

**CHICKASAW
OPEN CALL**

"GRANNY VICEY"

1/1

EXT. TRAIL - 1844 - NIGHT

Boggy drives a buckboard along a winding trail through the woods. Montford and Adelaide sit attentively on the seat next to him. The theatrical trunk is in the back.

Boggy, nervous, glances back for any sign of pursuit. The buckboard rounds a bend in the trail, Boggy reins in his horse.

Granny Vicey, torch in hand, stands in the trail, blocking the way.

Boggy gazes to her with surprise, considers making a run --

START

TEN STRONG CHICKASAW MEN emerge from the woods. The horse stops without command. Boggy glances back -- and MORE CHICKASAWS block the trail behind.

GRANNY VICEY

You know who we are, our way. No, sir, you ain't lightin' out.

Boggy purses his lips, puffs himself up.

BOGGY

It's not right... they are my children.

GRANNY VICEY

They're Chickasaw... their rightful place is with us.

BOGGY

They belong with me.

Granny Vicey looks to him with compassion, takes his hand.

GRANNY VICEY

We'll keep 'em safe, that I cross my heart and swear to die promise 'ya.

Boggy sees the sincerity in her, wipes his eyes, steps down from the buckboard, picks Adelaide up and sets her on the ground.

BOGGY

I shall return, take care of them until I do.

GRANNY VICEY

I give you my solemn vow.

Boggy extracts a delicate English lace handkerchief and hands it to Adelaide.

BOGGY

This is for you, Adelaide. Promise you'll keep it safe.

END