

**BBC RADIO CONTEST**

“Sam I Am”

by

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## CAST

Announcer	The announcer.
Sam Clemens/Mark Twain	A world celebrity in his 70's.
Rev. Joseph 'Joe' Twichell	Sam's God fearing best friend, 60's.
Olivia 'Livy' Clemens	Sam's strong-willed yet weak-health wife, 58.
Joan of Arc	Stranger than fiction visitor.
Clara Clemens	Sam's over protective daughter, 29.
Jean Clemens	Sam's shy yet loving daughter, 24.
Katy	Sam's lifelong Irish housekeeper.
Carnegie	Sam's Robber Baron friend.
Doctor	Sam's physician.
Mr. Paine	Sam's hand-picked literary executor.
Frenchie	Woman who inspired Sam's interest in Joan of Arc.
Isabel	Sam's secretary.
Devoto	Paine's future replacement.
Agent	Flashy real estate broker.
Tour Guide	Monotone Italian tour guide.
Wife	Star gazer on holiday.
Husband	Non-believer.
Newspaper boy	Slinger of news.
Reporter	Celebrity columnist.
Fan #1	Tom supporter.
Fan #2	Huck supporter.

### NOTE:

The above list is for a cast of Six if the following roles are combined for one actor each:

SAM/ MR. PAINE

JOE/ REPORTER/ DOCTOR/ DEVOTO/ FAN #1/ WAITER

LIVY/ WIFE/ JOAN

CLARA/ KATY/ FRENCHIE/ RICHIE

TOUR GUIDE/ HUSBAND/ AGENT/ CARNEGIE/ NEWSPAPER BOY/ FAN #2

ANNOUNCER/ JEAN/ ISABEL

Four sound effects artists are also required.

Two walla walla artists are also required.

### NOTE:

A Twisted Radio Adaptation of Sam Clemens' A Mysterious Stranger.

1. MUSIC: [A-1] PROGRAM THEME-UP. ESTABLISH. CONTINUE UNDER.

2\* ANNOUNCER: Yes, listeners, once again, it's time to start yet another dark, indestructible journey into the forgotten. Today's play: "Sam I Am." The Sam in this story is thee SAM CLEMENS, America's most famous and beloved author. (PAUSE) What?!? His name doesn't ring a bell? Perhaps you know him better as MARK TWAIN.

3. SOUND: FINGER SNAPS.

4. ANNOUNCER: Let's take our first steps. Nineteen-O-four. Michelangelo's tomb.

5. MUSIC: [A-2] ITALIAN THEME--UP FULL. FADE.

SCENE 1. INT. SANTA CROCE CHURCH – DAY (1904)  
NEAR MICHELANGELO'S TOMB.

6. SOUND: FOOTSTEPS OF A WALKING HERD OF TOURISTS.

7. WALLA: MUTTERINGS.

8. TOUR GUIDE: Form an orderly line. We will all get a chance to see the Old Masters.

9. JOE: *Perdonami.*

10. TOUR GUIDE: Ahhh... here's Michelangelo's Tomb.

11. SAM: *Perdonami.*

12. WIFE: Is that Mark Twain?

13. HUSBAND: Nah. What would he be doing here?

SCENE 2. INT. CHURCH'S RESTROOM

14. SOUND: ZIP! PISS HITS PORCELAIN TROVE.

1. SAM: Ahhh! Fame is a vapor, popularity an accident, the only earthly certainty is oblivion.
2. JOE: What's that, Mark? Oblivion?
3. SOUND: ZIP! CHAIN-PULL, FLUSHING WATER.
4. SAM: Anything more than two shakes, Joe, means you're just playing with it?
5. JOE: Huh. Mark, my bladder has its own mind.
6. SAM: Joys of advanced age.
- SAM WASHES HIS HANDS.
7. SOUND: RUNNING WATER.
8. SAM: I find singing helps. (SINGS) *Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord. He's trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored.*
- A FEW DROPLETS THEN STEADY STREAM OF URINE HITS TROVE.
9. SOUND: PISS!
10. JOE: Ahhhh. Hallelujah!
11. SAM/JOE: (SINGS) *Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!*
12. SAM: (SINGS) *His truth is marching on.*
13. JOE: Whew. Thanks.
14. SAM: Look at this strange man in the mirror. I've become so decrepit.
15. JOE: That old face is famous.

JOE'S WASHES HIS HANDS.

1. SOUND: WATER SPLASHES.

2. SAM: More like infamous. Life would be infinitely happier if we could only be born old and gradually approach youth.
3. JOE: Youth. Your favourite subject.
4. SAM: Why shouldn't it be? I wrote Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn for adults exclusively. The mind that becomes soiled in youth can never again be washed clean.
5. JOE: (LAUGHS) Grit. Dirt. Subjects you know about.
6. SAM: Who in their right mind handed you a church?
7. JOE: Well...
8. SAM: Don't you dare point up to the heavens.
9. JOE: Complain to my boss.
10. SAM: I doubt that will do a lick of good.
11. JOE: More sight-seeing?
12. SAM: If we must.

SAM OPENS DOOR.13. WALLA: ITALIAN CHATTER.

14. SAM: Religious relics to our left. Religious relics to our right.
15. JOE: It is a six-hundred-year old Church. What did you expect?
16. SAM: These Italians worship the dead.
17. JOE: No. They worship life.
18. SAM: Joe... You know, I despise optimists.

1. JOE: And I disdain those who whine and wallow.
2. SAM: Let's walk through the Cloister.
3. JOE: For one that thinks so little of God, He appears to be seldom absent in your works.
4. SAM: I have perfect love for the approving spirit of God.
5. JOE: What if He's not so approving?
6. SAM: I suppose I will find out one way or the other, in the end.
7. JOE: Have you ever believed?
8. SAM: Almost, but it immediately drifts away from me again.
9. JOE: And the Bible?
10. SAM: I don't believe a word of it was inspired by God any more than any other book.
11. JOE: Really?
12. SAM: It's entirely the work of man from beginning to end, atonement and all.
13. JOE: What should we do with you?
14. SAM: Stone me? Ahh. We made it to the Square. Look at those pigeons take flight.
15. SOUND: BIRD COOS, WHISTLING OF WINGS. SAM/JOE'S FOOTSTEPS ON COBBLESTONE.
16. SAM: Life is tragedy. Count the graves of those you loved no longer here. Gone. Where?

1. JOE: What of Heaven?
2. SAM: The after-life? I've seen no proof.
3. JOE: That's why it's called Faith, Mark. The Lord grants us free will. To follow Him, or turn our backs.
4. SAM: Hmm. The River Arno, if we turn our backs, the Al Duomo looms.
5. JOE: I sense you're leaning toward the later.
6. SAM: Cigar?
7. JOE: No, thanks. I think Heaven is what we make of it.
8. SOUND: MATCH ON MATCHBOX, IGNITES WITH WHISH.
9. SAM: My Heaven...
- SAM SUCKS ON STOGIE.
10. SOUND: SUCKING SOUND, TOBACCO BURNS, SIZZLES.
11. SAM: (EXHALES) Is home. Playing with my girls.
12. JOE: Mark, you think of yourself an Atheist.
13. SAM: It's a popular movement.
14. JOE: To some.
15. SAM: So, enlighten me, Reverend Twichell.
16. JOE: Actually, you're an Agnostic.
17. SAM: An Agnostic?
18. JOE: An Atheist believes there's no God. An Agnostic doesn't know if God exists. So, there's...

1. SAM: Doubt. Doubt, indeed. Let's cross at the Trinity Bridge.
2. SOUND: WIND.
3. JOE: You see, I believe what my eyes don't. That's where we're different.
4. SAM: Blind faith, Joe? Sounds divine.
5. JOE: Let's move to another subject. Before this turns into a fist fight.
6. SOUND: STREET TRAFFIC.
7. JOE: (PAUSE) How's your autobiography coming?
8. SAM: Not enough auto or biography.
9. JOE: You lost for words?
10. SAM: Ah! Funny, isn't it? Me?
11. JOE: You are your favourite subject.
12. SAM: I wish to play with the structure.
13. JOE: Why?
14. SAM: A typical biography starts you at the cradle and drives you straight for the grave.
15. JOE: Life is linear.
16. SAM: Well, a straight arrow shot from A to B, allows no side excursions.
17. JOE: So, yours will naturally be different.
18. SAM: I wish to start my tale at no particular time of my life. Wander a bit about the thing that interests me for the moment. Then drop it, at the moment, my interest starts to pale.



1. SOUND: BELL TOWER DONGS 3X.

2. SAM: It's already three.

3. JOE: So, we done frolicking around Florence?

4. SAM: Seems so.

5. JOE: Wow. Look at these surroundings.

6. SAM: Ah, Florence.

7. JOE: You came here for Livy.

8. SAM: The doctors claimed the climate would be beneficial to her health.

9. JOE: And?

10. SAM: She has her good days and bad.

SCENE 3. INT. SAM'S CAR – MOVING – LATER

11. SOUND: CAR'S ENGINE, BUMPY RIDE.

12. JOE: These roads are terrible.

13. SAM: We're three miles outside Florence. And look at it. Villa di Quarto lies at the bottom of Monte Morello.

14. SOUND: TURNING WHEELS ON A GRAVEL ROAD, CAR BRAKES, HALTS,  
CAR DOORS OPEN.

15. SAM: So, what do you think of it?

16. JOE: It, like you, were built to impress.

17. SAM: (LAUGHS) You're right. Let's go see if Livy is awake.

SCENE 4. INT. VILLA DI QUARTO

1. SOUND: FRONT DOOR OPENS, FOOTSTEPS ON TILE.

OLIVIA CLEMENS STIRS IN HER WHEELCHAIR.

2. SAM: How are you dear?

3. OLIVIA: (LABORIOUS) Drained as usual. So, what did you think, Joe?

4. JOE: Florence is as I remember it, grand and old.

5. OLIVIA: (COUGHS/LAUGHS) Sounds a lot like us.

6. SAM: You mustn't get all wound up, my love.

7. OLIVIA: I want to see the gardens.

8. SAM: Now? It's rather warm.

9. OLIVIA: I wish to see more of the world than this odd monstrosity of a house.

10. JOE: I will let you two be alone. I need to catch up on my correspondence.

11. OLIVIA: You're a good man, Joe.

12. JOE: (OFF MIKE) Enjoy the gardens.

13. OLIVIA: They beckon me. There's a sense of agelessness about this place.  
How was it?

14. SAM: Fine.

15. OLIVIA: And Joe?

16. SAM: There's no man on this green earth I prefer to be with.

17. OLIVIA: I'm glad he paid us a visit.

1. SAM: Me too. He cares. Yet there's such hypocrisy surrounding his subject.
2. OLIVIA: But there's no inconsistency in him.
3. SAM: No. He walks and talks what he believes is the truth.
4. OLIVIA: I've always liked him.
5. SAM: Come along, my dear. The garden awaits your splendour.

SCENE 5. EXT. VILLA DI QUARTO GARDENS

6. SOUND: WHEELCHAIR CREAKS AS IT ROLLS, BIRDS CHIRP.
7. OLIVIA: Finally, to be outdoors.
8. SAM: May I interest you in a stroll, Mrs. Clemens?
9. OLIVIA: Sam, even after thirty-four years of marriage, you always know the wrong thing to say.
10. SAM: (HUMS AN OLD SOUTHERN TUNE)
11. SOUND: WHEELS CHURNS GRAVEL, FOOTSTEPS TURNS GRAVEL. THE MOVING WATER OF THE GARDEN FOUNTAINS DRAWS CLOSER.
12. OLIVIA: The garden of Eden. Thank you.
13. SAM: Have you seen the girls today?
14. OLIVIA: Not yet. I think Isabel as taken them to the city to shop.
15. KATY: (OFF MIKE) Yoo-hoo!
16. SAM: Uh, oh. Here comes Mother.
17. OLIVIA: She's been with us now for twenty-four years.

1. SAM: It's been that long? Hmm.
2. KATY: (IRISH) Mrs. Clemens, there's a nip in the evening air. You need this here shawl.
3. SAM: It's nearly eighty degrees out.
4. KATY: (IRISH) There. There.
5. OLIVIA: Katy, you baby me so.
6. KATY: Someone should. (CLEARS THROAT) Away I go.
7. SAM: (SARCASTICALLY) She's a godsend.
8. OLIVIA: She knows us too well.
9. SAM: Hmph. You may be right.
10. OLIVIA: When I'm gone. I want you to...
11. SAM: Livy... I can't imagine it. You're my gravity.
12. OLIVIA: Even so. That day is coming. (COUGHS) And quick.
13. SAM: No.
14. OLIVIA: I don't have the energy to argue Sam.
15. SAM: Hmm. You're the only one that calls me, Sam.
16. OLIVIA: It's your name fool. Samuel Clemens.
17. SAM: Says so on our marriage certificate.
18. OLIVIA: It sure does.
19. SAM: Smartest decision of my life.

1. OLIVIA: Mine too.
2. SAM: Dear one... it all has brushed passed us, so quickly?
3. SOUND: FINGER SNAPS.
4. OLIVIA: Ah, life. Blink and you'll miss it.
5. SAM: What happened to our quiet days in Hartford?
6. OLIVIA: From our front porch. Watching our children grow.
7. SAM: Time. I have wasted so much of it... writing.
8. OLIVIA: Wasted? You created different worlds Sam. Lived countless lives.
9. SAM: So, we have.
10. OLIVIA: We?
11. SAM: You know, this was a partnership.
12. OLIVIA: (WHEEZES) Was it?
13. SAM: Hmm. Why did you pick me? You had so many better suitors.
14. OLIVIA: The truth?
15. SAM: We're too old for lies.
16. OLIVIA: In you... I saw a man who desperately needed to be loved.
17. SAM: And that's what you have done. You made me better.
18. OLIVIA: We made each other better.
19. SAM: Thank you.
20. OLIVIA: For what?

1. SAM: This. Our lives. Our family. Helping me write my stories.
2. OLIVIA: Don't be silly.
3. SAM: I'm such a blundering, outspoken fool.
4. OLIVIA: Sometimes. After too much drink. But I love all of you.
5. SAM: I...
6. OLIVIA: Hush. (WHISPERS) I'm worn-out, Sam. Wheel me back to my bed.
7. SAM: Okay. (HUMS)
8. SOUND: WHEELS TURN IN GRAVEL.

SCENE 6. INT. OLIVIA'S BEDROOM - LATER

9. SOUND: SUBTLE SNORES, DOOR BURSTS OPEN, BANG!
10. CLARA: We're back!
11. OLIVIA: (DROWSY) What!?! Oh, the girls!
12. CLARA: Mother, you would not believe how beautiful the stores are. I found a great scarf for my performance. And this...
13. SOUND: CRUMPLING OF A PAPER BAG.
14. CLARA: This scarf will give your face some much needed colour.
15. OLIVIA: Perfect.
16. SAM: How much did this shopping excursion cost?
17. OLIVIA: Sam, hush. Thank you. Jean. Stop hiding. Come closer. Show me what you bought.
18. JEAN: These bags are Clara's. I've everything I need.

1. SAM: Speaking of need. I need some fresh air.
2. OLIVIA: Girls, that's code for ci-gar.
3. SAM: I shall let you girls tend to mother.
4. CLARA: I need to bathe.
5. SOUND: SMOOCH.
6. CLARA: Love you, Mother.
7. JEAN: I'll stay.
8. OLIVIA: Fine. But first hand me my brush.
9. JEAN: Here.
10. OLIVIA: Let me comb your hair like I did when you were a little.
11. JEAN: Okay.
12. SOUND: BRUSH PULLS THROUGH JEAN'S LONG HAIR.
13. JEAN: I'm not well Mother.
14. OLIVIA: Neither am I dear.
15. JEAN: Not in body, but in mind.
16. OLIVIA: You mustn't overexert yourself with worry.
17. JEAN: Are you dying Momma?
18. OLIVIA: We're all dying dear. Just some faster than others. Come. Let's snuggle.
19. JEAN: I miss not havin' Susy around, Momma.

1. OLIVIA: I do too. Though, I think I'm going to get a chance to see her again soon.

SCENE 7. INT. OLIVIA'S BEDROOM – LATER

2. SOUND: GENTLE KNOCK ON DOOR.

3. OLIVIA: (WEAK) Come in.

4. JOE: I wanted to say good-bye.

5. OLIVIA: This maybe the last one, Joe.

6. JOE: Livy, do you mind if I sit beside you?

7. OLIVIA: What do you have in mind Reverend Twichell? (COUGHS/LAUGHS)

8. JOE: Funny.

JOE SITS AND SINKS IN BED.

9. SOUND: BED SPRINGS.

10. JOE: Your humour is riddled throughout his works.

11. OLIVIA: Maybe. (COUGHS HARD) Maybe not.

12. JOE: May I say a prayer?

13. OLIVIA: If that makes you more comfortable with leaving, yes.

14. JOE: Close your eyes.

15. OLIVIA: The stage is now set. Begin your magic.

16. JOE: Livy, do not be afraid. Do not worry. His presence I offer you. For it is Peace, I leave with you. Everlasting Peace. Amen.

17. OLIVIA: Amen. That's it, Joe?



1. JOE: You expected more?
2. OLIVIA: No. Peace is sufficient.
3. JOE: I shall miss you, Mrs. Clemens.
4. OLIVIA: My worries are for Sam.
5. JOE: Why is that?
6. OLIVIA: I've had printer's ink on my fingers since I met that man. Yet, I won't be remembered.
7. JOE: Is that important?
8. OLIVIA: No. I guess not.

SAM KNOCKS SOFTLY, ENTERS ROOM.

9. SOUND: KNUCKLES TAP WOOD.

10. SAM: Did you get a chance to read... Oh, Joe. There you are.
11. OLIVIA: (COUGHS) Yes. It was quaint.
12. JOE: I need to grab my things. Good-bye.
13. OLIVIA: I shall miss you too, Joe. Give Harmony our love.

JOE LEAVES.

14. SOUND: DOOR CLOSES.

15. OLIVIA: I read it. But who's going to edit your work when I'm gone?
16. SAM: Darling, don't say such things.
17. OLIVIA: Exhaustion and shortness of breath seems to be my life these days.

1. SAM: I wish to accompany Joe to the station.
2. OLIVIA: I know. So, you better get. I shall polish up your story.

SCENE 8. APENNINE COLOSSUS' OLD MAN

3. SOUND: FOOTSTEPS CUTTING THROUGH BUSHES.
4. JOE: Are you certain I'm going to make my train?
5. SAM: We're almost there.
6. SOUND: MOVING THROUGH BUSHES, RUNNING WATER.
7. SAM: There it is! Giambologna's Apennine Colossus' Old Man in the woods.
8. JOE: It's as mammoth as it's gorgeous.
9. SAM: Imagine, three-hundred years it has stood in these woods.
10. JOE: It's breath-taking.
11. SAM: Giambologna regretted making it here. One of the greatest masterpieces sculpture has ever offered the world... though few stumbles upon in these woods.
12. JOE: It's one with nature.
13. SAM: Hmm. Still an artist requires an audience to survive.
14. JOE: Why is that?
15. SAM: Sheer vanity.
16. JOE: You're the Lincoln of American Literature.
17. Sam: I don't feel it. My readers want just more of the same... boys with straw hats, corn-cob pipes, fishing.

1. JOE: Playing hooky.
2. SAM: Watching steamboats ply the Mississippi River.
3. JOE: It's your gift.
4. SAM: I think my next book will be darker, Joe.
5. JOE: Darker?
6. SAM: Yeah. We best turn back. If we're going to make your train.

SCENE 9. INT. FLORENCE TRAIN STATION – LATER

7. SOUND: TRAIN STEAM WHISTLE.

8. SAM: Do you have everything?
9. JOE: I hope so.
10. SAM: Hey. Before you go. What did you think of my book on Joan of Arc?
11. JOE: Why her?
12. SAM: Why not?
13. JOE: You're an Anti-Catholic. You hate the French. Yet...
14. SAM: I write a book about a French-Catholic-martyr?
15. JOE: Exactly.
16. SAM: Joan's different. By far, the most extraordinary person the human race has ever produced.
17. JOE: Though, it's dark stuff.
18. SAM: My new stuff is even darker.

1. JOE: Do you have a title for it?
2. SAM: A Mysterious Stanger. Livy is editing the beginning of it.
3. JOE: What's it about?
4. SAM: I've grievances towards your boss.
5. SOUND: TRAIN STEAM WHISTLE 2X.
6. JOE: I better board now. Thank you for having me. Bye, Mark.
7. SAM: Thank you for coming.

SCENE 10. INT. OLIVIA'S ROOM – NIGHT

8. SOUND: PAPERS BEING TURNED, PENCIL ON PAPER.
9. OLIVIA: How many times must I scold you about structure, Sam?
10. SAM: Details.
11. OLIVIA: Samuel.
12. SAM: You're the machine that spins my stories. My observations enhanced by your directions.
13. OLIVIA: Direction. (WHEEZES) Sam, I need my oxygen.
14. SOUND: SAM TURNS ON THE OXYGEN TANK, AIR SURGES.
15. SAM: Here, dear. I should cancel.
16. OLIVIA: (DISTANT, THROUGH MASK) The new villa sounds perfect. Plus, our agent is expecting you.
17. SAM: I don't know.

1. OLIVIA: (DISTANT) Take the girls. Make it an ex... (WHEEZES)
2. SAM: An excursion. Hmm. Okay. (KISSES LIVY) We will be back by dinner.  
Love you.
3. OLIVIA: (DISTANT) Love you too.

SCENE 11. EXT. ITALIAN VILLA - DAY

REAL ESTATE AGENT SHOWS SAM AND  
THE GIRLS A QUINTESSENTIAL VILLA.

4. SOUND: BIRDS CHIRP AND WIND.
5. AGENT: Groves, hedges, and history. Mr. Twain this is the ideal Italian villa.  
(INHALES DEEPLY) Smell those roses.
6. CLARA: Jean, what's with the camera?
7. SOUND: CAMERA CLICKS, PULP SIZZLES AS IT BURNS.
8. JEAN: I want something to show Momma.
9. SAM: Ahh.
10. JEAN: Daddy. It has a swimming pool!
11. AGENT: And your own private chapel.
12. CLARA: Father, could use that.
13. SAM: Funny, Clara. So, what do you think?
14. AGENT: I think it's a steal.
15. SAM: I was asking my daughter.
16. AGENT: Oh. I shall walk ahead.

1. CLARA: Mother is going to love it.

2. SAM: I think so too.

SCENE 12. INT. VILLA DI QUARTO

3. SOUND: DOOR SWINGS OPEN.

SAM ENTERS HIS HOME.

4. SAM: Livy, I think we found it!

5. CLARA: Where's everyone?

6. JEAN: Mother!?!

7. SOUND: HURRIED FOOTSTEPS ACROSS FOYER, UP STEPS.

SAM, JEAN, CLARA CLIMBS STAIRS.

8. SAM: Hello! Livy!

9. JEAN: Mommy!

10.SOUND: SURGING AIR OF AN OXYGEN MASK.

11.ISABEL: It's not working!

12.KATY: (IRISH) Ms. Clemens, breathe!

13.ISABEL: (ON MIKE) Breathe!

14.SAM: (ON MIKE) No!

15.KATY: (IRISH) She's gone.

16.SAM: Why God? Why?!?

17.JEAN: Where did she go?

SCENE 13. EXT. NEW YORK DOCKS – LATER

1. SOUND: STEAM SHIP TOOTS 3X.

2. REPORTER: Welcome home, Mr. Twain! Where will you be staying while you're in Manhattan?

3. SAM: The Chelsea Hotel. Excuse me.

4. SOUND: CITY TRAFFIC, HONKS, HORNS.

SCENE 14. THE CHELSEA

5. NEWSBOY: Extra. Extra.

6. SAM: I'll take a copy.

7. NEWSBOY: Twain is back! And stayin' in this very ho-tel, Mista. Oh...

8. SAM: I am? Shh. Don't tell anyone.

9. SOUND: KA-CLING. SILVER DOLLAR HITS BOTTOM OF TIN CUP.

10. SAM: Keep the change.

11. NEWSBOY: T'ank you, Mista Twain.

SAM WALKS INTO THE LOBBY

12. SAM: Jean? What are you doing down here?

13. JEAN: Our room is too hot.

14. SAM: Okay.

15. JEAN: Why can't I be like everyone else?

16. SAM: What?!? Common?

1. JEAN: I want to be the same.
2. SAM: But, dear. You're special.
3. JEAN: I live in fear. I'm an epileptic.
4. SAM: Hush, now. Let's not have that define you.
5. JEAN: Daddy?
6. SAM: What dear?
7. JEAN: Why does God take those we love the most?
8. SAM: (ON MIKE) Because he's cruel.

SCENE 15. INT. ALDINE CLUB – NIGHT

9. SOUND: CHATTER, LAUGHTER, UTENSIL CLANGING ON CRYSTAL.

10. CARNEGIE: Please take your seats, gentlemen. The Society of Illustrators wishes to thank you for coming to this special evening. Tonight, we celebrate the life and works of none other than thee Mark Twain.

11. SOUND: APPLAUSE.

12. CARNEGIE: It has been a quarter of a century since his classic The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn, but the man next to me remains the country's most famous and beloved writer.

13. SOUND: APPLAUSE.

14. CARNEGIE: The slouching, white-suited. Frizzy-haired storyteller.
15. SAM: Frizzy-haired. At least I have hair, Carnegie. You, old robber...

16. SOUND: RUSHING, WHIRLING WINDS, BAM!



JOAN OF ARC ARRIVES.

1. JOAN: Have I startled you, Sam?
2. SAM: Who are you?
3. JOAN: You know who I am.
4. SAM: You're dressed as the Miracle of Orleans.
5. JOAN: Joan of Arc. At your service.
6. SOUND: FINGER SNAPS.
7. SAM: Carnegie, you rascal.
8. JOAN: They can't hear you.
9. SOUND: PING!
10. SAM: What? They're frozen.
11. JOAN: We're no longer of this world.
12. SAM: I'm dead?
13. JOAN: Would that be reassuring?
14. SAM: Maybe.
15. JOAN: Then be done with them.
16. SAM: What?
17. JOAN: They're so self-absorbed. Good-bye!
18. SOUND: FINGER SNAPS.
19. JOAN: Ah. Better. They're all gone. Now come.

1. SAM: Where did they go?
2. JOAN: Time and space are irrelevant. Mere labels to justify the unknown.  
Let's go.
3. SAM: Where to?
4. JOAN: To a time when you weren't so cynical.
5. SAM: Good l-u-c-k there.
6. JOAN: Luck has nothing to do with it, Sam.
7. SAM: Where are we going?
8. JOAN: Only to the places you have been.
9. SAM: Okay. I prefer the past.
10. JOAN: Come. There's nothing left for you here.
11. SAM: Am I dreaming?
12. JOAN: Awake. Asleep. Alive or dead. You shall soon witness... The  
difference is razor thin.
13. SOUND: FINGER SNAPS.
14. SAM: Hey! What happened to my tux?
15. JOAN: I prefer you dressed in white.
16. SAM: So, am I your pawn?
17. JOAN: We're all pawns in a game we never asked to play.
18. SOUND: WIND WHIRLS.

1. SAM: What's happening to the room? Nature is overtaking it. Red carpet turns to dirt. Walls into trees. How?
2. JOAN: Ahh. The mighty Mississippi.
3. SAM: I know these waters.
4. JOAN: You should. You described them so wonderfully in your books.
5. SOUND: WHISTLE HORN. A PADDLE WHEEL SMACKS 3X.
6. SAM: When I was a boy, there was but one permanent ambition among my comrades. That was, to be...
7. JOAN: A steamboat pilot, I know.
8. SAM: Am I dead?
9. JOAN: Not yet.
10. SAM: Then what is this?
11. JOAN: Your race never knows good fortune from ill. They're always mistaking the one for the other.
12. SAM: Are you not human?
13. JOAN: Human? Don't be vulgar.
14. SAM: Oh.
15. JOAN: I witnessed your lot born from the clay. I'm not limited like you.
16. SAM: You seem human.
17. JOAN: I told you... I am more.
18. SAM: What's the difference in you and me?

1. JOAN: Such a strange question to ask. Hmm. The differences between me and you? Man, is a museum of diseases, a home of impurities. He begins as dirt and departs as stench.
2. SAM: I don't understand.
3. JOAN: One can't compare things which by their nature and by the interval between them are not comparable.
4. SAM: How's this happening?
5. JOAN: You seem puzzled Sam. So, I will expand it. Man, is made of dirt. I saw him made. I am not made of dirt. He comes to-day and is gone tomorrow. I am of the aristocracy of the Imperishable. I last.
6. SOUND: FINGER SNAPS.

SCENE 16. EXT. HANNIBAL, MISSOURI. - DAY

7. JOAN: Welcome home, Sam.
8. SAM: Hannibal.
9. SOUND: WIND.
10. JOAN: Look over there. At you. Coming out of the Print Shop. Young Sam.
11. SAM: That's me?
12. JOAN: Of course, it is. Minus a life's worth of grief. So young. So full of hope.
13. SOUND: WHIRLING WIND, CRINKLE OF PAPER.
14. JOAN: Look at that piece of paper caught in the wind. Should we chase it? Oh, wait. You already are.
15. SAM: I remember this. I never caught it. Who are you really?

1. JOAN: I told you.
2. SAM: You're not Joan.
3. JOAN: True. I can take any shape I please. Do you have a preference?
4. SAM: No. But why did you choose to be her?
5. JOAN: Let's find out. The next stop, a pastel palace in Paris.
6. SOUND: FINGER SNAPS, A HARD RAIN POURS DOWN A PANE.

SCENE 17. INT. PARISIAN PALACE – NIGHT

7. FRENCHIE: (HEAVY ACCENT) You picked the wrong time to see Paris. Last year was so much better.
8. SAM: Why is that? The last sighting of the sun?
9. FRENCHIE: (LAUGHS) No, Exposition Universelle. The fair was so magnificent.
10. SAM: Well events drew me here now.
11. FRENCHIE: Like what?
12. SAM: Poor-dom.
13. FRENCHIE: You Americans think too much of money. And not enough of...
14. SAM: Is that your husband over there?
15. FRENCHIE: *Oui*. He's high up in the foreign ministry. He's always traveling here or there, without me. But how did you know?
16. SAM: He's been staring over here for some time.
17. FRENCHIE: He makes me feel insignificant. I hate him.

1. SAM: No, you don't. You love his witless platitudes.
2. FRENCHIE (LAUGHS) And his supernatural ability to bore. Cheers.
3. SAM: Cheers.
4. SOUND: CLINGS! TWO CRYSTAL GLASSES.
5. FRENCHIE: You in Paris long?
6. SAM: At least until I see the Sun.
7. FRENCHIE: *Merci, beaucoup.*
8. SAM: For what?
9. FRENCHIE: I really needed a good laugh.
10. SAM: Humour can cloak much. *Bonne chance.*
11. SOUND: SMACK 2X, FRENCH KISS ON EACH CHEEK.
12. FRENCHIE: *Revoir.*
- FRENCH WOMAN LEAVES.  
JOAN APPEARS.
13. JOAN: She liked you.
14. SAM: I offered her kindness.
15. JOAN: And hope. What's her importance?
16. SAM: She opened my heart to the French.
17. JOAN: Come then. More of Paris awaits.

SCENE 17. EXT. OLD PARIS

1. SOUND: TEAM OF HORSES' IRON HOOVES ON COBBLESTONE,  
CARRIAGE CREAKS AND SWAYS.

2. SAM: Rue de Rivoli. Ah, the Column of July.

3. JOAN: On this site once stood the grim Bastille. That grave of human hopes and happiness.

4. SAM: That dismal prison house within whose Dungeons...

5. JOAN: So many young faces put on the wrinkles of age. So many proud spirits grew humble.

7. SAM: So many brave hearts broke. Hmm.

8. JOAN: Stop!

9. SOUND: CARRIAGE HALTS, HORSES NEIGH. DOORS OPEN.

10. SAM: Trocadéro Palace.

11. JOAN: Built during the Exposition Universelle.

12. SAM: Nothing compares to Paris at night.

13. JOAN: Paris is a state of mind. Some music, maestro? Trocadéro's Concert Hall.

14. SOUND: FINGER SNAPS, ORGAN PIPE, CRACKS KNUCKLES.

15. MUSIC: [A-3] CHOPIN'S FUNERAL MARCH.

16. SAM: Ahh, centre stage.

17. JOAN: Man, thinks he is the Creator's pet. Believes the Creator loves him and listens.

18. SAM: It's a quaint notion. Is there something else you could play?

1. JOAN: What too dreary? Perhaps you prefer this?

2. MUSIC: [A-4] TOCCATA AND FUGUE IN D MINOR.

3. SAM: Who died?

4. JOAN: Ah! You, old boy. You.

5. SAM: I was dead before I was born, it never inconvenienced me a bit.

6. JOAN: Really? Stormfield. Deathbed. Yours.

7. SOUND: FINGER SNAPS.

SCENE 18. STORMFIELD – SAM'S BEDROOM (1910)  
MARK TWAIN'S FINAL RESIDENCE.

8. SOUND: HEARTBEAT, SLOW WEAK, THUMP-THUMP 2x.

9. CLARA: What do you think, Doctor?

10. DOCTOR: His lungs are ruined and his heart beats slow and weak.

11. CLARA: Tobacco.

12. DOCTOR: He doesn't have much time left.

13. CLARA: So, there's nothing more we can do?

14. DOCTOR: Make him comfortable. That's all.

15. CLARA: Thank you.

16. DOCTOR: Call me, if you need me.

17. CLARA: I will.

18. SOUND: CREAKS DOOR, BEDSPRINGS CREAKS.



CLARA SITS BY HER FATHER.

1. CLARA: I'm here, Papa. The last of us.

SAM STIRS.

2. SAM: Hhhhmmmmmm.

3. JOAN: That remembers Hartford and the wonderful childhood you had provided us. But I will not be the last one long. You see, a child grows inside of me.

4. SOUND: KNUCKLES ON WOOD KNOCKS 2X.

ENTERS MR. PAINE, SAM'S HANDPICKED  
LITERARY EXECUTOR.

5. MR. PAINE: How's he doing?

6. CLARA: He has a day or two.

7. MR. PAINE: You okay?

8. CLARA: Yes. But it is very important to me that the world remembers Mark Twain. Not Sam Clemens. (PAUSE) Agreed?

9. MR. PAINE: Agreed.

SCENE 19. INT. STORMFIELD – FOYER - DAY

10.SOUND: STRONG WIND. DOOR KNOCKER CLANGS, CLANGS.

11.MR. PAINE: No reporters, Katy.

12.KATY: (CLEARS THROAT) COMING.

KATY MOVES TO THE DOOR.

1. SOUND: CREAK OF DOOR.

2. KATY: (IRISH) Oh. Reverend Twichell. Welcome.

3. JOE: I wish it was under better circumstances.

JOE ENTERS.

4. MR. PAINE: Reverend. Thank you for coming.

5. JOE: He's been my best friend for forty years. How could I not?

6. MR. PAINE: He's upstairs.

7. KATY: (IRISH) I can take you?

8. JOE: I know the way.

9. SOUND: FOOTSTEPS AS JOE CLIMBS STAIRS.

JOE REACHES SAM'S ROOM.

10. JOE: (WHISPERS) I can do this.

11. SOUND: DOOR CREAK.

12. JOE: You lazy old... oh.

SAM STIRS IN HIS BED.

13. SOUND: BED SQUEAKS.

14. SAM: Hmmm. Hartford. Home.

15. JOE: Mark. It's me, Joe.

16. SAM: What? No, Joan. No. Don't go.

17. JOE: (CLEARS THROAT) Sam?

1. SAM: What?
2. JOE: Are you dreaming?
3. SAM: Dreams?!? What? Oh, Joe. I'm awake now.
4. JOE: Good.
5. SAM: Joe? Why are you here?
6. JOE: You're my best friend.
7. SAM: I don't want you to see me like this.
8. JOE: Like what?
9. SAM: Weak. Near death. Go.
10. JOE: What about a short prayer?
11. SAM: (FAINT) No. My hypocrisy has its limits.
12. JOE: Okay. You get some rest. I will be back.
13. SOUND: DOOR SLOWLY CREAKS CLOSED.

SCENE 20. INT. HALLWAY

14. KATY: (IRISH) Reverend Twichell. Mr. Paine wishes a word with you.
15. JOE: Where is he, Katy?
16. KATY: (IRISH) The study.
17. JOE: Okay.
18. SOUND: FOOTSTEPS DOWN HALL, STEPS 3X.

JOE TURNS BACK TO KATY.

1. JOE: (OFF MIKE) The house seems so quiet with Jean gone.
2. KATY: (IRISH) I know. Half expect to see her in her room.
3. JOE: Life's not fair. Especially how she died.
4. KATY: I drew her bath that morning. It was right before Christmas.

SCENE 21. JEAN'S FLASHBACK

5. SOUND: (FAINT) RUNNING WATER.

6. JEAN: (SINGS) *Jingle bells, jingle bells. Jingle all the way. Oh! what fun it is to ride in a one-horse open sleigh.*

7. SOUND: GENTLE KNOCK.

8. KATY: (IRISH) Jean, dear. Your bath is drawn.

9. JEAN: Thank you, Katy. (SINGS) Jingle bells, jingle bells.

JEAN STABS HAND INTO TUB.

10.SOUND: HAND TOUCHES WATER.

11.JEAN: Perfect. (HUMS JINGLE BELLS)

12.SOUND: SPLASH!

13.JEAN: There's so much to do today. Everything must be perfect for Christ...

THEN SUDDENLY AND VIOLENTLY SHE IS  
SEIZED BY AN EPILEPTIC ATTACK. HER  
BODY SLAMS AGAINST THE TUB AGAIN.  
THEN, HER BODY LOCKS, SUBMERGES.

1. SOUND: SPLASHING WATER, SLAMMING, SUBMERGING, BIG BUBBLES,  
THEN FAINT TO SMALL, TO NONE.

2. KATY: That's where we found her at the bottom of the tub.

3. JOE: This family has endured enough pain.

4. KATY: (IRISH) More's coming.

SCENE 22. INT. THE STUDY

5. SOUND: DOOR CREAKS.

JOE ENTERS THE STUDY.

6. MR. PAINE: Reverend Twitchell, please join me.

7. JOE: When is A Mysterious Stranger coming out?

8. MR. PAINE: Never.

9. JOE: What? The story is brilliant.

10. MR. PAINE: I agree.

11. JOE: Then why?

12. MR. PAINE: Mrs. Clemens feels his work is slipping. Intellectually.

13. JOE: Slipping? Impossible.

14. MR. PAINE: She wishes me to focus entirely on his autobiography.

15. JOE: Mr. Paine, to the living we owe respect. But to the dead we owe only...

16. MR. PAINE: The truth. Voltaire.

17. JOE: Hmm. Where's Clara?

1. SOUND: KNUCKLES KNOCK 3X.

2. CLARA: Come in.

3. JOE: Hi, Clara.

4. CLARA: Joe. I heard you were here.

5. JOE: Wow. I believe congratulations are in order.

6. CLARA: They are.

CLARA HUGS JOE.

7. CLARA: I'm pregnant. I wish Father would be alive to see it.

8. JOE: Me too. What are you reading?

9. CLARA: Here. It's his latest work? It's brilliant. And bitter. Full of pain.

10. JOE: Well, it was completed after your Mother's death.

11. CLARA: I know. But his readers want Twain.

12. JOE: Lazy days spent by the river?

13. CLARA: Exactly.

14. JOE: He's outgrown the persona he created in his youth.

15. CLARA: Well, if this story is published, it will ruin him, and his legacy.

16. JOE: How is that?

17. CLARA: (WHISPERS) It's anti-God?

18. JOE: Not surprising. Yet, is it a worthy read?

19. CLARA: It is. So, different from his previous work.

1. JOE: You should let his readers decide then.
2. CLARA: Joe. He uses the Devil as a narrator who betters God.
3. JOE: Once again. Sounds like him. Hmm. It appears your Father no longer wishes to be Mark Twain.
4. CLARA: That's not fair. The world wants more Mark Twain.
5. JOE: What about Sam?
6. CLARA: Come on, Joe. His book on Joan of Arc proved no one wants Sam Clemens? What a colossal failure that was.
7. JOE: Some stories take time until they're appreciated.
8. CLARA: Time, he has little left.

SCENE 23. EXT. OUTDOOR PAVILION

9. SOUND: WHITE NOISE, THEN NATURE.

10. JOAN: (OFF MIKE) Sam.
11. SAM: Hmm.
12. JOAN: (ECHOING) Sam. Sam.
13. SAM: What?
14. JOAN: Let's travel some more?
15. SAM: (LOW) Where?
16. JOAN: Everywhere. But first, the stage beckons us.
17. FAN #1: I love all his books.

1. FAN #2: Huck's my favourite.
2. FAN #1: No, Tom.
3. FAN #1/FAN#2: (OVERLAPPING) I wonder what he's like?
4. JOAN: Move aside. Coming through. Look at this mass of humanity. Smell it.
5. SAM: Are all these men and women here for me?
6. JOAN: Why not? You showed them a world bigger than themselves. Move aside, coming through.
7. SOUND: GRUMBLINGS.
8. FAN #1: Is that him?
9. FAN #2: It hasta be.
10. SAM: This is incomparable. All a praise hungry author could desire.
11. JOAN: This is just the past Sam.
12. SAM: My past?
13. JOAN: Who else's could it be?
14. FAN #1: Did you read his latest?
15. FAN #2: It wasn't funny.
16. FAN #1: No. It wasn't. Who cares about Joan of...
17. SOUND: WHOP 2X.
18. FAN #2: Hey!
19. JOAN: Coming through... wait. Better idea. Freedom.



1. SOUND: FINGER SNAPS, PUFF!

2. SAM: They're gone? Why?

3. JOAN: Fickle lot. They grew bored and moved on.

4. SAM: Oh. I was hoping to entertain them.

5. JOAN: The trick is to hold their attention. But, after all, it is ridiculous to ask. When one remembers what shadows, they are! Yet, you wish to see a performance? Then you shall see a performance!

6. SOUND: FINGER SNAPS, MASTER JUGGLER.

7. SAM: You've transformed into a Circus Clown?

8. JOAN: Clown? No, I'm a Master Juggler. See.

9. SOUND: POP. POP. POP.

10. JOAN: Look closely at these spheres I shall juggle.

11. SAM: Each one holds a familiar face.

12. JOAN: Yep. Juggling time.

13. SOUND: SWOOSHING OF SPHERES, MUFFLED SCREAMS.

JOAN JUGGLES HIGHER AND FASTER.

14. SAM: Stop! You're tossing them too high.

15. WALLA: Help us.

16. JOAN: Fifty-feet high is my record. Let's see if I can top that today.

17. SAM: Why are you doing this?

1. JOAN: So, come forward Sam Clemens. Let's see your life.
2. SAM: My life?
3. JOAN: Little by little these little darlings steal from you. A spoonful at a time. Faster. Faster. They go.
4. SAM: Your hands are a blur. How can this be?
5. JOAN: Man's mind clumsily, tediously and laboriously patches little trivialities together and gets a result, such as it is.
6. SAM: And your mind is different?
7. JOAN: My mind creates! Do you get the force of that? Creates anything it desires and in a moment. Creates without material. Creates fluids, solids, colours.
8. SAM: What can you create?
9. JOAN: Anything, everything. See? I can cease these spheres in mid-air with my mind.
10. WALLA: Help us! Please.
11. SAM: Let them free.
12. JOAN: Okay.

FALLS THE NUMEROUS SPHERES, THE  
MULTITUDES BURST UPON IMPACT.

13. SOUND: CRASH!

14. JOAN: Be free. Susy! Henry! Livy!! Jean!!!
15. SAM: Stop. Please, I beg you.

1. JOAN: Last one, Sam. Oops. There goes Clara.

CLARA'S SPHERE CRASHES!

2. SOUND: JOAN WIPES HER HANDS CLEAN.

3. SAM: You bitch!

4. JOAN: What? They returned from where is that they came.

5. SAM: Why, Joan? Why?

6. JOAN: Out of necessity, of course. Each stole too much of you. You're a self-absorbed artist. Are you not?!? Don't you wish to be America's Shakespeare?

7. SOUND: SWEEPS SHARDS OF GLASS FRAGMENTS.

SAM SCOOPS AND PILES THE BROKEN  
GLASS TOGETHER.

8. SAM: When Shakespeare died in Stratford it was not an event. It made no more stir in England than the death of any other forgotten theatre-actor would have made.

9. JOAN: Forgotten?

10. SAM: Nobody came down from London. Nobody. There were no lamenting poems, no eulogies, no national tears, there was merely silence, and nothing more.

11. JOAN: Finally, Sam. You're grasping what I'm preaching.

12. SAM: What?

13. JOAN: Nothing.

1. SAM: Nothing?!?
2. JOAN: Is that bad?
3. SAM: Then, what's it all about?
4. JOAN: Your mind expects A leads to B. And B to C.
5. SAM: Side excursions?
6. JOAN: Side excursions... like, Melbourne Athenaeum
7. SOUND: FINGER SNAPS, HOWLS LAUGHTER.

SCENE: 23. TIME TRAVELING

8. SAM: Americans always spell better than they pronounce. And... Faith is believing what you know ain't so.
9. JOAN: (AUSSIE) Oy. If you get any funnier, I'm going mess myself. What? Oh. Too blue collar for you? How about, the Waldorf-Astoria?
10. SOUND: FINGER SNAPS, COCKTAIL CHATTER, A CHAMPAGNE CORK POPS, BUBBLY CHAMPAGNE POURS INTO A CRYSTAL FLUTE.

SCENE 24. WALDORF-ASTORIA

11. JOAN: You prefer sophistication, a black-tie affair.
12. SAM: I remember this?
13. JOAN: You raised money for the Keats-Shelley Memorial in Rome.
14. SAM: Yes. We did. At the base of the Spanish Steps. Stands a beautiful museum built to pay homage to words.
15. WAITER (ENUNCIATE WITH SPUNK) Shawm-pine!

1. SAM: I don't mine, if I do.

SAM DOWNS GLASS.

2. SOUND: GURGLE, GURGLE.

3. SAM: Ahh! I shall miss alcohol.

4. RICHIE: Mr. Twain, looking as dashing as ever.

5. SAM: Well, thank you. I wear white for the people.

6. JOAN: You're too comfortable here. Let's travel back to the Mississippi.

7. SOUND: FINGER SNAPS, MOVING WATERS, WIND.

8. SAM: Majestic. Isn't it?

9. JOAN: The River?

10. SAM: Of course.

11. JOAN: What does it represent?

12. SAM: Freedom.

13. JOAN: Freedom? Maybe from the safety of the banks... but let's get a better look from the murky middle.

14. SOUND: FINGER SNAPS, SUBTLE WAVES CRASHING AGAINST A  
WOODEN RAFT, OAR THROUGH WATER.

15. JOAN: Now, abroad this raft, peer down, within its depths. Pay homage to the dead.

16. SAM: Native Indians, Negro Slaves, Spanish Conquistadors, French Traders, American Settlers.

1. JOAN: There's much spilled blood tied to this river.
2. SAM: Huck wouldn't have had much of an adventure without it.
3. JOAN: Escapism... Huck and Jim use the river.
4. SAM: The river carries us away, from society. And their restrictive ways. From what we know, and for what we don't. I became a slave to my reputation. White cashmere suit. White hair and moustache. A humourist. That's what the masses want.
5. JOAN: What do you want?
6. SAM: My own freedom.
7. JOAN: How did you come to think of writing, Letters from the Earth?
8. SAM: The thought came after I lost Livy.
9. JOAN: And what was that?
10. SAM: F' god.
11. JOAN: F' god. Oh! Feels good doesn't it. Though you hope he has a sense of humour. FYI. He doesn't. Oh, well. Heaven and hell...
12. SAM: You have friends in both places.
13. JOAN: Yeah.... Home. Hartford.

SCENE 25. EXT. HARTFORD HOUSE

14. SOUND: FINGER SNAPS.
15. JOAN: Here you are. Home. Hartford.
16. SOUND: MANUSCRIPT PAGES BEING TURNED.

1. OLIVIA: Oh, Sam. You're too clever for your own good.
2. SAM: Thank you.
3. OLIVIA: For what?
4. SAM: (TO JOAN) She can hear me?
5. OLIVIA: Of course, I can hear you. I haven't gone deaf yet.

SAM RUSHES TO WIFE, KISSES HER.

6. SOUND: SMOOCHES 3X.

7. SAM: I miss you so, so much.
8. OLIVIA: Miss me? We had breakfast together you old fool.
9. SAM: I am a fool.
10. OLIVIA: You okay?
11. SAM: I'm sorry.
12. OLIVIA: For what now?
13. SAM: Everything. Anything.
14. OLIVIA: Sam, you up to something?
15. SAM: No. No more. I'm sorry about Paige. The money. About dragging you and the girls on my lecture tours.
16. OLIVIA: Don't be.
17. SAM: But...

1. OLIVIA: When I said for better, or worse. (CLEARS THROAT) I was expecting far more... better. But, we built something together. Didn't we?
2. SAM: A family.
3. OLIVIA: A good one. Speaking of which, I better check on the girls.
4. SAM: I'm unworthy of you.
5. OLIVIA: (OFF MIKE) Tell me something I don't know.
6. JOAN: She loved you.
7. SAM: I owe her everything.
8. JOAN: She knows.
9. SAM: Joan.
10. JOAN: Yes.
11. SAM: Why all this? This ornate journey through my not-so-perfect life.
12. JOAN: Because. It's almost time to say your goodbyes.
13. SAM: I don't comprehend.
14. JOAN: You soon will. Clara's future.
15. SOUND: FINGER SNAPS.

SCENE 26. INT. CLARA'S HOLLYWOOD HOME

16. JOAN: Welcome to Hollywood! The future.
17. SAM: The future?
18. JOAN: Clara found her home. There she is.



1. SAM: (STUNNED) She's an old woman.
2. JOAN: Time. No human escapes it.
3. SOUND: DOOR SWINGS OPEN.
4. DEVOTO: Traffic here is terrible.
5. SAM: Who's that?
6. JOAN: He's the new executor of your works.
7. SAM: Where's Paine?
8. JOAN: Dead.
9. CLARA: Before you attempt to sweep me off my feet with small talk – my answer is still no.
10. DEVOTO: Why? After all this time.
11. CLARA: My Father's letters are personal.
12. DEVOTO: I humbly disagree. Your moral management of him must end.
13. CLARA: Moral management? Leave my Father's memory be.
14. DEVOTO: You Father was a great writer... a great man. A great man is not injured by the truth about him – he is injured by its suppression.
15. JOAN: Great man? Oh.
16. SAM: Shh!
17. JOAN: They can't hear us.
18. CLARA: Paine and I decided long ago the world wants more Mark Twain. Not Sam Clemens.

1. DEVOTO: I believe the world is ready for the truth about Sam.
2. CLARA: Your hints and actualization of his anti-God stance have done my Father's reputation irremediable damage.
3. DEVOTO: Damage? Sam Clemens said the difference with choosing the right word, and the wrong is the difference between lightening and a firefly, Ms. Samossoud.
4. SAM: Ms. Samossoud?
5. JOAN: Shh. This is getting good.
6. DEVOTO: Say yes. If Twain is to go on selling, he must go on being discussed.
7. CLARA: Have I made a mistake choosing you as executor of my Father's papers, Mr. Devoto?
8. DEVOTO: Not yet. But truth is stranger than fiction.
9. SAM: That's my Father for you. Even after all these years, Sam attempts to have the last word.
10. DEVOTO: Sounds like him.
11. CLARA: Good day, Mr. Devoto. You can show yourself out.
12. SAM: My persona. My stage name of Mark Twain.
13. JOAN: A Mississippi River slang that means safe waters, two-fathoms deep.
14. SOUND: SUBMERGING INTO WATER, BUBBLES.
15. SAM: Yes, was an invention of my own. And I outgrew it.
16. JOAN: Clara cannot comprehend that.
17. SAM: Are you the devil?

1. JOAN: Me? The devil? N-o-o-o.
2. SAM: You sure?
3. JOAN: How could I be?
4. SAM: Are you telling me the truth?
5. JOAN: Why would I lie?
6. SAM: Hmm. Lies. I would rather tell seven. Than make one true explanation.
7. JOAN: I like you Sam. You know the human nature. Though, I do have a question for you.
8. SAM: Shoot.
9. JOAN: You've created so many characters in your books. In your mind.
10. SAM: I suppose I have.
11. JOAN: Which one is your favourite?
12. SAM: I never answer that.
13. JOAN: Humour me. Is it Tom. Or Huck? (PAUSES) Maybe Joan?
14. SAM: It is not Tom. It is not Huck.
15. JOAN: Then who?
16. SAM: Jim.
17. JOAN: The runaway slave?
18. SAM: Yes, Jim. In Huckleberry Finn. Only Jim wants Jim free. No one else. I can relate.

1. JOAN: Tired of being Mark Twain the brand?
2. SAM: I created this persona. As a marketing ploy. Now, I can't escape it.
3. JOAN: Come on. Let's see a good memory. Soap bubbles.
4. SAM: Soap bubbles?
5. JOAN: Quarry Farm.
6. SOUND: FINGERS SNAPS, BIRD CHIRPS.

### SCENE 27. QUARRY FARM

7. SAM: Wow. My hilltop writing cottage. Perched high near Heaven I have the feeling of being a sort of scrub angel and am more moved to help shove the clouds around, and get the stars on deck promptly, and keep all things trim and ship-shape in the firmament than...
8. JOAN: To bother myself with the humble insect-interests and occupations of the distant earth.
9. SAM: Hmm. Fine view.
10. JOAN: Well, I declare. That looks like small children playing down there?
11. SAM: Susy!

### SAM HURRIES OUT OF THE COTTAGE AND DOWN THE HILL.

12. JOAN: What's your hurry? Hmm. Jim and me, we found an empty section of log raft. And we went off down that river together. We'd run nights, and laid up and hid daytimes. We just let that raft float wherever the current wanted it to. Look at that old man run.

1. SOUND: FOOTSTEPS CUTS THRU UNDERBRUSH, SMALL TWIGS BREAK, HEAVY BREATHE.
2. SAM: Home..I remember this! I did not fail at all things. There were moments when I was an endearing father.
2. JOAN: There you are. A younger version of yourself blowing soap bubbles out of your corn cob pipe.
3. SOUND: GIRLS GIGGLES.
4. SAM: Susy, Clara, and Jean, ran here to there to pop them. Thank you. There's a certain pathos clings about these blowing of soap bubbles.
5. SOUND: BUBBLE POPS.
6. SAM: To see them again, running, karate chopping bubbles. And Susy, with her manifold young charms and her iridescent mind, is as lovely a bubble as any we made that fine day, and as transitory.
7. JOAN: She passed, as they passed, in her youth and beauty, and nothing of her is left but memory.
8. SAM: Of that long-vanished day.
9. JOAN: It is human life.
10. SAM: We're blown upon the world. We float buoyantly upon the summer air a little while, complacently showing off our grace of form and our dainty iridescent colours. Then we vanish with a little puff.
11. JOAN: Leaving nothing behind but a memory.
12. SAM: And sometimes not even that.
13. JOAN: A soap bubble is the most beautiful, most exquisite thing in nature.

1. SAM: I can go now, Joan. Take me where you may.
2. JOAN: Sam, I am a soap bubble too. See. As a proof of it I will show you something fine to see. Usually when I go I merely vanish. But now I will dissolve myself and let you see me do it.
3. SAM: You're thinning.
4. JOAN: Good-bye.
5. SAM: (EXCITED) I can see through you. You float, as delicate iridescent colours of the bubble.
6. SOUND: Puff!

7. SAM: (WONDERMENT) In your place is vacancy.
8. JOAN: (OFF MIKE) We're running out of time Sam.

SCENE 30. SAM'S BEDROOM.

9. CLARA: (SINGS) *We shall meet again some day.*

SAM STIRS.

10. SAM: (STIRS MORE) Joan?
11. CLARA: Father? It's Clara.
12. SAM: (LOW) My child. I tried. I really...

SAM SLEEPS.

13. SOUND: SUBTLE SNORES, THEN SWOOSHING WATER.

14. JOAN: Back to the Mississippi.
15. SAM: Where to next Joan?

1. JOAN: The truth?
2. SAM: I thought we were beyond that.
3. JOAN: Oh, Sam. I wish I held such powers to go more places with you. But I don't.
4. SAM: Why? Surely our journey isn't over?
5. JOAN: What can be over, that never began?
6. SAM: What are you talking about?
7. JOAN: Life.
8. SAM: Life?
9. JOAN: Yes. Life itself is only a vision, a dream.
10. SAM: You speak madness.
11. JOAN: Sam, you know in your heart I speak the truth.
12. SAM: But, but the paper I chased as a boy?
13. JOAN: Blank.
14. SAM: Blank? Impossible... I was there! Ah, wait. We've seen the future. Clara's. Seen it in its actuality. It's realness.
15. JOAN: It was a vision, it had no existence.
16. SAM: A vision? A vis...
17. JOAN: Life itself is only a vision, a dream.
18. SAM: By God! I had had that very thought a thousand times in my musings!

1. JOAN: Nothing exists. All is a dream. God. Man. The world. The sun. The moon. The stars, a dream, all a dream. They have no existence.
2. SAM: A dream?
3. JOAN: Nothing exists save empty space, and you!
4. SAM: Me?
5. JOAN: And you're not you. You have no body, no blood, no bones, you're but a thought. I, myself have no existence. I am but a dream, your dream, creature of your imagination. In a moment you will have realized this, then you will banish me from your visions and I shall dissolve into the nothingness out of which you made me....
6. SAM: Amazing.
7. JOAN: As you ponder this, I'm perishing already. I'm failing -- I'm passing away. In a little while you will be alone in shoreless space, to wander its limitless solitudes without friend or comrade forever.
8. SAM: Forever.
9. JOAN: For you will remain a thought, the only existent thought. And by your nature inextinguishable, indestructible. (OFF MIKE) Strange, that you should not have suspected that your universe and its contents were only dreams, visions, fiction!
10. SAM: Strange, indeed, because they're so frankly and hysterically insane, like all dreams.
11. JOAN: Sanity and happiness are...
12. SAM: An impossible combination.
13. JOAN: Thank you for making me, Sam.



1. SAM: How can this be? Nothing exists but thought?
2. JOAN: Vagrant, useless thought.

SCENE 31. INT. SAM'S ROOM

3. SOUND: SHORT SHALLOW BREATHES.

4. SAM: (WHISPERS) Thought.

5. CLARA: What Papa?

6. SOUND: SHORT BREATHES.

7. CLARA: Papa?!?

8. SOUND: GURGLES LAST BREATH.

SAM IS NO LONGER OF THIS WORLD.

9. SOUND: WHITE-NOISE, THEN THOUGHT'S ELECTRIC CURRENT.

10. JOAN: I must go now.

11. SAM: I shall dream better dreams. Ones that you shall appear.

12. JOAN: It doesn't work that way, Sam. I wished it did.

13. SAM: It was a unique journey.

14. JOAN: It was...

15. SOUND: A SOAP BUBBLE POPS WITH A PUFF!

16. MUSIC: THEME UP FOR FILL....DOWN ON CUE AND OUT AS...

1. \*ANNOUNCER: (ON CUE) Listen again, as we take yet another dark, indestructible journey into the forgotten... this time, to visit a Russian Tsar in Imperial Nineteen-Sixteen St. Petersburg. Until then, good-bye. Or should I say, pree-VYET.

2. SOUND: FOOTSTEPS OUT. FINGER SNAPS.

3. ANNOUNCER: 1916 St. Petersburg.

END

**SOUND EFFECT ROLES: "SAM I AM."**

**SOUND EFFECT ARTIST #1:**

FINGER SNAPS  
FOOTSTEPS (NORMAL/ GRAVEL/ COBBLESTONES)  
CHAIN-PULL, FLUSHING/ RUNNING WATER  
BUBBLES (SOAP/ WATER)  
WATER FOUNTAIN  
PIPE ORGAN  
KA-CLING!  
CHAMPAGNE CORK

**SOUND EFFECT ARTIST #2:**

ZIPPER/PISS  
BIRD CHIRPS/ COOS  
BELL TOWER  
CAR ENGINE  
CREAKS(IRON GATE/ DOORS/ WHEELCHAIR)  
CITY TRAFFIC  
PAPER(BAG/ PAGES TURNING)  
SHARDS OF GLASS/ SWOOSHING SPHERES

**SOUND EFFECT ARTIST #3:**

MATCHBOX IGNITES  
OXYGEN MASK  
CAMERA CLICKS  
WHISTLE HORN  
TRAIN STEAM WHISTLE  
TEAM OF HORSES

**SOUND EFFECT ARTIST #4:**

CIGAR SUCKING

BRUSH

HEART THUMP-THUMP

BED SPRINGS

PING!

UTENSILS

CRYSTAL CLANGING

**MUSIC FOR "SAM I AM"**

A-1 PROGRAM THEME

A-2 ITALIAN THEME

A-3 CHOPIN'S FUNERAL MARCH

A-4 TOCCATA AND FUGUE IN D MINOR

**WALLA WALLA FOR "SAM I AM"**

MUTTERINGS

ITALIAN CHATTER

HELP US

APPLAUSE

NOTE: THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER, Twain, Mark

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