

INT. GLORICENE'S [REDACTED] DWELLING - DUSK

GLORICENE is sitted in her favorite chair, near her writing desk. The desk is neatly organized, yet overflowing with papers, sticky notes, pictures, a computer monitor, a laptop, a Kindle, a Nook, etc. GLORICENE writes in her notebook.

GLORICENE (V.O)

WHY THEY LEFT: They shoot the white girl first. With the rest they can take their time. No need to hurry out here. They are seventeen miles from a town which has ninety miles between it and any other. Hiding places will be plentiful in the Convent, but there is time and the day has just begun. They are nine, over twice the number of the women they are obliged to stampede or kill and they have the paraphernalia for either requirement: rope, a palm leaf cross, handcuffs, Mace and sunglasses, along with clean, handsome guns...

[REDACTED] with bags in hand. She greets her [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]
Light. What you doin?

GLORICENE

Oh, nothing. Just writing about the family's history...recounting how we got here from Washington County.

[REDACTED]
GLORICENE

In Mississippi.

[REDACTED]
GLORICENE

Yes, by way of Mississippi through Louisiana.

[REDACTED]
Oh!