



## Tar Baby Screenplay Draft

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TAR BABY

Screenplay by:  
Toni Morrison

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BROOKSFILMS, LTD.  
10201 W. Pico Blvd.  
Los Angeles, CA 90035

August 11, 1983

Revised: Oct. 4,



DES CHEVALIERS - DAY

1

silent. Deep within a rain forest on a small out island in the Caribbean near Martinique. The light is cathedral. Above, the tops of giant trees form a roof. Below, a carpet of dead leaves and moss. POV is about six feet above ground. CAMERA BEGINS TO MOVE through trees, increasing speed to a gallop. Slows down. Stops. Signs of excavation appear: i.e., pick axe, mound of soil, trench. Up to treetops. A tree trembles and falls. To the left another tree trembles and crashes. To the right another. When the falling is completed and the trees are still, ropes of liana swirl down and lace them. Time passes. (The orchids wither and discolor.) In the exact same space a manicured lawn appears. Also walkways, garden furniture and the exterior of a large elegant house. Uninhabited, spanking new.

CREDITS BEGIN:

2

EXT. A WARM SEA - LATE AFTERNOON

2

A BLACK MAN is swimming, taking long well-executed

ong

near some distance

rests at the water

see A Black

the sea. In

3

have  
ng

jump

he begins to swim

swimming. His dreadlocks keep us from  
His strokes are not racing, but not  
They are swift and determined.

essing in her  
retarial work

SEA

6

silence. Man swimming. We see him from underwater.  
He is wearing pants and shoes. Sense of invasion grows  
with each of the INTERCUTS.



INT. GREENHOUSE - VALERIAN

7

is finishing up some potting chore. Washing his hands, takes a sip of wine as he prepares to leave. MUSIC IS LOUD as it is coming from a RECORD PLAYER in the greenhouse.

8 INT. KITCHEN - ONDINE

8

is preparing dinner.

9 INT. DINING ROOM - SYDNEY

9

is laying table.

10 INT. STAIRWAY

10

to second floor. Jadine is coming down the stairs.

11 INT. KITCHEN

11

Jadine enters. Kisses Ondine who reacts lovingly. Jadine tastes the food being prepared.

12 EXT. THE SEA

12

Shore of the island can be seen in the distance by the swimming Man.

INT. GREENHOUSE - VALERIAN

13

stops to examine ants at the doorsill. Takes a deep breath. The plant life inside is very re-  
freshing and Victorian compared to the lush flora and  
fauna outside. He adjusts air conditioner and  
MUSIC STOPS.

14

The island looms -  
alien - as though

Seated are Margaret, Valerian and Jadine. Sydney is in attendance.

(CONTINUED)



ED:  
 et is vulnerable looking, by turns irritable and charming. Valerian is patrician, sardonic; makes interesting company. Jadine is delightfully charming, sympathetic although one guesses it is all a pose for the young, beautiful and restless Black girl. Sydney is the perfect butler.

Sydney is ladling bisque from a tureen into soup bowls; offering "oysterettes."

Valerian preses his thumb to soup plate to signal that he is finished. Sydney collects the plates. Hesitates at Margaret's chair as she has just begun to eat.

CREDITS COMPLETED:

VALERIAN

You're dawdling, Margaret.

MARGARET

Sorry.

VALERIAN

There is a rhythm to a meal. I've always told you that.

MARGARET

I said sorry. I'm not a fast eater.

VALERIAN

Speed has nothing to do with it.

JADINE

#  
 She puts down spoon -  
 picks up wine glass.  
 #

(disapproving)

finished all the cards but --

VALERIAN ^

I suppose you are decorating the  
house with guests.

MARGARET

If we have it your way, we'd spend  
the holidays all alone in the  
cellar.

(CONTINUED)



VALERIAN

We haven't got a cellar, Margaret.  
Take a look around. You might  
like it. Come to think of it, I  
don't believe you've seen the  
kitchen yet, have you?

MARGARET

Valerian, please.

VALERIAN

(mock glee)

But this is exciting. We've been  
coming here for thirty years and  
already you've discovered the  
dining room. ^ One every decade.  
First the bedroom. That is I  
assume that you did. It's hard to  
tell when a wife sleeps separately  
from her mate. ^ Then is 1965, you  
located the living room. Remember  
those cocktail parties.

MARGARET

You're right. I am having guests  
for Christmas.

VALERIAN

^  
(not listening  
to Margaret)

Then the dining room. Speak of a  
find! Dinner for ten, twenty,  
thirty

MARGARET

#  
Camera picks out  
paintings, candelabra, etc.  
Valerian (continues) /

#  
His index finger  
rubs plate rim  
Valerian (con-  
tinues) /

(After a  
hesitant)

(Sly-provoked) Eag  
to see the effect

VALERIAN ^

(Quickly) /

He won't show up.  
(he pauses)  
Again.

MARGARET

Why do you say that? You always  
say that.

VALERIAN

Because he never has.

(CONTINUED)



MARGARET

He never has here. Down here in this jungle with nothing to do. No young people. No fun. I haven't invited anybody in years because of you. You hate everybody.

VALERIAN

I don't hate anybody.

MARGARET

(to Jadine)

Three years it's been. He hasn't set foot in the States in three years.

(to Valerian)

I know you don't want to see anybody else -- but your own son. You pay more attention to seed catalogues than you do Michael.

VALERIAN

It's just that I'm undergoing this very big change in my life, it's called dying.

MARGARET

Retirement isn't death, Valerian.  
(she pauses)  
I intended to go back with him.

on V.O. as we enter to:

DINING ROOM

17

CAMERA FOCUSES ON Jadine as she hears Valerian and Margaret's voices as from afar.

VALERIAN

Sounds terminal. I don't advise it. What makes you think he'll want you to?

MARGARET

I'm going to live near him not with him.

(CONTINUED)



Margaret  
Float! The back of a float!

Margaret storms out. After knocking the wine glass. Sydney quietly and expertly clears the table. Jadine sits in silence with Valerian. She is about to excuse herself.

VALERIAN

Sorry.

JADINE

You shouldn't tease her like that.

(CONTINUED)

4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

^

He is the spirit of the nation  
He can  
getch by here.  
He stands and  
moves



VALERIAN

(to ~~Jadine~~)

When he gets here, we'll ask him  
if he wants his mother next door  
to the reservation in a

*Margaret  
And I married an old fool!  
of course you're right.  
I would never have got  
off the back of a*

*My god, it's  
+ fair! It's too much!  
not too much!*

too much? Because if it is, I can  
arrange for less. I could  
certainly do with less myself.  
Less hysteria, less shouting, less  
drama.

MARGARET

You're jealous of Michael and me. ^

*I think you're  
jealous of Christ  
maso*

VALERIAN

too s... to live.



~~VALERIAN~~

No, I suppose not. she's nervous.  
Afraid Michael won't show. I'm  
nervous -- afraid he will.

He looks thoughtful.

Valerian stands and Jadine follows suit. Together they  
exit.

EXT. GROUNDS - SUNDOWN

They stroll about the grounds.

JADINE

I remember Michael. He's. . . nice.

VALERIAN

He was -- until Margaret made him  
think poetry was incompatible with  
property. She made a perpetual  
loser of one of the most  
beautiful, the brightest boy in  
the land.

JADINE

~~You always make him sound weak. I~~  
~~don't remember him that way at~~  
~~all. The last time I saw him was~~  
~~when you invited me to spend the~~  
~~summer. remember? My first year~~  
~~at college? We used to talk. He~~  
~~was. . . so. . . clearheaded --~~  
~~independent. ^ Actually we didn't~~  
~~talk; we quarreled. About why I~~  
~~was studying art history at that~~  
~~snotty school instead of -- I~~  
~~don't know that. Organizing or~~  
~~something. He said I was~~  
~~My people.~~

Sometimes.

#  
She places flowers  
on her head like  
a crown.

#  
He picks some  
and winds them  
together.

Continued

VALERIAN

Typical. His idea of racial progress is ~~to get welfare mothers to do crafts in their homes, like the lace makers of Belgium. Instant dignity and no more welfare.~~

"all voodoo to the people."/

JADINE

Seems like such /

~~It was a long time ago, Valerian. Eight years? Nine? He was just a kid then. So was I.~~

(CONTINUED)



VALERIAN

Did they trouble you -- the things  
he said?

JADINE

For a while. ^

VALERIAN

^ You knew better?

JADINE ^

I knew the life I was leaving. It  
wasn't like what he thought: all  
grits and natural grace. But he  
did make me want to apologize for  
what I was doing, what I felt.  
For liking "Ave Maria" better than  
gospel music, I suppose.

Valerian makes a face of contempt.

JADINE

(continuing) ^

~~You shouldn't hate him though.~~  
~~He's your son.~~

VALERIAN

I love him.  
I can't. But I  
all the

PHIA - 19

ian is leav-

Mid-

He was just a kid then.  
So was I.

But /

^

(tearing up the flowers)

1., 2., 3., 4., 5., 6., 7.

was I pissed. But I didn't  
squash a flea on  
FLASHBACK. EXT. Philadelphia.  
Jadine (v.o.)  
(CONTINUES)

ing. Sign on buildings "Street Brothers:  
Confectioners." He gets into car. Younger Sydney is  
driving. Valerian enters house.

VALERIAN

(V.O.)

When he was just a little thing I  
came home one day and went into  
the bathroom. I was standing  
there and I heard this humming-  
singing. I found him -- in the  
cabinet. Under the sink. Humming  
to himself. When I pulled him  
out, asked him what he was doing  
there, he said he liked the soft.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



VALERIAN

(CONT'D)

He was two, I think, two-years-old, looking in the dark for something -- soft. I'd come home and he'd be under the sink again, humming that little, I can't tell you how lonely, lonely song. I sometimes had the feeling that she didn't talk to him very much.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA HOUSE - EVENING

SLOW POV -- MOVE IN to door through to stairs, up to bathroom to cabinet.

VALERIAN

(V.O.)

I have until this day never understood that. Now he never visits, seldom writes. Calls sometimes. Complains. Indians. Water. Chemicals. I haven't seen him for three years, and the last couple of times I didn't even like him, or even know him. But I love him. Just like I loved that beautiful boy under the sink.

CLOSE - FACE OF MELANCHOLY CHILD

EXT. THE HOUSE - NIGHT

elsewhere on island. Locked-up house some distance away from L'Arbe de la Croix. Man trying doors -- all in vain. Man looks up. Sees lights of Valerian's house. Leaves locked house and stands under a tree looking at the lit windows. His back TO CAMERA; hair hardly distinguishable from tree leaves. Standing in moonlight he seems to be one more species of island plant life. ^

DISSOLVE TO:

hands of  
instant galloping.



23

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

23

The lights go out at intervals. CAMERA ENTERS the bedrooms of each of the sleeping inhabitants. <sup>^</sup>What the CAMERA REVEALS is something personal about them: i.e., Sydney and Ondine perspiring; touch each other as they sleep in easy, familiar and comfortable ways; Margaret wears a sleeping mask and hers is the only room with drawn draperies, many pills on her night table; Valerian is restless and there is an empty balloon glass on his bed table; Jadine is curled <sup>^</sup>under a sheet

Camera Shows  
intimate,  
voyeuristic  
revealing

half covered by sheet, arms flung out  
a sleeping child. Her room is luxuriously dis-  
arrayed: palettes of cosmetics, charcoal sticks, e the,  
sketch pads, contacts and prints of modelling pr-  
ties of herself - some cropped with grease



24

EXT. DOCK - EARLY MORNING

24

Sydney is sitting in a jeep, looking out toward the sea. A row boat is approaching. In the boat are GIDION, THERESE and ALMA ESTEE. Therese is rowing; Gideon manages the landing and waves to Sydney who does not respond. The three pile into Sydney's jeep. The women are silent; there is a crate with two live chickens on Therese's lap. Sydney, clearly distancing himself from these three, starts the engine and drives up the road.

near dock /

GIDEON

(smiling at Sydney)  
Beautiful weather.

It is blistering.

SYDNEY

(barely agreeing)

Uh.

GIDEON

No weather like this in the States. Cold like to kill me. Good money; but oh the cold. Brought water to me eyes.

Sydney is silent. The two women are silent and still. As the jeep passes a suddenly dark tangle of trees, Therese turns her head abruptly and looks deep into the grove. The jeep approaches the house.

They make  
no eye  
contact  
with Syd  
ney. /

GIDEON

(continuing; pointing,  
addressing Alma Estee)  
Every house in the States just  
like that. Beautiful. Beautiful.

Sydney cuts a glance toward Gideon.

250

EXT. DRIVEWAY

250

All climb out of the jeep, and walk toward the back of the house. Ondine looks out of the kitchen door as they approach.

GIDEON

Beautiful day.

ONDINE

Morning.

(looking at the  
crate of chickens)  
Are they young? Tender?

(CONTINUED)



GIDEON

Oui, Madame.

SYDNEY

Don't look it. Look like  
brooders.

Opens kitchen door.

GIDEON

(to Sydney's back)  
No, sir. Pullet every one.

ONDINE

(to the women)  
Morning. Morning.

ALMA ESTEE

Bon jour.

And touseling  
her hair/

Ondine motions to a basket of laundry. Therese picks it up and moves off saying nothing. Ondine gives Alma a menial chore to do. Alma stares in wonder as she sees some article of waste thrown away that in her world is a luxury. As she looks around her eyes travel up to Jadine stretching in her bedroom window.

26

INT. WASHHOUSE - THERESE

26

Lizard hops near her feet -  
he whispers to it.

slams the basket of laundry down on the floor and takes out a cigarette and lights it.

27

EXT. SWIMMING POOL

27

pool chairs. Table with fruit and pitcher of iced drink. Valerian is pumping up a float. Margaret enters. In swimming attire. Tape on her forehead.

Hair tied.

VALERIAN

Well, what have we here? Wonder  
Woman?

MARGARET

Please. It's too hot.

Sits at table. Pours iced drink.

VALERIAN

What is that between your  
eyebrows?

(CONTINUED)



MARGARET

Frownies.

VALERIAN

You have trouble frowning?

MARGARET

They don't make you frown; they  
get rid of frowns.

VALERIAN

Have some pineapple.

tosses float into pool. Enters pool.

MARGARET

~~I hate fresh pineapple. The  
threads get in my teeth. Why does  
she fix the same thing every  
morning? She tells us what to  
eat. Who's working for who?~~

VALERIAN

Whom. If you give Ondine menus  
for the whole week that is exactly  
what she will prepare. ^

Mounts float.

MARGARET

^ 1, 2.

~~She won't even fix you a cup of  
coffee. She makes you drink  
Postum.~~

Follows into the pool, stands splashing herself -- does

*You have to ex-  
ercise authority  
in the kitchen*

not swim.

Valerian floats a while -- gets out of pool.

VALERIAN

Did she tell you she wants to open  
up a little shop of some sort?

MARGARET

Ondine?

Leaves pool. Lotions her skin.

Jadeo

~~Jadine~~. She wants to give up  
modelling and open up a shop.

(CONTINUED)



MARGARET

*So?*  
Wonderful. Why the long face?

VALERIAN

~~I was thinking of Sydney and Ondine. She's their family.~~ She may want them with her.

MARGARET

You're as much of a family to them as she is. They've known you longer than they have her.

VALERIAN

Your frownie is coming loose.

He touches it.

MARGARET

(laughs)

You're scared. Scared Kingfish and Beulah might leave you? Forget it. They're here and they always will be.

*Wherever you are, they'll be right there.*

VALERIAN

But you won't.

e tip of

exhausted,

(~~watches her exit,~~  
~~in a whisper~~)  
Not sweet, ~~helpless.~~

28/ INT. GAZEBO - GIDEON

28

sweeping, discovers empty Evian bottle and chocolate  
wrappers. Is very excited.

29/ INT. KITCHEN

29

Jadine enters the kitchen.

SYDNEY

Here she is.

(CONTINUED( )



30

29

CONTINUED:

29

ONDINE

Sleep well, sugar?

JADINE

~~Well and late.~~ ^ The air is  
incredible.

*Mmmmm.*

ONDINE

How about some chicken livers?

JADINE

No thanks, but could I have a cup  
of chocolate?

SYDNEY

In this heat?

30

INT. DOWNSTAIRS TO PANTRY - ONDINE

30

enters. Sees something in the cupboards that disturbs  
her. ^

*She does not notice that a window pane is missing.*

31

INT. KITCHEN

31

ONDINE

There's something in this house  
that loves bittersweet chocolate.

Holds up empty package.

SYDNEY

Rats?

ONDINE

*fold paper*

If rats ~~close lids~~, then yes.  
Rats.

JADINE

Who'd want to steal chocolate?

ONDINE

Not just the chocolate. The Evian  
water too. Gone.

SYDNEY

Yardman. Or one of them Marys.

Ondine shakes her head. <sup>1, 2.</sup>

33  
dneq lool's fone & i mnd  
st. West H. ut  
they don't stop f.  
NT. West H. ut.

INUED)



ONDINE

I know my kitchen better than I  
know my face.

JADINE

Well your face is prettier than  
your kitchen.

ONDINE

(smiling, picking  
up a "Vogue" magazine  
from a counter)  
Look whose talking about pretty  
faces.

~~They both look at Jadine admiringly.~~

Patio near pool. Margaret and Jadine exercising.  
After a while Jadine turns the MUSIC OFF. Margaret  
drops into a lightweight chaise lounge. Jadine begins  
to massage her neck and shoulders.

MARGARET

Mmmmm.

JADINE

You shouldn't let yourself get so  
knotted up. You're too tense.

JADINE

Lots of people live in two places,  
Margaret.

MARGARET

I want to live in one. I can't  
keep flying back and forth across  
the ocean wondering where I left  
the Kotex.

JADINE

~~(chuckles)~~  
~~You have friends here.~~

~~(CONTINUED)~~



MARGARET

creeps. . . Well, I'm glad you're here, and God willing Michael for a few days. What I wouldn't give. . . God I hate this place.

for a Johnny Carson re-run. /

JADINE

(looking around)  
Too quiet? ^

Is it always this quiet? /

MARGARET

^

Quiet I could live with. It's all that noise under with the quiet that gets you. Like - listening. #

CAMERA frames sequence of tree limbs, gazebo, garden statues, plants etc.

Valerian ever tell you why they call it Isle des Chevaliers?

JADINE

No.

MARGARET

Ask him. Something about men hiding in the hills.

carelessly washing clothes; i.e., pours half a box of soap powder in machine; wraps greasy smoked fish in an

elegant table napkin; wipes her bare feet with a shirt or nightgown. Coffee is percolating on a small electric burner. She places two avocados on top of dryer. She is obviously waiting for someone. Out of the window she sees Gideon hurrying toward her. She smiles: alert. Gideon enters with exaggerated delight and secrecy. Takes from his pants pocket a Lanvin chocolate wrapper (blue paper with inner wrap of foil). He displays this to her with triumph. Therese screams her joy.

GIDEON

Shh.

He closes the door.

THERESE

Open the door, man. Too hot in here.

(CONTINUED)



33

CONTINUED:

33

GIDEON

Then you have to speak soft.  
Soft.

34

EXT. POOL - ALMA ESTEE

34

looking at her reflection in water. Holding broom.  
Hears Therese LAUGHING.

35

INT. WASHHOUSE

35

THERESE

(unrepressed)  
Pay me. One hundred fifty  
thousand francs. I told you there  
is a starving man around here.  
Now that's the proof. A chocolate  
eater!

GIDEON

Evian water too. In the gazebo.  
Empty. Standing straight up, like  
a soldier.

THERESE

Soldier? That's it. The  
horsemen.

GIDEON

Oh the Devil.

Alma Estee enters.

THERESE

Alma. Look. A horseman.

(grabs bottle)

(holding up bottle)

GIDEON

Your brain has rotted away, woman.

THERESE

*Closing her eyes.*

(in ecstasy)

He is beautiful, blind, naked.  
Riding a horse. Unshod. Silent.  
Oh so silent.

Therese visualizes the horsemen of the myth. Against his will Gideon joins her in looking toward the hills in the distance. Alma, wide-eyed with serious wonder, joins them in the vision that appears as Therese speaks.



One hundred black and naked men on horses in the distance. As they come close Therese's VOICE OVER is heard.

THERESE

(V.O.)

They were the first to come.  
Three hundred years ago. They are  
blind but ~~they never age.~~ They  
~~are~~ as young and beautiful today  
as when they swam away from the  
slave ship that was sinking.  
Frenchmen drown. Cargo lost.  
Only horses and slaves make it to  
shore. Ah, but when they glimpsed  
the future, they went blind rather  
than see more. Their eyes have no  
sight in them, but they gallop  
through the trees in the rain  
forest. Naked they are and blind.  
Riding, riding -- forever young  
and strong.

As they come closer and closer, one of the horsemen separates himself from the rest and rides down the slope of a hill toward the house. We do not see his face clearly. He rides around the property, slowly circling, circling. The VISION FADES.

ALMA ESTEE

But where does he sleep, Therese?

THERESE

The blind never sleep.

*The* That Man opens the refrigerator and hurriedly removes some food. Looks around in the moonlight and the light from the open refrigerator and takes fruit from a bowl on the table. All of the food he stuffs into his shirt. Starts to leave. Stands still. Walks from kitchen to rooms within the house: dining room, living

room; then upstairs. Peeps in on sleeping Margaret and sleeping Valerian. Then into Jadine's room. Here he enters and watches her for a long moment. He leans against a wall and slides down it while he watches her. Squats there, and although we see only his shape and profile we sense his intense examination of her. The Man begins to eat his food as he watches Jadine.

(CONTINUED)



39 37  
32  
CONTINUED:

Time passes and the pre-dawn light on Jadine's sleeping face startles the Man. In a controlled panic he creeps out of her room. Hears FOOTSTEPS on the stairs. Hides in an alcove. Sydney passes carrying a tray of breakfast things into Valerian's room. The Man steps back out into the hall. At bannister, sees Ondine heading toward the stairs carrying towels. Man darts into the nearest door which is Margaret's bedroom. Her curtains are drawn and she is in a sleeping mask. He tiptoes past her. Opens a door; automatic lights come on as soon as door is opened. It is the bathroom. He opens a second door; it is an adjoining dressing room, closet, linen closet. He enters. We see his hands, back, arms, hair as he handles the clothes looking for a place to hide. The sense of violation should be apparent here: His ragged, dirty self against her fine fabrics.

Vacuum-  
ing Near

40 38  
INT. VALERIAN'S BEDROOM

38

During the following dialogue Valerian is eating and Sydney is opening shutters as well as serving Valerian. He also runs bath water, tests its temperature, etc. Valerian is eating a croissant from a large platter of them.

VALERIAN

Tell Ondine not to serve these any more.

SYDNEY

No good?

VALERIAN

One of the worst things about being old is eating. First you have to find something you can eat and second you have to try not to drop it all over yourself.

SYDNEY

I wouldn't know about that.

VALERIAN

Of course not. You're fifteen  
minutes younger than I am.

SYDNEY

Eat your pineapple.

VALERIAN

I am eating it.



39

INT. MARGARET'S BEDROOM - MARGARET 39  
is awake now, holding her forehead, sitting on the side  
of her bed. Stands and walks toward the bathroom.

40

INT. VALERIAN'S BEDROOM 40  
Valerian's feet are propped up.

SYDNEY

You could be a little less  
hardheaded about those shoes.  
Sandles or a nice pair of huraches  
would clear up every one of those  
bunions.

VALERIAN

They are not bunions. They're  
corns.

SYDNEY

Corns too.

VALERIAN

When you get your medical degree,  
call me.

SYDNEY

Health is the most important thing  
at our age, Mr. Street.

VALERIAN

The day I spend in huraches is the  
day I spend in a straitjacket.

SYDNEY

Suit me fine.

VALERIAN

And me. maybe then I could hire  
somebody who wouldn't sneak postum  
into a good pot of coffee and  
saccharin into the lime pie. Look  
in the cabinet and get me a drop  
of medicine.

Sydney goes and gets a bottle of Cognac.

SYDNEY

You don't have to call it medicine  
for me.

VALERIAN

At seventy everything's medicine.

(CONTINUED

)



SYDNEY

Sure don't help your disposition  
none.

41

INT. MARGARET'S BEDROOM - MARGARET

41

flushes the toilet, looks in the mirror rather teeth  
and jawline. Examines her breasts for sink and sway.

42

INT. VALERIAN'S BEDROOM

42

Valerian tosses his napkin down in irritation. Sydney  
looks at him.

VALERIAN

You think he's coming?

He rises. Goes into bathroom. Prepares to take bath.

SYDNEY

Well his trunk is.

VALERIAN

She tell you that?

SYDNEY

Shipped already.

VALERIAN

Shipped from California?

SYDNEY

Shipped from California.

VALERIAN

And it's red?

SYDNEY

And it's red.

VALERIAN

(as he steps into tub)  
With Dick Gregory for President  
stickers pasted on the side.

SYDNEY

And a lock that only closes if you  
kick it.

VALERIAN

Because the key is --

(CONTINUED

)



42

CONTINUED:

42

SYDNEY AND VALERIAN

At the top of Kilimanjaro.

VALERIAN

Liar.

Funny kid. ^

(Sydney  
Not bad for a seven  
year old.)

43

INT. MARGARET'S BATHROOM - MARGARET

43

drops her nightgown and puts on her shower cap. Opens connecting door to dressing room and reaches in for a towel. She is about to turn away when she notices something awry. Enters the dressing room. Adjusts some hangers. Turns away. Turns back and suddenly pulls apart some clothes. Exposing the full face of the Man hiding there. Margaret opens her mouth. Nothing comes out.

44

INT. VALERIAN'S BATHROOM

Margaret's SCREAM is heard. Valerian and Sydney react. Sydney rushes out.

45

INT. JADINE'S ROOM - JADINE

45

reacts.

46

INT. KITCHEN

46

Ondine reacts.

47

INT. HALLWAY

47

Margaret rushes out screaming.

48

INT. VALERIAN'S BATHROOM

48

Valerian hits the water in annoyance.

51  
49

INT. BOTTOM OF STAIRS

51  
49

Ondine climbs the stairs.

52  
50

INT. HALL

52  
50

Sydney and Jadine approach Margaret in shower cap  
clutching towel to her nakedness, screaming.

(CONTINUED

)



JADINE

What is it? What's the matter?

SYDNEY

She hurt herself?

Takes off his jacket and wraps it over her.

JADINE

I don't know.

ONDINE

What happened?  
(turns Margaret  
around)  
Speak!

MARGARET

In my closet. In my closet.

JADINE

Her what?

ONDINE

Something's in her closet.

JADINE

What's in your closet?

MARGARET

Black. Black. So black.

She is looking up at them.

Jadine, Sydney and Ondine exchange glances and look at Margaret suspiciously, thinking she is referring to themselves.

MARGARET

(continuing; screaming)  
Why don't you do something?

VALERIAN

(appears in the doorway to his bedroom)  
Margaret, this is not the place for a screen test.

MARGARET

(trying to stand)  
In my things! There's a black man in my things. Help me. Don't stand there looking. . .

All help her.

51

INT. VALERIAN'S BEDROOM

51

They sit Margaret on bed, firmly.

ONDINE

Go look in her closet.

Sydney starts to leave. Ondine takes over, everyone a bit uncertain as to what to do next.

ONDINE

(continuing)  
Take the gun.

Sydney turns back and gets a gun from the top of a closet or bureau drawer. It is in a case. He loads it



and leaves while Margaret weeps, Jadine soothes, Ondine stares and Valerian looks loftily aggrieved, and patient in his disbelief.

JADINE

Hadn't I better call the harbor,  
Valerian?

VALERIAN

(sitting down at  
breakfast table)  
Wait until Sydney returns.

MARGARET

What are you doing?  
(she looks at their  
passive faces)  
He's there. I saw him. Valerian,  
please.

FOOTSTEPS ARE HEARD in the corridor. They all turn to  
look toward the door. The Black Man appears, hands  
over his head; Sydney has him under the gun.

MARGARET

(continuing)  
It's him.

ONDINE

Have mercy.

SYDNEY

You can call the harbor now, Mr.  
Street.

Valerian scans the Black Man. The Black Man smiles  
sweetly.

(CONTINUED)

51

CONTINUED:

51

SON/BLACK MAN

Morning.

VALERIAN

(long decisive pause)

~~Good morning. Care for a cup of~~  
~~coffee?~~

52

INT. MARGARET'S BEDROOM

52

She is clasping her knees. rocking. Distraught. Gets up and checks lock on door. Returns to bed. Picks up bottle of Valium.

53

INT. KITCHEN

53

SYDNEY

What'd he do it for?

Ondine shakes her head.

BUZZER RINGS.

ONDINE

He wants you.

54

INT. VALERIAN'S BEDROOM

54

Son is seated at table eating the croissants, drinking coffee, buttering and marmalading lavishly. Valerian is watching him with amusement. Jadine is seated at table: wary but making an effort to be casual. She is on Valerian's side of the table and looks at Son with disdain.

SON



Nice pad.

VALERIAN

How long have you been visiting  
us, ~~Mister~~?

SON

Couple days.

VALERIAN

And before that?

(CONTINUED)

540

CONTINUED:

540

SON

Ship. Jumped ship. Swam to the  
closest place. Trying to get to  
Dominique, but. . .

(shrugs)

When I got here --

(gulping food)

-- came to the first house I saw.  
Talk about hungry!

Sydney enters.

#  
Not looking at Sydney -  
deliberately mischreves.

VALERIAN

Some more coffee.

SYDNEY

Yes, sir.

He and Jadine exchange glances. As he pours, Son looks  
up at him.

VALERIAN

And prepare the guest room.

SYDNEY

(trembling slightly  
as he returns the  
coffee pot)

Yes, sir.

VALERIAN

(to son)  
I'm confused. Is there a pantry  
in my wife's bedroom?



SON ^

(innocently)

Huh?

JADINE ^

(flat out; no nonsense)

He wants to know why you were in the bedroom. If you were just looking for food.

SON

Oh, I heard somebody coming and was trying to hide. I didn't know whose room it was.

JADINE ^

(unbelieving)

Why didn't you take the boat at the dock?

(CONTINUED)

SON

What?

VALERIAN

You said you wanted to get to  
Dominique. The boat is docked at  
the shore. If you've been to sea,  
you could have managed it.

SON ^

(confidential)

Might be a lot of attention paid  
to a black man with no papers  
docking a boat like that.

VALERIAN ^

(amused)

How long did you plan to stay?

SON

Not one minute longer than I have  
to.

VALERIAN

I don't believe I caught your  
name.

SON

(something in his  
glance)

That makes us even. I didn't  
catch yours either.

5755 INT. KITCHEN - NOON - THE NEXT DAY ^

Pouring Rain, 55

Ondine is peeling onions. Gideon ^ taps on the door. He

soaking wet



is holding twoheadless chickens. The feet stick out of his pocket.

ONDINE

Leave 'em.

GIDEON

(smiling)

Oui, Madame.

Leaves. Ondine picks up chickens. Is angry at the fact that they are not plucked. She glowers after Gideon. Sydney enters.

SYDNEY

What are you doing that for?

(CONTINUED)

*She sits down  
and begins to  
pluck the chickens.*

ONDINE

That's the way they came.

SYDNEY ^

(angry)

He knows better than that. Call him back in here.

ONDINE

Calm yourself. I can finish this.

SYDNEY

You the one doing the plucking. I was trying to make it easier for you.

ONDINE

Grounds.

suddenly stops. Sun comes out  
shining every thing brilliantly.

Kitchen

at window. Ondine preparing chicken.

ONDINE

Jadine says it was his idea of a joke.

SYDNEY ^

(extremely agitated)

Joke? He think that nigger came here just to get a meal? He could have knocked on the back door and got something to eat.



59 (cont)

ONDINE

He didn't rape anybody. Didn't even try. And he's been here long enough to do whatever, and all he did was eat.

SYDNEY

You amaze me. Whose side you on?

ONDINE

He's leaving, Sydney. But we're not and I don't want no big rift between you and Mr. Street about where that Negro slept and why. I can't pick up and move in with some strange new white folks at my age. I can't do it.

SYDNEY

Nobody talking about moving. but if I stay on here --

(CONTINUED)

ONDINE

See there? Already you saying  
if. Keep on and you'll have us  
over in them shacks in Queen of  
France. You want me shucking  
crayfish on a porch like them

56 INT. JADINE'S BEDROOM - A - SHORT WHILE LATER 56 63

Jadine in underwear is unwrapping a large box. In it  
is a sealskin coat which she models herself in. Ondine enters.

ONDINE

You should put some clothes on. I  
thought you asked me to come up  
and see your coat, not your  
privates.

JADINE

This is the best way to feel it.  
Here. Feel.

ONDINE

Does this mean you're going to  
marry him?

JADINE



Who knows?

ONDINE

He must mean business if he fly  
that out to you all the way from  
Paris.

JADINE

It's just a Christmas present.

ONDINE

It's not just anything. I could  
buy a house with what that cost.

Ondine is agitated by a SOUND. Looks toward open door.

(CONTINUED)

JADINE

Nothing's going to happen,  
Nanadine. He'll be out of here by  
tonight.

ONDINE

Better be, I don't want to spend  
another night like the last one.

JADINE

How is Uncle Sydney?

ONDINE

A mess. Mean as a tampered  
rooster.

Ondine goes to the door.

ONDINE

(continuing)

Lock this, you hear?

<sup>exit so</sup>  
Ondine leaves. ^

*As she walks down the hall, she hears a  
door open behind her. Turning around she sees  
Jadine's head peek out. They exchange  
glances.*

l top.  
ll-  
ror we

ch he  
con-

tinues to snop. An African woman enters in a yellow  
dress, head cloth and slippers of gold. Everybody in  
the market is thunderstruck by her extraordinary look,  
bearing and presence. Jadine stares too with delight



with gold coin./  
Jadine looks hurt./  
his face close to  
herse /  
and awe. The woman selects three eggs from a basket of  
them, pays for them, and walks away amid admiring  
glances. Jadine begins to follow her, when the woman  
suddenly turns and spits directly at her. ^ We JUMP BACK  
from the FLASHBACK as we see Son emerge in the mirror's  
reflection. ^ He is in too-short pajamas and his hair is  
even wilder than she remembered it. The sight freezes  
her in fear.

SON

Morning.

Jadine does not answer.

SON

(continuing)

Good morning.

FLASHBACK (CONTINUED)

He moves out of the reflection and into her regular vision.

JADINE

You could knock, you know.

SON

The door was open.

JADINE

But it's still a door and can be knocked on.

He narrows his eyes at her. She backs off and becomes conciliatory. Takes off the coat.

JADINE

(continuing)  
I'm sorry. You startled me.

SON

The shower doesn't work.

JADINE

Oh. Just push it. There's no handle.

Son examines the coat she has thrown on the bed. Jadine shudders with disgust as she watches him examining her precious gift. ^

JADINE

(continuing)  
I'll get Sydney to get some

(relieved)

She struggles for composure and authority.



clothes for you. Or Yardman.

SON

Who?

JADINE

Yardman. The gardener boy.

SON

That his name?

JADINE

He answers to it. ~~Some people~~  
~~don't have a name of any kind.~~

SON

What's yours?

(CONTINUED)

JADINE

Jade.

Son shakes his head.

Knowingly

JADINE

(continuing)

Okay, Jadine. Jadine Childs.

She nervously takes out a cigarette.

SON

Can I have one?

Jadine nods, <sup>1. 2.</sup> hands him the pack gingerly.

points to pack on table. He goes to table, gets a cigarette,  
sees magazine with her photo on cover. Scans its pages,  
looks at spread featuring Jadine. Looks at Jadine-  
book at photographs.

magazine

Son

Yes you?

That's just a description of the  
dress. Then it goes on about the  
jewelry.

SON

What about it?

JADINE

Belonged to Catherine the Great.  
Priceless.



SON

~~Nothing's priceless. Everything~~  
~~has a price.~~ Do you get to keep  
the stuff you wear?

JADINE

*I get /*

*^* ~~The clothes. Not the jewelry.~~  
Why? ~~Are~~ are you a thief?

*Sometimes /*

SON

I wish I was. Be a lot easier if  
I could steal.

JADINE

(sarcastically)  
If? What do you call what you  
were doing in here?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JADINE

(CONT'D)

Or were you planning to give  
Ondine back her chocolate and her  
water and. . .

SON

You call that stealing?

JADINE

You don't?

SON

I call it eating. If I wanted to  
steal I had plenty of  
opportunities.

JADINE

But no way to escape. So maybe  
there was no point in stealing.  
Then.

SON

You think there's a point now?

JADINE

Depends on wht you want from us?

SON

Us? You call yourself us?

JADINE



Of course.

SON

(continues to look  
at magazine)

I mean, you don't belong to  
anybody here, do you?

JADINE

(fearful yet hostile)

~~I'm an orphan. I belong to me.~~  
~~Margaret and Valerian are my~~  
~~patrons. They educated me. Paid~~  
~~for my clothes, tuition. If you~~  
~~must know, Sydney and Ondine are my~~  
~~all the family. I have and Valerian~~  
~~did what nobody else even offered~~  
~~to do.~~

(sharply) ^

Why don't you look at me?

(curious)

(CONTINUED)

SON ^

(softly-candidly)

I can't.

JADINE ^

(interested)

Why not?

SON

The pictures are easier. They  
don't move.

JADINE

(suddenly sassy)

Will you look at me if I don't  
move?

She strikes a pose for him: a sexy pursed out mouth  
pose like those in cosmetic advertisements. He scans  
her carefully. Unamused.

SON

How much? Was it a lot?

JADINE

What are you talking about? How  
much what?

SON

Dick. That you had to suck to get  
all that jewelry and. . .

Jadine attacks him furiously; her fists flying. He  
grabs her arms and holds them. Immobile, she spits but  
misses his face. He holds her wrists tighter and she  
kicks his legs. He crosses her arms and turns her  
about. He is standing behind her; holding her arms in



front of her chest. After a futile but fierce struggle she stiffens, breathing heavily.

JADINE

You smell. You smell worse than anything I have smelled in my life.

SON

(whispering into  
her hair)  
Shh, before I throw you out the window.

JADINE

Valerian will kill you, you ape.  
Sydney will chop --

(CONTINUED)

SON

No. They won't.

JADINE

You rape me and they'll feed you  
to the. . .

SON

~~Rape?~~ Why you little white girls  
always poking out your mouths and  
then swear somebody's trying to  
rape you?

JADINE

(furiously)  
White? I'm not. . . you know I'm  
not white.

SON

~~(sharply)~~ ^  
Then why don't you stop acting  
like it?

(SCORING)

JADINE

Don't ^ pull that black woman-white  
woman shit on me. You can't tell  
me what a black woman is or. . . ^

Supposed to be. . .

SON

I can tell you.

JADINE ^

(choking with rage)

You can't! You animal! Because



#  
Jadine, with supreme effort,  
controls herself and moves  
into thick sarcasm/

you're black you think you can  
give me orders. ^ Valerian made a  
mistake. He thought you were a  
human being and should be treated  
like one. But that's because he  
didn't smell you. But I did and I  
know you're an animal because I  
smell you.

SON

(seductively)  
I smell you, too, I smell you,  
too.

Son grinds himself into her backside. Jadine is limp  
with disgust.

JADINE ^

Let me go.

(pleading)

(CONTINUED)

He releases her.

*Jadine is surprised, but quickly re-assent  
She stands rubbing her bruised wrists*

JADINE

(continuing)

I'll have to tell Valerian.

SON

*(unperturbed)*

Tell him anything you like. ~~Just~~  
leave out one thing. Don't tell  
him that I smelled you.

*But you should*

Jadine leaves the room, CAMERA FOLLOWING. Runs down the corridor, down the stairs toward the kitchen. Hesitates before the kitchen door. Then outside toward the greenhouse. Stops. Looks up toward her bedroom window. Sees his shadow behind the panes. Runs toward the road, passing Gideon on the way. Gideon looks at her and then up at the bedroom window. Son is standing in the window looking out. He smiles at Gideon who touches his cap and smiles back. Son goes into Jadine's shower and strips. Leaves his pajamas on the floor. He steps into the stall and bathes himself carefully, generously. Lathers and washes his hair, washes his teeth, gargles. Picks up Jadine's sponge and lingeringly, dreamily squeezes it. The shower scenes are INTERCUT with Jadine walking quickly down the road: agitated. By turns angry and frightened and frustrated about what to do. The island sights and sounds envelop her. She pauses and rests on a rock. Wild colorful parrots perch in the trees.

DISSOLVE TO:

*Flashback. EXT. To Philadelphia*

Busy street in Black section of Philadelphia. Late sixties clothes and hair. Street active with gesturing Black people and some just sitting on stoops and curbs: melancholy; laughing children at play. A good mix of street life. Neither Ondine nor Sydney looks right or left. Jadine stares; when she turns her head to look back, Ondine gently turns her head back around to the front. The car passes this section of town into another better neighborhood and finally to a big house where wealthy Philadelphians live. Car pulls into garage. All get out and enter a side door. Jadine is overawed. Inside a teenaged blond boy pauses on the staircase. He and Jadine exchange glances. Jadine is gently guided by Ondine in opposite direction-- downstairs to the servant's quarters.

*Sydney, Ondine and Jadine in front seat of big limousine, Sydney driving.*



Like /

^ / What?

MARGARET

Did he say what he was doing here?

JADINE ^

(vague- pre-occupi

That he'd been looking for food  
after he jumped ship. Heard  
footsteps and ran up here to hide.  
Apparently he didn't know what  
room he was in.

(CONTINUED)

66 57

CONTINUED:

57

MARGARET

Do you believe him?

JADINE

I believe some of it. I mean, I don't believe he came here to rape you.

~~MARGARET~~

~~How did he get here?~~

~~JADINE~~

~~Says he swam.~~

~~MARGARET~~

~~That's impossible.~~

~~Jadine shrugs.~~

~~MARGARET~~

~~(continuing)~~

~~Well, then he can swim back. I'm going to have it out with Valerian. He's doing this just to ruin Christmas for me. Michael's coming and he knows I want everything right, and look what he does instead of throwing that, that --~~

did/

~~JADINE~~

~~Nigger.~~

~~MARGARET~~

#  
Handling blow dryer on  
Margaret's hair, Jadine  
becomes insinuating.  
#  
Jadine  
(continuing)



#  
Margaret looks at herself  
in the mirror.  
#  
Margaret  
(continuing)

Right! Nigger! <sup>^</sup> Instead of  
~~throwing that nigger right out of~~  
~~here.~~ Oh, God, he scared the shit  
out of me. He looked like a  
gorilla.

JADINE

(bracing)  
We were all scared, Margaret. If  
he'd been white we would still  
have been scared.

MARGARET

#  
Hands Jadine hair  
rollers.  
#

I know. I know. <sup>^</sup>

JADINE <sup>^</sup>

(sighs)

Look, Valerian let him in.  
Valerian has to get him out.

Son in a kimono, looking harmless and clowning a bit for Valerian.

VALERIAN ^

(chuckling)

Not bad, not bad. I haven't heard a good joke in years.

SON

I got more.

VALERIAN

(reflectively)  
I'll bet you do.  
(looking at him  
more closely than  
earlier)  
You know, you're not much older  
than my son. What did you say  
your name was?

SON

Green. William Green.

VALERIAN

Well, Willie, we'll have to get  
you some clothes. Keep the ladies  
calm.

SON ^

(lightly, mocking surprise)

You not going to turn me in?

VALERIAN

Well not in that get up.

SON



They'd give me life. In one of  
your suits I can go in style.

VALERIAN

In one of my suits they'd make you  
mayor.

Son jumps.

VALERIAN

(continuing)  
What's the matter?

SON

Ants. Damn.

VALERIAN ^

(agitated)

Oh dear. You've let them in. The  
spray. Over there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Son gets the insecticide and sprays. ^

Valerian is anxious, feeling threatened by all  
Glance at two limbs pressing  
windows. He and Son re-secure  
strip at door sill.

Ants won't come near a mirror.

VALERIAN ^

(feeling secure)

I'll tell Sydney to get you some  
clothes. And you'll need a couple  
dollars for a haircut. Might help  
with the -- identification. I  
know a few people.

SON

#  
Valerian picks up a cyclamen.  
Examines it /  
#

(smiles)

Thank you! Mr. Street, sir!

Son puts the spray can down. ~~Valerian picks up a pot-~~  
~~ted plant. A cyclamen.~~

SON

(continuing)

What's the matter with it?

VALERIAN

Sick. It's been in bud like that  
for I don't know how long.

Son takes the plant from him and thumps the buds with



his thumb and middle finger.

VALERIAN ^

(alarmed) /

(continuing)

Hey! ^

What are you doing? /

SON ^

(Confidently) /

Don't worry, they'll be in bloom  
by the time I get back. Tomorrow.

68

59

EXT. QUEEN OF FRANCE IN DOMINIQUE

59.

Beautiful, tropical main street full of stalls and local people. Son, Therese and Gideon walking along. He and Gideon enter a barbershop. A kind of combination grocery store, hangout, bar where the owner sells lottery tickets and also cuts hair. Local people come in and out on various errands, speaking French.

(CONTINUED)

59

CONTINUED:

59

Mood is warm and convivial. Therese proudly waits outside. Alma Estee sidles up to her. They converse in French and then both enter the shop. Son's hair is falling on the floor under the scissors. Therese gathers the hair up into her dress pockets. Gideon chides her, but she is insistent. Son looks at his haircut admiringly.

60

EXT./INT. PINK STUCCO HOUSE

60

Outside on a narrow street leading up a hill to Gideon's house. A small pink stucco house with torn-skirt curtains. Gideon offers him beer while Therese burns Son's hair and proceeds to start a supper. Alma Estee watches Son lovingly.

THERESE

Is it true? American women reach into their wombs and kill their babies with their fingernails?

GIDEON

Close down your mouth. She's gone stupid as well as blind.

THERESE

Both a man's parts and a woman's on the same person, yes?

SON

(thinks about it)

Yes.

THERESE

And they grow food in pots to decorate their houses? Avocado and banana and potato and limes?

SON



Right. Right.

GIDEON

Don't encourage her, man. She's a mean one. ~~Head full of lies and wickedness.~~ She thinks you one of the Chevaliers.

SON

Chevaliers?

(CONTINUED)

GIDEON

Horsemen, all blind. That island supposed to be full of them. They sleep in the day and race each other in the rain forest at night.

SON

~~How did they get there?~~

GIDEON

~~Slaves from Africa. All blind.~~

SON

Blind?

GIDEON

~~Um.~~

THERESE

(eagerly) /

But they can see their own. They see the swamp women hanging from the trees.

GIDEON

(patronizing) /

Yeah. Just before a storm you can hear them screwing all the way over here. Sounds like thunder.

Gideon laughs. Son is quiet.

GIDEON

(watching Son carefully) /

(continuing)  
Isle des Chevaliers. You going



back, huh?

Son nods.

GIDEON

(continuing)

~~Maybe Therese is right.~~ That  
yalla. She's on your mind.

SON

(quickly)

She's not a yalla.

GIDEON

Don't fool yourself. Being Black  
don't come natural to some people.  
They have to choose it; some  
choose not to.

SON

wont /  
I didn't go there for a woman; I  
sure ~~didn't~~ stay there for a  
woman.

(CONTINUED)

GIDEON

(UNCONVINCED)

Then why go back?

SON

Papers. ~~That~~ white man said he  
could get me papers.

cap./

GIDEON

Ah. Papers a luxury. Woman a  
necessity. Stay here tonight.  
You can take the launch in the  
morning. Let me show you some  
real women. Paradise. Paradise.They start to leave. Alma waylays them in the doorway.  
She is in a well worn school uniform. She is holding a  
piece of paper. *Shy but desperate*

ALMA ESTEE

(to Son)

You think. You think you can send  
to America for me? I want a wig.  
I have the picture of it.Son looks at the picture, then her, laughs and kisses  
her on the top of her head. Gideon ~~drags~~ him away. . . leads/  
to Paradise. *Therese yanks the disappointed Alma inside.*

EXT. SMALL LAUNCH

*MORNING. NEXT DAY.*

61

Just a few benches around sides. Coke machine  
aboard. Parcels, locals. It touches other islands.  
Son standing, watching local servants land on beach and  
trudge off to work. *Approaching Isles des Chevaliers, Son looks  
toward hills. Sunlight so bright it blinds him. He covers  
his eyes.*

EXT./INT. HOUSE

62



7/1  
Son enters. Christmas decorations of the traditional kind have begun to appear. He goes into the living room. Jadine is there; her back to him she does not hear or see him come in. Son goes to the piano and while standing, plays a few notes. Jadine jumps, startled first by the notes, then by Son's altered look. He is quite beautiful. She stands up to leave.

SON

Wait. I want to talk to you.  
Apologize. I'm sorry about  
yesterday.

JADINE ^

(cold)

Good.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

62

She resumes walking.

SON

You can't forgive me?

JADINE

Uh uh.

SON

But I said I'm sorry.

She pauses.

SON

(continuing)

You can figure out why I did it,  
can't you? You were so clean  
standing in that pretty room, and  
I was so dirty. I was ashamed,  
kinda, so I got mad and tried to  
dirtyyou. That's all that was  
and I'm sorry.

JADINE

Okay. You're sorry you did it.  
I'm sorry you did it. Let's just  
drop it.

She starts to go again.

SON

Wait.

JADINE

Now what?



SON

(at piano)  
I want to play you something.

JADINE

I don't like what you did, hear?  
So don't play any songs for me.

SON

Hard. Hard lady.

JADINE

Right.

SON

7/

Okay. I quit. I just wanted to  
apologize and tell you you don't  
have to be. . . nervous anymore.

(CONTINUED)

JADINE

I'm not nervous. I was never nervous. I was mad.

SON

Or mad either.

JADINE

I suppose Valerian invited you to stay for Christmas?

SON

Did he?

JADINE

Didn't he?

SON

~~I don't know. I just got back this minute.~~

JADINE

He was carrying on about some flower you made bloom.

SON

Oh that. He hasn't got enough wind in there. Plant needed shaking.

JADINE

He continues at the piano. Jadine glances are covert but admiring.

(fishing)



(sarcastically)  
You some sort of farmer?

SON

No, just a country boy.

JADINE ^

(unamused)

Well listen, country boy, my aunt  
and uncle are upset. You go and  
apologize to them. ~~Their name is~~  
~~Childs. Sydney and Ondine Childs.~~  
~~You don't have to apologize to~~  
~~me.~~ I can take care of myself.  
But you apologize to them.

SON

Okay./

^ All right. I will. See you  
later.

She watches him leave, her curiosity about him is  
aroused. She is definitely intrigued.

After examining the kitchen and not finding anybody, Son goes to Sydney and Ondine's apartment. It is startlingly unlike the rest of the house. Here are worn things, pictures of Black people in starched shirts, high throated collars, mustaches. Old-fashioned sepia prints. Pile of Philadelphia Tribune (a Black newspaper) on table, slippers, cushions, etc.

Not a place for visitors, only the inhabitants occupy these rooms.

Son knocks.

ONDINE

Yes?

SON

(opens door)

Mrs. Childs? Jadine said it was all right if I came to see you.

ONDINE

What you want?

SON

To apologize. I didn't mean to scare anybody.

ONDINE

Well, I'd hate to think what would be the case if you had meant to.

3  
74  
64  
INT. HALLWAY

64

Sydney walks down hall as we TRACK WITH HIM. Sydney enters apartment.

SYDNEY



What are you doing in my place?

ONDINE

He came to apologize, Sydney.

SON

Yes, sir. . .

SYDNEY

Anything you got to say to me or  
my wife, you say it somewhere  
else. Don't come in here. You  
are not invited in here.

^

(CONTINUED)

#  
Sydney SCANS Son's  
New clothes with  
contempt./  
#

13  
64

CONTINUED:

64

SON

It was Jadine. She suggested. . .

SYDNEY

Jadine can't invite you in here, only I can do that. And let me tell you something now. If this was my house, you would have a bullet in your head. Right here. <sup>1</sup> You can tell it's not my house because you are still standing upright. But this here is.

#  
He taps  
Son's temple  
#  
Sydney  
(continuing)

SON

Mr. Childs, you have to understand me. I was surprised as anybody when he told me to stay --

SYDNEY

You have been lurking around here for days, and a suit and a haircut don't change that.

SON

I'm not trying to change it. I'm trying to explain it. I was in some trouble and left my ship. I couldn't just knock on the door.

SYDNEY <sup>^</sup>

(shouting)

Don't hand me that mess. Save it for people who don't know better. You know what I'm talking about, you was upstairs!

<sup>^</sup>  
SON

#  
Ondine goes to shut  
the door - worried they  
can be heard.  
#



#  
He looks at Ondine for  
sympathy. She avoids his  
eyes. Then, calculatingly.

#  
Son  
(continuing)/

#  
Sydney wipes forehead  
with a handkerchief.

#  
Sydney  
(continuing)

him/

I was wrong, okay? I got caught,  
okay? I'm guilty of being hungry  
and I'm guilty of being stupid,  
but nothing else. ^ Your boss knows  
that, why don't you know it?

SYDNEY ^

(intensely)

Because you are not stupid and  
because Mr. Street don't know  
nothing about you, and don't care  
nothing about you. ^ White folks  
play with Negroes. It entertained  
U(him), that's all, inviting you to  
breakfast. He don't give a damn  
what it does to anybody else. You  
think he cares ~~about his wife?~~  
~~That~~ you scared his wife? If it  
entertained him, he'd hand her to  
you!

(CONTINUED)

73  
64

CONTINUED: (2)

64

ONDINE

Sydney!

SYDNEY

(to Ondine)

You ever see him worry over her?  
No. You don't. . . And he don't  
worry over us neither. ^ What he  
wants is for people to do what he  
says do. Well, it may be his  
house, but I live here too and I  
don't want you around!

SON

Mr. Childs, you don't have to be  
worried over me either.

SYDNEY

But I am. You the kind of man  
that does worry me. You hide, you  
live in secret, underground,  
surface when you caught. I know  
you, but you don't know me. ^ I am a  
Phil-a-delphia Negro mentioned in  
the book of the very same name.  
My people owned drugstores and  
taught school while yours were  
still cutting their faces open so  
as to be able to tell one of you  
from the other. ^ And if you  
looking to lounge here and live  
off the fat of the land, and if  
you think I'm going to wait on  
you, think twice! He'll lose  
interest in you faster than you  
can blink. You already got about  
all you can get out of this place:  
a suit and some new shoes. Don't  
get antoher idea in your head.

SON

#  
An awkward silence.  
Sydney looks around the  
apartment as though he sees  
it for the first time.

#  
Sydney  
(continuing)/

#  
CAMERA fixes on  
photographs in frames  
groundroom of old-  
fashioned, formally  
dressed Negroes. Stern.

Sydney  
(continuing)/

while I /

#  
Son's face hardens  
for a moment. He  
turns away as tho'  
reigning himself.  
#  
Sydney  
(continuing)



I'm leaving, Mr. Childs. He said  
he'd help me get a visa-something  
-- so I can get back home. So. . .

SYDNEY

You don't need no visa to go home.  
You a citizen, ain't you?

SON

Well, I use another name. I mean  
I don't want nobody checking me  
out.

(CONTINUED)

SYDNEY

Take my advice. Clean your life up.

SON *^**(filial)*

Yes, sir. Uh. You know some place I could sleep till my papers come? Outside, even. I don't feel comfortable up there. I'd appreciate it. And would you do me one more favor. Could you let me eat in the kitchen with you all?

DISSOLVE TO:

74  
65

EXT. POOLSIDE - NIGHT

65

*breezes, night  
Shapes of trees be-  
coming torsos  
and heads.*

Son is swinging in a hammock. The night is full of presence. *^* Son is awake and dreaming. We see a woman's face -- Cheyenne -- eyes closed as if in sleep or in sexual pleasure. Southern BLUESY MUSIC accompanies those flashes of Cheyenne. This gaze is broken by quick flashes of a car hitting the side of a house followed by flames. Like a broken record, the car breaking into the house and the flames roar -- nothing past that.

75  
66

EXT. POOL - HAMMOCK - NIGHT

66

*SAME*

*enters, dressed*

~~by pool at night. Jade walks by hammock and dives in the pool for a swim. As she emerges from underwater son watches her.~~

~~SON~~~~It's sure as shit ain't like home.~~~~JADINE~~



~~Where are you from?~~

SON

Eloe. You'd knock 'em dead in Eloe.

JADINE

(Swimming toward ladder)

~~Eloe?~~ What on earth is that?

SON

A town. In Florida.

(CONTINUED) →

She does not see Son. Looks for a moment at the dark water the pool-starlit. Clusters of stars break as breeze ripples the water. Jadine steps out of the light coming from house and dives towards the stars. Underwater light recedes. In slow motion she looks as though she is moving in a thick substance. She goes down to where it is almost totally black. Appears to have trouble surfacing - as tho' something is holding on to her. Breaks free, surfaces. Panting, looks around. Sees Greenhouse. dead and dark. Son is watching her.

SON

Eloe.

Jadine starts at the sound of his voice.

Jadine

What?

(recognizing him)

75  
66

CONTINUED:

66

JADINE

*(Climbing to pool edge)*

God. I know it already: gas stations, dust, heat, dogs, shacks, general store with ice coolers full of Dr. Pepper.

SON

No shacks in Eloë.

JADINE

Tents, then. Trailer camps.

SON

Houses. ~~There are~~ ninety houses in Eloë. All black.

~~JADINE~~

~~Black houses?~~

~~SON~~

~~Black people. No whites.~~ No white people live in Eloë.

^

JADINE

Come on. Who pumps the water, hooks up the telephones?

SON

Oh, well, white folks do that.

JADINE

*omission  
typo*

*Jadine  
Really? Who runs it?  
Son  
Runs it self, /*



I'll bet they do.

SON

But they live in Poncie, Ferris,  
Sutterfield -- off a ways.

JADINE

I see. What work do these black  
people do?

SON

They fish a little. They work in  
the gas field too, in Poncie and  
Sutterfield. And they farm a  
little.

JADINE

God, Eloee.

(CONTINUED)

SON

Where's your home?

JADINE

(out of pool)  
Baltimore. Philadelphia. Paris.

*picks up a towel*

SON

City girl.

JADINE

(she shakes her  
hair)  
Believe it.

She starts to exit.

JADINE

(continuing)  
Goodnight, Willie.

SON

Everyone I like calls me Son.

JADINE

(almost inside, she  
turns around)  
Now how would I look calling you  
Son?

76 67

INT. KITCHEN - NEXT DAY

Ondine is handing a picnic basket to Jadine. Ondine is  
~~silent but suspicious.~~ Jadine in halter and skirt with

*Jadine tossing  
items into*

*wa  
h  
gu*



sketch pad is studied casual -- teasing Ondine. She ~~reaches Jeep, finds Son leaning on Jeep.~~ *exits*

~~SON~~

~~Mind if I join you?~~

JADINE

~~Suit yourself.~~

78  
68

EXT. JEEP

68

Son and Jadine in Jeep driving.

79  
69

EXT. BEACH

69

A thin lip of sand backed by glittering rock faces.

(CONTINUED)

#

INT. Greenhouse.

Valerian looks out, sees Jadine enter jeep; Son, with pruning shears, leaves the shrubbery he has been trimming and approaches her. Valerian continues to watch as Son and Jadine exchange words. And then drive off together. Valerian cuts some blossoms for an arrangement. Smooths back his hair, and, like a gentleman caller, exits greenhouse going toward his house. Ants invade greenhouse as he leaves.

69

CONTINUED:

69

A kind of grotto of echoes, shadows and singing water. Extraordinary birds in the air (like condors). Almost an aviary in this part of the island. During some of the dialogue following, CAMERA FOCUSES on the activity of these birds (i.e. soaring; eating live food, etc.)

70

EXT. SHORELINE

70

Son swimming. Jadine ashore, sketching. He emerges from the water and joins her.

JADINE

*Tell me something/cap./* So, what do you want out of life? Really.

SON

(drying himself)

*ten cents/* My original dime. ~~The one Old~~ Frisco gave me for cleaning a tub of sheephead. Nothing I ever earned since was like that dime. Want to know what I spent it on? Five cigarettes and a Dr. Pepper.

*When I was 5 years old, a man name*

JADINE

Really lazy. I never thought I'd hear a black man admit it. Lazy. Oooooo, ah got plenty of nuffin and nuffin's plenty for meeeeee.

SON

That's not lazy.

JADINE

What is it then?

SON



It's not being able to get excited  
about money.

JADINE

Get able. Get excited.

SON

What for?

JADINE

For you, for yourself, for your  
future. Money ain't it. It's  
what money does, can do.

SON

What can it do?

(CONTINUED)

JADINE

^

Look at what not having it made  
you do: hide, steal, lie. And  
it's not being free. It's dumb.  
Poverty is a prison.

(unpacking picnic  
basket) /

SON

Money didn't have anything to do  
with that. I was on the run.

JADINE

What for. . . ?

SON

^

(he pauses)  
I killed somebody.

(slicing breadfruit)

JADINE

^

Should I be scared?

SON ^

Not if you have to ask.

(smiling) /

JADINE

Who'd you kill?

SON

A woman.

JADINE

#  
Jadine flashes him a  
look of alarm. He does not  
look at her. She is  
quiet for a moment,  
collecting herself.  
A quail pulls the  
gut from a star-  
fish / #



#  
Son gazes out to sea. The  
son is burning - like the  
flames in his hammock  
dreams. He does not  
answer.

#  
Jadine  
(continuing)

I should have known. That's all  
you could think to do with your  
life? Kill a woman? Was she  
black?

SON

Yes.

JADINE ^

(in sing-song, with  
contempt)

Of course. Of course she was  
black. What did she do? Cheat on  
you? Take away your candy?

Son looks away ~~from~~<sup>at</sup> her.

JADINE

(continuing)  
My, my, my. And you, I suppose,  
were the faithful boyfriend who  
never looked at another girl.

SON

Never. ~~After I got married,~~  
never.

cab/

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

(CONT'D)

~~SON~~

~~I had this gig in Sutterfield.  
Off and on for about three  
months. Then one morning I came  
home and. . .~~

JADINE

~~No, don't tell me. You found her  
with someone else and shot her.~~

~~SON~~

~~No. Yes, I found her -- that way,  
I didn't go in. I left. Got in  
the car. But I couldn't leave,  
couldn't leave them there so I  
turned the car around and drove it  
through the house.~~

JADINE

~~(shifts slightly and  
tucks her legs under  
her)~~

~~You ran them over?~~

~~SON~~

~~No, I just busted up the place.  
But the car exploded and the bed  
caught on fire. I pulled her out  
of the fire but she never made  
it. They booked me after that.~~

JADINE

~~What about the man?~~

~~SON~~



~~He wasn't a man; just a boy.~~  
~~Thirteen, I heard. Singed him~~  
~~bald, but nothing more.~~

(suddenly)

I won't kill you. I love you.

JADINE

(alarmed, ~~pulls down~~ <sup>lightens</sup>  
her skirt over her  
knees)

~~Don't.~~ I don't want you loving  
me, and don't threaten me either.  
Don't you ever threaten me.

SON

I wasn't threatening you. I said  
I won't -- wouldn't. . .

(CONTINUED)

Son walks off a ways. Climbs a palm tree, slowly and with concentration. Jadine's back is to him. She is feeling isolated and in danger. High in the tree, Son looks down at her - the space around her emphasizing her vulnerability to him. He watches as she folds her legs under her skirt and cradles her arms. Son leaps down from the tree, overcome with tenderness, and runs to her.

JADINE

Why would you even say that? ~~What kind of man are you?~~ People don't say things like that. Nobody says that. ~~Where do you think you are, in some jungle?~~ Why would you say ~~you're not going to kill me?~~

SON

Shhhh.

JADINE

~~I won't shhhh.~~ You can't just sit here on the sand and say something like that. ~~You trying to scare me again?~~

SON

~~No, wait a minute, I. . . I wasn't trying to scare you.~~ I was trying to comfort you. ^

only /

JADINE

Comfort me?

SON

Yeah. You tucked your legs in like you were scared of me. ~~You don't have to tuck your legs.~~ I mean. . .

SON

Okay. ~~I was wrong.~~ I can live without a lot of things, but I ~~didn't want you to take your feet away from me, just because I didn't go to jail like I was supposed to.~~

^ please don't / legs

(typo) Jadine  
You thought I covered  
my legs because I'm  
afraid? /



JADINE

You are not well.

SON

'Cause I like your feet?

JADINE

I can't carry on a conversation  
like this. This is not a  
conversation that anybody has.

(CONTINUED)

80 70

CONTINUED: (4  
70

SON

(pleading) ^  
Let me see them.

(seductive)

JADINE

Stop it.

SON

Please.

JADINE

(determined)

Look, Willie, Son, maybe we'd just  
better pack it up and call it a  
day.

^  
SON

#  
Son restrains her gently  
as she makes an effort to  
move. Jadine glances at  
his hand. /

(most sincerely) ^  
I'm not crazy, Jadine.

(rest)

JADINE

I'm not convinced.

#

SON

A man admires your feet and you  
want to lock him up?

JADINE

I don't know about you.

SON



~~Take your time. I'll see them  
anyway when you stand up, but I'd  
like it better if you showed them  
to me yourself.~~

She stretches her feet out slowly. He touches her foot  
lightly inside her arch. *She closes her eyes.*

JADINE

Please stop.

He does. *Jadine opens her eyes.*

~~SON~~

~~You were more relaxed before,  
sassier.~~

JADINE

*^*

*(quickly)*

I've got to get back.

*71*

EXT. JEEP

71

~~Son~~ is driving, whistling. Jadine quiet. Jeep  
stalls.

(CONTINUED)

*Son*

*Show me.*

*Jadine, mesmerized, looks into his eyes.*

*Son*

*Show me.*

81  
71

CONTINUED:

71

They check; out of gas. Jadine gets plastic water bottle from rear and hands it to Son. Takes keys from ignition.

JADINE

(exasperated) ^  
~~I don't believe this.~~ Here, it  
unlocks the pump.

(wary)

She hands him the keys.

SON

You're not coming with me?

JADINE

No. I'll wait here.

SON

Alone?

JADINE

Go on, will you?

He walks away.

82  
72

EXT. JEEP

72

Jadine, hot and bored sitting in jeep.

83  
73

EXT. ROAD

73

Son walking back down the road, occasionally looking back toward her.

84  
74

EXT. JEEP

74



Jadine in jeep looking around.

75

EXT. SUN

75

blazing.

76

EXT. GROVE OF TREES

76

Shadow of grove of trees. The same grove Therese  
looked penetratingly into.

77

EXT. JEEP

77

Jadine takes sketchbook and charcoal. Leaves jeep and walks toward trees. Enters.

78

EXT./INT. GROVE

78

A wide open green space ringed by trees. Sun shafts. Looks like the floor of a cathedral. Giant remnants of rain forest trees. Young new trees at edge of green space.

79

ANGLE - JADINE

79

pleased and awed by sight. She walks further in. Suddenly she sinks.

80

EXT. "GREEN SPACE"

80

moss-algae covered pit of slimy black substage. Her sketchbook floats on it and soaks Son's face. She, in a panic, reaches and grabs a sapling which bends forward as she grabs it. She struggles to hold on.

Above her head is MURMURING. A little like bees but much more like WOMEN'S VOICES: cooing (i.e. the sound -- but not the words -- of women who might be saying "Aw isn't that a shame. Poor baby. Come on, honey, etc." Like music, familiar but not distinct lyrics).

81

EXT. DOCK - GAS PUMP

81

Son turning key and pumping gas into the two litre plastic bottle. It comes out slowly at first.

82

EXT. SWAMP

82

Hanging on, Jadine looks up. Sees quick shapes -- or leaf shadows. Not clear. But the MURMURING CONTINUES. As she makes headway with the swaying fragile tree, the MURMURING SOUNDS disapproving, annoyed. Jadine hugs tree and manages to shimmy with and up its slender trunk. Scoots down the earth bound side. And crawls -- walks -- muddy and frightened back to road.



983

EXT. ROAD

83

Son is approaching with gas. Sees Jadine standing by the side of Jeep in panties. Bent over wiping her legs with leaves. Skirt thrown over seat.

(CONTINUED)

SON

What the hell happened to you?

JADINE

I took a walk over there and fell in.

~~SON~~

~~Over where?~~

~~JADINE~~

~~There. Behind those trees.~~

SON

Fell in what? That looks like oil.

JADINE

I don't know. It's drying and sticking.

Son sprinkles gasoline on her skirt and has a good time cleaning her legs.

SON

Spirits live there.

JADINE

Oh, shut up. Just shut up.

SON



(playfully)  
I just thought you might have seen  
one.

JADINE

Look. I might have died. That  
mess was up to my thighs. Don't  
try to cheer me up; it's not  
funny! Just get me home so I can  
get this shit off me!

SON

Okay, okay.

84

INT. HOUSE

84

Jadine enters, furious. Margaret enters and stares.  
Before she can speak Jadine does.

JADINE

An accident. I took a walk and  
fell in the swamp.

(CONTINUED)

MARGARET

~~My God! You poor thing. You must  
have been scared out of your mind.  
Where was he?~~

JADINE

~~At the dock getting gas. We ran  
out. I have to get in the tub.~~

MARGARET

Jesus, what is that stuff? It  
looks like pitch.

Jadine turns on shower.

MARGARET

He's bad luck, Jade. ~~He really  
is.~~ Any time anybody gets near  
him, something happens.

JADINE

Except Valerian. He's good luck  
for Valerian.

MARGARET

That figures. Turpentine's  
better, honey. You have any?

JADINE

I won't be able to wax my legs for  
a week now. God, it burns.



MARGARET

He's bad luck, Jadine. Really. I  
just know it. He won't spoil  
Christmas, will he?

JADINE

(impatiently)  
No. Why would he? He's leaving  
as soon as Valerian hears from the  
consulate.

MARGARET

Jade, he was in my closet.

JADINE

(getting annoyed)  
He isn't there now. What's the  
matter, Margaret? What are you  
afraid of?

(CONTINUED)

85

CONTINUED:

85

MARGARET

~~I don't know.~~ Look at you, you go  
off with him, step out of a car  
and fall in a mudhole.

JADINE

I fell in, not you. And it was my  
fault, not his.

#  
They both pause as they  
hear son whistling  
outside. /

~~Margaret looks confused. Jadine frustrated and sur-  
prised at herself. Margaret soothes her.~~

86

INT. LIVING ROOM - NEXT DAY

86

Margaret on telephone. Christmas decorations have  
increased. Margaret jiggles telephone bar as she has  
trouble getting a line.

87

EXT. DRIVEWAY

87

Sydney and Gideon unloading crates of liquor and box of  
apples from Jeep. Gideon carries liquor, Sydney the  
apples, around to the kitchen door. Therese, sitting  
outside shelling shrimp, notices box of apples with  
wide interested eyes.

88

INT. BEDROOM

88

Jadine wrapping gifts.

89

INT. KITCHEN

89

Ondine cooking. Son eating with pleasure.

90

INT. GREENHOUSE

90

Valerian in an oasis of restrained color while strong  
wild colors outside greenhouse press against it. He is  
sipping wine, listening to CHRISTMAS MUSIC and humming  
happily. Looks out of his window toward washhouse.



101  
91

INT. WASHHOUSE

91

Therese happily smiling at something Gideon is doing.

102  
92

INT. GREENHOUSE

92

Valerian sees and hears Therese's laughter.

(CONTINUED)

He smiles at their high spirits. Picks up bottle of wine and leaves greenhouse walking toward the wash-house smiling happily, and humming Christmas carol. Gideon and Therese look up, ~~surprised~~, at Valerian's beaming face. *changes to dismay as he looks at the apples they are tucking into their clothes.*

*furtive*

MARGARET'S BEDROOM - NEXT DAY

163  
INT. Living Room. Same DAY  
Sara and Jadine decorating a  
tropical Christmas tree. At-  
mosphere between them is  
friendly fun.

a feeling  
lost girl-

MARGARET

The apple pie.

VALERIAN

With coffee and brandy. I'm sorry about everything, Margaret. I've been hateful and I know it. I shouldn't have behaved that way when you found Willie up there in your closet.

MARGARET

We've been through all that. Forget it.

VALERIAN

You should see the greenhouse now. Black magic.



MARGARET

Really?

VALERIAN

Really. And I am sorry, Margaret.

He embraces her, a sense of post-coital glow shared.

105  
94 INT. SYDNEY AND ONDINE'S APARTMENT

94

Sydney preparing a soak for Ondine's feet.

ONDINE

What kind of dinner is that? I  
wouldn't have it for lunch. Does  
she think she's doing me a favor?

(CONTINUED)

Insert lines  
from pp. 124-125 →

#  
Sydney  
massages her  
feet. /

1  
SYDNEY

(continuing)

And /

1

Stop grumbling. It's  
Christmastime and for once in your  
life you don't have to cook the  
dinner.

ONDINE

But I have to do the dishes, I  
bet.

SYDNEY

No, you don't.

ONDINE

Who then? You? No Mary. No  
Yardman. They decide not to show  
up without telling anybody.  
Everything's on me. A pile of  
laundry a mile high in there.  
Jadine off playing games with that  
jailbird; guests coming. . .

SYDNEY

You been hot for days. Nothing  
can please you.

ONDINE

The whole house is upset. Hard to  
think and be nice in a house  
that's upset.

SYDNEY

The house is not upset. You are.  
Mr. Street slept with his wife  
last night. You know how long



it's been since he did that?  
Slept in the same bed with her?

ONDINE

Slept is the word all right.

SYDNEY

Don't you believe it. They been  
cooing all morning.

ONDINE

They can sleep anywhere they want.  
It's where Jadine sleeps that  
bothers me.

SYDNEY

What you afraid of?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED):

SYDNEY

(CONT'D)

~~She's not going off with him.~~  
~~Just because you foolish, don't~~  
~~think she is.~~ She's worked hard  
to make something out of herself,  
and nothing will make her throw it  
all away on a swamp nigger.

ONDINE

He wants her, sydney. ~~and he'll~~  
~~do what he has to do to get her~~  
~~and what he has to do to keep her.~~

SYDNEY

Takes two, Ondine. He can't  
kidnap her.

ONDINE

Wouldn't put it past him.

~~SYDNEY~~

~~Mr. Street likes him.~~

~~ONDINE~~

~~He wants to keep him here so Jade~~  
~~will stay and if Jadine stays then~~  
~~his wife might stay.~~

SYDNEY

You hate that woman, and you want  
her out of here so you can run  
everything your way.

ONDINE

Tr. to p. 121



Tr. to p. 121

I don't hate her; I feel sorry for  
her, to tell the truth.

SYDNEY

~~It's going to be all right,~~  
~~On dine.~~ She is coming in the  
kitchen to cook Christmas dinner.  
And you have to get out of the  
way. Maybe it'll taste bad, but  
it's only for one night. Then  
it'll be over and everything will  
be back to normal.

ONDINE

Everything but my feet.

SYDNEY

Your feet too. Put 'em up here.  
Let me rub them for you.

(CONTINUED)

~~He rubs them.~~

ONDINE

You know, I never minded not  
having children ~~after we started~~  
~~taking care of Jadine.~~ She  
crowned me, that girl did. No  
matter what went wrong or how  
tired I was, she was my crown.

(she breaks the  
reverie)

You didn't say nothing about  
stuffin'. Is she going to stuff  
that bird or just roast him empty?

106 95 EST. AIRPORT - ESTABLISH - EVENING

95

Margaret and Sydney entering.

107 96 INT. BAGGAGE CLAIM

96

Sydney looking.

108 97 INT. GATE

97

Margaret watching passengers until way past the last  
one and the closing of the gate. Sydney approaches.

109 98 INT. CORRIDOR

98

Margaret outside men's room. Sydney comes out  
and shakes his head "no." Margaret dashes into women's  
room.

110 99 INT. CORRIDOR

99

Sydney waiting in some unease. Margaret comes out of  
women's room -- eyes red. She walks down corridor to  
exit. Sydney behind her.

111 100

INT. KITCHEN - CHRISTMAS - NEXT MORNING

100



Valerian and Margaret. Margaret ~~vague and still.~~  
~~Valerian determined to be cheerful.~~

(CONTINUED)

vaguely preparing food, wiping her eyes occasionally. Telephone rings; Margaret Knocks over a platter rushing to answer. No one on the line. She taps receiver desperately. Despondant. Valerian picks up platter. She takes it from him. He is dismayed — anxiously watches Margaret.

112 INT. Ondine's Apartment. Early Christmas Morning.

Ondine in bathrobe, seated on sofa pouting and Sullen. Sydney getting dressed. Jadine enters.

Jadine

He wants us all. For dinner. Everybody.

Ondine  
(frowns)

Me? Eat that shit?

Sydney

Every body?

Jadine (shrugs)

- 127 -

Why not?

(continues)

112

Ondine  
Jesus. /~~VALERIAN~~

~~God's in charge of the weather.  
And the telephone system. But  
we're in charge of Christmas.  
Come on. A smile? Tell you what,  
we will have a family Christmas.  
The house is full. We'll all sit  
down together. Me, you, Jade,  
Sydney -- evertbody. What could  
be nicer?~~

101

INT. ~~DINING ROOM~~

101

1, 2.  
All seated.113  
EXT. Grounds. Later. Same Day

114  
Very warm weather. Butterflies  
flying. Some slight signs of decay:  
bricks dislodging in patio, frost on days  
Sofa cushions on pool edge etc. ~~Margaret~~

of easing Margaret's  
disappointment)

I / ^ We should have thought of this  
before. Give Ondine a day off and  
you get to show off in the  
kitchen, Margaret. It's good to  
have some plain Pennsylvania food  
for a change. This is an old-  
fashioned Christmas. ^ 3., 4.

J.O.)  
e All help them-  
ves to food) /



SON

Gideon. Yardman.

JADINE

His name is Gideon?

~~VALERIAN~~

~~What a beautiful name, Gideon.~~

~~JADINE~~

~~Well, at least we know Mary's  
name. Mary.~~

~~(CONTINUED)~~

Valerian  
That would have been a bit too democratic. Ha, ha.  
Even in the old country we insist on shoes.

Jadine  
What a beautiful name, Gideon. Well at  
least we know his wife's name, Mary.

SON

Nope.

JADINE

No?

SON

Therese. <sup>^</sup> And she's not his wife. She's his aunt.

VALERIAN

Well, Aunt Therese will  
have to dig up her own  
Christmas treats and  
leave mine alone. I  
fired her. Him too.

<sup>^</sup>  
~~Therese? Wonderful. Therese the  
Thief and Gideon the Get-Away  
Man.~~

ONDINE

~~They didn't steal the chocolate,  
Mr. Street. That was this one  
here.~~

VALERIAN

~~Chocolate? Who's talking about  
chocolate? They stole the apples.~~

SON

~~Gideon stole apples?~~

VALERIAN

~~Yep. I caught him red-handed, so  
to speak. Them, rather. She,  
Mary, had them stuffed in her  
blouse. He had some in each  
pocket.~~



SYDNEY

~~What did he say? When you caught him?~~

~~VALERIAN)~~

~~Said he was going to put them back.~~

SYDNEY

So that's why they didn't come to work. Ashamed.

VALERIAN

Oh, more than that. Much more than that. I fired him. Her, too.

ONDINE

(astonished)

You what?

~~(CONTINUED)~~

Valerian looks at Ondine. A shadow of disapproval at the loudness of her voice.

Son

(Concerned)

Why?

Valerian

I caught them stealing. Red handed. So to speak.

Sydney

Stealing what, Mr. Street.

Valerian

Margaret's apples. After all the trouble I had getting real Northern Spies. Had them in his shirt. Aunt Therese had them—uh—hidden. Let's say.

~~VALERIAN~~

~~I said I fired them.~~

ONDINE

You didn't tell us.

~~VALERIAN/SYDNEY~~

~~(simultaneously)~~

~~Beg pardon?~~

~~ONDINE~~

~~I mean. . . Did you know that,  
Sydney?~~

~~SYDNEY~~

~~No. Nobody told me anything.~~

ONDINE

~~Mr. Street,~~ you could have  
mentioned it.

VALERIAN

(bemused)

I'll get someone else.

*I don't see what the  
problem is.*

MARGARET

Please stop bickering. I'm  
getting a headache.

VALERIAN



I never bicker, Margaret. I am discussing a domestic problem with my help.

ONDINE

(deliberately)  
Certain things I need to know, if I'm to get work done right. I took on all sorts of extra work because I thought they were just playing hooky. I didn't know they was fired.

VALERIAN

~~Look~~, I caught them stealing and I let them go and that's that.

SYDNEY

Other folks steal and they get put in the guest room.

JADINE

Uncle Sydney, please.

(CONTINUED)

(very sharply to  
Ondine) /

(offended by Valerian's  
tone to Ondine) /

CENTGER(SYDNEY)

*Sydney*  
It's true, ain't it? We were  
slighted by taking in one thief  
and now we are slighted by letting  
another go.

MARGARET

We are quarreling about apples.  
We are actually quarreling about  
apples.

SYDNEY

~~It is not about apples, Mrs.~~  
~~Street.~~ I just think we should  
have been informed. We would have  
let them go ourselves, probably.  
This way, well. . .

SON

~~(pointedly, to~~  
~~Valerian)~~  
~~If they had asked, would you have~~  
~~given them some of the apples?~~

VALERIAN

~~Of course. Some surely, but they~~  
~~didn't ask; they took.~~ Those  
apples came at great expense and  
inconvenience from the consulate.  
~~I don't see what the problem is.~~

SON

Whose inconvenience? You didn't  
go and get them. They did. You  
didn't row eighteen miles and  
bring them here. They did.

VALERIAN

*(icey)*



Surely you don't expect me to  
explain my actions to you?

SON

Two people are going to starve so  
your wife could play American mama  
and fool around in the kitchen.  
You should explain it to somebody.

VALERIAN

(turning red)  
Who do you think you're talking  
to?

(CONTINUED)

MARGARET

(interjecting -- trying  
to calm situation)  
It's all right, Valerian. Let's  
just. . .

VALERIAN

It's not all right! Whose house  
is this?

JADINE

~~Valerian, Ondine's feelings were  
hurt. That's all.~~

VALERIAN

~~By what, pray? By removing a pair  
of thieves from my house?~~

MARGARET

No, by not telling her.

VALERIAN

~~So what?~~ All of a sudden I'm  
beholden to a cook for the welfare  
of two people she hated anyway? I  
don't understand.

CNETER(SYDNEY)

Mr. Street, my wife is as  
important to me as yours is to you  
and should have the same respect.

ONDINE

(exploding)  
More. I should have more respect.



I am the one who cleans up her  
shit!

SYDNEY/VALERIAN

Ondine!

VALERIAN

This is impossible!

ONDINE

I'll tell it. Don't push me, I'll  
tell it.

JADINE

Nanadine!

(CONTINUED)

ONDINE

I'll tell it. She ~~wants to~~ meddle<sup>3</sup>  
in my kitchen. And my help gets<sup>1</sup>  
fired!

VALERIAN

You are losing your mind! Your  
kitchen? Your help?

ONDINE

Yes! My kitchen and yes, my help.  
If not mine, whose? The first  
time in her life she tries to boil  
water and I get slapped in the  
face. Keep that bitch out of my  
kitchen. She's not fit to enter.  
~~What do you expect from poor~~ white<sup>it./</sup>  
trash. She's no cook and she's no  
mother.

VALERIAN

You don't work here any longer.

ONDINE

Oh, yeah? Who's going to feed  
you?

(she points at  
Margaret)

Her? You'll be dead in a week!  
and lucky to be dead. And away  
from her.

(who is terrified)

Margaret throws water glass at Ondine. Ondine kicks  
off her shoes and rushes toward Margaret.

MARGARET

Don't you come near me!



VALERIAN

Sydney. . .

SYDNEY

Oh Lord, oh Lord.

All stand as Ondine rushes around the table to Margaret and slaps her. Margaret snatches Ondine by her braids and pulls her head down to the table. She is trying to bang Ondine's head; Ondine is giving her blows to the stomach.

ONDINE

You white freak! You baby killer!  
I saw you!

(CONTINUED)

MARGARET

Shut up! Shut up! You nigger!  
you nigger bitch! Shut your big  
mouth, I'll kill you!

Sydney and Son separate the women with difficulty. Son  
is holding Ondine's arms as she speaks.

ONDINE

You cut him up. You cut your baby  
up. Made him bleed for you. For  
fun you did it. Made him scream,  
you, you freak. You crazy white  
freak. She did. She stuck pins  
in his behind. Burned him with  
cigarettes. Yes, she did. I saw  
her; I saw his little behind. She  
burned him!

She watches Valerian.

VALERIAN

Burned. . . who?

ONDINE

(directly to Valerian)  
Your son! Your precious Michael.  
When he was just a baby. A wee  
little bitty baby. I used to hold  
him and pet him. He was so  
scared. All the time scared. And  
she wants him home. . . for  
Christmas and apple pie. A little  
boy who she hurt so much he  
couldn't even cry.

There is dead silence -- devastation.

MARGARET



(rocking, facing ahead,  
looking at no one,  
almost to herself)

I have always loved my son. I am  
not one of those women in the  
National Enquirer. ~~I am not.~~

#  
CAMERA Moves From  
Margaret's face

to the 102

Chaos of  
the table.

#

^  
INT. DOOR TO ONDINE'S APARTMENT - SAME EVENING 102

Jadine, holding Ondine's shoes, closes the door on  
Ondine's sobs and Sydney's soothing voice. She stands  
there for a moment then moves away.

Sitting/

Son is <sup>^</sup>there waiting. Jadine enters, very shaken, holding tightly to the shoes. Son stands and gently pries the shoes from her hands. Without them she seems much more helpless.

JADINE

That was awful. Awful.

SON

Don't think about it. It's over.

Son reaches for her hand. They walk, hand in hand, out of the kitchen, to and up the stairs.

JADINE

It's not over. They're fired for sure. Tomorrow will be terrible.

Son shakes his head, acknowledging Jadine's pain and fear.

JADINE

(continuing)  
What got into everybody? What does it mean?

SON

It means that white folks and black folks should not sit down and eat together.

JADINE

Oh, Son.

SON



together./  
It's true. They should work together sometimes, but they should not eat together or live together or sleep together. Do any of those personal things in life.

JADINE

What'll we do now?

SON

Sleep.

JADINE

I can't sleep. It was so ugly.  
Did you see their faces?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JADINE

(CONT'D)

*I don't understand  
why Ondine kept it  
to herself/*

*1* ~~It's true, isn't it? She stuck  
pins into Michael, and Ondine knew  
it and didn't tell anybody all  
this time. Why didn't she tell  
somebody?~~

SON

~~She's a good servant, I guess, or  
maybe she didn't want to lose her  
job.~~

*Knows how to  
keep his job/*

JADINE

~~I always wondered why she hated  
Margaret so.~~

They enter Jadine's bedroom, CAMERA FOLLOWING.

SON

Sleep. You need sleep.

JADINE

(earnestly

Will you sleep with me?

SON

I will.

*sitting on the bed/*

Jadine tentatively begins to undress.

JADINE

I mean really sleep. I'm not up  
to anything else.

SON



(sitting near her  
but not too close)/

^ ~~(he tries to avert  
Jadine's disrobing  
unsuccessfully~~

I'll sleep.

JADINE

You won't bother me?

SON

(gently)/

What did I say? ^

I won't bother you. ~~I'll just be  
here while you sleep, just like I  
said I would.~~

JADINE

I'm not up to any fucking.

(CONTINUED)

SON

For somebody who's not up to it,  
you sure bring it up a lot. If I  
wanted to make love, I'd ask you.

JADINE ^

*(undressed)/*

I didn't say make love, I said --

SON ^

*(taking off his clothes)/*

I know what you said.

JADINE ^

*(sighs; gets under the sheet)/*

You don't like me to use that  
word, do you? Men.

SON

Go to sleep. Nobody's talking  
about fucking or making love but  
you.

JADINE

Admit it. You don't like me to  
say it.

SON

No.

JADINE

Hypocrite.

SON

^

*(son, finished undressing, joins her under the sheet)/*



Listen, I'm not a hypocrite.  
Whatever you call it, I'm not  
doing it.

JADINE

What do you call it?

SON

I don't call it anything. I don't  
have ~~the language~~ for it.

JADINE

~~Why not?~~

~~SON~~

~~I just don't.~~ It's not love-  
making and it's not fucking.

JADINE

If it's not love-making, it's  
because you don't love me and you  
said at the beach that you did.

(CONTINUED)

SON

If I knew another way  
I would have said it  
another way.

^ ~~I said that because I don't know  
how else to say it. If I had  
another way, I'd have used it.~~  
Whatever I want to do to you --  
that's not it.

JADINE

What do you want to do to me? I  
mean if you had the language, what  
would you do?

turns over and / He begins <sup>to</sup> ~~caressing~~ her; they are lying face to face.

SON

I'd make you close your eyes.

Dialogue becomes musical.

JADINE

Is that all?

SON

Then I'd ask you what you saw.

JADINE

(closing her eyes)

^  
I don't see anything.

SON

Not even the dark?

JADINE

Oh, yes, that.



SON

*Imagine/*

*^* ~~I~~ imagine something. Something that  
belongs in the dark. Say the dark  
is the sky at night. ~~Imagine~~ *Put/*  
something in it.

JADINE

A star?

SON

Yes.

JADINE

I can't. I can't see it.

SON

Okay. Don't try to see it. Try  
to be it. Would you like to know  
what it's like to be one? Be a  
star?

(CONTINUED)

JADINE

A movie star?

Dialogue is background to music and love-making. He continues to caress her and they begin to make love.

SON

No, a star star. In the sky. Keep your eyes closed, think about what it feels like to be one. ~~Imagine yourself~~ in that dark, all alone in the sky at night. Nobody is around you. You are by yourself, just shining there. You know how a star is supposed to twinkle? We say twinkle because that is how it looks, but when a star feels itself, it's not a twinkle, it's more a throb. Star throbs. Over and over and over. Like this. Stars just throb and throb and throb and sometimes, when they can't throb anymore, when they can't hold it anymore, they fall out of the sky.

116  
~~104~~

EXT. SKY

104

Light changes at pre-dawn.

117  
~~105~~

INT. DINING ROOM

105

Valerian's hands trembling next to turkey carcass, spilled wine, ruins of the meal, etc. He looks at wine stains, the empty place-setting.

Sydney enters.

SYDNEY

You should go on up to bed, sir.



Get some rest; figure things out  
in the morning.

(pause)

Mr. Street, you going to let us  
go?

VALERIAN

(comes out of his  
trance-like state)

What?

(CONTINUED)

117  
105

CONTINUED:

105

SYDNEY

Me and Ondine. You going to let  
us go?

VALERIAN

~~Oh.~~ I don't. . . know. ~~.. anything.~~  
~~Anything at all.~~

The night comes  
so quickly here

118  
106

INT. ONDINE'S APARTMENT

106

ONDINE

What did he say?

Shakes his head

119  
107

The early blinding sunlight becomes the  
light over a snowy street in a poor neigh-  
borhood. CAMERA closes on Trailer Park. A  
Young Margaret with cheap luggage gets  
into limousine. Sydney (younger) takes her  
luggage. DARK - heard Italian family  
their p  
most likely occ  
they are still in bed)

107

120  
109

INT. DINING ROOM - MORNING

109

Margaret, without makeup, looking stronger. Enters,  
sees Valerian still in chair.

MARGARET

I wasn't crazy. Not then. Not  
now. I always knew what I was  
doing. I knew it was wrong.



VALERIAN

(outraged)  
Wrong?

MARGARET

I could see the mark and hear him  
cry but -- it's funny -- I didn't  
believe it hurt all that much.

VALERIAN

I can't hear this. I can't hear  
this.

(CONTINUED)

MARGARET

I have to say it.

VALERIAN

(rushes away)  
No!

MARGARET

(to herself, aloud)  
Later, then.

110 INT. WASHHOUSE 110

Ondine washing clothes. *Through open door she sees Son and  
Jadine beyond. She frowns.*

111 EXT. GROUNDS 111

Sydney mowing grass past greenhouse which is empty.  
Plants drooping inside.

1. 2. 3.

T. Grounds 123  
some distance from house, Jadine and  
Son embrace. She turns in her arms and  
he holds her from behind, nestling her  
head.  
Son  
I don't want to leave you here,

112

*unshaved, a little untidy*e  
us  
ne

VALERIAN

How dare you call him? How *dare* do you  
*dare?*

MARGARET



He isn't damaged, Valerian. He  
isn't.

VALERIAN

~~How can you know that?~~ How can  
you know what is damage and what  
is not? If you don't know the  
difference between between  
between. . .

(stuttering, he  
can't continue)

MARGARET

I know; I visit him. Believe me,  
he's fine, finer than most.

(CONTINUED)

VALERIAN

I can't hear this, Margaret.

MARGARET

You have to. I have done it. You have to hear it.

VALERIAN

You are disgusting. You are are are monstrous. You did it because you are monstrous.

MARGARET

I did it because I could, Valerian, and I stopped doing it or wanting to do it when I couldn't.

VALERIAN

Couldn't?

MARGARET

Yes, couldn't. When he was too big, when he could do it back, when he could. . . tell.

VALERIAN

Why didn't he tell me?

MARGARET

Ashamed.

VALERIAN



Oh, God.

~~MARGARET~~

~~I think he is still ashamed.~~

~~VALERIAN~~

Why does he love you? Why does he  
love you?

MARGARET

Because I love him.

VALERIAN

Why does he love you?

MARGARET

He knows I love him, that I  
couldn't help it.

(CONTINUED)

112

CONTINUED: (2)

112

VALERIAN

Why does he love you?

MARGARET

I don't know. Hit me. Hit me,  
Valerian.

VALERIAN

Please leave me.

DISSOLVE TO:

113

EXT. PATIO AT SUNSET - MARGARET

113

standing outside in a heavy tropical rain. MUSIC.  
Tropicals, SPECIAL EFFECTS.

114

INT. KITCHEN

114

Margaret enters. Ondine stands.

MARGARET

No, no. Sit down, Ondine.

ONDINE

Can I get you a towel?

MARGARET

No. No, thank you. I knew you  
knew. I always knew you knew.  
You loved my son, didn't you?

ONDINE

her clothes and hair  
wet. /

(sitting down) /

#  
Margaret sits, looks  
at Ondine who does  
not return her  
gaze.  
#  
Margaret  
(continuing)



I love anything small that needs  
it.

MARGARET

I suppose I should thank you for  
not saying anything, but I have to  
tell you that it would have been  
better, Ondine, if you had. It's  
terrible living in the same house  
with your own witness. Anyway, I  
came in here to tell you that I'm  
sorry.

ONDINE

Me too.

MARGARET

We could have been friends,  
Ondine.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MARGARET

(CONT'D)

Like at first when I used to come  
to the kitchen and eat your food  
and we laughed all the time. ^1.  
Didn't we, Ondine? ^2. Didn't we use

Ondine stands, goes to cup  
coffee from shelf, nervously. Emotionally  
drops it spilling the coffee grounds.

Margaret  
(Continuing)

Margaret's hands) /

didn't tell.

ONDINE ^ (moves to the sink, fills coffeepot)

stet

You wasn't a whole  
lot on my mind @  
Besides /

There was nobody to tell. It was  
woman stuff. I couldn't tell your  
husband and I couldn't tell mine.

MARGARET

Why didn't you tell me? I mean,  
why didn't you scream at me, stop  
me, something? ~~You knew and you  
never said a word.~~

ONDINE

I guess I thought you would let us  
go.

MARGARET

You should have stopped me.

ONDINE



You should have stopped yourself.

MARGARET

Ondine  
cup from

I wish you had liked me enough to help me. I was only nineteen. You were what -- thirty? Thirty-five?

ONDINE

No. I wasn't thirty-five. I was twenty-three. A girl. Just like you.

MARGARET

(startled, then apologetic) /

~~I had no idea, Ondine; you have to forgive me for that.~~

~~(she shifts moods)~~

~~You know what, Ondine?~~

Margaret reaches to  
get a cup from  
the shelf /

(MORE)

MARGARET

(CONT'D)

~~You know what? I want to be a  
wonderful, wonderful old lady.  
Ondine? Let's be wonderful old  
ladies. You and me.~~

~~Ondine stares at Margaret, incredulously.~~

MARGARET

(placing her cup next to  
Ondine's)

(continuing)

We could have been friends. It's not  
too late. Is it too late, Ondine?

ONDINE

Almost. Almost.

127

115

EXT. NEW YORK - SKY, BROADWAY, LANDMARKS - ESTABLISH 115

Sights, SOUNDS, textures. <sup>1</sup>

Man walking past 71st & Broadway, Columbus  
Circle, "Twins Donut" shop up town. He see  
his aliveness in his slow pace, effort to  
make eye contact, his clothing (minus an  
overcoat in late December) makes him  
stand out.

116

117

Cors. <sup>2</sup>

119

INT. I

(Elevator

Examines room surreptitiously: no  
bathroom door open - bathroom un-  
derneath hanging in open closet.  
Waiter exchange looks as white

120

INT. I

She kneels. He opens door. She jumps on him, legs  
around his waist. Both fall to the floor and embrace.  
Make love in their clothes.



133  
~~121~~

INT. NEW YORK APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Girl, eyeing Son, gives Jadine keys. Girl and Jadine  
embrace. Girl leaves.

*picks up her  
luggage and /*

(CONTINUED)

133  
121

CONTINUED:

Son puts his arms around Jadine. Leads her to sofa.  
She curls up, her head on his chest.

SON

Once upon a time. A long time ago. There was a little girl who lived all alone in a big forest. She had no family. Nobody who really loved her or understood her. ~~Only the forest understood. The wind kissed her hair. The flowers tickled her feet. And the trees~~ held her all night in their arms. So she would be safe. *Only the trees they!*

34  
122

INT. UNION HALL - BROOKLYN

122

Son in line with other job seekers

35  
123

INT. FASHION SHOW - BACK OF CURTAIN

123

Son very much in the way as Jadine and other models make quick changes in the backstage chaos. We see Jadine on runway.

36  
124

INT. MIKAIL'S - NIGHT

124

Black jazz club on 94th Street. Son and Jadine pressed in standing crowd listening to musicians.

37  
125

EXT. 94TH STREET - SAME NIGHT

125

Snowing. Son and Jadine leaving Mikail's. Having fun walking in snow. She, with pretty high-heeled shoes, gets wet. He carries her like a sack over his shoulder down the street. She is laughing.

38  
126

INT. APARTMENT - NEXT DAY

126

Jadine in bed, looking awful, sick with a cold. Son, sitting on side of bed is gently applying Vicks salve to her chest. He is enjoying himself. She, after a



moment of resistance to the odor of the salve, dips  
into the jar of Vicks and applies some to his chest.  
Slowly and sensuously. Embrace.

139  
127

EXT. STUDIO MUSEUM - AFTERNOON

Another day. (Perhaps sculpture garden Museum of Modern Art.) Son and Jadine looking at collection.

SON

What did Ondine's letter say?

JADINE

She sounded okay. Nothing's changed. Except Valerian's not too well. Poor thing.

SON

You still like that old man, don't you?

JADINE

He put me through school, Son.

SON

Nothing in return?

JADINE

No. Never. He was good to me.

SON

Margaret?

JADINE

Sure. Distant, but nice.

SON



She wasn't very nice to your folks.

JADINE

(trying to alter  
seriousness)

live/  
We'll get rich and send for them  
and ~~life~~ happily ever after.

140  
128

INT. APARTMENT, KITCHENETTE - MORNING

128

Son circling items in want ad section. Jadine dressing, throwing makeup in case, etc. She kisses him and hurries out. He continues with coffee and want ads.

141  
129

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

129

Jadine appears to be asleep in bed. Next to her, Son is awake. He turns On the RADIO at bedside. A very BLUESY SONG comes on the radio. After listening a while, ~~Jadine turns to look at Son.~~

and seriously  
preoccupied

CONTINUED

Son turns to look at Jadine.

Son

Baby.

Jadine

Hm.?

Son

Let's dance.

Jadine

Now?

Son

Now.

They get out of bed. In the dark room with no clothes on they dance to the blues-y music.

JADINE

~~What's wrong?~~

SON

~~I want us to go to~~ Eloee.

JADINE

~~God.~~ Eloee.

SON

You promised.

JADINE

~~What makes you think they~~ won't  
pick you up?

SON

1 ~~Law dont care about no dead  
colored gal. I'll take my  
chances. You gonna love it.  
Absolutely love it.~~

142  
130

EXT. SMALL RURAL STREET

130

A combination store/restaurant/bus stop. A Trailways bus arrives. Three people get off -- two of whom are Jadine and Son.

JADINE

This is Eloee?

SON



Nope. This is Poncie, the county seat. Eloee is a little town. We got fourteen miles to go.

Son puts their two suitcases near a soft drink machine. Jadine sits on one. Son strolls off a way while Jadine looks around at the shabby surroundings. Blacks and whites not "officially" segregated but they tend to group along racial lines. Not more than seven or eight people are around the store. Son returns and buys her a soft drink from the machine which she refuses. Son drinks it; her manner teasing, his good-humored.

143  
131

EXT. CAR TRAVELLING ON COUNTRY ROAD

131

144

132

POV FROM CAR WINDOW - ELOE

Houses typical of backwoods poor folk.

JADINE

(V.O.)

Where are the ninety houses? All  
I see is four.

SON

(V.O.)

Folks don't live all crunched up  
together in real life.

45  
133

EXT. ELOE

A small frame house in a tiny yard. Car arrives. Son  
pays driver and helps Jadine out. Both climb steps.  
Son scratches screen door.

46  
134

INT. THE FRONT ROOM OF A "SHOTGUN" HOUSE

134

Seated man (SOLDIER) turns slowly around. Even more  
slowly does he recognize Son. Begins a wordless,  
stamping dance of repressed glee. Then shouts.

SOLDIER

Son. Son. Son. Son.

Son opens the screen door. Jadine and he step in. Son  
grabs Soldier's head and cradles it. They look at each  
other. Soldier runs to the door.

SOLDIER

(continuing)

Wahoo! Wahoo!

(Woman (ELLEN) and two children enter and gaze at the  
scene.

ELLEN



Good god a'mighty. It is Son.

SON

(introduces Jadine)

Soldier, Ellen, this is Jadine.

Jadine smiles and nods and shakes hands with Ellen.  
Children come to look at her. Ellen smiles.

(CONTINUED)

46  
134

CONTINUED:

134

SOLDIER

Who bought you them skinny shoes?

SON

Where's you hair, nigger?

DISSOLVE TO:

47  
135

INT. FRONT ROOM

135

They are all seated drinking cold water.

SON

(to Jadine)  
I'm going over to see Old Man.  
Wait for me.

JADINE

~~No.~~ I'll go with you.

SON

I'll be right back.

JADINE

But I don't --

SON

Half hour. Maybe less.

Son leaves with Soldier.

ELLEN

(putting her off)

(insistent)



Would you like some more cold  
water?

48  
136

OLD MAN'S HOUSE

136

Soldier waits in yard while Son enters.

49  
137

INT. OLD MAN'S HOUSE

137

Son looks around. OLD MAN enters from back door carry-  
ing some vegetables.

*the house. He  
touches certain  
things with  
quiet pleasure*

SON

Hey, Old Man, how you been doing?

OLD MAN

Save me, you got back.

(pause)

When you get here?

(CONTINUED)

SON

Just now. I was over to Soldier's.  
I wanted to hear about you before  
I came by.

OLD MAN

Oh, I ain't dead, Son. I ain't  
dead.

SON

I see you ain't.

OLD MAN

Them money orders sure helped.

SON

You got them?

OLD MAN

Oh, yeah. I had to use some of  
'em, though.

SON

Some of 'em? Don't tell me you  
still got some? They were to help  
take care of you.

They walk into:

Old Man takes White Owl cigar box from under his bed.  
Opens it, to show packet of envelopes in rubber band.



OLD MAN

They did. They did. But you know  
I didn't want to be going over  
there to the Post Office every  
month, cashing 'em. Might set  
folks to talkin' and turn the law  
out on account of that other  
business. So I just took a few in  
every now and then. Quiet, you  
know.

SON

(shakes his head,  
full of emotions)  
Old Man, you one crazy old man.

OLD MAN

Cheyenne's mamma died here a while  
back.

(CONTINUED)

50  
138

CONTINUED:

138

SON

Soldier told me.

OLD MAN

She slept with a shotgun every night.

SON

Where's the boy?

OLD MAN

^

(Smiling)

You home free, Son?

Gone away from here, his folks too. ^

They walk back to:

51  
139

FRONT ROOM

139

SON

I didn't come by myself.

OLD MAN

Where is she?

SON

Over to Soldier's. Can she stay here?

OLD MAN

You'all married?

SON



No, Old Man.

OLD MAN

Better take her to Aunt Rosa's  
then.

SON

Come on, Old Man.

OLD MAN

Uh-uh. Go see your Aunt Rosa.  
She be mad anyway you don't stop  
by.

SON

I could have lied and said we were  
married.

(CONTINUED)

151  
NEWPAGE

139

CONTINUED:

139

OLD MAN

But you didn't lie. You <sup>#</sup>told the  
truth and so you got to live by  
the truth.

SON

Oh, shit.

OLD MAN

That's right. Shit. She's welcome  
in my house all day in the day.

SON

She's special, Old Man.

OLD MAN

So am I, Son. So am I.

SON

All right. all right. I'll bring her by, then I'll take her by Aunt Rosa. That suit you?

OLD MAN

Suit me fine.

Son leaves, *Shaking his head and smiling* ☺

152  
140 SOLDIER'S YARD

140

Jadine is photographing young children, teenagers, old people. Son arrives with friends. Sees her. Rushes to her and snatches camera from her.

JADINE

What's the matter with you?

SON

(embarrassed)  
Nothing. . . I. . . just. . . we have to get a move on.

Perplexed, she follows him to car.

DISSOLVE TO:

153  
141 INT. NIGHT MOVES

141



Dancing-drinking room off the side of a house. Live music. Couples dancing. Son is playing the piano.

(CONTINUED)

Jadine sitting with Soldier, DRAKE, and two women who are drinking Red Cap beer. All but Jadine and soldier get up to dance.

SOLDIER

You ever been married?

JADINE

No.

SOLDIER

Any children?

JADINE

Anything you want to know about me, ask Son.

SOLDIER

Son don't talk about his women and don't let nobody else talk about 'em either.

JADINE

I'm glad of that.

SOLDIER

I ain't. Keeps him dumb. He wouldn't know a good woman from a snake and he won't let nobody point out the difference. ^ He gets confused when it comes to women. With most everything else he thinks with his heart. But when it comes to women he thinks with

#  
Son leaves piano. Another song is played, while Son moves among friendly dancers. - his people. He is easy, loved and loving @ /

#  
Soldier  
(continuing)



his dick, you know what I mean?

JADINE

Some people think with their mouths.

SOLDIER

~~Yeah. I guess you right about that. But maybe it's~~ better than not thinkin' at all. <sup>^</sup> Who's controllin' it?

JADINE

Controlling what?

SOLDIER

The thing. The thing between you two. Who's in control?

*That's/*

*#*

*Jadine does not answer. Both watch the dancers.*

*#*

*Soldier*

*(continuing)/*

(CONTINUED)

153

~~141~~

CONTINUED: (2)

141

JADINE

We don't have that kind of relationship. Nobody controls anybody.

SOLDIER

Good. That's real good. Son, he don't like control. Makes him you know, wild like.

JADINE

I don't like to be controlled either.

SOLDIER

Good. Good.

JADINE

Did Cheyenne have control?

SOLDIER

(he looks right through Jadine)

Cheyenne? Naw. She didn't control nothin'. At least not during the day. But good God, she sure did run the nights. She had the best pussy in Florida, the absolute best.

(laughs)

How long you planning to stay around?

JADINE

We're leaving tomorrow.

Son is being vamped by a woman on the dance floor. He is good-heartedly enjoying it. Jadine scans the light flirtations.

Jadine bristles /

(eyering Son and Vamping Woman)



SOLDIER

Tomorrow? You can't leave  
tomorrow.

JADINE

Why not?

SOLDIER

Ernie Paul is coming. We called  
him up. He left from Montgomery  
already, be here Monday.

JADINE

Who's Ernie Paul?

(standing)

(CONTINUED)

153  
141

CONTINUED: (3)

141

SOLDIER

He's one of us. Grew up with Son and Drake and me. He takin' off work to come down and see Son and all of us.

JADINE

Don't count on it.

154  
142 EXT. ROSA'S HOUSE

142

Rosa embraces Son. Looks steadily and carefully at Jadine. *who looks petulant but resigned*

155  
143 INT. SCREENED - IN PORCH AT ROSA'S HOUSE - NIGHT 143

Jadine is asleep. Hot night. A LOUD MURMURING is heard exactly like the cooing women's voices heard in swamp at Isle des Chevaliers. As the MURMURING GETS LOUDER IT BECOMES DISAPPROVING. Jadine dreams of the faces of the Elloe women she has photographed, then, Therese, then Alma, then Ondine. They collect and expose their breasts. Then woman in yellow appears who exposes her chest but instead of breasts she has eggs. They converge, murmuring toward Jadine who wakes up sweating. She gets out of bed and fumbles for light. She is naked.

Rosa knocks.

AUNT ROSA

Anything the matter? I heard you moving around.

Rosa enters, notices Jadine is naked. *Her expression is stern and disapproving*

AUNT ROSA

(continuing)

Why didn't you tell me you didn't



have no nightclothes. I got  
something I can let you have.

JADINE

I forgot to bring anything.

AUNT ROSA

I'll get you something.

*Rosa* ~~^~~ Goes. ~~^~~ Returns with a slip.

*Jadine covers her face  
with her hands. Rosa*  
(CONTINUED)

155  
143

CONTINUED:

143

AUNT ROSA

You all right, daughter?

JADINE

*(Putting slip on)*  
~~Oh, I'm fine.~~ I just got too warm  
and wanted some air.

~~(Small scene to be inserted where Aunt Rosa, aware of  
Jadine's nakedness, brings her a nightgown.)~~

AUNT ROSA

~~Well,~~ I'll leave this here door  
open.

JADINE

*Opens door to the  
night air.*  
*No!*  
Thanks. *I'll be OK.*

*(alarmed)*

156  
144

INT. EMPTY ONE-ROOM SCHOOLHOUSE - DAY

144

Son is sitting at his old desk. Jadine is taking  
pictures.

SON

One more night, baby.

JADINE

~~I can't.~~ Not in that room. Not  
alone.

SON

Come on.

JADINE

*Rosa puzzled but taciturn moves  
away from door*

*# Rosa  
Goodnight.  
#*



~~No, Son. Not unless~~<sup>Will</sup> you stay with me.

SON

I can't do that.

JADINE

Then I'm leaving. I'm long past fourteen.

~~SON~~

~~Okay. Leave the back door open. I'll come in and stay with you all night. And in the morning I'll go 'round the front like I just got there.~~

~~JADINE~~

~~It's~~  
~~Stupid.~~

(CONTINUED)

156

~~144~~

CONTINUED:

144

SON

I know, but that's the way they  
are. What do you want me to do?  
You think anything we do is going  
to change them?

157  
~~145~~

CLOSE ON JADINE

145

~~honest, gentle, frustrated.~~

158  
~~146~~

EXT. BUS STOP

146

Jadine with her suitcase. Son without. Soldier in  
car.

SON

You love me?

(CONTINUED)

Jadine

I want us to be honest

Son

Can't we be gentle first and honest later?

Jadine

Eloe. Godo,



158

146

CONTINUED:

146

JADINE

I love you.

SON

Will you be there when I get there?

JADINE

Of course I'll be there. Waiting.

SON

Ernie Paul has a car. I'll go back to Montgomery with him tomorrow and fly from there to New York.

JADINE

Okay. No longer?

SON

No longer.

JADINE

I love you.

SON

I love you.

As bus pulls off, Soldier smiles as Son gets in the car.

159

147

INT. NEW YORK APARTMENT - DAY

147

Jadine is exercising vigorously in the living room. Suddenly disgusted, she flops into a chair. TURNS ON TV. TURNS OFF TV. Goes into kitchenette for yogurt. Eats. Looks out window.

160  
148

INT. MODELING AGENCY - ANOTHER DAY

148

Jadine seated. Several 15-16 year-old models also seated. After a while Jadine is summoned to receptionist's desk. Receptionist returns a packet to her and shrugs a pleasant "Sorry."

161  
149

INT. BEDROOM - ANOTHER DAY

Jadine asleep. Key turns in front door lock. Jadine hears it. Gets up, goes toward door in her T-shirt. Son opens the door. He is carrying a large gift of food (i.e., a ham).

(CONTINUED)



161  
~~149~~

CONTINUED:

149

JADINE

(bursing with anger,  
passion, lust)  
Where the hell have you been?

They kiss.

(N.B. These New York 11 scenes should move from public  
(outside) arena to progressively private (inside)  
arena. As tension mounts sets become smaller. Jadine  
is less made-up. Son's hair begins to need cutting.)

162  
~~150~~

INT. RESTAURANT/COFFEE SHOP

150

Jadine and son are seated.

JADINE

One of two things. Either you go  
to school while I work or we ask  
Valerian to lend us enough for the  
shop.

SON

Will you marry me?

JADINE

Yes.

SON

Okay. I'll go to school.

JADINE

Ooo-wee!

SON

But not here.

JADINE

How many times do I have to tell  
you -- I can't work someplace  
else. You can, but I can't.

SON

What the hell do you do that's so  
jive you can't take it out of the  
city and do it there?

Waitress brings check.

JADINE

(paying)  
I pay the bills is what I do.



163  
151

EXT. BUS SHELTER - ANOTHER DAY

151

Jadine and Son under one umbrella. *Spring rain and wind*

*Jadine*  
*He'll give us the money.*  
*Son (closing umbrella)*  
*Don't ever bring that white man up again.*  
*Jadine*

*They can*

You mean Eloee.

SON

I mean anywhere. I can get good work in other places. Houston, Montgomery, Atlanta, San Diego.

JADINE

I can't live there.

SON

Why do you want to change me?

JADINE

Why do you want to change me?  
Face it, Son, you can't make it in New York.

SON

Make it in New York. Make it in New York. I'm tired of hearing that shit. New York ain't hard, baby. Not really hard. It's just

sad. I've lived all over the  
world, Jade. I can live anywhere.

JADINE

You've never lived anywhere.

SON

And you? Where have you lived?  
Anybody ask you where you from,  
you give them five towns. You're  
not from anywhere. I'm from Eloee.

JADINE

I hate Eloee and Eloee hates me.  
Never was any feeling more mutual.

Bus arrives. Both get on.



SON

It's bullshit, Jadine. Did Valerian give up anything important for you?

JADINE

He wasn't required to educate me.

SON

That was toilet paper, Jadine. He should have wiped his ass after he shit all over your aunt and uncle. His debt is big, woman. He can't never pay it off!

JADINE

He educated me! And you can't make me think that was not an important thing to do. Because nobody else did! No. Body. Else. Did. You didn't! When will you listen to the truth?

SON

What truth?

JADINE

The truth that while you were playing the piano in the Night Moves Cafe, I was in school. ^ The truth is that while you were driving your car into your wife's bed I was being educated. While you were hiding from a small-town sheriff or some insurance company, hiding from a rap a two-bit lawyer could have gotten you out of, I

#  
Son turns his back on her  
and stares out of window  
at a blank, forbidding  
brick wall.

#  
Jadine (V.O.)  
(continuing)

#  
Son turns from wall-staring.  
He faces Jadine. (CAMERA  
Closes slowly on his face  
as she continues  
#

Jadine  
(continuing)

was being educated, I was working.  
I was making something out of my  
life. ^ I was learning how to make  
it in this world. The one we live  
in, not the one in your head. Not  
that dump Elae, this world. And  
the truth is I could not have done  
that without the help and care of  
some poor white dude who thought I  
had brains enough to learn something!  
Stop loving your ignorance -- it  
isn't lovable.

After a moment.  
Jadine goes into bedroom. ^ He follows her. She sits at  
open window off fire escape.

(CONTINUED)

164  
NEWPAGE

152

CONTINUED:

152

SON  
^

The truth is that whatever you  
learned in those colleges that  
didn't include me ain't shit.  
What did they teach you about  
me? Did they tell you what I was  
like, what was on my mind? Or in  
my heart? If they didn't teach  
you that, then they didn't teach  
you nothing, because until you  
know about me, you don't know  
nothing about yourself. You find  
out about me, you educated bitch!

(moving from icy  
calm to rage)

JADINE

Admit it. You want to be a  
yardman. For the rest of your  
life --

Son yanks her up from the windowsill. Pulls her to the  
railing of the fire escape. Hoists her over it, hold-  
ing her by her upperarms. His anger out of control.

SON



#  
Jadine is swinging  
beneath him in terror/

His name is Gideon! Gideon! ~~Not~~  
~~Yardman, and Mary Therese Foucault,~~  
~~you hear me!~~ ^ Why don't you ask me  
to help you buy a house and put  
your aunt and uncle in it and take  
that woman off her feet? Her feet  
are killing her. Let them live  
like people for a change, like the  
people you never studied, like the  
people you can't photograph. They  
are the ones who put you through  
school, woman, they are the ones.  
Not him. They worked for him all  
their lives. ^ ~~And you left them~~  
~~down there with him not knowing if~~  
~~they had a job or not. You should~~  
~~cook for them.~~ What the hell kind  
of education is it that didn't  
teach you about Gideon and Old Man  
and me? Nothing about me!

#  
Jadine is screaming. People below look up. Then she  
is crying.

# *Son (continuing)*  
JADINE

I'm wetting my pants.

*tries to*  
Son pulls her up. ^ ~~Cradles her and wipes her eyes and~~  
~~his own.~~ Jadine pulls away. She runs into bedroom;  
Son stalks her, *wiping his eyes.*

*bathroom and slams  
the door/*

165  
1697  
Int: Bathroom  
Jadine takes off her panties; sits on  
toilet - runs faucet water, urinates  
panties - all while crying. Son's voice  
through the door

153 ~~INT. BEDROOM - A SHORT TIME LATER~~

15

~~Jadine is sitting on side of bed. Son lying on it.~~

SON

(shouting)

I got a story for you.

~~Begins to undress.~~

JADINE

~~Get out of my face.~~

Motherfucker!

SON

You'll like it. It's short and to the point.

JADINE

Don't you touch me. Don't you touch me.

SON

Once upon a time there was a farmer -- a white farmer. . .

JADINE

Quit! Leave me alone!

~~Son is crying and forcing sex.~~

Son pulls her to him; they struggle to the floor.

SON

And he had this bullshit bullshit bullshit farm. And a rabbit came along and ate a couple of his. . . oh. . . cabbages.

JADINE

Jadine, struggling and fighting to get away, gets in the tub.



You better kill me. Because if  
you don't, ~~when you're through~~  
I'm going to kill you.

SON

(steps into tub)

Just a few cabbages, you know what  
I mean?

JADINE

(she fights him  
desperately)

I am going to kill you. Kill you.

(Both in the tub)

SON

So he got this great idea about  
how to get him. How to, to trap  
. . . this rabbit. And you know  
what he did? He made him a tar  
baby. He made it, you hear me?  
He made it!

(CONTINUED)

166 EXT. Street. Night activity. Forlorn.

JADINE

~~As sure as I live. I'm going to  
kill you.~~

DISSOLVE TO:

154

INT. BEDROOM - A FEW HOURS LATER

154

Jadine <sup>lying</sup> still in bed, <sup>blank-faced, stone-eyed</sup> Son returns. Penitent. <sup>Touches her forehead</sup>

JADINE

~~I can't let you hurt me again.  
You don't know how to forget the  
past and do better. You love the  
briar patch so stay in it if you  
want to, don't ask me to do it  
with you. I won't.~~

SON

(penitence gone)

You sweep me under the rug and  
your children will cut your  
throat. That fucker in Europe.  
Go have his children. Then you  
can do exactly what you bitches  
have always done: take care of  
white folks' children. That's  
your job. You have been doing it  
for two hundred years, you can do  
it for two hundred more. There  
are no "mixed" marriages. People  
don't mix races; they abandon them  
or pick them.

(beat)

And when you don't have any white  
man's baby to take care of -- you  
make one -- out of the babies  
black men give you. You turn  
little black babies into little  
white ones; you turn your men into

*Touches her forehead  
She pulls it away  
from him. I  
toward right  
and picks up a coin  
from a scattering  
of change.*



~~white men. But I'll be goddamned  
if I'll let anybody do that to me!~~

~~JADINE~~

~~Fine.~~

~~(she snatches her  
purse and rum-  
mages in it)~~

Here it is. Your original dime.

(MORE) A

~~(CONTINUED)~~

154 ~~CONTINUED:~~

154

JADINE

~~The one you cleaned sheephead for,  
right? Now you know where it came  
from. Some black woman like me  
fucked a white man for it and then  
gave it to you! Pick it up.~~

~~(she throws a coin  
on the floor)~~

Pick it up A

Son picks up the coin.

*why don't you. Now you  
know where it came from*

118  
155

INT. APARTMENT

155

*handling the  
coin*  
Son alone. No evidence of Jadine. BUZZER SOUNDS.  
Relieved and expectant, Son answers. A packet is de-  
livered for Jade Childs. He takes it and throws it on  
the coffee table. Sits, brooding. Opens packet. A  
series of photographs slides out. The Elsie shots  
Jadine took of sad, lonely-looking, shabby Black  
people.

169  
156

EXT. EMPTY CFE IN FRONT OF QUEENS HOTEL - DOMINIQUE 156  
- EARLY MORNING

170  
157

INT. LOBBY OF QUEENS HOTEL

157

Jadine in lobby. Hangs up telephone.

171  
158

EXT. EMPTY CAFE

158

Jadine sits drinking coffee.

172  
159

INT. HALLWAY - HOUSE - ISLE DES CHEVALIERS

159

Ondine hangs up telephone. Walks toward kitchen.

173  
160

INT. KITCHEN

160

Ondine looks out of the window toward greenhouse.

Stet 174  
161

EXT. GREENHOUSE

161

in disrepair. MUSIC is coming from it. Surrounding  
greenery thicker, larger, encompassing.

(CONTINUED)



175 # 174  
161 CONTINUED:

Valerian, quite changed, palsied, listening to RECORD PLAYER. Margaret is cutting his hair. Valerian looks out of the door -- ajar now. Not tightly sealed as before. CAMERA examines the changes that are taking place on the property: bricks popping up, trees hanging large and close, the seed bench plants growing in disorderly, unmatched rows, etc.

176 162 EXT. ROAD TO HOUSE - A FEW HOURS LATER

162

Jadine in Jeep with Mulatto gardener driving. Jeep approaches house. Ondine comes out to meet it. They embrace, stiffly. All three walk into kitchen. Sydney leaves. Ondine and Jadine alone together. Jadine DISSOLVE TO:  
in Ondine's arms.

177 163 INT. MARGARET'S BEDROOM

163

Margaret busy sorting clothes. Jadine enters.

MARGARET

(stet)  
Well. The prodigal daughter.  
~~What did you do to your hair?~~

They embrace.

JADINE

(stet)  
Something different. I'm sorry about leaving you with so little notice. I don't want you to think I didn't appreciate your helping me out last winter.

MARGARET

Forget it. It was a lousy time for everybody. You wouldn't believe the things that man has accumulated. Eight shoe trees in his closet and only two of them

actually in shoes.

JADINE

I came to get my things. I'm  
going back tomorrow.

MARGARET

(preoccupied)  
France?

JADINE

Yes.

(CONTINUED)



177

163

CONTINUED:

163

MARGARET

Sometimes in the morning he can't do everything he used to. You know: buttons, zippers. I have to tie his shoes even. Yesterday I washed his hair -- with Kirk's original Castile soap. He doesn't like Breck. Sydney's going to teach me how to shave him. God, is he stubborn. Worse than a child.

(Jadine sits watching Margaret - Sydney and...

164

INT. GREENHOUSE. Dark and thick with dust. boiled potatoes.

179

Sydney enters with a tray of postum, places it on the table, then walks over and turns the MUSIC OFF.

VALERIAN

Turn the music back on.

SYDNEY

You don't grow nothing in here anymore.

VALERIAN

Put the music back.

SYDNEY

(he begins to feed Valerian)

It's not too hot, is it? Would you like a sip of Chablis now?

VALERIAN

No, not now.

Transfer this and ff. to page 209 at 1.

SYDNEY

I would. I'd like a glass myself.  
~~You sure you don't want any?~~

VALERIAN

~~I said no.~~

SYDNEY

How are your bunions, Mr. Street?

VALERIAN

Corns. I don't have bunions. I  
have corns.

SYDNEY

I'll see if I can get a pair  
of huaraches.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



SYDNEY

(CON'D)

Make your feet feel good. This time next year, you'll thank me for them.

VALERIAN

Next year?

SYDNEY

I figure we're going to be here a long time, Mr. Street. A good long time.

Valerian looks confused, resigned to his fate in some way as Sydney goes about his business with an air of confidence.

DISSOLVE TO:

178

185

INT. KITCHEN

165

~~Sydney has returned from Valerian's room, and is returning items to their proper places as Ondine goes about her routine. We join them in the midst of their conversation:~~

ONDINE

She said she didn't think he would, but if he did call or come by looking for her we shouldn't let him know where she is.

SYDNEY

He better not set foot on this

Transfer  
to page  
269 at  
13.

Ondine is a  
preparing a  
tray for Valerian;  
Sydney is watching.

place.

ONDINE

She says he beat her up some.

SYDNEY

a/ Then I hope he does come. I'll  
put <sup>1</sup> ~~the~~ bullet in him for sure.

ONDINE

He ain't coming back. She dumped  
him.

SYDNEY

I could have told him that. She  
didn't do well by us, Ondine.

ONDINE

She's young. She'll settle.

(CONTINUED)



178  
165

CONTINUED:

SYDNEY

Age ain't got nothing to do with it.

ONDINE

Maybe it don't pay to love nothing. I loved that little boy like he was mine, so he wouldn't grow up and kill somebody. . .

SYDNEY

(cutting her off)  
. . . Let's not go into that no more.

ONDINE

Then I take your brother's baby girl. I stand on my feet thirty years so she souldn't have to. Did without so she souldn't have to. And she couldn't think of nothing better to do then run off with first pair of pants that steps in the door. Now explain me that. <sup>^ a.b.</sup>

Jadine enters, goes over seen and hugs him. They in a familiar way.

SY:

Ondine tell us. Going

JADINE

Yes.

Insert  
11, 2, 3,  
from pages  
205, 206, 207

180  
Int. Kitchen  
Ondine and Jadine  
Seated at table

(she hesitates for  
a moment)  
But I want you to come with me.

ONDINE

Girl, don't play with us.

JADINE

I'm serious, Nanadine.

ONDINE

Jadine, you don't owe us nothing.

(~~she shakes her~~  
~~head at Jadine~~) ^

I feel like I never taught you  
nothing at all and I take full  
responsibility for that.

ONDINE glances toward  
window - speaks  
as though imparting  
a secret /

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ONDINE

You could have told us.

JADINE

It's over Nanadine.

ONDINE

You could have told us.

JADINE

I loved him. What was there to tell?

ONDINE

Now what?

JADINE

I don't know. First I'm going to Paris.



ONDINE

(CONT'D)

A girl has got to be a daughter first, she have to learn that and if she never learns how to be a daughter, she can't ever learn how to be a woman. I mean a real woman: a woman good enough for a child; good enough for a man -- good enough for the respect of other women. I thought I was doing right by sending you to all them schools and so I never told you and I should have.

(she pauses,  
gains strength)

A daughter is a woman that cares about where she come from and takes care of them that took care of her.

JADINE

(deliberately)

You are asking me to parent you. Please don't. I can't do that now.

ONDINE

I don't want you to care about us for our sake. I want you to care about us for yours.

JADINE

There are other ways to be a woman, Nanadine. Your way is one, but I don't want to be. . . like you. Don't look at me like that

(she's on the edge,  
raises her voice,  
trying to control  
her emotions)

I'm trying to be honest with you

now and you have to listen! I  
don't want to learn how to be the  
kind of woman you're talking about  
because I don't want to be that  
kind of woman.

Jadine exits.

ONDINE

(talking to Jadine's  
back as well as  
herself)

There ain't but one kind. Just  
one.

Jadine in Jeep passes swamp. *Looks directly into it.*  
*Murmuring faint but real.*

151 (EXT. Road from House



182  
166

INT. LADIES ROOM - AIRPORT IN QUEEN OF FRANCE 166

Jadine is repairing her makeup. Her fur coat is hanging over toilet door. Alma Estee enters. She is wearing a green cotton uniform, carrying a plastic pail and mop, and wearing an auburn wig. She stares at Jadine. Then approaches her.

ALMA ESTEE

You don't remember me? Isle de Chevaliers.

JADINE

Oh, wow. I didn't recognize you.

ALMA ESTEE

You took the chocolate eater away.  
He was going to send me a wig.

JADINE

(smiling)

Looks like he did.

ALMA ESTEE

Not this one. You kill him?

JADINE

Excuse me?

ALMA ESTEE

Therese said you kill him.

JADINE

~~Tell Therese she killed him.~~

Jadine takes some money and drops it into Alma's pail.

with a  
friendly  
smile

JADINE

Bye, Mary, I have to go. Good luck.

Jadine exits.

ALMA ESTEE

Alma. Alma Estee.

183  
167 INT. AIR FRANCE COUNTER

Jadine in first class line -- holding passport, ticket, coat.

184  
168 INT. MAIN CORRIDOR OF AIRPORT

168

Alma Estee watching Jadine.

(CONTINUED)



184  
168

CONTINUED:

She keeps a baleful eye on her through gate and to her momentary disappearance as she climbs stairs to First Class waiting lounge. Doing a kind of double-take, Alma Estee spies Son disembarking at another gate down corridor to the left. Quickly, Alma searches for Jadine's position. Locates her in lounge area. Watches Son pressing through passengers (several Black people with boxes and children surround him as well as white American tourist-types). Jadine is among First Class passenger-types. Alma watches -- apprehensive and worried -- the progress of Son and Jadine: the easy, inevitable way they miss each other. At the moment it is clear that neither will discover that the other is there, Alma Estee breaks into a brilliant, wide smile.

185  
169

INT. GIDEON'S HOUSE

169

Therese is seated, stroking a saran-wrapped airplane snack tray (sandwich, a sweet, a square of cheese, an apple and a stem of grapes) and looking lovingly at Son who is fingering the curtains as he looks out of the window. ^ Gideon enters. He wears the cap of a taxi-man.

Int. Airport. 186

Jadine in First Class waiting room looks out of intercom window down to the crowded lobby below. Island women and children with their luggage, paper bags; some sitting

Isles Des Chevaliers?

SON

Yes.

GIDEON

Murder, I hope.

SON

I need some information.

GIDEON

What you want to know?

SON

If she's there. If she's not. I  
need an address.

(CONTINUED)



187

GIDEON

Christ. I knew it. The yalla.  
What did I tell you? Huh?

SON

I have to find her.

THERESE

(alarmed)

Unh, unh, unh, unh.

GIDEON

(to Therese)

Stop that! Fix some food, for  
Christ's sake! ^

(to Son)

You sick, man. Not just your head  
either. Let her go.

SON

I can't. I can't. ^

*She's all I know.*

Alma Estees enters. Son is hurt and shocked by her  
wig. Tries to remove it.

SON

Oh, baby, baby, baby, baby.

Alma angrily defends her wig. Holds it tight to her  
head. Son has hurt her deeply.

GIDEON

She want to look the fool. Let  
her.

ALMA ESTEE

You are too late. She is gone,  
your American sweetheart.

SON

You saw her?

ALMA ESTEE

Today. Flying away.

SON

Where?

ALMA ESTEE

Air France goes to Paris.

SON

Are you sure?

(CONTINUED)

*Therese retires  
to a corner, stroking  
her lunch packages*



187  
169

CONTINUED: (2)

ALMA ESTEE

She was not alone. Such beautiful  
golden hair he has.

Son reacts. Alma, triumphant, exits.

GIDEON

What will you do now?

SON

Find her. go to Paris and find  
her.

GIDEON

Paris is a big place.

SON

I'll get her address.

GIDEON

They won't give it to you.

SON

I'll make them.

GIDEON

You not going for the address, you  
going to cause mayhem.

THERESE

Kill them, chocolate eater.



GIDEON

Don't be crazy. It's just a woman, man.

SON

Get me there. Now, while there is still light.

GIDEON

Take you to smash up the place?

SON

I only want her address. That's all.

GIDEON

You won't be welcome there and neither me.

(CONTINUED)

169

CONTINUED: (2A)

SON

All right. I'll take the launch.

GIDEON

Good. Take the launch. In two days maybe you'll be cooler.

SON

Two days? I can't wait that long.

THERESE

I can take you.

GIDEON

You not taking him nowhere. You blind as a bat.

(CONTINUED)

(Coming out of shadows to She had been banished)



187  
~~169~~

CONTINUED: (3)

THERESE

I can take you.

GIDEON

The fog is coming. ~~You'll drown!~~  
We'll fish you off the beach in  
the morning. Don't trust her,  
man. Don't, I'm telling you.

SON

Get me there, Therese.

~~170 EXT. STARFILLED NIGHT SKY -CLOSEUP OF JADINE 170~~

~~She hears Son's voice.~~

~~SON'S VOICE~~

~~Once upon a time a long time ago.  
There was a little girl who lived  
all alone in a big forest. . . And  
the trees held her all night in  
their arms. So she would be safe.  
Don't try to see it. Try to be  
it. Don't you want to know what  
it feels like to be a star?~~

~~Jadine closes her eyes.~~

188  
~~171~~

EXT. FOGBOUND SEA - SON AND THERESE

171

in a rowboat. She is rowing. They arrive at a wave-  
smashed lagoon. An atoll of rocks can vaguely be  
seen. Therese tosses a rope around one of them.

SON

Where's the dock?

THERESE

You can climb here on the rocks.

SON

I can't see a damn thing.

THERESE

Don't see; feel. You can feel  
your way, but hurry, hurry. I  
have to get back.

SON

Can't we go to where the dock is?

(CONTINUED)



THERESE

No. This is the place.

SON

Isle des Chevaliers?

THERESE

Yes. Yes.

SON

Are you sure?

THERESE

Positive. Now you have a choice.  
Back there you say you don't. Now  
you do.

SON

What?

THERESE

Hurry! Get out. I have to get  
away before the water is too  
small. Hurry. They are waiting.

SON

Waiting? Who's waiting?

Therese disappears into the fog.

SON



Therese! Who's waiting?

THERESE'S VOICE

(distant)  
Les Chevaliers.

189  
EXT. Star-filled  
Sky. Jadeite  
1.2.  
Left alone Son begins to negotiate the rocks. They are slippery and the singing sea is inches below. In the darkness we see his hands groping for guidance and leverage along the rocks. He touches the shore and lies there, resting. When he is revived, the fog clears, the moon appears and we see what could be the trunks of slender trees or the legs of horses. Son gets up. The legs of several horses part and move back to clear the way. Son goes forward through the rain forest. On either side the SOUND OF HOOVES accompanies him. He falls, sleeps. Unseen but felt the horses and horsemen stand guard.

172

round as  
Decides

173

checks

193 174  
EXT. OF HOUSE

Son approaches front door. Door opens. Sydney stands there with raised and aimed gun. Son sees him, but keeps walking. Both men eye each other. When close, Son stops.

SON

'Morning.

Sydney struggles inwardly with position and compassion (class bonding or race bonding). Lowers his gun.

SYDNEY



'Morning.

Son walks past Sydney. Stands just in front of door.

SON

After you.

194  
175 They enter. Door closes behind them. At the CLICK OF THE DOOR, LOUD SOUND OF HOOVES BEGINS.

EXT. SURROUNDINGS

SOUND OF HORSEMEN GALLOPING AWAY and deep into a rain forest. The light is cathedral.

~~176 EXT. LAUNCH - DAY~~

~~We see Jadine on launch returning to Isle des Chevaliers. "MURMURING WOMEN" SOUNDS are approving.~~

177  
FADE OUT.

THE END