

RACELESS

"PILOT"

Written by

Allen Shadow

Allen Shadow  
1092 Route 23A  
Catskill, NY 12414  
518-821-1747  
[allenville@hotmail.com](mailto:allenville@hotmail.com)

WGA Registration Number: 2087997  
11.14.20

FADE IN:

TEASER

ONSCREEN TEXT:

It's 2265, a time in the future when everyone's race had to be a prescribed DNA mixture. Those who were considered to be too white or too black were subject to elimination.

INT. HOUSE IN A SMALL MIDWEST TOWN - DAY

ORAL (40s male), bald and heavysset -- and his family of four -- are seated around a dining-room table with two guests -- JIMBO DEMPSEY (20s male), smart, ruggedly handsome, and HALLIE PARKS (20s female), pretty, sharp.

We see Oral making introductions: his rail-thin wife, LORNA, his teenage daughter, KAY, and son, LUKE (9).

Lorna serves meatloaf and mashed potatoes. They eat, chat.

ORAL  
(to guests)  
You all should stay the night.

HALLIE  
That's very kind of you, but --

ORAL  
But nothing. And it's Wednesday,  
game night at our local bar. You'll  
love it!

INT. HOUSE FOYER - SAME

Hallie and Jimbo are huddled, whispering.

HALLIE  
Sounds like a raucous, well-lit  
place. We shouldn't go, Jimbo.

JIMBO  
I know, but it's going well so far.  
I think he's taken a liking to me.

HALLIE  
Oh, because you can talk horses  
with him?

JIMBO

Let's go. We can always find a way to leave, if we have to. Now, how do I look?

HALLIE

(looking Jimbo over)  
You look pretty good to me.

JIMBO

Even in bright lights?

HALLIE

I think you'll pass. And me?

JIMBO

Yup!

INT. ROWDY'S BAR - NIGHT

ROWDY'S looks like the average local sports pub: dart board, pool table, TV SCREENS everywhere.

A crowd is quickly building.

Oral's family -- with guests Jimbo and Hallie -- are seated at a round table.

ORAL

(to Waitress)  
Pitcher of your best draft. Uh, make that two.

ORAL

So, you guys say you're gonna settle in Colorado, huh? Got a cousin in Golden. Could give you his number, you know?

JIMBO

(hedging, eyeing Hallie)  
No. We'll be heading further west.

ORAL

Like the coast?

HALLIE

(improvising)  
The desert. Nevada. We like Nevada. Don't we, honey?

JIMBO

Sure do. Might get a little scrub  
place. Raise horses.

Jimbo and Hallie keep eyeing each other furtively.

The place starts filling up. A GAME SHOW on the TV screens  
appears to be a big draw.

ORAL

"Winners and Losers." Yeah, just  
started last week. That's why I  
wanted you to come join us. You're  
in for a real treat.

JIMBO

(nervously)

Yeah?

PATRONS cluster closer to the TVs behind the bar. Lights  
dim.

In what looks like a typical GAME SHOW, there are TWO  
SEPARATE GROUPS and an EMCEE asking questions that appear on  
a large board. Points are totaled on either side.

A murmur of excited anticipation builds among the growing  
crowd.

An anxious Hallie takes Jimbo's hand, squeezing harder and  
harder, as Oral pokes Jimbo, getting his attention.

ORAL

(animated)

Ooh, ooh! This is it! Wait till you  
see.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. DARCY, NY (FORMERLY SYRACUSE) - DAY

Jimbo is walking home from work on a tertiary road, with little traffic.

JIMBO (V.O.)

I'm white -- not good! My name is Jimbo Dempsey. I live in a basement apartment in Darcy. I keep to myself as much as possible. But, when I have to go out -- to work, to shop, to get some fresh air -- I apply a concoction of face creams and umber pigment my mother had perfected -- and perfection *is* necessary -- moving my too-white complexion closer to light brown.

A sleek, silent vehicle, called a SLIP, slows and pulls up beside him, keeping pace. Inside: four pretty, YOUNG GIRLS.

GIRL 1

(about 18)

Hi, hi, young man. Aren't you a specimen?

JIMBO

(looking straight ahead)

How're you?

GIRL 1

Need a ride, sir?

Jimbo makes a special effort to be polite, as he always does, so as not to draw attention to himself.

JIMBO

Not today, but thank you. I really do.

GIRL 1

Okay. Well, we're down at The Shanty Friday nights. C'mon down sometime, huh?

JIMBO

Mmm, sounds good. Uh, real good. I think I will -- sometime.

JIMBO (V.O.)  
 Always trying too hard to be  
 polite, as if I'd not be noticed.  
 As if I'd be forgiven for my sin.

GIRL 1  
 Bye, sir.

JIMBO (V.O.)  
 So far, my routine was working. I  
 was one of few PUREBRED whites in  
 the county. One recently made the  
 national news. Where he ended up,  
 God knows. I heard there was a  
 prison in Cicero that housed the  
 purebreds -- You know, the PUREBRED  
 WHITES and PUREBRED BLACKS. What I  
 did know is you didn't want to be  
 discovered. If you were? Well, I  
 heard stories.

INT. JIMBO'S APARTMENT - DAY

The basement apartment is very small and cramped, mostly one  
 room with a kitchen alcove and a bathroom.

Jimbo pulls out a box containing dozens of CDs.

JIMBO (V.O.)  
 Our totalitarian government -- THE  
 ADMINISTRATION -- allows listening  
 to music from the past -- rock,  
 blues, jazz, even some hip hop --  
 as a way to placate old desires.

The Beatles "Revolution" is heard on low volume.

INT. JIMBO'S APARTMENT - SAME

Jimbo turns on a TV that appears to be part of the wall.

He putters around as a PUPPET-SHOW SITCOM plays on the  
 screen. A commercial for a jet scooter comes on, but is  
 broken into by an OFFICIAL MESSAGE from THE ADMINISTRATION,  
 which is accompanied by a MONTAGE of disturbing historic  
 images and footage depicting race riots, hangings, white-  
 supremacist attacks, slaves in Southern plantations.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
 (monotone voice)  
 This is why THE ADMINISTRATION --  
 your Administration -- and The

MANIFESTO came into being. This is what the world was like hundreds of years ago, with unrelenting race wars. Something had to be done to save our civilization. The Manifesto was written giving citizens several generations to inter-breed, several generations -- until 2265 -- to develop offspring that were BLENDED, with each citizen meeting the 65-percent standard, with no more than 65-percent Caucasian in your makeup, if your ancestry was white. The remaining percentage could come from a variety of descents: African, Hispanic, Asian. If your ancestors were black, the formula worked the same way. If you were a black man who claimed you had ten percent white from an ancestral slave owner, it wasn't good enough. The Manifesto says the new order -- a RACELESS SOCIETY of what we call BLENDED -- would eliminate conflict among humankind and bring harmony. It states how it was a necessary step in the evolution of humankind -- no matter the cost! Remember -- IT IS NOW 2265. THE TIME HAS COME when all citizens must meet the standard of the Manifesto or FACE ELIMINATION.

Puppet sitcom resumes. Four puppets play cards at a table. They are of similar color: a range of light to medium brown.

Jimbo picks up and clicks a remote controller. His sister, ALOOMIE, appears in the center of the small room as a HOLOGRAM. She is young, pretty with SPIKY MAGENTA HAIR.

ALOOMIE

How are you, Jimbo? We haven't talked in months. Uh, do you --

JIMBO

Yes, we can't be detected. I have a scrambler. We're good.

ALOOMIE

Are you working?

JIMBO

Yes. I got a job at Wanda's. It's a big restaurant. I prep vegetables in a back room. It's low profile. I have contact with very few people.

ALOOMIE

Your place is small, but I like it.

JIMBO

It works fine. It's in the basement of a house. The owner's a traveler. He's hardly ever home.

ALOOMIE

Your MAKEUP, Jimbo. You good?

JIMBO

No worries. Mom taught us well. The formula's imprinted in my brain, and I keep perfecting it, experimenting with materials from lake shores and rivers.

ALOOMIE

You look nervous. I can tell. You're hiding something from me.

JIMBO

It's a... It's a --

ALOOMIE

What? Tell me. We don't keep secrets. We can't.

JIMBO

I have this girlfriend.

ALOOMIE

Girlfriend?

JIMBO

I do.

ALOOMIE

So, you found a purebred like us?

JIMBO

No.

ALOOMIE

(surprised)  
Jimbo, what the --

JIMBO  
She's blind, Allie.

ALOOMIE  
You're kidding me, right?

JIMBO  
Look, I've never had a girlfriend.  
Well, I'll be blunt: I use her.

ALOOMIE  
Jimbo!

JIMBO  
After all, she can't see me, and  
you can't feel color. In fact, I  
remove all my makeup when I'm with  
her. I hated myself for weeks --  
for using her, that is. But there  
was no way I could ever have had a  
girl otherwise. No way to be a man,  
you know? And the feeling of  
freedom I have in her presence... I  
can't put into words.

ALOOMIE  
What's her name?

JIMBO  
ELONA. She's sweet and she smells  
like peaches.

ALOOMIE  
Do you love her?

JIMBO  
I don't know.

ALOOMIE  
It's impossible.

JIMBO  
I know.

ALOOMIE  
It simply can't work.

JIMBO  
Well --

ALOOMIE  
So let me explain. You go on with  
this ruse, and you fall in love,  
both of you -- I have a feeling she

already has. Six months go by and she discovers your true identity. She tries to keep it from you, but it's burning her up inside. She doesn't want to lose you, but she also realizes she could be charged with harboring a fugitive. That's when she confronts you. You guys have a big talk that leads to one place only -- you're outta there. Get the picture?

JIMBO

I do. I do.

ALOOMIE

Come home, Jimbo. You can have these.

Aloomie opens her robe, revealing her beautiful breasts.

JIMBO

Oh, God, Sis, no, no, no! That's INCEST.

ALOOMIE

Yes, it is, and it's what so many purebreds have come to. The chances of meeting another purebred, one that you can fall for, are few.

JIMBO

I've heard about that. I understand. But it's not for me.

ALOOMIE

You may not be ready -- yet! But I'm here for you, Jimbo. Remember -  
- anytime.

INT. JIMBO'S APARTMENT - SAME

Stirred and disturbed by his sister's proposition, Jimbo paces the small room like a CAGED PANTHER.

He collapses on his bed, buries his head in his pillow and beats the mattress with his fists.

FLASHBACK:

EXT. A CARNIVAL - KIDDIE BOAT RIDE - DAY

Jimbo at age five is held by his MOTHER. He is crying and she is rocking him, soothing him.

MOTHER

It's okay, Jimby. I've got you now.  
Don't worry. The clown won't get  
you. But it's okay to be afraid,  
because you have your Mamma to  
protect you. She won't let anything  
happen to her baby boy.

Mother gently sets young Jimbo into a kiddie-ride boat seat.

As the ride commences, we see a troubled Jimbo turn and reach for his mother.

YOUNG JIMBO

(crying)  
Mamma, mamma!

As the boy comes around a bend in the ride he notices the water and puts his hand in. It feels cool, and it calms him.

We see him begin to smile. He becomes almost giddy with joy.

END FLASHBACK.

EXT. ELONA'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - NEARBY WOODS - DAY

Jimbo makes his way through a woodsy path that leads to ELONA's apartment complex.

Before the path meets the parking lot of the complex, Jimbo steals behind a tree Superman-style and removes his makeup.

JIMBO (V.O.)

I always enter Elona's apartment  
without my makeup. As a blind  
person, she can't see I'm a  
purebred, but with her heightened  
sense of smell she would detect  
makeup if I kept it on in her  
presence, and she would surely want  
to know why.

EXT. ELONA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - BACK ENTRANCE - DAY

Jimbo slips in through the building's backdoor.

INT. DOOR TO APARTMENT LL

Jimbo rings doorbell.

Elona, a short young woman, opens the door and lets him in. They embrace.

ELONA

Mmm, babe, so good to see you. I've waited all week, and now... well, I could smell you coming.

Jimbo kisses her long, after which Elona hugs him tightly around his waist.

ELONA

I made your favorite. Spaghetti and meatballs.

JIMBO

You didn't!

ELONA

Uh, huh. Took the whole day, but I don't care. I have so much fun when you come. I listened to JIPPY, my favorite.

JIMBO

Mine too.

ELONA

Well, you introduced me to it. Where did you say it comes from, Jimbo?

JIMBO

It was a kind of soul music they had a few centuries ago, mixed with jazz that was even older. I read it became popular during the early period, when people were just starting to become blended. Purebreds weren't yet outlawed, and they still felt a nostalgia for the past, for the days when folks could identify as black and white without fear.

ELONA  
You seem nervous.

A swirl of police car lights can be seen through the living room's sheer window curtains.

JIMBO  
No, no.

ELONA  
I could feel it when I held you.

JIMBO  
It's, ah, just those police cars.  
Like, what are they doing out there?

ELONA  
I don't know, but we have nothing to worry about. You didn't rob a bank on your way over, did you?

JIMBO  
You're funny.

JIMBO (V.O.)  
I realized I needed to calm down. I had trained myself to remain fairly placid in the midst of threats, something you need to achieve when you're a purebred white. Or black. I would sometimes think of the carnival my mother took me to when I was five. I rode in a little boat that went round and round and round, my hand in the cool water. It's a hazy memory, but it does the trick.

Jimbo takes Elona's hand and leads them to the dining table.

He takes a seat while Elona serves dinner.

JIMBO  
So did you get anymore work?

ELONA  
Y'know I did, babe. Another store opened in town, and they want some of my quilts.

JIMBO  
 Fabulous. I love your work,  
 especially the ones with birds and  
 --

A firm KNOCK is heard at the door.

ELONA  
 Aren't you going to see who's  
 there?

JIMBO  
 (hesitating)  
 Honey, can you get it. I'm having a  
 stomach cramp.

ELONA  
 Is it the sauce? I hope it's not  
 the sauce.

JIMBO  
 Oh, no. Not the sauce. Something I  
 had for lunch, I think.

Elona heads to the door as Jimbo rushes to the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM

Jimbo removes makeup kit from pant's pocket, looks in the mirror and applies it, first to his forehead, making sure to infiltrate the hairline, then to the back of his neck.

The low murmur of conversation o.s. can be heard from the bathroom, then a mild knock on the bathroom door.

ELONA  
 Babe, the OFFICER would like to  
 speak with you too.

Jimbo is now feverishly fixing makeup around his ears, his hands, paying special attention again to his hairline.

JIMBO  
 All right. One moment.

He flushes the toilet for effect and exits.

INT. LIVING ROOM

JIMBO  
 (shaking hands)  
 Pleased to meet you, officer.

OFFICER  
Just a few questions.

JIMBO  
Uh-hmm.

OFFICER  
I understand you don't live here,  
but what time did you arrive?

ELONA  
Around seven.

Jimbo shakes his head in agreement.

OFFICER  
Seven? Okay. Well, did you see  
anything unusual?

JIMBO  
Unusual?

OFFICER  
Yes, unusual.

JIMBO  
Such as?

OFFICER  
Such as a white man.

JIMBO  
My God, no. Are *they* still around.  
I thought --

OFFICER  
Yes, sir, and your girlfriend's  
neighbors thought one was headed  
toward this wing of the apartment  
complex.

JIMBO  
Geez, no. If I had, I'd've called  
you guys right away. Right, hun?

JIMBO (V.O.)  
With my head turned to Elona, I'm  
worried about the underpart of my  
left ear. I can only hope it was  
adequately completed. There are no  
second chances.

OFFICER  
Mind my looking around? We're  
checking all the apartments.

Jimbo nods in agreement. As the officer looks around, the couple perches awkwardly on the edge of a living room couch.

Elona takes one of Jimbo's hands and places it in hers, working his fingers like worry beads. Then Jimbo places his other hand on top of hers.

JIMBO (V.O.)  
I had to stop her from rubbing the  
makeup from my hand. But now I'm  
worried she'll be unoccupied enough  
to notice the feel of a foreign  
agent, or, perhaps, she'll pick up  
its scent, as subtle as it is. The  
blind may not see, but they can  
feel, smell and taste as good as  
wildlife.

OFFICER  
(returning)  
I'll be going now.

He leaves and closes the door behind him.

JIMBO (V.O.)  
He didn't say that he couldn't find  
anything, just that he was leaving.  
I don't know how to size it all up.  
It's left hanging in the air.

The couple returns to their dinner.

ELONA  
I'll heat it up.

JIMBO  
Good idea.

ELONA  
Jimbo, what's on your hand? Some  
kind of lotion?

Jimbo heads for the bathroom.

A KNOCK can be heard again at the front door.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. JIMBO'S APARTMENT - DAY

We hear the buzzing of a wake-up alarm and see Jimbo rise.

INT. JIMBO'S WORK SITE AT WANDA'S RESTAURANT - SAME

A jittery Jimbo is slicing tomatoes, then cucumbers, when he cuts a finger. He rips a towel section and wraps it.

EXT. REAR OF WANDA'S

Jimbo sits on a crate, unwraps and chews a piece of gum.

He is rocking slightly, holding his bandage, when he notices a police slip (car) outside a Traveler's Market on the other side of a big highway. One policeman is talking to an exiting patron, showing him a flyer.

Jimbo stands and walks slowly to the edge of a woodsy area, ducks in and starts running.

EXT. WOODS

Jimbo stops running, turning and turning, trying to get his bearings. At one point, with certainty, he pulls off his apron, tosses it, and begins running again.

We see him disappear further into the woods.

INT. JIMBO'S APARTMENT BATHROOM

He washes and treats his cut while studying himself in the bathroom mirror. He grimaces and leaves.

We see a trail of blood across the bathroom sink.

INT. JIMBO'S APARTMENT - SAME

Jimbo turns on a radio remotely and sits on his bed.

We hear a RADIO CALL-IN SHOW.

RAY  
(radio announcer)

All righty, then. Looks like we have a caller from Parkerville. What's your name, sir?

DONNIE

Donnie.

RAY

Okay, Donnie. What's your question?

DONNIE

On a first date with a girl, can I kiss her?

RAY

Well, Donnie. I guess you'll have to ask her.

We hear CANNED LAUGHTER.

RAY

All righty. Do we have another caller. Remember, we're here for you, folks. Anything you want to ask.

Jimbo swipes through a tablet-style reader while listening.

RAY

Looks like we have a young lady from Bristol on the line. What's your name, ma'am?

LALIA

Lalia.

RAY

Okay, Lalia. What's your question?

LALIA

Is it true that purebreds are being executed?

RAY

Okay. Looks like we have a dedication. This one goes out to Bruce in Jackson. It's an oldie by Martha and the Vandellas. We're talking centuries here, folks.

We hear the start of the song "HEAT WAVE."

Jimbo clicks off the radio.

He goes to a dresser. Picks up and looks at a selfie he took of he and Elona. Then pulls a backpack from under his bed, opens it and starts packing clothing and other belongings.

Lastly, he raises his mattress, takes a plastic bag full of paper money, sits on the floor and slowly counts it.

EXT. DARCY - NIGHT

Jimbo, in a gray hoodie, walks along a main thoroughfare.

EXT. HOVER-TRAM STOP

A HOVER-TRAM pulls up, and Jimbo boards.

INT. HOVER-TRAM

At this late hour, the tram has only a few riders.

We see Jimbo, cheek against the window RATSO RIZZO-style, aimlessly observing the landscape, which becomes increasingly rural.

JIMBO (V.O.)

This is all new. Never been this far west of Darcy. But it's good. Anything to stay one step away from that cop. I know, I know. It was nothing, right? But what if it was?  
(a beat)

TRAM LOUDSPEAKER

Last stop--Hammond.

EXT. HAMMOND - MIDNIGHT

Jimbo aimlessly walks the empty Main Street of the small town, looking in shop windows and always looking behind.

He stops before a toy store with a model train set moving through an idyllic town. Continues along the street and looks up at a billboard with an ADMINISTRATION slogan: "NOW THERE IS PEACE. NOW THERE IS HARMONY."

A vehicle passes along the street. The glare of its lights splashes intensely across Jimbo's face.

He ducks down an alley.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF HAMMOND - SAME

We follow Jimbo as he enters and disappears in a cornfield.

MONTAGE

We follow Jimbo for days as he walks across fields, sleeps in barns and sheds, stands in a vacant lot staring at the sky.

END MONTAGE

EXT. TOWN OF MILTON - DAY

Jimbo comes upon the seedy STARDUST MOTEL (missing the letter "D")

INT. STARDUST MOTEL OFFICE

Jimbo rings a bell on the desk. A grubby, middle-aged PROPRIETOR enters.

PROPRIETOR  
How many nights, son?

JIMBO  
Two, I think.

PROPRIETOR  
You think? What's thinking got to do with it? Don't know your own mind, son?

JIMBO  
Well, uh, sure. Yes.

PROPRIETOR  
And pull that hood down. Gotta know who I'm talking to. You ain't no robber, are you?

JIMBO  
No. I ain't.

PROPRIETOR  
Cause I got old Nelly here, right behind the counter.

The man pulls out a LONG-BARREL PISTOL, trains it on Jimbo.

Jimbo shudders some but holds steady.

We see the second hand of a wall clock as tension builds.

PROPRIETOR

Well, you look all right, I guess.

The man sets the gun down on the counter. At rest, the pistol still points at Jimbo.

PROPRIETOR

Room 7, on the end. Make a left out the door. I'll follow you down that way.

EXT. STARDUST MOTEL

Jimbo, unsure of his safety, takes the lead, the proprietor trailing behind, gun at his side.

EXT. STARDUST MOTEL, ROOM #7

The proprietor looks Jimbo up and down for a few anxious seconds, then opens the door.

PROPRIETOR

Enjoy.

INT. STARDUST MOTEL, ROOM #7

Jimbo sits on the swayback bed and looks around, seeing a beat-up dresser with a chipped mirror and a cheap framed-print of an idyllic lakeside, v-shaped brushstrokes for distant birds. Turns the other way and, above the headboard, sees a framed portrait of a circus clown grinning eerily.

JIMBO (V.O.)

Ain't a palace, but it'll suit me just fine. I can hunker down till I figure out my next move.

Jimbo lies back exhausted and falls asleep.

EXT. NEAR STARDUST MOTEL - DAY

Jimbo finds a SWIFT SHOP convenience store, enters.

INT. STARDUST MOTEL, ROOM #7

Jimbo unpacks a bag, places items on the cigarette-stained dresser: a box of fried chicken, bologna, bread, snacks.

A starving Jimbo tears into the chicken, then paces around the room.

Next, we see him lying back in bed, reading a paperback copy of *THE CALL OF THE WILD*.

EXT. MILTON - DAY

We see Jimbo walking along a roadside, then entering the town and walking its back streets.

He encounters a MARKET DELIVERY SLIP DRIVER.

JIMBO

Excuse me, sir. Which way you heading?

DRIVER

West. Why, you wanna ride?

JIMBO

Well, uh, sure.

DRIVER

Hop in.

The slip pulls away.

INT. SLIP

DRIVER

You know, you're doing me a favor, kid.

JIMBO

(nervously)

Oh, really? Ah, thanks.

DRIVER

Got a long ways to go. Good to have some company. Where you headed?

JIMBO

(improvising)

Kansas.

DRIVER  
Oh, you a farm boy?

JIMBO  
No, sir.

DRIVER  
Well, not going *that* far, but I can  
get you a ways.

JIMBO  
Thank you.

DRIVER  
You know, folks think it's easy  
being a driver. These things do  
drive themselves, but we have to  
pay close attention. You know how  
hard it is to pay attention when  
you've got nothing to pay attention  
to?

JIMBO  
No, sir.

DRIVER  
We have to keep watching in case  
something goes wrong. These things  
ain't perfect. Last week one  
crashed at a crossroads. A lotta  
dead. See what I'm saying?

JIMBO  
Yes.

DRIVER  
See, I can't sit here and read a  
magazine or a book. I can't even  
look at you.

JIMBO  
(relieved)  
Yeah. That's gotta be tough to do.  
Hey, are you stopping at Danville?  
That's where I grew up as a boy.

DRIVER  
I sure can. It's only ten  
kilometers.

EXT. DANVILLE - DAY

Jimbo walks along a roadside, then cuts into a wooded path.

EXT. WALNUT ST., DANVILLE

Jimbo emerges from a wooded path onto a residential street.

EXT. 50 REED STREET, DANVILLE

Jimbo passes his boyhood home and -- to avoid drawing attention -- walks around the block.

JIMBO (V.O.)

What I wouldn't give to go back.  
Back to normal. Okay, it wasn't  
great. We did have THE MANIFESTO  
deadline hanging over us. But I  
didn't know any of that when I was  
little. Yes, little. That's what I  
want to go back to.

Jimbo comes around to 50 Reed Street again. This time he stops along the sidewalk, looks at the entrance and the bay window to the living room.

JIMBO (V.O.)

There's the old living room. I can  
almost see it. I think we spent  
more time on the floor than on the  
couch. Me and Aloomie, and our mom,  
too, playing games. We even made  
them up. I remember CATCH -- YOU,  
CATCH -- ME. Whoever had the ball  
could chase everyone around the  
house. And when a timer went off,  
it was reversed. Made no sense at  
all, but we always ended up rolling  
around on the rug laughing. It was  
stupid. That's what I want again--  
stupid.

Jimbo moves a few paces and peers into the open garage.

JIMBO (V.O.)

That's where BILLY and RALPH would  
meet me, and we'd go riding our  
bikes all the way to the lake, jump  
in and swim for the raft. Then we'd  
just lie there for like an hour  
reporting the shapes we saw in the  
clouds--dinosaurs, frogs,  
battleships.

Excited, he walks on the grass, approaches the backyard.

He sees their old dog house, still sitting under the tall oak tree, and steps further, unaware of a figure, a MAN ON THE BACK DECK.

MAN ON DECK  
(friendly)  
Hi.

JIMBO  
(startled)  
Oh, uh, hi, sir.

MAN ON DECK  
You from around here?

JIMBO  
No, uh, well, used to be.

MAN ON DECK  
Where'd you live, son.

JIMBO  
(hesitating)  
Well, here.

MAN ON DECK  
Oh, yeah? Which house?

JIMBO  
This house, sir.

MAN ON DECK  
Well, I'll be. C'mon over here. I  
wanna meet you.

Reluctantly, Jimbo idles over and mounts the deck.

MAN ON DECK  
(offering his hand)  
Name's Pete, son. What's yours?

JIMBO  
(shaking hands)  
Jimbo, sir.

PETE  
Where do you live now?

JIMBO  
Darcy.

PETE  
Boy, you've come a long way. You  
come just to see your old house?

JIMBO  
No, sir. Just passing through, and  
I thought I'd come take a look.

PETE  
So, you grew up here? Right in this  
house?

JIMBO  
I did, sir.

PETE  
You can drop the formalities. Just  
call me Pete.

JIMBO  
I will, Pete.

PETE  
Hey, c'mon in then.

JIMBO  
Well, I don't know. I have to --

PETE  
Nonsense. C'mon in. Get a glass of  
lemonade, and I'll show you around.  
Well, more like you can show me  
around.

Unsure, Jimbo follows Pete inside.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME

Pete pours a glass of lemonade and hands it to his guest.

PETE  
So, how's it look, Jimbo? Lot  
different I bet.

JIMBO  
No. Pretty much the same. Different  
table and fridge.

PETE  
Hey, let's not waste any time. Why  
don't you show me your old room.

JIMBO  
Okay.

Pete ushers his guest upstairs, where Jimbo points to the  
last room on the right.

INT. BEDROOM

PETE

I coulda guest it. This is my  
eldest boy's room. He's off in  
college now. Go on, look around.

Jimbo goes over to the dresser, which, oddly, is in the same  
spot his used to be.

He picks up an archery trophy and sets it down. Then he  
picks up a uniform badge that reads "ENFORCER" in an outer  
circle, and "THE ADMINISTRATION" in an inner one.

PETE

Yes, my son, Robert, studies for  
government service, following in  
the his dad's footsteps.

We see Pete move closer behind Jimbo, studying his neck.

PETE

Is that makeup you're wearing,  
Jimbo?

JIMBO

Yes. Well, no. You see I have a  
condition and I need protection  
from the sun.

PETE

Hmmm.

JIMBO

Had it since I was a kid, you know?

The two seem frozen for a few tense moments.

PETE

You're a purebred, aren't you,  
Jimbo?

JIMBO

A purebred. Oh, my God, no! I'm 65  
percent, a little less.

PETE

I don't think so, from what I can  
see.

JIMBO

I am. Honest!

PETE

Look, I'm sorry, Jimbo. But I'm going to have to take you in. Have you tested, you know?

JIMBO

Really, sir. You can take my word. This was once my room, you see? I'm practically family.

PETE

Family? No, I don't think so.

Pete turns Jimbo around to face him. He puts a finger on Jimbo's now sweaty forehead, where makeup has degraded, and wipes it away.

INT. POLICE SLIP - SAME

We see Jimbo in the back seat, behind a wire-mesh divider. Pete and a UNIFORM POLICEMAN are in the front seats.

EXT. REAR OF POLICE SLIP

We see Jimbo through back window as the vehicle zooms away.

INT. POLICE SLIP

PETE

(to uniform officer)  
Says he's a 65.

UNIFORM

Hmmm. We'll find out soon enough down at the IDENTIFICATION CENTER. You hear that, young man?

PETE

That's for sure.

UNIFORM

And lying won't help your cause. Understand?

JIMBO

Yes, sir.

PETE

You see, it could actually make things worse. Purebreds are

required to report themselves. When you don't -- well.

EXT. IDENTIFICATION CENTER

Walking from the slip, Jimbo is sandwiched between the two officials.

Suddenly, Jimbo drops to the ground as if he fainted. Pete bends down to see, when Jimbo pops up, head-butting him, then rolls against the backside of the Uniform's knees, buckling him.

With both feds on the ground, Jimbo bolts, heading into a wooded area.

EXT. WOODS

Jimbo is running, dodging trees along the way.

JIMBO (V.O.)  
I guess studying martial arts paid off. I'm no black belt, but --

EXT. ATHENS - ABANDONED BARN - NIGHT

Jimbo explores till he's certain there's no one around. He slips in through a side door. Pulls a tiny flashlight from his backpack and investigates. Sees an old saddle, a broken bridle, horse shoes. Notices refuse: discarded cans, bottles, food packaging.

He carefully climbs a rickety ladder to a hay loft and finds a comfortable, protected corner to bed down. Pulls a bag of peanuts from his backpack, reclines and eats them slowly.

JIMBO (V.O.)  
Well, it couldn't be truer: you can't go home again. I shoulda known. I read Wolfe. Didn't get to finish school, but spent much of my time reading. Always wanted to know what came before us, because all us purebreds knew what was ahead. My father abandoned us, and left behind a large library. Used to stand on the back of an easy chair to pick stuff off the top shelf.

Clicks flashlight on momentarily to search in his bag, when something on a nearby beam catches his attention.

Moves closer and sees someone has carved a message. Slowly deciphering, he reads it out loud.

JIMBO

"They came and took my husband away. And now *I* am away. I'll never see him again. JXE--don't trust her."

EXT. ABANDONED BARN - DAY

As he is leaving, Jimbo stumbles on a pile of gravel.

Puts his backpack down, picks up stones and angrily hurls them through the remaining panes of the barn's windows.

EXT. OPEN FIELD - NIGHT

Jimbo is walking.

Soon, it's clear he's walking to some lights.

EXT. FIELD MEETS HOUSE BACKYARD - SAME

Jimbo observes a family enjoying a backyard barbecue. There are several adults, and children at play. We hear muffled conversation and occasional laughter.

JIMBO (V.O.)

Nothing I'll ever know again. But I want life. *Some* kind of life.

EXT. SMALL TOWN STREET - DAY

Jimbo approaches Market Delivery Slip, asks man for a ride.

INT. MARKET DELIVERY SLIP

DRIVER 2

Where you headed?

JIMBO

Which way're you going?

DRIVER 2

Woodmere?

JIMBO

Sounds good to me.

EXT. A STREET IN WOODMERE - DAY

Jimbo walks along a backstreet and cuts into some woods.

INT. ABANDONED TOOL FACTORY - NIGHT

Jimbo is bedded down on batts of packing in a small, dark room. We hear occasional footsteps on a floor above. Jimbo falls asleep.

INT. ABANDONED TOOL FACTORY - SAME

A sleeping Jimbo senses the presence of someone and opens his eyes.

We can just make out a dark FIGURE standing in the doorway.

FIGURE  
You're white!

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. ABANDONED TOOL FACTORY - SAME

A frightened Jimbo is watchful of the dark figure in the doorway who just declared, "You're White!"

He jumps up, recedes to the nearest corner.

FIGURE  
Don't be afraid.

JIMBO  
I don't know what you're talking about. I'm *not* white.

FIGURE  
(stepping from the shadows)  
It's okay. I'm black.

Now, Jimbo can see the figure is a woman.

JIMBO  
Sorry, ma'am. Look, I'm not --

FIGURE  
Quiet! No need to play games with me.

JIMBO  
You a cop?

FIGURE  
No. Just a girl. A scared girl. Scared, like you.

JIMBO  
Let me see your arm.

The woman offers her arm for inspection. Jimbo rubs it softly with a thumb, then harder. Harder.

FIGURE  
Hey, that hurts.

Jimbo looks at his thumb and sees evidence of makeup.

JIMBO  
So, you *are* black, and I'm --

FIGURE  
White.

JIMBO  
Yes.

FIGURE  
My name is Hallie.

She sits by Jimbo. The two stare at each other long, amazed.

JIMBO (V.O.)  
I knew why I was excited. I mean  
it's like I met my other half.  
Black, white, didn't matter. We  
were both the same: purebreds. But  
I was also troubled. I felt a  
silent rumbling deep down, and I  
couldn't figure out why.

MONTAGE

EXT. - DAY

We see Jimbo and Hallie walking across a field, along a cow  
path, through woods, then resting beneath a large tree,  
where they share provisions: nuts, jerky, berries.

End MONTAGE

EXT. A LARGE TREE - SAME

They both reapply makeup.

JIMBO  
What do you use?

HALLIE  
My grandmother gave me the recipe.  
It's all natural, common plants,  
clay as a bonding agent.

JIMBO  
Clay?

HALLIE  
Yes. I see what you're saying, but  
you have to dig deep. With some  
types, the deeper you go, the  
lighter it gets.

JIMBO  
Hallie, when did you first get it.

HALLIE  
Get it?

JIMBO  
You know, when you knew all the stories you heard as a kid were true, and it was coming time to --

HALLIE  
Sixteen. My dad explained how all those announcements from the Administration were real, and time would soon be up. Before long, they'd be hunting us down.

JIMBO  
Yes, my mom sat me down around the same age. Said they didn't want to scare us when we were kids.

HALLIE  
They made excuses, right? And told us not to worry. Had to be harder on them. Telling your kids they were about to be trashed.

JIMBO  
But I always knew deep down something was wrong. Like when they pulled me out of school in the sixth grade. Kids started calling me a white supremacist. I didn't understand it then, but that's how the Administration cast us.

HALLIE  
Same here, Jimbo. It's like we're two sides of the same coin. The kids were telling me, "My mom says you're too black."

JIMBO  
That's when my mom started making me up, showing me how to apply it and what it was made of.

HALLIE  
Yeah, I didn't want to accept it. Cried for three days straight.

JIMBO

Mom explained how we had ten years to the deadline. How it would be best for me to head out on my own.

HALLIE

My dad said I'd need to survive on my own. When it came time -- I'd need to be tough.

JIMBO

Wow, Hallie. I'm so glad I met you.

HALLIE

Its fate, Jimbo. That's what it is.

The pair look up in the sky to see a FLYING SLIP overhead. They relax as they realize it's simply a passenger slip.

EXT. LITTLE FALLS - PLAYGROUND - DAY

They split up on a plan to buy more provisions and meet back at the playground in an hour.

HALLIE

Yes, Jimbo. Meet you here in an hour.

INT. J&J MARKET

Hallie walks the aisles, placing items in a shopping basket. A MALE CLERK comes up behind her.

MALE CLERK

Ma'am, can I assist you?

HALLIE

(startled)

Oh, uh, no. I'm fine.

MALE CLERK

Didn't I see you at the town fair last week?

HALLIE

I don't think so.

MALE CLERK

Yes, I did. I'm sure of it.

HALLIE

That's impossible.

MALE CLERK  
 (to associate)  
 Hey, RON, c'mere.

Ron approaches.

MALE CLERK  
 Wasn't she in the magic show at the  
 fair?

RON  
 You know, now that you say it --

A WOMAN SHOPPER happens by.

MALE CLERK  
 (to shopper)  
 Ma'am, this young lady look  
 familiar to you?

HALLIE  
 (agitated)  
 Excuse me. No offense, but I've  
 gotta go.

Hallie scoots over to another aisle, drops her basket to the ground and quickly leaves the store, empty-handed.

EXT. PLAYGROUND

Jimbo begins to pace impatiently, as Hallie is late.

He appears more agitated as a group of children descend upon the playground, and he takes off.

EXT. LITTLE FALLS - MAIN STREET - SAME

Jimbo searches for Hallie, peaking in stores as he tries to maintain a normal pace to avoid drawing attention.

Then a POLICEMAN appears from across the street.

POLICEMAN  
 You lost?

JIMBO  
 Oh, no, officer.

POLICEMAN  
 You look lost.

JIMBO  
I'm just --

Suddenly, Hallie appears.

HALLIE  
Honey, *there* you are?

Jimbo and Hallie nod "thank you" to the policeman and head on their way, disappearing around the first corner they see.

EXT. ROCK LEDGE OVERLOOKING A WATERFALL - SAME

HALLIE  
Beautiful, huh?

JIMBO  
Sure is. Brings a kind of peace.

HALLIE  
Yes, if you could call it that.

Jimbo and Hallie gaze into each other's eyes for a few moments and break into a smile.

HALLIE  
I want to tell you about my friend,  
Jimbo.

JIMBO  
Friend? Boy, those are hard to come  
by these days.

HALLIE  
Don't worry, she's a black  
purebred, like me -- JANESE EMMETT.

JIMBO  
How'd you meet her?

HALLIE  
We were working in a factory, and  
one day she turned away from me and  
I noticed a flaw, seeing where  
makeup had rubbed off behind her  
ear.

JIMBO  
Then what'd you do?

HALLIE  
Same thing I did with you. One day  
we were alone in the bathroom, and

I whispered in her ear: "you're black." She was frightened at first. Then I said, "like me."

JIMBO  
When was that?

HALLIE  
About a year and a half ago. Then one day she told me she had a SAFE HOUSE. You know, for purebreds.

JIMBO  
Did you go there?

HALLIE  
Just once. The one purebred she had wasn't there at the time.

JIMBO  
How come just once?

HALLIE  
I got word my brother Willie had stage-four lung cancer. So I hit the road to go help. He died, Jimbo.

JIMBO  
Sorry, Hallie.

HALLIE  
I was so depressed, I just hit the road again. Didn't know where or what. Then I met you.

JIMBO  
Fate, right?

HALLIE  
Yes, Fate.

Jimbo hugs Hallie.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Jimbo and Hallie are walking through a forested area.

HALLIE  
Maybe we should stop, Jimbo. I can't even see where we're going.

JIMBO  
 Soon, soon.

EXT. ABANDONED RESORT - DAY

The pair sit in beat-up lawn chairs sharing provisions.

HALLIE  
 I know we want to head west, but we could take a detour here and go to Janese's safe house. We can rest up, recharge our batteries for our travels. We could sleep on sheets, Jimbo.

JIMBO  
 Where is it?

HALLIE  
 Athens, about a hundred miles do southeast.

JIMBO  
 Athens, I know that town. Spent the night in a barn there. Can she be trusted?

HALLIE  
 I believe so, or I wouldn't have suggested it.

We see Hallie walk several feet, stop, and take out a communicator. After several seconds, she returns.

HALLIE  
 It's all set. I left her a message.

EXT. JANESE'S HOUSE - PORCH - DAY

Janese comes out onto the porch to greet Hallie and Jimbo.

JANESE  
 I'm glad you came.

We see them make introductions and enter the house.

INT. JANESE'S LIVING ROOM

HALLIE  
 How many purebreds you have now?

JANESE

Two. BOB and TERRI. They're whites.  
They'll be back later.

HALLIE

They a couple?

JANESE

I don't think so. They came  
separately. But who knows what  
might happen.

Jimbo and Hallie look at each other and chuckle.

HALLIE

You still at the factory?

JANESE

Sure am. It's worked for me so far.  
Don't wanna rock the boat, you know  
what I mean? Hallie, what happened  
with your brother?

HALLIE

He's gone, Janese.

JANESE

Oh, I'm so sorry. Look, I'll get  
you guys some tea and biscuits.

INT. JANESE'S LIVING ROOM - SAME

We see the threesome sitting, talking, drinking tea.  
Occasionally, they all smile, laugh.

JANESE

Funny, so Hallie leaves one factory  
and meets you in another.

JIMBO

She scared the shit outta me. Comes  
out of nowhere in the night and  
says, "You're white." That got my  
attention.

They laugh. Then Bob and Terri enter. Introductions are made  
and the newcomers sit crosslegged on the floor.

Janese excuses herself and goes into the kitchen.

JANESE (O.S.)

(from kitchen)

I'm starting dinner. Hope you all like eggplant.

TERRI  
She's a great cook.

BOB  
Sure is, but a little too much with the eggplant, don't you think?

There's an awkward silence, as Bob swipes through a reader.

HALLIE  
You guys have any troubles?

BOB  
You bet. I was in jail for a week. They had me slated for a DETENTION CENTER somewhere in Illinois. Detention center my ass, if you know what I mean.

JIMBO  
Think I do. What happened?

BOB  
Busted out. They left me in a shower room, unattended. No bars on those windows. They must've figured I take long showers.

JIMBO  
No bars?

BOB  
Yeah, they're kinda lax.

JIMBO  
How's that?

BOB  
Don't you get it? They figure they're gonna catch all of us eventually. So what's their hurry, right?

HALLIE  
That's so creepy.

BOB  
It's like a SLO-MO HOLOCAUST, you ask me.

INT. JANESE'S HOUSE - SMALL BEDROOM - NIGHT

Hallie unpacks clothing, while Jimbo sits on the bed.

HALLIE

Not going to unpack?

JIMBO

Not right away. I feel a little unsettled. Don't you?

HALLIE

I do, to be honest. I guess I'm trying to work through it. Can't always overthink.

JIMBO

Whaddya make of Bob and Terri?

HALLIE

Can't say. Hey, let's hold our powder for a while.

JIMBO

Well, I'll follow your lead. I think you have good instincts. Mine are a bit fractured at this point.

INT. KITCHEN TABLE - SAME

Everyone in the house is eating and drinking wine. Terri seems a bit tipsy.

TERRI

Guess you think me and Bob are a couple, huh?

BOB

Shut up, Terri. You're drunk.

TERRI

And what's wrong with drunk! Hey y'all, last night I woke up, this perv here has my pants down, and he's trying to drill me from behind.

BOB

Like I said, Terri. Shut up!

TERRI

I'm not saying it bothered me, really. Maybe, Bob, I'm just

saying, ask me next time, and who knows, you know what I mean?

An awkward silence ensues. Then, Janese changes the subject.

JANESE

Good thing is this place is kinda hidden yet close to civilization. You can walk to town, but we're a good ways down a dirt, dead-end road.

HALLIE

So I noticed.

JANESE

This is the new UNDERGROUND RAILROAD, Hallie. And it's growing.

HALLIE

And we're sure gonna need it.

INT. HALLIE AND JIMBO'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jimbo is gently shaking Hallie awake, then whispers.

JIMBO

I couldn't sleep.

HALLIE

Yeah?

JIMBO

I could hear someone pussyfooting around.

HALLIE

Probably folks going to the bathroom.

JIMBO

No. I had the feeling someone had their ear to our door.

HALLIE

Really? You're overthinking, Jimbo.

JIMBO

No, I'm not. I tiptoed to the door, pulled it open, and there was Janese standing still as a statue-- looking caught.

HALLIE

Hmm.

JIMBO

I asked her where the bathroom was,  
and she just pointed. I turned back  
on along the way, and she was in  
the same spot -- looking at *you*.

There's a knock at the door. Jimbo answers, Bob enters.

BOB

(whispering)

Look, I don't want to alarm you,  
but I caught Janese snooping.

HALLIE

Snooping?

BOB

Out my bedroom door earlier, and  
one day I did catch her looking in  
one of my drawers. Said she was  
looking for a screwdriver. Really?

HALLIE

Well, maybe we're jumping to  
conclusions here.

JIMBO

I don't know about that. Maybe  
you'll catch on when we start  
disappearing -- one by one.

HALLIE

All right. Look, let's observe her  
over the next few days. I think  
she's fine.

EXT. JANESE'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

They're having a cookout, eating at a picnic table.

JANESE

Gotta get back to work tomorrow.

HALLIE

We'll clean the place while you're  
gone.

JANESE

No bother.

JIMBO  
 Hey, Hallie, you have a middle  
 name, 'cause I don't?"

HALLIE  
 Ditto.

BOB  
 Lewis. Never liked it.

JIMBO  
 Janese, you?

JANESE  
 Nope. Never had one.

BOB  
 Janese, you got any marshmallows?

INT. JANESE'S HOUSE - DAY

Jimbo searches papers on Janese's desk, while she's at work. Tries a locked drawer, finds a paperclip, and picks it. Upon opening, he's fixated on the first papers he sees.

Hallie comes up behind him.

HALLIE  
 What're you doing?

JIMBO  
 Look at this.

Hallie looks over his shoulder as Jimbo reads.

JIMBO  
 "Janese X. Emmett." See, she does  
 have a middle name, and those are  
 the initials in the Athens barn I  
 told you about: "JXE - Don't Trust  
 her."

Terri appears.

TERRI  
 Hey, you guys seen Bob?

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. ABANDONED RAILROAD TRACKS - DAY

Jimbo is walking fast. Hallie is struggling to keep up.

HALLIE  
(breathless)  
Hey, wait up.

Jimbo slows down and stops.

HALLIE  
You know, I think you're fucking  
crazy.

JIMBO  
(angry)  
Crazy? Crazy, is it?

HALLIE  
Well, paranoid, totally paranoid,  
for sure. Is that better?

JIMBO  
What's your problem, Hallie? Can't  
you see what was going on there?

HALLIE  
Well, yes, and no.

JIMBO  
Look, so what do you think happened  
to Bob?

HALLIE  
Maybe he took a hike. Maybe he took  
off on his own.

JIMBO  
Really?

HALLIE  
All right. So they came and took  
Bob away. Why didn't they just take  
all of us?

JIMBO  
Why? Plausible deniability. If they  
take us all, word would eventually  
get out. This way, someone can make  
the argument you're making --

that's the way their system works. With each phony safe house they pick us off one at a time. That way, they don't blow their cover, and purebreds keep coming and coming. And remember what Bob said about the slo-mo holocaust. They're in *no* hurry.

EXT. A TREE - SAME

Jimbo carves "JXE--DON'T TRUST HER."

JIMBO

That'll help. They can pick us off one at a time, but we can out them one at a time.

Hallie comes and hugs Jimbo from behind.

INT. ANOTHER MARKET DELIVERY SLIP - SAME

We see Hallie in the front passenger seat, Jimbo seated on a cargo box behind her and the driver.

DRIVER 3

West you say?

JIMBO

Yes, sir.

DRIVER 3

Going as far as Marshall.

JIMBO

That'll be fine.

DRIVER 3

Got one of them new identification centers there?

HALLIE

Oh, yeah?

DRIVER 3

Yeah, dropping off a mess of ID kits. You're sitting right on them, son.

The news causes Jimbo and Hallie to sweat.

Jimbo notice's a spot beginning to show on Hallie's neck. He places his hand there and smooths out the exposed area.

JIMBO  
Your neck feel better, honey?

HALLIE  
(groking the action)  
Mmm, yeah. That's good.

JIMBO  
Gets kinks in her neck all the time.

EXT. MARSHALL IDENTIFICATION CENTER - SAME

The driver comes over to the pair as they exit the slip.

DRIVER 3  
Oh, son, you mind giving me a hand with one of these boxes?

JIMBO  
(hesitating)  
Well, uh--

DRIVER 3  
See, my power-roller's busted, and so's my back.

Jimbo and Hallie look at each other, then Hallie shrugs her shoulders, indicating, "What else are we gonna do?"

JIMBO  
(pointing)  
I'll meet you over at that market, honey.

DRIVER 3  
Hey, they got a nice waiting room off the lobby.

HALLIE  
Thanks, but I want to get us some snacks for later, anyway.

Hallie watches as Jimbo helps the driver into the building, a long, low glass affair.

INT. LAB IDENTIFICATION CENTER

LAB WORKER  
(jokingly, to DRIVER 3)  
Hey, MARV, what took you so long?  
Say, who's the young man? They give  
you an assistant now?

MARV  
This is Jimbo. He and his gal  
hitched a ride, you know? Jimbo,  
this is ROGER. He's the lab  
manager.

Roger offers his hand to Jimbo, who gives it reluctantly.

ROGER  
Shy, huh? Hey, let me show you the  
new equipment.

JIMBO  
(to Marv)  
I, uh, gotta get go --

ROGER  
Oh, nonsense. You boys follow me.

Marv and Jimbo, carrying the carton, follow Roger down a center aisle of the large, well-lit lab, passing several workers who appear curious about the visitors.

ROGER  
(to workers)  
Just showing these guys around.

The workers smile mildly as Roger stops before a tall steel object with lots of little blinking colored-lights.

ROGER  
This here is BIG BETTY. She's the  
latest thing in identification. Let  
me see one of those kits, Marv.

Marve removes a kit from the carton, which Roger opens.

ROGER  
Okay, now who's my first ginny pig.  
How 'bout you, son?

JIMBO  
Uh, I don't think so.

ROGER  
 Okay, I'll tell you what. We'll do  
 Marv here first.

JIMBO (V.O.)  
 It was time for me to visit the  
 boat ride, feel that cool water on  
 my hand, and calm myself.

Roger extracts and uses a concave blade to remove skin cells from Marv's wrist. He pulls a small drawer in Big Betty, installs the blade, and presses a large red button.

Big Betty makes musical tones as she does her thing. A few of the lab workers gather around.

ROGER  
 This is Betty's maiden voyage.

The sounds stop, and Roger reads a number.

ROGER  
 Fifty-one percent -- black. Marv,  
 you're almost perfect.

MARV  
 Well, I'll be.

Lab workers applaud.

ROGER  
 The Administration should use you  
 in one of those announcements.

Roger and the gathered workers look at Jimbo.

ROGER  
 Okay, son. You can see that didn't  
 hurt.

JIMBO (V.O.)  
 I had to think fast.

ROGER  
 How 'bout it, son.

JIMBO  
 Well --

ROGER  
 Well, nothing. You aren't a  
 purebred, are you?

An awkward silence fills the room for several seconds.

JIMBO

Well, I'd love to. But the thing is, I'm a hemophiliac. Can't take any chances. Even the slightest nick.

A general sigh is heard from the gathered workers.

ROGER

Okay then, son.

Roger escorts Marv and Jimbo back to lab entrance. Roger places a fatherly hand on Jimbo's shoulder along the way.

They stop outside the lab door, and Roger offers his hand to Jimbo, who takes it.

Roger stares at Jimbo, while still holding his hand.

Suddenly, Jimbo tears his hand away.

JIMBO

Well, I gotta go. My girl's waiting for me.

Jimbo begins to leave.

ROGER

Wait! Wait!

Roger offers his business card to Jimbo.

ROGER

Bring your girl in next time you're in town, hear?

EXT. A FIELD - MATTRESS BESIDE ANCIENT (ABANDONED) HIPPIE-ERA VW BUS - NIGHT

Hallie and Jimbo are lying down looking up at the stars.

HALLIE

You think about your grandparents, your great, great grandparents, what they were thinking?

JIMBO

All the time.

HALLIE

I love them all the more for taking a stand. They were the first resistors.

JIMBO

My mother always said black is beautiful, white is beautiful, race is beautiful.

HALLIE

Amen. If you dilute race, like the Administration demands, then what is it?

JIMBO

You know, Hallie, that's no race, that's RACELESS. My mother taught me that it's all about choice, all about identity, all about freedom.

HALLIE

Exactly. What was the Civil War about? What was the Emancipation Proclamation about? The civil rights movement.

JIMBO

Martin Luther King is rolling over in his grave, Hallie.

We see the couple holding hands.

HALLIE

We have to be thankful. I mean we've been born into a hellish world, but I'm grateful we are who we are.

We see them start to kiss and make love.

INT. VW BUS - DAY

The sleeping couple are awakened to persistent knocking, then see face of an old FARMER, pressed against a window.

EXT. VW BUS

FARMER

(knocking)

Hey, I know you're in there. This is private property.

JIMBO (O.S.)

(from inside bus)

We were just sleeping, sir.

FARMER  
Well it's wakeup time.

JIMBO  
Sorry, sir. We'll get on our way.

FARMER  
Well, I'm gonna stay put till you do.

INT. VW BUS

Jimbo and Hallie hurry to fix up their makeup.

EXT. VW BUS

FARMER  
Well, I'm waiting.

JIMBO (O.S.)  
We're getting ready fast as we can, sir.

FARMER  
(clutching rifle)  
Well, ain't fast enough. Mr. Winchester here is gettin' itchy, if you know what I mean?

Jimbo disembarks van, holds Hallie's hand as she follows.

FARMER  
Hmm. You guys are a fine sight.

JIMBO  
Yes, sir.

FARMER  
Well, you look like nice folks. Guess I was young once.

The farmer breaks into a smile.

EXT. EDGE OF A SMALL TOWN - DAY

Jimbo and Hallie are walking along a road.

As they enter the outskirts of the town's business center, they hear DRUMS POUNDING, PEOPLE SHOUTING o.s.

JIMBO  
Hallie, a parade.

HALLIE  
How exciting. Been awhile since  
I've seen one of them. Think they  
have clowns. Love clowns.

JIMBO  
Well, they kinda creep me out,  
honestly.

As they close in on the action, they begin to see it's more  
of a MARCH than a parade.

Closer still, they see signs saying "FREE CHOICE," "RACE IS  
BEAUTIFUL."

The couple stops in their tracks.

JIMBO  
Holly shit! It's a purebred protest  
march.

HALLIE  
Oh my God!

They hear taunts from the crowd: "It's over," "You guys are  
toast," "Lock 'em up."

Next, they see tactical POLICE CLUBBING PROTESTORS and  
piling them into vans.

They do an about face, walk away slowly but deliberately.

EXT. EDGE OF SMALL TOWN - SAME

We see Jimbo and Hallie take off into a wooded area.

EXT. LARGE ROCK IN THE WOODS

Breathless, the couple stop for a time, Hallie seated on a  
large rock outcropping.

HALLIE  
I had no idea...

Hallie pauses to catch her breath.

HALLIE (CONT'D)  
... the movement, that it was so  
organized.

JIMBO  
I'm with you.

HALLIE  
That's a hopeful sign. You think,  
Jimbo?

JIMBO  
I'd like to think that.

HALLIE  
So why don't you?

JIMBO  
I do, I do want to. It's just the  
forces against us are huge.

HALLIE  
I know, I know. But we have to  
think positive.

JIMBO  
Positive, yes. I will, I will.

EXT. A STREAM - DAY

Jimbo and Hallie are fishing with a makeshift rod Jimbo  
hatched together with a stick, some thread, and a bent pin.

JIMBO  
A little late in the season for  
worm fishing, but --

HALLIE  
Think positive, Jimbo!

Just then, the rod bends, and Jimbo has some action. Hallie  
jumps up and down with joy, while Jimbo steps backward  
pulling the fish onto shore.

JIMBO  
It's a rainbow trout. Must be  
fifteen, sixteen inches.

HALLIE  
Dinner, right?

JIMBO  
Oh, yeah!

EXT. STREAMSIDE CAMPFIRE - NIGHT

Jimbo is rotating the speared fish over a fire.

HALLIE

Hey, I've got a plate.

JIMBO

Really? A tablecloth, too?

HALLIE

Hey y'ever hear of a camping kit.  
Even has silverware. We'll have to  
share, though.

The couple eat from the same camping plate.

JIMBO

You know, I think this is the best  
meal I've ever had.

HALLIE

Me, too. Better than a banquet.

EXT. A CLEARING IN THE WOODS - DAY

The couple are gathering things from a makeshift campsite.

They hear a BOY's voice. Anticipating an encounter, they  
quickly re-apply makeup. Soon, a boy (9) enters the scene.

BOY

(excitedly)  
Are you bums?

JIMBO

(chuckling)  
No, son. Campers.

BOY

Me and my dad go camping every  
summer with my cousin Lenny. He's a  
year older.

The couple hears rustling and, before long, sees a BIG BEAR  
OF A MAN, heavysset and bald, coming their way.

BIG MAN

Don't mind him. Reads too many of  
them mysteries.

JIMBO

Oh, he's no problem at all.

BIG MAN  
Where you guys headed?

JIMBO  
(improvising)  
Well, eventually... Colorado.

BIG MAN  
Long trip like that means you'll  
need a good home-cooked meal.

JIMBO  
(stalling)  
Well, uh--

BIG MAN  
(to his son)  
Hey, Luke, what you say we invite  
these fine folks over for dinner?

LUKE  
Really, Pop? Sure, sure!

BIG MAN  
Name's ORAL, by the way.

INT. ORAL'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - SAME

Jimbo and Hallie run water and snap a towel, to give the appearance they are washing up, all the while fixing up their makeup.

INT. DINING ROOM

Oral, his wife, Lorna, and children Kay and Luke are seated at the table, when Jimbo and Hallie enter.

Upon entering, Jimbo sees a rheostat switch and dims the overhead fixture.

JIMBO  
Hope you don't mind. My eyes are  
light-sensitive. It's a condition I  
have.

ORAL  
No problem. It's mood lighting is  
all.

Lorna serves meatloaf and mashed potatoes. They eat, chat.

ORAL

You all should stay the night.

HALLIE

That's very kind of you, but --

ORAL

But nothing. And it's game night at our local bar. You'll love it!

INT. HOUSE FOYER - SAME

Hallie and Jimbo are huddled, whispering.

HALLIE

Sounds like a rowdy, well-lit place. We shouldn't go, Jimbo.

JIMBO

I know, but it's going well so far.

INT. HOUSE FOYER - SAME

JIMBO

Let's go. We can always find a way to leave, if we have to. Now, how do I look?

HALLIE

(looking Jimbo over)  
You look pretty good to me.

JIMBO

Even in bright lights?

HALLIE

I think you'll pass. And me?

JIMBO

Yup!

INT. ROWDY'S BAR - NIGHT

In the sports pub, we see a modest crowd that keeps growing. Patrons are playing darts, pool.

Hallie and Jimbo are seated with Oral and his family at a round table.

ORAL  
 (to Waitress)  
 Pitcher of your best draft. Uh,  
 make that two.

Jimbo and Hallie keep glancing at each other furtively as the place is filling up. A GAME SHOW, displayed on all the TV screens, is a big draw.

ORAL  
 "Winners and Losers." Yeah, just  
 started last week. That's why I  
 wanted you to come join us. You're  
 in for a real treat.

JIMBO  
 (nervously)  
 Yeah?

As in the TEASER, Patrons are clustered closer to the TVs behind the bar. In the TV SHOW, there are TWO SEPARATE GROUPS and an EMCEE asking questions that appear on a large board. Points are totaled on either side.

Anxious, Hallie takes Jimbo's hand, squeezing. Harder and harder as Oral pokes Jimbo, getting his attention.

ORAL  
 (animated)  
 Ooh, ooh! This is it! Wait till you  
 see.

Standing patrons press closer to the bar. The room grows fuller. Quieter. Dimmer. A murmur of excited anticipation builds.

One of the TV teams has won, and the emcee pulls a lever that rotates the game board 180 degrees. It reveals a YOUNG MAN sitting in some kind of contraption. He is WHITE, LILY-WHITE.

JIMBO  
 (to Oral)  
 What's going on?

ORAL  
 (poking Jimbo, hard)  
 This is it. What I was telling you.

JIMBO  
 It?

ORAL

Yeah! They're gonna fry the son-of-a-bitch. He's a purebred.

Hallie clasps Jimbo's hand, squeezing vice-like.

On the TV screens the young man is sitting in what is clearly an ELECTRIC CHAIR. The winners are asked to pull a big lever. As they approach center stage, there is a hush in the already quiet bar.

JIMBO (V.O.)

I knew it was against the law and I knew the Administration was hunting us down. I had heard about electrocutions. But on TV?

The winners pull the lever, and smoke starts to come out of the man as the chair begins to jump around a little at first, then more. Then violently. The audience begins applauding and yelling. The bar patrons start cheering. Louder and louder.

Oral puts an arm around Jimbo in "compadre" fashion.

Now, the MAN IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR COMBUSTS. FLAMES ARE LEAPING and the contestants with them. Rowdy's patrons follow suit.

Oral stands up virtually lifting Jimbo with him, all the while clutching him tightly.

A terrified Hallie looks at Jimbo, who shakes his head in dismay, making "EMERGENCY" EYES at her. Realizing Jimbo is in Oral's clutches, she grabs Jimbo, pulls him free, and THE ALARMED COUPLE FLEES THE BAR, which is by now rocking crazily.

Hand in hand, we see Hallie and Jimbo RUNNING FOR THEIR LIVES, disappearing down a dark road.

END OF PILOT