

MARY SHELLEY'S OTHER MONSTERS

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(Based on, If Any)

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FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM-NIGHT

Lightning FLASHES outside the window. The wind HOWLS loudly, but it is not as loud as the SOUND OF A WOMAN WEeping somewhere in the room. The sobs are followed to its source.

MARY (MID 20'S) kneels next to a bed. On the bed is her husband, PERCY SHELLEY (30). Pale skin, sunken eyes, labored breathing. The woman's head is buried, kissing the dying man's hand. Her face, obscured by her hair.

The words 'SHELLEY ESTATE - 1822' fade in and then dissolve.

Percy COUGHS violently, he then spits up a huge glob of mucus and blood into a cloth. Mary looks up. She is an attractive woman, but the tracks of tears have matted her hair to her face and reddened her eyes.

PERCY

Look not upon me woman. I have not much longer, upon this wretched Earth. Leave me to my agony, Mary.

His British accent is complimented by the female.

MARY

Please don't say that my Lord. There is still a chance.....

Percy Shelley, in true poetic fashion, raises his hand, signaling her to stop in mid-sentence.

PERCY

Sweet wife. Waste not your words of hope. I am dying. Accept this, and go on.

MARY

No, no. I cannot contemplate my life without you. (Sob,Sob). Percy we've been through so much.

Percy pats her on the top of her head. Tears stream over his fingers, as he gently strokes her cheek.

PERCY

Yes, yes indeed my love. Our romance, is  
of legends.

Mary wipes a tear away and grips Percy's fingers with both  
hands. She smiles down upon him.

MARY

Our greatest night was when we stayed at  
Lord Byron's Diodate Estate in  
Switzerland. Do you still remember?

PERCY

Yes, of course. That's the night that you  
thought up your 'Frankenstein' story,  
amid Laudanum and lightning strikes.

MARY

Yes my dear. What a night indeed.

\*FLASHBACK\*

INT. LORD BYRON'S MANSION- NIGHT

Mary Shelley, and then a happy, healthy, robust Percy, cavort  
around the dining table, chasing each other. LORD BYRON  
[20'S], DR. POLIDORI LATE 30'S], AND MARY'S HALF-SISTER  
CLAIRE [20'S]are seated at the dining table.

Claire pours the opiated, Laudanum drink into Lord Byron's  
mouth, straight from the decanter. Lightning flashes outside.  
Percy catches his future wife, Mary, kisses her and caresses  
her breast.

BACK TO SCENE

INT. SHELLEY BEDROOM- NIGHT

Husband and wife stare lovingly into each others eyes. Mary  
begins to cry again.

TWO FEMALE SERVANTS, ONE BLACK (20'S)AND THE OTHER WHITE  
(30'S), have sad faces as they enter the room with food,  
medicine and basins of water.

MARY

Geneva, Justine. My husband and I need a few private moments, dear.

The Black maid, Geneva, heads to the door. Justine follows behind her. Justine speaks up in her British accent.

JUSTINE

Very good my lady.

Geneva chimes in with an accent and attitude from the Southern United States.

GENEVA

You call us if you need us child, understand?

Mary smiles and nods affirmatively. The maids leave. Mary snuggles next to her ailing husband, her eyes smile to him, then she looks away. She appears hesitant.

MARY

Dear husband. I feel that I must tell you about a matter that has troubled me for a long time.

PERCY

I see.

MARY

Worry not. Though we pioneered the free love society, my oath of fidelity has never wavered. No this is a darker, more dangerous secret, than sex could ever be.

My Lord, think back to Lord Byron's estate. Later on, that same night. June, 1816, as the storms raged outside, we hallucinated from the opium ... and made up ghost stories.

\*Flashback\*

INT. LORD BYRON'S MANSION- NIGHT

Percy reads dramatically from a book, illuminated with a single lantern. It lights his face up in ghostly fashion. Mary, Lord Byron, Dr. Polidori, and Claire are transfixed, stoned and captivated by the tale being told.

PERCY

The soul-less, armored Knight approached her, sword drawn. The woman was too scared to cry out, too scared to move.

Her body shook with fear. The woman's frail body, could feel the blade slice her down the middle even before contact was made.

The menacing knight draws closer, CLOSER, until the damsel could smell the stench of death on his breath.

Mary squeals and clutches onto Percy tightly. Joy, excitement and terror cannot be hidden by the opiated drink she sips.

BACK TO SCENE

Percy has perked up a little. A smile crosses his face. Mary smiles at him through tears and tenderly brushes his hair from his face.

MARY

I can see you remember quite well.

PERCY

Even into the next life, I will cherish that night.

MARY

When my turn came, I laid out the basic story lines that eventually turned into my novel, 'Frankenstein'.

Just as she says the word, the wind blows open the shutters. The gust blows the curtains wildly and small items fly off the top of a nearby table.

Mary and Percy are frightened at first, then laugh because they were startled. Mary gets up to close the window.

PERCY

Yes, my lady. Your monster has served us well. Was that him climbing through our window?

MARY

Ha,ha,ha, no my prince. He is safely buried in the pages of antiquity now. The thing is, please forgive me, this is based on ... a TRUE story.

Mary slams the window closed just as she ends the sentence. Percy slowly turns his head towards her, as she blankly stares out the window, Lightning flashes again.

PERCY

(Cough, Cough) What? I, I don't understand. How?

MARY

Well, its a long story my love. It happened years before I met you. I don't want to bore you with it unless...

PERCY

Bore me Mary. What could be better on ones deathbed than a real GHOST story. I love it. It's so irreverent.

Mary is still staring out of the window as lightning dances across the sky. She glances over to Percy for a moment, then faces the window again.

MARY

You are a madman, dear husband. Your twisted humor will out live us all, ha, ha. (Pause)

Anyway, this has less to do with ghosts, and more to do with the monster, that is within us all.

PERCY

(Cough, cough, cough) I'm listening.

MARY

It was the year before I met you, 1813. I was but a fifteen year old child. Innocent to the world and its ways.

\*FLASHBACK\*

NEXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

An elaborately decorated stage coach travels down a colonial street drawn by four, well-groomed horses.

MARY (VOICE OVER)

At the time, I was a fanatic for the United States and everything little thing about America.

The War of 1812, which Britain fought against America, had barely ended. Much to my father's dismay. I cheered for the Americans to win.

He himself had mixed emotions also. He had been friends with Ben Franklin and Thomas Jefferson for many years.

Stories of the Continental Congress, the Bill of Rights, the Declaration of Independence, Thomas Paine, Crispus Attucks and Betsy Ross thrilled me.

I felt like the luckiest lady in the world when my father told me that he had arranged for me to finally visit one of my heroes.

None other, than the world famous, Thomas Jefferson. I Couldn't believe it. He even invited me to stay at Monticello. How excited I was.

Little did I know what horrible sights  
lie ahead. Sometimes, I wish I never  
stepped down from the coach.

EXT. MONTICELLO - NIGHT

The stage coach pulls into a large manicured estate. Other elaborate coaches are parked nearby. Many workers, mostly Black, are doing various jobs such as grooming horses, washing carriages and serving drinks.

A BRUTUS, a Black man in a fine suit and powdered wig, walks over to the stage coach door, opens it and bows. A dainty, Caucasian hand reaches forth. The servant grabs her hand and helps her step down.

The female that exits is incredibly beautiful. Although still a teenager, YOUNG MARY'S hair, bright eyes and voluptuous figure can compete with any woman, of any age. The Black servant speaks.

BRUTUS

Welcome to Monticello, Miss Godwin. We've  
been expecting you. Please, follow me. I  
am Brutus.

The girl steps out. Her long dress almost reaches the ground. Coming out behind her is another Black man, ADAMLY [30's], a big guy compared to Mary. He also wears a fine suit and powdered wig.

Straight ahead of them is the legendary Monticello Mansion. It's many thick, white columns gives it the feel of a plantation house, but the dome on its roof, sets it apart from all other buildings.

MARY

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

ADAMLY

Yes, my lady. Just like in the pictures.

The big man has a deep voice and a British accent.



The other Black men who are unloading the stage, turn on a pivot to look at the strange speaking, ... slave? Adamly glares back at them.

MARY

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

BRUTUS

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

ADAMLY

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

BRUTUS

Personally, I don't care what you are. All I know is they won't let your Black, greasy-ass, ANYWHERE near the main house unless they know you. That's the rules!

MARY

I won't stand for that. This man.....

BRUTUS

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

ADAMLY

Do not talk to me as if I were her puppy. I am Reginald Preston Adamly, a FREEMAN from the town of Brixton, Great Britain.

I'll suffer this indignity for one night Miss Godwin, but ensuing accommodations must improve greatly. This is not acceptable. This place is barbarous.

MARY

Oh, dear Adamly. I had no idea. Please forgive me.

After tonight, we will head back to Boston, the London. I'm sorry, I'd would never do anything to hurt you.

She puts her arm around the large Black man. The American slaves gasp at this open display of affection between the odd couple. Brutus notices other arriving guests and the looks that they are sending toward Mary and her 'friend'.

BRUTUS

Miss, (nervous) we really need to get going. Dinner is almost ready.

MARY

Yes, yes. (Pause) Make sure that you take special care of my friend. I will hold you fully responsible, Mr. Brutus.

BRUTUS

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

Mary waves as she walks towards the big house with Brutus. Adamly waves back at her as she walks off.

INT. MONTICELLO BALLROOM - NIGHT

The white-gloved, Brutus leads Mary to her place in the reception line. In the light, Mary looks radiant. Her hair, impeccable, her skin, smooth as porcelain. Her diamonds, sparkle like stars in the night sky.

The hall itself is a work of art. The domed ceiling is lined with crystal chandeliers and inlaid gold. Huge oil paintings line the walls. The polished, hardwood floors are glass-like and spotless.

The mansion is decorated in Red, White, & Blue. "4th of July" banners wave.

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

QUIMBY

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

MARY

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

An elderly man with white hair and a wry smile shakes hands and moves his way down the line towards Mary. Mary twitches and primps like a typical nervous teenager. Quimby gets a chuckle from the spectacle.

QUIMBY

Look at you, gal. This ain't nobody but old Tom! Shoot, he ain't nothing special.

The man is noticeably drunk as he tries to balance himself on his 'antebellum pimp stick'. Jefferson gets closer to the two on the reception line. Mary is offended.

MARY

You're wrong. He is very special. All the beautiful things he wrote and invented, how can you say that?

QUIMBY

The difference, my dear, is that you know Jefferson as a person in a book. I know a man I call, Old Crazy Tom. Big difference.

Soon Jefferson is in front of the well-buzzed planter.

JEFFERSON

Quimby, you old devil. When did the gates of hell open up long enough, for you to slip out?

The men shake hands and smile jokingly.

QUIMBY

You ought to know Tom, you slipped out with me, ha ha ha. (Pause) So old man, when are you gonna sell me some of those spoiled Black wenches?

Mary looks at the drunkard out of the corner of her eye, but says nothing.

JEFFERSON

I wouldn't sell you a three-legged hound dog that is blind in one eye, much less a slave girl. You're not sane!

QUIMBY

What does sanity have to do with owning slaves? We'd both be up shit creek if that were so. No offense. Miss.

MARY

Too late.

QUIMBY

Pardon me?

MARY

You're too late. I'm already offended, pig!

JEFFERSON

My, my Quimby. I think your southern charms aren't working on our British friend. And what is your name Miss?

MARY

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

JEFFERSON

Oh yes, the good Mister Godwin. I was told to expect you. No wonder you are such a spitfire. Your dad and I have been friends for many years. Welcome.

A YOUNG MAN [LATE 20'S] from the other side of the room takes special notice of Mary. His piercing blue eyes and cavalier stance catches the Brit's attention for a brief moment.

MARY

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

JEFFERSON

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

MARY

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

JEFFERSON

What a lovely guest. You should take notes, Quimby.

Quimby rolls his eyes and lets out a large sigh.

QUIMBY

Yes Tom, its very touching. Let's speed up the reception line nonsense so we can get to the food....PLEASE!

Mary scowls at the rude Georgian, but Jefferson, used to his barbs, laughs at the hungry drunk as he moves down the line to the Swiss Ambassador.

INT. MONTICELLO DINING HALL- LATER

The guests are all sitting at a very, very long table. Around the table are over a dozen Black servants who pour coffee, remove plates and keep the area tidy. The dessert plates are now empty. Jefferson, at the head of the table, speaks.

JEFFERSON

Is everyone ready for some dancing?

QUIMBY

You dance, old man. I'll have more pie  
and a glass of rye.

JEFFERSON

Fine then, everyone, except Quimby, can  
follow me back to the ballroom.

As Mary walks by the bloated Quimby, she flashes him a  
disapproving snarl, on the way to dance floor.

BALLROOM - LATER

An orchestra plays beautifully from the corner as the guests  
waltz and laugh with each other. After a while, Jefferson  
goes over to the band and hand gestures them to stop. He gets  
on the conductor's platform.

JEFFERSON

Welcome friends, neighbors, family  
(pause) and Quimby too. (Chuckle)!

Thank you for coming to my humble home on  
this special occasion.

In case you were not aware, TODAY, July  
Fourth, 1813, is the 37th year our  
country has celebrated it's independence  
as a nation.

Cheers from the crowd.

JEFFERSON

As author of the Declaration of  
Independence, I feel a special fondness  
for this date. Let us rededicate  
ourselves to those lofty principles  
within.

The principal, that all men are created  
equal, and endowed with the unalienable  
right, to life, liberty and the pursuit  
of happiness, is the most important.

It is our destiny as Americans to cultivate these high principles in our young nation and forge a republic based on it.

Once perfected in the ruling class, these principles shall penetrate every citizen and eventually, even our slaves. It is a high ideal, but we can do it.

Once perfected in every heart and soul of this nation, we can be an example to the world. A government of the people, dedicated to justice, peace, equality and joy.

Keep those thoughts in mind tonight and every night. Enjoy yourselves and be sure to try some of my homemade wine. God bless you all.

The applause cascades in waves across the ballroom. Jefferson gingerly steps down from the small platform as the orchestra begins to play again. Mary claps for her hero enthusiastically. He happens to walk by her.

MARY

Mr. President, that was a GREAT Speech. You might make me consider becoming a Yankee.

JEFFERSON

Ha ha ha, well we'd be glad to have you. How about I welcome you to our little country by sharing a dance?

MARY

Dance? M-m-me? Well, (pause) on one condition.

JEFFERSON

Conditional huh? What is your price, fair maiden?

MARY

The condition is that you give me a tour of your wonderful inventions later on.

JEFFERSON

Miss Godwin, you have a deal.

The ex-President takes the young girl by the arm, kisses her hand and begins to waltz. The crowd clears the floor for them. Mary smiles widely, she seems to be in heaven.

The music spins and swirls, as the odd couple on the dance floor does the same. Looking on with contempt, is Quimby. Looking on with interest, is the brooding young man. Looking on with joy, are the other party guests.

As the song ends, applause breaks out. Mary is red-faced and on the verge of squealing with delight.

MARY

Well, thank you Mister President. That was glorious.

JEFFERSON

I feel the same. Ready for your tour, young lady?

QUIMBY

Just a second, Tom. I really need to get that business done, so that I can get back to Georgia as soon as possible. It won't take long.

JEFFERSON

Well, Miss Mary, do you mind?

MARY

If it will help get Mr. Quimby out of town faster, I'll happily postpone my science tour for a few moments.

The crowd, including Jefferson, chuckle at the well-timed barb. Mary and Quimby exchange some very unfriendly glances. Jefferson escorts Quimby down the dark hall.



As the music starts up again, the young man who had been observing her, approaches. His clothes reflect that he is well-to-do for a young man in his twenties. He is somewhat nervous as he talks to her.

VICTOR

Uh, hello ma'am. My name is Victor. Umm, is it alright to have this dance?

MARY

My name is Mary. I wouldn't mind dancing with you later, but now I'm waiting for Mr. Jefferson. He's going to show me his creations.

VICTOR

Ah yes, I heard the deal that you made. Interested in science are you?

MARY

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

VICTOR

I see. Perhaps you heard of my dad, Ben.

MARY

Ben? Ben who?

VICTOR

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

MARY

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

Victor gets a strange look on his face. A quick smile chases it away.

VICTOR

It would seem to be a lucky situation, but all situations have drawbacks.

Perhaps after you see Jefferson's creations, you will have time to see my father's and mine.

MARY

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

VICTOR

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

MARY

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

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

VICTOR

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

MARY

Quite.

Mary sits by the beautiful grandfather clock and sips her drink. The time reads 8:30. Victor waves, leaves.

LATER

Mary's drink is empty as she sets it down. The clock reads 9:10. Mary looks frustrated. Victor comes over to her.

VICTOR

Mr. Jefferson still isn't back yet from his office?

MARY

No! (Pouting) He said he'd be right back too.

VICTOR

Business before science. People have to eat, right?

MARY

Perhaps. I just wish that if he had to postpone our time together, he could have told me.

VICTOR

Well, perhaps I can find him. I bet that he is in the study. I've been there before, I think its this way.

INT. CORRIDOR

Mary and Victor walk down the dimly lit hallway. On the walls are landscape paintings. From further down the hall, voices are heard.

MARY

I think I can hear him around here. Maybe I shouldn't bother him now.

VICTOR

Come on. The room is right over here.

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

INT. THE STUDY

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

Jefferson and Quimby are there, but they are not alone. TWO BLACK SLAVE GIRLS [TEENS] are with them also. Quimby is presently molesting one breast, from each of the women. He smiles like a crazy man, loving the moment.

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

The look on the woman's faces is pure horror.

JEFFERSON

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

PANDORA

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

QUIMBY

I love it when niggers start crying about families and such. It's a joke. Niggers ain't no more interested in family than hogs are.

They pretend they have family but they're just imitating what they see white people do. I seen it before, it's just an act. They don't have human emotions.

PANDORA

I'm not acting, Mr. Thomas.

Quimby removes his hand from her breast, then backhands her across the face.

In a mirror reaction, in the hall, Mary winces.

QUIMBY

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

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

PANDORA

Yes sir, Mr. Quimby. I sorry.

QUIMBY

That's better.

Quimby rips open her blouse. Her bare breast falls out. More tears run as she stares at the ceiling, mentally escaping.

JEFFERSON

Quimby.

QUIMBY

Yes, yes. Much better.

JEFFERSON

Quimby, control yourself old boy. They aren't your property yet. I'd appreciate it if you didn't damage the valuables.

QUIMBY

Of course sir. But do you realize more inspection is needed. (To Pandora) Bend over! (Pause) Oh yes.

Quimby pushes on her back, she bends at the waist. He grabs the bottom of her dress from behind and flips it up so that her backside is exposed to him. Quimby looks at it closely, smiles. Humiliation and pain are etched on Pandora's face.

JEFFERSON

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

INT. CORRIDOR

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

INT. THE STUDY

Jefferson, laughing, sips more wine. Quimby starts to undo his pants. Pandora cries.

PANDORA

Please, sir, please. Please don't let him take me like this sir. I'll be good sir, I promise, NOOO!

JEFFERSON

Pandora, Pandora. This isn't personal, it's just business.

I've been buying and selling slaves like you since I was a teenage boy.

QUIMBY

How about I take this Philly for a ride before I lay my money down.

JEFFERSON

You're a pig, Quimby.

MARY

WRONG! You are BOTH PIGS!

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

JEFFERSON

MARY! What are you doing here?

Quimby gathers himself. Pandora tries to cover herself up. She avoids all eye contact.

MARY

I thought that you were a good man, a great man. All your talk about independence, liberty and pursuit of happiness. It's all lies (sob) ALL LIES!

The pursuit of money, that's all you love. MONSTER! You are no better than that worm Quimby.

QUIMBY

I've had about enough of your mouth.

MARY

What are you going to do, big man? Try to RAPE me too?

JEFFERSON

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

QUIMBY

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

MARY

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

Jefferson turns to Pandora and the other girl.

JEFFERSON

Go! NOW!

The ladies waste no time as they exit the area.

QUIMBY

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

VICTOR

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

Victor steps out of the shadows.

QUIMBY

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

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

MARY

Get him Victor!

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

JEFFERSON

Gentlemen, please.

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

VICTOR

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

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

QUIMBY

Please, please don't kill me.

VICTOR

Mary?

MARY

It's okay, Victor. He's not worth it.

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

JEFFERSON

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

MARY

Oh, I see. As long as I don't see it, then it's alright. Victor, I think we ought to leave before we SEE any more of Mr. Jefferson's creations.

I've seen enough of your lies and empty words to last me a lifetime. I can't believe I was fooled to think that you were a hero.

JEFFERSON

Mary, please, let me make it up to you.

MARY

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

JEFFERSON

Please, don't say that.



MARY  
Victor, lets go!

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

JEFFERSON  
You're no better that I am Victor. Maybe worse. She'll see.

VICTOR  
Goodbye Jefferson.

INT. BALLROOM - LATER

Mary, pissed off, storms through the ballroom and marches out the front door. Victor follows behind her.

EXT. MONTICELLO PORCH - NIGHT.

As Mary goes through the door, she waits for Victor. She leans against one of the thick white pillars. A thunderstorm brews overhead. Lightning flashes in the distance and light rain starts to fall. Dark clouds move across the full moon.

Victor walks out. A drink is in his hand. He walks over to Mary, sips his wine and admires the sky.

VICTOR  
Sorry Miss Godwin. Ugly sky huh?

MARY  
Ugly night Victor. I think I'll just get my servant and start my trip back to London. America has been a tremendous disappointment.

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

MARY  
Thank you but...

VICTOR

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

MARY

You told me that before ... I don't know.

VICTOR

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

MARY

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

Victor smiles widely.

VICTOR

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

MARY

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

VICTOR

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

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

ONE OF JEFFERSON'S SLAVES runs over to them and hands her an umbrella. Mary smiles to him.

MARY

Thank you.

VICTOR

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

The slave nods that it is understood. He hurries off into the dark night.

EXT. OUTSIDE STAGE COACH- NIGHT

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

ADAMLY

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

The British accent catches Victor off guard.

MARY

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

ADAMLY

Beautiful. Absolutely marvelous.

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

VICTOR

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

MARY

Teach him? (confused, annoyed). This man is a British Citizen. This is his natural speech. I fail to see the humor.

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

VICTOR

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

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

MARY

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

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

VICTOR

I see.

BRUTUS

Sir, your coach is ready.

VICTOR

Very good.

MARY

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

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

ADAMLY

My pleasure, sir. Quite a legacy your father left. I've been an admirer of his accomplishments for decades.

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

VICTOR

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

MARY

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

ADAMLY

Tonight?

MARY

Yes. Then after that, we can head to the port and then back to England.

Adamly looks at her for a second before answering.

ADAMLY

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

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

MARY

Oh Adamly, you worry too much. Everything will be fine. We'll only be there a few hours. Come on, help me into the coach.

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

ADAMLY

Alright Miss Mary, you win.

MARY

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

VICTOR

Don't worry, it will.

ADAMLY

Time will tell.

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

INT. STAGECOACH - NIGHT.

The carriage is small. The three occupants are jostled and jerked around with every little bump in the road. All seem to be in a good mood. Victor takes out something from his pocket and shows them.

VICTOR

We can start my tour of inventions right now. This is one of my newest creations. I call it a hearing enhancer. Try it, Mary.

Victor demonstrates how to put it in the ear, then gives it to Mary to try.

MARY

Oh my. My goodness. Everything is so much louder. (Excited) This will be such a benefit to the elderly. Good job, Victor.

VICTOR

Thank you.

Mary takes out the 'enhancers' then gives them to Adamly. Victor squirms a little as Adamly puts them in his ear.

ADAMLY

Impressive, Mr. Franklin. Very impressive. I'm certain your profits will be astronomical. How many have you sold so far?

VICTOR

None yet. I haven't even patented it yet.

ADAMLY

You must be joking.

Adamly takes out the earplugs and looks at them.

VICTOR

No, that's no joke. I'm not registering my small inventions until I am able to perfect my masterpiece. I hope that will be soon.

ADAMLY

Best of luck to you.

Adamly reaches over to Victor in order to hand back the hearing aids. Victor stops him, points to Mary.

VICTOR

Please give them to the lovely lady as a keepsake. My compliments.

Adamly hands them to Mary and she bursts into a smile.

MARY

Thank you kind sir. That's very sweet. By the way, what is this invention that you call your Masterpiece? I'm intrigued.

VICTOR

Ah, my lady, that is a secret. Perhaps I will be able to share that secret with you, but there are variables involved, which I cannot control yet.

MARY

Uncontrolled variables? You mean like the weather?

VICTOR

Exactly.

ADAMLY

Well sir, if you are in need of rain, this is indeed your lucky day. The volume of precipitation has quadrupled in the last few minutes.

Victor looks at Adamly curiously, then smiles. The sound of rain pounding against the horse drawn wagon is much louder that it was before.

Lightning flashes, light up the inside of the coach.

MARY

Indeed, beastly weather. I wouldn't even send a dog out in that kind of weather. I hope we can get to the port tonight.

ADAMLY

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

VICTOR

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

Mary looks out the window, just as a lightning bolt hits a nearby tree. The tree explodes in sparks, flames and thick smoke. The horses raise up and buck in fear for a second, Mary and the passengers jump also.

MARY

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

VICTOR

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

EXT. FRANKLIN MANSION- NIGHT

The HOUSE SERVANTS come out to meet Victor and the guests with umbrellas. One girl, GENEVA, in her mid twenties gives Mary an extra coat. Mary appreciates it.

MARY

Thank you dear. What's your name?

GENEVA

My name is Geneva, Miss.

MARY

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



ADAMLY

Miss Mary, please. (To Geneva). Pleased to meet you Miss.

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

VICTOR

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

EXT. FRANKLIN ESTATE - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

The rain-soaked souls, head to the front door of the vary large mansion. White columns grace it's facade and dark skies flash lightning from above.

INT. FRANKLIN MANSION - NIGHT

The entourage comes into the hall of the huge house from outside. The room is well lit. Chandeliers hang from the ceiling and large paintings hang from the walls. A huge portrait of Ben Franklin is hung in a prominent place.

VICTOR

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

GENEVA

Yes sir.

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

MARY

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

ADAMLY

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

A male Black servant, IVORY (Forties) enters the room. He is an older man and he has a hump in his back. The hump makes him walk with a limp. He walks towards Victor and his guests.

VICTOR

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

IVORY

Good evening ma'am. Welcome.

The deformed man's voice is hoarse and mixed with a very strong southern drawl. Mary smiles, confused.

MARY

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

VICTOR

Ha ha ha, half the time I can't understand him either. After graduating Medical School last year. I bought Ivory from an Alabama doctor.

I'm trying to teach him proper Virginia English but its hard to change the habits of an old dog.

MARY

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

VICTOR

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

IVORY

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

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

VICTOR

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

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

IVORY

You sure, Massa?

VICTOR

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

IVORY

Yes Massa.

ADAMLY

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

VICTOR

You are quite observant. Yes, the house is safe, but the roads, that's where the problem lies.

If worse comes to worse. I hope you feel comfortable enough to stay the night. We have more than enough rooms and food.

ADAMLY

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

Victor smiles, he seems amused and intrigued.

VICTOR

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

MARY

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

VICTOR

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

MARY

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

VICTOR

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

ADAMLY

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

Victor smiles, turns to Ivory and winks.

VICTOR

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

INT. VICTOR'S PARLOR - LATER

Mary and Adamly are served as Geneva pours libations from a decanter. In the hall, slaves sneak peeks and snicker at Adamly as he sits calmly, dressed like British gentry. To their eyes, an inspiring oddity.

ADAMLY

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

VICTOR

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

ADAMLY

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

VICTOR

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

ADAMLY

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

MARY

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

VICTOR

Really?

MARY

That's why I came here. I hoped to find a nation of harmony. Instead I found liars, bullies, hypocrites, pigs and monsters. (To Victor) Sorry, no offense.

VICTOR

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

MARY

Yes please.

ADAMLY

Not too much for her, she's still a young girl.

MARY

Oh Adamly.

Geneva pours two glasses full of the dark red vino. Adamly takes his glass and sips it.

ADAMLY

Very sweet. Is this Sangria?

VICTOR

What?

ADAMLY

A Spanish wine.

VICTOR

No, no. This is a sample from the Franklin Vineyard.

MARY

Yummm, this is good.

VICTOR

We have several different kinds of wine that we make. Drink up, there is plenty more. I prefer bourbon myself.

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

MARY

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

VICTOR

Yes, as a matter of fact, this is part of my lab. Come, let me show you. (To woman) Euphrates, clean up in here please.

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

EUPHRATES

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

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

VICTOR

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

EUPHRATES

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

VICTOR

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

EUPHRATES

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

Adamly smiles at the crazy old lady.

VICTOR

Euphrates, behave. We will be back soon.

INT. CORRIDOR

Victor leads the way with a kerosene lantern. The walls of the corridors are earthen bricks. The hall leads to a winding staircase which all three of them ascend.

INT. STAIRWELL

The trio climbs the old steps with the lantern as the only light. The stairway looks like it came from a medieval castle. Soon a door appears. The trio stops even though the stairs climb higher.

VICTOR

Here we are folks.

The old, thick metallic door looks heavy and difficult to open.

MARY

My goodness Victor. This place looks more like a dungeon than a lab. What do you invent here?

VICTOR

Just watch, I'll show you another invention.

Victor grabs the doorknob, gives it a tug. It doesn't move. He motions for Adamly to try. He pulls but the big door doesn't budge.

ADAMLY

Whew, that door is firmly affixed. I don't see how...

While he is talking, Victor presses a small rectangular metal plate that is mounted on the wall near the door. The door opens automatically in a smooth, silent motion.

MARY

WOW! Victor that's nice.

VICTOR

I'm glad you like it.

ADAMLY

Very impressive, Dr. Franklin. I see you specialize in more endeavors than just physiology.



VICTOR

You are quite correct, Adamly. Over half of my inventions are non-medical. But the big one, oh, the big one is strictly medical.

MARY

When do we get to see it?

Victor smiles coyly at them.

VICTOR

Right this way.

INT. VICTOR'S LABORATORY

The trio enters the secluded room in single file. The automatic door closes behind them. Mary jumps when it closes and locks. She smiles and follows Victor.

The laboratory is large. Tools and surgical equipment are neatly arranged in the wall cabinets.

Mary and Adamly walk over to the cabinets. Rows and rows of shiny, stainless steel scalpels and blades of different sizes and shapes dazzle them.

VICTOR

Hey guys, smile.

Mary and Adamly turn in unison and are blinded by a bright flash. Victor is holding a small black box in his hand.

MARY

Victor! What are you doing?

Victor pulls a small plate from the bottom of the box and puts it in a rack that is connected to two pronged wires.

VICTOR

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

Victor flicks a switch, sparks jump and zap the plate. Victor puts on gloves and opens the plate. Out comes what looks like a photo of Mary and Adamly.

ADAMLY

Fascinating. Good job, Franklin.

MARY

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

VICTOR

Of course Mary. You may have it. Just one condition. You may not show this to anyone or speak of my invention until I'm ready to market it.

MARY

You have my word, Victor. Adamly's also. Victor, you will be rich beyond your dreams with just the inventions we've seen so far.

VICTOR

Oh, but there is so much more to come. By the way, do you play any musical instruments?

MARY

Well Adamly, speak up.

ADAMLY

Really Miss Godwin, I'd rather not.

VICTOR

Don't tell me. Does he play french horn for the London Philharmonic too?

MARY

Ha ha ha, not quite. He does play a nice violin though.

VICTOR

Wait here.

Victor goes into a nearby closet and pulls out a black violin case. Mary squeals with excitement. She taps Adamly on the shoulder pushing him towards Victor.

MARY

Wait till you hear him, Victor. Don't be shy, Adamly.

ADAMLY

Actually, I'd be glad to. Lets take a look at her.

Victor pops open the case and carefully hands the violin to him. Adamly smiles widely.

VICTOR

Like it do you?

ADAMLY

Let me show you.

Adamly takes the violin and starts to play beautifully. Soon, Mary joins him, singing operatically. His body language and closed eyes shows that he is truly lost in the music.

Victor rolls a four-foot high, metal machine towards the violinist. This contraption features prongs that are pointed at a softball sized metal ball. Victor flicks a switch. Little lightning bolts jump from the prongs and zap the ball.

The ball begins to spin slowly. Adamly and Mary are unaware any of this is happening. They are 'at one' with the music. Soon they end the recital, Victor applauds.

VICTOR

Bravo! Bravo!

MARY

Didn't I tell you he was amazing?

VICTOR

Wouldn't it be great to be able to hear that performance again?

ADAMLY

Do you want to hear the same song?

VICTOR

Yes, but you can put the violin down?

ADAMLY

What? I don't understand.

VICTOR

Listen.

Victor flicks a switch on the front panel. The ball starts to spin backwards. The sound of the duet's performance starts to emanate from the machine through metal appendages that look like trumpets. The sound is crisp and clear.

Mary and Adamly stand there, stunned, mouths hanging open.

ADAMLY

But how?

VICTOR

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

To some degree, I have been very successful. The thing is, I feel that I have just barely scratched the surface of its potential.

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

ADAMLY

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

VICTOR

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

ADAMLY

What do you have in mind?

VICTOR

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

Victor goes to a cabinet and opens it up. Several different color bottles are there. He pulls out a bottle with blue fluid in it. He pours out drinks for his guests.

MARY

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

VICTOR

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

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

ADAMLY

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

VICTOR

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

MARY

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

VICTOR

Why thank you. Just wait for it to hit you, its nice. In the meantime, lets look at more of my collection.

LATER

A pile of inventions are on a table. A small mechanical man with moving arms and legs, marches around in front of Adamly and he is fascinated by it. Adamly also looks very stoned. Mary and Victor roll up to him in a mini-automobile, she is laughing hard.

ADAMLY

My God Victor, what do you call that thing?

VICTOR

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

MARY

Hee, hee, hee, it's fun too. I'll order my carriage right now. I love it.

VICTOR

You will be first on the list Mary.

MARY

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

ADAMLY

I feel so weak, dizzy.

VICTOR

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

MARY

Yes, I think that would help.

Victor walks over to a long rectangular box that is mounted to a nearby wall.

Near the top of the metal box is a hose with a small opening on the end of it. Victor speaks into the tube.

VICTOR

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

EUPHRATES (OC)

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

VICTOR

Don't sass me woman, send the key.

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

EUPHRATES (OC)

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

The sound of Euphrates voice is cut off by Victor.

VICTOR

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

Victor goes to a cabinet and takes out two small jars. Each jar is filled with different shaped white pills. He takes a small one and gives it to Mary. He gives the large one to Adamly.

ADAMLY

What do these do?

VICTOR

They will help you sober up. Come, lets  
go get some fresh air.

They all walk over to a door and Victor opens it. The door opens to an uncovered patio. They stay out of the range of the raindrops but feel the full breeze of the storm. Lightning flashes every few seconds. Flood water is everywhere.

MARY

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

VICTOR

What's wrong with the view now? I think its breathtaking. To me, nothing is more beautiful than lightning. The power, the shape, the brightness.

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

EUPHRATES

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

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

VICTOR

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

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

EUPHRATES

As I said, there is only ONE GOD! That God is a jealous God. To try and be equal to him will lead to doom and damnation. Look at that fallen angel himself, Lucifer.

Victor picks up a pint-sized glass beaker from his lab table and flings it at the old woman. The glass shatters into a hundred pieces just inches from her head. The guests are stunned.

VICTOR

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



MARY

Victor, don't ....

He picks up another small object and throws it at her as she scurries her old bones towards the door. Adamly is in a stupor.

VICTOR

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

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

MARY

Victor, what did you do to us?

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

VICTOR

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

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

IVORY

Yes, Massa?

VICTOR

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

IVORY

Upstairs, Massa? I knew it.

Ivory struggles but manages to get Adamly down the hall to a small room. It is closed on three sides, no chairs.

Ivory pushes Adamly into it. Victor follows with Mary. Mary is groggy but has the presence to resist going in the room.

INT. SMALLROOM - SAME

Mary struggles with Victor as Adamly seems to get weaker by the second. Victor pulls a lever, the door closes. A small light comes on. Next, Victor pulls an overhead chain. The small room starts to move skyward like an elevator.

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

ADAMLY

Snake!

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

VICTOR

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

MARY

You're sick! You're mad!

VICTOR

I'm neither, and I am both. I'm a damn genius woman.

I am a TRUE genius, even better than my dad. Soon you'll see. The whole world will know me.

Relax Little Mary. Relax and enjoy the ride. This is another invention of mine.

I call it the 'human hoister', cute name huh?

MARY

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

VICTOR

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

The door to the elevator opens. Before them is a huge operating room with several tables. Medical instruments hang from walls. In the middle of the room is a large table.

INT. OPERATING ROOM

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

IVORY

Sorry Massa, he just...

VICTOR

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

ADAMLY

Sp-Sp-Specimen?

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

Finally free, she runs to an empty glass bottle, breaks off the bottom and holds it as a weapon.

MARY

You bastard! You let us out of here right now or I castrate you with your own wine bottle.

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

IVORY

Miss, please.

MARY

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

Mary grabs Adamly's wheelchair and rolls him towards the elevator doors.

Victor shakes his head and smiles. He grabs a rifle from the rack on the wall. He puts ammo in the chamber.

VICTOR

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

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

LATER

Mary slowly awakens. Sights come into focus. Victor is working diligently setting up his surgical table. Near the table is a body under a sheet. Mary gasps. Is it Adamly? No, Adamly is on the other side of the table.

Her friend is still in a wheelchair, but now he is wearing a lot less clothing and now strapped down. He is breathing, but out cold. She sees Ivory standing near Adamly. He is wearing Adamly's jacket. Mary's voice is hoarse.

MARY

You...You...

VICTOR

Ah, our house guest has awoken. Nice nap?

MARY  
BURN IN HELL VICTOR!

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

MARY  
A 'FALSE' prophet! A fool! Damned murderer. What are you going to do to my friend?

VICTOR  
Friend now, huh? I thought he was your servant?

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

MARY  
Let me go.

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

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

ADAMLY  
What? What?

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

MARY  
Are you alright, Adamly?

ADAMLY  
Yeah, just weak. Very, very tired.

VICTOR

My friend, you may be fatigued but you are definitely not weak. You have one of the strongest, brightest minds I ever come across.

Frankly, I'm rather surprised someone of African heritage can be so smart and so cultured. If there is a God, he sent you to me.

MARY

Stop talking nonsense Victor! Let us go, now!

VICTOR

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

ADAMLY

You're mad!

Adamly tries to struggle against the straps of the wheelchair but tires out quickly. Victor smiles and strolls over to a nearby wall. On the wall are pictures of the greatest scientists of the ages. His dad is among them. He points to them.

VICTOR

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

MARY

(mockingly laughs)  
Ha, ha ha...Oh Victor, please. Ha, ha, ha..you've been drinking too many of your inventions. You're nothing more than a crazy rich boy. You're pitiful.

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

VICTOR  
I AM NOT CRAZY!! ONE DAY SOON, YOU WILL  
BOW TO ME!!

He turns from her and seems to agonize. Victor pulls up a chair and places it so that he can see both of his house guests.

In the background, Ivory sneaks some gulps of bourbon from the flask in Victor's jacket, makes a face.

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

VICTOR  
I will let you go, but, not until history is made. It's important that you both understand what is going on here. Mary will write about it, but Adamly, you're the star.

I call this procedure the 'Reanimation of life'. The benefits that I will bring to mankind are too many to mention. One aspect you will like is how it will end slavery.

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

ADAMLY  
Economics! (He spits) Bunch of greedy white bastards! You should attend church inside your bloody banks. Money is the REAL GOD IN AMERICA! It's Sick!

VICTOR  
Eloquent as usual, Adamly. Just think, my invention will END slavery. There will be no need to kidnap Africans anymore. We can just reuse the dead bodies.

When a slave dies, it gets reanimated, given new parts, then sent back to work in a short span of time.

The white man gets to worship the God of greed and the African man gets his freedom finally. It works out wonderfully for everyone.

MARY

Not everyone. What about their poor souls? What will happen to the soul when the body is used over and over and over? What about the people you experiment on?

VICTOR

First, I don't care about souls, I don't believe in them, could care less about them. In the 'breaking-in' process, the soul is taken from the Africans along with their names, anyway.

My field of study is bodies. Physical, profit making entities that can be used over again. So what, some are sacrificed the for greater good. It's worth it.

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

Victor motions to the tables behind him. Various brown body parts are in jars.

VICTOR

To society, they are expendable. For Science and experimentation, they are invaluable. Many other doctors use them.

MARY

You can't keep playing 'God' with these people. You buy them, experiment on them and kill them for fun. Then you try to act like you're better than Quimby.



Know what? You're just as bad, if not worse. The whole damn nation is playing God. It's wrong! Sinfully wrong!

One day, and I hope that day comes soon, that the REAL GOD will see your abominations and you will pay dearly for this. ALL OF YOU!

VICTOR

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

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

MARY

Your people did it to them.

VICTOR

OUR people did it to them. They are not prepared for freedom. They weren't brought here to be free. Just surviving slavery would be a miracle in itself.

People in this country hate them, always will. Free them and they will get eaten alive. I free them by letting them donate their bodies to science!

MARY

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

VICTOR

Yes, I will create females. Yes, they will probably get raped...

... but that's not my fault. Thousands get raped every day. I can't stop that.

MARY

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

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

VICTOR

Ha ha ha, Pimp huh? Pimping is just capitalism, sugar. It doesn't matter anyway. I can get away with it, that's all that matters, who cares anyway?

ADAMLY

God Cares. The true God, of all men, regardless of color. He cares. He's going to kill you, Victor. You deserve it too!

VICTOR

THERE IS NO GOD! I AM GOD! I WILL CREATE LIFE. UNDERSTAND?

Veins stick from his forehead, eyes bulge demonically.

ADAMLY

Blasphemy!

VICTOR

Blasphemy! No, no. What I do is tell the truth. I will create life from dead tissue by the thousand. Your God could only do it for Lazarus and Jesus.

Your God allows slavery, he allows disease, he allows death. I DON'T! I'm a better God than he could ever be.

MARY

You're crazy.

Victor bolts up and gets into her face.

VICTOR  
Didn't I tell you I'm not crazy? DIDN'T  
I? Maybe your just a stupid girl who  
can't see beyond your own bosom.

MARY  
Go to hell, Victor!

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

MARY  
Imagine that. Foolish me.

VICTOR  
Foolish indeed. Imagine the military  
implications my dear. Indestructible  
soldiers. America will be able to  
colonize the world.

Victor raises his arms to the sky, triumphantly.

ADAMLY  
Behold the Patriot.

VICTOR  
You think I jest? Take a look at this.

Victor goes over to his table and uncovers an object that had  
been hidden by a towel. The object is a brown, severed hand.  
It is mounted on a plate that is connected to electrodes.  
Victor flicks on a nearby switch, he points to the hand.

The hand goes from limpness, to a fist, shortly after the  
juice is turned on. Mary and Adamly are still drugged but  
attentive. Victor slides on a crown-like object on his head,  
electrodes are attached to it also.

The severed Blackman's hand relaxes from its tight fist pose.  
Victor waves bye-bye with his own hand. At the same time, the  
Black hand waves in the same fashion. Victor wiggles his  
fingers, the hand follows. Each movement is shadowed.

MARY

Normally I might be impressed. Too bad I met the puppet master already and know him to be an evil Monster.

VICTOR

Mary, Mary. Put the bitterness behind you for a second. Just look at this invention. I can attach this to a cripples body and give him his life back.

Can't you see the beauty in that? This could revolutionize medicine. So what if a dozen cotton-pickers lose their paws in order to make it perfect.

MARY

You're sick. How dare you EVER compare yourself to your father.

VICTOR

My father and I share a similar fascination...lightning. It's the most powerful source of energy in the world. I believe lightning is what started life on Earth.

Victor takes the crown off and gets closer.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

My father saw the hidden potential of this energy source. It is my destiny to develop this beautiful but deadly tool, into something to benefit man.

MARY

It's one thing to bring a hand back to life. It's different to try and bring back a whole person.

VICTOR

Good point Mary. Take a look at this before you write me off.

Mr. Franklin walks over to a small cage with several lab rats in it. He opens a latch and grabs one. He gently pets it, then suddenly snaps it's neck with his bare hands. Mary cringes when she hears the small neck bone 'snap'. The rat is limp.

ADAMLY

My God. Is that necessary Victor?

VICTOR

Sometimes we must sacrifice in the name of science. Do any of you doubt that this creature is dead?

Both Mary and Adamly shake their heads. Its dead alright Victor removes the severed hand from the plate and puts the dead lab rat in it's place. He hooks up the electrodes and stands back. Electricity surges through the rodents body, it shakes.

Victor turns off the power. The rat just lies there, complete silence covers the room. After awhile, Victor nudges his furry patient, no reaction. The doctor seems rather puzzled, then pissed. He slams his fist down on the table.

IVORY

Don't worry, Massa. I gets rid of it.

Ivory picks up the rat by its tail as Victor turns away in anger. Suddenly the rodents body starts to twitch. It twists its body around and bites Ivory's hand. Ivory screams, flings the rat and runs like a sissy. Victor beams.

VICTOR

Yes! Yes! I knew it would work. There is your proof you damn limeys. Now, now you know, ha ha ha.

ADAMLY

We know that you're a bloody fool.

VICTOR

A fool? What would you say if this fool wants to make you world famous, immortal, rich beyond your wildest dreams?

ADAMLY

Well, since you drugged me, lied to me and may kill me; you might say that I don't trust you. Actually I'd like to rip your bloody heart out!

Victor laughs to himself as he walks up to a mirror.

VICTOR

Forgive him Lord, he knows not what he has done.

MARY

I thought you didn't believe in God.

VICTOR

I don't! I was talking to myself. I'm trying to persuade myself to forgive you, but it's not working out well.

ADAMLY

How sad. Our Messiah is despondent. Shall we sing hymns to you or pass the collection plate for you?

VICTOR

Actually, a sacrifice would be nice. I'm glad that you volunteered. As I said before Adamly, you're the chosen one.

ADAMLY

Chosen? Stop it Victor, cut it out.

Victor goes to a cabinet, opens it. Large cutting utensils of all kinds are lined up. The blades glisten and seem to be very sharp. Victor pulls out one that looks like a very sharp sword. He turns and smiles.

VICTOR

Did you say, cut it out? Be glad to.

MARY

Victor! Put the knife down!

VICTOR

I've tried this experiment before on my slaves but none of them ever survived. Not smart enough. No brain. An intelligent mind is essential for success.

Then you come along, my chosen one. So smart, so educated. My creation has the body of an African wrestler, arms of a drummer, legs of a long distance runner.

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

ADAMLY

Don't you touch me!

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

VICTOR

Think of your donation to society.

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

MARY

Victor! No! Please!

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

VICTOR

Ha ha ha ha, had you going. Ha ha ha, look at you guys. Oh, that's funny. You should see your face Mary, ha ha ha. You believed me?

Slowly Mary and Adamly begin to laugh. Adamly's body relaxes as he realizes he has been put on ... Or has he.

Just as Adamly lowers his defenses, Victor strikes. He lunges the sharp tip of the sword directly into Adamly's chest, right where his heart would be, then pulls it back out.

Adamly and Mary are stunned. Blood from the wound squirts Mary in the face. She screams.

MARY

Awww!.. Nooooo! Nooo!

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

VICTOR

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

Adamly has enough energy left in his body to spit on the doctor. Victor wipes it off of his face.

IVORY

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

MARY

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

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

Adamly slumps over, dead.

VICTOR

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

Victor hooks up the electrodes used on the rat to a crude machine that looks like a circular saw. It's spinning blade comes into Adamly's neck. More blood sprays around.



IVORY

This sho' is messy, Massa.

VICTOR

Stop complaining. Hold him still. I want to be able to save the voice box. I love that British accent. Tip his head backwards.

Mary looks on with tears in her eyes. The saw makes sick sounds as it cuts through flesh, muscle and bone.

She rocks in her chair wildly, trying to tip it over. The chair falls over and she lands on the floor, hard.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

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

MARY

Victor, far as I'm concerned, you and your family can eat your dinner out of a piglet's bloody ass!

VICTOR

Oh my, such a lady! I'm disappointed in you dear.

Mary struggles to get free as Victor and Ivory laugh at her. All the while, they continue to cut into her friend. While on the floor, she sees a small bottle on the counter labeled 'ACID'. She kicks it to the floor. The bottle breaks.

Secretly, Mary puts her bounded wrists into a puddle of liquid near the broken bottle. The solution eats through the rope in seconds. Mary scoops up what is left of the bottle and contents onto a nearby plate. She flings it at Victor.

The fluid sprays everywhere. It hits Victor and Adamly, but most of it lands on Ivory. He screams loudly. He starts after Mary. The sound of sizzling bacon is heard. Skin smoking.

IVORY

AWRGG! It burns!

VICTOR

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

IVORY

It hurts!

VICTOR

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

The acid smokes and eats away Ivory's skin. His face contorts in pain. He whimpers as he works.

Smoke also rises from Adamly's face, but his severed head feels no pain. Acid peels the skin back and disfigures his face badly.

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

IVORY

Yes Massa, get that witch.

Mary gets to her feet and dashes away. After running a distance she hides in the shadows and looks back.

They take the head from Adamly's body and bring it to a huge Black body on a nearby gurney. Victor sews the head to the body, but leaves the throat open.

Victor tips Adamly's head back so that the incision by the Adam's Apple is even larger. Victor grabs a scalpel. He jabs himself in the forearm with it. He then lets the blood drip into the opening of Adamly's throat.

VICTOR

Blood of my blood, flesh of my flesh. I am your creator. Behold, I give you life, from my own blood. Your body and soul are mine, forever.

As Victor sews up the hole in Adamly's throat, Mary dashes off in a panic. The further she gets from the operating room, the darker the huge room gets. Her only light is the occasional lighting flash.

INT. CORRIDOR - SAME

She finds a hall and runs down it. The lightning illuminates the corridor. What she sees makes her freeze in place. Lining the walls are large glass tubes. Inside the tubes are bodies of Black people floating in a solution. Mary grasps in fear.

She looks closer to see that the nude bodies have been mutilated. The faces are twisted as they float in the liquid prison. Some are missing arms, legs, even heads. Smaller tubes and jars contain body parts and organs, even genitals.

While studying the bodies, she comes across a tube containing a young boy's body. He is legless from the knees down. An innocent look is on his face. Mary turns away, horrified. She backs up quickly and knocks over a jar containing a head.

The jar shatters and the head rolls out and lands on her feet. She screams and screams as the sticky head clings to her party dress. She jumps up and down and finally kicks it away. She sprints away down the hall, hysterical.

As she is running in the darkness, half out of her mind, she trips and tumbles. Lightning flashes reveal that Mary falls down some stairs, later, appears to be knocked out.

A misshapened shadow hovers over her body. Is it Victor? Ivory? Will they kill her? It turns out to be the shadow of Euphrates. Mary awakens a bit, grimaces in pain.

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

EUPHRATES

Are you alright child?

MARY

My ankle, I might have twisted it.

EUPHRATES

Stay very quiet and follow me,  
understand?

MARY

Yes Ma'am.

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

INT. HIDEAWAY SAME

The panel slides open so that a human adult can barely slide through sideways. Inside the tiny room is a bed, some folded women's clothes and a crude bed pan.

EUPHRATES

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

Mary looks around. She sees several African drums.

EUPHRATES

Ole Massa Greely had this room built to store his valuable things and paintings. We been using it to do prayers and hide runaways and such.

First night I helped a white runaway. You lie down, rest. I'll fetch you some vittles, in a minute. Did your friend (Pause) make it?

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

MARY

Uh, uh... Victor...he (sob).

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

EUPHRATES

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

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

MARY

Now I know the pain, the horror that Africans face here. It sickens me. I beg of you, do not judge all whites as evil, though you have every right to do so.

In my heart, I know all people are the same. No one has the right to make you live this way, NO ONE!

Tears fall freely from Euphrates eyes.

MARY

Especially those who proclaim love of Christianity, freedom and the beautiful words of the Declaration of Independence.

I understand why you told me that there is only one God and that he is jealous. Everyone involved in slavery is playing God. Especially Victor.

They hold the keys of life and death over these people because of the color of their skin. It's an abomination.

EUPHRATES

Your mind has been blessed child.

MARY

I don't think I'm that special. There are probably legions of white people who feel as I do but don't know how to speak out or are afraid to do so.

Please, find it in your heart not to hate all white people. Not all of us are as greedy and hate filled as it may seem.

The real God will bring down doom and destruction upon the heads of those demons one day. Like you mum, I will be rejoicing in the streets.

Euphrates sits back down on the bed and gently rubs her head. The old woman's eyes begin to tear up.

EUPHRATES

In all my days, I never heard a white person speak to me like that. You have a strong spirit and you will reach great heights in this life, darling.

Your wisdom is well beyond your years. Promise me, if something happens to me, please take my baby, Geneva, back to England with you.

MARY

I promise.

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

EUPHRATES

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

EXT. THE FRANKLIN STABLES-NIGHT

The pounding sound of rain is heard as it hits the tin roof of the barn, which is near Victor's tower and operating room.

Suddenly, added to the sound of the rain, is the sound of a drum. We eventually see that the drummer is Euphrates.

The drum itself is very crude. Homemade from whatever was available. It is made with style of a Congo drum with a range from deep booms, to sharp taps. She stands under the overhang and plays it with her eyes wide open. She is focused and angry.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - SAME

Victor and Ivory are hooking up hoses and electrodes to the body and fine tuning the various strange looking machines.

Victor hears the drumming start. A disgusted look comes over his face. He stops working and rushes to a window. He sees Euphrates and her drum below in the stables, turns away.

VICTOR

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

IVORY

It might be voodoo, Massa.

VICTOR

Voodoo? Voodoo? I don't believe in that crap. How dare she have the NERVE to even try that nonsense around here.

That witch! That's it! I've had enough of her. I'm getting rid of her and her African bullshit for good. Play on, bitch. Your days are numbered.

INT. HIDEAWAY - SAME

Mary sleeps deeply, curled up on the tiny bed. Her eyeballs dart back and forth as she dreams. The sound of the drum penetrates the walls.

DREAM SEQUENCE

EXT. MONTICELLO FLOWER GARDEN - DAY

Mary and Adamly wear their best clothes, powdered wig included. They hear the drumming and run towards it.

EXT. RAINFOREST - DAY

Soon the garden turns into a jungle. Parting some bushes, they see hundreds of Africans dancing to drum music. The Africans are colorfully dressed and smiling with wild hairstyles and loads of jewelry.

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

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

Mary's view is abruptly cut off by European soldiers with big boots and bigger guns. She tries to call to the Africans and warn them, it's too late. As the soldiers mow down the defenseless Africans, tears run down Mary's face.

She sees Adamly. Beckons him over. As he runs, a soldier that looks like Victor moves in between the two Brits, his sword drawn. Just as Adamly touches Mary's fingers, his head is cut off by Victor, wearing a military uniform.

All around she sees beatings, rapes and murders. Cold blooded massacres of babies, the elderly, and everything in between. All survivors are led away, near naked and wearing chains. Many scream and weep.

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

VICTOR

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

In the background she sees the drummer's bodies on fire, but eyes focused, continue drumming.



END OF DREAM SEQUENCE

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

She springs up from the bed. She dashes to a half-boarded up window and peers out. Euphrates plays on her homemade drum in the barn. As if on cue, Euphrates steps from the shelter of the stable and into the pouring rain.

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

INT. OPERATING ROOM - SAME

Adamly's body is strapped to a table. Ivory is using a pulley system to hoist the table into the air. He is directed by Victor, who is making adjustments to a machine. The table comes to rest suspended three feet above head level. Victor is frantic.

VICTOR

Hurry! Open the roof!

IVORY

Yes, Massa!

Ivory limps over to another pulley system. The Hunchback huffs and puffs as he struggles with the cables, then finally, the roof opens.

EXT. TOWER - SAME

A panel slides over and an opening the size of a dairy cow appears. Then a metal tipped object peers through the hole. It continues to emerge until a full lightning rod is in view. Lightning flashes illuminate the shiny metal post.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - SAME

Rain streams down into the laboratory. Wind whips papers and sheets around. Raindrops beat down on Ivory's back and pours over Victor's face.

VICTOR

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

IVORY

Yes Massa!

The hunchback pulls down the huge circuit breaker, sparks fly. The lightning rod starts to glow slightly and make a humming sound. Adamly's face looks strangely peaceful.

Lightning hits the metal rod, as Victor and Ivory watch from the lab. Another strike, then another. Victor checks his control panel and adjusts knobs. Victor is grinning like a maniac, loving every minute of his God-like power.

Three lightning bolts hit the rod at the same time. Sparks go everywhere. The tip of the spear is on fire. Some metal melts because of the heat. Victor is awestruck then panics. A huge charge can be visibly seen moving towards Adamly.

VICTOR

Oooh nooo!!

The visible electrical charge surges through the electrodes that lead to Adamly's corpse. A loud boom is heard as the blinding light zaps Adamly's body. Huge sparks and a cloud of thick smoke rise.

The strength of the blast sends Victor and Ivory hurling backwards, landing on their butts. Debris lands on them and around them. Victor is still for a moment, then stirs.

He seems to be sore and dazed. He shakes his head to clear the cobwebs.

Ivory is just beginning to come around as Victor rudely shoves him out of the way. Above, he can see the suspended table but a thick cloud still covers it. Occasional sparks and flames are seen inside the glob of smog.

Victor kicks a large glass tube in frustration. It bursts into small pieces against a wall. As he gets closer to the table, Ivory joins him. The slave tries to soothe him.

IVORY

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

VICTOR

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

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

IVORY

Massa, you notice something?

VICTOR

Yes, this smoke, is very strange.

IVORY

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

The suspended table behind the smoke, empty. Ivory bends down to grab a loose electrode sticking out from behind Victor's large storage trunk.

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

VICTOR

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

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

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

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

IVORY  
Arg,...Awrggg.

VICTOR  
Stop playing around, Ivory.

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

IVORY  
T-T-Thank you Massa (cough-cough)

As Ivory tries to catch his breath. Victor moves directly in front of his creation. The body is partially hidden in shadows, then his head moves forward. The glowing eyes in the darkness is the first thing Victor sees.

ADAMLY  
So...am I supposed to call you Daddy now?

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

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

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

Victor reaches behind himself. He grips the dart gun.

VICTOR

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

ADAMLY

Right. We'll chat later.

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

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

IVORY

Massa, don't worry. I get him. (To Adamly) Back off devil!

As Adamly snatches Ivory by the throat again, Victor catches his breath. Victor grabs the dart gun, shoots Adamly in the shoulder. Adamly continues to choke Ivory. Victor shoots him just under the ear. Adamly stiffens.

Adamly falls backwards. Suture lines are seen around his neck and where the arms are attached. His naked body shows that his arms, legs, torso and face have different shades of brown.

Victor recovers from the confrontation and sighs. He speaks to Ivory as he gets up.

VICTOR

Get him dressed, then put him in the backroom. We've got a lot of work to do. Damn, look at that face, hideous, Damn!

He was such a good prospect. Both handsome and intelligent. Now he's deformed and has a bad attitude to match.

IVORY

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

VICTOR

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

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

IVORY

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

VICTOR

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

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

INT. HIDEAWAY - SAME

Geneva and Euphrates enter the small room. Mary stirs from her slumber. The ladies have a plate of food with them.

EUPHRATES

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

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

MARY

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

GENEVA

We aren't helping you because we want money or something.

You're a sweet girl with an extra large heart. Around these parts, such a thing is rare.

EUPHRATES

That's right honey, too rare. What we gotta do is get you outta here before Victor finds you. The rain let up some, but the flooding is still bad.

Victor's carriages are all out. He sent his drivers to pick up local business folk and bring them back here.

MARY

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

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

GENEVA

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

MARY

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

EUPHRATES

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

Mary looks into the faces of Euphrates and Geneva.

MARY

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

GENEVA

Yes Ma'am.

MARY

So these business people, they are probably investors. I see, it makes sense now. I just can't believe this.

That murderer! It's sick! Where is Adamly? Is he alright? I want to see him.

EUPHRATES

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

MARY

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

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

EUPHRATES

Thank you dear. They chopped him up, just like they did your friend. Just because he was smart. That devil Victor killed him. All that is left, is in a jar, upstairs.

Victor Endicott is Satan himself. I hope he rots down in hell, til the meat falls off his bones.

MARY

Victor Endicott? Who is ...?

EUPHRATES

That should be his real name. You don't think Ben Franklin actually married his momma do you? Old crazy witch, she was nuts then too.

Mr. Franklin was just having fun on a rainy day. Victor ain't nothing but a squirt that got away. He might have seen Mr. Ben maybe twice in his life.

MARY

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

GENEVA

His momma messed him up too. She's just a crazy, drunk!



She stays locked up in her room all day.  
Pretends she's talking to Ben Franklin  
even now.

MARY

So, she is mad?

Euphrates and Geneva laugh heartily.

GENEVA

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

MARY

Oh my.

EUPHRATES

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

MARY

My God, how did you stop him?

EUPHRATES

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

GENEVA

Did you see Victor's fiance, Mary?

MARY

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

GENEVA

Yeah, Elizabeth, she's some rich girl  
from Delaware he met on a business trip.  
Old spoiled thing. Trying to pretend she  
is sick, to get attention.

EUPHRATES

Or so that she don't have to deal with Victor. She just lays up on her big butt all day having slaves fuss over her.

Maybe she didn't have slaves up north, but she seems to cotton to giving orders to Victor's Black folk easy. A slave named Barcelona had to spoon feed her in bed for a week.

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

MARY

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

EUPHRATES

Victor picked our names and...

MARY

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

EUPHRATES

Of course not child. Whoever holds your papers is who names you. Victor named us after places he wants to see. Said he named me after a river.

MARY

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

GENEVA

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

EUPHRATES

He'll learn the hard way.

MARY

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

INT. ESTABLISHING - OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

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

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

IVORY

Massa, Look! It has woke!

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

VICTOR

Ladies and gentlemen. Planters and investors, welcome to the future. My newest invention will change the world as we know it.

Cast your eyes on this beast of burden. He was put together by the best features of several slaves. Look at the legs, the arms, the torso.

Except for an unfortunate acid burn to the face, this is a perfect specimen. Best of all, he's totally reusable.

The crowd stirs, slightly shocked.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

This is the reason I have invited you here in the middle of a flood.

It's an exclusive viewing of this medical marvel, brought back from the dead.

INVESTOR

Is it safe?

VICTOR

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

ELIZABETH

Of course, Victor.

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

IVORY

Massa, he look evil.

VICTOR

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

In the back of the room, in the shadows, Mary, Euphrates and Geneva peer at the activities unnoticed.

IVORY

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

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

VICTOR

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

IVORY

Yes Massa.

VICTOR

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

IVORY

Yes Massa, please Massa.

VICTOR

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

Elizabeth advances towards Adamly. He sees her.

ADAMLY

Wench, touch me not.

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

VICTOR

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

ADAMLY

You should what? What Victor? You gonna kill me. Is that what you were going to spew from your venomous mouth? Huh?

(Screams) I'm already dead, you horse's ass. There is absolutely nothing you can do to me, idiot! I'm Free!

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

EUPHRATES

Ohhh, this will be good.

Adamly smiles back at Victor with bloody teeth.

VICTOR

You horrid beast! Mind your manners!

ADAMLY

I got some manners for you, Victor.

Adamly spits out a huge glob of mucus and blood. It lands on Elizabeth's fancy white dress, right on the nipple. She screams and jumps around.

ELIZABETH

Nooo! Yukk! You sick son of a monkey!

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

ADAMLY

Come on Sugar, you loved it.

OVERSEER

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

The Overseer swings his cane at Adamly.

VICTOR

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

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

EUPHRATES

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

VICTOR

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

OVERSEER

You better learn your place, nigger!

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

EUPHRATES

How's that for knowing my place?

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

VICTOR

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

EUPHRATES

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

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

INSERT

A distorted image of Adamly's face looks back at him. His expression hardens as he sees the acid burns, blood and swelling. He looks at Victor with hate in his eyes.

BACK TO SCENE

Victor goes over to one of the men, ANDREW. He seems just as hateful as Victor.

EUPHRATES

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

VICTOR

Andrew, give me your gun. I should have done this a long time ago.

EUPHRATES

I'm not afraid of you, Victor. I'm not afraid of death. I've been dead ever since I been born.

Victor takes the pistol from his brother. He levels it at the old woman. She sneers at him and stands in front of him, defiantly and without fear.

VICTOR  
Say goodbye, Jungle witch!

POW! He shoots her in the chest. She dies as she is looking into Adamly's eyes.

EUPHRATES  
There is only one, true God. Kill the fake! Kill it.

Mary and Geneva look away and cry.

MARY  
I hate this place. They are all MONSTERS!

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

MARY  
Wait, look, what is Adamly doing?

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

SLAVE CATCHER  
Hey Victor, what's wrong with your nigger?

INSERT

Muscles in Adamly's new arm, flex and strain against the arm clasps. Finally the clasps break.

BACK TO SCENE

Adamly uses his free hand and snatches the gun from Victor. He then clubs the slave catcher in the head with it. The gun is lodged deep in his open skull as the dead man sinks to the floor. Adamly then starts to move in the direction of Victor's guests.



Adamly, now is free from the table and various restraints. The slave industry reps, scramble for the door but must wait for the elevator. Adamly has no mercy.

He grabs for Victor but ends up with his cowardly brother Andrew by the collar.

ADAMLY

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

VICTOR

NOOOO!

Adamly slams the back of Andrew's head several times against a nearby wall until blood streaks stream down over the surface of the bricks. Victor and others are shocked.

ADAMLY

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

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

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

Adamly starts ripping through the crowd. He starts smashing heads, splintering spines and snapping necks with his bare hands. Victor and Elizabeth are hidden behind some equipment watching the carnage.

VICTOR

Elizabeth, lets go. Follow me.

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

Victor scampers into the room with the preserved body parts lining the walls. He runs to the stairwell with Elizabeth.

Adamly is smashing the head of the last slave catcher and sees Ivory. He is trying to hide behind some equipment. Adamly punches his face. Ivory is dazed. Adamly punches him two more times. Blood trickles from his nose.

ADAMLY

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

Adamly picks up the slave's body over his head and walks to the window. Rain and lightning is heavy.

IVORY

No... Please sir, Mercy!

ADAMLY

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

Adamly tosses Ivory out of the window. He squirms and wiggles as he is sent airborne. Thud is heard.

EXT. FRANKLIN ESTATE - SAME

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

INT. OPERATING ROOM - SAME

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

MARY

No Adamly, don't kill yourself.

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

ADAMLY

Miss Mary. I thought he had killed you! I wasn't going to kill myself. Not yet. I have to at least kill Victor first.

I must go now, I have no energy left. I need rest before I battle him. Stay safe, I'll come back for you.

MARY

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

GENEVA

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

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

ADAMLY

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

Adamly smiles at Mary, then turns away to face the window. Suddenly he jumps out.

EXT. FRANKLIN ESTATE - SAME

Adamly lands on something soft. It is Ivory's pudgy corpse. The air exits the dead man's body in one great big whoosh! Adamly's muscles glisten in the rain.

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

INT. OPERATING ROOM - SAME

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

GENEVA

Miss Mary, what's he gonna do?

MARY

My poor Adamly. Protect him Lord.

EXT. FOREST TRAIL - NIGHT

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

LATER

Adamly is awakened by the sound of a dog barking. He looks out to see a small dog, just outside the cave.

ADAMLY

Be gone now, go away pest and let me be.

In the distance, Adamly can hear the voice of a young girl calling, something. Wind, rain, and thunder somewhat drown out what she is saying. The dog continues to bark at Adamly. He can understand her now.

LITTLE GIRL

Princess....Princess....Help...get help!

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

RIVERBANK - LATER

The dog leads him to an over-flooded stream. The water currents run fast and it contains everything from large tree branches to parts of people's houses. The roar of the rapids is loud.

LITTLE GIRL

Help me, help...over here!

Adamly looks slightly upstream and sees a YOUNG WHITE GIRL hanging onto what is left of a bridge.

Adamly sprints over to help the child. Princess accompanies him. The Brit wades into the fast moving water and is almost swept away himself. He anchors himself to the bridge foundation with one hand.

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

ADAMLY

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

LITTLE GIRL

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

ADAMLY

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

LITTLE GIRL

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

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

ADAMLY

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

The little girl closes her eyes and pushes off the damaged part of the bridge with her legs. In slow motion, the girl soars into Adamly's arms. She gives him a 'thank-you' hug and hangs on.

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

LITTLE GIRL

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

ADAMLY

Hey, that's quite alright. I think. My clothes were wet already. Do you live far from here? You're folks must be worried.

LITTLE GIRL

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

ADAMLY

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

The odd couple gets up and starts to walk away from the river bank. Suddenly a WHITE MAN with a rifle steps from behind a large tree.

PAPPY

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

ADAMLY

Please sir, you misunderstand!

PAPPY

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

LITTLE GIRL

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

ADAMLY

Really Mister. I would never harm your child.

PAPPY

Liar!

BOOM! The father fires his rifle at Adamly, hitting him in the torso. Adamly falls. He is motionless on the muddy ground as a small puddle of blood forms under his chest.

LITTLE GIRL

Nooooo! Why?? I hate you Pappy!

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

EXT. RIVERBANK - DAY

Adamly pulls himself out of the mud and sits up. He examines the wound. Now it is only a tiny red mark. Even the red mark gets smaller and smaller until it disappears all together.

Adamly is amazed. The creation of Victor Franklin looks up at the sun trying to peek through black clouds. Sheets of rain beat down on him, as does anger and despair.

ADAMLY

Great, so does that mean I can't die?  
Forever condemned to this hideous body,  
without release? Thanks Victor, I'm  
going to make you pay dearly, one day.

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

INT. HIDEAWAY ROOM - DAY

Mary's face is streaked with tears as she looks out of the window. She dabs at the tears with a small scarf. Outside the window, a gathering of Black people below are seen. They are a distance from the house and are carrying a rectangular box.

Sobs and wails of grief are heard way up in Mary's room. The rainstorm mixes with the sorrowful sounds.

From the box they remove the wrapped body of Euphrates and lay her into the ground. An OLDER SLAVE says words over her.

As the other slaves begin to throw dirt on her, Geneva falls to her knees crying. As people try to comfort her, Victor comes out. He is yelling.

VICTOR

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

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

GENEVA

You killed my momma! You explain THAT to me! Fatherless bastard!

VICTOR

Bitch! I'll kill you! I'll kill you!

Geneva walks into the house and slams the door.

EXT. RIVERBANK - DAY

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

INT. CAVE - DAY

Adamly lets out a huge exhale and relaxes his body. Soon, he hears voices from within the cave. He moves closer to the voices. He peeks over a boulder and sees an AFRICAN AMERICAN COUPLE there. A small campfire is near them.

The couple seem terrified. Their clothes are soaked and the woman is trembling. The man tries to comfort and warm her. Since she is still cold, he takes off his shirt and covers her with it. His back is a mass of lash marks and whipping scars.

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



## MALE RUNAWAY

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

## SADIE

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

## MALE RUNAWAY

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

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

## SADIE

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

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

## EXT. RIVERBANK - LATER

Adamly runs through the woods like a tiger on the hunt. The BARK OF THE DOGS is getting louder. Darkness falls...and so does the rain.

## INT. CAVE - NIGHT

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

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

EXT. RIVERBANK - LATER

The runaway couple sneaks out of the cave very cautiously. Lightning flashes are the only illumination. Up ahead a shadowy figure stands with two horses by the reins. The face cannot be seen.

ADAMLY

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

SADIE

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

ADAMLY

You may say that I'm just a 'Brother in  
spirit", who knows how deeply you love  
each other. May the Lord Bless you. Now,  
you must go.

SADIE

Praise the Lord! Thank you Jesus! Let's  
go to FREEDOM!

As the couple approaches, the shadowy man takes off running into the forest.

From a distance, away from their view, he watches as they mount the horses, kiss lovingly, and take off. Adamly cries.

ADAMLY

I will never have a love in my life, like  
that. NEVER! Victor, I hate you! God  
help me! My life ... it's been ruined!

I will make you fix it. Yes, yes, that's  
right, Mr. Franklin, you will fix it.

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

Adamly clenches his surgically attached fists, in rage.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT.

Victor, in surgical outfit, pours out some fluid and as he does, he tries to hold it far away from him. Smoke arises from the tub it's poured into and the SOUND OF SIZZLING MEAT is heard.

As he turns the bottle, the words 'CAUTION: ACID' are printed on the side. Over his shoulder, it is seen that he is pouring the acid on body parts such as arms, legs and heads. The skin bubbles and smokes as the liquid hits it.

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

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

VICTOR

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

ADAMLY

Shut up, Victor! Your whimpering sickens me. If you do me a favor, I might spare your miserable life, for a while. Alright, daddy?

VICTOR

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

Victor points to the body parts in the small tub that are dissolving in acid.

ADAMLY

Victor, don't insult me. I know you're just trying to save your own ass. Don't try to bullshit me, got it?

VICTOR

Yeah, hey, sure, sorry.

ADAMLY

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

VICTOR

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

ADAMLY

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

VICTOR

Surely you jest.

ADAMLY

No! No joke! Make her!

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

VICTOR

I was planning to do it anyway, I guess I  
(Does double take at Adamly) No, forget  
it, I won't do it.

ADAMLY

You WILL do it, or you will pay dearly!

VICTOR

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

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

The loud slap cuts through the air. Victor is knocked off of his chair. A trickle of blood, lines the corner of his mouth. Victor is stunned.

ADAMLY

YOU did not make me, my parents made me.  
YOU killed me, and turned me into THIS!  
Bastard, you WILL do it! And, you will do  
it NOW! Understand?

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

VICTOR

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

ADAMLY

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

VICTOR

GET OUT!!

ADAMLY

Sure Victor. I'll make sure you get a  
good night sleep first.

VICTOR

What??

Adamly, punches him in the face, full force. Victor's eyes roll back and he passes out. Adamly smiles at him and leaves him on the floor.

ADAMLY

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

Lightning flashes multiple times, illuminating Adamly's righteous rage and Victor's impromptu nap.

INT. HIDEAWAY - SAME

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

GENEVA

Miss Mary, Miss Mary, Wake up.

MARY

Yeah, yeah, okay. I'm up.

GENEVA

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

MARY

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

GENEVA

But Miss Mary...

MARY

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

GENEVA

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

INT. CORRIDOR NEAR OPERATING ROOM - SAME

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

Looking to the side he sees the glass vats, tubes and tubs that contain body parts. His body parts. On their own, the severed limbs bang against their glass enclosures. He gets up and goes to one container specifically.

A headless body floats in solution, kicking and punching at the glass that holds it captive. Shreds of the clothes Adamly was wearing earlier hang from it. Adamly weeps.

ADAMLY

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

Adamly rips out a metal pipe that pumps solution into the tank, and swings it at the glass capsule, shattering it. Solution rushes out as does his former body. It holds its arms out to him. Adamly hugs it. It hugs back.

Adamly's old body, wipes the tears from his new body. He slowly runs his new fingers over his old skin as he lays it down, gently on the ground. It convulses, then dies. Adamly stands up enraged. He grabs the pipe again and moves to the other containers.

ADAMLY (CONT'D)

AWRGGG!

SMASH! CRASH! BOOM! Adamly lays into various tubes and vats like each swing could be a home run. Chards of glass fly everywhere. The solution and body parts, pour onto the floor.

The body parts that had been clamoring to be reattached are now free. After Adamly has destroyed all of the containers, he stands in the middle of the room. The hands, legs, heads and torsos begin to drag themselves towards Adamly in the center.

With tear-filled eyes, Adamly bends down and gently brushes the amputated limbs which move on their own. Adamly trembles in anger.

ADAMLY (CONT'D)

This will end today, Brothers. I promise!  
 Victor Franklin will pay dearly for what  
 he did to us. He and the others, they  
 claim we are subhumans, monsters.

Who is the real monster here?

Forced labor, abuse, rape, killing children, chopping up men? No white man, sorry, ... you are the monster here.

From peasant to President, I've seen nothing but uncivilized, demonic behavior from the Americans. The only time my Brothers here get some peace, is when they die.

Adamly looks at his body and the different color limbs. He then peers around at the severed limbs around him with all their different colors and shapes. He starts to laugh lightly, then begins to laugh hard.

ADAMLY (CONT'D)

So, is Victor Franklin the only man that can unify Africans? Ha ha ha, that is sad. If we were unified, slavery couldn't have started in the first place.

In unity, that's the only way we will be able to survive and lift ourselves up. Otherwise, we become selfish loners like Ivory. Hating ourselves and those who resemble us.

Now look at us. Chopped up, scattered around, no history, no connection to the Creator who made us.

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

ADAMLY (CONT'D)

It will take the hand of God himself to drag us out of this living hell and to stop Victor from doing THIS on a large scale.

It can happen, and it will happen. You've brought us too far Lord to just let us wither away. Hear my prayer father. Help me, help me fight this evil ... AND WIN!



Adamly picks up one of the Kerosene lamps that lights the corridor, and goes back to the severed body parts.

He lifts the lamp above his head, hesitates. The last live head, closes it's eyes. Adamly slams the lantern on the ground. The solution and body parts start on fire.

ADAMLY (CONT'D)

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

Adamly walks towards the stairway.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - SAME

Victor lies still on the floor but then begins coughing. He awakens to find smoke filling up the room. He scrambles to his feet, still woozy. He touches his face, then pulls back quickly.

VICTOR

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

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

INT. CORRIDOR - SAME

The slave parts are on fire. Victor hides his nose from the stench but hurts himself because the nose is broken.

VICTOR

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

Victor tries to put out the flames. As he stomps around, a severed hand grips his pant leg and won't let go. He tries to kick it off as flames crawl up the walls and inch closer to him. He trips on a leg and his face lands inches away from a half-burned slaves head.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Awww!

Mr. Franklin wastes no time in getting up off the ground. He runs to the lab and brings back two buckets of water. The flames are higher now and the water evaporates before it hits the floor.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

No, No! Not my laboratory! All of my work! Noooo!

INT. STAIRWELL - SAME

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

MARY

Adamly, wait!

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

ADAMLY

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

MARY

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

ADAMLY

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

MARY

Victor deserves to die for this!

ADAMLY

I have that on my agenda!

Geneva comes out of the hideaway.

GENEVA

Miss Mary, everything is packed and  
(looks at Adamly, deep sadness)... Good  
Lord Sir. I'm sorry that this happened to  
you. I surely am.

ADAMLY

Thank you, Geneva. Please, don't look at  
me. Tis a sickening sight indeed. You and  
Mary, must hurry, the house is a flame.

Meet me at the barn. I will help get you  
to the port. Mary, if I don't make it,  
tell the world about these horrors.

MARY

With pleasure my dear Prince.

GENEVA

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

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

ADAMLY

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

GENEVA

Please sir, don't say such things.

ADAMLY

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

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

MARY

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

ADAMLY

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

Adamly dashes down the stairs in bounds. He disappears in the darkness. Thin wisps of smoke drift into the stairwell.

MARY

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

INT. PARLOR - NIGHT.

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

INT. ELIZABETH'S ROOM - SAME

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

ELIZABETH

Yeah, who is it?

VICTOR

It's me, its an emergency.

ELIZABETH

Come in.

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

VICTOR

Elizabeth honey, we've got to go now. Put on some clothes, grab what you can, and meet me at the front door.

ELIZABETH

Victor, what's going on?

VICTOR

Fire! Fire in the laboratory!

ELIZABETH

Your inventions are they...?

VICTOR

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

ELIZABETH

Sure Victor.

VICTOR

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

ELIZABETH

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

VICTOR

I love you too.

Victor goes out the door and closes it behind him. As Elizabeth packs, she doesn't notice the huge, wet feet partly hidden by curtains and shadows.

EXT. FRONT STEPS - LATER

Boxes of papers line the porch. Victor comes out with more. He looks around for his fiance and mom. No trace of them is found. A light drizzle falls.

VICTOR

Elizabeth? Elizabeth? ..Mom?

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

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

INT. MOTHERS ROOM - SAME

Victor bursts in through the door, into a dark room. In the darkness he can't see anything, but he can hear his mother.

MOTHER

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

VICTOR

Uh, sorry Mom. What are you doing?

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

VICTOR (CONT'D)

You son of a bitch! Get away from her!

MOTHER

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

VICTOR

What? Mom, you're nuts.

ADAMLY

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

MOTHER

Your dad has gotten sexier with age.  
(Whispers) Bigger too (points to genitals). Whew!

VICTOR

You bastard! I can't believe this!

MOTHER

Watch your mouth, son!

ADAMLY

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

Hey Victor. If you behave, maybe I'll make you a new brother to replace the one that got broken.

MOTHER

Yeah, Yeah, let's start now.

VICTOR

Mom, you shut up! Adamly, get the hell out of that bed!

MOTHER

Victor, leave us! We're trying to make you a little brother.

Victor pulls out his gun, hands shaking. Tears run down his face. He is losing it. Smoke starts to filter into this room.

VICTOR

MOTHER! YOU CAN'T HAVE SEX WITH SOME CREATURE I MADE FROM THE SPARE PARTS OF WORTHLESS SLAVES!

MOTHER

I don't know what you're talking about Victor.

ADAMLY

Me either, Sugar. How's about another big juicy kiss?

MOTHER

My pleasure.

Adamly smiles a sly grin to Victor. Then gives him a wink.

VICTOR  
Over my dead body!

Victor aims the gun at Adamly's smiling face. Victor cocks the trigger.

As Victor squeezes the trigger his mom spins to defend Adamly. POW! The single shot rips through her chest. She struggles for awhile, then dies.

Victor's mouth hangs open, his eyes bulge. Without realizing, his gun drops to the floor. His eyes glass over with tears. His mother lay dead and semi-nude, in the arms of Victor's Science Project.

ADAMLY  
What a waste of a perfectly good white woman. I was just getting to like her, 'son'.

VICTOR  
No, No, No, please God, don't let her be dead.

ADAMLY  
What's wrong Victor? I thought you said that YOU were God.

VICTOR  
You shut your mouth, boy! You killed her!

ADAMLY  
I'm not a doctor, but I think this hole in her chest was from your bullet, not from my penis.

That went elsewhere.

VICTOR  
How dare you!

Victor bends to get the gun. He grabs it, and as he stands up, he is knocked back down, by something large and heavy. He looks up to see his mother's corpse on him.



He screams as he pushes the limp, dead body off of him. Victor grabs the gun again and points it at the bed. Adamly is no longer there. Victor quickly twirls around looking for him, no one found.

Victor crawls back over to his mom's body. He cradles her corpse and sobs bitterly. He rocks with her back and forth. A strange look covers his face.

FLASHBACK

Adamly stands before him, after asking for a bride to be manufactured as he was. Victor holds the plans in his hand with a frown.

VICTOR

No, I won't do it!

ADAMLY

You WILL do it, or you will pay dearly!

BACK TO SCENE

Victor continues sobbing and grieving. He hears a thud sound on the wall. He looks to see that a book case has caught on fire and fallen over.

VICTOR

Oh no! Elizabeth!

Victor covers his mom with a sheet and crosses her hands over her heart. He picks up his gun and heads into the hallway.

INT. VICTOR'S ROOM - LATER

Victor bursts into the room. His hair is frayed, singed and wild looking. Elizabeth is sitting in a chair facing the closet. Around her are suitcases and trunks with various amounts of clothes in them.

Victor exhales in relief when he sees his fiance. He looks down the hall. Smoke can be smelled, but no flames are seen.

VICTOR

Hurry up babe, we've got to get out of here. The house is burning real bad now. That, that Monster, just killed Mom! We can't take everything, leave that stuff honey. Let's go! Elizabeth? Elizabeth!!

Victor walks over and touches Elizabeth on the shoulder. Her head flops to the side like a ragdoll. Her body slumps over and she topples to the floor. Victor freezes in shock. He has his gun ready to fire as he checks her pulse, nothing.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Alright Adamly, it's you and me now. Come on out. Come on, it's safe. You're like my son. Adamly? ADAMLY?

Victor hears a sound and spins. Mary and Geneva dash by the room, heading for the front door. He fires his gun towards them, misses. He pursues the women.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Get back over here. I'm gonna kill you. I'll kill you both.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

Victor runs after both women. He is shooting his gun wildly at them. One bullet grazes Geneva on the shoulder and she goes down. Mary tries to help her up as Victor bears down on them. He gets very close.

Just before he gets to them, a fiery wooden beam falls from the ceiling in front of him. It buys time for Mary and Geneva to get moving again.

VICTOR

You scarlet whores! You'll never get away. I'll kill you!

Victor fires a few times before they turn the corner. He chases them after climbing over the beam. The entire house is becoming engulfed in flames. As Victor turns the corner, the women are closer to the door.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Oh no you don't!

Victor shoots an overhead chandelier which crashes to the ground in front of the girls. They must halt.

MARY

Victor! Stop it!

VICTOR

You're mine now!

Victor smiles, then laughs like a maniac as he levels the gun at the girls. Mary is frozen, but Geneva picks up a large chunk of glass from the Chandelier and throws it at Victor as hard as she can. It hits his forehead, blood gushes.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Ouch! Shit! I'm killing you first bitch.  
Just like I did your Mammy!

In the background, the SOUND OF AFRICAN DRUMMING is heard. Victor pulls the trigger of the gun! CLACK-CLACK! No more ammo. Victor rolls his eyes.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Ohhh Shit!

Victor throws the gun at the girls and misses. He lunges over the glass and lands a solid grip on Mary's ankle. Geneva helps Mary fight Victor but he won't let go.

Another beam covered in flames falls down. It is between the females and the door. Victor laughs as he pulls Mary closer to him. The DRUMMING IS MUCH LOUDER now. Victor pulls Mary down and starts to choke her. Geneva kicks at him.

Suddenly, the MUSIC STOPS. The next thing heard is a loud 'CRASH'. Adamly has broken Euphrates's drum over Victor's head, Mary wiggles free. She makes her way to Adamly, hugging and kissing him.

MARY

Oh Adamly, God bless you. Oh sweet Jesus,  
get us out of here and back home. Please!

ADAMLY

Miss Mary, fear not. Here, allow me...

Adamly picks up a couch and covers the glass and fire with it. He helps the ladies on the couch and they walk across the trouble. Victor tries to get up and climb on the couch. Adamly snatches him, pushes him back.

GENEVA

Come on, Adamly!

MARY

Adamly, knock his bloody lights out and let him broil. Let's go home!

ADAMLY

I'm sorry Miss Mary. I'm a dead man now. I don't belong in your world anymore.

GENEVA

No Adamly, no! Please come.

ADAMLY

You're a lovely girl Geneva. You'll make some gentleman very happy. I can't be that man.

MARY

This is nonsense, hurry! The whole place is crumbling.

VICTOR

Let me up you wretched reject! Let me go!

ADAMLY

Don't worry. I'll let you go alright. Your ass is 'going' to meet the 'REAL' God in a second or two.

MARY

Adamly, please. I'm begging you to come!

ADAMLY

No, can't do it. Try not to forget me Mary. Become a great writer, my friend.

Even better than your mum or dad. Tell the people what they will harvest, when they try to play God. You've seen the horrors for yourself.

Mary begins to cry, as does Geneva. Victor is struggling to free himself from Adamly. Adamly slaps him hard in the back of the head.

ADAMLY (CONT'D)

What's wrong with you boy? Can't you see I'm talking?

Other slaves are outside enjoying Victor's beating. A large section of ceiling collapses just yards away from Adamly and Victor. Flames draw near.

MARY

I love you Adamly. I promise to write that story for you.

No sooner do they step out the door, than a large wood beam, crashes down on Adamly and Victor. Flames and other parts of the ceiling and walls follow.

Mary and Geneva put their arms around each other. They see through the wall at the destruction.

Suddenly sparks fly upward from the spot where Adamly and Victor were hit. Victor, badly burned, stands, lurches forward to the door.

Both women jump with fear. Victor's char-broiled hand BEATS ON THE DOOR, its jammed. Victor speaks in a gravelly voice.

VICTOR

Mary, help me. Help me!

Mary runs up to the door. Opens it. She smiles compassionately at him, she rears back and punches him with all of her might. It sends him reeling backwards.

MARY

If you're God, you don't need my help!

VICTOR

Nooooo...

The burnt hand of Adamly grabs Victor by the ankle and pulls him into a hole in the floor, as the doctor tries to squim away. They both disappear from view.

Mary throws his boxes of files that he put on the porch at him. She then locks the door and rejoins Geneva. They hug.

Mary and Geneva walk away from the burning mansion. The wind blows through Mary's hair. Her eyes burn hotter than the flames that have reduced the glorious Franklin mansion to a pile of ashes.

FADE OUT:

BACK TO SCENE

FADE IN:

INT. SHELLEY ESTATE - NIGHT

The older Mary's eyes are still red, but now they look sad. In the background, lightning flashes outside. Percy, still sickly, languishes on the bed next to her. Tears stream down Mary's face.

She pulls something out of her purse and shows it to him.

INSERT

The photo Victor took, with her and Adamly.

BACK TO SCENE

Percy is stunned.

PERCY

Weep not, you committed no crime. Mary,  
you did the right thing woman. I can see  
how 'Frankenstein' was born now, from  
love. Sad, beautiful ... love

MARY

I was afraid to speak upon it, for fear  
you'd think I was a, a murderer. (Sobs)

PERCY

Fear not, what you did was not murder  
child. I'm sure if there is a 'real' God,  
he would approve.

Those slave owners in America got what  
they deserved. They try to play the role  
of Gods and Masters, yet they are devils  
and Monsters.

Mary hugs Percy as he lays on the bed. He runs his fingers  
through her hair. A barrage of lightning generates a 'STROBE-  
LIGHT EFFECT'.

FADE OUT