

The Locket's Journey
by
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FADE IN:

EXT. NEW JERSEY SKY -- NIGHT

Stars blaze against the moonless sky. A GLOWING BALL streaks toward the ground.

The glowing ball slows and stops its descent, then moves along close to the ground.

EXT. RED BANK -- CONTINUOUS

The glowing ball passes the wooden sign for the City of Red Bank.

The ball zooms into a neighborhood.

It approaches a small wooden framed house.

INT. BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Light glows under the closed door. The light intensifies.

A glowing mist slowly flows through the door.

The mist begins to form into loose outline of a person.

The specter floats toward the bed.

The mist condenses into SARAH THAMES, late 70's, graceful. Sarah stands next to the bed.

SARAH

Mary.

MARY STARK, late 30's, her sleeping face framed by a mass of thick tousled, black hair, turns over in her sleep.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Mary.

Mary slowly opens her eyes. Bright blue eyes. Confusion on her face.

MARY

Grams?

SARAH

Yes, dear.

MARY

What are you..?

SARAH

Listen, my dear one, I don't have long.

Mary rubs her face. Still trying to wake up.

SARAH (CONT'D)

I'm leaving. I want you to go to my attic. I've left something for you.

MARY

Your attic?

Still not understanding, trying to focus on the shimmering figure.

SARAH

Yes, that's right. I have a favor to ask.

MARY

Favor?

SARAH

Yes. A favor. I must go now.

MARY

Wait. What's your favor?

Sarah leans over Mary and smiles.

SARAH

You'll know, dear, you'll know. Now go back to sleep. Be brave and follow your heart.

Mary closes her eyes.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Good-bye, Mary. I'll always love you, dear.

Sarah slowly loses form morphing into a glowing mist. The mist slowly drifts to the door. The mist flows through the door and the light outside the door slowly fades.

INT. BEDROOM -- DAY

The phone rings. Mary slowly sits up, looking confused. She leans over and picks up the phone.

MARY

Hello? Hi, Mom.

She runs her hand through her hair.

MARY (CONT'D)

I know, Grams died. I'm not sure. I guess I dreamed it. Ok. I'll be there in about an hour. Bye.

Mary hangs up the phone. She rubs her face.

MARY (CONT'D)

Oh, Grams.

EXT. BRICK TWO STORY HOUSE -- DAY

A car comes down the long driveway and stops in front.

Mary gets out and walks toward the house. She stops.

Mary then walks around back toward a dock on the Naversink River.

She stops and looks around. She breathes deep and smiles.

She reaches into her jeans pocket and pulls out a set of keys. She looks at the keys, then back at the house.

She shrugs and heads back toward the house.

INT. ATTIC -- DAY

The door creaks open. The light comes on.

There are neatly placed boxes and items throughout the attic.

Mary comes up a short flight of stairs and walks to the middle of attic.

She slowly turns around and looks at all the items.

She runs her hand through her hair. She takes off her jacket, places it on a rocking chair.

She begins looking through the items.

INT. ATTIC -- LATER

Mary sits on the floor looking dejected. Around her are several cardboard boxes open with the contents on the floor.

She looks at her watch and shakes her head. She stands up and dusts off her jeans. She moves over to pick her coat.

Suddenly, a beam of sunlight shines through the dusty window highlighting a dark corner.

Mary stops and looks around, shivering. She looks at the light beam and slowly approaches.

She moves several boxes out of the way. In the back is an old trunk.

Mary kneels down in front of the trunk. She opens the lid. Inside there are a few photo albums, some stuffed animals.

She reaches in and pulls out a old stuffed bear. She smiles at the bear. A tear slowly glides down her cheek.

MARY

Beauregard.

She laughs and places the bear down. She reaches in and picks up a album.

She sees the corner of a wooden box underneath. She picks up the box.

It is the size of a shoe box and made of strips of wood. The strips form patterns on the box.

There is no visible lock. She turns it and hears something slide inside the box.

MARY (CONT'D)

Well, Grams, I guess you're not going to make this easy.

EXT. RED BANK STREET -- DAY

Mary strolls along the street and walks up to window. The window advertises: WE CAN UNLOCK ANYTHING!

She opens the door.

INT. LOCKSMITH -- DAY

Mary stands in front of counter. Behind the counter the LOCKSMITH, 50's, face stubbled, heavy set, leans across toward Mary.

LOCKSMITH

Look, lady. I told you! I can't unlock something without a fu...friggin' lock! Now if you don't mind I got other work to do.

He turns his back on Mary. She gives him an exasperated look and then walks toward the door. She opens it and walks out.

The locksmith turns around.

LOCKSMITH (CONT'D)

Crazy broad!

EXT. RED BANK STREET -- DAY

Mary walks along the sidewalk. She looks across the street and sees an antique store.

Mary holds up the box and then looks at the store.

She runs across the street to the antique store.

INT. ANTIQUE STORE -- CONTINUOUS

Mary walks through the door causing a bell over the door to RING.

STORE OWNER (O.S.)
I'll be right there.

Mary walks around looking at some of the old items. She walks over to the counter.

Inside are some old watches and locketts.

The STORE OWNER comes in, 60's, slender, with a full head of gray hair. He smiles when he sees Mary.

STORE OWNER (CONT'D)
I'm sorry for keeping you waiting.
If I'd known you were such a lovely lady, I would come more quickly.

Mary smiles.

MARY
If all the customer's get that Kind of greeting, you must sell a lot.

The Store Owner laughs.

STORE OWNER
No. Not everyone. Just the special ones. Now, how can I help you this glorious day?

Mary laughs.

MARY
Well, I'm not sure you can help, but I have this box I've been trying to open. I think it's a puzzle box.

She sets the box on the counter.

The Store Owner notices the box. He smiles and then puts on glasses. He looks at Mary and chuckles.

STORE OWNER
Ah, Sarah.

Mary looks confused.

MARY
Sarah? No, my name is Mary.

The Store Owner laughs.

STORE OWNER

I know. Sarah told me that her lovely granddaughter would be coming in for help. You see I sold her this box. Would you like me to open it?

Mary just stares at him. Then she shakes her head.

MARY

No, that's all right. If you can just show me how to open it, I'd appreciate it.

STORE OWNER

My pleasure.

He picks up the box and starts to point.

INT. DEN -- NIGHT

Mary sits on a sofa with the box sitting next to her. She is sipping wine and staring at the box.

She rubs her hand over the box. She sets down the wine and picks up the box. Her smartphone phone, laying next to her, rings. She hesitates then puts down the box.

MARY

Hello. Oh, hi, Dad. No, not yet. I guess she wanted to intrigue me.

Mary laughs looking at the box.

MARY (CONT'D)

You're right, it worked. I'll let you know as soon as I've found out. Love you, too. Bye.

Mary pushes the disconnect button on the smartphone. She picks the box up and pushes two dark blocks of wood simultaneously. A CLICK is heard and the top slightly opens.

Mary stares at the box. She takes a deep breath and slowly opens the top.

Inside the box is an envelope, four journals tied with red ribbon and a locket.

Mary picks up the envelope. "Mary" is written in beautiful flowing handwriting.

Mary rubs the envelope and smiles. She opens the envelope and pulls out a handwritten letter.

Mary reads the letter.

SARAH (V.O.)

My dear sweet Mary, of all the family,
you alone will understand. My
Grandmother, who is your namesake,
wrote these journals about how she
came to New Jersey to settle. Her
story is true, but you won't find it
in history books.

Mary lowers the letter and picks up the journals. She looks
at them and lays them back down. She looks at the letter.

SARAH (V.O.) (CONT'D)

When Grandma Mary died, she made a
request that hasn't been fulfilled.
I know that you can complete the
request Mary. She wants to have her
locket taken to the grave of her
first love and husband, Robert
Beauregard Green, Sergeant Major,
Confederate States of America.

Mary stops reading.

MARY

First husband? Confederate States
of America?

Mary starts reading again.

SARAH (V.O.)

He died in battle somewhere in
Tennessee or Georgia. She never was
sure exactly where. I only know
that his soul is still searching for
Mary. If you take the locket and
place it on his grave, he will finally
have peace. I know you can do this
and by doing so, you will find peace,
too. Love, Grams.

Mary lays down the letter. She picks up her wine glass and
takes a drink.

She picks up the locket by the chain and holds it up.

MARY

I don't know, Grams.

She sits her wine down.

She places the locket in her hand and opens it.

INSERT

Inside are the pictures of a young man in the uniform of the Confederate States of America and a young woman who looks like Mary.

BACK TO SCENE

Mary reaches down and picks up the journals. She looks at the locket and then the journals.

MARY (CONT'D)

I can't do this.

INT. STARK FAMILY KITCHEN -- DAY

Mary and DEBORAH STARK are sitting at table drinking coffee.

DEBORAH

I don't know, Mary. Mother never told me about this.

MARY

Mom, Grams asked me to do this. I just don't know if I can. I want to but ...

DEBORAH

I'm sure Mother would've understood that you can't just go on a wild goose chase. You've got your career, your friends. Don't worry about it, dear.

Deborah reaches over rubs Mary's arm.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)

So, how's Frank doing?

Mary looks at Deborah and gives her a sad smile.

INT. LOCAL BAR -- NIGHT

The place is full. Music is playing. Voices and laughter fill the air.

Mary and NIKI PUTNAM sit at a corner booth drinking wine.

NIKI

Are you sure you want to do this?

MARY

Yes. I haven't been happy. I've felt ... I don't know ... out of place.

NIKI

Why? You've got a great career, friends, family. What else is there?

MARY

Connection. Ever since Grams died
I've felt disconnected with
everything.

Across the room several guys are looking at Mary and Niki.

One, COCKY GUY, raises his glass toward Mary. She ignores him.

Cocky Guy says something to the guys and they laugh.

Cocky Guy gets up and walks toward Mary and Niki.

NIKI

Mary, you need to do what's right
for you. Follow your heart.

The Cocky Guy walks up to their table. He's slightly swaying.

Mary and Niki stop talking and look up.

COCKY GUY

Well, I see I finally got your
attention.

NIKI

Look. We're just having a talk.
So, why don't you...

COCKY GUY

I ain't talking to you!

He leans down on the table. The other guys stop laughing.

COCKY GUY (CONT'D)

You too good for me? Is that it?

He leans closer to Mary.

Mary eyes locks on his eyes and stares back at him.

He looks hard then confused. He slowly backs off.

MARY

Why don't you be a nice guy and go
away. We don't want any company.

Mary looks across the room and smiles at the table of men.

MARY (CONT'D)

We'll smile nice for your friends so
they'll think your being politely
turned down. Or if you want, I'll
have Jim ...

(nods her head towards
Jim)

The bartender, Jim, 30's, bruiser big, is watching closely.

MARY (CONT'D)
... throw you out. Your choice.

Mary continues to smile.

The guy cut his eyes at Jim. He slowly straightens up and smiles a mean smile.

COCKY GUY
(softly)
Bitch.

He turns and walks back to the table.

Jim starts wiping glasses.

The guy reaches the table and says something. The group laughs.

MARY
And that's another reason.

EXT. MARY'S HOUSE -- DAY

The sun shines on the small, white frame house. The yard is well kept.

On the horizon, storm clouds are building. The wind picks up causing the trees to sway.

INT. SCREEN PORCH -- CONTINUOUS

Mary walks out of the house into the screen porch carrying the wooden box and a cup of coffee.

She walks to the screen and looks out.

The clouds are growing bigger and darker.

Mary walks to a small table and chairs. She sits down and places the box on the table.

She drinks her coffee watching the trees moving in the wind.

She sets down her coffee, picks up the box, opens it and removes the journals and locket.

Thunder RUMBLES. Mary looks up. The sky is darker.

She lays down the locket. She unties the ribbon and picks up the first journal.

She opens the journal gently. The pages are stiff.

She looks at the inscription inside the journal.

It reads: MARY ELIZABETH GREEN, Roswell, Georgia, June 30, 1864.

She looks up. A FLASH of lightning brightens the air. Thunder RUMBLES louder.

MARY
Roswell, Georgia?

She turns the first page and reads:

MARY GREEN (V.O.)
I've decided to keep this journal to pass on my feelings and thoughts on this horrible war to those who will follow me. This horrible war that...

Thunder CRASHES.

EXT. SOMEWHERE NEAR MARIETTA, GA - 1864 -- DAY

Gray clouds of smoke obliterate the scenery. Bright FLASHES are seen and loud RUMBLES of cannon fire are heard in the clouds.

Several figures, bare footed, dressed in bloody, tattered gray uniforms suddenly stumble from the smoke.

They continue on in hurried retreat. One figure carries a broken shaft holding the Confederate Southern Cross battle flag.

He stops, wavering, blood running from a gory stomach wound. He drops to his knees and falls face down.

The Southern Cross flutters to the ground.

Quiet settles over the area. The smoke slowly clears.

Materializing from the battle smoke, Union troops appear and approach the fallen soldier.

SERGEANT ELY POLOWSKI, holds up his hand.

ELY
Halt! Well, it appears our gallant foe has decided to take a rest.

Ely walks over to the Confederate soldier.

He stoops down and turns him over.

The Confederate soldier lets out a weak groan.

Ely reaches over and picks up the fallen flag.

Ely stands up holding the flag.

ELY (CONT'D)

Sweet Jesus, these vermin are hard
to kill!

He suddenly raises the broken flag shaft and drives it into
the soldiers stomach wound, grinding it in.

The soldiers eyes fly open, he lets out a low scream and
then dies.

ELY (CONT'D)

That ought to do it. Don't you think,
boys?

He turns and looks at his troops.

One or two have sick grins, the rest look in shock.

Ely stares them down. The troops look down at the ground.
A horse GALLOPING up is heard.

ELY (CONT'D)

You bunch of weak kneed civilians.
These reb scum don't deserve any
mercy.

He turns his back to the troops. He unbuttons his trousers
and starts to urinate on the dead soldier.

ELY (CONT'D)

It's a good thing we found this shit
hole, I needed to piss bad.

The horse gallops up and slides to stop. CAPTAIN SAMUEL LEE
sits on the horse. His face is angry.

SAMUEL

Sergeant Polowski!

He dismounts and marches toward Ely.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

What in God's name are you doing!
Cease that immediately!

Ely looks over his shoulder, undisguised angry contorting
his face. He buttons up his trousers, slowly turns and faces
Samuel.

Samuel walks up the dead Confederate soldier. He grabs the
flag and removes it gently.

He strides over to Ely and gets in his face.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

I asked you a question, Sergeant.

ELY

I'm killing vermin ... Captain.

SAMUEL

These are soldiers, Sergeant. They fight and die gallantly. Therefore, they deserve respect.

Ely turns and spits on the ground.

ELY

They're filthy Rebs. They deserve what they get.

Samuel gets closer to Ely staring him in the eyes.

SAMUEL

You will follow orders, Sergeant.

Samuel takes the flag and shoves into Ely's stomach. He steps back.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

Sergeant Polowski, you will bury this soldier and place the flag above his grave.

Several of the troops put down their guns and approach the dead soldier.

Samuel whirls around on them.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

Halt!

The soldiers freeze into attention.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

I gave the order to the Sergeant, not you.

Samuel walks briskly to his horse.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

The rest of you will follow me in pursuit of the retreating forces.

He expertly gets into the saddle of his horse. The soldiers pick up their guns.

Sam walks his horse next to Ely.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

Now dig, Sergeant.

Samuel kicks his horse and rides off. Ely stands watching him ride off.

ELY
Filthy Reb lover.

He puts his hand on his revolver and slowly pulls it out.

Ely hears approaching HOOFBEATS.

Ely looks down the trail. He slides the gun back.

He looks at the retreating back of Samuel.

He spits on the ground.

Ely walks toward the dead Confederate soldier as Union cavalry gallop by.

EXT. ROSWELL, GEORGIA - 1864 -- DAY

The town square is almost deserted. Several women of various ages walk along the square.

A family rides down the dirt street in their loaded horse-drawn wagon.

The women stop as they watch the wagon slowly plodding by.

EXT. ROSWELL WOOLEN MILL -- DAY

The mill sits in the pine trees away from the square.

In the distance, a second mill can be seen through the trees.

Three women, LIZZIE, RUTH and JOSEPHINE, walk along the dirt path to the front of the mill.

They approach the double front doors of the mill and enter.

INT. ROSWELL WOOLEN MILL -- CONTINUOUS

MARY GREEN (same actor as Mary Stark) sits in a small office near the main entrance of the mill. She is dressed in black. She is writing in a small journal.

She hears the front doors open and excited voices of Lizzie, Ruth, and Josephine drift in through her open door.

LIZZIE
Ruth, don't be so skittish! Those
Yankees ain't going to harm us!

Lizzie and Ruth walk into Mary's office with Josephine trailing behind. Lizzie stops and looks at Ruth.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)
Who knows, maybe they'll need some
comfort, being away from home and
all.

Ruth puts her hand to her mouth while Lizzie laughs wickedly.

Mary stands up and smiles slightly.

MARY GREEN

Lizzie, you better be careful, someone
might think you're a traitor.

Lizzie stops laughing abruptly. She looks between Ruth and Mary.

RUTH

That's right. We know those Yankees
are uncouth and bloodthirsty!

Lizzie stiffens up and then relaxes. She walks up to Mary.

LIZZIE

I'm sorry Mary. I was just funnin'
Ruth.

Mary puts her hand in Lizzie's.

MARY GREEN

No offense taken, Lizzie. But we
must be careful. Purdue says the
Yankees will be here soon.

She drops Lizzie's hand and walks to the door of the factory.

MARY GREEN (CONT'D)

And we will work until ... until
they run us out.

EXT. ROSWELL WOOLEN MILL -- EVENING

Mary is standing in the front of the mill production area
watching the women and children working.

The front doors BURST open.

Mary spins around.

Three Union soldiers - Samuel Lee, Ely Polowski, and GENERAL
KINNER GARRARD, solid, battle tired, and PURDUE, factory
manager, skinny, haggard, 50's, march in.

The workers look up and stop.

Behind the three men, through the doors, stands the rest of
the Union soldiers holding their guns.

Several soldiers carry burning torches.

Purdue, Samuel, Ely and Garrard walk up to Mary.

Samuel and Garrard remove their hats.

Ely gaze slithers up and down Mary.

Mary looks at the men and stiffens when she makes eye contact with Ely.

Samuel watches and turns to Ely.

SAMUEL

Remove your hat, Sergeant. You're
in the presence of a lady.

Ely scowls.

ELY

She ain't no ...

GARRARD

Sergeant!

Ely's head snaps toward Garrard. He slowly removes his hat. He looks at Mary and spits on the floor.

GARRARD (CONT'D)

Forgive our manners, Madam. This
war is making some of us barbarians.

Mary nods in acknowledgment.

Samuel looks her in the eye and smiles. Mary slightly smiles.

PURDUE

I'm sorry Mary but we are being closed
down. I'm forced to send everyone
away.

A Union courier bursts through and walks briskly up to Garrard.

He snaps to attention.

COURIER

General Garrard, sir! A dispatch
from General Sherman.

He holds out a sealed dispatch to Garrard. Garrard takes it and opens the dispatch.

He reads the dispatch and hands it to Samuel. Samuel reads the dispatch and looks up at Garrard with a questioning look.

SAMUEL

Surely, General Sherman means that
...

GARRARD

General Sherman's orders are clear,
Captain.

Garrard turns back to Purdue and Mary.

He puts his hat back on.

GARRARD (CONT'D)

I'm to inform you that since you are obviously aiding the rebel cause, you and your workers are to be charged with treason and removed from this place to be shipped to points north of the enemy lines. Far north.

Mary looks stunned.

The women workers react - some crying, some angrily talking amongst themselves, some comforting the crying women and children.

MARY GREEN

General, that can't be true. As you can see, sir, most of our workers are women and children.

Samuel looks at Garrard.

Ely's face lights up with an evil grin.

Garrard looks sharply at Ely, who becomes stone faced.

Garrard turns back to Mary. Mary bravely walks up to Garrard.

MARY GREEN (CONT'D)

It appears that barbarism affects more than just a few of your men, General Garrard.

Garrard stiffens.

GARRARD

I have my orders, madam.

Garrard turns to walk away and stops. He turns back to Mary.

GARRARD (CONT'D)

We are at war.

Garrard turns to Samuel.

GARRARD (CONT'D)

Captain Lee. Remove these workers and burn the factory. I am placing your company in charge of escorting the prisoners to Louisville.

Samuel looks at Mary and then Garrard.

GARRARD (CONT'D)

That is all, Captain.

Samuel salutes as Garrard turns and leaves.

Looking pained, Samuel turns to Ely.

SAMUEL

Sergeant have a squad escort the workers to the town square.

Samuel looks back at Mary and Purdue.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

Then burn the factory.

Samuel bows to Mary and gestures to the front door.

Mary and Purdue slowly walk to the door, followed by Samuel. Mary stops.

Mary looks back at the workers, with tears in her eyes. Samuel follows her look.

Ely salutes with evil enthusiasm.

ELY

With pleasure, Captain. With pleasure.

Ely turns to the doors.

ELY (CONT'D)

McNally! Bring in your squad!

Ten soldiers including the ones holding the torches run in. Ely waves his arm to the workers.

ELY (CONT'D)

All of you form a line and leave the building. Fast! We wouldn't want anyone caught in the flames, now would we!

As the women and children file past the soldiers, Ely glares at the women - especially Ruth, Josephine and Lizzie.

The four torch bearing soldiers begin running through the factory, lighting the walls, furniture, anything that will burn.

The fire grows in strength, burning faster.

The workers and soldiers hurry out leaving Ely watching the flames with a crazy grin.

He slowly turns and walks out the door as part of the upper floor crashes down.

EXT. THE JERSEY SHORE - PRESENT -- NIGHT

The logs from the bonfire fall down causing sparks to fly into the sky.

Niki and Mary sit on a blanket drinking wine at a BEACH PARTY.

They watch as the sparks climb and then fade out.

NIKI

So, you're really going to do it?

MARY

Yes. I've decided to complete Gram's request.

Mary looks at the fire and then at Niki.

MARY (CONT'D)

Really my great-great-grandmother's request. Her writing has gotten to me.

She sips her wine.

MARY (CONT'D)

She's frightened, a lonely war widow ... but she's strong. And loyal to her friends.

Mary smiles as she sips her wine. She looks at Niki with affection.

MARY (CONT'D)

You know, Lizzie reminds me of you. Maybe, we knew each other in a prior life.

Niki laughs.

NIKI

Could be.

Niki drinks some wine. Then she picks up an empty paper plate and starts fanning herself.

NIKI (CONT'D)

However, I surely don't see myself as a hapless Southern Belle, do you?

Mary laughs and then slowly quiets down.

MARY

That's just it. Mary's not helpless.
She's caught up in a terrible war.
Most of us don't know how terrible.
Women and children were taken from
their homes and sent away, guarded
by troops...

Mary stares off into the distance.

She holds onto the locket around her neck with one hand.
Tears trickle down Mary's cheeks.

Niki reaches over and grabs her hand.

NIKI

Hey...hey.

Mary eyes refocus. She looks down at Niki's hand.

Mary touches her own face and feels the tears.

NIKI (CONT'D)

It's OK. Wow, you're really caught
up in this.

Mary smiles as she wipes her eyes.

MARY

I guess I am.

INT. DEN -- DAY

Mary sits at a desk. She is looking at the screen of a laptop
computer.

INSERT COMPUTER SCREEN

A Web site for the U. S. Army is on screen. Mary clicks on
HISTORY.

BACK TO SCENE

Mary watches as the screen changes. Her face registers
surprise, then frowns.

MARY

Great.

She picks up the phone and dials.

MARY (CONT'D)

Hi, Susie. I need you to check
flights to Atlanta for Friday. It's
for research on the piece I'm doing.
Thanks.

Mary hangs up the phone.

MARY (CONT'D)

I guess this isn't going to be easy.

INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Mary comes out of the bathroom wearing a large white cotton tee shirt and panties.

She walks over to a security panel and activates the alarm.

She goes to the bed and pulls back the covers. She climbs in.

She picks up one of the journals sitting on the night stand. She starts to read the entry.

MARY GREEN (V.O.)

July 7th, 1864. We are to be sent to Marietta by wagons...

EXT. ROSWELL TOWN SQUARE -- DAY

Mary Green, Lizzie, Ruth, Josephine and several other women and children stand together.

Union soldiers bring wagons into the square.

Groups of women and children wander around waiting for orders.

Ely prowls among the women like a wolf, barking orders to his men and at the frightened women.

He approaches Mary and her group. He sees Mary and his face is split by an evil smirk.

He stalks up to Mary. He gets close to her.

ELY

Well, it's time for you traitorous ladies to load up.

He looks around at Lizzie, Ruth and Josephine.

ELY (CONT'D)

We'll be going to Marietta, where we whipped your Reb scum army.

Mary stands her ground and locks eyes with Ely. Lizzie moves closer to Mary.

MARY GREEN

It doesn't take much of an army to defeat starving, poorly equipped men.

Ely grins but puts his hand on the knife at his waist.

ELY

I see that you might be needing a
real man to tame that streak you
got.

Mary looks down at Ely's hand and smiles.

MARY GREEN

Well, Sergeant, when I meet a real
man, I'll let you know.

Ely face contorts and he steps closer as if to strike.

A hand grabs him by the shoulder and spins him around.

SAMUEL

Sergeant!

Samuel gets in Ely's face.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

I've given you fair warning. If you
keep up your barbarism with these
ladies, I'll have you court
marshalled.

Ely face contorts and his hand clinches the knife.

ELY

It appears to me, Sir, that you keep
defending these Rebs. I'm a wondering
if you forget which side your on.

Samuel steps closer and leans into Ely's face.

Samuel smiles a hard smile.

SAMUEL

Sergeant, you will continue getting
the wagons loaded without further
incident. Is that clear?

Ely hisses.

ELY

Yes, sir.

Ely turns and stalks off to the next wagon, yelling at the
soldiers along the way.

Samuel turns to Mary and removes his hat.

Lizzie smiles at his gesture.

SAMUEL

I'm sorry for the sergeant's behavior,
Mrs. Green. He's a good soldier,
just not a diplomat.

Mary looks at Samuel and smiles.

MARY GREEN

Captain Lee, thank you for your
assistance. It's nice to meet a
gentlemen amongst all this horror.
May I ask you something?

Samuel smiles at the compliment and nods his head.

MARY GREEN (CONT'D)

Why is a Southerner with the namesake
of Lee fighting against his brethren?

Samuel looks surprised then frowns.

Lizzie looks at Mary and shakes her head.

Samuel looks into Mary's eyes and sadly smiles.

SAMUEL

I have to do what I believe is right.
I'm sure you understand that.

Mary nods her head while searching Samuel's face.

MARY GREEN

I do, Captain, I truly do. Now,
where are you taking us?

Samuel puts his hat back on and faces the women.

SAMUEL

We will be going to Marietta and
then to Louisville by rail.

Ruth starts crying softly. Lizzie walks over to her and
puts her arm around her.

LIZZIE

Then what? Put us on parade for the
Yankees to gawk at?

SAMUEL

No, not that. I'm not sure. We'll
get orders as to the ... arrangements
... along the way. I'm sorry but we
have our orders. Please allow me to
help get you into the wagon.

Samuel walks to the back of the wagon where two privates
stand at attention.

They begin helping the women up into the wagon.

Mary approaches and Samuel puts out his hand.

She hesitates and then takes his hand.

She looks at his hand and then smiles.

Mary steps up into the wagon.

She looks around at the women, making eye contact with Lizzie, Ruth and Josephine.

Several women softly crying while their children huddle with them.

MARY GREEN

Ladies, I know this is frightening.
But remember who we are. We are
strong! We will survive this.

The women look at Mary and slowly nod their heads.

EXT. CAMPSITE - 1864 -- NIGHT

The wagons are in rough circles in a wooded area on the road to Marietta.

Fires burn throughout the area watched by soldiers and the Roswell women.

Large tents stand near the wagons throughout the campsite.

The soldiers are bivouacked off to one side, sleeping in the open.

EXT. LARGE TENT -- CONTINUOUS

Mary, Ruth and Lizzie sit together eating a meager dinner. Other women sit around the fire. They all look dejected and tired.

Samuel walks into the firelight and approaches Mary. Lizzie sees him and prods Mary.

Mary looks at Lizzie, who is smiling, and nods in Samuel's direction.

Mary looks and sees Samuel. She smiles slightly.

SAMUEL

Good evening, Mrs. Green, Ladies. I
apologize for the dinner, but we
won't get supplied till we get to
Marietta.

Mary stands up and straightens her black dress. Lizzie watches closely.

MARY GREEN

Thank you for your concern, Captain Lee. I'm sure we'll be fine. After all, our men have been living on far less.

LIZZIE

For the Lord's sake, Mary, Captain Lee is just trying to be a gentlemen.

Mary turns and gives Lizzie a look. Lizzie just grins.

MARY GREEN

I'm well aware that Captain Lee is a gentleman. Misguided maybe, but a gentleman.

Samuel smiles at her comment.

SAMUEL

Thank you, I think. I just wanted to stop by and let you know that we should make Marietta by tomorrow evening. I'm sorry for this. I don't totally agree with General Sherman's decision but ...

MARY GREEN

You're just following orders.

SAMUEL

Right. Anyway, if there is anything I can do to make this difficult situation less painful ...

LIZZIE

Well, I'm sure you could at least see to Mary's needs ...

MARY GREEN

Lizzie!

LIZZIE

I meant comfort! After all, you've been a widow for a year now. You need ...

MARY GREEN

That's enough!

Ruth, Josephine and Lizzie playfully laugh at Mary's discomfort. Samuel blushes and grins.

Mary gives him a look that wipes the smile from his face.

SAMUEL

Well, I better be off to check on my troops.

Samuel bows and slowly moves off. He stops by wagon and looks admiringly at Mary.

As he moves into the shadows, Mary turns and watches him go. She slightly smiles.

EXT. NEARBY WOODS -- CONTINUOUS

Ely watches Mary and Samuel from behind a tree at the edge of the firelight.

He draws his knife and turns it as the firelight reflects off of it.

He watches Samuel move off to the troops. He looks back at Mary, Lizzie, and Ruth.

He suddenly stabs the tree.

EXT. CAMPSITE -- DAWN

The soldiers begin to stir and rekindle the fires.

The cooks begin to make coffee and prepare breakfast. Several women and children begin to come out of the tents.

INT. LARGE TENT -- CONTINUOUS

Mary, Lizzie, and Ruth are finishing dressing. Lizzie watches Mary as she adjusts her black dress. Lizzie walks up to Mary and helps her button up.

LIZZIE

Mary, sweetheart, meaning no disrespect, but don't you think that maybe it's time to ... move on.

Mary slowly turns and looks at Lizzie. She reaches up and touches her face.

MARY GREEN

I wish I could, Lizzie. I wear black not just for Robert but for all our fallen husbands, sons and brothers.

LIZZIE

This war is over, Mary. You're a beautiful young woman. You need to think about tomorrow, not today. Captain Lee...

Ruth looks up sharply.

RUTH

He's a Yankee! Lizzie, sometimes I wonder where your loyalties are!

LIZZIE

Loyalty to what! Where are our men now, Ruth? Dead or crippled! They go off and get killed and leave us to clean up the mess!

MARY GREEN

Stop it, both of you! We can't be at each other. We need each other or we won't make it!

Lizzie and Ruth look down at the ground, then back at Mary.

LIZZIE

I know you're right, I'm just scared.

Ruth nods in agreement. Mary hugs Lizzie. She looks around with puzzled look on her face.

MARY GREEN

Where's Josephine?

EXT. NEARBY WOODS -- CONTINUOUS

A young soldier is hurriedly walking along a path trying to unbuckle his pants and carry his musket. He stops and makes a face.

SOLDIER

Damnation! That's a right powerful smell.

He hears a BUZZING sound as he approaches the bushes. The buzzing gets louder the closer he gets.

He slowly pushes through the bushes.

SOLDIER (CONT'D)

Sweet Jesus in Heaven!

He turns and runs back up the trail. He stumbles and falls.

The musket hits the ground and goes off.

He pushes himself up and runs up the trail running headlong into Ely.

ELY

What the hell is the matter! Are the Rebs attacking!

The young soldier stares at Ely and points back down the trail.

SOLDIER

Somethin' awful, Sergeant! God awful!

Ely looks down the trail as Captain Tyler and a detail of men run up.

SOLDIER (CONT'D)

Somethin' got her! Tore her up!
God awful!

Ely lets go of the soldier.

The soldier looks back down the trail then turns and runs.

Ely starts to yell.

SAMUEL

Let him go. Let's go see what has
him spooked.

He takes out his revolver. He turns and motions the troops. The troops hold their rifles at ready and follow.

Ely pulls his revolver and follows Samuel.

They approach the bushes. The BUZZING sound gets louder.

Samuel and Ely push through the bushes.

On the ground is the bloody, fly covered, mutilated body of Josephine.

INT. BEDROOM - PRESENT -- NIGHT

Mary jerks awake, breathing hard. She is drenched in sweat.

The journal in her lap falls to the floor.

She slows her breathing and puts her feet on the floor. She runs her hands through her hair.

She bends over and picks up the journal. She opens it.

She reads as a tear rolls down her face.

MARY

My God! How could this have happened?
Why doesn't anybody know about this?

She closes the journal and stands up. She wipes the tears from her face with her hand.

MARY (CONT'D)

Well, it's time they do.

She picks the other journals and ties them together with the ribbon.

She walks over to her full and open suitcase. She places the journals in her suitcase and closes it.

She walks over to the bed and climbs in. She reaches up and turns out the light.

EXT. EAST POINT, GA -- DAY

Several police cars with lights flashing, an unmarked car, a desert camouflaged military Humvee and a county coroner's wagon are parked haphazard on and off the road near a wooded area.

Crime scene barriers and tape cordon off the area.

Several police officers keep onlookers, and press, behind the crime scene barriers.

EXT. WOODS -- CONTINUOUS

Four men stand around the mutilated body of a female soldier.

Two men, SAM TYLER (same actor as Samuel Lee) , a dead ringer for Capt. Samuel Lee, and ELY LOW (same actor as Ely Polowski), the spitting image of Ely Polowski, turn and face each other.

ELY LOW

Look, Agent Tyler, she is Army, and therefore this is my jurisdiction.

SAM TYLER

This crime, like the other, was committed on civilian soil. You're more than welcome to continue working with us, Colonel Low. But the Bureau will maintain control. Now, may we continue ... ?

Ely's eyes burn into Sam's. He curtly nods his head.

They turn back to the other two men, DOCTOR JONES, coroner and DAVID PRICE, FBI Crime Scene Specialist.

SAM TYLER (CONT'D)

Go ahead, David.

David kneels down next to the victim. He points to the bloody chest area.

DAVID

The breasts were surgically removed. Or at least someone who owns a surgically sharp knife and who can cut smoothly. But my guess, without a more detailed exam, the assailant used a scalpel.

Dr. Jones nods.

DOCTOR JONES

I concur. There are no jagged edges
in the cuts. Even the uniform is
sliced cleanly.

Ely seems ready to hit someone.

ELY LOW

Then why is this one different. She
wasn't gutted like the other victim.

Sam looks at Ely.

SAM TYLER

Most likely the killer was
interrupted. There are three separate
sets of tracks.

Sam walks around the body pointing to marked tracks.

SAM TYLER (CONT'D)

The person who found the lieutenant
came on the scene before the killer
was through. Just not soon enough.

Ely walks over to the body.

ELY LOW

Goddamnit! This is ridiculous! All
the resources we have and we're still
no closer to this son of a bitch!

Sam walks up to Ely.

SAM TYLER

We'll find him, Ely. We just have
to work together.

ELY LOW

Agreed.

He turns to walk away. He stops and turns back.

ELY LOW (CONT'D)

But we'd better make progress soon,
or I'm not going to be able to
maintain control of my troops when
they leave the base.

He stalks off towards the edge of the woods.

SAM TYLER

Doctor, I guess you can take her.
I'll get with you when have completed
the autopsy. Thanks for your help.

DOCTOR JONES

No problem, Sam. But let's hurry
and find this bastard.

He motions to two attendants standing near. They approach
carrying a gurney and a body bag.

Sam and David walk towards the edge of the woods. David
looks at Sam as they walk.

DAVID

You haven't told Ely.

SAM TYLER

Not yet. But soon.

INT. ATLANTA HARTSFIELD AIRPORT -- DAY

Crowds hustle through the terminal concourses on their way
to many destinations.

Mary walks along looking at the throngs with a frown. Someone
bumps into her and keeps on going.

MARY

Some Southern hospitality.

Mary walks toward the sign that says BAGGAGE CLAIM.

INT. DOWNTOWN ATLANTA HOTEL ROOM -- DAY

Mary walks in. She puts her bags down and walks over to the
window.

She opens the curtain. The window looks out over the
buildings.

She looks down at the busy streets full of traffic and the
sidewalks lively with pedestrians.

She looks out and then slowly shakes her head.

MARY

Looks like Manhattan.

Mary walks back to her bed and begins unpacking.

INT. DOWNTOWN ATLANTA HOTEL ROOM -- DAY

Mary sits at the desk talking on her smartphone. She's
doodling on a pad with a pen.

MARY

Yes. I'm Mary Stark of Time Magazine.
I need to speak with someone who can
tell me about some murders that ...

Mary suddenly stops doodling.

MARY (CONT'D)
OK. But I don't think you understand
...

She stands up. She leans down and begins to write.

MARY (CONT'D)
Colonel Ely Low. Thank you. Tomorrow
at 11:00. That's great. Thank you.

She hangs up the phone. She looks at the phone.

MARY (CONT'D)
This is going to be interesting.

INT. CAR -- DAY

Mary drives along a busy road. She looks around and notices several businesses boarded up.

She continues on and sees a sign for Fort McPhearson.

She sees the entrance, turns in and pulls up to the guard station.

As the guard comes out he looks into Mary's car.

Mary smiles at the guard but his face remains stoic.

GUARD
Yes, ma'am. May I help you?

MARY
Yes. I'm Mary Stark. I have an
appointment with Colonel Low.

The guard looks at his visitor's sheet for a few seconds.

GUARD
Yes, ma'am. I have you listed.
Just one second.

The guard goes into the station and picks up the phone. He says a few words.

He reaches forward and picks up a temporary ID tag.

He returns to the car and leans down. He hands the ID to Mary.

GUARD (CONT'D)
Just bear right and follow the signs
to building 15. Park in the visitor's
spaces in front.

MARY

Thank you.

The guard straightens up as Mary drives off. The guard heads back into the guard station, picks up the phone and dials.

GUARD

Yes, sir, Colonel Low. Ms. Stark is on the way. Nice looking, black hair. Wearing white top, black slacks. Yes sir.

He hangs up the phone.

EXT. CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Mary drives into a parking space in front of building 15. She gets out of the car. She walks toward the front door.

INT. LOBBY BLDG. 15 -- CONTINUOUS

Mary walks up to the reception desk. A male Sergeant sits behind the desk. He looks up as Mary approaches.

ELY LOW (O.S.)

Ms. Stark?

Mary turns and sees Ely approaching.

MARY

Yes, I'm Mary Stark.

Ely sternly stares at her, his eyes giving her a quick once over.

Mary gives him a once over, smiling slightly, her eyes locking on his.

MARY (CONT'D)

Colonel Low?

Ely nods.

ELY LOW

Yes. If you'll follow me, please.

Ely turns and walks towards a hall. Mary quickly follows.

INT. ELY'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Ely and Mary enter. The office is nice with windows looking out onto a green space.

The walls have various plaques of merit, pictures of Ely in desert military dress.

Ely walks around the desk and sits while Mary takes a chair in front of the desk.

ELY LOW

Now, Ms. Stark, why is a New York newspaper interested in crime in Atlanta?

Mary looks puzzled.

MARY

Well, first I'm not from a New York newspaper. I'm with Time magazine. As far as crime, I'm not sure I understand.

Ely frowns, picks up a message note, looks at it and looks at Mary.

ELY LOW

My staff sergeant said that you called about the murders. And that you were from New York.

Ely puts the note down.

ELY LOW (CONT'D)

I thought you were calling about the murders that occurred in Atlanta. Anyway, I'm not at liberty to give any specifics. We are being careful ..

The phone rings. Ely picks it up.

ELY LOW (CONT'D)

Yes. Really. Send him in.

He hangs up the phone.

ELY LOW (CONT'D)

I'm sorry for the disruption.

The door opens and Sam walks in. He looks surprised to see Mary. He looks at her and smiles. Mary smiles back.

SAM TYLER

Colonel, your aide didn't say that you had someone in your office.

Sam walks up to Mary and holds out his hand. Mary takes it.

SAM TYLER (CONT'D)

I'm Special Agent Tyler, with the FBI. Sam Tyler.

Mary smiles and then the smile fades and she looks surprised.

She looks at Ely and Sam, several times. Then she recovers and smiles again.

MARY

I'm sorry. I'm Mary Stark. It's just that ... well, it's very strange ... I'm sorry. It's nice to meet you Agent Tyler.

SAM TYLER

Sam.

MARY

Sam.

Ely looks at Sam and Mary and smiles hard.

ELY LOW

Agent Tyler, I was just getting ready to explain to Ms. Stark that we cannot divulge any specifics on the murders.

Mary looks between Sam and Ely again.

MARY

I'm sorry Colonel but I think there's been a misunderstanding. You see, I am during some research on some murders ... but these occurred during the Civil War ... 1864.

Ely looks angry.

ELY LOW

I see.

MARY

I tried to explain that to your information bureau but they keep insisting that I needed to talk to you.

Sam looks at Mary as she is talking. She feels the scrutiny and turns to him.

MARY (CONT'D)

Several women were murdered under the jurisdiction of Union troops as they were being shipped North.

Sam intently looks at Mary for a beat.

He looks at Ely, who stares back and nods. He looks at Mary.

SAM TYLER

You mean executed?

MARY

No. They were butchered. Literally.

Sam watches stoically.

Ely sits stoned faced except that his eyes widen briefly.

MARY (CONT'D)

And the two most prominent people
that my great-great grandmother write
about are Captain Samuel Lee...and
Sergeant Ely Polowski.

Sam stands up. He looks down at Mary, then Ely.

Mary slowly stands up.

MARY (CONT'D)

That's not all. Her name was Mary.

EXT. BLDG. 15 -- DAY

Mary and Sam stand beside her car in the visitor parking
area. Mary has the keys in her hand.

SAM TYLER

I'm sorry for Ely's rudeness. He's
a good soldier. Overzealous and
ambitious sometimes. That's why I
think he ask you to come. New York
journalist. Cover story.

Mary smiles slightly.

MARY

I understand. But, so far, I haven't
seen a whole lot of that famous
Southern hospitality.

Sam laughs.

SAM TYLER

Well, I'll tell you what. Have dinner
with me and I'll show you some real
Southern hospitality.

MARY

I don't know ...

Sam holds up his hand in a STOP gesture.

SAM TYLER

It's only fair that you allow me the
opportunity to correct a
misconception. Plus, I would like
to know more about your project.

Mary looks up at Sam and slowly smiles.

MARY
All right ... Sam.

SAM TYLER
Where are you staying?

MARY
At the Georgian Terrace Hotel.

Sam looks at his watch.

SAM TYLER
Great. I'll pick you up at seven-thirty.

MARY
OK. Seven-thirty.

Sam turns and walks away. He stops by his car and turns back to Mary.

Smiling, he waves good-bye.

INT. LOBBY BLDG. 15 -- CONTINUOUS

Ely stares at Mary as Sam waves good-bye. Mary waves to Sam. She starts to open her car door but stops.

She looks up towards Ely.

EXT. BLDG. 15 -- CONTINUOUS

Mary looks at the windows of Bldg. 15 but can't see anything but reflected images of the surrounding buildings.

She shakes her head and opens the car door. She gets in and starts the car.

The car slowly backs up and drives away.

INT. LOBBY BLDG. 15 -- CONTINUOUS

Ely watches Mary's car drive off.

His eyes narrow and his mouth presses together, thinning his lips.

He suddenly wheels around and stalks off.

INT. PITY PAT'S PORCH -- NIGHT

The restaurant is crowded. The decor is Ante-bellum South, lots of memorabilia, checkered table cloths, wait staff dressed in costumes.

Lively conversation is heard all around.

At a table Mary and Sam drink coffee. Their table is crowded with empty plates.

A waitress, PAMELA JEAN, approaches.

PAMELA JEAN

Well, now honey. I'm right proud of you. You finished your dinner in fine fashion.

Mary and Sam laugh.

PAMELA JEAN (CONT'D)

How 'bout some fresh peach cobbler?

MARY

No, no. I'm stuffed!

The waitress gives her a disapproving look.

PAMELA JEAN

I'm sure Sam here will split it with ya. You can't leave us without a taste of our peach cobbler.

SAM TYLER

She's right. Pamela Jean, you bring some cobbler and two spoons.

Pamela Jean grins.

PAMELA JEAN

You got it, sugar!

Mary laughs as Sam smiles watching her face.

MARY

What?

SAM TYLER

I like your laugh. You light up.

Mary smiles.

MARY

Thank you. It's been a while since I felt like laughing.

Sam leans forward.

SAM TYLER

I'm glad I could help. So, have I been able to redeem the South's reputation?

Mary leans forward.

MARY

Let's just say you've made a start.
Or at least Pamela Jean has.

SAM TYLER

I guess I need to try harder. So,
after dessert, we can get a nightcap
at a small blues cafe near the
Georgian Terrace.

Mary sits back and looks intently at Sam.

MARY

I don't know Sam. I've got some
research to do tomorrow...

SAM TYLER

I haven't heard about your project
yet. Besides ... I'm not ready to
end the evening.

Mary sits still and then slowly smiles.

MARY

I'm not either.

INT. BLUES CLUB -- NIGHT

Mary and Sam sit near the edge of the seating area but can
still see the stage.

A blues band ends an old Muddy Waters tune. The crowd
applauds loudly.

GUITAR PLAYER

Thanks. Will be taking a short break
but we'll be back.

The crowd applauds some more as they leave the stage.

Sam turns to Mary.

SAM TYLER

Ok. So who's the killer?

Mary gazes at Sam.

MARY

I don't know. At least, not yet.

SAM TYLER

You don't know? The journals don't
tell you?

MARY

I'm sure they do. It's just that
... Well, I'm reading them as I
research Mary Green's story. To me,
it makes the story real.

Sam looks at Mary, then nods.

SAM TYLER

I understand. Well, does Mary suspect
anyone?

MARY

She didn't, until today. I read
some this afternoon when I got back
from meeting with you...

Mary shivers but doesn't seem to notice. But Sam does.

MARY (CONT'D)

... and Ely.

EXT. CAMPSITE MARIETTA - 1864-- NIGHT

A tent city has been erected near the town center in the
shape of a square.

The wagons form two sides of the square. The opening to the
town center forms the other end. Woods form the final side
of the square.

Soldiers keep vigil along the edges of the camp, especially
near the woods.

Fires burn throughout the camp. Women and children go about
preparing their evening meal.

Several women, carrying torches for light, enter and exit
the woods.

EXT. WOODS -- CONTINUOUS

A young woman walks slowly along the path to the latrine.
No one is nearby.

She hears something moving through the woods and stops.

Hearing nothing she moves on a little faster. She sees a
white cloth hanging on a bush, the sign for where the latrine
is.

She turns around and looks behind her. She listens. She
shrugs and enters the path.

She puts the torch into a makeshift holder.

Someone approaches down the path. She freezes.

As the sound moves closer, she begins to turn.

She turns the rest of the way fast.

Her face relaxes. She smiles.

YOUNG WOMAN

Why, hello...

A hand strikes her in the face knocking her down.

The hand rises holding something that glints in the torchlight.

The hand strikes like a snake, making a wet THUNK sound.

Blood splashes onto her dress and the ground.

Thick CUTTING noises are heard as blood begins to puddle on the ground next to her body.

EXT. 1864 - CAMPSITE MARIETTA -- DAWN

Mary Green exits her tent. She walks toward the woods. As she approaches the path into the woods, a soldier stands up.

SOLDIER

Mornin', Ma'am. Better carry this torch, even though it's getting light.

He pulls a torch from a holder and hands to Mary.

MARY GREEN

Thank you.

The soldier looks at Mary with a questioning look.

SOLDIER

If you'd like, I could walk with you. In case there's any critters around.

SAMUEL (O.S.)

That won't be necessary, corporal.

Samuel walks up and the corporal stands at attention.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

I'll escort Mrs. Green.

Mary looks at Samuel with a bemused look.

MARY GREEN

That's all right, Captain Lee, I'll be fine.

Samuel takes the torch from Mary, who gives it up without a struggle.

SAMUEL

The corporal is right, there may be critters out there.

Mary smiles at Samuel.

MARY GREEN

Thank you, Captain Lee.

They walk into the woods.

EXT. WOODS -- CONTINUOUS

Sam and Mary walk along the path.

MARY GREEN

Captain Lee...

SAMUEL

Please call me Samuel. At least when we're alone.

Mary walks along. She looks up at Samuel.

MARY GREEN

Samuel, How long are we going to be here?

Samuel smiles.

SAMUEL

The train arrives in two days.

Mary frowns.

MARY GREEN

I see.

They approach the white cloth on the bush.

They hear FLAPPING and then low GROWLING coming from the path.

Samuel stops Mary and draws his revolver.

SAMUEL

Stay here. I'll run it off.

Sam strides to the path and enters.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

My God!

His revolver fires three times. A SCREECH is heard while simultaneously several crows SQUAWK and fly into the air.

Mary runs and enters the path.

Sam is standing by the mutilated body of a young woman.

MARY GREEN

Oh dear God!

Samuel runs up to Mary and enfolds her in his arms. She buries her head into his chest.

EXT. CAMPSITE MARIETTA -1864 -- DAY

Mary is sitting with Lizzy and Ruth. She is drinking coffee. She looks up and sees Samuel approaching.

MARY GREEN

What kind of animal killed her? A bear?

SAMUEL

No. I'm afraid it was something worse. A human. She was cut up.

MARY GREEN

You mean like Josephine?

Samuel looks at the ground, then back at Mary.

SAMUEL

I'm not sure but it looks like it.

Mary stands up and walks up to Samuel.

MARY GREEN

Who is doing this? And why does it seem to be only us?

SAMUEL

I don't know. But I think it must have been someone familiar. It doesn't appear that she put up a fight.

Mary stiffens.

MARY GREEN

Familiar? You mean one of us? Why not one of your men? Some of us have become ... familiar to you and your men.

Samuel smiles, then frowns.

SAMUEL

I know. But I can't think of anyone
who bears that type of animosity ...

Samuel looks at Mary then off to the distance where the troops
are bivouacked.

Mary follows his gaze.

MARY GREEN

What are you thinking?

Samuel turns back to Mary.

SAMUEL

That I need to ask some questions.

He starts to turn but Mary grabs his arm.

MARY GREEN

I'm going with you.

Samuel hesitates, then nods.

Mary and Samuel walk off toward the other end of camp.

EXT. CAMPSITE MARIETTA - 1864 -- DAY

The troops have set the tents in neat rows in an open area
near the train depot.

Cooking fires are going, the smoke from the fires drifting
in the breeze.

Ely comes out of his tent and heads toward the chuck wagon.

As he walks along he speaks to several of the soldiers. He
approaches a group of men, mostly sergeants and one officer,
DOCTOR JOE WITHERS.

Ely gets some coffee from the pot sitting on a fire.

He sips the coffee and heads back to the group of men.

ELY

Morning. I'd say it's good but for
havin' to wet nurse these Rebel
whores.

Several of the men laugh. Doc Withers slightly smiles and
speaks with an English accent.

DOC WITHERS

My good Sergeant. These are the
fine ladies of the South. Ladies
par excellence!

Ely spits into the fire, causing a sizzle and a burst of smoke.

ELY
Ladies, my ...

SAMUEL (O.S.)
Sergeant Polowski!

Ely's head snaps around, his face erupting in a grimace.

The soldiers stand up sharply and come to attention.

Doc Withers slowly stands up. Ely slowly molds into attention.

Samuel and Mary walk up to the fire.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
At ease. Sergeant Polowski, I want
a word with you.

Ely drinks some coffee, looking at Samuel and Mary over his cup.

ELY
Well, now, Capt'n' sir, I was just
grabbing some grub. If it can wait
until I've had a chance to chow ...

Several of the men look around themselves.

Samuel's mouth curves into a hard smile.

SAMUEL
I'm sure the food will still be
here, Sergeant. So, follow me.

Samuel turns and then stops.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
And if it's not an inconvenience
Doc, I would like you along, too.

Doc Withers smiles and nods.

Samuel turns and motions Mary to follow. Doc Withers follows and Ely brings up the rear.

INT. SAMUEL'S TENT -- DAY

Mary sits on a small stool next to a folding desk. Samuel, Ely and Doc Withers stand near by.

SAMUEL
Doc, were you able to examine the
body of the girl?

Doc Withers looks at his hands. Then at Mary. Then at Samuel.

DOC WITHERS

Yes. A terrible thing. It was a savage.

SAMUEL

My thoughts exactly. I've seen men do horrendous things when in the grips of battle fury.

Samuel looks at Ely.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

I think hate can do the same thing.

Doc Withers nods.

DOC WITHERS

That's reasonable.

SAMUEL

Were you able to tell anything else? Any other marks or wounds?

Doc Withers looks at Samuel with an approving look.

DOC WITHERS

Very good, Captain. She seemed to have been hit in the face very hard. My guess it knocked her out. Probably spared her from the pain.

Mary looks at Doc Withers with a hard face.

Ely looks between Samuel and Doc Withers.

ELY

Captain Lee, I need to get to my duties.

Samuel walks up to Ely.

SAMUEL

Let me see your hands, Sergeant.

Ely scowls at him.

ELY

Why?

SAMUEL

That's an order, Sergeant!

Ely holds out his hands, palms up. They are rough and callused.

Samuel looks down then back at Ely.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

Turn them over.

Ely slowly turns them over.

The knuckles of his right hand are scrapped. Samuel grabs his right hand.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

How did you hurt your hand, Sergeant?
Been punching something...or someone?

Ely stares into Samuel's eyes.

ELY

I ain't no woman killer!

SAMUEL

No one said you were. I just want
to know how you hurt your hand.

Ely scowls at Mary and then looks at Samuel.

ELY

I scrapped it while I was helping
set up the tents. My hand slipped
and I scrapped my knuckles.

Samuel looks into Ely's eyes.

SAMUEL

I'm sure you can corroborate your
story?

Ely looks at Samuel then smiles savagely.

ELY

If'n you mean can someone vouch for
me, yes. I was with my squad and
all of them seen me do it. Some of
them received a kick in the ass for
causin' me to hurt my hand!

Samuel looks at Ely and then nods.

SAMUEL

Very well, Sergeant, I'll ask them.

He turns towards Mary then back to Ely.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

That is all, Sergeant. For now.

Ely stares at Samuel and then salutes. He stalks out the door.

Mary stands up to leave.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

Doc. One more question. Can you tell how the women was cut?

Doc Withers looks at Mary and then Samuel.

EXT. CAMPSITE -- CONTINUOUS

A knife is slicing into a hunk of steaming beef. It slices through the meat like butter.

DOC WITHERS (V.O.)

Well, all the cuts were very smooth, no jagged edges. So, the knife would have to be very sharp.

The knife slices again.

The knife stabs one of the pieces and slowly rises.

DOC WITHERS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And the person would have to be skilled in the use of a knife.

The knife brings the meat into the mouth of Ely Polowski.

INT. BLUES CLUB -- NIGHT

The club crowd has thinned out. Sam and Mary sit and finish their drinks.

Sam looks thoughtful and Mary watches his face.

SAM TYLER

That's quite a story. Scary.

Mary laughs.

MARY

Scary! A big, brave FBI agent scared.

Sam laughs.

SAM TYLER

Well, it's just that ...

His face shows surprise. He looks at his beer bottle.

MARY

What?

SAM TYLER

Well, either I'm getting very comfortable or getting a buzz because
(MORE)

SAM TYLER (CONT'D)

I almost told you something that I shouldn't discuss with the press.

MARY

I'm not the press. I'm doing a specific piece. So, off the record?

Sam smiles.

SAM TYLER

Just like a journalist. First, has anybody else read these journals?

MARY

No. At least not anybody alive. Why?

Sam drains his beer and slowly puts down the bottle.

SAM TYLER

Because the two women murdered here match the two women described in the journals.

Mary looks surprised and then nods.

MARY

I don't mean to be callous, but why all the federal help, if it's only two women?

Sam sits still for a few seconds. Then shrugs.

SAM TYLER

Because both women were Army. Both were killed outside the base. Both showed no signs of struggle. So, we were brought in immediately.

Mary leans forward.

MARY

So, why did Colonel Low ask me here, if the details are being kept under wraps?

Sam makes a face.

SAM TYLER

Ely is very ambitious, and he is trying to get control of this investigation. It's driving him nuts that we're leading. He probably was going to leak some misinformation to generate heat on the Bureau.

Sam leans forward. He rubs his face and then looks up with a smile.

SAM TYLER (CONT'D)

How's this, I'll get you clearance from Washington to be the exclusive press liaison. You'll get the story but not until we catch the bad guy.

Mary slowly shakes her head.

MARY

I don't know Sam. I really want to find out what happened to the Roswell women. Why nobody knows about the events. Why history doesn't speak of them. Why the government covered up the murders. Why no one seemed to care.

Mary looks around realizing her voice had gotten louder.

Sam looks at her closely.

SAM TYLER

I'm not sure why, it's just a feeling but ... I think that somehow these cases are linked.

Mary starts to protest.

SAM TYLER (CONT'D)

I know, I know. No one's read the journals recently. It's just a feeling.

Sam holds out his hand to Mary.

SAM TYLER (CONT'D)

So, are we partners? I'll let you follow the case, if you read your journals a little faster and keep me up to speed on the story. And I'll help you get access to any material you need.

Mary looks at his hand and then his face.

She slowly smiles and reaches out and takes his hand. They shake.

INT. DOWNTOWN ATLANTA HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Sam walks out of the bathroom wearing a Braves tee shirt and long gray sweat pants.

He walks over to the desk and opens his briefcase.

He removes a satellite phone and unfolds the antenna. He turns it on and punches in a number.

He walks over to the bed and sits down with his back against the headboard.

SAM TYLER

Agent Samuel Tyler. Access code:
Robert Tango Mary 6930.

He picks up his watch and looks at the time.

A muffled voice is heard from the receiver.

SAM TYLER (CONT'D)

Matt, you old dog!

He holds the phone from his ear and muffled yelling comes from the phone.

SAM TYLER (CONT'D)

Man, it's a good thing we're
scrambled! Yes, it's important.
It's ok. Just write this down, then
you can go back to sleep.

Sam laughs.

SAM TYLER (CONT'D)

I'll buy you a case of Dinkel Acker
when I get back. This is code red.
Yes. I need you to get me the
complete files on Colonel Ely Low.
You heard me right. Send them top
priority. Thanks. Good-night, Matt.

Sam punches the phone off.

He lays the phone down on the night stand. He rubs his face.

SAM TYLER (CONT'D)

Colonel Ely Low. Sergeant Ely
Polowski. We'll see.

He reaches over and turns out the light.

EXT. CAMPSITE MARIETTA - 1864 -- DAY

Ely stalks through the camp scowling at the women as they go about their chores.

In the tents some are packing up their few belongings in blankets.

Ely approaches the tent where Mary, Lizzie and Ruth are camped.

INT. LARGE TENT -- CONTINUOUS

Lizzie stands near the entrance of the tent. She sees Ely approaching.

She stares at him. Then she her mouth curves into a shark smile. She looks over her shoulder toward Mary.

LIZZIE

Mary, here comes that ole randy
Sergeant Ely!

Ruth looks at Lizzie with shock and then at Mary. Mary just smiles and shakes her head.

MARY

Is he headed toward our tent?

Lizzie looks out and then back.

The tent flap flies open and Ely storms in as Lizzie steps back.

Ely looks at Lizzie and Lizzie strikes a provocative pose. Ely's eyes devour her but he turns from Lizzie and walks toward Mary.

Mary watches him with a stern look.

MARY (CONT'D)

Sergeant Polowski, you're not supposed
to enter our tents by yourself.

Ely stops and looks around.

The women and children stare at him with open disgust.

A woman tending to a bedridden elderly woman looks up quickly then back down.

Ely scowls back.

ELY

I'm allowed to do what I damn well
please! I'm here on orders to make
sure you are getting ready to move
out.

Mary walks up to Ely and stands up to him. Lizzie moves slowly and gets behind Ely.

MARY

That may be Sergeant, but I was
assured by Captain Lee that no soldier
would be allowed to enter our tents
alone. No matter what the orders.

Ely looks at Mary with a malicious grin. He leans close to Mary.

ELY

Captain Lee. Well, he ain't here.
I am.

He grabs Mary's arm and she stands strong. Mary looks into his eyes.

MARY

Take your hands off me, Sergeant.

Ely squeezes her arm harder but Mary doesn't flinch.

ELY

Ya' think that you're too good for
me, you Rebel bitch. We'll see about
that, now won't we.

Ely starts to pull Mary toward him.

Lizzie quickly reaches under her skirt and pulls out a derringer from her garter. She slowly puts the gun next to Ely's ear.

Lizzie pulls back the hammer which makes a loud CLICK.

Ely freezes. Lizzie touches the gun to his ear.

LIZZIE

I think that it's time for you to
leave, Sergeant. I'm not real good
with this here gun, but I think I
could hit anything this close.

Ely stares at Mary and then releases her. Lizzie steps back from Ely.

He slowly turns and faces Lizzie.

ELY

You'll pay for this.

Lizzie just waves the gun and then she smiles at Ely.

LIZZIE

Oh, Sergeant you do know how to turn
a girl's head.

Ely takes step toward Lizzie, who snaps the gun up.

Ely stops and then turns toward the tent flaps. He stops and turns.

ELY

The train to Louisville will be here tonight. Some of you will be leaving in the morning. Be ready.

He whirls around and storms out of the tent. Ruth runs up to Mary and Lizzie. The other women go back to the packing.

RUTH

Oh, Mary, they're such brutes!
Lizzie, they're going to get you for pointing a gun at the Sergeant!

Lizzie lifts her skirt and puts the derringer in her garter holster.

LIZZIE

What gun?

Lizzie starts laughing. Mary joins her laughing and then Ruth giggles.

MARY

Lizzie, Lizzie. You must be extra careful. I don't think it's a good thing having Sergeant Polowski after you. Just be careful.

Lizzie reaches up and touches Mary's cheek.

LIZZIE

Why, Mary, I'm always careful. But I'm not the one Sergeant Polowski fancies.

Mary smiles at Lizzie.

MARY

We'll all be careful.

EXT. CAMPSITE MARIETTA - 1864-- NIGHT

Campfires burn throughout the campsite. The camp is quiet even with all the activity except where the soldier's tents are.

MUSIC and LAUGHTER float on the night air but the women around the campfires look dejected.

Mary, Lizzie, and Ruth sit around one fire drinking coffee when one of the women, SALLY GREER comes up.

SALLY

Mary, we better get the doctor, MaMa Greer isn't doing real good.

Mary stands up.

MARY

I'll get the Doctor, you go back to
Mrs. Greer.

Lizzie stands up next to Mary.

LIZZIE

You stay, I'll go. I think the doctor
is a fine looking man.

Ruth shakes her head.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

Besides we should go in pairs.

Mary looks at Lizzie.

MARY

We're not going anywhere. I'm going
to get Private Flaherty to get Doctor
Withers.

Lizzie pouts but then laughs.

LIZZIE

All right. I'll just have to wait
till he gets here.

Mary walks toward a soldier standing guard near the fringes
of the campfire.

INT. LARGE TENT -- NIGHT

Doc Withers sits next to Mrs. Greer with Sally on the other
side. Lizzie and Mary stand near.

Mrs. Greer's breathing is shallow.

Doc Withers listens to Mrs. Greer's heart and then he puts
away his stethoscope and closes his bag.

He stands up and turns to Mary and Lizzie.

DOC WITHERS

I'm sorry Mrs. Green but I'm afraid
she won't make through the night.
Her heart is just worn out.

Sally begins to softly cry. She looks up at Doc Withers.

SALLY

If she hadn't been yanked away from
her home and forced to camp out, she
... she...

DOC WITHERS

I'm sorry, Sally. I'm really sorry.
But I can't do anything for her.
Just make her comfortable.

MARY

Thank you Doctor. We'll take care
of her.

Doc Withers turns to leave and Lizzie steps next him and
puts her arm through his.

LIZZIE

I'll see you out, Doc.

Doc shyly smiles at Lizzie.

They turn and walk to the front of the tent. As they near
the tent flaps, Lizzie pretends to trip going down on one
knee.

Doc Withers bends down to help.

Lizzie looks up giving Doc a good look at her breasts. Doc
is transfixed for a second. Then he helps Lizzie up.

Doc is breathing harder and looks back at Mary and Sally,
who still tend to Mrs. Greer.

He has a strange look on his face, but then shakes his head
and smiles.

DOC WITHERS

Such beauty makes me breathless.

LIZZIE

Why, thank you Doctor. It's been a
long time since someone called me
beautiful. Come, I'll walk with
you.

Doc slowly shakes his head.

DOC WITHERS

Sorry Lizzie, but I got others to
see.

Doc bows and then goes out the tent.

LIZZIE

Well, good Doctor, you won't be gone
all night.

Lizzie looks at the tent flap and smiles. She turns and
walks back to Mary.

INT. LARGE TENT -- NIGHT

The women are sleeping fitfully.

Lizzie slowly gets up. She's still fully dressed.

She slowly goes towards the tent flap. She lifts the tent flap and goes out.

EXT. WOODS -- CONTINUOUS

Lizzie walks along the path to the latrine carrying a torch. She stops and looks around.

She turns to a side path leading back to the campsite.

LIZZIE

Well, Doc, I hope you're not all
tuckered out. I'm planning to make
you breathless.

Lizzie's smile freezes when she hears something in the woods.

She turns slowly around holding up her torch. Suddenly, a raccoon scurries across the path into the path.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

Sweet Jesus! Mr. Raccoon, kindly
keep from scaring the ...

An arm reaches around her neck suddenly choking her. She drops the torch. She struggles against the man holding her.

He bends her head back and brings his arm up. The hand is holding a scalpel.

The hand makes a quick slice across Lizzie's throat.

Blood spurts from her throat and down the front of her dress, covering her breasts with blood.

INT. LARGE TENT -- DAWN

Mary sits up suddenly, looking frightened. She looks around at the sleeping women.

Her eyes stop on Lizzie's empty bed.

Mary stands up quickly and goes to front of the tent and goes out.

EXT. CAMPSITE MARIETTA -- CONTINUOUS

Mary looks around but doesn't see Lizzie.

MARY

Lizzie! Lizzie!

A soldier jerks awake at Mary's scream. He looks around in panic.

MARY (CONT'D)

Lizzie!

Mary runs toward the soldiers' camp.

MARY (CONT'D)

Lizzie! Where are you, Lizzie!

She runs through the camp into the soldiers camp to Captain Lee's tent. She stops running.

Several soldiers are now watching her closely.

MARY (CONT'D)

Where is he! Where's that murdering bastard!

Samuel comes out and runs to Mary.

SAMUEL

Mary, what's wrong?

MARY

Lizzie's gone. I couldn't find her. That bastard has killed her!

SAMUEL

Who, Mary?

He looks at her and looks up.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

Corporal, get your squad and look in the woods. Where's Polowski?

Ely comes out of a tent. He walks up to Samuel.

Mary tries to lunge at him but Samuel holds her.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

Mary, no. He couldn't have done it. We were up till daybreak. We've only been asleep a short time.

Mary looks at him confused.

MARY

What? He threatened her!

Ely looks at Mary with smug face.

ELY

I told ya', I ain't no woman killer.

MARY

No, it has to be!

In the distance a single shot is fired. Samuel looks at Mary and then Ely.

SAMUEL

Sergeant, go get Doc Withers.

Samuel motions for the soldiers standing near by to follow him. He turns to Mary.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

Go back to your tent. I'll come get you.

Mary shakes her head. Samuel takes her face in his hands and wipes tears off her face.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

Go on. I'll let you know as soon as I can.

Mary straightens up and then nods. She turns and walks back towards her tent.

INT. DOWNTOWN ATLANTA DINER -- DAY

Mary and Sam sit in a booth with the remains of breakfast in front of them.

A waitress pours coffee for them and then leaves.

Mary looks out the window at the people passing the window.

Sam watches Mary as he drinks his coffee.

SAM TYLER

You seem disappointed that Sergeant Polowski isn't the killer.

Mary turns from the window and looks at Sam. She studies his face.

SAM TYLER (CONT'D)

What? Do I have food on my face?

Mary laughs.

MARY

No. It's just that ... I've been struggling with my feelings.

Sam looks at Mary with quizzical look.

SAM TYLER

About?

MARY
Certain things.

Mary takes a drink of coffee.

MARY (CONT'D)
Everything.

Sam drinks his coffee looking at Mary with a stoic face.
He puts his cup down and leans forward.

SAM TYLER
Can I have a hint?

Mary smiles.

MARY
Have you ever had an instant
connection with someone?

Sam nods.

MARY (CONT'D)
Well, there's a theory that says
souls travel through many lifetimes,
seeking answers to their problems
and eventually finding peace.

SAM TYLER
Reincarnation.

Mary nods.

MARY
But these souls can also travel in
groups and they connect with each
other in those different lives.

Sam looks interested.

SAM TYLER
You mean, you, me and Ely?

Mary nods.

SAM TYLER (CONT'D)
So, in theory the killer is also
included in this group. We just
don't know who that is.

MARY
Yes. I know this sounds crazy, but
it's not ... neither am I.

Sam laughs.

SAM TYLER

I don't think you're crazy. Very imaginative maybe, but not crazy.

Sam looks at Mary and smiles.

SAM TYLER (CONT'D)

Also, very smart, quick witted ... and beautiful.

Smiling, Mary looks at Sam.

MARY

So, you don't think our killer is an astral traveler?

SAM TYLER

I believe anything's possible, but I have to admit, I think our killer has somehow found out about the murders of the Roswell women and is copying the kills.

Mary shakes her head.

MARY

I don't see how that is possible. These journals are personal and have been locked for years.

Sam drinks his coffee and looks at Mary over the rim. He sets the cup down.

SAM TYLER

I understand that. But what if there were secured military records discovered by the killer. Or one of the other women kept a journal but didn't lock them up?

Mary looks down at her plate and then out the window. She looks back at Sam.

MARY

I guess that's possible. But, I don't think that what's happening.

SAM TYLER

Fair enough. You can concentrate on the metaphysical and I'll concentrate on the everyday physical.

Mary laughs.

MARY

Deal.

(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)

So, why don't we get access to the military records since we both need that information?

SAM TYLER

I was hoping you'd ask. Colonel Low has agreed, reluctantly, to the Bureau's request to get access to historical data.

Sam slides out of his seat and stands up.

SAM TYLER (CONT'D)

So, if you're ready to go.

He holds out his hand to Mary. She takes it and stands up to face him.

Their eyes lock as they stand close still holding hands.

MARY

I also confess that I've had that connection feeling with you.

SAM TYLER

So have I.

They stand looking at each other for a few seconds then turn and walk toward the exit.

EXT. BLDG. 15 -- DAY

Sam and Mary get out of a car and head toward the entrance.

INT. LOBBY BLDG. 15 -- CONTINUOUS

Mary and Sam walk along a corridor with LIEUTENANT CAROL MORSE.

CAROL

Colonel Low asked me to make sure you received everything you need.

She looks at Mary.

CAROL (CONT'D)

He said you were looking for old military records?

Mary looks at Sam, who nods.

MARY

Yes. Civil War.

(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)

I'm working on a story about four hundred Southern women and children that were captured, charged with treason and shipped North.

Carol looks at Mary.

CAROL

I've never heard of that.

MARY

Neither had I, but my great-great-grandmother was one of the women. She kept a journal which I recently received.

CAROL

Well, let's see what we can find.

INT. LIBRARY -- CONTINUOUS

Sam and Mary sit at a table looking at computer monitor. Carol is pointing to the screen.

CAROL

From, here it's just a matter of using the search feature.

Mary nods her head.

CAROL (CONT'D)

Well, if you have any questions, our library technicians are in the next room. I've got to go to a doctor's appointment, but I'll check back later.

Sam head snaps up to look at Carol.

SAM TYLER

I hope I'm not being too personal, but is your doctor on base?

CAROL

No, I'm going off base. We don't have a resident gynecologist.

She smiles at Sam's expression.

SAM TYLER

Oh. Right.

Mary laughs at Sam.

MARY

Thanks, Lieutenant Morse.

CAROL
Please call me, Carol.

MARY
Thanks, Carol.

Carol turns and leaves the room.

Mary looks at Sam.

MARY (CONT'D)
What are you thinking?

SAM TYLER
Still looking for connections between
the victims. Something I'll follow
up on.

Sam turns to the monitor.

SAM TYLER (CONT'D)
So, let's see you put this thing
through its paces.

Mary starts typing rapidly.

INT. DOWNTOWN ATLANTA HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Mary sits in bed dressed in a tee shirt and pajama bottoms.
She is reading in the journals.

She stops reading.

She reaches over to the night stand and picks up her
smartphone.

She wipes the face and it opens showing 9:45 PM. She puts
down the smartphone on the bed.

She picks up the journal again, opens it and then closes it.

She stands up and goes to the desk.

She opens her brief case. She looks inside and pulls out a
business card.

She goes back and sits on the bed.

She picks up her smartphone while looking at the card and
dials.

MARY
Hello, Sam. It's Mary. I hope it's
not too late. Look, I just read a
passage in the journal. Yeah, I
know.

(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)

Anyway, I was wondering if you would be interested in meeting me at the bar downstairs. Thirty minutes? Great. Call me when you get here. Ok, bye.

Mary ends the call as she walks to the dresser, she lays down the smartphone and opens the drawer.

She pulls out jeans and then puts them back.

She stands up and looks toward the closet.

She runs her hand through her hair.

She puts her hands on her hips.

She goes back to the dresser and pulls the jeans back out throwing them on the bed.

INT. DOWNTOWN ATLANTA HOTEL BAR -- NIGHT

The bar is fairly crowded, mostly with business people.

Mary and Sam sit in a booth. They have half full pilsner glasses of beer in front of them. Mary is talking while Sam stares at her.

Mary stops talking. She looks at Sam.

MARY

Sam? Did you hear me?

Sam snaps to attention.

SAM TYLER

I'm sorry. I know this going to sound cheesy but you look great.

Sam smiles and shrugs.

Mary looks at Sam closely, then she slowly smiles.

MARY

Thanks. I'm glad you think so.

Sam starts to say something but Mary holds up her hand.

MARY (CONT'D)

But I think you need to understand what happened to the Roswell women.

SAM TYLER

You're right. Sorry. Now what happened?

Mary drinks some beer.

MARY
They're leaving ...

EXT. CAMPSITE MARIETTA - 1864-- DAY

The tents are being taken down by soldiers.

Groups of women and children are walking towards the train depot near the campsite, next to the town square.

EXT. MARIETTA TRAIN DEPOT -- DAY

A train consisting of an engine and ten freight cars sit on the rail near the campsite.

The engine is spewing steam.

ENGINE CAB

The engineer and fireman are working in the engine cab.

The engineer walks to the back of the open cab and leans out, looking down the track at the last freight cars where some the cavalry's horses are being loaded.

BACK TO SCENE

Standing in bunches along the tracks are the women and children.

A column of soldiers come marching up perpendicular to the freight cars.

As the first soldier reaches the cars, he executes a left turn and walks along the cars until he reaches the freight car next to the coal car. He stands at attention at the door.

The next soldier stops at the door of the next car, and so on until all the soldiers are standing next to a freight car door.

Sergeant Ely Polowski walks to the middle of the line of freight cars.

He stops and looks at the women, a smirk on his face.

He does an about-face and faces the soldiers.

He holds up his hand.

The soldiers stand up on the metal step under the doors and grab the handle, looking at Ely.

Ely chops his arm down.

The soldiers open the doors. Each car is empty except for fresh hay on the floors.

The women see the empty cars and start talking to each other. Some start crying, others are shaking their heads.

Mary Green walks from the women towards Ely.

The women see Mary and quiet down. The only sounds are the steam from the engine and the horses whinnying and snorting as they are loading.

Ely waits for Mary like a lion watching a gazelle.

Before Mary reaches, Samuel walks next to Mary and touches her arm. She stops and looks at Samuel.

SAMUEL

I'm sorry, Mary, we don't have any passenger cars available. We've made these cars as comfortable as we can.

Mary just looks at Sam.

MARY

Well, Captain Lee. I guess we really don't have choice.

Samuel turns to face the women.

SAMUEL

I know that this is difficult, but please understand we have our orders. The soldiers in front of the door will help you up into the cars.

The women just stand and look at the train. Several stand ramrod straight with crossed arms.

Mary smiles at the women.

Samuel turns back to Mary, pleading with his eyes.

Mary holds her head high and walks toward the front car. Samuel follows her.

When she reaches the car, the private standing next to the door lays down his gun and takes off his hat. He reaches out his hand toward Mary.

Mary nods to the private and climbs into the car.

She turns in the door and faces the women.

They look up at her.

MARY

Our men have fought and died for the
freedom to live our lives in peace.
We are proud of them.

Mary looks around at the women.

MARY (CONT'D)

Now, let's make them proud of us.

The women look at each other.

They gather up their belongings and then walk quietly and
proudly toward the waiting freight cars.

EXT. BLDG. 15 - PRESENT -- DAY

Mary drives up and parks. She gets out of her car and walks
toward the front door.

INT. LIBRARY -- CONTINUOUS

Mary sits in front of computer terminal. The room is dim.

The light from the screen highlights her face.

Behind her the door silently opens.

Mary keeps typing and clicking.

Ely comes in and glides up behind her.

Mary suddenly turns around.

MARY

Jesus! Colonel Low. You scared the
crap out of me.

Ely smiles slyly.

ELY LOW

I guess you were so intent on your
work that you didn't hear me come
in.

Mary stands up and looks into Ely's eyes.

MARY

Maybe. What can I do for you?

Ely looks at the screen sideways.

ELY LOW

Finding anything of interest?

Mary turns and looks at the screen, then back at Ely.

MARY

No. Not yet.

Mary looks around noticing the increasing darkness. She looks at her watch.

MARY (CONT'D)

I didn't realize it was this late.
I guess I'll call it a day.

Mary turns back to the terminal and begins to log out. Ely watches her like a predator watching its prey.

ELY LOW

In that case, would you be interested
in getting some dinner?

Mary stops typing for a second.

MARY

I appreciate the offer Colonel ...

ELY LOW

Please call me Ely.

Mary nods.

MARY

Ely. But I've got to get back to my
hotel and check in with my editor.
Plus I've got to put my notes in
some semblance of order. But thanks
anyway.

Ely's smile freezes.

ELY

I see. Well, then maybe some other
time.

He whirls around, marches towards the door and goes out.

Mary watches his retreat with a bemused look.

MARY

Right. Later.

Mary sits down and finishes shutting down the terminal.

MARY (CONT'D)

Not a chance ... Ely.

INT. DOWNTOWN ATLANTA HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Mary sits at the small desk typing on her laptop. Her smartphone rings. She looks at it for a second, then picks it up.

MARY

Hello? Hi, Sam. Just doing my homework. Dinner? Sure. Can you give me about thirty minutes. Great. See you then. Bye.

Mary smiles as she ends the call.

She stands up and walks toward her closet and opens it. She reaches in and pulls out a short black dress. She holds it up and looks at it.

MARY (CONT'D)

This will do just fine.

She walks to the bed and lays down the dress. She walks toward the bathroom slipping off her shirt.

INT. DOWNTOWN ATLANTA HOTEL LOBBY -- NIGHT

Sam sits on a sofa where he can watch the elevators.

The elevator doors open and a group of people get out.

Mary comes out and strolls toward Sam. Men turn and stare at her as she walks by smiling, ignoring them.

Sam slowly stands up as Mary approaches. Sam begins to grin.

Mary walks up to him and stops.

MARY

Hi.

SAM TYLER

Wow!

Mary laughs.

MARY

Is that how Southern men say hello?

Sam laughs and shakes his head.

SAM TYLER

Only when the lady is as stunning as you.

Mary holds up her hand to her mouth.

MARY

(Southern drawl)

Why, Agent Tyler, you make me blush.

Sam smiles.

SAM TYLER

I think that you're discovering your Southern soul. Maybe we'll convert you and get you stay.

Mary smiles and looks into Sam's eyes.

MARY

You never know, Sam. You just never know.

Sam holds out his arm and Mary takes it.

They walk toward the entrance, talking and laughing.

INT. RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

Sam and Mary sit at a small table drinking wine and talking.

The place is bustling with a trendy crowd.

Ely walks from the back of the restaurant with two officers. He predatorily scans the crowd as he walks.

He stops when he sees Mary and Sam.

He scowls and walks towards them, his face turning stoic as he reaches the table.

Mary and Sam look up.

SAM TYLER

Well, hello Ely. Far from your turf, aren't you?

Ely continues to look at Mary as he talks.

ELY LOW

Good evening. Well, Mary I guess you got your work all done.

Mary looks up at Ely.

MARY

Yes. It didn't take me as long as I thought.

Ely slowly looks at Sam.

ELY LOW

Well, I guess you get to go to recess and play.

Sam stands up quickly and faces Ely. The two officers look at one another. Mary watches closely.

SAM TYLER

Whatever your problem is Ely, you
don't need to be an asshole.

Ely's face twists in anger and he inches closer to Sam. Sam slowly smiles.

SAM TYLER (CONT'D)

Careful, Colonel. We wouldn't want
any bad press for the Army?

Ely looks around, noticing a few blank stares looking in his direction.

Ely slowly smiles and nods in the direction of the people looking at him.

He turns back and looks at Sam.

ELY LOW

Some day, Sam, some day.

He looks at Mary with hard eyes and then back at Sam.

ELY LOW (CONT'D)

Good night, Agent Tyler. Good night,
Ms. Stark.

He starts to turn away and then stops. He turns back.

ELY LOW (CONT'D)

Oh, by the way. I'm afraid, Ms.
Stark, I can't allow you to continue
to use the base facilities. We are
going to be running some exercises
the next few days and limiting access
to the base.

Ely smiles smugly. He turns and walks away.

Sam sits back down and looks at Mary.

SAM TYLER

What was that about?

MARY

He asked me out and I turned him
down. I forgot all about it when
you ...

Mary looks at Sam sheepishly.

MARY (CONT'D)

When you called.

Sam smiles.

SAM TYLER

I'm flattered, and very glad. But I think that something else is up. They're not having any exercises. We're notified when they do. And those two officers were Army Intelligence.

Sam looks in the direction of the front door.

SAM TYLER (CONT'D)

Maybe you've hit a nerve.

Mary looks towards the front door.

MARY

Maybe more than one.

INT. DOWNTOWN ATLANTA HOTEL HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Mary and Sam stand in front of Mary's room looking into to each other's eyes.

Sam slowly leans forward and kisses her softly.

Sam moves back and Mary puts her arms around Sam's neck and pulls him into her kissing him passionately.

They pull apart and Mary reaches into to her purse and pulls out her key.

She turns to open the door.

Sam kisses her neck and slips his hands up around her breasts. Mary moans with pleasure and fumbles with the door lock.

The door opens and Mary stumbles in, pulling away from Sam's grasp.

Mary reaches out, grabs Sam and pulls him in the room and closes the door.

INT. DOWNTOWN ATLANTA HOTEL ROOM -- MORNING

Mary and Sam lay in bed on their backs breathing heavy.

SAM TYLER

Wow!

MARY

There's that word again. Is it your favorite?

SAM TYLER

I guess I'm at a loss for words. But ... wow!

Mary laughs and rolls over to snuggle next to Sam.

MARY

I bet that you say that to all the girls.

Sam grins.

SAM TYLER

Not to all of them.

Mary punches Sam. They both laugh.

Sam looks at Mary and brushes back her hair, suddenly looking serious.

SAM TYLER (CONT'D)

There are no other girls.

Mary leans back to look into his eyes, looking at first serious and then smiles.

MARY

Good. Why don't we get some breakfast? I'm starved.

Sam smiles.

SAM TYLER

You should be! You wore me out.

Mary laughs and then rolls on top of him.

MARY

Really?

Mary starts kissing Sam on his neck and chest, finally kissing his lips.

Mary starts smiling.

MARY (CONT'D)

It seems that there might be some life left.

Sam rolls her over and they start kissing slowly but passionately.

INT. DOWNTOWN ATLANTA HOTEL DINING ROOM -- DAY

Mary and Sam sit at a table full of empty breakfast plates drinking coffee.

SAM TYLER

So, what about getting access to the Army's records?

Mary shrugs.

MARY

I'll call my editor and see if we
can put some pressure on Washington.
Information Freedom Act. Something.

Sam reaches across the table and takes Mary's hand.

SAM TYLER

I'll check around and see what's up.
The military is very protective of
its reputation. And covering up the
fact that four hundred women and
children were captured, kept prisoner,
and shipped off into oblivion is bad
enough. But covering up a string of
brutal murders could be damaging,
even if it happened in eighteen-sixty-
four.

Mary looks at Sam and smiles. She picks up his hand, turns
it over and kisses the palm. She looks up and smiles.

MARY

I like you hands. Strong and gentle.

Sam smiles.

SAM TYLER

Thank you. So, where to next?

Mary lets go of Sam's hand and takes drink of coffee.

MARY

I think I'll try the library at
Georgia State University. I can
access their stacks because of our
affiliation with their journalism
school. And you?

Sam leans back in his chair.

SAM TYLER

I've got to check in with my forensics
guy and see if he has any new info.
Things have been quiet. Too quiet.
Why don't we meet tonight for dinner?

Mary looks at Sam and smiles.

MARY

I'd like that. Why don't you call
me when you're done. Maybe we can
have a ... drink before dinner.

Sam laughs and stands up. He walks over to Mary, leans down and kisses her.

SAM TYLER
Sounds good. I'll call you later.
Bye.

He turns and starts to walk away. He stops and turns around.

SAM TYLER (CONT'D)
Think about me.

MARY
I will.

INT. FBI REGIONAL HQ-DOWNTOWN ATLANTA -- DAY

Sam stands next to DAVID PRICE in a forensics lab.

David sits in front of a large flat screen monitor of a workstation.

David is pointing to the screen.

DAVID
This program takes the photos of the cuts and additional data from the scene and suggests possible weapons.

SAM TYLER
Is it accurate?

DAVID
Within two percent error. Pretty awesome.

SAM TYLER
So, what does the crystal ball say?

David moves his mouse and clicks.

INSERT

A split screen appears, one side showing a close up of a cut on one of the victims, the other side showing a surgical scalpel.

BACK TO SCENE

SAM TYLER (CONT'D)
A scalpel.

DAVID
Yep. A scalpel. And the killer definitely knows how to use it.

Sam stands up and looks off in the distance.

SAM TYLER

A doctor?

DAVID

Or a vet, a pathologist, even a model car enthusiast. They all know how to use a scalpel.

Sam's smartphone begins RINGING. He reaches in his coat and pulls out his phone. He answers the call.

SAM TYLER

Tyler. Good morning sir. Sure, I'll be right up.

David looks at Sam as he closes the phone.

SAM TYLER (CONT'D)

Deputy Director Parker wants to see me. Thanks, David. Get this info ready for our next briefing.

David nods and turns back to the workstation.

Sam walks off toward the lab door.

EXT. GEORGIA STATE UNIVERSITY - DOWNTOWN ATLANTA -- DAY

Mary strolls along the Plaza people-watching. She walks toward the North Pullman Library.

Following her is a young man, dressed casually but with the distinctive buzz cut of the military.

Mary stops and slowly turns around. The young man stops and begins talking to a student.

Mary continues on toward the front doors of the library.

The young man watches her for a couple of seconds and then follows.

INT. FBI REGIONAL HQ-DOWNTOWN ATLANTA -- DAY

Sam sits in front of a large desk. Behind the desk is DEPUTY DIRECTOR JOE PARKER. He is reading a file while Sam watches him.

JOE

Well, Sam, this looks like your usual good work.

Joe puts down the file and leans forward putting his elbows on the desk and clasping his hands together.

SAM TYLER

Thank you, sir. So, what's up?

Joe looks at his hands and then up at Sam.

JOE

Look, Sam. I don't want to pry, but what is your relationship with Mary Stark?

Sam looks surprised, then frowns.

SAM TYLER

Where's this coming from Joe? And why?

Joe leans back and looks at Sam.

JOE

Politics, Sam. The Army is pissed because we have jurisdiction on these murders, so they have to get back somehow. So, I take it you're involved with this Ms. Stark?

Sam stands up and walks to the front of the desk.

SAM TYLER

Tell the Army to ... that it's none of their business.

Joe looks up at Sam.

JOE

Sit down, Sam. I guess that's a yes?

Sam starts to say something but Joe hands up his hand.

JOE (CONT'D)

She's digging into something that has them edgy.

Joe stands up.

JOE (CONT'D)

All I'm going to say to you is be careful and watch your back. Now, go get this killer. We need an arrest soon or the heat will only go up. Beat it.

Sam turns and heads for the door.

JOE (CONT'D)

Sam.

Sam stops and turns around.

JOE (CONT'D)

(grinning)

Get some rest. You look a little worn out.

Sam smiles, opens the door and leaves.

INT. TRAIN -1864 -- DAY

Fifty women and children sit, stand and lay in the dim interior of the moving freight car. They look tired and sad.

Mary stands next to the door looking at the passing scenery through cracks in the door.

The train whistle BLARES. A small child starts crying, the mother trying to comfort the child.

The train begins to slow down. Mary looks outside but only sees trees.

Mary turns back to the women.

MARY GREEN

We're slowing down. They're probably going to let us get out for a while. Everyone stay together. Don't wander off.

The women look at Mary expectantly.

Mary smiles gently.

MARY GREEN (CONT'D)

When we get off the train, hold your head high. Show them our strength, not our fear. We will survive this.

The train comes to a slow, jerky halt.

EXT. TRAIN CAR-1864 -- CONTINUOUS

Samuel runs down the track and stops in front of the train door. He climbs up and throws the handle. He pushes open the door.

Inside Mary stands straight and all the women stand behind her.

Samuel holds out his hand to Mary. She looks at him and then takes his hand. He helps her down and turns to the next woman.

Mary looks down the track and sees the other woman getting out of the cars.

Even though the women look tired and disheveled, they stand straight, helping the older women and children.

Mary smiles and looks up at Samuel.

He looks at Mary and nods his head, smiling.

INT. GEORGIA STATE UNIVERSITY-LIBRARY -- DAY

Mary sits in a chair reading her journal. She looks up with tearing eyes. She wipes her eyes and closes the journal.

A young FEMALE STUDENT watches Mary.

She stands up and walks over. She hands Mary a tissue.

FEMALE STUDENT
You all right?

MARY
Yeah, I'm fine. Thank you.

The female student points to the journal in Mary's lap.

FEMALE STUDENT
Is it a sad story?

Mary smiles up at the female student.

MARY
Sad but courageous.

FEMALE STUDENT
Well, I got to head to class.

The female student turns to leave.

MARY
Thanks, again.

The female student turns back.

FEMALE STUDENT
No problem.

The female student walks toward the elevators.

She passes the young man, who is following Mary, sitting in a chair pretending to read but watching Mary.

Mary looks at him for a second then gets up and heads toward the computer terminal.

She sits down and logs on.

The young man gets up and heads to the elevators.

He stands in front of the doors. The doors open and he gets in. The doors close.

INT. ELY LOW'S OFFICE -- DAY

The door opens and SERGEANT GALLAGAN, the young man that was following Mary comes in. He is dressed in Army fatigues.

He marches up to Ely's desk and snaps to attention.

SERGEANT GALLAGAN
Sergeant Gallagan reporting as
ordered, sir!

Ely looks up from reading his file.

ELY LOW
At ease, Sergeant. Report.

SERGEANT GALLAGAN
Sir, the subject went to the library
at Georgia State University. She
sat reading from some type of diary
or journal for one hour and fifteen
minutes. She then spoke to a female
student briefly, and then began
searching the stacks via computer.

Ely leans back in his chair.

ELY LOW
Could you tell what she was looking
for?

Sergeant Gallagan shifts on his feet.

SERGEANT GALLAGAN
No, sir. I couldn't get close enough
without her suspecting.

Ely looks at Sergeant Gallagan and then leans forward.

ELY LOW
Why would she suspect anything,
Sergeant?

Sergeant Gallagan stands ramrod straight.

SERGEANT GALLAGAN
I'm not sure sir, but I think she
may have spotted me. I didn't want
to risk it.

Ely slowly stands up.

ELY LOW
Well, Sergeant, I guess you'll need
to practice your surveillance skills.

SERGEANT GALLAGAN
Yes, sir!

ELY LOW
Dismissed!

Sergeant Gallahan executes a sharp about face and walks briskly to the door, opens it, goes out and closes the door.

ELY LOW (CONT'D)
Damn it!

He reaches down and punches his speakerphone on.

DIAL TONE comes from the speaker, then Ely punches in a number. The phone rings and then is answered.

SPEAKERPHONE (V.O.)
Sir!

ELY LOW
Get me Captain Fisk. ASAP.

SPEAKERPHONE (V.O.)
Yes, sir!

Ely walks over to a cabinet with glass doors near his desk.

Inside are several wicked combat knives and war mementoes.

Ely opens the cabinet doors and removes a wooden case.

He opens the case. Inside is a well preserved Bowie knife. Light glints off the finely honed, deadly sharp blade.

He picks up the knife, feeling the balance and weight of the knife

He puts the knife back and closes the case.

INSERT

The case has a brass plaque that reads: Ely Polowski,
Sergeant, United States Army, Ohio, 10th Calvary, Second
Division.

BACK TO SCENE

He smiles grimly, turns and walks back to his desk.

INT. DOWNTOWN ATLANTA HOTEL LOBBY -- DAY

Mary walks up to Sam. She is carrying the journals and a small duffel bag.

Sam is standing with his hands behind his back. He brings his hands around. He holds out fresh cut flowers.

Mary smiles.

MARY

Why, you're full of surprises. So, where are we off to?

SAM TYLER

To my lake house. If we leave now, it won't take too long.

MARY

Lake house? The FBI must pay better than I thought.

Sam laughs.

SAM TYLER

Not really. It was my parents. Left it to me in their will.

MARY

I'm sorry.

Sam smiles.

SAM TYLER

Thanks. They've been gone a long time. Anyway, I thought we could combine business and pleasure.

MARY

Lead the way.

Sam holds out his arm. Mary takes it and they walk toward the front door of the hotel.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE -- DUSK

Sam and Mary drive up the gravel driveway and park next to a small but neat brick house.

Mary and Sam get out and walk around the front of the car.

They walk up a small crest and reach the top.

Through the pine trees they can see the setting sun reflecting off the water.

Sam looks at Mary and smiles.

MARY

Oh, Sam, this is beautiful!

SAM TYLER

Yeah, it's a slice of heaven.

Sam reaches over and takes Mary's hand. He pulls her to him.

They face each other and kiss.

SAM TYLER (CONT'D)

The lake isn't the only beautiful creation of nature.

Sam kisses Mary and she responds.

They slowly pull apart.

SAM TYLER (CONT'D)

Let's go inside. I have an idea on how to work up an appetite for the steaks I've got in the refrigerator.

Mary smiles and nods.

They walk holding hands to the front door.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE DECK -- NIGHT

Sam and Mary sit at the wrought iron dining table.

Candles burn on the table. Empty dishes with the remains of a steak dinner sit in front of them. A half full bottle of wine sits on the table.

Sam picks up the wine and refills their glasses.

Sam slyly smiles.

SAM TYLER

I guess my idea worked.

Mary laughs.

MARY

Well, since I cleaned my plate, I'd say you're right.

Sam drinks some wine. He swirls his glass.

SAM TYLER

Well, we can always go back in and work off the steaks.

Mary smiles.

MARY

I think that's a great idea. But first ...

Sam pouts.

MARY (CONT'D)

... But first, we need to share info.

SAM TYLER

Ok. If you insist.

Mary drinks some wine.

MARY

If I didn't know better Agent Tyler, I'd think you were trying to distract me.

Sam laughs.

SAM TYLER

No, I'm just greedy. So, who's the culprit?

Mary drinks some wine.

MARY

Well, I don't know yet.

SAM TYLER

I thought we agreed that you should discover the killer to see if there is any way that someone is doing copycat killings.

Mary stands up and goes to the deck railing.

She looks out at the lake.

The moon is bright, reflecting off the water.

Sam gets up and walks over to her.

Mary stares out over the water. Mary turns her head and glances at Sam.

MARY

The women are being shipped to Louisville, Kentucky. There haven't been any killings along the way. But I have this ... this ... feeling that he isn't done. Just interrupted.

Sam moves closer to Mary.

SAM TYLER

Look, I know this is very personal for you. But if someone else kept a diary and is using it as a basis for the killings, we need to find out who it is.

Mary turns around and leans against the railing.

MARY

Sam, the odds of that happening are astronomical. I just want to follow this my way. I need to follow the same path. I can't explain it. I just do.

Sam reaches over and brushes back Mary's hair.

SAM TYLER

OK. I don't mean to push but we've hit a brick wall. This killer is very careful. I've got one lead I'm going to follow up on. But leads are getting cold and the brass is turning up the heat. So, what next?

Mary pushes away from the railing. She turns toward Sam.

MARY

I'm going to Louisville. Monday.

Sam looks at Mary for a few seconds.

SAM TYLER

I see. Well, I guess you have to follow your instincts. But I was hoping to spend a lot more time with you.

Sam moves closer to Mary and takes her free hand.

SAM TYLER (CONT'D)

You see, I'm falling for you. Big time.

Mary stretches up and kisses Sam.

MARY

The feeling is mutual, Agent Tyler. But, I have to go. I have to know. And I have to keep my promise.

SAM TYLER

Your promise?

Mary pulls her hand from Sam and reaches inside the neck of her blouse.

She pulls out the locket her grandmother gave her. She shows it to Sam.

MARY

This locket was my great-great-grandmother's. I'm to deliver it to the grave of her first husband. He was killed in battle in 1861 or 1862. I'm not sure where.

SAM TYLER

Then why are you going to Louisville?

MARY

Because I have to. I've got to follow the trail to understand the misery and horror these women endured. I want to do them justice. It's time someone did.

Mary turns back toward the lake. She drinks some wine.

Sam watches her as she stares out at the water.

SAM TYLER

I understand. But you've got to be careful. My instinct tells me that you've stirred up a hornet's nest. An Ely is at the center. He has been hard to reach ever since we saw him the other night. The Army will close ranks to protect their reputation and make things very difficult. He started by cutting you off from the base.

MARY

I know but I have my resources.

SAM TYLER

And you have me.

MARY

And I'm glad, very glad.

Mary takes his hand and pulls him toward the sliding glass door.

MARY (CONT'D)

So, why don't we go work off the steaks?

Sam smiles and follows Mary.

INT. ELY'S OFFICE -- DAY

Ely paces behind his desk, walking to the curio cabinet and back to his desk.

There is a KNOCK on the door and CAPTAIN FISK walks in.

He walks up to Ely and salutes. Ely returns the salute.

ELY LOW

At ease, Captain. Have a seat.

Captain Fisk takes off his hat and sits down. Ely sits down.

ELY LOW (CONT'D)

Now, Captain, what have you found out.

CAPTIAN FISK

Well sir, it appears that she is still working on the story. I'm not sure of her source, probably her journal, but she's made flight arrangements to Louisville, Kentucky. My guess is she's going to work with the media there to get more information.

Ely turns and looks out the window, his jaw twitching.

CAPTIAN FISK (CONT'D)

Colonel, there's not much we can do at this point. No military operation or intelligence is in danger of being compromised. Granted, if she can substantiate her story, we may get some flak. But, it is my opinion that she won't get much attention. After all, her magazine is controlled by interests that don't care about this version of history. Nobody cares about a group of Southern women that supported the rebellion.

Ely faces back to Captain Fisk, his face a stone mask.

Captain Fisk shifts in his seat.

ELY LOW

You're right, Captain. If you feel we're not exposed, so be it.

Captain Fisk looks relieved. Ely's stoic face is broken by a hard smile.

ELY LOW (CONT'D)

Thank you for your help, Captain.
That is all.

Captain Fisk stands up, puts on his hat and salutes.

Ely returns the salute. Captain Fisk does an about face and leaves the office.

Ely sits stone still for a few seconds. He slowly reaches over and presses the speakerphone. DIAL TONE comes from the phone, then he DIALS four digits. The phone is answered.

SERGEANT (O.S.)

Sir!

ELY LOW

Sergeant, call Major McKensie at Fort Boone. Tell him I'm coming to Louisville in a few days for a case review. I'll give you the specifics later.

Ely presses the speakerphone button off. Ely picks up a file and begins reading it.

He stops reading, puts down the file and gets up.

He walks over to the curio cabinet. He opens the doors.

He reaches in and takes out the case holding the Bowie Knife.

Ely goes back to his desk with the knife. He places the knife on his desk and then sits down.

He opens the case and removes the knife. He holds the knife up, looking at the edge and the light REFLECTING off of it.

He looks around his desk and picks up a thick manual.

Ely places the manual on the desk vertically, holding it at the edge with one hand.

He takes the Bowie knife and places the blade against the top of the manual.

He slowly slices through the manual, with little resistance.

The half of the manual that Ely isn't holding falls to the desk top.

ELY LOW (CONT'D)

Problem solved.

EXT. TRAIN DEPOT - LOUISVILLE, KY - 1864 -- DAY

Sergeant Ely Polowski stands with a squad of soldiers on the loading platform. The train's whistle BLARES off in the distance.

Ely pulls out his pocket watch and looks at it.

He turns to address his squad.

ELY

All right, you horse turds! Our cargo of rebel whores is about to descend upon us. Man your posts.

The squad splits in half, one half going to the left and forming a line at the edge of the platform and the other half turning right and forming a line.

Ely watches the soldiers line up. He hears footsteps and turns to see Samuel and Mary approaching.

ELY (CONT'D)

(softly)

The traitor and his whore.

Ely watches with a scowl on his face.

Samuel and Mary walk up to Ely.

Samuel stares hard at Ely. Ely stares back but slowly comes to attention.

SAMUEL

Sergeant Polowski, once the ladies have disembarked, have the men escort them to the facility at 13th and Broadway Street.

Ely smirks and looks directly at Mary.

ELY

You mean the women's prison?

Samuel looks at Mary and back to Ely.

SAMUEL

Sergeant! Are you looking to sit out the rest of your tour in military prison?

Ely scowls and snaps his attention back to Samuel.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

Mrs. Green will help with getting the women settled down. She will go with them to their quarters.

Ely face contorts with anger.

ELY

Captain, these women are traitors!
They deserve to be handled as such!

Samuel steps closer to Ely but Mary puts her hand on his arm.

Mary walks up to Ely.

MARY

Sergeant, I feel sorry for you.
Such hatred will eventually kill
you. We did not ask to be taken
from our homes. Our Confederate
troops have committed no such act.
So, please do not let your personal
disdain for us taint how you handle
these women. They've done you no
harm.

Ely starts to reply but closes his mouth. He whirls around and walks to the middle of the line of troops.

Samuel looks at Mary with a smile.

SAMUEL

Mary, you are truly courageous.
That's one of the reasons why my
heart has surrendered to you.

Mary looks around quickly. Then she smiles.

MARY

Thank you, Samuel. But you must be
careful. Someone else besides
Sergeant Polowski may think you're
being a collaborator if they hear
you say that. Even though, I love
to hear it.

Samuel takes her hand and looks into her eyes.

SAMUEL

This war is terrible. But, it has
brought us together.

The train's whistle BLOWS as the train slowly pulls into the station.

Steam blasts from the wheels as the train stops.

As the steam engulfs Mary and Samuel, they quickly embrace.

Ely turns around and sees dim shadows in the steam. He spits onto the platform. He turns back to the troops.

ELY

All right, let them out!

The soldiers run up to the boxcars' doors and unlocks them.

The women and children slowly leave their cars, looking scared, tired, and dirty.

Several see Mary on the platform and straighten up.

Mary nods and smiles.

Mary walks to the center of the platform.

MARY

Ladies! If you will follow me, we
will get you to shelter so you can
freshen up and get some hot food.

Mary turns around and walks to the end of the platform. The women follow with the soldiers walking alongside.

They reach the edge of the platform and go down the steps.

Mary leads them down the streets with her head held high.

Louisville citizens stop and watch as they walk along, then go about their business. Some of the people nod and smile at the women, others watch with hard faces.

But Mary greets them all with a smile.

The women watch Mary and they get more relaxed, talking among themselves, as they walk along.

They pass a fenced in area that has two large wooden barracks and large tents where hundreds of women and children mill about. Some watch the passing women, waving and yelling encouragement.

Some of the women walking along wave back.

Finally, the women reach a large house, patrolled by soldiers.

Mary stops and turns to the women.

MARY (CONT'D)

This is where you'll stay for now.
Inside you'll find food and bedding.
The doctor is to assist anyone who
is sick. Please follow the soldiers
and I'll check with you later.

The women look around and then move past Mary to the house.

Mary speaks with them as they pass.

She sees Ruth among the women. Ruth begins to cry when she reaches Mary.

Mary and Ruth embrace.

RUTH

I thought I'd never see you again.
It's been horrible.

Mary pulls back from Ruth and smooths Ruth's hair.

MARY

My brave Ruth. I'm glad you're
finally here. Now, go inside and
freshen up. It's not great, but
it's better than the trail.

Ruth shudders.

RUTH

Will you come see me?

Mary hugs Ruth.

MARY

I promise.

Ruth turns from Mary and heads toward the house.

Ruth stops and turns slowly toward Mary ...

EXT. LOUISVILLE MILITARY PRISON MUSEUM - PRESENT -- DAY

Mary stands on the sidewalk reading from her journal. She looks up at the building. She closes her journal and walks on.

Mary walks down the street people watching. Many people make eye contact and smile.

She stops at a street corner. She looks at the signs.

The street signs read: Broadway and 13th Street.

She sees a historical marker. She walks toward the marker.

She stands in front of the marker and in the background is a large estate surrounded by a high iron fence.

Insert

The marker reads: Women's Military Prison - During the Civil War, Baker House was used as a temporary prison for hundreds of women that were shipped from the Deep South. These women, though not actively involved in the War, were charged with treason and shipped to Louisville until they were shipped farther North.

BACK TO SCENE

Mary walks up to the iron fence and looks at the house. She walks along the fence until she reaches the front gates.

A sign hangs on the gate. It reads Hours of Operation: Mon - Fri 9:00 am - 4:00pm., Sat. 10:00 am - 4:00 pm. Closed Sunday.

Mary looks at her watch. It shows 4:30.

MARY

Damn.

She looks at the house once more, turns around and heads back up the street.

EXT. SIDEWALK CAFE -- DAY

Mary sits at a table drinking coffee. She looks at her watch, opens her purse, gets her smartphone and dials.

INT. FBI REGIONAL HQ - DOWNTOWN ATLANTA -- DAY

Sam sits at his desk. His smartphone is RINGING. He puts down a file and answers the phone.

SAM TYLER

Tyler. Oh, hi. Having fun? Good.
I miss you too.

Sam picks up the file he was reading.

SAM TYLER (CONT'D)

Making progress. It appears that the women that were killed had doctor's appointments off base. I'll be getting their files sometime today. Anyway, have fun ... but not too much fun.

Sam leans back in his chair.

SAM TYLER (CONT'D)

And be careful. Ely's been very quiet. Which is unusual. He hasn't been harassing me for updates. So, watch your back. I wish I could.

Sam laughs.

SAM TYLER (CONT'D)

That's a deal. I'll call you later.
Bye.

Sam hangs up the phone. There is a KNOCK at the door and it opens.

Sam's secretary, AUTUMN, walks in carrying a manila envelope. She walks up to Sam and hands it to him.

AUTUMN

I knew you were looking for this.

SAM TYLER

Thanks, Autumn.

AUTUMN

You're welcome.

Autumn turns around, walks to the door and goes out.

Sam opens the envelop. He pulls out two thick manila folders.

He opens one and runs his finger down the first page.

He stops reading.

He opens the second folder. He moves his finger down the first page. He suddenly looks up.

He picks up the first folder and looks at it again.

He lay the folders down side by side.

INSERT

On both documents on the line ATTENDING PHYSICIAN is the name: Barry J. Stephens, MD.

BACK TO SCENE

Sam is heading toward the door putting on his coat. He opens it and exits.

EXT. OFFICE OF ATLANTA METRO OB-GYN, PC -- DAY

An unmarked car pulls into a parking space. Sam exits the car. He walks toward the glass front door.

As he reaches the door, he sees a woman on the other side. He quickly opens the door and steps aside.

She smiles and nods at him. Sam goes in.

INT. OFFICE OF METRO OB-GYN, PC -- CONTINUOUS

Sam walks into the waiting room. Six women are seated. Two are pregnant. They look at Sam as he walks to the receptionist.

The RECEPTIONIST is busy writing something and hands Sam the sign in sheet without looking up. Sam smiles.

SAM TYLER

I'm not here for an appointment.

The receptionist looks up quickly with a confused look.

RECEPTIONIST

Sorry. Can I help you?

Sam looks around the room and then back at the receptionist.

SAM TYLER

I'm here to see Doctor Stephens.
Barry Stephens.

RECEPTIONIST

I'm sorry sir but Doctor Stephens
isn't here.

SAM TYLER

Can you tell me where he went?

The receptionist looks at Sam suspiciously.

RECEPTIONIST

I really don't have the authority to
tell you that.

Sam sighs and reaches inside his coat. He pulls out his FBI
ID and holds it up.

SAM TYLER

Then I need to speak with someone
who does.

The receptionist picks up the phone and dials.

INT. OFFICE OF METRO OB-GYN, PC -- CONTINUOUS

Sam is standing in the office of the business manager, SHIRLEY
MATTHEWS. Shirley is seated behind a small desk. She is
nervously handling some folders.

SHIRLEY MATTHEWS

I don't understand. Has Doctor
Stephens done anything wrong?

SAM TYLER

I just need to talk to him concerning
an investigation. He might be able
to provide some crucial information.

Sam walks over and stands in front of the desk.

SHIRLEY MATTHEWS

Does he need a lawyer?

SAM TYLER

No. I just have some questions.

Shirley looks up at Sam and sighs.

SHIRLEY MATTHEWS

All right. Doctor Stephens went to a medical conference. The Conference on Technological Advances in Obstetrics. He'll be back in a few days.

SAM TYLER

I'm sure that you know where he's staying. I need to speak with him now.

Shirley looks uncomfortable. She shuffles some paperwork. She picks up a sheet of paper.

SHIRLEY MATTHEWS

He's staying at the conference hotel, the Raddison at the Louisville Convention Center.

Sam reacts like he's been slapped.

SHIRLEY MATTHEWS (CONT'D)

The number is

She looks up as Sam bolts out of her office.

She shrugs and begins shuffling folders again.

INT. LOUISVILLE CONVENTION CENTER -- NIGHT

A group of people head through convention center following a steady stream of people.

They pass a sign that reads: Conference for Technological Advances in Obstetrics - Dinner.

The group enters the:

INT. LOUISVILLE CONVENTION CENTER BALLROOM-- CONTINUOUS

Where hundreds of people mingle.

A band plays DANCE MUSIC over the crowd noise.

Buffet tables are spread throughout serving the guests.

Open bars are dotted throughout, all with lines waiting for drinks.

DOCTOR BARRY STEPHENS stands in one line, slowly scanning the room. He is fifty, tall, fit and handsome.

He spots a woman standing looking around.

She is petite, with raven black hair, and blue eyes.

She sees him and waves. She walks over to him.

Just as she gets there, Barry reaches the head of the line. He speaks with her and then turns to the bartender.

The bartender nods and fixes two drinks. Barry stands close to the woman. They laugh.

The bartender hands the drinks to Barry. He puts money in the tip jar, hands the woman one of the drinks.

He puts his hand on her waist, brushing against her buttocks.

She looks up at Barry and seductively smiles.

They walk off together into the crowd.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOUISVILLE-1864 -- NIGHT

Doc Withers, carrying his black medical bag, strolls along the sidewalk of Magazine Street. The night is brightened by gas lamps. There are lots of people strolling along.

He turns onto 10th Street and slowly approaches the military prison.

He stops at the gate and speaks with the guard. He enters the gates.

INT. LOUISVILLE MILITARY PRISON -- CONTINUOUS

A long line of women and children wait in the hall outside a closed door.

The door opens and a woman comes out followed by Doc Withers.

He motions to the next woman in line. She has raven black hair and blue eyes.

She goes into the room and he follows.

INT. EXAM ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Doc cleans off the examination table. Behind a screen, the woman, REBECCA, undresses.

DOC WITHERS

There's a gown hanging up in there.
Just put it...

Rebecca steps into the room naked.

Doc Withers stops, his eyes widen slightly.

His hands slowly clench into fists.

Rebecca smiles wickedly.

REBECCA

I'm sorry, Doc. But I couldn't seem to find that gown.

DOC WITHERS

Rebecca, you shouldn't do this.

REBECCA

Oh, Doc. Those old prudes out there don't know anything.

She struts up to him.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Besides, I haven't had a clean gentleman close to me in a long time.

She tries to press herself against him. Doc grabs her shoulders forcibly.

DOC WITHERS

(gritting his teeth)

I said don't do this. You don't know what you're doing. Now go put on that gown.

He releases Rebecca and she pulls away frightened, rubbing her shoulders.

REBECCA

Sure, Doc. I'll do that.

She goes behind the screen.

Doc grabs the examining table with both hands and takes a deep breath.

He slowly releases the table and walks over to his bag, his back to the screen.

He reaches in and pulls out a case.

He sets down the case and opens it.

He reaches down and removes a scalpel. He holds it up, lamplight reflecting off of it.

Rebecca comes out from behind the screen dressed.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Doc. I just need some headache powder. That should do me.

Doc smiles and puts the scalpel back. He turns around still smiling.

DOC WITHERS

No apology necessary, Rebecca. I'm sorry if I frightened you. Maybe I can make it up to you later.

Rebecca looks at Doc closely.

REBECCA

That's not necessary Doc. Just some headache powder.

Doc Withers goes to a medicine cabinet and pulls out a small porcelain vial. He walks over and hands it to Rebecca.

DOC WITHERS

Then this will do you.

She smiles hesitantly and nods. She walks to the door and stops.

She turns back to Doc to speak.

Doc stands at the table holding the scalpel.

Rebecca opens the door and quickly goes out.

DOC WITHERS (CONT'D)

Or this will do you.
(looking at the scalpel)

EXT. LOUISVILLE MILITARY PRISON -- NIGHT

Rebecca hurries out of the building. The grounds are deserted, all the women are inside the barracks.

She keeps looking back over her shoulder towards the building with the medical office.

She slams right into Sergeant Ely.

Ely grabs Rebecca by the arms. He pulls her to him. She pulls back making a face.

Ely reacts to her rebuff by throwing her down. He towers over her. He stands swaying slightly.

ELY

Rebel whore! You're all alike.
Think you're too good for me. High
and_mighty ladies! I'll teach you a
lesson, you bitch!

Ely pulls his knife from his belt. He grabs Rebecca's hair and pulls it straight. He raises his knife.

A hand grabs his knife hand and spins him around.

Samuel is standing there with two soldiers.

SAMUEL
Sergeant! Stand down!

Ely staggers toward Samuel with his face contorted with rage. Ely lunges at Samuel but he dodges easily. Ely falls down.

Samuel steps on his knife hand and reaches down and throws the knife where it lands next to Rebecca.

Rebecca slowly reaches out and grabs the knife. She hides under her dress.

Ely starts to get up but Samuel takes his foot and kicks him in the butt causing him to fall face down again.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
Corporal. Disarm Sergeant Polowski
and take him to the stockade.

Samuel walks over to Rebecca and kneels down. He turns back to the soldiers.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
If he causes any problems, knock him
out and drag him.

TROOPER
Yes sir!

They grab Ely by both arms and lift him up. He struggles with them.

One trooper steps back, raises his rifle, and crashes it into Ely's head. He falls like a sack of potatoes.

They grab him under his arms and drag him off.

Samuel helps Rebecca up. She is crying.

SAMUEL
I'm sorry, ma'am. He was drunk and
he'll be punished. I'll escort you
back to your quarters.

Rebecca nods her head and walks along with Samuel.

Behind them following in the shadows is Doc Withers. He waits until they turn the corner of the barracks, then he follows.

INT. LOUISVILLE MILITARY PRISON -- NIGHT

Mary sits on her cot writing in her journal.

Her cot is in the corner of the building, giving her a little more room since she has walls on two sides.

Stretching out from her corner are hundreds of cots, with little space between them. Women and children lie in the cots, some struggling to sleep, others staring into the distance.

Lamps, with low light, throw deep shadows throughout the room. Some children, and women, cry in the shadows.

Mary stands up and walks toward the sound of a woman crying. She approaches the cot and kneels down next to Ruth. Mary pats Ruth on the shoulder. Ruth turns over.

RUTH

I'm sorry, Mary. I'm such a ninny.

MARY GREEN

Nonsense. We all need a good cry.

RUTH

What are we going to do? There going to ship us off to who knows where. We'll never get back home.

Mary sadly smiles at Ruth.

MARY GREEN

I don't know if there is a home left. All I know to do is take one day at a time. And be strong. That's all we can do. Now, try and get some sleep.

Ruth nods and turns over.

RUTH

Good night, Mary.

MARY GREEN

Good night, Ruth.

Mary looks toward the doors. She sees a silhouette of a man.

She smiles and makes her way to the door.

Samuel steps into the lamplight as Mary approaches.

They embrace. Sam opens the door. He and Mary walk out into the hallway.

INT. LOUISVILLE MILITARY PRISON HALLWAY-- CONTINUOUS

Mary and Samuel stop and face each other.

SAMUEL

I'm sorry to be coming by so late.
But I wanted to see you, Mary. These
are horrid times. Our orders are to
begin shipping the women north in
two days.

Mary looks up at Sam.

MARY GREEN

I really thought this would be the
end of our journey. General Sherman
seems determined to completely destroy
the South.

Samuel looks into Mary's eyes.

SAMUEL

Mary, I want you to come with me. I
can transfer to New Jersey and take
you with me. I want you to marry
me.

Mary looks at Samuel closely.

MARY GREEN

Samuel. How can I abandon my friends?
What will happen to them?

SAMUEL

I know arrangements are being made
for some of the women to be shipped
to Illinois, Ohio, and Pennsylvania.
They are to be given temporary lodging
until they can get a job. After
that I don't know.

Samuel takes Mary's hands and pulls her close.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

Mary, I love you. We've survived a
terrible war. I want to show you
beautiful things, to help heal the
wounds that this war has caused.

Mary smiles.

MARY GREEN

If I can stay until the last of the
Roswell women are cared for. I want
to do as much as I can for them.

Samuel grins.

SAMUEL

So, that's a yes!

MARY GREEN

Yes.

Samuel grabs Mary and kisses her passionately. She responds.

A SCREAM pierces the night.

Samuel and Mary pull apart. Samuel runs toward the front doors with Mary.

EXT. LOUISVILLE MILITARY PRISON -- CONTINUOUS

Samuel and Mary run up to where several soldiers stand. They are near the back fences of the compound.

A woman can be heard sobbing beyond them.

Samuel pushes through the soldiers.

They stand back. Sitting on the ground is Rebecca. Blood covers the front of her dress.

She holds a towel to her neck, almost red with blood. Samuel puts his hand on hers and moves the towel.

The cut is deep but not fatal. The bleeding has almost stopped.

Samuel kneels down. She looks up at him.

SAMUEL

Sergeant! Get Doc Withers!

Rebecca grabs his arm.

REBECCA

No! It was Doc Withers!

Samuel looks at Rebecca.

SAMUEL

What?

REBECCA

He would have killed me if I hadn't stabbed him with this.

She holds up Ely Polowski's Bowie knife.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

I picked it with Sergeant Polowski dropped it. I was going to use it for trade.

Samuel takes the knife and stands up. He turns toward the soldiers.

SAMUEL

Sergeant, wake the men. Fan out and find the good doctor. He must be bleeding heavily. He can't have gotten far.

The sergeant turns and run to the soldiers' quarters followed by the rest of the soldiers.

Mary comes over and helps Rebecca up.

MARY GREEN

Come on, will find some bandages.

Mary walks with Rebecca towards the medical quarters.

Samuel watches them reach the building and then runs after the soldiers. A bugle sounds assembly in the distance.

EXT. LOUISVILLE CONVENTION CENTER - PRESENT -- NIGHT

Doctor Stephens comes out with the raven haired woman. She laughs as she holds on to his arm.

They walk up to a large sedan.

The valet opens the passenger door and the woman gets in. Doctor Stephens gives the valet a tip and gets in the car.

As the car drives off, a black Suburban pulls away from the curb and follows.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOUISVILLE -- NIGHT

Doctor Stephens and the woman walk into a night club.

The black Suburban is parked down the street but within sight of the front door.

INT. LOUISVILLE CONVENTION CENTER HOTEL -- CONTINUOUS

Sam walks down the hotel corridor with several FBI agents from the FBI Tactical Squad, David Price and the HOTEL SECURITY CHIEF.

They stop in front of hotel suite number 6.

HOTEL SECURITY CHIEF

This is it.

SAM TYLER

Insert the key and stand aside.

The tactical agents carry assault guns, wear Kevlar vests and helmets.

They position themselves on either side of the door. The security chief inserts the key card and steps back.

Sam grabs the key and nods to the agents.

He pulls the card and the green light flashes on the door.

The tactical agents rapidly enter the room.

INT. LOUISVILLE CONVENTION CENTER HOTEL ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Sam stands in the large bedroom suite looking around.

The CSI team is going over the room. David is going through the drawers. Sam walks over to the desk where a briefcase lays.

Samuel is wearing crime scene gloves. He pops the lock on the briefcase and opens it.

Inside the briefcase are various papers, pens in pockets, a tablet, and an old looking journal.

Sam carefully picks up the journal. He opens it.

Inside the cover is meticulous handwriting.

SAM TYLER

I'll be damned!

David looks up and then walks over.

DAVID

Something interesting?

SAM TYLER

Very! It reads: the Journal of Doctor Joseph A. Withers, Esquire, M.D. 1840.

He turns the page and reads some more.

SAM TYLER (CONT'D)

Incredible!

DAVID

What?

Sam looks up. Then he looks at the journal.

SAMUEL

My first victim was a trollop walking the streets of New York. She died quickly. Her flesh was tough, but proved no problem for my scalpel.

Sam pulls a walkie-talkie from his coat. He holds it up to his mouth.

SAM TYLER

Take him.

INT. DOWNTOWN LOUISVILLE NIGHTCLUB -- CONTINUOUS

Doctor Stephens sits with the raven haired woman.

They hear a commotion toward the front.

When the woman turns to look, Doctor Stephens quickly pours a liquid in her drink.

He stirs it and then sits back. She turns around and looks at the Doctor.

She picks up her drink. Just as she starts to drink four men surround the table. She puts the drink down.

Doctor Stephens looks up and then he smiles.

DOCTOR STEPHENS

Good evening, gentlemen. Care to join us?

One of the men reaches in his coat and pulls out his FBI ID and shows it to Doctor Stephens.

FBI AGENT

Doctor Stephens, I'm Special Agent Donahue of the FBI. Please stand up, slowly.

Doctor Stephens starts to stand and the agents draw their weapons and train them on him.

He smiles and completely stands up.

DOCTOR STEPHENS

Well, my beautiful Wanda, this is your lucky night. I was so looking forward to getting to you know, shall we say, intimately? But alas, fate has stepped in.

Two agents cuff him and walk him to the front.

A small group of customers moves back as they move through.

The lead agent pulls his walkie-talkie out and puts it to his mouth.

FBI AGENT

We got him.

INT. DOWNTOWN LOUISVILLE -- MORNING

The curtains are pulled back, letting the morning sun in. Mary sits looking out the window, drinking coffee.

Her journal sits on the desk. She reaches out and touches it.

There is a KNOCK at the door.

She gets up and goes to the door. She looks out the peephole.

She quickly unlocks the door and swings it open.

Outside the door stands Sam. Mary stands smiling.

SAM TYLER

Aren't you going to ask me in?

She reaches out and grabs his hand and pulls him in, folding herself around him. They kiss enthusiastically.

Sam pulls back and looks at Mary.

SAM TYLER (CONT'D)

My God, You're beautiful. And I missed you.

Mary smiles happily.

MARY

What are you doing here? Why didn't you tell me you were coming?

Sam leads her into the room. He walks over to the desk and picks up a coffee cup, pours him some coffee.

He takes a drink and turns back to Mary.

SAM TYLER

Sorry, long night. I'm here on business. I've got something to show you.

He reaches in his coat and pulls out a clear evidence bag with Doctor Withers journal inside.

He reaches in again and hands her a pair of rubber gloves. She puts on the gloves. Sam removes the journal and hands it to Mary.

Mary takes the journal and opens it. Her eyes widen and she looks up at Sam.

MARY

My god, where did you find this!

Sam takes off his coat and sits down.

SAM TYLER

Remember when you left, I was checking on a lead. The lead sent me to Doctor Stephens, the OB-GYN specialist for the women.

Mary walks over and sits down next to Sam.

SAM TYLER (CONT'D)

When I went to check with the good doctor, he had left to go to Louisville for a convention. Read the entry I marked.

Mary picks up Doc Wither's journal and reads. She looks up.

She reaches over and picks up her journal.

She opens it to a certain place and hands it to Sam.

Sam reads the journal. He looks up slowly.

SAM TYLER (CONT'D)

I'll be damned.

MARY

I read that last night. I haven't finished.

SAM TYLER

We took Doctor Stephens last night. He had his next victim at a nightclub. He had spiked her drink with a GCB. He didn't put up a fight. He acted like he was expecting us.

Mary looks out the window.

MARY

Maybe he was. Maybe we are souls_ traveling together.

Sam smiles.

SAM TYLER

Maybe. But when we tossed his house, we found a collection of obscure, and very sick, journals, pictures, weapons ... enough to show his obsession with violent death and sexual perversion.

Sam stops and takes a drink of coffee.

SAM TYLER (CONT'D)

Not to mention his own journal, which is very detailed. We now have field agents checking in five states for the bodies of his victims.

Sam leans forward and takes Mary's hands.

SAM TYLER (CONT'D)

Anyway, I got some follow up to do today but I want to buy you dinner.

Mary leans forward and kisses Sam gently.

MARY

I would like that. I got to check in with my boss and then do some research at the military prison museum this afternoon. So, why don't I call you later.

Sam smiles and stands up.

SAM TYLER

Sounds like a plan.

Mary stands up and they walk to the door. They embrace, Sam opens the door and exits.

EXT. LOUISVILLE MILITARY PRISON MUSEUM -- DAY

Mary walks briskly toward the gates of the museum.

The sky has clouded up with an impending storm, causing the afternoon to darken quickly.

She turns into the gate and heads up the sidewalk. She climbs the front steps two at a time. She goes in the front door.

INT. LOUISVILLE MILITARY PRISON MUSEUM -- CONTINUOUS

Mary enters the lobby of the museum. A double staircase flanks the lobby.

Mary approaches a middle-aged lady, SYLVIA, sitting behind a large reception desk.

The woman looks up and smiles at Mary.

SYLVIA

Why, you must be Miss Stark.

The woman stands up.

MARY

Yes, but please call me Mary.

SYLVIA

Well, Mary, I'm Sylvia, and it's nice to meet you.

MARY

I'm very grateful for you letting me do this. I hope you won't get in trouble.

The woman picks up her raincoat and puts it on. She walks around the desk.

SYLVIA

You're welcome. We're proud that you'll use our museum as part of your research. Anyway, I've contacted our security company and told them someone would be here late. They'll swing by in a little while and check in. So, let me show you the library and then feel free to walk around. I'll lock the door on the way out. The only thing is the main lights are on a timer, so you'll have to use the lamps.

Mary follows Sylvia toward the end of the lobby. They open a door and go in.

The main exterior door slowly opens. A man enters, his face hidden in the shadows.

He stands in the shadows for a few seconds and then ascends the stairs on the right side of the lobby and disappears into the dark.

The door at the end of the lobby opens and Sylvia comes out.

She walks to the main doors and opens them. She sets the lock and goes out.

The door slowly closes with a loud CLICK.

INT. LIBRARY -- CONTINUOUS

The room is a large and open. Bookshelves take up most of the middle.

Reading desks, each with green shaded banker lamps, take up the rest of the room.

The walls of the room are hung with pictures and prints of old newspaper pages.

Mary walks, holding her journal, around the room looking at the different pictures and old newspaper articles on the walls.

She stops in front of a picture showing a group of women standing in the open area of the prison.

Mary looks closely. The picture includes Mary Green. Even though the newspaper has aged, Mary sees she looks identical to Mary Green.

Mary steps back clasping her journal. Mary slowly shakes her head. She continues to walk along the wall. She stops in front of a newspaper.

The newspaper headline reads: SHOOTING AT WOMEN'S PRISON!

Mary looks closer and reads. She steps back and opens her journal. She walks over to a reading table and turns on a lamp. She starts reading her journal.

Somewhere in the building Mary hears a DOOR CLOSE.

She looks up and waits a few seconds. She doesn't hear anything else. She shrugs and goes to reading.

INT. LOUISVILLE MILITARY PRISON 1864 -- NIGHT

Mary Green sits at a table in a records room writing in her journal by flickering gas lamp light. The table is near the wall.

Wooden file cabinets fill most of the room, with a few tables mixed in.

The door to the room is at the far end and hidden by the file cabinets.

The door slowly opens and closes with a small sound.

Mary looks up.

MARY GREEN

Hello? Is someone there?

She sits quietly. She hears a soft SCRAPPING noise, nearer to her.

She stands up putting the table between her and the noise. She looks to her left.

MARY GREEN (CONT'D)

I said who's there? Samuel, if that's you ... this isn't funny.

Around the corner of the cabinets to her right, a shadow moves closer to her.

INT. LIBRARY - PRESENT DAY -- NIGHT

Mary stands looking at the shadow coming closer to her.

Ely Low emerges into the lamplight.

ELY LOW

No. It's not Sam. Just me. The man you're too good for.

Mary stares at him with open contempt.

MARY

This isn't funny. Why are you here? Checking up on me?

Ely slithers closer. One hand behind his back.

ELY LOW

No. I'm here to tell you to let the dead stay dead. I want you to drop this story.

Mary looks confused, then angry.

MARY

You're crazy.

Mary slowly moves along the table to keep Ely at a distance.

MARY (CONT'D)

This is a good story. One that needs to be told. Of how the strength of the Southern women prevailed even under the harshest conditions. How the Union army needed to cover up the brutal murders of several of the women to protect their reputation.

Ely moves next to the table.

MARY (CONT'D)

The outcry over the murders may have caused sympathies about the war to shift, maybe becoming a rallying cry for the Confederacy. It may have caused the war to have ended differently.

Ely laughs.

ELY LOW

Typical bleeding heart journalist. The South was destroyed, the rebellion finished. You can't change anything, just damage reputations.

Mary looks down at her journal.

MARY

You're talking about Sergeant Ely...

INT. LOUISVILLE MILITARY PRISON 1864 -- NIGHT

MARY GREEN

...Polowski.

Ely stands near Mary Green. His hands at his side, slightly sways looking at Mary with a scowling face.

ELY

Your suitor is off doing his duty.
I'm here to do mine.

He puts his hand on the handle of his knife, ignoring the gun at his side.

MARY GREEN

You coward. You lay one hand on me
and I'll...

Ely draws his knife and lunges at her.

Mary turns to run.

Ely grabs the hem of her dress and jerks.

Mary falls down. Ely scrambles over the desk losing his balance and falling down.

Mary scrambles backward like a crab.

Ely recovers and stands up. Mary flips over and tries to get to her feet. Ely slams into her.

INT. LIBRARY - PRESENT -- CONTINUOUS

Mary hits the floor with a groan. Ely Low flips her over and pins hers arms back.

He pushes her legs apart with his.

ELY LOW

Now I'm going to teach you a lesson.

He strikes suddenly, releasing one hand and cuffing her against her head, dazing her.

He grabs both of her hands in his left hand. He takes the Bowie knife and places it against her neck.

ELY LOW (CONT'D)

If you move, you'll slit your throat.

He holds the knife against her throat, releases her hands and slowly gets to his knees. He takes his free hand and rips her blouse. He takes his eyes off of Mary's to stare at her cleavage.

Mary rolls away from the knife, striking with fingernails against his eyes. He reels with pain, and Mary jumps up to run.

INT. LOUISVILLE MILITARY PRISON 1864 -- CONTINUOUS

Ely grabs her foot and trips Mary Green. She hits the floor but keeps scrambling.

Growling like an enraged animal, Ely chases her and grabs her hair before she gets to the door.

He throws her down and straddles her. He puts the knife in his teeth and flips her over.

He grabs her neck and takes the knife from his mouth.

ELY

Rebel whore, you'll die for that.
But not until I finish with you.

He takes the knife and slices open the rest of her dress.

Mary stares at Ely. She stops struggling. Ely stops.

He grins maliciously at Mary.

ELY (CONT'D)

That's wise of you.

He grabs a handful of her bodice to slice with his knife.

Mary lunges, grabbing his gun and puts in his chest and pulls the trigger.

BOOM! The gun blasts his chest.

Ely falls back grabbing his chest, blood pouring around his fingers as the door opens...

INT. LIBRARY - PRESENT DAY -- CONTINUOUS

Sam stands with his gun pointed at Ely Low, smoke curling from the barrel. Ely lies on the floor eyes wide open, blood pooling under him.

Mary jumps up and runs to Sam. He grabs her fiercely and holds her as she shudders.

He holds her for a few seconds and then slowly pulls her from him.

Mary looks into his face and bravely smiles.

SAM TYLER

Are you hurt? Did he hurt you?

She shakes her head.

MARY

A little bruised. But he was going
to ... I don't understand.

Sam walks over to Ely.

He slowly leans down and touches his neck.

He puts his hand over his eyes and closes them.

Sam walks back over to Mary and enfolds her.

SAM TYLER

That's why I was looking for you.
Let's go. I need to call the locals.

EXT. LOUISVILLE MILITARY PRISON MUSEUM - PRESENT DAY-- NIGHT

Several Louisville police cruisers, two unmarked cars, and
the coroner's wagon all with LIGHTS FLASHING are parked
haphazardly near the entrance gates.

Onlookers are kept back by uniformed officers.

Two attendants, pushing a gurney, and the coroner walk down
the sidewalk toward the wagon.

INT. LOUISVILLE MILITARY PRISON MUSEUM -- CONTINUOUS

Sam and Mary sit next to each other, Sam with his arm around
her.

Two agents are walking away. They reach the main doors and
go out.

MARY

Are you in trouble?

Sam smiles.

SAM TYLER

My beautiful, brave Mary. Thinking
of me, instead of you. That's one
of the things I love about you.

MARY

Well, are you?

Sam laughs.

SAM TYLER

No.

Sam rubs his face.

SAM TYLER (CONT'D)

This has been a strange ride. I found out that Ely was here supposedly on a review.

Mary turns and looks at Sam with a confused look.

MARY

So. Isn't that normal?

Sam takes her hands.

SAM TYLER

Maybe, but he never went to the base. That made me suspicious. He's been acting strange ever since you came to town. I spoke with his commanding officer. He said Ely had become obsessed with your story about the Roswell women. It made no sense. He started being short, almost abusive to the women on base, especially if they were from the South. It was almost like he was ... possessed.

Mary looks at Sam. She holds up her journal.

MARY

Mary Green killed Sergeant Ely Polowski. He tried to rape her. She shot him. Here in this building.

SAM TYLER

Damn.

MARY

Ely was rambling about me attacking his family honor. And when he ... when he started to cut my clothes, he called me ... rebel whore.

Sam reaches up and touches Mary's face.

SAM TYLER

The human mind is unfathomable. All we know is that Ely snapped.

Sam stands up and holds out his hand.

SAM TYLER (CONT'D)

What do you say we get out of here?

Mary smiles and nods her head. They stand up and walk out holding hands.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOUISVILLE-1864 -- DAY

Mary Green and Samuel walk out of a hotel. They head to a waiting buckboard.

Samuel helps Mary up. He goes around and climbs up.

He turns toward her and smiles.

SAMUEL

Well, are you ready Mrs. Mary Tyler.

Mary laughs.

MARY GREEN

Yes, Samuel. Very ready.

Sam faces forward and grabs the reins. He slaps them.

SAMUEL

Yiihah! Let's go to New Jersey!

EXT. CHICKAMAGA BATTLEFIELD PRESENT - THREE MONTHS LATER -- MORNING

Fog hugs the ground. The sun slides in and out of the clouds.

Mary and Sam walk slowly along looking at small white crosses as they form out of the fog.

Sam holds a copy of TIME with the cover story headline of: The Roswell Women - An Untold Story by Mary Stark.

Mary suddenly stops.

MARY

Here it is.

Sam walks up and stands next to her.

Mary kneels down looking at the cross.

MARY (CONT'D)

Robert Beauregard Green. Sergeant
Major, CSA, Second Division, Georgia
Rifles. KIA First Battle of
Chattanooga 1862

She reaches in her blouse pulls out the locket hanging around her neck. She unhooks it from her neck and holds it in her hand.

Mary places it at the foot of the grave, as a tears tumble down her face.

MARY GREEN

May you rest in peace.

She stands up and faces Sam.

Suddenly, the wind blows blasting the fog away.

They look around at the thousands of small white crosses with somber faces.

MARY

May you all rest in peace.

They look back at each other, then embrace other tightly.

FADE OUT: