

167 CONTINUED: (2)

They looked at each other there for a moment, Jane and Mister Robert. Then he backed up out of the way.

She went on by him.

CUT TO:

168 EXT. COURTHOUSE - BAYONNE - DAY (1962)

Quentin had parked across the street, opposite the Courthouse. He stayed in his car and watched.

There was a crowd, mostly white. And many, many State and local police.

169 STEPS

Miss Jane got out of Etienne's truck and started up the stairs. There was a MURMUR through the crowd, and a State trooper made a move to stop her, but her look stopped him first. Mary was going to help her climb those steps, but Miss Jane wanted to do it alone.

She walked right up through the tense crowd.

CUT TO:

170 INT. COURTHOUSE - BAYONNE - DAY (1962)

Miss Jane walked straight to the white drinking fountain. Nobody tried to stop her, not Guidry, none of his laws, not even the goon Edgar.

171 FOUNTAIN

Miss Jane drank from the white fountain. A long drink because that climb up those stairs can make you thirsty. She even cupped her hands slightly and drew some water onto her face.

Then she turned back to the crowd, and left without a word.

CUT TO:

172 EXT. COURTHOUSE - BAYONNE - DAY (1962)

Miss Jane walked back down the Courthouse steps.

There were more blacks now, and they had readied a small demonstration march in the street. They'd prepared the back of a horse-drawn wagon for her, where she could sit and look out at the crowd.

(CONTINUED)

172 CONTINUED:

Miss Jane knew she was being used as a symbol. She'd seen them before, many times. But this morning, she didn't mind. They helped her into the cart.

173 STREET

The march began. It was quiet, almost eerily so. Only the CLIPPETY-CLOP of the horse and the TURNING WHEELS of the cart could be heard. No shouting. No cheers. No music. Sheriff Guidry and his laws stayed on the Courthouse steps, watching. Some of the spectators joined in the march, but most stayed on the side.

174 CAR

Quentin sat there and watched as the demonstration moved right by his car. He did not call out to Miss Jane as she passed by in the horse-drawn cart. He even tried to shield his face with his hand. If Miss Jane noticed, she didn't let him know.

Quentin hesitated, but not as long as we might have hoped. He pulled the car away from the curb and down the street, away from the horse-drawn cart.

175 STREET

The last we ever saw of Miss Jane Pittman, she was standing in the back of that cart. Proud.

FADE TO: