides with her. The  
tray and food go everywhere. The  
Head Cook falls amidst the mess.  
When Myra Jo goes to help the  
fuming woman, she drops the bucket  
to the floor. It breaks and adds  
water to the Head Cook's fury.

head cook

Out! Get out of here!

INT. BUNKHOUSE - NIGHT

All clap in rhythm while Robert chants. Myra Jo is intrigued.

robert

We raise the wheat,/ They give us the corn;/ We bake the  
bread,/ They give us the crust;/ We sift the meal,/ They give  
us the skin,/ And that's the way/ They take us in./ We skim  
the pot,/ They give us the liquor,/ And say that's good  
enough for the nigger./

All laugh including enthralled Myra Jo. Robert changes tempo  
and acts out the words in an exaggerated manner as all clap  
rhythmically. Myra Jo joins in.

robert

De big bee flies high,

De little bee makes de honey,/

De black man raise de cotton,

An' de white man gets the money./

Everyone laughs. Myra Jo wildly applauds and Robert eyes her seductively.

□

30.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Ruth and Myra Jo are on their hands and knees. They have the rug partially rolled up.

myra jo

Wouldn't it be easier with a vacuum cleaner?

ruth

We ain't got nothing like that, what ever that is. Keep rolling. They roll the rug into a coil then Ruth takes one end and motions for Myra Jo to take the other. Myra Jo struggles it to her shoulder as Ruth hefts it then they carry it out the open French doors.

EXT. YARD - DAY

Puzzled Myra Jo stands in front of the hanging rug. Ruth hits the rug with the beater, dust flies causing Myra Jo to choke then Ruth hands her the beater.

ruth

When no more dust flies, you find me and we put it back.

myra jo

Yes, ma'am. Ruth walks away as Myra Jo murmurs.

MYRA JO

Milton, I've had enough. I really have. Myra Jo shrugs then fiddles with the beater like a tennis racket. Finally she swats the rug and dust flies. She tries a forehand, a back hand and a pretend serve. She begins to dance and play as

MYRA JO

(continuing)

It's a strong serve to the far end of the court... It is boldly returned to her left... A keen double backhand stroke to the right... Brilliant return... The volley is heating up... She dives to the ground and makes a scoop hit at the rug.

□

31.

MYRA JO

(continuing)

She dives to the grass...

Fantastic play. Myra Jo stops swinging, sits on the ground, looks at the rug and laughs. She leaps up and swats the rug, gently at first, then with more intensity emphasizing the end of each line as she lilts.

MYRA JO  
(continuing)

I hit the rug... I kill a bug... I hit the mat... With a tennis bat... The carpet sways... I work the days... I wish I had a Hoover. Myra Jo drops the beater, walks away and sees the out house. She wiggles having to go to the bathroom, rushes to the small wooden building and opens the Half moon door. An elderly African American man stands urinating. Myra Jo screams and slams the door. After a beat, the man exits wearing a toothless grin. She rushes inside. In time Myra Jo screams.

MYRA JO (O.S.)  
Where's the toilet paper! EXT.  
BARN #1 - DAY Robert leads the Tennessee Walker toward the barn. Myra Jo moves toward him. They eye one another. He is cautious.

ROBERT  
You shouldn't be seen with me.

MYRA JO  
Why not? We're both slaves aren't we?

ROBERT  
Ruth'll get mad.

MYRA JO  
Is that important?

ROBERT  
She has the ear of the bosses.

MYRA JO  
Junior's?

ROBERT  
Yes. They walk side by side as Robert leads the horse to the barn.

□

32.

MYRA JO  
Are you going to stay here the rest of your life? He stops abruptly and glares at her. Ruth walks unseen behind them. She is angry and picks up her pace.

ROBERT  
There's nothing I can do about things. They are what they are.

MYRA JO

You can change them.

ROBERT

I hear tell there's a railroad to freedom.

MYRA JO

Then let's buy a ticket.

ROBERT

It's the underground railroad.  
Folks sneak Darkies to Canada.  
Ruth glares and confronts them.

RUTH

What are you doing keeping Robert from his chores? Move along girl. The women's eyes meet in mutual dislike. Myra Jo moves away. Robert feels caught and leads the horse to the barn as Ruth joins him and slips her hand in his. He is reluctant and watches sad Myra Jo retreat. INT. BUNKHOUSE - NIGHT Ruth huddles with a few female slaves. Myra Jo stands misty eyed watching Robert lead the Male Slave Singers in the last part of 'Git On Board, Little Chillen'. Robert has soft eyes for her.

RUTH

(continuing)

She don't talk like us. She don't act like us. I say She's possessed. We gotta take her to Madam Hoo Doo, the Voo Doo lady. The women gasp in terror.

□

33.

RUTH

(continuing)

Tonight. The women gasp again. INT. BUNKHOUSE - NIGHT Moonlight streams through the high windows. Male and female slaves move in the shadows. In a flash they gag then bundle Myra Jo in a blanket and carry her out. EXT. CABIN #3 - NIGHT Moonlight shines on a tiny log cabin. The slaves; men wearing white handkerchiefs tied around their foreheads, women wearing tignons, shuffle toward it. Struggling Myra Jo, blanket wrapped, is carried by men. Ruth raps on the door. A lantern light fills the cabin and streams into the shadows. The door opens and HOO DOO appears. She is dressed in a Voo Doo outfit. The few

handkerchiefs and blue cord around her waist make her appear silly except for her fiendish, intense toothless grin. Hoo Doo is a short, wizened but lively African American woman. She waves for all to follow her into the woods. EXT. WOODS #1 - NIGHT A small camp fire casts eerie shadows on the group of slaves in an open area. The men hold unwrapped but struggling Myra Jo in front of Hoo Doo by the creek. She cackles and waves a large dead snake during this affair. Robert removes the gag from Myra Jo's mouth and she screams. Robert covers her mouth with his hand and glares. She becomes fearfully quiet. The men hold her as Hoo Doo dances and cackles an incantation in garbled French

(to be subtitled)  
as a wild Voo Doo ritual ensues.

HOO DOO

Possessed! Possessed! Oh  
Ozoncaire our daughter is filled  
with demons, return her to the  
fold. Depart, oh blackness, evil  
within you. I call even upon  
Saint Expedire. No Zombie are you  
to become.

□ 34.

HOO DOO  
(continuing)

Deep is your sleep, we no longer weep... You now open hearted, the evil departed, rejoice in reunion... Your spirit, soul and body. Wear this gris-gris, always. It is your cure and your luck. She finishes with a flourish placing a Voo Doo amulet (gris-gris) made of alligator teeth, snake fangs, rooster and hen claws around Myra Jo's neck. All are exhausted and ecstatic. Some swoon to the ground. Robert moves close to Myra Jo and balefully looks at her sweated face wearing a childlike grin. She leaps to her feet and begins to dance. It is a comical, awkward affair. While she dances she chants as all watch satisfied she is again a normal slave.

MYRA JO

I's a slave... I will behaves...  
I rejoice and love my masters...  
Do the chores... Do the labor...  
I do it all to avoid disfavor...  
How ya all doin' brothers and  
sisters? They all say 'A-men'.  
EXT. YARD - DAY Myra Jo holds one  
end of a jump rope. Slave Woman  
#1 holds the other end. They  
revolve it as Slave CHILD #1 jumps  
and a number of Slave children  
wait their turn. Myra Jo chants in  
rhythm to the rope.

MYRA JO

(continuing)

There once was a man, his name was  
Tricky Dick! / Put him in the White  
House, found him mighty slick... /  
He sent his special men, to the  
Watergate hotel. / Tried to cover  
up, but then, oh well... / Send for  
the prosecutor, send for the  
judge. / Send for the witnesses who  
all tried to fudge... / One, two,  
three, four, out goes you... Child  
#1 leaps out and CHILD #2 jumps in.

WOMAN #1

I glad you normal again.

MYRA JO

Ya all think I's normal. I think  
I's as loony as a loony tune.

WOMAN #1

Hoo Doo fix ya real good.

35.

MYRA JO

Yah, real good. This here's a  
booby house.

WOMAN #1

Huh?

MYRA JO

This whole thing is crazy. I'm  
crazy. The world is crazy. Beam  
me up Scotty, please.

WOMAN #1

What?

MYRA JO

Never ya mind. If'n it's okay, I  
go for a walk.

WOMAN #1

Don't wander too far.

MYRA JO

I'll be back. They stop turning  
the rope. EXT. CABIN #3 - DAY Myra  
Jo walks boldly to Hoo Doo's cabin  
and pounds on the door. She  
pushes her way inside when Hoo Doo  
opens the door. INT. CABIN #3 -  
DAY It is a sparse affair filled  
with Voo Doo paraphernalia. Myra  
Jo shoves surprised Hoo Doo inside.

MYRA JO

(continuing)

Hoo Doo. You're spell didn't work.

HOO DOO

No? Look at you. Myra Jo plays

with Hoo Doo who drops her phoney  
cackle and tries to stop her.  
Myra Jo picks up a bottle.

MYRA JO  
Ground Rhinoceros horn. Ha, where  
would you get this... Been to  
Africa lately? And this---She  
pours the powder into her hand,  
takes a tiny taste then spits it  
out.

MYRA JO  
(continuing)  
Nothing but salt.

□ 36.

HOO DOO  
Stop that.

MYRA JO  
Elixir of whale sperm. She tastes  
this liquid.

MYRA JO  
(continuing)  
Honey, pure honey, Honey. Hoo Doo  
tries to stop her but fails.

HOO DOO  
I beg you to stop this.

MYRA JO  
Eye of Newt... What's a Newt?

HOO DOO  
They're irreplaceable. Myra Jo  
sings while taunting Hoo Doo.

MYRA JO  
Hoo Doo? Hoo Doo? You do... You  
put the Gypsy in me... Ah, hah,  
what have we here? She picks up a  
doll. A Hoo Doo look alike.

MYRA JO  
(continuing)  
A Hoo Doo doll. If I put pins in  
it do you get a head ache? She  
pokes a pin in the head. Hoo Doo  
feigns head pain. Myra Jo puts  
pins in the doll's chest, back and  
leg.

MYRA JO  
(continuing)  
How about here... Or, here... Or  
here. Hoo Doo whimpers and drops  
on the bed. Myra Jo towers over  
the old woman.

MYRA JO  
(continuing)  
Your spell was nothing but  
gibberish. Garbled French and you

know it.

HOO DOO  
You understood me?

□

37.

MYRA JO  
Certainly. I only pretended to  
pass out.

HOO DOO  
What do you want?

MYRA JO  
Either you help me or I'll show  
the others the fake you really are.

HOO DOO  
Help you, I already did. I made  
them believe you're normal. What  
else can I do?

MYRA JO  
Get me to the railroad.

HOO DOO  
What railroad?

MYRA JO  
Set it up so I go to Canada.

HOO DOO  
It'll cost ya.

MYRA JO  
You get my silence. That is more  
than enough payment. EXT. ROAD  
#4 - DAY Myra Jo briskly walks the  
road to the plantation. Beaurigard  
Jr. and Sr., on their tennessee  
walkers, see her then chase her as  
she runs away. They taunt her by  
riding ahead, around and behind  
her.

BEAURIGARD SR.  
Where you off to girl?

BEAURIGARD JR.  
Which way now?

BEAURIGARD SR.  
Ah, ah. Back to Junior.

BEAURIGARD JR.  
I don't want her, daddy, you take  
her.

□

38.

BEAURIGARD SR.  
Run, Darky, run. She cannot  
escape. They dismount, tie her  
then drag her toward the  
plantation.

BEAURIGARD JR.  
You all need another lesson.

BEAURIGARD SR.  
Take her to the barn. INT. BARN  
#1 - DAY This is the walkway  
between the stabled horses. Myra  
Jo is bound to stable rings on  
either side of the causeway. A  
fire glows in the small metal pot  
with a branding iron heating up as  
Male Slave #1 fans the fire.  
Beaurigard Jr. stands gleefully  
nearby. Robert shows anger toward  
his master as Male Slave #2 checks  
the iron and finds it ready.

MYRA JO  
This has gone far enough... I  
keep telling you who I am and  
where I come from... Why won't  
you believe me?

BEAURIGARD JR.  
Believe a slave. Never!

MYRA JO  
Call Milton. Get me an attorney.  
I have rights, you know.

BEAURIGARD JR.  
And I have fun. Robert removes his  
handkerchief from his neck and  
gags her. Delighted Beaurigard  
takes the iron and rips Myra Jo's  
blouse from her shoulder. Robert  
looks away. INT. BUNKHOUSE - DAY  
Sad and loving Robert gently  
places Myra Jo on a bunk and  
removes the gag. He gets a pot of  
water, dips his handkerchief into  
it and wipes Myra Jo's face and  
neck. Myra Jo comes to, looks into  
his eyes and manages a weak smile  
of gratitude. He sponges the brand  
on her left shoulder.

□

39.

ROBERT  
There is no escape.

MYRA JO  
The railroad... Get me to the  
railroad.

ROBERT  
And get whipped for helping you.

MYRA JO

Come with me. Myra Jo passes out. Robert bathes her wound with a sympathetic look. He thinks she may have a good idea. Ruth enters, glares at Robert, walks over and grabs the handkerchief.

RUTH

This is woman's work.

ROBERT

You weren't here.

RUTH

I am now. He glares anger then looks softly at Myra Jo and walks to the door. Myra Jo's eyes follow him as he leaves.

RUTH

(continuing)

You have to accept your fate. You're giving all of us a lot of trouble. Now you're in for hard labor. EXT. COTTON FIELD - DAY Myra Jo, dressed appropriately, picks cotton with a number of other women. She studies it then plays with it. She puts huge pieces in her ears, throws it in the air then gets an idea. She tucks a huge amount on the rear of her dress to form a cotton tail. She hops around like a bunny rabbit. The Slave Women curiously watch her antics. Myra Jo sings 'The Bunny Hop', waves for the others to join in. As she hops, she emphasizes the beat with her rear action. Soon all form a conga line. Beaurigard Jr. rides up on his Walker and watches.

(more)

40.

RUTH (cont'd)

Myra Jo leads the line, turns, sees him as the others do and all resume their tasks. As he rides by Myra Jo, he winks invitingly to her then rides on. She takes a hand full of cotton and throws it at him. She does this a number of times then flops tearfully to the ground. INT. CABIN #3 - DAY Hoo Doo cackles as she pours tea into a cup. Ruth sits rigid at the table. Hoo Doo pours the liquid out and studies the tea leaves with Ruth anxiously waiting. Hoo Doo appears to go into a trance. In time she speaks with a different, deep voice.

HOO DOO  
I see a long trip... A dangerous one... Many perils... Robert travels with a woman... A black woman... They are in much trouble... Chased by Junior and other white men...

RUTH  
Who is she?

HOO DOO  
Her face is covered with a shroud.

RUTH  
Is it me?

HOO DOO  
They are aided by white people... Sheltered, protected... Hoo Doo puts the cup down and speaks in her real voice.

HOO DOO  
(continuing)  
That's all I see.

RUTH  
It is me isn't it? Hoo Doo stares at Ruth then cackles a long witch like cackle. Ruth is terrified.

□

41.

RUTH  
(continuing)  
Ya all told me Robert would be mine.

HOO DOO  
You spend time with Junior.

RUTH  
I don't like it but I have to.

HOO DOO  
You get favors. That broke the spell. Ruth falls to her knees and begs.

RUTH  
Bring him back to me.

HOO DOO  
Give up Junior.

RUTH  
Anything... I'll do anything to get my Robert back.

HOO DOO

Anything?

RUTH

Yes.

HOO DOO

I'll make you another potion, and a doll. Ruth grabs Hoo Doo's hand and clutches it in earnest.

RUTH

Thank you. Oh, thank you.

HOO DOO

Get rid of Myra Jo! INT. SHACK - NIGHT This is a windowless bath house lit by a lantern. Myra Jo stands at the wooden tub. She wears a shabby towel. African American Female #2 takes uses a towel and gets out of the water. She grins at Myra Jo then leaves. Myra Jo stares at the murky water, opens her towel and sniffs her heavy odor. She tentatively slips into the tub.

(more)

□

42.

HOO DOO (cont'd)

In spite of it's ugliness she shows contentment for the chance to bathe her body

MYRA JO

Blah, blah, blah, blah moon. Blah, blah, blah above. Blah, blah, blah, blah croon. Blah, blah, blah, blah love. Tra la la la, tra la la la la. She stops singing, plays in the water and shouts.

MYRA JO

(continuing)

Where's my rubber Duck! EXT. GROUNDS - DAY Beaurigard Jr. stands adjacent Myra Jo under a magnolia tree. He wears a seductive smile. Myra Jo gently rubs her shoulder to soothe the pain.

BEAURIGARD JR.

See the fun I have with you. There is more to come, if you get my meaning.

MYRA JO

Yassa, boss. Ya all have fun and I's hurtin'.

BEAURIGARD JR.

Let me soothe the pain.

MYRA JO  
That yo idea of fun, too?

BEAURIGARD JR.  
In a manner of speaking.

MYRA JO  
I ain't in the mood for such things. Ruth arrives and Myra Jo is relieved. Beaurigard Jr. is miffed.

RUTH  
Go to the bunk house.

□

43.

MYRA JO  
Yes 'um. Myra Jo leaves and Ruth glares at Beaurigard Jr. who laughs.

RUTH  
She's causing trouble with the other slaves, and run away twice.

BEAURIGARD JR.  
I enjoy the chase.

RUTH  
She's crazy. Put her in the asylum.

BEAURIGARD JR.  
Then I couldn't have fun.

RUTH  
Let her out in a few days then play again. Put her away!

BEAURIGARD JR.  
Mind your place! I do what I want when I want. EXT. ROAD #5 - DAY Myra Jo is beside Robert driving the buggy. As they talk Myra Jo becomes insistent and Robert wavers.

MYRA JO  
Do you have a cigarette? Robert reaches into his pocket and removes the fixings. He rolls a cigarette, lights it and hands it to Myra Jo as they talk. She takes a puff, chokes then throws it away.

ROBERT  
If like you say, you come from the future, how come you ain't got no way out of here?

MYRA JO

I don't know.

ROBERT  
Maybe they're right. You are  
crazy.

□

44.

MYRA JO  
When you first saw me, did I look  
like a slave? Do I act like one,  
even now? This gris-gris did not  
change me.

ROBERT  
I'm not so sure.

MYRA JO  
Huh?

ROBERT  
Maybe it worked reverse. Made you  
lady like.

MYRA JO  
Darn it Robert, you must believe  
me. Just keep driving. We'll be  
long gone before they miss us.

ROBERT  
I can't. I don't wanna get whipped

MYRA JO  
They can't whip you if they can't  
catch you. Robert considers this  
as they arrive at a large building  
signed: 'Insane Asylum'. He stops  
the team, looks sympathetic at  
Myra Jo then drags her off and  
tugs her to the door. Her eyes beg  
one last time. He falters, then  
leads her inside. INT. ROOM #3 -  
DAY This is a tiny waiting area  
with a single door leading to the  
inner giant room. Holding  
protesting Myra Jo, Robert knocks  
at the door. A burly white  
ATTENDANT, wearing a sloppy white  
coat, comes to the window of the  
door. He peers at the couple.  
Robert holds a note to the window.  
The attendant reads it, unlocks  
and opens the door. Frightened  
Myra Jo tugs hard against Robert's  
grip. The attendant grabs Myra Jo  
and jerks her inside. A sad Robert  
turns away while the door is  
closed and locked. INT. ASYLUM -  
DAY The attendant pushes Myra Jo  
into a huge room filled with  
bunks.

(more)

□

45.

MYRA JO (cont'd)  
Many African American people mill about, sit forlorn, talk to themselves etc. This is a dreary nut house. The windows are covered with huge drapes. The attendant points to a cot then pushes Myra Jo to it.

ATTENDANT  
This is your's.

MYRA JO  
Yassa, boss.

ATTENDANT  
An' don't make no trouble. We like it quiet in here.

MYRA JO  
Yassa boss. The attendant exits and locks the door. Myra Jo drops forlorn onto her cot. EXT. BARN #1 - DAY Ruth waits by the buggy as Robert exits the barn. She smiles lovingly. He sadly joins her.

RUTH  
It's like it was, now that she's gone.

ROBERT  
Is it? She kisses him sweetly but he remains passive. She does not understand.

ROBERT  
(continuing)  
Have you ever thought of running away?

RUTH  
No.

ROBERT  
Wouldn't it be better to be free?

RUTH  
You talk nonsense. Darkies are meant to be slaves.

ROBERT  
I hear that's not so.

□

46.

RUTH  
And I hear God is Black.

ROBERT  
Stupid talk.

RUTH

And so is freedom. We make the best of what we got.

ROBERT

I hear there's a way out.

RUTH

Hah. You thinking of the railroad. It don't exist.

ROBERT

Maybe, maybe not.

RUTH

An if'n you find it, you gonna take me or Myra Jo? Robert does not answer. Ruth gets the message and is miffed.

RUTH

(continuing)

Forget her. She done put craziness in your head.

ROBERT

I'm not so sure. She kisses him but he remains passive. She presses but gets minimal response. She unhappily, breaks away and storms down the path. His mind is on Myra Jo. INT. ASYLUM - DAY Myra Jo sees the plight of the people as worse than her own. She plays a game with the drapes pulling them open one at a time.

MYRA JO

Is it behind curtain number one? She teasingly looks behind then rips them open and light streams in. Some of the inmates take interest in her activity.

□

47.

MYRA JO

(continuing)

No! Is it behind curtain number two? She goes through the same ritual. More of the inmates pay attention and the room is brighter.

MYRA JO

(continuing)

No! Then, is it behind curtain number three. She parts the curtains. A small African American boy leaps out and hops away frog style. She screams. Some of the inmates laugh. The furious

Attendant enters.

ATTENDANT  
Who opened the drapes? Myra Jo  
asks softly with a grin.

MYRA JO  
Monty Hall?

ATTENDANT  
What? She yells.

MYRA JO  
Quiet in the hall! EXT. STREET  
#1 - DAY This is a happy scene of  
an Alabama town active in  
commerce. Robert stops the  
buckboard stops in front of  
Mathews Mercantile Store. He goes  
inside. INT. STORE - DAY Robert  
enters this busy dry goods store  
and walks to the counter. He  
hands a list to the elderly white  
PROPRIETOR. Two African American  
men, mill around waiting for  
instructions. One is SAMUEL. The  
Proprietor yells out goods on the  
list.

PROPRIETOR  
Hundred pounds sugar. Hundred  
pounds flour. Each man moves to a  
separate area and hefts huge sacks  
and carries them outside. EXT.  
STREET #1 - DAY The men carry  
their loads and place them on the  
buckboard. Robert joins Samuel and  
they whisper while the other man  
re-enters the store.

□

48.

ROBERT  
What do you know about the  
railroad?

SAMUEL  
Don't know nothin'

ROBERT  
I hear tell you do.

SAMUEL  
It'll cost ya, ten dollars.

ROBERT  
I only have seven.

SAMUEL  
Le' me see.

ROBERT  
Here. He holds seven gold coins  
which Samuel reaches for. Robert  
closes his fist and glares at the  
man.

ROBERT  
(continuing)  
First, you tell me.

SAMUEL  
Mary Smith.

PROPRIETOR (O.S.)  
Hurry up, you got a lot more here!

SAMUEL  
Yassa, boss. I's a hurryin'.

ROBERT  
How do I find her?

SAMUEL  
Six, seven miles west of town.  
The white house with Smith on the  
sign.

ROBERT  
You know I can't read.

SAMUEL  
Has a chicken weather vane an' a  
fallin' down silo.  
(more)

□

49.

SAMUEL (cont'd)  
Can't miss it, it's the first  
white house past the red church.  
Robert lets the coins drop into  
Samuel's hand. INT. LIBRARY - DAY  
Ruth rushes in, curtseys then  
walks to the desk. Beaurigard Jr.  
sits at the desk reading the  
paper. He is disturbed.

BEAURIGARD JR.  
I've told you not to come in here  
unless invited.

RUTH  
This is important. It's about us.

BEAURIGARD JR.  
You know the rules.

RUTH  
Hoo Doo says I has ta stop being  
with you or I'll lose Robert.

BEAURIGARD JR.  
You're willing to give up  
privilege for love. Don't make me  
laugh.

RUTH  
Please, boss, please? My heart is  
heavy.

BEAURIGARD JR.

So is the burden you're going to carry. Report to Martha and have her assign you to the laundry. She runs out happy as a lark. Beaurigard Jr. is displeased but knows he can get another. EXT. BUNKHOUSE - NIGHT Robert and Ruth stand in the shadows. She is all loving and lightness while he is sullen.

RUTH

I gave up everything for you, even my position.

ROBERT

On your back with Junior?

RUTH

Yes.

50.

ROBERT

How? How could you be with a white man?

RUTH

He forced me... I had Hoo Doo cast spells on you and give me potions so you would love me. I did it for us.

ROBERT

Huh, uh. You did it selfishly. I can't love a woman who thinks only of herself.

RUTH

But you said you loved me.

ROBERT

When you were pure, good and caring. Now you're evil, possessed, inside ugly. EXT. ROAD #5 - DAY Deep in thought, Robert drives the buggy with Myra Jo. She is relieved and haggard and rubs her sore shoulder.

MYRA JO

Three days in there, I must be going crazy.

ROBERT

Maybe you are and maybe you ain't... It has to be worth the risk.

MYRA JO

What?

ROBERT

I paid seven dollars gold, to find out about the railroad.

MYRA JO  
Can we do it?

ROBERT  
It's very dangerous.

MYRA JO  
Anything's better than this. EXT.  
CABIN #3 - DAY Ruth runs  
breathlessly up the steps.  
(more)

51.

MYRA JO (cont'd)  
She pounds on Hoo Doo's door until  
the old woman answers.

RUTH  
You lied to me. You cheated me.

HOO DOO  
I... Ruth pushes past Hoo Doo and  
rushes inside. INT. CABIN #3 - DAY  
Ruth confronts Hoo Doo as she  
shuts the door.

RUTH  
You told me if I gave up Junior,  
Robert would love me. Well I did  
and he doesn't.

HOO DOO  
Magic has only so much power. The  
rest is up to you.

RUTH  
You must get him back for me.

HOO DOO  
It's too late. I read it in the  
leaves.

RUTH  
You knew it was her?

HOO DOO  
Of course, but I couldn't tell you.

RUTH  
I hate you, I hate you. She goes  
for Hoo Doo's throat and they  
scuffle. Hoo Doo grabs a frying  
pan and hits Ruth on the head. She  
reels and falls in the chair,  
dazed. Hoo Doo grabs a Gris-Gris  
and quickly places it around  
Ruth's neck. As Ruth regains her  
senses, Hoo Doo chants.

□

52.

HOO DOO  
Let go of Robert...  
(More)  
Hoo doo  
(Con't)  
Another comes soon... He'll hold  
your hand, by the light of the  
moon. Ruth is mystified,  
transfixed. She falls into a  
trance. Hoo Doo stops and waits.  
After a few moments, she gently  
slaps Ruth's face. Ruth looks at  
her with a peaceful face.

RUTH  
I'm fine now with this gris-gris.  
Thank you. She rises on rubbery  
legs and goes to the door stupidly  
happy as Hoo Doo grins satisfied.

RUTH  
(continuing)  
Thank you, thank you, thank you.  
EXT. YARD - NIGHT Myra Jo and  
Robert hide in the bushes near the  
plantation house. They watch the  
lights go out down stairs leaving  
only one lit upstairs. They skulk  
to the French door and find it  
locked. Myra Jo pulls a pin from  
her hair and clumsily works the  
lock. She drops the pin, checks  
her hair for another, finds none,  
goes to her hands and knees in the  
shadows to hunt for the lost one.  
She finds it and again tries to  
jimmy the door. She drops the pin  
and shrugs her shoulders.

MYRA JO  
It always works for Mike Hammer.

ROBERT  
Huh?

MYRA JO  
Never mind. She tries the other  
door and finds it unlocked. They  
sneak in. INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT  
Myra Jo slips to the desk, removes  
the metal box, opens it and takes  
out the legal documents. Footsteps  
approach with a lantern light.  
(more)

□

53.

MYRA JO (cont'd)  
She folds the papers and puts them  
inside her bodice as the footsteps

get closer. She hides with Robert behind the curtains as FEMALE SLAVE #3 enters carrying a lantern. She shakes her head. Myra Jo parts the curtains and whispers.

MYRA JO  
(continuing)

Boo. Female Slave #3 nearly faints. Robert grabs her and puts a hand over her mouth.

BEAURIGARD JR. (O.S.)  
What's going on down there? Myra Jo speaks in a deep Mamie voice.

MYRA JO  
Nothin' boss. Just a rat.

BEAURIGARD JR. (O.S.)  
Well, be quiet, I'm trying to sleep.

MYRA JO  
Yassa, boss. But it was a big fat rat.

(mutters)  
Like you. Female Slave #3 nods understanding so Robert releases her. She walks out as they slip outside and pull the door shut. INT. BUNKHOUSE - NIGHT The bunks are filled with sleeping slaves. Ruth searches the dark room for Robert and finds his bunk empty. She rushes to Myra Jo's and finds her gone. She grips the Gris-Gris tightly, tears fill her eyes then she rushes out. EXT. MANSION - NIGHT Anxious Ruth pounds on the door. A light approaches then Female Slave #3 opens the door.

RUTH  
I have to see Junior.

SLAVE #3  
Not now. He's sleeping.

RUTH  
This is important.

SLAVE #3  
No!

RUTH  
Then I'll get him myself. She pushes past her and runs upstairs. INT. UPSTAIRS - NIGHT Ruth races down the hall followed by the slower Female Slave #3 carrying the lantern. Beaurigard Jr. in a robe exits his room into Ruth. He is annoyed at her intrusion.

□ 54.

Female Slave #3 stops nearby as  
breathless Ruth speaks.

RUTH  
(continuing)  
They done runaway.

BEAURIGARD JR.  
Who?

RUTH  
Robert and Myra Jo. Irritated  
Beaurigard Sr. comes out of his  
room and joins the others.

BEAURIGARD SR.  
What's going on, here?

BEAURIGARD JR.  
We got a couple of runaways, daddy.

BEAURIGARD SR.  
Let's go after them.

BEAURIGARD JR.  
With pleasure.

BEAURIGARD SR.  
Any idea where they went.

RUTH  
Canada.

BEAURIGARD SR.  
Canada? You crazy woman.

RUTH  
No, sir, boss. They're on the  
underground railway.

□

55.

BEAURIGARD JR.  
We'll get them daddy. EXT. ROAD  
#6 - NIGHT Myra Jo and Robert  
sneak through a cotton field.  
They are tired and dirty. Ahead is  
a white house with the chicken  
weather vane and falling down  
silo. It is signed: 'Smiths'. In  
the distance is the red church.  
Myra Jo and Robert cautiously  
approach the road.

ROBERT  
Are ya sure this is the house?

MYRA JO  
It says Smiths. A buggy  
approaches. They hide deep in the  
cotton until it passes then race  
across the road. Robert opens the  
gate and lets Myra Jo go first.

Myra Jo knocks at the door. She  
knocks again. In time, a light is  
seen and footsteps are heard.

MRS. SMITH (O.S.)  
Yes?

ROBERT  
We're looking for the railroad.

MRS. SMITH  
There's no train in these parts.

MYRA JO  
Is Engineer Bill here?

MRS. SMITH  
Just a moment. MRS. SMITH, an  
elderly white woman, dressed in  
night clothes, opens the door a  
crack and cautiously eyes them.

MR. SMITH (O.S.)  
Who is it dear?

MRS. SMITH  
Two darkies looking for Engineer  
Bill. She opens the door wider.  
MR. SMITH, an elderly white man,  
finishes putting on his robe as he  
comes down the hallway. Quickly  
he motions them to enter. INT.

(more)

□

56.

MRS. SMITH (cont'd)  
SMITH'S HALLWAY - NIGHT Mrs. Smith  
rapidly shuts the door. All scurry  
into the kitchen. INT. SMITH'S  
KITCHEN - NIGHT All enter the  
kitchen. Mrs. smith puts the lamp  
on the table and lowers it. Mr.  
Smith motions all to sit and they  
do.

MR. SMITH  
Who told you an Engineer was here?

ROBERT  
Samuel, Samuel Johnson.

MR. SMITH  
Don't know no Johnson in these  
parts.

ROBERT  
He works at Matthew's Mercantile.

MR. SMITH  
Nope, no Johnson I know of.

MYRA JO  
(lilts)  
High Ho, High Ho it's off to  
Canada we go.

MR. SMITH  
Toot! Toot! A blow for  
freedom... I'm Engineer Bill.

MYRA JO  
Thank God.

MRS. SMITH  
You must be hungry.

ROBERT  
Yes, ma'am.

MRS. SMITH  
Warmed over stew all right?

MYRA JO  
Don't put yourself out, anything  
is fine, thank you. EXT. BARN  
#1 - NIGHT Beaurigard Jr. mounts  
his Tennessee Walker beside  
already mounted Beaurigard Sr.  
(more)

□ 57.

MYRA JO (cont'd)  
They wear gun belts and ride off.  
INT. SMITH'S KITCHEN - NIGHT Myra  
Jo helps Mrs. Smith clear the  
table and clean the dishes.

MR. SMITH  
If you're caught, they hang you.  
And if you tell anything about  
those who help, they get hanged  
too.

MYRA JO  
You can trust us to keep our  
mouths shut.

MR. SMITH  
Even when they torture you?

ROBERT  
We've been tortured before. He  
pulls his shirt from his shoulder  
and reveals a brand identical to  
Myra Jo's.

MR. SMITH  
It's a lot worse.

MYRA JO  
We would never repay kindness with  
a slip of the tongue. Hoofbeats  
are heard faintly approaching. Mr.  
Smith raises his finger to his  
mouth for silence, cocks his ear  
then quickly rises.

MR. SMITH  
Someone's coming. Were you  
followed?

MYRA JO  
I don't think so.

MR. SMITH  
Hurry. He struggles with the kitchen table. Robert helps him move it. Mr. Smith opens a trap door under where the table had been. Myra Jo and Robert go down. Mr. Smith closes the door and with the aid of his wife replaces the table. She puts out the lamp.  
(more)

□

58.

MR. SMITH (cont'd)  
They fearfully sit as the hoofbeats approach. Horses whinny, the hoofbeats stop and running footsteps are heard. In a moment there is a pounding at the door. Mr. and Mrs. Smith stare fear at each other.

BEAURIGARD SR. (O.S.)  
Open this door! Open this door, I tell ya! Mr. Smith lights the lamp with trembling hands then enters the hallway with Mrs. Smith following. INT. SMITH'S HALLWAY - NIGHT Mr. Smith walks to the front door as Mrs. Smith enters the bedroom.

MR. SMITH  
Just a moment, I'm coming. He opens the door to the sweated, intent Beaurigards.

MR. SMITH  
(continuing)  
What ya all want this time of night?

BEAURIGARD SR.  
Looking for runaway slaves.

MR. SMITH  
Runaways?

BEAURIGARD SR.  
We know they came this way. In fact I believe you're hiding them. Senior pushes past Mr. Smith as Mrs. Smith comes out of the bedroom pretending to have just awakened.

MRS. SMITH  
What is it dear?

BEAURIGARD SR.  
Mind if we look around? He doesn't

wait for a response. He and Junior quickly search. INT. HIDING PLACE - NIGHT Myra Jo and Robert cower against each other in the darkness of the tiny hiding place.  
(more)

□

59.

BEAURIGARD SR. (cont'd)  
Myra Jo needs to sneeze. Robert grabs her nose and places his hand over her mouth and the urge passes. Footsteps are heard overhead and a bit of light streams through the floor cracks lighting their fearful faces.

MYRA JO  
I don't like this game of hide and seek for real.

BEAURIGARD SR. (O.S.)  
We're going to check outside, if you don't mind.

MR. SMITH (O.S.)  
Ain't no niggers around here.

BEAURIGARD JR. (O.S.)  
Just nigger lovers. Footsteps are heard retreating followed by the door slamming. INT. SMITH'S KITCHEN - NIGHT Mr. and Mrs. Smith stand frozen in fear. Then as the tension lessens, Mrs. Smith sits at the table. Mr. Smith turns off the lamp and watches out the window as the horses gallop off. EXT. ROAD #6 - NIGHT The Beaurigards gallop off. INT. SMITH'S KITCHEN - NIGHT Mr. Smith crawls under the table.

MR. SMITH  
Ya all stay their till morning. Then I'll drive you to the next station. EXT. ROAD #7 - DAY Mr. Smith drives a wagon laden with tobacco. It approaches a simple farm house. Myra Jo and Robert hide under the load. She pushes the leaves aside and gasps for air.

MYRA JO  
This is terrible. How could I have ever smoked this stuff? The wagon pulls into the yard and a young Mexican COUPLE race from the house as Mr. Smith stops the wagon and goes to the rear.

□

60.

MEXICAN MAN

Buenos dias, Senior Smith.

MR. SMITH

Buenos dias, Senior Chavez. Stiff and sore Robert and Myra Jo climb out. Myra Jo looks at the Mexican couple and has a quizzical expression.

MEXICAN MAN

Andale! Andale! Robert looks at Myra Jo for understanding and she grins. The couple usher them into the barn as Mr. Smith waves farewell and drives off. EXT. ROAD #8 - DAY Beaurigard Junior and Senior sit at a stream by the road watering their horses. They are exhausted.

BEAURIGARD SR.

Twelve houses and not a sign of them.

BEAURIGARD JR.

They have to be going north.

BEAURIGARD SR.

That's why we did.

BEAURIGARD JR.

Yes, daddy.

BEAURIGARD SR.

I have to go home and tend to business. You follow them. Hire some vigilantes... And I want them alive.

BEAURIGARD JR.

Oh, daddy.

BEAURIGARD SR.

Most of all, get those papers back. Understand?

BEAURIGARD JR.

Yes, daddy. INT. BARN #2 - NIGHT Myra Jo and Robert lay on hay in a corner of the loft. It is a romantic setting. They speak slowly, deliberately.

□

61.

ROBERT

Sure are some nice white folks...

MYRA JO

Mexicans too.

ROBERT

Their white.

MYRA JO  
I never thought of it quite that way. Where I come from, everyone is equal.

ROBERT  
That's over a hundred years from now.

MYRA JO  
So, you do believe me?

ROBERT  
It's all so strange.

MYRA JO  
I wish I could figure out how I came here.

ROBERT  
Right now we have to worry about reaching Canada.

MYRA JO  
What are you going to do when you get there?

ROBERT  
Be a free man.

MYRA JO  
Then what?

ROBERT  
Work. Save money. Buy a farm. He has a twinkle in his eye and a tease in his voice.

ROBERT  
(continuing)  
Find a woman, raise a family. Myra Jo is taken aback by this then notices his eyes.

□

62.

ROBERT  
(continuing)  
And you?

MYRA JO  
If I can't get back to my time, I'll become a teacher.

ROBERT  
A teacher. Hah.

MYRA JO  
And why not?

ROBERT  
A black French teacher, it'll never happen.

MYRA JO  
I'll find me a real man! And  
raise a big family.

ROBERT  
Good night.

MYRA JO  
Good night! They roll over back to  
back. She is enveloped by a  
sudden chill causing her hair to  
stand a little on end. INT.  
BUNKHOUSE - NIGHT The Three Male  
Slave Singers finish the last  
chorus of 'I Done Done What Ya'  
Tol' Me To Do.' Ruth eyes a new,  
young African American slave,  
JACK. Their eyes meet in a moment  
of attraction. She moves to the  
circle of woman.

RUTH  
Who's the new man?

SLAVE WOMAN #1  
Senior bought him today.

SLAVE WOMAN #2  
He replaces Robert.

SLAVE WOMAN #1  
If'n Junior can't catch him.

RUTH  
Not bad.

□ 63.

SLAVE WOMAN #2  
Now, don't go doin' nothin'  
foolish.

RUTH  
Never. She fondles the Gris-Gris  
and walks toward Jack who eyes her.

RUTH  
(continuing)  
My name is Ruth.

JACK  
I'm Jack.

RUTH  
Welcome. EXT. STREET #2 - NIGHT  
This is a small Southern town,  
signed: 'Summerville'. The  
brightest lights come from the  
bar: signed, 'Mackintoshes'. INT.  
BAR #1 - NIGHT 'Mackintoshes' is  
full of drinking people. The piano  
player, an African American older  
man, plays tunes of the day.  
Beaurigard Jr. drinks at a table  
with two young white men; TOM and

BILL both dressed grubby.

BEAURIGARD JR.  
Tom, you understand you don't get paid unless we catch them.

TOM  
No! We get our money for riding with you, win or lose.

BILL  
Plus a bonus when we get them.

TOM  
Bill's right.  
(More)  
Tom  
(Con't)  
You're buying our time and ability to track them.

BEAURIGARD JR.  
They have to be taken alive.

TOM  
Alive?

□

64.

BILL  
That's extra. Dead's easier.

BEAURIGARD JR.  
We leave at dawn. EXT. FIELD #1 - DAY Myra Jo and Robert are hidden within boxes on a buckboard driven by the Mexican Couple. They enter a large field where gypsy wagons form a circle. A number of gypsies engage in packing up, hitching the wagons and preparing to leave. The buckboard stops near the head wagon. GYPSY KING greets the couple with a friendly smile and hand shake. The three remove rear boxes and Stiff and tired, Myra Jo and Robert get off. The King kindly grins and shakes their hands. He takes them to his wagon and they get on board as the couple drives off. EXT. BARN #1 - DAY Jack walks the Tennessee Walker. Ruth comes coyly to his side.

RUTH  
What a lovely Spring day.

JACK  
Sure is.

RUTH  
The kind a girl likes a man to take her on a picnic.

JACK  
We ain't white folks.

RUTH  
Do you think you'll be happy here?

JACK  
No different than any other  
plantation. EXT. STREET #2 - DAY  
The gypsy caravan rides into  
Summerville with the King's wagon  
leading. The gypsies shout ad  
libs of 'don't miss the fine show  
tonight, come one, come all, have  
your fortunes told, learn the  
future,

□

65.

BEAURIGARD JR.  
Can you really read the future?

SABRINA  
Sabrina sees all, tells all.

BEAURIGARD JR.  
What about the South, will we  
successfully secede?

SABRINA  
I read personal futures. Not  
political ones.

BEAURIGARD JR.  
And what do you see for me.

SABRINA  
One dollar gold, in advance.  
Beaurigard Jr. hands her a gold  
piece. Sabrina puts the coin in a  
tin box on her lap. She moves her  
hands over the globe and stares  
into it. Beaurigard stares into  
the crystal. Sabrina watches his  
face intermittently as she talks.

SABRINA  
(continuing)  
I see a dark girl in your past.  
She has brought you great trouble  
and shame.

BEAURIGARD JR.  
I know my past. Tell me the  
future.

SABRINA  
You are on a quest... After a  
Prize... One, no two... She  
notices his positive response and  
continues.

SABRINA  
(continuing)

It has been a hard journey... And has had danger... There is more ahead... What you seek is under your nose yet out of your grasp... Five go... One safe... One lost... Two leave... One returns.

BEAURIGARD JR.

Where are they?

66.

SABRINA

Look to a lake in the mountains.

BEAURIGARD JR.

Which one?

SABRINA

I see a large water fall, a clear lake.

BEAURIGARD JR.

Where?

SABRINA

North. Far north from here but beware of the red.

BEAURIGARD JR.

The red what?

SABRINA

The crystal has gone dark.

BEAURIGARD JR.

I'll bet for another dollar it'll light again.

SABRINA

When it goes dark it has spoken.  
EXT. FIELD #1 - NIGHT Beaurigard Jr. exits the tent and rejoins his men. While people crowd around the King purchasing his elixirs, Myra Jo and Robert pass out the bottles and collect the money. Myra Jo sees the villains and is terrified. She runs to Robert, points them out and they scurry to the King. He nods but pushes them back into the crowd. They are nervous as the trio approaches and stops to watch the King's pitch.

KING

The elixir of life, brought to you from the continent where it has helped thousands of people recover from the Grip, Indigestion, Lumbago, and Influenza.

(more)

□

67.

KING (cont'd)  
(More)

King

(Con't)

One dollar, that's all it is for the elixir of Life. Just one dollar rids your body of pain. Tom waves to purchase a bottle as Beaurigard peruses the crowd. Tom is ignored. He waves more frantically. Reluctant Myra Jo hides within her disguise. She hands Tom a bottle and he gives her a coin. Before she can retreat he grabs her branded shoulder. She winces. Beaurigard notices. Tom recognizes her, feigns he does not as she begs with her eyes. He releases her. She speaks in a high pitched heavy European accent. Tom teases with her.

TOM

I ain't seen no black Gypsies before. Let me get a look at you.

MYRA JO

Don't touch me.

TOM

Huh?

MYRA JO

It's bad luck to touch a Gypsy without permission.

TOM

Oh, Yah.

BEAURIGARD JR.

Leave her be.

TOM

But she's a darky.

BEAURIGARD JR.

What?

MYRA JO

I'm from the South of Hungary. She runs into the crowd. EXT. BARN #1 - NIGHT Ruth and Jack stand in a romantic moment.

(more)

□

68.

MYRA JO (cont'd)

Ruth fondles her gris-gris and coyly eyes Jack. He responds.

RUTH

Robert and I loved each other

once. Now he's runaway. I have no feelings for him anymore. Jack leads her to a blanket laid out under a magnolia tree. EXT. FIELD #1 - NIGHT The crowd is gone. Gypsies sit around the campfire, dance or sing as musicians play Hungarian music. Myra Jo softly sings while Robert looks at her. They exchange romantic glances and are happy for the first time. They walk into the darkness. EXT. FIELD #2 - NIGHT Myra Jo and Robert walk along a creek. The gypsy party is in the distance.

ROBERT  
You have a lovely voice.

MYRA JO  
I took singing lessons for ten years. Wanted to be a Jazz singer.

ROBERT  
What's that?

MYRA JO  
Music we originated in New Orleans.

ROBERT  
We?

MYRA JO  
African Americans. Your descendants. It goes like this. She sings 'Blues in the Night.' Robert is captivated. She finishes.

ROBERT  
Beautiful...

MYRA JO  
Thank you...

ROBERT  
I mean you... She looks coyly away.

□

69.

ROBERT  
(continuing)  
Tell me about the future.

MYRA JO  
It's wonderful. Automobiles, airplanes, vacuum cleaners.

ROBERT  
Not that, life.

MYRA JO  
Freedom, opportunity. I even became president of the United States.

ROBERT

Please, don't start with that.

MYRA JO

America has fifty states.

ROBERT

Fifty?

MYRA JO

Boy, do I miss it. But, I am glad I met you.

ROBERT

Me too. I'm on my way to Canada because of Myra Jo Greer. They silently walk to camp. Love has bloomed. She is enveloped by a sudden chill causing her hair to stand half way on end. EXT. DEPOT #1 - DAY Beaurigard Jr., Tom and Bill stand on the platform of a small town railroad depot. Beaurigard Jr. looks at his pocket watch as the train arrives from the south.

TOM

I still don't see why we should take the train.

BEAURIGARD JR.

Because it's a long way to Lexington and we can wait for the darkies to come to us.

BILL

How ya know they'll come.

70.

BEAURIGARD JR.

Because they're going north. They have to travel secret so they go real slow. Let them think they're getting away.

TOM

This is a game.

BEAURIGARD JR.

And I want to have a lot of fun bringing them home.

BILL

I see. Make 'em think they're free, then nail 'em.

BEAURIGARD JR.

Bright boy. The train stops. EXT. ROAD #9 - DAY The gypsy wagons travel a dirt road and meet a covered wagon train. The king waves a cheery hello to the WAGON MASTER who alights as the king

leaves his wagon. The king goes to the rear of his wagon, opens the door and Myra Jo and Robert get out. They walk with him to the wagon master.

KING

We're heading east and their going north to join the Oregon trail.

WAGON MASTER

Glad to have you. Climb aboard. Get in the rear of the last wagon. Myra Jo shakes her head. She and Robert shake hands with the king who returns to his wagon. As Myra Jo and Robert trudge to the last covered Wagon, get on and begin to move, she sings softly.

MYRA JO

If you can't find me in the fronta the bus;/ You can't find me nowhere;/ Oh-h, come on back to the backa the bus;/ I'll be ridin' back there./ EXT. PLAINS #1 - DAY The Railroad Train travels the fields in a peaceful journey. INT. CLUB CAR - DAY Beaurigard Jr.  
(more)

□

71.

MYRA JO (cont'd)

smokes a cigar and sips a drink while Tom and Bill play cards. EXT. PLAINS #2 - DAY The covered Wagons move in a barren field. On a ridge are mounted indians dressed in war paint. The LEADER in full headdress gives the attack signal. The Indians ride forward in a charge of war cries. The covered wagons race toward a narrow draw. INT. WAGON - DAY Myra Jo and Robert hold on for dear life watching the Indians approach. The DRIVER whips the team and shouts back at them.

DRIVER

Have to lighten the load or we'll never get away. Jump!  
(pause)  
Jump!

MYRA JO

Can't we just throw some of these things away?

DRIVER

Not my possessions. Jump!

MYRA JO

We might be killed. The driver lifts his rifle and points it at

them.

DRIVER

Jump! Myra Jo and Robert leap off the wagon. EXT. PLAINS #3 - DAY Myra Jo and Robert roll safely on the ground as the wagon enters the draw. They watch the wagon then the Indians. Robert protectively grabs her. There is no hope. The Chief reins to a stop in front of them and dismounts. The Indians form a circle. The chief rips off Myra Jo's bonnet and stares at her. She confronts the Chief using much sign language as she talks. He is amused as are the Braves and plays along with her.

□

72.

MYRA JO

How... Me squaw... Myra Jo...  
This Brave, Robert... You Choctaw?  
(pause)  
Chickasaw?  
(pause)  
Pawnee?

CHIEF

Apache... You... Slaves?

MYRA JO

Many moons ago...  
(More)  
Myra jo  
(Con't)  
Now free, like bird.

CHIEF

Ugh... Runaways?

ROBERT

Yes.

MYRA JO

Help us to Canada... Big Chief...

CHIEF

Big Chief no come here... This Atcheson, Topeeka and Santa Fe route. All the Indians laugh as Myra Jo realizes the Chief was putting her on. He speaks perfect English.

CHIEF

(continuing)

Come on we'll take you to the train, won't we boys? Ad libs of sure, of course are heard from the Braves.

CHIEF  
(continuing)

Mount up.

MYRA JO  
I can't ride a horse.

CHIEF  
Hang on tight! The Chief helps Myra Jo up behind him. Robert mounts behind an indian brave. The chief waves.

73.

CHIEF  
(continuing)

Geronimo! They gallop off with war cries. Myra Jo holds on for dear life and nearly falls off. EXT. PLAINS #4 - DAY The tribe comes to a bluff and stops. Robert aids shaking Myra Jo off the chief's horse. A train is heard approaching and smoke from the engine is seen. They thank the Chief with hand shakes and wave as he and his tribe gallop away. Our heroes walk to the edge of the bluff and see the train. It is the one carrying Beaurigard Jr. and his evil ones. Robert grabs Myra Jo by the waist and readies her to leap on the train. She remains weak legged, afraid and hesitant. Robert and Myra Jo land on the box car. They climb down the ladder and work their way inside. Robert pulls the door closed. INT. BOX CAR - DAY Relieved Myra Jo and Robert drop exhausted on the hay. EXT. PLAINS #5 - DAY The train travels an area of scrubby terrain. On a rise above and ahead of the train sit five men on black horses. They are dressed in black, from head to toe. The LEADER signals and they pull black handkerchiefs over their faces, spur their horses forward and draw their guns. They yell and holler as they fire at the engineer and fireman. Two of the bandits leap onto the engine and at gunpoint have the Engineer stop the train. The other three board the train. INT. CLUB CAR - DAY The bandit leader and his two men enter the club car, fire into the air and stand menacing in the door way.

LEADER  
Keep your hands where we can see them. Anybody makes a move, they're dead.

(more)

□

74.

LEADER (cont'd)  
(More)

Leader

(Con't)

Put your money and jewelry in the hat. Like in church. He laughs at his own joke and hits his men with his hat. They laugh and pass his hat down the aisle. Beaurigard Jr. tries to hide his money, rings, watch etc. The men catch him, lift him into the aisle then pick him up by his boots, turn him upside down and shake him. His worldly goods fall to the floor. They drop him and pick up the goods while the other villains hide theirs. INT. BOX CAR - DAY Myra Jo and Robert bury themselves under the hay in a corner. EXT. FIELD #3 - DAY The desperados remount their horses and with much gun fire ride off as the train begins to move. INT. BOX CAR - DAY The train lurches into motion. Hoof beats, gun shots and shouts from the Robbers are heard as they ride away. Myra Jo throws some hay at Robert. He is not in the mood for a game.

ROBERT

Can't you be serious?

MYRA JO

I have been all my life.

ROBERT

We're in real danger. Myra Jo is sarcastic.

MYRA JO

Danger? You call this danger. I've been up to my butt in it ever since I entered politics. This is a cake walk. I love being in a time and place I don't belong, getting whipped and branded. This

ROBERT

Honey, we're in big trouble.

□

75.

MYRA JO

You're right. But I will not give up my sense of humor. At least

I'll go with a smile on my face.

ROBERT

Now I know you're crazy. She throws hay at him. He retaliates. This escalates into a frantic hay throwing affair similar to the pastry toss. They dance around the swaying car, stalk each other, dive for cover, throw hay and end breathlessly laughing and rolling

BEAURIGARD JR.

Why didn't you do something? What am I paying you for?

TOM

To catch niggers, not play bodyguard. INT. BOX CAR - NIGHT Myra Jo and Robert sit cozy in a corner. The sound of the wheels on the tracks and an occasional whistle are heard. Robert softly sings 'Bound for the Promised Land.' Myra Jo looks lovingly at him and listens intently.

ROBERT

I'm on the way to Canada,  
That cold and dreary land,  
De sad effects of slavery,  
I can't no longer stand;/  
Teach me.

MYRA JO

Teach me.

ROBERT

You hum, I'll sing the words. She hums and he sings. Soon she has the refrain and they finish together.

ROBERT

(continuing)  
De iron horse will bear me o'er  
to "shake de lion's paw,"/  
□

76.

Oh, righteous Father, wilt thou not pity me,/ And help me on to Canada, where all de slaves are free./

ROBERT & MYRA JO

Farewell, ole Master, don't think hard of me,/ I'm traveling on to Canada, where all de slaves are free./ They look lovingly at each other. There is a long pause while Robert goes deep within himself.

ROBERT

I can't read or write like White folks.

MYRA JO  
What's the color of our skin have to do with our brains? I read. I write. And speak a foreign language. Any man can learn.

ROBERT  
I'm not much of man. I only know farming...

MYRA JO  
That's more than enough for a start. My mother was a nurse's aid.

ROBERT  
Huh?

MYRA JO  
She took care of sick people. Scrimped and saved so me and my brother could get an education.

ROBERT  
Each generation does better?

MYRA JO  
If you help them.

ROBERT  
Will you help me?

MYRA JO  
Yes. They embrace in a tender moment as love fills the car. They become passionate in the hay.  
(more)

□

77.

MYRA JO (cont'd)  
She is enveloped by a sudden chill causing her hair to stand full on end. EXT. DEPOT #2 - DAY The train is in front of the Lexington depot with the round house just ahead. Passengers, slaves, porters, etc. actively go about their business as Beaurigard Jr. and his men exit the car. They walk toward the box car. The ENGINEER shouts by the rear of the train.

ENGINEER  
End of the line! Every body out!

TOM  
I can use a drink.

BILL  
Me too.

BEAURIGARD JR.  
I've got to get some money.

TOM  
We were robbed too. You pay us  
again or we quit.

BEAURIGARD JR.  
It's not my fault.

TOM  
We ain't going no further without  
more money.

BEAURIGARD JR.  
Is this another hold up? They  
reach the box car as the train  
begins to move and the door on the  
opposite side slides open.  
Beaurigard Jr. hears this and sees  
the black legs of Robert and Myra  
Jo as they leap from the car to  
the tracks. He is curious and  
watches as they move toward the  
rear of the train. Beaurigard Jr.  
follows on his side. At the rear  
of the moving train recognition  
occurs. Beaurigard Jr. waves to  
his men to follow but they do not  
move.

(more)

□

78.

BEAURIGARD JR. (cont'd)  
He looks at his prey as they run  
off then at his men in disgust.  
He to runs after them but his  
fatness prevents him from going  
very

MYRA JO  
Na, na, na, na, na, na! Myra Jo  
and Robert run off. Beaurigard  
Jr., beaten, sweaty and  
breathless, turns angrily toward  
his men standing on the platform.  
The train enters the roundhouse.  
He storms toward his cohorts.

BEAURIGARD JR.  
That's them! That's them! Why  
didn't you help me?

TOM  
Money.

BEAURIGARD JR.  
You thieves! You idiots! You...  
You... Ingrates!  
(More)  
Beaurigard jr.  
(Con't)  
I would have gotten the money.

TOM

We don't trust you. Besides, they can't get far.

BEAURIGARD JR.

Let's go to the bank. EXT. FIELD #4 - DAY Exhausted Myra Jo and Robert fall hidden in a cotton field. As they catch their breath, Robert listens for sounds of pursuers and hears none. He raises his head just above the cotton and sees no

MYRA JO

Mighty fine day we're havin'. She startles the Woman who drops her wash.

MYRA JO

(continuing)

I said, 'mighty fine day.'

□

79.

WOMAN

What are you doing here?

MYRA JO

Goin' ta church.

WOMAN

This ain't the way.

MYRA JO

I must a turned 'round in the cotton. Which way I go?

WOMAN

Down the road. She points.

MYRA JO

Thank ya kindly, ma'am.

WOMAN

You ain't supposed to be there 'till tonight.

MYRA JO

I sings in the choir. I need's ta talk ta the preacher 'bout it. Bye. She walks toward the road waving her hand for Robert to follow. He is uncertain of the message.

WOMAN

Don't come round here no more, ya hear.

MYRA JO

Yassa, ma'am. She looks back at Robert and frantically waves and points down the road. He slinks

inside the cotton field but keeps an eye on her. A wind blows Myra Jo's wig off. She runs off with Robert keeping up. INT. BAR #2 - NIGHT This is a busy bar in Lexington. Still angry Beaurigard Jr. sits with Tom and Bill over a drink.

BEAURIGARD JR.

Did you get the vigilantes?

TOM

Had to pay more than you counted on.

80.

BILL

So you owe us another hundred.

BEAURIGARD JR.

You're no better than the train robbers.

TOM

Aren't ya glad daddy wired the money?

BEAURIGARD JR.

Shut up. Did you get the horses?

TOM

Also more than you thought.

BILL

Another two hundred, each. He gulps, reaches into his pocket and gives them money. They grin at each other. INT. CHURCH - NIGHT This is a poor church. The WHITE PREACHER leads the all African American congregation. He passionately quotes passages from the bible. Myra Jo and Robert wearing disguises hide within the crowd of people. She is taken by this religious experience recalling her early teachings and joins in.

PREACHER

And the Lord sayeth, 'I will rid you out of their bondage, and I will redeem you with a stretched out arm, and with great judgments.

CONGREGATION

Amen.

PREACHER

And it shall come to pass in the day that the Lord shall give thee rest from thy sorrow, and from thy fear, and from the hard bondage wherein thou wast made to serve.

## CONGREGATION

Hallelujah!

□

81.

## PREACHER

Then said Jesus 'If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed; And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.'

## CONGREGATION

Praise the Lord! He raises his arms and the congregation rises. The choir sings 'Amazing Grace.' All, rhythmically sway and join in. Myra Jo's voice is heard above all. The song ends and the doors burst open with Beaurigard Jr., his men and the vigilantes charging in. The Preacher is appalled and the people cower in fear. Beaurigard Jr. struts to the pulpit and waves the preacher off but he holds his ground.

## PREACHER

How dare you enter God's house like this.

## BEAURIGARD JR.

I'm looking for run away slaves.

## PREACHER

That is no concern of a house of worship.

## BEAURIGARD JR.

Men, see if they're here. The vigilantes and villains march up and down the aisle glaring into the faces. Myra Jo and Robert hide nervously among the flock.

## PREACHER

You can't do this. It's un-Godly.

## BEAURIGARD JR.

And it's illegal to hide property.

## PREACHER

We have nothing to hide from but the Devil. Tom recognizes our heroes as Myra Jo shouts.

□

82.

MYRA JO

Amen!

(pause)

Praise Jesus! She raises her arms to encourage the congregation to join her.

MYRA JO

(continuing)

Praise Jesus! Everyone shouts.

CONGREGATION

Amen! Tom, hesitates, eyes them, winks at Myra Jo's pleading face then joins the side of Beaurigard Jr. as the choir sings slowly.

CHOIR

Amen.

TOM

They're not here.

BILL

Seen one nigger, ya seen 'em all.

BEAURIGARD JR.

Let's go. The villains exit leaving the door open. The preacher waves his arms and the choir sings 'Onward Christian Soldiers.' EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT Light streams out the church door as the choir sings 'Onward Christian Soldiers'. The vigilantes ride away. Angry Beaurigard Jr. stands with Bill who looks perplexed while Tom wears a sly grin. INT. KITCHEN #2 - NIGHT This is a simple kitchen. The Preacher sits at the table with Robert. Leftovers from a meal are evident. Myra Jo clears the table.

PREACHER

They'll be back. You have to move on.

ROBERT

Where next?

□

83.

PREACHER

Our link was cut three days ago. There are no Engineers from here until you get to Portsmouth, Ohio. Find the Jacobsons. If they're no longer available then you're on your own.

MYRA JO

Thank you for everything. You have been most kind.

PREACHER

I really can't believe your story. But God works in mysterious ways.

MYRA JO

Amen.

PREACHER

You had better leave now. I'll finish cleaning up.

MYRA JO

Thank's again. She wipes her hands, shakes the Preacher's with enthusiasm then Robert does. The preacher walks them to the door.

ROBERT

How do we get to Ohio?

PREACHER

Follow the river out of town. Stay in the high reeds.

(More)

Preacher

(Con't)

Then I'm afraid you have to take the road. I'd give you a horse, but, alas, I am a poor preacher and have but one.

MYRA JO

We'll make it, God willing.

PREACHER

He will be with you. EXT. RIVER - DAY Myra Jo and Robert move up river hiding in the reeds. They exit onto the road and walk intently listening and looking for anything suspicious.

(more)

84.

PREACHER (cont'd)

Hoof beats are heard. They dive into the tomato field and hide as Beaurigard Jr., Bill and Tom gallop by. The dust chokes them. EXT. ROAD #10 - NIGHT Very tired Myra Jo and Robert move from the road into a lettuce field and lay down. She picks some leaves and makes faces as she eats them pretending to be a rabbit. Robert watches, intrigued. He tries but fails. She helps him. Finally he gets the hang of playing rabbit and they laugh. Hoof beats are heard and a light approaches. It is the lanterns of a coach traveling leisurely the same

direction as our heroes. As it passes them, a sign is lit. It says; 'Portsmouth Ten Miles.' They look at each other and smile relief. EXT. STREET #3 - DAY Disheveled Myra Jo and Robert search the town of Portsmouth. EXT. HOUSE #2 - DAY They find an address and tentatively approach. A sign hangs by the gate; 'Jacobson.' They look delighted at each other, Robert pushes open the gate and allows Myra Jo to enter the path first. They walk to the door, he knocks and they wait expectantly. A white woman, dressed orthodox Jewish, opens the door, gasps at their appearance, checks the street for villains and ushers them quickly inside. EXT. HOUSE #2 - DAY - LATER Myra Jo and Robert, clean and newly dressed, exit the house. The woman hides them within the tomatoes carried by a wagon. The male driver, dressed Orthodox Jewish, urges the horses. EXT. ROAD #11 - DAY The area is rural with no houses. The tomato wagon stops. Myra Jo and Robert get out and climb inside a water wagon pulled by four mules. The drivers wave as the water wagon goes forward and the tomato wagon turns around. EXT. ROAD #12 - NIGHT The water wagon is stopped on a deserted farm road. It's roadside front wheel is off and the wagon is jacked up. A stagecoach approaches and stops. The driver gets off and aids the wagon driver. Myra Jo and Robert silently climb onto the rear of the stage coach and lean into it's leather back. The driver retakes the coach which lurches forward. Myra Jo fearfully comical hangs on. Robert grips her and the coach as they bounce down the road. INT. BAR #3 - NIGHT Heavily drinking Beaurigard Jr., Tom and Bill sit at a table in a bar of a small hotel. They are tired and grubby.

85.

BEAURIGARD JR.

You call yourselves, trackers.  
You're not worth half your wages.

TOM

It was your idea to take the  
train. You insisted on being  
ahead of them.

BEAURIGARD JR.

Shush.

BILL  
Are we ahead or behind?

BEAURIGARD JR.  
How should I know. We're in Buffalo.

TOM  
I'll have another.

BEAURIGARD JR.  
Scout around. See what you can learn. I need a woman.

BILL  
Sure. Beaurigard Jr. staggers and confronts the BARTENDER.

BEAURIGARD JR.  
Where does a man find a woman in this town?

BAR TENDER  
Try Thirty-seventh Street.

BEAURIGARD JR.  
Thanks.

BAR TENDER  
Better take a cab. Things get stolen real easy there. Beaurigard Jr. exits the bar. Bill sips his drink and Tom laughs.

TOM  
What an idiot.

BILL  
Huh?

□

86.

TOM  
Back at the gypsy camp, who ya think I bought the elixir from?

BILL  
Beats me.

TOM  
The runaways. And I seen 'em in church, too.

BILL  
Why didn't you say somethin'?

TOM  
We skinned Beaurigard good. He paid us twice over, right? Plus two horses, new gear and a free trip north, not to mention we were never robbed.

BILL  
Hey, that's right.

TOM  
We got more than we need. Now,  
it's westward ho! They grin, bolt  
their drinks and leave the bar.  
Hoof beats are heard as they  
yippee away. EXT. STREET #4 -  
NIGHT Robert and Myra Jo walk the  
worst part of Buffalo. They pass  
a sign; 'Thirty Seventh St.'  
Whores, beggars, ugly and sinister  
looking people stay in the  
shadows. A few horses are seen as  
are a few lights. They reach a  
sleazy rooming house and Robert  
knocks. An older white LADY in a  
threadbare robe answers the door.  
She eyes them suspiciously.

LADY  
What ya want?

MYRA JO  
(coyly)  
A room... For the night.

LADY  
We don't like your kind here.

MYRA JO  
Blacks?

□ 87.

LADY  
No, whores.

MYRA JO  
I am not a street walker, this is  
my husband.

LADY  
Where's your ring?

MYRA JO  
I hocked it.

LADY  
Ten dollars, gold, in advance.  
Myra Jo looks helplessly at  
Robert. He reaches into his pocket  
and pulls out a gold piece as  
Beaurigard Jr. arrives in a cab.  
Beaurigard Jr. overhears the  
conversation and recognizes his  
prey.

ROBERT  
Five's all we have.

LADY  
Second floor, number eighteen.

MYRA JO

Thank you... Ah, where's the key?

LADY

We don't need to lock the doors, do we honey? INT. ROOM #4 - NIGHT Myra Jo and Robert enter a dingy room lit with a single window partially covered by the fire escape. It is eerie but they are relieved. He closes the curtains. EXT. STREET #4 - NIGHT Beaurigard Jr. stands by the cab driver and watches as Robert closes the drapes. He wears a fiendish grin and hands the cabby a bill. The cabby nods and drives away. Beaurigard Jr. hides in the shadows, takes out a fresh cigar and lights it. INT. ROOM #4 - NIGHT Myra Jo and Robert sleep. EXT. STREET #4 - NIGHT The cab arrives at high speed. Beaurigard Jr., his cigar a glowing stump, anxiously asks.

□

88.

BEAURIGARD JR.

Well, where are they?

CAB DRIVER

Don't know.

BEAURIGARD JR.

What?

CAB DRIVER

The bartender said they road out of town. Said something about the west.

BEAURIGARD JR.

Wait! I'll be back. Beaurigard Jr. stamps on his cigar and climbs the fire escape. The cabby wants no part of this, whips his horse and disappears down the street. Beaurigard Jr. is furious then climbs to the window, draws his gun and slips inside. INT. ROOM #4 - NIGHT Beaurigard Jr. moves to the bed, cocks his pistol and places it at Robert's head. The noise awakens Robert. He is frightened.

BEAURIGARD JR.

(continuing)

The game's over. I won. Now, get up! At first, Myra Jo does not realize what is happening then reacts with intense fear.

BEAURIGARD JR.

(continuing)

You too, sugar. Slow and easy, we don't want anyone getting hurt, now do we? He backs away to allow them off the bed. They sit on the edge looking for escape but there is none. Beaurigard Jr. glares contempt and victory. He waves the gun for them to move to the wall. They do it slowly then cower. A big black spider lowers itself from the ceiling and approaches Beaurigard Jr.'s head. Myra Jo yells.

MYRA JO  
Look out! Behind you!

89.

BEAURIGARD JR.  
I'm not falling for that old trick! The spider lands on Beaurigard Jr.'s ear. Startled, he brushes it off with his gun and our heroes rush him. The gun goes off. Robert and Beaurigard Jr. wrestle for it.

ROBERT  
Get out of here, save yourself.

MYRA JO  
No!

ROBERT  
Now! Robert appears to be losing with Junior on top of him. Myra Jo looks for a weapon but there is none in this sparse room.

ROBERT  
(continuing)  
I'll meet you in Canada. All fury, she pounds on Beaurigard Jr. Beaurigard Jr. gets a firm grip on the pistol, aims at Robert's face and cocks the trigger. The Landlady bursts into the room and screams. Myra Jo runs out of the room.

LADY  
What's the meaning of this?

BEAURIGARD JR.  
This here is my property. He's a runaway slave. See, this. He exposes Robert's brand.

LADY  
I don't care. I run a respectable place. Take your quarrels elsewhere.

BEAURIGARD JR.  
Let's go. He pushes Robert at gun

point out the door. EXT. STREET #4 - NIGHT Beaurigard Jr. shoves Robert as they leave the boarding house. Myra Jo slips from the shadows. She carries a much too large boulder over her head.

(more)

□

90.

BEAURIGARD JR. (cont'd)  
She wobbles, wavers and staggers toward Beaurigard Jr. She almost makes it then the stone falls from her grasp. Startled Beaurigard Jr. turns to the noise. He motions with the gun for Myra Jo to join Robert. Robert decks him with a punch, grabs her and they run off. EXT. STREET #5 - DAY Beaurigard Jr. exits a livery stable. He has a black eye, rides a black horse and ponies a second packed to the hilt. EXT. ROAD #13 - DAY Urgent Beaurigard Jr. gallops past a sign: 'Canada Twenty Miles'. He spurs his horse while ponying the other. EXT. ROAD #13 - DAY Myra Jo and Robert walk hidden in the timber as the sun is setting. They pass the sign 'Canada Twenty Miles.' They are relieved. Myra Jo skips ahead in spite of fatigue. Robert begins to skip with her. EXT. WOODS #2 - DAY Myra Jo and Robert move deep in the woods and flop by a creek as the sun sets in a stormy sky. They drink and refresh themselves. In the distance, campfire smoke appears. Robert notices and shows it to Myra Jo. EXT. WOODS #3 - DAY The sun sets in a stormy sky. Beaurigard Jr. eats a hot meal by the creek under a rock overhang by a campfire. Anger fills his countenance and he drinks heavily from a whisky bottle. His horses are unloaded and graze tethered to separate trees. A noise in the brush startles him. He reaches for his pistol and drunkenly waves it in the direction of the sound. A squirrel runs out, stops then retreats into the woods. Rain falls and becomes a torrent. Junior huddles by the fire remaining dry under the overhang. The horses whinny and pull at their tethers with each clap of thunder. EXT. WOODS #3 - NIGHT The thunder claps and heavy rain falls as Myra Jo and Robert cautiously move toward the blazing camp fire. Hidden by the timber they watch Beaurigard Jr. finish his bottle

of whisky and pass out on his blanket. Myra Jo attempts to remove Beaurigard's pistol. He rolls onto his gun, grunts and snores. She reaches for the gun and he rolls again, grunts and snores. A loud clap of thunder followed by brilliant lightning causes the horses to bolt and run. Beaurigard Jr. opens his eyes and grunts. Myra Jo and Robert retreat. She runs past the pan of food, stops and grabs it. She races after Robert into the woods. EXT. WOODS #4 - NIGHT The rain has stopped. Drenched Myra Jo and Robert eat as they walk. EXT. WOODS #5 - NIGHT Exhausted Myra Jo and Robert follow a creek to a blind end from which the river flows. They backtrack. EXT. WOODS #3 - NIGHT Myra Jo and Robert sneak toward Beaurigard Jr.'s camp. The fire is out. He stirs. The clouds part and moonlight appears. It catches him in the face. He stirs, blinks his eyes and sits up. He sees dark figures approach and reaches for his gun, sees his horses gone and stands. Myra Jo and Robert slip back into the woods with Beaurigard Jr. staggering after them. EXT. ROAD #14 - DAY Nearly dry, Myra Jo and Robert pass a sign; 'Niagara Falls One Mile'. A loud waterfall is heard. Beaurigard Jr. stumbles after them waving his pistol. All are tired. Myra Jo and Robert crest the road, see the falls and run toward the Border. Beaurigard Jr. picks up his pace. EXT. FALLS #1 - DAY Myra Jo and Robert run toward the sign; 'Canada' to the rocky side of the falls. Beaurigard Jr. follows. It is a foot race for survival. EXT. FALLS #2 - DAY Myra Jo and Robert outrun Beaurigard Jr. then sit on large boulders on the Canadian side. Beaurigard Jr. approaches at a distance.

91.

BEAURIGARD JR.

(continuing)

Ya all, come back now. The game is over.

MYRA JO

No, way. We're in Canada and free.

BEAURIGARD JR.

I'm going to kill you.

ROBERT  
You can't. That's murder.

BEAURIGARD JR.  
So what.

MYRA JO  
Sanctuary! Sanctuary! Beaurigard Jr. fires his gun. Robert and Myra Jo dive for cover. She flings a rock at Beaurigard Jr. He dives for cover. Robert gets the idea and they both fling rocks as a torrent at Beaurigard Jr. who blindly fires his pistol. There is a cavalry charge. From over the hill the Royal Canadian Mounted Police in full dress, red uniforms charge at a gallop. Beaurigard Jr., out of ammunition, flings rocks. It is a wondrous rock fight. They all weary as the Mounties approach. Robert cradles his love. Lightning and thunder strike, then Myra Jo fades and disappears. All that is left in Robert's lap is her gris-gris. He is shocked and tearful. The Mounties arrive. The LEADER dismounts and walks to Robert. Beaurigard Jr. retreats to America.

LEADER  
What's going on here?

ROBERT  
Are we, I mean, am I safe?

LEADER  
Yes, you're in Canada.

ROBERT  
Thank the Lord.

92.

LEADER  
Any more of you?

ROBERT  
No... No more. He caresses the gris-gris then puts it around his neck. He remains in shock and heart broken as the Mounties ride away. He becomes wistful and mournfully sings 'One More Soul Got Safe.'

ROBERT  
(continuing)  
Glory to God and Jesus too, One more soul got safe;/ Oh, go and carry the news, One more soul got safe./ Joe, come and look at the falls!/ Glory to God and Jesus too, One more soul got safe./

Joe! it's your last chance. Come and see de falls!//

Glory to God and Jesus too, One more soul got safe./

He breaks down and cries.

INT. CABIN #1 - DAY

Myra Jo awakens. She is in her slave clothes and still a bit wet. She is flabbergasted. When she moves, she feels the pain of her brand, looks at her shoulder then her clothes. She pulls the papers from her bodice and places them on the table after glancing at them. She realizes this was no dream. She checks the cabin, lovingly touches the T.V., the telephone, the stereo and other modern items. She peaks out the window and sees the serene snowy setting. She stares at the portrait of Robert on the canvas. Tears fill her eyes. This is a long reawakening, tender moment. She drops into her chair, picks up a cigarette, goes to light it, then throws them into the fire place. She stares wistfully at the painting.

INT. CABIN #1 - DAY - LATER:

A cleaned up, neat and attractive Myra Jo wears casual modern clothes. There is a knock at the door. She rushes to answer it. Bertha, Milton, Margarett, Thomas and Clair are on the stoop. Myra Jo is overjoyed. She grabs her mother and hugs her tightly then does the same with the others. It is a wondrous reunion but nobody understands this show of deep emotion from her.

□

93.

MYRA JO  
Oh, Ma ma! Ma Ma! Everybody!  
I'm so glad to see you.

BERTHA  
We thought we'd surprise you.

MYRA JO  
The best I've ever had. What day  
is it?

MILTON  
You're the president, you tell us.

MYRA JO  
Stop kidding.

THOMAS  
Day after your election.

CLAIR  
Can we ride the sled?

MYRA JO  
Of course. The kids run off and  
the others enter the cabin. Bertha  
goes to the small kitchen.

BERTHA

Anyone for breakfast?

MYRA JO  
I could eat some of your wonderful  
pancakes.

BERTHA  
You haven't asked for those since  
you were a kid.

MYRA JO  
I am a kid, just in a grown up's  
body. Bertha goes to the kitchen.

MILTON  
You look exhausted.

MYRA JO  
You wouldn't believe what I've  
been through. On the other hand,  
maybe you would.

MILTON  
Try me.

□

94.

MYRA JO  
Never mind, it must have been the  
strain of the campaign. INT.  
OFFICE - DAY Myra Jo sits at her  
presidential desk. She reads a  
paper then signs it. The door  
opens and MATILDA, an African  
American in conservative clothes  
enters. She walks to the desk.

MATILDA  
Ms. President, Mr. Bartholomew  
Carter is here to see you. Myra Jo  
is annoyed.

MYRA JO  
Show him in.

MATILDA  
Yes, ma'am. She exits and  
Bartholomew enters. He acts as if  
he owns the office. He smokes his  
cigar and plops into the chair in  
front of the desk. Myra Jo is  
irritated.

BARTHOLOMEW  
It's time to have a discussion.

MYRA JO  
First, get rid of that awful  
cigar. He crushes it out in the  
ash tray.

MYRA JO  
(continuing)  
I've been president two weeks and  
you want to waste my time.

BARTHOLOMEW

We have to plan our strategy to handle our debts. Our promises.

MYRA JO

Meaning?

BARTHOLOMEW

There are three bills coming up that need your support and...

MYRA JO

They put money in your pocket and that of your friends.

□

95.

BARTHOLOMEW

They're your friends too.

MYRA JO

I will back any legislation for the people. For the common man. All Americans. I will not support anything that is not in their best interest or filled with graft.

BARTHOLOMEW

What are you saying?

MYRA JO

I learned a great deal from my experience at the cabin. I represent all the people not just your special interest groups.

BARTHOLOMEW

Yes, you do.

MYRA JO

The voters put me here, not your friends. Now if you have nothing else to discuss, please leave, I have a lot to do.

BARTHOLOMEW

If you don't co-operate, I'll make it very rough for you.

MYRA JO

No rougher than I've seen. Now get out. He goes to the door then turns and glares anger.

BARTHOLOMEW

You don't know how miserable I can make it for you. You'll wish you never got elected.

MYRA JO

I can handle anything you throw at me. Besides, I have something you should know. Bartholomew returns to the desk as she reaches into

her drawer and pulls out the Legal Documents.

BARTHOLOMEW

And just what is that supposed to mean?

□

96.

MYRA JO

Your grandfather, Beaurigard Jr.

BARTHOLOMEW

How does he enter into this?

MYRA JO

He was a bully, a tyrant, a mad man who tried to commit murder. I also have these papers proving he stole most of his, now your, land holdings. Unfortunately there are no descendants of the poor

BARTHOLOMEW

That can't affect me.

MYRA JO

If I leak it to the press?

BARTHOLOMEW

You wouldn't dare.

MYRA JO

Wouldn't I? Bartholomew leaves angry. Matilda enters carrying a dossier and puts it on the desk.

MATILDA

Robert Jones is here to see you.

MYRA JO

Who is he?

MATILDA

Applicant for the position of Counselor on African affairs.

MYRA JO

Send him in. She leaves as Myra Jo scans the packet. Robert Jones enters. He is the same actor as Robert and wears the Gris-Gris around his neck. Myra Jo looks up from the docket and is shocked. She is enveloped by a sudden chill causing her hair to stand full on end then it returns to normal. He is all business and somewhat in awe of the president. She extends a quivering hand to shake. He relaxes slightly as they shake.

(more)

□

97.

MYRA JO (cont'd)

As the scene unfolds, Myra Jo's hair slowly rises until the end when it is fully erect.

MYRA JO  
(continuing)

You... You're Robert Jones?

ROBERT

Yes, Ms. President. Pardon me for saying so but you look a little uneasy.

MYRA JO

It's nothing. You just remind me of someone, that's all.

ROBERT

I'm here to be interviewed.

MYRA JO

I know. Where do you come from?

ROBERT

New York.

MYRA JO

And your ancestors?

ROBERT

Africa.

MYRA JO

I mean your father, grandfather.

ROBERT

Oh, my history. Grandfather was a slave, he escaped to Canada, worked a farm and gradually made enough money to immigrate to America. It's a long story.

MYRA JO

That gris-gris, where did you get it?

ROBERT

From my father. It's been passed down to each first born son. For good luck. I never take it off.

MYRA JO

How is it lucky?

98.

ROBERT

When my grandfather escaped he had a woman with him. He says he could not have made it without her. She wore it. Disappeared. It was all he had to remember her by.

MYRA JO  
I know. Sit down.

THE END

FADE OUT

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