

INT. JOHN TUBMAN'S CABIN -- NIGHT - 4TH SEPIA SEQUENCE

Harriet paces, frantic and worried. Tubman looks annoyed.

START

TUBMAN

I don't believe a word you say.

HARRIET

It's true, John. I heard it myself. They are sellin' us away.

TUBMAN

Nobody sellin' me nowhere. I'm a free man, Harriet. Been free for years. Makes my own money. I'm the best blacksmith in five counties, and---

HARRIET

Me then! They're sellin' me, John! I have heard my name. I know! Don't it bother you that they might sell your wife away?

TUBMAN

I'll talk to the Missus. She'll listen to me.

HARRIET

Better hope all her nephews and lawyers gonna listen to you too, 'cause that's who's doing her business for her. She ain't doin' nothin' but prayin' and wearin' out handkerchiefs.

Tubman turns to her, furious.

TUBMAN

You speak about her with respect!

HARRIET

The woman's trying to sell me, John!

TUBMAN

Well what do you want me to do?

Harriet takes his hand and lowers her tone to a whisper.

HARRIET

Come away with me, husband. I met a Quaker woman says there's a way, John. A way to freedom. You could take what supplies you can carry and set up your smith trade up north and--

He grabs her arm, hard.

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TUBMAN

Have you lost your mind? I got a life here. I got a business. Got respect. You think I'd give that up to be some starving nigga up north? What would I have there that I don't have here?

HARRIET

Your wife.

TUBMAN

You listen to me, Harriet! Whatever notion you got of runnin' you take it out of your head right now. You try somethin' like that and it'll only bring misery down on everybody else. The Missus is fair. She always been fair. I'm done with this talking. I'm going to sleep.

He rolls away, under the quilt. Harriet watches him, heartbroken.

HARRIET (WHISPERING)

You already sleepin', John. ~~End~~

She touches him. He moves away from her hand. She watches him a moment longer, then silently moves away from the bed and slips out of the door.

EXT. WOODS NEAR PLANTATION - NIGHT

Harriet charges through the thick woods, stopping only after a point to check the sky. She squints at the sky, trying to see through thick clouds. She sees nothing.

HARRIET

Come on North star. I need you.

She freezes at the sound of a twig cracking nearby, and sighs relief as a doe bounds past. She moves on, but after a few yards, freezes again this time in terror.

HARRIET'S POV

A group of FOUR WHITE MEN are camped just up ahead. Their rifles are slung across their horses' saddles, and each man wears a set of pistols.

HARRIET (WHISPERING) (CONT'D)

Patrollers!

She backs carefully away, and once again checks the night sky. This time the star she needs is visible.

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