



Succubus In The Hood

By J.A. Brown

3X Best Horror Screenplay Award Winner

LOGLINE:

Driven by trauma, an immortal Supreme Succubus, Mary Jane Pittman, fights to save the innocent and punish the guilty in the dark corners of Atlanta.

SYNOPSIS:

Set in the contemporary Newman Projects of Atlanta, "Succubus in the Hood" tells the story of Mary Jane Pittman, a woman cursed to live as a succubus since the slavery era. Born in 1836, Mary Jane carries the burden of her immortality and her need to consume the 'youth aura' of men to maintain her youthful appearance and survive.

Haunted by the tragic death of her father during the slavery era, Mary Jane moves from city to city, using her powers to exact revenge on those she deems wicked, especially men who have committed heinous acts. Her path leads her to the Newman Projects, where she finds a sense of purpose in protecting the community from its very own monsters. However, she maintains a strict moral code, targeting only those she perceives as deserving of her wrath.

Mary Jane's solitary existence takes a turn when she befriends Emma Watson, a 16-year-old girl struggling with her own traumatic experiences in the Projects. Emma's mother, Ruth, battles addiction, and her stepfather, Martin, is abusive. When Mary Jane discovers Martin's intentions towards Emma, her protective instincts intensify. She becomes a guardian figure to Emma, who sees beyond Mary Jane's supernatural façade to the tormented soul beneath.

Succubus in the Hood is a gripping tale of revenge, redemption, and the gray areas of morality, set against the backdrop of urban struggle and supernatural lore.

SUCCUBUS IN THE HOOD

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SUPER:

A Supreme Suc-cu-bus: A formidable and seductive entity rendering those who behold her, utterly helpless to resist her enchanting allure.

FADE IN:

SUPER: NEW ORLEANS 1904

EXT. NEW ORLEANS SHIPPING PORTS - NIGHT

Fog coils around the dark waters of the Mississippi River, in an eerie cloak.

In the distance, the vibrant sounds of New Orleans nightlife blend with the occasional clang of cargo being unloaded at the port.

EXT. NEW ORLEANS SHIPPING PORTS - CONTINUOUS

The bustling dock is a hive of activity, illuminated by sporadic lamplight.

Unnoticed amidst the chaos, three BURLY CAJUN MEN drag a scared, woman (19), African American, into a dimly lit alley. She fights back fiercely, kicking and punching, but they overpower her.

She kicks one in the groin and breaks free. She sprints down the dock, breathless. Desperation fuels her steps, but she stumbles and falls. She scrambles to her feet. One man catches up, grabbing her from behind.

EXT. NEW ORLEANS SHIPPING PORTS - CONTINUOUS

Suddenly, from above, a figure swoops down into the alley.

MARY JANE PITTMAN (26) African, beautiful, and curvy stands. Her hypnotic allure wrapped in a foggy silhouette. She's wearing a long sheer see-through cloak, her large breasts radiantly exposed.

The men release the scared tourist, awestruck by Mary Jane's beauty. Crying, she scurries away and vanishes down the port.

A melodious voice breaks through the mist.

MARY JANE
Are you looking for some fun...,
gentlemen?

THE LEADER of the men, steps forward.

THE LEADER

(grinning)

Who might you be... you're a beauty, aren't you?

MARY JANE

(seductively)

I'm someone who can make all your wildest dreams come true.

The men exchange uncertain glances. Their bravado fading in the presence of Mary Jane's beauty.

Her lips curl into a seductive smile. She takes slow, deliberate steps toward them. Her movements hypnotic.

BURLY MAN #2

We'll give you a night you'll never forget...

The Leader steps forward, casting a shadow over Mary Jane. He grabs her wrists, tight and threatening. He pulls her in close. Mary Jane meets his gaze with a serene smile, her eyes glinting with an otherworldly allure.

The other men close in. They form a circle around her.

THE LEADER

We're going to enjoy this.

He leans in, his lips meeting hers with force. Their kiss is primal, filled with lust and aggression.

Suddenly, her face contorts becoming grotesque and monstrous. Her eyes darken, her body writhes with unnatural grace. Her flawless skin darkens to a sinister hue. Her eyes gleaming with predatory hunger.

The men scream, terrified, yet unable to move. With a chilling hiss, her hands elongate into razor-sharp claws, her true nature revealed. A Supreme Succubus.

The Leader's eyes snap open in terror. He sees Mary Jane's true form. He recoils in horror, clawing at his disintegrating face. He emits a guttural, gargling noise as his body shrivels into a lifeless, wrinkled husk.

The other men watch in horror, their faces pale with fear.

Mary Jane moves swiftly. With a primal scream, she lunges at another man, her grotesque mouth opening wider than humanly possible, instantly consuming his life force. His body also shrivels into a lifeless, wrinkled husk at her feet.

The third man, sheer terror etched on his face, manages to flee. He yells for help, stumbles but regains his composure, running down the empty dock.

He glances over his shoulder, convinced he's escaped, only to see a figure scaling the warehouse walls. The creature moves faster than he's ever seen.

Panic grips him, and he runs faster, his footsteps echoing on the deserted dock. But a grotesque figure emerges in front of him. Mary Jane, her eyes glowing leaps at him. Screams pierce the night as Mary Jane's shadow engulfs him.

As the third man's shriveled body falls, the fog lifts. Slowly, Mary Jane reverts to her original beauty. In the moonlight. She wraps the long sheer cloak around her naked body.

With a final haunting glance, she flies away into the misty night, leaving behind the lifeless remains of the men she ensnared.

MARY JANE
(whispering)
Another night, another feed.

The soft humming of an old slave song is heard. She departs the port.

SUPER: ATLANTA 2023

INT. NEWMAN PROJECTS - APARTMENT 8C - EVENING - PRESENT DAY

A dilapidated apartment. Mold forming in the corner on faded wallpaper, creaking ceiling fans. A TELEVISION broadcasting the news is faintly heard.

A WOMAN, (mid-40s), African American, heavy set with a tired face, attends to her two young boys. She pivots to the television with a concerned look.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
Welcome to Atlanta News at 6:00
p.m., I'm Carol Winston... In
breaking news, we go live to FBI
Headquarters in Atlanta where in a
few minutes, a news conference will
be held. Our own Donald Bremmer is
on the scene, Donald...

The woman raises the volume on the Television.

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - PRESS CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

DONALD BREMMER (mid-40s) Caucasian, seasoned, assertive, a local news reporter with a sharp eye for a story. Looks into the camera.

DONALD BREMMER

Thank you, Carol, the mayor has asked the FBI to take over the case after another body has been found dead in East Atlanta today, making this the seventh death in the city this month...

The FBI logo is prominently displayed behind a podium. Several reporters, and cameras are set up recording the live news conference.

The mood is tense. Whispers circulating among the journalists about the growing number of mysterious deaths across the city.

Walking out from the side of the podium AGENT ELLAH FITZPATRICK (mid-30s) African American, sharp, focused, in a crisp suit, her face etched with professionalism.

AGENT FITZPATRICK

Thank you for being here... As you know..., the recent deaths of 12 men have raised significant concerns across the city. While I cannot discuss specifics at this time..., I want to assure the public that we are working tirelessly to get answers.

She opens the floor for questions.

AGENT FITZPATRICK

I'll take a few questions.

Immediately, hands shoot up. Agent Fitzpatrick gestures toward DONALD BREMMER (40s), African American. He stands, notebook in hand.

DONALD BREMMER

Good evening, Agent Fitzpatrick, Donald Bremmer, Atlanta News at 6. These recent deaths bear a striking resemblance to several cases you've investigated in the past. In other cities including Atlanta... Men, seemingly turning up dead in strange circumstances.

(MORE)

DONALD BREMMER (CONT'D)
Is the FBI considering the
possibility that these murders are
connected?

The room falls silent. Agent Fitzpatrick's expression changes.

AGENT FITZPATRICK
Mr. Bremmer..., as I said..., I
cannot comment on the details of
any ongoing investigation.

Bremmer presses forward, sensing an opening.

DONALD BREMMER
But isn't it true that the
circumstances surrounding these 12
deaths are... unusual? All of the
victims were found with no visible
signs of trauma..., yet their
bodies showed evidence of extreme
physical deterioration. Are you
investigating a serial killer or
some sort of cult involvement?

Agent Fitzpatrick, her face composed, shifts her stance slightly.

AGENT FITZPATRICK
What I can say is that these cases
are under thorough investigation,
and we are exploring all avenues.
There is evidence to suggest
pattern similarities across state
lines..., as you've pointed out.
These deaths though appearing
random may be connected. Our team
is following leads that point to a
broader scope..., beyond just the
local cases.

Murmurs ripple through the room. The reporters exchange glances, scribbling notes furiously.

DONALD BREMMER
Are you suggesting that this could
be the work of a single individual?

AGENT FITZPATRICK
I'm suggesting that we are looking
at all possibilities.
(MORE)

AGENT FITZPATRICK (CONT'D)
Right now..., our priority is to determine the nature of these deaths and bring those responsible to justice.

Bremmer doesn't relent.

DONALD BREMMER
So..., you believe there is someone responsible?

AGENT FITZPATRICK
There's always someone responsible, Mr. Bremmer.

Her tone sharpens, cutting through the tension. She leans forward slightly, her eyes locking with his.

AGENT FITZPATRICK
We're dealing with a complex case. Unusual..., yes. But that doesn't mean we won't find answers. My team is dedicated to ensuring that no stone goes unturned. What I will say is that the public should be aware, cautious, and alert. We are doing everything we can to connect the dots, and we're making progress.

She scans the room, making sure her next words are clear.

AGENT FITZPATRICK
These deaths may span multiple cities..., but we will find whoever or whatever is responsible. That much I can promise you.

The room holds its breath. Fitzpatrick glances toward nearby AGENT SOLOMAN JONES, (mid-30s) African American and gives a brief nod.

AGENT FITZPATRICK
That's all for today.

She steps away from the podium, the weight of her words hanging in the air as the reporters scramble to digest her carefully veiled hints.

Bremmer scribbles one last note, a knowing look on his face.

INT. NEWMAN PROJECTS - APARTMENT 8C - EVENING - CONTINUOUS

The Television volume is lowered. The woman turns to her two boys

WOMAN

(yelling)

I want you both back here when the streetlights come on, ya'hear?

YOUNG SON

But Mama, we're supposed to be playing basketball with Johnny and our friends!

WOMAN

I don't care! They ain't my boys, so you listen to what I say, child!

EXT. NEWMAN PROJECTS - BUILDING 2 - COURTYARD - EVENING

Kids play basketball, nearby, a group of TEENS laugh and chat, and a DRUG DEAL happens discreetly. Graffiti on the walls shows the territory of local gangs.

OLD MAN JENKINS (70), an African American, sits on a porch, watching and overhearing everything.

TEEN 1

You hear about my dude Tre?
Disappeared. Poof! Just like that!

TEEN 2

Man, I heard he was walking home from the trap house when he got took.

INT. JUSTIN'S MEAT MARKET - EVENING

The BELL above the door jingles as customers enter and exit. The place buzzes with gossip.

WOMAN 1

My cousin, Joe saw it the other night, near where one of them boys vanished.

WOMAN 2

Spirits my ass. Shush! You talk too much. And you know how rumors get folks in trouble around here.

EXT. NEWMAN PROJECTS - BUILDING 3 - ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Dimly lit, shadows dance. Two Hispanic SHADY FIGURES approach each other.

SHADY FIGURE 1
You got the stuff?

He hands him several bags of product.

SHADY FIGURE 2
Always... But it's gonna cost you more, Esse. With folks disappearin' round here, business risks are high.

INT. PIZZA BAR - CORNER - NIGHT

A bustling PIZZA BAR. R&B music plays. Many PATRONS, mostly young ADULTS are eating pizza, drinking and discussing the mysterious disappearances.

YOUNG PIZZA BAR PATRON
You think it's one of those gang initiations?

OLDER PIZZA BAR PATRON
Nah, man... I've seen those and this is somethin' else... somethin' evil, bruh... Reminds me of the Atlanta child murders in the 80's, but this shit is worse.

INT. NEWMAN PROJECTS - MARY JANE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Building 4. Apartment 10E. The apartment is modest, furnished with antique furniture. A 1920 VICTROLA RECORD PLAYER and photos from various decades adorn the walls.

Through the bedroom window. The Atlanta skyline shimmer. A shadowy silhouette of Mary Jane Pittman stands in the window. She focuses on a life-sized antique baby doll.

MARY JANE
(to the doll)
This place... hides its secrets well.

Candles illuminate the room. On a coffee table, two SLAVE SHACKLES sit encased. Displayed in a clear large box.

Mary Jane sits by the window. She watches the news on and old BLACK and WHITE T.V. Pictures of 3 dead Atlanta men, adorn the screen.

She turns off the TV. She gazes at an old photograph from the 1860s.

MARY JANE
(whispering)
So many bad souls I had to take,
father.

She touches the old photograph, revealing herself as she appears today, alongside a man from her past. She touches her face, and it slowly transforms.

Her once beautiful teeth become a large row of fangs, her face becomes grotesque. One eye bigger than the other and her body, once beautifully formed, becomes a thing of terror.

MARY JANE
(ghastfully voice,
whispering to herself)
I need to feed...

INT. EMMA WATSON'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The apartment is cluttered and in disrepair. The sound of evening TV mingles with the sizzle of chicken frying.

EMMA WATSON, (16) African American, frail yet beautiful prepares dinner. Her eyes show maturity beyond her years.

In the corner, RUTH WILLIAMSON (40), African American, sits on a worn-out sofa, listlessly staring at the TV, her body twitching, hinting at her addiction.

EMMA
Mom, dinner is ready.

RUTH
(barely acknowledging)
Ok..., just a sec, honey.

Ruth fumbles with a small pill bottle, swallowing a couple of pills with a swig of flat soda.

Emma's stepfather, MARTIN WILLIAMSON (45), African American, husky with a beard, comes in. Suspiciously looking between Emma and her mother.

MARTIN
(sarcastic)
Look..., such a lovely family
scene.

He reaches out, grabbing Emma's wrist roughly, pulling her close.

EMMA
(struggling)
Let me go, Martin!

MARTIN
No kiss for daddy...? You gonna fix
me a plate?

EMMA
(angry)
I said let me go... fix your own
damn plate!

Martin releases Emma with a shove. She stumbles backward, knocking the frying pan off the stove.

EMMA
(angry, teary-eyed,
whispering)
Jesus...! I need some fucking air.

Emma runs toward the front door and leaves.

MARTIN
(mockingly)
Fly away..., like you always do,
little bird.

EXT. NEWMAN PROJECTS - COURTYARD - LATER

Emma sits on a swing, pushing herself slowly. She clutches a small photo locket. She opens it revealing a photo of her deceased father.

Emma hears something; she turns. Silently, reaching from the shadows, Mary Jane, approaches Emma.

EMMA
(startled)
Holy shit, lady...! You scared me!

MARY JANE
I'm sorry I startled you... My name
is Mary Jane.... I live in your
building.

EMMA
You new here?

MARY JANE

I moved in a few weeks ago. I just thought I'd come out and grab a bite to eat... Mind if I sit with you?

EMMA

Nah...

They sit in silence for a moment.

MARY JANE

It's not easy..., is it?

EMMA

What do you mean?

MARY JANE

Fighting him off?

EMMA

(hiding her emotions)
What are you talking about, lady...? You don't know...?

MARY JANE

You're in apartment 9E, right?

Emma refuses to confirm or deny. So, Mary Jane continues.

MARY JANE

It's just... I can hear very, very well young lady.

EMMA

I... I... need to leave.

INT. EMMA WATSON'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Emma sits on her bed, writing in her journal.

EMMA (V.O.)

Today I met someone interesting. A woman named Mary Jane. There was something about her eyes. They were calm..., like she knew all about me. I think she knows something. About what Martin is doing to me...

There's a sudden, loud NOISE from the living room. Emma tensed, the pen stopping in its tracks.

INT. EMMA WATSON'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Ruth is slouched on the sofa, the LAMP broken on the floor. Pills scattered on the coffee table. Martin is visibly angry standing over her.

MARTIN
Did you use half our rent money on
this shit again...!?

RUTH
(slurred)
Leave me alone, Martin.

Martin notices Emma at the doorway.

MARTIN
You spying on us, Emma!?

EMMA
(defiantly)
Leave her the hell alone,
Martin...! I won't let you hurt her
anymore.

Martin takes a threatening step toward Emma.

MARTIN
You think you can stop me, little
lady?

A LOUD KNOCK resonates from the front door.

INT. EMMA WATSON'S APARTMENT - FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Emma quickly opens the door. Mary Jane, smiling, holding a basket of assorted fruits.

MARY JANE
Good evening, Emma. Thought you all
might like some fresh fruit; I
brought a bit too much from the
farmer's market earlier.

Emma, relieved, smiles gratefully.

EMMA
Thank you, Mary Jane.

Mary Jane glances past Emma, her eyes meeting Martin's. Martin looks Mary Jane up and down.

Mary Jane's flawless skin shines. She adjusts her small dress.

MARY JANE

Call me, MJ... Is everything alright...? I heard yelling in the hallway.

MARTIN

Everything is fine...! We don't need any fruit!

MARY JANE

Everyone loves fruit, Martin... It's called being neighborly. Can I come in?

INT. EMMA WATSON'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mary Jane and Emma sit at the kitchen table. She is drinking TEA. Periodically glancing at an unconscious, Ruth.

MARY JANE

(softly)

Emma..., if you ever need a place to go after school..., my door's always open.

EMMA

Thank you, MJ. I just... I just wish things were better here.

MARY JANE

(gently)

Life has a way of changing when you least expect it.

Emma nods.

MARY JANE

Remember what I said, Emma. I'm upstairs right across from you.

Mary Jane takes a final gulp of her tea. Heads toward the door. Her and Martin exchange looks. She departs.

MARTIN

That woman is trouble..., I want you to stay away from her..., do you hear me?

Emma rolls her eyes. She walks into her room. The lock on the doorknob clicks.

INT. NEWMAN PROJECTS - HALLWAY - MORNING

Emma her backpack slung over one shoulder. She's intercepted by a GROUP OF YOUNG BOYS. TYRONE WEATTEN (14) African American, a local troublemaker. Blocks Emma's path.

TYRONE

What's up Emma... Whatcha doing up so early? Where ya going?

Tyrone and his crew laugh. Emma attempts to walk past Tyrone again. He blocks her from proceeding. She puts down her bookbag.

EMMA

(frustrated)

Move..., Tyrone!

TYRONE

Maybe you should kiss me first.

As Tyrone leans in, the lights in the hallway flicker unnaturally. A SHADOWY FIGURE slowly glides up behind them.

Mary Jane stands behind Emma's back. Her eyes are dark and intense.

MARY JANE

Leave... Her... Alone!

The boys scatter in fear, leaving Emma alone with Mary Jane. She reaches out to Emma.

EMMA

How did you do that thing with your voice?

MARY JANE

It's the echo in the hallway, and faulty building wiring.

Mary Jane picks up Emma's bookbag. Hands it to her.

MARY JANE

Were those boys hurting you, Emma?

EMMA

No..., nothing I couldn't handle.

MARY JANE

Come see me later..., I... I want to show you something.

INT. NEWMAN PROJECTS - BUILDING 4 - AFTERNOON

Emma departs the bus. She sees Martin outside smoking. She sneaks into the building. She takes the ELEVATOR to the 10th Floor.

INT. NEWMAN PROJECTS - 10TH FLOOR - AFTERNOON

Emma walks down to apartment 10E. Mary Jane excitedly opens the door.

MARY JANE

Hi Emma, please..., please come in.

INT. NEWMAN PROJECTS - MARY JANE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The door creaks open. Emma steps into a room filled with the tangible echoes of history.

Every artifact speaks of Mary Jane's extensive travels and the depth of her years.

EMMA

Wow...! Your apartment is like a freaking museum.

Mary Jane smiles.

MARY JANE

Yes... Each piece here has its own story.

INT. MARY JANE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

A large clear box displaying old rusty slave shackles. Emma points at the box.

EMMA

Wow..., are those for real!?

MARY JANE

As real as you'll ever see... They belonged to my father.

Emma scans and sees another historic object. Encased in glass, with the words BERLIN WALL.

MARY JANE

Ahh... You have exquisite taste. I love that piece too. You know I was there when the wall fell in 1989. It was a moment of unity...

Emma traces the rough texture of the concrete, feeling the weight of history. She looks on the wall.

She notices, a small, intricately painted piece of the Eiffel Tower's original spiral staircase.

MARY JANE

Paris..., 1983. The city of lights.
I took a piece of it with me. Would
you like to hear some music?

EMMA

Sure.

Mary Jane points to a collection of vinyl records from the 1960's Motown sitting near a vintage record player.

MARY JANE

Motown was more than music; it was
a movement. I danced to these
tunes, felt the pulse of change.

Emma flips through a pile of Mary Jane's first edition record collection. She picks THE SUPREMES. She plays, "Baby Love."

EMMA

(excited)

I love this song... Diana Ross's
voice is fire.

Emma listens intently. Mary Jane points around the room.

MARY JANE

Each item here, Emma... has a story
to tell..., just like every scar we
bear.

Mary Jane points to WALRUS TUSKS from Alaska. A SPEAR from Africa. A BOOMERANG from Australia.

EMMA

Mary Jane..., your family have
lived through so many pivotal
moments. Their life... it's
incredible. And your parents left
you with great memories and
wonderful...

Suddenly, Emma spots a PORTRAIT on the wall of a woman resembling Mary Jane. She looks identical to her present self. She's dressed in early 19th-century attire.

There is a signature on the portrait. The painter is WILLIAM CLARKE WONTNER dated 1904.

EMMA

Wow... MJ..., Is that your Great Grandmother? She looks just like you.

Mary Jane hesitates to speak.

MARY JANE

No, Emma..., that's me. It was drawn in England... in 1904.

Emma laughs.

EMMA

Stop playing, MJ...! That can't be you... That would make you ummm...

Emma locks her eyes on Mary Jane. She counts on her fingers.

MARY JANE

I cannot lie, Emma... I'm forbidden to do so.

Emma, connecting the dots, stares at Mary Jane. Looks back at the portrait, realization dawning.

Mary Jane holds a photo. An old photo of Malcolm, and her father, Edward, taken in 1861.

EMMA

Those shackles..., that portrait..., how you scared off Tyrone... What are you...?

MARY JANE

I'm a very different kind of woman... I've lived a long life... Longer than anyone can ever imagine. That's what I am, Emma.

With curiosity Emma slowly processes Mary Janes words.

EMMA

You can't be in a picture from 1861 and in a portrait from 1904. That's not possible, it's impossible. You look like you're in your 20's. I'm fucking crazy or you're a goddamn liar...

Mary Jane hesitates. She sighs. She walks over to the window.

MARY JANE

So be it, Emma..., but what I'm about to tell you will seem incredibly unbelievable... But you asked me..., and I must tell the truth.

Mary Jane turns. Exhales. She walks toward, Emma.

MARY JANE

(solemn)

I was born in 1836, I was a slave on a plantation in Mississippi. My father, Edward, wore those shackles you see on the table. They were the last thing he had on when... when my master murdered him. On the night of my father's hanging..., I fled into the woods and stumbled upon something I shouldn't have seen. A coven of powerful witches. They were taking part in ritual. They said I was spying on them... And they're the ones who cursed me.

Emma's eyes widen.

MARY JANE

I am what the witches call a Succubus... My appearance..., my age..., frozen in time. I'm immortal... But it comes at a cost. To survive..., I must feed off the youth aura of anyone who desires me.

Emma struggles to process the revelation.

EMMA

Why did you sit by me last night?

Mary Jane angrily remembers her past.

MARY JANE

Because... I understand exactly what you've been through. As a slave..., I was subjected to molestation..., rape..., and being victimized. I'm 188 years old, Emma... and I'm exhausted. I just needed some peace!

(MORE)

MARY JANE (CONT'D)

I've outlived everyone I've ever met... I'm friendless... and I just need someone to talk with.

EMMA

Have you ever been in love?

Embarrassed Mary Jane smiles.

MARY JANE

I've been in love three times in 188 years. But... I've had a few lovers too, but because I needed to feed. I had to move on to other cities, and if I choose a partner, I'd always outlive them..., or they find out what I truly am. So, I haven't been in love for decades. As you already know, my life's a bit complicated.

EMMA

So... all those missing men on the news... is that your doing...?

Mary Jane nods solemnly.

MARY JANE

Yes..., Emma. but I've always tried to choose those who've brought harm to others. You see..., I have a code. But sometimes... just sometimes... I don't have a choice.

Emma takes a deep breath. Mary Jane looks deep into Emma's eyes.

MARY JANE

Since you want to know the truth, Emma... There's something I want to show you. But... you have to agree to accept the risks. Do you want to see what I see?

Emma nods.

EMMA

I accept.

MARY JANE

So be it...

Mary Jane touches Emma's hand. Squeezes it tightly. She then touches an old photograph. The room suddenly shifts. The atmosphere becomes hazy.

Mary Jane and Emma experience a dual transference of vision.

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. REYNOLDS PLANTATION - DAY - 1862 - FLASHBACK

A wide expanse of cotton fields. Emma, who can't be seen or heard, shades her face from the impending sun.

She looks around. Seeing many AFRICAN SLAVES tending the fields of COTTON. Some men are bent over picking. Some are watching WHITE MEN on HORSES. Their WHIPS beating the slaves.

Emma looks down. She sees Mary Jane, wearing tattered clothing, her beautiful body visible through the torn clothes. She works diligently, trying to avoid the attention of the main OVERSEER, FRANCES MCNALLEY (28) Caucasian, riding up.

She shares a brief, meaningful glance with her father, EDWARD PITTMAN (50), African Slave. He's moving BALES of cotton. An angry McNalley rides up next to them.

FRANCES MCNALLEY

Keep your eyes on your work...,
Nigger!

Mary Jane quickly looks down. Not before she catches a glimpse of MALCOLM (12), young handicapped, African slave with a club foot and hunchback. He struggles to lift a heavy bale of cotton.

FRANCES MCNALLEY

Nigger... Get that crippled
nigglette some help lifting those
heavy cotton bales... or Imma put
his black ass back in the cotton
fields.

EDWARD

Yessir...! Mr. McNalley!

Emma watches angrily. McNalley rides past her.

EXT. REYNOLDS PLANTATION - DAY

Mary Jane, with Emma following, navigates the narrow paths between the cabins. Mary Jane's attire, though modest by necessity, does little to conceal her natural allure.