

EVANGELINE

written by

Clint Adams

based on the historical novel, EVANGELINE: The Seer of Wall St.

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INT. CORRIDOR, UNIV. OF BOSTON SCHOOL OF MEDICINE. 1888. DAY.

Pairs of hard-soled shoes stride down the shiny wooden floor. Bright white walls illuminate their sheen.

Their pace slows as a pair of men's shoes approach.

FEMININE VOICE (O.S.)
Good afternoon, Doctor Smith.

The men's shoes slow, stop.

DR. HEBER SMITH (O.C.)
A pleasure to see you both.

INT. DR. HEBER SMITH'S OFFICE.

Underneath a desk, women's crossed shoes--clad in metal and leather leg braces--fidget.

Atop: tablets, skull, *The North American Homeopathic Journal*, horoscopic charts and clasped hands, nails bitten down.

INT. CORRIDOR.

DR. HEBER SMITH (O.C.)
(to feminine voice)
Good day.

The men's shoes resume walking. Then stop at a door.

Towering above all, J. HEBER SMITH, M.D. (50s) opens the door to his office.

INT. DR. HEBER SMITH'S OFFICE.

Dr. Heber Smith sees an unassuming, pale-complected teenager, EVANGELINE SMITH ADAMS crouched in his seat, plain round face buried in a horoscope. Crutches beside her.

DR. HEBER SMITH
I'm the patient today. Is that it?

EVANGELINE
I just wanted to know how it felt,
sir. Being so important.

Young Evangeline attempts to rise.

DR. HEBER SMITH
 (extends his hand)
 Stay.

EVANGELINE
 My findings, Doctor. You'll be
 astounded. I composed charts for--

Dr. Heber Smith closes and locks his office door.

DR. HEBER SMITH
 The stars can wait, Evangeline. How
 are you?

EVANGELINE
 Me? Fair enough, I suppose.
 Stiffness comes and goes.

Evangeline picks up Dr. Heber Smith's ephemeris (astronomical almanac), raises it in the air with caution, then pride.

EVANGELINE (CONT'D)
 I composed charts for *twenty-four*
 of your other patients. In four
 days. Not so sure I could, but...
 (frowns)
 Such sorrow. Half won't make it.

Evangeline hands the book over to Dr. Heber Smith.

Dr. Heber Smith pushes it away.

DR. HEBER SMITH
 Yours to keep now.

EVANGELINE
 The currant jam between the pages?

Dr. Heber Smith nods.

DR. HEBER SMITH
 The cover, too.
 (beat)
 You'll be needing it. You're well
 enough. It's time.

EVANGELINE
 Mine? Forever? But, what if--

DR. HEBER SMITH
What if? That's your mo--
 apprehension talking, not you.

EVANGELINE

I'm a woman. It's my prerogative.

Dr. Heber Smith reaches for a piece of notepaper inside the pages of the sticky book and begins reading.

DR. HEBER SMITH

*You'll be a woman of modern times.
Your horoscope denies you offspring
of your own. But it indicates that
you are better able to rock the
cradle of the world than the cradle
of one child.*

Evangeline uncrosses her feet, sits a bit taller. Grins.

INT. OFFICE, FLOUR MILL. BROOKLINE, MASS. 1895. DAY.

Seated at her desk, color in her cheeks, Evangeline, now 27, makes an entry into a ledger. Caps her pen, puts it away.

She stares at the clock. Reaches down to grab her satchel that rests on her brace-less left calf. No crutches nearby.

IRWIN LORD (late 30s), Evangeline's employer, sneaks up behind her. Taps her on the shoulder.

EVANGELINE

My heavens, Irwin. You startled me.

IRWIN

My apologies, Miss Adams,
but...I've been doing this...

Irwin taps the air.

IRWIN (CONT'D)

...at closing time for years.

EVANGELINE

Yes, you have. I'm so sorry--I *can*
take the train with you, but I'll
be continuing on to Boylston.

Evangeline opens her satchel, exposes its contents to Irwin.

EVANGELINE (CONT'D)

(whispers)

Readings. I'm meeting two new
clients near Emerson. So thrilled.

Irwin covers his ears.

INT. RAILROAD CAR. NEARING BOSTON. NIGHT.

Astrological books, a compass, protractor and a galaxy map cover the seats to the left and right of Evangeline.

Irwin sits across from her. Taps Evangeline on the knee.

Her knee-jerk reaction shoos his hand away like it's a fly.

EVANGELINE

Irwin, please. My work.

Evangeline draws a horoscopic wheel with a beam compass, sifts through tables of planetary positions in her ephemeris.

IRWIN

Evangeline. Your *work*? Why do you wast--Hasn't brought in a plug nickel.

Evangeline pays no attention. Reaches for a book.

IRWIN (CONT'D)

Miss Ad--, I mean, Evangeline, Once we're married--

EVANGELINE

Those ladies listen to me, Irwin. They take me, my work, seriously.

Evangeline presses her Index finger to her lips. Silence.

INT. CLEGG FAMILY HOME. TREMONT ST., BOSTON.

Sisters MILLICENT CLEGG (early 20s) and MAUDE CLEGG (mid 20s) sit before Evangeline--in their small, modest home--sobbing.

EVANGELINE

Travel. Identical moons. In Sagittarius. Travel would benefit you, greatly. New life, new loves.

MAUDE CLEGG

New loves?

EVANGELINE

Future mates oftentimes meet each other whilst traveling. No constrictions. No distractions. Both of you, as free as a bird.

MILLICENT CLEGG

How would we afford such a thing?

EVANGELINE

I saw it in your charts earlier.
Sell this house. Your parents, Lord
rest their souls, want this.

MAUDE CLEGG, MILLICENT CLEGG

They do?

EVANGELINE

Undeniably. Your mother and father
want you to flourish. Create new
lives, travel, move, begin again.

No more sobbing. The two sisters appear optimistic for the
first time. They look at each other with eyes open wide.

EVANGELINE (CONT'D)

Change is good for the soul.

MILLICENT CLEGG

My heart feels less heavy now,
Evangeline.

MAUDE CLEGG

Mine, too. And, hope. I'm more hope-
filled than before.

MAUDE CLEGG, MILLICENT CLEGG

Thank you, Evangeline.

Maude reaches out, touches Evangeline's left hand. Millicent
touches Evangeline's right.

Evangeline beams with pride, satisfaction, fulfillment.

EXT. REVERE ST. BEACON HILL.

Evangeline strolls with a slight limp; no leg braces, no
crutches.

Makes a flippant sign of the cross as she passes a chapel.

Walks up steps, pauses. Takes in a gulp of air before her
hand makes contact with the doorknob.

INT. EVANGELINE'S HOME.

Once Evangeline enters, a metal vat is heard falling to the
ground in the kitchen.

Evangeline tiptoes into her room. She gathers her compass,
protractor, astro apparatus and sits at a work table.

Dips her pen into the well and writes *Irwin Nathaniel Lord -- b. 3rd day of June, 1867 2:01 p.m. -- Boston, Mass.*

Thumbs through the pages of an ephemeris. Hinges creak. The door to Evangeline's room swings open.

EVANGELINE

Mother...I didn't know you were home.

Buttoned-up, tightly corseted firebrand HARRIET ADAMS (early 60s) storms in, carries a bible. Slams it down onto the desk barely missing Evangeline's fingers, causes the pen to fly.

HARRIET

You - are - Evangeline - Adams.

Evangeline trembles.

HARRIET (CONT'D)

Direct descendant of Presidents John, John Quincy. You should be ashamed. Casting dishonor to our name. Our family.

EVANGELINE

Begging your par--

HARRIET

Heathenry!

Harriet looks down, sees Irwin's name. Sighs relief.

HARRIET (CONT'D)

Matrimony will save your soul. I won't have it said that I bore a spinster.

EVANGELINE

Mother, his...

Evangeline points to her findings.

EVANGELINE (CONT'D)

We're not the least bit compatible.

With her right arm Harriet sweeps the books, tools, chart and ink well off the desk. All spills onto the floor.

She storms out.

INT. DR. HEBER SMITH'S OFFICE. 1898. DAY.

Evangeline, age 29, knocks on Dr. Heber Smith's office door.
Dr. Heber Smith is thinner, drawn.

He opens it; Evangeline focuses on his body, says nothing.

DR. HEBER SMITH
The clock never stops ticking.

They embrace delicately.

EVANGELINE
I just want to look at you until--
It's been so long.

DR. HEBER SMITH
You're well?

EVANGELINE
Mother still says that astrology is
unbefitting an Adams.

DR. HEBER SMITH
Then change your last name.

EVANGELINE
You haven't changed.

Evangeline notices the crutches next to his desk, points.

EVANGELINE (CONT'D)
Yours?

DR. HEBER SMITH
Déjà vu.

Dr. Heber Smith scans Evangeline's face and body up and down.

DR. HEBER SMITH (CONT'D)
Seems like yesterday.
(pauses)
You're making time for yourself. I
can tell.

EVANGELINE
Well, Mother still needs me. She's
become immobile. But I do have my
own business now. Just hired a
secretary. I get by.

DR. HEBER SMITH
Take it. Grab it. It'll be over
before you know it, Evangeline.

Dr. Heber Smith taps the gold watch hanging from his pocket.

DR. HEBER SMITH (CONT'D)

Trust me.

INT. EVANGELINE'S STUDIO. COPLEY SQUARE. NIGHT.

MRS. E.P. BRUSH (late 40s), Evangeline's prudish secretary types out a letter, stops when Evangeline enters.

MRS. BRUSH

The doctor?

Evangeline blows the ink dry on a page she's holding. Places it onto Mrs. Brush's typewriter.

EVANGELINE

Twenty-third of October. A malady of the heart.

MRS. BRUSH

I'm so sorry to hear, ma'am.

EVANGELINE

I'll miss him terribly. He asked me the oddest question as we parted. But my answer wasn't entirely true.

MRS. BRUSH

And what was that?

EVANGELINE

He asked how I became so single-minded about astrology. I told him, You. You motivated me. To show gratitude. To please him.

MRS. BRUSH

You must have sensed his passing, Mrs. And your reply was false?

EVANGELINE

Somewhat. Helping others. Charting horoscopes accurately gives my life a purpose. Validates my destiny.

EXT. CEMETERY. DAY.

Twenty-or-so mourners are gathered around a gravesite. A CLERGYMAN (mid 30s) reads from an opened bible.

CLERGYMAN

In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground; for out of it wast thou taken: for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.

He throws dirt onto the lead coffin, then mourners disperse.

Approaching Evangeline, Irwin is teary-eyed. She is not.

IRWIN

Such an exceptional woman. She gave dignity to the name Adams.

EVANGELINE

Mother felt that about you, Irwin. A true gentleman. Noble.

(beat)

Honest. And you deserve...

She pulls off her engagement ring.

EVANGELINE (CONT'D)

...the same.

Irwin's face turns red. He retreats from Evangeline, re-focuses on the coffin.

EVANGELINE (CONT'D)

Now that she's gone, I'm no longer needed here. I'll be moving to New York.

Dejected Irwin turns back; his eyes crucify Evangeline.

IRWIN

(in a softer voice)

Harriet tried telling me about you. Your proclivities.

Evangeline reaches out to comfort Irwin. He bolts back.

IRWIN (CONT'D)

Five years of my life...Gone!

Some of the remaining mourners notice the disturbance, gawk.

Evangeline offers Irwin the ring in the palm of her hand.

Irwin slaps Evangeline's hand from below; the ring goes flying. Irwin runs off.

Evangeline's flesh turns red with embarrassment.

EXT. SOUTH (TRAIN) STATION. 1899. DAY.

MRS. BRUSH
 Nearly three and a half million
 inhabitants. Teeming with
 immigrants. Mightn't we become lost
 in the shuffle?

Evangeline picks up a heavy piece of luggage.

MRS. BRUSH (CONT'D)
 You shouldn't, Mrs. Your lumbago.

EVANGELINE
 That's true. I'll carry only the
 smallest.

MRS. BRUSH
 Third carriage. Once inside, I'll
 prepare your Milk of Magnesia.

EVANGELINE
 Yours, not mine, Mrs. Brush. No
 thank you. I'm not yet decrepit.

Evangeline swaggers ahead to the railroad car, leaving Mrs. Brush to follow.

INT. RAILROAD CAR. ATTLEBORO, MASS.

Evangeline and Mrs. Brush have a cabin to themselves.
 Evangeline's astro paraphernalia cover two seat cushions.

Mrs. Brush sits directly across from her employer.

Silverware is heard falling onto a floor outside the cabin.

EVANGELINE
 The dining car must be nearby. I'm
 quite excited. Are you, Mrs. Brush?

MRS. BRUSH
 About what?

EVANGELINE
 This adventure, new-found freedom.
 Capturing chance opportunities.

MRS. BRUSH
 Call me conventional, Mrs. I miss
 Boston...and Father, already.

Mrs. Brush retrieves her *Book of Isaiah*. Fondles it.

Scenery whizzes by. Evangeline prepares her work station within the cabin. Books, compass, protractor, ink well, pen.

Places paper onto a tabletop, writes *Evangeline Smith Adams -- b. 8th day of February, 1868 8:30 a.m. -- Jersey City, N.J.*

Mrs. Brush sees Evangeline's name.

MRS. BRUSH (CONT'D)
You're creating your own chart?

EVANGELINE
Finally. Horary technique. A simple, straightforward reveal.

MRS. BRUSH
And based on what query?

EVANGELINE
What will come of my new life in Manhattan?

Below her name, Evangeline draws three concentric circles. Divides the space between them into twelve equal sections.

Labels each: Aries, Taurus, Gemini and more (illegibly), using corresponding glyphs.

After leafing through the pages of her ephemeris, Evangeline begins her computations, makes notations onto the page.

INT. RAILROAD CAR. NEW LONDON, CONN.

Evangeline stares out the window to the seaport. The knob on the cabin door turns.

She grabs the page containing her completed chart, scans a memo at the top: *a dramatic woman*.

Evangeline quickly folds the chart into quarters, stuffs it underneath the seat cushion beside her.

Mrs. Brush enters the cabin with tea and assortments.

EVANGELINE
Thank you. Mrs. Brush, may I ask...how long is it you've been married to Fath--, Mr. Brush?

MRS. BRUSH
Four years now, ma'am. Nearly five.

EVANGELINE

And your outside interests...
 (with bated breath)
 Do you find yourself enchanted with
 dramatic theatre?

MRS. BRUSH

Why, yes, Mrs. Adams. I certainly
 am. I attend often. The Boston
 Museum. *Twelfth Night*--

EVANGELINE

It's your attraction to performing
 I was inquiring about. Have you
 ever been a dramatic actress?

MRS. BRUSH

Me? In the theatre? Oh, my heavens.
 That could never be. The entire
 concept terrifies me. Actress. I'd
 be panic stricken.

Mrs. Brush retreats to her bible.

INT. RAIL CABIN. GRAND CENTRAL STATION, NYC. NIGHT.

Evangeline's body shakes uncontrollably. Every limb in spasm.

Mrs. Brush grabs, jostles her sleeping employer by the
 shoulders, sweat above Evangeline's upper lip.

MRS. BRUSH

Mrs. Mrs., please. Wake up.

Evangeline bolts upright. Hand reaches out.

EVANGELINE

November tenth.

Evangeline loses her breath.

EVANGELINE (CONT'D)

Mrs. Brush. A horrible dream.

MRS. BRUSH

For the Lord's sake, ma'am. Take
 hold of yourself.

Mrs. Brush lets go, steps aside. Retrieves baggage, leaves.

Evangeline sees *d. 10th November, 1932* appearing on a page
 that peers through the edge of the seat cushion.

Mrs. Brush appears. Evangeline grabs the chart, crumples it.

INT. RECEPTION DESK, ASTOR HOUSE. NIGHT.

Mrs. Brush and Evangeline stand before a clerk at the desk. A porter moves their luggage onto a trolley.

The clerk steps aside when the manager, MR. VAN AMSTEL (mid 60s), sees Evangeline.

MR. VAN AMSTEL
Why, Miss Adams. What a heartfelt
pleasure. Your usual suite awaits
you.

EVANGELINE
And my secretary?

MR. VAN AMSTEL
Adjoining room.

EVANGELINE
We're here on business.
Consultations.

MRS. BRUSH
Then back to Boston, if no
possibilities come about here.

Evangeline tenses up, ignores Mrs. Brush.

EVANGELINE
A few of my local clients will be
paying short visits.

MR. VAN AMSTEL
Business. Of what sort, ma'am?

EVANGELINE
What I do in Boston. Palmistry,
charting astrological diagrams.

MR. VAN AMSTEL
I beg your pardon. Palmistry?

EVANGELINE
Why, yes. The interpretation of--

MR. VAN AMSTEL
The palms of one's hands.

Evangeline reaches out for Mr. Van Amstel's hand.

EVANGELINE

I could show you, if you like.

MR. VAN AMSTEL

I'm afraid that's entirely out of the question. I must apologize to you now, Miss. If this is your objective, you'll not be permitted a stay here.

EVANGELINE

But my family--

MR. VAN AMSTEL

The Adams family has been our guests for decades. Honored to have them, you. Most welcome now, but black magic will never penetrate our premises.

EXT. STREETS OF MANHATTAN. NIGHT.

Evangeline carries a heavy suitcase. Mrs. Brush lags behind as they walk. It begins to rain.

EVANGELINE

(angrily)

I'll show him.

MRS. BRUSH

We canno--I cannot move these myself. The cobblestones.

EVANGELINE

I won't need anyone else's--

MRS. BRUSH

Begging your pardon, Mrs.--

EVANGELINE

Stop!

Mrs. Brush halts her step.

EVANGELINE (CONT'D)

Stop calling me *Mrs.*!

MRS. BRUSH

A show of respect, ma'am. Decorum.

Evangeline stomps her foot. Mrs. Brush resumes walking.

EVANGELINE
I'm *unmarried*! Don't unmarried
women deserve the same respect?

MRS. BRUSH
(embarrassed)
People are staring. Ladies doing
such a thing, transporting our own
bags.

EVANGELINE
I'm a woman of modern times.

Evangeline grabs a valise from Mrs. Brush's hands.

MRS. BRUSH
(in a lower voice)
Makes you appear mannish. What
shall they think of us?

Evangeline's eyes shoot daggers. Mrs. Brush cowers.

INT. RECEPTION DESK, WINDSOR HOTEL. NIGHT.

Evangeline and Mrs. Brush enter rumpled and wet. Both wipe
rainwater from their faces, comb hair with fingers.

Hotel owner, MR. WARREN F. LELAND (early 40s), greets them.

MR. LELAND
Miss Adams, it's wonderful that
you've chosen the Windsor. We'll
make certain this visit is
memorable for you.

EVANGELINE
We're relocating here--

MRS. BRUSH
Eventually.

EVANGELINE
--for business. *Soon* to be seeking
a *permanent* office space and
residence.

MR. LELAND
That's lovely. And what type of
business might that be?

EVANGELINE
My vocation is palmistry and
astrology.

MR. LELAND

(after a pause)

My daughter Helen is quite interested in the celestial. Her birthday is coming up. In a week.

EVANGELINE

Aries. Delightful. It would please me to create Helen's chart while here, Mr. Leland. Yours as well.

MR. LELAND

Oh, how interesting that would be.

INT. MR. LELAND'S OFFICE. DAY.

Mr. Leland pours tea into his own cup after Evangeline turns her empty cup upside down.

He reads *The Wall St. Journal*. Evangeline's torso squirms.

EVANGELINE

My dear Mr. Leland.
(loses her breath)
My heavens. I don't know how to tell you, but I *must*. *Mr. Leland*.

He looks over.

EVANGELINE (CONT'D)

It's with great regret, concern that I now forewarn you of imminent, catastrophic danger.

He returns to his newspaper.

EVANGELINE (CONT'D)

You and your family. Helen. Your wife. Please prepare yourself.

MR. LELAND

Misfortune?

EVANGELINE

I warn you, sir. Now. I've never been more sincere. Instantaneous. Danger coming to this place. Immediate. Business and personal. You must be made aware.

Mr. Leland leans back in his chair. Bobs his head.

EVANGELINE (CONT'D)
 I'm so very sorry, but please do be
 mindful of what is going on before
 you...here. The state of affairs
 inside this hotel.

MR. LELAND
 Certainly, ma'am. I'm gra--

Mr. Leland stops reading. Faces Evangeline.

MR. LELAND (CONT'D)
 Ma'am, as soon as the parade is
 over, we'll examine every nook and
 cranny. Every single inch of this
 place. Don't forget, half the city
 will be outside spectating. No one
 in. No disaster. Now, wouldn't you
 care for a nice cup of tea?

EXT. WINDSOR HOTEL. DAY. MONTAGE.

- A single spectator at the St. Patrick's Day Parade on Fifth Ave. cries out. Next, others gasp and shriek.

- Flames and smoke pour out of the second floor of the hotel. Chaos. An explosion. Policemen arrive.

- They attempt to retrieve those trapped inside.

- Frantic Evangeline, covered in soot, escapes onto 46th Street. She, others are rushed away from the burning building. Mrs. Brush is yet to be seen.

- Blazes everywhere, every floor now. Some guests jump out of windows. A fire engine pulls up, shoots water onto the flames. Another fire engine.

- Mrs. Brush, nearly delirious, is rescued immediately before a wall crumbles behind her.

- More police arrive. They keep Mr. Leland at a distance, away from the inferno.

MR. LELAND
 My wife! My daughter!

INT. DINING HALL, CONTINENTAL HOTEL. DAY.

Evangeline sits motionless at her breakfast table.

A waiter brings tea, rolls and jam. Evangeline picks up *The New York Times*, glances at it, puts it back down.

Mrs. Brush arrives, her copy in hand. Recites the headline.

MRS. BRUSH
Worst fire in American history.

She waves the paper in front of Evangeline.

MRS. BRUSH (CONT'D)
Take it, Mrs--ma'am.

Evangeline pushes it away. Mrs. Brush continues narrating.

MRS. BRUSH (CONT'D)
According to Mr. Leland, an astrologist, Evangeline Adams, had foretold the entire disaster to him, privately, only one day prior.

Evangeline picks up her copy. Mrs. Brush continues.

MRS. BRUSH (CONT'D)
Miss Adams was completely certain of impending doom, so close by, imminent. Danger near you in the place of your business, she had told me. She even mentioned my family. Danger to them as well. Miss Adams knew all this.

Evangeline's face beams briefly. Then...

EVANGELINE
Skeptics will think I had something to do with it. To be proven right.

INT. EVANGELINE'S SUITE. NIGHT.

Hundreds of envelopes sit atop Evangeline's desk.

MRS. BRUSH
What's to become of these horoscope requests, ma'am?

EVANGELINE
I still don't know how they knew I was here.

MRS. BRUSH
You didn't read that one either?

Mrs. Brush grabs the newspaper resting on the stack.

MRS. BRUSH (CONT'D)
No more deaths reported...funeral of Mrs. and Miss Leland...here it is. Dr. Evangeline S. Adams of Boston and her private secretary, Mrs. Brush, who were reported missing, are safe and stopping at the Continental Hotel.

EVANGELINE
Doctor? I like the sound of that.

MRS. BRUSH
Mrs. Brush. They mentioned me.

EVANGELINE
Just like the Astor House, the management here will demand our departure if my business creates a burden.

EXT. STREETS OF MANHATTAN. DAY.

Determined Evangeline traverses the streets by foot.

EVANGELINE
Old Dame Fortune has been kind to us, Mrs. Brush.

MRS. BRUSH
Kind?

EVANGELINE
Most certainly a calamity, yes, but...a golden opportunity to fulfill my dream of becoming, quite possibly, the greatest ever.

Mrs. Brush falls behind. Shrugs.

EVANGELINE (CONT'D)
The most important astrologer in history.

INT. OFFICE, MURRAY HILL.

Evangeline, Mrs. Brush sit opposite LEASING OFFICER #1 (40s).

LEASING OFFICER #1
No, no wizardry here. We go to the
circus for that. Try the Village.

INT. WAREHOUSE OFFICE, HELL'S KITCHEN.

Evangeline, Mrs. Brush sit opposite LEASING OFFICER #2 (50s).

LEASING OFFICER #2
Witchcraft! This isn't Salem. Be
off. And take your broom with you.

INT. OFFICE, GRAMERCY PARK.

Evangeline, Mrs. Brush sit opposite LEASING OFFICER #3 (20s).

LEASING OFFICER #3
You know, I was told I was a
trapeze artist in a former life.
Men do it too, you know.

EVANGELINE
Oh, I'm sure.

LEASING OFFICER #3
By Countess Esmeralda. She hails
from Transylvania. Maybe you know
her.

MRS. BRUSH
More than likely not.

EVANGELINE
I'm seeking space for my
professional consulting business.
It's different fr--

LEASING OFFICER #3
Consulting. Many tenants here do
that. But I've never rented to a
female businessman before.

EVANGELINE
Correct me if I'm wrong, but that
would make me a *businesswoman*, now
wouldn't i--

LEASING OFFICER #3
I've never heard that.
Businesswoman. Clever. Did you coin
that one yourself?

Leasing Officer #3 laughs. The women don't.

LEASING OFFICER #3 (CONT'D)
Carnegie Hall! You're looking for
an office *and* a place to reside,
right? What do you call what you do
again? Cerebral arts?

EVANGELINE, MRS. BRUSH
Celestial arts.

LEASING OFFICER #3
I'm getting chills. You're a
celestial artist. C'est une fait
accompli.

MRS. BRUSH
Isn't Carnegie Hall a music venue?

LEASING OFFICER #3
But they have *artists* studios. To
let. C'est parfait.

EXT. PLAZA FACING CARNEGIE STEEL. DAY.

Twenty-or-so men, including ANDREW CARNEGIE (mid 60s) and
KARL STRAUB (mid 30s) at the podium. Hundreds spectate.

Founder Andrew Carnegie clears his throat.

ANDREW CARNEGIE
Twelve hours remain to this
nineteenth century. And the future
for Carnegie Steel is bright.

Applause.

ANDREW CARNEGIE (CONT'D)
With Karl Straub at the helm, we've
earned net profits of twenty-one
million dollars this year.

Applause.

Andrew Carnegie tips his hat to Karl Straub. Mr. Straub takes
an extended, over-the-top bow.

INT. CONFERENCE CENTER. NIGHT.

Evangeline, at a podium, addresses hundreds in a crowd before
her. They applaud when she's finished.

INT. EVANGELINE'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

At her desk, Evangeline writes an article about astrology.

INT. VARIOUS PRINTING PRESSES. DAY. MONTAGE.

Evangeline's article is published by:

- *The Oakland Tribune*
- *The Boston Globe*
- *The New York Times*
- *The London Chronicle*

INT. CARNEGIE HALL HALLWAY. DAY.

Dozens in line, waiting to enter Evangeline's outer office. Some ask for autographs as she approaches.

INT. EVANGELINE'S OFFICE, CARNEGIE HALL. 1901. DAY.

Waiting room is filled to capacity with Fifth Avenue society matrons, eccentric-looking well-to-dos.

Stenographers, researchers and apprentice astrologists hard at work, occupy three adjoining studios on the premises.

Alone in her suite, Evangeline doodles *November 10, 1932*.

Mrs. Brush knocks on the door, enters. Evangeline conceals her scribbles.

MRS. BRUSH
Ma'am, that messenger.

EVANGELINE
Who?

MRS. BRUSH
The mystery man. Mr. O'Malley. He's awaiting your reply.

EVANGELINE
Much too busy. I haven't the time to travel to Wall Street.

MRS. BRUSH
 But, you're still joining me
 tonight? *Fort Frayne* at the
 Broadway Theatre?

EVANGELINE
 I wouldn't miss it for the world.

Without invitation, MR. O'MALLEY (mid 20s) approaches
 Evangeline.

MR. O'MALLEY
 Master M. is a very busy man. An
 impatient one.

Evangeline shoos Mrs. Brush out the door.

EVANGELINE
 My fee doubles for out-of-office
 consults.

Mr. O'Malley reaches into his attaché case, pulls out three
 hundred-dollar bills. Places them onto the desk.

MR. O'MALLEY
 Gratuity not included. Next
 availability in his diary: two
 weeks from today.

Evangeline is speechless.

MR. O'MALLEY (CONT'D)
 Ma'am?

EVANGELINE
 Gratuity? Why, yes. What time?
 Three? Four? Sooner. I'm a morning
 person. Is he as well?

MR. O'MALLEY
 The Exchange commences precisely at
 nine-thirty. Master often partakes
 in the ritual of the opening bell.

EVANGELINE
 Oh, the bell. How wonderful. How
 much time after...that?

INT. FOYER, BROADWAY THEATRE. NIGHT.

Fans surround avant-garde playwright and former actress EMMA
 SHERIDAN-FRY (mid 30s), dressed in burgundy. They chitchat.

Opaquely-clad Evangeline enters, notices the gathering. Evangeline and Emma, both known in Boston although strangers, see and recognize each other.

A bell clangs. Patrons leave the foyer for the theatre. Emma approaches Evangeline.

EMMA

Mrs. Adams. Beacon Hill.
 (points to herself)
 Back Bay.
 (beat)
 The seer.

EVANGELINE

Miss, actually. I'm not necessarily
 a seer.

Emma pretends to shoot herself with her forefinger covered in jewel-encrusted dress gloves. Mimics an explosion.

EMMA

Teller.

EVANGELINE

Miss Sheridan, my secretar--

EMMA

Mrs., actually...married, to my
 mother's insistence.

Emma's focus turns to the audience as they disappear.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Please go on. Your secretary...

EVANGELINE

Yes, my secretary has seen you many
 times in Boston.

EMMA

Marriage put an end to that as
 well, my stage acting career. But,
 do go on. Your secretary...

EVANGELINE

Yes. It was really her idea to come
 tonight, but, she's a bit under the
 weather.

The bell clangs again.

Emma gently takes Evangeline by the arm. Evangeline ogles Emma up and down. Doesn't move right away.

EMMA
So you're alone.

Evangeline acquiesces.

EMMA (CONT'D)
(points to herself)
Your companion this evening, Miss
Adams. I hope you don't mind; I'll
be making mental notes.

EVANGELINE
I beg your pardon.

EMMA
As we spectate my words acted out.
A writer's work is never done.

Emma leads Evangeline to two vacant seats. They sit.

EVANGELINE
To be clear. I'm no teller either.

Curtain rises. Emma presses her finger to Evangeline's lips.

EMMA
Shh...showtime.

Evangeline reaches up to remove Emma's finger, but chooses to let it linger.

EXT. STREETS OF MANHATTAN. DAY.

Riding down Seventh Avenue in a horse-drawn carriage,
Evangeline checks her look in a pocket mirror.

Evangeline primps, smooths ruffles around her collar.

Stopped, a horse alongside Evangeline flicks a grainy wad of
spit in her direction. The muck lands on her face and neck.

Shocked, then an "all business" outlook lead Evangeline to
grab a hankie, clean up and display a nonchalant face.

INT. 23 WALL ST., DOWNTOWN. DAY.

Evangeline walks through the reception gallery. The finest of
artwork on display.

She approaches a RECEPTIONIST (early 20s).

EVANGELINE

I have an appointment with Mister
John Pierpont Morgan.

RECEPTIONIST

Please proceed to the top floor.
There you'll be escorted to Mr.
Morgan's suite.

Evangeline advances through a museum-like passageway and is
greeted by a SECRETARY (mid 20s).

EVANGELINE

I am Miss Evangeline Adams.

SECRETARY

Oh, yes. Mr. Morgan finds such
pleasure in...experimentation.
Please do take a seat.

Confused Evangeline waits. A bark is heard behind the door.

The secretary approaches, hands Evangeline a sealed envelope.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)

Mr. Morgan is unable to see you
today, Ma'am. Return tomorrow, same
time.

EVANGELINE

But...

The secretary points to the envelope.

SECRETARY

Payment in advance.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREETS, FINANCIAL DISTRICT. DAY.

Evangeline opens the envelope. It contains three hundred-
dollar bills.

She meanders through the financial district. Ambles up the
New York Stock Exchange steps, touches the bronze statue of
George Washington across the street.

Passes by the offices of John D. Rockefeller and E.F. Hutton.
Then onto nearby Trinity churchyard.

Takes a few steps in. Long enough to examine the marble
monument where Alexander Hamilton is buried underneath.

INT. RECEPTION AREA, EVANGELINE'S OFFICE. DAY.

MRS. BRUSH
How serious you look, Mrs. Anxious.

Evangeline hands Mrs. Brush the open money-filled envelope.

EVANGELINE
Fifteen times my standard fee. A
fortune to you and I; nothing more
than pocket change on Wall Street.

Evangeline snatches the bills from Mrs. Brush. Stuffs them
into her pocketbook.

EVANGELINE (CONT'D)
Much to do. Much to accomplish
before...Tomorrow, mid- to late-
morning. Do I have an opening?

MRS. BRUSH
What a coincidence, Ma'am. There
was but one then. The young woman
just now cancelled.

EVANGELINE
Back to Mr. Morgan's office. Please
schedule no one. I'll be most
indisposed.
(beat)
If he sees merit in me, astrology--
my career success, even my legacy--
will be cast in stone.

INT. J.P. MORGAN'S OUTER OFFICE. DAY.

SECRETARY
Mr. Morgan will see you now. Please
follow me. Tea?

EVANGELINE
Thank you, no. Caffeine shortens
one's lifesp--impairs my judgment.

INT. J.P. MORGAN'S PRIVATE OFFICE.

Evangeline is seated at a mighty desk. J.P. MORGAN (mid 60s)
is across from her, eyes glued to ticker tape.

J.P. MORGAN
You're the seer. Imogene Adams.

EVANGELINE

Yes, I am. Well, to be most accurate, I'm Evangeline Adams and I'm not necessarily a seer.

J.P. MORGAN

No? I was told--

EVANGELINE

I'm an astrologer and a palmist.

J.P. picks his nose.

J.P. MORGAN

No matter. Show me.

EVANGELINE

Of course. Please, where and when were you born?

J.P. MORGAN

Why?

EVANGELINE

Vital to my forecasting, Mr. Morgan. Date, time and place of birth. If you please.

J.P. MORGAN

Seventeenth of April. Hartford, Connecticut.

EVANGELINE

Also birth time and year.

J.P. MORGAN

1837. Time?

Two light knocks at the door. From the keyhole a faint female voice.

SECRETARY (O.S.)

Three in the morning. Precisely at three, Sir.

J.P. MORGAN

Well?

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, 23 WALL ST. DAY.

Books, astro apparatus strewn on a table. Evangeline references dates and times in the almanac, makes calculations, draws a chart, drafts an expository summary.

Takes a deep breath.

INT. J.P. MORGAN'S PRIVATE OFFICE. DAY.

J.P. MORGAN

Go.

EVANGELINE

I'll make it simple, Sir. No planetary configurations and such.

J.P. MORGAN

Go.

EVANGELINE

A coupling. You'll be engineering a merger in a very short time. Of gargantuan scale. All positive. One industry. Two companies coming together. Forming the largest corporation in this country.

J.P. tugs on ticker tape coming out of the machine.

EVANGELINE (CONT'D)

Your first effort. An agreement will fail at the last minute. Latter part of this year. The second will succeed. You will partner with a man of German descent. Iron and carbon...steel. And another man, near me at my place of busin--

J.P. MORGAN

Who've you been talking to? Old Man Carnegie?

EVANGELINE

I never met the man.

J.P. MORGAN

(a half-second pause)

That'll be all. And tell no one about this. Especially on Wall Street. Never.

J.P. waves Evangeline out. She gets up, walks to the door.

J.P. MORGAN (CONT'D)

Halt! One more thing.

(whispers)

(MORE)

J.P. MORGAN (CONT'D)
Caffeine? Is it true? Cuts our
lives short, does it?

EVANGELINE
My lips never touch it.

J.P. shoves his right palm into Evangeline's face.

J.P. MORGAN
How long have I got?

EVANGELINE
That's not for me to say, Sir.

J.P. MORGAN
Tell me. I can take it. When?

EVANGELINE
People usually depart close to the
date of their birth.
(a lengthy pause)
That's all for now. Perhaps I can
tell you more next time.

EXT. PLAZA FACING U.S. STEEL. DAY.

Twenty-or-so men, including J.P. Morgan, Andrew Carnegie and
Karl Straub at the podium. Hundreds spectate.

Co-founder ELBERT GARY (mid 50s) clears his throat.

ELBERT GARY
As of midnight last night, history
was made and U.S. Steel was born.

Applause.

ELBERT GARY (CONT'D)
Mr. Morgan and our partners
envision greatness ahead in these,
our modern times.

Applause.

ELBERT GARY (CONT'D)
Mr. Carnegie created a giant and
it's our intention to enhance not
diminish his original vision.
That's why we've chosen to retain
Mr. Straub as president.

Applause.

J.P. Morgan and Karl Straub look to each other with grins.

ELBERT GARY (CONT'D)
It's our pleasure, isn't it, Mr.
Morgan, to have Mr. Straub working
for us?

J.P.'s grin remains. Karl Straub's mouth forms a grimace.

INT. EVANGELINE'S OFFICE. DAY.

Karl Straub sits before Evangeline, mesmerized.

EVANGELINE
Mr. Morgan's an Aries, playful,
child-like. Treat him as such.

KARL STRAUB
All we ever talk about is money and
steel. I'm hoping to expand our
conversations beyond that.

EVANGELINE
Find an expensive toy made of
steel. Give it to him.

KARL STRAUB
I will. Anything you'd like to
volunteer about his personal life?

EVANGELINE
Why...Mr. Straub. I'm a
professional. I cannot--

KARL STRAUB
Oh, of course.
(pause)
J.P. absolutely raves about your
services, Miss Adams. The stars.
Timing and such. His praises are
what drew me here.
(beat)
How much does he pay you? I'll give
you double, triple.

EVANGELINE
Oh, I could never...

KARL STRAUB
Four, five, six times more.

EVANGELINE
That's completely unnecessary.

Karl Straub pulls out his over-stuffed billfold.

EVANGELINE (CONT'D)
Well...if you insist, Mr. Straub.

KARL STRAUB
Karl.

INT. EMMA'S SUITE, SHERRY-NETHERLAND HOTEL. 1902. DAY.

Emma pecks her husband's cheek. Walks out, exits the hotel.

EXT. W. 59TH STREET.

Emma glides down the sidewalk while pinching her complexion, re-adjusts her corset, pops a breath mint into her mouth.

INT. EVANGELINE'S OFFICE.

Evangeline motions for Emma to sit. A bell outside clangs.

Evangeline cringes.

EVANGELINE
Vespers. My secretary; a church bell striking not on the hour offends her.

EMMA
A Virgo. Precise in all they do.

EVANGELINE
You're a quick learner.

EMMA
You see her as a Virgo. I see an antiquated, provincial Bostonian.

EVANGELINE
I chose her because of it. Virgo. The martyr. A married, by-the-book Virgo. Dedicated to work above all else. No husband-searching.

EMMA
Well, at least her husband allows her to work. A blessing these days.

EVANGELINE
Shall we begin?

Emma closes her eyes, dips her head.

EVANGELINE (CONT'D)
May I have your right palm?

Emma extends her hand to Evangeline's and opens her eyes; she flirts when their hands touch.

EMMA
It doesn't matter if I happen to be
left-handed, does it?

Emma becomes more overt. Evangeline doesn't reciprocate.

EVANGELINE
So...you're left-handed.

EMMA
No.

Evangeline removes her hand from Emma's.

EVANGELINE
Perhaps an astro interpretation
instead. More detailed.

Emma consents.

EVANGELINE (CONT'D)
Already completed.

Evangeline picks up Emma's chart, begins her analysis.

EVANGELINE (CONT'D)
Your moon is third degree Taurus.
Written communication over spoken.
Shakespeare was a Taurus.
(pauses)
Your literary skills--It is through
your writing that you'll be making
fullest use of your faculties.

EMMA
I can already see that myself, yes.

EVANGELINE
Many planets in Sagittarius. For
the rest of your life you will
travel for work. Distant from your
husband.
(a lengthy pause)
At some point--

EMMA

Nothing new about that. We don't need to be together all the time.

EVANGELINE

(scowls)

It's best to remain at least a bit open. Somewhat less skeptical.

(pause)

At some point--

EMMA

I'm also a longtime suffragist, a twentieth-century female.

EVANGELINE

How commendable.

(another pause)

At some point...

(a noticeable hesitation)

...a woman. Plays a prominent role in your life. More than a sisterly bond.

Evangeline doesn't know what to say next.

EMMA

For your edification...Alfred accepts my life...unencumbered. As I do his.

INT. KARL STRAUB OFFICE, U.S. STEEL. 1903. NIGHT.

J.P. Morgan hunches above one side of a desk, Elbert Gary over the other. Karl Straub is seated between the two.

All three have red faces; they're shouting at each other at the same time. No words are comprehensible.

Enraged Karl Straub is the first to stop. His air goes from resigned and defeated to retaliatory in a split second.

INT. J.P. MORGAN'S OFFICE. DAY.

J.P. MORGAN

Balderdash! You knew I was givin' Straub the axe. Then wham, he quits. A coincidence?

EVANGELINE

I never said--

J.P. MORGAN
Nonsense. From now on, only me. No other money wranglers. Exclusivity or nothin'!

EVANGELINE
But, J.P. I have to earn--

J.P. MORGAN
Dough. Who doesn't? Keep your old ladies, those freethinkers. But no one else on Wall Street.

EVANGELINE
I've been so loyal to you, Sir! My predictions.
(beat)
That second agreement with Mr. Carnegie, successful. The first billion-dollar company. My guidance helped you become--

J.P. shakes his head, his fist.

J.P. MORGAN
The richest man in America. I know.

EVANGELINE
To let them go...would be disloyal, unprofessional. Mr. Straub. Seymour Cromwell, the others.

J.P. turns his back to Evangeline. Analyzes ticker tape.

J.P. MORGAN
Me or them. Not a question. Never was.

J.P. swivels his chair around, slides a sealed envelope across the desk to Evangeline. She picks it up, places it into her pocketbook already overflowing with cash.

EVANGELINE
As you wish, Sir.

EXT. ENTRANCE, CARNEGIE HALL. DAY.

Evangeline approaches the entry to Carnegie Hall. She's sees the DOORMAN (mid 50s) through the glass.

Evangeline opens the door, sets one foot in before the doorman rises from his seat.

DOORMAN
Allow me, Ma'am.

EVANGELINE
From now on, I'll do it myself.

INT. EVANGELINE'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

In dungarees, appearing anything but royal, bleary-eyed KING EDWARD VII (late 60s) sips brandy, rests his feet on top of the seat cushion before him.

EDWARD VII
More wine gums?

Edward VII drops a bag of candy onto Evangeline's desk. It pops open. He coughs while grabbing a few pieces.

EDWARD VII (CONT'D)
Don't mind if I do. I favor the red
and the black.

Edward points to the gums. Clears his throat.

EDWARD VII (CONT'D)
Dee-licious.

EVANGELINE
Your health, Edward? Do you still
smoke?

EDWARD VII
(in a gravelly voice)
My heavens. I no longer have the
time. Nearly never.

INT. KARL STRAUB HOUSE, RIVERSIDE @ W. 73RD. DAY.

Karl Straub, wearing a smoking jacket, stands with Detective ADELE PRIESS (late 30s), inside the doorway.

KARL STRAUB
She aims to be...the best ever?

ADELE PRIESS
Tells everyone that. Despises non-
believers. Seems to take their
rejection of her fortune-telling
personally.

KARL STRAUB
 A woman? Best ever? She'll never
 get there with a blemished record.

Straub opens the door. Priess steps out. They shake hands.

KARL STRAUB (CONT'D)
 Wonderful to see you. Excellent
 progress you're making. As always,
 keep me posted.

ADELE PRIESS
 You'll be the first to know.

Straub closes the door.

EXT. KARL STRAUB HOUSE.

Priess begins to walk down the gravel path to exit.

Midway she notices a protest nearby becoming louder.

Suffragettes parading down Riverside Drive, throughout the
 entire Upper West Side. Thousands.

Together they carry signs that read, *WE WERE VOTERS OUT WEST!*
WHY DENY OUR RIGHTS IN THE EAST? and *DEEDS NOT WORDS.*

As Priess is let out by a gatekeeper, A BLOND SUFFRAGETTE
 (early 20s) approaches her.

BLOND SUFFRAGETTE
 Come join us! There's power in
 numbers.

The Suffragette hands Priess a banner, but Priess pushes the
 woman and her banner away.

Priess's duffel bag falls to the pavement. Its clasp opens
 and out pops a mammoth wad of rolled-up hundred-dollar bills.

Det. Priess quickly collects what fell out. Scurries away.

INT. EVANGELINE'S OFFICE, CARNEGIE HALL.

Mrs. Brush paraphrases from *The New York Times* she's holding.

MRS. BRUSH
 Ten arrests in one week, Ma'am.

Evangeline drinks her Bismosal. Walks in circles.

EVANGELINE

What?

MRS. BRUSH

Ten fortune-tellers downtown.
Bohemians, gypsies. To appear in
court.

Evangeline snatches the paper away from Mrs. Brush.

EVANGELINE

I'm no fortune-teller. They're not
me. You're doubting my abilities,
Mrs. Brush?

Evangeline places the paper onto a table, article-side down.

Sits. Rests her elbows on her desk, head pointed down, rubs
her stomach.

EVANGELINE (CONT'D)

A new strategy. Fresh approach.
Expand. Add more high profile-
clients...like Edward.

(beat)

J.P.'s left me no alternative.
Unbeknownst to him, he's forcing me
to make astrology known to all.

Evangeline strokes the antique porcelain elephant next to her
blotter.

MRS. BRUSH

It's this city, Miss Adams. Filled
with vagrants, derelicts.

EVANGELINE

No. New York City is where I'll
craft my fortune. I must.

MRS. BRUSH

Begging your pardon, ma'am...if you
were to have a man, a husband...

Evangeline stands up. Takes another gulp of Bismosal.

EVANGELINE

Mrs. Brush, there's no law against
being a spinster. Is there?

MRS. BRUSH

Well, no. But, society...

EVANGELINE
 Thus far I haven't been arrested.
 Being an unmarried woman. No
 Magistrates Court for me.

Evangeline places the glass onto the desk. Puts her coat on,
 walks to the door.

MRS. BRUSH
 Your antiquing appointment?

EVANGELINE
 (smiles)
 Always brings me pleasure. I'll
 think new and fresh business
 strategies on my walk there.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK. DAY.

Evangeline's right foot lands in dog shit. Tries scraping it
 off onto the grass.

She tiptoes to a nearby pond, dips her shoe in. A STRANGER
 (late 20s) appears from the rear.

STRANGER
 Please allow me, ma'am. I always
 carry a shoe brush with me here.

EVANGELINE
 How very kind. Thank you, sir.

STRANGER
 Stepping into--unpleasantness--
 seems to be my destiny.
 (pauses)
 You don't remember me, do you.
 You're the Carnegie Hall seer.

EVANGELINE
 My mind's so very full. I'm sorry.

STRANGER
 Touch my ankle.

Evangeline takes a step back. The stranger lifts his pants
 slightly, displays a wooden leg.

STRANGER (CONT'D)
 You told me that peril was coming
 my way. Immediately. About a year
 and a half ago.
 (MORE)

STRANGER (CONT'D)

Your waiting area, mostly upper crust ladies. You mentioned that I was the only man.

EVANGELINE

Oh, yes. I recall.

STRANGER

My employ was terminated, my fiancée died and...

(points to his leg)

...a mare gone mad. None of it could be avoided. God's will.

EVANGELINE

How tragic.

STRANGER

Tragic? That's *your* interpretation. Thank God I'd dismissed all you'd predicted. These experiences changed me. Made me stronger.

Evangeline fixates on the man's false leg.

STRANGER (CONT'D)

I don't believe we're meant to know the future, events to be. What's to come should remain a mystery.

EVANGELINE

So you're in opposition to what I do...my calling.

STRANGER

Pardon me for saying so, Miss Adams, but every scientist on Earth has the capacity to keep learning. You told me the stars are infallible. But we're on Earth, not up in the stars.

The stranger taps his wooden leg with his cane, tips his hat.

STRANGER (CONT'D)

Good day to you, Ma'am.

He walks away with a noticeable limp.

INT. EVANGELINE'S OFFICE. DAY.

Evangeline sits behind her desk, yawns. Her client, MISS ROMANCE IS EVERYTHING (mid 40s) adjusts her tangerine turban.

EVANGELINE

Is this correct? The birth year
you've provided?

MISS ROMANCE IS EVERYTHING

Oh, without a doubt. I just turned
twenty-nine.

EVANGELINE

Well, I do see a most tempestuous
time ahead in the area of romance.
A man is--or is about to be--
disloyal to you...with someone you
know. This will take place in the
near future, the next few months.
The outcome doesn't appear to be in
your favor.

MISS ROMANCE IS EVERYTHING

And you would see it differently
if...I were born in, let's say,
another year?

Evangeline glares at the wall clock, then rubs her eyes.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY. 1904. NIGHT.

Evangeline and her ten employees gather, sit.

All in their twenties except for Evangeline and Mrs. Brush.
In a circle, they offer marketing strategies.

RESEARCHER

A speaking tour within England and
western Europe. While there,
another visit with King Edward.

STENOGRAPHER

Increase newsletter subscriptions
to over one hundred thousand.
My neighbor works for Hearst.
Perhaps a syndicated column. Or
horoscopes in print.

MRS. BRUSH

What if no one--

EVANGELINE

Next.

RECEPTIONIST

Books. William Lilly wrote several. You should too, Ma'am. They lend credibility.

MAIL HANDLER

Group consultations. Here, outside Manhattan. Colleges and universities. Men's clubs.

BOOKKEEPER

Endorsements. Notables from vaudeville. Actors and actresses from the theatre, maybe even moving pictures.

MRS. BRUSH

Father says that picture shows are merely a fad.

INT. HEALY'S, E. 18TH @ IRVING PLACE. NIGHT.

The casual atmosphere, a bit raucous.

Emma and Evangeline are seated for supper, strain to concentrate.

EMMA

Oh, Nickelodeons will be all the rage. You can bet on it.

Two drunk patrons at the bar shout at each other.

EVANGELINE

It's such a pleasant evening. Perhaps we stroll outside after.

EMMA

There's much more to tell.

EVANGELINE

About your journey.

EMMA

And then some. I was elected vice president of the New England Woman's Press Association.

Emma and Evangeline continue to chat. The waiter brings an apéritif. The two women toast to one another.

They both smile. It remains. Emma's hand touches Evangeline's, massages it tenderly. Makes Evangeline squirm.

EXT. PARK AVENUE. NIGHT.

Evangeline and Emma slowly amble north under the night sky.

EMMA

I'll forever recall that conversation. Your office. Bells chiming. Sister--

EVANGELINE

The stars never lie.

EMMA

You and your stars. I'm beginning to like them.

(beat)

Just as you'd mentioned to me, I do find myself more and more drawn to New York. Perhaps a permanent move soon. Back to Boston in May though.

EVANGELINE

Sheridan's graduation? I'm thinking of going up myself; a few original clients to see. I'll call on you.

(pauses)

Your husband continues to travel?

EMMA

Yes, he does. As do I. That twentieth anniversary trip was more for our son.

(grins)

Turning eighteen. Soon he'll have his own life.

EVANGELINE

Still intent on being an aviator?

EMMA

Absolutely. Loves exploration. As soon as we arrived in Europe, we three went in separate directions. Our one time together...the cruise.

Evangeline examines Emma's face, then hairstyle. Emma reaches up, removes a lock of hair that covers her left eye.

EVANGELINE

What a lovely bracelet. Made of ivory? I, incidentally, have collected over three hundred porcelain elephants. Every color known to mankind.

Emma stops walking. So does Evangeline. Facing Evangeline, Emma places both hands on Evangeline's cheeks.

EMMA

If I may...why is it you're not married, Evangeline?

EVANGELINE

I was once engaged. But *scandalously* terminated my relationship. My employer.

EMMA

And when was that?

EVANGELINE

About five years ago. In Boston. I thought I loved him, but it never felt quite right.

EMMA

Calling off an engagement in Boston. That's practically punishable by law.

Evangeline snickers. Emma kisses Evangeline on the forehead.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Perhaps we just haven't yet found the right ones.

Emma removes her hands, takes Evangeline by the elbow, wraps it around hers.

EVANGELINE

Perhaps.

Arm in arm they saunter on.

EXT. CONFECTIONERY STORE, R.H. MACY & CO. NIGHT.

Evangeline stoops over, salivates seeing the display of salt water taffy.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

You've a sweet tooth this evening?

EVANGELINE

Karl.

KARL STRAUB

Mr. Straub.
(beat)

(MORE)

KARL STRAUB (CONT'D)
I'm surprised you recognized me. So
very long since you abandoned us.

Straub offers Evangeline a piece of candy. She accepts, pops
it into her mouth, begins chewing.

EVANGELINE
Why, sir. I... I...

KARL STRAUB
Tongue tied? I can understand.
Working for J.P. I don't know how
you're able to get a word in.

EVANGELINE
Sir, I thought you understood.

KARL STRAUB
No. Choosing J.P. Morgan over *me*?
(beat)
I've someone new consulting me now.
A Scorpio. She's taught me much
about revenge.

Evangeline's face turns red.

KARL STRAUB (CONT'D)
Burning bridges on Wall Street,
Evangeline. How dare you? A *woman*
relinquishing a *man*? Me, Karl
Straub. The audacity. You should
know better.

Straub removes an embroidered hankie from his pocket.

KARL STRAUB (CONT'D)
May I?

Dabs sweat off Evangeline's brow.

EVANGELINE
Mr. Straub. I never meant to. Mr.
Morgan forced me.

KARL STRAUB
How's your lady friend? Or should I
say lady friends? Discretion's the
key, Evangeline. Could lead to the
ruin of your career. I'll make sure
of that.

Evangeline chokes on the candy, loses her breath. Her eyes
bug out.

INT. MRS. BRUSH'S QUARTERS, CARNEGIE HALL. 1907. DAY.

Enraged Mrs. Brush flings her belongings into her luggage.

MRS. BRUSH
Barbaric lust! Sin in his immigrant
eyes.

EVANGELINE
Salvatore? The doorman? Did--

MRS. BRUSH
Makes me want to wretch.

Mrs. Brush pushes Evangeline out of the way. Pulls clothes
down from a rack.

EVANGELINE
Mrs. Brush, please don't resign.

Evangeline places her hand on Mrs. Brush's shoulder. She
flinches. Evangeline removes it.

Mrs. Brush sneers.

MRS. BRUSH
You wouldn't know. You can't
imagine how I feel.

EVANGELINE
He touched you?

MRS. BRUSH
Yes. That filth touched me.

Mrs. Brush closes one suitcase, locks it. Then another.

MRS. BRUSH (CONT'D)
Move away. You'll *never* understand.
Father told me so.

Mrs. Brush carries two suitcases to the door, turns the knob.

MRS. BRUSH (CONT'D)
God knows about you, your ways.

Mrs. Brush exits through the door.

MRS. BRUSH (CONT'D)
The Lord Almighty sees all.

INT. EVANGELINE'S APARTMENT. 1909. DAY.

SABINE GOLDMAN (mid 20s), Evangeline's new oversexed secretary and recent immigrant, massages Evangeline's neck.

EVANGELINE
Mrs. Brush would have hated you.

SABINE
Because I replaced her? Because I'm German?

EVANGELINE
Because you have no fear. A woman unafraid to touch another woman.

SABINE
Nothing scares me, meine Dame.

Sabine smiles. Evangeline looks at her with awe.

EVANGELINE
Did you prepare everything? Pack my green gown?

SABINE
Natürlich, Miss. You'll be a temptress.

Evangeline blushes, shakes her head.

INT. MAIN STATE ROOM, BUCKINGHAM PALACE, LONDON, 1910. NIGHT.

Inching her way through the reception line, Evangeline, dressed in emerald green, stops, curtsies.

King Edward VII beams upon recognizing Evangeline.

EDWARD VII
Miss Adams. You bring such a smile to my face.

EVANGELINE
Your Royal Highness. As always, an honor to see you. Especially here.

EDWARD VII
Unlike my visits to you in Manhattan. Rather informal, to say the least.
(beat)
You must enlighten me with another consult while here.

King Edward coughs, catches his breath.

EDWARD VII (CONT'D)
For one of...

King Edward squeezes Evangeline's hand tightly. Coughs again.

EVANGELINE
My pleasure, Your Majesty.

EDWARD VII
...my children.

EVANGELINE
Princess Louise?

EDWARD VII
George.
(beat)
My successor.

Evangeline looks at the king quizzically.

EDWARD VII (CONT'D)
(whispers)
Third June, 1865. Marlborough
House. Nine fifty-five, morning.

INT. EVANGELINE'S HOTEL ROOM, LONDON, DAY.

Sabine and Evangeline sit at desks opposite each other.

EVANGELINE
I may as well create the king's
chart first. Uncertain of his birth
time though.

SABINE
Ten forty-eight in the morning.

EVANGELINE
You're positive of that, I assume?

SABINE
You assume. I know. I remember he
said, Ten forty-eight. Ninth of
November, 1841. Buckingham Palace.

Evangeline scribes. Looks forlorn.

INT. EVANGELINE'S HOTEL ROOM, LONDON. NIGHT.

Evangeline's hands are clasped. She gazes out her window to see heavy rain falling. Sabine raps on the door, enters.

EVANGELINE
His heart's going to stop.

Sabine gasps. Puts her hand over her mouth.

EVANGELINE (CONT'D)
Two weeks from now. May Sixth. Mid
afternoon.

INT. EVANGELINE'S OUTER OFFICE, NEW YORK CITY. DAY.

Sabine sits at her desk, re-fastens her tight bra and smokes.

Another secretary hands her a copy of *The New York Times*. The king's death on the front page. Sabine begins to choke.

INT. EVANGELINE'S OFFICE. DAY.

Opera star ENRICO CARUSO (mid 30s) fawns over Evangeline and her "powers."

ENRICO CARUSO
You like the Italian men, Signora?

EVANGELINE
Signorina.

ENRICO CARUSO
The best, eh?

Evangeline rolls her eyes.

EVANGELINE
You've done it all, but I do see
you soon raising the bar. *Otello*.

ENRICO CARUSO
My dream.

EVANGELINE
A long voyage. Business. Different
places. New fans. Never-ending,
Enrico. But it's taxing.

ENRICO CARUSO
I pay too much of these. Here. In
Italia.

Noise is heard from the outer office. A disturbance.

EVANGELINE
No, the travel, the lifestyle is
wearing, exhausting.

ENRICO CARUSO
No woman to take care of me.

EVANGELINE
I see you *shopping*. In two years or
so, an American woman, older than
you. Marriage. Prosperous.

Enrico's eyes drift down to Evangeline's bosom.

Evangeline's office door opens abruptly. Two bored-looking
NYC POLICEMEN (mid 20s) enter. POLICEMAN #2 recognizes Enrico
Caruso immediately.

POLICEMAN #1
You still at it, Ma'am?

EVANGELINE
How dare you. I'm right in--

POLICEMAN #1
Penal Code 165.35. Purporting to
tell fortunes for a fee.

EVANGELINE
I'm *no* fortuneteller!
(to Enrico)
Forgive me.

POLICEMAN #1
A class B misdemeanor, Ma'am.

POLICEMAN #2
(whispers to Policeman #1)
That's Enrico Caruso.

No response.

POLICEMAN #2 (CONT'D)
The dago singer.

EVANGELINE
I operate a legitimate business
practice. You're distur--

POLICEMAN #1 raises his hands up. Looks disinterested.
POLICEMAN #2 grabs the other officer's arm. They both leave.

As if the interruption never took place, Enrico re-focuses on Evangeline's breasts.

ENRICO CARUSO

Signorina...you are beautiful. You know how to make money. Why are you still not married?

Evangeline appears agitated by this oft-repeated question.

EVANGELINE

Earning money is meaningful to you?

Evangeline begins making notations on paper.

ENRICO CARUSO

We are all the same, Signora, Signorina. I am no different. When I look at a woman, she may be pretty. When I see she has money, more desirable.

EVANGELINE

I know you well, Enrico, and I appreciate honesty. I also have thick skin.

ENRICO CARUSO

I use the olive oil at night. In the morning I look like a bambino.

Evangeline bursts out laughing.

EXT. GLAPSTOW BRIDGE, CENTRAL PARK. 1911. DAY.

Evangeline and Sabine look out to The Pond, nature. They appear calm, relaxed. Make small talk.

EXT. HALLETT NATURE SANCTUARY.

Both rise from a bench, roam the path. Sabine looks behind to a woman with a blue scarf that was near them on the bridge.

EXT. LOUNGING ROCK.

Evangeline and Sabine walk. Sabine stops abruptly. Points to a massive boulder.

SABINE
 (in a quiet voice)
 You know, Miss. This is where I
 make intimate.

Evangeline blushes, turns away. They continue walking. Once out of sight, the scarf-wearing woman follows from behind.

INT. TEAROOM, HAMILTON HEIGHTS. DAY.

Emma eyes a group of day laborers outside the window.
 Evangeline stares at Emma.

EMMA
 Men. They're terrified of us, of
 what we're becoming.

EVANGELINE
 That's the Suffragist in you, Emma.
 Your National Woman's Party.

EMMA
 Do you still believe there's no
 escaping your destiny?

EVANGELINE
 As always, unwaveringly. The stars
 are infallible.

A PRIM WOMAN (early 70s), wearing a large crucifix, turns around to face Evangeline at the table behind her.

PRIM WOMAN
 Miss...Adams, is it not?

EVANGELINE
 Yes, I'm Miss Evangeline Adams.

PRIM WOMAN
 The seer. I'd read about you in *The
 Globe*; the woman that enraged
 England with demonic divinations.
 (beat)
 You make me ashamed to be a
 Bostonian.

The woman lifts her napkin from the table, accidentally causing a teacup above it to fall to the floor and shatter.

Its crash is deafening.

EVANGELINE
 I practice no demonology, Madam.

PRIM WOMAN
 Proclaiming doom to the vulnerable
 and unsuspecting...for prrrofit.

Emma rises, encourages Evangeline to do the same.

EMMA
 It's best if we go now.

EVANGELINE
 I help people, Madam. Help with
 their problems.

PRIM WOMAN
 You pagan. You're the furthest
 thing from Christ-like. You help no
 persons. You rape them!

By the shoulders, Emma escorts Evangeline out.

EMMA
 Come, Evangeline. Don't look back.

EXT. MONTEFIORE SQUARE. DAY.

Emma and Evangeline sit on a green bench in the fog.

EVANGELINE
 It sickens me that you had to
 witness such a spectacle.

EMMA
 It's nothing. Much ago, when you
 told me I'd be moving from Boston;
 this is the reason why.

EVANGELINE
 An antique city with relic-
 inhabitants.

EMMA
 My husband is one of them. Despises
 all that's different.

As Emma sighs; Evangeline notices the gold timepiece dangling
 between Emma's bosom.

She reaches out, grasps it; the back of her hand accidentally
 grazing Emma's chest.

Evangeline's face reddens as she jerks her hand back.
 Emma looks intently into Evangeline's eyes.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Don't be afraid...sister.

INT. EVANGELINE'S OFFICE. DAY.

Sabine enters Evangeline's office with a huge smile.

SABINE
Miss, your next patron has kept me
laughing all afternoon.

EVANGELINE
I can't wait then. Send her in.

SABINE
Miss Adams is ready to see you.

GWENDYLSPIRE BOUCHAMP (mid 20s), her muddled accent and heavy
makeup approach Evangeline's door.

GWENDYLSPIRE BOUCHAMP
Call me *Schatzi*. Everyone does.

Evangeline notices that the woman's wearing harem pants, in
the day. An outfit even too slutty for Sabine.

SABINE
But I can't. You are not my Schatz.

The woman takes a seat, bites her lips to make them appear
bee-stung plump. Sabine exits the room, closes the door.

EVANGELINE
I take it you're too from Germany.

GWENDYLSPIRE BOUCHAMP
A bit west of there, Miss. Surrey.
England.

EVANGELINE
Do you live here now?

GWENDYLSPIRE BOUCHAMP
Make your diagram by the light of
the silvery moon and you tell me.

Evangeline nods skeptically.

GWENDYLSPIRE BOUCHAMP (CONT'D)
A fortune reading? How much?

EVANGELINE
Astrological consult. Ten dollars.

The odd woman pulls crumpled singles from her purse.

EVANGELINE (CONT'D)
When we're done...birth date
including year, location and time?

GWENDYLSPIRE BOUCHAMP
Five-thirty morningtime. East
Croydon. Second August, Eighteen
hundred and eighty-nine.

Evangeline opens her ephemeris, begins making notations.

GWENDYLSPIRE BOUCHAMP (CONT'D)
Ya' gave the King some bad news.
You ain't too popular these days.

A few moments pass. Gwendylspire looks into the polished metal of a trinket box, removes lipstick from her teeth.

EVANGELINE
Professionally, you're an actress.

The woman's face displays shock.

GWENDYLSPIRE BOUCHAMP
No. I'm not. I work in a lye-berry.

EVANGELINE
Oh. Very favorable conditions in
your personal life. Withi--

GWENDYLSPIRE BOUCHAMP
So...I *will* meet a tall, dark,
handsome stranger. Isn't that the
script you ladies like to use?

EVANGELINE
I've never uttered that to a single
soul. That's a stereotype.

GWENDYLSPIRE BOUCHAMP
Go on.

EVANGELINE
At present, I sense deception. You
may be deceived. Or you may be
perceived as having deceived
someone. The law. Deception
connected to the legal system.

GWENDYLSPIRE BOUCHAMP
 Oh, is that so? And I heard you
 used to dress like a gypsy and
 sprinkle dust on your *clients* right
 before the hocus pocus begins.

Evangeline is aghast, but nothing new.

EVANGELINE
 Would you like me to finish?

GWENDYLSPIRE BOUCHAMP
 Not necessary. Here it is.

The woman hands over the money.

GWENDYLSPIRE BOUCHAMP (CONT'D)
 My entire fortune for three guid.
 Such a bargain.

EXT. STREET CORNER, W. 56TH ST. & 6TH AVE. DAY.

Gwendylspire Bouchamp struts down W. 56th, from the back
 approaches someone wearing a blue head scarf. Stops.

They begin walking together. Only a few words appear to be
 exchanged. The same scarf-wearing woman from Central Park
 hands something to Gwendylspire, then they part ways.

Gwendylspire puts whatever she was given into her handbag.

INT. EVANGELINE'S OFFICE. DAY.

Policeman #1 bursts through the door, followed by Policeman
 #2. The first reads Evangeline her rights.

The second makes Evangeline stand, places cuffs on her.

Shocked Evangeline becomes hysterical as she's forcibly
 pulled from her office without being allowed to speak.

INT. HOLDING PEN, NYPD-17TH PRECINCT. NIGHT.

A police officer leads two prostitutes to a holding cell.

PROSTITUTE #1 (late teens), tweaks the officer on the cheek.

PROSTITUTE #1
 Your wife keepin' you *happy*, Smoot?

OFFICER SMOOT (late 20s) smirks. Pushes both women inside the cell, locks the door.

OFFICER SMOOT
She gets me...by.

Sobbing is heard.

OFFICER SMOOT (CONT'D)
Keep it down.

The second prostitute blows the officer a kiss. The two prostitutes sit on a bench with a few others beside them.

Across from the two another set of women are seated, dressed entirely in white. One of them, SUFFRAGIST (early 30s), gets up, approaches Evangeline in a corner, sits down beside her.

SUFFRAGIST
Demonstrator?

Red-nosed Evangeline cannot control her tears.

EVANGELINE
No.

The suffragist hands Evangeline a hankie.

SUFFRAGIST
(glances to the hookers)
You're with them?

EVANGELINE
Fortune...telling.

Suffragist inches her way back from Evangeline a bit.

EVANGELINE (CONT'D)
Astrologer.

Evangeline continues to blubber.

The suffragist touches Evangeline's shoulder, tries to comfort her.

SUFFRAGIST
You make a living at that?

EVANGELINE
Not any longer.
(beat)
Maybe an antique dealer next.
(sniffles)
I'm quite experienced.
(MORE)

EVANGELINE (CONT'D)
I'll have you know...I've collected
over five hundred porcelain ele--

OFFICER SMOOT
Adams.

No response.

OFFICER SMOOT (CONT'D)
Evangeline Adams.

Evangeline raises her hand.

OFFICER SMOOT (CONT'D)
Out. Let's go.

Evangeline rises, walks through the two parallel rows of
opposing women.

PROSTITUTE #1
God love ya, granny.

PROSTITUTE #2
(to Prostitute #1)
Still at it at her age.

INT. DESK SERGEANT'S OFFICE. DAY.

DESK SERGEANT (late 40s) fills out paperwork. Sits while
Evangeline stands next to a stranger.

DESK SERGEANT
You're free on bail. Fee: Two
hundred.

EVANGELINE
But, I did nothing wrong.

The desk sergeant's eyes roll in circles of disbelief.

DESK SERGEANT
Fine. Court date: Wednesday, June
Fourteenth. 8AM. Magistrate's.

EVANGELINE
What do I do now?

DESK SERGEANT
Try thanking the gentleman standing
next to you. Mr. Weatherby. He's
the one who bailed you out.

The desk sergeant places a paper in front of Evangeline.

EVANGELINE
 (to the stranger)
 I'm sorry. I don't know you.

MR. WEATHERBY (early 20s), perfectly dressed, rests his hand on Evangeline's arm. Signals for her to sign the document.

MR. WEATHERBY
 (whispers)
 Mr. Morgan sent me.

INT. J.P. MORGAN'S OFFICE. DAY.

J.P. applies cream powder to his face to cover his rosacea.

J.P. MORGAN
 Poppycock!

EVANGELINE
 I've never been so worried. My career, my future, my legacy...all I've done to get to this point.

J.P. MORGAN
 You think I don't know about all the others that want to destroy me?

EVANGELINE
 My life will be in ruins, J.P.

J.P. MORGAN
 No, none of it I want to hear. We're wasting time. You're here to discuss substance.

J.P. walks to the window, beholds Lady Liberty. Puffs on a Cuban Montecristo.

J.P. MORGAN (CONT'D)
 This new company I've asked about...good or bad?

EVANGELINE
 Of course. I see a purchase most favorable in...six to eight months.

J.P. MORGAN
 You didn't look in your book.

Evangeline takes a cursory glance at her notations.

EVANGELINE

Six to eight, most certainly. Any time prior to that would be much less. A failure of sorts.

J.P. MORGAN

I never fail. Always win. Being unafraid separates me from my foes.

J.P. nearly suffocates on an oversized inhale.

J.P. MORGAN (CONT'D)

I never fear. They're ever afraid of me. I'm the winner. They lose.

EVANGELINE

(not listening)

The police. They don't know what to make of me.

J.P. MORGAN

'Cause you're offbeat, unorthodox. And a gal to boot.

Less than a foot away, J.P. blows cigar smoke directly into Evangeline's direction. He stares down at her notes.

J.P. MORGAN (CONT'D)

Re-cipher those numbers!

Claps his hands fiercely.

J.P. MORGAN (CONT'D)

Face facts. You ruffle feathers.

J.P. lets out a belch.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY. NIGHT.

Sabine, Emma and Evangeline sit at a rectangular table. Books piled high in front of them.

SABINE

Lady Paget just arrived. She's here for you.

EMMA

Charlie Chaplin sent a testimonial.

EVANGELINE

Not enough people know him...yet. Can't let my clients win this for me. Got to do it on my own.

SABINE

These books will speak for you,
Miss. *The Art of Syn...*

EMMA

Synthesis. *Liber Astronomiae*.

EVANGELINE

Christian Astrology and subsequent
volumes. All written by William
Lilly.

SABINE

I will bring your tools. Perhaps
you give them a demonstration.

EMMA

And those two attorneys Mr.
Morgan's provided. Their clout must
account for something.

EVANGELINE

They don't know a thing about
astrology. If I rely solely on
them, I'm doomed.

Evangeline straightens her drab-colored hat.

EVANGELINE (CONT'D)

All one said was, *Try to appear
ladylike inside the courtroom.*

SABINE

I could beautify you, Miss. Right
before we go. Rouge on the cheeks.

Emma and Evangeline raise their eyebrows in unison.

EMMA

It's not about beauty, Sabine.
Making a point, standing up.

SABINE

You're right. Equality. Men don't
wear rouge.

Evangeline looks up to the clock on the wall.

EVANGELINE

Maybe I should just pay the fine.
Not too late for that, you know.

EXT. MAGISTRATE'S COURT, 314 W. 54TH ST. DAY.

A bald newspaper reporter, RALPH SLOCUM (mid 20s), intercepts Evangeline on rain-soaked steps heading up to the courthouse.

RALPH SLOCUM

Miss Abr--Miss Abrams, How do you feel today's decision will impact the future of your business, your *calling*?

Evangeline stops walking. Makes eye contact.

EVANGELINE

Adams! And you are?

The reporter removes beads of sweat from his forehead.

RALPH SLOCUM

Ralph Slocum, ma'am. *New York Times*.

EVANGELINE

My business as an astrologer?

RALPH SLOCUM

Not only that, but the future of astronomy in general.

EVANGELINE

You do mean to say astrology, not astronomy. Is that correct?

Evangeline resumes walking.

RALPH SLOCUM

Yes, of course, Ma'am. *Astrollogy*.

INT. MAGISTRATE'S COURT.

The two attorneys representing Evangeline sit in the first row of the gallery. Briefcases on the floor.

Behind them, Sabine, Evangeline and Emma sit with stacks of book on their laps.

The judge, not yet present. The bailiff catches the eye of one of Evangeline's attorneys, winks at him.

Into the courtroom walk Gwendylspire Bouchamp and a female detective carrying paperwork.

EVANGELINE

My heavens.

SABINE

Schatzi.

Sabine, Evangeline turn to each other. Fear on their faces.

EMMA

What's wrong?

EVANGELINE

That woman.

SABINE

Miss!

(in a hushed voice)

The lady. With the pages. She was
the one watching us. In the park.

ATTORNEY #1 (mid 30s) gives a stern look over his shoulder.

Sabine, Evangeline and Emma turn silent.

The court reporter and the court clerk enter. The court
reporter sits.

The COURT CLERK (early 40s) stands before the gallery, holds
a copy of the day's court calendar.

COURT CLERK

The order of this morning's
proceedings are as follows:
Criminal Court Case Number 1-08702;
People ex. rel. Daniel P.
Hollingsworth v. Nathaniel D. Hall,
Recall of Criminal Case Number 1-
07993; Adele D. Priess v.
Evangeline S. Adams, dismissed.
Criminal Case Num...

Sabine and Evangeline appear shocked. Emma beams with
delight.

In the background, the Court Clerk continues reading
(inaudibly) from the docket.

EMMA

You won.

Emma grabs Evangeline by the torso. Evangeline flinches.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Dismissed. *Dismissed.* You did it.

Evangeline's face loosens up a bit, realizing it's over. Sabine looks confused.

Both attorneys reach for their attachés and begin to stand. The second attorney peers over to the women, waves them out.

Evangeline, Emma, Sabine and the two attorneys leave the courtroom.

They huddle in the foyer.

EVANGELINE

What happened?

ATTORNEY #1

Your case must not have been important enough.

(half smiles)

Tea anyone?

EXT. BALSLEY PARK, W. 57TH. DAY.

Emma and Evangeline sit on a bench.

EVANGELINE

Maybe we're *not* meant to know the future.

EMMA

Whatever are you talking about?

EVANGELINE

I've got twenty-two speaking engagements booked in the coming weeks.

EMMA

That's wonderful.

EVANGELINE

I work as hard as I can to make a difference. To be noticed. To be known as the most famous astrologer in the world.

EMMA

You won! End of story. More famous than ever.

EVANGELINE

No. *Not important enough*. Those were his precise words.

EMMA

He was speculating. Case dismissed.

EVANGELINE

You may be an Adams, but you'll amount to nothing, Evangeline, Mother would say.

Emma pats Evangeline on the back.

EVANGELINE (CONT'D)

She blamed me for my father's death, you know. The unanticipated, new mouth to feed. He died before I turned two.

EMMA

She's long gone, dear.

EVANGELINE

But, what if she was right all along? Perhaps astrology *is* heathenism.

EMMA

You told me yourself that it saved you.

EVANGELINE

True.

(beat)

Dr. Heber Smith saw it as my cure. Mother saw it as a curse.

Evangeline smiles.

EVANGELINE (CONT'D)

He was my hero. Treated my Skeletal TB; taught me astrology along the way.

EMMA

You should remember him more often then. Life's short, dear. That's why I'm headed out west. Tick-tock.

Emma gazes at Evangeline lovingly. Evangeline shies away...again.

INT. KARL STRAUB HOUSE. NIGHT.

Karl Straub and Adele Priess sit in a room with dead, stuffed animals above them.

KARL STRAUB
That bastard. Meddling weasel.

ADELE PRIESS
No proof though.

KARL STRAUB
It was that sack of lard. Onward.
Instill fear, erode her confidence.

ADELE PRIESS
How, Sir?

KARL STRAUB
Make her afraid of losing her
business. Go after that woman, the
actress, directly.
(beat)
Scare her to death.

EXT. TRINITY CHURCHYARD, 75 BROADWAY @ WALL ST. 1912. DAY.

Evangeline holds an umbrella above her head. Traipses through the tombstones; studies them as she passes by.

Notices one in particular, pauses. Uses her fingers to count.

Continues walking. Begins to limp in pain, stops. Leans on a headstone while removing her shoe to empty sharp gravel.

Evangeline notices the date of death. *November 10, 1832.*

Bolts upward immediately. Doesn't re-clasp shoe, moves on.

With a fast gait, Evangeline leaves the cemetery.

INT. J.P. MORGAN'S PRIVATE OFFICE. DAY.

After a thick exhale, J.P. takes a swig of brandy and strokes the glass bottle containing the replica of his *Corsair II*.

J.P. MORGAN
A week and a half to go. Ready?

EVANGELINE
For the most part.

Evangeline wipes off sweat from her upper lip.

J.P. MORGAN
You're looking a little green
around the gills.

EVANGELINE
I'd still like to know why, how my
case was dismissed.

J.P. MORGAN
Drop it! It's over.

Evangeline bites her fingernails.

J.P. MORGAN (CONT'D)
And you harp at me for sticking my
fingers up my nose.

EVANGELINE
J.P., no matter...I'll always be
grateful for the attorneys you
provided.

J.P. MORGAN
Best in the field. That new PR
fella I sent your way. How's that
going?

EXT. COLUMBUS CIRCLE. DAY.

Heading north to Central Park West on foot, Evangeline's
cocky new P.R. rep., "SHORTY" REDSTONE (early 30s), leads.

"SHORTY" REDSTONE
You want to go for the women's
angle at this one. Use your
emotions. Make them feel like they
need to buy your services. Like
they need you.

EVANGELINE
I always try to give a thought-
provoking presentation--without
pushing though.

"SHORTY" REDSTONE
By the end of the evening, they
should be thinking that their lives
can't go on without buying a
reading from you. If they think
that meeting with you will bring a
man into their world, let them.

EVANGELINE
You're not giving them credit. You
make it sound as if all women are
desperate to meet men.

"Shorty" mutters to himself while using hand gestures.

"SHORTY" REDSTONE
Anything you can do with that hair?

EVANGELINE
I had it set Tuesday. At a Park Avenue salon. Yvette's House of Beauty. By Madame Yvette herself.

"SHORTY" REDSTONE
Maybe put a bow in it.

EVANGELINE
I'm no child, Shor--Hyrum.

"Shorty" rolls his eyes up and down Evangeline's body.

"SHORTY" REDSTONE
Do you have to walk that way?

Evangeline looks down to her legs and feet.

"SHORTY" REDSTONE (CONT'D)
You're rather hunched over. Never let your face be pointed to the ground. Directly address your audience at all times. Don't look down at your papers while you're at the podium. Always raise the papers up to you, but never block your face from the spectators.

EVANGELINE
I never thought these little things make a difference.

"SHORTY" REDSTONE
They ain't so little when they cost you sales.

EVANGELINE
That's another thing. I never think of this as selling. I'm providing enlightenment to a group of people that are perhaps curious. Some may even consider it entertainment.

"SHORTY" REDSTONE
That's *excellent*, Evangeline! Keep up the pretense.

EXT. BAY OF BENGAL, BURMA. DAY.

Aboard J.P.'s *Corsair II*, Evangeline sips champagne alone on one of the outdoor decks.

She removes her hat, the combs from her hair. Closes her eyes. Massages her temples.

A frail woman, "CETTIE" ROCKEFELLER (early 70s), approaches Evangeline from the railing. Stares, but does not speak.

EVANGELINE

Cettie?

No response. Evangeline opens her eyes.

EVANGELINE (CONT'D)

I knew it was you.

"Cettie" drops her jaw in amazement.

"CETTIE" ROCKEFELLER

I didn't want to disturb you. You looked like you're on top of the world.

EVANGELINE

What a lovely place that would be.

"Cettie" takes a seat across from Evangeline.

"CETTIE" ROCKEFELLER

J.P. adores you, you know. Making you his guest of honor here. Making you a star.

Evangeline's body and eyes freeze.

EVANGELINE

Is that how you see it?

"CETTIE" ROCKEFELLER

Well, yes.

EVANGELINE

He made me a star?

"CETTIE" ROCKEFELLER

J.P. tells everyone that. Every time your name's mentioned.

INT. DINING HALL, *CORSAIR II*. NIGHT.

Twenty people sit at the main dining table, J.P. at its head. Evangeline, to the right of him, enjoys the feast.

J.P. MORGAN
Oriental mysticism. Whatdaya think?

EVANGELINE
Amazing, J.P. I like Siam the most.

J.P. MORGAN
Why's that? The orchids they put in their food?

EVANGELINE
No. Buddhism. I never knew much about it.
(beat)
Compassion. Selflessness. Wishing others happiness.

J.P. MORGAN
Yeah, yeah, yeah. All for you.

Seeing beyond the gruff, Evangeline feels the generosity.

Their hands touch as they both reach for a dinner roll.

EVANGELINE
You're like the father I never had, J.P.

J.P. MORGAN
(in a quieter tone)
Balderdash.

EVANGELINE
Not to belabor the point, but...you took care of it, didn't you?

J.P. whips out a fresh cigar. Lights it up.

EVANGELINE (CONT'D)
Paid the judge off? Scratched the prosecutor's back? Grateful, but I no longer need your help.

No acknowledgement.

From the other end of the table, a naïve FRENCH DINER (early 20s), yells out.

FRENCH DINER

J.P. Sir. We were
discussing...wondering...

J.P. MORGAN

Yeah?

FRENCH DINER

What makes a businessman
successful?

J.P. MORGAN

Don't fret. Take risks. Move on.
Keep going.

Looks to Evangeline for a millisecond.

J.P. MORGAN (CONT'D)

Accept full responsibility for your
life; where you've been, where
you're headed.

EXT. DOCKS, NEW YORK HARBOR. DAY.

Like the receiving line at Buckingham Palace, J.P. shakes
hands with his departing guests as they walk down the plank.

Every exchange is brief, obligatory.

Evangeline is the final guest. J.P. stretches out his hand,
but Evangeline pushes it down. She aims to give him a hug.

No hug; J.P. offers only a business-like, double-clasped
handshake. Evangeline studies his face. J.P. does the same.

J.P. MORGAN

Become the best ever, Evangeline.

(beat)

Make your mark.

Stomps his foot.

J.P. MORGAN (CONT'D)

And make it stick.

INT. EVANGELINE'S OUTER OFFICE. DAY.

Sabine sifts through mountains of mail needing attention.

Evangeline enters, appears hungry.

EVANGELINE
How many newsletter subscribers
these days, Sabine?

SABINE
Something like two hundred
thousand. Maybe two-fifty.

EVANGELINE
Should be more. Let's aim to double
that by next year.

SABINE
Yes, Miss. Of course.

EVANGELINE
We must. Any syndicated columns
coming up?

SABINE
Yes, several.

EVANGELINE
Immediate deadlines?

Sabine comes across a large, wrapped package leaning against
the wall.

SABINE
Oh, Miss.
(points)
This came for you.

Evangeline smiles.

EVANGELINE
Artwork. From J.P.?

Sabine hands Evangeline scissors. She cuts the twine, then
the paper.

EVANGELINE (CONT'D)
Why didn't he use a box?

Evangeline unwraps. Exposes an oil painting in a gold frame.

A portrait of two women, nude, one pinching the others'
nipple.

EVANGELINE (CONT'D)
*Gabrielle d'Estrées et une de ses
soeurs.*

SABINE
How beautiful, Miss. Who's the
artist?

EVANGELINE
Unknown.

Sabine observes a note inside that falls from the wrapping.
She picks it up, reads it.

Sabine freezes up.

SABINE
*The truth always comes out. I'll
make sure of it.*

EVANGELINE
Emma.

INT. EVANGELINE'S OFFICE. DAY.

Evangeline enters her office; a giftwrapped box on her desk.
She opens it.

A selection of salt water taffy from Macy's.

EVANGELINE
Sabine. Come in here at once.

SABINE
Candies.

EVANGELINE
Do you--get your notepad.

SABINE
From an admirer?

EVANGELINE
Get your pad!

Sabine runs out and then right back with her pad and pen.

EVANGELINE (CONT'D)
Telegram. Emma in Hollywood.
Sackett Hotel.

(pauses)
Deares--No, just Emma. You're
correct, we do need to talk.
Regretfully though, cannot meet you
here a week from Friday. I'll let
you know when I'm free. My
apologies.

(MORE)

EVANGELINE (CONT'D)
 Hope all is well in Hollywood. Safe
 trip back. Sinc--No, Evangeline.

Evangeline takes in a big breath. Exhales, then another in.

EVANGELINE (CONT'D)
 The painting that arrived. Where is
 it?

SABINE
 Hidden in the closet, Ma'am.

EVANGELINE
 Take it out. Have it sent to Karl
 Straub.

Pauses.

EVANGELINE (CONT'D)
 Tell him we haven't the need;
 already have another just like it.

INT. J.P. MORGAN'S PRIVATE OFFICE. DAY.

J.P. grabs a statue from his desk, hurls it against the wall.
 It shatters, pieces go flying.

J.P. MORGAN
Millionaire you called me.

Evangeline trembles, sits guilt-ridden, head down.

J.P. MORGAN (CONT'D)
 Horseshit! Makes me look like--

Evangeline looks up. Remorse in her eyes.

J.P. MORGAN (CONT'D)
 --a goddamn fool.

J.P. picks up a copy of *The New York Times*, shoves it in
 Evangeline's face.

J.P. MORGAN (CONT'D)
 All these ye--*M*millionaire. The
 worst insult of all!

J.P. throws the paper down. Speaks no more. Sits.

EVANGELINE
 It's that reporter, Slocum. He came
 from nowhere. Those were *his* words.
His story.

J.P. MORGAN
*Interview? My b-b-billion-dollar
 fanny!*

J.P. turns his back on Evangeline, reads ticker tape.

J.P. MORGAN (CONT'D)
 God damnit! You told me G.E. would
 go up, *not* down, today. You are a
 fraud. Get out. Now.
 (beat)
 Don't ever come back.

Indignant, Evangeline takes two steps in J.P.'s direction.

EVANGELINE
 Promise you'll do the same.
 (under her breath)
 Ingrate.

INT. EMMA'S ROOM, SACKETT HOTEL, HOLLYWOOD. DAY.

A knock at the door awakens Emma. She rises, slips a robe
 over her bed clothes. Opens the door.

A PORTER (early 20s) greets her.

PORTER
 Good morning, Ma'am. Mrs. Fry?

EMMA
 Yes.

The porter hands Emma the telegram. Looks beyond Emma to the
 bed behind her.

PORTER
 My apologies, Ma'am. Hope I haven't
 disturbed you.

Emma yawns, rubs her eyes.

EMMA
 You haven't.

The nosy porter waits for his tip. Doesn't get one. Looks
 back to the bed. Smirks at Emma. She closes the door.

Emma takes a seat, reads the telegram. From behind, a
 beautiful nude young woman, PENELOPE (early 20s), approaches
 Emma. Begins kissing Emma's neck.

Emma smiles, touches Penelope's cheek.

PENELOPE
Who's it from?

EMMA
Just an old friend.

Penelope faces Emma and kisses her passionately on the lips.

PENELOPE
Can we go over my lines one more
time?

Penelope runs her fingers through Emma's hair.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)
I'll get the script.

INT. RAILROAD CAR. NEW LONDON, CONN. DAY.

Heading north, Evangeline views the seaport out the window.

The cabin doors open; a MATRON (late 50s) enters carrying a tray with tea and pastries. She places it onto a small table.

She begins to pour into one cup, then another.

MATRON
Would you care for some, Madam?

Evangeline shakes her head *no*.

The woman and her female companion drink and eat by themselves.

Evangeline reaches for her purse, opens it, pulls out a picture postcard.

On it, a collage of the Long Beach Sanitarium, the pier, beach-goers, a roadster and a Suffragette tennis player.

Evangeline turns it over and reads.

EMMA (V.O.)
*Dear Evangeline, Destiny finally
delivered unto me my true soulmate,
Penny, an actress. They say she's
the next Florence Lawrence. We're
mad for each other; together
celebrating the publication of
Educational Dramatics, my textbook
for actors -- it finally came out.*

(MORE)

EMMA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*Having a gay old time here in sunny
 California. Unlikely I'll ever
 return to the cold. Emma.*

Evangeline, appearing resigned, places the postcard into her purse. Takes it out, pushes it into the waste receptacle.

Looks over to the women, half-smiles. Peers out the window.

INT. EVANGELINE'S FAMILY HOME. BEACON HILL, BOSTON. NIGHT.

Evangeline's shoes cause echoes on the living room floor.

Steps into the kitchen, then to her mother's dimly-lit room; picks off the cobwebs. All that remains is a dresser.

Evangeline opens the top drawer, sees her mother's cherished bible. Pauses. Closes the drawer. Leaves the room.

Next: Evangeline's room, filled with crates and furnishings.

Evangeline drags a crate closer, leaning crutches fall. Two leg braces do the same. The sound startles Evangeline.

She rummages through a box; discovers a tarnished compass and protractor, tattered astrological books.

On the bottom; the ephemeris Dr. Heber Smith had given her.

Picks it up, pulls apart the stuck-together pages.

Evangeline wets the tip of her Index finger, touches it to an open page, puts it inside her mouth and tastes the sweetness.

She lifts out the piece of notepaper in between the pages.

EVANGELINE
 (softly)
*You'll be a woman of modern times.
 Your horoscope denies you offspring
 of your own. But it indicates that
 you are better able to rock the
 cradle of the world than the cradle
 of one child.*

Evangeline closes the book, presses it to her chest, beams.

INT. CARNEGIE HALL, PERFORMANCE SPACE. DAY.

All of Evangeline's twenty-five-or-so employees sit in the first three rows of center orchestra.

Evangeline enters from downstage right, stands in the middle of the stage. Wears a serious expression.

EVANGELINE

Welcome. As you know, we have no conference room upstairs, so...here we are.

Sabine, in the audience, is teary eyed. "Shorty" yawns, while the rest are all ears.

EVANGELINE (CONT'D)

As most of you recall, I just celebrated my...

(mumbles into her hand)

...forty-fourth birthday.

A few snicker.

EVANGELINE (CONT'D)

This means that I have exactly twenty years, six months and nineteen days remaining in my life.

(beat)

The clock never stops ticking.

(beat)

I entered this world...as we all did, with a destiny. One that can no longer rest on laurels of any sort: previous successes or now-obsolete support systems.

Takes one step closer to her employees.

EVANGELINE (CONT'D)

Until the tenth of November, 1932, I have but one goal...and to accomplish it, I need your help.

Dead silence.

EVANGELINE (CONT'D)

Before I depart, my objective is to retire astrology from dimly-lit reading rooms and thrust it permanently into mainstream popular culture, everywhere the world over.

A few gasps at the colossal undertaking.

EVANGELINE (CONT'D)

Astrology has been good to all of us here.

(MORE)

EVANGELINE (CONT'D)
 And the time has come to *finally*
 give her the legitimacy she
 deserves.

EXT. GIMBELS BROTHERS, HERALD SQUARE. DAY.

"Shorty" and Evangeline approach the entrance. Evangeline spots the candy display through the glass doors.

EVANGELINE
 I'd love some salt water taffy.

"Shorty" looks to Evangeline's waistline and points.

"SHORTY" REDSTONE
 We're going for *flattering* in these
 publicity photos. Work with me.

INT. GIMBELS BROTHERS, LADIES GARMENTS. DAY.

EVANGELINE
 From now on, every byline should
 read, *Evangeline Adams, world's*
most famous astrologer.

Evangeline waits for a reply. Gets none because "Shorty" is focused on the redheaded SALESGIRL (early 20s) nearing them.

SALESGIRL
 What might you like to see today,
 ma'am?

"SHORTY" REDSTONE
 Something strong, business-like,
 somewhat conservative but stylish,
 suitable for a mature woman.

SALESGIRL
 My goodness, you certainly know
 what you're after, sir.

"SHORTY" REDSTONE
 You're right about that, Miss. It
 is Miss, isn't it?

SALESGIRL
 As a matter of fact it is. Your son
 surely knows good taste, ma'am.

EVANGELINE
 My employee, not my son.

The salesgirl squints, shows confusion.

SALESGIRL

I beg your pardon, Mrs--Miss.

EVANGELINE

I'd personally like to see something with colors and frills. Tastes change over time, Hyrum.

SALESGIRL

Please allow me to step to the back, ma'am. We've a wide variety from which to choose.

"Shorty" races after her.

"SHORTY" REDSTONE

I'll go with you. Have to make sure it's...suitable.

"Shorty" and the salesgirl walk back, both size Evangeline up and down, giggle.

The salesgirl hands Evangeline a medium-gray suit with a dark-gray lapel and a dark-gray suit with a medium-gray lapel.

SALESGIRL

Try these on first, Miss. I'll show you the way to the fitting room.

The salesgirl takes Evangeline by the arm. Evangeline resists, breaks free.

EVANGELINE

I'll find it on my own.

SALESGIRL

Of course, that's fine. I'll be waiting for you outside the booth should you need me.

Evangeline enters, places the suits on the hook. Undresses.

Sees herself in the mirror. Analyzes her body, her face, her forty-four years. Seems to accept all.

Takes one last peek. Smirks. Puts her clothes back on. Steps out of the booth with the garments.

SALESGIRL (CONT'D)

Miss, did you see anything that you liked?

EVANGELINE

Yes I did, as a matter of fact. At the House of Chanel on Fifth Avenue. Just the other day.

"Shorty" and the salesgirl turn to each other with surprise.

EVANGELINE (CONT'D)

And, Shorty...you're fired.

Evangeline struts away, leaves both in the dust.

INT. EVANGELINE'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

A soft rap on Evangeline's closed door.

EVANGELINE

Come in.
(beat)
Come in!

J.P. enters as quiet as a mouse. Shrinks into the seat across from Evangeline without speaking.

She stares him down as if he's a schoolboy in detention.

EVANGELINE (CONT'D)

Well, what have you got to say?

J.P. cowers.

EVANGELINE (CONT'D)

I'm waiting.

J.P. fumbles for words. Evangeline grins.

INT. SABINE'S DESK, EVANGELINE'S OFFICE. DAY.

A new office accountant, MAVIS (early 30s), brings Sabine a ledger, several checks to sign.

MAVIS

Sabine, I noticed that Miss Adams has so many different rates. Why is that?

SABINE

She has many old clients. Some coming for years. They get the old rate.

MAVIS

And for others there's no rate at all.

SABINE

Ah, she makes trades. Mostly with members of the media.

MAVIS

Well, she certainly generates a lavish income. Especially for someone with no degrees or professional certificates.

SABINE

(reluctantly)

Miss is *more* than qualified.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM, NYPD-17TH PRECINCT. NIGHT.

Casually, Mavis sits across from Adele Priess. They sip tea. Mavis pulls out a small thermos, offers Det. Priess whiskey.

Mavis picks gristle from between her back teeth.

ADELE PRIESS

You're doing a great job. I doubt that they're suspecting a thing.

MAVIS

I used to be a bookkeeper at a diner in the Bronx. I know what I'm doin'.

ADELE PRIESS

When examining the books, what sticks out?

MAVIS

The society ladies. The same ones. Over and over. They come every week and they've been coming for years.

Detective Priess shudders with disapproval.

ADELE PRIESS

So, she preys on them the most?

MAVIS

I don't think she needs to. They're addicted.

ADELE PRIESS
 And she delivers the same fortune?
 Time after time?

MAVIS
 I wouldn't know. And, they don't
 call it *fortune* over there. Always
 a *reading*.

ADELE PRIESS
 Semantics.

MAVIS
 What?

ADELE PRIESS
 Keep up the good work.

Detective Priess hands Mavis a wad of cash.

ADELE PRIESS (CONT'D)
 And continue to play dumb.

MAVIS
 (winks)
 Gotcha.

INT. EVANGELINE'S OFFICES. DAY.

A stenographer watches sand empty into an hourglass.

A researcher walking down a hallway stops to read the clock
 on the wall.

Sabine picks up her desk clock, winds it.

Evangeline and Mavis stand at the doorway to Evangeline's
 office.

MAVIS
 It's as if they're expecting
 something.

EVANGELINE
 You ain't seen nothin' yet. Wait.

Evangeline lifts her left wrist, sees the time on her watch.

EVANGELINE (CONT'D)

It's been a while, but in about a minute every one of them is going to hover around my office like a honeybee over a hive. Every time they know he's coming.

The main door flies open and a whirlwind enters. Passes by the flirts, the gasps, the open jaws; pushes Mavis aside, steps into Evangeline's private office.

Evangeline closes the door, locks it.

INT. EVANGELINE OFFICE. DAY.

J.P. appears sweaty, more "in your face" than last time, plops himself down.

Evangeline notices, doesn't react. Is all business.

EVANGELINE

The dates again?

J.P. MORGAN

First weeks of spring.

EVANGELINE

Where to, exactly?

J.P. relaxes in his seat a bit. Loosens his tie. Unbuckles the belt that's strangling his midsection.

Evangeline reaches for her ephemeris and calendar.

J.P. MORGAN

England, five days. Paris, about the same. You need more?

J.P. lights up a fresh cigar, inhales the room.

J.P. MORGAN (CONT'D)

Did you hear about it? The house fire? A small one. Cinders on the floor. My hands are still shaking. Is that how you see me going?

Evangeline rolls her eyes.

J.P. MORGAN (CONT'D)

A maid. I sacked her on the spot.

EVANGELINE

We've discussed this many times,
J.P. Not to worry. Accidents
happen. Let me--

J.P. MORGAN

Yeah, yeah, yeah. Get back to your
figures. Remember, not a word
about... To any living soul.

EVANGELINE

Not one, J.P. Never.

J.P. MORGAN

Rome, too. Maybe. Can't miss a P.R.
opp. in England though. An I.M.M.
subsidiary. Second week of April, I
think it is.

Evangeline sifts through her ephemeris once more, double-
checks dates, times.

EVANGELINE

Rome, good. England as well.
But...travel.

Closes her eyes to focus.

Does this promotional opportunity
have to do with an excursion of
some sort?

J.P. MORGAN

One of the companies I own. The
White Star Line. Maiden voyage of
its newest ship.

One more huge inhale.

J.P. MORGAN (CONT'D)

The *Titanic*.

Exhale.

J.P. MORGAN (CONT'D)

From Southampton.

EVANGELINE

The timing.

Evangeline rattles her head back and forth, doesn't stop.

EVANGELINE (CONT'D)

This voyage will generate attention, but for all the wrong reasons.

(pauses)

I feel woozy.

J.P. MORGAN

Evangeline, you look like you're gonna heave. I'm not going to lose any money, am I?

EVANGELINE

J.P.

Evangeline reaches across the table, grabs onto J.P.'s pinky. Squeezes it tightly.

EVANGELINE (CONT'D)

Under no circumstances should you board this ship.

Evangeline takes stock of her findings once again. Gives J.P.'s finger a death grip.

EVANGELINE (CONT'D)

Not at a different port. Never. There will be other opportunities to promote. Absolute catastrophe if you're on this ship.

J.P. twitches his runny, plum-pigmented nose.

J.P. MORGAN

If I'd heard this from anyone else, I'd still go. You can let go now.

Evangeline doesn't yet release J.P.'s finger.

J.P. MORGAN (CONT'D)

I'm taking you at your word, Evangeline, because you've proven yourself right every time.

EVANGELINE

Even if there are moments in Europe when you re-think, don't!

J.P. MORGAN

All right then...I absolutely won't get aboard, ever.

Evangeline lets go. Takes in a deep breath.

EXT. CURBSIDE, W. 57TH @ 7TH. DAY.

Suffragettes puffing on cigars march through midtown.

Spectating, Sabine enjoys the aroma, while Evangeline gags.

SABINE

I knew it wouldn't last.

(pause)

Younger women are too...

(grabs her breasts)

...geil. And...Miss Emma, too old.

EVANGELINE

Not old; mature is a better word.

SABINE

You wrote your letter? Telling her to leave Hollywood and come home?

EVANGELINE

I did. Haven't yet sent it.

SABINE

You better hurry, Miss. I just read that California will soon fall into the sea.

EVANGELINE

Fine, tomorrow. Before she drowns.

EXT. NORTH ATLANTIC OCEAN. NIGHT.

Fully-illuminated R.M.S. *Titanic* cruises peacefully toward North America. An iceberg appears, blocks its path.

EXT. NEWSSTAND, GRAND CENTRAL. DAY.

Dozens of commuters stand quiet, some with mouths covered as they and the rest of the world react to the *Titanic* disaster.

A woman's shriek reverberates throughout the terminal. Most freeze upon hearing it.

INT. NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE. DAY.

Brokers ignore ticker tape. Several paralyzed, unable to function. Many reflect panic, terror.

INT. EVANGELINE'S APARTMENT. DAY.

Evangeline sits in her breakfast nook. Hands clasped in front of her face, elbows resting on the table. Numb, motionless.

Knocking on her front door. Evangeline doesn't respond.

The tapping stops. A key turns in the lock. The door opens no more than an inch.

SABINE

Miss?

The door fully opens. Sabine enters. Sees Evangeline.

SABINE (CONT'D)

Just tell me that you are all right, Miss.

Sabine cautiously moves behind Evangeline, touches her lightly on the shoulders.

EVANGELINE

I sho...
(inaudible)

SABINE

What did yo--

EVANGELINE

(louder)
I should have seen more.

Evangeline starts weeping wildly.

INT. EVANGELINE'S OFFICE. DAY.

Her desk chair only inches away from a window facing W. 57th. Evangeline, fixated on the people below, nothing else.

A MALE VOICE (O.C.)

These are for you.

A MALE VOICE (CONT'D)

(whispers from behind)
Daydreaming again?

Evangeline turns in her seat. Her chin quivers.

EVANGELINE

J.P.

J.P. MORGAN
Your favorite. Calla lilies.

A somber, sincere and calm J.P. hands Evangeline the flowers.

J.P. MORGAN (CONT'D)
Had a devil of a time finding
yellow. Yellow ones symbolize gr--

EVANGELINE
Gratitude.

J.P. MORGAN
Evangeline, I wouldn't be here if
you hadn't helped me. I owe you my
life. Everything you've done.

EVANGELINE
So horribly sad.
(pause)
The papers mentioned you.
(points to a newspaper)
*J.P. Morgan changed his plans to
board the Titanic at the last
minute.*

Evangeline steps behind her desk, lays the lilies down.

J.P. MORGAN
You mad 'cause I didn't give you
credit? Have to be on the QT, you
know.

EVANGELINE
Of course not.

J.P. MORGAN
Wouldn't have made any difference.
You don't need my endorsement.
You're doin' just fine...

J.P. walks over to Evangeline, extends his open arms.

J.P. MORGAN (CONT'D)
...on your own.

Evangeline radiates validation, pride, worth.

They hug, don't let go.

EXT. TRAIN STATION, HEBRON, NEW HAMPSHIRE. 1913. DAY.

As Emma disembarks the train, Evangeline grabs onto her.

EVANGELINE

I read your book. I'm so proud of you.

Evangeline kisses Emma overtly. Emma is aghast. Shocked.

EVANGELINE (CONT'D)

I'm so very sorry, Emma. Please forgive me.

(beat)

I was threatened...Karl Straub. I had to distance myself from you.

Evangeline takes Emma's luggage.

EMMA

You were forced into letting me go?

EVANGELINE

To save you, your reputation.

Emma's mouth remains wide open. Evangeline sets the bags down, grabs Emma by the hands. They gaze at each other.

Evangeline picks up the bags again. Together, they begin walking. Step lightly onto the fresh snow; talk (inaudibly).

INT. EVANGELINE'S COUNTRY HOUSE, 14 CHURCH RD. DAY.

Evangeline and Emma remove the drop cloths from the furniture and fold every sheet in tandem.

EMMA

Who knew Hollywood was filled with so many actresses...that are so free and open-minded. Penny was like a kid in a candy store.

EVANGELINE

The men there, the same, I'm sure. Except for Francis X. Bushman.

They both sit on the divan.

EVANGELINE (CONT'D)

I detected heterosexuality in his chart.

Emma offers a half-snickler.

EMMA

I couldn't compete. I'm an old woman now.

EVANGELINE

Nonsense. I never thought that you truly cared for California anyway.

EMMA

Earthquakes scare the vinegar out of me. And the people in Hollywood. Horrid. There's an air about them, this attitude of superiority.

EVANGELINE

You should embrace them most. A thinly veiled air of protection, that's all. Poor things. They suffer just like you and I.

Emma looks like she's meeting Evangeline for the first time.

EMMA

You're so different.

EVANGELINE

I am. I proved to myself that astrology *is* befitting an Adams. That's all Mother knew though. God rest her soul.

Evangeline breathes in pride, exhales confidence.

EVANGELINE (CONT'D)

I no longer please. I no longer need. I don't care what others think. I -- am -- Evangeline -- Adams.

Emma looks at Evangeline with deep admiration in her eyes.

EVANGELINE (CONT'D)

A powerful woman.

(beat)

I don't mind if men join the party, as long as they know *I'm* the one giving it. Long time learning this, but...better late than never.

Evangeline moves a lock of Emma's hair from her forehead to the side.

EVANGELINE (CONT'D)

You feel any better?

Emma reaches up to touch Evangeline's hand that's resting on the side of her head.

EMMA

Much. You. Me. Here. Together.
Wandering through the woods,
cooking fine meals, reading good
writing aloud.

EVANGELINE

And more.

Emma kisses Evangeline's forehead. Evangeline lets her.
Evangeline pulls Emma's face down, so they're eye-to-eye.
They move to the bed. Each removes a garment from the other.
On the bed, they begin to kiss delicately, then with passion.

INT. J.P. MORGAN'S SUITE, GRAND HOTEL. ROME. NIGHT.

J.P. is pale in bed, thinner than normal, feverish, comatose.

He's surrounded by two American doctors and one Italian. DR.
M. ALLEN STARR (late 50s) motions for DR. GIUSEPPE
BASTIANELLI (early 50s) to open the chamber doors.

A man, two women and one girl enter quietly. Surround J.P.

Dr. Allen Starr reaches for J.P.'s wrist, looks for a pulse.
Does the same with his neck. There is none. J.P. is dead.

INT. EVANGELINE'S APARTMENT. DAY.

Evangeline sits on her bed, motionless, head down, wears a
well-worn slip. Cheeks dripping with tears.

SABINE

Miss...your dress is ready.

Sabine hands Evangeline a hankie, but Evangeline doesn't look
up, doesn't grab onto it.

EVANGELINE

The flower?

SABINE

Isabel was finally able to find A-
meer-a--

EVANGELINE

Amaranth.

(pauses, smiles)

The one that does not wither.

SABINE
They're making a bouquet.

EVANGELINE
Oh, no. One. On top of the casket.

Sabine picks up a comb, gently grooms Evangeline's hair.

EVANGELINE (CONT'D)
J.P. became the father I never had.
He believed in me, took my work
seriously.

Evangeline cries. Sabine stops combing and comforts
Evangeline with a hug as she sits beside her.

EVANGELINE (CONT'D)
The papers are calling him *the
father of American finance. Emperor
of world finance.*
(delicately)
He had a tremendous fear of death,
you know. I had to promise not to
tell a living soul. Makes his quote
now seem that more ominous.

SABINE
Omen--What quote?

EVANGELINE
His comment to the press, regarding
the *Titanic. Monetary losses amount
to nothing in life. It is the loss
of life that counts. It is that
frightful death.* The only time J.P.
mentioned fear and death in the
same sentence in public.

Sabine grabs Evangeline, looks squarely at her.

SABINE
Did you know, Miss? Ahead of time?

Evangeline shrugs. Her lower lip quivers. Tears fall.

EVANGELINE
Perhaps some things are best left a
mystery.

INT. DINING PARLOR, KARL STRAUB HOUSE. 1914. NIGHT.

Reclined in his seat, Karl Straub sips cognac. Around the table in chairs are DETECTIVE ROOS (early 40s) and two police officers dressed as civilians. All are smoking cigars.

Through the smoke, Adele Priess stands before them lecturing, pointing.

When finished, Straub reaches below his seat, retrieves four sealed envelopes. Places them onto the table, briskly slides them in the direction of their intended recipients.

INT. EVANGELINE'S OFFICE. DAY.

Evangeline, eyes half shut, humors a long-term client, SYLVIA BURNBAUM (late 60s).

SYLVIA BURNBAUM

But is it my diamond necklace or my jade that will be more breathtaking? After all, first impressions are what matter most.

EVANGELINE

You're entirely right, Sylvia.

SYLVIA BURNBAUM

Sylvie.

Evangeline rolls her eyes.

EVANGELINE

Bien sûr...Syl-veee. Definitely the jade. The stars favor green on the night of your par--soirée. Any other night, diamond.

SYLVIA BURNBAUM

Oh, Evangeline. I don't know what I'd do without you.

Evangeline waits for Sylvia's next query. Nothing.

EVANGELINE

How about classes to take? Goals to set? Charities to support?

SYLVIA BURNBAUM

Why, my heavens no. Classes, goals. Preparing the chicest of soirées is what keeps me most content.

(MORE)

SYLVIA BURNBAUM (CONT'D)
 Why on Earth would I bother placing
 my attention elsewhere?

Evangeline pets the porcelain elephant on her desk, looks to
 the clock with antipathy.

EVANGELINE
 We're just about out of time,
 Sylvia. It's been a pleas--

SYLVIA BURNBAUM
 But you haven't yet told me which
 shade of sash suits me best when I
 take my morning constitutionals.

EVANGELINE
 Violet. Most definitely.

SYLVIA BURNBAUM
 You hadn't looked into my chart.
 How do you--

EVANGELINE
 I saw it earlier. Violet.

Tapping on Evangeline's door.

EVANGELINE (CONT'D)
 We're nearly finished.

The door opens slowly.

EVANGELINE (CONT'D)
 Wait just...

Three New York City police officers rush in.

Sylvia Burnbaum lets out a scream.

Detective Roos and POLICE OFFICER #2 (mid 30s) approach
 Evangeline. POLICE OFFICER #3 (early 30s) guards the door.

SYLVIA BURNBAUM
 Sacrebleu.
 (to Evangeline)
 This is an outrage.

Sylvia waddles to the door, pushes Officer #3 out of the way
 with her pearl-sheathed walking stick. Exits.

Sabine watches through the doorway, whimpers.

DETECTIVE ROOS
 Evangeline Smith Adams?

EVANGELINE

Yes.

Police Officer #2 carries handcuffs.

POLICE OFFICER #2
Put your hands behind your back.

DETECTIVE ROOS
I'm placing you under arrest.
You've continued to violate Penal
Code 165.35.

Police Officer #2 places the cuffs on Evangeline's wrists.

POLICE OFFICER #2
Purporting to tell fortunes for a
fee. A class B misdemeanor.

Evangeline is quiet, seems surprisingly peaceful. Doesn't react.

EXT. CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF ST. PAUL, BOSTON. DAY.

Mrs. Brush holds a copy of *The Boston Globe*. Reads aloud.

MRS. BRUSH
*Fortune Tellers Trapped By Women.
One Seer Was Taken from Expensive
Suite in Carnegie Hall Building.
Her Clients In Society. Miss
Bessie...*

INT. OFFICE, GRAMERCY PARK. DAY.

Leasing Officer #3 holds a copy of *The NYT*. Reads aloud.

LEASING OFFICER #3
*...Block of West Tenth Street
Advised Detective Isabella Goodwin.
Two alleged fortune tellers, Mrs.
Evangeline S. Adams, who said she
was a...*

EXT. THE POND, CENTRAL PARK. DAY.

Stranger holds a copy of *The Independent*. Reads aloud.

STRANGER

...descendant of President John Quincy Adams, and Miss Bessie Block, were in Magistrates' courts yesterday as a result of the activity of...

INT. TEAROOM. BEACON HILL, BOSTON. DAY.

Prim Woman holds a copy of *The Boston Herald*. Reads aloud.

PRIM WOMAN

...women detectives attached to Police Commissioner Woods's staff. Much interest was shown in the case of Mrs. Adams, who appeared before Magistrate...

EXT. PENTHOUSE TERRACE, UPPER EAST SIDE. DAY.

"Cettie" Rockefeller holds a copy of *The NYT*. Reads aloud.

"CETTIE" ROCKEFELLER

...Campbell in the West Side Court. The evidence against her was obtained by Detective Adelie Priess, and the warrant for her arrest was...

INT. KARL STRAUB HOUSE. DAY.

Adele Priess holds a copy of *The New York Times*. Reads aloud.

ADELE PRIESS

...issued by Chief Magistrate McAdoo. Detective Roos of Headquarters, who made the arrest, said that Mrs. Adams had an expensive--

Karl Straub grabs the paper. Continues reading aloud.

KARL STRAUB

--suite of rooms in the Carnegie Hall Building, at Seventh Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street, and that she was consulted by many...

INT. EVANGELINE'S OFFICE. DAY.

Sabine holds a copy of *The New York Times*. Reads aloud.

SABINE
...women prom...

Sabine shows the paper to Emma.

EMMA
prominent...

SABINE
...in society. Her reception room was crowded with fashionably dressed women when he interrupted her work, he said. Mrs. Adams was held under \$500 bail for exam...

Sabine gives Emma the paper. Emma reads aloud.

EMMA
...ination next Wednesday. Mrs. Priess did not disclose the nature of the evidence she obtained...

Emma lets the paper drop to the desktop below.

Looking relaxed, reclined on the settee eating a chocolate éclair, Evangeline notices that the recitations have stopped.

EVANGELINE
 Can someone please tell me. Who the hell is Bessie Block?

Emma and Sabine turn to each other wearing blank expressions.

EMMA
 Evangeline, your entire future's at stake.

SABINE
 Miss, already twenty-five clients have canceled. They no longer want you to speak at Heavenly Dames. The Hearst pap--

EVANGELINE
 I prepared for this same thing three years ago. It amounted to nothing.

EMMA

Your arrest didn't make the papers
then. You didn't lose any business.
And your case was dismissed. This
time you might not be so lucky.

Evangeline's mood shifts. Then, carefree once more. She takes
another bite of the éclair.

EVANGELINE

Luck?

Custard from inside the éclair spills onto Evangeline's
stomach.

EVANGELINE (CONT'D)

Trust me. It'll all blow over.

(beat)

Not important enough.

Evangeline scoops up the custard, eats it.

INT. EVANGELINE'S OUTER OFFICE. DAY. MONTAGE.

- A male researcher sketches a drawing of the Statue of
Liberty.
- A female assistant reads a book of poems by Ezra Pound.
- A female apprentice takes bites of her Heath Bar when no
one's looking.
- Half the desks present are empty.
- No clients waiting in the waiting room.
- Sabine bites her lips, curls her lashes, then powders her
cleavage.

INT. EVANGELINE'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

Two mature, female thumbs twiddle. And stop.

A right hand picks up a stylograph, dips it in ink, fills out
a check for \$200 made payable to the City of New York.

Two hands next press against Evangeline's cheeks.

Hands down again; palms facing up. Evangeline examines her
left. She deliberates; lifts up the check. Puts it back down.

INT. EVANGELINE'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

Emma and Evangeline sit in front of the fireplace.

EVANGELINE
Paying the fine would be so easy.

EMMA
It would also be a *false* admission
of guilt. If you truly believe in
yourself, you'd fight.

EVANGELINE
But, what if--

EMMA
Winners never question, Evangeline.

EVANGELINE
But, I could lose. And that would
mean the end of my business. All
I've worked for.

EMMA
What about all you've learned?

Emma gets up, walks over to the fireplace mantel. Latches
onto a small statue of a jade Buddha. Shows Evangeline.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Don't you understand?

Evangeline shrugs her shoulders.

EMMA (CONT'D)
You'll be defending *all* women.
Those that can't get a bank loan,
can't start their own businesses.
All women that are shot down merely
because of what they hope to
accomplish. Women that can't vote.
(beat)
All the women that come after you.

Emma presents Evangeline with the statue.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Life no longer revolves around *the*
Evangeline Adams.

Emma grabs her overcoat, puts her hat on, heads for the door,
walks out.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Being forever known as the *world's greatest* is a lonely place to reside...if you turn your back on the women that put you there.

INT. EVANGELINE'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

Evangeline enters her office in bedclothes, carries with her a kerosene lamp, a white porcelain bowl and a wooden match.

On top of her desk she finds the \$200 check. Puts the bowl down, places the check inside. Ignites the match and check.

As it burns, the flames illuminate the entire office.

In the bright light, Evangeline detects something unusual resting atop the seat cushion across from her.

A bouquet of flowers. Upon closer examination, yellow calla lilies. Evangeline begins to pick them up.

She notices underneath the flowers a tattered, aged copy of *The New York Times*, opened to the financial section.

Circled in red ink, a quote made world-famous by J.P. Morgan. "*Millionaires don't use astrology, billionaires do.*"

INT. COURTROOM, MAGISTRATE'S. DAY.

Evangeline squirms on the witness stand, sizes up her stack of astrological books, compass and protractor on the defendant's table.

PROSECUTRIX (mid 40s), gives a lengthy leer to the spectators in the gallery.

Glances at JUDGE FRESCHI (mid 50s) on the bench.

PROSECUTRIX

Miss Evangeline Smith Adams?

EVANGELINE

Yes, your--Miss, Mrs. It is Miss, isn't it?

PROSECUTRIX

I'll ask the questions.

Adele Priess snickers in the direction of Detective Roos, Mavis and Gwendlyspire Bouchamp seated next to her.

PROSECUTRIX (CONT'D)
 Isn't it true that you were turned down time and time again while searching out these variety of *suites* you'd spoken about?

EVANGELINE
 Well, yes. That's cor--

PROSECUTRIX
 Your presence was unwelcome at every building housing office space. Why exactly was that?

EVANGELINE
 But, ma'am. As you yourself mentioned, we did locate--

PROSECUTRIX
 Your Honor, please let it be known that these *suites* to which Miss Adams refers are artists' studios, *not* offices. For the likes of musicians, play-actors and such.

JUDGE FRESCHI
 Finish your thought, ma'am.

EVANGELINE
 We did--

PROSECUTRIX
 Before we delve into an explanation of what you call your *work*, your *profession*, do you understand why you are here? Fraud. Fraud by fortunetelling. A criminal offense.

EVANGELINE
 I understand. Perfectly. I am no fortuneteller. Rather than pay the fine, I'm here now. To demonstrate what I do.

PROSECUTRIX
 At the taxpayer's expense. Do you know realize how busy courts are?

JUDGE FRESCHI
 Astrology. The interpretation of the stars. Forgive my ignorance, but how does this differ then from astronomy?

PROSECUTRIX

Your Honor, time is of the essence.
If we--

EVANGELINE

Astronomy is the study of all
objects outside our world. It, too,
is a science. Astronomy, you could
say, came from astrology. Yes, you
are correct when you mentioned
interpretation. Astrology is the
oldest, most ancient, of all
sciences.

PROSECUTRIX

To much of the public you are a
fortuneteller. Do you intend to
disprove this today?

EVANGELINE

Yes, and I will. I am no
fortuneteller and I'd now like to
tell you why.

JUDGE FRESCHI

Please proceed.

In the gallery, Emma whispers to Sabine immediately after
Karl Straub enters, sits in the back row. Sabine nods.

Evangeline notices his presence, is horror-struck. Forces in
a deep breath.

The prosecutrix leans on her desk.

The rest of the spectators appear bored, disinterested, some
not listening at all. *New York Times* reporter Ralph Slocum
drinks from a flask in the back row of the press section.

The bailiff's eyelids close; Evangeline's speech continues.

EVANGELINE

Astrology is not only pre-historic
but pre-traditional, and must not
be classed with fortune telling,
sorcery, black magic, witchery or
any of the many forms of demonology
as practiced in ancient and modern
times.

JUDGE FRESCHI

Your presentation is sounding
rather proficient.

Mrs. Scrum, the prosecutrix, jumps up, pounds her fist onto the prosecution table, causing a two-foot high stack of documents to tumble to the floor.

Several in the gallery gasp. Rather than retrieve any papers, Mrs. Scrum snarls at the judge.

PROSECUTRIX

Your Honor, should this woman be allowed to hold up the proceedings of the day any longer with exposition? Make her show us.

JUDGE FRESCHI

You're entirely correct, Mrs. Scrum.

PROSECUTRIX

Thank you, your Honor.

The prosecutrix offers a fake smile to the judge, a real one to Adele Priess.

She aligns her eyes with Evangeline's on the witness stand.

PROSECUTRIX (CONT'D)

Now then, time for your demonstration, Miss Adams.

She hands Evangeline a folded over piece of paper.

PROSECUTRIX (CONT'D)

Birthdate, place and time. Nothing more.

Evangeline nods.

PROSECUTRIX (CONT'D)

Take this data, look it over and divulge your findings.

JUDGE FRESCHI

You may step down.

Evangeline walks back to her table. Sits. Opens the piece of paper and prepares to start her research.

JUDGE FRESCHI (CONT'D)

This court will take a momentary recess and reconvene promptly in ten minutes' time.

The prosecutrix drags her chair from the prosecution area, moves it within inches from Evangeline and her materials. Watches her like a hawk.

INT. COURTROOM, MAGISTRATE'S. DAY.

On the desk before Evangeline rests her astrological books, ephemeris, compass, protractor, and the opened piece of paper given to her by the prosecutrix.

BAILIFF JONES (late 20s) clears his throat.

BAILIFF JONES
 Recalling Case Number 1-27459;
 People ex. rel. Roos v. Adams.
 Please come to order. Parties are
 still under oath.

JUDGE FRESCHI
 You've completed your work, Miss
 Adams?

EVANGELINE
 Ye--

PROSECUTRIX
 Yes she has, your Honor.

The prosecutrix motions for Evangeline to re-take the stand.

She does, carries a sheet of graph paper containing symbols and written remarks.

PROSECUTRIX (CONT'D)
 Begin.

EVANGELINE
 This is a younger man. A boy with
 slightly longer hair the color of
 flame. Clear green eyes. Skin
 freckled from the sun. Athletic.
 Playful. Obstinate. Bold in front
 of others, uncertain by himself. A
 somber face worn in private.

(pauses)
 Sadly, this hapless lad will live a
 very short life. Water. A watery
 grave. Water, water all around him
 that will take...or has already
 taken his life so early...

Gasps, then whispers and murmurs from the spectators. Mrs. Scrum looks astonished.

EVANGELINE (CONT'D)
 (hesitantly)
 Shall I continue?

Dead silence.

The prosecutrix scratches her head, looks to the judge.

Judge Freschi peers down. Face as white as a sheet.

JUDGE FRESCHI
 That was my son.

The judge touches what appears to be a softball on his desk.

JUDGE FRESCHI (CONT'D)
 (voice cracking)
 He drowned recently.

PROSECUTRIX
 Miss Adams, that's a ver--

JUDGE FRESCHI
 We will adjourn. Briefly. Stay
 where you are.

Judge Freschi rises, leaves the courtroom.

The prosecutrix doesn't say a word, paces the floor.

Quiet chatter erupts in the gallery.

Evangeline gives a quizzical expression to Sabine and Emma.

The judge returns.

JUDGE FRESCHI (CONT'D)
 (to Evangeline)
 May I?

Judge Freschi takes the graph paper from Evangeline, examines it and its contents for what seems like forever.

JUDGE FRESCHI (CONT'D)
 (to the courtroom)
 Miss Adams has given ample proof
 that she is a woman of learning and
 culture, and one who is very well
 versed in astronomy and other
 sciences.

The judge looks to the prosecutrix, to Evangeline, to the spectators, then waves his son's chart in the air.

JUDGE FRESCHI (CONT'D)
I say she violated no law.

Sets the chart down.

JUDGE FRESCHI (CONT'D)
I am satisfied that the defendant
has not pretended to tell fortunes,
and she is accordingly acquitted.
Case dismissed.

Pounds the gavel.

Evangeline rests her face in her hands. Emma and Sabine can't
hide their joy.

JUDGE FRESCHI (CONT'D)
(to the press section)
It is also the opinion of this
court, that today, Miss Evangeline
Adams, has raised astrology to the
dignity of an exact science.

Karl Straub seethes, storms of out the courtroom.

EXT. MAGISTRATE'S COURT. DAY.

Dashing away, Karl Straub bumps into Ralph Slocum, nearly
knocks him to the ground.

Evangeline, Emma and Sabine exit the doorway leading outside.

They proceed down the sun-filled steps smiling.

RALPH SLOCUM
Miss Adams.

Evangeline turns around, recognizes the reporter. Stops.

Ralph Slocum catches up to the three.

RALPH SLOCUM (CONT'D)
Miss Adams. An exact science.
That's quite a proclamation.

EVANGELINE
Indeed it is.

RALPH SLOCUM
Your work is done.

EVANGELINE

It is? Why, I still have another
eighteen and a half years left. I
might as well make good use of
them.

Ralph Slocum appears befuddled, can't think of what to say.

EVANGELINE (CONT'D)

Life's short, Mr. Sloan.
(looks Slocum up and down)
No time to waste now. Good day to
you, sir.

Evangeline turns around, smirks to Emma.

Evangeline, Emma and Sabine continue walking down the steps
and never look back.