

"TRUE BRIT"

FADE IN:

**INT./EXT. SOUTHWEST LANDSCAPE - DAY**

A 1940's Hollywood movie panorama unfolds in the wild, wild West as bare-chested, war-painted NATIVE AMERICANS ride INDIAN PONIES, YELL SAVAGE WAR CRIES and shoot ARROWS at a train speeding down the tracks.

FROM INSIDE THE TRAIN

A prim, gawky, twelve-year-old, BEATRICE SIMS, stares out the train window at the wild attackers.

An arrow strikes a window close to her. THWACK! Her eyes widen.

Suddenly the loud stern voice of Beatrice's GREAT AUNT AUGUSTA pierces her reverie.

AUGUSTA (O.S.)  
Beatrice! Beatrice Sims!

DISSOLVE TO:

**INT. SIMS TOWNHOUSE - DRAWING ROOM - DAY**

In an elegant 1940's era drawing-room, Beatrice shakily holds up her tea cup as a stream of tea is poured into a china cup by a formidable white-haired dowager, Great Aunt Augusta. She glares with disapproval at her great-niece as she finishes pouring tea.

AUGUSTA  
Are you quite sure you're with us today, Beatrice?

BEATRICE  
Yes, of course I am, Aunt Augusta. I'm right here.

AUGUSTA  
So pleased to hear it. You seemed a thousand miles away.

Augusta shifts her sharp gaze to Beatrice's father, NIGEL, {45}, a gentle man with horn-rimmed glasses slipping down his nose. He stands nearby holding his teacup.

AUGUSTA (CONT'D)  
Honestly, Nigel, how can you possibly imagine sending this poor child to America? Why, she'll return chewing gum and wearing lipstick!

Nigel smiles benevolently at Beatrice.

NIGEL  
There are a great many things worse than lipstick and chewing gum, Aunt Augusta.

He fingers the gas mask that hangs from his wrist.

Beatrice returns to her seat. She picks up her gas mask on the chair, sniffs it and wrinkles her nose.

BEATRICE  
These smell awful.

Beatrice sits down, still frowning.

Her mother, ELEANOR SIMS {40} lovely and thin with perfect red lips and fingernails, responds.

ELEANOR  
Yes, darling, but they keep us safe, don't they?

The door swings open and WILLY {18} a sturdy rugby-playing type, enters. He's disheveled and sooty but exhilarated.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)  
Thank goodness, you made it.

WILLY  
Miss one of Great-Aunt Augusta's tea? Never.

He comes up to get a cup.

NIGEL  
Tense out there, is it?

WILLY  
You can't imagine, Father, really. We attend a fire in one part of the city, then rush across the city to another.

Beatrice gazes adoringly at him as he sits next to her with his tea.

AUGUSTA

You're doing a fine job, William.

NIGEL

Isn't he just? Guiding ambulances.  
Pulling people from burning  
buildings.

WILLY

The Home Guard are such fine men.  
It's a privilege to help.

ELEANOR

We're very proud, darling.

BEATRICE

I'd do the same if I had the  
chance.

WILLY

Oh, would you? Aren't you better  
off nursing your dollies?

Beatrice lightly punches him in the arm, splashing tea  
all over Augusta's lovely Persian carpet.

AUGUSTA

Beatrice Sims! War or no war,  
decorum shall prevail in this  
house.

BIDDY, a young chambermaid, hastens over to mop up the  
spill.

Beatrice drops her head apologetically.

BEATRICE

Yes, Aunt August. I'm so sorry,  
Aunt Augusta.

Augusta addresses her parents.

AUGUSTA

Now you see what I mean about her  
manners?

ELEANOR

Most children left the city this  
summer, Augusta. It's dangerous  
for her to remain any longer.

BEATRICE

(pouts)  
But I don't want to go!

NIGEL

Now, darling, let me show you something.

He rushes out of the room with Beatrice following. ALFIE, a silky-haired Yorkshire Terrier, chases after her.

**INT. SIMS TOWNHOUSE - LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS**

The room is lined with bookshelves floor to ceiling. Nigel spins a globe as Beatrice watches.

NIGEL

You know where you're going?

Beatrice nods glumly.

BEATRICE

New Mexico.

NIGEL

Doesn't it sound exciting?

NIGEL puts his finger down on North America.

NIGEL (CONT'D)

The wild, wild West where cowboys and Indians roam.

(turns to her)

Should be quite an adventure.

BEATRICE

(pouts)

I don't like adventures. Or cowboys and Indians.

NIGEL

What do you know of Indians?

He pulls a book about Native Americans off the shelf and peers at it.

BEATRICE

I've seen them in books and the cinema. They scalp innocent women and children.

NIGEL

Upon acquaintance, my dear, you may find them quite different.

BEATRICE

(horrified)

You think I'll actually meet one? A red Indian?

NIGEL

Who knows? It's entirely possible.  
And if you do, I'm sure you'll  
conduct yourself as the spirited,  
brave little girl you are.

BEATRICE

I'm not little! And I'm not brave  
either.

NIGEL

Beatrice, you don't know what sort  
of girl you are! Not yet. I  
believe you'll be the very best  
sort of girl.

She rushes over and flings her arms around her NIGEL, her  
eyes welling with tears. He returns the squeeze.

BEATRICE

Couldn't I just go to the  
countryside -- to Hampshire or  
Dorset?

NIGEL

Of course, darling, we'd much  
rather have you near us. But I  
fear bombs don't know the  
difference between city houses and  
country houses.

BEATRICE

(earnest)  
We are...we are going to win the  
war, aren't we, Father?

His face is grave.

NIGEL

We certainly hope so. But the news  
isn't good at present, dearest.  
And I'd hate for you or any child  
to grow up under the cruel regime  
that is Nazi Germany at present.

She squeezes her father, face desolate.

**INT. BEATRICE'S TOWNHOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Beatrice walks down the hallway then stops at her parents  
doorway at the sound of them INAUDIBLY TALKING. She peeps  
through the cracked doorway, a slight smile on her face.  
Eleanor and Nigel are preparing for dinner.

Seated at a dressing-table, ELEANOR applies lipstick, studying herself in the mirror. Nigel adjusts his tie while gazing at his lovely wife.

NIGEL

How was I lucky enough to marry  
such a beautiful woman?

Eleanor acknowledges compliment as she applies a tissue to the corner of her crimson lips.

ELEANOR

I only wish Beatrice was a bit, a  
bit prettier, if you know what I  
mean.

Beatrice's smile fades.

NIGEL

Beatrice will do fine, I'm sure of  
it.

ELEANOR

Still, I do worry about this trip.  
She seems so young and so...so ill-  
equipped.

NIGEL

We don't very well have a choice,  
do we?

Beatrice slips away, her face glum, as her father's voice continues.

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

And if the Americans *don't* join  
the fight soon, we shall all wish  
we were some place else.

**INT. BEATRICE'S TOWNHOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT**

Nigel, Eleanor, Beatrice and Augusta dine together at a long elegantly-set dining table. Bidy serves the food.

NIGEL

I believe Mr. Churchill is doing a  
superb job of rallying spirits and  
keeping up morale.

BEATRICE

And you know what Mr. Churchill  
says? He hates families sending  
their children abroad.

ELEANOR

Beatrice! Now is not the time--

NIGEL

(interrupts)

Let her speak for once. It's her future she's talking about.

AUGUSTA

Honestly, Nigel, I still can't understand how you can let a child of her age travel alone.

ELEANOR

That certainly wasn't our choice. We'd anticipated that her governess, Miss Frimby, would accompany her.

NIGEL

I'm afraid, however, Miss Frimby discovered romance rather late in life.

ELEANOR

A sailor passing through London -- now they're engaged.

AUGUSTA

Oh my heavens.

She turns her gaze on Beatrice.

AUGUSTA (CONT'D)

Perhaps, its better that the girl wasn't in the company of such an unstable character.

NIGEL

Beatrice will travel first class the entire way. I'm sure she'll be well looked after.

AUGUSTA

But New Mexico! Surely, you could have found a more civilized place to send her.

NIGEL

It seems we're rather late in the game.

ELEANOR

And the Child Overseas Reception Board received a letter from a very qualified individual. A nurse, I believe.

Beatrice frowns at her plate as the others talk on, their voices MUFFLED. As Bidy removes her dish, Beatrice is oblivious.

**INT. SIMS TOWNHOUSE - BEATRICE'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Bidy helps Beatrice dress for her trip in front of a full-length mirror. The girl's pale face is framed by the little fur collar of her coat.

Beatrice stares at her reflection.

BEATRICE

You think I'll be fine, don't you,  
Bidy?

Bidy steps back and smiles. Bidy speaks with a cockney english accent.

BIDDY

I b'lieve you'll do splendid,  
Miss. I really does. You got a  
good spirit and a kind heart.

Beatrice whirls around and gives the servant a quick hug. Bidy returns the hug, then tidies the room.

BIDDY (CONT'D)

I only hope in such a far-off  
place you get the help you're  
accustomed to.

Beatrice watches Bidy picking up her clothes, not catching on.

BEATRICE

What do you mean?

BIDDY

I just mean not all folks  
everywhere can take care of you  
the way we do here. Now in India -  
I'm sure you'd get a proper  
servant. But America -- well, they  
took off on their own quite a  
while back, didn't they? And I'm  
not sure they go in for service  
the same as we do here.

Beatrice continues to watch her work, clueless.

**EXT. SIMS TOWNHOUSE - DAY**

The Sims family plus the COOK, BUTLER, Bidy and the pup, Alfie, brave a cold drizzle to say goodbye to Beatrice.

Dressed in her smart traveling outfit, Beatrice fights back tears.

A shiny black limousine idles on the curb with her large trunk strapped on top; the CHAUFFEUR, stands by.

Augusta grasps Beatrice's hands with a stern gaze.

AUGUSTA

Remember, Beatrice, your ancestors date back to William the Conqueror. Keep your chin up and your backbone straight.

Then she presses her index finger on Beatrice's chin.

AUGUSTA (CONT'D)

And don't ever shirk your duty. Whatever it is -- do your best.

Next in line, Nigel, gently cups her shoulders.

NIGEL

You'll no doubt encounter many new things on this journey. But that's a good thing, I believe, a very good thing.

He kisses the top of her head, and gives her a quick squeeze.

Eleanor wipes her tears away with a lacy white handkerchief.

ELEANOR

This horrid business can't last much longer, darling. I expect you home for Christmas, at the latest.

The two hug briefly.

Beatrice picks up Alfie and buries her tears in his long silky coat. She turns to her brother. He leans close to her ear.

WILLY

Don't worry, sis, I'll look after everyone.

BEATRICE

Even Alfie.

She reluctantly hands over the dog to him.

WILLY

Especially Alfie.

She turns to leave.

WILLY (CONT'D)  
And write. Do write.

Beatrice looks back, tearful.

BEATRICE  
Only if you write back -- and  
you're probably too busy.

WILLY  
I'll write. I promise.

Beatrice responds with a weak smile. The chauffeur opens the limousine door and glancing one last time at her family, Beatrice climbs in.

**INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY**

Beatrice wipes the foggy window clear and waves at her family. Then she turns and settles in for the journey ahead.

**EXT. PASSENGER SHIP - DAY**

A fine English ocean liner on route to America leaves a British port.

**INT. PASSENGER SHIP - CORRIDOR - DAY**

PASSENGERS scramble to find their staterooms.

CHIEF OFFICER WINGATE, a burly man {40} directs a crowd of people to their quarters. Beatrice tries to gain his attention.

BEATRICE  
Officer Wingate.

WINGATE  
Yes, Miss.

BEATRICE  
I'm afraid there's been a rather  
bad mistake.

WINGATE  
A mistake?

She shows Officer Wingate her ticket.

BEATRICE  
This clearly states First Class  
Stateroom, *single* occupancy.

Officer Wingate examines the ticket.

WINGATE  
Indeed, it does, Miss. So what  
seems to be the problem?

She leads him to her stateroom and opens the door.

INSIDE BEATRICE'S STATEROOM

Inside are two single beds -- one empty and the other  
occupied by THREE SMALL BOYS, Jewish refugees, in worn  
clothes, bone-thin and frightened.

The eldest child pipes up.

JEWISH CHILD  
*Auf friedersien.*

Beatrice turns to the officer with an expectant gaze. He  
frowns.

WINGATE  
I see your difficulty, Miss Sims.  
But this may be one of the last  
passenger ships to leave Britain.  
We felt compelled to squeeze as  
many as possible on board. These  
children have barely escaped  
alive. Now they're heading to  
relatives in America.  
(hesitates)  
If you insist, however, we may be  
able to find other quarters...

Beatrice opens her mouth to protest - then hears her  
father's voice in her head.

NIGEL (O.S.)  
*I'd hate for you or any child to  
grow up under the cruel regime  
that is Nazi Germany at present.*

She forces a smile, throws back her shoulders, enters the  
stateroom and shuts the door.

**INT. PASSENGER SHIP - DINING ROOM - DAY**

Beatrice and her three cabin-mates are seated together in  
the large, crowded dining room. She daintily eats her  
meal while the three boys devour their food.

Chief Officer Wingate comes by the table.

WINGATE  
Everything in order, Miss Sims?

BEATRICE  
Well, actually, Officer Wingate --

WINGATE  
(interrupts)  
Hungry little tykes, aren't they!

He quickly moves on. Beatrice watches as the youngest child wipes his greasy fingers on his shirt, then mops up his stained shirt with a corner of the table-cloth. She purses her lips and continues politely eating.

**INT. PASSENGER SHIP - BEATRICE'S STATEROOM - NIGHT**

The ship heaves back and forth in the grip of a bad storm. Beatrice, in a flannel nightgown, clings to her bed, desperately sick.

The two younger boys sleep soundly in the other single bed while the eldest is wide awake, watching Beatrice.

She stumbles across the room to a wastebasket, throws up into it, then struggles back to bed.

The oldest boy hesitates a moment, then fetches a washcloth and dampens it in the sink. He stands by her bedside. Beatrice is too ill to protest. He sits on the edge of the bed, wipes her sweaty brow and HUMS a gentle lullaby.

Beatrice, miserable, hair bedraggled, finally sleeps.

**INT. PASSENGER SHIP - DINING ROOM - DAY**

Beatrice enters the dining room and moves toward the table with the three urchins. The HEAD WAITER intercepts her.

HEAD WAITER  
The Chief Officer suggested you  
might wish another table  
assignment, Miss.

Beatrice considers as she watches the boys eat with gusto.

BEATRICE  
Thank the officer for his kind  
offer. But, I think I'm quite all  
right.

She sits down with the hungry threesome. The waiter serves her a dinner roll. She hesitates a moment, then picks it up and holds it in front of one of the boys. He grabs it like a shark seizing bait, tears it to pieces and offers a piece to each brother. Then he stuffs his share in his mouth.

JEWISH CHILD

Danka.

She nods and tries to suppress the tiny smile playing on her lips.

**INT. PASSENGER SHIP - CORRIDOR - DAY**

Beatrice follows the three boys as they investigate the ship. They peek into a ballroom, a library and a billiards room. Shrug. Then they discover a movie theater. All are pleased.

**INT. PASSENGER SHIP - MOVIE THEATER - DAY**

Beatrice and the boys lean forward in their seats, eyes fixed on the screen, as a typical B & W WESTERN plays...NATIVE AMERICANS on horseback shoot flaming arrows at a stage-coach hurtling through the Southwest landscape, Inside the coach, SEVERAL WOMEN, a CHILD and an ELDERLY PRIEST cower in fright.

**EXT. PORT - DAY**

A bustling American port, Norfolk, Virginia. SHIP PASSENGERS are reunited with FRIENDS and RELATIVES.

Beatrice stands next to her trunk. She's over-dressed for the hot sunny weather in long woolen knee-socks and a wool sweater. The three little refugee boys sit on the trunk. They all wait...

An old WHITE-HAIRED COUPLE wend their way through the crowd, searching. Suddenly they spy the boys and call out in YIDDISH.

The boys climb off the trunk and move hesitantly to the couple who embrace them enthusiastically, tears rolling down their wrinkled cheeks.

Beatrice watches the couple lead the boys away. The older boy waves. Then they're gone. Beatrice sinks down on the trunk, alone.

Chief Officer Wingate approaches with a thick envelope in his hand and a wide smile across his face.

WINGATE

Why, hullo, Miss Sims. Here we are safe and sound in Norfolk, Virginia -- and off that bloody boat.

BEATRICE

But I was so looking forward to seeing the Statue of Liberty.

WINGATE

T'is a pity. We do all love spying that beacon of hope and liberty. But the Nazi U-Boats are a real menace. They forced us to zig-zag our way across the Atlantic. So here we are on this bright morning.

BEATRICE

A little warm for my taste.

Wingate fans his ruddy perspiring face with his cap.

WINGATE

It is a bit.

(smile)

But I must say, Miss Sims, you turned out to be a very good sport about your stateroom.

BEATRICE

Thank you. The boys weren't quite as awful as I'd expected.

He hands her the fat envelope.

WINGATE

Now here's your train ticket. Just came over the wire. And you do have a long journey ahead of you -- clear across the country.

She takes the envelope.

BEATRICE

Is it so far? Further than from London to Edinburgh?

WINGATE

A bit further, yes.

(scratches his head)

I'd say 5 times further.

BEATRICE

(horrified)

Five times!

WINGATE

Oh dear, didn't mean to upset you.

He glances around for a distraction, spies an ice cream vendor.

WINGATE (CONT'D)

Perhaps you'd, you'd enjoy an Eskimo Pie?

BEATRICE

An Eskimo what?

A MOMENT LATER -- NEXT TO AN ICE CREAM VENDOR

The officer and Beatrice stand licking Eskimo Pies, the ice cream dripping down on her sweater.

CAPTAIN WINDSOR

They hit the spot, don't you think?

Beatrice summons a smile.

**INT. TRAIN - COMPARTMENT - DAY**

Beatrice sits in her lonely compartment. The green fields and woods of the East coast whoosh past the window.

A KNOCK at the door startles her.

Beatrice unlocks the door. When it opens, she spies the dark face and white hair of the porter HAMILTON. Her eyes widen, her mouth drops open.

BEATRICE

Who, who...

Hamilton chuckles.

HAMILTON

I bet this is your first time meeting a...a First Class porter on the Southwest Limited. Is that so?

She timidly nods. He puts out his gloved hand.

HAMILTON (CONT'D)

So let me introduce myself. My name is Hamilton. And your name is....

BEATRICE

Beatrice. Beatrice Agatha Sims.

He checks his list.

HAMILTON

There you are, Miss Sims. And my job is to look after you and all the folks in this coach traveling East coast to West and all points in-between.

(smiles)

So just tell me anything you might need. Right, Miss Sims? Any little thing.

He shuts the door. She plunks back down on the seat, still a bit stunned.

**INT. TRAIN - LOUNGE CAR - DAY**

The train car sways. Beatrice sits in a booth writing a letter. Out the window, the empty Southwest scenery whooshes by.

BEATRICE

(murmurs to herself)

Dearest Willy...This country is far bigger than any country ought to be. We've already passed at least a million cornfields --

Hamilton comes to the table. She looks up cheerfully.

HAMILTON

Why, there you are, Miss Beatrice. Can I bring you something from the dining car? A sandwich or something to drink?

BEATRICE

I'd love a little more of that sweet bubbly drink, if you don't mind, Hamilton.

HAMILTON

I know just what you mean. I'll fetch it right away.

BEATRICE

And, and a...one of those, those....

Demonstrates with her hands.

HAMILTON

A Coney Island hot dog?

BEATRICE

That's it exactly.

HAMILTON

With deli mustard. Coming right up.

He leaves.

In a booth behind Beatrice, three Americans drink and play cards: A BULKY MAN in a grey suit, a BLONDE WOMAN with thick red lipstick and rouge and her husband, GEORGE, a short mousy fellow with a mustache.

Beatrice overhears their loud voices.

BULKY MAN

We got no dog in this fight. Those damn countries should have learned their lesson last time we bailed 'em out.

BLONDE WOMAN

I wouldn't want George here fighting anyway. He almost lost his life in those stupid trenches.

BULKY MAN

And who would you fight for, anyway? Ever hear what Charlie Lindberg has to say? He thinks that son-of-a-gun Hitler has got some good ideas.

Beatrice's face reddens as she listens.

BULKY MAN (CONT'D)

And I agree.

Beatrice's hands turn into fists, finally she pounds the table. Then jumps up and whirls around.

BEATRICE

You don't know what you're saying. You don't. England is fighting for freedom -- our freedom and YOURS!

She stares another moment, overcome with emotion, then turns and leaves the dining car. The people stare after her and then at one another, shocked.

#### **INT. TRAIN - CORRIDOR - DAY**

Her face red and troubled, Beatrice brushes by Hamilton who carries a little tray with a cola bottle and a tall glass.

HAMILTON  
What's wrong, Miss Sims? What's  
the matter?

She pauses a second, her face fearful.

BEATRICE  
They don't know what they're  
saying. They don't. They weren't  
there.

In her head, Beatrice HEARS the SHRILL SOUND OF BOMBS  
DROPPING, THE DIN OF EXPLOSIONS...

BEATRICE (CONT'D)  
It was awful, Hamilton, awful.

HAMILTON  
(sympathetic nod)  
I bet it was, honey. I bet it was.

She hurries past him into her compartment and shuts the  
door.

**INT. TRAIN COMPARTMENT - DAY**

Beatrice stares out the window. Her cheeks are wet and  
her lower lip quivers.

Southwest countryside rolls past: prairies, long-horned  
cattle, distant mountains.

She starts to nod, her eyes flutter until her head drops  
against the window pane...

**INT./EXT. SOUTHWEST LANDSCAPE - DAY**

A Hollywood movie panorama as bare-chested, war-painted  
Native Americans ride ponies, YELL savage war cries and  
shoot arrows at the train.

One ARROW strikes a window. THWACK!

FROM INSIDE HER TRAIN COMPARTMENT

Beatrice pulls back from window -- her face shocked.

**EXT. SOUTHWEST LANDSCAPE - CONTINUOUS**

One especially fierce NATIVE WARRIOR leaps from his horse  
to the train.

**INT. TRAIN - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS**

The Warrior, a TOMAHAWK in hand, strides through the coach past terrified PASSENGERS.

He pushes past Hamilton and flings open a compartment door where he confronts-

**INT. TRAIN - COMPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS**

Beatrice cowers in the corner; her eyes fixed on the warrior. He glares at her.

WARRIOR

(loud, stern)

Who are you? Where'd you come from? What are you doing here?

BEATRICE

Me? Why, I'm, I'm English. Can't you see?

WARRIOR

English? What's that? You don't belong here. Go back, back where you belong!

BEATRICE

But I, I can't go back to London. Not now. It's an awful long way. And, you see, it's being bombed by those dreadful --

WARRIOR

If you don't go back this very second, I'm going to, I'm going to...

The Warrior raises the tomahawk menacingly over his head. Beatrice's eyes widen...

HAMILTON (O.S.)

(booming voice)

LAMY, Lamy New Mexico, next stop.

**INT. TRAIN - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS**

Hamilton knocks on Beatrice's compartment door.

**INT. TRAIN - COMPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS**

Hamilton cracks open the door, sticks his head in.

HAMILTON (O.S.)  
Miss Beatrice? This is your stop.

Beatrice startles awake. Her gaze flits around the empty cabin, she stares at the blank spot where the Warrior stood. Confused.

HAMILTON (CONT'D)  
You ready, hon? I'll go fetch your trunk.

BEATRICE  
But, but, Hamilton, you didn't happen to see a, a very large man with, with a ---

She gestures. Hamilton widens the door.

HAMILTON  
(interrupts)  
What, honey, what did I see?

She shakes her head.

BEATRICE  
I'm, I'm not sure.

HAMILTON  
Well, 'fraid this is your stop.  
You ready to climb off?

BEATRICE  
I can be ready. In just a moment.

Hamilton shuts the door. Beatrice rises from her seat, still a little unsteady. She pulls herself together, checks her appearance in the mirror on the back of the door. She puts on a little hat, pulls on white cotton gloves and readies to go.

Before leaving, she glances around the compartment and peers out the window one last time...just to be sure.

**EXT. LAMY TRAIN STATION - DAY**

The train pulls into the tiny rural station. Only a few houses and a saloon in Lamy. Hamilton hops off and puts down a step-stool. He unloads Beatrice's large steamer trunk with the sticker SANTA FE on it.

Passengers flood off the train. Beatrice is the last off. Shielding her eyes from the bright yellow sunshine, she almost falls but Hamilton grabs her arm and helps her down the step.

LOCAL HISPANIC CHILDREN play marbles and CHATTER in SPANISH.

BEATRICE

Are you quite sure we're still in the United States?

HAMILTON

(smiles broadly)

Yes'm, I'm sure. This is the depot where you get off for Santa Fe. It's up the road a piece, I hear.

The TRAIN WHISTLE SOUNDS.

HAMILTON (CONT'D)

I gotta be on my way.

He touches her shoulder. She smiles.

BEATRICE

I shall miss you, Hamilton. You've been extremely courteous.

He lifts his cap.

HAMILTON

It was a pleasure, Miss Beatrice.

He salutes her, then picks up the stool, re-boards the train and waves as it departs.

Beatrice waves until the train disappears. She surveys the dinky train station and arid landscape then back to the Hispanic children.

The kids point at her and SNICKER to one another.

Beatrice stamps her foot, then sticks out her tongue. The youngsters LAUGH and scamper off, still giggling. They pass a skinny old COWBOY stretched out on a bench asleep, his ten-gallon hat covering his face.

Beatrice's observes him with interest and steps closer. He snores. She touches his hat, it starts to tumble off but he catches it, waking up and reaching for the gun in his holster.

Alarmed, Beatrice steps back. He looks around sternly.

COWBOY

What's, what's going on? Something going on?

BEATRICE

No, nothing.

COWBOY

Good.

BEATRICE

Are you...are you a cowboy by any chance?

COWBOY

(swaggers a bit)

Guess you could say that. Though my cow-punching days are mostly over.

(looks around)

What you doing here? You waiting for somebody?

Beatrice peers down the road.

BEATRICE

Yes. Yes, my-my -- someone will be here shortly to fetch me.

COWBOY

You sound kinda funny. Where you from?

BEATRICE

London.

COWBOY

London? London, England?

BEATRICE

Yes, that London.

COWBOY

That's a far piece from here. And I understand they've got a heap'a trouble over there.

He casually places his hand on the six-shooter in his holster. Her eyes widen.

BEATRICE

We do. A heap of trouble.

COWBOY

That's too bad. Sorry to hear it.

(tips his hat)

Well, hope you have a fine day, little Miss London. A fine day.

He turns and goes to the hitching post where a skinny NAG is tied. Climbing on, he lifts his hat and waves.

COWBOY (CONT'D)

Yahoo!

And rides off in a cloud of dust. As he disappears...

A beat-up 1930's-era sedan (later you say truck) pulls up. CLEMENTINE "CLEM" POPE {late 30's} - strong, smart, sensible - honks and waves.

Clem hops out of the truck and strides up to Beatrice.

CLEM  
Beatrice, Beatrice Sims?

Beatrice surveys Clem from her unkept hair to her scuffed boots.

BEATRICE  
Ye-es.

CLEM  
Sorry to be so late.

Clem wipes off her muddy hands on her dungarees and stretches one out.

CLEM (CONT'D)  
Name's Clementine Pope but folks around here call me Clem.

Beatrice hesitantly puts out her hand in its dainty white glove. Clem firmly grasps it and shakes. Beatrice looks down at her white glove, smudged with dirt.

CLEM (CONT'D)  
Didn't mean to spoil your glove.  
Got stuck in a puddle on the way here. And had to do some pushing.

Clem glances at the trunk.

CLEM (CONT'D)  
That yours?

Beatrice nods.

CLEM (CONT'D)  
Looks heavy as a bale of green hay. But I s'pose the two of us can tote it far as the truck.

BEATRICE  
The-the two of us?

Clem glances around the empty platform.

CLEM  
Don't see a soul who could help.

BEATRICE

But surely, Miss Pope, you can  
send somebody 'round for it.

A smile creases the corner of Clem's mouth.

CLEM

Send someone round, huh? You mean  
like...like a footman?

BEATRICE

Yes, I believe that would do  
nicely.

Clem glances around, looks quizzical.

CLEM

Hmm. Right you are.

(scratches her head)

But I'm afraid there's no footman  
within a thousand miles of here,  
maybe two thousand.

Her gaze returns to Beatrice.

CLEM (CONT'D)

Whatcha say we give it a try?

Beatrice struggles to pick up one end of the heavy trunk.  
Then she Clem manage to drag it to the truck and hoist it  
in.

**INT. TRUCK - DAY**

As the truck bumps along a dirt road, Beatrice inspects  
the interior -- shabby but neat. A STETHOSCOPE hangs over  
the mirror. Beatrice reaches over and touches it.

CLEM

Know what that is?

BEATRICE

A stethoscope?

CLEM

Yep.

BEATRICE

Are you a doctor?

CLEM

Public health nurse. Closest thing  
to a doctor around here.

She changes gears.

CLEM (CONT'D)

And in a few minutes, you'll find  
out what we do.

She winks at Beatrice.

**EXT. ADOBE FARMHOUSE - DAY**

The truck pulls up in front of the humble dwelling.  
Beatrice and Clem can hear a woman's childbirth SCREAMS  
coming from the farmhouse.

CLEM

You best stay right here.

BEATRICE

In the truck?

CLEM

(a nod towards house)  
She's been at it for a while so I  
don't figure it'll be long.

Clem climbs out and heads toward the house and is let in  
by a nervous young Hispanic man, MIGUEL.

Beatrice remains in the automobile for a moment, then  
becomes antsy and leaves to investigate. She crosses the  
dusty yard and tries to peek in the window. A ragged  
muslin curtain blocks the view.

Another PIERCING SCREAM rattles the windowpanes. Beatrice  
leaps back, and walks back to the car.

She's intercepted by a HERD OF SHEEP and LAMBS that  
meander around the corner of the house. A grizzled old  
Hispanic SHEPHERD and his SHEEPDOG accompany the animals.  
The shepherd tips his worn felt hat.

SHEPHERD

*Buenas dias, señorita.*

The sheep and lambs flow around Beatrice.

BEATRICE

You sweet things!

She pets one of the BLEATING lambs.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

Why, you look starved. Do you  
realize if you lived in England,  
you'd be up to your bellies in  
thick green grass. But here...

(peers around)

Here, it's rather desolate.

The sheep and shepherd move on as the door of the little house opens. Clem emerges with the beaming Miguel. He hands Clem a crate with TWO SQUAWKING CHICKENS.

**INT. TRUCK - DAY**

Clem and Beatrice bounce down a dirt road. Beatrice gazes at the rocky arid land and stubby piñon trees surrounding the vehicle.

CLEM

Never sure how it will go.

BEATRICE

You were assisting a birth?

CLEM

Yep. And we had a nice surprise.

BEATRICE

You did?

CLEM

Señora Rodriguez had twins.

BEATRICE

Two babies?

CLEM

Little baby boys. That's why her husband gave me two chickens instead of one.

Clem grins.

BEATRICE

Is it very difficult? Helping a woman give birth?

CLEM

You gotta learn how. And not always from a book. Why, several years back I was working on the Rosebud Sioux reservation. I was having some trouble with a difficult birth. Along comes a Sioux woman -- comes right through the door, pushes me out of the way. And how she delivered that babe was amazing.

BEATRICE

She helped you?

CLEM

Indeed she did. Saved the mom and  
the child probably.

Beatrice reflects, turning her head to gaze out the  
window.

**INT./EXT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS**

Out the window, Beatrice sees mountains in the distance  
bathed in glittering rosy sunset light.

**EXT. SANTA FE - DUSK**

The truck drives through the dusty little town of Santa  
Fe. On either side of the dirt road are small brown adobe  
houses. Smoke issues from chimneys. Children play in the  
street, stare curiously at the truck. People sit on their  
front *portals* {porches}, chat with one another, wave at  
the truck; Hispanic music issues from radios.

**INT. TRUCK - DUSK**

Beatrice gazes out, her face fills with doubt.

BEATRICE

The houses are so peculiar -- all  
brown colored with no proper  
roofs.

CLEM

That's cause they're made of mud,  
mud bricks.

BEATRICE

(shocked)  
Mud? Is your house made of mud?

CLEM

Here, see for yourself.

**EXT. CLEMS HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

The truck pulls up in front of a small adobe house.  
DOLORES {40} the Hispanic housekeeper, rushes out, greets  
Clem and Beatrice.

Beatrice glances at her trunk. Frowns.

BEATRICE

I daresay you would like me to....

CLEM

Nah, you've had enough adventure  
for one day. Dolores and I can get  
it.

Dolores and Clem lift the trunk and carry it toward the  
house.

CLEM (CONT'D)

Hope you're hungry, Dolores has  
been cooking all day.

**INT. CLEM'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT**

Beatrice suspiciously surveys the table heaped with pots  
of beans, plates of tortillas and enchiladas, bowls of  
*chile* and *posole*.

CLEM

Here, have some *posole*.

BEATRICE

(dubious)  
I'm not sure I'm hungry.

CLEM

No?

She heaps some food onto Beatrice's plate. Beatrice  
cautiously takes one bite, then another and finally eats  
with gusto. Clem smiles approvingly.

**LATER**

Their plates are empty. Clem stands and starts to clear  
the dirty dishes.

CLEM (CONT'D)

Now's our job.

BEATRICE

(looks around)  
Where's....

CLEM

Delores has her own family to  
feed. She leaves soon as she  
finishes cooking.

Clem disappears into the kitchen with a few dirty dishes.  
Beatrice remains frozen in her seat, unsure what to do.

**INT. CLEMS HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Clem belts out an old-fashioned tune as she soaps the dishes. She glances at the door....

**INT. CLEMS HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT**

Clem's TUNE can be heard from the kitchen. Beatrice takes a deep breath, stands, picks up her dirty plate and marches into the kitchen.

**INT. CLEM'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

A smile crooks the corner of Clem's mouth as Beatrice enters with her dirty plate. Clem points to a space next to the sink.

CLEM

Set'er down there.

Beatrice deposits her plate as directed. Clem reaches for a dish towel and tosses it at the girl.

CLEM (CONT'D)

Ever dry dishes?

Beatrice shakes her head.

BEATRICE

I'm afraid not.

CLEM

Well, give it a try. Who knows, you may like it.

Beatrice picks up a wet plate, dries it, then picks up another.

CLEM (CONT'D)

Hey, you've already got the hang of it. In six months, you'll be an expert.

The dish slip out of Beatrice's hands and crashes on the floor.

BEATRICE

Six months! Don't say that! Mother says I'll be home by Christmas. At the latest.

Clem kneels to pick up pieces, then rises and tosses them in the trash. Her face softens.

CLEM

For your sake - and all the world  
- I hope your mom's right.

**INT. CLEM'S HOUSE - BEATRICE'S ROOM - NIGHT**

The big trunk sits in the middle of this small white-walled room with ceiling beams and blue shutters on the window.

Beatrice wears a long flannel nightgown. She sits in the middle of the bed with her hands wrapped around her knees, unsure.

A KNOCK on the door, then it cracks open.

CLEM (O.S.)

Mind if I come in?

BEATRICE

Of course not.

Clem enters and looks around.

CLEM

Guess it's not as fancy as you're used to.

Beatrice steels herself.

BEATRICE

It's fine, Miss Pope.

CLEM

Miss Pope? Haven't heard that for a spell. People 'round here call me Clem. You mind?

BEATRICE

I-I suppose not, Miss...Clem.

CLEM

And Beatrice is sure a mouthful, how 'bout just plain Bea?

BEATRICE

(doubtful)  
Just plain Bea?

CLEM

Think about it.

She turns to leave, then doubles back.

CLEM (CONT'D)

Funny, but I expected them to send me a poor child with hardly any clothes on her back. Then you arrive, with that big trunk.

BEATRICE

A child with hardly any clothes?

CLEM

That's what I figured.

She turns again to leave. Beatrice pipes up.

BEATRICE

I saw children like that. On the ship. Very sad.

CLEM

(nods gravely)  
Very sad. Good night, Beatrice.

BEATRICE

Goodnight Miss...I mean Clem.

Clem's almost out the door when Beatrice rushes over to her, bursts out.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

You're not disappointed, are you?

Clem turns.

CLEM

Disappointed?

BEATRICE

That I'm *not* a poor child with hardly any clothes?

Clem looks at Beatrice squarely.

CLEM

Certainly not. Every kid deserves to be safe. Every kid in the world. I just wasn't expecting a little princess.

Her words startle Beatrice.

BEATRICE

A little princess?

CLEM

It's just a figure of speech.

A beat.

BEATRICE  
You may call me Bea.

Clem nods.

CLEM  
Good night, Bea.

The door closes and Beatrice climbs in the bed.

BEATRICE  
A princess, a little princess. How  
absurd!

She picks up a photograph of her family on the bedside  
table.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)  
I never was a princess. Never.  
Princesses are pretty.

C.U. on image of her mother. Then C.U. of Nigel's face...

BEATRICE (CONT'D)  
And smart.

C.U. of Willy.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)  
And brave.

She kisses the photo, then returns it to the bedside  
table and curls up under the quilt.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)  
Pretty and smart and brave....

**INT. CLEMS HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY**

Beatrice enters the kitchen. Dolores stands next to the  
old-fashioned wood stove, frying eggs in a black skillet.

BEATRICE  
(hesitant)  
Good morning.

DOLORES  
Buenos Dios. Good morning.

BEATRICE  
Thank goodness you speak English.

DOLORES

I speak Spanish in my home and  
English in Signora Clem's home.

BEATRICE

Where is Miss Pope, I mean Clem?

Dolores spoons some scrambled egg into a tortilla, rolls  
it up and hands the neat little burrito to Beatrice.

DOLORES

Signora Clem leaves very early.  
She has lots to do. Always a lot  
sick people to care for.

BEATRICE

So she's gone already?

DOLORES

Don't worry. She says you're all  
signed up for school.

BEATRICE

School?

Delores' son ESTEBAN {12} walks in. He's handsome, wiry,  
a bit edgy. He's neatly dressed with his white shirt  
tucked in and his dark hair neatly combed.

DOLORES

And Esteban will show you the way.

Startled by the handsome boy, Beatrice blushes and drops  
her rolled-up tortilla. Both kids lean over and reach for  
it, bumping heads.

Esteban's a bit quicker. He retrieves the burrito and  
hands it to Beatrice. The two exchange glances.

ESTEBAN

Yeah, school -- don't they have  
schools where you come from?

BEATRICE

Of course they do. Very fine  
schools. I just didn't expect to  
be here long enough to attend  
school.

ESTEBAN

Durn, you think the war's gonna  
end so soon? I was hoping to join  
up.

DOLORES

Esteban!

ESTEBAN

Sorry, Mom.

Frowning, his mother hands him an egg burrito.

**EXT. SANTA FE STREET - DAY**

Esteban and Beatrice walk with the width of the sidewalk between them.

ESTEBAN

Hey, I didn't mean to give you such a hard time.

BEATRICE

Oh no?

ESTEBAN

You Brits are pretty impressive.

BEATRICE

(tart)  
What do you know of 'us Brits'?

ESTEBAN

Those spitfires, they're blasting those Nazis outta' the air.  
(imitates gunfire)  
Bam, bam, bam.

BEATRICE

(proud)  
British soldiers are tops.

ESTEBAN

You think? Wait til you see the American Marines in action!

She halts and faces him.

BEATRICE

I hope to see the American Marines in action. Soon. And the United States Army and Navy. They're all needed, you know, to defeat those horrid Nazis.

ESTEBAN

Yeah, well, I sure hope I get my turn.

They go a few more steps together, then Esteban halts. The two are across the street from.....

**EXT. SANTA FE MIDDLE SCHOOL - SCHOOL YARD - DAY**

DOZENS of 7TH & 8TH GRADERS play boisterously. Esteban stands next to Beatrice who eyes the schoolyard nervously.

ESTEBAN

Guess you make it from here on your own, huh?

BEATRICE

Must I?

ESTEBAN

Well, it might be...a little awkward if, if...

He jerks his head towards the schoolyard where a number of boys are pitching a football.

BEATRICE

Oh, I see. You don't want your pals to observe you socializing with a --

ESTEBAN

Thanks. You got it.

He starts to take off toward the schoolyard, then pauses.

ESTEBAN (CONT'D)

Oh yeah, at school they call me Steve. Not Esteban, just Steve. Okay?

BEATRICE

Oh-kay...Steve.

He dashes across the street over to join his friends. Beatrice gazes across the street at the kids without taking a step -- until suddenly a plump, freckled, red-haired girl ARABELLA {12} crosses over.

ARABELLA

Hey, I bet I know who you are! We heard you were coming! I couldn't wait! Want me to show you your class? You're in Miss Montoya's room, like me.

BEATRICE

If you don't mind. That would be rather helpful.

ARABELLA

(grins)  
Rawtha? Rawtha helpful.

(MORE)

ARABELLA (CONT'D)

(laughs)

Oh my gosh, you're so...so  
*British!*

Arabella leads Beatrice toward the school, CHATTERING non-stop. They pass Esteban (Steve) who's playing football with a crowd of boys.

He pauses to observe the two and the football hits him square in the chest.

Annoyed, Esteban picks up the balls and hurls it back at the friend.

**INT. SANTA FE SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY**

The classroom noisily fills up with STUDENTS, 11-12 YEARS OLD, MOSTLY HISPANIC, a HANDFUL OF WHITE KIDS and ONE BLACK CHILD. Arabella sits next to Beatrice.

A tall, blond, conceited boy, DONALD RIGGSBEE {12} sits on the first row. Esteban sits with his pals on the back row.

MISS MONTOYA, a pretty young {25} Hispanic teacher, greets everyone with a smile.

ARABELLA

That's Miss Montoya our teacher.

BEATRICE

But she's so pretty and young.

ARABELLA

Weren't English teachers young and pretty?

BEATRICE

Oh my goodness, no. They were all old and crotchety. Remember Dickens?

The two girls giggle as Mrs. Montoya tries to gain the attention of the room.

MRS. MONTOYA

Excuse me, class. We have a new pupil who's traveled a long way to be with us.

The whole class turns and stares at Beatrice who freezes.

MRS. MONTOYA (CONT'D)

Why don't you stand up and introduce yourself, Beatrice.

Beatrice reluctantly stands.

BEATRICE  
I'm Beatrice Agatha Sims.

One or two boys SNICKER. Beatrice glares at them, then sticks up her nose and tries to impress the class.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)  
My ancestors date back to William the Conqueror.

DONALD  
Did you hear that, guys? She's related to William the Conk-head.

Students GIGGLE. Beatrice tries to ignore them, speaks a bit louder.

BEATRICE  
And another ancestor was vice-chancellor to King James II.

DONALD  
La-di-da...vice-chancellor to King Jimmie.

MRS. MONTOYA  
Now, now, class, this is no way to treat a new student.

The LAUGHTER DIES DOWN. Indignant, Beatrice plops down in her seat.

BEATRICE  
(to Arabella)  
Did you hear that? They don't give a fig who I am!

ARABELLA  
Heck no, this is America. We don't have kings.

BEATRICE  
But, does that mean I'm *nobody*?

Arabella shrugs, then leans closer.

ARABELLA  
I guess. Or it could mean you can be anyone -- anyone you wanna be!

BEATRICE  
(murmurs to herself)  
*Anyone? Anyone I want to be?*

She considers this completely novel idea until --

MRS. MONTOYA  
Beatrice, please tell us where  
you're from.

BEATRICE  
(snaps to attention)  
London. London, England.

Mrs. Montoya looks around the room.

MRS. MONTOYA  
So class, who knows where that is?

A few HANDS RAISE tentatively. Donald stands, his lip  
curls scornfully, as he glances around.

DONALD  
Cretins. I'll tell you where  
England is.

He strides to the front of the classroom, jerks down a  
large multi-colored map of Europe. Then he puts his  
finger on the isle of England.

DONALD (CONT'D)  
See, that's England.  
(turns to class)  
And you know what? Right now, it's  
getting the living bejesuz beat  
out of it by this country -  
Germany!

His finger moves to a big blob in the center of Europe.  
Shocked, Beatrice jumps up.

BEATRICE  
How dare you! Yes, we're getting  
bombed. But we're giving as good  
as we get.

ESTEBAN  
Heck yeah, those British  
spitfires!  
(imitates gun)  
Bam, bam, bam!

DONALD  
Think what you want. My dad says  
England's getting hammered back to  
the Dark Ages.

BEATRICE  
What a horrid, horrid thing to  
say!

The classroom BUZZES.

MRS. MONTOYA  
Class, class, please.

DONALD  
Those lousy Brits want us red-  
blooded Americans to save 'em!  
When it's not even our fight!

MRS. MONTOYA  
Donald, sit down this second and  
let Beatrice speak. She's been  
there, she knows what's happening.

Beatrice steels herself and walks to the front and puts  
her finger on Germany. Students lean forward attentively.

BEATRICE  
You live so far away, you may not  
know. But Germany is ruled by a  
dreadful dictator.

A dark-haired, brown-eyed (Jewish) STUDENT speaks up.

CHILD  
Adolf Hitler.

Beatrice points to each country.

BEATRICE  
And his Nazi soldiers have marched  
into Poland, Czechoslovakia,  
Denmark, Belgium, France. And  
taken them over. None are free any  
more.

Finally, her finger moves to Great Britain.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)  
Only England, our dear brave  
little country, is standing up to  
the Nazi threat.

There's a hush in the room.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)  
And if we fail, then, then....

**BEGIN FLASHBACK:**

**INT. LONDON UNDERGROUND BOMB SHELTER - NIGHT**

Beatrice and her family huddle together beneath the  
streets of London in a underground train station turned  
bomb shelter. Thirty other LONDONERS share the cramped  
space.

They cringe as they hear the terrifying WHISTLE of a bomb hurtling to the ground. Then a second, LOUDER EXPLOSION! Everyone to CLINGS tighter to one another.

Beatrice hugs Alfie in her lap.

**END OF FLASHBACK.**

**INT. CLASSROOM - DAY**

Beatrice stands frozen at the blackboard, too upset to continue. Mrs. Montoya lightly touches her shoulder.

MRS. MONTOYA  
You may sit down, dear.

Beatrice stumbles back to her desk and sinks down, tears wet her cheeks.

MRS. MONTOYA (CONT'D)  
We are all praying for your  
country, *hita*.

Arabella reaches over and squeezes Beatrice's hand.

**INT. CLASSROOM - DAY**

The class sits at their desks, writing.

The BELL RINGS and Arabella jumps up.

ARABELLA  
Lunch-time! Follow me.

Beatrice follows her new friend out of the classroom.

**INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA - CONTINUOUS**

Beatrice gazes at a stack of trays, clueless. Arabella grabs one for her.

And points out the array of salads, fruits, bowls of jello - green, yellow, red.

ARABELLA  
Choose anything, okay?

Beatrice stares at the Jello.

BEATRICE  
What's that?

ARABELLA

You've never had -- oh my  
goodness, it's your lucky day.

Arabella loads up Beatrice's tray with all three colors.

The COOK dishes out a plate of the DAILY SPECIAL and  
hands it to Beatrice.

BEATRICE

May I please have a cup of tea?

Standing in the line behind her, Donald Riggsbee  
snickers.

DONALD

(mocking)  
"Oh, may I have cup of tea,  
please."

(to Beatrice)  
Kids don't drink tea. Don't you  
know - it stunts your growth.

Beatrice stands erect - she's as tall as Donald.

BEATRICE

Doesn't appear to have stunted  
*mine!*

The two eye one another angrily, then Beatrice proceeds  
down the line. She pauses, however, when she reaches end.

ARABELLA

Hey, grab your tray and follow me.

Beatrice unsteadily grips her tray and follows Arabella.  
Donald purposely bumps Beatrice from behind with his  
tray. Beatrice lists forward, her tray tips and the jello  
flies off. SPLAT! Quivering cubes hit the floor.

ARABELLA (CONT'D)

Uh-oh.

STUDENTS at tables around the cafeteria turn, eye the  
calamity, then smirk and GIGGLE to one another.

Beatrice watches, mortified as Arabella kneels to clean  
up the mess.

ARABELLA (CONT'D)

Oh well, you know what Scarlett  
says:

(Southern accent)  
*Tomorrow is another day.*

**EXT. SCHOOL BUILDING - DAY**

Students spill out of the entrance, Arabella and Beatrice among them.

**EXT. SANTA FE PLAZA - DAY**

Arabella and Beatrice walk around the lively scene: Tall trees, park benches, MOTHERS WITH STROLLERS and TODDLERS. An OLD HISPANIC MAN accompanies a DONKEY piled high with firewood; a BOHEMIAN ARTIST composes a painting...

BEATRICE

Why, it's rather like a park in London....

A NEWSBOY hawks papers on the street corner.

NEWSBOY

Extra, extra! German submarine sinks British ship west of Ireland. Thirty-six Brits dead. Read about it!! Read all about it!!

Beatrice's face falls.

BEATRICE

...before the bombing started in July.

Arabella gazes sympathetically at her new friend.

ARABELLA

Four months of bombing.

The girls pass several HISPANIC GENTS on a bench engaged in a lively discussion in Spanish.

BEATRICE

Does everyone here speak Spanish?

ARABELLA

Not everyone.  
(to Beatrice)  
Look out!

She points to a pile of donkey dung Beatrice manages to avoid at last second.

ARABELLA (CONT'D)

Here's the scoop.

She points across the Plaza to the PALACE OF THE GOVERNORS - a long low adobe building on the edge of the Plaza.

ARABELLA (CONT'D)

That's the Palace of the  
Governors.

BEATRICE

Like Buckingham Palace?

ARABELLA

Are you nuts? It was a Spanish  
fort until the Indians got mad and  
kicked 'em out. A few years later  
the Spanish took it back. Then, we  
showed up - the Americans. Got it?

BEATRICE

So where are the Indians now?

ARABELLA

There.

Arabella points to a row of a dozen or more PUEBLO  
INDIANS OF DIFFERENT AGES. They sit under the portal of  
the Palace of the Governors. Their wares of pottery,  
jewelry, rugs, etc. are spread on blankets in front of  
them. Beatrice gapes.

BEATRICE

Those are real live Indians?

ARABELLA

Yep.

BEATRICE

But they look so peaceful.

ARABELLA

What'd you expect? Feathers and  
war paint?

Beatrice peers closer. Among the vendors, she spies the  
tall WARRIOR she saw on the train. Though now he's  
dressed as a Pueblo Indian in simple long pants and a  
shirt. The warrior seems to catch sight of her and stares  
back.

Beatrice gasps, steps back.

BEATRICE

My goodness!

ARABELLA

Wanna meet one?

BEATRICE

Oh, no, no! I mean not today.

She reaches in her pocket for a little red notebook and starts to scribble.

ARABELLA

What's that?

BEATRICE

Father gave it to me. To write down everything new and different I see -- to tell him when I return.

ARABELLA

You must have a nice father.

BEATRICE

Very. Isn't yours?

Arabella loses a bit of her shine.

ARABELLA

Actually, I've never met him. Though he's a fine tenor, I've heard.

BEATRICE

A fine tenor?

ARABELLA

Mom's an opera singer. She lives in New York. Or wherever she can get a job. And my dad...well, they sang together, once.

BEATRICE

Oh.

Arabella brightens.

ARABELLA

So how 'bout a malted?

BEATRICE

A what?

ARABELLA

Ooh, just you wait.

Arabella leads the two to Zook's Pharmacy on the corner.

They pause to gape at a movie poster of GONE WITH THE WIND: Vivian Leigh swoons in the arms of Clark Gable.

ARABELLA

Oh my God, he's so gorgeous!

She grasps her hands to her chest.

ARABELLA (CONT'D)  
Rhett, my darling Rhett...

Beatrice repeats the gesture.

BEATRICE  
Rhett, darling Rhett...

GIGGLING, the girls pass a STORE filled with Western gear - clothes, saddles, etc. Beatrice pauses to ogle a beautiful pair of red and black cowboy boots.

Outside the PHARMACY a BOY kneels at the foot of a stout, WELL-DRESSED MAN -- he shines the man's shoes.

Beatrice stares. *Is it Esteban?* The boy looks like him but now his shirt is pulled out from his jeans and his hair's uncombed.

The boy looks up, it is Esteban! He sees Beatrice -- winks. Her eyes widen, amazed.

Then frowning a bit, she follows Arabella into the pharmacy.

**INT. SODA SHOP - DAY**

Seated at the counter, the two girls sip thick milk shakes. Arabella chatters.

ARABELLA  
I don't think any of the boys in our class this year are cute. 'Course I've known them forever. I mean, since first grade. If only you'd been a boy...  
(apologetic)  
Oh, I don't mean that but....

BEATRICE  
I can guess what you mean.

Beatrice draws deeply on the straw before speaking....

BEATRICE (CONT'D)  
You know I just saw Esteban.

ARABELLA  
He is kind-of cute, don't you think?

BEATRICE  
But he was, he was-

ARABELLA  
What?

BEATRICE

Never mind.

She returns to her milkshake.

**INT. CLEMS HOUSE - DAY**

Seated in the living room, Beatrice sits gazing at a letter as Clem enters, removes her coat and picks up a stack of mail.

CLEM

So, Bea, how are you? Get some mail?

BEATRICE

Oh yes, a letter from Willy.  
(picks it up)

CLEM

How's he doing?

Beatrice gazes at the letter.

BEATRICE

Just last week they rushed into a building on the point of collapse and saved an elderly lady.

CLEM

Good for him.

BEATRICE

And rescued two Siamese cats and green parrot.

CLEM

He's a real champ, your brother.

Beatrice looks down at the letter, face sober.

BEATRICE

Willy says when people have lost nearly everything, their pets are especially dear.

Clem nods, sympathetic.

CLEM

I bet. And school--how'd that go?

Beatrice pauses.

BEATRICE

It was *oh-kay*. Arabella showed me the Plaza.

CLEM

Arabella? Diego Johnson's niece.  
Glad you made a friend.

BEATRICE

Yes.

CLEM

Bet you miss your friends from  
England.

BEATRICE

Well, uh, I didn't have too many.

CLEM

Perhaps here you'll have more.

Clem sorts the mail, chooses a magazine and sits in an armchair near the fireplace to read. Beatrice resumes letter-writing.

CLEM (CONT'D)

Like Arabella -- a sweet girl.  
Just doesn't always use the brains  
she's got.

BEATRICE

Then you believe women should be  
smart?

CLEM

Of course, don't you?

Beatrice pauses writing, rests her cheek on her hand, eyes drift.

**BEGIN FLASHBACK:**

**INT. BEATRICE'S TOWNHOME - LIBRARY - DAY**

Curled up in an armchair, Beatrice reads. Her mother enters and slides her pointer finger across the mantelpiece, looking for dust.

On the table next to Beatrice, she turns on a lamp.

ELEANOR

Careful, Beatrice, or you'll need  
glasses.

BEATRICE

Father wears glasses.

ELEANOR

Of course, he does. But you  
mustn't forget, darling - *looks*  
are a girl's most important asset.

Beatrice closes the book with her thumb as a bookmark,  
and watches her mother sashay out the door.

**END OF FLASHBACK.**

**INT. CLEMS HOUSE - DAY**

Clem sits studying a magazine. Beatrice remains mid-  
sentence with pen poised above writing.

CLEM

Any woman worth her salt has to be  
able to think straight. God knows  
I've had to plenty of times.

BEATRICE

And you always figured out just  
what to do?

CLEM

Sometimes you don't have a choice.

Beatrice returns to her letter-writing a second, then  
pauses again.

BEATRICE

I saw Esteban today on the Plaza.

CLEM

He's a good kid.

BEATRICE

(wrinkles nose)  
But he was...*shining shoes*.

Clem looks up.

CLEM

Esteban comes from a big family.  
That's his way to contribute.

Beatrice looks worried, her chin resting on her fist.

CLEM (CONT'D)

Surely, Bea, you saw lots of  
shoeshine boys in London?

BEATRICE

Of course, lots. I just never,  
never imagined...

CLEM  
What?

BEATRICE  
I'd know one, *personally*. A  
shoeshine boy, I mean--

CLEM  
Well, now you do.  
(beat)  
That isn't a problem, is it?

BEATRICE  
What?

CLEM  
Having a friend...who's a  
shoeshine boy?

BEATRICE  
No, of course not.

Clem looks up, smiles.

CLEM  
I didn't think so.

A LOUD RING from the telephone in the hall. Clem glances  
at her watch, then goes to get it.

CLEM (CONT'D)  
Excuse me.

She disappears into the hallway. When she returns, she's  
putting on her coat.

CLEM (CONT'D)  
Sorry. A very sick boy was just  
admitted to the Indian Hospital.

BEATRICE  
So you're going to care for him?

CLEM  
That my job.

She grabs her nursing satchel. Beatrice jumps up.

BEATRICE  
May I go?

Clem's reached the door.

CLEM  
Why? Why would you--

BEATRICE  
I'd like to see what you do.

CLEM  
It's late. I don't think it's a  
good-

BEATRICE  
Please.

**INT. SANTA FE INDIAN HOSPITAL - ENTRANCE - NIGHT**

Clem introduced Beatrice to ANA {15} a sharp young Native girl.

CLEM  
This is Ana. She attends the  
Indian School. But she's also my  
assistant at the hospital. She's  
my eyes and ears when I'm not  
here.

Beatrice eyes Ana, impressed.

CLEM (CONT'D)  
And Beatrice here is my guest. For  
the time being.

Ana coolly assesses Beatrice.

**INT. SANTA FE INDIAN HOSPITAL - MEN'S WARD - NIGHT**

Ana leads Clem down the row of beds filled with Native American men of different ages. They talk to one another in low voices. Beatrice follows.

They stop at a bed. A NAVAJO COUPLE - a tall broad-shouldered man and his thin, dark-skinned wife - watch their skinny feverish eight-year-old SON thrash wildly in the bed.

Clem quickly goes to work.

CLEM  
He needs serum.

ANA  
I've got some ready.

Ana hands her a hypodermic.

CLEM  
(glances up)  
Hold him tight while I give the  
injection. I don't want the needle  
breaking in his arm.

The BOY'S FATHER grasps the boy's shoulders while Ana holds his legs down, his MOTHER clings tightly to her son's hand.

Beatrice watches, fascinated and horrified.

Following the injection, the boy falls limp against the sheets. Clem turns to his parents.

CLEM (CONT'D)  
Travel far?

NAVAJO MAN  
From Shiprock. Wern't no place  
closer to get help.

CLEM  
And do some place to stay tonight?  
I can return in the morning and-

He confers in Navajo language to his wife.

NAVAJO MAN  
We'll stay here.

CLEM  
(nods)  
Of course.

Clem guides the couple away. Ana surveys the patient's bed, the sheets crumpled and twisted.

ANA  
Better change these now.  
(to Beatrice)  
Wanna' help?

BEATRICE  
Me?

She recoils slightly at the sight of the dirty, smelly sheets.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)  
I'd like to, of course.

ANA  
I bet.

BEATRICE  
It's just, it's just I'm afraid I,  
I--

ANA  
Never mind.

She brushes past Beatrice.

BEATRICE  
(lame, to herself)  
I don't know how.

Beatrice watches, her hands hanging at her sides.

**INT. CLEM'S TRUCK - NIGHT**

Clem stares over the steering wheel into the dark night.  
Beatrice bites her lower lip, unsure what to say.

BEATRICE  
Ana is very brave, isn't she?

CLEM  
She's got a lot of gumption, that  
gal.

BEATRICE  
Do you think he'll live?

CLEM  
I hope so. They shouldn't have had  
to travel so far for the serum.  
It's the U.S. government. They're  
stockpiling supplies - just in  
case.

BEATRICE  
Just in case? You mean...just in  
case the United States goes to  
war?

CLEM  
Yep.

BEATRICE  
But what do you think -- will  
America fight *with* England? Or--

CLEM  
Hard to say at this moment. The  
country is divided between those  
who support aiding England and  
those who, who-

BEATRICE

I know. I heard on the train. And at school.

CLEM

It all depends on the election next month. If President Roosevelt is re-elected we'll join the fight on Britain's side.

BEATRICE

And if he doesn't...

Clem doesn't respond. Beatrice turns away and stares out the side window into the dark...

**INT. BEATRICE'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Beatrice lies in her bed, staring up, her hands folded across her chest.

BEATRICE

Dear God, I know you're very busy right now, saving people's lives. But please make the Americans fight on the side of Great Britain. It's so very important. Please.

**EXT. SANTA FE STREET - DAY**

Beatrice and Arabella walk home from school, CHATTING and GIGGLING. Suddenly, Arabella halts.

ARABELLA

Why, we're very close to Uncle Diego's studio.

BEATRICE

Who?

ARABELLA

My uncle. He looks after me while mom's away. Let's visit.

Arabella leads Beatrice along a path between adobe walls through a blue gate and creep up to the window of a large adobe studio.

**EXT. DIEGO'S STUDIO - DAY**

Arabella cautions Beatrice, with a finger to her lips. The girls lean toward the window....

ARABELLA

(whisper)

He hates to be spied on.

And they peek through the blue-shuttered window.

INSIDE THE STUDIO

In a room cluttered with art supplies and other junk they see UNCLE DIEGO, {50}, tall with a slight mustache and thinning hair covered by a French beret. He stands before an easel and flourishes a large paint brush in one hand.

He peers at his model LOLA {35} a luscious dark-haired beauty, scantily clad with an Indian blanket barely covering her voluptuous torso. She lies on a *chaise-longue*.

OUTSIDE THE STUDIO

The girls gape at the sight.

BEATRICE

My goodness! She's *naked*!

INSIDE STUDIO

Hearing her, Diego whirls around. A glob of paint from his brush hits the canvas.

DIEGO

Hells bells! Arabella!!

Furious, he rushes toward the door.

OUTSIDE STUDIO

The two girls try to escape but he catches up and grabs Arabella's arm.

DIEGO (CONT'D)

I've told you again and again not to interrupt me!

The girls halt.

ARABELLA

Sorry, Uncle.

Arabella drops her eyes and toes the ground, then sneaks a wink to Beatrice.

**INT. DIEGO'S STUDIO - DAY**

Lola now wears a flimsy kimono. Diego regards the statuesque beauty proudly.

DIEGO  
Lola, please meet my niece  
Arabella.

Lola languidly stretches out her hand.

LOLA  
(deep South drawl)  
I'm so charmed to meet you gals.

Arabella eyes her cynically.

ARABELLA  
Where did you come from?

LOLA  
A-la-ba-ma.

BEATRICE  
How'd you get here?

LOLA  
Why, it's the funniest thing...I  
was traveling cross the country to  
Hollywood. Got off in Albuquerque  
to powder my nose. Somehow, I jes'  
didn't hear the whistle blow.

DIEGO  
Poor Lola. She didn't even have a  
suitcase.

LOLA  
And only one itzy-bitsy tube of  
lipstick.

ARABELLA  
(to Diego)  
So you brought her to Santa Fe?

DIEGO  
I need a model.

LOLA  
He rescued me. Just like Rhett  
rescued Scarlett.

DIEGO  
Oh, Lola. Me - Rhett?

He beams at Lola, then turns to Beatrice.

DIEGO (CONT'D)  
So I've never seen you before. Who  
are you?

ARABELLA

*Cawn't* you guess? She's the English girl at Clem's house.

DIEGO

Oh yes, of course. Wonderful artists they have in England. Which reminds me - I should be painting!

He chases girls out.

**EXT. DIEGO'S STUDIO - DAY**

Beatrice and Arabella LAUGH as Arabella dramatizes Diego meeting Lola....

ARABELLA

Rhett, darling!

BEATRICE

Scarlett!

They passionately embrace, then fall apart, GIGGLING uncontrollably again.

**INT. SANTA FE SCHOOL - DAY**

Mrs. Montoya puts mathematical sums on the blackboard. Looking out the window, Beatrice watches snow fall.

A BOY bursts in the classroom.

BOY

A bear! A bear's outside! In a tree.

All the students jump up and rush for the door.

MRS. MONTOYA

Children, children!!

**EXT. SCHOOL BUILDING - DAY**

The snow falls as the children cluster around a tall evergreen, gazing up.

BOY

There he is.

ARABELLA

It's just a little bear. Musta' have come down to get something to eat.

Esteban mimes shooting with bow and arrow.

ESTEBAN

I'll shoot it. Make a good bear rug.

Beatrice shoves him.

BEATRICE

Don't you dare!

Donald Riggsbee strolls over.

DONALD

My dad says President Roosevelt is sure to lose the election cause he's siding with the Brits. And most Americans don't want to fight.

BEATRICE

Then they're cowards.

DONALD

Cowards? Are you calling Walt Disney a coward? Or Charlie Lindberg? They're heroes! They just support America first! 'Stead of those foreigners.

Donald turns and starts to walk away.

BEATRICE

Well, I think they're cowards. And you too!

She reaches over and scoops up a snowball, then flings it at Donald. Splat! It hits his ear and he whips around and hurls a snowball back at Beatrice.

Soon all the students are engaged in a giant snowball fight.

MISS MONTOYA

Back inside, kids. You're scaring the bear. Let it leave on its own.

Mrs. Montoya ushers the children back inside. Beatrice trails behind the other students, her eyes downcast.

Esteban notices and joins her.

ESTEBAN

Worried?

Beatrice doesn't respond, her face is glum, her shoulders slump.

ESTEBAN (CONT'D)

But how about those Spitfires.  
Bam, bam-

Pauses, faces him.

BEATRICE

You don't understand, do you? If  
Britain loses, I might never be  
able to go home. *Never.*

She hurries up the steps to the school to hide her tears.

**EXT. JUNIOR HIGH - AFTERNOON**

Students pour out of school including Beatrice and  
Arabella.

ARABELLA

See you later. I gotta cheer up  
Uncle Diego. Lola left.

BEATRICE

Why?

ARABELLA

(shrugs)  
Must have heard the train whistle.

Arabella runs off as Beatrice continues across the  
schoolyard.

Nearby, Esteban pitches a baseball to another student. He  
spies Beatrice walking alone. He hesitates a second, then  
hands his glove to a friend and catches up with her.

BEATRICE

No work today?

ESTEBAN

Too cold, nobody on the Plaza. No  
shoes, no work.

BEATRICE

That's too bad.

ESTEBAN

Nah, now I get to do what I like  
to do.

BEATRICE

What's that?

A smile washes over Esteban's face.

**EXT. OPEN FIELD - DAY**

Beatrice and Esteban reach a field bordered by a sagging barbed wire fence. Esteban gallantly lifts a strand in the barbed wire for Beatrice. She hesitates, then she awkwardly climbs through and he follows.

Several spotted PONIES with thick coats and unbrushed manes graze in the field. Esteban heads toward the ponies with Beatrice right behind.

BEATRICE

Are they yours?

ESTEBAN

No. But I ride them when I get a chance. And nobody's chased me off yet.

A small gnarled apple tree stands in the field near the horses. Esteban fetches two rope halters and reins that hang on the tree.

He hands one to Beatrice.

ESTEBAN (CONT'D)

Ever ride before?

BEATRICE

Of course, I did. At a proper stable with saddles and bridles.

ESTEBAN

Saddles? Who needs lousy saddles?

He picks a wizened old apple off the ground and calls to the ponies.

ESTEBAN (CONT'D)

Diabolo, come here, boy.

The pony ambles over and munches on the apple. Esteban slips the rope bridle over its head. Then he grabs a piece of the mane and swings onto the pony's back.

ESTEBAN (CONT'D)

You take Daisy, she's a sweetheart.

He kicks his pony and gallops down the field. Beatrice finds an apple on the ground. She shyly approaches Daisy with the apple on her outstretched palm.

BEATRICE

Come on, little horsie, come on.

The pony's ears perk up, it steps closer. Beatrice carefully feeds the apple to Daisy, then she grabs a hunk of her hair and tries to pull herself up. Without success. She tries again and then again. Still can't quite manage to do it.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

Rats.

Esteban rides up, still beaming.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

Sorry, I just couldn't manage.

ESTEBAN

That's okay. Next time you will.

He slides off Diabolo, removes the halters and hangs and hangs them up while talking.

ESTEBAN (CONT'D)

Wait til summer. We can ride all day at my grandad's ranch. No fences, just a few coyotes and rattlesnakes.

BEATRICE

Rattlesnakes?

ESTEBAN

Yeah, 'bout this long.

He stretches out his arms and hisses like a rattler. Beatrice steps back, wide-eyed. He laughs.

ESTEBAN (CONT'D)

You wanna see one, don't you?

The two start walking back.

BEATRICE

If I'm here next summer...

ESTEBAN

Don't know, do you?

BEATRICE

I don't. And that's the worst -- not knowing. Not knowing how anyone is. Not knowing if, if....

She frowns. Esteban reaches out and gently touches her arm.

ESTEBAN

Race you back?

He takes off toward the fence. Beatrice hitches up her skirt and follows.

AT THE BARBED WIRE FENCE

They stop, winded. Esteban points to two hills in the distance. Above is the pinkish-lavender glow of the afternoon sun.

ESTEBAN (CONT'D)  
The Indians call those Sun and  
Moon Mountains...know why?

She shakes her head.

ESTEBAN (CONT'D)  
They're sacred.

BEATRICE  
Sacred?

Beatrice gazes with wonder -- the rosy light on the hills seems to dance and shimmer.

ESTEBAN  
Yeah, sacred.

He lifts the barbwire for her to crawl back under the fence. They reach the other side, Beatrice pauses.

BEATRICE  
How do you know what the Indians  
say?

ESTEBAN  
I'm half-Indian myself. Like lots  
of folks around here.

Her mouth drops open.

BEATRICE  
You? You're part Indian?

ESTEBAN  
(grins)  
Sure, why not?

Beatrice still stares, amazed.

**EXT. CLEM'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

As the two reach the gate of Clem's house, Esteban pauses.

ESTEBAN  
You know the kids at school...they  
say stuff about you.

BEATRICE  
What sort of stuff?

ESTEBAN  
You're spoiled, stuck-up.

BEATRICE  
Is that what *you* think?

He shrugs.

ESTEBAN  
Mom says you don't pick up your  
clothes or even make your bed.

BEATRICE  
But that's her job! She's the-

ESTEBAN  
She's got plenty to do. Without  
caring for you.

BEATRICE  
But-

ESTEBAN  
Even my kid sister picks up for  
herself.

BEATRICE  
So you think I'm spoiled, too?

ESTEBAN  
I think you oughta' start making  
your own bed.

A beat. Then Esteban dashes off. She slowly turns and  
heads toward the house.

**INT. CLEMS HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Clem sticks kindling in the wood stove and Dolores mops  
the tile floor. Beatrice enters.

CLEM  
A little late today, huh?

BEATRICE  
I was busy.

Dolores glances over -- spies her clothes, speckled with  
dried grass.

DOLORES  
Busy getting dirty, eh?

Beatrice's face reddens as she walks through the kitchen, her shoes making muddy tracks. Dolores mops up behind her.

BEATRICE  
I'm sorry.

Beatrice sits down on a bench to remove her mud-caked shoes.

DOLORES  
Leave those here, *hija*. I'll  
clean'em *mas tarde*.

Beatrice removes her shoes and sticks them beneath the bench. She stands, then pauses.

BEATRICE  
No, Delores, I'll clean them. *Mas  
tarde*. After I've had a nice hot  
bath.

She hurries out of the room in her stockings. Clem and Delores exchange looks.

MOMENTS LATER

Clem and Dolores are startled by LOUD SCREAMS. Clem rushes toward the sounds.

**INT. CLEM'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Beatrice stands next to the claw-foot tub, wrapped in a thick white towel. She stares into the tub, frozen with fright. Clem dashes in.

CLEM  
What is it? What's wrong?

Beatrice points at the tub. Clem peers in, relaxes.

CLEM (CONT'D)  
A centipede.

She grabs a wad of toilet paper, picks up the centipede and flushes it down the toilet.

BEATRICE  
That was revolting.

CLEM  
Yep. And next time, you'll get rid  
of it yourself.

Beatrice sinks down on edge of the tub.

BEATRICE  
I couldn't possibly.

CLEM  
Why not?

BEATRICE  
Centipedes are ugly -- all those  
little legs.

CLEM  
Uh-huh.

BEATRICE  
And dangerous.

CLEM  
A bit. But seems like you might  
wanna start fendin' for yourself,  
Bea. And this is as good a place  
to start as any. Don't you think?

Clem grins and turns on the faucet. Steaming hot water floods into the tub. Clem pats Beatrice on the shoulder and leaves the girl sitting on edge of tub.

**INT. CLEMS HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY**

Beatrice sits on the bench, diligently cleaning her shoes. Delores cooks on the stove. The door flies open and Arabella bursts in.

ARABELLA  
Guess what -- Uncle Diego is  
having a party. There'll be music,  
dancing, and food!  
(to Delores)  
You'll make tamales, won't you?

Dolores nods. Arabella turns to Beatrice.

ARABELLA (CONT'D)  
Have you got a ball gown?

BEATRICE  
A what?

ARABELLA  
A party dress.

CUT TO:

**INT. BEATRICE'S ROOM - DAY**

Beatrice primps in front of mirror, holding up a dress.

ARABELLA  
You look just like Scarlett  
O'Hara.

BEATRICE  
*Ahh, my darling Rhett....*

Arabella takes her dress and puts it on the ironing board.

ARABELLA  
You sure wanna do this?

BEATRICE  
I'm sure.

Arabella shows Beatrice how to iron. Beatrice takes over.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)  
This isn't difficult at all.

She glides the iron back and forth as Arabella watches attentively.

ARABELLA  
Careful, it's hot.

Beatrice whirls around, leaving the iron on the fabric.

BEATRICE  
I wish --

ARABELLA  
What?

BEATRICE  
I wish I did have a Rhett.

Smoke rises from the dress. Arabella lurches for the iron.

ARABELLA  
Uh-oh!

Arabella lifts the iron, revealing a dark iron-shaped mark.

BEATRICE  
It's ruined!

ARABELLA  
Hope you have another.

Beatrice lifts the burned dress from the ironing board, looks at it, face glum.

BEATRICE

I do.

ARABELLA

You've got a Rhett, too.

BEATRICE

I do not!

ARABELLA

Sure seems like it to me.

She digs in the trunk for another dress.

ARABELLA (CONT'D)

Now -- what can you wear?

**INT. BEATRICE'S BEDROOM - LATER**

Beatrice and Arabella wear their party dresses and shoes. Their hair is curled. Beatrice watches as Arabella applies bright pink lipstick.

BEATRICE

You look lovely!

Arabella sits at a little dressing table in front of the mirror.

ARABELLA

You really think?

BEATRICE

Divine.

Arabella rises and pushes Beatrice onto the seat at the dressing-table.

ARABELLA

Your turn.

BEATRICE

I couldn't possibly.

Arabella sorts through the make-up bag and pulls out a pale pink lipstick.

ARABELLA

Here, try this.

BEATRICE

English girls, my age, don't wear make-up.

(MORE)

BEATRICE (CONT'D)  
Unless, they're -- well, you know.  
My Great-Aunt Augusta would *kill*  
*me!*

ARABELLA  
So, where's Great-Aunt Augusta?

She peers around the room.

ARABELLA (CONT'D)  
I don't see her.

Beatrice takes the tube of pink lipstick and applies it carefully.

BEATRICE  
Like this?

Arabella mocks British style, accent.

ARABELLA  
Oh my goodness, you're gorgeous.

Beatrice playfully elbows her friend, then continues to apply lipstick while she peers in the mirror.

BEATRICE  
Is your mother pretty? I mean *so*  
*pretty*, no one even notices anyone  
else in the room?

ARABELLA  
No. But after two hours work on  
her hair and make-up, she's a  
knock-out. That's almost as good.

Arabella leans in and adds a touch of rouge to each cheek.

ARABELLA (CONT'D)  
And you know what Uncle Diego  
says: Why compare roses to lilies  
or violets to sunflowers? Every  
bloom is gorgeous!

She turns and smiles radiantly at Beatrice. The two are ready to go to the party.

**INT. CLEMS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Clem enters wearing a heavy coat with a scarf wrapped around her neck. The girls are putting on winter coats over their party dresses.

BEATRICE

There you are! Just in time to go with us.

CLEM

'Fraid not, Bea. I'm bushed.

Clem turns aside and COUGHS.

BEATRICE

You're not sick yourself, are you?

CLEM

Just a little bug. I'll sleep it off. You gals have a great time. Kick up your heels.

The two girls go to leave. Clem pulls a letter from her coat pocket.

CLEM (CONT'D)

Oh, Bea, guess you missed this. It was stuck at the bottom of the mailbox.

Beatrice eagerly takes the letter and rips it open.

ARABELLA

From London?

Beatrice nods. Arabella shifts impatiently.

ARABELLA (CONT'D)

Why don't you read it later? When you have more time?

BEATRICE

(considers,reluctant)  
Okay.

She sticks the letter in her coat pocket. The two leave.

#### **EXT. DIEGO'S STUDIO - NIGHT**

A string of bright *farolitos* (candles in paper-bags) light the top of the adobe wall. The two girls near the entrance to the studio. Beatrice's eyes brighten; she GASPS with delight.

She and Arabella join the crowd entering the studio.

**INT. DIEGO'S STUDIO - NIGHT**

The cluttered studio has been totally cleaned up for the party. Arabella quickly runs off to greet friends, leaving Beatrice to wander and observe.

It's a MIXED CROWD - NATIVE AMERICAN, HISPANIC, ANGLOS -- all ages. People are dressed in different outfits -- WHITE WOMEN in long velvet skirts and Navajo jewelry, MOUNTAIN MEN in bearskin jackets. Or in fancy boots, tight Mexican pants and *sombreros*!

A MARIACHI BAND PLAYS in the corner.

Beatrice examines the art on the walls. She sees landscapes painted in all different bright colors and portraits of local characters. A portrait of LOLA hangs in a place of honor with a bouquet of red roses on a little table beneath.

As Beatrice studies the portrait, Uncle Diego joins her.

DIEGO  
What do you think?

BEATRICE  
Lovely.

Diego shakes his head sadly.

DIEGO  
Hope she enjoys Hollywood.

Beatrice indicates one of his landscapes.

BEATRICE  
But these are more lovely. Do you honestly believe mountains can be such bright colors?

DIEGO  
Why not? An artist makes people see things they never saw before.

Diego, drifts away to speak as Beatrice continues to admire the portraits.

In his place, Esteban appears - more handsome than ever - dressed neatly in a white shirt and dark pants with his hair neatly combed. He indicates the paintings.

ESTEBAN  
Like 'em?

BEATRICE  
I do rather.

ESTEBAN

How 'bout the food, tried  
everything?

He leads her across the room.

TO A LONG TABLE

Filled with typical local dishes -- *enchiladas*, *tamales*,  
*posole*. Esteban plucks a tamale from the table, unwraps  
it and hands it to Beatrice.

ESTEBAN (CONT'D)

Here -- these are great.

As he observes, she takes a bite. Her face crinkles in  
pain.

BEATRICE

Oh dear, it's very, very --

She begins fanning her mouth. Esteban laughs. Arabella  
runs up with a glass of water.

ARABELLA

Drink this. You'll feel better.  
(to Esteban)  
You shoulda' warned her.

Beatrice gulps the water.

ESTEBAN

How would I know she was such a  
tenderfoot?

ARABELLA

(to Beatrice)  
Feeling better?

Beatrice nods, then she sees the old cowboy she met at  
the train station. He's wending his way through the crowd  
until he reaches the two girls.

COWBOY

Now whicha' you pretty *señoritas*  
would like to dance with an ole'  
cowpuncher like me?

He holds out his rough paw and Arabella glances at  
Beatrice.

ARABELLA

You don't mind, do you? I never  
turn down a chance to dance.

BEATRICE

Be my guest.

Beatrice watches Arabella and the cowboy spin off. She listens to the lively tunes and taps her foot. Suddenly she turns to where Esteban had been standing.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

Esteban, I don't suppose you might like to, to....

He's disappeared. Instead, she sees Donald Riggsbee saunter towards her.

DONALD

Why, look who's here.  
(mocks calling out)  
*Watch out everybody! The British are coming! The British are coming!*

Beatrice lifts her nose high.

BEATRICE

I must say I'm surprised to see you here, too. I'd expected a better class of person at a party like this.

DONALD

A better class of...of what?!

His face reddens as Esteban reappears with a cup of punch in hand. He offers the punch to Beatrice. She takes it gratefully and drains the contents.

ESTEBAN

You weren't gonna ask her to dance, were you, Donald?

Donald looks flustered.

ESTEBAN (CONT'D)

'Cause I'd planned to.  
(shy, to Beatrice)  
Would you, *uh*, like to dance?

Beatrice curtseys, beaming.

BEATRICE

I'd love to.

She hands the empty punch glass to Donald, then she and Esteban join hands. They two fumble a bit, then join the others circling the room.

ESTEBAN

I didn't expect you to look *uh* to look so pretty.

A smile dances on her lips.

BEATRICE  
Well, I didn't expect you to dance  
so well.

The two move around the room a little awkwardly -- step on each others toes. Apologize. Try again.

Once going around, Beatrice spies Ana, standing in a corner. She's speaking to a tall NATIVE AMERICAN, his back turned to Beatrice. Then he turns around...

Beatrice gasps in horror when she recognizes the WARRIOR from her dream! She stumbles.

ESTEBAN  
Are you okay?

BEATRICE  
I...I...

She looks again -- the Warrior's gone. Only Ana remains. Unlike the other party-goers, Ana's face is serious, worried.

As the music ends, Beatrice and Esteban move toward Ana. He greets Ana but she turns a cool eye on Beatrice.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)  
Hello Ana. Do you remember me?

ANA  
(unfriendly)  
I remember you.

Beatrice tries again.

BEATRICE  
I'm just wondering who was the  
tall man you were talking to.

ANA  
Me? I wasn't talking to anybody.

BEATRICE  
But he was standing right, right-

ANA  
(shrug)  
No idea.

Beatrice frowns, puzzled.

ANA (CONT'D)  
Where's Clem? I've been looking  
for her.

BEATRICE

Sorry, she was too tired to come!

Ana's face clouds with worry.

ESTEBAN

Something wrong at the pueblo?

ANA

Lots of people sick. My granny and others.

ESTEBAN

How'd you hear?

ANA

My cousin Raya's a nurse there. And she needs help. She says it might be diphtheria. I gotta tell Clem.

Beatrice presses forth, eager to help.

BEATRICE

I'll tell her.

Ana's face is doubtful.

ANA

You sure? That something you know how to do.

BEATRICE

I promise. Right away.

Ana shrugs.

ANA

Okay. We'll see.

Beatrice says goodbye to Esteban, then makes her way through the crowd of dancing, drinking folks.

As she fetches her coat and muffler at the door, Beatrice encounters Arabella, pink-faced and winded from dancing, with a cup of punch in one hand and a cookie in the other.

ARABELLA

You're leaving? The party's just begun!

BEATRICE

I'm sorry. I would stay...

She glances around the lively scene with yearning, then dons her coat.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

See you tomorrow.

She rushes out the door.

**INT. CLEMS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Beatrice hurries in without even removing her coat and scarf and calls out.

BEATRICE

Clem!

Then she sees Clem asleep in the armchair covered by a blanket.

Beatrice hesitates, then rouses her. Clem COUGHS.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

Clem. So very sorry to disturb you  
but I just saw Ana and, and-

CLEM

Tell me.

Beatrice sits on arm of chair next to Clem and begins....

**INT. CLEMS HOUSE - BEATRICE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Beatrice pulls off her coat and tosses it on the bed. She smiles dreamily as she twirls in front of the mirror.

Then she catches sight of the letter from London -- it sticks out of her coat pocket. She opens it, sinks down on the bed and reads.

**INT. BEATRICE'S TOWNHOME - LIBRARY - DAY**

Beatrice's mother sits at a desk, writing a letter.

ELEANOR (V.O.)

Beatrice, darling, I hate to  
burden you with any bad news. But  
a few days ago....

**INT. LONDON BUILDING - NIGHT**

Willy and other HOME GUARD MEMBERS rush into a smoky townhouse. Just as they manage to shepherd out an old lady gripping a fat Pekinese dog, a wall topples over and Willy's conked on the head...

**INT. SIMS HOUSE - FRONT HALL - NIGHT**

Two Home Guard men carry in a litter bearing Willy, unconscious, his head in a bloody bandage.

Eleanor cringes at the grim sight and collapses into a chair, her hand to her chest.

ELEANOR

Oh my God...

Nigel takes charge and directs the men to carry the litter into another room. Eleanor remains only able to mutter....

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

Oh dear God, dear God.

**INT. SIMS TOWNHOUSE - LIBRARY - NIGHT**

Her mother finishes the letter....

ELEANOR (V.O.)

...it's been such a terrible  
ordeal for all of us, still we're  
hoping and praying for the best.  
And we'll keep you posted.  
Much love, Mother.

**INT. BEATRICE BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Tears roll down Beatrice's cheeks and her hands tremble as she slides the letter back into the envelope. She places the letter next to the photograph of her family on the bedside table. She slumps on the bed, her shoulders shaking as she quietly WEEPS.

CUT TO:

**INT. BEATRICE'S BEDROOM - DAY**

The room is strewn with last night's party clothes. Beatrice is fast asleep, the photograph of her family, clenched to her chest. She's awakened by Clem's voice.

CLEM (O.S.)

Dolores, I'll need a hot thermos  
of coffee and 2-3 sandwiches of  
whatever you've got.

Beatrice groggily crawls out of bed.

**INT. CLEM'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY**

A wintry wind WHISTLES and shakes the window frames.

Clem gulps down black coffee as Beatrice, still in nightclothes, rushes in.

BEATRICE  
You're going? Now?

Clem nods, then COUGHS.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)  
But you're ill.

CLEM  
I'll shake this off in a jiffy.

BEATRICE  
You need help.

CLEM  
(shakes her head)  
There's no one to spare.

BEATRICE  
How about Ana? It's her pueblo. I bet she'd love to go.

CLEM  
Too risky. I doubt she's inoculated for diphtheria. Can't take the chance.

Clem turns to Dolores.

CLEM (CONT'D)  
So I'll swing by the hospital for supplies, then come back by here at, at...

She coughs and studies the clock on the wall: 7:27 a.m..  
Excited, Beatrice interrupts.

BEATRICE  
I'm inoculated. I could go.

CLEM  
You?

BEATRICE  
Father insisted I receive every possible inoculation before traveling.

CLEM

That's 'cause your family wants  
you safe and sound. Not traipsing  
off to the middle of nowhere.

She glances out the window, then turns back to Beatrice.

CLEM (CONT'D)

Not with a storm like this coming  
up.

(to Delores)

I'll be back by eight -- don't  
wanna leave any later.

She gives Beatrice a sympathetic look and heads out the  
back door. Beatrice sinks down on a kitchen chair.

DOLORES

Like some breakfast, *hita*? I'll  
make your favorite.

BEATRICE

I'm not the least bit hungry.

Esteban enters through the back door. He stamps his  
boots, flicks snow off his coat and shivers.

ESTEBAN

Cold as a witch's tit out there.

DOLORES

*Esteban!* Put some wood in the  
stove. I'm busy getting Signora  
Clem ready.

ESTEBAN

She's going some place? Today?

BEATRICE

To Ana's pueblo. *Alone.*

Esteban stuffs a few logs in the wood stove, then moves  
toward Beatrice. Her chin rests on her fist, glum. He  
lightly kicks one of the chair legs.

ESTEBAN

What's wrong with you?  
(mischievous)  
Didn't like the dancing last  
night?

Beatrice pouts.

ESTEBAN (CONT'D)

Really, what's wrong?

He pulls up a chair and straddles it backward.

ESTEBAN (CONT'D)  
Honest, Bea, can't you tell me?

BEATRICE  
I want to go.

ESTEBAN  
Go? Go where?  
(off her look)  
With Clem? To the pueblo?  
(shakes head)  
Nah, bad idea.

She stands, defiant.

BEATRICE  
Why do you say that? You wanted me  
to go to your granddad's ranch  
next summer. Doesn't he live on a  
pueblo?

He stands, too.

ESTEBAN  
Yeah, but you'd be with me. And I  
could show you around. You don't  
know what it's like out there.

He indicates around the room.

ESTEBAN (CONT'D)  
...no ice-box, no 'lectric lights,  
no hot water. You won't like it.

BEATRICE  
You say that because you think I'm  
spoiled, useless. So does Ana. You  
both think I'm, I'm --

ESTEBAN  
I say that 'cause I think you  
oughta' stay right here -- where  
you're warm, safe.  
(to Dolores)  
*Verdad, mamacita?*

Dolores shrugs. He puts his coat back on, anxious.

ESTEBAN (CONT'D)  
I gotta go. We need more wood up  
at our house. But I'll come back.  
No school today, so maybe we can  
play cards or something, huh?

She avoids eye contact; he leaves.

Beatrice sits another moment gazing at the clock. Then she rises, determined.

**INT. KITCHEN - LATER**

Dolores is washing dishes when Beatrice re-enters, fully dressed. She glances impatiently at the wall clock that reads 8:08 a.m.

Clem enters, covered in snow.

BEATRICE  
Clem, I'm going with you!

CLEM  
What?

A beat.

BEATRICE  
You need the help.

CLEM  
Gosh, Bea, I know you mean well  
but your parents want you home  
safe and-

BEATRICE  
No, they don't. I mean of course  
they want me home. But I don't  
want to go home -- not the way I  
am now.

CLEM  
I don't understand.

BEATRICE  
Yes, you do. Everyone - the  
students at school, even Arabella,  
they all know. I can barely do  
anything on my own.

She glances at Dolores who quickly drops her gaze to the dishes in the sink.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)  
And I don't want to be like that,  
not any more!

CLEM  
(sympathetic)  
Honestly, if there wasn't a storm,  
if it wasn't such a long -

BEATRICE

You said I need to learn to fend for myself. How can I? If, if you don't give me a chance?

CLEM

But Bea --

BEATRICE

Please, please.

Clem deliberates for a beat then SIGHS.

CLEM

(to Delores)

Guess we're gonna need a thermos of hot tea, too.

(to Beatrice)

I swear this could be the worse decision I ever make. But hurry, pack you warm clothes. You may need'em.

Beatrice runs out the room, excitedly.

CLEM (CONT'D)

(to Delores)

A few more sandwiches, too.

**EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY**

This is northern New Mexico: mountains stretch along the east. The terrain is open, bare. A stormy grey sky and dust and tumbleweeds blow.

The truck bumps along up the twisty road.

**INT. TRUCK - DAY**

Beatrice gazes out, soaks up the new landscape. Wide open, empty, black ravens soar above. Gusts of wind blow snow lightly across the road.

BEATRICE

It's empty like the moon. But, not ugly -- sort of, sort of *different*.

Clem SNEEZES loudly.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

You sound awful.

CLEM

Doesn't matter how I sound. We  
gotta get there.

Clem grips the steering wheel and studies the road ahead.  
Snow gathers on the windshield.

They drive in silence, then the truck jolts several  
times. Clem struggles to gain control and finally steers  
it to the side of the road.

CLEM (CONT'D)

Damn.

**EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY**

Clem climbs out and inspects the truck, attempting to  
shield herself from the wind.

Beatrice scrambles out and the two stare at the flat.

BEATRICE

Who's going to fix it?

CLEM

Who fixed your car in England when  
it had a flat?

BEATRICE

Henry, our chauffeur. He was  
awfully good at it.

CLEM

I bet.

Clem fetches TOOLS and the SPARE TIRE from the back and  
heads toward the flat. She's halted by a fit of COUGHING.

Beatrice looks from the tools to the truck.

BEATRICE

Show me what to do.

CLEM

Hey, I don't think-

BEATRICE

Just show me.

Clem demonstrates how to use the jack. Beatrice works at  
it steadily until the spare is on.

Beatrice gazes at her accomplishment, triumphant.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)  
Why, that's simply brilliant,  
don't you think?

CLEM  
I doubt Henry could have done any  
better.

The wind buffets them. Clem struggles to open the truck door on the drivers side.

BEATRICE  
You still look awful.

CLEM  
Soon as I get some rest, I'll be  
okay.

Beatrice pauses, thinking, then moves toward truck door on driver's side and touches Clem's arm.

BEATRICE  
Let me.

CLEM  
Let you what?

#### **INT. TRUCK - DAY**

Beatrice sits behind the steering wheel, eyes wide, craning to see over it. Clem's bundled up in the passenger seat ready to doze off.

The truck inches forward.

BEATRICE  
It's moving!

CLEM  
Yep.

BEATRICE  
And you're sure it won't run off  
the road?

CLEM  
I'm not sure of anything. But if  
you steer straight, we should be  
okay.

BEATRICE  
It's a bit hard to see.

CLEM  
Stay smack in the middle of the  
road like I said.

BEATRICE

How I wish Willy could see me now!

CLEM

We'll be lucky if no one sees us!

Clem settles back in the seat, wrapped in a blanket with another blanket rolled up beneath her head.

CLEM (CONT'D)

You come up on something in the road - a donkey, a coyote, a bear - just honk. Honk loud...And keep moving.

BEATRICE

A bear?

A second later, Clem snores while Beatrice tightly grips the wheel, jerkily steers the truck down the narrow dirt road.

Several RAVENS hover around a SMALL ANIMAL CARCASS in the middle the road. Beatrice HISSES at them.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

Please get out of the road.  
Please.

The birds fly off at the last second.

The truck climbs a hillside. At the top, Beatrice surveys the open landscape lightly covered with snow. Then she presses the PEDAL a bit harder. The truck spurts forward, heads for the other side of the road, begins a slide toward a deep ravine off the road.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

Oh, no, no, no.

She freezes in fright as the car heads off the road.

Just as the car's about to catapult into the ravine, it catches on a stunted tree on the side of road. The car halts, one wheel hanging in space.

Clem awakens with a jerk, looks around.

CLEM

Oh sweet Jesus! We're in trouble.

Beatrice, stunned, grips the wheel.

CLEM (CONT'D)

Out, out. Quick. That branch may not hold.

She pushes Beatrice out the driver's side and scrambles after her.

**EXT. DIRT ROAD - DUSK**

Clem inspects the dire situation. The light is fading - there's no habitation in sight.

BEATRICE  
I'm so sorry, so very sorry.

CLEM  
No time for sorry now. We gotta use our heads, right?

BEATRICE  
(nods)  
Right.

Clem ties a thick rope to the front fender and hands the rope to Beatrice.

CLEM  
You're gonna have to pull. Hard.

BEATRICE  
I will.

Clem grips the steering wheel through the car's open door.

CLEM  
Okay. Ready?

Beatrice nods.

CLEM (CONT'D)  
Pull, PULL...

Beatrice pulls as hard as she can, her shoes slip on the ice and she falls back. She clambers back up and pulls. Her gloved hands slip on the rope.

CLEM (CONT'D)  
(looks around)  
We're stuck. But we can't stay here the night. We'll freeze.  
(to Beatrice)  
You gotta pull harder.

BEATRICE  
My hands won't grip the rope. It slips out.

CLEM

Take off your gloves, see if that helps.

Beatrice pulls off her gloves, throws them on the ground. Her hands are pale and soft. She bites her lower lip, grasps the rope tightly and pulls again, giving it her all.

CLEM (CONT'D)

Thata' girl, keep at it. Pull, pull!

The car gains some traction, inch by inch.

CLEM (CONT'D)

By golly, we're moving.

Clem hops in the driver's side as the car edges back onto the road.

Beatrice holds the limp rope in hand, panting and exhausted, her hair messy, her skirt covered with ice and muck.

CLEM (CONT'D)

Quick Beatrice - we gotta keep going.

Beatrice jumps in the passenger side, dazed.

**INT./EXT. TRUCK - DAY**

Clem and Beatrice look worse for wear. Disheveled but smiling.

The sky clears.

CLEM

Durn, if it hasn't stopped snowing.

Beatrice looks out at the clear sky and snow-covered mountains.

BEATRICE

Why, it's...it's quite beautiful. I had no idea.

CLEM

A little shut-eye was all I needed. I'm feeling top-of-the-morn.

Beatrice tries to smile but she's too tired.

**EXT. INDIAN PUEBLO - DUSK**

A BARKING DOG announces their truck's arrival in the pueblo. In the dim light, the pueblo is filled with shadows.

Smoke issues from the CHIMNEYS...the wind hurls sticks and dead leaves. Several curious NATIVE CHILDREN gape. An OLD WOMAN bent under a stack of firewood scuttles past.

A DOG HOWLS forlornly. Beatrice climbs out of the car and shivers. She looks up and sees...

A tall Native man - THE WARRIOR -- wrapped in a white blanket. He stands on top of a KIVA, a round ceremonial building. He CHANTS and quietly beats a drum, watching the sunset.

Then a young Indian woman RAYA {40} hurries out of a white building with a red cross above the door. She hugs Clem, then they SPEAK IN LOW URGENT VOICES and head to the clinic.

Four or five CHILDREN cluster around Beatrice and CHATTER in their Native language.

BEATRICE

Please - don't any of you speak English!?

(enunciates loudly)

English.

Don't...you...speak...English?

The children fall silent. One child has dirty bare feet.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

You poor dear.

She fetches her own bag of supplies and pulls out a pair of thick woolen socks.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

Perhaps, you could borrow these-

The child grabs the socks and runs. The other children look at her, GIGGLE, and run off, too, leaving Beatrice.

She looks at the Kiva but the warrior is gone.

Clem returns to fetch more supplies from the truck. She hands Beatrice some blankets.

CLEM

Ready?

Beatrice nods and the two head toward the clinic.

**INT. INDIAN CLINIC - WARD - NIGHT**

A long room lit only by kerosene lanterns. FIFTEEN PEOPLE lie on cots or pallets on the floor. A few FAMILY MEMBERS cluster around the beds of the ill.

Beatrice halts, taking it in. Clem doesn't notice.

CLEM

Take blankets round to each bed.  
Give them one each.

Beatrice NODS and carries a blanket to a YOUNG INDIAN GIRL who looks at her with big pain-filled eyes, then turns her face away. The GIRL'S MOTHER, at her side, takes the blanket and nods in thanks.

Beatrice moves to the next pallet where a THIN OLD LADY lies curled up under a skimpy cover. Beatrice hesitantly opens up a blanket and lays over her. The lady grips Beatrice's skirt suddenly. Beatrice, stunned, struggles to get away,.

BEATRICE

Please let go. I, I need to, to...

Raya sees her distress and rushes over. She SPEAKS to the old woman in her Native language -- the woman releases of Beatrice's skirt.

However Beatrice panics. She drops the stack of blankets and runs out.

**EXT. PUEBLO - NIGHT**

Beatrice stumbles through the pitch-black, moonless dark attempting to find the truck.

**INT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS**

Huddled inside, Beatrice wraps a blanket tightly around herself. She reaches inside the paper bag and finds a half a sandwich. She eats. Finally, she falls asleep.

**INT. TRUCK - LATER**

Clem opens the truck door which wakes Beatrice. Beatrice blinks, confused.

BEATRICE

What, what...?

CLEM

We've got a place to stay, Bea.  
Come on.

Beatrice groggily climbs out of the truck.

**EXT. INDIAN PUEBLO - NIGHT**

The two head toward a little adobe home. Just as Clem raises her fist to knock, Beatrice touches her arm.

BEATRICE

I didn't mean to be such a sissy.

Clem touches the girl's shoulder with a soft smile.

CLEM

You got us here. That's what counts.

Clem knocks and the door swings open.

**INT. INDIAN HOME - NIGHT**

In the cozy home, Beatrice and Clem spoon up beans from steaming bowls.

Tending the wood stove, a serene plump woman, ALANA, holds a BABY while two small CHILDREN play on the hard-packed earthen floor.

One child toddles up to Beatrice with a radiant smile. Beatrice musters a small smile in return.

**INT. INDIAN HOME - LATER**

Beatrice and Clem are rolled up in blankets on the hard floor - a candle flickers near.

BEATRICE

(loud whisper)  
Did you say this is a *mud* floor?  
Dirt?

CLEM

Packed earth - mixed with a little straw and ox blood.

BEATRICE

Ox blood?

CLEM

Better than some places I've slept. Ever tell you about France?

BEATRICE

France? You were in France?

CLEM

Nineteen seventeen. Red Cross. Volunteered to go. Thought it'd be an adventure. But, oh my God, what a horrible, bloody mess. English boys, American boys. We nurses bedded down in the tents next to the wounded. Talk about mud... Didn't sleep much, just held their hands, hoped for the best. One kid I remember 'specially, from a farm some place in England. Coulda been one of my brothers from Kansas. Sweet guy....

Clem's voice catches.

BEATRICE

Did he, did he...

CLEM

Nope -- he didn't.

(beat)

Which is why this time around, I wanted to help any Brit I could.

BEATRICE

Help? You mean by hosting me?

CLEM

Yep.

Beatrice sits up.

BEATRICE

But, Clem, that's not *real* help. You're a nurse - you should be on the battlefield, tending soldiers.

CLEM

(shakes head)

Not this time, Bea, not again.

Clem rolls over on her side away from Beatrice, pulls her blanket close.

BEATRICE

But young men will die if no one's there to help. Your duty is there, on the battle field! You must see that, don't you, don't you?

Beatrice hears Clem's light SNORING. Upset, she turns away and curls up. She tosses and turns. Finally she falls into a troubled sleep.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)  
(moans half-asleep)  
Oh, Willy...I want to help, I want to...how can I....

**INT. INDIAN HOME - DAY**

Beatrice's eyes flutter open and she spies Alana's daughter. The little girl sits a few feet away smiling at Beatrice.

Beatrice sits up and sees that Clem's blanket lies empty. She scrambles to her feet and tries to make the best of her mussed clothes and messy hair.

Alana hands her a piece of fry-bread.

ALANA  
Clem thought you might like to stay here. You're welcome. We'd enjoy having you.

Beatrice glances at the young children, pauses, tempted.

BEATRICE  
Thanks so much...but, but...

She hurries toward the door.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)  
Really I've got to go.

**INT. INDIAN CLINIC - OFFICE - DAY**

A small room off the ward serves as an office where Clem treats patients.

A line of Native American PATIENTS - all ages - some in Western garb, others traditionally dressed, wait to see Clem. They have a variety of issues: snake-bite, pneumonia, pregnancy.

Clem sits at a table set up with few medical supplies (thermometer, cotton swabs, stethoscope, etc.). Ana translates as the patients meet with Clem.

**SERIES OF SHOTS:**

--Beatrice fetches supplies

--She sweeps the floor

--Raya instructs her on making a bed

--She makes a bed on her own

--She serves soup, a spoonful at a time, to the ill old lady.

**INT. INDIAN CLINIC - WARD - LATER**

Beatrice leans on a broom and watches Clem work. She notices a poster on the door. Raya joins her as Beatrice reads it out-loud:

BEATRICE

*"A warrior is not what you think - someone who fights, kills others. A warrior is one who sacrifices himself for the good of others - the elderly, the defenseless and above all, the children who are the future of humanity...."* from Sitting Bull

Beatrice faces Raya.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

Imagine, a chief saying that.

RAYA

Surprised?

BEATRICE

That's not how warriors behave in the movies.

(glances around)

But then none of this seems like the cinema.

RAYA

Yeah, Indians don't look too good in movies. Always killing people or getting killed.

BEATRICE

I'm awfully glad there wasn't a diphtheria epidemic.

RAYA

(looks around)

Yeah, mostly mumps and chicken pox. Just a lot of it.

(to Beatrice)

You've been a big help.

BEATRICE

Thank you. But now I must admit  
I'd fancy a lovely hot bath.

RAYA

Sounds great.

BEATRICE

Do you think there's any chance  
Clem and I could return --

She's interrupted by a LOUD WAIL from Clem's little office. Raya quickly moves in that direction, with Beatrice right behind.

**INT. INDIAN CLINIC - OFFICE - DAY**

Raya and Beatrice run in the office to see an exhausted YOUNG INDIAN COUPLE with a SICK BABY standing in front of Clem. The young woman looks so ill herself, she might faint. Yet she grips baby tightly and cries out when Clem attempts to remove the child for an examination.

Raya speaks to the couple in their language.

RAYA

For the baby and for your health  
you need to let us tend her for a  
while.

The young woman reluctantly releases the child.

Clem carefully puts the baby down on an examination table and unwraps her blanket.

BEATRICE

(wrinkles her nose)  
Ewwwh. What's that?

CLEM

Dysentery. Kills hundreds of  
babies every year.

With a sober look, she turns to Raya.

CLEM (CONT'D)

Tell them the baby's extremely  
dehydrated. We need to keep her a  
bit longer.

Clem looks at the young woman.

CLEM (CONT'D)

And that mom needs rest or she  
won't make it.

(MORE)

CLEM (CONT'D)  
Find a place, in someone's home if possible, away from infection.

Raya relays the message to the young couple in muffled tones. She and the husband manage to lead the weak young woman away.

Clem carefully cleans the baby, then heaves a big SIGH.

CLEM (CONT'D)  
Least we can do is tidy her up.

BEATRICE  
What do you mean the "*Least we can do...*"?

CLEM  
She's very weak.  
(shakes her head)

Beatrice tenderly strokes the baby's cheek with her finger.

BEATRICE  
You think she may die?

Clem finds a clean towel and begin to wrap the baby up up.

CLEM  
Sometimes, Bea, there's not much-

BEATRICE  
Don't say that! Please! Can't I do something? Now?

Clem considers a long beat.

CLEM  
Honestly, it's a long shot and-

BEATRICE  
Please, let me try?

Clem gazes at Beatrice a moment, then fetches a big bottle of sterile water and pours some into a small bottle with a dropper. Then she looks around, opens a door leading to a tiny, dusty storeroom, not much bigger than a closet.

CLEM  
This'll have to do. And, Bea, really...just do your best.

She turns and leaves.

**INT. INDIAN CLINIC - STOREROOM - DAY**

Beatrice sits on a rickety chair holding the baby in the crook of her arm. On a crate next to her is the bottle and she feeds the baby water, drop by drop....

BEATRICE

There now, open up a bit.

The water dribbles down the child's chin. Beatrice sighs, disappointed, but continues dropperful by dropperful.

She watches the water dribble off the baby's chin.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

You must try, please.

**INT. INDIAN CLINIC - STOREROOM - LATER**

The shadows in the room are longer and Beatrice is weary. But she perseveres. Every time she squeezes the dropper, she peers closely at the baby's face

BEATRICE

I swear a drop went in that time,  
didn't it? A wee, wee drop....

She doggedly keeps at it.

**INT. INDIAN CLINIC - STOREROOM - LATER**

Exhausted, Beatrice sinks deeper into the chair, her head nodding off, her eyelids flutter.

Suddenly, the door opens.

The tall Warrior stands before her. He wears a flannel shirt, belt with a wide silver buckle and blue jeans. His hair is pulled back and tied with a red string, pueblo style. Still, he glares fiercely at Beatrice who spies a tomahawk hanging from his belt.

Beatrice rises in defense and grips the child tightly to her chest.

BEATRICE

Who are you? What are you doing here?

WARRIOR

Me? You're asking me what I'm doing here? This is my land, my home, my people.

He frowns sternly at her.

WARRIOR (CONT'D)

Who are you? What are you doing here?

BEATRICE

Can't you see? I'm...I'm doing my best to...to help this little child.

WARRIOR

You are? Why?

BEATRICE

Because, well, because....

She considers, then straightens her back, lifts her chin and echoes Great-Aunt Augusta's words.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

I mustn't ever shirk my duty -- whatever it is -- I must do my best.

She looks down at the baby and then back at the warrior.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

And my best right now is helping this little baby survive.

He grunts, impressed, then puts out his hands.

WARRIOR

Let me see her.

Beatrice grips the baby tighter.

BEATRICE

No!

His bold face softens.

WARRIOR

I won't hurt her.

Beatrice hesitates, then carefully hands the child over.

The Warrior holds the baby gently gazing at her little face. Then he takes a bit of corn pollen from a leather pouch that hangs around his neck and smudges it on the infant's forehead. He mutters a few words of a Native prayer.

Then, satisfied, he hands her back to Beatrice.

WARRIOR (CONT'D)

Good for you, young warrior.

BEATRICE  
(eyes wide)  
Are you calling me a-a-a....

The infant lets out a TINY WHIMPER.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)  
Oh my goodness -- did you hear  
that?

She plops back down in the chair and reaches for the  
dropper.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)  
Don't worry, dearest, you shall  
have some water this very instant.

She squeezes the dropper and watches as a little water  
goes down the baby's chin and into her mouth.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)  
She swallowed - she did!

As she looks up...

BEATRICE (CONT'D)  
You saw, didn't you?

But the room's empty. The Warrior has disappeared.  
Beatrice muses a beat, then continues to offer water to  
the child.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)  
There you go, easy now, a little  
at a time.

Suddenly the child's eyes open wide and she looks right  
at Beatrice.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)  
Oh my God, you're absolutely  
brilliant! Precious darling!

She kisses the babe on the forehead. The door opens and  
Clem and Raya enter. Beatrice almost shouts.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)  
Look, just look at her!

Clem takes the baby and examines her.

CLEM  
Have you any idea how long you've  
been here?

BEATRICE  
She's fine, isn't she?

CLEM  
She looks good to me.

She hands the baby to Raya who peers closely at the child.

RAYA  
Funny. This looks like corn pollen.  
(to Clem)  
Did you see this before?

Clem shakes her head.

CLEM  
I didn't.

A smile plays on Beatrice's lips.

RAYA  
I think it's time to fetch the parents.

BEATRICE  
Now?

CLEM  
Good idea.

**INT. INDIAN CLINIC - STOREROOM - DAY**

The baby's mother and father rush in. The young Native woman looks rested, strong. Seeing her baby, she exclaims happily and reaches for her.

Beatrice carefully hands over her precious charge.

They embrace the child. The mother turns to Beatrice, eyes bright with tears.

YOUNG MOTHER  
Thank you, thank you.

The couple leaves with the baby. Beatrice's eyes fill with tears and she rushes out.

**EXT. PUEBLO - DAY**

Beatrice dodges several people as she dashes across the pueblo. At the edge of the pueblo, she stumbles upon a lovely stream of clear water.

She collapses next to the stream, sobbing.

Beatrice's tears ebb and she splashes cold water on her red face.

Clem finds her. Beatrice flings her arms around her.

CLEM

We've done about as much as we can on this trip. Let's head home.

**EXT. PUEBLO - DAY**

Clem and Beatrice pack up the truck. PUEBLO INDIANS bring gifts of squash, pumpkins, corn, chiles, eggs. One boy leads up a small lamb.

Beatrice pleads to keep the lamb but Clem shakes her head.

Beatrice and Clem turn to leave

DANCERS in buffalo and deer garb pass. They head in the direction of DRUMMING. Beatrice's eyes widen.

CLEM

They're dancing to celebrate the people getting well.

Clem climbs in the car.

BEATRICE

Can't we watch?

CLEM

Not today. I gotta go home and vote.

BEATRICE

Vote? You mean vote for President Roosevelt?

CLEM

The polls close at eight.

Beatrice scrambles into the vehicle.

BEATRICE

Oh my goodness, let's hurry!

**INT. TRUCK - DAY**

The car leaves the pueblo. Beatrice turns her head for a last look.

BEATRICE

Oh, Clem, now I understand why you don't want to leave.

CLEM

You do?

BEATRICE

There will be nurses who go to the battlefield. Lots of them, I hope. But there are people here -- old people, children, babies....

She turns back around in her seat so she's facing front.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

And you're...you're battling to save their lives. That's the sort of warrior you are.

Clem smiles, nods.

CLEM

And heck, gal, you have a lot more gumption than I thought.

Beatrice sits straighter.

BEATRICE

Me? Really? Gumption?  
(perplexed frown)  
What is gumption?

Clem laughs. Beatrice joins in.

**EXT. SANTA FE FIRE STATION - DAY**

The truck pulls up in front of the fire station.

**INT. TRUCK - DAY**

Beatrice, in the passenger seat, awakes groggy from a deep sleep.

CLEM

Here's where I vote. Be back in a jiffy.

Clem climbs out of the truck. Beatrice nods, still half-asleep. She dozes another few minutes.

When she next opens her eyes, Clem's returned and she's chatting with Uncle Diego and Lola. Beatrice rolls down her window.

BEATRICE

Lola!

Lola waves, leans in the window.

LOLA

Sure wish I could'a cast my ballot  
for President Roosevelt but I'm  
twixt-and-tween. Outa' Alabama but  
not a New Mex resident.

She gazes fondly at Diego.

LOLA (CONT'D)

Not yet that is.

The two turn and leave, loopy grins plastered to their  
faces. Clem climbs in and starts the car.

CLEM

Next stop, dinner.

BEATRICE

Oh yes! And a nice, hot lovely  
bath.

She sinks back into the seat, dreaming.

**INT. CLEMS HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Beatrice blissfully soaks in a hot tub filled with  
bubbles, reading a letter from home. The paper's a bit  
damp from the bubbles and her tears of gladness.

BEATRICE

Oh Willy, thank goodness, you're  
all right. Such a brilliant letter  
-- I love every word.

**INT. SANTA FE SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY**

The students talk excitedly among themselves as Beatrice  
enters, beaming, holding a copy of the *Santa Fe New  
Mexican newspaper* with the headline: "LANDSLIDE FOR  
ROOSEVELT - PRESIDENT ELECTED FOR 3RD TERM".

The kids in the room cheer!

Only Donald Riggsbee sits at his desk, MUTTERING darkly.

DONALD

People in this country are going  
to be sorry. Idiots.

Arabella and several students rush up to Beatrice.

ARABELLA

My gosh, Bea, I heard how brave you were! How you drove the car all by yourself! How you stopped it from hurtling off a cliff! How you saved a baby's life!

Beatrice drops her head, a bit bashful.

BEATRICE

It was nothing special. Anyone could have done it.

ARABELLA

Not anyone. Not me. Not in a thousand years.

She turns to other students.

ARABELLA (CONT'D)

Let's hear it for Beatrice. Our own true Brit. Hip, hip hooray, hip, hip hooray!

Her classmates cheer. Beatrice smiles, then her eyes fall on Esteban who stands at the edge of the group.

She makes her way toward him.

ESTEBAN

Ana said you did good.

BEATRICE

You spoke to her?

ESTEBAN

Yeah. She hopes you visit her some time at the hospital.

BEATRICE

Oh, my goodness.

ESTEBAN

She'll show you how to do stuff.

BEATRICE

Why, that would be lovely.

Esteban shuffles a bit awkwardly.

ESTEBAN

So what'd you think?

BEATRICE

You mean what did I think the pueblo? You wonder if I liked it?

He nods, hands in pockets, glancing around and not meeting her eyes. She prolongs the suspense a bit.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

Lets see, I uh, I...It's a terrific place. With fine people - so kind and generous. Why, I'd go back any time, any time at all.

Esteban grins big.

ESTEBAN

We will - you and me. Next summer!

BEATRICE

But I, I won't be...

She glances down at the newspaper still in her hands. The front page features a photograph of a smoking plane falling out of the sky. She frowns...

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

...be here.

**INT. SANTA FE CLOTHING STORE - DAY**

The store features Santa Fe style clothes. Clem watches Beatrice model new clothes: a pair of blue jeans, a Western shirt and the beautiful pair of red and black cowboy boots she'd admired earlier.

Beatrice looks at her reflection in the mirror, at her "new self". She also glimpses fleeting images of her family - Willy, her mother and father, Great Aunt Augusta...She hears her father's voice in her head.

NIGEL (V.O.)

Dearest Beatrice, The good news is this awful war hasn't destroyed the will of the English people! We're united more strongly than ever. And with President Roosevelt's re-election, there's new hope for us all. The bad news is the war isn't ending soon. And you won't be able to return until it does. But we've heard of the great things you're doing. And we're very, very proud. Especially me, your devoted Father. I always knew, Beatrice, you were *the very best sort of girl*....

Beatrice turns to Clem to show off her new duds.

CLEM

Whatcha' think, cowgirl? A good  
fit, huh?

Beatrice grins.

BEATRICE

Yep.

**EXT. FIELD - DUSK**

Beatrice, dressed in her new Western garb, and Esteban  
race their ponies across the field. The distant mountains  
are bathed in beautiful lavender-rose light.

FADE OUT.