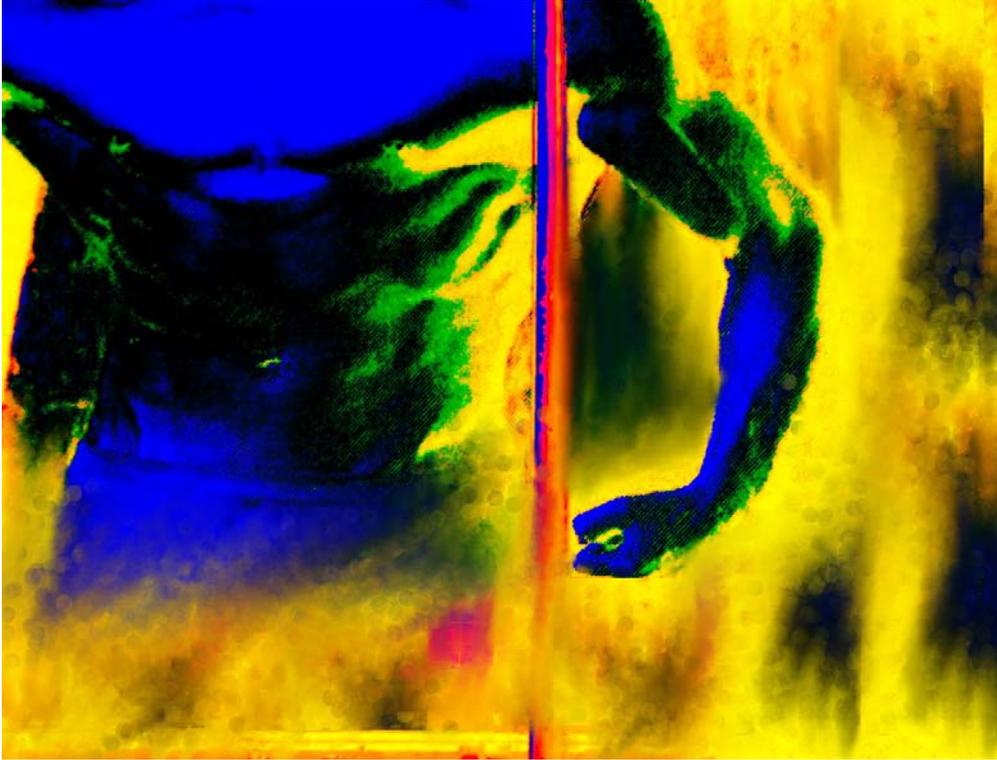


**The High-Quality
Sci Fi
Blaxploitation
Screenplay
Sensation of the
Year**



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The High-Quality Sci Fi Blaxploitation Screenplay Sensation of the Year

_____ a screenplay in three acts by Steven Augustine

Principal Characters:

1. *Zachary: a willful, intelligent, physically powerful slave*
2. *Jenny: the rebellious daughter of a prosperous family, The Hollinghursts*
3. *Mr. Hollinghurst: a northern-type good ol' boy*
4. *Mrs Hollinghurst: an aging frustrated beauty*
5. *Sarah: the Hollinghurst's youngest*
6. *Mattie: the slave who has raised three generations of white children*
7. *Pretty: a breeder slave; pure sex*
8. *Charlie Simpson : a cruel slave owner*
9. *Colin: Jenny's weak, over-educated suitor*

FADE IN

1. **EXT. DAY: A SCHOOL**

The grounds of Jefferson Davis Elementary school in a northern North American City. Midday. Gardeners in uniforms, all of them black, are busy with their chores. Sprinklers hiss.

2. **INT. DAY: A SCHOOL**

The gleaming hallways of the Jefferson Davis Elementary school. A uniformed janitor, also black, is waxing the floor. The machine he pushes hums monotonously.

3. **INT. DAY: A CLASS ROOM**

We see fourth graders, engaged in a lively exchange with a dynamic young teacher. The air is full of raised hands.

The camera pans the class room and we notice, almost incidentally, that all of the children are white, as is the teacher, a pretty young woman fresh out of college.

She points at a particularly eager young student, a bright eyed girl named **Sarah**

TEACHER

(smiling)

Alright, Sarah, you look like you'll explode if I don't let you answer this question. In what year did Avery Whitman assassinate President Lincoln, and what happened to him because of it?

Sarah stands up from her desk and clasps her hands behind her back and answers the question in the chirpy sing-song of a bright nine year old

At the moment she clears her voice to start speaking we

CUT TO:

4. **EXT. DAY: A FENCED PASTURE**

A middle aged black man, shirtless, is tied to a post. In slow motion: A muscular white man with short white hair is whipping him.

A tall, skinny black boy, also shirtless, held tight by a muscular black man in a uniform, watches, struggling, while the man is whipped.

The camera is tight on these four. The image is in sepia tone, seems old fashioned.

SARAH (OS)

Voice-over

Avery Todd Whitman assassinated President Abraham Lincoln in the year 1863 during President Lincoln's visit to the Union camp at Appomattox. He escaped by hiding in a water barrel but was later captured by Union troops and held in the stockade awaiting execution until 1864, when he was granted executive clemency by President Robert E. Lee and decorated as a war hero.

Just as the voice-over is drawing to a close, the camera pulls back on the whipping scene, the film stock changes subtly from sepia-tone to full color, we see the front of a late model car in a corner of the frame, an airplane flies overhead.

This whipping did not take place in the distant past.

CUT BACK TO:

5. **INT. DAY: A CLASS ROOM**

Sarah, having answered the question, bows precociously and sits down.

TEACHER

Very good, Sarah! And now, who can tell me something interesting about Atlanta Main, our Nation's Capitol?

After a pause, a few hands go up. Miss Martin points to a little boy in thick glasses and we hear the beginning of his answer as the camera leaves the class room and travels down the gleaming hallway, past the uniformed black janitor who is still busy waxing the floor, past a trophy case, the lockers, and a long series of framed photographs of graduating classes of previous years. The faces in the photos are relentlessly white.

The camera races with increasing speed along the wall, past the photographs, and all of the white faces begin to blur together

CUT TO:

6. INT. DAY: A LIVING ROOM

The living room is large, affluent. Here and there, without paying too much attention to them, we notice racist curios: a black Sambo figurine on the glass coffee table, an Aunt Jemima clock on the mantelpiece.

A large screen television is on, silently, and we see black basketball players dribbling and jump-shooting.

A very attractive middle aged white woman, dressed casually but not *too* casual...clearly upper class...is coming down a stair case with a vase of beautiful flowers. She crosses the sunlit living room and places the vase on the coffee table, beside the Sambo. She steps back to judge the effect. She is clearly occupied with the thoughts of a coming event. She wants her home to look perfect. She shakes her head and moves the vase to the mantel piece.

While she is doing so, the phone rings, but she doesn't react: she is used to not answering her own telephone. The phone rings twice more and then we see an elderly black woman, MATTIE, in a domestic uniform cross the living room in the foreground and answer it.

MATTIE

Hollinghurst residence. Yes. Yes she is. May I ask who's calling please?

(beat)

Jenny?

(face breaks into a warm smile)

Jenny! Well how do you like that? How's my big girl?

Mrs. Hollinghurst realizes that it's her daughter on the phone and hurries across the living room. She gestures for **Mattie** to hand the phone over but **Mattie** puts up a hand as if to say 'just a few more seconds.'

Mrs. Hollinghurst frowns comically and puts her hands on her hips.

Finally, **Mattie** hands the phone over, but stands as close as possible to Mrs. Hollinghurst in order to eavesdrop on the conversation. **Mrs. Hollinghurst** does her comic frown again and points at the vacuum cleaner.

Mattie rolls her eyes and obeys. We see her vacuuming and muttering under her breath in a snit.

MRS. HOLLINGHURST

Sweetheart, where are you? Still in Atlanta?
Chicago!?! We thought you'd be here for supper!
Didn't I tell you to take a direct flight?

(listening)

I appreciate your concern for the state of our finances, Pixie, but you should let your father and I worry about those things. Well, no harm done. How's Atlanta?

(listening)

I'm so proud of you, Jenny...my little girl, a lawyer in Atlanta Main! It certainly *is* a big deal. Well, everyone here is impressed.

During the entire conversation, **Mattie** is pushing the vacuum cleaner in no particular pattern around the living room, making a racket. **Mrs. Hollinghurst** is having trouble hearing her daughter.

Cut to:

7. INT. DAY: BUSTLING CONCOURSE OF O`HARE AIRPORT

We see **JENNY** at a payphone with a finger in her ear trying to hear her mother. **JENNY** is youthfully beautiful, fresh but not flighty: she has her own ideas about the way the world should be.

Behind her, several hundred white air travelers are criss-crossing the concourse. The crowd is dotted with uniformed blacks subserviently performing their duties.

JENNY

How is Sarah? Did she get the present I mailed her?

she reaches into her coat pocket and extracts a small box, the type that holds jewelry. While listening to her mother's response on the phone, **JENNY** opens the box and examines the contents, pleased with her purchase: a glistening black crucifix, a gift for her mother. She smiles

JENNY (CONT'D)

I got something for *you*, too, Momma.

Then her expression changes. She tries to sound casual

JENNY (CONT'D)

How is Zachary?

Jenny is, at that moment, watching a handsome black boy in uniform who is performing some menial task nearby.

He looks up and makes eye contact accidentally.

Terrified, he looks back down.

CUT BACK TO:

8. INT.DAY: THE HOLLINGHURST LIVINGROOM

MRS. HOLLINGHURST

*still on the phone, shouting over
Mattie's noise*

Zachary we're having problems with, but we'll talk about that later. I swear, your father and I have the worst luck with our property! That old biddy Mrs. Dixon may be right. Maybe we *are* too kind to them! Now listen, Jenny: on the flight back you'll take a direct flight, first class, no ifs ands or buts. What did you say dear?

*shouting even louder over the din of
the vacuum cleaner*

Yes I know it is a madhouse around here. It gets worse every year!

putting the phone on her shoulder
Mattie! Mattie *please!*

Mattie shrugs and switches the machine off and exits the frame.

MRS. HOLLINGHURST (CONT'D)

regaining composure

Goodness gracious! She's old, Jenny, that's all.
Not really fit for duty any more. She raised me,
and I'm no Spring chicken.

laughs

9. **INT. DAY: MATTIE'S ROOM IN THE BASEMENT**

We see **MATTIE**, silently.

The room is as plain as a prison cell. A simple toilet sits matter-of-factly at the far wall. There are no books, televisions or radios. Not even a window. We see a silver tray on the nightstand next to her bed. Resting on the tray are three mysterious clear blue capsules. She swallows one of them with a cup of water.

Closeup: MATTIE'S ancient black face as the narcotic takes effect. She sits impassively in her windowless little room, staring at the wall.

POV (MATTIE'S): we see photos on the wall. Photos of the family, and of a young **MATTIE** with (**Mrs. Hollinghurst** as) a child and then an older **MATTIE** with **JENNY** as a child and a current picture with **SARAH**. There is a large photo of **JENNY** in her cap and gown.

The pictures are woozily distorted by the pacifying narcotic in **MATTIE'S** system.

10. **INT. DAY: THE HOLLINGHURST LIVINGROOM**

MRS. HOLLINGHURST is still on the phone with her daughter.

MRS. HOLLINGHURST

The old girl has served three generations of my family! It hurts my heart to say what I'm about to say...we weren't going to mention this, but you're a big girl now, Pixie, and you're going to have get used to things like this. You'll have your own household to run someday.

*checks around the corner to make
sure Mattie isn't in earshot; then
whispers*

Your father and I are thinking of trading her in.

CUT TO:

11. EXT. DAY:. AERIAL VIEW OF RURAL OR SUBURBAN AREA

Ground racing under the camera. A lake, fields. We are approaching a compound in the distance.

We are swooping lower, and details of the ground are becoming clear. Brushing tree tops and telephone poles. Wild horses run under us. Our destination is rushing towards us. **The Compound.**

We zoom over a fortified wall like that of a maximum security prison. We circle over this compound. A couple hundred men, in various formations, are organized in different exercises or activities around the vast yard of the enclosure. They are doing jumping-jacks, or doing basket-ball drills or marching in platoons. They are all black, shirtless, muscular.

They are guarded by apparently unarmed whites in leisure suits. The other half of this vast property encompasses a mansion and a lavish, landscaped estate.

12. EXT.DAY:. AERIAL CITY SCENE

Sky scrapers. Helicopter-view camera is still zooming. We circle the skeleton of a sky scraper under construction. We get close enough to see that all the workers, high up on the girders, are black. A bloated orange sun hovers beyond the skeleton of the sky scraper, presides over the sprawling metropolis. The day is nearly over.

13. INT. NIGHT: A SPORTS ARENA.

A basketball game. All the players are black. The crowd in the arena (all white) is going wild. We see, around the perimeter of the court, men in leisure suits positioned like a discreet security force.

Closeup: the scoreboard clock. The final seconds of the game.

Overview: of the court.

Closeup: a player's sweaty upturned face. He looks handsome and intelligent and intense: clearly heroic, almost frightening.

Longshot: he shoots the ball, it arcs through space and swishes gracefully through the hoop. The crowd jumps to its feet and roars.

CUT TO:

14. INT. NIGHT: THE HOLLINGHURST LIVINGROOM.

The same scene, of the basketball swishing through the hoop and the crowd jumping to its feet, on a wide-screen television in the Hollinghurst livingroom. Mattie and little Sarah are in the kitchen preparing a late snack because Jenny, arriving late from the airport, missed dinner. We see a banner on a wall of the livingroom: WELCOME HOME JENNY. Jenny and her Mother sit on a couch, Jenny more interested in the game than her mother. At the moment that the game-winning point is scored she seems excited, proud, almost. But not as excited as her father, MR. HOLLINGHURST

We see he has thinning dark hair and a paunch. Looks like a prosperous used car salesman, the kind that enjoys cold beers and dirty jokes. He's whooping and hollering, cheering the victory

MR. HOLLINGHURST

watching from an easy chair

Yes, godammit! Good God Almighty, yes!
Weeeeeee-haw! *Shit* yes!

MRS. HOLLINGHURST

on the sofa

Howard! *Please!* Your daughter!

*she fingers the black crucifix around
her neck superstitiously*

JENNY HOLLINGHURST

amused

It's alright, Mom, I work in the *Senate*, I've heard a few of those words before.

MRS. HOLLINGHURST

Not you; *Sarah*.

SARAH

from kitchen

I've heard those words before too, Mom.

MR. HOLLINGHURST

laughing

And so she has!

lights a cigar

I'd offer you all one but I know you don't smoke.

*inhaling, reclining in chair, clicking off
television with remote*

Why is it that I'm the only one who seems to be happy about our new swimming pool?

MRS. HOLLINGHURST

What ever are you talking about?

MR. HOLLINGHURST

Zachary just scored the winning point for his team. Boy does something like that, we can renegotiate our contract with the Franchise. We rent him out to the Franchise, so that means a salary increase for *us*. That means *big bucks* for us. Ergo, the Hollinghursts get a new swimming pool.

JENNY

slyly

Does that mean you're going to let Zachary have a bigger room like he wants? *He* should get something out of it, too, Dad...*he's* the one out there on the basketball court.

MR. HOLLINGHURST

with a dismissive sneer

That room of his is big enough for *three* niggers!

MRS. HOLLINGHURST

Howard!

MR. HOLLINGHURST

Come now, Margaret, I think everybody here, including little Sarah whipping us up some super-duper gourmet sandwiches in the kitchen, is willing to admit that Zachary isn't a white man. He's a nigger. And Mattie and Pretty are niggers too, isn't that so, Mattie?

MATTIE

from the kitchen

Last time I checked!

MR. HOLLINGHURST

It's not a dirty word. Anyway, as I was saying, that boy, I'm afraid, is stuck with the room he's got until he starts earning us a million goddamn dollars a year. Then I'll think about it. Christ, he's already got a radio and a television in his room...need I remind you all how *against* the law that is?

JENNY

It's a stupid law.

MR. HOLLINGHURST

That's fine talk coming from a girl working in our Nation's Capitol!

JENNY

That's why I'm there, Daddy, to help *change* a few of those stupid laws.

MR. HOLLINGHURST

I suppose you'll be abolishing slavery while you're at it, too. Then we could all live in a nice shack and pick fruit for a living. And the niggers could eat grubs and roots.

JENNY

We'd learn to adapt. We're the only civilized Nation on earth that still exploits human beings as unpaid labor.

MR. HOLLINGHURST

Unpaid? What do you call free room and board for your whole life, chicken feed? Look at what happened to those poor niggers in South Africa when they abolished slavery there!

JENNY

Other Countries of the world seem to get along just fine without slavery.

MR. HOLLINGHURST

patiently

Jenny, all of us in this family know how smart you are, and believe me, darling, we are proud of you. Folks down at the Palmdale Country Club are on the verge of kicking me out of it just so they won't have to hear me bragging about you day in and day out. Yes indeedy. But there are things that you don't understand, honey, that nasty old-timers like your Mother and I understand only too well.

Counting off on his fingers

One: We may be the only Industrialized Super Power on Earth that still has a slavery-based economy, but we are also, in case you haven't noticed, the *only* Super Power. And two,...maybe if we hadn't already been doing things this way for four hundred goddamn years it would be easy to change now. But the die is cast, honey. Things are the way things are, and you're not gonna change 'em without hurting a lot of people, black and white.

raising voice to include Mattie, in the kitchen

Ain't dat so, Mattie?

with a patronizing "nigger" accent

MATTIE comes out of the kitchen with a plate of sandwiches; Sarah, clamoring for one of them, at her side

MATTIE

You know better than to ask me such a complicated question, Mr. H. I stopped following your train of thought 'bout an hour ago!

SARAH

the same little girl we saw in the class room in scene #3.

Innocently

I wish I was a nigger!

Everyone laughs except Jenny, who folds her arms across her chest and stares off in the distance, sighing heavily.

MR. HOLLINGHURST

jovially

I tell you what. Zachary may not get that penthouse apartment he's been howling for, but I think I could see my way clear to scheduling him for double the conjugal visits. For conversation only, of course

winks at Mrs. H, who blushes

That's about a dozen *conversations* a month!
Shoot, I should take Zack off the pill and start
charging old Charlie Simpson for stud service!

slaps a knee

Don't looked so shocked, Margaret. Your Daddy
bred horses, didn't he?

*laughs at his own remark with ribald
gusto*

Closeup: Jenny's face. That last remark has clearly disturbed her. She gets up from the couch without excusing herself and leaves the room. The family remains oblivious: they're used to Jenny's headstrong temperament.

Mr. Hollinghurst and the rest of the family can be heard discussing, with excitement, the possibility of a new swimming pool.

Closeup: Mattie's face. Showing concern. She suspects, has *always* suspected, something disturbing about Jenny.

15. EXT. NIGHT: THE HOLLINGHURST RESIDENCE

Not a mansion, but obviously the house of prosperous people. A sloping lawn and a very long driveway leading to a gate. All lights are off except a light over the front entrance and two bedroom lights on the second story at opposite sides of the house. It is after midnight.

16. INT. NIGHT: THE MASTER BEDROOM

Mrs. Hollinghurst is sitting up in bed, reading. The title of the book, which we just barely notice, is *Profane Love Rites of the Primitive*. She has taken the trouble to make herself glamorous-looking; her hair is curled, she's wearing lipstick, eye shadow, the whole works. Nevertheless, her nightgown is flannel, and covers every inch of her body, even her neck. A white woman's neck, in this culture, is as hidden and eroticized as her breasts.

Mrs. Hollinghurst looks up and closes the book as the bedroom door opens. She poses herself to look beautiful. **ENTER Mr. Hollinghurst**

MRS. HOLLINGHURST

My goodness, dear, you must have been freezing out there! How long did you have to wait?

MR. HOLLINGHURST

gruffly

Forty five goddamn minutes! Bus driver said the bus broke down! Goddamn multi-million dollar franchise and they can't afford new transport vans for the players!

MRS. HOLLINGHURST

Did you talk to Zachary?

MR. HOLLINGHURST

Yes I "talked" to Zachary. Goddamned nigger's gone cuckoo! He must be over-dosing on those goddamned Happy Pills we give him. He's still carping about wanting a bigger room, and get this, he wants a *window* too! Thinks he's too good to live in the basement all of a sudden! Can you believe it? Labor Commission would take my license away so quick my goddamn head would spin! Yours too, for that matter. Plus throw my ass *under* the fucking jail!

*pacing around the bedroom in
agitation*

Ignorant nigger, can't even read, doesn't have any fucking idea about the Law! If he wasn't making money for us I'd trade his ass. I should trade him back over to Charlie Simpson...see how he'd like *that* again. Heard Charlie was over there whipping a house-girl the other night 'cause she sassed him. Good old Charlie. Man's got extra balls; he must have *four* of 'em...a pair of his own and mine, too! And he's well within his goddamn rights, by God!

Mr. Hollinghurst has been undressing during his tirade. He has changed into a bathrobe and is busy looking through a brief case for papers

MRS. HOLLINGHURST

after a long silence

Howard, isn't it nice with Jenny in the house again? Both kids under one roof...makes me think of the old days. It makes me feel kinda young again. Doesn't it make you think of the old days?

MR. HOLLINGHURST

*with his back to her, preoccupied with
some papers in a brief case*

What? Oh, yeah. Yeah it does Margaret. The good old days.

*he repeats the phrase absent-
mindedly*

MRS. HOLLINGHURST

*trying to draw attention to the swell of
her bust under her nightgown*

I love this crucifix that Jenny gave me.

She waits: no reaction. Then, tossing the covers to the side, exposes her fully clothed body

MRS. HOLLINGHURST (CONT'D)

Howard. Howard *look* at me.

MR HOLLINGHURST

turns around and looks, grins

You've certainly held up well over the years, haven't you?

MRS HOLLINGHURST

also grinning

Same to you.

MR. HOLLINGHURST

*rubbing his head nervously and
looking away*

Say, Margaret, I wonder if you wouldn't mind if I took a raincheck on it for tonight...you know, I'm pretty distracted with all this Zachary stuff. I wouldn't be any goddamn good to you. I think I need to go downstairs to the office and hammer out a new contract so I can fax it to the Franchise first thing in the a.m., you know, while Zachary's *game point* is still fresh in their minds...

he looks guilty; he can't meet his wife's eyes

MRS HOLLINGHURST

*picking up her book again with
irritation*

Whatever.

17. INT. NIGHT: HOLLINGHURST BASEMENT

The camera is trained on a padded leather door at the end of a long, dimly lit hallway. An old poster tacked to the door, with a white graphic figure wrapping its arms protectively around two smaller black ones reads *Are We Not Our Brother's Keeper?*

The door finally opens and we see Mr. H coming through it. He is carrying a bottle of champagne and two glasses. He tip toes sneakily down the plushly carpeted hall.

The walls are paneled with dark wood. He passes three metal doors, one unlabelled, and one labeled **MATTIE** and the next labeled *Zachary*. At the very end of the hall is a fourth door labeled **PRETTY**.

MR. HOLLINGHURST gets out a ring of heavy keys, like jailer's keys, and finds the one he wants and unlocks the door.

POV MR. HOLLINGHURST: We see a spectacularly beautiful, buck-naked, jet-black black woman. She is large breasted and narrow waisted, with a huge Afro. She smiles at him knowingly. Her name is **PRETTY**.

POV: PRETTY: We see **MR. HOLLINGHURST** grinning broadly, put the glasses and bottle down on the nightstand beside the simple bed and carefully close the door.

MR. HOLLINGHURST

Say, Pretty, how old were you when I bought you off that mean old Charlie Simpson?

PRETTY

her voice is like warm honey

Sixteen, Mr. Howard.

MR. HOLLINGHURST

How much did I pay for you?

PRETTY

with pride

Fifteen thousand and twenty five dollars, Sir.

MR. HOLLINGHURST

stepping towards her and embracing her, grabbing a greedy handful of a breast

Fifteen thousand and twenty five dollars! That's a lot, even for prime breeder stock! I haven't even bred you yet, but that's okay

he starts kissing her

...I'm not complaining, am I? Know why? That 15 grand was the best goddamned investment I ever made!

he runs his hands up and down her smooth black skin. He hands her a *Happy Pill* and lets her swallow it with champagne

We see **PRETTY** from behind as **MR. HOLLINGHURST** runs his hands up and down her back while kissing her. Her back is scarred with long thick scars, permanently raised welts. His fingers touch the scars gingerly. Perhaps the scars excite him.

Closeup: We see Pretty's face while **MR. HOLLINGHURST** embraces her. The *Happy Pill* is taking effect.

MR. HOLLINGHURST

in a husky half-whisper

I'll bet you're glad I bought you, aren't you,
Pretty?

lapsing playfully into "nigger"

vernacular

I'll bet you glad you ain't wit dat mean old Mr.
Charlie no mo'!

PRETTY

I surely is, Mr. Howard.

she gets on her knees in front of **MR. HOLLINGHURST** who is slowly untying his bathrobe

PRETTY (CONT'D)

I surely is.

POV from behind **MR. HOLLINGHURST**. We see, for a brief moment, **MR. HOLLINGHURST'S** hands in **PRETTY'S** luxurious Afro as she kneels.

18. INT. NIGHT: THE HOLLINGHURST BASEMENT

The same long hallway. Again, camera watches the padded leather door expectantly. We expect it to open. When it finally does, we see **JENNY** sneak through it, looking like a thief. She hurries down the hallway, fumbling in her purse for a key, and unlocks the door labeled **ZACHARY**.

19. EXT. NIGHT: THE HOLLINGHURST RESIDENCE

Seen from the end of the driveway. The house is pitch black dark except for the one lonely Master bedroom light burning at a corner of the house.

The camera pulls back and reveals a wealthy neighborhood of similar houses, some of which reveal their own *one lonely bedroom light*, burning until all hours of the morning.

20. INT. NIGHT: A NIGHTCLUB CALLED "THE PLANTATION"

Loud, brutal, big-city techno is throbbing through a decadent nightclub. Neon lights flash. Flames leap spectacularly from special ducts. Topless black women

in cages, suspended over the heads of the crowd, are gyrating lasciviously.

The club patrons, of course, are all white, but we notice how prim and puritanically the women are dressed: in high-necked, ankle-length dresses. Nothing but hands and faces exposed. As though the sexuality of this civilization is expressed entirely through its slave population.

We see a well dressed man, **CHARLIE SIMPSON**, a wealthy business man, in his forties, the owner of this nightclub, leaning against the bar and monitoring the proceedings with proprietorial interest. People go out of their way to greet him and he nods coolly in response.

His stark white hair is cut like a Marine drill Sergeant's, and we can tell, under his dark blazer, that he's powerfully built. This is the same white-haired white man we saw in **scene #4**. Two professionally-attired men approach him at the bar, one light-skinned black (**MICHAEL AMERICA**) and one white (**TED BLACK**).

TED BLACK

extends his hand to be shaken

Mr. Simpson? Charlie Simpson?

CHARLIE SIMPSON

wary

The only people I care to have anything to do with already know who I am.

eyeing the black man

And we don't serve gorillas in this club. Even when they're all dressed up like *people*.

TED BLACK

chuckling and withdrawing his unshaken hand

They warned me about you! Look, I'll make this quick. My name is Ted Black...

pulls a badge from his jacket pocket

...and I'm with the Labor Commission.

Almost imperceptibly, as Simpson hears this, his posture straightens

And this is my associate Mr. Michael America. He's a freedman working with the Commission.

CHARLIE SIMPSON

*making a discreet gesture, to the
bartender, over his shoulder*

What do you drink, Mr. Black?

TED BLACK

*smiling the smile of a man enjoying
his official capacity to intimidate*

A white nigger on the rocks sounds good.

CHARLIE SIMPSON

And a Chivas Regal for me.

SIMPSON waits for the drinks in silence, then hands **Mr. Black** his. The black man, **Michael America**, stands by impassively as the two white men interact

CHARLIE SIMPSON (CONT'D)

Skoal.

TED BLACK

L'chaim.

*savors the drink for a moment,
looking around the club*

Thanks, I needed that! Look, I won't keep you in suspense, Charlie. As a major property holder in this city, it's important to us over at the L.C. that you adhere strictly to public safety codes. How many head you carrying, exactly? Besides those four, I mean.

*nodding towards the tantalizing black
women dancing in cages*

CHARLIE SIMPSON

Two hundred, two hundred and fifty.

TED BLACK

whistles, impressed

I know it's unfair, Charlie, but we have to hold you to a higher standard than we would some schmo over in *Fostertown* with a housegirl and a gardener. See what I mean? Tags, for instance. Who cares if the schmo in Fostertown is too cheap to tag his housegirl properly? If the housegirl runs away one rainy night, only one really hurt is Mr. Schmo, who's out a coupla Gs worth of property.

As he talks his eyes wander: he can't keep his eyes off the topless black women in cages over-head

TED BLACK (CONT'D)

On the other hand, er, if you got a dozen three-hundred-pound angry black gorillas on steroids goin' ape-shit with machetes Downtown at rush hour...*and dey ain't been tagged...*gonna' be a close-out sale on dead whiteys!

laughs, slaps Simpson on the back

So you see what I'm saying here, Charlie.

*takes another gulp of his drink then,
confidentially*

I'm gonna let you in on a professional secret. *Top* secret. You didn't hear this from me, okay? Our statistics show there's over half a million *documented* niggers in this town alone...

cuts down to a whisper

... and as many as half of 'em got *dummy tags* under their skin! Only thing keeps half *these* niggers under control is the belief they got real implants in their necks! Scary thought, huh?

*winks at Michael America, who nods
solemnly*

CHARLIE SIMPSON

deadpan

I'm flabbergasted.

TED BLACK

It's time for a little crack-down, Chuck. We start with the major property holders first. That means you.

CHARLIE SIMPSON

feigning boredom

I assure you, Teddy, Simpson Enterprises is operating strictly up to code.

TED BLACK

I wish I could say that the Labor Commission was operating on the honor system, Chuckie, but we ain't.

Exasperated, SIMPSON takes his fat wallet out of his jacket pocket. Hands it to Mr. Black

CHARLIE SIMPSON

There's a lot of money in this wallet.

TED BLACK

winking

Teddy *likes* money. Do you have another one of these...

holds up the wallet

...for my buddy here too?

Michael America smiles

21. INT. NIGHT: ALL NIGHT GYMNASIUM CALLED POPPA'S

Early in the morning. **CHARLIE SIMPSON** followed by a nervous accountant type and **POPPA**, the wizened Gym Manager, is walking furiously across the wide, brilliantly lit gym. In the center of the gym we see a boxing ring with slaves sparring in it. All around the gym are sweating, super-muscled slaves, using the punching bags, the weight bag, jump rope, etc., being watched proudly by their paunchy white owners. The security men in pastel-colored leisure suits keep an eye on everything. On one wall we see that poster again: ***Are We Not Our Brother's Keepers?***

CHARLIE SIMPSON

*in an evil rage, walking so fast they
can barely keep up with him*

In my own club! To have some pencil-necked dick-head in a fucking mail-order-Armani knock-off shake *me* down in my own club! Little fucking extortionist with his cock-sucking nigger valet. If he wasn't hiding behind that motherfucking L.C. badge I'd personally grind his balls off with a belt sander and fuck the new hole with a pretzel!

ACCOUNTANT

worried

Do you think he'll come back for more?

CHARLIE SIMPSON

What's to stop him?

ACCOUNTANT

Is it cheaper to keep paying him off on a regular basis, or cheaper to retro-fit the property with active tags?

CHARLIE SIMPSON

*stopping suddenly in the middle of the
gym and poking the frail little man in
the chest*

That's what I pay you to figure out, Jimmy, you fucking Dago pansy embezzler! Or should I get me a fancy kike accountant instead? And by the way you stink of garlic.

ACCOUNTANT

miffed

There's no need to be offensive.

CHARLIE SIMPSON

to Poppa

Unlock a nigger for me, I need to blow off some steam.

22. INT. NIGHT: ZACHARY'S ROOM

Closeup: a watch on a woman's wrist. The watch says 5:00 a.m. The camera pulls back and we see **ZACHARY** and **JENNY** are in bed together, **JENNY'S** head on **ZACHARY'S** massive black chest.

JENNY has a dreamy look on her face. The aftermath of desperate, passionate love-making.

ZACHARY, as always, has the look of someone thinking troubled thoughts. A smile would seem almost unthinkable on his face. **JENNY** straddles him and they begin, slowly, to make love again.

23. INT. NIGHT: POPPA'S

CHARLIE SIMPSON and a black boxer are in the ring, dancing around each other, preparing to spar. **CHARLIE SIMPSON** looks invincible in his 16 ounce gloves. Neither boxer is wearing head gear.

24. INT. NIGHT: PRETTY'S ROOM

Mr. HOLLINGHURST and **PRETTY**, full of champagne and laughing, on the floor making violent love.

25. EXT. NIGHT: SIDESTREET

A black boy in a jump-suit type uniform and bare feet is running down an urban street. A clock in a shop window says **5:05 a.m.**

Two men in a car, dressed in pastel-colored leisure suits, driving slowly up a street in the same area. The side of the car is emblazoned with a simple insignia: **T.A.G. (acronym for Track and Grab).**

They are very relaxed, munching doughnuts. The man in the passenger seat is holding something that looks like a television's remote control. A red arrow is flashing on the device, pointing in the direction of the fugitive black boy.

The car rounds a corner and we see the black boy, still running, at the end of the block. The **BLACK BOY** turns when he hears the car round the corner.

Point of view: the BLACK BOY'S: The headlights are blinding.

Closeup: the remote control.

Point of view: through the windshield: the terrified **BLACK BOY**. The man presses a button on the remote control and we see the **BLACK BOY** jerk and stumble.

26. INT. NIGHT: POPPA'S

CHARLIE SIMPSON lands his first punch on his black sparring partner and the black boxer strikes back. Grinning with rage, **CHARLIE SIMPSON** attacks again with twice as much violence and the black boxer backs away from the intensity of the assault.

27. INT. NIGHT: ZACHARY'S ROOM

JENNY and **ZACHARY** are still lying in bed, talking after their second bout of love-making.

JENNY

quietly

It was so hard! Six months without seeing you, without touching you. Not being able to write or call. That's the most *inhuman* thing about this situation, Zack...that's what's so awful, don't you think? The normal rights that everyone takes for granted. I can't even make a phone call to my own lover!

ZACHARY

angry, but whispering

Listen Jenny, don't fucking presume to tell me what's bad about slavery! Do you think I give a shit about getting a phone call when millions of my brothers and sisters are being bought and sold like cattle? I ain't even got a *mother*. And please...

*he closes his eyes in frustration,
repeating himself for the nth time*
...don't call me your lover! I'm not your lover,
due to the simple motherfucking fact that your
family owns me. I'm your *property*. Love is
between equals and I am not your fucking
equal...

ZACHARY gets out of bed and stands to his full height, well over six feet tall. He is in perfect condition, a specially bred super-athlete, the involuntary recipient of Twentieth Century America's most advanced Eugenics Program

JENNY

*sitting up in anger, but maintaining a
harsh, hissing whisper*
That's right, you're *not* my equal, you're my
better!

ZACHARY

pacing his little cubicle
Bullshit!

JENNY

Just because they call you a slave, does that
make you one?

ZACHARY

Locking a man up in a cell and putting a fucking
implant under his skin is a little more than *calling*
somebody a slave!

JENNY

I know, I know...
calming down, ashamed of herself
...but we're going to fix that, aren't we? We're
going to fix everything, baby. That's what this is
all about.

She coaxes him back into bed and lays her head on his chest again, tears
burning her cheeks

ZACHARY

Jenny...

JENNY

Please, *please*, don't make me pretend that I don't love you! I love you more than anyone I've ever known. Ever since we were young. Remember how I taught you to read, Baby? They could have put my dad in prison for five years for that! But I didn't care; that's how much I love you. Don't treat me like I don't really love you, Zachary. It's not fair. I'd die for you.

ZACHARY

softened by her emotional outburst

And maybe I'd love you, too, Jenny, if I knew what love was. But I don't. See, my life is too simple. I'm not a whole person. Sometimes, I think, I don't even *have* a heart. Sometimes, I think, a heart is just a white man's luxury.

JENNY

Baby, I know things will change when we get to Canada.

ZACHARY

heavy sigh

Maybe.

It's been a long night and he has to be at Basketball Practice in the morning. He lifts her arm and looks at her watch

ZACHARY (CONT'D)

You should leave before your parents wakeup. They catch you in here and it's all over.

JENNY

I know.

changing her tone

I'm meeting Colin today.

ruefully

I've been writing him love letters every week for the past six months...the only way I could do it was by pretending they were to you.

ZACHARY

What are you going to tell him?

JENNY

Nothing much...just that I want to marry him, that's all. If I marry before the age of twenty one, it's my legal right to claim my father's most valuable "living property" as my own.

she touches his nose playfully

That's *you*.

ZACHARY

sneering

Are you going to tell him that you love *him* too?

JENNY

Of course. Only in his case I'll be acting.

ZACHARY

suggestively

How are you going to convince him?

Jenny sticks a finger seductively into **Zachary's** mouth, then slips under the covers.

Closeup: **Zachary's** face. He winces, and we can't tell if it's with pleasure or pain.

Cut To:

28. INT. NIGHT: POPPA'S

An instant after seeing **ZACHARY'S** wincing face, we've cut to the black boxer, taking a punishing right hook. Then a left.

The camera pulls back and we see that he is taking a vicious beating. He is not a very good boxer. The best boxers are saved for lucrative title bouts. **CHARLIE SIMPSON** is relentless in his attack. **POPPA**, pacing around the ring, is outraged.

POPPA

hollering so hard he's hoarse

If you kill that boy, Simpson, you're paying for him! Do you hear me?

CHARLIE SIMPSON merely laughs and beats the man down to his knees,

knowing he can easily afford the cost of replacing him. He holds the back of the stunned boxer's head with his left glove and punches him repeatedly in the face with his right.

Blood is everywhere and **CHARLIE SIMPSON** keeps punching, like a jackhammer. At some point, it becomes clear that the boxer is already lifeless.

CHARLIE SIMPSON lets the body collapse on the canvas. He climbs casually through the ropes and shoves **POPPA** out of the way. He heads back to the locker room to shower and change. We see the **ACCOUNTANT** hand **POPPA** a check.

Act II

29. EXT. DAY: DOWNTOWN IN THE CITY

Lunch time. **JENNY** stands on a street corner in a stylish Fall coat. She glances at her watch. People are hustling to and from department stores, or office buildings.

A man in conservative slacks and a sweater, in glasses, with a brief case, walks up behind her; a post-grad for whom the habits of law school *fashion* haven't quite worn off. He *looks* over-educated.

Standing behind her left shoulder, he taps **JENNY** playfully on the right. She turns to the right, sees no one, then turns to the left with irritation. Seeing that it's **COLIN**, she breaks into a huge false grin and jumps into his arms. They kiss, but not sexually: he unsure of her feelings, she careful to play her role as the virtuous girlfriend.

This is a very uptight society.

JENNY

Colin, my love! Oh, Colin! Oh, it's so good to hold you again!

COLIN

kissing her hand

I must admit it's strange, after only communicating with you through letters for six months, to have you here in the flesh! I feel like I'm dreaming.

JENNY

It's not a dream. It's wonderful reality, darling.

Emboldened by her enthusiasm, **COLIN** takes **JENNY'S** hand. They begin strolling down the busy side walk. They make a handsome couple and people smile at them approvingly as they pass

COLIN

So tell me, Counselor, how is Our Nation's Capitol?

JENNY

I'm not a lawyer yet, Colin, just an intern! But Atlanta, to answer your question, is a tough town. Special Interest Groups have *The Main* sewn up. Cotton and Tobacco are still king and queen. Westinghouse is the first *moderate* we've had in office in over thirty years, so there's always hope. How are things at the S.P.C.N.?

COLIN

Actually, something very exciting happened over night. Seriously, it could turn out to be the Test Case we've been waiting for. A runaway, couldn't have been more than thirteen years old, was picked up by the T.A.G. people at about five in the morning. But what should have been a routine policing procedure ended up with the boy in a coma. Seems his implant was calibrated for a *two-hundred pound man*...of course when they activated the tag, rather than merely stunning the poor kid it almost killed him.

JENNY

What was he doing with a two-hundred pound man's tag in his neck?

COLIN

Good question. Apparently, it's quite common. Slave dies in a construction accident, say, or a boxing match. He's got a perfectly good two-thousand dollar implant in his neck...are they going to cremate it with the body? *No way, José.* They harvest the tag and recycle it, almost indiscriminately. So you end up with lots of little boys and young women with potentially lethal tags in their necks. Not to mention the high infection rate involved with that kind of cross-tagging. The ACLU is going to join forces with us on this. We're going to challenge the Constitutionality of tagging as a cruel and inhumane practice. We'll take it to the Supreme Court and I think we have a good chance of winning. Exciting times we live in! Outlawing tagging is just the first step. A hundred years from now, Jenny, and there may be no such thing as slavery! Imagine that! By the way, we're thinking about changing the organization's name, after fifty years!

with barely concealed pride

Makes me feel kind of historical to take part in the vote.

JENNY

*pretending interest, looking at him
like he's her hero*

What would the new name be?

COLIN

Well, now, as you know, it's *The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Negroes*. The new name would be: The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to *Lesser People*. Sounds more 'Nineties, don't you think? A little more politically correct.

JENNY

*she stops walking and kisses him
suddenly*

Colin, where can we go to have a private conversation?

*suggestively unbuttoning the top
button of his shirt collar*
I have something important to ask you.

30. INT. DAY: BASKETBALL COURT OF SPORTS ARENA

ZACHARY at practice.

A dozen perfect black physical specimens are running through various drills. Some wear shirts that say **Omegas**, the name of the team. Several white coaches bark orders.

As usual, the men in pastel-colored leisure suits are positioned discreetly around the periphery.

ZACHARY is clearly the team leader, the most charismatic and physically powerful of the squad.

From time to time we see **ZACHARY** in a huddle with one or more of his team mates, and from the furtive looks on their faces, we pick up on the fact that they're discussing something far more dangerous than game tactics

31. EXT. DAY: THE SIMPSON ESTATE

We see the vast grounds of the estate, including a small lake and a shrub maze. **CHARLIE SIMPSON**, from a horse, like the old-time slave owners he patterns himself after, is over-seeing some ambitious project: half a dozen powerful, but older, slaves are digging with shovels and pick-axes.

These slaves, in their middle forties, are too old to work on professional sporting teams, or heavy-construction crews, and have entered the last phase in a male slave's life-cycle: Gardener (after Stud).

Adjacent the plot that they excavate is a section of lawn that has just been treated with powerful pesticides. The section is marked with warning signs: **DANGER: POISON.** **CHARLIE SIMPSON** suddenly notices, to his alarm, that the slaves, in carrying out their task, are studiously avoiding crossing the patch of lawn that is labeled *poison*: apparently, one or more of them can *read*.

He draws a pistol (knowing too well that the implants under their skins are dummy units) and dismounts the horse and grabs a "boy" by the throat.

CHARLES SIMPSON

You've got exactly five seconds to tell me which one of you niggers knows how to read.

SLAVE

R-r-read *what* Mistuh Charles?

CHARLES SIMPSON

cocks the pistol

Don't play dumb with me, nigger. I know real dumb from play dumb

choking with Simpson's tightening grip on his throat, the slave can barely talk. The other slaves look on in frustrated outrage

His eyes roll desperately over to one of them, a forty-year-old with hints of gray in his hair, **Jebediah**

SLAVE

That one, Sir. Jebediah told me what that sign said. He said it said *poison*.

POV: from genteel bay window of Simpson estate. Simpson and the slaves are tiny sunlit figures in the distance of the garden

We hear a gun shot and a tiny black figure collapses

32. INT. DAY: ARMORY IN SIMPSON COMPOUND

CHARLIE SIMPSON is in a room full of weapons: pistols, rifles, sub-machine guns, bull-whips, you name it. He's spooked

He checking to see that there's enough ammo; that the weapons are ready to be used in an emergency...in the event of an *Uprising*

He touches the weapons lovingly

33. INT: DAY: MEDICAL STATION IN SIMPSON COMPOUND

CHARLIE SIMPSON, in an agitated state, is standing over the desk of the Staff

Doctor, who everybody calls **VET**.

CHARLIE SIMPSON is looking over a sheet of paper one more time before handing it to **VET**.

CHARLES SIMPSON

I want you to make twenty five copies of this, Vet. Go down to the Breeder Dorms and come up with some kind of excuse to visit *every single one of them*...individually...take their temperature or something. Just a five minute visit. Then, when it's time to go, "accidentally" leave one of these "memos" in each cubicle. Make it look convincing. This has to be done a.s.a.p., before dinner, so they'll be in segregation until after eating.

Doctor takes the paper and looks it over, nodding. We see that it says:

Memo to Executive Food Prep Staff: *We will be introducing an experimental drug into the Breeder Meal Schedule as of this evening. The drug, in powder form, is to be mixed with the dessert. Consult Vet for individual dosages in mgs. C.S.*

34. INT. DAY: SHOWERS AT SPORTS ARENA

We see **ZACHARY** and his team mates showering. Quite a few of his team mates are gulping their *Happy Pills*, their work over for the day.

ZACHARY looks at them reprovngly and, influenced by his example, certain of his team mates refrain from taking the pills, kicking them down the drains instead.

35. EXT. DAY: PARKING LOT OF ARENA

We see **ZACHARY**, in line with his team mates, dressed in prisoner-like orange jumpsuits, filing onto the transport van. The van is emblazoned with the logo for *Team Omega*.

36. EXT. DAY: REAR DRIVEWAY OF HOLLINGHURST RESIDENCE

We see **MR. HOLLINGHURST** waiting impatiently for the transport van at the gate. He is well-dressed, glances with irritation at watch.

We see van coming around the corner down the road.

37. INT. DAY: BREEDER DORMITORY

We are in the cubicle of a "Breeder". She is putting her pajamas back on after a cursory exam by **VET**, who packs up his medical case and leaves, "accidentally" leaving behind the bogus memo.

CUT TO:

VET outside the long, motel-like **Breeder Dorm**, midway from one end to the other. He closes and locks her cubicle, then checks her name off on a clipboard...implying that he has already executed this ruse with many of the girls.

CUT BACK TO:

Back in her cubicle, we see that the "Breeder" we've just seen waits for a safe interval, then picks up the bogus memo.

38. EXT. DAY: HOLLINGHURST'S CAR

Late afternoon. Mr. Hollinghurst is driving at a high speed on the Highway, glancing nervously at his watch but whistling (it's not a *serious* appointment he's late for) along with techno music on the car radio.

We see the car slow down for an exit, then pull into the gravelly driveway of the **Palm Dale Country Club**. Slaves in colonial livery meet him at the front entrance.

They park his car and take his coat for him.

39. INT. DAY: PALM DALE COUNTRY CLUB DINING ROOM

MR. HOLLINGHURST is lead to a table by the Maitre` D. **JENNY** and **COLIN**, hand in hand, are waiting for him.

40. INT. DAY: ZACHARY'S ROOM

ZACHARY has gotten back from Basketball Practice. He is stripped down to athletic shorts. He is searching for something. Under his bed, we see, is a secret storage box full of books, cash, condoms, matches, keys, tools, duct tape, and a very large bowie knife...all sorts of things he shouldn't have that **JENNY** has been sneaking to him over the years.

It's reminiscent of the kind of secret cachè that an adolescent boy would keep under his bed. There is also a large plastic bag of the accumulated *Happy Pills* that he has not swallowed over the years. Security in the Hollinghurst Estate is obviously lax.

He picks up the ring of keys and we see that they are labeled: **ZACK; PRETTY; FRONT; GARAGE; BASEMENT; SHED.**

He hears a key in the lock of his own door and carefully slides the box of contraband back under the bed, but he is obviously not surprised to be receiving a visitor.

The door opens and there, standing with a bottle of champagne and two glasses, is **MRS. HOLLINGHURST** looking very sexy, wearing nothing but a bath robe.

She throws it open, and we see the black crucifix that **JENNY** gave her, dangling from her bare neck, between her full breasts.

ZACHARY appraises her beauty with a cynical gleam in his eye, and we suddenly understand that this has been going on for quite awhile.

He crosses the room, towering over her, and snatches the crucifix insolently off her neck, tossing it onto his bed.

41. INT. NIGHT: BREEDER DORM

After feeding time. **CHARLIE SIMPSON**, with an armed escort, is going from cubicle to cubicle, checking on who has and who hasn't eaten their dessert. He is becoming increasingly furious: almost a third of the Breeders haven't touched their strawberry jello.

42. INT. NIGHT: THE PALMDALE COUNTRY CLUB DINING ROOM

We see that **MR. HOLLINGHURST**, daughter **JENNY**, and **COLIN** have just

finished a large meal. Half-empty plates are piled up. They are chatting over desert. Everyone is in a good mood.

MR. HOLLINGHURST

I have to admit that this has taken me by surprise, you two.

COLIN

No one's more surprised than we are .

COLIN is holding Jenny's hand and gazing stupidly into her eyes

MR. HOLLINGHURST

Jenny, I had you pegged for an Intern at the *Professional Old Maids Society*. Frankly, I was under the impression that no man was good enough for you!

JENNY

You don't know me as well as you think you do, Daddy. Your little girl is *full* of surprises.

MR. HOLLINGHURST

raising his wine glass

I propose a toast, then. To all the things I don't know!

COLIN

Hear hear!

They all clink glasses and drink

JENNY

Dad, concerning a few practical matters...

MR. HOLLINGHURST

winking at Colin

Now *that's* the Jenny I know!

JENNY

I think this is a good time to talk about my dowry.

COLIN

looking uncomfortable

I'm afraid I have to make a trip to the little boy's room. Will you two excuse me?

JENNY

Don't be long, sweetheart.

JENNY kisses **COLIN** on the cheek

MR. H. and *Jenny* wait until *Colin* is out of earshot before speaking.

MR. HOLLINGHURST

sotto voce

You can level with me, Pixie. What's this all about? I mean...don't get me wrong...but *Colin*?

JENNY

matter-of-factly

To be honest Dad, it's about security.

MR. HOLLINGHURST

crafty smile

I see...

JENNY

Colin is sweet, but I'm not in love with him. I just want a stable future. Working in Atlanta, I see how dangerous it is to be without a center, the grounding influence of a family. I guess I've decided to stop holding out for the man of my dreams and settle for reliability. A woman needs security.

MR. HOLLINGHURST

with admiration

You've grown up, Jenny. I can't tell you how happy I am to hear you say all that...I had to learn it the hard way, myself! Your bone-head Dad was well into his middle age before the facts of life finally dawned on him. Look, I'm gonna talk man-to-man with you.

(winks)

I'd be lying if I claimed that my relationship with your mother was the most passionate one on earth. But it's solid, and that's what counts. And, anyway, we made you and Sarah, didn't we, so it wasn't *all* about mowing the lawn and re-shingling the roof!

(laughs heartily)

Suddenly, there's a disturbance in the dining room. **CHARLIE SIMPSON** comes striding angrily across the room. He is wearing a white suit with blood stains on it.

CHARLES SIMPSON

to Hollinghurst

I just have one question for you, you stupid son of a bitch! Have you been teaching your niggers to read?

The patrons of the diningroom, mostly white-haired geezers, look on, scandalized. **JENNY** turns white.

MR. HOLLINGHURST

shocked

What?

CHARLIE SIMPSON

You heard me, Hollinghurst. I just found out that a *third* of my goddamn breeding stock can read, and it turns out that every single one of them that can have been with your boy Zachary. I beat a confession out of one of them...she told me he's been teaching them to read while they were supposed to be *fucking!* Are you telling me you let that boy have unsupervised conjugal visits?

MR. HOLLINGHURST

There's such a thing as privacy!

SIMPSON lunges for **Mr. H**, grabbing him by the collar and lifting him out of his chair

CHARLIE SIMPSON

Privacy? They're goddamn nigger *slaves*, you moronic son of a bitch, not *newly-weds*! You're breaking every goddamn law in the book, I'll see you go to jail for twenty years for this! I may have to destroy a *dozen* breeders, plus whatever of my stock came in contact with *them*...it's like a fucking plague...I'll sue your ass for every cent you've got!

JENNY, meanwhile, has slipped from the table.

She must reach **ZACHARY** before it's too late.

MR. HOLLINGHURST

struggling free from Simpson

I never taught Zachary to read, Charlie. That's an outlandish accusation! Your girl was lying to save her own neck!

CHARLIE SIMPSON

You don't seem to understand the seriousness of the situation, Hollinghurst. Dozens, maybe hundreds, maybe *thousands* of niggers that can read...do you know how *dangerous* that is? It's a goddamned time bomb! We're about a twitch away from a goddamn uprising!

MR. HOLLINGHURST

not even sure himself anymore

Zachary *can't* read...

CHARLIE SIMPSON

Whip the boy and find out!

MR. HOLLINGHURST

See here, Simpson, I...

CHARLIE SIMPSON

You're too *weak* to beat the nigger. *But I ain't.*

EXIT **CHARLIE SIMPSON**, leaving **MR. HOLLINGHURST** at the table looking worried, unsure of what to do, confused as to where **JENNY** has run off to. Oblivious to what has transpired, **COLIN** is returning from the *little boy's room*.

He sees **CHARLIE SIMPSON** on his way out of the Country Club and makes a move to greet him and **Simpson** shoves him out of the way

COLIN

straightening jacket

A-hole!

43. EXT. NIGHT: THE HIGHWAY

We see Jenny in her car, hurrying home to **ZACHARY**

44. INT. NIGHT: ZACHARY'S ROOM.

ZACHARY'S naked back is to the camera. Camera pulls back and we see he is taking a piss in the toilet

Then we hear a key in his door and he looks over his shoulder at the door as the handle turns: someone is coming in

ZACHARY

Damn, don't nobody around here *knock* first before entering a room?

JENNY

slipping into the room, out of breath

Zack, they know! We've got to get out of here! Charlie Simpson knows you can read! A girl of his confessed that you taught her!

ZACHARY

What?

JENNY

Charlie Simpson knows you can read! He'll kill you!

ZACHARY

with a far-off look

Charlie Simpson killed my father: whapped him to death right in front of me when I was a boy. I ain't givin' him the satisfaction of killin' *me too*.

with a strange smile

Let's see how he does against a nigger who ain't tied up. Do you know where your father keeps his guns?

JENNY

There're some hunting rifles in the garage, a pistol maybe.

ZACHARY

Alright, go get me some of them rifles.

He gets down on his hands and knees to fetch the box of contraband from under his bed. When he does so, **Jenny** suddenly notices the **black crucifix** that she gave to her mother, lying there damningly on **Zachary's** bed. She is stunned; momentarily unable to move

ZACHARY

pulling the box out from under his bed

Jenny, what the fuck are you waiting for, go get them rifles!

Without saying a word, Jenny leaves the room

ZACHARY (CONT'D)

calling after her

And don't forget the fucking bullets!

ZACHARY looks hurriedly through his secret key collection and goes out into the hall to **Pretty's** room. He unlocks her door. She is sleeping and he wakes her

ZACHARY

Wakeup baby, it's time to go.

PRETTY

confused, stretching

What's up, Sugar?

ZACHARY

Time to skip town, lover. You got some decent clothes in this room?

45. **INT. NIGHT: HOLLINGHURST LIVINGROOM**

Stealthily, with a sack of things over his shoulder (like a nightmare *Santa Clause*) and clutching his amazingly large bowie knife, **ZACHARY** is leading **PRETTY** across the well-lit livingroom towards the door that leads to the garage

ZACHARY is in an orange jumpsuit and **PRETTY** is wearing outlandish *Frederick's of Hollywood*-type pink lingerie; the protuberant nipples on her gigantic breasts are poking through holes in the lacy brassiere, the panties are split-crotch

We suddenly notice that little **SARAH** is standing in the kitchen doorway, watching the two of them wide-eyed

ZACHARY sees **SARAH** and freezes, then smiles to keep her calm, then puts a finger over his lips to keep her quiet

Tentatively, **SARAH** smiles back

MRS. HOLLINGHURST (OS)

*out of frame, calling from upstairs in
the master bedroom*

Sarah, for goodness sake, I send you downstairs for a Pepsi and you spend the whole afternoon in the kitchen! Did the refrigerator door close on you?

A tense moment as **ZACHARY** waits to see whether or not little **SARAH** will give them away

SARAH

in a burlesque of innocent enthusiasm
I'll be up in a minute, Momma, I'm just making myself a super-delicious yummy-dummy root beer float!

46. **INT. NIGHT: THE GARAGE**

ZACHARY and **PRETTY** step from a well lit foyer into the dark garage

It is a large garage, housing three cars: a town car, a sports car, and a mini van

ZACHARY stands in the doorway, his eyes adjusting to the dark, with **PRETTY**

behind him. He quietly sets the sack down

ZACHARY

unsure

Jenny?

POV: JENNY'S: we see **PRETTY** and **ZACHARY'S** silhouette, light pouring into the dark garage from behind them

JENNY

with menacing calm

You're not going anywhere with that black bitch.

SFX: we hear **JENNY** cocking a hunting rifle

POV:Zachary's: we see **JENNY'S** form, vaguely, standing in the dark behind the mini van. She could shoot either of them any time she wanted to

ZACHARY

stalling

Jenny, baby, what's going on? Are you okay? Did something happen?

JENNY

laughing bitterly

Did something *happen*? You fucked my mother, mother-fucker. And now I've got a rifle in my hands. Figure it out.

ZACHARY discreetly pushes Pretty back out of the garage door, inches towards the sound of Jenny's voice while talking to her

ZACHARY

Alright. I ain't gonna lie to you, girl. Listen: one night, I'm laying in my bunk, mindin' my own business, when I hear a key in my door. I think it's you with one of them *midnight snacks*. But guess what, it's your Mamma. I didn't go up to her bedroom and ask her for a damn date...she came to *me*, Jenny. What was I supposed to do? Say *no*? I ain't no freed man. Whoever got a key to my door can climb in my bed. White lady says jump, nigger gotta jump. White lady says dance, nigger gotta dance. White lady say *fuck*...

JENNY

with steel in her voice

That's far enough. You come any closer and I'll blow that beautiful black dick of yours right off.

ZACHARY

still inching closer

I don't think you really wanna do something nasty like that, Jenny.

JENNY

raising rifle to shoulder level

I'm serious, Zachary, don't make me do this

ZACHARY

closer and closer

Do what?

Suddenly, **ZACHARY** dives forward through the dark, the gun goes off

JENNY screams sobbingly, immediately regretting what she's done

PRETTY finds the light switch to the garage and switches it on: **JENNY** has dropped the rifle and runs around the mini-van to see if **ZACHARY** is dead. **ZACHARY** jumps up from the garage floor and grabs her. There's a hole in his jumpsuit over his left bicep: he's been hit, but not life-threateningly.

JENNY is weeping in **ZACHARY'S** arms. **PRETTY** looks exasperated

ZACHARY

Okay, you got that off your chest, can we get the fuck out of here?

47. EXT. NIGHT: THE HOLLINGHURST GARAGE

A suburban flood light burns with blasé vigilance over the garage door. The camera is trained on the garage door impatiently

Suddenly, with a thunderous bang, the mini-van crashes through the garage door, full speed in reverse

48. INT. NIGHT: THE MINI VAN

Jenny is driving like a demon

Zachary is going through his sack of things, preparing for a major confrontation. They have four hunting rifles and two .38 caliber pistols in the van, plus plenty of ammo and two cans of gasoline

Pretty is holding a pistol, aiming it into the back of the van, playfully rehearsing the shooting of it. **Zachary**, from time to time, winces from the pain of his wounded, bleeding shoulder

He starts making Molotov cocktails

49. EXT. NIGHT: THE HIGHWAY

We see the van zooming at a high speed down the highway. An overhead sign reads U.S./ CANADIAN BORDER 130 MILES

50. EXT. NIGHT: THE HIGHWAY.

Unexpectedly, the van takes an exit labeled PLATINUM HEIGHTS

51. EXT NIGHT: A DARK ROAD.

The van passes a sign labeled SIMPSON ESTATE and slows stealthily down

52. EXT. NIGHT: THE SIMPSON ESTATE

Zachary, Pretty and Jenny are trudging across the woods that surround the Simpson Estate. In the near distance we see the Mansion, and behind that the floodlit towers of The Compound

53. INT. NIGHT. THE HOLLINGHURST RESIDENCE

Mr. Hollinghurst and Colin burst breathlessly into Zachary's room, followed by Mrs. Hollinghurst

A large note on Zachary's bed: WE CORDIALLY INVITE YOUR ASS TO A HOUSE WARMING PARTY AT CHARLIE SIMPSON'S. SIGNED ZACK

54. **EXT.NIGHT: THE SIMPSON ESTATE**

Zachary, Pretty and Jenny, heavily armed and with two cans of gasoline and a basket of Molotov cocktails, are standing at the front door of Simpson's mansion. Flanking them are lawn ornaments, short statues of black men in livery, holding lanterns

Zack rubs the head of one of them for good luck

ZACHARY

(speaking softly to Pretty and Jenny)

There's a yellow house-nigger who answers the door, Toby. We were bunk mates when I was growing up.

He knocks quietly on the door, rather than ring the bell. He waits and repeats. The door opens. Toby, dressed like a butler, takes a good look at the heavily armed, strangely clad trio and with a poker face ushers them quietly into the front hall of the mansion

ZACHARY

(to Toby)

We gotta get to the armory in back, brother.

TOBY

(winking)

This is gonna look mighty bad on my résumé.

Toby leads them carefully along a passage to the armory, ten paces ahead of them to scout for possible trouble. They reach the armory door. It is, of course, steel-plated and locked. Next to the door is a utility closet

TOBY

Mr. Charlie's the only one got a key.

ZACHARY

Then we're going to have to get Mr. Charlie's ass down here so he can open it for us.

Zachary takes a pistol and walks back to the front hall and aims the pistol up the stair case and fires, calmly, three times

55. INT. NIGHT: HOLLINGHURST RESIDENCE

Mattie and Sarah are standing in the livingroom, watching through the front window as Mr. Hollinghurst, Mrs. Hollinghurst and Colin drive off, headed for the Simpson Estate. Mattie's arms are around Sarah, comforting her

56. INT. NIGHT FRONT HALL OF SIMPSON ESTATE

Charlie Simpson, a ring of keys in his hands, comes running down the stairs, taking two at a time, heading for the armory

57. INT. NIGHT. HALLWAY LEADING TO ARMORY

We see Simpson running towards us down the hall on the way to the Armory. He jumps over Toby's prostrate body on the way

58. INT. NIGHT: AT THE ARMOURY DOOR

He frantically unlocks the armory door, which swings wide open. At this moment, the door of the utility closet opens a crack and a long rifle barrel eases through it and nuzzles Simpson's temple

CHARLIE SIMPSON

(without looking)

I don't suppose you're brave enough to drop that gun and fight me man to man, Zack?

ZACHARY

(coming out of the closet with Jenny and Pretty)

I don't suppose I'm *dumb* enough either.

CHARLIE SIMPSON

(with contempt)

That *squirrel rifle* won't get you outta this compound after you kill me, boy. You don't even know how to aim it!

ZACHARY

That's why I want a few of them Uzis you got in there. I ain't *gotta* aim 'em. Jenny, get the keys for the rifle rack from Uncle Charlie. Pretty, do me a favor and get that duct tape outta my bag.

Toby gets up from playing dead on the floor and joins them

ZACHARY

(to Toby)

Toby, brother, do you mind if we tie up your daddy and lock him in this here closet for awhile?

TOBY

(to Charles Simpson, who is fuming)

How 'bout it, Dad?

59. EXT. NIGHT SIMPSON ESTATE GARDEN

Zachary, Pretty, Jenny and **Toby** are pushing a wheel barrow full of machine guns and Molotov cocktails away from the Mansion, down the hill towards *The Compound*, which is blazing with flood lights

Four old fashioned wooden guard towers rise over the little valley. Surrounding three sides of *The Compound* is a dense wood. At the bottom of the hill, they stake a position in the woods. Zachary takes Toby aside, out of ear shot of the others

ZACHARY

I want you to go back to the house, brother. In about five minutes, some white folks are gonna be ringing the door bell. Lock 'em in the closet with Simpson. We're gonna need all the white hostages we can get. Then run on back to where we are...wherever you hear the gun shots coming from.

He hands Toby a pistol

Toby starts back up hill towards the mansion.

PRETTY

(to Zack)

Where's Toby going?

ZACK

Takin' care of a little business for me back at the Big House.

PRETTY

Can I go with him? Zack, I'm scared out here. I ain't no revolutionary.

ZACHARY

(weighs it in his mind)

Okay. Okay, darlin', I suppose I can't *make* you fight. Go on with Toby. *Be careful, now.*

He watches her with affection as she runs after Toby, back to the Mansion

JENNY

(glad to be alone with Zack)

Will you ever forgive me?

ZACHARY

It ain't your fault.

(looking away from her)

You only human.

JENNY

(ashamed)

I don't think I realized it before...I was just as bad as *they* were, Zack. I thought I owned you too.

Meanwhile, Zack sits himself down on the wheel barrow of rifles

Wincingly, he rips off the left sleeve of the jumpsuit and ties the strip of cloth above his left bicep like a tourniquet. The bleeding has slowed, but it is still noticeable. Then he rips off the other sleeve and ties it around his forehead like a *kamikaze* warrior

ZACHARY

You remember that time in my bunk you said you'd die for me?

JENNY

(eager to prove her love again)

Yes, I do.

ZACHARY

(after a beat)

How do you feel about *killing* for me?

60. INT. NIGHT: THE FRONT HALL OF THE SIMPSON ESTATE

We see **Toby** and **Pretty** locked in a savage, passionate kiss

Is **Toby** assaulting **Pretty**, or has **Pretty** seduced him?

Pretty has the top of her lingerie off; she's just in panties

They come momentarily out of the clinch, as if to come up for air, and **Toby** turns his back to **Pretty**, fumbling to undo his pants. **Pretty** picks up the pistol and shoots **Toby** in the back of the head

61. EXT. NIGHT: THE OUTER PERIMETER OF THE COMPOUND

Zachary and Jenny are creeping around the perimeter, dousing the bases of the observation towers with gasoline. The towers are old and wooden, left over from the old days, and overgrown with vines: Simpson was too cheap to modernize or maintain them

From where Zachary is crouching, we can see the front gate of the vast enclosure, guarded by a handful of bored men with automatic weapons. A narrow drive leads from there to the main road that connects with the high way

62. EXT. NIGHT: WITHIN THE COMPOUND PERIMETER

We see four barracks, divided by gravel pathways, on a vast square of asphalt, and the breeder dorm, which is on the other side of the parade ground, which looks like a cheap pink motel without windows. Three long buses are parked near a fuel pump

63. INT. NIGHT: BARRACK BUNKS

We see inside one of the barracks, where seventy slaves, in thirty five bunk

beds, are sleeping, uncovered

64. INT. NIGHT: BARRACK SECURITY

A separate room where two men in pastel-colored leisure suits are drowsily watching television. The television screen shows naked black dancing girls with large *afros*, undulating to ambient techno music

65. EXT. NIGHT: THE COMPOUND PERIMETER

Longshot: overview of The Compound. Molotov cocktails arc through the night. The observation towers are engulfed in explosive tongues of flame

66. EXT. NIGHT: THE WOODS

Zachary and Jenny, from different spots behind trees in the surrounding wood, open fire with the Uzis

67. EXT. NIGHT: WITHIN THE COMPOUND

Slaves come running out of their barracks

68. EXT. NIGHT: OBSERVATION TOWER

Guards in the burning observation towers are scrambling down the ladders

69. INT. NIGHT: BARRACK BUNK

Barrack security, the men in the leisure suits, aim their *T.A.G.* remotes at the slaves as they dash out of the barracks into the night

Since most of the implants are cheap dummy units (unbeknownst to Security), only a few slaves keel over, stunned

The T.A.G. men are set upon by angry slaves

70. EXT. NIGHT: WITHIN THE COMPOUND PERIMETER

Guards run about in blind terror, firing rifles. We hear automatic fire, the

screams of slaves and guards. Flames are rising higher in the night. Guards at the gate have been wiped out by Zachary's Uzi. Zachary has breached the perimeter, pushing the wheel barrow full of automatic weapons into *The Compound*. Slaves rally around him as he hands out weapons

71. EXT. NIGHT: THE BREEDER DORM

Zachary shoots off the doorknob of each and every Breeder cubicle and liberates the girls

72. EXT. NIGHT: ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BARRACKS

Jenny starts up a *Slave Transport Bus* and we see it rounding a corner between two barracks, which have been set a-blaze, driving between fire balls

73. INT. NIGHT: THE SIMPSON ESTATE

The utility closet door. **Pretty** is fumbling with various keys she found in **Toby's** pocket until she hits pay-dirt: she unlocks the closet door. Inside we see **Charles Simpson**, bound and gagged. **Pretty** unties him

He steps out of the closet and looks at her, grinning, then slaps her so hard that she falls to the ground

He picks her back up by the hair, then checks the armory: **Zachary** has left no weapons behind. Only the bullwhips

He chooses a bull whip, testing the heft of it, and, dragging **Pretty** by the arm, rushes outside into the night

74. EXT. NIGHT: THE COMPOUND GATE

Three long busses, packed with heavily-armed slaves, are idling at the compound gate. A narrow drive from *The Compound* gate leads to the main road. The slaves are rocking the busses with songs of victory

Jenny is at the wheel of the leading bus, the other two are driven by slaves, former house-boys trained as drivers

Zachary stands in front of the buses, illuminated by the headlights, while *The*

Compound, in the back ground, goes up in flames. He is a vision of revolutionary retribution, clutching his Uzi, the flames reflected in his merciless eyes

ZACHARY

*(to Jenny through the open door of
the transport bus)*

I'm going back for Toby and Pretty. Wait for me for five minutes, and if I ain't back by then, head straight for Canada. You hear me? Five minutes, that's all.

75. EXT. NIGHT: THE SIMPSON ESTATE GROUNDS

Zachary is running up the hill towards the Mansion, at top speed, crouched low, like a soldier. We see the hellish conflagration of the burning *Compound* as it lights the sky behind him

Zachary sees **Pretty** tied to a tree, a gag in her mouth. He runs to her. He puts his Uzi down. He loosens her gag when we hear the crack of a whip

Zachary grabs his face and staggers: he's been stung by the lash

CHARLES SIMPSON

(coming out of the darkness)

This is gonna be fun. I surely am glad that Pretty here decided to untie me! That's right, your dumb little nigger whore over here cut old *Massa Charlie* loose. Put poor old Toby out of his misery while she was at it. Surprised, Zack? Well, you know what they say! *Can't live with 'em...*

He cracks the whip and Zack spins around, stung again

C HARLES SIMPSON (CONT'D)

...can't live without 'em!

Zachary is on his back in the dirt. Simpson is laughing maniacally. Zachary recovers from the blow, gets up on one knee, and faces Simpson. There's a stripe of blood across Zachary's face where the whip has struck; a slash across the jumpsuit. The eerie orange light from the blaze illuminates the blood-enemies as they square off

SIMPSON

(taking his time, enjoying himself)

Did I ever tell you how much I enjoyed killing your worthless nigger daddy, boy? Oh, it was good fun. Nigger cried like a little girl! Shoulda been ashamed of himself. Stray *dog* woulda died with more dignity than that!

Suddenly, giving an unearthly howl of agony and hatred that momentarily paralyses even Charlie Simpson, Zachary rushes him, hitting him like a cement mixer before Simpson can even react

The two giants tumble in the dirt, pounding each other with astonishing savagery. Smoke from the Compound fire, increasingly thick, blows across the dark estate, obscuring them

The surrounding woods are already ablaze. Pretty, lashed naked to the tree, struggles desperately against her bonds to free herself. The heat from the fire is beginning to generate a firestorm effect, whipping up howling winds. Pretty is screaming for help

Zack and Charles Simpson disappear into the smoke and darkness, tumbling in a fatal embrace down the hill towards the flaming compound

76. EXT. NIGHT: BEHIND THE SIMPSON MANSION

Colin, with the Hollinghursts, comes running from around the side of the mansion. Mr. Hollinghurst, seeing Pretty tied to a tree, hurries to untie her. Colin and Mrs. Hollinghurst stand in a dazed panic, watching the flames all around them seem to devour even the fabric of the night itself.

77. EXT. NIGHT: DOWNHILL FROM THE SIMPSON MANSION

Suddenly, we see the convoy of busses come plowing through the smoke, horns blaring, high-beams on, up hill towards the Mansion.

78. INT. NIGHT: BUS #1

Inside the bus. We see Jenny driving through the thick smoke. Seeing Colin and her mother and father, she hits the breaks, bringing the convoy to a halt, and jumps out of the bus.

JENNY

running to Colin

Where's Zack?

Colin just stares at her coldly. The realisation that Jenny and Zack were co-conspirators *and* lovers has blown his mind. She runs to her father.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Is Zack okay? We've got to find Zack, Daddy.

MR. HOLLINGHURST

Jenny, we've got to get out of here...the whole goddamn forest is burning...tell her, Pretty. Tell Jenny what you told me.

PRETTY

with no real expression

Zack's dead. He and Simpson both. They killed each other.

*then, with obvious admiration for both
of them*

Takes a real man to kill a real man.

79. EXT.NIGHT: DOWNHILL FROM THE MANSION

Zack and Simpson are struggling fiercely. The trees around them are blazing. Zack deals Simpson a devastating blow and Simpson collapses. Zack stands over him, victorious.

80. EXT.NIGHT: DOWNHILL FROM THE MANSION

CLOSEUP: Simpson, laying in the dirt on his side, facing away from Zack, pretending to be unconscious, stealthily removes a tiny pistol from a holster under his shirt.

81. EXT.NIGHT: DOWNHILL FROM THE MANSION

Zachary, believing Simpson unconscious, has turned to go. He is climbing back up the hill towards the Mansion, exhausted from the battle, unaware that Simpson, now standing, is taking aim at his back with the pistol. Just as he prepares to fire, a huge, flaming branch splits off of a tree (perhaps a lynching tree) and crushes Simpson with a crash

Zachary whirls around

82. EXT. NIGHT: BEHIND THE MANSION

Amid apocalyptic swirls of smoke, Zachary emerges, coughing. He looks like he's been to the very mouth of Hell. Jenny and her parents run towards Zack. Together, they walk towards the Mansion, behind which the busses, a hundred yards away, are idling impatiently

ZACHARY

shouting, to Jenny

I told you to wait five minutes and then go! You shoulda been on the road by now! You know what? You a *hard headed* woman!

JENNY

runs to embrace him

Zack! My God, Zack, I thought you were dead.
she is weeping tears of sweet relief

ZACHARY

coughing

So did I, girl. Thought I was dead and already in Hell, tusslin' with the Devil himself.

MR. HOLLINGHURST

What are you going to do to us?

Mrs. H clings to Mr. H's arm timidly as they walk beside Zachary

ZACHARY

We ain't gonna do nothing but take y'all for a little ride across the border. State Troopers see a white face in each of our busses...

gestures ahead

...they a little bit less likely to shoot.

At that moment, a shot is fired.

Jenny, who is standing beside Zack, collapses. Mrs. Hollinghurst screams and she and her husband run to Jenny, who is seriously injured but conscious. Zack raises his arms slowly above his head, eyes trained on the shooter, who is out of the frame.

Colin, holding a pistol in front of himself with two shaking hands, steps into the frame.

COLIN

Lying, cheating, slut...

ZACK

Look, man, I know she hurt you...

COLIN

gesturing violently with the pistol

You keep out of this! You hear me? KEEP OUT.

pauses, then, with delight

Nigger.

ZACK

Felt good saying that, didn't it?

MR. HOLLINGHURST

Pleading

Colin, Jenny's hurt. You've hurt her bad, Colin. For the love of God, she's bleeding! If we don't get her to a hospital, she'll die. If we don't get her to a doctor....

COLIN

You stupid old fart! That's exactly what I want! I *want* her to die. Her and her black stud over here. They must've had a great old time, pulling the wool over this white man's eyes. Laughing at my sad little dick! Poor white lily-livered book worm Colin! How could I have hoped to compete with a big black gorilla like that? What woman wants an intellectual when she can have an ape between her legs instead?

turning his attention back to Zack

Tell me one thing, King Kong.

smiling insanely, he steps forwards, lifting the gun to Zack's face, until to the barrel is nudging Zack's lips obscenely. Zack is breathing heavily, with fear, but stares Colin down defiantly. Colin cocks the hammer. He is just one beat from pulling the trigger

COLIN (CONT'D)

Did she swallow?

Suddenly, automatic fire rings out, and Colin does a grotesque, twitching jig as the bullets rip through him

CUT TO:

Old Mattie, back lit dramatically, brandishing an Uzi.

83. EXT. NIGHT: BEHIND THE MANSION

We hear the busses revving up. Zack is down on one knee, beside Jenny, where she is coughing weakly, still cradled in the arms of her parents, who are sobbing quietly as the two of them speak

ZACK

holding her hand

You're gonna be alright, Jenny.

He smiles, trying to convince himself

You too *hard-headed* to die.

JENNY

Whispering

I hope you make it, Zack. Honest to God, if you all make it, then everything was worth it. Things turned out for the best. We never would have made it together, baby. But I'll always be glad that we knew each other.

ZACK

Knew each other?

He pauses, choking back his emotions

Baby, we *loved* each other.

No longer able to speak, Jenny squeezes Zack's hand.

ZACK

to the Hollinghursts

Ya'll stay here with Jenny. Help will be here any minute.

*as much to himself as to the
Hollinghursts*

Looks like we're gonna have to do this without hostages.

MR. HOLLINGHURST

putting a hand on Zack's shoulder

Go before it's too late, Zack.

Zack stands up and walks away from them, towards the waiting busses. With every step he takes, he puts more distance between himself and the Past. We see the resolve returning to his face

As he approaches the busses, we hear the revving engines, and the wild revelry of a hundred liberated slaves, armed and prepared to fight to defend their precious new freedom

84. EXT. NIGHT: BESIDE A WAITING BUS.

Pretty is standing at Zachary's side, about to climb on the bus

PRETTY

to Zack

I ain't gonna say I'm sorry.

ZACHARY

not looking at her

I ain't askin' you to.

turning to her

I know exactly why you did it, girl. 'Cause part of me feels the same damn way: a big piece of me is just an ordinary nigger, and I'd rather be in my bunk, watching a little teevee, stoned outta my mind on *Happy Pills* right now too. I don't feel like startin' no damn revolution! I feel like bein' nice and comfortable right now. But I can't. *We* can't. Future won't let us.

Without saying a word, Pretty climbs on the bus. Zack stares after her: this was a woman he could have loved

But he has no choice but to be with her. Despite her treachery in killing the houseboy and freeing Charlie Simpson, she and Zack must help to breed a new

generation together

Revolutions are not governed by the moralities of peace-time

85. INT.NIGHT: BUS #1

Zachary climbs on the bus. In the background we can hear the sirens of a dozen fire trucks as they race towards *The Compound*

MATTIE

to Zack as she puts the bus in gear
Is your arm okay, son?

ZACHARY

It's gonna have to be.

then, his face expresses shock as her words sink in

ZACHARY (CONT'D)

Son?

MATTIE

Smiling enigmatically
We'll talk about that later. This here ain't the proper setting.

ZACK

for the first time, laughs out loud
You know what, Mamma? You right. That's the kind of thing a family wants to discuss over a nice Canadian *breakfast*.

Then loudly, to the rest of the bus

Anybody think they gotta whizz better do it now!
This bus ain't stoppin' for *nobody!*

The slaves cheer

86. EXT.NIGHT: THE HIGHWAY

The sky over the woods is lit by flame. The convoy of busses zooms by

A sign overhead says: U.S./CANADIAN BORDER 130 MILES

