

**MANSION HOUSE**  
Union Hospital

Episode 3: "The Uniform"

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FADE IN:

EXT. BROWNSTONE BUILDING - ALEXANDRIA STREET - DAY

A carriage is loaded up with luggage. FOSTER emerges, holds the door. ELIZA comes out. They go down the steps. Exchange a brisk and chilly cheek kiss, and then she gets in the carriage. It pulls away, leaving Foster on the street.

SUMMERS (PRELAP)

Welcome to the United States Army,  
Captain Foster.

INT. HOSPITAL - DR. SUMMERS' OFFICE/HALLWAY - DAY

Foster is standing in front of a seated SUMMERS, an unopened package on the desk between them. Summers nods at it.

SUMMERS

I had the tailor cut it up.

Foster tears open the package to reveal: Union Army Blues, dark blue pants and a single-breasted frock coat. The double gold bars of a Captain on the shoulder strap.

SUMMERS (CONT'D)

My nephew stood in for the  
measuring -- should be close  
enough, I expect.

FOSTER

I have not yet received my exam  
results, sir.

SUMMERS

Ah, but I have! You passed!

He slides the results across the desk. Foster studies them, a bit stoical.

SUMMERS (CONT'D)

Don't look so perplexed.

FOSTER

It was a perplexing process. I'm  
pleased I made it through.

(CONTINUED)

SUMMERS

Drink?

FOSTER

Early for me, sir.

SUMMERS

Yes, of course. Good man.

Behind them, MARY appears at the half-open door. She's about to step in when Foster clears his throat and she overhears:

FOSTER

I wonder, Major, if there might be an available room here at Mansion House. Missus Foster... she's gone off to California ahead of me. She and I have agreed that, uh... --

Summers cuts him off, embarrassed at personal matters.

SUMMERS

Yes, yes, certainly. I'm sure Missus Brannan can find something.

FOSTER

Thank you, sir.

With a nod, Foster takes the uniform and steps out into the Hall, where Mary stands, waiting on Summers. Foster passes.

FOSTER (CONT'D)

Miss Phinney.

Her eyes track him down the hall, her curiosity piqued by what she's heard. Beat. Then, she KNOCKS on the open door.

SUMMERS

Countess. What can I do for you?

Mary purses her lips and chooses to ignore the slight.

MARY

It has come to my attention that the men are suffering deficiencies in their daily dietary intake.

SUMMERS

What would you have me do?

MARY

Perhaps a discussion with Mister Bullen and the cook.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARY (CONT'D)

To have them understand the importance of fresh meals delivered promptly.

SUMMERS

Why not speak to the head nurse?

MARY

I'm the head nurse, sir...

SUMMERS

But of course! Heavy hangs the head that wears the crown, and all that. I'm sure you can bend those culinary ruffians to your will.

Mary frowns. He's clearly not going to do a thing to help.

SUMMERS (CONT'D)

You are always welcome. Now go.

Mary turns and walks out in a huff. Summers reaches for the bottle of Old Crow, pouring himself a couple of fingers. He savors it... possibly the high point of his day.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY

Foster turns the corner in the hallway, almost colliding with ANNE HASTINGS coming the other way.

FOSTER

Pardon me, Miss Hastings.

Anne glances down at the uniform in Foster's hands.

ANNE

You received your results, I take it? You'll look quite dashing in that.

FOSTER

I've never been one for pomp.

ANNE

Who doesn't love a man in uniform?

She strokes the blue coat in his hands like a pussycat. She seems smitten. He makes an escape --

FOSTER

Ah yes... well. Good question. I must find Matron Brannan.

EXT. GREEN HOME - DAY

Birds chirp. The sedate but faded house next to the hotel.

ALICE (PRELAP)  
Oh my, sir, how forward!

INT. GREEN HOME - ALICE'S ROOM - DAY

Dressed to the nines, in a "grown up" hair style, ALICE stands and swirls her skirts, "flirting" with the mirror.

ALICE  
Why, thank you. You are a gentleman.

Alice smiles demurely, pleased with herself. Just then, EMMA walks in, surprised to see Alice in all her finery.

EMMA  
What do you think you're doing?

ALICE  
Going to visit Tom.

EMMA  
It's a hospital. Not a cotillion.

ALICE  
A lady must always be presentable.

With that, Alice brushes by Emma and out the door.

INT. GREEN HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Alice watches as BELINDA loads a basket with strawberries and corn bread. Alice points out the corn bread to Emma.

ALICE  
I baked those myself, you know.

Belinda drops a bun on the counter -- it CLANGS. Hard.

BELINDA  
True. Sister wasn't taking no counsel from me.

EMMA  
The battlefield's hard on a boy, Alice. Tom's been through a lot.

Alice turns around and presents herself, basket of goods held high beneath her bright smile.

ALICE

That's why I must remind him of all he's missed. All that awaits him, now that he is home.

EMMA

He's changed, do you understand? He's different.

ALICE

Of course he's different. He's a man now. He's a hero!

Resolute, Alice heads out. Emma watches her go, concerned. Belinda is left holding one forgotten rock of corn bread.

BELINDA

Lord help him, he bites into this -- hero or not, ain't no tooth gonna survive it.

Over this, we PRELAP the throated GASPING of:

INT. HOSPITAL - ENTRY HALL - DAY

A wounded Confederate soldier, EZRA (20's), on a stretcher, is placed on the floor by two Union GUARDS. He's clearly in pain and every jarring movement just makes it worse.

HAUGHTY FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

I will not move until I've spoken to Doctor Foster!

The voice belongs to EZRA'S MOTHER (50's) an elegantly dressed woman who stands protectively over her son. Behind them stands her slave-boy MILES (13) dressed like the house-servant he is. HALE faces Ezra's mother down, blocking her.

HALE

You will return this man to the Wolfe Street Hospital. We are full up on rebel patients here --

EZRA'S MOTHER

Who are you? Get me Doctor Foster.

HALE

Foster is unavailable.

(CONTINUED)

EZRA'S MOTHER

Then we will stand here until he  
becomes available, won't we, Miles?

MILES

(uncertain)

Yes, Ma'am.

Ezra's Mother crosses her arms and stares at Hale. Hale  
stares right back, a Mexican stand-off. Embarrassed, the  
Union Guards wish they were anywhere but here.

INT. HOSPITAL - WARD - REBEL AREA - DAY

Two rows of broken SOLDIERS stretched out on half a dozen  
beds. Alice steps carefully in. She walks down the line,  
eyes lingering on each man, until she sees: TOM, in his bed.  
He stares blankly into space, blinking erratically.

Alice swallows, nervous. He is different, just as Emma said.  
Conquering her nerves, Alice carefully sets the basket on the  
bed and sits next to him.

ALICE

Tom.

(takes his hand, gently)

I'm here. I knew you'd come back,  
Tom, I knew it.

Tom looks at her, absently, almost as if looking right  
through her. A small vacant smile. Then, he reaches over  
and picks a strawberry from the basket.

ALICE (CONT'D)

It's like a fairy tale, the hero  
back from the war taking the  
princess in his arms. It will be  
perfect, Tom, just perfect.

Ignoring her, Tom fixates, in a blank, disassociated way on  
the berry in his hand -- then slowly crushes it, the juice  
running between his fingers. Alice sees he's not right --

ALICE (CONT'D)

...Tom?

Tom drops the berry on the floor. Stares at the red juice  
staining his hands. In the background, Emma steps into the  
ward, watching Alice and Tom from the distance.

ALICE (CONT'D)

It's me. Alice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tom reaches for Alice, touching her face, leaving a streak of red across her cheek.

TOM

Who told you... who told you I was here?

ALICE

I found your haversack...

An ORDERLY wheels a cart into the ward. Begins shifting some basins and bedpans. Tom jerks at the clatter. Then leans in to Alice --

TOM

No one else must know.

ALICE

They'd be happy to hear you're all right --

TOM

No one!

ALICE

Of course, Tom, I promise -- I haven't told a soul. Look, I brought you some treats. Fruit.

Tom winces against the sound of the clatter, as if it were physically painful. Alice lifts the basket.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Your favorite corn bread...

TOM

You don't belong here.

Tom slaps the basket out of her hands, sending the contents crashing to the floor. He grabs her by the shoulders.

TOM (CONT'D)

You don't belong here!

Tom's gaze is black. A look that could crack ice. Alice stands up, scared. Tom looks away. As if she weren't even there. Stifling a sob, Alice runs out of the ward.

Across the ward, Emma watches her go, worried. She notices HOPKINS, looking on.

(CONTINUED)



EMMA

You offered once to talk to him --  
I was rash to say no. He needs  
help. I suspect he needs the sort  
of fellowship a woman cannot offer.

HOPKINS

I'll speak to him. And you must  
tell your sister to be patient. He  
needs time.

Emma nods a curt *thank you* and walks off. Across the room, A  
ONE-LEGGED SOLDIER moves up to Tom's bed. Glancing at Tom,  
he leans down, begins eating the berries right off the floor.

INT. HOSPITAL - ENTRY HALL - DAY

Ezra's breathing unevenly. His mother sits there, a baleful  
glare directed at Hale, who stands by in the corner. She's  
grown tired of waiting. SAMUEL steps into the hall.

EZRA'S MOTHER

You. Boy.  
(off Samuel's sharp look)  
Take my Miles to the laundry. He's  
to wash my son's clothes.

MILES

(off Samuel's discomfort)  
Ma'am, I don't think...

EZRA'S MOTHER

Run along now. Don't lollygag.

Miles picks up the bundle of clothes, scurries over to  
Samuel, who won't even meet his gaze as he leads the boy out.  
PRELAP: a loud rapping on a door -- KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

INT. GREEN HOME - FRONT DOORWAY - DAY

MR. GREEN swings the door open to reveal the two UNION  
ADMINISTRATORS from the previous episode: SAUNDERS and  
BROOKHURST. Mr. Green hides his surprise.

MR. GREEN

Gentlemen. Please come in.

INT. GREEN HOME - LIVING ROOM/ENTRY HALL - DAY

Mr. Green leads them into the living room.

(CONTINUED)

BROOKHURST

Your complaint about the fugitive property has been investigated.

MR. GREEN

Ben Cooper, you mean?

SAUNDERS

And found without merit.

BROOKHURST

Under the Fugitive Slave Act, it was correct to return the contraband to its owner.

Green gestures for them to sit -- they decline.

MR. GREEN

My understanding is your Congress recently passed an Article of War, signed by Lincoln, which says --

BROOKHURST

There is no argument here. The laws may be evolving, I grant you --

MR. GREEN

*Evolving?* This is pure corruption!

BROOKHURST

This matter is closed, sir.

MR. GREEN

He was working for me.

SAUNDERS

And you are working for us.

Green looks them over carefully -- something else afoot. Saunders fingers a sealed document ENVELOPE.

SAUNDERS (CONT'D)

Your complaint has focused some attention on your business dealings with the Union Administration.

BROOKHURST

And on your intransigence about signing the Oath of Allegiance.

MR. GREEN

We've discussed this, we have an agreement.

(CONTINUED)

SAUNDERS

We 'had' one. But when you make noise about Negroes, your profile is raised.

BROOKHURST

And your status becomes untenable.

Saunders places the Envelope before him.

SAUNDERS

From Captain Harkins. Sign it.

BROOKHURST

Or we will shut down your factory.

SAUNDERS

And remove you from your house.

BROOKHURST

Which we should have done in the first place.

Mr. Green stares at them, flabbergasted.

SAUNDERS

We thank you, sir. And look forward to your acquiescence.

He follows them with his eyes as they pass JANE, who knows something is amiss. A LONG LOOK between her and Green.

JANE

We can't go on like this, James.

MR. GREEN

The war will be over by Christmas.

It comes out thin, lacking conviction. In BG, as the men exit, they almost collide with Alice, rushing in, upset.

JANE

Alice! What's wrong?

ALICE

I was at the hospital.

MR. GREEN

Who gave you permission?

JANE

At the hospital?

ALICE

I had to see...

Alice freezes, realizing that Tom's presence is a secret.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Emma. I went to see Emma.

JANE

You are not to leave here again  
unchaperoned. Do you understand?

ALICE

...Yes, Mother.

Alice meekly dips her head and goes, hiding her emotions.  
Jane looks at Green, who is evasive.

JANE

I received a letter from my brother  
in Texas. He says there's plenty  
of room for us there whenever we  
decide it's time to leave. He says  
they want to help us.

She goes. Green opens the envelope, pulls out an official  
document: "UNION OATH OF LOYALTY." A grim prideful look.

EXT. HOSPITAL - MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY

A Horseman pulls up outside the hospital, dressed in street  
clothes. He's young, handsome. He ties up his mount, takes  
a leather medical case from his saddle bag. Looks around -  
once, twice, then heads in. His name is BILLY GRIFFIN.

At the door, MATRON BRANNAN emerges, with a nurse, looks out  
at the day. Two UNION GUARDS stand by. Brannan and the  
Nurse start hitting a blanket with a stick, to get out the  
dust. She reaches up and touches her cheek, near the corner  
of her mouth. A tender tooth. She looks over at the Nurse.

MATRON BRANNAN

Never get old, girl.

Billy Griffin approaches, only to be stopped by the GUARDS.

UNION GUARD

Papers?

BILLY GRIFFIN

(re: his bag)

Easy, boys -- I'm here to work.

UNION GUARD

Still need papers.

(CONTINUED)

Matron Brannan notices the exchange.

MATRON BRANNAN

Who are you, sonny?

BILLY GRIFFIN

Billy Griffin, dental assistant.  
Doctor Granville couldn't make it.  
He sent me instead. Said you had  
men who need dental care, ten cents  
a tooth.

The corners of Matron Brannan's mouth, for once, turn up.

INT. HOSPITAL - ENTRY HALL - DAY

Guided by ISABELLE the Nun, Foster strides into the Foyer,  
wiping blood off his hands.

ISABELLE

The lady's most insistent.

FOSTER

What's so damned important? I was  
in the middle of...

Foster stops dead. Staring at Ezra's Mother. Shocked.

FOSTER (CONT'D)

...Mother..?

EZRA'S MOTHER (now MRS. FOSTER) leaps up and embraces Foster.

MRS. FOSTER

It's Ezra. He was at McDowell.  
With the 21st Virginia.

Foster steps up to the stretcher. He's taken aback by the  
emaciated figure in front of him. His brother.

FOSTER

...Ez?

Ezra's eyes blink open. They settle on Foster and...

EZRA

Jed? Am I home?

Ezra shivers, his eyes closing. Carefully, Foster lifts back  
the sheet. Above his ankle is a bullet wound, its edges grey  
and infected, greenish flesh sloughing off. Foster sniffs,  
pulling back quickly from the putrid smell.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. FOSTER

They removed a musket ball in the field. He was brought to Wolfe Street. Those butchers were planning to amputate. We couldn't have that, could we? So I brought him here. To you.

She smiles at Foster. As if he's the answer to her prayers. He touches his brother's head, tenderly. Ezra's eyes squint open.

FOSTER

I told you to keep your head down.

EZRA

Never said a thing about my leg.

FOSTER

Always gotta go against your big brother, don't you? I go North, you go South -- you get shot, I gotta fix you.

EZRA

So stop talking and fix me then.

It's a warm fraternal moment. Foster turns to the Guards --

FOSTER

Bring him inside --

Hale barges back into the room, Anne on his heels.

HALE

We have no bed for him. This rebel will go directly back to Wolfe Street, where they can cut off any part of him they'd like.

FOSTER

This "rebel" is my brother.

HALE

Why does that not surprise me?

FOSTER

I will look after him myself. He'll be no concern of yours.

HALE

This is a military hospital. You are a civilian contract surgeon...--

(CONTINUED)

ANNE

Doctor Hale -- Doctor Foster's just passed the military surgeon's exam.

HALE

He..?

(beat, peering at Foster)  
You what?

FOSTER

Call me Captain, it's easier.

EXT. HOSPITAL - LAUNDRY COURTYARD - DAY

LAUNDRESSES hard at work: soaking, scrubbing, wringing...  
AURELIA kneels over a vat, rinsing sheets. Standing by her, smoking a cheroot, is SILAS BULLEN. She speaks quietly to him, never looking up. Clandestine:

AURELIA

Any word, sir?  
(off his confused look)  
From Roanoke? You said you knew a man headed down there, he'd ask --

SILAS

Ah yes, yes. Come by later, I'll tell you.

He subtly grazes her arm -- she recoils. Samuel, with Miles in tow, strides out and steps over. Silas stares at Miles.

SILAS (CONT'D)

Beat the dutch, boy. You extirpate someone for those duds?

Samuel ignores him, speaking to Aurelia.

SAMUEL

This one needs to do some laundry.

SILAS

Says who?

SAMUEL

His master's wounded in battle.

Bullen sniffs by way of concession and walks off. Aurelia eyes Miles, his fancy clothes, his demeanor.

AURELIA

Set 'em there, I'll get to 'em.

(CONTINUED)

MILES

Miz Foster don't like no-one touch  
the clothes but one of the family.

AURELIA

And that's you? One of the family?

MILES

Yes, ma'am.

Aurelia stares at him a moment. Then shakes her head sadly  
as she points out an unused tub in the corner of the yard.

AURELIA

You can start over there.

Miles nods and walks off to the tub. Aurelia pushes herself  
up -- only to near faint in a sharp dizzy spell. She'd drop  
right to the ground if Samuel weren't there to catch her.

SAMUEL

Whoa. You all right?

AURELIA

I know. I ain't been sleeping much.

With that, Aurelia turns and walks into the kitchen. Samuel  
watches her go, worried. He knows when he's being lied to.

INT. HOSPITAL - DR. SUMMERS' OFFICE - DAY

Summers sits behind his desk. Hale and Foster both stand  
across from him, pleading their case.

HALE

If one of our boys is deprived one  
bit as a result of this, it'd be a  
tragedy. It's possibly treasonous.

SUMMERS

All right, Hale. Have a biscuit.  
(turning to Foster)  
Your brother is a confederate?

FOSTER

Yes. But more importantly, he is a  
patient. And should be given the  
care and concern that befits him.

Summers looks back and forth between the two men. Thinking.

(CONTINUED)



SUMMERS

Doctor Foster. I am sorry.

Hale's face lights up, gloating: he loves to win.

SUMMERS (CONT'D)

I regret to hear that your brother  
has been treated in such an  
unseemly fashion. Of course, we  
will not turn him away.

The smile wilts off Hale's face.

FOSTER

Thank you, Sir.

With a quick look to Hale, Foster turns and walks out.

HALE

Doctor Summers, I must protest...

SUMMERS

This is a hospital. We serve the  
wounded. Do you take issue with  
that?

HALE

What? Well... No, sir.

Hale presses his lips into a thin line.

INT. HOSPITAL - WARD - REBEL AREA - DAY

CLOSE ON: Ezra's wound. It's like something out of a horror  
movie -- notably larger than before, naked bone is visible  
beneath greenish/black infected flesh, laced with pustules.

FOSTER (O.S.)

Hospital gangrene.

Foster and his mother both stare down at Ezra's wound. Ezra  
shivers with chills, lost in some inner world.

MRS. FOSTER

What does that mean?

FOSTER

You see how much bigger the wound  
has gotten?  
(off her nod)  
It spreads quickly. Up to a half  
inch an hour.

(CONTINUED)

Mrs. Foster reaches over to Ezra, feels his forehead.

MRS. FOSTER  
He's burning up.

FOSTER  
The doctors at Wolfe Street weren't  
wrong, mother.

MRS. FOSTER  
Yes, they were --

FOSTER  
Accepted treatment dictates --

MRS. FOSTER  
This leg is staying where God put  
it.

FOSTER  
There's a risk he might develop  
pyemia -- blood poisoning --

MRS. FOSTER  
You will fix him.

FOSTER  
-- Most men die from that.

MRS. FOSTER  
You will keep him whole.

FOSTER  
We have no choice.

MRS. FOSTER  
There is always a choice. Who to  
fight for. Who to save. Our  
choices define us. Choose to save  
your brother's leg. You owe him  
that much!

She is looking at him, very judgmental.

EZRA (O.S.)  
Mother, please...

Ezra's voice is cracked and frail. He's shivering. He can  
barely summon the breath to speak.

MRS. FOSTER  
Shhh. Everything is fine, Ezra.

EZRA

Take it off, Jed. Do it quick.

Mrs. Foster's shocked. Troubled, Foster takes Ezra's hand. For a moment, the three seem frozen in place. A tableau of pain and dread. Foster just nods and soothes Ezra --

FOSTER

Rest now, little brother.

SWING TO -- Matron Brannan walks past.

MATRON BRANNAN

Dentist?! Dentist?! Anyone needs  
a dentist, line up in the hall.

She directs a patient down the hall where the dentist, Billy Griffin, sets up his equipment on a small table, laying out his tools. Which seem better suited for medieval torture. The first WOUNDED SOLDIER in line watches carefully.

WOUNDED SOLDIER

Sure am glad to see you, sir. My  
tooth hurts something fierce.

Billy looks up with a million-dollar grin: he's got perfect white teeth that twinkle as he smiles.

BILLY GRIFFIN

You've come to the right fellah.

INT. HOSPITAL - WARD - REBEL AREA - DAY

Mary is rifling through a shelf of supplies, handing what she needs -- which is most of it -- to Samuel, who's beside her.

MARY

Basins, utensils, a pot... I will  
give you a little money if you can  
go find some vegetables in town.  
And we'll need a space, as well.

He knows exactly what she's talking about.

SAMUEL

That won't be noticed by Bullen?

MARY

Precisely. Where we can do some  
cooking for the boys.

He nods. They share a conspiratorial smile... Emma appears.

(CONTINUED)

EMMA

Miss Phinney?

MARY

Miss Green. My ward is running short on some staples.

EMMA

So you're pilfering from mine?

Mary stops and stares at Emma, shocked by her insolence.

MARY

I am doing my duty for the boys.

EMMA

Which boys are those?

MARY

Oh dear, this old chestnut. Resources must be doled out based on priority. As Head Nurse, I shall determine the priority.

EMMA

You see that boy over there?  
(pointing to Ezra)  
I'll be sure to tell Doctor Foster that the Head Nurse has determined his brother is not a priority.

With that, Emma stalks off. Mary eyes Ezra for a moment, the fact that he's Foster's brother clearly giving her pause.

MARY

(to Samuel)  
Well, uh... here.  
(re: some other things)  
And let's put those back. Leave some for the rebs, shall we?

EXT. HOSPITAL - LAUNDRY COURTYARD - DAY

HANDS swirl dirty laundry in a bucket. Miles is beginning the long and arduous process of cleaning Ezra's clothes. He looks up to Aurelia, scrubbing sheets against a scrub board.

MILES

You got any paraffin, Miss? I got a spot won't come out.

(CONTINUED)

AURELIA

You can ask that man over there.  
His name's Mister Bullen.

MILES

He your master?

Aurelia is about to chide him... only to realize Miles doesn't know any better.

AURELIA

Ain't got no master. I'm free.

MILES

Born free? Or fugitive free?

AURELIA

They call us *contrabands* now.  
'Cause we're spoils of war.

MILES

You worry they gonna find you and  
bring you back where you came from?

Aurelia sits back and eyes the boy. Offers up a smile.

AURELIA

You go to church?

MILES

Yes, Miss.

AURELIA

So you know the day of judgment's  
coming. One day the Lord will see  
us for who we are and what we done?

MILES

(shrugs)  
I ain't done much.

AURELIA

Well. I done things I'd rather the  
the Lord not know about. Things I  
ain't proud of. But I was born to  
a whip and a chain. When a chance  
came to run, I took it. This life  
here? Ain't easy... but it's mine.  
And no one can take that from me.

Miles nods, listening... but he doesn't quite believe it.

MILES

They always come looking.

AURELIA

War's changing that.

MILES

Not in Maryland.

AURELIA

We ain't in Maryland. This here is free territory. A new law got made in Washington City, say runaways can't be got back by they masters.

Miles doesn't understand.

AURELIA (CONT'D)

Don't you get it, boy? You walk out that gate there? You *free*.

MILES

Miz Foster, she been good to me...

Aurelia looks at him, maternal. Touches his face. She's unusually emotional.

AURELIA

You want to be free, you got to *take* it.

Miles glances through the bars of the GATE: at the street, packed with people, bustle, commerce. For a moment he seems to be weighing her advice. Then, resigned, he turns away.

MILES

I'll be asking Mister Bullen for that paraffin.

INT. HOSPITAL - WARD - REBEL AREA - DAY

Foster sits by Ezra's bed, paging through Smith's *Handbook of Surgical Operations*. Ezra's asleep as Foster leans forward and looks at his leg, then glances back to the Manual.

Footsteps. Foster looks up to see Mary standing there.

MARY

This is your brother?

FOSTER

That he is.

(CONTINUED)

Mary stands there for a moment, caught between sympathy for a wounded man and her inherent dislike of the enemy.

MARY

Well. I'm sorry for your troubles.

FOSTER

He's... he'll be fine.

Foster turns his attention back to the Handbook. Mary watches him, gleaning how nervous he is about this operation.

MARY

Have you done an amputation before?

FOSTER

There wasn't much need for it in my Baltimore practice.

MARY

You will require assistance.

He looks up at her, vulnerable, pondering it. PRELAP: THWIP!

INT. HOSPITAL - AN EMPTY ROOM - DAY

Bull's-eye. A scalpel impales in the center of a makeshift dartboard -- a series of circles scratched into the wall. Hale is throwing 'darts.' THWIP! Anne enters.

ANNE

Oh no. This again? What are you tormenting yourself over now?

THWIP! Bull's-eye. He remains focused on the task.

HALE

I had the steadiest hands in my class at the academy. And the best vision. Everyone said so.

(THWIP!)

My grandfather was a general in the War of 1812. My father was with Tripler in Panama. I was practically born in a uniform.

THWIP! His aim is true -- another bull's-eye.

HALE (CONT'D)

I went to Florida for the Second Seminole War, then two years in Mexico City in the name of Manifest Destiny. Destiny to do what? Expand the slave-owning territory! That's what that war was about. And now look what it got us.

THWIP! Dead center.

ANNE

What is your point, dear?

He turns to her, quite distressed. It's sad.

HALE

I don't question the Army. I do as I am told. Go where I am sent. Always have, always will. I am a good soldier, in every sense.

ANNE

Yes, you are.

HALE

So why is the Army betraying me?

ANNE

Byron...

HALE

They betray us both!  
(hushed, intense)  
When they give that rogue captain's bars, when they bring in a nurse to whom you must submit. We take our vows of loyalty to God and nation! But where is the loyalty to us?

She approaches him. Touches his shoulder. Tender.

ANNE

You are working yourself into a fit. Listen: they are like a wolf in the forest. We need to be docile and meek. Make them our friends. And then, it will be so much easier, to sneak up in the night, when the wolf is asleep, and put a bullet in his head.



CONTINUED:

She touches his cheek, sweetly. He smiles, reassured -- a bit of an emotional wreck. It makes him almost sympathetic.

HALE

I've seen how you look at him.

ANNE

Shh, now. He's no rival to you, not in the hospital and not here.

She puts his hand on her chest.

HALE

Yes, of course not. Of course.

As he starts to feel aroused, we --

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY

A long line of PATIENTS stretches out in front of the Dentist as he pokes around in the mouth of a HAGGARD AMPUTEE.

HAGGARD AMPUTEE

It throbs. Every footstep feels like a stab in the gums.

Billy Griffin pokes at the tooth, making conversation.

BILLY GRIFFIN

Where's your bivouac? Upstairs?

HAGGARD AMPUTEE

Not a chance. Down there. Crowd us ten to a room. 'Less you got chicken guts on your shoulders.

BILLY GRIFFIN

Any of them around?

HAGGARD AMPUTEE

They got some muckety-muck up there. Guards by his door. Stomping the floorboards all hours.

BILLY GRIFFIN

What's wrong with him?

HAGGARD AMPUTEE

Dysentery, I hear. Still, ain't fair, they got us packed in like sardines while General Shitter gets a room all to himself.

(CONTINUED)

BILLY GRIFFIN  
Doesn't sound fair at all.

Billy pulls back, thinking.

HAGGARD AMPUTEE  
You gonna pull it?

BILLY GRIFFIN  
It'll be fine. Drink water.

HAGGARD AMPUTEE  
Water? That's it? Hurts like sin.

Billy smiles, a self-effacing grin.

BILLY GRIFFIN  
Nothing to worry about, my friend.  
Just a little toothache.  
(to the line)  
Gents, I'll be back in a bit!

But as he picks up his things, a man with a plan, he looks up to find a new patient has sat in the seat: Matron Brannan.

BILLY GRIFFIN (CONT'D)  
Matron? I'd appreciate your aid, I  
need to go upstairs and tend to...--

MATRON BRANNAN  
I'm here as a patient.

BILLY GRIFFIN  
I'm meant to see the men, you know--

MATRON BRANNAN  
You know who pays for your work  
here? You know who holds the purse  
strings? Now, I got a molar  
smarting something ferocious.

She is formidable; he is subdued.

INT. HOSPITAL - WARD - REBEL AREA - DAY

Hopkins sits across from Tom, trying to bridge the uncomfortable silence between them.

HOPKINS  
Perhaps you'd like me to write a  
letter? To your people?

(CONTINUED)

Tom's silent. Hopkins leans forward, trying to connect.

HOPKINS (CONT'D)

This is hard, Tom, I know that.  
This place -- no one chooses to be  
here. But you did good. You made  
it back. Not everyone does. You  
were out there in the thick of it,  
but you got home.

Tom looks off, a bit befuddled --

TOM

It doesn't feel like home...

He asks it like a little boy. Hopkins has no idea how to  
answer. Across the ward, SOLDIERS LAUGH RAUCOUSLY. Tom  
winces at the sound.

HOPKINS

Let's go somewhere quieter. Where  
we can talk.

EXT. HOSPITAL - LAUNDRY COURTYARD - DAY

Aurelia carries a load of wet clothes to the wringer. She  
drops them only to see Belinda at the gate.

BELINDA

I need some soap. Apothecary's out  
of stock.

AURELIA

I ain't the quartermaster. And I  
got work to do.

BELINDA

I got work too. And to do it, I  
need soap.

They know each other, but are not friends exactly. Just  
then, Silas Bullen steps into the yard from the kitchen door.

SILAS

What in the hell are you two  
yammering about?

BELINDA

I need soap. Got no soap, got no  
clean clothes. Got no clean  
clothes, got a world of trouble--

(CONTINUED)

SILAS

God almighty. If soap is gonna  
shut yer yap, take some.

Belinda steps up to a set of shelves and opens a box filled  
with homemade detergent. She ladles detergent into a sack.

SILAS (CONT'D)

Go on now, get back to your master.  
I'll put it on his account.

BELINDA

I don't got a master no more. I  
got an "employer."

SILAS

You think so? Leave that soap here  
and see if he beats you any less.

Laughing, Silas steps back inside. Summoning what pride she  
has left, Belinda hefts the bag of soap and turns, only to  
see Aurelia staring right at her, smiling:

AURELIA

*Employer?*

BELINDA

That's right. I'm free now. And  
he ain't never beat me.

AURELIA

Do he pay you for your work?  
(off Belinda's look)  
Then it ain't freedom.

BELINDA

As good as what you got.  
'Contrabands.' Coming up north,  
living in filth and dying in the  
street. That the kind of freedom  
you looking for? You can have it.

Aurelia shrugs, good-natured at Belinda's haughtiness.

AURELIA

All right, all right, we all do  
what we gotta do.

But Belinda's lashing out in self-defense.

BELINDA

I know what you up to. You and  
that Bullen. Think that's freedom?  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BELINDA (CONT'D)

Giving yourself to some white man  
for what? Pennies on the dollar.

Aurelia's eyes narrow with a quiet rage.

AURELIA

What I do? Why I do it? You don't  
know nothing about me. Not one god-  
damn thing.

Aurelia steps towards Belinda only to gasp. And grab the  
wash-tub for balance. She breathes deep, trying to regain  
her equilibrium, hands unconsciously protecting her belly.  
Belinda eyes her as she helps steady her... she knows.

BELINDA

...How far gone are you?

Their eyes lock. Finally Aurelia looks away, embarrassed.  
Belinda helps her find a resting place.

BELINDA (CONT'D)

Is it his..?

Aurelia averts her gaze, but can't hold it together. She  
starts to break, nodding, face crinkling with pain and shame.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY

Brannan's in the chair, Billy Griffin peering into her mouth.

MATRON BRANNAN

My damn Irish potato teeth.

BILLY GRIFFIN

Looks right as rain to me.

MATRON BRANNAN

Nothing is covered up that will not  
be revealed, nor hidden that will  
not be known.

He glances up, momentarily distracted -- apparently by the  
sight of Ezra, being moved by... Emma, Mary and two orderlies  
out of the rebel area, for surgery.

BILLY GRIFFIN

...Sorry?

(CONTINUED)

MATRON BRANNAN

Luke 12:2. Means my tooth hurts  
like the devil himself is poking  
it, whether you can see it or not.  
Pull it.

He regards the tools, with some puzzlement.

MATRON BRANNAN (CONT'D)

You are a dentist, ain't you?

He looks at her, as if caught in a lie. Deadly serious.

BILLY GRIFFIN

What do you mean, ma'am?

MATRON BRANNAN

You don't seem like no dentist.

BILLY GRIFFIN

I am in fact an *assistant* to the  
dentist, and as tooth-pulling is a  
highly advanced procedure --

MATRON BRANNAN

Dentist, assistant, whatever you be  
-- you will pull it, son. You will  
pull it now. Or by god, I will  
have you thrown in the hole we keep  
under this hospital for the  
diseased and the deserters.

There it is again -- that intimidating ferocity. He weighs  
her threat. Then reaches over for a pair of dental forceps  
and slips them into her mouth, tapping her tooth.

BILLY GRIFFIN

...This one here?

Matron winces with pain. Nods. Billy grabs her tooth with  
the forceps. He hesitates, then she grunts, widens her eyes:

BILLY GRIFFIN (CONT'D)

One. Two. Three!

He tugs hard and we CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - SURGERY ROOM - DAY

Ezra lays on the operating table, shivering with fever, eyes  
wide. Above him stand Mary and Emma.

(CONTINUED)

In the doorway stands Foster with his Mother. Who stares at her son on the table as if he might already be lost.

MRS. FOSTER  
He'll come through this?

FOSTER  
We'll do our best, Mother.

MRS. FOSTER  
Make sure, Jed. I want to bring my son home.

She's suddenly vulnerable, anger giving way to trepidation.

FOSTER  
I must tell you, Mother, there will be a period of convalescence, at another Union hospital --

MRS. FOSTER  
He'll heal faster with me. In your old room.

FOSTER  
You don't seem to understand --

She willfully ignores this. Lost in a tender reverie.

MRS. FOSTER  
I remember many nights, listening to you two, whispering across the beds to each other. I always wondered what it was about.  
(catches herself)  
Now go, let's get it over with.

Foster is clearly nervous.

FOSTER  
It's a complicated procedure, it will take some time --

MRS. FOSTER  
Don't let me down, Jed. Not again.

FOSTER  
It's not fair, saying that to me --

MRS. FOSTER  
Do you know the only good thing about your father not being alive?  
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

MRS. FOSTER (CONT'D)

He does not have to suffer the disappointment of watching you lose your way.

FOSTER

Mother --

MRS. FOSTER

Try to redeem yourself. Just a little.

She moves to a bench. Foster, unnerved, moves into the operating area. Looks around at the others in the room.

FOSTER

We'll, uh, make the first cut here, drawing up towards the patella...

Nervous and sweaty, he looks at Ezra. Squeezes his shoulder. Ezra nods, his eyes darting all over the room. He's freaked.

FOSTER (CONT'D)

The time you fell through the ice, wasn't I there to pull you out, Ez?

Ezra's eyes soften, 'yes.'

FOSTER (CONT'D)

Well: I'm going to do it again.  
(then, to Mary)  
Prepare the chloroform.

Mary steps up, a bottle of chloroform and a cotton cone in hand. Emma stands ready in the background, but wide-eyed. Foster reaches out for the cone. His hands are shaking.

FOSTER (CONT'D)

You've administered chloroform?

MARY

Yes, under supervision...

FOSTER

Good. Put him under.

MARY

Nurses aren't allowed to...

FOSTER

I'll be right back.

And with that, Foster turns and walks out of the surgery room. Mary and Emma stand there, unsettled and mystified.

(CONTINUED)



EMMA

I should return to the ward.

MARY

Hold his head, please.

Emma is stopped by that. Challenged. She cradles Ezra's head as Mary places the cotton cone over his mouth.

MARY (CONT'D)

Just breathe, Private.  
(then, to Emma)  
You too, Miss Green.

Slowly, Mary begins to drip chloroform onto the cone.

INT. HOSPITAL - DR. SUMMERS' OFFICE - DAY

Hopkins and Tom sit in Summers' office, an island of calm and quiet after the chaos and confusion of the ward downstairs.

HOPKINS

(uncomfortable)  
Beautiful day, isn't it?

Tom glances at him, then looks away nervously.

HOPKINS (CONT'D)

Drink?

No response. Hopkins pours them both a few fingers from Summers' bottle of Old Crow Whiskey. Hands Tom a glass.

HOPKINS (CONT'D)

You keep thinking about a thing too much, the thing becomes you. And you become the thing. It gets to be a mighty steep hill.

Tom won't look him in the eye. Just lifts the glass to his lips and downs the entire thing in two quick swallows. Tom puts the glass down, being careful not to damage the chess set on the table between them.

Hoping to open up some sort of dialogue, Hopkins has no choice but to talk, to try and open Tom up.

HOPKINS (CONT'D)

When I was 16 years old I got into a fight. It was a little thing, a boy insulted my sister. And I wanted to hurt him.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOPKINS (CONT'D)

To make him pay for the slight on my family.

(drinks, remembering)

For a moment, I was lost. Blind with rage as I hit him. Again and again. My brother pulled me off. And I exulted. I felt righteous. Powerful. Alive.

Tom stares at the chessboard as if it were telling the story.

HOPKINS (CONT'D)

That boy was never the same after that. He slurred his words. Couldn't remember things. Froze to death two years later, lost in the winter night fifty feet from home.

Disconcertingly, Tom smiles. Hopkins is thrown.

HOPKINS (CONT'D)

I killed that boy. As surely as if I'd shot him in the heart.

Tom just holds up the glass, ready for another bolt of whiskey. Hopkins takes the glass and turns to refill it.

HOPKINS (CONT'D)

I live with that every day. And it's a pain medicine cannot fix. Sometimes it's *the soul* that's wounded. And we can do little about that. Only wait, and pray. And hope God can help us. Because he is there. And he is listening. You believe that, don't you?

Hopkins turns around only to find Tom staring at him with a profound intensity. Hopkins glances down at the chess board to see that a white pawn has been moved into play.

Hopkins sits down. And moves a black pawn into play. A beat. And Tom moves another white pawn. Hopkins looks up, pleased to have made some sort of connection...

INT. HOSPITAL - SUPPLY CLOSET - DAY

CLOSE ON: A Wood's Syringe. The plunger pressing down. Foster pulls the needle from his arm and leans back against the supply shelves, a moment of calm in the storm. Foster holds his hands out: Steady as a rock. A KNOCK on the door snaps him around. Foster fumbles with the hypodermic.

(CONTINUED)

FOSTER

Yes?

The door opens. Mary stands there, staring at Foster, guiltily holding the hypodermic, a spot of blood at the injection site. She can't quite contain her shock.

MARY

The, uh... The patient is ready.

FOSTER

Miss Phinney... --

He would try to talk his way out of it, but she's already gone, striding away. Foster rolls his sleeves down.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - SURGERY ROOM - DAY

Foster steps back in, now calm and collected. Ezra is on the table, cone over his mouth and nose. Though he mumbles and his limbs twitch, he's out. Emma stands near him.

FOSTER

Good.

Foster opens the *Handbook of Surgical Procedures* and steps up to Ezra, mumbling to himself.

FOSTER (CONT'D)

*Inside of the limb... flaps  
reflected from the anterior  
third... margin of reflection of  
the integument...*

Taken aback, Mary looks from Foster. To the book. To Ezra. Gently, she takes the book from his hands. Their eyes meet.

MARY

I'll read. You cut.

Foster looks away, trying to hide his fear. Then he nods.

CLOSE ON: The brass tourniquet key tightening the cloth strap around Ezra's thigh. Foster picks up a Catlin knife.

MARY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

*'Commence the incision with the  
heel of the knife...'*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A beat. And Foster slices the Catlin into Ezra's flesh. Emma gasps... and starts to stumble out.

MARY (CONT'D)

Miss Green.

(as Emma halts)

This is the job we've chosen.

Emma nods. And holds her ground. She watches Foster complete the incision around Ezra's leg.

EXT. HOSPITAL - LAUNDRY COURTYARD - DAY

Miles is sitting at a tub, scrubbing Ezra's clothes clean. As he works, he glances out the Gate: Three young CONTRABANDS approach an apple cart. The YOUNGEST distracts the HAWKER as his two compatriots steal apples from the back of the cart.

The Hawker quickly catches on and chases the three boys off. They laugh and catcall to him as they run down the street with their stolen fruit, not a care in the world.

Miles purses his lips in annoyance and looks up to see Samuel, entering with a crate of vegetables.

MILES

Who are those boys?

SAMUEL

Slaves who ran to freedom.

MILES

Free to go wild? Free to steal?  
That freedom don't look so good.

SAMUEL

You like the life you have?

MILES

I got clothes. Food. Church on  
Sunday. Fosters treat me right.

SAMUEL

Treat you right, huh?

(tosses him a tomato)

They own you. Like a cow. Or a  
horse. Or a wagon.

MILES

No, suh, Miz Foster love me.

(CONTINUED)

SAMUEL

That ain't love, boy.

As the kid sits there, deep in thought, munching the tomato like an apple, Aurelia steps out of the kitchen.

AURELIA

Your mistress want you upstairs.

Miles pushes past Samuel, confused and disoriented. For a moment, Samuel and Aurelia are alone.

SAMUEL

How are you? You still faint?

AURELIA

(curt)

I'm fine.

Samuel watches, concerned, as she steps back inside.

MARY (PRELAP)

*'The skin is raised from the first layer of muscles by dissection...'*

INT. HOSPITAL - SURGERY ROOM - DAY

Foster slips his fingers under the circular cut layer of skin. As Mary reads we JUMP CUT through the procedure.

MARY

*'And is drawn upwards, like the cuff of a coat.'*

Foster pulls the cut skin up towards Ezra's knee, inside out.

MARY (CONT'D)

*'The first layer of muscles is divided at the margin of the retracted integument.'*

Working quickly, Foster cuts through the muscles down to the bones. Emma hands him thread.

MARY (CONT'D)

*'Three arteries. Anterior Tibial. Posterior Tibial. The Peroneal.'*

Foster's hands slip through the loose muscles, working quickly to find and tie off the three arteries.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

IN HIS POV -- blurry shaky. His own hand, out of focus, fingers trembling. He drops the thread.

Emma scrambles to pick it up. But he struggles, sweat on his brow. He slips, losing grip on an artery. He is frazzled.

Mary hands the book to Emma and then leans in, helps him get a hold of it. Their fingers working together, intricately, to tie it off. She looks up at him -- he returns the look. Grateful -- but she is concerned. And a bit judgmental.

EMMA

*'The muscles are raised with the knife and drawn still further upwards.'*

Foster flips the muscles up over the exposed skin. Ezra's bones are exposed. Emma is queasy --

EMMA (CONT'D)

*'The knife is now introduced into the interosseous space.'*

Foster slips the knife between Fibula and Tibia, slicing away at tissue. Emma leans over and throws up into a trash-can. A drop of Foster's sweat falls onto the bone.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY

Mrs. Foster sits across from the surgery room, desperate to know what's happening on the other side of the door.

MILES (O.S.)

Miz Foster?

She pats the seat next to her. Miles sits, uncomfortable.

MRS. FOSTER

Sing to me. Something pretty.

Miles stares at her, still fixating on Samuel's comments. Taking a breath, he begins to sing: "One Morning Soon," a traditional spiritual.

MILES (SINGING)

*One morning soon,  
One morning soon, my lawd,  
One morning soon,  
I heard the angel singing.*

Mrs. Foster closes her eyes. Miles' singing continues over:

INT. HOSPITAL - SURGERY ROOM - DAY

Ezra's bones are now fully exposed, the skin and muscles pulled up in a cuff above them. Foster picks up the bone saw.

FOSTER

Hold his leg, so it won't splinter.

Mary nods and puts down the book. She steps up and holds Ezra's leg still.

MARY

Both of us.

Emma swallows... and steps up next to Mary, helping to hold down Ezra's leg. Foster begins to saw through the bone.

MILES (V.O./SINGING)

*Better mind, my brother,  
How you walk on the cross,  
I heard the angel singing.*

The saw STICKS in the bone, jostling Ezra, who moans and spasms. Foster's got to jiggle the saw to get it out.

FOSTER

Hold him!

Mary and Emma hang on tighter as Foster wrenches the saw out. He takes a breath, steadies the saw, and begins to cut again.

MILES (V.O./SINGING)

*Yo foot might slip,  
And yo' soul'll be lost,  
I heard the angels singing.*

And... the bone is CUT. Mary and Emma stumble back from the operating table... Mary finds herself holding Ezra's severed limb in her hand. She stares at it, shaken.

FOSTER

You can put it down.

Gingerly, Mary does so.

MARY

Miss Green. Prepare a bed in the ward for Private Foster.

Emma, grateful to be out of the operating room, rushes out. Mary steps up to Foster. For a moment they both stare at the space where Ezra's leg used to be.

(CONTINUED)

MARY (CONT'D)

Shall I continue to read?

FOSTER

No, the rest I can manage.

QUICK POPS: Foster sliding the muscles and skin over the bone into a double flap. Suturing the wound.

FOSTER (CONT'D)

Loosen the tourniquet. Slowly.

Mary does so. They both watch as blood flows back into the leg, turning it from white to red. Foster sags with relief.

MARY

You've done it.

They look at each other.

FOSTER

All I could think was how, when we were boys, we used to run to school together. And when the day was over, we used to run back home.

A strange moment of intimacy in the operating room as Miles' voice intrudes from the hallway:

MILES (V.O./SINGING)

*I heard the angels singing...*

INT. HOSPITAL - DR. SUMMERS' OFFICE - DAY

Tom is staring intently at the chess board. He's talking quickly, almost mumbling, as if Hopkins wasn't even there.

TOM

The river was so big. Washington City across the way. Ships coming into port from all over the world. We played on the docks then, Frank Stringfellow and Jimmy Green and me. Talked about the places we'd visit: London, Constantinople, Timbuktu. Frank wanted to be a pirate and sail the oceans blue.

Hopkins makes a move. Tom quickly counters.

(CONTINUED)



TOM (CONT'D)

But we never left Virginia. Not  
for a single solitary day.

HOPKINS

Where's Frank now?

TOM

In the peninsula, I guess. We  
mustered in together.

Hopkins moves. Tom practically leaps up to respond.

TOM (CONT'D)

Ha! Check. And mate.

Tom looks up at Hopkins, eyes wide. Hopkins smiles. Tom  
lifts his glass... and quickly downs the contents. He's  
clearly a little drunk. But it seems to be helping.

HOPKINS

A fine game, sir.

Tom smiles at Hopkins. For the first time it seems like the  
weight is lighter on his shoulders. A glimmer of hope.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY

Hopkins leads Tom out into the hall. Hopkins clasps his arm.

HOPKINS

I look forward to our next match.

TOM

As do I.

Tom nods and walks off down the hallway. Hopkins feels some  
gratification -- progress has been made. As he shuts the  
door, Summers steps into view from down the hallway.

SUMMERS

And what, may I ask, are you doing  
in my office, Chaplain Hopkins?

HOPKINS

A patient, sir. He required a non-  
medical remedy.

Summers stares at him as if he's lost his mind.

SUMMERS

A *what*?

(CONTINUED)

HOPKINS

The treatment was effective, sir.

Sure of himself, Hopkins strides off.

INT. HOSPITAL - DR. SUMMERS' OFFICE - DAY

Summers steps inside, looking around. Everything seems to be in order. Relaxing, Summers steps over to the sideboard to pour himself a shot of Old Crow: it's empty. He's perplexed.

SUMMERS

Non-medical remedy, I'm sure!

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY

Billy packs his equipment into a case. Every tool in a fitted enclosure. Matron Brannan steps up. Her cheek a bit swollen -- she holds an ice pack to it. All sweetness now:

MATRON BRANNAN

Paining me for weeks, me tooth. I was afeard it'd be the death of me.

Billy eyeballs her, still a bit off-put. Brannan opens a balled-up handkerchief to reveal a handful of chocolates.

MATRON BRANNAN (CONT'D)

You did me a kindness.

Brannan shoves the chocolates into Billy's hands. Is she batting her eyes at him?

BILLY GRIFFIN

I... I must get up to the Officer rooms. Would you be so kind?

MATRON BRANNAN

Certainly. Follow me.

She turns and walks off.

BILLY GRIFFIN

Oh, and Matron, I'll need you to sign this!

Billy trails, paper in hand, popping a candy into his mouth.

INT. HOSPITAL - WARD - REBEL AREA - DAY

Ezra twists and turns in bed. Miles and Mrs. Foster hover close by as Mary and Emma make sure Ezra is comfortable. Emma speaks quietly to Mary.

EMMA

Thank you, Nurse Mary.  
(off her quizzical look)  
For making me stay.

A small, fragile detente. Emma walks off. Mary watches her go, a new appreciation for the girl forming. We follow Emma as she crosses with Tom, returning. Apologetic, hesitant.

TOM

Emma. Will you ask Alice... ask  
her to bring me berries again?

Slowly, she nods, perplexed. Watches him walk to his bed. She turns to see Hopkins standing there. He gives a small nod and smile of reassurance. She smiles back, thankful.

ON TOM -- in bed, staring at the ceiling. The look on his face turning again to one of uncertainty, dread, as that far-way look returns to his eyes. He's not out of the woods yet.

INT. HOSPITAL - BASEMENT KITCHENS - DAY

Aurelia is in the kitchen, filling a bucket with hot water, when she turns to see Belinda standing there, an apothecary jar in her hands. Belinda places the jar on the table. It's got a handwritten label: *Fleawort*. Inside are crushed herbs.

BELINDA

It's called fleawort.

AURELIA

A lot of things wrong with me.  
Fleas ain't one of them.

BELINDA

Crush up the leaves around your  
bed, it'll get rid of fleas. The  
stems in your pockets'll make  
mosquitoes buzz right away. Some  
call it pennyroyal.

Aurelia stares at Belinda, confused.

(CONTINUED)

BELINDA (CONT'D)

You can make a tea out of it too.  
Three cups a day and all your  
"pests" should be taken care of.

Aurelia's eyes widen, finally she gets it.

BELINDA (CONT'D)

It's what you want, ain't it? To  
be free of it?

AURELIA

(yes)  
Do it work?

BELINDA

My aunt showed us when I was  
little, down in Carolina. She gave  
it to all the girls got dragged up  
to the mansion.

Aurelia reaches over and squeezes Belinda's hand with relief.

AURELIA

I'm obliged to you. And before? I  
didn't mean nothing by it. I only  
think a person who's free should  
get paid for their work.

Belinda glances down at their entwined hands, letting it rest  
there for a moment. Then, embarrassed by the raw emotion,  
she turns and walks out. Aurelia picks up the jar, cradling  
it like a precious opportunity.

INT. GREEN HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

ON THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE. Mr. Green sits ruminating over  
it. When JAMES JR. enters, Green hides the paper away.

JAMES JR.

I'm off to see the Hendersons.  
They buried Kip this morning.

MR. GREEN

...Buried him? I thought they'd  
been prevented from the cemetery.

JAMES JR.

Mister Henderson signed the oath.

Green contemplates that.

(CONTINUED)

MR. GREEN

Maybe it's the sensible thing.  
Better than running to Texas,  
leaving everything behind.

JAMES JR.

Texas? Have the women got to you?

MR. GREEN

We're collaborating, aren't we?  
We're in business with them. So  
why not sign the damn paper?!

JAMES JR.

Father, you're not talking sense.

MR. GREEN

They will take everything we have.

JAMES JR.

We only need to hold out a few  
months more. This'll be over by  
then for sure. Until then, we use  
the business against them. As a  
means of subversion. I've told  
you: I know men fighting a secret  
war, Frank Stringfellow's with  
them. I talked to one of them...

MR. GREEN

We'll not traffic with extremists.

James considers how to address this, a delicate issue.

JAMES JR.

Father... You cannot keep avoiding  
the fight and then complain that  
you are losing. You won't let me  
fight as a soldier -- so I urge you  
to let me fight some other way.  
How else can we call ourselves men?

It's a passionate plea. His father thinks deeply on it.

MR. GREEN

Send the Hendersons my condolences.

James Jr. nods and leaves. Mr. Green sinks into his easy  
chair, struggling to come to terms with his conundrum.

BELINDA (O.S.)

...Mistah Green?

CONTINUED:

Belinda's standing there, nervously wringing her hands.

MR. GREEN

Yes, Belinda?

BELINDA

I worked for you for a long time.  
Been with Miss Jane since she was a  
little girl. Raised the youngens  
like they was my own.

MR. GREEN

And we are appreciative of your  
service, I'm sure you know that.

Mr. Green stares at her, curious and concerned.

BELINDA

I am a servant now, yes?

MR. GREEN

Yes. Of course. Though I don't  
see what that has to...

BELINDA

Then I should get paid.

MR. GREEN

...Paid?

BELINDA

I'm free. Free folks get wages.

Mr. Green just stares at her, flummoxed. She says the rest  
fast, almost uninflected.

BELINDA (CONT'D)

My friend Olivia up the road gets 1  
dollar 50 cents a week from Mister  
Kirkpatrick. That'd do me well.  
I'll be expecting 3 dollars every  
other Friday. Thank you, sir.

She turns and walks out. Mr. Green just sits there, shaking  
his head. The whole world is shifting under his feet.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY- DAY

Emma steps out of her ward with a bundle of sheets only to  
see Alice there, uncomfortable, Tom's haversack in her hands.

(CONTINUED)

ALICE  
I thought Tom should have this.

EMMA  
He left it with us for safekeeping.

ALICE  
I don't want it.

EMMA  
(carefully)  
I tried to tell you...

ALICE  
He barely even knew me. It was as if I was some sort of interloper.

EMMA  
I know. But try again -- tomorrow.

A little solace for Alice, who nods.

ALICE  
Do you think Frank is like that?  
Lost and confused? Or worse...

Worry clouds Emma's face for a moment.

EMMA  
Frank can take care of himself. I have faith in that.

BILLY GRIFFIN (PRELAP)  
Two soldiers stumble across a contraband hiding in the woods.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY

Billy Griffin is standing in an upstairs hallway talking to two UNION GUARDS outside of a closed door.

BILLY GRIFFIN  
*"Damn you, boy. Why ain't you fightin' for your freedom?"* they say. The contraband looks up and asks: *"You ever seen two dogs fight over a bone?"* The soldiers agree that they have. The Contraband replies: *"Was the bone fighting?"*

A beat. And Guard #1 guffaws. Guard #2 doesn't get it.

(CONTINUED)

GUARD #2

You need to look at his teeth?

BILLY GRIFFIN

That's what the sawbones said.

GUARD # 2

You got any paperwork?

He reaches in his pocket and presents the paper from before.

BILLY GRIFFIN

The Matron signed it.

The two Guards look at each other. Guard #2 shrugs. And opens the door to let Billy slip inside to:

INT. HOSPITAL - UNION OFFICER'S ROOM - DAY

The curtains are drawn and the room is dark. On the bed lies a UNION COLONEL, sleeping fitfully, his chest bandaged. Billy steps up to him puts a hand on his shoulder.

BILLY GRIFFIN

Sir?

Nothing. The Colonel is out. Billy puts down his instrument case and begins going through the Officer's effects, working quickly and efficiently. Suddenly swift and focused.

The Colonel grunts. Billy freezes, hands in the Colonel's pack. Assuring himself that the Colonel is still out, Billy quickly rifles through the papers only to pull out: A MAP. Covered in projected Union troop movements.

BILLY GRIFFIN (CONT'D)

(a whisper)

Well, hello there...

The Colonel shifts, his eyes opening.

COLONEL

Wilkins? Is that you?

Hiding the map behind his back, Billy smiles obsequiously.

BILLY GRIFFIN

It's me, Sir. Anything you need?

COLONEL

(disoriented)

I don't know you...

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

The Colonel glances past him: Sees his open bag and map half-hidden behind Billy's back. The Colonel's eyes go wide.

COLONEL (CONT'D)

Guar....

Billy grabs a pillow and shoves it over the Colonel's face, smothering him. The Colonel struggles, fighting back against the lack of air. It's shocking and visceral.

BILLY GRIFFIN

You just relax. Your war is over.  
You're going home.

The Colonel struggles mightily, but Billy is stronger, holding the pillow tight over the Colonel's face. As the Colonel's struggles diminish...

BILLY GRIFFIN (CONT'D)

That's it. That's it.

Finally, the Colonel is still. Billy lifts the pillow away to reveal the Colonel's blank eyes. For just a moment, Billy stares at him, expressionless.

BILLY GRIFFIN (CONT'D)

Good riddance.

Billy quickly cleans up any trace of his presence, hiding the map away in his case. A quick re-arrangement of the body to hide any sign of struggle, make it look like a natural death.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY

Billy steps out, grinning at the two Guards.

BILLY GRIFFIN

Colonel's teeth are fine. Don't  
know why the Doc was so het up.  
He's fast asleep now, so: shhh.  
(whispers)  
Very tired. He needs his rest.

With that, Billy walks off.

INT. HOSPITAL - CLOSET - DAY

Mary and Samuel are arranging the closet with foodstuffs and cooking items for her soldiers. The door opens behind them.

(CONTINUED)

MARY

Well done. This should work well.  
Only a few steps from the ward, out  
of sight of Bullen and...

ANNE (O.S.)

Melcher?

Mary swings around, stunned to see Anne standing there.

MARY

Miss Hastings! I don't, I mean, I  
didn't realize that...

ANNE

Are you trying to prepare meals  
apart from the kitchen?

Mary doesn't want to admit it, but...

MARY

The men's dietary needs are not  
being met. So I asked myself, what  
would Miss Nightingale do? And...  
I resolved to take initiative.

Anne looks her over, the judgement obvious in her eyes. But  
playing off a new, more "helpful" Anne.

ANNE

You might've asked *me*, what she  
would do. As surely I would know.

MARY

Silly of me... What would she do?

ANNE

(after a beat)

She'd take the initiative and look  
after her men. Just as you are.

MARY

So we are in concert then? For the  
good of the boys.

ANNE

(a slow smile)

Of course. After all, we're on the  
same side, are we not?

Mary is relieved. Perhaps a friendship to be had here after  
all. Samuel watches, dubious.

INT. HOSPITAL - MARY'S WARD - DAY

Foster and his Mother are standing over Ezra's bed as his eyes flutter open.

EZRA  
Is it done?

FOSTER  
Yes.

Both he and his mother unconsciously glance at the empty space where Ezra's leg used to be. Ezra struggles to look down his body. Absorbing his missing limb.

FOSTER (CONT'D)  
You'll need to keep it clean. Make sure there's no bleeding. Barring that, you should be fine.

MRS. FOSTER  
When can he go home?

FOSTER  
Mother, you didn't listen before...

MRS. FOSTER  
It's a simple question!

Ezra's voice comes out distant and hollow.

EZRA  
...I can't.

She looks confused.

FOSTER  
He's a prisoner of war now. Soon as he's well enough, they'll ship him off. Fort McHenry, I reckon.

EZRA  
The Baltimore Bastille.

MRS. FOSTER  
What? No...

FOSTER  
(to Ezra)  
They're starting to do prisoner exchanges, so before long, maybe you'll be back with your side.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. FOSTER

You cut his leg off and now you're sending him to prison?

FOSTER

Mother, please...

MRS. FOSTER

You've turned on us.

FOSTER

I haven't...

MRS. FOSTER

What made you become so disloyal to this family?

FOSTER

I saved his life! Didn't I? Now enough!

It comes out forceful, a bit shocking. Mrs. Foster purses her lips, turns and strides away. Foster looks down at his brother, very emotional now.

FOSTER (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. For everything.

Ezra nods, weak and weary. Tears forming in Foster's eyes.

INT. HOSPITAL - BASEMENT KITCHENS - DAY

Anne speaks quietly to Silas and Melcher.

MELCHER

The Boston bitch and her pet negro?

ANNE

They aim to set up a kitchen on the ward, prepare meals for the men.

SILAS

(gives her some money)

I thank you, Miss Hastings. You let us take care of this.

Anne stands looking at Silas: *and what else?* Begrudgingly, he reaches for a bottle of booze and hands it over to her.

ANNE

Always a pleasure, Mister Bullen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A devilish pact is made.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY

Mrs. Foster sits on a chair, her face set - doing her best not to cry. A beat. And Miles sits down next to her.

MILES

You all right, Miz Foster?

She nods, hurt and fuming. In an oddly intimate gesture, Mrs. Foster reaches out and takes Miles's hand. They sit there for a moment in silence.

MRS. FOSTER

You're a good boy, you know that?  
You know your place and you  
appreciate it, isn't that so?

Miles nods, looks away. Just then, Foster approaches. He stops in front of his mother and they lock eyes.

MRS. FOSTER (CONT'D)

Miles. Run down and fetch Ezra's  
laundry and we'll be on our way.

Miles nods and runs off down the hallway. Foster comes and sits beside her, hopeful for some sort of commiseration.

FOSTER

I apologize. But what I'm doing  
here, it's not a bad thing. I heal  
people. I'm a doctor, Mother.

MRS. FOSTER

A Yankee Doctor. A traitor.

Foster takes a deep breath, working hard to stay calm. With a cart of meals, Mary rounds a corner, almost bumps into them. She moves away, still in earshot, delivering meals.

FOSTER

I believe in preserving the Union,  
that makes me a patriot.

MRS. FOSTER

Is that what you call it? A man  
who sends his brother to prison.

FOSTER

What did you think would happen?

(CONTINUED)

MRS. FOSTER

That you would save him!

FOSTER

I did! We all did -- those nurses,  
that medicine, this *Yankee*  
hospital! That's what saved him!

MRS. FOSTER

Yes. Only to ship him off with one  
leg missing to a Yankee jail.

FOSTER

You are not fair to me.

MRS. FOSTER

No. No one's fair to you. Eliza  
has gone off west without you -  
she's a bad wife. Ezra's fought  
for the other side -- bad brother.

FOSTER

I never said --

MRS. FOSTER

And I'm a bad mother for what? Not  
shucking you on the chin and  
telling you how proud I am?  
(then)  
This is not the man we raised you  
to be. Your father would be  
destroyed to see it.

He is stunned, thrown. She turns to Mary.

MRS. FOSTER (CONT'D)

The front entrance is that way? I  
need to arrange a carriage.

Mary nods. Mrs. Foster goes. Mary steals a glance at  
Foster, head in hands, upset. He feels her gaze, looks up.

FOSTER

I'll be in my room, if I'm needed.

She watches him go, gravely concerned.

INT. GREEN HOME - DEN - DAY

Mr. Green looks out the window. Sees a wagon, loaded with  
stuff. A Man gets in the front, cracks the whip. The horse  
whinnies and trots off. Another family fleeing Alexandria.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He moves to a desk. Regards the Oath, spread out before him. He signs the date. He fills in his name and his address. Then, he takes a long pause, thinking -- do I sign this? Can I? What sort of man does it make me? And he does -- he scribbles his name. And sits there, torn, in turmoil.

He hears the front door open, someone enter. James Jr. drifts into the den -- dazed, strange. An almost traumatized look. He leans against a wall, staring straight ahead.

MR. GREEN

...Jimmy? What's the matter?

JAMES JR.

I rode all the way out to the Henderson place. George and me, we used to do magic tricks on the porch. He had an attic we would hide away in. It's gone now.

(off Green's confusion)

The place was burning when I got there. I reckon someone found out his father signed the paper. So they got to bury their boy -- but everything else... is gone.

MR. GREEN

Are they dead? The family?

JAMES JR.

('no')

I saw them weeping by the fire. Afraid their own neighbors will kill them. Look what these blue devils are turning us into.

Beat. Green looks down at the paper, picks it up. Walks over to the fireplace and drops it in. THE OATH BURNS.

INT. HOSPITAL - FOSTER'S ROOM - DAY

Sparse, a bare bed, a wood chair. We HEAR Foster's voice, hum/singing a familiar song: Battle Hymn of the Republic."

FOSTER (O.S.)

*...with a glory in his bosom...  
that transfigures you and me...*

As we PAN ACROSS, it is a mess -- things scattered. Shirts, shoes, pants. A broken glass, shards spread around.

(CONTINUED)

FOSTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
*...as he died to make men holy...*

The package with his uniform, torn open, blues poking out.

FOSTER (CONT'D)  
*...let us die to make men free...*

A Wood's syringe on the ground; an emptied bottle of Morphine beside it.

FOSTER (CONT'D)  
*...his truth is marching on...*

And, finally, Foster -- stretched out on the floor, in a semi-stupor, staring at the ceiling. He bursts out giggling.

MARY (O.S.)  
...Doctor Foster?

He looks over and sees her at the door.

FOSTER  
Oops, I bet this doesn't look good.

MARY  
Please, get up. Please.

She tries to help him, but it's a struggle. She manages to get him to the chair. As he sits, though, his arms wrap around her, pulling her close... They find themselves face to face. Beat. And then -- he kisses her! She pulls away.

MARY (CONT'D)  
No, no! This is not you! This is the morphine!

FOSTER  
Morphine? What morphine?!

She gathers herself, looking at him skeptically.

MARY  
You are not fit, sir.

FOSTER  
You've been talking to my mother!

MARY  
You are not fit to be treating patients. You cannot continue going to such lengths to... to... to preserve your equanimity!



FOSTER

Ooh, I like how you put that. Is that what I'm doing?  
(he reaches out)  
Come, give us another kiss!

And then, suddenly, she SLAPS him. It knocks some sense into him, sobers him. And now he looks down, shaking his head and laughing in a dark way that is hard to decipher from a cry.

MARY

This is not you.

FOSTER

Oh my. Oh my.

He pounds his fist into his forehead. She moves to him, pulls his arm down to prevent him. Now he looks at her, like a man in need.

FOSTER (CONT'D)

You see this..? This is what war has made of me.

MARY

Do you think morphine can fix it?

FOSTER

What? No. Maybe. Now. It wasn't like this in the beginning...

MARY

The beginning?

FOSTER

In France. Studying the efficacy of drugs... hypodermics.

MARY

It started as an experiment?

FOSTER

Yes. In the name of 'advancing medical science.' But then, research became comfort. And comfort became... *indispensable*.

MARY

You can stop. You *must* stop.

Foster shakes his head, as if he can't quite believe it.

(CONTINUED)

FOSTER

I've tried. It's misery.

She takes him in for a long moment. He seems hopeless.

MARY

If you've become unmoored, you must anchor yourself. If you don't...

(then)

Well, I can't remain silent if you continue to work on these men in this condition.

FOSTER

Are you threatening me?

MARY

I am telling you, I can help you stop. If you want it. But you must want it. You must choose.

(then, as he ponders)

I will fetch you some water and comforts for this room.

And with that, she goes. Foster sits alone. He glances at himself in a mirror. A lost, broken man. He glances over at the uniform, peeking out from the ripped package.

EXT. HOSPITAL - LAUNDRY COURTYARD - DAY

Miles folds the last of Ezra's clothes. He looks through the barred Gate to see the three contrabands gamboling down the street. They spy Miles through the Gate.

CONTRABAND BOY

What you doin' there, fancy-man?  
Got anything to eat?

(off Miles' head shake)

Well come with us then, we always find something.

Miles just stands there, holding Ezra's clothes. He looks from the gate, to the hospital, back to the gate. Miles stands there, frozen with indecision.

CONTRABAND BOY (CONT'D)

Suit yourself.

The three contrabands take off down the street. A beat. And Aurelia walks up next to Miles. For a moment, they both watch as the three contrabands disappear from sight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Aurelia steps forward and opens the gate. With a pointed look at Miles she stands back and waits. Miles' eyes widen... he can't find words, simply nods a heartfelt thanks. Then, he drops Ezra's clothes and TAKES OFF through the gate, SPRINTING. Aurelia smiles as he disappears into the streets.

INT. HOSPITAL - WARD - REBEL AREA - DAY

POV -- THROUGH A DOOR CRACKED OPEN -- OF TOM in bed. Asleep.

REVEAL BILLY GRIFFIN -- whose POV we are seeing. He is hidden away in the linen closet. He peers at Tom, with a mysterious intentness.

HIS POV -- Emma steps in and checks on Tom, touches his head.

Billy watches all, his look growing slightly feral as he watches Emma move through the ward, a rare moment of quiet. She stops at an empty bed, begins to strip it.

Emma steps up to the linen closet, opens the door and dumps the dirty sheets into a basket. SWOOSH! Billy's hand snaps out over Emma's mouth, dragging her into:

INT. HOSPITAL - LINEN CLOSET - DAY

Emma struggles in the dimly lit space, fighting off Billy. He pulls his hand away from her mouth and Emma opens her mouth to scream. Only to catch a glimpse of Billy's face... and break into an enormous smile. Emma kisses Billy. Deep. Passionate. She pulls back, staring at him. Speechless.

BILLY GRIFFIN

Billy Griffin, dental assistant.  
Tell me where it hurts, miss.

EMMA

Frank..!

BILLY GRIFFIN

Oh yes, also known as Captain Frank  
Stringfellow, 4th Virginia Cavalry.  
(salutes her, hushed)  
Let's keep that between us for now.

Billy is Emma's fiancé, FRANK STRINGFELLOW, Confederate spy.

EMMA

I was so worried about you.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

You know me, Ems. I always get by.

Grins that grin. She smiles too. And kisses him with gusto. Gently, he pulls back -- turns serious.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Is that Tom I saw in there?

EMMA

He's not well, Frank.

FRANK

Well, that won't do. We'll have to fix that straightaway.

Then he kisses her again. We can see the thrill in her eyes.

INT. HOSPITAL - FOSTER'S ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON Foster's eyes, staring at: his own image in the dressing mirror. Wearing the Uniform now. We hear: "One Morning Soon" rise up on the soundtrack, a robust choral version with a female lead voice (a la Dorothy Love Coates):

SOUNDTRACK (V.O.)

*...all around my head, Lord, they  
was all around my head...*

Foster buttons the last button and stands there, pondering his image in Union Blue. He snaps off a salute. It's his choice and he'll honor it. The song plays through...

EXT. ALEXANDRIA STREET - NIGHT

CAMERA SEARCHES the chaotic mess of the street. A sprawl of humanity, with more than a little misery. FIND the three contraband boys sprinting through the crowd. Oblivious, carefree. Too young to know better. And with them...

MILES, jacket off, running, leaping, face lit up, an apple in his hand. Laughing uncontrollably. Like a child at play for the first time. An image of real - but tenuous - freedom.

SOUNDTRACK (V.O.)

*...All around my head, Lord, I  
heard the angels singing..!*

END OF EPISODE 3