

MANSION HOUSE
Union Hospital

Episode 4: "The Belle Alliance"

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ON BLACK. WE HEAR the male ward nurse's STOUT CALL --

WARD NURSE (V.O.)
Doctor on the ward!

INT. HOSPITAL - WARD - DAY

It's morning. Wounded soldiers muster at their cots. Those unable to stand at attention, sit up in their beds as HALE enters for inspection, male nurse in tow. Hale stops at the first soldier, SUTTER, who salutes south-paw. Hale examines the BANDAGED STUMP where Sutter's right arm was.

HALE
The bromine seems to have worked.
No indication of erysipelas. That
dressing is *exceptional*.

Hale jots on a case report, concealing his affection for --

HALE (CONT'D)
Miss Hastings' work, I presume?

SUTTER
Yes, Doctor.

HALE
Her technique bears an unmistakable
artistry.

SUTTER
And it don't itch a bit.

Hale smiles, still writing, as Sutter stands at ease.

HALE
Have the hospital regulations been
explained to you, Private Sutter?

SUTTER
Yessir, Doctor.

HALE
(suddenly stern)
Then you should know you are to
remain at a salute until you are
given leave by a ranking officer -
such as myself - to do otherwise.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HALE (CONT'D)

Dereliction of protocol will result
in swift punishment. Am I clear?!

Sutter fearfully snaps back to salute as SUMMERS passes --

SUMMERS

One of your special rounds, Doctor?

HALE

Order and discipline is the word of
the day, sir!

SUMMERS

Those are two words, Hale. I give
you my permission to be reasonable.

HALE

Bend the rules, they will break!

WE STAY WITH SUMMERS, who is accompanied by SILAS BULLEN.
Summers shuffles through papers, reading-

SUMMERS

Roast duck, duck pâté, duck soup,
duck with wine and jelly -- is it
me, or is there a theme emerging?

SILAS

Fish got here putrid, sir.

SUMMERS

Beef?

SILAS

Derailed outside of Baltimore,
along with the pork.

SUMMERS

Have we no chicken?

SILAS

Pox, Major.

SUMMERS

Pox?!

SILAS

When one shows symptoms, all must
be put down.

SUMMERS

Can't very well serve duck nine ways, dignitaries will be in attendance. Make it your mission to procure a proper menu, Mister Bullen. I know you have your ways.

He goes. Silas looks at the paper, annoyed.

SILAS

What am I now -- the lady of the house?

INT. HOSPITAL - MARY'S SECRET KITCHEN - DAY

MARY finishes setting up a tray of food - some milk, some porridge, honey, dates. SAMUEL looks on.

SAMUEL

That for Doctor Foster?

MARY

It is.
(re: another tray)
The one there is for the boy with scurvy. Be sure to lock the door.

He nods. Mary exits out into --

INT. HOSPITAL - WARD/HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Summers passes Mary, carrying the tray of food.

MARY

Good morning, Doctor Summers.

SUMMERS

Starboard side, Duchess, she comes with a bone in her teeth.

He walks off, leaving Mary, puzzled, until she spots ANNE approaching. But Anne takes a surprisingly solicitous tone, as per her new approach to Mary.

ANNE

Miss Phinney, I hear Doctor Foster's come down with a fever.

MARY

Yes, ah...
(sotto, cautiously)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MARY (CONT'D)

...he was hoping to maintain a certain quietude about it.

ANNE

Of course, that masculine forbearance of his. But you must know I had vast experience with influenza in the Crimea --

MARY

Your advice is much appreciated.

ANNE

My *advice*? I want to be sure the good doctor is properly *tended* to.

MARY

I can assure --

ANNE (CONT'D)

Personally.

MARY

Personally?

Anne tries to conceal her interest in Foster as --

ANNE

I'd like to look in on him myself.

MARY

I see. You should be aware, then, it may not be influenza at all. Doctor Foster is gravely concerned that he has contracted...

(hushed)

...the speckled monster.

ANNE

(alarm bells)

...*Smallpox*?

MARY

All symptoms point to it. Malaise, headache, prostration, tenderness to touch...

ANNE

To touch, you say?

MARY

...So he describes. The doctor is administering his own care.

ANNE

Is he.

MARY

Adamantly so, as he worries he is infectious. But surely an intimate visit from you will help to raise his spirits. What time shall I tell him you'll be coming?

ANNE

Well... if he is adamant, an intrusion may only upset him...

Anne's pretense then falls away -- her attraction to Foster becomes gushingly obvious and a touch too loud --

ANNE (CONT'D)

Poor, brave Doctor Foster, taking this on all by himself... Alone. I hear his wife has even left him.

ON DR. HALE, eavesdropping from a patient's bedside, a few feet away. His patient, having witnessed the earlier admonition, maintains a statue-stiff salute.

MARY

...I am ignorant as to his connubial standing.

I.E. -- she does not want to get into it.

ANNE

I will pray for a speedy recovery.

MARY

Yes. We all will.

With that, Mary exits, passing Hale, who burns with jealousy, finally noticing his patient's arm -- still at a salute, shaking with fatigue --

HALE

At ease, soldier!

INT. HOSPITAL - QUARANTINE WARD - DAY

A sign reads: 'QUARANTINE.' We follow Mary, passing sick, feverish, coughing soldiers on her way to a door set off at the end. Sure no one's watching, she pulls out a key hanging on a string around her neck, unlocks the door, and enters --

INT. HOSPITAL - FOSTER'S LAIR - DAY

FOSTER lies in bed in a small dark room, squinting in the half-light at a hand-written LETTER, as Mary shuts the door and locks it behind her with a second key on the string --

MARY

Good morning, Doctor Foster.

As she puts the tray down, he hides the letter in his sleeve.

MARY (CONT'D)

The staff offer their prayers.

FOSTER

Prayers? It's only a mild illness.

MARY

It's smallpox now.

FOSTER

Smallpox? Why? To kill me quicker?

MARY

Influenza wasn't sufficient to ward off the well-wishers. Especially Miss Hastings, who has taken special interest in your health.

He swings his feet onto the floor -- and now we see he doesn't look so gravely ill, just strung out.

FOSTER

Well then. She will be especially relieved to hear of my swift and miraculous recovery.

He rises, forcing himself out of his morose state --

MARY

Your recovery?

FOSTER

Yes, I seem to have only a vague memory of a recollection of a compulsion to inject myself with a foreign substance.

As he holds out his arms to present his healthy self, the letter falls to the ground. Beat. He stoops to pick it up.

MARY

I see you received the mail I had
the boy bring up.

FOSTER

...Yes. I have.

MARY

All is well?

He is clearly putting on a show of placidness.

FOSTER

Splendid! Cheering words from the
home front. Like morning dew!

The sardonic edge in his voice is unmistakable.

FOSTER (CONT'D)

That said, the sun shines, the sky
is blue, and Doctor Foster would
very much like to get back to work!

MARY

It's not even been a week. Are you
sure you're ready?

FOSTER

Empirically so. Look here...

Manic, trying to fake his way through, Foster opens his
notebook, flips pages, a bit manically, showing her --

FOSTER (CONT'D)

Duration of sleep, intensity of
perspiration, growing appetite,
diminishing hallucinations,
etcetera, etcetera, the statistics
all point to a man on the mend!

MARY

(skeptical)
Clearly.

FOSTER

Doctor Foster has been to hell and
has returned triumphant with
valuable firsthand analysis of his
travels. The poppy conquered half
of China but it couldn't beat
Jedidiah Foster, could it?!

MARY

Why do you speak like that?

FOSTER

Like what?

MARY

Like you're not here.

FOSTER

(indicating his brain)

Because up here --

(then the floor)

I'm not in here --

(then the door)

I'm already out there.

He moves to the door, tugs at the handle, but can't open it. It is locked. He looks at her.

FOSTER (CONT'D)

Key, please.

MARY

I know you are feeling idle --

FOSTER

Give me the key now!

MARY

...but you are in no condition to assess patients, let alone operate--

FOSTER

(moves to her)

Give me the goddamn key!

He grabs her and pins her against the wall -- then, grabs at the key hanging around her neck. For a moment, he holds it out, between them, as if he might let it go, but then -- SNAP -- he pulls it to him, breaking the string.

MARY

Do you wish to go so badly? Then go on.

He stares at her, breathing hard, teeth gritted, cheeks blushing. Still holding the key, but now his hand TREMBLES.

MARY (CONT'D)

Go on!

Her intensity knocks some sense into him. Slowly, he puts the key back in her hand, then slumps down the wall to the ground. Looks at his shaking fingers.

MARY (CONT'D)
Tremors. From deprivation of the
narcotic.

He bangs his head against the wall, self-flagellant.

MARY (CONT'D)
We made a pact. I promised to help
you; you promised to submit. I
urge you to stay the course.

He hangs his head. The letter still in his hand, half-crumpled. Quite suddenly, he seems to be heaving, weeping. She is stunned --

MARY (CONT'D)
Doctor Foster..? Doctor Foster!

He shakes his head, warding her off with waved arms.

FOSTER
Just leave me now! Leave me!

Hesitant, she slowly leaves. He remains there, back to wall, head hung low, silently heaving.

INT. GREEN HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

ON MRS. JANE GREEN - exasperated.

JANE
A ball?! In our home?!

She has to sit down to process what MR. GREEN has told her.

MR. GREEN
Commandeering our house for
quartering wasn't sufficient, now
they fully intend to dance in it.

EMMA and ALICE are disgusted --

ALICE
Barbarians!

EMMA
We'll resist!

JANE

Of course we will!

MR. GREEN

How, by poisoning the punch bowl?

JAMES JR. looks on, glum. But as the dutiful son:

JAMES JR.

Leave father alone, he's doing his best.

MR. GREEN

So I am. And yes, I am in a delicate predicament, which I prefer to handle with finesse. Starting tonight. If that requires that we play good hosts -- well, we can all pretend a little.

Seems sensible enough. But when ABEL MELCHER and his motley horde of Union stewards push through the door and without a word, start to move out furniture --

JANE

Never!

The ladies scatter, leaving Mr. Green alone with James Jr.

MR. GREEN

Thank you.

JAMES JR.

I would never cross you in front of the women, but they're right. You must stop conceding. Giving in.

MR. GREEN

Jimmy, please --

JAMES JR.

You forbade me from joining up, and now what? I'm seen as a coward, an embarrassment. We both are!

MR. GREEN

That's not so --

JAMES JR.

IT IS!

SLAM! He pounds down on a table, harder than he expected. He restrains his temper, but still with barely-repressed rage:

JAMES JR. (CONT'D)

Other people's sons are off
fighting those bastards in battle
and I'm here, fighting them for
time in the water closet! And now
you want to do what -- throw the
Yanks a cotillion? It's sickening.
It's unmanly. I can't bear it.

Silence. He has a point.

MR. GREEN

I burned the Oath they gave me. I
have a plan. That's something,
isn't it?

JAMES JR.

(unmollified)

The Sons of Liberty threw tea into
the harbor -- now we just sit
around drinking it.

And with that, James leaves. Green reaches for his tea, then
thinks better of it. Grimaces and puffs his pipe.

EXT. GREEN HOME - YARD - DAY

In a secluded corner, Emma sits, pensive and waiting. A HAND
reaches around and covers her mouth - she gasps. It's FRANK
STRINGFELLOW. He whispers in her ear, seductively.

FRANK

We beat them back at Drewry's
bluff. Things keep going our way,
the Yanks'll be done by autumn.

She peels his fingers away, gently.

EMMA

And then we go back to how it was.

FRANK

Where were we when this whole mess
started? Oh yes, you were set to
marry that impossibly handsome
fellow... what was his name?

EMMA

I don't remember. I've moved on.

FRANK

Don't break his heart. You know
he's the jealous kind.

EMMA

Too bad. I've already fallen in
love with someone else.
(off Frank's shock)
An impossibly handsome dentist.

FRANK

Dentist. He sounds respectable.

EMMA

Very. We plan to be impossibly
happy together.

FRANK

Your father will be pleased.

EMMA

If he survives tonight. The Yanks
are having a ball in our house.

FRANK

What for?

EMMA

Aside from our family humiliation?
The officers organized it -- to
raise money for their war widows.

FRANK

All the officers will be there?

EMMA

I suppose --

FRANK

That's a stroke of luck.

EMMA

How can you say such a thi -- ?!

He pulls her close to him, abruptly. Makes sure no one's in
earshot.

FRANK

Emma, I came here to talk to you
about Tom. How's his condition?

EMMA

Slowly improving. Which means soon they'll ship him off to a camp. Our only hope is for a prisoner exchange before too long.

FRANK

Well, Tom's not going anywhere until he's seen the dentist.

Frank gives her a winning grin.

INT. HOSPITAL - LAUNDRY - DAY

AURELIA downs another gulp of green liquid from a jar -- the Pennyroyal Belinda gave her to abort her pregnancy. As the concoction sets in, her stomach roils and she doubles over. Beat. Samuel enters, throwing down a load of firewood --

SAMUEL

...Are you ill?
(off her 'no')
A fever going about. I hear Doctor Foster's come down with it.

AURELIA

I got no fever.

SAMUEL

Maybe you should let a nurse check--

AURELIA

Maybe you should let me alone.

Not good enough for Samuel, who reaches for her jar. But Aurelia snatches it away. There's a bit of a stare-off. Sensing his very real concern, she softens, assuring him --

AURELIA (CONT'D)

Tired is all it is. Nothing more.

She smiles. He nods, 'Okay.' But when Silas enters, Aurelia stiffens. Silas stands there, staring at her with a smug grin. Samuel clocks the awkward tension, wonders --

AURELIA (CONT'D)

I've got work to do.

Samuel heads toward the door but Silas steps in his path.

SILAS

She don't concern you, boy.
(as Samuel moves off)
Remember who you work for. It
ain't the nurses. And it ain't
Miss Phinney. *You hear me?*

Anger bubbles up in Samuel. Aurelia watches nervously -- a
standoff between the men, a trade of menacing looks.

SILAS (CONT'D)

You come down outta the North - a
'free man' - fixing to be the
Nigger-King of Alexandria. Don't
work like that. You still gotta
answer when you're spoken to. I
asked you a question --

SAMUEL

I heard it.

SILAS

Then I won't have to ask again.

Samuel looks to Aurelia. She furtively nods at him, giving
her approval to avoid a losing battle he's itching to fight--

SAMUEL

No, sir. You won't.

With that, Samuel grits his teeth and exits. Silas then
turns to Aurelia, with some bravado. Spits in his hand,
slicks back his hair.

SILAS

Guess who's been dispatched to the
Green house?

He straightens his coat, goes, leaving her duly unimpressed.

INT. GREEN HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

CRASH! There goes a rococo credenza, dropped by two careless
Union stewards. A leg snaps off. Mr. Green beseeches them --

MR. GREEN

Please, gentlemen! It's an
heirloom.

They look back at him and laugh as they carry it off. Mr.
Green turns to Jane, a bit resigned at this point.

(CONTINUED)

JANE

Here lies great grandmama's
credenza. Survived the Revolution,
1812, two house fires and a flood.
But was mortally wounded during the
Battle of the Ball.

MR. GREEN

Darling, remember...

JANE

(with a forced grin)
I know. They are merely objects.

Mr. Green smiles, surprised by her seeming change of heart.
But when ABEL trods by with their --

JANE (CONT'D)

Please, not the wedding China!
(frantic/to Mr. Green)
Do something!

Flustered, Mr. Green blocks Abel's exit.

MR. GREEN

That is personal property of great
sentimental value. I ask you not
to remove it from this house.

Abel looks back at him for an unreadable beat.

ABEL

Yes, sir.

Then, he drops the China, which SMASHES on the floor. Jane
goes dizzy. Mr. Green sighs, defeated. Abel grins and goes.

SILAS (O.S.)

A moment with the missus, if I may?

They see Silas there -- unctuous in this setting.

MR. GREEN

Certainly.

He leaves, happy to be excused. Jane re-gathers herself.

JANE

Mister Bullen, is it?

SILAS

Yes, Missus. I have a bill of fare
for you to examine.

(MORE)

SILAS (CONT'D)

My kitchen staff will prepare it,
but as a courtesy, Major Summers
suggested --

Jane swipes the paper and moves to fetch her glasses.

JANE

How considerate! If only the
Greeks had run it by the Trojans
first: 'Oh, do you mind us bringing
in this horse filled with all these
hostile soldiers?'

SILAS

(baffled)
We've no plans to serve horse...

JANE

(perusing)
Oh no. This will not do. Not at
all. This is a paltry menu which
will then be further butchered by
that brutish staff of yours. I
will be a laughing stock.

SILAS

...Madam?

JANE

Come. We will sort this out.

INT. HOSPITAL - REBEL AREA - DAY

Emma chats with two UNION WARD OFFICERS at the end of the
ward, keeping them busy while Frank, as a dentist, "works" in
Tom's mouth. Frank glances over at a guard hovering nearby --

FRANK

You could moan a little.

TOM

(mouth open/all mumbles)
Rye am roaning!

FRANK

Like you mean it. Don't make me
pull one out for real.
(as Tom MOANS louder)
There's an empty ward on the second
floor. Emma will unlock a window
before she leaves tonight.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FRANK (CONT'D)

Near eight o'clock, she and Alice will be distracting those two bluebelly officers, keeping them busy at the ball, while I slip in and make my way here. You'll be ready?

TOM

Uh-ha.

FRANK

What time?

TOM

(again/all mumbles)

Raight o'clock.

Tom reaches up and pulls the instrument away from his mouth, looks at Frank deeply.

TOM (CONT'D)

Frank. Remember how we used to plan to travel the world. You and me and Jimmy Green. Down by the river, searching for pirates and injuns. Remember that? How come we never went anywhere?

Frank can detect the wistfulness of his friend, the new and unwelcome maturity that comes from being wounded in battle.

FRANK

We will tonight.

TOM

Virginia doesn't count.

FRANK

Once this war is won, we'll go wherever you like, Tom. We'll go to Texas and wrangle horses, or out West to mine for gold. But first --

Someone approaches; he sticks the tool back in Tom's mouth.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Remember what I told you.

TOM

(whispers)

Raight o'clock. Ot it.

Frank smiles as CHAPLAIN HOPKINS arrives --

(CONTINUED)

CHAPLAIN HOPKINS
Toothache?

FRANK
Nothing too serious.
(to Tom)
How does that feel, Soldier?

TOM
(massaging his jaw)
Rotten.

FRANK
I always find the best cure is the
threat of a return visit.

Hopkins smiles --

CHAPLAIN HOPKINS
It's not often we get a dentist, so
since you're here, there's a boy
with a terrible case of rotjaw --

FRANK
(nervous)
Rotjaw? Isn't that contagious?

CHAPLAIN HOPKINS
I don't believe it is.

FRANK
Sounds contagious.

EMMA (O.S.)
Chaplain Hopkins.

Hopkins turns, pleased to see Emma, giving Frank, anxious to
escape the rotjaw patient, time to pack up his instruments.

CHAPLAIN HOPKINS
Miss Green, you're doing a fine job
with the men.

EMMA
I do very little, I'm sure.

There's a smitten awkwardness the Chaplain exhibits with her.

CHAPLAIN HOPKINS
Far more than they'd have
otherwise. Will you... will I see
you at the ball this evening?

EMMA

I'll be there.

CHAPLAIN HOPKINS

Perhaps you will, uh, give me the
pleasure of your hand.

Frank, looking on, stiffens. Is this guy moving in on Emma?

EMMA

I'd enjoy that very much.

Hopkins' attraction to her is obvious. Frank doesn't like it. Emma shoots Frank a furtive 'get lost' look. He gets the message, reluctantly. Nods to Tom, who nods back. We follow Frank, grimacing, out through the ward, passing --

AURELIA

at the other end, on her hands and knees, cleaning the floor. She gets up and catches her reflection in the window. She glares at her profile, running her hand over her belly. Is she worried she is showing? Or just thinking about the baby inside there? Either way, dread seems to rise in her --

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - LAUNDRY - LINEN CLOSET - DAY

A MATCH FLARES, touching off an oil lamp as Aurelia enters a walk-in linen closet. She sets down the lamp. Under some folded sheets, she removes the medicine jar she has hidden.

She frantically downs a gulp. Then another. A moment. Then she guzzles the entire jar. The nausea leaves her dizzy and only more desperate, losing it a little as she spots an IRON HOOK ROD, hanging on the inside of the door.

INT. HOSPITAL - FOSTER'S LAIR - DAY

CU on an IRON PUZZLE, then widen to reveal Foster feverishly unravelling an intricate wrought-iron farmer's puzzle, (a Civil War era Rubik's cube). He un-tethers the two pieces, struggling with his steadiness. Then, he looks up at Mary --

FOSTER

Voila! Already improved since
this morning! I am only a short
time away from freedom!

(CONTINUED)

MARY

Soon enough, I'm sure.

He has the letter on the bed; she notices it, wondering...

MARY (CONT'D)

The letter. Who is it from?

FOSTER

...Ezra. My brother.

MARY

How is he faring?

He is falsely blithe as he says all of this.

FOSTER

The wound is healing well enough.
He has been fitted for a peg leg.
And soon he will be moved to jail.
(then)
Oh, and he curses me.

MARY

...Curses you?

FOSTER

It seems Mother and he have been
speaking, and he is of the mind
that I did not need to amputate his
leg, that I did not get consent
from him when he was of sound mind,
that I am a traitor and a liar and
a scoundrel. And he disowns me as
his brother.

MARY

You saved him from certain death.

FOSTER

(impatient)
Yes, yes...

He trails off, distressed having gotten it all out.

MARY

I'm so sorry to hear that.

FOSTER

Are you? Are you sorry?

MARY

I am.

He turns to her, itching for a fight. His tone turned suddenly aggressive.

FOSTER

You enjoy it rather, don't you?

MARY

I don't know what you mean.

FOSTER

Misery. People in misery. My misery. You enjoy it.

MARY

That's not so.

FOSTER

I think it is. I think you like locking me up in here, this miserable stunted man who's ruined his life.

MARY

Not at all...

FOSTER

...abandoned by my wife, addicted to morphine, shamed by my family...

MARY

Not shamed, no.

FOSTER

You pity me.

MARY

I respect you.

FOSTER

Don't patronize me, Miss Phinney --

MARY

I vowed to help you --

FOSTER

Ah, yes, angel of mercy!

MARY

I am doing my best to care for you--

FOSTER

Do it much longer, I'll end up as dead as the poor old Baron!

That certainly crosses a line. She fumes. He peers at her.

FOSTER (CONT'D)
Is that why you enjoy it? Because
it reminds you of 'home?'

She turns from him, quite stricken by his viciousness.

FOSTER (CONT'D)
Is every dying boy another chance
to save your husband?

She bites her lip. But tears are welling in her eyes.

FOSTER (CONT'D)
Are you..?
(remorseful)
I... I'm...

He reaches out as if touch her, chastely, but she recoils.

MARY
No! That's enough.
(then, no eye contact)
I will not be here this evening.
Isabelle will look in on you.

She leaves. He slams his hand down on the table.

JANE (O.S.)
You call that cake?

INT. GREEN HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Jane is there with Silas, Belinda and Abel.

ABEL
I call it a Belle Alliance, miss,
'coz that's what it's called.

JANE
Well, let me tell you, this is no
'Belle Alliance' we are having.
And I do not mean the cake, sir!

No one here follows her. Abel's annoyed, looks to Silas.

ABEL
Mister Bullen, I'm making what I'm
making, no matter what this fine
lady say.

SILAS

Madam, if I may, we did not intend
for you to trouble yourself over
this, it was only a courtesy --

JANE

Indeed, but now that you have, I
fully intend to make sure my
reputation is upheld. The
standards of this household -- and
Southern hospitality -- will not be
brought down to the levels of base
Yankee coarseness. Belinda:
'Apples a la Parisienne.'

Oh no -- Belinda knows what that recipe entails.

BELINDA

Miz Green, we only got a few hours
and where am I gonna find apples
and cherries and -- ?

JANE

Mister Bullen will supply the
ingredients.

SILAS

Missus Green, I must say --

JANE

Do I need to confer with the Major?
(off his flat look)
I thought not.

Jane goes. All three stand in subdued silence. Abel slams a
spoon down on the counter -- CRASH!

INT. HOSPITAL - REBEL AREA - DAY

CRASH! Tom shoots up in bed, spooked and jittery! He looks
across the ward at a nurse, who picks a bedpan off the floor.
His nerves ease just as Hopkins returns with a cup of water.

CHAPLAIN HOPKINS

There you are.

Hopkins sits bedside as Tom gulps it down. Hopkins smiles,
clearly a bond has formed between them.

CHAPLAIN HOPKINS (CONT'D)

You've been making progress, Tom.

TOM

Better every day, thanks to you.

CHAPLAIN HOPKINS

It's the lord's doing.

TOM

Our talks have helped. I'm indebted. I'll always remember it.

CHAPLAIN HOPKINS

(then, changing tone)

I won't dance around this. The hospital needs the beds, Tom. We must talk about what comes next.

TOM

Prison camp. I reckon that's the Lord's plan for me.

CHAPLAIN HOPKINS

You're to be transferred to one in Washington City in two days time. Boredom will be the enemy now.

TOM

Better than a bayonet in my eye.

CHAPLAIN HOPKINS

There's a good chance you'll be exchanged before too long.

TOM

Something to hope for.

CHAPLAIN HOPKINS

I'll come by in the morning, you can pick out some books to take with you. They're not bibles...

(off Tom's smile)

If it's not too much trouble, I'd be obliged if you'd write and let me know how you're faring.

Tom is unexpectedly moved by Hopkins' kindness. And feeling a little guilty, knowing he'll be long gone by tomorrow.

TOM

I will, sir.

They notice Alice enter with a servant. She looks nervous.

CHAPLAIN HOPKINS
Now that's the best medicine.

TOM
Yes, sir.

He pats Tom on the shoulder and leaves, tipping his hat to Alice as she comes over. A Union guard stands within earshot, so they cannot talk openly.

TOM (CONT'D)
You're a sight for sore eyes.

She blushes a little. Then she hands him a bundle.

ALICE
Thought you could use some fresh clothes. From Jimmy's closet.

He is unsure what she knows re: the escape plan. So this exchange is fraught with a poignant awkwardness.

TOM
Thank him for me.

ALICE
I would, if he knew I took them.

Tom grins. She smiles back, a bit wistful.

TOM
I hear you're having a shindig over there tonight.

ALICE
Mama's completely lost her mind. She doesn't know whether to impress the Yanks with her best home cooking, or lace it with arsenic. She'll probably try both.

They both laugh. Then Alice starts to get emotional --

TOM
You don't have to worry.

ALICE
I know it.

Tom eyes the guard, then back at her, leaning in a little --

TOM
Do you? Have you spoken with Emma?

He looks at her -- she nods, meaningfully. Now, he knows she knows about the plan. But Alice is starting to cry. Not wanting to let it show, she stands up --

ALICE
I'll come see you tomorrow.

TOM
Tomorrow -- ?

She looks at him, making it clear what she's saying is for the benefit of the nearby guard. She references the bundle --

ALICE
There's something inside I brought
for you. To remember me by.
(then, straining)
...Until tomorrow then.

She hurries off. Tom unravels the clothes she brought, finding a tintype of Alice inside, wearing a beautiful ball gown. A keepsake as he goes back to war. OFF THE PHOTO --

ALICE (PRELAP) (CONT'D)
Not so tight..!

INT. GREEN HOME - ALICE'S ROOM - DAY

ALICE, wearing the same gown as she did in the photo - only now we see the black and peach silk brocade in full color. She stands before a mirror, while Belinda laces the back.

ALICE
I can hardly breathe.

BELINDA
Before it was too loose, now it's
too tight.

Jane enters, surprised --

JANE
What's this?

ALICE
We're getting ready for the ball.

JANE
We..?

Jane is mystified when Emma enters, holding two dresses --

EMMA

Pink grenadine or white?
(then, to Jane)
Mother, what do you think?

JANE

I really don't know what to think.

EMMA

Belinda mended our old dresses.
She did a wonderful job.

JANE

What about this morning?
(hush hush)
Your vow of resistance?

EMMA

Oh, that was this morning. After
careful consideration, we have
decided the best way to resist...
(indicating her heart)
Is in here.

ALICE

Like daddy says, we can all pretend
a little, can't we?

JANE

Absolutely not. In any event, I
need Belinda back in the kitchen.
The apples are baked.

BELINDA

(shakes her head)
For people who want no part of the
ball, you all got me doing a lot of
preparing.

She goes. Emma shoots her mother a questioning look.

EMMA

Apples? What apples?

Beat. Cowed, Jane realizes her own inconsistency.

JANE

Never mind.
(then, brightly)
The pink will do.

And off the sisters, trading a secret, impish smile, WE CUE
MUSIC as we CROSS-FADE INTO:

INT. GREEN HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A MINUET plays as we weave behind a tipsy James Jr., through nurses, doctors, and Union officers - including Summers and Mary - all done up in their finest. Silas, in his version of party finery now, is a wallflower, looking to find a way in among the elite. The living room has been transformed into a stately ballroom. Union flags hang. Union colors draped in banner. A long table with various exotic liquor punch-bowls. White linen tables on one side of the room -- the other cleared for a small band and dance area, where among the crowd, we find Hale waltzing with Anne.

HALE

Shame about Foster.

He eyes her, fishing for a reaction.

ANNE

Yes, I hear he's unwell.

HALE

Unwell? The man has smallpox. You know as well as I do, the statistics are not in his favor.

ANNE

He has a strong constitution.

HALE

So you've seen him -- ?

ANNE

No, he refuses to see anybody for fear of infecting them.

HALE

Tsch! Always playing the hero.

ANNE

Doctor Hale, are you jealous?

He laughs, like that's the most ridiculous thing he ever heard. But then --

HALE

Need I be?

ANNE

Let's just say the statistics are in YOUR favor.

Hale smiles. Exactly what he was hoping to hear as we THROW TO: EMMA AND ALICE -- waltzing past an unhappy Jane, as they dance with the two Union Officers from the Confederate Ward. Emma dances with LIEUTENANT MCGREEVY (25, strapping).

EMMA

Now with your left.

They stumble. She laughs, admonishing him, flirtatiously --

EMMA (CONT'D)

Your other left. Lieutenant McGreevy, if you can't tell your lefts from your rights how can you tell your Norths from your Souths?

LT. MCGREEVY

My apologies, miss.

EMMA

We have all night to make the distinction.

He's pleased at that. She eyes A CLOCK as they GLIDE PAST HOPKINS, at the buffet table, a bit crestfallen as he watches Emma dance with the Officer. Trying to hide his dismay, he walks off, PASSING JAMES JR., simmering in the corner -- watching his father across the room, chatting with Union brass -- Summers, LT. COLONEL CONNOR (23), and COLONEL SINEX (55). Mr. Green spots his son and waves him over. We FOLLOW JAMES JR., his angst apparent, as he approaches the group --

MR. GREEN

Gentlemen, I'd like you to meet my son. Jimmy, this is Colonel Sinex, the Provost Marshal of Alexandria.

COLONEL SINEX

Very kind of you to surrender your home for the evening, young man.

James Jr. smiles, but bristles underneath, more and more as--

MR. GREEN

Jimmy, Lt. Colonel Connor here is one of the youngest men on either side to hold such an esteemed rank.

SUMMERS

Well deserved. Under fire, I hear he's as brave as they come.

LT. COLONEL CONNOR
(to James Jr.)
Pleasure to meet you.

The dashing young officer extends a hand. James Jr. looks at it a beat. Catching a not-so-subtle cue from his father, Jr. begrudgingly shakes Connor's hand.

JAMES JR.
Likewise.

COLONEL SINEX
Indeed. It is always a pleasure to meet a Southern man of fighting age who is NOT pointing a rifle at us.

SUMMERS
Amen to that!

The officers CLINK glasses. And off their laughter, and James Jr.'s growing discontent --

COLONEL SINEX
Now where's the lady of the house?

INT. GREEN HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

ON ABEL'S LUMPY BELLE ALLIANCE CAKE

Into the space beside it is placed a covered tray. Belinda removes the cover to reveal a spectacle to behold --

"Apples a la Parisienne," like a crown made of cake and apples and trimmed with cherries, all red and gold and moist and luscious. Abel sneers. Silas cannot hide his intrigue. Jane stands there, glowing, Belinda at her side.

JANE
Yes, my dears, that's how we do it in the South.

ABEL
We'll see how it tastes.

He grabs up his sad cake and moves out. Off Jane, beaming --

INT. HOSPITAL - LAUNDRY - NIGHT

Samuel enters. No one around. He begins shoveling ash out of the furnace when he notices a trickle of blood creeping out from under the linen closet door. He walks over.

Opens the door, and finds -- AURELIA, bloodied, collapsed on the floor, barely conscious. He sees that IRON HOOK on the ground beside her, bloodied now. Samuel drops to her side.

SAMUEL
Aurelia! What's happened?!

She meekly pushes his hands away.

AURELIA
Leave me..!

SAMUEL
I'll fetch a doctor!

As if to summon her last bit of energy, she grips his arm --

AURELIA
No!

SAMUEL
You're bleeding badly.

AURELIA
I'll be all right --

SAMUEL
You need help!

AURELIA
Please. No one can find out.
Promise me. PROMISE!

Off Samuel, conflicted --

INT. GREEN HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

We follow an African-American Union VALET through the party. He moves with urgency, looking for, then finding Mary, holding court with some officers. He approaches -- waits, not wanting to interrupt as the officers flirt with her --

OFFICER 1
...And before the war?

MARY
I spent a few years on my brother's farm in Massachusetts.

OFFICER 2
A country girl. Mansion House must have been a rude awakening.

MARY

On the contrary, corralling livestock is the perfect training for dealing with soldiers. It should be compulsory.

As the officers laugh, Mary notices the Valet. He whispers in her ear. Deep concern washes over her.

MARY (CONT'D)

Gentlemen, if you'll excuse me.

She offers a collected half-curtsy, then heads briskly for the door, but is intercepted by --

ANNE

He's taken a turn for the worse, hasn't he.

(off Mary's look)

Doctor Foster.

Mary, a bit confused, looks at a drunk Anne, who holds a half full, obnoxiously tropical punch glass. She gets emotional --

ANNE (CONT'D)

I knew it. To think of him wasting away with no one to comfort him in his final hours. And us, look at us! Callously dancing and drinking ourselves into a pathetic haze as if there were no war on at all...

Anne hangs there, nearly sobbing. A sadness on her face that somehow reveals her vulnerability and loneliness. But then --

MARY

It isn't him, Miss Hastings. It's not Doctor Foster.

ANNE

(drying up fast)

...Oh! Thank god!

And she goes, like the whole conversation never happened. Mary shakes her head and moves on, passing Hale, who has heard Anne's query and who is now more jealous than ever.

INT. HOSPITAL - WARD - NIGHT

In a quiet corner of an empty ward, where Samuel has moved her, Mary and Samuel examine Aurelia, who is half delirious. The lower half of her dress is bloodied.

(CONTINUED)

MARY

You did the right thing coming to
get me --
(then to)
Aurelia, you need to tell me what
happened. Aurelia...!

AURELIA

Please... leave me be...

MARY

She's been violated. What kind of
monster would do such a thing?

Beat, as Samuel wrestles over telling her --

SAMUEL

She did it to herself.

Mary shoots him a look. Then Aurelia grabs Samuel's arm,
glaring at him like he's already betrayed her secret.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

She's been ingesting pennyroyal.

MARY

She's with child?

Samuel nods. Aurelia starts to cry -- despondent.

MARY (CONT'D)

Pennyroyal wouldn't cause this much
bleeding.

SAMUEL

Must not've been working. I found
a hook on the floor beside her --

MARY

Dear God!

Aurelia WRETCHES in pain, her whole body constricting --

SAMUEL

We need to stop the hemorrhaging.

Off Mary, very distressed --

INT. GREEN HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

James Jr. smiles plastic, hiding his contempt and envy, as
Lt. Col. Connor regales the others --

(CONTINUED)

LT. COLONEL CONNOR

...And I'm leading the second wave. Hornets are flying past, we're pushing ahead, double-quick, and I see this infantryman, one of our own, coming through the smoke, running the other way. And as he passes, I say, "Son, why are you running?" He yells out, "Cause I can't damn well fly!"

Laughter all around. Everyone's a little lit.

SUMMERS

Not the bravest soldier, but maybe the wisest. If I remember correctly, half your boys ended up in our hospital that day.

Connor nods, 'touche,' as Colonel Sinex takes a sip from his glass and winces.

COLONEL SINEX

What in God's name is this infernal concoction?

SUMMERS

Imperial raspberry whiskey punch.

COLONEL SINEX

The *punch* is in the nose. I think someone stole the whiskey from the medical supply cabinet.

On Mr. Green, sensing an opportunity --

MR. GREEN

Gentlemen, I have been harboring something for quite awhile now that I feel compelled to share with you.

James Jr. perks up, thinking his father's going to let loose--

MR. GREEN (CONT'D)

It's rare, smooth, and aged for eighteen years in an oak cask.

SUMMERS

Kentucky whiskey?

MR. GREEN

Is there any other kind?
(off their laughs)

(MORE)

MR. GREEN (CONT'D)

I've got a secret cache and I'd prefer it remain secret, so, if you'd care to join me in private.

They head to the drawing room. Lagging, James Jr. follows only to have the door SHUT in his face. Insult, meet injury.

INT. HOSPITAL - WARD - NIGHT

Samuel pats Aurelia's head with a wet compress.

SAMUEL

She fainted.

Mary is at Aurelia's waist, examining the affected area. We don't see what she's seeing, as she realizes --

MARY

The packing is fully saturated.

SAMUEL

Then compression's not working. Who knows how long she was lying there. If she loses more blood...

MARY

I'm aware of what will happen.

SAMUEL

Her pulse is weakening.

MARY

(regretfully)
We need help.

INT. HOSPITAL - FOSTER'S LAIR - NIGHT

The door opens, Mary enters. Foster reads by candlelight. As Mary steps into the light, he sees blood on her dress. He takes her in, baffled.

MARY

It's Aurelia. She's been injured.

FOSTER

The laundress?

MARY

She was bearing a child, she tried to end it...

(CONTINUED)

FOSTER
How far along was she?

MARY
Five, six weeks. I managed to
remove the remains of the embryo,
but the bleeding persisted...

FOSTER
(impressed)
You did this?

MARY
I have some experience with
midwifery. I tried packing but
nothing will stanch the bleeding...

FOSTER
How'd she do it?

MARY
Blunt instrument of some kind... I
don't know, I wasn't there!
(terribly calm)
Samuel said it was a metal hook.

He stands up, grabbing his jacket.

MARY (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

FOSTER
Coming to help.

MARY
I came solely for advice.

Foster would challenge her, but not again. He concedes.

FOSTER
Very well. Without seeing the
patient, judging only from your
description, I suspect a cervical
laceration, which you'll need to
close, half blind, given the
limitations of access. Oh, and be
aware that the smallest error might
kill her.
(nods)
Good luck.

Foster goes back to his book. Mary considers a beat, then --

MARY

Get dressed.

INT. GREEN HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The band is on break. We move through the lively crowd, settling on James Jr., sitting at the piano, nursing a drink. A little drunk and a lot angry, he begins to peck out "Dixie" on the detuned piano -- one devious note at a time. Union Officers nearby start turning heads. Noticing this, his mother beelines from the dessert table, where she has watched Belinda place her masterpiece, and sits down beside him -- closing the keyboard.

JANE

For your own protection.

They share a bonding smile, then see a steward deliver more whiskey glasses to the drawing room, where they glimpse Mr. Green, laughing with the Union officers inside.

JAMES JR.

Look at him, carrying on with those bluebellies. I think he enjoys it.

JANE

Certainly seems that way.

JAMES JR.

Seems? They've got him wrapped around their fingers. He might as well drop the charade and put on the Union colors.

JANE

What, exactly, are you saying?

JAMES JR.

We must embrace reality, mother. Father is a traitor.

Jane gazes at her son, blankly, then, surprisingly, she SLAPS him -- hard. James Jr. glares at her, shocked.

JANE

You ungrateful child. Think of all the boys you grew up with, rotting in ditches far from home. And for what? Pride? Adventure? A man's true job is to protect his family. That's precisely what your father is trying to do.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JANE (CONT'D)

Despite whatever criticism I may express, I am well aware of that at all times.

(takes a moment)

I see so much of him in you, Jimmy, his eyes, his smile; maybe you'll even have his character one day...

(sharply)

When you finally grow up!

And with that, she gets up and walks away.

INT. GREEN HOME - DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

Mr. Green and the officers are halfway through a second bottle of whiskey as Mr. Green hands out fine cigars --

COLONEL SINEX

Virginia tobacco, Kentucky whiskey.
You are a most generous host.

MR. GREEN

I wish I could say it was out of the kindness of my heart!

The room goes quiet. Union eyes are traded.

MR. GREEN (CONT'D)

There is a small personal matter I'd like to discuss and I figured a little buttering up couldn't hurt.

They're all ears. He turns to Col. Sinex.

MR. GREEN (CONT'D)

An administrator under your command, Captain Harkins is his name, has presented me with an oath, and has threatened to prosecute if I refuse to sign it. As the Provost Marshal, you could grant me a reprieve.

COLONEL SINEX

The Oath is a matter of allegiance.

MR. GREEN

Here we are in my house, smoking my cigars, drinking my whiskey, which I assure you I have not poisoned.

They laugh. The ice is broken.

(CONTINUED)

MR. GREEN (CONT'D)

My hotel is now a hospital, mending your soldiers, the ones who can't be saved are buried in coffins produced in my furniture factory. I have given everything to the Union war effort... but my allegiance is to my family. A signature on a piece of paper will cause considerable difficulty for us in this community.

COLONEL SINEX

How so? Nearly everyone in Alexandria has already signed the oath. The rest have been run out. Or shall be soon.

SUMMERS

In other words, this 'community' is no longer Confederate.

COLONEL SINEX

We all must take a side, Mister Green.

MR. GREEN

All I'm asking is a bit more time. To allow my wife, my children, to adjust to the idea of it.

COLONEL SINEX

How much time?

MR. GREEN

Six months.

COLONEL SINEX

Ha! The war will be over by then.

MR. GREEN

(raising his glass)
From your lips to God's ears,
Colonel.

Off Colonel Sinex, considering Mr. Green's request --

INT. HOSPITAL - WARD - NIGHT

Mary and Samuel stand bedside. Aurelia is out cold. CLOSE ON FOSTER, gynecologically positioned -- right sleeve rolled up. We get the sense he is examining her by feel.

(CONTINUED)

FOSTER

Hmn. It's not the cervix.

With his left hand, he rolls his right sleeve up to his bicep and with some effort, leans in further. Again, artfully shot, giving us the sense he's gone deeper, now feeling --

FOSTER (CONT'D)

Got it. There's a two inch laceration in the uterine wall on the left side. Bleeding is constant and profuse.

MARY

Did she cut a vein?

FOSTER

An artery.

Foster nods and pulls out. Mary hands him a cloth. As he wipes the blood from his arm --

MARY

What can be done?

FOSTER

Nothing. It's too deep.

SAMUEL

We're just going to let her bleed to death?

FOSTER

(to Mary/annoyed)

Explain to our colored friend, here, that suturing blind and one handed is a fool's errand.

Mary shoots dagger eyes at Foster. The rebuke lingers. But Samuel is too crushed to process it. Mary reaches out to console him, tenderly.

MARY

I am deeply sorry, Samuel.

And only now does Foster realize Samuel's connection to Aurelia runs deeper than he had known. He suddenly feels like an ass. He turns to leave, a little ashamed, then --

FOSTER

Aurelia.

He whips around -- looking a bit touched by inspiration.

FOSTER (CONT'D)

Ironic, no? Julius Caesar's mother's name. Aurelia. Caesar was delivered by Caesarian birth. Or so the mythology says. We could perform a Caesarian procedure.

They're looking at him like he's crazy.

MARY

There is no baby to deliver --

FOSTER

No, but we could use the Ritgen approach. I observed it once while in Berlin. Or was it Rutgen? Not a tall man.

(thinks a beat, then)

He introduced an abdominal incision to gain subperitoneal access to the uterus, from which we could repair the laceration.

MARY

Cut her open?

FOSTER

Yes.

MARY

She'll die.

FOSTER

Most likely. Of course if we do nothing she'll be dead within the hour. As you said, I'm in no condition to consult on medical matters, so I leave it to you.

MARY

Then I say no.

SAMUEL (O.S.)

I say yes!

Foster and Mary turn toward Samuel.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

I've seen you work, Doctor Foster. If anyone can save her, you can.

Off Foster, not so sure --

INT. HOSPITAL - SUPPLY AREA - MOMENTS LATER

VARIOUS QUICK CUTS AS: Mary and Samuel open drawers, pulling out supplies and medical instruments. Scalpels, various tenacula, silver suture kit, mirror speculums, etc.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - WARD - NIGHT

Mary lights a candle, attaching it to a specular. Foster takes the scalpel, then hesitates -- his hands are trembling and there's no hiding it. Oddly, he hands the blade to Mary--

FOSTER
I'm still a tad unsteady.

SAMUEL
That smallpox give you the shakes?
I never heard of that being a
symptom.

They exchange a look. Samuel knows something's strange.

FOSTER
Otherwise, I've made a remarkable
recovery.
(off Mary's terror)
Don't worry. I'll guide you.

Odder still, Mary hands the scalpel to --

MARY
Samuel has experience.

FOSTER
(scoffing)
Where? On a farm? Horses and cows
are not human beings...

SAMUEL
(prickly)
Doctor Lionel Berenson of Brooklyn.
I spent ten years at his side.

FOSTER
You... apprenticed?

SAMUEL
It was not so official. He would
take me out on calls with him.

MARY

I can attest to his being more knowledgeable than half the physicians in this hospital.

FOSTER

That's not saying much.

Foster eyes Samuel, suspiciously.

FOSTER (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

There's a laceration of the artery in the uterine wall. On the upper left side. Where would you incise?

SAMUEL

(pointing out)

Here. Low and lateral. Shouldn't need more than three inches as no baby needs to come out.

Foster is amazed. Mary shrugs -- not surprised.

FOSTER

Very well, Doctor Berenson's unofficial apprentice: proceed.

And just as Samuel makes the incision, they hear the floor CREAK from off.

MARY

What was that?

AND WE SWING TO:

AN ALCOVE ACROSS THE WARD where -- Frank is just coming in the window. He hugs the shadows, still as possible. He expected this area to be empty. As Mary approaches, shining the specular like a flashlight, Frank draws a nasty frontier knife, ready to strike if he's discovered. But --

FOSTER

Miss Phinney! The procedure calls for light.

Mary stops and heads back. Frank waits a beat, then continues stealthily in the other direction.

INT. GREEN HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

EMMA twirls into frame, waltzing with Lt. McGreevy. The music dies down.

(CONTINUED)

McGreevy bows respect to his partner, as do the other officers on the floor. He checks his pocket watch, nods to Alice's partner, then --

LT. MCGREEVY
My apologies, Miss Green, I'm
afraid you'll have to excuse us --

EMMA
So early? You're just getting the
hang of it.

LT. MCGREEVY
Much as your charity's appreciated,
we're due back at our post.

She eyes the clock. Then slathers on the charm --

EMMA
All of our boys off fighting your
boys, and you two are going to
leave us here? ...Alone?

ALICE
(practically pouting)
Surely one more dance won't affect
the outcome of the war.

Salacious words from such genteel Southern belles. The two men trade a look, sensing they may be on the cusp of an opportunity too good to pass up.

LT. MCGREEVY
I suppose one more dance couldn't
hurt.

The music starts up again and we SWING TO: JAMES JR. pouring himself another drink. He clocks his sisters dancing with the enemy, feeling like his whole family has turned against him. He drinks, then fills up his goblet again, to the brim.

INT. HOSPITAL - WARD - NIGHT

With Foster's guidance, Samuel continues the delicate procedure - cutting through tissue, while Foster holds open the abdominal folds. Mary directs the light.

FOSTER
How did you come into the
employment of Doctor Berenson?

Samuel seems thrown by the small talk. Tries to focus as-

SAMUEL

My mother was the Doctor's maid.
Father was his liveryman. I grew up
in the house.

FOSTER

The rectus muscle. You'll need to
dissect it from the peritoneum.
But take care not to injure the
vessels. Don't go inventing more
difficulties than we have already.

Mary shoots Foster dagger eyes -- 'Go easy.'

MARY

You're doing a fine job, Samuel.

Samuel nods, proceeding nervously, as if through a minefield.

FOSTER

Why Mansion House?

SAMUEL

Sir?

FOSTER

Why did you come here?

SAMUEL

To gain practical experience. To
learn.

FOSTER

Now push the bladder downward.
Gently, this is where Ritgen's
patient expired. Or was it Rutgen?

Mary and Samuel trade a dire look.

MARY

The procedure was not successful?

FOSTER

Not for the patient.
(to Samuel)
Have you considered formal medical
training?

SAMUEL

(sweating bullets)
Uhm... not much.

FOSTER

I hear of certain colleges
accepting negroes with solid
recommendations.

(then)

There it is. The uterine wall. Do
you see the laceration?

SAMUEL

Yes, sir.

FOSTER

Can you suture?

SAMUEL

Yes, sir.

FOSTER

Miss Phinney, silver sutures.

She hands Samuel the sutures. Foster holds the incision open
while Samuel sews up the laceration.

FOSTER (CONT'D)

Careful, so much as a pinprick in
the peritoneum, she dies of pyemia.

(then)

I could write you one.

SAMUEL

One what, sir?

FOSTER

A recommendation. When the war
ends, there'll be free colored
folks looking for good physicians.

SAMUEL

Doctor Foster?

FOSTER

Yes.

SAMUEL

Do you think we could discuss this
later? I'm trying to concentrate.

FOSTER

Oh. Naturally. Of course.

As Samuel proceeds with the sutures, we --

CUT TO:

INT. GREEN HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Emma dances with McGreevy as James Jr., plastered, drains his glass of punch and marches up.

JAMES JR.
Get your hands off my sister!

LT. MCGREEVY
Watch yourself, son.

Jr. gets in McGreevy's face, and smiles with drunken bravado.

JAMES JR.
Or what?

EMMA
Jimmy!

JAMES JR.
Frank is off fighting and you're dancing with the enemy.

ALICE
We're only being cordial, Jimmy.
It's harmless.

JAMES JR.
I wonder if Tom would think it's harmless!

Alice and Emma trade panicked eyes, as --

LT. MCGREEVY
(puffing up)
Let's take this outside.

JAMES JR.
What's wrong with right here?

They're about to throw down. Emma steps in --

EMMA
Don't mind my brother. He's had too much to drink.

JAMES JR.
Hell he has...!

She hustles James aside. It's a scene.

EMMA
You are making a fool of yourself!

JAMES JR.

I'm standing up to these blue bellies! About time somebody did!

EMMA

Shh! You keep this up, you're going to ruin the whole plan!

JAMES JR.

Plan? ...What plan?

Emma realizes she let that slip.

EMMA

I can't say.

JAMES JR.

WHAT PLAN?!

INT. HOSPITAL - REBEL AREA - NIGHT

THUD! Frank clocks a Union guard from behind. The man falls, but Frank catches him before he hits the ground so as not to make too much noise. He then quietly makes his way between the beds to Tom, who he finds sitting on his cot, half dressed, staring at his boots. Frank nudges him --

FRANK

(hush hush)

Tom...!

Tom looks up. A strange vacant beat, then --

TOM

Hey, Frank.

FRANK

What the hell are you doing?! Get your boots on!

Tom looks down at his boots -- as if he just realized he wasn't wearing them.

FRANK (CONT'D)

You're supposed to be ready. We said eight o'clock.

TOM

I'm sorry. I guess I forgot.

As Tom struggles to get his boots on-

FRANK

You forget how to tie 'em too?

(then)

Getting outta here's gonna be a problem. Turns out that empty ward isn't empty. We have to find a different way.

He hands Tom a pistol. Tom stares at it strangely.

FRANK (CONT'D)

You haven't forgot what that's for, have ya?

TOM

(pulling it together)

I remember. Don't you worry.

Tom tucks the pistol in his belt --

FRANK

Well, come on then!

INT. HOSPITAL - WARD - NIGHT - LATER

A nurse passes with an oil lamp. A beat, then Frank and Tom emerge from the shadows onto the ward. The lamps are after hours dark and we see only the faint outlines of wounded Union men, sleeping in their beds. Frank and Tom sneak between them, trying to open the windows.

FRANK

(whispers)

They're all painted shut!

Then -- they see the lamp-light of an approaching sentry.

TOM

We can hide in the water closet.

INT. HOSPITAL - WATER CLOSET - MOMENTS LATER

Tom and Frank enter the cramped space. To their good fortune, there is a window. Frank closes the door behind them as Tom climbs the wooden toilet apparatus, (which looks more like a piece of furniture) to get to the window. As he works it open, he makes a racket.

FRANK

Keep it down!

(CONTINUED)

TOM

Think you can do better?

Before Frank can answer -- a KNOCK on the door --

SENTRY (O.S.)

What's with all the noise?

Frank pulls his pistol.

FRANK

Uh, my apologies. Just trying to
do my business in the dark, here.

A beat, then --

SENTRY (O.S)

Identify yourself.

FRANK

Private...
(searching)
...Ben... Franklin.

Tom rolls his eyes. Frank silently curses himself for a
stupid answer.

FRANK (CONT'D)

3rd Regiment, Ohio Volunteers.

SENTRY (O.S.)

Ohio...?

FRANK

That's right.

SENTRY (O.S.)

I got a cousin in the 7th. Billy
Watson. Columbus boy. Know him?

FRANK

'Fraid it don't sound familiar.

SENTRY (O.S.)

Need me to send for a nurse?

FRANK

No, sir. Just a bad case of the
quick step. Little peace and quiet
wouldn't hurt. Never could talk
and shoot at the same time.

We hear a CHUCKLE outside the door --

(CONTINUED)

SENTRY (O.S.)
Good night, Ohio.

FRANK
Same to you.

A beat, then they hear the Sentry move on. Tom laughs --

TOM
Ben Franklin?

FRANK
You wanna do the talking next time,
be my guest.

Tom gets the window open. And as the two climb out, Frank looks back, marveling at the rudimentary, indoor toilet facility -- state of the art for its time.

FRANK (CONT'D)
When I get rich, I'm gonna get me
one of these in my house.

Then he follows Tom out the window.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Frank and Tom drop down into the mud at the back of the hospital. They duck behind a wall, waiting for two drunk Union officers to stagger past. Just as they think they're in the clear, they hear --

JAMES JR. (O.S.)
Hold it!

Frank and Tom WHIP around, pistols trained on a Union Soldier. It takes a tense beat to realize this is none other than James Jr., in a Union Army dress jacket with carbine sling, holding the sword aloft. He's worked up --

JAMES JR. (CONT'D)
What kind of pals are you?! I got
to find out from my sister...

FRANK
Jimmy, quiet!

JAMES JR.
...You been back for days and never
said a word? And on top of it...
(noticing, shifting)
Is that my shirt you got on?

TOM

Quiet! You'll get us all shot!

The three argue in hushed tones.

JAMES JR.

I'm coming with you.

FRANK

Hell you are.

JAMES JR.

I got this uniform. I can get us through the lines.

He raises the sword in defiance.

FRANK

Put that down! You couldn't get us through the front door of a barn. You're wallpapered.

JAMES JR.

Am not.

TOM

Go home, Jimmy.

JAMES JR.

I'm never going home.

TOM

Well, you can't come with us.

FRANK

We only got two horses.

JAMES JR.

(too loud)

I'll run alongside! I'm tired of people telling me what I can't do!

Frank huffs, frustrated, worried they'll be caught. James makes a pitiful desperate plea, like a little boy:

JAMES JR. (CONT'D)

Please, Frank, it'll be like when we were kids. The three of us. On an adventure. 'Brothers always, never surrender.' Did you forget?

Frank ponders it, seems to concede, wanting to be gone.

FRANK

All right. You can ride with me.

James smiles wide - like all his frustrated dreams of heroism are on the verge of fruition.

JAMES JR.

You won't regret it.

He takes one bold step forward and SPLAT! He falls, face planting in the dirt, out cold. Frank and Tom trade a look--

FRANK

Take the coat. Leave the sword.

Tom does. They mount their steeds, take off into the night.

INT. HOSPITAL - WARD - NIGHT

There's a solemn quietness as Samuel finishes suturing the incision on Aurelia's abdomen. Foster looks on.

SAMUEL

It's finished.

FOSTER

You've done a fine job, Samuel.

SAMUEL

You're a fine teacher, sir.

FOSTER

Pyemia is a danger. The loss of blood, all this cutting... A local application of permanganate of potassa is advisable. But I wouldn't get my hopes up.

SAMUEL

She's strong.

FOSTER

There'll be a lot of pain to endure. She'll need some relief to get through it.

Samuel nods. A quiet moment, then --

FOSTER (CONT'D)

Was it yours?

SAMUEL
Doctor?

FOSTER
The baby.

SAMUEL
No, sir.

Mary returns with a Woods needle and a medicine bottle.

FOSTER
Thank you, Miss Phinney.

Foster takes it and looks at the bottle, labeled "MORPHINE."
He draws some liquid into the needle then hands it to Mary.

FOSTER (CONT'D)
Every four hours. A little more if
pain persists. But not much more.

MARY
It can be hard to shake.

Her eyes glance Foster's.

FOSTER
Do you have experience with
injection?

SAMUEL
No, sir.

FOSTER
I'll show you how it's done.

As he readies the needle, he gets a bit uncomfortable --

FOSTER (CONT'D)
Miss Phinney's seen it done. She
can assist. I'll be in my room.

And he goes. Unceremoniously. Mary watches him off. Guess
he's not ready after all.

EXT. VIRGINIA WOODS - NIGHT

Frank and Tom arrive at a clearing on horseback. As they
dismount, they are on a high. The two old friends embrace,
patting each other on the back -- laughing at their good
fortune. Tom seems almost like his old self.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

This is as far as I go.

TOM

I was hoping you'd be coming along.

FRANK

They got bigger plans for me here,
Tom. You're gonna ride Southwest
to Elks Horn Run.

TOM

Our old fishing spot.

FRANK

Well, don't stop to catch nothin'.
(off Tom's smile)
River's shallow there, shouldn't
even have to get your socks wet.
There'll be two men waiting on the
other side. They'll get you to
your regiment.
(grabs his shoulders)
...You'll be back in the fight
before you know it!

Tom's whole disposition suddenly darkens, as if he's just now
contemplating the reality of fighting again. Frank is
oblivious to the shift as he nods to his saddle --

FRANK (CONT'D)

Snapped a stirrup.
(pulling off his belt)
Help me rig something up?

TOM

(dazed)
Sure, Frank.

INT. GREEN HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mr. Green exits the drawing room, surprised to find his wife
across the room, smiling as she looks into the main area
where the banquet table is. He comes by her side.

MR. GREEN

The Provost Marshal has consented.

JANE

...Consented to what?

MR. GREEN

I said I had a plan. I've put this
Oath business to rest for good.

She grins, proudly.

JANE

Then we've each served the cause.
(off his look)
See the white cake?

He looks in, sees the Belle Alliance, almost untouched.

JANE (CONT'D)

See the other?

He sees Jane's cake, people hovering around it, eating slices
off of plates, the cake itself almost gone.

MR. GREEN

Your Apples a la Parisienne?

JANE

Even Yanks have palettes.

Across the way, she locks eyes with Silas, catching him in
the act of forking a bite of 'Apples a la Parisienne' into
his gullet. He freezes a moment, caught in the act -- then
swallows, guiltily, and moves away, REVEALING... Abel,
looking on, angry and morose. Jane smiles, heroically.

MR. GREEN

I don't understand you.

JANE

Trust me when I say, that dessert
table signifies a victory for
Dixie.

He raises an eyebrow, intrigued. Smiles.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Unconscious in the mud, James Jr. snores. Two ALEXANDRIANS
ride by in a carriage. One shakes his head as they pass --

ALEXANDRIAN

Yankee louts are ruining this town.

James Jr. Rouses from the spray and CLOMP of the passing
carriage. He sits up slowly, looking around.

(CONTINUED)

JAMES JR.

Frank..? Tom..?

Realizes he's missed it. Arms on his knees, head hanging down, he slaps the side of his own head and curses himself.

JAMES JR. (CONT'D)

You damn fool. You goddamn fool!

INT. HOSPITAL - WARD - NIGHT

Aurelia, in bed, stirs awake, blinking in Samuel, sitting bedside. She's only half there --

AURELIA

I dreamt I died. Somewhere else,
not here. I wasn't alone no more.

SAMUEL

You got medicine in you - for the
pain. It only feels like heaven.

She sees the bandaging around her waist.

AURELIA

What's happened to me?

SAMUEL

Doctor Foster saved your life.

AURELIA

Foster?

She touches her belly.

SAMUEL

That's been settled.
(as she meets his eyes)
You don't have to worry about that
no more. All you need to worry
about is getting better. Stronger.

Though she is relieved, the moment is bittersweet and complicated. Something Samuel is wise to. He reaches for her hand, signaling that he doesn't see any shame in it.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

I got a hankering for you, Aurelia.
Nothing that's happened is gonna
change that.

She grips his hand. Smiles.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

...But there's something else. The operation -- things had to be done to save your life... We had to mend a wound. If it were to open again, you could surely bleed to death.

(hesitates then)

You won't be able to bear a child.

She absorbs the news then perhaps because he's earned her trust, or maybe cause she's high, she wistfully reveals --

AURELIA

Already got one. A little boy.

(tearful smile)

He's on Roanoke Island now. But he's coming to meet me. I'm only waiting till he gets here.

Samuel absorbs that, stunned by her confession.

INT. HOSPITAL - FOSTER'S LAIR - NIGHT

Mary stands at the door. Foster sits on his bed, curiously looking at his trembling hands --

MARY

She is well for now, at least. I thought you'd want to know.

He nods, appreciative. She turns to leave, but --

FOSTER

Wait!

He reaches under his bed and pulls out a bottle. He tosses it to her. She catches it, seeing the label: "MORPHINE."

FOSTER (CONT'D)

You'll find every drop present and accounted for. As they say in Africa, darkness hides the hippopotamus.

She starts to go, but is stopped by --

FOSTER (CONT'D)

Mary. I must apologize. For my behavior earlier. The things I said.

Mary considers him a beat, then --

(CONTINUED)

MARY

I did everything I could to nurse my husband back to health. But in the end, it wasn't enough. And most days here feel the same... as if nothing is ever enough.

(then)

But not today.

FOSTER

Today we did enough.

They trade a warm look. She throws him the key.

MARY

Be the master of your own fate now.

She exits. He ponders the key and Mary.

INT. GREEN HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The band strikes up a reel. Emma, dancing, glances over at a clock -- the hands read "8:36." She glances over at Alice, and they smile. Now the belles of the ball, they dance on with the officers, trading eyes, reveling in their small victory, knowing they have helped Tom escape.

EXT. VIRGINIA WOODS - CLEARING - NIGHT

Frank loops his belt through the stirrup roller, jury rigging a stirrup. The horse is between him and Tom --

TOM

Remember that time we broke into the Opperman place? Tried to make off with that block of ice?

FRANK

I remember Old Opperman locking me in that freezer-box... in between tail whoopings.

TOM

You never gave me up. You've been as good a friend as anybody could ask for. Since we were kids.

FRANK

You ain't about to kiss me now, are you, Tom?

TOM

Just wanted you to know I'm sorry.

Frank looks up, perplexed. He guides his horse over, revealing Tom, an odd expression on his face, a haunted serenity -- then Frank sees he's holding a REVOLVER.

FRANK

Sorry for what, Tom?

TOM

I can't, Frank. The smoke, the blood. The screaming you never know where it's coming from. The eyes in the darkness looking out at you. I can't go back.

FRANK

What are you saying...?

Frank takes a step toward --

FRANK (CONT'D)

Tom...?

TOM

Tell Alice I love her.

Before Frank can take another step, Tom simply puts the pistol in his mouth. CUT TO: FRANK'S FACE as we hear the GUNSHOT! We hold on Frank -- stunned and horrified, as we hear horses, whinnying from OFF -- the ECHO of men SHOUTING.

INT. GREEN HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The tempo quickens. Party goes clap along as the Green Sisters dance with Union officers, blissfully unaware of --

INTERCUT:

EXT. VIRGINIA WOODS - NIGHT

Frank glares down at Tom's body. Now we hear the THUMPING of hooves. Union Sentries yelling...

SENTRY (O.S.)

Over here..!

(CONTINUED)

Frank SNAPS out of it. He quickly reaches down, picks up the revolver. Then he sees something cradled in Tom's dead hand. Frank picks it up, seeing it's the photo of Alice.

INTERCUT:

INT. GREEN HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

ALICE dancing. The fiddle RAGES as she wheels around with her partner, faster and FASTER until it's dizzying.

INTERCUT:

EXT. VIRGINIA WOODS - CLEARING - NIGHT

Frank mounts his horse. Shoots Tom's body a parting glance then gallops off into the night, which swallows him up as he runs for his life, and we wonder whether he'll be caught.

END OF EPISODE 4