

I, SOOK: ACT ONE EXCERPT

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SCENE 2 - IF I CAN COOK YOU KNOW GOD CAN

SOOKS STUDIO APARTMENT - EVENING

The light comes up, natural and soft. Worn area rugs distinguish the three rooms triangulated in the studio -- a bedroom, a living room, a kitchen. Stacked books scatter themselves across the entire space, all dog-eared and unfinished. SOOK sits sprawled unladylike across the living room couch, pouring over a biography of Harriet Tubman. Attached to her head is a hiking headlamp, its LED gaze walking the lines of text at an impressive speed. Something jazzy plays on vinyl in the background. We sit with her a moment. Take in her comfort.

There is a KNOCK at the door. SOOK leaps to answer. HARMONY stands in the doorway, squinting into SOOK'S light. Bags of groceries drag her shoulders towards the ground. SOOK turns off the light, reaches for the bags. Harmony welcomes the help. They walk to the kitchen.

HARMONY

Girl thank you. And by the way
y'all elevators broken again.

SOOK places the groceries on the island counter. The sisters start unpacking in a rhythm that is immediate and familiar. HARMONY takes the ingredients out, SOOK places them in the proper place in the kitchen. When the bags are empty Harmony stuffs them inside each other, then adds them to the ocean of plastic bags spilling out from the cabinet under the sink.

SOOK

You mad at a free workout?

HARMONY

I don't need a free workout
sweetie. I have a job.

SOOK

Ouch.

HARMONY

Tough love.

SOOK

Tough love bruises. Let's just be
firm, okay?

A LOOK. HARMONY concedes.

SOOK (CONT'D)

You know, capitalism kills. As your
elder I need to take it easy.

(MORE)

SOOK (CONT'D)

I'm not unemployed, I'm...resting.
Full time.

HARMONY

Ha, rest?
(studying SOOK)
Why do you have a head lamp on?

SOOK

(defensive)
I was reading.

HARMONY

Mm. Reading or resting?

SOOK

Both.

A LOOK. SOOK concedes.

HARMONY

Are there any like, reading or
maybe like editing jobs you could
apply to or--

SOOK

I'm working on it, Harmony. Just--
just leave it alone.

HARMONY

I know you're looking, Sook. But
it's been like 2 months since you
stopped teaching and I know you
miss it. I just want you to be
happy.

SOOK

Happy. Yes, me too.

HARMONY

Well you need to try.

A LOOK. A LOOK BACK.

SOOK

Do I look like I'm not trying?

HARMONY

You look...like bob the builder.

SOOK throws a grape at HARMONY, who giggles.

SOOK

The perfect image of a man who is trying. A man who builds and breaks down and builds again.

HARMONY

Reel it in Sisyphus. What are you doing to be happy right now, seriously?

SOOK

I be happy outside of work, baby sister.

A LOOK. Suggestive.

HARMONY

So smoking weed.

SOOK

Yes. In combination with an eclectic variety of things.

HARMONY concedes, and begins to wash her hands. SOOK starts chopping vegetables at the cutting board. HARMONY washes her hands.

SOOK (CONT'D)

For example, cooking this wonderful meal with my annoying sister who I tolerate, god bless her soul, because we share our mothers hands.

HARMONY looks at her hands as she washes them.

HARMONY

Your hands are more like mom's than mine.

She stands beside SOOK. Two pairs of identical hands stare up at them, and the girls LOOK BACK.

SOOK

We both built blocky, in squares and cubes and rectangular prisms. Our hands be brickly, held together by something thick and strong. Mother's hands.

HARMONY

My scalp holds grudges against those hands I can't unknow.

SOOK

They've shown us a way for
tenderness to lay alongside pain.

HARMONY

Yank by follicle to anchor braid to
skin. To be sure that shit might
hold itself together. Mother's
hands.

SOOK

Mm. How are we to accept anything
short of thick and strong when all
we know are our mother's hands,
your scalp--

HARMONY

My hair--

SOOK

Her memories flow through us, veins
finna burst with the girth of them.
Make us brick wall thick. Strong
like our mother's hands.

There is a pause. The sisters appraise their hands with
newfound awe.

HARMONY

She could make miracles for lunch.

SOOK

She could make God for dinner.

HARMONY

A little Lawry's, a little
Walkerswood, a little more butter.
Mother's hands make beds and
breakfasts and snacks and
thanksgiving dinners and homes and
do and--

SOOK

And let's start cooking.

The sisters share a smile. HARMONY grabs a pan, throws in
some oil. She transfers the vegetables to the pan and they
sizzle aggressively. SOOK and HARMONY let out yelps of
surprise. SOOK turns the heat down a little, starts
seasoning.

HARMONY

Oh I brought you some lotion by the
way.

SOOK
 (checking ankles)
 You think I need it?

HARMONY
 Probably. But girl they were buy
 one get one free at TJ Maxx so I
 didn't even have to think about
 your ashy self.

SOOK
 Thanks, what kind?

HARMONY
 Spearmint. I think you'll like it,
 I'll bring it tomorrow.

SOOK freezes, called to a memory.

SOOK
 (to herself)
 There it is again...

HARMONY
 You're being weird.

SOOK
 It's the mint, it must be the -- I
 have to tell you something.

A LOOK.

SOOK (CONT'D)
 I spoke to someone who...is dead.

Long pause.

HARMONY
 How did you know?

SOOK looks away.

HARMONY (CONT'D)
 How did you know she was dead.

SOOK
 She died in 1913. I recognized her,
 she -- I must have called her
 somehow.

HARMONY
 Wait where were--

SOOK

It must be the mint. Her birth name is Araminta Ross. Minty.

HARMONY

Birth name? What's her other name?

SOOK

Harriet. Harriet Tubman.

HARMONY

Oh fuck.

SOOK enters the MEMORY.

SOOK

I was at this farm yesterday, Black Dirt farm. I had seen it in a twitter thread about black owned farms in the area, so I emailed, tryna see whats up. They said I could come in to help that day. And there was this girl there who like, is so cute and like, strong... like damn.

(distracted by this)

Anyway she was there and this dude Blain was there and he was so, like gruff, but obviously a mess. Faith, thats the strong girl, she knows whats up more than he does, but he owns the place, which, typical. So we're chatting, weeding, shooting the shit, and she's like oh go check out the herb garden its my favorite place and so I'm like going to this garden and its in the woods which is--

A LOOK.

Like why isnt it in a sunny place? I shoullda known they was on some sketchy shit, but I was there. And I was smelling lavender and I was taking thyme and uh, mighta tasted a lil mint, you know. Just a nibble. Okay okay, more than a nibble, but it was good, chocolate mint! And I was tryna be you know, fresh in the mouth when I went back to...anyway I bit my lip. Blood cut through any mint my molars had ground out, and alla sudden it was cold. Real cold.

(MORE)

SOOK (CONT'D)

I saw my shadow. Middle of the day,
and I saw my shadow. I was bout
ready to cry thinking I was
tripping, then I look up. Harriet
FUCKING Tubman is looking me in my
fucking FACE.

SOOK is lost for a moment, almost teary. She continues,
softly.

SOOK (CONT'D)

She touched my fingers, Harmony.
She said, and I mean I saw her
mouth move and I heard the words,
and she said Find. God. Then she
was gone. Took my shadow with her.
Left me warm and wobbly right there
with the taste of blood on my
tongue and too much thyme in my
hands. I stumbled back to the other
farmers and when I told them what
happened they kicked me off the
farm. Blain thought I was on some
sort of psychadelic, and Faith
pulled me to the side and gave me
her number.

A LOOK.

She said to "let her know if I
needed anything". And I would, if I
knew what I needed! All I know is
I'm on this abstract ass quest.
Like shit, aren't ancestors sposed
to ask for things like "the tears
of a black squirrel" or "Great Aunt
Margarine's Mac and Cheese recipe"?
Find God? Find GOD? Whose God? Am I
Jesus now or something? I feel
Jesus-y, but also like maybe this
is a curse, you know like why would
she have a message for me? I've
been digging all day trying to find
God or who Minty considers God and
I just...

SOOK comes back to the KITCHEN.

SOOK (CONT'D)

Am I crazy?

Harmony thinks carefully.

HARMONY

You're not crazy.

SOOK exhales visibly.

HARMONY (CONT'D)

I don't know why you. I don't think it has to matter. But Sook, you are at a crossroads right now. Looking for a new job, trying to find what makes you happy. I think you're stuck, and I think you need help. And she's chosen to help you.

SOOK

That was weirdly wise.

HARMONY

Don't make it weird.

(a beat)

I think you should go to church.

SOOK

Bro, what? No.

HARMONY

Don't let the peppers burn.

SOOK jumps back to the smoking stove. With both hands, she adds the patiently waiting cans of chickpeas and coconut milk. Stirs and covers it.

SOOK

I'm too queer for church.

HARMONY

Not too queer for God.

SOOK

Ugh.

HARMONY

Just try it! Consider it research.

SOOK

Only if you come with me.

HARMONY

Hell no. Take strong girl.

SOOK

Oh, Faith? I can't tell if that's brilliant or awful.

HARMONY

It's like a church date. So many people do that.

SOOK
Church people Harmony. Church
people do that.

HARMONY
But it'd be so fun if not-church
people do it and then...learn
something. Find god hopefully. Find
each other maybe.

SOOK rolls her eyes but is considering it.

HARMONY (CONT'D)
You'll burn the peppers if you
don't stir them every now and
again.

SOOK stirs the curry. A moment passes comfortably.

SOOK
Thanks Harmony. For--

HARMONY
That's what I'm here for.

They smile. With but not at each other. Lights down.

SCENE 3 - OPPOSITE FAITH

CHURCH OF THE HOLY CROSSING - DAY

SOOK and FAITH are parked beside the brick building,
listening to Kirk Franklin. Trying to get in the mood.
It's...not working. SOOK cuts off the music.

SOOK
Maybe this was a bad idea I'm sorry
I--

FAITH
No. Stop. Don't be sorry. You asked
me to help you, and I will. This is
a work trip.

SOOK
Spirit work.

FAITH
Spirit work. Focus on the
intention, remember? Go in there as
open as you came onto Black Dirt.

(MORE)

FAITH (CONT'D)
 We're gonna catch the word, and
 we're gonna...

SOOK
 (unconvinced)
 Find god?

FAITH
 Probably not.

FAITH puts her hand on SOOK'S. They smile at each other.

FAITH (CONT'D)
 But, its a step.

The two exit the car and take a seat in one of the pews,
 their backs to the audience. In front of them, a plum robed
 choir belts joyfully:

CHOIR
 I'm hoping to see the day/When my
 people can all relate/We must stop
 fighting/ to achieve some
 peace/We're at war with this
 country/if we cannot live freely/
 Follow me!/Why don't you follow me/
 to a place/ Where we'll all be
 free...

Behind the choir, the wall is made entirely of stained glass.
 It depicts the Promised Land, and through it magnificent
 sunbeams kaleidoscope across the stage. The song is a potent
 call to motion. Djembe's, old and taught, deliver their
 steady heartbeat. PASTOR GREENLEAF walks up to the pulpit.

CHOIR (CONT'D)
 Follow me!

She sets down a Bible, and knows exactly which page to turn
 to.

PASTOR GREENLEAF
 Can I talk t'ya about Hagar? About
 sacrifice. About fugitive lives.
 Looooord, help me tell our holy
 stories today. You may know about
 Hagar. The servant of Sarah, wife
 of Abraham. How she bore a son on
 behalf of Sarah, and was banished
 to the desert. How she walked for
 miles and miles and had all but
 gave up. There was no safe place
 for her.

(MORE)

PASTOR GREENLEAF (CONT'D)

Sometimes, and y'all know this is true, sometimes there is no safe place.

(a beat. She looks around.)

Where do we run when there is no asylum?

SOOK turns to her phone, starts scrolling. The drums thunder on.

INSTAGRAM enters a spotlight just outside the church walls. Plops down a canvas satchel, fit to burst. She plunges her arm in, fist fishing out photographs and holding them high above her head. She calls out captions like a enthusiastic newsie. She raises a photo of Dr. Maya Angelou high above her head.

INSTAGRAM

Afropunk remembers Dr. Maya Angelou on her birthday, black heart emoji black heart emoji black heart emoji. Liked by 3,444 people.

She throws the photo over her shoulder. Picks out one of a woman bathed mostly in shadow. One eye illuminated, stares at the audience.

INSTAGRAM (CONT'D)

Crwnmag celebrates Gloria, an ever inspiring being of love.

(mimicking)

I am convinced we share pieces of the same heart. Liked by 134 people.

Throws the photo aside. Picks out one of a woman with silver hair cropped neatly to her head. Her suit is red. Her face is certain. The sky rains confetti.

INSTAGRAM (CONT'D)

_justeeez is hype as FUCK for the election of Mayor Lori Lightfoot. Chicagos first black lesbian mayor. Liked by 94.

Tosses photo. Pulls one in black and white. A soft looking image of a woman yelling instructions, surrounded by recording equipment. SOOK stops scrolling. INSTAGRAM slows, looking at this picture with interest. After a moment the scrolling continues and INSTAGRAM snaps back as if remembering herself.

INSTAGRAM (CONT'D)

Wellreadblackgirl posts a quote
from Kathleen Collins, a filmmaker
and author, saying:

(clears throat)

Our minds are intricate. Our
desires are complex. We are
gorgeously contradictory in our
epistemologies. We were not
invented yesterday.

FAITH notices SOOK on her phone. A LOOK. SOOK concedes.
INSTAGRAM freezes in time.

CHOIR

Didn't my lord deliver Hagar,
deliver Hagar, deliver
Hagar?/Didn't My lord deliver
Hagar, then why not every one?/
(quieter, continuous)
Deliver Hagar, deliver Hagar, oh
deliver/Hagar, deliver Hagar,
deliver Hagar, oh deliver...

PASTOR GREENLEAF

We been on the run, our ancestors
been on the run, but God will
provide. We can weather any storm
with the strength of our spirit,
with our connection to holy things.
Our connection to ourselves. Now
when you feel disconnected from
yourself, that's a spiritual
affliction. That means you don't
know what direction to run in.
Hagar found out so we could never
forget-- there is no physical place
you can run to, to find yourself.
To find that thing you need. That
water, that food. That safety. You
find that with God and only God.

SOOK'S phone buzzes. SOOK checks to be sure FAITH isn't
watching, then checks the notification.

INSTAGRAM

(whispering)

Freeblackwomenslibrary sent you a
post.

SOOK looks between the phone and FAITH. She unlocks her
phone, checks the message. INSTAGRAM unfreezes, pulling a
book out of the satchel, pages stained with age.

INSTAGRAM (CONT'D)

Saw this and thought of you. Hope
all is well. Sun emoji.

SOOK slowly turns to look at the book. It is unmarked, deep purple. She stands, slowly, drawn to it. She begins walking towards the wall.

CHOIR

Why don't you follow me/to a
place/where we can be free...

INSTAGRAM

Harrietsapothecary writes,
(softly but with growing
intensity)
Imagine yourself as fire. Flame of
life. Would you burn yourself out
of let your passion unfurl in its
own time? Will you remember your
worth is untouchable? Can you
believe there is no one like you?

CHOIR

Didn't my lord/Follow me!

INSTAGRAM

Imagine you are wildfire reborn as
stars. Will you remember the joy
waiting for you between your doubts
and your fears?

CHOIR

Deliver Hagar/Follow me!

INSTAGRAM

Would you be still enough to feel
life pulse you open? Maybe dance
with your younger self and remind
them of what hope tastes like.
Imagine the ocean in your hands.

CHOIR

Then why not/Follow me!

INSTAGRAM

Would you let go or wash yourself
with your own understanding? Would
you trust yourself with your own
sorrow and command the truth of
your rage? Flame of life.
Complacency is too dull for you.
Burn wild. Chase your own heart.

CHOIR

Everyone...

SOOK crosses the church wall to where INSTAGRAM is standing. They stare at each other. The heartbeat of the Djembe's quicken. SOOK extends her hand shakily towards INSTAGRAM. INSTAGRAM watches her with mild interest. Does not move away.

Inside, FAITH notices SOOK missing. She scans the room, then moves to take her search outside. The sound of the door opening draws SOOKS attention, and INSTAGRAM disappears. The music stops completely. SOOK looks back to the spot where she stood -- there, in the soil, there is a small green plant. SOOK kneels down to get a closer look. Smells it. FAITH finds her like this.

FAITH

You just left in the middle of the sermon?

SOOK continues to inspect the plant, in awe.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Sook? I didn't even see you get up, how--

SOOK

Look. Faith. It's mint.

She looks. She smells. It's true. A LOOK.

SOOK (CONT'D)

I thought I saw...I don't know I just. Got this message on instagram
(hands FAITH her phone)
and I was like reading it and I looked up and I was here.

FAITH

(reading the post)
Spooky.

SOOK stares at the mint thoughtfully. FAITH finishes and tucks the phone back into SOOK'S pocket.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Who wrote that book?

SOOK

Well I think its a bible, judging by the thickness and binding. I think it's *her* bible.

FAITH

So the caption, that's a quote from the bible?

SOOK

No, no, I don't know. Maybe it's an inscription? Maybe the harrietsapothecary folks wrote it? I don't know.

FAITH

Well it's worth some research later but I don't think its related to what happened on the farm. Looks like they're just a fan page, some history enthusiasts who like poetry
--

SOOK

(sharply)

This is important, Faith. I know that much.

(softening)

I used to teach a lesson on Harriet Tubman every year. No matter what grade they had me working with, when February came around I always started with her. Harriet was a deeply spiritual person. She spoke about receiving visions from God all her life, felt like he was talking to her. Talking through her.

(a beat. Then, overwhelmed)

And now I'm having visions from *her!*

FAITH

Hey, okay. So what does that mean for us right now?

SOOK

Find God. She told me to find God. What if she meant her bible?

FAITH

Hm...why wouldn't she just say that?

SOOK

Maybe I needed to come here first.

A LOOK.

FAITH

Uh uh. You wanted to come here first. And you wanted me to come with you. You chose a path for a reason. Don't forget why we're here, and don't leave me behind if you actually want my help.

SOOK finally gives FAITH'S her full attention.

SOOK

When I said I was touched by another realm at the farm, you were the only one who heard me. I'm sorry I left you in there. I'm sorry I'm slipping into another realm. That's why I need your help. You don't treat me like I'm crazy.

FAITH sighs, softening.

FAITH

You're not. People have always communicated beyond the mundane world. On purpose, by accident. But let's try to do things on purpose okay? You make your own path, even in the realm of the spirits.

SOOK

How can you be so calm about all this?

A beat. FAITH is thinking. After a moment she plunges her hands into the soil, scooping up the mint and cradling it between them.

FAITH

I can read people's energy. Like, their auras.

SOOK

Oh?

FAITH

Yours is very clear. Visible I mean. Most people its murky, it's hidden, they don't know what they want, and if they do know they don't always want to show you. Reading energies is a skill.

(a beat)

You're clear though. Not hiding much.

SOOK

Mm.

FAITH gives SOOK the plant, placing it delicately in her pocket. SOOK is bemused.

FAITH

Except one thing.

SOOK

What?

FAITH

Your aura has this...dark edge along the bottom. I've never seen it before. It's like a shadow.

SOOK

(a beat)

That sounds bad.

FAITH

Shadow be a lot more than bad. Shadow show you where light comes from. Shadow portals and shadowy resting places. Shadow soft and shows the pull of time. Humans, us earthly things, we need a lot of light. We don't grow to full size in the shadowlands. But you seem to be...somethin else. I never seen it before.

They have become quite close. FAITH's inspection is intense. SOOK self-consciously pulls back. Eyes darting out of contact. The act requires some effort, like pulling at stuck-together things. FAITH inches close again. Reaches for SOOK'S hand, winding their fingers together slowly. Asking permission. SOOK relaxes into her touch.

SOOK

I guess we're both crazy then.

FAITH pulls SOOK'S hand to her lips, kissing the knuckles lightly. She shrugs.

FAITH

I prefer the term spirited.

SOOK chuckles. They walk towards the car together, holding hands.

SCENE 4 - AND I HEARD

SOOK'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

SOOK is tucked into her bed, covered by a fuzzy blanket and a strip of moonlight. Crickets cry out into the night. Beyond the bedroom, the rest of the house feels eerie. A slow fog creeps across the stage. HARRIET TUBMAN shuffles into the kitchen, humming Follow Me. She looks around, snooping in drawers and cabinets without urgency. The cupboard of plastic bags freaks her out a little, but she closes the door and moves to the fridge. She opens it. The artificial light freaks her out A LOT. She shuts it hard and takes a deep breath. From the bed, SOOK'S SHADOW rises. They heard something in the kitchen. They check that SOOK is still sleeping. HARRIET TUBMAN, returned to a state of meditative calm, pulls out her pistol and a handkerchief. She sits on the barstool and begins to disassemble and clean the pieces. SHADOW approaches the kitchen with the dramatic flair of Pink Panther, flattening into the wall to travel silently. They leap into position crouching beneath the kitchen counter closest to the audience, above their head the cutting board and knife. HARRIET TUBMAN continues cleaning her pistol. SHADOW peeks around the corner, snapping back with alarm when they notice the weapon. They freak out in the privacy of this hiding spot. HARRIET TUBMAN starts humming again. SHADOW recognizes the song. They stand up, curious. HARRIET sees the shadowy figure and curses, quickly snapping the pistol parts back to weapon and pointing it at the direction of SHADOW, towards the audience.

HARRIET TUBMAN

Who dat dere?

(a beat)

I cain't see ya nun so wyon't cha
come on out proper.

SHADOW moves forward slowly. Around the counter. Stands on the other side of the island. HARRIET TUBMAN adjusts her aim to face SHADOW'S voice. Her hands are steady. Were she to fire, she would not miss.

HARRIET TUBMAN (CONT'D)

Oh yous a ghost then huh?

SHADOW laughs. Then, realizes she isn't kidding. SHADOW points at HARRIET TUBMAN, an accusation.

HARRIET TUBMAN (CONT'D)

Oh I ain't no ghost. Goes by
Tubman. Harriet Tubman.

HARRIET TUBMAN lowers the weapon slightly.

HARRIET TUBMAN (CONT'D)
I'm looking for some body.

SHADOW gestures towards the bedroom, walking towards it a bit and beckoning HARRIET TUBMAN to follow.

HARRIET TUBMAN (CONT'D)
No.

HARRIET TUBMAN lowers the gun completely. Returns it to its hidden spot beneath her dress. She seems to lose interest in this exchange. Turns to shuffle away.

HARRIET TUBMAN (CONT'D)
That one not quite ready.

SHADOW jumps in front of HARRIET TUBMAN, jumping off the wall to block her path. Now she sees them.

HARRIET TUBMAN (CONT'D)
Yous a shadow!

SHADOW holds their hand out to shake. HARRIET TUBMAN stares at it. SHADOW retracts it, opting for a curtsie.

HARRIET TUBMAN (CONT'D)
And such a young'n at that!

HARRIET circles SHADOW, inspecting their clothes, their mask. SHADOW allows the gaze.

HARRIET TUBMAN (CONT'D)
We spend a whole life wit a body, a mirror to it's form. Outlines of where the light cain't be. But chile does ya think a where you go when yo body departs this earth?

The fog thickens.

HARRIET TUBMAN (CONT'D)
You here without her now ain'tcha?

SHADOW shifts, suddenly vulnerable. HARRIET TUBMAN puts a consoling hand on their shoulder, sits them down at the bar.

HARRIET TUBMAN (CONT'D)
I oughta tell ya this, cus ain't no one else can. Some bodies don't git to spendin much time wit they shadow. Harriet haself most ret ta move under da moon. Ain't git to see ha brightes moments, but be sure I saw ha darkest.

(MORE)

HARRIET TUBMAN (CONT'D)

Thems a happen wit da sun. I not see ha walk the whole Ross family clean outta Mur-rland. Not see ha lead the firs armed expedition up the waters of da Combahee to free 700 men, women, and chilren. All I saw inna day was a woman at work. A chile in danger. Busy healin soldiers, shoot, bein a damn soldier, talkin wit God any bit she had to haself. No time, no spirit left t'talk t'me.

(sighs)

When ha body rest. When ha body finally rest you gon still be round. But she'a be gone then. You'a git to missin her. Be gracious wit every moment you git now.

SHADOW nods.

HARRIET TUBMAN (CONT'D)

(reassuring)

Now that's alright.

HARRIET TUBMAN pats SHADOW'S hand. Shuffles towards the door again. This time SHADOW doesn't stop her. HARRIET TUBMAN pauses with her hand on the door. Speaks over her shoulder at SOOK.

HARRIET TUBMAN (CONT'D)

When she pass on I start lookin for'a. I went to'a kids, all through New York, I even look t'da motherland, to Asanti people there. Ain't find nothin that felt familiar. Light don't fold the same round nun else like it did round my body. I bin jumped all through time 'n space to find someone t'come close. I come here for dat there chile, cos she come mighty near to my body. I might could fit her shape.

She opens the door.

HARRIET TUBMAN (CONT'D)

Take care wit that body lil shadow. Is all you'll ever got to lose. Take care...or I will.

HARRIET TUBMAN exits, humming again. SHADOW shakily walks to the cupboard, pulls out a glass. From the freezer they pull out a whiskey that slips out the bottle like honey. Takes a shot. Pours another. Sits back down to nurse this one.

In the bed, SOOK stirs fitfully. She groans. Twists over. She flings herself upright, awake and panting. Damp with fear. SHADOW disappears once her eyes open. FAITH'S head pops up sleepily from the other side of the bed.

FAITH

You okay?

SOOK

Yeah. A dream...just a dream.

SOOK puts her feet to the floor. Breathes deeply. She puts her head in her hands.