

MANSION HOUSE
Union Hospital

Episode 2: "The Haversack"

Written by
David Zabel

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FADE IN:

SLAM! A NAIL PLUNGES into a plank of wood.

A SWEATY HAND holds the hammer. Another explosive BAM! as hammer meets nailhead again. Powerful, violent. REVEAL --

EXT. HOSPITAL - YARD - MORNING (6AM)

TWO WORKERS assemble a WOODEN CASKET. Its tenant: a CORPSE wrapped in a crisp white sheet. Lined up along the wall is a row of caskets, lids propped up alongside them. WIDEN TO:

JAMES JR.

Careful not to split the pine now.

And then we spot, leaning out a window, the grimy, hollow-cheeked faces of THREE SOLDIER-PATIENTS -- gargoyle-like -- looking out and wondering, "*Which one will be for me..?*" The BAM! BAM! BAM! of the hammering continues...

INT. HOSPITAL - MARY'S WARD - SAME

CU on MARY. Asleep. A stray shaft of sunlight slants across her features as the SOUNDS FROM THE YARD stir her awake. And then we hear, incongruously, GIGGLING. Mary's eyes slide open... where am I? She looks around as we WIDEN TO SEE...

She's on the floor. The Color-Bearer's bed is empty now, only his imprint remains on the sheets. Mary looks across, spots the source of the giggling: A NUN (ISABELLA, 20s) being chatted up, in hushed, flirty tones, by a...

ONE-ARMED SOLDIER

Even Jesus had his weak spot for
the ladies. Ya heard of Mary
Magdalene? She wasn't no nun!

ISABELLA

Hush, now!

Mary clears her throat: AH-HEM! They straighten up, nervous.

ONE-ARMED SOLDIER

Off to get the morning meals, miss!

MARY

Then go get them. The boys should not be kept waiting. And fetch one for me, if you would. I did not eat all yesterday.

(as he goes, to the nun)

Isabella... water closet?

ISABELLA

Down the hall, Nurse Mary.

Mary pats her unkempt hair. Isabella comforts her patient and SINGS a HYMN:

ISABELLA (SINGING) (CONT'D)

*Rescue the perishing, care for the
dying, / Snatch them in pity, from
sin and the grave...*

INT. HOSPITAL - VARIOUS

-- A SHEET UNFURLS as AURELIA remakes the Flag-Bearer's bed.

FIND MARY - walking through the ward, taking in the morning ritual of her new world.

-- A Woman - somebody's darling - sits off in a corner, alone. Weeping.

-- Two bored, painfully skinny soldiers PLAY CARDS, looking hollow and grim, even as they taunt each other and laugh.

-- CHAPLAIN HOPKINS stands by the bed of a dying soldier. He reads from James 5:14.

CHAPLAIN HOPKINS

...and the prayer of faith shall
save him that is sick, and the Lord
shall raise him up...

-- TWO BLACK FACES gape in at a window - contraband boys. A NURSE whacks the window frame with a broom; the boys scatter.

-- The One-Armed Soldier serve skimpy portions to patients - mainly coffee, bread and butter.

HUNGRY SOLDIER

It's been a whole day without food.
Is this all there is?

-- SILAS BULLEN leads in some Orderlies bearing shipments of foods and sundries. Supplies.

-- SAMUEL DIGGS mops grime off a floor. MATRON BRANNAN comes by to give him some further direction. She has a young man with her (Percival Squivers - we'll meet him in a second).

-- ISABELLE sings as she washes the patient's feet.

ISABELLE (SINGING)
*Touched by a loving heart, wakened
by kindness, / Chords that were
broken will vibrate once more...*

-- FOSTER examines a patient - feels Mary's gaze. They share a distant look, briefly. Then, her attention is drawn to two patients, BEECHUM and GIFFORD, arguing from adjacent beds:

GIFFORD
I told you, I never saw it!

Beechum would get out of bed, but for his lack of a left leg.

MARY
What's the trouble here?

BEECHUM
The doc said for me to keep practicing on my peg leg. But this reprobate stole it!

Mary looks to Gifford - having trouble hiding his grin.

GIFFORD
What would I want with a piece of rotten wood?!

BEECHUM
Use it for a club? Make a fire?
Stick it in your feckin' eye!?

MARY
Soldier, return his prosthesis.

GIFFORD
But Miss --

MARY
Soldier.

He reaches under his bed, drags out the primitive prosthetic. Tosses it to his buddy, who curses him. Mary's attention is drawn to a young man being led in by Samuel.

GIFFORD
Stop your moaning, Beechum, we all got our burdens to bear!

As she moves off, in BG, Beechum swats at Gifford with the leg. Mary meets PERCIVAL SQUIVERS (20), gangly and skittish.

MARY

May I help you?

SQUIVERS

Uh, yes, if you would, Miss. I'm, uh... My name is...

SAMUEL

This is Lieutenant Percival Squivers from the medical academy.

SQUIVERS

I'm meant to, uh, observe and offer what assistance I can. Thank you.

SAMUEL

Gonna fix this place right up, ain't that so, Lieutenant?

A secret sly grin between Mary and Samuel as Squivers awkwardly searches for a form, which he hands over.

SQUIVERS

I've two years as apprentice under Doctor Pelham of Fredericksburg and a year at the academy...

MARY

No need to impress me, Squivers, says here you already have the job.

SQUIVERS

Yes, of course. Thank you. I was told to report to, uh...

MARY

(reading)
Doctor Hale.

SQUIVERS

Yes, precisely. Thank you.

MARY

Stop thanking me, Squivers.

Matron Brannan calls out from a bed.

MATRON BRANNAN

Miss Phinney - a moment, please?

Mary goes over to her, trailed, timidly, by Squivers. Samuel goes, calling out to Mary, mischievously --

SAMUEL

Thank you, Nurse Mary!

Brannan is looking at CORPORAL KILNER, gaping head wound.

MATRON BRANNAN

Can you tell me Corporal Kilner's status? Been here three days and we're short on beds.

MARY

Yes, I know --

MATRON BRANNAN

You're to be the Queen of all Nurses, you'll need to keep up.

MARY

I am waiting on Doctor Hale.

Full stop for Brannan. Her attitude shifts, darkens.

MATRON BRANNAN

Doctor Hale?

MARY

I don't know where to find him.

MATRON BRANNAN

No. But sad to say, I would.

A look of grim resolve on her face, Brannan stalks off. Mary watches her go, a bit perplexed.

INT. GREEN HOME - ENTRY HALL - DAY

MISTER GREEN emerges to find a huddle of Union soldiers in the entry hall, moving furniture out of the house.

UNION OFFICER #1

Just making room, Mister Green.
More of us coming down every day.
Gonna end this thing soon.

Green squeezes out a smile, then glimpses through a door --

INT. GREEN HOME - LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

EMMA seated uncomfortably in a corner, perusing a book. The room's furnishings have been pushed to the walls and covered.

EMMA
Belinda said to wait here for you.

MR. GREEN
Euripides?

EMMA
(reciting)
"Cowards do not count in battle -
they are there but are not in it."

MR. GREEN
You're miffed with me.

She takes a moment - looks straight at him, direct.

EMMA
I saw you yesterday. With the
Federals. You and brother.
(off his silence)
It saddens me to think that the men
in this family... that you would...

MR. GREEN
That we would *what*?

EMMA
If we are not loyal to the
Confederacy, father, then we are
traitors. Is that not so?

MR. GREEN
I am loyal to the Confederacy.

EMMA
By doing business with the enemy..?

MR. GREEN
We are not doing business
with them, that is not --

EMMA (CONT'D)
...And commiserating with
these invaders?

MR. GREEN
WE ARE PUTTING THEM IN BOXES!!!

She is taken aback by his outburst. He collects himself, goes to shut the door - and then in an intense, hushed tone:

MR. GREEN (CONT'D)

I have every faith that before long, these blue bastards will smell Southern powder and feel Southern steel. In the meantime, I will not allow everything I've built - everything your grandfather and his father built - to be taken away. Destroyed.

(tender, almost wistful)

You're young and absolute - someday you'll see the world in more than two colors.

She closes her book.

EMMA

If that's your brand of loyalty, I have my own, and I shall pursue it, no matter what you or mother say.

JANE (O.S.)

This rebelliousness - where does it come from?

MRS. JANE GREEN stands in the doorway.

EMMA

I've been told it's in my blood.
(off Jane, processing it)
You raised us to be charitable, to care for the less fortunate. What better way to do that than by ministering to our wounded boys?

They see her resolve and are sympathetic - admire it.

JANE

Your father and I will discuss it.

EMMA

And today? May I go today?

Beat. Finally, Mr. Green nods, a bit reluctantly, but out of steam. Emma is pleased and goes. Jane is stunned.

MR. GREEN

She wants to show her devotion to the cause. How can we say no?

Jane shoots him a judgmental look.

EXT. HOSPITAL - MAIN ENTRANCE - MORNING

ELIZA FOSTER (late 20's, fragile) stands waiting - something she's used to. The sprawl of humanity out on the street is a scene to behold: whores, mercenaries, contrabands. She watches as a UNION PATROL OFFICER beats a BEGGAR with a club.

UNION OFFICER #2
Away, dirtbag! Move it along!

BEGGAR
It's our town, y'interloper!

Eliza's attention is pulled by the arrival of --

FOSTER
Eliza, why didn't you come inside?

ELIZA
I've been before, once was enough.

FOSTER
I'm sorry to have kept you waiting.

Once he's there, her demeanor changes appreciably. She lightens, becoming excited in a girlish, naive way.

ELIZA
Your term ends in ten days - *ten days, Jed!* - and I am making plans for Sacramento.

FOSTER
Yes, I know.

ELIZA
Wonderful news: my parents have got a place by the river, with stables and a little pond. Fishing and riding! A million miles from all this. Won't it be magical?

FOSTER
(smiles, genuinely)
Like a whole other life.

ELIZA
Exactly! They even have a mustang picked out just for you.

FOSTER
That's good of them.

ELIZA

So I must know the day you'll be done. What train to secure passage on. What things to bring...

FOSTER

This is not the moment, dear...

ELIZA

Well, then, tell me when the 'moment' shall be.

(baby talk)

Where's that little moment for me, Doctor Foster? Where's my itty bitty moment?

Teasing and light, but underneath he can feel her neediness. And we can sense the disconnect he feels.

FOSTER

Tonight. Over dinner. I promise.

She is pleased as she goes back to her waiting carriage.

ELIZA

Fishing and riding, Jed. Two of your three favorite things!

FOSTER

What's the third?

She grins at him, and gets in the carriage. Leaves him there, wondering. PRELAP a deafening cry: "DOCTOR HALE!!"

INT. HOSPITAL - NURSES' RESIDENTIAL HALLWAY - MORNING

As Brannan storms through, spots Isabella with some sheets.

MATRON BRANNAN

Is he here..? IS HE HERE?!

Isabella nods. Brannan steps up to a door and RAPS harshly.

MATRON BRANNAN (CONT'D)

Miss Hastings! ...Miss Hastings!

ANNE (O.S.)

...Yes, Matron Brannan?

Her voice through the door is all innocence and honey.

MATRON BRANNAN

Do ask the good doctor to join us
on the floor.

ANNE (O.S.)

The good... what? Why would you
presume to imagine that -- ?

MATRON BRANNAN

Just 'coz I'm an old widow, don't
mean I've got shit for brains!

She goes. From the corner, Isabella looks over, scandalized.

INT. HOSPITAL - ANNE'S ROOM - DAY

ANNE is naked in bed, wrapped in a sheet. Another body is
buried in the covers, but the orb of a head roves around down
there. She giggles, then straightens, slaps the lump --

ANNE

Enough now!

There is a moan from the lump, as 'it' persists. Anne has a
moment of weakness, smiling briefly -- then fortifies,
ripping off the sheet, to reveal HALE, naked and a mess.

ANNE (CONT'D)

Byron! Go to work!
(off his groan)
And don't forget: you treat that
sauerkraut with nothing but
acerbity and disdain.

HALE

You mean Miss Phinney..? But --

ANNE

Go and do it!

INT. GREEN HOME - STAIRCASE - DAY

Emma rushes out the door as ALICE descends from upstairs.

ALICE

Emma! Wait. Are you off to the
hospital? They approved?

EMMA

They *accepted*. For the time being.

ALICE

Will you ask for Tom again?

EMMA

(struggling with it)

Alice. About Tom...

ALICE

Please. Ask again.

Emma nods reluctantly, then starts off, but --

ALICE (CONT'D)

Wait, I must have a red ribbon -- I have white already -- weathered but it will do -- and I need the red because red and white is what the girls have decided to wear...

(looks around, whispers)

...as a secret sign of support for the rebellion.

EMMA

How convenient. It also goes with your last remaining dress.

ALICE

I may have had some influence over the color choice.

Alice is a sly girl. Emma touches her face, tenderly.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Do you have any? I sent Belinda to the store but it was shuttered.

As Emma sees her parents emerging from the library --

EMMA

When I come back. I must run, before they change their mind.

INT. HOSPITAL - MARY'S WARD - DAY

Kilner is examined by Foster and Mary. Squivers looks on.

FOSTER

Tell me how you came to be here.

CORPORAL KILNER

...ah, horses, yes... nuh-nuh-nine o'clock... muddy on r-r-road... smelling bay-bay-bacon...

Foster and Mary exchange a look. As they step off --

FOSTER
Rest now, Corporal, I will be back
to see you soon.

CORPORAL KILNER
...Doctor, yes... my ba-ba-back...

Mary and Foster confab aside. Squivers starts to join them,
but they shoot him a look, and he knows he must stay back.

SQUIVERS
Yes, I will... um... wait over
here. Thank you.

As they move away --

FOSTER
Who's the beanpole?

MARY
Lieutenant Squivers, he's a cadet.
(then)
I had some reservations about
Doctor Hale's assessment --

FOSTER
Did you?

Foster is chilly. She is cautious with him.

MARY
...I did. And I felt I could no
longer wait --

FOSTER
How forward. Is that how Miss Dix
instructs her nurses to behave?

MARY
I hope we have not gotten off on
the wrong foot, Doctor --

FOSTER
The Corporal has a condition known
as expressive aphasia --

MARY
I'm not familiar with that --

FOSTER
A fellow in France named Broca has
been studying brain function.

(MORE)

FOSTER (CONT'D)

I worked with him before the war.
He's had a number of patients like
this man Kilner - skull wounds with
aphasia - who turned out to have
cranial abscesses requiring...

HALE (O.S.)

Requiring you unhand my patient!

Hale arrives, huffing, puffing, still getting fully attired --
swipes a case report out of Foster's hands.

FOSTER

Doctor Hale.

Seeing Mary, the smitten Hale forgets himself.

HALE

Ah, Nurse Mary, how do you do?
(then, self-correcting)
Uh... I mean: Most disappointed,
Baroness. Most disappointed!

MARY

...Pardon?

HALE

(to Foster)

This man has a mild superficial
laceration. His symptoms, such as
they are - the chattering gobbledy-
gook et cetera - are manufactured.
A cowardly malingerer, he should be
shipped back to battle soon as his
ailment has healed, if not before!

MARY

Before he has healed?

FOSTER

I believe he has a neurological
deficit that may require
trephination and draining --

HALE

(apoplectic)

Trephi-what?!

FOSTER

Surely you must be aware --

HALE

Oh I'm aware! I am also aware of
unicorns and mermaids!

(MORE)

HALE (CONT'D)

But I am beginning to wonder, sir,
if you are the one with the
deficit! Are you aware of his
breath?!

(a deep whiff of Kilner)
Whiskey!

Foster turns sharply to Mary.

FOSTER

Excuse us.

(as she starts off)

Oh and Miss Phinney - many of the
men have not been fed since
yesterday. We need to see to that.

MARY

(a bit stung)

Yes, Doctor.

She heads off, furrowing her brow, over both of them, only to
be intercepted by --

SUMMERS

Miss Phinney, here we go.

MARY

Where exactly is that, sir?

SUMMERS

To a meeting I've been directed to
arrange by your good friend the
Dragon.

MARY

...Meeting?

SUMMERS

Not surprising, knowing Miss Dix's
fondness for hot air and hierarchy.
She is the wife I never wanted.

By the time Squivers, who's become distracted elsewhere,
looks over - Mary is gone. Oh no. He frets.

SQUIVERS

...Nurse Mary..?

INT. HOSPITAL - DINING AREA - A BIT LATER

PAN AROUND THE ROOM across a number of nurses as we HEAR...:

SUMMERS (O.S.)

...And so, Miss Phinney joins us as
the Head Nurse at Mansion House.

...LANDING on a gloomy-looking Anne.

SUMMERS (CONT'D)

....Miss Phinney?

Anne shoots a sotto remark to a couple of the others:

ANNE

Be prepared to curtsy, and if she
has a ring, you'd better kiss it!

As Mary steps up, there is some tittering.

MARY

Yes, uh, thank you Doctor Summers.
Ladies: my intention is to help
bring all of our needs and goals
together and give voice to the
nursing staff as a group.

ANNE

Why?

(off Mary, stumped)

We have never needed a person in
this position before, why now?

MARY

The war is spreading. As more
wounded arrive, Miss Dix feels --

ANNE

Have you nursed before? Aside from
a few screeching nephews and your
dead husband?

MARY

I've no claim to expertise. But I
have been charged with overseeing
the nursing in this hospital, and I
am eager and capable to do that.
Making sure we do the best job
possible, together, to provide the
finest treatment to the boys.

ANNE

Yes, but... why *you*?

MARY

I petitioned Miss Dix for placement
- she sent me here.

(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)

Anyone who would like to go to her
to become an official Army nurse is
also free to do so.

Anne rolls her eyes. Emma appears and takes a seat.

MARY (CONT'D)

...Miss Green?

EMMA

This is the nurses' meeting?

MATRON BRANNAN

Union nurses, miss.

EMMA

The Confederate boys are patients.
I'm their nurse. Please, proceed.

Mary and Brannan exchange a look. Summers is impressed.

MARY

I intend to address a wide array of
matters: diet, wound dressing,
letter-writing, attending to the
doctors as they need help...

EMMA

I have a question, Miss Phinney.

ANNE

(muffled, aside)
Ooh, go get her, Rebel girl.

EMMA

Will you see to it that Confederate
men are treated fairly and equally?

Summers looks at Mary. Quite a handful; he looks to escape.

SUMMERS

Pardon me, Your Eminence. You seem
to have this under control.

And he scurries off.

MATRON BRANNAN

Miss Green, you are a volunteer,
allowed to be here only by the good
graces of the Union Army --

MARY

That's all right, Matron.
(then, to Emma)
(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)

As long as they are here, we will do our most for them - but I will not lie to you: never at the expense of a Union soldier.

EMMA

That is cold comfort, miss.

ANNE

It is, isn't it? Quite cold.

MARY

Yes, well. That seems to be the running temperature at the moment.

Silence - awkward.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY

Hale and Foster are battling.

HALE

A fellow from France?! We look to the French now for tutelage?

FOSTER

I look wherever I find intelligent and conscientious science.

HALE

They eat frogs, you know!

FOSTER

So do we, I believe.

HALE

Not where I come from!

FOSTER

Sir, you need to acquaint yourself with current theories on head trauma and aphasia. I've taken part myself in a trephination --

HALE

Stop! I will not use the resources required to put a hole in that man's head when what he needs is a good kick in the ass back to the nearest battlefield!

FOSTER

Do we not want the same thing,
Doctor - what's best for the
patient?

Hale squints at him as if he is speaking a foreign language --

HALE

Speak to me not in riddles, man.
Leave him to me. You should not
have intervened in the first place.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY/MARY'S WARD - A BIT LATER

As the meeting disperses, Mary walks with Matron Brannan.

MARY

What a disaster.

MATRON BRANNAN

They'll get used to having someone
above them. Someday. ...After the
war is over.

Squivers sees Mary and runs to catch up.

SQUIVERS

Oh, Nurse Mary, you are found!

MARY

Have you met with Doctor Hale?

SQUIVERS

Yes, he said to stick with you!

MARY

Bully for me.
(then, assertive)
Matron Brannan, I noted - as did
Doctor Foster in his inimitably
collegial way - that the morning
meals were late and sparse.

MATRON BRANNAN

Were they now?

MARY

I wonder if it would not be too
forward of me to offer my
perspective on the dietary needs --

MATRON BRANNAN

The chief steward, Mister Bullen,
does as he deems fit, given the
challenges and supplies at hand.

MARY

I understand that but --

MATRON BRANNAN

You've got God and Miss Dix on your
side, dear. Do as you deem fit.

She leaves Mary, who looks over to see Samuel, observant.

SAMUEL

You don't want to see Mister
Bullen.

MARY

Yes, I do.

SAMUEL

No, you don't.

MARY

I'm quite certain I do.

Beat, as he shakes his head in impressed disapproval.

SAMUEL

Here we go to see Mister Bullen.

As they start to go --

MARY

Come, Squivers! Come!

INT. HOSPITAL - BASEMENT/KITCHENS - HALLWAY/LINENS ROOM - DAY

Dark and dank. A FLAME ALIGHTS, and reveals SILAS BULLEN
there, lighting a cheroot. Down the hall, Aurelia unloads
linens. She turns and sees him there...

AURELIA

You startled me, Mister Bullen.

SILAS

'Silas.' 'Silas' is fine. We're
friends, ain't we? That's what you
want us to be - friends?

AURELIA

...I want your help, yes, seeing as you know how things work, how property moves from place to place. I got this...

She pulls out the silver bird necklace Samuel gave her.

AURELIA (CONT'D)

And a little money, too, so I could pay you.

(off his look)

It's a bird. Pretty, ain't it? For your missus maybe?

SILAS

Don't look like no bird to me. And I got no missus.

(pockets it)

I haven't got any information for you yet. But I will. Soon.

AURELIA

I'd obliged for anything. Even if I could just get some word...

SILAS

A girl like you, in a town like this - I want to help you, I do. You need a friend. To help you. Protect you.

She senses what's coming. But it's a deal with the devil.

AURELIA

...I reckon I do.

SILAS

And a man like me... well, any man, gets lonely. Nothing wrong with two people... *helping* each other. Ain't that right? So long as it stays between us.

He has moved closer to her. Reaches over to run his hand along her neck and face, not tenderly. He then lowers his hand it to her breast. She tenses.

AURELIA

Please, sir...

SILAS

You do want my friendship, don't you? You need my help, girl.

A beat - desperation in her eyes. Her look concedes. He pulls her into the linens closet. Through the cracked door, we FOCUS ON HER FACE - as she tolerates his rough groping, submissive. The price she must pay. For now.

JANE (PRE-LAP)

That death house is no place for an innocent girl --

INT. GREEN HOME - LIBRARY - MORNING (9 AM)

Mr. Green and Jane are at odds.

MR. GREEN

It's the Mansion House Hotel!

JANE

Not anymore, it isn't!
(as he absorbs that)
The physicians there look upon nurses as their natural prey -- patients are exposed from head to foot! The more time our Emma spends there, the less innocence there will be to preserve. How many compromises must we make?

MR. GREEN

I am the one making the most, trust me on that. Every day I make compromises with myself!

She has some pity for him. He gathers himself.

MR. GREEN (CONT'D)

It won't last. These Yankee warmongers will soon realize, you cannot start a war to save a Union.

JANE

And until then, you will do what? Dance around their Loyalty Oath? Eventually, you'll have to sign, or else we'll have to flee.

MR. GREEN

It won't come to that. I promise.

JANE

We can bear what we have to, James. But what about the children?

Their hands meet, tenderly. PRELAP:

EMMA (PRELAP)

Are you sure, Tom?

INT. HOSPITAL - REBEL WARD (EMMA'S) - LATER

Emma is with TOM FAIRFAX - he is sullen and distant.

EMMA

No visitors at all? Even Alice?

He grabs her arm, harshly.

TOM

Did you tell her I'm here?!

EMMA

No! No, I told you I wouldn't.

TOM

I... I'm sorry. It's only that...
right now, like this... she'll
think me weak for having been
captured. Or worse even, a coward,
shirking my duty...

EMMA

She won't think that. No one will.

TOM

You don't know. You can't know.
(then, a faraway look)
I looked into the eyes of a boy I
would've shared bark juice with
last year - and instead I shot him
through the skull.

As she absorbs that dark thought, CHAPLAIN HOPKINS stops by.

CHAPLAIN HOPKINS

Miss Green. Tom: I was wondering
how your appetite was progressing --

EMMA

He is fine, Chaplain. We are fine.

CHAPLAIN HOPKINS

Ah, I was given the impression --

EMMA

Now, I am here and Tom will be my
responsibility. I am sure you have
Union men to care for.

CHAPLAIN HOPKINS

The Lord does not recognize uniforms, miss.

(then, going)

God be with you, Tom.

Tom eyeballs him, walking away.

TOM

Don't trust 'em, not even Holy Joe.

(waves her closer, sotto)

I heard a Yankee boy had his mother's heirloom cabbaged right out of his boot where he'd hid it.

Tom leans under the bed, and pulls out his stuffed haversack -
- muddy, torn and tattered from battle. He is worked up.

TOM (CONT'D)

Here, keep it for me. You have to.

EMMA

Let me talk to the Matron, I'll ask her to make sure --

TOM

No. She'll lie, they all lie. It's got all my trappings inside - letters, a tintype from Alice, my father's pipe...

(sudden nostalgia)

...Remember papa? He loved you most of all the cousins. You were the daughter he never had.

EMMA

...He was a fine man, your father.

TOM

Please, Ems. Hold it for me till I'm better.

INT. HOSPITAL - BASEMENT STAIRCASE/KITCHENS - DAY

Samuel, candle in hand, leads Mary down a dimly lit staircase. Squivers trails. Quite a different feel from the faded luxury of the hospital. A RAT scampers by.

SQUIVERS

It's like you are Virgil leading us to the netherworld.

SAMUEL

This is the *tenth* circle they never got to see.

SQUIVERS

Oh! You know Dante, do you?

SAMUEL

No, but I know a lot about on hell.

He pushes through a door, and they emerge into a KITCHEN: a grey and smoky domain, shot through with amber lantern light and the glow of the oven's fires.

Through THE KITCHEN they can see A DINING ROOM - a large table at which are seated ABEL MELCHER and a few flunkeys. We see the emptied-out TRUNK from the Vermont mom (from episode 1), THE CREST apparent on its side: "**Freedom and Unity**" - the one Silas promised to take 'special care' of.

On the table: wine, beer, canned ham, clams with mustard, ginger beer, cake, condensed milk, sausages, poultry - a feast for kings. And they are gulping it down with gusto and exuberance, Bosch-like, until they spot...

Mary, Squivers and Samuel. A silence settles in.

ABEL

What's this angel from above?

MARY

Are you Mister Bullen?

ABEL

Abel Melcher - the bean boiler.

SQUIVERS

And uh... I'm Percival Squivers. From the academy. Most happy to make your acquaintance --

SAMUEL

Miss Phinney is a new lady nurse sent from the Army. She hasn't eaten since yesterday and --

SILAS (O.S.)

She missed her gruel. Wait till supper, then, like everybody else.

Silas stands in a doorway, fixing his pants and belt.

MARY

You are Mister Bullen?

SILAS
(sardonic)
Yes, m'lady.

Aurelia appears, laying low, gaze averted, as she rushes up the stairs. Samuel takes it in - curious, concerned.

MARY
I wish to address both you and
Mister Melcher on a matter.

Abel is surprised to be addressed so directly. He spits. Silas grabs the spittoon and moves to a wall, back to her.

MARY (CONT'D)
Wounded soldiers should not be kept
waiting for their sustenance. It's
commonly accepted... that
nutrition... is a vital...

We hear the SOUND OF SILAS PISSING into the spittoon.

SQUIVERS
Dear god, man, most unacceptable...

The flunkeys snicker in BG. Mary tries to forge on.

MARY
...It's vital for convalescing men.

Silas turns and moves to her, holding the spittoon.

SILAS
And what do you think is vital for
interfering strumpets?

Abel watches, snickering. Silas stalks up, a menacing leer on his face. It is a tense standoff.

MARY
I would ask that you attend to your
words, Mister Bullen.

SILAS
My words is my words. And this is
my kitchen.

MARY
And those men upstairs are my
patients. OUR patients, truly.
(beat, then)
Where did that come from?

She refers to the buffet of items from the soldier's trunk.

SILAS

You got no business here, don't
come down again!

He grabs her arm; she shakes loose. Samuel tries to
intercede; Mary impulsively SLAPS Silas across the face!

SILAS (CONT'D)

Dirty whore!

SAM

Please, Nurse Mary, please!

He's pulling her away. She is full of vinegar.

MARY

You have no right, sir! NO RIGHT!

ABEL

All right, boss, that's enough!
Easy now, easy.

Calmness is restored, as Silas recovers himself, still
huffing with rage and aggression. Silas has at least a
couple of screws loose but Abel knows how to pacify him.

SILAS

Miss - you'll wait till dinner.
Next time, don't be late. Boy,
you'll get the patient grub when
you get it - now take this 'fine
lady' back up to the wards.

Mary has seen enough to stay quiet. As Samuel leads her and
Squivers out, Abel hacks up a GOB of GLUTENOUS PHLEGM and
spits it out - it SPLATTERS on the floor near Mary's feet.
As they exit, Squivers nervously looks back to the men --

SQUIVERS

Dinner, yes. Thank you, gentlemen.

INT. HOSPITAL - BASEMENT STAIRCASE/HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Mary, Squivers and Samuel ascend in silence.

MARY

...What terrible creatures.

SAMUEL

It's how things are. Better you
learn that straight away.

As they emerge into the hospital hallway, Mary seems a little faint. Squivers helps prop her up.

SQUIVERS

Miss... are you all right?

MARY

I... I should sit.

He and Samuel help her to a bench.

SQUIVERS

I will fetch you... something.
From... somewhere. Not down there.

Squivers runs off. Samuel scrambles and digs into his pocket, pulls out an apple and offers it to her. An unwashed fruit being held out in the unwashed hand of a black laborer - she gives an appreciative look, and accepts it.

MARY

You're very generous.

He spots Aurelia down the hall.

SAMUEL

You rest - I'll check on you in a bit. Have some water, Miss Phinney.

He goes. She takes a bite of the apple -- like manna from heaven, under the circumstances. Then... A LOUD MOANING pulls her focus to... a sick patient. He doesn't even see her really, just feels her proximity...

MOANING PATIENT

Orderly... Nurse..?

MARY

Yes, soldier?

MOANING PATIENT

...two days... haven't ate in two days... please... bring food...

She peers at him, then at her apple. She sits by him, uses a knife to slice a piece off the apple. Offers it up. He gulps it down, famished and thankful -- smiles at her. What can she do? She simply offers him the whole apple, which he proceeds to gobble down lustily. She will remain hungry for now.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY

Aurelia is at work, as Samuel steps up. He's picked up a soiled sheet along the way as an excuse for getting in her proximity. She feels him, tries to avoid it. She's distant.

SAMUEL

You ain't wearing the necklace.

AURELIA

It's too pretty for every day.

SAMUEL

...You got troubles?

AURELIA

Same as anyone, I guess.

SAMUEL

There's a man named Miller I know. Free man from Brooklyn. He's working to help runaways.

AURELIA

I'm free already. Don't need nothing but work hard, keep my eyes down.

SAMUEL

If you ever did need something... well, here I'd be. We all need a hand now and again.

She looks at him, assessing, gently critical.

AURELIA

'We?' Who's we? You from some fancy house in Philadelphia where you got schooled, dressed in fine clothes, never beat, never sold. Ain't that right, Mister Diggs?

(off his silent assent)

I worked in the fields since I could walk. Heard things. Seen things. Done some things. Ain't no 'we,' thank you. And I don't need nothing, not from a man named Miller, and not from you.

She lifts a stack of sheets and goes, leaving him troubled.

EXT./INT. GREEN HOME - ENTRYWAY - DAY

MULTIPLE CUTS: THE YARD - Emma scurries from Hospital to house, HAVERSACK in hand. IN HOUSE - Surreptitiously, she heads upstairs, avoiding servants, Union men, her mother. IN HER ROOM - She finds a spot to stow it, behind the bureau.

INT. GREEN HOME - STAIRWELL - DAY

Emma is coming down as she spots a group of ladies entering the drawing room. Jane sees her.

JANE

Home so soon? We are having a sewing circle.

EMMA

I only had to fetch something. I must get back to the ward.

JANE

Emma... you know, a parent can be proud and angry at a child for the very same reason.

EMMA

I did not know that.

JANE

It's true. Someday, you'll see.

A tentative smile between them. Emma goes.

INT. GREEN FURNITURE FACTORY - MAIN FLOOR - NOON

As WORKERS saw away at rough lumber, cutting out shapes for casket-making, Mr. Green and his son JAMES JR. walk through the factory, in hushed argument. Jr.'s limp is evident.

JAMES JR.

The peninsula will be the end of it, father. Those yellow dogs will never get to Richmond.

MR. GREEN

All the more reason for you to remain here with your family.

JAMES JR.

And forever be remembered as someone who shirked the battle? Because of a slight hobble -- ?

MR. GREEN

We need you here, Jimmy. *I* need you here.

They are interrupted by two men stepping up to them - LIONEL (50s), an old free black employee, and his nephew, BEN COOPER (20s), a contraband recently arrived in Alexandria.

LIONEL

My nephew ain't of many words, sir, but he wants to say something.

BEN

Ever since I come up here, I feel like a new man. I got you and my uncle to thank for that.

MR. GREEN

You do a good job, boy. Work hard. That's how you earn the freedom this war is gonna get you.

LIONEL

We'll get back to it now.

Ben nods, appreciative, and goes off with Lionel.

JAMES JR.

Why say that to him? After this war is done, slavery will remain. Isn't that the whole point?

MR. GREEN

For cotton farmers and plantation owners? Yes. But for us? Furniture makers? Businessmen? We don't need it, Jimmy. Maybe it's time we reckoned with that.

There is some ruckus and a FOREMAN rushes over to them.

FOREMAN

Yanks coming up the road.

INT. HOSPITAL - REBEL WARD (EMMA'S) - DAY

A STRUGGLE - flailing hands. An agitated Tom, with Hopkins trying to mollify him.

TOM

Where is my father's watch!?
You've stolen it, you blue devils!

INT. HOSPITAL - MARY'S WARD - DAY

Mary is with Squivers, who brings her a glass of water.
Samuel toils away at something in BG.

SQUIVERS
Better, miss?

MARY
Stifling in here.

SQUIVERS
Quite.

MARY
What do they say at the Academy
about ward ventilation?

SQUIVERS
...Ward... ven... tilation?

Samuel cuts into the conversation from some distance away --

SAMUEL
They say it's important, I bet.
Uncirculated air, effluvia - they
can deepen illness. Maybe even
spread it. But somebody sealed
these windows shut.

MARY
We need a system to control the air
coming through the ward, and also
maintain a constant temperature.

SAMUEL
A shutter system. I'll see what I
can do.

She and he exchange a smile.

MARY
Doctor Berenson of Philadelphia was
a very good teacher.

SAMUEL
And a very good man.

He goes. Across the ward, a HUBBUB erupts and she turns to
see: neuro patient Kilner thrashing and groaning in his bed.
Foster comes running by, on his way to Kilner --

FOSTER
Miss Phinney! Come along!

MARY

Should I find Doctor Hale?

FOSTER

Come!

As he blurs by, Mary is worried --

SQUIVERS

Oh dear.

And they follow Foster. At another bed, bandaging a patient, is Anne. She takes note of this with some disapproval.

UNION SOLDIER #1 (PRE-LAP)

'...ranaway from subscriber on the night of Monday the 12th March...'

INT. GREEN FURNITURE FACTORY - BACK OFFICE - DAY (1 PM)

A UNION SOLDIER reads from a poster he is holding. He is accompanied by two other SOLDIERS - and a civilian dressed ruggedly, with weapons - a slave catcher named METCALF.

UNION SOLDIER #1

'A negro male named Ben Cooper, 30 years of age, 5 feet 7 inches high; of dark color; heavy in the chest; several of his jaw teeth out; and upon his body several lashes both old and new of the whip, one straight down the back.'

He puts the paper down. Mr. Green looks it over.

MR. GREEN

A hundred fifty? Prices running low in the Valley?

METCALF

I have been dispatched by my good employer to retrieve this man who is accused of stealing property...

MR. GREEN

By which you mean, stealing *himself*?

METCALF

And his clothing, his shoes. He may've took a saddle too.

(MORE)

METCALF (CONT'D)

The man's accused of felonious assault while in the act of committing an illicit escape to freedom.

MR. GREEN

Uh-huh. Most troubling.

Metcalf is staring at Green, who then addresses his son.

MR. GREEN (CONT'D)

Make sure we have no such man on the floor. Go now. Be certain.

James Jr. leaves, understanding his father's tone.

MR. GREEN (CONT'D)

Most of my employees are free men. As for the contrabands, we're very careful about who we hire.

METCALF

We will see for ourselves.

MR. GREEN

As soon as my son returns.

METCALF

Now.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. GREEN FURNITURE FACTORY - MAIN FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

The Soldiers and Metcalf tear through the floor, scanning faces. They spin a few of them roughly to get a good look. One LABORER takes off running - is it Ben? They chase him down, throw him to the ground. Two Soldiers kneel on him.

LABORER

I'm free, I swear it! I got my papers at home!

We see now - it's not Ben. Metcalf eyeballs him a moment.

METCALF

That ain't him.

They let him go. They all regroup around Mr. Green.

MR. GREEN

I told you he's not here.

Metcalf curls his lip, frustrated.

METCALF

Keep moving. That boy's somewhere
in this nigger-lovin' town.

He stalks off. The main Soldier steps close to Mr. Green.

UNION SOLDIER #1

Captain Harkins is still awaiting
your signature. He asked me to
impart that to you.

Mr. Green takes out an envelope and hands it to the Soldier.

MR. GREEN

I'm living up to my end of the
bargain. Extend my request that he
refrain from these unnecessary
incursions into my business.

UNION SOLDIER #1

(looks through envelope)
Another thing: the rate is
changing. Twice this from now on.

He turns and goes. As they leave, James Jr. steps up.

JAMES JR.

(sotto)

Lionel took the boy home. Ben says
he did nothing wrong - claims he's
the same as any other contraband.

MR. GREEN

He is. He only wants to be free.

INT. HOSPITAL - MARY'S WARD - LATER

Foster stands over Kilner holding a trephine, which looks
like a cylindrical blade attached to a handle, as Squivers
stands by, queasy. Mary looks on, using a straight blade to
shave hair off Kilner's head to open up a clear space.

SQUIVERS

You're going to do what?!

FOSTER

Bore a small hole in his skull to
help relieve the pressure.

SQUIVERS

Sorry. You said... what?

FOSTER

Hold this.

Gives him the trephine. Squivers takes it, hands trembling.
From down the hall, ANNE LOOKS ON - HORRIFIED.

FOSTER (CONT'D)

A bit more ether - don't want him
waking up in the middle.

MARY

(re: the shaving)
How's that?

FOSTER

Good enough. All right, Squivers,
put the tip here on his head...

Squivers moves in, summoning all his strength. He starts to
move down to it, gets suddenly unsteady, wobbling and then
falls straight back, landing on the floor with a LOUD THUNK!

FOSTER (CONT'D)

Cadet down!

Foster has grabbed the trephine on Squivers' way down.

FOSTER (CONT'D)

Move him away.

As Isabella and an Orderly do so --

MARY

Oh dear. Tend to him, Isabella.

FOSTER

That's what you get from a military
medical education.

MARY

Shall I find a doctor to assist?

FOSTER

You do it.

A silent look between them - she has some ambivalence.

FOSTER (CONT'D)

Ask yourself, what would Dix do?

MARY

If Doctor Hale finds out...

FOSTER

I'm just about done with this place, no need to worry for me.

MARY

I was thinking of myself actually.

FOSTER

Well, this boy has no time to wait.

She looks down at Kilner, suffering even under the anaesthetic. She shoots a look of accord at Foster. He puts the trephine into place. It is a bit unsteady.

MARY

Are you trembling?

FOSTER

I've missed my medicine today. I'm all right.

He slaps his own cheek. Shakes his head. Then refocuses.

FOSTER (CONT'D)

Be prepared. This may bleed a bit.

MARY

Yes. I expect so.

As he starts to twist the trephine --

INT. HOSPITAL - DR. SUMMERS' OFFICE - DAY

Summers is being shaved by a barber with Hale there.

HALE

The situation is intolerable.

SUMMERS

If you mean the rebellion, I agree.

HALE

I mean Foster. His conduct impinges on the functioning of the hospital. He is a contract surgeon going rogue in our hospital - he must be disciplined.

SUMMERS

Foster is an excellent doctor...

HALE

Attila was an excellent general...

SUMMERS

Not your sort of fellow. Noted.

HALE

And what about this nursing conflagration? Miss Phinney is fine - she's lovely - but if you allow her to have authority, Miss Hastings is apt to murder her. Or you. Or me. Or all of us.

SUMMERS

Miss Hastings is your problem.

HALE

How's that? I can't control her.

SUMMERS

My advice is leave the women to work it out amongst themselves.

Anne appears at the door, out of breath. She is oblivious to what they were saying, stuck in her own urgency.

ANNE

I must report a grievous atrocity.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY/MARY'S WARD - SAME

Summers and Hale, trailed by Anne, move fast.

SUMMERS

They're going to do what?

ANNE

A trephination.

HALE

The French put it in his head.

SUMMERS

Nothing but trouble, the French.

As they arrive at Kilner's bed, they see Mary and Foster huddled over the patient. Foster is just removing the trephine as Mary is staunching blood.

FOSTER

It should only take a moment.

HALE

You've killed him!

SUMMERS

What in hell's going on, Foster?

FOSTER

I will tell you presently.
(then, to the patient)
Can you hear me, Corporal?

Kilner is woozy as hell but consciousness is coming.

CORPORAL KILNER

...Doc...

FOSTER

Where are you, son?

CORPORAL KILNER

...Hospital?

Foster and Mary exchange a look - Kilner is stable and lucid.

FOSTER

In answer to your question, Major,
we have saved this man's life.
Part of my job description. Is
Doctor Hale's somehow different?

Hale and Anne are dismayed. Summers is on the fence, hiding his approval. Mary and Foster share a gratified look. HEAR:

JANE (PRE-LAP)

Our needles are now our weapons.

INT. GREEN HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

A women's sewing circle under way. Included are Jane, Alice and MRS. FAIRFAX, Tom's mother. Two or three others.

MRS. FAIRFAX

At least we can do something to
help our fighting boys like my Tom.

ALICE

Our items raised one hundred and
twenty eight dollars last month. It
went to buying food for our
soldiers on the Peninsula.

MRS. FAIRFAX

I've gotten no letters from Tom in weeks. Have you, Alice?

ALICE

Hard to get mail through, I hear.

JANE

Tom's a strong boy, Olivia. You raised him well. No need to fret.

MRS. FAIRFAX

It pains me to think he's so close -
- just outside Richmond -- and yet
it's as if he were worlds away.

JANE

We'll hear from him soon. And
before long, he'll be home again.

Mrs. Fairfax nods, trying to keep faith. As Jane finishes a baby bonnet she is working on --

JANE (CONT'D)

The idea that some Yankee's wife
will pay money for this bonnet...

We see that she is fastening A TINY CONFEDERATE FLAG on the inside seam, so that it is hidden.

JANE (CONT'D)

...And that his baby boy will be
wearing it all summer long, fills
me with the most inexplicable glee.

They all giggle. Another woman, HARRIET, pipes up.

HARRIET

The last laugh will be ours when
we're in the golden circle.

As the others nod in agreement, Alice looks intrigued.

INT. HOSPITAL - MARY'S WARD - DAY

Samuel is installing a louvered shutter onto the window. Anne walks in, looking for Mary.

ANNE

Where is she? Miss Phinney?

Samuel nods a direction.

ANNE (CONT'D)

And what do you think you're doing?

SAMUEL

Trying to improve the ventilation
in the ward, Miss Hastings.

ANNE

On whose authority?

Off Samuel's look --

INT. HOSPITAL - MARY'S WARD - CONTINUOUS

Mary is with Squivers, convalescing in a bed.

SQUIVERS

I saw a light... maybe it was a
tunnel... and a figure there,
beseeching me...

MARY

It was probably Doctor Foster
begging you to go away.

SQUIVERS

It was so... haunting.

MARY

You're fine now, Mister Squivers.
You'll be fine.

She is interrupted by:

ANNE

Presumptuous, officious,
manipulative...

MARY

...May I help you?

ANNE

I know what you're up to. I was
raised on the streets of Brighton.
You can't hoodwink a hoodwinker.

MARY

Sorry?

ANNE

You come here with your Yankee
charms and your abolitionist
seductions - this will not stand.

MARY

Miss Hastings, let me assure you,
we are on the same side. I respect
and admire your experience.

ANNE

My *experience*?

MARY

I look forward to learning from
your many years of nursing...

ANNE

I am not old, madam!

MARY

I only mean I want what's best for
the boys. As you do too. As you
did in the Crimea with Nightingale.

ANNE

You have a silvery tongue, but Dix
or no Dix, I am the nursing
authority in this hospital, and
I'll not be done in by some Dutch
widow with a twinkle in her eye.

MARY

Really, this is most unnecessary --

ANNE

You stay on your ward, I'll stay on
mine. Leave me to my methods.
We'll see who kills more men!

She turns and goes. Mary is baffled.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Anne moves into a hidden vestibule, stealing a quick shot of
whiskey from a dainty flask. Trying to soothe her pique.
She looks over, spots FOSTER, in a private moment, rubbing
his hand. It's sore from the trephination - and the general
wear and tear of a surgeon's work. She steals another sip,
stows the flask away. Her spice melts suddenly to sugar.

ANNE

What a heroic maneuver today.

FOSTER

(surprised)

Oh. Thank you, Miss Hastings.

She offers him a glass of water - he takes it, unable to hide his trembling fingers.

ANNE

Are you in pain? Here, allow me.

He puts the glass down, un-drunk. She starts massaging his hand, leaving no room for him to object. Her method is rather sensual -- enough to make Foster a bit uncomfortable.

ANNE (CONT'D)

You are so devoted to the men. So committed to taking care of them. But who takes care of you?

FOSTER

Well... my wife makes a go of it.

ANNE

Of course. Of course she does.

ISABELLA

(pops in)

Doctor Foster - Doctor Summers would see you now.

As Foster pulls his hand out of Anne's clutches, we cut to:

INT. HOSPITAL - DR. SUMMERS' OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Foster, with Summers, who reads a report.

SUMMERS

...flouted procedure, et cetera... engaged in unauthorized techniques... refused to perform others in keeping with regulation.

(to Foster, scolding)

Naughty naughty surgeon. You have not been playing well with some of your commissioned colleagues....

FOSTER

Doctor Hale has a way of bringing out the best in me --

SUMMERS

He's prepared to submit this to the Surgeon General!

Dr. Summers throws down the report. Foster shrugs.

FOSTER

My contract is finished next week, sir. If you'll allow me to complete my term...

SUMMERS

I will not. I want more. I want you to stay beyond it.

(off Foster's surprise)

Uncivilized environment, hopeless wounds, incompetent support, an excess of work, paltry compensation - we offer every enticement!

Foster smiles, appreciates the humor.

FOSTER

I won't deny that part of me wants to stay - there's work to do here, work that matters. But Hale's right - I'm not military material. I bristle at the restrictions, the hierarchy, the regulations.

SUMMERS

Good. I've had enough of parrots and lemmings. So has Surgeon General Hammond - the edict's come down, no more drunks or incompetents. That's why he's instituted a new medical exam. Take the test - continue on as a full-fledged military doctor, rank of captain. Then Hale won't have any claim to authority over you.

FOSTER

There are other factors, sir. My wife Eliza --

SUMMERS

Oh, there's always a wife.

FOSTER

I've promised her we'd go out West. She's got family near Redwood City.

SUMMERS

That's what you want? Curing rich folks' runny noses in California?

FOSTER

I don't believe I can persuade her to stay in Alexandria.

SUMMERS

That's not what I asked.

Foster looks away. Summers is disappointed, unaccepting.

SUMMERS (CONT'D)

Well. Think on it.

(as Foster nods, goes)

How's that brother of yours?

'Evan,' was it?

FOSTER

(caught off guard)

...Ezra.

SUMMERS

Furloughed, or is he in it now?

FOSTER

In it - fighting on the Peninsula.

SUMMERS

Godspeed to him. Let's hope he
doesn't end up here.

He's not being manipulative, but there's some intent behind
well-wishing. It certainly gives Foster pause.

INT. GREEN HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The ladies continue sewing. Another lady, MARJORIE, is
chattering away, in hushed tones.

ALICE

I thought the money was for the
confederacy.

MARJORIE

Not only, my dear. It is also for
the Knights.

ALICE

The Knights?

MARJORIE

Of the Golden Circle. My husband
is one. So is your uncle, and
Olivia's brother...

JANE

The Knights are committed to establishing a golden circle of territories from here all the way to the Caribbean which will form a new coalition of slave states.

ALICE

Really?

MARJORIE

We will not only secede - we will make a bigger, better country than the one we leave behind.

Alice's eyes are big - she's fascinated. Jane smiles at her.

JANE

Will you take out the tray please?

ALICE

Yes, mother.

She takes up the tray and leaves.

INT. GREEN HOME - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Emerging from the kitchen, where she has left the tray, Alice almost runs into - WHEELER! A handsome Union Officer boarding in their home.

WHEELER

Oh! So sorry, Miss Green -- I... I didn't see you... coming...

It trails off as he is ogling her and trying (unsuccessfully) to suppress his fertile grinning.

ALICE

Be more observant.

WHEELER

I will. I will try to be extremely observant of you in the future.

ALICE

I hope you find the accommodations suitable.

WHEELER

More suitable every day.

ALICE

The opposite is true for me.

WHEELER

Ah, well, you must let me know how
I might be of service.

Now she is weakening under the male attention. She twists
her hair, and looks away.

WHEELER (CONT'D)

You'll pull that right out of your
head. Have you no ribbon? I could
perhaps find you one in town.

ALICE

I have some still. You have not
impoverished us quite yet.

WHEELER

Red would be fetching.

They are dangerously locked in. A servant moves by,
eyeballing them. Their body language is not subtle.

ALICE

I have to go.

WHEELER

Yes. Good day, Miss Green.

He goes; she watches him, smiling. Then runs upstairs.

INT. GREEN HOME - EMMA'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Alice rushes in and looks for the ribbon she and Emma
discussed earlier. She finds it on the dresser and grabs it.
Puts it in her hair - vain and pleased; she takes herself in
in the mirror. But as she starts to go, she leans on the
dresser, and hears something shift behind it... she looks
around, behind the dresser and finds, stowed away..:

TOM'S HAVERSACK. Off her look of intrigue --

EXT. STREET/UNION ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - DAY

Signage indicates the building has been re-purposed as a
Union Administration Building. Mr. Green and his son enter.

MR. GREEN

We'll get them to leave Ben alone.

JAMES JR.

And after that, we must get them to leave *us* alone.

CAPTAIN HARKINS (PRE-LAP)

You are in no position to demand anything, sir.

INT. UNION ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - AN HOUR LATER

Mr. Green and James Jr. are in a dingy office - attempts have been made to fancy it up. They are with CAPTAIN HARKINS (50ish), a bit of a fop. He is filling a pipe with tobacco.

CAPTAIN HARKINS

When I was in the Indian territory, we shot runaway redskins on sight.

MR. GREEN

Alexandria is not Indian territory.

CAPTAIN HARKINS

No, and here in *Union-occupied* territory, it is *my* business - not yours - whether to help recapture escaped slaves.

MR. GREEN

It is mine too when it impinges on - how should I put it? - *my business*.

CAPTAIN HARKINS

You are a Southerner. I should think you would sympathize with our efforts to maintain relations with our Confederate brethren?

JAMES JR.

You may want to start by refraining from slaughtering them.

MR. GREEN

We have a deal, Captain. It should exempt me from harassment.

He sniffs the air, strangely. Smelling something.

CAPTAIN HARKINS

A deal. Yes. We do.

(puffing)

You, sir, seem to think the war is a game you can play at. And that you may even win.

(MORE)

CAPTAIN HARKINS (CONT'D)

But let me tell you: war is an ephemera, a ghost in the ether that changes shape, transmogrifying and distorting into any man's worst nightmare, at any given moment. Deals are made, rules are written, laws are passed. And all of it is worth no more than... than this - see this?

He lifts his leg to show the bottom of a boot. Crusted over.

CAPTAIN HARKINS (CONT'D)

Shit. Shit from a human being such as you see and smell lining the streets of this dismal fallen city. My point being: nothing is permanent - nothing can be depended on. Including your attempt to carve out a special place for yourself here. So no, you may not harbor runaway niggers. But the greater question you must ask yourself is this: which side are you on? Contemplate it. Ruminant on it. Pray over it. Because very soon, sir, you will have to choose.

Green and James Jr. absorb this as Harkins puffs.

INT. HOSPITAL - KITCHENS - DAY

Samuel comes upon Aurelia, unloading some large bundles of linens, with some difficulty. He goes to assist her.

AURELIA

I'm fine doing it myself.

He helps her anyway.

SAMUEL

You walking to the Bottoms soon?

AURELIA

Mister Bullen got me working on.

Samuel has gradually inched closer to her. She's very uncomfortable, standoffish.

SAMUEL

I'm sorry if I made you mad --

AURELIA

Best to keep to myself, it's
nothing against you.

SAMUEL

I don't know much, but I do know
what hurt looks like.
(their eyes meet)
And one thing about hurting is:
it's best not to do it alone.

She's caught in his eyes. He reaches to touch her arm --

AURELIA

Don't! DON'T!

She recoils. It explodes out in a scary way - some heads
turn. She collects herself, resumes her work.

AURELIA (CONT'D)

You mustn't.

In this frozen moment, Silas appears.

SILAS

Sammy, get on up there, boy. Work
to be done.

Samuel hesitates, eyes on Aurelia. Then, no choice, he
leaves. Aurelia tidies her basket and starts off in another
direction, but - Silas grabs her arm. Pulls her to him,
roughly. The basket drops. They stand there, locked in a
look. A CLINK OF GLASSWARE takes us to...

INT. A SMALL HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Eliza sits at a table set for two, waiting. She's been
waiting a long time. She's frustrated and rattled. A
SERVANT enters, cautiously.

SERVANT

Ma'am? Would you like to eat now,
ma'am? Or you still waiting?

ELIZA

He's coming, Janine. He's coming!

She gently bangs the table. Stares down at her hands, sadly.

INT. GREEN HOME - EMMA'S ROOM - EVENING

Alice finishes unpacking Tom's haversack, laying out all the items, like sacred objects. She touches **a watch... a pipe... a kerchief...** which she picks up and sniffs, taking in his scent... Then **a sheaf of letters...** all addressed to her, letters never sent. She tears one open, starts to read it:

TOM'S VOICE (V.O.)

Dearest Alice, this is the seventh letter I have written to you, but all remain unsent. No mail goes out nor comes in now. This distance makes my heart ache. Until I came to the Peninsula, I did not know fear - war was but an idea. But now it is both fearful and real - and like nothing you can ever imagine, or should...

She runs her fingers along the objects. Dread on her face: what does this mean? The door swings open and Emma is startled to find her there. They hold a long, steady look - Emma uncertain, Alice brimming with emotion.

ALICE

Why do you have his things? He's dead, isn't he? My Tom is dead?

As Emma processes Alice's wrong assumption --

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - EVENING

Foster is correcting Isabelle as Eliza, with a full head of steam, storms down the hall towards him.

ISABELLE

I was offering a prayer first, sir.

FOSTER

You may not offer a prayer in lieu of bandaging a wound. If God will agree to stay out of medicine, I will agree not to do... whatever it is he does.

ELIZA

Did you forget?

He turns to see her there, angry. He steps aside with her.

ELIZA (CONT'D)

Or simply choose a higher priority?

FOSTER

I am sorry, Eliza. Every time I think I can leave... something prevents me.

ELIZA

You promised! We need to plan our travel.

FOSTER

Yes, well, there's something else to discuss. Doctor Summers...

ELIZA

The drunken lout?

FOSTER

(ignores it)

...he has asked me to stay on.

Beat. She considers that, then laughs --

ELIZA

Ha! The warden inviting a prisoner to remain in jail!

FOSTER

Perhaps, but... there are wounded men here who need me.

ELIZA

And there is a wife - HERE - who needs you too, and will need you more in Sacramento with her family, away from this horrid war.

FOSTER

Also, I was thinking about Ezra.

ELIZA

Ezra? He's down on the Peninsula.

FOSTER

Yes, fighting. How can I leave when...?

(tails off, then)

And my experiments - I feel optimistic I may be discovering things which could help people, advance how drugs are used and administered.

(off her bored look)

We all have a purpose. Maybe mine is to be here, saving lives.

She takes him in, a bit aghast.

ELIZA

I have been patient, Jed. I have waited. Made sacrifices. All based on our agreement. You cannot betray that now. Not if this marriage is truly the partnership you have promised me.

FOSTER

These are turbulent times, Eliza. We need to be open to change...

ELIZA

I am not open to it; I repudiate it. The only change I ask for is to go back to how things were before this terrible war started. But I can't have that, can I? So, as your wife, I am telling you, you must choose what is more important: this marriage, or this war.

As he studies her fierce but anxious resolve - CAMERA FINDS MARY, glancing over, taking in the tense exchange from a distance, out of earshot, wondering.

She then continues moving down the hall, eventually finding a clear piece of floor where she begins to set up her bedroll. Brannan appears, watches her for a moment. Judgmental, at first - then her look softens, a trace of mercy.

MATRON BRANNAN

Stop that now, Miss Phinney.
(as Mary looks quizzical)
I've found you a place in one of the upstairs rooms. It's reserved for visiting families of patients but it is free. You've earned a decent night's rest.

As Brannan walks away, Mary, thrilled, quickly rolls the blanket back up and scurries off after her.

BACK TO FOSTER AND ELIZA

ELIZA

If I do not have an answer by the morning, I will leave without you.

She glares at him and goes. He watches her walk away, sympathetic but in deep conflict.

INT. GREEN HOME - EMMA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Emma is now sitting beside her sister, talking tenderly.

EMMA

...And so I promised to hold it for
him, to keep it safe.

Alice is busy absorbing the news she's heard. Emma waits,
expectant. Then, a smile spreads across Alice's face.

ALICE

I'm so happy. Tom is home!

EMMA

Yes, that's good, of course...

ALICE

Why did you make it seem so grave?
It's the most wonderful thing that
could happen!

EMMA

It is, but Alice - he's injured,
he's struggling to recover. So, we
mustn't expect too much --

ALICE

When can I see him? We must make
our plans.

EMMA

What plans?

ALICE

Wedding plans! You mustn't tell -
it's our deep, dark secret! Before
Tom went off to the Peninsula, we
swore our everlasting devotion and
promised to be married.

EMMA

...Married?

ALICE

I know it was wrong to do that
before you and Frank decided
anything, but if ever there were
time for bending a rule...
(then, holding her hands)
Oh please, tell me you're happy for
me, sister! You are, aren't you?

Off Emma, realizing how complicated this all is.

INT. HOSPITAL - ANNE'S ROOM - EVENING

Anne and Hale lie in bed, joylessly post-coital. He smokes a pipe; she sips from a tumbler. Both stare straight ahead.

HALE

He's a menace.

ANNE

She's a tyrant.

HALE

What a pair.

ANNE

If we don't do something, they will ruin this war for us.

He puffs. She sips.

INT. HOSPITAL - A ROOM/HALLWAY - NIGHT

Mary stands looking into a sparsely-appointed room, meant for transient patient families. She puts her bag down, and goes and sits on the cot, whose springs squeak as she does. Mary exhales - finally, a good night's rest will be hers. Unable to keep her eyes open, weary to her bones, she sinks down into the bed. She starts to fade... KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

She startles awake at the knocking - the door cracks open.

MATRON BRANNAN

Forgive me, Miss Phinney.

Behind Brannan peek out the faces of a rural family - farmer father, wife and twin toddler daughters.

MATRON BRANNAN (CONT'D)

The McCutchens have journeyed all the way from Maine to be here with their boy, Teddy. They've not had a bed in three days.

Mary is stoically miserable. Brannan is sympathetic.

EXT. ALEXANDRIA ROAD - NIGHT

James Jr. and Mr. Green ride their horses down the road.

JAMES JR.

That chicken guts is right on one thing - we need to worry about ourselves now.

MR. GREEN

Sad when conscience becomes a luxury we can no longer afford.

They ride by a wagon being loaded by some soldiers with 4 or 5 blacks in manacles and chains.

UNION SOLDIER #2

Back down where you came from.

BLACK PRISONER

Please, sir, please - I was set free last April in Tennessee. The man signed the papers, I swear! My wife and young'uns just cross town, waiting for me to come home -

BAM! The BUTT of a rifle hits him across the jaw and he is dragged on the wagon. The rifle belongs to a civilian - it's METCALF, from the factory. He does not see the Greens.

Then they spot LIONEL... and BEN... also being loaded aboard.

Mr. Green bristles, tightens his reins; James grabs his arm.

JAMES JR.

Keep riding, father.

Green's energy is aggressive, impulsive; James holds tighter.

JAMES JR. (CONT'D)

This is not our battle.

Mr. Green succumbs with reluctance; they ride off. But as Green looks back, he finds the eyes of Ben and Lionel upon him, watching him ride away, despair on their faces.

INT. GREEN HOME - EMMA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Emma, emotional, strokes Alice's hair as her sister sits beside her, head on her shoulder. Pining over Tom's picture.

ALICE

All my dreams are coming true.

She can't see EMMA'S FACE, filled with ambivalence.

INT. MEDICINE STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

A WOOD'S SYRINGE... slips from a dangling hand. CRASH.

FIND FOSTER, serene, in a morphine haze, his eyes slits. He jolts at the clatter of the syringe, knocking over a small glass vial. CRACK.

He stands, taking in the mess he's made her. Thinking about the other mess he's made in his life - his marriage, his family, the morphine. This damn war.

He grabs a bottle, throws it against a wall -- SMASH! Then, in an avalanche of fury, starts smashing bottles, vials, tubes. Pulls down a wall of shelves. The room is wrecked.

He stands there, panting... Good. That feels better.

INT. HOSPITAL - MARY'S WARD - NIGHT

Mary trudges, as if on a death march, back to her spot on the floor. Her suitcase and bedroll in hand. She finds her place and unrolls the bedroll, and gets down on the blanket. Outside, she can hear the workmen still at their task.

She looks over at a bed and realizes its occupant is looking back at her, eyes wide - Squivers. His eyes a little wet.

SQUIVERS

I'm sorry... I failed you.

MARY

(with an absolving smile)
Sweet dreams, Squivers.

SQUIVERS

Thank you, Nurse Mary.

He turns over to sleep, with a sigh. Mary hears a worker:

WORKMAN (O.S.)

Last one for the night, boys. The rest can wait till morning.

Mary leans back, exhales. Then, the HAMMERING begins. Thunderous, echoing. Rattling her brain. Eyes closed, she winces with every hammer blow... BAM! BAM! BAM!

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE 2