

085 SAMUEL  
No, Father McGirr.

086 FATHER MCGIRR  
Mhmm. Have you anything more to say to him?

087 SAMUEL  
(defiant)  
No, sir.

088 FATHER MCGIRR  
In that case, I think you should be on your way. Go on, now!

SFX: SAMUEL RUNS AWAY.

089 FATHER MCGIRR (CONT'D)  
You needn't listen to him, Gus.

WALLA: GUS BEGINS TO CRY AS HE SFX: RUNS AWAY.

090 FATHER MCGIRR (CONT'D)  
Gus!

SAD MUSIC.

10 INT. HARRIS TOBACCO FACTORY - EVENING

AMB: MACHINES GRIND & BLOW STEAM. A CONVEYOR BELT ROLLS. WALLA: INDISCERNABLE CHATTER FROM WORKERS BENEATH THE NOISE OF MACHINERY. SFX: A FACTORY WHISTLE BLOWS.

**START >>>**

091 MR. PLEASANT  
(from across the room)  
That's quittin' time, everyone! Go on home, now. Bright and early tomorrow!

SFX: ALL MACHINERY SLOWS TO A STOP. FOOTSTEPS OF WORKERS LEAVING THE FACTORY FLOOR. MR. PLEASANT WALKS UP.

092 MR. PLEASANT (CONT'D)  
Tolton.

093 GUS  
Mr. Pleasant?

094 MR. PLEASANT  
This your stack 'a leaves?

095 GUS  
Yessir.

096 MR. PLEASANT  
Lord a'mighty, son, you've gotten good! From one negro to another, you could stem the pants off anyone here.

097 GUS  
Well, I've been at it for six years now, sir.

098 MR. PLEASANT  
How old that make you?

099 GUS  
Nearly sixteen.

100 MR. PLEASANT  
I respect a diligent young man. You keep at it, there's no reason a person of color can't rise to the top in this company. Just look at me!

101 GUS  
You've done real good, sir.

102 MR. PLEASANT  
You could too. Keep that in mind. Have a good night, now.

103 GUS  
Thank you, Mr. Pleasant, I will. You do the same.

SFX: MR. PLEASANT WALKS AWAY.

104 MR. PLEASANT  
(calling back)  
And think about what I said!

**<<< END**

105 GUS  
I will, sir!  
(to himself)  
I just wonder if God's got somethin' more.

MUSIC.