

45 INT. HOTEL ROOM

45

Pagan Lace lights candles at her newly erected altar and performs her obsessive, compulsive ritual. Outside, we see mobs are gathering and losing control in front of a building protected by the 'police'. We watch Tom Friend struggle through the crowd, into the hotel. Then Tom Friend enters the room. Dishevelled from his experience downstairs Pagan Lace doesn't notice he has come in until she has completed her ritual.

PAGAN LACE
Where have you been?

TOM FRIEND
They bumped off another taxi driver.

He crosses to the window.

PAGAN LACE
What's going on out there?

TOM FRIEND (cont'd)
Down there in that stinking courtyard, that jail. They're trying to bust out a political prisoner. Either that or they're trying to bust in and take the damn child molester out and hang him from the lamp post. Hell, I don't know.

PAGAN LACE
You're rattled, Tom. What's bugging you?

TOM FRIEND
What's bugging me? The absurdity of a lifetime of futile labor. That's what's bugging me. Condemned to some pointless task. I'm trying to track down some guy and ask him the meaning of life...Look at that crowd down there. Life itself is the meaning of life.

She joins him at the window.

PAGAN LACE
Your problem is you're looking at the bug on your windshield, Tom.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

PAGAN LACE (cont'd)

If you keep looking at it you're gonna miss the scenery and have an accident. You gotta look through the windshield not at it.

Tom is shocked, he looks at her.

TOM FRIEND

(incredulous)

What's that?... Why don't you go off somewhere? Why don't you find a nice beach bum, gigolo, or stud.

She laughs, refusing to take him seriously.

PAGAN LACE

Tom--

TOM FRIEND

(half to himself)

...It's a dictatorship and it's getting worse by the day...Newspapers are all a false map of the world. You ever heard of the AIDS epidemic?

PAGAN LACE

Yeah.

TOM FRIEND

What if I told you it was cooked up by some Mau-Mau men in Africa and they gave it to British sailors. How about the Vietnam War, you ever heard of that one? What if I told you it was lost in the whorehouses of Saigon instead of on the battlefield.

PAGAN LACE

How do you know that stuff?

TOM FRIEND

You never reveal your sources.

PAGAN LACE

Be careful, Tom. The light in your brain will go off.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: (2)

45

TOM FRIEND (cont'd)
I never thought I had a brain until
now.

CUT TO:

46 INT. SOUNDSTAGE - NIGHT

46

Uncle Sweetheart is standing by himself, singing. He's holding a sheaf of papers. He's drinking from his flask.

UNCLE SWEETHEART
(singing)
*Who's that a-coming, John the
Revelator.*

Percy and Blunt appear.

PERCY
Hey, Sweetheart.

UNCLE SWEETHEART
Ah, the two scavengers. Somebody must have left some scraps of food lying around.

Long pause as Percy and Blunt size up their options. Uncle Sweetheart is unafraid. Finally:

PERCY
Your bones break easy, you know.

They exit.

CUT TO:

47 INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

47

Tom Friend is high. Pagan Lace tries to clean him up, picking stuff off his jacket, wiping his sweaty face, etc.

TOM FRIEND
Stop asking me stuff.

PAGAN LACE
But I need to know so I can understand things.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

TOM FRIEND

What do you need to understand?

She tries to clean some blood off his hands. She scrubs furiously.

PAGAN LACE

Everybody's got something in their past, Tom. Why don't you tell me what's hiding back there.

He takes a deep breath. She puts down the now bloody cloth.

PAGAN LACE (cont'd)

(softly)

Tell me.

He takes another deep breath. A swig of whisky.

PAGAN LACE (cont'd)

Go ahead.

TOM FRIEND

(another deep breath)

I grew up on a farm. I slept with the cows. My old man broke his leg, became addicted to drugs, then he became a missionary. We had nothing against rats, but we used to have to shoot them because they'd eat the potatoes and flour. If rats were like frogs and ate water and mud, we would have left them alone. Then we lived in a mobile home park. We lived in a Prowler next to the Holiday Rambler and the Nomad. I had a baby horse. It meant everything to me. I wouldn't have traded it for a racehorse. The saddle was so small you could've put it on a cat. My old man, he went down the tunnel of love, the dark ride. It was the only way he could go. At carnival time, everybody had to put on a mask, and you had to eat and drink through your mask. Somebody brought me what I thought was eggs and home fries, and I gobbled it down. Then somebody told me later I'd eaten the flesh of my old man.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: (2)

47

PAGAN LACE

Fuck.

She returns to the altar and begins praying. Tom Friend weeps silently. We move to a radio on the night table.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

The President hasn't been seen in weeks. Some fear the worst. Spokesman for the ailing leader said quote, he is wearing the harness of necessity, unquote...

CUT TO:

48 EXT. SOUNDSTAGE - MORNING

48

The armed man is standing guard at the gate. A passerby stops -- an old, Picasso-like man.

OLD MAN

What's going on in there?

ARMED MAN

I'm not at liberty to say.

OLD MAN

How do you get into this club?

ARMED MAN

You go by night, to a certain fountain, find the girl who'll be there and rape her. Then you become one of the big boys. You're an easy mark. Then you're in the club. You're the front man. You've taken the path of least resistance. They put you at the head of the gang. Now you're in the inner ring of the inner ring. That's how it works.

The old man considers this, then walks away.

CUT TO:

49 INT. NINA'S TRAILER - CONTINUOUS.

49

Jack Fate sits strumming on Blind Lemon's guitar with Uncle Sweetheart, who fans himself.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

UNCLE SWEETHEART

Ooh, it's hot in here. The air conditioner must be on the blink.

Nina enters waving a piece of paper.

NINA

These are the lyrics to "Jailhouse Rock." This is a song that the executives are insisting be played.

UNCLE SWEETHEART

"Jailhouse Rock?" Why do they want to hear that?

NINA

Just look at the lyrics, Sweetheart. Like, "the warden threw a party in a county jail." They see it as a song of hope. Some kind of egalitarian thing. They want to plant seeds of hope.

UNCLE SWEETHEART

Lots of people have tried to plant seeds of hope.

NINA

Yeah, but seeds don't grow if you plant them on a carpet or a hardwood floor. You got to put them in the earth, where they come in contact with the soil.

UNCLE SWEETHEART

What do you think, Jack? "Jailhouse Rock?"

Jake Fate rises and addresses Uncle Sweetheart.

JACK FATE

Yeah, well, uh, do you know what cellulose is, Uncle?

UNCLE SWEETHEART

Cellulose?

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: (2)

49

JACK FATE (cont'd)

Yeah, cellulose. It's in the grass.
A cow can digest it, but you can't...I
can't either.

Jack exits.

NINA

(exasperated)

What's this all about? You know that
reporter who was here yesterday? Why
didn't anybody talk to him?

UNCLE SWEETHEART

I thought somebody did talk to him.

NINA

No, there wasn't any story anywhere
and we need the publicity. The
network is demanding it.

UNCLE SWEETHEART

You're winding yourself up too tight.

NINA

Don't play dumb with me. You're
smarter than that, Sweetheart. You're
hiding your light under a bushel.

UNCLE SWEETHEART

Well, maybe I am, but it's no big
deal.

NINA

You have no passion for this. You
have no feeling.

UNCLE SWEETHEART

Passions and feelings are a curse that
the gods strike you with. It's very
hard to make them compatible with
living.

NINA

Gods, what do you know about gods?
These network heads are the gods.
They work their will with no blood in
their bodies. They don't know the
future, nor do they answer questions.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: (3)

49

NINA (cont'd)
They play on our dream states like a
concertina.

UNCLE SWEETHEART
I've seen 'em.

NINA
Yeah?

UNCLE SWEETHEART
They're not gods, they're nothing but
preachers and lawyers and hired agents
and professional speakers. They all
have vested interests and we can
discount whatever they say.

Both Nina and Uncle Sweetheart are angry.

NINA
Maybe you can, Sweetheart, but not me.
I have to work with them. I have to
eat.

She exits. Uncle Sweetheart follows.

50 EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

50

We follow him out onto the street where ahead of him Jack
Fate walks along. Bobby Cupid follows. Uncle Sweetheart
comes running after them. In the background we see Nina
Veronica look on alarmed, then run back inside.

UNCLE SWEETHEART
Hey! Wait a second, Jack!

They turn around.

UNCLE SWEETHEART (cont'd)
I screwed up. I screwed up big time.

BOBBY CUPID
That's one thing about you,
Sweetheart. You don't do nothing
small time.

UNCLE SWEETHEART
Shut up, I'm not talking to you.

UNCLE SWEETHEART
A couple of guys are chasing me down.
I made 'em some promises.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

JACK FATE

Promises are hard to fulfill.

UNCLE SWEETHEART

I had to borrow money, Jack. I did a stupid thing. I borrowed money to buy something that's been decreasing in value ever since I owned it. Ain't that a bitch.

JACK FATE

Yeah, well, you live and learn, don't you.

UNCLE SWEETHEART

Don't you understand? I'm trying to get free of my mistakes... I've got a family, Jack. I'm not going to become a burden to my children. Don't leave, Jack. You know I'm not some vicious person in a position of wealth and power.

JACK FATE

No. You're like a chemist who invents a new drug and doesn't care about the side effects.

UNCLE SWEETHEART

I'm in over my head.

BOBBY CUPID

You're nothing but a piker, a door to door encyclopedia salesman. You'd commit treason against your own self.

UNCLE SWEETHEART

Who's talking to you?

BOBBY CUPID

Common sense, that's who. William Faulkner, that's who. "Absalom, Absalom". Every word of "The Fall of the House of Usher", is rolling around my head. The voices inside my head. That's who. Screw this so-called concert, Jack. These cats are just addicted to lights and sound. Let's go someplace where we can see the earth and sky.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED: (2)

50

BOBBY CUPID (cont'd)

Let's go to the South Seas. Let's go to where Gauguin went and disappear for awhile. Someplace where we can relax and not be nervous around these people, these wretches of humanity. This guy here, he's like a praying mantis. He doesn't kill his victims. He just paralyzes them, feeds off them. He don't kill nothing. He's too smart for that.

Uncle Sweetheart grabs him by the collar, pulling him close.

UNCLE SWEETHEART

(softly)

I don't know which one of those voices is coming out of your mouth, but tell it to shut the fuck up.

He releases him.

UNCLE SWEETHEART (cont'd)

Gauguin was a stockbroker.

He stands there, as they walk away.

JACK FATE

(to Bobby Cupid)

I got to borrow your car for awhile.

BOBBY CUPID

Yeah, it's over here.

They reach a beat up old jalopy.

BOBBY CUPID (cont'd)

You gonna need any help?

JACK FATE

Just let me have the keys.

Bobby Cupid has a big ring of keys. He hands Jack Fate the key. Jack gets in and starts it up. He drives away, leaving Bobby Cupid and Uncle Sweetheart alone on the dusty road. They exchange an awkward glance then turn and head back together.

CUT TO:

51 EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

51

The car's been wrecked. It's in a ditch. The hood is up, it's smoking. We pan past the car and find Jack Fate as he crosses a cemetery. Finally, he stops in front of a modest marker. It reads: MARY, BELOVED MOTHER OF JACK 1942- AND EDWARD 1945-1946. Beside this grave a new unmarked hole is dug.

CUT TO:

52 FLASHBACK #5 - APPROXIMATELY 1968

52

This is a camera planted, hidden, probably in the closet of a hotel room. The son, now 27, is waiting in the hotel room. A bottle of whisky sits prominently in the otherwise antiseptic environment. The son walks up to the camera and acknowledges it. He is a party to the deception. He is culpable. The father's beautiful mistress enters. She knows nothing of the camera. She is plied with drink, and quickly she and the son become amorous

JACK FATE (V.O.)

The last thing I would've ever wanted to do would be to disrupt the authority of my father. I wouldn't have done that for anything. I guess you could say I was under the spell of my mother. And my mother, she had a few, little problems. Little problems can get blown out of proportion in a big way. Sometimes people have more than they need, and more than they deserve. Because you can only do a little bit, you do nothing. And I didn't want to be like that. Some of us pursue perfection and virtue, and if we're lucky we catch up to it, but happiness can't be pursued. It either comes to you or it don't. You can always say, if only this, or if only that, but "if only" is a state of mind that we get into when we feel deprived. In the end, it's the strongest arm that stretches the bow.

CUT TO:

53 EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

53

We recognize it as the house from the earlier flashback.

CUT TO:

54 INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

54

A warm glow from a fire lights the house. Old "Jack Fate" music wafts through the room. There is a knock at the door. The beautiful mistress from the flashback, now slightly older, enters and crosses to answer it and is not surprised to find Jack Fate at her threshold.

DISSOLVE TO:

55 INT. HOUSE - LATER

55

Jack Fate and the MISTRESS sit together. She treats his cut.

MISTRESS

I wondered if you would ever return.
I wondered if I'd ever see you again.
You were pretty beaten and banged up
that night.

JACK FATE

That was a bad night.

MISTRESS

You never resolved it with him, did
you?

JACK FATE

Too many loose ends.

MISTRESS

You're gonna try to straighten it out
with him? You think you can?

JACK FATE

It can't be straightened out. It'll
never be. Not by me, anyway.

MISTRESS

Then what are you coming back for,
Jack? He's on his death bed.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

JACK FATE

I gotta see him. I'm tired of not seeing him.

MISTRESS

You gave it all away, didn't you? You gave all the best of you away.

JACK FATE

Yeah, I did. I gave it to them all. All them sons of bitches who are either unwilling or unable to accept it.

MISTRESS

Yeah we all did... I heard you tried to kill yourself. I heard you took the car that night, drained the brake fluid out of it, took some Valium and went for a ride.

JACK FATE

I'm still here, ain't I?

A pause.

MISTRESS (cont'd)

...Your father was a good man.

JACK FATE

Sure he was. He caused senseless death, endless tears, needless loss, but sure, if you wanna say he was a good man, he was a good man.

MISTRESS

Your mama, Jack. You wouldn't have had nothing to do with me if it wasn't for her... If you wanna go see him, you better go now. I hope it's not too late.

JACK FATE

It's late, and it's always been late.

MISTRESS

Don't forget. A home is a refuge, Jack. A relaxing place for the heart and mind. You can come here anytime.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: (2)

55

MISTRESS (cont'd)

What can I do for you? I wanna do something for you. What can I do?

JACK FATE

Go get the keys to the boathouse. Row me out onto the lake. I wanna see the sun rise.

DISSOLVE TO:

56 EXT. PRESIDENTIAL MANSION-DAWN.

56

Jack Fate walks up to the heavily armed guard gate. He is stopped by numerous soldiers who train their weapons on him. One guard steps forward and shines a light on his face. Jack's cut is completely healed. They seem to recognize him.

CUT TO:

57 INT. PRESIDENTIAL MANSION - HALLWAY - DAY

57

Jack Fate walks down the hallway accompanied by EDMUND.

EDMUND

Long time, Jack.

JACK FATE

Yeah, it's been awhile. So much happens, don't it, in such a short time?

EDMUND

Seems like only yesterday.

JACK FATE

Maybe to you.

EDMUND

We used to play together out there, in the back. While my mother cleaned this house, my father took care of the grounds. We were illegal back then. We're not illegal anymore. We're in charge now, Jack.

JACK FATE

Yeah, I remember your ma. She was a wonderful lady. Asked permission before she did anything.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

EDMUND

Yeah, before she'd pluck a leaf off a tree, she'd ask permission.

JACK FATE

Couldn't wash away the real dirt, though.

EDMUND

Nah, nobody could.

They walk along.

EDMUND (cont'd)

I'm the man your father wanted you to be. I'm the next President of this country.

JACK FATE

Yeah, that's something, isn't it.

EDMUND

You know how it is, Jack. When inferior people want to revolt, they do. And when they become equal, they want to be superior. You're looking at the top man now, Jack. It's no dog and pony show. We're not just some macho men from the flea market.

JACK FATE

You got any new kind of manifesto?

EDMUND

Yes, I do, as a matter of fact. I have my speech already prepared.

He walks through the onlookers that sit vigil, camped out around the stage where the Presidents death bed is perched behind the curtain. They barely react to Edmund's speech..

EDMUND (cont'd)

Ladies and gentleman. People of the republic. We are now a nation of laws. The laws of common sense, which from now forthcoming will overrule all other laws.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED: (2)

57

EDMUND (cont'd)

As far as rights go, all people aren't entitled to the same rights. Freedom is only for people who can practice self control. Let me say we no longer have any cause to fear danger from abroad. Our strength and power is well known throughout the civilized world. It is from within amongst ourselves, from cupidity, corruption, disappointed ambition, and inordinate thirst for power that factions will be formed and liberty endangered. It is against such designs that we especially have to guard ourselves. Whatever disguises the actors may assume, we have the highest of human trust committed to our care. We are not Nazis. We do not believe in racial superiority, because here there is no racial unity, because here we have all races and creeds. There will be no more violence in the organized media. Real actual violence will take the place of manufactured violence. We have the good of society at heart. We will bring back public displays of games. We are going to empty the prisons. We will fill the football stadiums. We will have evil-doers from the prisons trampled by wild elephants, mauled by uncaged bears, pecked to death by screaming eagles. And finally, there will be great satisfaction for the people, who have struggled so bravely and fought so fiercely for their much cherished independence...

He breathes heavily. We hear thunder and see flashes of lightening. A storm erupts. Jack moves past him and enters his father's quarters. Jack sits by the bed of his dying father, the President. They are silent. Although it is silent, it is a silence of lament, of melancholy, an elegiac silence. A silence beyond any words. Silence is the only appropriate response. There are too many words unspoken to start now. Too many promises broken. Finally, Jack takes the President's hand and he closes his eyes.

CUT TO:

58 FLASHBACK #6 - APPROXIMATELY 1968

58

Inside the hotel room. The son and the mistress, together. Before long, the door is kicked in and looming in the doorway is the father and his goons. The son is caught in flagrante delicto. The father grabs the son, as the goons look on and cover him. The father drags the son out of the room. The camera comes cautiously out of the closet, in time to witness the son being thrown unceremoniously down the stairs by the father, as the goons and the horrified woman look on. The goons suddenly become aware of the camera's presence and quickly catch the cameraman and beat him, and as the camera falls, that is the end of the transmission. Until now...

JACK FATE (V.O.)

...If I know nothing else, I know at least one thing is true: that the sacred is in the ordinary, the common things in life. They tell you that everything is nonsense, that the laws of nature are nonsense, gravity is nonsense, relationships don't exist, jobs don't exist. Everything is up for grabs and there's no cause of anything. That's what they'd like you to believe. I guess you could say I was pushed downhill, but my fall from grace didn't end at the bottom of those stairs. It went on, and it seemed to go on forever. All of life is a balancing act, and we make choices between extremes. Conformity or freedom. Acceptance or doubt. Humility or raging ego. We have to make choices. People mistake fact for opinion. The easiest enemy to overcome is an opinionated one. Expect the worst, and you'll get it. That's about all he ever taught me. In jail, there are a lot of guilty guys who are innocent. Outside, there are a lot of innocent guys that are guilty... All of us in some way are trying to kill time. When it's all said and done, time ends up killing us.

CUT TO:

59 INT. PRESIDENT'S BEDROOM

59

Jack kisses his father on the head. His father opens his eyes for a moment, a brief moment, perhaps of recognition, acknowledgement then closes them again. Jack exits.

CUT TO:

60. INT. SOUNDSTAGE -- DAY

60

Nina crosses to her trailer as Uncle Sweetheart chases after her.

NINA

I'm pulling the plug. I can't wait anymore. It's over.

UNCLE SWEETHEART

Wait a little longer. What harm will it do to wait? He'll show up, I said he'd show up.

Bobby Cupid joins this parade.

BOBBY CUPID

Let her pull the plug. What the hell's the difference, anyway.

Tom Friend walks up to the group.

TOM FRIEND

What's going on here? Are you cancelling the concert? Do I get the exclusive? You made promises, Sweetheart. Big promises.

UNCLE SWEETHEART

I did? Well, I don't remember. I got amnesia. Get the fuck out of my face, ink slinger.

They lunge at each other. Bobby Cupid and a couple of crew guys try to break it up. Suddenly, surprisingly, Jack Fate enters like nothing happened. He's been up all night. He's wet from the rain. They see him and let go of each other. There is an awkward silence. Then:

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

60

BOBBY CUPID
 (to Jack Fate)
 Hey, I got one for you.
 You know the difference between a
 stupid person and a pizza? One is
 easy to cheat and the other is cheesy
 to eat.

There is silence again, then: Jack and Bobby Cupid
 laugh. They walk off together.

CUT TO:

61 INT. SOUNDSTAGE - DAY

61

MONTAGE: Hard working crew, putting the pieces together.
 We see people building, sawing, hammering, pulling
 cables, lifting, we see Nina Veronica, Uncle Sweetheart,
 and Bobby Cupid.

CUT TO:

62 INT. SOUNDSTAGE - DAY

62

Jack Fate and the band rehearsing "Drifters Escape", and
 this is the soundtrack of the montage.

LYRICS

"Oh, help me in my weakness,"

I heard the drifter say,

As they carried him from the courtroom

And were taking him away.

"My trip hasn't been a pleasant one

And my time it isn't long,

And I still do not know

What it was that I've done wrong."

Well, the judge, he cast his robe aside,

A tear came to his eye,

"You fail to understand," he said,

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

62

"Why must you even try?"

Outside, the crowd was stirring,

You could hear it from the door.

Inside, the judge was stepping down,

While the jury cried for more.

"Oh, stop that cursed jury,"

Cried the attendant and the nurse,

"The trial was bad enough,

But this is ten times worse."

CUT TO:

63 INT. SOUNDSTAGE

63

Pagan Lace, off by herself, talks to no one in particular.

PAGAN LACE

I love his songs 'cause they're not precise. They're emotionally ambiguous. Nobody else will do that. They invite different interpretations.

She exits, as Uncle Sweetheart approaches Jack with a MOTHER and her SEVEN YEAR OLD CHILD. The child seems sweet, but is holding a toy gun. The mother wears a cast on her arm.

MOTHER

(to Jack Fate)

It's a pleasure to meet you, Mr. Fate.

JACK FATE

(to Uncle Sweetheart)

Who's this?

UNCLE SWEETHEART

This is Mrs. Brown, and she's got a lovely daughter.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

63

MRS. BROWN

My daughter has memorized all of your songs.

JACK FATE

Is that so? Why'd she do that?

MRS. BROWN

'Cause I made her, that's why.

UNCLE SWEETHEART

What do you think of that, Jack? Used to be she'd be sweating away in some factory, underage. Now we got child labor laws. All these kids, we took 'em out of the factories, put 'em in the streets. How 'bout that? Anyway, she wants to sing for you. She wants to sing her little heart out. Let her sing. Go ahead, darling.

The mother nods to the child, and the child begins to sing, "The Times, They are A Changin'."

LYRICS

Come gather 'round people
 Wherever you roam
 And admit that the waters
 Around you have grown
 And accept it that soon
 You'll be drenched to the bone.
 If your time to you
 Is worth savin'
 Then you better start swimmin'
 Or you'll sink like a stone
 For the times they are a-changin'.
 Come writers and critics

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED: (2)

63

Who prophesize with your pen
And keep your eyes wide
The chance won't come again
And don't speak too soon
For the wheel's still in spin
And there's no tellin' who
That it's namin'
For the loser now
Will be later to win
For the times they are a-changin'.
Come senators, congressmen
Please heed the call
Don't stand in the doorway
Don't block up the hall
For he that gets hurt
Will be he who has stalled
There's a battle outside
And it is ragin'.
It'll soon shake your windows
And rattle your walls
For the times they are a-changin'
Come mothers and fathers
Throughout the land
And don't criticize
What you can't understand

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED: (3)

63

Your sons and your daughters
 Are beyond your command
 Your old road is
 Rapidly agin'
 Please get out of the new one
 If you can't lend your hand
 For the times they are a-changin'.
 The line it is drawn
 The curse it is cast
 The slow one now
 Will later be fast
 As the present now
 Will later be past
 The order is
 Rapidly fadin'.
 And the first one now
 Will later be last
 For the times they are a-changin'.

JACK FATE
 Gotta get this girl into school.

Jack Fate takes a quarter out of his pocket, and proceeds to make the quarter disappear and then reappear behind the child's ear. Mrs. Brown and her daughter exit in one direction, Jack Fate and Uncle Sweetheart in the other. Mrs. Brown and her daughter cross Tom Friend and Pagan Lace as they pass the FORTUNE TELLER. Tom Friend stops.

TOM FRIEND
 You're one of them fortune tellers,
 eh? One of them gypsies.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED: (4)

63

FORTUNE TELLER

I can tell you anything. What would you like to know?

TOM FRIEND

Gypsies. Isn't that short for Egyptian? You people built the pyramids. What happened to you? I've been to Egypt. Those people now look like they couldn't build any pyramids. Must be a different kind of Egyptian.

FORTUNE TELLER

You're so knowing. Why don't you show me your hand?

Pagan seems frightened.

PAGAN LACE

Tom, we should keep moving.

TOM FRIEND

(ignoring her)

Here's my hand. Take a peek.

She starts reading his palm. Pagan Lace closes her eyes and begins praying. She takes out some prayer beads.

FORTUNE TELLER

I see here you have a genius for dealing with people...You're a man of many talents, but they're not being used...

TOM FRIEND

Tell me more.

FORTUNE TELLER

...Your laziness stands in front of you and the life you've dreamed of. You're living in a nation that's dying a slow death. Look at the faces on your money. Slave owners and Indian fighters. They'll soon be replaced by the faces of strangers. Look at your sacred monuments and your tombs of heroes. They're being desecrated and upturned. Everything your nation has stood for.

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