

FREDERICK AND MARY DESTROY A MONSTER

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BLACK.

The THUNDEROUS VOICE OF FREDERICK DOUGLASS pierces the darkness.

FREDERICK (O.S.)
What have I, or those I represent,
... To do with the Fourth of July?
Are the great principles of freedom
and justice, embodied in the
Declaration of Independence ...
Extended to us?

SUPER - JULY THE FOURTH, 1845: LONDON

Barely anything can be seen through DENSE MIST.

FREDERICK (O.S.)
No! I am not included!

A gentle breeze makes the FOG SWIRL.

FREDERICK (O.S.) (CONT'D)
The inheritance of justice and
liberty, is not shared by me.

The MIST TWISTS AND TURNS WILDLY.

FREDERICK (O.S.) (CONT'D)
This Fourth of July is not
mine.

The fog starts to DISSIPATE.

FREDERICK (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Above the national joy, I hear the
mournful wail of millions!

EXT. OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT

STREET LANTERNS illuminate a LARGE BUILDING a distance away.

FREDERICK (O.S.)
To forget them, would be
treason! My subject, my brethren,
is ... AMERICAN SLAVERY!

The OPERA HOUSE becomes closer. PEOPLE are lined up outside.

FREDERICK (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 I do not hesitate to declare, with
 all my soul, that the character and
 conduct of the United States never
 looked more sinister to me, than on
 this 4th of July.

INT. OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT

The LARGE DOOR swings open, showing a SPRAWL OF HUMANITY in
 its cavern. A YOUNG BRITISH COUPLE enters. They strain to
 see the stage over throngs of people. Many standing.

FREDERICK (O.S.)
 The conduct of America seems
 equally hideous ... And revolting.

The couple is followed into the large hall. FREDERICK
 DOUGLASS, (27) a light-skinned African American with fire in
 his eyes, dominates the stage. His passion - impressive.

FREDERICK (CONT'D)
 Standing with God and the crushed
 and bleeding slave on this
 occasion, I will, state that
 humanity -- is outraged.

He pounds his own chest with open fist.

FREDERICK (CONT'D)
 I, Frederick Douglass, dare to call
 in question and to denounce, with
 all the emphasis I can command,
 everything that serves to
 perpetuate slavery. The great sin
 and shame of America!

Huge APPLAUSE from the sold out audience. Frederick, stern
 of jaw, continues.

FREDERICK (CONT'D)
 Not only have I seen these things,
 but I have lived it. I will use
 the severest language I can
 command, but ... What am I to
 argue?

His face shows puzzlement.

SUPER - IMAGES OF AN AFRICANS ON A SLAVE SHIP, BEATEN BY SAILORS, SEEN BY FREDERICK AS A SLAVE.

FREDERICK (O.C.)

That it is wrong to rob them of
their liberty, to work them without
wages, to beat them with sticks ?

SUPER - YOUNG FREDERICK AS A SLAVE, SUSPENDED AND WHIPPED. BLOOD DRIPS. FACE TWISTED IN AGONY.

FREDERICK (O.C.)

To flay their flesh with the lash,
to load their limbs with irons ...

SUPER - FREDERICK RUNS, SCARED, IN FOREST, BARKING DOGS.

FREDERICK (O.C.)

To hunt them with dogs ... ?

SUPER - FREDERICK SEES SLAVES FOR SALE. A CHILD IS YANKED FROM THE MOTHER. SHE IS SLAPPED DOWN BY A SLAVE TRADER.

FREDERICK (O.C.)

To sell them at auction? ...

SUPER - A GUN BUTT SMASHES INTO A MOUTH, BLOOD GUSHES. A BRANDING IRON SEERS SKIN AS SMOKE RISES. FREDERICK CRIES.

FREDERICK (O.C.)

To knock out their teeth, to burn
their flesh, to starve them into
submission?

With fire in his eyes, he pounds the podium.

FREDERICK (CONT'D)

Must I argue that a system thus
marked with blood, is wrong?
No! I will not. I have better
employments for my time.

INT. BACK ROOM - NIGHT

A middle aged well-dressed woman, with deep eyes, MARY (50's), sits impatiently. From the dressing room, she can hear Douglass speak but only a few words are understandable. On her JOURNAL she writes in all caps - "LATE, LATE, LATE."

Finally a balding man with glasses comes in the room, DR. EDGINGTON (50's) looks worn out.

EDGINGTON

My utmost apologies, Miss Mary. I had to deliver a breach birth. It delayed me horribly.

MARY

Understood. Let's get on with it then. I wish not to waste a moment more on this than is needed.

EDGINGTON

I know how much the Abolition movement in America means to you. I saw you in the back when Douglass lectured in Liverpool last week.

MARY

Yes, and I don't want to miss another moment tonight.

Edgington has a seat near her.

EDGINGTON

Can you believe those oratory skills? And to think that this man was a slave and could not read until well into adulthood. Amazing.

MARY

Indeed. Now Dr. Edgington, I need you to tell me the horrid truth. The headaches, the seizures. They are getting worse. What is it?

EDGINGTON

Uh, is this really the proper place to discuss--

MARY

I have not the time nor inclination to wait a second longer. If you know, tell me. I insist.

The physician takes his glasses off and rubs his face.

EDGINGTON

Dearest Mary, it pains me to tell you that we believe that you have a brain tumor. I'm so very sorry.

Mary takes out a FLASK, hits it and makes a face as it burns. Her eyes get misty.

MARY

A monster in my head. How ironic.
How long, doctor? I need to know.

EDGINGTON

As many as five years, but, perhaps
as little as one. Please forgive
me. There is little we can do at
this stage. I'm so sorry.

The doctor starts to weep. She smiles through watery eyes and rubs his balding head.

MARY

There, there. Here, looks like you
need this.

She wipes off the flask and passes it to him. He takes a healthy swig and gives it back.

EDGINGTON

Many thanks, my lady. Forgive me
for putting on a show. I just --

MARY

It will be as it will be.

She reaches over and gently clasps his hand in hers.

INT. OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT

Mary comes out of a side door and heads to the front row. On stage, Mr. Douglass spits fire.

FREDERICK

Oh ... Had I the ability to
reach the world's ear, I would pour
out a fiery stream of biting
ridicule, withering sarcasm, and
stern rebuke.

As Mary moves towards her seat, she locks eyes with Douglass. He seems to direct his wall of words at Mary, who stops in her tracks. He uses dramatic motions with his body to emphasize his points.

FREDERICK (CONT'D)

For it is not light that is
needed, but fire.

Mary smiles back at him like he is a friend she is proud of.

FREDERICK (CONT'D)

The conscience of America must be roused; the hypocrisy of the nation must be exposed; and its crimes against God and man must be proclaimed and denounced.

MARY

Here-here!

Mary leads the opera house to an enthusiastic STANDING OVATION. Douglass acknowledges her and takes a sip of water as applause cascades down.

A fashionable black woman, GENEVA (50's), waves Mary over. She has saved a seat for her. They hug and sit together.

FREDERICK

What, to the American slave, is this so-called, Independence Day? A day that reveals to him, more than all other days, the cruelty, to which he is the constant victim.

Geneva is so excited she can barely contain herself. Her ACCENT FROM THE AMERICAN SOUTH is quite pronounced.

GENEVA

Good lawd, ain't he something?

FREDERICK

To him, this American celebration is a sham. A thin veil to cover up crimes which would disgrace a nation of savages.

Deafening APPLAUSE erupts. Geneva jumps to her feet.

GENEVA

You tell it, my brother. Tell it!

Douglass smiles at her and continues.

FREDERICK

And tell it, I will. For revolting barbarity and shameless hypocrisy, America reigns.

CROWD

True, true ... Shameful ... Yes!

GENEVA

Preach on, preach on!

FREDERICK

How appropriate that you mention preaching. The church of my country ... Has made itself the defenders of slavery.

Mr. Douglass takes a sip of water as his words are absorbed.

FREDERICK (CONT'D)

They make religion a cold-hearted thing, with no principles, nor compassion. They strip the love of God of its beauty and turn it into a horrible, **repulsive monster**.

Frederick holds up a BIBLE as more APPLAUSE rains down.

FREDERICK (CONT'D)

It favors the rich over the poor and tramples the truth of the brotherhood of man.

The audience leaps to their feet in agreement. Geneva rushes the stage with tears in her eyes. He clasps her hands in sympathy and smiles. Mary looks on, intently.

GENEVA

God bless you, sir. The world needs to hear this. If they only seen what I seen, they know for sho'.

He nods to her and she returns to her seat. Mary smiles. Geneva raises her hand like she is testifying in church.

Douglass picks up the BIBLE, then slams it back down dramatically, in frustration and contempt.

FREDERICK

Oh! Be warned! Be warned! A horrible reptile is coiled up in your nation's bosom. A **hideous monster**. Let the weight of millions crush it ... Forever!

Mr. Douglass stomps on the floor like he is crushing a bug under his boot. The audience responds with a rousing show of appreciation and respect.

FREDERICK (CONT'D)

Thank you all so very much, London. May the good Lord bless you all.

INT. OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT

Frederick Douglass exits the stage to a standing ovation. Mary wipes away tears of joy as she APPLAUDS enthusiastically. Geneva does the same.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Mary and Geneva are led down a hall by a young man. PERCIVAL (Teen) takes them to an empty room. LANTERNS are lit.

PERCIVAL

It is such an honor to have you in attendance tonight, ma'am. Is this room suitable?

INT. PARLOUR - NIGHT

Mary looks around and enters.

MARY

This will be just fine young man. What is your name?

PERCIVAL

My name is Percival but my friends call me Percy.

MARY

That was my late husband's name.

PERCIVAL

I know, Me mum named me after him. I will go summon Mr. Douglass now. If there is anything you need, just ring me.

MARY

I most certainly will, Mr. Percy. Godspeed, son.

Mary takes a seat. He leaves, Geneva moves towards the door.

GENEVA

Nice name, huh? I knew y'all would go down in history. Any old way, I'll be in the lobby over yonder. I hope it works out like you're figuring.

MARY

It is my solemn prayer. I will tell you more later, but I fear my end is near. I owe a debt and it must be paid before I leave Earth.

Geneva comes back and hugs her. Mary's eyes water.

GENEVA

God bless you, Miss Mary. You is a good person, going straight on to heaven. Even if he says, no.

MARY

I have the power to erase my darkest shame and bring life to millions. I cannot falter.

GENEVA

You won't. Just tell him your story. I think he is the one.

MARY

So do I.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Douglass towels off alone in the room. He turns to a mirror and stares at his reflection. He removes his sweaty shirt and hesitates before putting the clean one. Whip marks and scars adorn his body.

He closes his eyes as tears run, then falls to his knees, hands clasped in prayer.

FREDERICK

Oh Lord. Grant me the power to continue this fight. I am but one man against an entire nation. Please send me someone to help.

He is drawn to the mirror's reflection again.

FREDERICK (CONT'D)

I pledge my humble life to your goodness. Death or enslavement could befall me at any moment, but I will stay steadfast. Please, send an angel. Please.

INT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Frederick Douglass is surrounded by admirers.

FREDERICK

No, I'm not quite sure if or when I will return to America.

The two men that engage with him the most are Mr. WALLINGFORD and Mr. RICHARDSON (50's).

WALLINGFORD

Well I hope not, old chap. Such barbarity. It would be suicide to return. You still are a fugitive, are you not?

FREDERICK

It is true. I am a criminal for taking freedom into my own hands. To this day, a man in Maryland claims ownership of me.

RICHARDSON

So you could be captured and returned to chains? I will not have it. I have a Summer home in Wales. You may have use of it as long as you please.

Frederick is stunned as Richardson hands him a PAPER WITH HIS ADDRESS ON IT.

FREDERICK

I am humbled beyond words, sir. The gracious treatment that I have received in your faire country is more humane than I had ever fathomed. Makes me wonder that if we lost the Revolutionary war, would we be better off at this point in time? I will consider your generous offer most earnestly.

Percival enters the room.

PERCIVAL

Excuse me, Mr. Douglass, sir. That benefactor who requested a moment with you is ready now.

FREDERICK

Very good. Mr. Wallingford, Mr. Richardson. It was such a pleasure to meet you.

RICHARDSON

Good day, Mr. Douglass. May the good Lord bless your every breath.

INT. PARLOUR - NIGHT

Frederick is shown into the room by Percival.

PERCIVAL

Will there be anything else?

MARY

Yes, a pint for both of us, Percy.

PERCIVAL

Very good, madam. I shall return.

As Percival trots off, Mr. Douglass approaches the Englishwoman.

FREDERICK

Greetings, ma'am, my name is Frederick Douglass. It is a pleasure to meet you.

He kisses her hand in a gentlemanly fashion.

MARY

It is an honor, Mr. Douglass. Please, you may call me, Mary. Have a seat and join me if you will.

FREDERICK

My pleasure. Might I say that the hospitality afforded to me in your country has left me next to speechless.

He pulls up a seat and sits a comfortable distance away. Mary laughs.

MARY

Speechless? My dear sir, that oration tonight was nothing short of absolute brilliance. I don't know if my heart could take much more of a jolting display.

FREDERICK

You are much to kind, Miss Mary.

MARY

Although I am British, the Fourth of July will always be a day that has a special meaning to me. One that still haunts me. I will never forget my time in America.

FREDERICK

Nor shall I.

They laugh. Mary pulls out a BOOK. It is the slave narrative that Frederick wrote about himself.

MARY

This book you wrote. It drove me to tears on many an occasion. Would you mind signing it for me?

FREDERICK

It would be an extreme honor and privilege.

As Douglass autographs the book, Mary studies him intensely.

MARY

You remind me so much of an old friend of mine, named Adamly. Both of you, so smart, so fearless.

FREDERICK

Why thank you. Young Percival mentioned that you were one of the benefactors that made this trip possible. I am eternally grateful.

MARY

I am the one that owes a debt to you, sir. Tell me, do you plan to stay or return? I will not find fault in any decision you make.

A pained look comes across Frederick's face. A deep sigh large enough for six lungs is exhaled. He closes his eyes and brushes his hand over his iconic hairstyle. When he opens them, several teardrops fall. He turns away from Mary.

FREDERICK

I ... I don't know what to do. And it is killing me to the core.

(MORE)

FREDERICK (CONT'D)

How can I live this life of luxury and equality that my brothers in chains could never imagine? The guilt is unimaginable. But if I go back, I could be re-enslaved or even executed. I'm afraid that I am not as fearless as you had thought.

Mary gets up and gives him a motherly hug as he unsuccessfully tries to hold back tears.

MARY

Not fearless? Young man, that is utter nonsense and I won't stand for it. One day your country will pronounce you as a national hero of the noblest order. My faith in you dear friend is stronger than ever.

Frederick pulls himself together and wipes his eyes as he chuckles.

FREDERICK

A national hero? I'm considered a criminal as of this moment. What horrible thing did I steal? My God given birth-right? And yet I am on the run.

He turns and faces her.

FREDERICK (CONT'D)

I greatly appreciate your faith in me, but I have no faith in that land of hypocrites and blood thirsty snakes. That place is a nightmare.

Mary pulls a chair over closer to him.

MARY

A nightmare indeed. A nightmare that needs to end, with haste. I have made its abolition a lifelong vow of mine. My soul cannot rest until this blight on humanity has been vanquished. I was there for only a few calendar days but it aged me a decade.

FREDERICK

Dear God. It must have been horrifying.

MARY

That is the perfect word for it.
It would be my pleasure to share it
with you, if you have a moment.

Frederick perks up and looks her directly in the eyes.

FREDERICK

I wish to be no where else.
Please, proceed.

MARY

Curious thing. It all happened
thirty years ago to the day. The
Fourth of July, 1815. I was but a
young, bright eyed, teenager then.

FADE TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

An elaborately decorated STAGE COACH travels down a COLONIAL
STREET drawn by FOUR, WELL-GROOMED HORSES.

SUPER - 4TH OF JULY, 1815, VIRGINIA

CLOUDY SKIES look down on the carriage.

ADULT MARY (V.O.)

I was innocent to the world and its
ways. After that day it all changed
... Forever.

The wagon passes a sign that reads, "WELCOME TO VIRGINIA".

ADULT MARY (V.O.)

At the time, I was a fanatic for
science and my dad arranged for THE
LONDON TIMES to publish a story I
would write about an inventor.
Thomas Jefferson.

Rolling hills watch the stagecoach amble past.

ADULT MARY (V.O.)

I only vaguely knew about slavery.
It had ended in Britain decades
ago.

On the left is a sign that reads, 'FRANKLIN ESTATE'. They
continue on.

ADULT MARY (V.O.)

My father had been friends with Thomas Jefferson for many years. It was rare for a child my age to be published. I knew I wanted to be a writer. I would not be denied.

Darkness falls as the passenger coach rolls on.

ADULT MARY (V.O.)

I, Mary Godwin at the time, felt like the luckiest girl in the world when my father told me that he had arranged for me to finally visit my subject for an interview.

A road sign reads, "MONTICELLO AHEAD". Mary writes in her JOURNAL, "THE GATES OF HEAVEN ARE BEFORE US".

ADULT MARY (V.O.)

Thomas Jefferson. I couldn't believe it. A stay at Monticello too?. How excited I was. Little did I know what horrible sights lie ahead. Sometimes, I wish I never stepped down from the coach.

EXT. MONTICELLO - NIGHT

The stage coach pulls into a LARGE MANICURED ESTATE. Other ELABORATE COACHES are parked nearby. WORKERS, mostly Black, do various tasks - Grooming horses, carrying bags, etc.

BRUTUS (30's), a Black man in a fine suit, quickly walks over to the stage coach door, opens it and bows.

A dainty, Caucasian hand reaches forth. The servant grabs her hand and helps her step down. The female that exits is incredibly beautiful. Although still a teenager, YOUNG MARY SHELLEY'S hair, bright eyes and hour-glass figure can compete with any woman, of any age.

BRUTUS

Welcome to Monticello, Miss Godwin.
We been expecting you. Please,
follow me. My name be Brutus.

The girl steps out. Her long dress almost reaches the ground. Coming out behind her is another Black man, ADAMLY [30's], a big guy compared to Mary. He also wears a fine suit. Straight ahead of them is the legendary Monticello Mansion.

YOUNG MARY

Please, call me Mary, Mr. Brutus.
Adamly, isn't it just beautiful?

ADAMLY

Yes, my lady. Just like in the
pictures.

The big man has a DEEP VOICE AND A BRITISH ACCENT. The American Black men who are unloading the stage, turn on a pivot to look at the strange speaking, slave? Adamly glares back at them.

MARY

No, Adamly, this is much more
incredible than any drawing could
ever be. Come on, let's go take a
look.

BRUTUS

I'm sorry ma'am, but your slave
gots to stay behind.

ADAMLY

I AM NOT A SLAVE!! Nor shall I be
treated as such.

BRUTUS

Me? I don't care whatcha are. All
I know is they ain't gonna let your
Black ass, no where near the big
house. That's the rules!

YOUNG MARY

I will not stand for that. This
man--

BRUTUS

That's the problem. He ain't no
man. Maybe where he be from, but
not 'round here. We'll take good
care of him, Miss.

ADAMLY

Do not talk to me as if I were her
puppy. I am Reginald Preston
Adamly, a freeman, from the town of
Brixton, Great Britain. I'll suffer
this indignity for a moment Miss
Godwin, but ensuing accommodations
must improve greatly. This is not
acceptable. This place is
barbarous.

YOUNG MARY

Oh, dear Adamly. I had no idea.
Please forgive me. After tonight,
we will head back to Boston, then
London. I'm sorry, I'd would never
do anything to hurt you.

She puts her arm around the large Black man. The American slaves gasp at this open display of affection between the odd couple. Brutus notices other arriving guests, and the looks that they are sending toward Mary and her 'friend'. One young man, half hidden in shadows, seems very intrigued.

BRUTUS

Miss, uh, people is looking. We
really needs to get a going.
Dinner's almost ready and you gets
a tour first. You wants to meet
massa Tom, right? See inventions?

YOUNG MARY

Yes, yes. Make sure that you take
special care of my friend. I will
hold you fully responsible, Mr.
Brutus. Do you understand?

BRUTUS

Yes, ma'am, come now, he'll be
fine. Please, come.

Mary waves as she walks towards the big house with Brutus. Adamly waves back at her as she walks off. The man in the shadows takes notice too. VICTOR FRANKLIN (late 20's) follows Adamly and Brutus from a distance

ADULT MARY (V.O.)

I should have turned around right
there. God forgive me.

INT. MONTICELLO BALLROOM - NIGHT

The white-gloved servant leads Mary to her place in the reception line. In the light, Mary looks radiant.

The hall itself is a work of art. The DOMED CEILING, LINED WITH CRYSTAL CHANDELIERS AND INLAID GOLD. HUGE OIL PAINTINGS SHINE REFLECTIONS ONTO THE ULTRA POLISHED, HARDWOOD FLOORS. The mansion is decorated in Red, White, and Blue. "Happy Independence Day" BANNERS wave.

Mary writes in her JOURNAL.

YOUNG MARY (V.O.)

As I stand in the Buckingham Palace of America, I struggle not to faint away. I am overcome by the opulence of the grounds and home. The cleverness of his inventions and the glory of the moment. Lord, if I blackout, please let Mr. Jefferson catch me.

Mary is flanked on one side by the SWISS AMBASSADOR. On the other side is NEWTON QUIMBY [50's] who appears to be a wealthy plantation owner. The plump planter leans on a solid gold and ivory cane. He speaks to Mary in with a deep southern drawl.

QUIMBY

Well, hello dear child. My name is Newton Quimby, a modest planter from down Georgia way. Yourself?

YOUNG MARY

My name is Mary Godwin. My family is from England and ... Oh look, here comes Mr. Jefferson.

JEFFERSON, (70's) an elderly man with white hair and a wry smile shakes hands, jokes and moves his way down the line towards Mary. She twitches and primps like a typical nervous teenager.

JEFFERSON

And what is your name, Miss?

YOUNG MARY

I am Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin of Great Britain. I believe you are familiar with my father, William Godwin.

JEFFERSON

Oh yes, the good Mister Godwin. I was told to expect you. Your dad and I have been friends for many years. Welcome.

Dr. Victor Franklin, now out of the shadows, smiles at Mary. His piercing blue eyes, premature balding head and cavalier stance catches the Brit's attention for a brief moment.

YOUNG MARY

Thank you sir. I will remember this for all of my days. I feel honored to be in your presence.

(MORE)

YOUNG MARY (CONT'D)

I hope there is time for you to show me some of your other wonderful inventions and literary works.

JEFFERSON

Thank you for the kindly words, Miss Godwin. It would be my pleasure ma'am. As a matter of fact, you are standing in the middle of one of my favorite creations.

YOUNG MARY

Oh yes, Monticello is more spectacular than I had ever imagined. It is truly elegant, sir.

JEFFERSON

What a lovely guest. Good day.

Jefferson moves on. Mary takes out her journal and writes in it as Quimby rudely looks over her shoulder.

YOUNG MARY (V.O.)

Forgive my penmanship but I am swooning. My heart beats so fast, I'm fearful it may explode through my skin and ruin my gown. I MET HIM. In the flesh. I think that I am in love. Is that silly?

As the music starts up again, Victor Franklin, approaches. His clothes reflect that he is well-to-do for a young man.

VICTOR

Uh, hello ma'am. My name is Victor.

YOUNG MARY

My name is Mary. I'm waiting for Mr. Jefferson. He's going to show me his creations. I hope.

VICTOR

Interested in science are you?

YOUNG MARY

Yes, very much. Ever since I was just a little girl. I've loved it.

VICTOR

Perhaps you heard of my dad, Ben.

YOUNG MARY

Ben? Ben who?

VICTOR

Franklin. Benjamin Franklin was my father. My name is Victor.

YOUNG MARY

What? Really? I've read every Almanac ever published. Your dad was a genius, wow. You were lucky.

Victor gets a strange look on his face.

VICTOR

It would seem to be a lucky situation, but all situations have drawbacks. Perhaps after you see Jefferson's creations, you will come see the Franklin inventions.

YOUNG MARY

Victor, that would be great. So, you are an inventor too?

VICTOR

I try my best ma'am, one day I'll be even bigger than Mr. Jefferson, or even my dad. You'll see, I'll go down in history.

YOUNG MARY

Well, at least you have a high confidence level. Alright, I'll take the Franklin tour right after the Jefferson tour, agreed?

Victor smiles, clutches her hand, gives it a kiss.

VICTOR

Thank you, Miss Mary. I guarantee to show you things beyond your wildest dreams.

YOUNG MARY

Quite.

VICTOR

Lets's find him. I bet that he is in the study.

ADULT MARY (V.O.)

Funny thing about evil. Often it is charming ... At first.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Mary and Victor walk down the hallway. Voices stir.

YOUNG MARY

I think I can hear him.

VICTOR

The room is right over here.

Mary and Victor freeze in their tracks, just outside the doorway, slightly hidden by shadows. They look at each other in shock, then back to the sight before them.

INT. THE STUDY - NIGHT

In the middle of a room whose walls are lined with books from the floor to the ceiling, is a sight of pure ignorance, stupidity and perversion.

Jefferson and Quimby are there, but they are not alone. TWO BLACK SLAVE GIRLS [TEENS] are with them also. Quimby is touching the women ... Inappropriately. He smiles like a crazy man, loving the moment. Loving the power.

Jefferson looks on. He pours himself wine from a decanter, but his eyes do not stray from his Georgian guest.

The look on the PANDORA (Teen) is pure horror.

JEFFERSON

Pandora, you're making such a face.
Just relax and let Mr. Quimby do
his business.

PANDORA

Please Mr. Jefferson sir. Please
don't sell us. We don't wanna
leave. We got family here.

QUIMBY

I love it when niggers start crying
about families and such. It's a
joke. Niggers ain't no more
interested in family than hogs are.
They pretend they have family but
they're just imitating what they
see white people do. I seen it
before, it's just an act.

PANDORA

I'm not acting, Master Thomas.

Quimby removes his hand from her body, then BACKHANDS her across the face. In a mirror reaction, in the hall, Mary winces at the same time Pandora does.

QUIMBY

Don't you sass me bitch. Don't you ever sass me, understand?

Tears run down Pandora's face. The girl next to her shakes with fear. Jefferson looks on, unmoved.

PANDORA

Yes sir, Mr. Quimby. I sorry.

QUIMBY

That's better.

More tears run as she stares at the ceiling, mentally escaping.

JEFFERSON

Do you like what you see old boy?
That's some good stuff. I should know. I broke her in personally.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Mary looks like she just ate a dead bug. Revulsion and rage boil inside of her. A sole tear runs down her cheek.

INT. THE STUDY - NIGHT

Jefferson, laughing, sips more wine.

JEFFERSON

Pandora, Pandora. This isn't personal, it's just business. I've been buying and selling slaves like you since I was a teenage boy.

YOUNG MARY (O.S.)

How dare you!

Mary comes out of the shadows, shouting. Her eyes are full of deep hurt and anger. Jefferson whirls around, shocked.

JEFFERSON

Mary?! What are you doing here?

Pandora avoids all eye contact.

YOUNG MARY

I thought that you were a good man,
a great man. All your talk about
independence, liberty and pursuit
of happiness. It's all lies, LIES!
The pursuit of money, that's all
you love. MONSTER! You are no
better than that loathsome worm
Quimby.

QUIMBY

I've had about enough of your
mouth.

YOUNG MARY

What are you going to do, big man?
I fear you NOT!

JEFFERSON

The sale is OFF! Pandora, go back
to your quarters.

QUIMBY

Jesus Christ, Tom! Who cares about
this little bitch? We've got
business to do.

YOUNG MARY

Go ahead. Don't let me stop you.
You've been doing this since you
were a teenager, right?

Jefferson turns to Pandora and the other girl.

JEFFERSON

Go! NOW!

The ladies waste no time as they exit the area.

QUIMBY

Great! Now where the hell am I
gonna find a wench for sale at this
time of night?

VICTOR (O.S.)

Try your momma. I heard her prices
can't be beat.

Victor steps out of the shadows.

QUIMBY

You, you spoiled brat bastard. No
one talks that way to me. I'll kill
you, Franklin!

Quimby rushes Victor in the hall. A fist fight ensues. The older, drunker man, loses ground fast.

YOUNG MARY
Get him Victor!

As they fight, they bounce off walls and knock over vases and other ceramics to the floor.

JEFFERSON
Gentlemen, please.

The fight does not stop until Victor lands a vicious upper cut to Quimby's chin. He topples backwards and sprawls to the floor. Victor grabs a glass chard, puts it to Quimby's throat, presses it to the skin.

VICTOR
Oh yeah. Give me the word Mary.
Just give me the word! I'll kill
this fat bastard right now!

A moment of tension is felt. Sweat pours down Quimby's face.

QUIMBY
Please, please don't kill me.

VICTOR
Mary?

YOUNG MARY
Victor. He's not worth it.

Victor gets off of the pitiful planter. Mary walks right up to Jefferson's face.

JEFFERSON
Miss Godwin, mere words cannot
express how sad I am, that you had
to see that.

YOUNG MARY
Oh, I see. As long as I don't see
it, then it's alright. Victor, I
think we ought to leave before we
SEE any more of Mr. Jefferson's
creations. I've seen enough of
your lies and empty words to last
me a lifetime. I can't believe I
was fooled to think that you were a
hero.

JEFFERSON

Mary, please, you don't understand.
Let me make it up to you.

YOUNG MARY

No. It's too late for that. I never
want to see you again. I hate you.

JEFFERSON

Please, don't say that.

YOUNG MARY

Victor, lets go!

Mary spins on her heels and marches angrily towards the dark
corridor. Victor smiles sheepishly to Jefferson.

JEFFERSON

You're no better than I am, Victor.
Maybe worse. She'll see.

VICTOR

Goodbye Jefferson.

INT. BALLROOM - LATER

Mary, pissed off and crushed, storms to the exit and marches
out the front door.

EXT. MONTICELLO PORCH - NIGHT.

Upset, Mary leans against one of the thick WHITE PILLARS. A
THUNDERSTORM BREWS OVERHEAD. LIGHTNING FLASHES in the
distance and LIGHT RAIN starts to fall. DARK CLOUDS MOVE
ACROSS THE FULL MOON. Mary takes out her journal and writes
with a shaky hand.

YOUNG MARY (V.O.)

My soul has been trampled and my
heart, torn asunder. Hypocrites!
Liars! Bloody monsters! There is
no excuse under the reign of heaven
that can justify these evils. Do
they think they are Gods? They are
quite the opposite. Had I a
different mother, that girl could
be me. How can I save them? What
can I do? I hate this feeling of
helplessness.

Victor comes out. She puts the journal away.

VICTOR

How do I express my regrets that you had to experience those grossly unpleasant moments? I apologize for taking you to his study.

YOUNG MARY

Victor, I appreciate your gallantry. This visit has been a tremendous disappointment. I will get my servant and leave for Great Britain immediately.

VICTOR

Oh Miss, don't say that. You still have to see my collection of inventions.

YOUNG MARY

Thank you but...

VICTOR

No Mary. You really need to see my projects, really. Come on, this is science, Prometheus unbound. I plan to be more famous than my dad.

YOUNG MARY

You told me that before ... I don't know. I still have an article to write, but no one to interview.

VICTOR

I live close by. I can show you everything at my estate and still get you back to your port by midnight or so. It will be fun.

YOUNG MARY

Well, how do I know I can trust you to be a gentleman?

Victor smiles widely.

VICTOR

Is my family name not good enough for the fair maiden?

YOUNG MARY

Well, I guess I could go just for an hour or so.

VICTOR

Of course. This will be the highlight of your vacation with a great article and memories to last a lifetime. This way, Ma'am.

Mary pauses for a moment. She studies Victor, then hesitantly follows him off of the porch and into the RAIN. Victor turns back and grins at her. He holds his hand out, she takes it.

One of Jefferson's slaves runs over to them and hands her an UMBRELLA. Mary smiles to her. It is Pandora. Tears run.

YOUNG MARY

Thank you.

PANDORA

No, Miss Mary. THANK YOU.

VICTOR

Run down to the slave quarters and fetch Miss Mary's slave. Prepare him to travel. Have him meet us at the stagecoach.

Pandora nods that it is understood. She hesitates, then gives Mary a heartfelt hug, then hurries off into the dark night.

EXT. OUTSIDE STAGE COACH- NIGHT

Adamly is waiting for Mary and Victor, next to the horses. He looks like he is very ready to leave.

ADAMLY

Ah, Miss Godwin. I'm glad to see that we are ready to leave this dreadful place. I never appreciated London more.

The British accent catches Victor off guard.

YOUNG MARY

Adamly, I wholeheartedly agree. I plan to get to the port later tonight, then catch the very first ship, back to the Union Jack.

ADAMLY

Beautiful. Absolutely marvelous.

Victor looks baffled. It appears that this is no slave that he is used to seeing. Suddenly Victor breaks into UNCONTROLLABLE LAUGHTER. Mary and Adamly just stare at him.

VICTOR

Oh Mary, ..., how did you teach him to talk like that? Oh, it's priceless.

Victor continues to chuckle. Mary and Adamly are bewildered.

YOUNG MARY

Teach him? This man is a British Citizen. This is his natural speech. I fail to see the humor.

Slowly Victor stops laughing and composes himself. Adamly looks at him cautiously.

VICTOR

I'm sorry. I'm just not used to seeing slaves speak with such words or with that funny accent. Sorry, it just breaks me up.

Mary and Adamly look at each other and back at Victor.

YOUNG MARY

Adamly is not a SLAVE, sir. Please try to remember that. He serves me and he is my friend. I cherish him as a family member. Proudly.

Victor looks Adamly up and down. A slight smirk is on his face. Brutus finishes cleaning the inside of the wagon.

VICTOR

I see.

BRUTUS

Sir, your coach is ready.

VICTOR

Very good.

YOUNG MARY

Adamly, this is Mr. Victor Franklin. He is the son of Ben Franklin the famous inventor and statesman.

Adamly is honestly impressed. He extends his hand to shake Victor's.

ADAMLY

My pleasure, sir. Quite a legacy your father left.

(MORE)

ADAMLY (CONT'D)

I've been an admirer of his accomplishments for decades.

Victor pauses before shaking Adamly's hand, but finally does. He still seems amazed at Adamly's grasp of the English language and his genuine intellect.

VICTOR

Well, thank you. He was quite a man, but I plan to make a name for myself also.

YOUNG MARY

I decided to go over to Victor's estate and look at some of the inventions that he and his father conjured up.

ADAMLY

Tonight?

YOUNG MARY

Yes. Then after that, we can head to the port and then back to England. I could not get the story from Jefferson. He was, uh, busy.

Adamly looks at her for a second before answering.

ADAMLY

Your father gave permission to see Monticello, but expressly told me to curtail forays into unknown regions. Please, reconsider.

Victor takes exception at the last comment. He is about to speak out when Mary steps in.

YOUNG MARY

Oh Adamly, you worry too much. Everything will be fine. We'll only be there an hour. I need a story. Come on, help me into the coach.

Adamly looks at Victor. Victor smiles back. The Brit takes Mary's hand and helps her into the carriage.

ADAMLY

Alright Miss Mary, you win.

YOUNG MARY

This trip has been a disaster so far. Maybe this little jaunt will be the highlight.

VICTOR
Don't worry, it will.

ADAMLY
Time will tell.

MARY (V.O.)
That turned out to be the greatest
mistake of my life and have borne
its heavy burden, ever since.

A black STAGECOACH DRIVER walks by them, climbs atop the
coach and grabs the REIGNS, as the men step into the cab.

INT. STAGECOACH - NIGHT

The carriage is small. The three occupants are jostled and
jerked around with every little bump in the road. All seem to
be in a good mood.

Victor looks at Adamly curiously, then smiles. The sound of
RAIN pounding against the horse drawn wagon is much louder
that it was before. LIGHTNING FLASHES, illuminates the inside
of the coach.

YOUNG MARY
Beastly weather. I wouldn't
even send a dog out in that. I hope
we can get to the port tonight.

ADAMLY
Perhaps we should reconsider and
make port our immediate
destination, just in case floods--

VICTOR
Look, don't worry, this shower will
be over in an hour. I thought you
Brits would be used to a little
rain.

Mary looks out the window, just as a LIGHTNING bolt hits a
nearby tree. The TREE EXPLODES IN SPARKS, FLAMES AND THICK
SMOKE. The HORSES RAISE UP AND BUCK in fear for a second,
Mary and the passengers jump also.

YOUNG MARY
My God! Yes, well, rain we have.
Fireworks like that, we try to keep
at a minimum.

VICTOR

It is the Fourth of July, right?
What a better time.

EXT. FRANKLIN MANSION- NIGHT

The HOUSE SERVANTS come out to meet Victor and the guests with umbrellas. One girl, GENEVA, (20's), gives the Brit an OVERCOAT also. Mary appreciates it.

YOUNG MARY

Thank you dear. What's your name?

GENEVA

My name is Geneva, Miss.

YOUNG MARY

This is my servant and friend. His name is Adamly, he's a free man, from England, and he's, unattached.

ADAMLY

Pleased to meet you, Miss Geneva.

Adamly acts embarrassed. Adamly and Geneva exchange glances. An attraction is growing. So is the volume of rain.

VICTOR

Lets go get out of this weather. I have a lot to show you in a short time.

EXT. FRANKLIN ESTATE - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

The rain-soaked souls, head to the front door of the very large mansion. LIGHTNING bolts illuminate.

INT. FRANKLIN MANSION - NIGHT

The entourage enters the hall of the huge house. CHANDELIERS hang from the ceiling. A HUGE PORTRAIT OF BEN FRANKLIN is mounted over the fireplace.

VICTOR

Finally, home at last. Please, make yourselves at home. Geneva, get some tea started, will you?

GENEVA

Yes sir.

She gathers the umbrellas, pausing as she takes Adamly's from him. Adamly smiles widely at her as she marches away.

YOUNG MARY

I love your house, Victor. It looks like Adamly does too. That was the first time I saw him smile since we arrived. Maybe he'd like to stay.

ADAMLY

No ma'am. The last ten minutes have been nice, but I can't wait to touch British soil again.

A male Black servant, IVORY (50's) enters the room. He has a hump in his back. The hump makes him walk with a limp. He walks towards Victor and his guests.

VICTOR

Ah, Ivory. These are my guests. This is Miss Mary Godwin and this is her servant, Adamly. They came from Britain.

IVORY

Good evening ma'am. Welcome.

The deformed man's voice is hoarse and mixed with a very STRONG SOUTHERN DRAWL. Mary smiles, confused.

YOUNG MARY

I'm sorry sir. What did you say? I couldn't quite understand.

VICTOR

Half the time I can't understand him either. After graduating Medical School last year, I bought Ivory from an Alabama doctor. I'm trying to teach him proper Virginia English but its hard to change the habits of an old dog.

YOUNG MARY

Well, I didn't know you were a doctor. That's great. Anyway, I'm sure we sound funny to Ivory too.

VICTOR

Yes, I'm sure you're right. Ivory, take their bags and show them rooms where they can change from these wet clothes.

IVORY

Yes Massa, should I take this here boy down to slave quarters?

Mary and Adamly look at Ivory harshly. Victor takes notice.

VICTOR

No, no. Take his bags to a spare room. Adamly is our special guest tonight.

Ivory is noticeably shocked. He looks Adamly up and down with big eyes, then looks back to Victor.

IVORY

You sure, Massa?

VICTOR

Yes, Ivory, I'm quite sure. Just in case this storm gets worse. I want you and Geneva to prepare their beds also.

IVORY

Yessum. Right away.

ADAMLY

Does it flood here often? Being on a hill, I'd imagine your house is relatively out of danger.

VICTOR

Quite observant. Yes, the house is safe, but the roads, that's where the problem lies. If worse comes to worse. I hope you feel comfortable enough to stay the night.

ADAMLY

Thank you for your gracious invitation, sir. After the tour, if this precipitation continues in Biblical proportions, we may have no alternative.

Victor smiles, he seems amused and intrigued.

VICTOR

Adamly seems to be a man of many talents. To be sure, there aren't too many like him. Ma'am, you should be proud. He has a brain to treasure.

MARY

Why thank you. Adamly is quite a treasure alright. Our family sees to his education and well-being as if he were my big brother.

VICTOR

Who knows Adamly, perhaps one day, your brain will be used to end slavery for good.

YOUNG MARY

Do you think that it's possible? But how?

VICTOR

I've actually been working on a little invention. After speaking to Adamly. I think he can help bring it to life. So to speak.

ADAMLY

Help you? But sir, my medical and scientific background is quite limited. How could I contribute to such a momentous cause?

Victor smiles, turns to Ivory and winks.

VICTOR

For now, just dry off. We will talk of revolutionary thoughts later.

INT. VICTOR'S PARLOR - LATER

Mary and Adamly are served as Geneva pours LIBATIONS FROM A DECANTER. In the hall, slaves sneak peeks and snicker at Adamly as he sits calmly, dressed like British gentry. To their eyes, an inspiring oddity.

ADAMLY

You have quite an exquisite house Mr. Franklin. Is that Italian marble around your fireplace?

VICTOR

Why yes, yes it is. Good eye, Adamly. How did you know?

ADAMLY

I travelled to Italy with Mary's' family a few years ago to purchase some Venetian wall hangings. While there, I learned all I could.

VICTOR

My God man. I wouldn't doubt if your intellect eclipses most of the white people in Virginia. Uh, sorry, no offense.

ADAMLY

None taken. In actuality any of your Blacks in America, despite being treated like cattle, are capable of thinking at this level.

YOUNG MARY

That's right. If America can get over its endless greed, twisted lust and racial hatred, perhaps it could be the greatest nation ever.

VICTOR

Really?

YOUNG MARY

I hoped to find a nation of harmony. Instead I found liars, bullies, hypocrites, pigs and monsters. Sorry, no offense.

VICTOR

Ha, none taken. I apologize for my countrymen and will try to make your last few hours in America your best.

Victor pours himself a drink. He sips it and walks over to a large door.

YOUNG MARY

Is that where you make your inventions and do your research?

VICTOR

Yes, as a matter of fact. Come, let me show you. Euphrates, please clean up in here.

An elderly Black woman, EUPHRATES(60's), comes from the hallway. She is dark skinned and very gray. Her eyes are bright and strong.

EUPHRATES

Please? Why are you saying
'please'? Oh, I see, a pretty girl
is in the room. I thought it was
Christmas.

Victor rolls his eyes at Euphrates as Mary and Adamly grin at her humor.

VICTOR

Euphrates is the bittersweet court
jester for the house. Sometimes
more bitter than sweet. These are
my guests from England, Miss Mary
and Mr. Adamly.

EUPHRATES

'Mr' Adamly huh? That's the first
time I ever heard you call a nig--

VICTOR

Thank you Euphrates! That's enough.
We will be in the lab.

EUPHRATES

Don't forget to bring them back
this time. Ole Adamly's kinda cute.
(To Adamly) Beware my son.

Adamly smiles at the crazy old lady.

VICTOR

Euphrates, behave. We will be back
soon.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Victor leads the way with a kerosene lantern.

VICTOR

Right this way.

INT. VICTOR'S LABORATORY

The trio enters the secluded room in single file. The
LABORATORY is large. TOOLS AND SURGICAL EQUIPMENT are neatly
arranged in the WALL CABINETS.

Mary and Adamly walk over to the cabinets. Rows and rows of
SHINY, STAINLESS STEEL SCALPELS AND BLADES OF DIFFERENT SIZES
AND SHAPES Dazzle them.

VICTOR
Hey guys, smile.

Mary and Adamly turn in unison and are blinded by a BRIGHT FLASH. Victor is holding a SMALL BLACK BOX in his hand.

YOUNG MARY
Victor! What are you doing?

Victor pulls a SMALL PLATE from the bottom of the box and puts it in a rack that is connected to TWO PRONGED WIRES.

VICTOR
Don't worry I didn't shoot you.
Watch this.

Victor flicks a SWITCH, SPARKS JUMP and zap the plate. Victor puts on GLOVES and opens the plate. Out comes what looks like a COLOR PHOTO OF MARY AND ADAMLY.

ADAMLY
Fascinating. Good job, Franklin.

YOUNG MARY
That's a beautiful portrait. May I see it, please?

VICTOR
Of course Mary. You may have it.
One condition. You may not show this to anyone until I'm ready to market it.

YOUNG MARY
You have my word, Victor. You will be rich beyond your dreams.

VICTOR
My studies have shown me that lightning is the worlds most powerful force. Following my father's footsteps, I too have tried to harness its great power.

Mary takes out her journal and takes notes.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
To some degree, I have been very successful. The thing is, I feel that I have just barely scratched the surface of its potential.

Victor paces as he talks.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

I believe it is the secret to life-itself. All the inventions that you've seen thus far, use the power of lightning in order to function.

ADAMLY

Why of course. You use the energy and magnetism of the lightning to manipulate these objects.

VICTOR

That's right. Your intelligence astounds me Adamly. Perhaps we can find a way for you to show off those brains of yours. You are special.

ADAMLY

What do you have in mind?

VICTOR

I'll tell you about it when the time is right. For now, let me show you more of my babies. First lets have a drink.

Victor goes to a CABINET and opens it up. Several DIFFERENT COLOR BOTTLES are there. He pulls out a bottle with BLUE FLUID in it. He pours out drinks for his guests.

YOUNG MARY

No wine for me please. I rarely drink. It gives me such a headache.

VICTOR

Don't worry, this isn't an alcoholic drink. It's a new drink I created.

Mary and Adamly take the beverages. Adamly takes a sip. He rolls it in his mouth to fully grasp the flavor. Adamly has a puzzled look on his face. Mary drinks normally.

ADAMLY

I can't quite place this taste. Hmm, is it fruit based?

VICTOR

No, this is much better than wine. Much better. Drink up.

YOUNG MARY

It's very sweet. I like it. You're right, it is better.

VICTOR

Why thank you. In the meantime, lets look at more of my collection.

LATER

A pile of INVENTIONS are on a table. A small MECHANICAL MAN WITH MOVING ARMS AND LEGS, marches around in front of Adamly and he is fascinated by it. Adamly also looks very stoned. Mary and Victor roll up to him in a MINI-AUTOMOBILE, she is LAUGHING hard.

ADAMLY

My God Victor, what do you call that thing?

VICTOR

For now I call it the four-wheeled horse. I plan to make different versions of it. Even some that can hold 100 people.

YOUNG MARY

It's fun too. I'll order my carriage right now. I love it.

VICTOR

You will be first on the list Mary.

YOUNG MARY

You should try it, Adamly. Hey, are you alright? You look rather ill.

ADAMLY

I feel so weak, dizzy.

VICTOR

Please, have a seat. I'll get some refreshments.

YOUNG MARY

Yes, I think that would help.

Victor walks over to a long RECTANGULAR BOX that is mounted to a nearby wall. Near the top of the METAL BOX IS A HOSE WITH A SMALL OPENING ON THE END OF IT. Victor speaks into the tube.

VICTOR

Euphrates, bring me up some cold water and my key to the upstairs room.

EUPHRATES

(over phone)

The key? No, no, don't do it.

VICTOR

Don't sass me woman, send the key.

Euphrates voice emanates from VENTS on the top of the rectangular box. Victor smiles at his guests.

EUPHRATES

(over phone)

I don't want no parts of this. You are crazy and-- (click).

The sound of Euphrates voice is cut off by Victor.

VICTOR

That old woman is crazy. Pay her no mind. The trauma of slavery has made her senile. I have some pills to make you feel better.

Victor goes to a cabinet and takes out TWO SMALL JARS. Each jar is filled with different shaped WHITE PILLS. He takes a small one and gives it to Mary ... The large one to Adamly.

ADAMLY

What do these do?

VICTOR

They will help you feel better. Trust me, I'm a doctor. Come, ... lets go get some fresh air.

They all walk over to a DOOR and Victor opens it. The door opens to an UNCOVERED PATIO. They stay out of the range of the raindrops but feel the full breeze of the storm. LIGHTNING FLASHES often. FLOOD WATER, below, is everywhere.

YOUNG MARY

In daylight, you must have a stunning view from up here.

VICTOR

What's wrong with the view now? I think its breathtaking.

(MORE)

VICTOR (CONT'D)

To me,
nothing is more beautiful than
lightning. The power, the shape,
the brightness.

Victor takes an ultra deep breath. Wind blows his hair.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

If the energy of lightning could be
harnessed and controlled, my God,
... You could probably create life.

EUPHRATES

There is only one God. He doesn't
need competition from the likes of
you.

Victor turns to the side, rather disgusted to see her.

VICTOR

Aw, Euphrates, you're finally here.
Stop telling me what God wants and
give me that key I told you to
fetch! NOW!

The old woman rolls her eyes at Victor and takes her time
handing him the KEYS. He snatches the keys from her. She
passes out WATER.

EUPHRATES

As I said, there is only ONE GOD!
That God is a jealous God. To try
and be equal to him will lead to
doom and damnation.

Victor's whole demeanor changes. He picks up a PINT-SIZED
GLASS BEAKER from his lab table and flings it at the old
woman. The GLASS SHATTERS into a hundred pieces just inches
from her head. The guests are stunned.

VICTOR

Shut your lying mouth, old hag. Get
out. Damn you to hell!

YOUNG MARY

Victor, don't

He picks up another SMALL OBJECT and throws it at her as she
scurries her old bones towards the door. Adamly is in a
stupor. Victor yells to her.

VICTOR

Send Ivory up here right away or
I'll tan your black hide by
morning. Don't think you're too
old.

Mary is shocked. She has never seen this side of him before. She walks towards him and starts to stumble. Mary holds on to the edge of a table, then begins to rub her temples. As she looks at Adamly, she sees he is struggling to stay awake.

YOUNG MARY

Victor, what did you do to us?

Victor smiles the same reassuring smile as always, but this grin is different. The face of Victor looks like that of Quimby as he assaulted the slave girls.

VICTOR

I just arranged for you to feel
more relaxed, that's all sugar.
Come, its time to see my history
making invention. Follow me.

Victor shows his guests through a big door. Adamly stumbles badly. He shakes his head to clear the cobwebs, but it does no good. Ivory enters the room. The hunchback hurries to his master.

IVORY

Yes, Massa?

VICTOR

Give me a hand with this big
monkey. We're going upstairs.

IVORY

Upstairs, Massa? I know'd it.

Ivory struggles but manages to get Adamly down the hall to a SMALL ROOM. It is closed on three sides, no chairs. Ivory pushes Adamly into it. Victor follows with Mary. She is groggy but has the presence to resist going in the room.

INT. SMALL ROOM - NIGHT

Mary struggles with Victor as Adamly seems to get weaker by the second. Victor PULLS A LEVER, THE DOOR CLOSES. A small LIGHT comes on. Next, Victor pulls an OVERHEAD CHAIN. The small room starts to MOVE SKYWARD like an elevator.

Mary is startled and grips onto the walls for dear life. Victor gets a chuckle from her fear. Adamly has enough energy to elbow Victor in the stomach and double him over.

ADAMLY

Snake!

Ivory twists Adamly's arm and rams him into the wall of the small room, face first. Mary claws and kicks at Ivory. Victor grabs both arms and physically subdues her.

VICTOR

Snake huh? Maybe. Perhaps. I'm the snake from the Garden of Eden. The one that knew about the fruit from the tree of knowledge, God warned you about. The sweetest fruit in all creation.

YOUNG MARY

You're sick! You're mad!

VICTOR

I'm neither, and I am both. I am a 'true' genius, even better than my dad. Soon you'll see. The whole world will know me. Relax Little Mary. Relax and enjoy the ride. This room is another invention of mine. I call it the 'human hoister', cute name huh?

YOUNG MARY

Victor, please, let us go. My dad will send you money or...

VICTOR

Silence! I cannot be bought. You should be happy I will let you witness this. The most important day in the history of medicine.

The DOOR TO THE ELEVATOR OPENS. Before them is a huge OPERATING ROOM with SEVERAL TABLES. MEDICAL INSTRUMENTS hang from walls. In the middle of the room is a large table.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mary is pulled out of the elevator by Victor. Adamly, is pushed out of it by Ivory. His weak legs can't hold him and Adamly falls to the floor. Victor glares at Ivory. The hunchback scampers to help up the Brit.

IVORY
 Sorry Massa, he just...

VICTOR
 Sorry? You harm my specimen again
 and YOU will be the one that is
 sorry.

ADAMLY
 Sp-Sp-Specimen?

Victor doesn't answer. He grabs a nearby WHEELCHAIR and rolls it to Ivory. Ivory puts Adamly into it as Mary struggles to get loose from Victor's grip.

Finally free, she runs to an EMPTY GLASS BOTTLE, breaks off the bottom and holds it as a weapon.

YOUNG MARY
 You loathsome bastard! You let us
 out of here right now or I castrate
 you with your own wine bottle.
 Adamly is like my brother. He
 dies, You die.

Mary weaves as she stands before them, ready to rumble. The drugs have an effect, but she is so full of piss and vinegar, her body fights it off.

IVORY
 Miss, please.

YOUNG MARY
 Don't talk to me you, you
 disgusting sewer-rat. Stay out of
 my way.

Mary grabs Adamly's wheelchair and rolls him towards the elevator doors. Victor shakes his head and smiles. He grabs a RIFLE from the rack on the wall. He puts AMMO IN THE CHAMBER.

VICTOR
 I had so hoped that things wouldn't
 turn out this way.

He FIRES A SHOT at Mary. She is knocked to the floor. The teen squirms in pain. Mary sees the shoulder that Victor's shot hit. It isn't a bullet, it's a DART. She pulls it out and looks at it, just as she passes out.

SLOW FADE:

LATER

Mary slowly awakens. Sights come into focus. Victor is working diligently setting up his SURGICAL TABLE. Near the table is a body under a sheet. Mary gasps. Is it Adamly?

No, Adamly is on the other side of the table. Her friend is still in a wheelchair, but now he is wearing a lot less clothing and now STRAPPED DOWN. He is breathing, but out cold. She sees Ivory standing near Adamly. He is wearing Adamly's jacket. Mary's voice is hoarse.

YOUNG MARY

You...You...

VICTOR

Ah, our house guest has awoken.
Nice nap?

YOUNG MARY

Burn in hell, monster!

VICTOR

I don't need heaven or hell, sugar.
I've got science. That's 'MY' God.
And little lady, I'm a prophet.

Mary tries to get up. She is tied to the chair.

YOUNG MARY

Let me go.

VICTOR

No, no.. I think you should sit
right there so that I can explain
the reason I do these things. Let's
make it a party.

Victor pours himself some water into a cup. He walks over and flings the water into Adamly's face. He is startled awake.

ADAMLY

What? What?

VICTOR

I want you to hear this my friend.
Come, join the party.

YOUNG MARY

Are you alright, Adamly?

ADAMLY

Yeah, just weak. Very, very tired.

VICTOR

My friend, you may be fatigued but you are definitely not weak. You have one of the strongest, brightest minds I ever come across. Frankly, I'm rather surprised someone of African heritage can be so smart and so cultured. If there is a God, he sent you to me.

YOUNG MARY

Stop talking nonsense Victor! Let us go!

VICTOR

You see, Adamly here, has been chosen. Chosen by fate, to be brought to me, to make history.

ADAMLY

You're mad!

Adamly tries to struggle against the straps of the wheelchair but tires out quickly. Victor smiles and strolls over to a nearby wall. On the wall are PICTURES OF THE GREATEST SCIENTISTS OF THE AGES. HIS DAD IS AMONG THEM. He points.

VICTOR

All of them. They were all called mad at one time. Now they are called legends. After tonight, my name will join this list.

YOUNG MARY

(mockingly laughs)

Oh Victor, please. You've been drinking too many of your inventions. You're nothing more than a crazy rich boy. You're pitiful.

Victor storms over to her. Face red. He draws back his hand to strike her. She stares into his eyes and braces ... unafraid. The blow does not come.

VICTOR

I am not crazy!! One day soon, you will bow to me!!

He turns from her and seems to agonize. Victor pulls up a CHAIR and places it so that he can see both of his house guests. In the background, Ivory sneaks some gulps of bourbon from the FLASK IN VICTOR'S JACKET, makes a face.

YOUNG MARY

Fine Victor. You want us to worship you? We'll do that, just let us go.

VICTOR

I will let you go, but, not until history is made. Mary will write about it, but Adamly, you're the star. I call this procedure the 'Reanimation of life'. The benefits that I will bring to mankind are too many to mention.

He holds his arms up to the sky, seeking glory.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

One aspect you will like is how it will end slavery. I personally have no feeling about slavery, other than it makes my life very comfortable. I don't like to see mistreatment, but I do enjoy the economic benefits.

Adamly rolls his eyes and growls loudly.

ADAMLY

Economics? Bunch of greedy bastards! You should attend church inside your bloody banks. Money is the 'real God' in America!

VICTOR

Eloquent as usual, Adamly. Just think, my invention will 'end' slavery. There will be no need to kidnap Africans anymore. We can just re-use the dead bodies.

Victor breaks into laughter, but he laughs alone.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

The one good thing about slavery is that I have full control over another life. Legally, blacks have absolutely no rights. I can do anything I want to them.

Moving to the side, Victor motions to the tables behind him. Various BROWN BODY PARTS ARE IN JARS AND GLASS VATS.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

To society, they are expendable.
For Science and experimentation,
they are invaluable. Many other
doctors use them. Even Jefferson
used them to test vaccines.

YOUNG MARY

You buy them, experiment on them
and kill them for fun. Then you try
to act like you're better than
Quimby. Know what? You're just as
bad, if not worse. It's wrong!
Sinfully wrong!

Victor brushes off the indictment.

VICTOR

Big talk from a little girl. Okay,
so what do you want? Want them
free? Adamly is rare. Most are the
walking dead, ignorant and pitiful.
Look at the shape their race is in.

Victor nods his head over towards Ivory. The buffoon is still
trying to steal sips of whiskey without 'his master' seeing
his act of theft.

YOUNG MARY

Your people did it to them. Even
if he was white, he's still be an
slobbering imbecile.

VICTOR

OUR people did it to them! They are
not prepared for freedom. They
weren't brought here to be free.
People in this country hate them,
always will. Free them and they
will get eaten alive. I free them
by letting them donate their bodies
to science!

YOUNG MARY

You can't force that choice onto
them. That's all slavery is.
Kidnapping, theft and of course
rape. Will you make a woman for
Quimby next?

VICTOR

Yes, I will create females. Yes, they will probably get raped... Thousands get raped every day. I can't stop that.

YOUNG MARY

No, but you can profit from it, can't you? You're nothing more than a cold-blooded pimp.

Victor chuckles to himself. He looks back at Mary and laughs even harder.

VICTOR

Pimp huh? A pirate once told me that a pimp is just a capitalist without the manners. It doesn't matter anyway. I can get away with it, who cares anyway?

YOUNG MARY

Go to hell, Victor!

VICTOR

No more amputees. No more funerals. I will have the ability to do transplants. Immortality is at our fingertips, and you resist it?

YOUNG MARY

Imagine that. Foolish me.

Victor goes to a cabinet, opens it. LARGE CUTTING UTENSILS of all kinds are lined up. The blades glisten and seem to be very sharp. Victor pulls out one that looks like a VERY SHARP SWORD. He turns and smiles.

YOUNG MARY (CONT'D)

Victor! Put the blade down!

VICTOR

I've tried this experiment before on my slaves but none of them ever survived. Not smart enough. An intelligent mind is essential for success.

Franklin smiles at Adamly.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Then you come along, my chosen one. So smart, so educated.

(MORE)

VICTOR (CONT'D)

My creation will have the body of an African wrestler, arms of a drummer, legs of a long distance runner.

He giggles ghoulishly.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

The only thing missing is a brain and a face. Your looks are, well, so-so, but that mind of yours is. ... Whew wee.

ADAMLY

Don't you touch me!

Adamly struggles violently against the arm restraints as Victor approaches with the blade in hand.

VICTOR

Think of your donation to society.

Ivory runs up behind Adamly, tries to hold him still.

YOUNG MARY

Victor! No! Please!

Even though drugged, Adamly puts up a good fight and cannot be held still. Victor raises the surgical tool ready to strike. Adamly resists more intensely. Suddenly Victor breaks into a smile, starts to laugh. Adamly looks at him.

VICTOR

Had you going. Look at you guys. Oh, that's funny. You should see your face Mary. You believed me?

Mary and Adamly look at each other, confounded. Adamly's body relaxes as he realizes he has been put on ... Or has he? Just as Adamly lowers his defenses, Victor strikes. He lunges the sharp TIP OF THE SWORD DIRECTLY INTO ADAMLY'S CHEST, right where his heart would be, then pulls it back out.

Adamly and Mary are stunned. BLOOD FROM THE PUNCTURE WOUND SQUIRTS Mary in the face. She SCREAMS.

YOUNG MARY

Awww!.. Nooooo! Nooo!

Adamly's eyes burn into Victor, who is standing over him.

VICTOR

No hard feelings old chap. When you come back to life, you will thank me for this. Don't fight it.

Adamly has enough energy left in his body to SPIT on the doctor. Victor wipes the RED GLOB off of his face.

IVORY

Boy, if you wasn't dying, I'd shonuff kill you for doing that. You okay, Massa?

YOUNG MARY

You bastards! Let me go! Let me go!
I hate you!

Mary rocks in the chair violently. Her hair is all over her face and she is practically foaming at the mouth. Ivory approaches her angrily. Adamly slumps over, dead.

VICTOR

Forget her, Ivory. Help me with this procedure. We have to get it all attached before we lose too many brain cells or too much blood.

Victor hooks up the ELECTRODES to a crude machine that looks like a CIRCULAR SAW. It's SPINNING BLADE comes towards Adamly's neck.

She rocks in her chair wildly, trying to tip it over. The chair falls backwards. Mary lands hard, is out, cold.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Miss Godwin, please keep it down.
My family is trying to sleep downstairs.

LATER

Later, Mary awakens and struggles to get free. Victor and Ivory continue to work on her friend. While on the floor, she sees a small bottle on the counter labeled 'ACID'. She kicks it. The BOTTLE BREAKS.

Secretly, Mary puts her bounded wrists into a PUDDLE OF LIQUID near the broken bottle. The SOLUTION EATS THROUGH THE ROPE in seconds. Mary scoops up what is left of the bottle and contents onto a nearby PLATE. She flings it at Victor.

The fluid sprays everywhere. It hits Victor and Adamly, but most of it lands on Ivory. He SCREAMS loudly. He starts after Mary. The sound of SIZZLING BACON IS HEARD. SKIN SMOKING.

IVORY
AWRGG! It burns!

VICTOR
Don't leave me you idiot! Get back here!

IVORY
It hurts!

VICTOR
I know, I don't care. We have to do the transplant before it's too late. Come on boy, move!

The ACID SMOKES as it eats away Ivory's skin. His face contorts in pain. He WHIMPERS as he works. Smoke also rises from Adamly's face, but his now severed head feels no pain. ACID PEELS THE SKIN BACK AND DISFIGURES HIS FACE BADLY.

Victor ducked just in time and the acid landed on his back. He works on, even though the acidic smoke rises from his shoulder blades. He winces from the burning. He grabs the DART GUN, SHOOTS it at Mary. It barely misses her head.

IVORY
Yes Massa, get that witch.

Mary gets to her feet but is still woozy.

YOUNG MARY
Victor, when I get the chance, I'm going to kill you and I'll love it.

He aims at her but she dashes away. After running a distance she hides in the shadows and looks back.

They TAKE THE HEAD FROM ADAMLY'S BODY and bring it to a huge Black body on a nearby gurney. Victor SEWS THE HEAD TO THE BODY, BUT LEAVES THE THROAT OPEN. Victor tips Adamly's head back so that the INCISION BY THE ADAM'S APPLE is even larger.

Next, Victor grabs a SCALPEL. He jabs himself in the forearm with it. He then lets the BLOOD DRIP INTO THE OPENING OF ADAMLY'S THROAT.

VICTOR
Blood of my blood, flesh of my flesh. I am your creator. Behold, I give you life, from my own blood.
(MORE)

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Your body and soul are mine,
forever.

As Victor SEWS UP THE HOLE IN ADAMLY'S THROAT, Mary dashes off in a panic. The further she gets from the operating room, the darker the huge room gets. Her only light is the occasional LIGHTNING FLASH.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

She finds a hall and runs down it. The LIGHTNING ILLUMINATES THE CORRIDOR. What she sees makes her freeze in place. Lining the walls are LARGE GLASS TUBES. Inside the tubes are BODIES OF BLACK PEOPLE FLOATING IN A SOLUTION. Mary gasps in fear.

She looks closer to see that the nude bodies have been MUTILATED. The faces are twisted as they float in the liquid prison. Some are missing arms, legs, even heads. SMALLER TUBES AND JARS CONTAIN BODY PARTS AND ORGANS, EVEN GENITALS.

While studying the bodies, she comes across a TUBE CONTAINING A YOUNG BOY'S BODY, HER AGE. He is LEGLESS FROM THE KNEES down. An innocent look is on his face. Mary turns away, horrified. She backs up quickly and knocks over a JAR CONTAINING A HEAD.

THE JAR SHATTERS AND THE HEAD ROLLS OUT, lands on her feet. She SCREAMS AND SCREAMS as the sticky head clings to her party dress. She jumps up and down and finally kicks it away. She sprints away down the hall, hysterical.

As she runs in the darkness, half out of her mind, she trips and tumbles. LIGHTNING FLASHES reveal that Mary falls down some stairs, later, appears to be knocked out.

A MIS-SHAPENED SHADOW hovers over her body. Is it Victor? Ivory? Will they kill her? It turns out to be the SHADOW OF EUPHRATES. Mary awakens a bit, grimaces in pain.

The old woman helps Mary to her feet. Mary is wobbly and must hold on to Euphrates for balance. Euphrates whispers to her.

EUPHRATES

Are you alright child?

YOUNG MARY

My ankle, I might have twisted it.

EUPHRATES

Stay very quiet and follow me,
understand?

YOUNG MARY

Yes Ma'am.

Limping along, Mary follows Euphrates down the steps a little further. Euphrates stops there for no apparent reason. She taps on the wall next to her. Suddenly a hollow sound is heard. The WALL SLIDES OPEN as it is pushed to the side.

INT. HIDEAWAY - CONTINUOUS

The panel slides open so that a human adult can barely slide through sideways. Inside the TINY ROOM IS A BED, SOME FOLDED WOMEN'S CLOTHES AND A CRUDE BED PAN.

EUPHRATES

You will be safe in here. Ole Victor don't even know about this place. I worked here before his momma bought this house.

Mary looks around. She sees several AFRICAN DRUMS.

EUPHRATES (CONT'D)

Ole Massa Greely had this room built to store his valuable things and paintings. We been using it to do prayers, hide runaways and such. First night I helped a white runaway. You lie down, rest. I'll fetch you some vittles, in a minute. Did your friend -- Make it?

Mary's face breaks up and she collapses onto the bed, sobbing bitterly. She can barely speak, overcome by agony.

YOUNG MARY

Uh, uh... Victor ... He ...

Mary springs up and latches onto Euphrates with a hug that is usually only given between mother and daughter. Euphrates is shocked at first, but responds with enormous compassion.

EUPHRATES

There, there, I know child. You sho' did love him, huh? It'll be alright, baby. You get rest. I'll be back in a little bit. I'll do an African Prayer for you and your friend.

Mary stretches out and covers up. Just as Euphrates turns to leave, Mary grabs her skirt.

YOUNG MARY

Now I know the pain, the horror
that Africans face here. It sickens
me. I beg of you, do not judge all
whites as evil, though you have
every right to do so. In my heart,
I know all people are the same. No
one has the right to make you live
this way, NO ONE!

Tears fall freely from Euphrates eyes.

YOUNG MARY (CONT'D)

Especially those who proclaim love
of Christianity and freedom. They
hold the keys of life and death
over your people because of the
color of their skin. It's an
abomination.

EUPHRATES

Your mind has been blessed child.

YOUNG MARY

I don't think I'm special. There
are probably legions of white
people who feel as I do but don't
know how to speak out or are afraid
to do so. Please, find it in your
heart not to hate all white people.
Not all of us are as greedy and
hate filled as it may seem. The
real God will bring down doom upon
the heads of those demons one day.
Like you mum, I will be rejoicing
in the streets.

Euphrates sits back down on the bed and gently rubs her head.
The old woman's face, tear stained.

EUPHRATES

In all my days, I never heard a
white person speak to me like that.
You have a strong spirit and you
will reach great heights in this
life, darling. Your wisdom is well
beyond your years. Promise me, if
something happens to me, please
take my baby, Geneva, back to
England with you.

YOUNG MARY

I promise. You remind me for my
mom. She died. *I miss her.*

Euphrates, exhales. Her old face is now radiant and motherly. She kisses Mary's forehead and adds a hug.

EUPHRATES

Thank you, Miss Mary. You get some sleep now. Rest that ankle. Geneva or me will be back later with some vittles. Sweet dreams honey.

LATER

EXT. THE FRANKLIN STABLES - NIGHT

The pounding sound of RAIN is heard as it HITS THE TIN ROOF of the barn, which is near Victor's tower and operating room. Suddenly, added to the sound of the rain, is the sound of a DRUM. We eventually see that the drummer is Euphrates.

The drum itself is very crude. Homemade from whatever was available. It is Congo drum style. She stands under the overhang and PLAYS IT with her eyes wide open. She is focused and angry.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - SAME

Victor and Ivory are hooking up HOSES AND ELECTRODES to the body and fine tuning the various STRANGE LOOKING MACHINES. Victor hears the DRUMMING start. A disgusted look comes over his face. He stops working and rushes to a window. He sees Euphrates and her drum below in the stables, turns away.

VICTOR

That old witch is out there banging a drum in the rain like she's crazy. What the hell is she trying to prove?

IVORY

It might be voodoo, Massa.

VICTOR

Voodoo? Voodoo? I don't believe in that crap. How dare she have the NERVE to even try that nonsense around here. That witch! That's it! I've had enough of her. I'm getting rid of her and her African bullshit for good. Play on, wench. Your days are numbered.

INT. HIDEAWAY - SAME

Mary sleeps deeply, curled up on the TINY BED. Her eyeballs dart back and forth as she dreams. The sound of the DRUM penetrates the walls.

DREAM SEQUENCE

EXT. MONTICELLO FLOWER GARDEN - DAY

Mary and Adamly wear their best clothes, as they enjoy the ROSES. They hear the DRUMMING and run towards it.

EXT. RAINFOREST - DAY

Soon the garden turns into a JUNGLE. Parting some BUSHES, they see HUNDREDS OF AFRICANS DANCING TO DRUM MUSIC. The Africans are colorfully dressed and smiling with wild HAIRSTYLES AND LOADS OF JEWELRY.

Fat, grinning BABIES are everywhere. The dance moves are incredible, bordering on acrobatics. Both Mary and Adamly are smiling, amused. Adamly motions to join them. Mary stays but encourages him to go, with a friendly push.

She watches as Adamly tosses his European clothes away and starts jamming to the beat with his long lost brothers. Sweat beads glisten on black skin.

Mary's view is abruptly cut off by EUROPEAN SOLDIERS with BIG BOOTS AND BIGGER GUNS. She tries to call to the Africans and warn them, it's too late. As the soldiers mow down the defenseless Africans, tears run down Mary's face.

She sees Adamly. Beckons him over. As he runs, a soldier that looks like Victor moves in between the two Brits, his SWORD drawn. Just as Adamly touches Mary's fingers, his HEAD IS CUT OFF by Victor.

All around she sees beatings, rapes and murders. COLD BLOODED MASSACRES of babies, the elderly, and everything in between. All survivors are led away, near NAKED AND WEARING CHAINS. Many SCREAM AND WEEP.

The soldier that looks like Victor walks over to Mary. She swings at him. He laughs, gets into her face and yells.

VICTOR

I am your God now ... I am your God
now!

In the background she sees the DRUMMER'S BODIES ON FIRE, but eyes focused, CONTINUE DRUMMING. She looks at HER ARMS ... THEY ARE NOW BLACK. Victor drags her away. She SCREAMS.

END OF DREAM SEQUENCE

Mary wakes up SCREAMING and acts as if she is fighting someone off. Mary, covered in sweat, still hears the DRUM POUNDING in the background. Her HEART BEAT RACES AND THE SOUND OF IT MIXES WITH THE DRUM.

She springs up from the bed. She limps to a HALF-BOARDED UP WINDOW and peers out. Euphrates plays on her homemade drum in the barn. As if on cue, Euphrates steps from the shelter of the stable and INTO THE POURING RAIN.

Rain pours over her face in rivers but her eyes burn brighter than the hottest fire. She turns her head towards heaven and continues her concerto.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - SAME

Adamly's body is strapped to a table. Ivory is using a PULLEY SYSTEM TO HOIST THE TABLE INTO THE AIR. He is directed by Victor, who is making adjustments to a machine. The table comes to rest suspended three feet above head level. Victor is frantic.

VICTOR
Hurry! Open the roof!

IVORY
Yes, Massa!

Ivory limps over to ANOTHER PULLEY SYSTEM. The Hunchback huffs and puffs as he struggles with the cables, then finally, THE ROOF OPENS.

EXT. TOWER - CONTINUOUS

A PANEL SLIDES OVER and an opening the size of a dairy cow appears. Then a METAL TIPPED OBJECT peers through the hole. It continues to emerge until a full LIGHTNING ROD is in view. LIGHTNING FLASHES ILLUMINATE THE SHINY METAL POST.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

RAIN STREAMS DOWN INTO THE LABORATORY. WIND WHIPS PAPERS and sheets around. Raindrops beat down on Ivory's back and pours over Victor's face.

VICTOR

A baptism, how appropriate to celebrate a new life. God had Adam, but I have Adamly! Prepare for Genesis, part two. Pull the switch!

IVORY

Yes Massa!

The hunchback pulls down the HUGE CIRCUIT BREAKER, SPARKS FLY. The LIGHTNING ROD STARTS TO GLOW slightly and make a HUMMING sound. Adamly's face looks strangely peaceful.

LIGHTNING HITS THE METAL ROD, as Victor and Ivory watch from the lab. ANOTHER STRIKE, THEN ANOTHER. Victor checks his CONTROL PANEL AND ADJUSTS KNOBS. Victor is grinning like a maniac, loving every minute of his God-like power.

THREE LIGHTNING BOLTS HIT THE ROD AT THE SAME TIME. SPARKS go everywhere. The TIP OF THE SPEAR IS ON FIRE. Some METAL MELTS from of the heat. Victor, awestruck. A HUGE CHARGE CAN BE VISIBLY seen moving towards Adamly.

VICTOR

Oooh nooo!!

The VISIBLE ELECTRICAL CHARGE SURGES THROUGH THE ELECTRODES that lead to Adamly's corpse. A LOUD BOOM is heard as the BLINDING LIGHT ZAPS ADAMLY'S BODY. HUGE SPARKS and a CLOUD OF THICK SMOKE rises.

The strength of the blast sends VICTOR AND IVORY HURLING BACKWARDS, landing on their butts. DEBRIS lands on them and around them. Victor is still for a moment, then stirs. He seems to be sore and dazed. He shakes his head to clear the cobwebs.

Ivory just begins to come around as Victor rudely shoves him out of the way. Above, he can see the SUSPENDED TABLE BUT A THICK CLOUD STILL COVERS IT. OCCASIONAL SPARKS AND FLAMES are seen inside the GLOB OF SMOG.

Victor kicks a LARGE GLASS TUBE in frustration. It BURSTS INTO SMALL PIECES against a wall. As he gets closer to the table, Ivory joins him. The slave tries to soothe him.

IVORY

Dats alright Massa. We'll just find another smart nigga this weekend. Maybe if we go to New York....

VICTOR

Shut up you idiot! This was my best chance. Damn it all!! Why? Look at this mess! This damn smoke is so thick...

Victor picks up a NOTEBOOK and tries to fan away the thick smoke. It barely moves.

IVORY

Massa, you notice something?

VICTOR

Yes, this smoke, is very strange.

IVORY

The drum. Dat crazy woman stopped her drumming. Look at dis, Massa.

The suspended table behind the smoke, EMPTY. Ivory bends down to grab a loose ELECTRODE sticking out from behind Victor's large STORAGE TRUNK.

Suddenly, Ivory is pulled to the ground. A large brown hand has it's fingers wrapped tightly around his neck. Ivory's eyes bulge as the mighty hand cuts off his air supply. The slave GASPS FOR OXYGEN.

VICTOR

Ivory, what the ... Oh God! He's alive! He's alive! He's alive! Yes! Yes!

IVORY

C-c-can't b-b-breathe.

The hand continues to choke Ivory as Victor takes a closer look. His face beams with pride.

VICTOR

My God, I did it! I created a man. Look!

IVORY

Arg,...Awrggg.

VICTOR

Stop playing around, Ivory.

Victor grabs Ivory by the forehead and shoves him backwards, breaking the choke hold. Ivory goes sprawling. His lungs heave as he tries to gulp down air. He COUGHS.

IVORY

T-T-Thank you Massa.

As Ivory tries to catch his breath. Victor moves directly in front of his creation. The body is partially HIDDEN IN SHADOWS, then his head moves forward. The GLOWING EYES IN THE DARKNESS is the first thing Victor sees. His voice, raspy.

ADAMLY

So ... Am I supposed to call you
Daddy now?

VICTOR

Excellent! Your voice was saved.
Sorry about the explosion old boy.
Don't move too much. Take it easy.

The face and body are still not seen well. Those intense eyes seem to be illuminated from within.

ADAMLY

Sure Victor. I'll take it easy.
Just as soon as I rip your bloody
head off, like you did to me!

Victor reaches behind himself. He grips the dart gun.

VICTOR

Adamly, there is no need for that
kind of talk.

ADAMLY

Right. We'll chat later.

The creature lunges at its creator in a fraction of a second. Before Victor can react, he is on his back, while his creation straddles his chest, choking him. He looks up to Adamly's face, he is horrified.

The flesh eating acid and the burns from the lightning strike have DISFIGURED HIS FACE BADLY. The hatred behind his snarl is real. Ivory picks up a wood stick and hits Adamly on the back with it. Adamly reaches for Ivory.

IVORY

Massa, don't worry. I get him. Back
off devil!

As Adamly snatches Ivory by the throat again, Victor catches his breath.

Victor grabs the dart gun, SHOOTs ADAMLY IN THE SHOULDER. Adamly continues to choke Ivory. Victor SHOOTs HIM JUST UNDER THE EAR. Adamly stiffens.

Adamly falls backwards. SUTURE LINES are seen around his neck and where the arms are attached. His naked body shows that his arms, legs, torso and face have DIFFERENT SHADES OF BROWN. Victor recovers from the confrontation and sighs. He speaks to Ivory as he gets up.

VICTOR

Get him dressed, then put him in the backroom. We've got a lot of work to do. Damn, look at that face, hideous, Damn! He was such a good prospect. Both handsome and intelligent. Now he's deformed and has a bad attitude to match.

IVORY

Massa, maybe we should put'em with the others that didn't make it.

VICTOR

We might. We'll test him first, see how he does, then decide. I want it perfect. I might have to kill it and start again.

Adamly opens his eyes for a second, unseen by Victor and Ivory. He closes them quickly.

IVORY

Massa, if you decide he'd be better dead, let me be the one to kill him for what he and that witch did to my skin.

VICTOR

Now I know how God felt when Adam and Eve let him down. Permission to kill is granted.

Ivory and Victor pick up the body and plop it on a GURNEY with wheels. They push it across the room.

INT. HIDEAWAY - SAME

Geneva and Euphrates enter the small room. Mary stirs from her slumber. The ladies have a PLATE OF FOOD with them.

EUPHRATES

Alright now, Miss Mary. Time to get some food into you. Wake yourself up, baby.

Mary yawns and rubs her eyes as she 'comes to'.

YOUNG MARY

Thank you, Miss Euphrates and Miss Geneva. You have been very kind to me. I hope to repay you someday.

GENEVA

We aren't helping you because we want money or something. You're a sweet girl with an extra large heart. Around these parts, such a thing is scarce.

EUPHRATES

That's right honey, too rare. What we gotta do is get you outta here before Victor finds you. The rain let up some, but the flooding is still bad. Victor's carriages are all out. He sent his drivers to pick up local business folk and bring them back here.

YOUNG MARY

Why would someone come out on a night like this? Did he find a diamond mine in his backyard or something?

The two women don't laugh. They look somber.

GENEVA

Miss Mary, we have something to tell you. It's Adamly. Victor, well, he didn't kill him off all the way.

YOUNG MARY

He what? I saw him die. His head...

EUPHRATES

His head was sewed to a different body. That devil, Victor brought him back to life!

Mary looks into the faces of Euphrates and Geneva.

YOUNG MARY

My lord! That madman did it didn't he?

GENEVA

Yes Ma'am.

YOUNG MARY

So these business people, they are probably investors. I see, it makes sense now. I just can't believe this. That murderer! It's sick! Where is Adamly? Is he alright? I want to see him.

EUPHRATES

Sure, but not right now. It ain't safe. I know how you feel child. Victor did the same thing, to my son.

YOUNG MARY

Your son? Noooo. Ohhh, I'm so sorry.

Euphrates takes a seat on the side of the bed. She hangs her head and wrings her hands as tears fall.

EUPHRATES

... They chopped him up, just like they did your friend. Just because he was smart. That devil Victor killed him. All that is left, is in a jar, upstairs. Victor Endicott is Satan himself. I hope he rots down in hell, til the meat falls off his bones.

YOUNG MARY

Victor Endicott? Who is ...?

EUPHRATES

That should be his real name. You don't think Ben Franklin actually married his momma do you? Old crazy witch, she was nuts then too. Mr. Franklin was just having fun on a rainy day. Victor ain't nothing but a squirt that got away. He might have seen Mr. Ben maybe twice in his life.

YOUNG MARY

That is why he 'lives' to compete with his Dad. I see it now, the unloved son.

GENEVA

His momma messed him up too. She's just a crazy, drunk! She stays locked up in her room all day. Pretends she's talking to Ben Franklin even now.

YOUNG MARY

So, she is mad?

Euphrates and Geneva LAUGH HEARTILY.

GENEVA

Miss Mary, there are days when she walks around buck naked all day long, looking for old Ben. Sometimes, she even goes out the house like that.

YOUNG MARY

Oh my.

EUPHRATES

His brother, I mean half brother, ain't crazy, he's just down right nasty. Caught him trying to pull Geneva into his room the other day. I'm not having that!

YOUNG MARY

My God, how did you stop him?

EUPHRATES

I told his fat ass that he'd have to kill me first, and I meant it. That coward backed down quick, but I don't trust him. Not at all!

GENEVA

Did you see Victor's fiance, Mary?

YOUNG MARY

No, I didn't see her. I didn't know she existed till you just told me.

GENEVA

Yeah, Elizabeth, she's some rich girl from Delaware he met on a business trip. Old spoiled thing.

(MORE)

GENEVA (CONT'D)

Trying to pretend she is sick, to get attention.

EUPHRATES

Or so that she don't have to deal with Victor. She just lays up on her big butt all day having slaves fuss over her. Maybe she didn't have slaves up north, but she seems to cotton to giving orders to Victor's Black folk easy. A slave named Barcelona had to spoon feed her in bed for a week.

Mary shakes her head and eats some food from her plate.

YOUNG MARY

She sounds like a beast. Tell me, why do so many people have such strange names here?

EUPHRATES

Victor picked our names and...

YOUNG MARY

You mean your parents didn't get to name you?

EUPHRATES

Of course not child. Most of us don't know who our parents be. Sold away as lil childrens. Whoever holds your papers is who names you. Victor named us after places he wants to see. Said he named me after a river.

YOUNG MARY

Yes, an old and mighty river. They even mention it in the Bible.

GENEVA

Victor don't let us read the Bible no more. He says all them stories made up! He says science is the new religion and he is a new God.

EUPHRATES

He'll learn the hard way.

YOUNG MARY

If there is justice in the world he will. He will, sure enough!

INT. OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

Adamly, is stretched out on his back. He is on a table and dressed in an open vest and cut-off shorts. His new muscles ripple under the clothes. He has been sleeping, but is now starting to awaken. Ivory sees him.

Adamly hears a noise, looks to the side, he sees several rows of wealthy looking white people. Victor is there also but now he is dressed in his best formal suit and he is clean shaven. A well dressed woman, ELIZABETH(20's), is on his arm.

IVORY

Massa, Look! It be woke!

All eyes turn towards Adamly. He tries to rise but his arms and legs are strapped down. He GRUNTS and struggles against the clasps. The crowd oohs and ahhs' at his efforts. Victor steps forward.

VICTOR

Ladies and gentlemen. Planters and investors, welcome to the future. My newest invention will change the world as we know it. Cast your eyes on the ultimate beast of burden. He was put together by the best features of several slaves. Look at the legs, the arms, the torso. Except for an unfortunate acid burn to the face, this is a perfect specimen. Best of all, he's totally reusable.

The crowd stirs, slightly shocked.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

This is the reason I have invited you here in the middle of a flood. It's an exclusive viewing of this medical marvel, brought back from the dead.

INVESTOR

Is it safe?

VICTOR

Yes, totally safe. Just to prove how safe, watch this. I will have my own fiance be the first to inspect him. Elizabeth, would you accompany me?

ELIZABETH
Of course, Victor.

They stroll over to Adamly. He is seething with anger.

IVORY
Massa, he look evil.

VICTOR
Shut your face, Ivory. Pay no
attention to him darling, you're
safe.

In the back of the room, IN THE SHADOWS, Mary, Euphrates and Geneva peer at the activities unnoticed.

IVORY
I sorry Massa, but-but, he look --

A SLAP across the face, cuts Ivory off in mid-sentence. He hangs his head in shame as a few chuckles from the crowd are heard. Victor glares at him.

VICTOR
You get in that corner boy, now! I
don't want to hear another word.

IVORY
Yes Massa.

VICTOR
We've got slave catchers and
overseers here that would just love
to beat your black ass raw. You
better behave.

IVORY
Yes Massa, please Massa.

VICTOR
That's better. Now Elizabeth, go
feel those arms and tell me how
hard they are.

Elizabeth advances towards Adamly. He sees her.

ADAMLY
Wench, touch me not.

The whole room gasps, shocked faces. The SILENCE is eerie. A look of surprise is on everyone's faces, except the face of Euphrates. She has a wide smile and a small chuckle.

VICTOR

Why you Black bastard. How dare you. I should...

ADAMLY

You should what? What Victor? You gonna kill me? Is that what you were going to spew from your venomous mouth? Huh? I'm already dead, you horse's ass. There is absolutely nothing you can do to me, idiot! I'm Free!

Victor winds up and SLAPS him hard across the face. In the back, Euphrates WHISPERS to the girls.

EUPHRATES

Ohhh, this will be good.

Adamly smiles back at Victor with bloody teeth.

VICTOR

You horrid beast! Mind your manners!

ADAMLY

I got some manners for you, Victor.

Adamly spits out a HUGE GLOB OF MUCUS AND BLOOD. It lands on Elizabeth's fancy white dress, right on the nipple. She SCREAMS and jumps around.

ELIZABETH

Nooo! Yukk! You sick son of a monkey!

Adamly smirks at her as the chivalrous crowd of slave abusers approaches. He then winks at her in a sexy way.

ADAMLY

Come on Sugar, you loved it.

OVERSEER

You're going to allow that back-talk, Franklin? I'll kill him myself.

The Overseer swings his CANE at Adamly.

VICTOR

No! Don't hit the body! It's the brain that is faulty. Just hit him in the head!

The blood thirsty crowd converges on the helpless, bound, creation. CANES, WHIPS, fists and kicks rain down on Adamly. Suddenly Euphrates comes out of the shadows. She starts pushing people off Adamly.

EUPHRATES

Get offa the boy! You hear me? Get off him! Leave him be!

VICTOR

Mind your tongue witch! I do as I please with him! I created him!

OVERSEER

You better learn your place ...
Mammy!

The old woman rears back and kicks the overseer in the balls as hard as she can. He GASPS FOR AIR as he sinks to the floor. Guests are shocked.

EUPHRATES

How's that for knowing my place?

She turns to look at Adamly. He bleeds from the face and scalp. He smiles and winks at the old woman. Out of nowhere, the elderly lady is punched in the side of the head and goes down! Mary holds down Geneva.

VICTOR

That's it! That's it bitch. You die!

EUPHRATES

You don't scare nobody Victor. You just evil, boy. Evil! Look into the glass Adamly, see what they did to your face?

As the woman pulls herself up off the ground, Adamly turns his head toward one of the GLASS BEAKERS near the table he is strapped to.

INSERT

A DISTORTED IMAGE OF ADAMLY'S FACE looks back at him. His expression hardens as he sees the ACID BURNS, BLOOD AND SWELLING. He looks at Victor with hate in his eyes.

BACK TO SCENE

Victor goes over to one of the men, ANDREW (20's). He seems just as hateful as Victor.

EUPHRATES

Can't take me by yourself huh? Need your little brother to help you fight?

VICTOR

No, I just need his gun. I should have done this a long time ago. Andrew?

EUPHRATES

I'm not afraid of you, Victor. I'm not afraid of death. I've been dead ever since I been born. What part of me you gonna use for your next monster? How about this one?

Euphrates turns around and points to her butt. She spins back around. Victor takes the PISTOL from his brother. He levels it at the old woman. She sneers at him and stands in front of him, defiantly and without fear.

VICTOR

Say goodbye, Jungle witch!

POW! He SHOTS HER IN THE CHEST. She dies as she is looking into Adamly's eyes.

EUPHRATES

There is only one, true God. Kill the fake! Kill them all.

Mary and Geneva look away and cry.

YOUNG MARY

I hate this place. They are all Monsters!

GENEVA

He murdered my mom. My mom! I'll kill him, so help me, I'll ...

YOUNG MARY

Wait, look, what is Adamly doing?

Rage seems to rush over Adamly's body. Veins in his head and neck bulge. He GROWLS loudly.

SLAVE CATCHER

Hey Victor, what's wrong with your
nigger?

INSERT

MUSCLES in Adamly's new arm, FLEX AND STRAIN against the arm
clasps. Finally the CLASPS BREAK.

BACK TO SCENE

Adamly uses his free hand and snatches the gun from Victor.
He then clubs the slave catcher in the head with it. The GUN
LODGES DEEP IN HIS OPEN SKULL as the dead man sinks to the
floor. Adamly then starts to move in the direction of
Victor's guests.

Adamly, now is free from the table and various restraints.
The slave industry reps, scramble for the door but must wait
for the elevator. Adamly has no mercy. He grabs for Victor
but ends up with his cowardly brother Andrew by the collar.

ADAMLY

So, your brother likes killing?
Maybe I'll give it a try.

VICTOR

NOOOO!

Adamly SLAMS THE BACK OF ANDREW'S HEAD several times against
a nearby wall until BLOOD STREAKS STREAM DOWN over the
surface of the bricks. Victor and others are shocked.

ADAMLY

As they say in my hometown, "bloody
good show. You're right Victor,
killing is fun.

Two men who seem to be overseers are snatched by the Adam's
apple and lifted into the air. Adamly GROWLS as he tightens
his grip and SNAPS their necks. He tosses the bodies to the
floor like they were trash bags.

A wealthy investor dives for one of the dead men's guns,
Adamly sees him. The reborn Brit stomps his foot down on the
man's hand, a 'CRUNCH SOUND' is heard. The man SCREAMS until
Adamly ends it by stomping on his head.

Adamly starts ripping through the crowd. He starts SMASHING
HEADS, SPLINTERING SPINES AND SNAPPING NECKS with his bare
hands. Victor and Elizabeth are hidden behind some equipment
watching the carnage.

VICTOR

Elizabeth, lets go. Follow me.

Victor dashes towards the shadows in the back of the room as Elizabeth clings onto his hand. They run right past Mary and Geneva without seeing them.

Victor scampers into the room with the preserved body parts lining the walls. He runs to the stairwell with Elizabeth. Adamly smashes the head of the last slave catcher and sees Ivory. He is trying to hide behind some BOXES.

Adamly punches his face. Ivory is dazed. Adamly punches him two more times. BLOOD TRICKLES from his nose.

ADAMLY

Did you miss me, houseboy? Don't worry, I'm bringing you with me.

Adamly picks up the slave's body over his head and walks to the window. RAIN AND LIGHTNING is heavy.

IVORY

No... Please sir, Mercy!

ADAMLY

Where was your mercy when you were killing your brothers? (Pause)
That's what I thought. Your fat ass will make a good cushion.

Adamly TOSSES IVORY OUT OF THE WINDOW. He squirms and wiggles as he is SENT AIRBORNE. A THUD is heard below.

EXT. FRANKLIN ESTATE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Ivory's body lies in a heap below the operating room's window. Rain pounds down on his corpse.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Adamly stands on the ledge of the window. He prepares himself to jump out. He hears a familiar voice.

YOUNG MARY (O.S.)

No Adamly, don't kill yourself.

The re-made man turns to see Mary and Geneva as the only living people in the room.

ADAMLY

Miss Mary. I thought he had killed you! I wasn't going to kill myself. Not yet. I have to at least kill Victor first. I must go now, I have no energy left. I need rest before I battle him. Forgive me for ... the mess. Stay safe, I'll come back for you.

YOUNG MARY

I don't blame you for what you did. These bloodsuckers deserved to die.

GENEVA

Yes, yes Mista Adamly. Thank you for avenging my mother's murder. Thank you, sir.

The grief stricken woman runs over and hugs the once handsome man. A tear wells up in his eyes. He gently pushes her away.

ADAMLY

Please, please dear, don't cry. If it's the last thing I do, I'll end this nightmare.

YOUNG MARY

Me too.

Adamly smiles at Mary, then turns away to face the window. Suddenly he JUMPS OUT.

EXT. FRANKLIN ESTATE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Adamly LANDS ON SOMETHING SOFT. It is Ivory's pudgy corpse. The AIR EXITS THE DEAD MAN'S BODY IN ONE GREAT BIG WHOOSH! Adamly's muscles glisten in the rain.

The re-animated man gives a short wave goodbye to the women in the window high above him. After a few seconds hesitation, he bounds off into the thick Virginia woods.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - SAME

Both women watch Adamly make a dash towards the nearby forest. They follow his figure until it vanishes into the darkness.

GENEVA

Miss Mary, what's he gonna do?

YOUNG MARY
My poor Adamly. Protect him Lord.

EXT. FOREST TRAIL - NIGHT

Adamly walks on through the rain. The footpath he walks on is muddy and he is barefooted. He comes to a SMALL CAVE and has a seat, just a few feet inside the opening. He leans back in the darkness, sleeps.

LATER

Adamly is awakened by the sound of a dog BARKING. He looks out to see a SMALL DOG, just outside the cave.

ADAMLY
Be gone now. Away with you pest,
let me be.

In the distance, Adamly can hear the VOICE OF A YOUNG GIRL calling for, something. WIND, RAIN, AND THUNDER SOMEWHAT DROWN OUT WHAT SHE IS SAYING. The dog continues to bark at Adamly. He can understand her now.

LITTLE GIRL (O.S.)
Princess ... Princess ... Help ...
Get help!

Adamly leaps to his feet. He puts his ear to the wind to try and get a lead on direction. Princess the dog does him one better and tries to lead him to the girl by guiding him down the trail.

EXT. RIVERBANK - NIGHT

The dog leads him to an OVER-FLOODED STREAM. The water currents run fast and it contains everything from LARGE TREE BRANCHES TO PARTS OF PEOPLE'S HOUSES. The ROAR of the rapids is loud.

LITTLE GIRL (O.S.)
Help me, help ... Over here!

Adamly looks slightly upstream and sees a LITTLE GIRL (10) hanging onto what is left of a BRIDGE. Adamly sprints over to help the child. Her blond hair is soaked. The Brit wades into the FAST MOVING WATER and is almost swept away himself. He anchors himself to the bridge foundation with one hand.

Adamly uses the other arm to try and have the little girl grab it. His reach is just inches short of her fingertips.

ADAMLY

Don't panic, little girl. I'll help you. Ohhh, I can't reach you. You need to jump towards me and I will catch you.

LITTLE GIRL

No, I can't. I'm scared.

ADAMLY

I know, I'm scared too. You've got to trust me okay? You can't survive out here much longer.

LITTLE GIRL

Okay, okay Mister, I'll try it. If you don't catch me, I'm gonna be real mad at you.

Adamly has to smile at the cuteness of that statement. He braces himself to grab her.

ADAMLY

I'll catch you, little one. Just jump!

The little girl closes her eyes and pushes off the damaged part of the bridge with her legs. IN SLOW MOTION, THE GIRL SOARS INTO ADAMLY'S ARMS. She gives him a 'thank-you' hug and hangs on.

Soon Adamly and his 'cargo' are back on the shore. Princess goes nuts licking the girls face as Adamly takes a deep breath and grabs a seat on a large rock.

LITTLE GIRL

My pappy said, never say thank you to a nigger. My pappy is a stupid man sometimes. Thank you Mister. Thank you so very much.

ADAMLY

Hey, that's quite alright. I think. Do you live far from here? Your folks must be worried.

LITTLE GIRL

You're right. My pappy is probably out looking for me right now. You talks funny, where you from?

ADAMLY

I'm from England. I'll walk you home.

The odd couple gets up and starts to walk away from the river bank. Suddenly a white man with a RIFLE steps from behind a large tree. It's PAPPY (40's).

PAPPY

Get the hell away from my daughter,
nigger! So help me, I'll blow you
away where you stand.

ADAMLY

Please sir, you misunderstand!

PAPPY

I gots two eyes and I know how
niggers think! Get away from her,
now!

LITTLE GIRL

No Pappy! Don't! He saved my life!
He's nice!

ADAMLY

Really Mister. I would never harm
your child.

PAPPY

Liar!

BOOM! The father fires his rifle at Adamly, HITTING HIM IN THE TORSO. Adamly falls. He is motionless on the muddy ground as a SMALL PUDDLE OF BLOOD forms under his chest.

LITTLE GIRL

Nooooo! Why? ... I hate you Pappy!

The little girl runs off in the opposite direction of the river. She is SOBBING all the way. The father watches her run away as he grabs a FLASK from his pocket and swigs down something with a kick. He smiles at Adamly and leaves.

EXT. RIVERBANK - DAY

Adamly pulls himself out of the mud and sits up. He examines the WOUND. Now it is only a TINY RED MARK. Even the red mark gets smaller and SMALLER UNTIL IT DISAPPEARS ALL TOGETHER.

Adamly is amazed. The creation of Victor Franklin looks up at the SUN TRYING TO PEEK THROUGH BLACK CLOUDS. Sheets of rain beat down on him, as does anger and despair.

ADAMLY

Great, so does that mean I can't
die?

(MORE)

ADAMLY (CONT'D)

Forever condemned to this
hideous body, without release?
Thanks Victor, I'm going to make
you pay dearly, one day.

Adamly trudges off, walking along the river. The rains beat down on him, but Adamly marches on. Despised and shunned, his pain is seen on his face and in his eyes.

INT. HIDEAWAY ROOM - DAY

Mary's face is streaked with tears as she looks out of the window. She dabs at the tears with a SMALL SCARF. Outside the window, a GATHERING OF BLACK PEOPLE below are seen. They are a distance from the house. They carry a COFFIN. SOBS AND WAILS OF GRIEF are heard way up in Mary's room. The RAINSTORM MIXES WITH THE SORROWFUL SOUNDS. Mary takes out her diary.

YOUNG MARY (V.O.)

Lord, please forgive me. If I had listened to Adamly, both he and Euphrates would be alive now. What can I ever do in my lifetime to make up for this? I feel wretched.

From the box they remove the WRAPPED BODY OF EUPHRATES AND LAY HER INTO THE GROUND. Many slaves have LIMBS MISSING. As the other slaves begin to throw dirt on her, Geneva falls to her knees CRYING. As people try to comfort her, Victor comes out. He is yelling.

EXT. SLAVE GRAVESITE - DAY

They all turn to see Victor raging in the rain.

VICTOR

What is this? I didn't give you permission to bury this witch yet. Geneva, get over here and explain yourself.

Geneva rises from the mud and marches toward Victor. Without a word, and without a warning, she knees him in the balls as hard as possible. Victor's knees buckle and he falls backwards. His face is red.

GENEVA

You killed my momma! You explain 'that' to me! Fatherless bastard!

VICTOR

Bitch! I'll kill you! You better
tell these niggers to dig another
hole! Arrrg! God damn you.

Geneva walks into the house and SLAMS the door.

EXT. RIVERBANK - DAY

It is still raining. Adamly walks along the shore looking
weary. Up ahead is another CAVE. Adamly goes to it.

INT. CAVE - DAY

Adamly lets out a huge exhale and relaxes his body. Soon, he
hears VOICES from within the cave. He moves closer to the
voices. He peeks over a boulder and sees SADIE and MARCUS, a
slave couple(20's)there. A SMALL CAMPFIRE is near them.

The couple seem terrified. Their clothes are soaked and the
Sadie trembles. Marcus tries to comfort and warm her. Since
she is still cold, Marcus takes off his SHIRT and covers her
with it. His BACK IS A MASS OF LASH MARKS AND WHIPPING SCARS.

Adamly stares hard at the disfiguring work of the 'cat of
nine tails' and what it did to this man's body. Adamly turns
away from the sight, repulsed.

MARCUS

It's gonna be alright, Sadie. Don't
you be worrying none. We just wait
out this storm and a row boat will
be waiting, to help us run north.
Then we be free.

SADIE

Free. It sounds so good, don't it,
Marcus? Lawdy, we can start our
own family and not worry about
Massa Jenkins selling them away.

MALE RUNAWAY

Or about that ole devil Jenkins
putting his hands on you. God, this
is so good. I hope this moment
never ends, I love you. Let's
praise God.

The couple begins to SING A GOSPEL TUNE together. Adamly
closes his eyes and enjoys the music. SINGING STOPS. In the
distance, the BARK OF BLOOD HOUNDS is heard.

SADIE

If we don't make it, I want to die
in your arms. I promise to be
yours, in this life, and in
whatever follows.

Tears run down the face of the slaves. Adamly's cheeks are
tear streaked also. The woman SOBS HARD in her man's arms.
The SOUND OF THE BLOODHOUNDS is getting closer. The Brit
wipes his tears, gets a determined look on his face, then
quietly leaves the cave.

EXT. RIVERBANK - LATER

Adamly runs through the woods like a tiger on the hunt. The
BARK OF THE DOGS is getting louder. DARKNESS FALLS ... And so
does the rain.

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

The man and woman hold each other tenderly, as the slave
catcher's dogs get closer. The man brushes Sadie's hair with
his hand. As she turns to look at him, tears are in her eyes.

Suddenly, the DOGS BARKS ARE REPLACED BY YELPS, YIPS AND
SOUNDS OF CANINES IN DISTRESS. This is followed by the SOUND
OF MEN YELLING, SOME GUNFIRE, A LOT OF SCREAMS, AND THEN,
DEAD SILENCE. The couple looks confused, scared.

EXT. RIVERBANK - NIGHT

The runaway couple sneaks out of the cave very cautiously.
LIGHTNING FLASHES are the only illumination. Up ahead a
SHADOWY FIGURE STANDS WITH TWO HORSES BY THE REINS. The face
cannot be seen.

ADAMLY

These horses are yours. Take them
now. Get yourselves to Canada with
haste. Time is against you.

SADIE

Thank you, thank you Sir. Who ...
who are you?

ADAMLY

You may say that I'm just an
African angel who knows how deeply
you love each other. May the
Lord Bless you. Now, you must go.

SADIE

Praise the Lord! Thank you Jesus!
And thank you Mista Angel. Let's
go to Freedom!

As the couple approaches, the shadowy man runs into the forest. From a distance, away from their view, he watches as they mount the horses, kiss lovingly, and take off. Adamly hangs his head and cries.

ADAMLY

I will never have a love in my
life, like that. Never! Victor, I
hate you! God help me! My life ...
it's been ruined! I will make you
fix it. Yes, yes, that's right, Mr.
Franklin, you will fix it.

Adamly slams his mighty fist into the mud.

ADAMLY (CONT'D)

You'll make me a wife, someone to
love, or so help me, you'll die.
I'll kill you with my bare hands!

Adamly EYES GLOW, in rage.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

Victor, in SURGICAL OUTFIT, pours out some FLUID and as he does, he tries to hold it far away from him. SMOKE ARISES FROM THE BLOOD-STAINED TUB it's poured into, the SOUND OF SIZZLING MEAT is heard.

As he turns the bottle, the words 'CAUTION: ACID' are printed on the side. Over his shoulder, it is seen that he is pouring the ACID ON BODY PARTS SUCH AS ARMS, LEGS AND HEADS. THE SKIN BUBBLES AND SMOKES AS THE LIQUID HITS IT.

The body parts are the investors that Adamly killed. Victor is sweating hard and he looks like he hasn't slept in a week. He empties the container that the acid was in and tosses it to the side.

As he turns back around, he stands face to face with Adamly. Victor's jaw hits the floor. Adamly smiles.

VICTOR

M-m-m-my God, Adamly! Don't kill
me, please don't kill me. Please
don't...

ADAMLY

Shut up, Victor! Don't pee on yourself. Your whimpering sickens me. If you do me a favor, I might spare your miserable life, for a while. Alright, ... Daddy?

VICTOR

Yes, yes! I knew we could get along. No hard feelings big fellow. Look! I've even cleaned up the little mess you left. See, the dead have ... disappeared.

Victor points to the body parts in the small tub that are DISSOLVING IN ACID.

ADAMLY

Victor, don't insult me. Blow your smoke up someone else's skirt. I know you're just trying to save your own ass. I wasn't stupid before and I'm not stupid now.

VICTOR

Of course, sir. My apologies.

ADAMLY

Look, I will leave your life forever if you do one thing for me.

VICTOR

Sure, in that case, I'll be glad to help.

ADAMLY

I want a woman, a wife. I want you to make her, just as you made me.

VICTOR

Surely you jest.

ADAMLY

No! No joke! Make her!

Victor backs up and takes a seat. He picks up the PLANS he used to manufacture Adamly and studies them with a frown on his face.

VICTOR

I was planning to do it anyway, I guess I ... No, forget it, I won't do it. I made one monster too many as it is.

ADAMLY

You 'will' do it, or you will pay
dearly!

VICTOR

How dare you! I created you damn
it! How dare you talk back to me
like that. I should...

With the speed of a panther, Adamly lunges over and SMACKS
Victor in the face, open handed.

The loud SLAP cuts through the air. Victor is knocked off of
his chair. A TRICKLE OF BLOOD, lines the corner of his mouth.
Victor is stunned.

ADAMLY

Allow me to clarify. You did not
make me, my parents made me! YOU
killed me, and turned me into THIS!
Bastard, you will do it! And, you
will do it, now! Understand?

Victor gets up slowly. He stares at Adamly with hate. Victor
rubs his jaw and shakes his head to clear cobwebs.

VICTOR

I will NOT do it, foul beast! Ever!
Now leave me!

ADAMLY

You will regret this day for the
rest of your life, Victor Franklin.
I'll make sure of it.

VICTOR

Get out!!

ADAMLY

It would be rude if I didn't say,
'good night' first.

VICTOR

What?

Adamly, PUNCHES HIM IN THE FACE, full force. Victor's eyes
roll back and he is TKO before he hits the floor. Adamly
smiles at him and leaves him flat on his back.

ADAMLY

My God is a jealous God, Victor.
The hour of retribution has come.

LIGHTNING FLASHES MULTIPLE TIMES, illuminating Adamly's righteous rage and Victor's impromptu nap.

INT. HIDEAWAY - NIGHT

Geneva quickly sneaks into the room and closes the door quietly behind her. She wakes Mary from a deep sleep.

GENEVA

Miss Mary, Miss Mary, Wake up.

YOUNG MARY

Yeah, yeah, yes. I'm up.

GENEVA

The rain let up again. The driver says he thinks he can get you to the port to meet your boat tonight.

YOUNG MARY

Thank God. Finally! Geneva, you're coming with me. Go get your things.

GENEVA

But Miss Mary...

YOUNG MARY

Hush now. I made a promise to your Mother. I intend to keep it. By the time you get back, I'll be ready.

GENEVA

Thank you, oh thank you, Miss Mary. I'll be right back.

INT. CORRIDOR NEAR OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT - SAME

Adamly walks into the hallway that leads to the stairwell. He suddenly jolts to a stop. A NOTICEABLE CHILL comes over his body and he falls to his knees, shaking. Around him is the SOUND OF POUNDING, he covers his ears.

Looking to the side he sees the GLASS VATS, TUBES AND TUBS THAT CONTAIN BODY PARTS. HIS BODY PARTS. On their own, the severed LIMBS BANG AGAINST THEIR GLASS ENCLOSURES. He gets up and goes to one container specifically.

A HEADLESS BODY FLOATS IN SOLUTION, kicking and punching at the glass that holds it captive. Shreds of the clothes Adamly was wearing earlier hang from it. Adamly WEEPS.

ADAMLY

Awww, no, God, I'm really dead. I'm dead! ... Well, I never lived as a slave when I was alive, I refuse to be a slave as a deadman either.

Adamly rips out a METAL PIPE THAT PUMPS SOLUTION into the tank, and swings it at the GLASS CAPSULE, SHATTERING IT. SOLUTION RUSHES OUT AS DOES HIS FORMER BODY. IT HOLDS ITS ARMS OUT TO HIM. ADAMLY HUGS IT. IT HUGS BACK.

Adamly's OLD BODY, WIPES THE TEARS FROM HIS NEW BODY. He slowly runs his new fingers over his old skin as he lays it down, gently on the ground. It CONVULSES, THEN DIES. Adamly stands up enraged. He grabs the pipe again and moves to the other containers.

ADAMLY (CONT'D)

AWRGGG!

SMASH! CRASH! BOOM! Adamly lays into various tubes and vats like each swing could be a home run. CHARDS OF GLASS FLY everywhere. The solution and body parts, pour onto the floor.

The body parts that had been clamoring to be reattached are now free. After Adamly has destroyed all of the containers, he stands in the middle of the room. THE HANDS, LEGS, HEADS AND TORSOS BEGIN TO DRAG THEMSELVES TOWARDS ADAMLY IN THE CENTER.

With tear-filled eyes, Adamly bends down and gently brushes the AMPUTATED LIMBS WHICH MOVE ON THEIR OWN. Adamly trembles in anger.

ADAMLY (CONT'D)

This will end today, Brothers. I promise! Victor Franklin will pay dearly for what he did to us. He and the others, they claim we are subhumans? Monsters? Who is the real monster here? Forced labor, violence, rape, killing children, chopping up men? No America, sorry, ... You are the monster here.

Adamly looks at his REFLECTION IN THE GLASS VATS. He turns away in sadness.

ADAMLY (CONT'D)

From peasant to President, I've seen nothing but uncivilized, demonic behavior from the Americans.

(MORE)

ADAMLY (CONT'D)

The only time my Brothers in this country get some peace, is when they die.

Adamly looks at his body and the DIFFERENT COLOR LIMBS. He then peers around at the severed limbs around him with all their different colors and shapes. He starts to LAUGH LIGHTLY, THEN BEGINS TO LAUGH HARD.

ADAMLY (CONT'D)

So, is Victor Franklin the only man that can unify Africans? That is just so sad.

The British Bro', shakes his head in disgust.

ADAMLY (CONT'D)

If we were unified, slavery couldn't have started in the first place. Now we have become selfish loners like Ivory. Hating ourselves and those who resemble us. Just look at us. Chopped up, scattered around, no connection to the Creator who made us.

The SEVERED HEADS that still have life, give him their full attention. Tear filled eyes follow his movements.

ADAMLY (CONT'D)

It will take the hand of God himself to drag us out of this living hell and to stop Victor from doing 'this' on a large scale. It can happen, and it will happen. You've brought us too far Lord to just let us wither away. Hear my prayer father. Help me, help me fight this evil. And win!

Adamly picks up one of the KEROSENE LAMPS that lights the corridor, and goes back to the severed body parts. He lifts the lamp above his head, hesitates. The last live head, closes it's eyes. Adamly slams the lantern on the ground. THE SOLUTION AND BODY PARTS START ON FIRE.

ADAMLY (CONT'D)

And, if I don't win. Lord, in the name of all the innocent ones who have suffered before me, please, burn this bitch to the ground.

Adamly walks towards the stairway.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - SAME

Victor lies still on the floor but then begins COUGHING. He awakens to find SMOKE FILLING UP THE ROOM. He scrambles to his feet, still woozy. Victor touches his face, then pulls back quickly.

VICTOR
Christ, he broke my nose. Damn that
limey, baboon bastard. Oh no, my
laboratory.

Victor dashes around trying to find the origin of the fire.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

The SLAVE PARTS ARE ON FIRE. Victor hides his nose from the stench but hurts himself because the nose is broken.

VICTOR
Ouch! That hurts! I'll kill him.
I'm not sure how, but I'll make
sure he's dead this time.

Victor TRIES TO PUT OUT THE FLAMES. As he stomps around, a SEVERED HAND GRIPS HIS PANT LEG and won't let go. He tries to kick it off as FLAMES CRAWL UP THE WALLS and inch closer to him. He trips on a leg and his face lands inches away from A HALF-BURNED SLAVES HEAD.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
Awww!

Dr. Franklin wastes no time in getting up off the ground. He runs to the lab and brings back two buckets of water. The flames are higher now and the water does no good.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
No, No! Not my laboratory! All of
my work! Noooo!

INT. STAIRWELL - SAME

As Victor fights flames, Adamly scurries down the steps that lead past Mary's hideaway. As he passes, he hears a voice.

YOUNG MARY (O.S.)
Adamly, wait!

The big man freezes mid-step. Pure joy is on his face. Midway through turning to get her, he suddenly turns back, hiding his face with his hands.

ADAMLY

Miss Mary. Look not upon me. You must leave now. The house is on fire. Please, leave! Hurry!

YOUNG MARY

Wait Adamly, wait! You poor thing. When we get back to England--

ADAMLY

I'm sorry Miss Mary. I won't be making the trip with you. I'll help you through the flood, but, I can't go home with you, not like this.

YOUNG MARY

Victor deserves to die for this!

ADAMLY

I have that on my agenda!

Geneva comes out of the hideaway.

GENEVA

Miss Mary, everything is packed and ... Good Lord Sir. I'm sorry that this happened to you. I surely am.

ADAMLY

Thank you, Geneva. Please, don't look at me. Tis a sickening sight. You and Mary, must hurry, the house is aflame. Meet me at the barn. I will help get you to the port. Mary, if I don't make it, tell the world about these horrors.

YOUNG MARY

With pleasure my dear Prince.

GENEVA

Don't you go get yourself hurt, Prince, I'm kinda getting sweet on you.

Adamly turns to face them. They jump back a little, involuntarily repulsed by his disfigurement.

ADAMLY

Waste not your time on me. I am dead already. The best thing I can do for you, and humanity, is to kill Victor, and myself.

GENEVA

Please sir, don't say such things.

ADAMLY

It's true. It's cruel, but it's true. Mary, take her, flee. I must go now. Farewell.

Adamly turns to leave, Mary hugs him and WEEPS. Tears well up in Adamly's eyes. He struggles against Mary's hold until she lets him loose.

YOUNG MARY

I love you, Adamly, Nooo! Don't go! Please.

ADAMLY

I must. This madman must be stopped. Now, run! Go, before the fire spreads farther.

Adamly dashes down the stairs in bounds. He disappears in the darkness. Thin WISPS OF SMOKE drift into the stairwell.

YOUNG MARY

Oh no, look at that smoke! I'll follow you, Geneva. Let's hurry!

INT. PARLOUR - NIGHT

The elevator door opens and Victor stumbles his way out the door. He is carrying THREE LARGE BOXES, all overstuffed with files and loose papers. Some papers fall out, he dashes through the room and down a hall.

INT. ELIZABETH'S ROOM - NIGHT

A KNOCK is at the door. A woman covered in blankets, sighs. An URGENT KNOCK comes this time. She is awakened from sleep.

ELIZABETH

Yeah, who is it?

VICTOR

It's me, its an emergency.

ELIZABETH

Come in.

Victor bursts into the room. His eyes are wide and he seems scared. She watches him clumsily light a LANTERN.

VICTOR

Elizabeth honey, we've got to go.
Grab what you can, and meet me at
the front door.

ELIZABETH

Victor, what's going on?

VICTOR

Fire! Fire in the laboratory!

ELIZABETH

Your inventions are they...?

VICTOR

Burned up, yes, everything except
this stuff. Now come on, lets go.
Oh yeah, that monster is still
loose. Don't let him in here.

ELIZABETH

Sure Victor. Of course.

VICTOR

I'm going to get more papers from
the laboratory. I want you to
quickly get momma and bring her.

ELIZABETH

Great, I'll see you then. Be safe
sweetheart. I love you.

VICTOR

I love you too.

Victor goes out the door and closes it behind him. As
Elizabeth packs, she doesn't notice the HUGE, WET FEET PARTLY
HIDDEN BY CURTAINS AND SHADOWS.

EXT. FRONT STEPS - NIGHT

BOXES OF PAPERS LINE THE PORCH. Victor comes out with more.
He looks around for his fiance and mom. No trace of them is
found. A LIGHT DRIZZLE FALLS.

VICTOR

Elizabeth? Elizabeth? ... Mom?

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

Victor walks up to a door. Before he knocks, he listens. He hears MOANING AND LOUD BREATHING. Victor has a puzzled look on his face, then takes out his GUN.

INT. MOTHERS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Victor bursts through the door, into a DARK ROOM. In the darkness he can barely see, but he hears his MOTHER (50'S).

MOTHER

Victor, you idiot! Get out of here!
Close the damn door!

VICTOR

Uh, sorry Mom. What are you doing?

No answer, more HEAVY BREATHING AND MOANS. He realizes she is making love to someone in the bed. He seems to be doing a good job too. Mother is loving it. On closer look, he sees the man's legs are black! Adamly?

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Son of a bitch! Get away from her!

MOTHER

VICTOR! How dare you talk to your father like that?

VICTOR

What? Mom, you're nuts.

ADAMLY

You heard your mother, 'son', mind your manners. Since you wouldn't give me a wife. I had to take what was available.

MOTHER

Your dad has gotten sexier with age. Bigger too. Down there.

She GIGGLES like a teenager.

VICTOR

You bastard! I can't believe this!

MOTHER

Watch your mouth, son!

ADAMLY

Yeah, watch your mouth, Sonny boy.
Go away so she can concentrate.
She's very talented you know.

Adamly LAUGHS.

ADAMLY (CONT'D)

Hey Victor. You like to create
life. If you behave, maybe
I'll make you a new brother to
replace the one that got broken.

MOTHER

Yeah, Yeah, let's start now.

VICTOR

Mom, you shut up! Adamly, get the
hell out of that bed!

MOTHER

Victor, leave us! We're trying to
make you a little brother.

Victor pulls out his GUN, HANDS SHAKING. Tears run down his
face. He is losing it. SMOKE starts to filter into the room.

VICTOR

Mom! You can't lie down with
some creature I made from the spare
parts of worthless slaves! It's a
science experiment for God's sake.

MOTHER

I don't know what you're talking
about Victor.

ADAMLY

Me either, you hot thing. How's
about some more sugar, Mommy?

MOTHER

My pleasure.

Adamly smiles a sly grin to Victor. Then gives him a wink.

VICTOR

Over my dead body!

Victor aims the gun at Adamly's smiling face. Victor cocks
the trigger. As Victor SQUEEZES THE TRIGGER HIS MOM SPINS TO
DEFEND ADAMLY. POW! The single shot RIPS THROUGH HER CHEST.
She struggles for awhile, then dies.

Victor's mouth hangs open, his eyes bulge. Without realizing, his gun drops to the floor. His eyes glass over with tears. His mother lay dead and semi-nude, in the arms of Victor's Science Project.

ADAMLY

What a waste of a perfectly good white woman. I was just getting to like her, 'son'.

VICTOR

No, No, No, please God, don't let her be dead.

ADAMLY

God? What's wrong Victor? Getting soft? I thought you said that 'you' were God.

VICTOR

You shut your mouth, boy! You killed her!

ADAMLY

I'm not a doctor like you, but I think this hole in her chest was from your bullet, not from my penis ... That went elsewhere.

VICTOR

How dare you!

ADAMLY

Now you know how it feels, - son.

Victor bends to get the gun. He grabs it, and as he stands up, he is knocked back down, by something large and heavy. He looks up to see his MOTHER'S CORPSE on him.

He SCREAMS as he pushes the limp, dead body off of him. Victor grabs the gun again and points it at the bed. Adamly is no longer there. Victor quickly twirls around looking for Adamly, no one is found.

Victor crawls back over to his mom's body. He cradles her corpse and sobs bitterly. He rocks with her back and forth. A strange look covers his face.

FLASHBACK

Adamly stands before him, in the lab. Victor holds the plans for re-animating life in his hand with a frown.

VICTOR
No, I won't do it!

ADAMLY
You WILL do it, ... Or you will pay
dearly!

BACK TO SCENE

Victor continues SOBBING AND GRIEVING. He hears a THUD SOUND on the wall. He looks to see that a BOOK CASE HAS CAUGHT ON FIRE and fallen over.

VICTOR
Oh no! Elizabeth!

Victor covers his mom with a SHEET and crosses her hands over her heart. He picks up his gun and heads into the hallway.

INT. ELIZABETH'S ROOM - LATER

Victor bursts into the room. His hair is frayed, singed and wild looking. Elizabeth sits in a chair facing the closet. Around her are SUITCASES AND TRUNKS with various amounts of clothes in them.

Victor exhales in relief when he sees his fiance. He looks down the hall. Smoke can be smelled, but no flames are seen.

VICTOR
Hurry up girl, we've got to get out
of here. The house is burning real
bad now. That, that Monster, just
killed Mom! We can't take
everything, leave that stuff honey.
Let's go! Elizabeth? Elizabeth!!

Victor walks over and touches Elizabeth on the shoulder. Her HEAD FLOPS TO THE SIDE like a ragdoll. Her body slumps over and she topples to the floor. Victor freezes in shock. He has his gun ready to fire as he checks her pulse, nothing.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
Goddamnit! Alright Adamly. You
son of a bitch. It's just you and
me now. Come on out. Where are you?

Victor hears a SOUND OF RUNNING and spins. Mary and Geneva dash by the room, heading for the front door. HE FIRES HIS GUN TOWARDS THEM, MISSES. He pursues the women.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Get back over here. I'm gonna kill you. I'll kill you both.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Victor runs after both women. He is SHOOTING HIS GUN WILDLY at them. One BULLET GRAZES GENEVA ON THE SHOULDER and she goes down. Limping, Mary tries to help her up as Victor bears down on them. He gets very close.

Just before he gets to them, a FIERY WOODEN BEAM falls from the ceiling in front of him. It buys time for Mary and Geneva to get moving again.

VICTOR

You scarlet whores! You'll never get away. I'll kill you!

Victor FIRES A FEW TIMES before they turn the corner. He chases them after climbing over the beam. The entire house is becoming ENGULFED IN FLAMES. As Victor turns the corner, the women are closer to the door.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Oh no you don't!

Victor SHOOTS DOWN AN OVERHEAD CHANDELIER which crashes to the ground in front of the girls. They must halt.

YOUNG MARY

Victor! Stop it!

VICTOR

You're mine now!

Victor smiles, then laughs like a maniac as he levels the gun at the girls. Mary is frozen, but Geneva picks up a LARGE CHUNK OF GLASS FROM THE CHANDELIER and throws it at Victor as hard as she can. It hits his FOREHEAD, BLOOD GUSHES.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Ouch! Damn! Oh ...I'm killing you bitch. Just like I did your Mammy!

In the background, the SOUND OF AFRICAN DRUMMING is heard. Victor pulls the trigger of the gun! CLACK-CLACK! No more ammo. Victor rolls his eyes.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

For Christsake!

Victor throws the gun at the girls and misses. He lunges over the glass and lands a solid grip on Mary's bad ankle. Geneva helps Mary fight Victor, but he won't let go.

Another BEAM COVERED IN FLAMES falls down. It is between the females and the door. Victor laughs as he pulls Mary closer to him. The DRUMMING IS MUCH LOUDER now. Victor pulls Mary down and starts to choke her. Geneva kicks at him.

Suddenly, the MUSIC STOPS. The next thing heard is a loud 'CRASH'. Adamly has broken EUPHRATES'S DRUM OVER VICTOR'S HEAD, Mary wiggles free. She makes her way to Adamly, hugging and kissing him.

YOUNG MARY

Oh Adamly, God bless you. Oh sweet Jesus, get us out of here and back home. Please!

ADAMLY

Miss Mary, fear not. Allow me ...

Adamly picks up a COUCH AND COVERS THE GLASS AND FIRE with it. He helps the ladies on the couch and they walk across the trouble. Victor tries to get up and climb on the couch. Adamly snatches him, pushes him away.

GENEVA

Come on, Adamly!

YOUNG MARY

Adamly, knock his bloody lights out and let him broil. Let's go home!

ADAMLY

I'm sorry Miss Mary. I'm a dead man now. I don't belong in your world anymore.

GENEVA

No Adamly, no! Please come.

ADAMLY

You're a lovely girl Geneva. You'll make some gentleman very happy. I can't be that man.

YOUNG MARY

This is nonsense, hurry! The whole place is crumbling.

VICTOR

Let me up you wretched reject! Let me go!

ADAMLY

Don't worry. I'll let you go
alright. Your ass will 'go' to meet
the 'real' God in a second or two.

YOUNG MARY

Adamly, please. This is my fault
for coming here. I'm begging you
to leave, now!

ADAMLY

Try not to forget me Mary. Become a
great writer. Tell the people what
they will harvest, when they try to
play God. You've seen the horrors
for yourself.

Mary begins to CRY, as does Geneva. Victor struggles to free
himself from Adamly. Adamly SLAPS him hard in the back of the
head like he is a misbehaved child.

ADAMLY (CONT'D)

What's wrong with you boy? Can't
you see I'm talking?

OTHER SLAVES ARE OUTSIDE enjoying Victor's beating. A large
section of ceiling collapses just yards away from Adamly and
Victor. FLAMES draw near.

YOUNG MARY

I love you Adamly. I promise to
write that story for you.

No sooner do they step out the door, than a LARGE WOOD BEAM,
CRASHES DOWN ON ADAMLY AND VICTOR. FLAMES and other parts of
the ceiling and walls follow. Mary and Geneva, on the porch,
see the destruction.

Suddenly SPARKS FLY UPWARD from the spot where Adamly and
Victor were hit. Victor, BADLY BURNED, stands, lurches
forward to the door. Mary slams it shut.

EXT. PORCH - NIGHT

Victor's char-broiled hand BEATS ON THE DOOR, its jammed.
Both women jump with fear. Victor pleads in a gravelly voice.

VICTOR (O.S.)

Mary, help me. Help me!

Mary looks around at the MAIMED SLAVES who watch the house
burn. A YOUNG BOY WITH ONE LEG BREAKS her heart.

She goes to the door. Opens it. She smiles compassionately at him, then rears back and PUNCHES HIM with all of her might. It sends him REELING BACKWARDS.

YOUNG MARY

If you're God, you don't need my help! Do you?

VICTOR

Nooooo...

The BURNT HAND OF ADAMLY snatches Victor by the ankle and slowly yanks him into a HOLE IN THE FLOOR as the doctor tries to squirm away. They BOTH DISAPPEAR FROM VIEW.

EXT. FRANKLIN ESTATE - NIGHT

Mary runs past the BOXES OF FILES that Victor put on the porch as they go up in FLAMES. Outside, she rejoins Geneva. Mary and Geneva stagger away from the BURNING MANSION.

The WIND BLOWS THROUGH MARY'S HAIR. Her eyes burn hotter than the flames that have reduced the glorious Franklin mansion to a pile of ashes.

ADULT MARY (V.O.)

I don't know why some men feel they are compelled to make Gods of themselves. To hold the keys to the life and death of others, in their own hands. I never got over this moment. It consumed me so much that I had to write a book about it. I changed the names and locations, but the questions remain the same. Why must man play God? On any level. Will we ever, learn?

INT. PARLOUR - NIGHT

Frederick Douglass, who was leaning forward, finally sits back and exhales. He grabs his STEIN and offers a toast to Mary. They CLICK BEERS IN MID-AIR.

FREDERICK

What a story. Here's To freedom.

MARY

For all humanity.

They chug it down. Mary finishes first.

FREDERICK

What a nightmare. It is a blessing that you survived, unscathed.

MARY

Not physically anyway.

FREDERICK

And you said that you wrote a book about it? I would sure like to read that some day.

A KNOCK is at the door. Geneva enters. She sees Frederick and bursts into a huge smile.

GENEVA

Have mercy. There he is. Mr. Douglass. I ain't heard nothing like that in my dag-gum life. Reminded me of church back home.

FREDERICK

Well thank you. Good to see a fellow countryman abroad. Where in the South are you from?

GENEVA

Virginia. You don't happen to have any black-eyed peas in your pocket from home do you?

MARY

Geneva, Mr. Douglass is an orator and freedom fighter, not a grocer.

GENEVA

My fighter. He gave the worst whupping to slavery that I ever did see. You thirsty Missus Shelly? Y'all been yapping a while.

Frederick jolts up and looks puzzled.

FREDERICK

Wait. Are you the Geneva from the story about Victor Franklin?

GENEVA

Yessum.

He turns to the story weaver and studies her a moment.

FREDERICK

Mrs. Shelley? Mrs. Mary Shelley?
The legendary author? No. This
... This cannot be happening. Are
you really Mary Shelley?

GENEVA

Do squirrel farts smell nutty?

They all LAUGH.

MARY

Geneva. You are priceless, my
dear. Yes, Mr. Douglass, it is I.

Frederick shakes his head in disbelief.

FREDERICK

I am honored to be in your
presence. After I learned to read,
William Garrison gave me
'FRANKENSTEIN,' to explore. He said
to read between the lines. I saw
how the man playing God in science
compared to slavery. I had no idea
that the story was actually born
from slavery.

MARY

I tried to publish the actual
account, but I couldn't sell it
that way. I decided to write an
allegorical story about the
experience instead. It worked.

GENEVA

Another round of beers?

FREDERICK

I may need the entire keg.

GENEVA

Thank you, Geneva. That would be
sweet of you.

She leaves. Mary pulls out DOUGLASS'S BOOK again.

MARY

This work is greater than mine
could ever be. You didn't have to
change locations to get your point
across. And people felt it. That
is why I sent for you to be brought
to England.

FREDERICK

Thank for this momentous opportunity, but, I am still only a slave. A fugitive runaway. Why me?

MARY

I have been through a dead husband, dead children and exile. Today I was diagnosed with a brain tumor. I have seen it all. I fear nothing anymore except the guilt that I have about losing my friend and not confronting the slavery issue sooner in life. I truly believe that you have the gift to turn things around.

FREDERICK

Really? Me?

MARY

You lived through the worst that humanity could throw at you and came out showing more intelligence than the people who made you call them master. You're living proof that the African is not sub-human and is equal to any man.

FREDERICK

Thank you but I'm afraid that speeches and displays of intelligence will only go so far.

MARY

That is why I have decided to finance you. Start a newspaper like Garrison. You will reach many more people. The revolution must start in people's minds first. This will get you started.

She slides a LOCK-BOX to him. He opens it. STACKS OF PAPER MONEY FILL IT. His jaw drops.

FREDERICK

I ... I can't.

MARY

Mr. Douglass, you can ... And you will. It will be fine.

FREDERICK

Mere words fall short of the gratitude I have. Thank you.

Mary gets up and sits closer to him.

MARY

Well, listen thrice as intently to this. As soon you arrived, I started working on a project with my lawyer and other English abolitionists. It finally came today. On July the Fourth. Frederick, I wanted to be the one to give it to you.

She slides a PACKET OF PAPERS to him. He opens it and reads the page while glancing back at Mary, elation on his face. He puts the paper down and starts CRYING UNCONTROLLABLY. Mary goes over and puts her arms around him.

FREDERICK

You ... You ...

MARY

I couldn't let you go back to be a freedom fighter with a bounty on your head. It's official. Those papers say that you are a free man. Happy Independence Day, Frederick. I hope that it is the most marvelous one you've ever had in your life.

Frederick pulls himself together.

FREDERICK

When I say thank you, listen for the thank you of every captured African in my bloodline. Oh! How precious is freedom. God bless you, Mary Shelley.

MARY

I merely restored what the good Lord already gave you. And what heartless, greedy white people stole from you. It is important to me that you know we are not all like that.

Geneva comes in with THREE BEERS ON A PLATTER.

GENEVA

Looks like you already told him.
You didn't expect that one, did you
brother? Ha!

All have a LAUGH.

FREDERICK

Please, allow me to make a toast.

They all pick up a STEIN and hold it high.

MARY

Please do.

FREDERICK

I am near breathless from an
outpouring of love, few of any
color or circumstance has ever
seen. I solemnly promise that Mrs.
Shelley's efforts will not be in
vain and that somehow, someday ... I
will make the nightmare of American
slavery be vanquished from this
Earth ... Or die trying. Frederick
Douglass is not afraid anymore. The
issue is bigger than the fear of my
death. What is at stake is the
soul of humanity. I will do a
soldier's duty. I pledge my eternal
soul upon it.

They CLICK STEINS and sip the sweet taste of liberation.

MARY

And after you solve the problems
for your brothers in chains, see
what you can do for Women's Rights
in that country of yours. It has
come to my attention that they
can't even vote. How barbaric.

Frederick bows to her regally.

FREDERICK

I promise. Unfortunately, I must
go now. My carriage awaits.

They hug each other like two lost souls who finally found a
spiritual match.

MARY

I want to see you before you set sail. My contact information is inside the paperwork.

FREDERICK

My days of being a runaway are over. You most certainly will be alerted. If you are not there to see me off, I will mourn the rest of my days. I pledge to be a good steward of your kindness and wealth. My thanks are eternal.

MARY

As is mine, to find such a gallant young man to take up the torch. Go with God, son. Geneva, could you walk the gentleman from Baltimore to his coach?

GENEVA

My pleasure. Right this way.

Douglass hugs Mary and heads out the door behind Geneva. Mary takes out the PHOTO VICTOR GAVE HER OF ADAMLY AND TEEN MARY in happier days. Tears fall.

ADULT MARY

I know it in my heart. The nightmare will end, my love. Finally, after all these years. May your soul rest in peace.

FADE TO BLACK.

BLACK

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

A lantern on a desk comes into view, flickers, then dies, as a strong breeze blows through a window. The sound of a RAVAGING STORM is heard in the background. Now, darkness.

FREDERICK (O.C.)

I have never told that story to another living soul. But my friend, it is important that you heard it. Right now.

A match is lit in the darkness as winds howl.

FREDERICK (O.C.) (CONT'D)
 Was that a blast of wind or did
 Miss Mary join our conversation?

The match proceeds to light a lantern. The glow marginally illuminates the room.

SUPER - WINTER 1864

The firestarter is an OLDER FREDERICK DOUGLASS (58). GREY HAIR now frames his familiar face.

OLD FREDERICK
 I know you. This whole thing is
 tearing you up inside, brother. I
 pray for you. An early end to this
 madness is tempting, but you must
 not give-in, until this evil of
 slavery has been vanquished.

Across a large desk, a man in shadows, faces Frederick.

OLD FREDERICK (CONT'D)
 You graciously requested my counsel
 and I earnestly give it.

LIGHTNING FLASHES show Frederick's face more clearly. His expression, stern and sober. Thunder rolls as he picks up another lantern to light it.

OLD FREDERICK (CONT'D)
 We both have been called by
 almighty God -- for this moment.
 We must not let all of this death
 and destruction go for naught.

He strikes the match for the other lamp.

OLD FREDERICK (CONT'D)
 In my opinion, as a man touched by
 destiny, -- nothing less than
 unconditional surrender must be
 even considered.

The lantern on the desk between the men is lit by Frederick.

OLD FREDERICK (CONT'D)
 And that includes the total and
 complete abolition of slavery, in
 every corner of our nation.

Just as the lantern is lit, several bolts of LIGHTNING brighten the room like daylight for a moment.

This is no ordinary room. It is the OVAL OFFICE. Sitting across from him, none other than ABRAHAM LINCOLN (55).

Abraham's expression, pained-- but compassionate. His eyes look into the heart of his guest.

LINCOLN

Before you told me your story, it is true friend, I was torn. Not anymore. My concern is not whether God is on our side; my greatest concern is to be on God's side, ... For God -- is always right.

The president leans back in his chair.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

We cannot escape the responsibility of tomorrow by evading it today. You have hardened my resolve with your exquisite counsel, as usual.

OLD FREDERICK

Ending this affliction of evil has been my life's work. Now you better understand why.

LINCOLN

Whenever I hear anyone arguing for slavery, I feel a strong impulse to see it tried on them, personally. Those who deny freedom to others, deserve it not for themselves. This war will not cease, until all men are free. You have my word.

Lincoln stands and holds out his hand. Frederick gets to his feet as he fights back tears. They shake to seal their pact.

The hands of friends for life -- a president and an ex-slave -
- intertwine by the light of the lantern.

FADE OUT.