

*The Color Purple*  
~~MOON SONG~~

Written by  
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Based on the novel The Color Purple  
by Alice Walker  
1982

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1 EXT. FIELD - DAY - (GEORGIA 1909) 1

ANGLE ON CELIE AND NETTIE'S YOUNG HANDS

They are playing the patty-cake game.

CELIE AND NETTIE (V.O.)

Us never part  
Us have one heart  
Ain't no land  
Ain't no sea  
Can keep you away from me

ANOTHER ANGLE

It's spring and Georgia looks like Eden. Celie (age 14) and Nettie (age 12) are running through fields of waist high flowers. They're laughing and playing tag. We SEE Pa's farm in the BG. He appears on the porch.

PA

(calls them)

Celie! Nettie! Come back to the house now.

ANGLE ON CELIE

A cloud passes over her face. As she steps out of the field of waist high flowers we SEE that she's six months pregnant. They walk toward the house, while Pa waits for them on the porch. They run up the front steps and Pa, the very picture of a loving parent, puts his arm around Nettie's shoulders and runs his hand over Celie's hair. Celie smiles shyly at him.

PA

Suppers ready.  
(he looks down at Celie  
smiling at him)  
Celie, you got the ugliest smile  
this side of creation.

Celie covers her mouth with her hand and follows her sister inside the house.

2 EXT. BIRTHING SHED - NIGHT (GEORGIA 1909) WINTER 2

It's a wild southern night and the wind howls around a small house that stands on the edge of a forrest.

3 INT. BIRTHING SHED - NIGHT 3

In a small bed a child (CELIE) is giving birth to a child, and her screams ricochet around the small room. Her sister Nettie is helping her. There are neither blankets nor sheets, and she only wears a thin night shift that's already dark with sweat. Outside the wind batters the little room and the walls groan with the strain. \*

CELIE'S POV - ANGLE ON THE DOOR

The hulking figure of PA enters in the doorway. He watches her with pitiless eyes. The spaces between the screams and the moans is getting shorter and shorter, and then she falls silent.

PA

(softly)

Ain't you done yet?

ANGLE ON CELIE

Her face holds all the pain and surprise of a fourteen year old girl. And we hear a baby crying.

CUT TO:

4 INT. BIRTHING SHED - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER) 4

Celie holds the baby, now swaddled in a piece of linen, in her arms. Pa reaches down to take the child from her. For a moment Celie won't let go, but Pa just tears the child from her arms and walks out the bedroom door. \*

CELIE

(croaks)

Pa....

CELIE'S POV - ANGLE ON PA

Pa turns in the doorway. \*

PA

You better not never tell nobody but God. It'd kill your Mammy.

CELIE'S POV - ANGLE ON THE DOOR

Through the open bedroom door she SEES Pa walk out the front door into the night toward the woods. Bent over in the wind, he moves toward the trees where she is sure he will strangle her child.

CONTINUED

4 ANGLE ON CELIE 4

Cont

Her mouth moves, but the words won't come, only tears.

5 EXT. ROAD - DAY 5

ANGLE ON A COUNTRY ROAD

The country road is rutted with tracks and bordered by fields. In the distance we SEE a wagon coming toward us.

CELIE (V.O.)

Dear God, I am fourteen years old.  
I have always been a good girl.  
Maybe you can give me a sign,  
letting me know what is happening to  
me.

ANGLE ON THE WAGON

Pa walks next to the mule that pulls a cart with a homemade coffin on it. Celie and her younger sister (NETTIE, 12 years) followed by her two younger brothers (BOO, 7 years and LUCIOUS, 8 years) are walking behind the cart.

ANGLE ON CELIE

She looks devastated as she watches the back of Pa's head.

CELIE (V.O. it  
mingles with the listless gait  
of the mule and the squeaking  
of the wheels)

My Mama dead. She die screaming and  
cussing. She scream at me. She  
cuss at me. I can't move fast  
enough. By the time I git back from  
the well the water be warm. By the  
time I git the tray ready the food  
be cold. By the time I git the  
children ready for school it be  
dinner time. He don't say nothing.  
He set there by the bed holdin' her  
hand and crying, talking 'bout don't  
leave me, don't go.

ANGLE ON PA

He wipes the sweat from his brow.

CELIE (V.O.)

She ast about the first one. Whose  
it is. I say God's. I don't know  
(MORE)

CONTINUED

5  
Cont

CELIE (V.O. Cont'd)  
no other man. Then my Mama got  
sicker and sicker.

## ANGLE ON CELIE

She glances at the crude coffin that lies on the mule cart. A little piece of her Mother's dress protrudes from the coffin.

CELIE (V.O.)  
Finally she ast where it is. I say  
God took it.

## ANGLE ON PA

He looks over his shoulder at Celie like he can almost hear her thoughts.

CELIE (V.O.)  
He took it while I was sleeping.  
Kilt it out there in the woods.  
Just like he did to the one he took  
before.

## ANOTHER ANGLE

The cart turns toward the church and the cemetary where the preacher (Shug's Father) is waiting for them with his hat in his hand.

6 EXT. PA'S FIELD - MORNING 6

In the distance a half dozen men with guns and bloodhounds are walking through the fields toward the house. \*

7 EXT. PA'S HOUSE - PORCH - MORNING 7

Pa cleans his gun on the porch.

## ANGLE ON THE DOORWAY

Celie and Nettie stand in the doorway. Both are dressed for school in identical white dresses. Nettie, with a ribbon in her hair, looks like a fresh faced child, whereas Celie's face is already marred by adult pain.

PA  
(to Celie)  
Where you think you going?

CELIE  
School.

CONTINUED

7  
Cont

Pa never takes his eyes off his gun.

PA

You too dumb to keep on going to school. Nettie the clever one in this bunch.

Nettie takes Celie's hand in hers.

NETTIE

But Pa, Celie smart too. Even Ms. Beasley say so.

In the BG a half dozen white trash farmers (the very picture of southern dread) with guns come silently up the yard.

PA

Whoever listen to anything Addie Beasley have to say. She run off at the mouth so much no man would have her. That how come she have to teach school.

Pa gets up. He looks at Celie with contempt.

PA

You couldn't go to school no way. Your milk still running.

ANGLE ON CELIE

She looks down and SEES that the front of her dress is soaked by the milk of her breasts.

ANGLE ON PA

He walks across the yard with the white farmers, guns in the crook of their arms.

8 INT. PA'S HOUSE - PORCH - DAY

8\*

ANGLE ON A RABBIT

Celie is skinning a dead rabbit.

CELIE (V.O.)

Dear God, he act like he can't stand me no more. Say I'm evil and always up to no good.

CONTINUED

8  
Cont

## ANGLE ON CELIE

She wipes the sweat of her brow with the back of her hand. Pa sits behind her at the kitchen table watching her work.

CELIE (V.O.)

I don't think he kilt my little baby boy. I heard he sold it to a man and his wife over Monticello.

Pa gets up and walks out onto the porch. Celie looks through the kitchen window, which looks out onto the porch.

## CELIE'S POV - ANGLE ON THE PORCH

Celie SEES Nettie come up the porch. She is dressed in white and has some books under her arm. Pa waits for her at the top of the steps. And he plays a little game with her. When she tries to pass on the left he moves to the left. When she tries to pass to the right of him, he moves to the right.

CELIE (V.O.)

I keep hoping he find somebody to marry. I see him looking at my little sister. She scared. But I say I'll take care of you. With God help.

9

## EXT. PA'S HOUSE - PORCH - DAY

Pa sits on the porch and watches the sun set over the red clay of Georgia, while Mr. rides his mare up to the house. The hounds that Pa keeps in a kennel bay.

MR.

I want to marry your Nettie.

PA

She too young. And you got too many children to take care of anyway since your wife got killed. And what about all this stuff I hear about you and Shug Avery.

Celie and Nettie are all listening to the conversation between the two men outside whose low voices carry on.

MR.

Well, that's just talk.

CONTINUED

9  
Cont

PA  
Let me think about it.

MR.  
I hope you do.

PA  
Well, can't say I will.

MR.  
Well, you know my poor little ones  
sure could use a mother.

PA  
Well, I can't let you have Nettie.  
She too young.  
(MORE)

Celie and Nettie breath a sigh of relief.

PA (Cont'd)  
But I can let you have Celie.  
(MORE)

Celie and Nettie tighten up again.

PA (Cont'd)  
She the oldest anyway, she ought  
to marry first. She ain't fresh  
though, but I 'spect you know that.  
(MORE)

PA (Cont'd)  
She spoiled. Twice.  
(MORE)

The sisters look at each other as if to say "we know the  
truth".

PA (Cont'd)  
But you don't need a fresh woman no  
how. I got a fresh one in there  
myself and she sick all the time.

Pa spits over the railing and continues his conversation as  
if he were a cattleman talking about his stock.

PA (Cont'd)  
The children git on her nerve. She  
not much of a cook and she big  
already.  
(beat)  
Now Celie is ugly.

CONTINUED



9  
Cont Nettie puts her hand on Celie's shoulder as if to say  
"don't listen to them, they don't know what they're talking  
about."

PA (O.S.)

But she ain't no stranger to hard  
work. And she can learn. And God  
done fixed her. You can do  
everything just like you want to and  
she ain't gonna make you feed it or  
clothe it. Fact is, I got to git  
rid of her. She too old to be  
living at home. And she a bad  
influence on my other girls. She'd  
come with her own linen. She can  
take that cow she raise down there  
back of the crib. But Nettie, you  
flat out can't have. Not now, not  
never.

Celie looks at Nettie, a small smile of satisfaction on her  
face. Mr. clear his throat.

MR.

Well, I ain't never looked at that  
one.

PA

Like I said, she ugly. Don't even  
look like she kin to Nettie. But  
she'll make the better wife. She  
ain't smart either, and I'll just be  
fair, you have to watch her or  
she'll give away everything you  
own. But she can work like a man.

Pa spits over the railing again.

MR.

Let me look at her again.

PA

(turns to the kitchen window)  
Celie, Mr. wants another look at you.

ANGLE ON THE PORCH

Celie comes out onto the porch and blinks her eyes against  
the sun.

CELIE'S POV - ANGLE ON MR.

Back lit by the sun, Mr., who sits on his horse (and seems  
very imposing), looks Celie up and down.

CONTINUED

9 Pa is wearing glasses and he rattles his newspaper (the  
Cont business section of the Atlanta newspaper). A Sears catalogue  
lies by his feet.

PA

Move up. He won't bite.

Celie moves a little closer to the steps, but not too close  
cause she is afraid of the horse.

PA

Turn around.

Dutifully, Celie turns around. One of Celie's fat little  
brothers (LUCIOUS) comes running onto the porch. He SEES  
Celie turn around.

LUCIOUS

What you doing that for?

PA

Your sister thinking 'bout marriage.

That means nothing to Lucious, and he pulls Celie's skirt.

LUCIOUS

Can I have some blackberry jam?

CELIE

Yeah.

PA

(while going back to the  
paper)

She is good with children. Never  
heard her say a hard word to nary  
one of them. Just give them  
everything they ast for, is the only  
problem.

Mr. turns in the saddle and looks behind him. He sees the  
cow grazing in the meadow. It looks good.

ANGLE ON MR.

He turns back to Pa.

MR.

That cow still coming.

PA

Her cow.

10 EXT. MR.'S FIELD - DUSK 10  
Pa and Nettie standing on the porch. Nettie waves at Celie. \*  
Pa moves toward Nettie.

11 EXT. ROAD - DUSK 11  
It's almost dark with just a hint of red in the sky. Celie  
walks down the road. She has a bedroll, and the beginnings \*  
of a quilt under her arm and her cow lumbers behind her,  
mooing mournfully.

12 EXT. MR.'S HOUSE - DUSK 12  
ANGLE ON A YOUNG BOY, BUBBA (9)  
A young boy holding something behind his back glares at  
Celie.

MR. (os)  
This your new Mama.

A brick flashes from behind his back.

ANGLE ON CELIE

She staggers. The boy's blow has laid her forehead open  
and blood pours down her face.

PA  
(understated)  
Don't do that, boy.

BOY  
She ain't my mama.

The other children (Harpo, 11) and two girls, (LOUISE, 7 and  
WILLIE LEE, 8) stare at her as silently and grave as a  
Walker Evans photograph.

13 INT. MR.'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT 13  
Celie's head, wrapped in a dirty, bloody bandage, rests on  
a pillow. Her eyes are fixed on the ceiling. O.S. we hear  
a grunting, snorting and only when Mr.'s head comes down  
into the frame do we realize that the sound is that of a man  
in the throes of passion. Celie's eyes travel around the  
room.

CONTINUED

13  
Cont

CELIE (V.O.)

I don't cry. I lay there thinking  
'bout Nettie while he on top of me,  
wonder if she safe.

Celie's eyes come to a rest on a picture frame on the dresser. It's of a woman (SHUG AVERY), dressed in furs, her face rouged. She stands grinning with her foot on somebody's motor car, but her eyes are sad. She is the most beautiful woman Celie ever seen.

CELIE (V.O.)

And then I think about that pretty  
woman in the picture. I know  
what he doing to me, he done to her,  
and maybe she like it.

ANGLE ON CELIE AND MR.

With her eyes on the photograph, Celie puts one stiff arm around Mr.'s shoulders.

14 EXT. MR.'S FIELDS - DAWN

14

Celie, with her head still bandaged, staggers back from the spring that runs near the house with two huge buckets of water in either hand. Mr. and his boy, Harpo, stand on the porch talking softly between themselves. Celie tries to make it up the porch steps, but the weight of the buckets of water is too great and she almost loses her balance. Harpo makes a move to help her, but Mr. puts his hand on his son's arm to keep him from it.

MR.

That women's work.

And they watch how Celie drags one bucket up the stairs and then the next. Neither man lifts a finger.

15 INT. MR'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATE AFTERNOON

15

Celie, with her head still bandaged, stands alone in the kitchen.

ANGLE ON THE STOVE

The door of the furnace is almost off its hinges and the griddle has at least an inch of grease on it.

ANGLE ON THE SINK

CONTINUED

15 Dishes so dirty that they have green fungus on them stand  
Cont piled high in fetid water.

ANGLE ON THE WALLS

The walls are covered with grease and soot and there are spider webs in every corner.

ANGLE ON THE PANTRY

The pantry is totally disorganized and the bags of flour are leaking because the mice have gnawed their way through the fabric.

Celie walks up to one of the walls, scrubs the wall with a brush until she uncovers the wall paper underneath it. Then, she dips the brush in a bucket of water and attacks the stove while sobbing.

16 INT. MR.'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAWN.

16

The spot where Celie, whose bandage has now been reduced to a dirty rag, first uncovered the wall paper is the grungy spot left in the kitchen. For the kitchen is as new, the wall paper is fresh and shiny. Dishes clean, a fire burns in the stove and the pantry is organized. \*

Mr. and Harpo sit by the kitchen table, resting their muddy boots on the just scrubbed surface.

Celie, with a rag in her hair, her face and arms smudged with soot and grease, tries to run a comb through the youngest girl's hair. The child screams in pain because it's so tangled.

CELIE

When was the last time somebody comb they hair?

MR.

Not since they Mammy died.

CELIE

I'll just have to shave it off and start fresh.

MR.

Naw, bad luck to cut a woman's hair, just comb it.

CELIE

That will take all day.

CONTINUED

16  
Cont

Mr. shrugs.

Celie runs the comb through the little girl's hair again and the child starts to cry.

MR.

And shut her up.

CELIE

I can't, it hurts her.

Mr. slaps Celie with the back of his hand.

MR.

Don't talk back to me.

Both Celie and the little girl cringe as they wait for the next blow, but it doesn't come. Instead, Mr. stomps out of the kitchen.

MR.

Do what I say and keep her quiet.

Celie clamps the youngest girl between her knees, puts her hand over the child's mouth and starts draggin the comb through her tangled hair again.

17

EXT. TOWN - AFTERNOON - (SPRING)

17

Celie sits alone on the buck board of Mr.'s wagon and watches the people walk by.

SHE SEES

A tall patrician black lady (CORRINE) with a vaguely Eastern air about her. She carries a little girl (OLIVIA, 7 months).

ANGLE ON CELIE

She reacts very strongly to SEEING the little girl. She gets off the wagon and follows Corrine and Olivia.

CELIE (V.O.)

Dear God. I seen my baby girl. I knowed it was her. She look just like me and my daddy. Like more us then us is ourself.

Celie walks along side Corrine and Olivia. And Olivia looks up at Celie with a frown on her wise little face.

CELIE (V.O.)

My little girl looks like she fretting over something. She got my

(MORE)

CONTINUED

17  
Cont

CELIE (V.O. Cont'd)  
eyes just like they is today. Like  
everything I seen, she seen, and she  
pondering it.

Celie is so engrossed by Olivia that she almost gets hit by  
a passing buckboard but she doesn't even notice. The driver  
of the buckboard yells at her over his shoulder, but she  
doesn't hear him.

Corrine and Olivia turn into a store.

Celie stays outside, wondering what to do.

CELIE (V.O.)  
I think she mine. My heart say she  
mine. But I don't know she mine.  
If she mine her name Olivia. I  
embroider Olivia on the seat of all  
her daidies. I embroider a lot of  
little stars and flowers too. He  
took all the daidies when he took  
her.

Celie follows them into the store.

18 INT. STORE - AFTERNOON

0005

18

It's obvious that Celie, who sort of loitars behind Corrine  
and Olivia, is looking for an opening, any opening. But  
she can't take her eyes off Olivia, who does what any bored  
girl does, she yawns. Corrine holds some cloth up to her  
body. Celie seizes her chance and walks by in the most  
casual manner, while her heart pounds.

CELIE  
(to Corrine)  
That real pretty.

CORRINE  
(pleased)  
Yes, I am going to make me and my  
little girl a dress. Her daddy  
will be so proud.

CELIE  
Who her daddy?

CORRINE  
Mr. Samuel.

CELIE  
Mr. Samuel? Who he?

CONTINUED

18  
Cont

CORRINE  
(slightly annoyed)  
The Reverend Mr. Samuel.

The clerk, an insolent white lout, watches Corrine hold the piece of cloth.

CLERK  
Girl, you want that cloth or not, we got other customers sides you.

Corrine, who is decidely not a girl, and has more class in her little finger than the clerk does in his whole body, nevertheless has a knee jerk reaction.

CORRINE  
(her accent more southern)  
Yes, suh, I want five yards, suh.

The clerk tears of five yards of cloth without measuring it.

CLERK  
(to Celie)  
You want something gal.

CELIE  
Naw suh.

And the two women move away from the counter. Celie watches Olivia like she was the Messiah.

CELIE  
How long you had your little girl.

CORRINE  
Oh, she be seven months on the fifteenth.

CELIE  
Can I carry her?

CORRINE  
If you like.

Celie takes Olivia in her arms, lifting her high enough to see her diaper. There are no stars, flowers or a name

embroidered on them. Corrine steps outside and Celie follows her.

CELIE  
(real easy)  
What do you call her?



19 EXT. STREET - AFTERNOON

19

Corrine turns back to Celie.

CORRINE

Pauline.

Celie turns grey and almost blacks out.

CORRINE

But I call her Olivia.

CELIE

Why you call her Olivia when that  
ain't her name?

Corrine looking up and down the street.

CORRINE

Well, just look at her, doesn't she  
look like Olivia to you. Look at  
her eyes for God's sake. Only  
somebody ole would have eyes like  
that. So I call her ole livia.

And Corrine laughs at her own joke. Celie looks Olivia in  
the eyes who is still in her arms. Corrine waves at a man  
dressed in black (REVEREND SAMUEL), who drives a wagon.

CORRINE

Oh, there my husband.

She takes Olivia from Celie's arms and walks up to the  
wagon.

CORRINE

(over her shoulder)

Nice talking to you.

Celie watches Corrine and Olivia climb onto Samuel's  
wagon and drive away. Olivia turns around and looks at  
Celie. Celie smiles and waves at the grave little girl.  
Mr. walks up to her.

MR.

What you standing here laughing  
like a fool fer.

20 EXT. MR.'S HOUSE - MORNING

20

Nettie has hitched a ride with the mailman and sits next to  
him on the buckboard of his wagon.

CONTINUED

20  
Cont

## ANGLE ON THE PORCH

Celie SEES her sister. She runs down the steps toward the mailman's wagon.

## ANGLE ON NETTIE

She leaps from the mailman's wagon and dashes toward Celie. They meet in the middle of the yard, right near the oak tree and throw their arms around each other and hug.

CELIE

Nettie, oh Nettie, I's so glad to see you.

NETTIE

I just couldn't keep him off me.

(beat)

Think I could stay here with you?

Behind them Mr. appears on the porch.

CELIE

(to Mr.)

Can Nettie stay with us for a spell?

Mr. looks at Nettie.

MR.

(with a slight leer)

Sure, she be kin now.

21

## EXT. MR'S HOUSE - PORCH - LATE AFTERNOON

21

Celie and Nettie are hanging sheets off the clothesline that is strung between two trees. The wind plays with the sheets and the sun shines through them. Two of Mr.'s youngest children tumble past them, playing and making alot of noise.

CELIE

(to children)

Hush now.

But the children ignore her and chase each other down the steps and towards the barn.

NETTIE

Don't let them run over you. You got to let them know who got the upper hand.

CONTINUED

21  
Cont

CELIE

(dryly)  
They got it.

NETTIE

You got to fight, Celie. You got to.

CELIE

I don't know how to fight. All I  
know is how to stay alive.

Mr. walks onto the porch in his Sunday best, puffing on his pipe. And it's obvious by the cat-like way he smiles at Nettie that he still finds her very attractive.

MR.

(to Nettie)  
That's a real pretty dress you got  
on.

Nettie just looks at her shoes.

MR.

(to Celie)  
Celie, my boy be wanting his supper.  
(he nods toward the kitchen)

Celie, obviously concerned over her sister's welfare, leaves the porch real slow.

22 INT. MR.'S HOUSE - SPARE BEDROOM - NIGHT

22

Celie and Nettie sit on the bed by the light of an oil lamp turned low. Nettie has her arm around Celie and looks deeply into her eyes as she imitates Mr.'s advances.

NETTIE

(in Mr.'s voice)  
Oh Nettie, you have such nice skin  
and such soft beautiful hair.  
And you smell so good when I sit  
close to you.  
And your teef....

CELIE

(cracks up)  
He talked about your teef?

NETTIE

Yeah, 'bout how bright they shone.

Nettie grabs a clothes pin and puffs on it like Mr. puffs on his pipe. And she struts around the room scowling like Mr. scowls.

CONTINUED

22  
Cont

NETTIE

(in a gruff voice)

Celie, my boy be wantin' his supper.  
 The cow need a milkin'.  
 The kitchen needs a cleanin'.  
 My shirts need a mendin'.  
 My pants need a fixin'.  
 My shoes need a shinin'.  
 My children need a feedin'.  
 And when you good and tired  
 I gon clam on top of you and do my  
 business 'for you can say A...men.

Celie covers her mouth and laughs out loud as Nettie stands  
 in front of her with her thumbs hooked through her belt  
 loops, her stomach slightly pushed out and puffs away on the  
 clothes pin.

CELIE

(suddenly serious)

You gon have to leave here soon  
 (beat)  
 Before he make his move on you.

Horrified at the prospect of separation, the two sisters  
 hold each other close.

NETTIE

What would I do if I couldn't talk  
 to you?

CELIE

We could write.

NETTIE

Can you read good enough?

CELIE

(after some thought)

Naw, I can't say that I do.

NETTIE

Then I'll just have to go to school  
 for both of us.

CELIE

And we both learn real hard 'fore he  
 break us apart.

MR. (O.S.)

Celie....

Celie leaps from the bed and runs to the door only to turn  
 around the imitate a love sick Mr.

CONTINUED

22  
Cont

CELIE

Oh Nettie, you haves such pretty teef.

Nettie bares her teeth in a grimace.

23 INT. UNDER MR.'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

23

The girls have spread a tattered blanket over the mud. Nettie balances a school book on her knees and they're taking puffs off a pipe that they share.

NETTIE

Who discovered America.

CELIE

(closes her eyes)

Co...Co....I don't know, some white man with a funny name.

NETTIE

(school marmish)

Columbus.

CELIE

Columbus, what kind of name is that, how you ever gon 'member a name like that?

NETTIE

Ms. Beasley taught us a good trick. Like the next time I ask you 'bout Columbus you think about cucumber... see cucumber... Columbus... or Washington, you think about a... ton...of...wash.

CELIE

(rolls her eyes)

Guess I'm gon be thinking 'bout him a lot.

NETTIE

Let's move on to spelling

(beat)

Horse.

CELIE

Horse?

NETTIE

Yeah, horse.

CONTINUED

23  
Cont

CELIE  
Horse, hmmmmmm, H...O...S...E

NETTIE  
(giggles)  
That spells hose.

CELIE  
(irritated)  
Oh, when you ever gon write to me  
'bout some horse.

NETTIE  
Dear Celie, this really nice  
gentlemen came a callin' and he was  
ridin' this....

They stop talking because the floor boards above them creak.

24 CELIE AND NETTIE'S POV - ANGLE ON THE FLOOR BOARDS 24

Above them through the cracks they SEE Mr. He looks like a  
giant.

MR.  
Nettie, Nettie....

25 The girls stay frozen until he goes down the steps again 25  
and moves away.

NETTIE  
(urgent)  
Horse?

CELIE  
(spells)  
H...O...R...S...E.

26 INT. MR.'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - AFTERNOON 26

ANGLE ON THE KITCHEN

MR.'S POV

HE SEES strips of wax paper on everything indicating its  
meaning in a childish scrawl. The chair is labeled  
"chair", the table is labeled "table", the stove "stove",  
the jar "jar", and on the kitchen window there are three  
strips. One that reads "window", one that reads "sky" and  
one that reads "sun".

CONTINUED

26  
Cont

ANGLE ON MR.

After having taken everything in, he looks at the cringing girls.

MR.

Ain't you got nothing better to do.

He stomps out. Nettie and Celie breathe a sigh of relief.

27

INT. MR.'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

27\*

Nettie is teaching Celie how to read from a dog-eared copy of Oliver Twist.

CELIE

(reads very slowly)

Chapter Two. For...the  
next...eight...or...ten...months,  
Oliver...was...the...victim...of  
a...sys...sys...

(she looks up at Nettie)

NETTIE

(very slowly)

Systematic.

28

EXT. MR.'S YARD - DAY

28

ANGLE ON A KNIFE

The tip of a knife carves into the bark of a tree.

CELIE (V.O.)

(more fluently)

For the next eight or ten months  
Oliver was the victim of a...

(slight hesitation)

systematic course of tra....tra...

NETTIE (V.O.)

(very, very slowly)

treachery.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Nettie and Celie have carved their names into the bark of a young oak tree that stands in the yard in front of Mr.'s house. Their names (Celie has been carved by a less practiced hand than Nettie's) are at the center of the carved heart. The sisters stand back and admire their work. Celie puts her arm around Nettie's shoulders.

CONTINUED

28  
Cont

CELIE  
Now us never be apart.

29 INT. MR.'S HOUSE - PARLOR - DUSK 29

Mr. sits on the couch pretending to be reading his newspaper, but he is really watching Nettie. \*

30 MR.'S POV - CELIE AND NETTIE 30

He SEES Celie and Nettie standing in the yard. They are backlit by the dying Georgia sun as they play a hand clapping game (a la "Patty Cake") near the oak tree. They are reflected on the window as they play the game. \*

CELIE AND NETTIE  
(softly to the rhythm of their  
clapping hands)  
Us never part.  
Us have one heart.  
There ain't no land  
There ain't no sea  
Can keep you away from me.

31 ANGLE ON MR. 31

Mr. stares at Nettie and narrows his eyes. O.S. the girls laugh.

32 EXT. COUNTRY LANE - AFTERNOON 32

Nettie walks down a country lane, filled with flowers and bordered on either side by woods. She's carrying a wicker basket filled with wildflowers that she plucks from the side of the road. Behind her she hears the hooves of a horse. She looks over her shoulder. \*

SHE SEES Mr. riding his mare, coming up behind her. (Shoot just detail of horse so we aren't sure just what is behind her). \*

ANOTHER ANGLE

Nettie starts to walk faster.

ANGLE ON MR.

He keeps his horse at the same easy pace.

ANGLE ON NETTIE

CONTINUED



32  
Cont

The sun grows hot and the flower basket heavy as Nettie tries to put some distance between Mr. and herself. \*

ANGLE ON MR.

He smiles with the certain knowledge that a man on a horse is always faster than a woman on the ground.

ANGLE ON NETTIE

She glances over her shoulder.

She SEES Mr. gaining on her. She starts to jog.

ANGLE ON MR.

He urges his mare into a trot.

ANGLE ON NETTIE

Mr.'s intentions are perfectly clear. She throws the basket on the ground and breaks into an all-out run. \*

ANGLE ON THE HOOVES \*

The hooves trample the flowers.

ANGLE ON MR.

Excited by the chase, he guides his horse into a canter.

ANGLE ON NETTIE

She doesn't dare look over her shoulder. The ground shakes behind her. She can feel the breath of Mr.'s mare on her shoulder blades.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Mr. gets off his horse. He tackles Nettie. They roll over the ground. Nettie wriggles free and gets up first.

She SEES Mr. He gets up slowly with a face twisted by lust. Nettie is trapped by the thick woods behind her and Mr. in front of her.

ANGLE ON MR.

He grabs one of Nettie's wrists and draws her into an embrace.

NETTIE

(pleads)

Let go of me.

CONTINUED

32  
Cont

But Mr. fumbles with his belt instead. In total desparation, Nettie jams her knee into Mr.'s crotch.

NETTIE'S POV - ANGLE ON MR.

He gasps and lets her go as his hands cover his groin and he sinks to his knees. Shocked, Nettie stares at Mr. for a moment as he lies groaning on the grass, and then runs away.

ANGLE ON MR.

He watches Nettie run with a look of unbelievable hatred on his face.

33

EXT. MR.'S HOUSE - PORCH - DAY

33

ANGLE ON CELIE AND NETTIE

Celie and Nettie's faces are pressed cheek to cheek and they are crying. Mr. takes each sister by the hair and literally yanks their heads apart.

ANOTHER ANGLE

It's as if Mr. is trying to separate a pair of Siamese twins. Each time he pries them apart they find a new way to hold on to each other. Mr. takes Nettie by the waist and drags her down the porch. A frantic Celie runs alongside them.

CELIE

Let her stay, please let her stay.  
I'll do anything for you, just let  
her stay.

ANGLE ON HARPO AND THE KIDS

Shocked by the intensity of the scene the little ones start crying, and then as the violence of this scene progresses, they begin to wail. (CU on the kids).

ANOTHER ANGLE

Both Nettie and Celie grab hold of the porch railing just before the steps.

Mr. balls his hand into a fist and hammers on their fingers until they have to let go. Mr. shoves Celie out of the way and picks up Nettie and carries her down the porch steps. Celie follows them down the steps and lets out a cry that

CONTINUED

33  
Cont

comes from the very depths of her soul as she pummels Mr.'s broad shoulders with her fists. Nettie leaps from his arms and the sisters make their last stand by the young oak tree in which they carved their names. Celie anchors herself by holding onto the tree and Nettie holds on to Celie. Mr. takes a deep breath and pulls at Nettie's arm with all his might.

## ANGLE ON CELIE'S HAND

Mr. is very strong and Nettie's arm begins to slip through Celie's grip until she is just holding onto her sister's wrist, then her hand, then her fingers.

## ANOTHER ANGLE

With one mighty tug, Mr. yanks Nettie free from her sister's grip. And this breaks their spirit. While Celie hugs the tree she watches how Mr. drives Nettie across the yard by pushing between her shoulder blades. Nettie keeps on looking over her shoulder until they reach the road.

## ANGLE ON CELIE

She presses her face against the carved heart with their names on it and begins to cry with all the intensity of one who realizes that they have just lost the one thing most dear to them. Celie lifts her head and shouts to Nettie.

Write!!!

CELIE

## ANGLE ON NETTIE

She is standing in the road. She shouts back.

NETTIE

(sobbing)

What?

CELIE

(shouts)

Write!!

NETTIE

(shouts)

Only death can keep me from it.

Mr. picks up a rock and threatens to hurl it at Nettie, like he is chasing a dog from his property.

Nettie begins to jog down the road, but then she turns around one more time.

CONTINUED

33  
Cont

NETTIE

(shouts)

Celie!!!

And Nettie mimes the hand clapping game in Celie's direction.

ANGLE ON CELIE

She does the same towards Nettie.

CELIE AND NETTIE

(whisper)

Us never part.  
Us have one heart  
There ain't no land  
There ain't no sea  
Can keep you away from me.

34 INT. MR.'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

34

Celie is sitting alone in the kitchen with her copy of Oliver Twist and she reads aloud:

CELIE

For the next eight or ten months  
Oliver was the victim of a  
systematic course of treachery and  
deception.

35 INT MR.'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

35

CELIE'S POV THROUGH THE KITCHEN WINDOW - ANGLE ON THE  
MAILBOX

The mailbox looks sinister. It's black and dented. The  
flag is broken. A crow perches on top of it.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Mr. sits on a kitchen chair with his face lathered up with  
shaving cream. Celie stands behind Mr. sharpening a  
razor. She takes her eyes off the mailbox and dips the  
razor into a bowl of steaming hot water. She reaches over  
Mr.'s shoulder and brings his chin back so that his throat  
is offered to her. Just as she is about to start shaving  
him he grabs her by the wrist.

MR.

You cut me, I kill you.

CONTINUED

35 Celie takes a deep breath to steady her hand and begins.  
Cont (Screenwriters note: And thus commences the slowest, most  
nerve wracking shaving scene in the history of cinema).

ANGLE ON MR.'S FACE

The razor slides down his throat.

ANGLE ON CELIE

She sees the wagon of the mailman pull up to the mailbox. She fears for her life. Her face is taut with concentration, yet her eyes flick back to the mailbox (OS). She SEES the mailman walking toward the mailbox.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The razor slips a little. Celie forces herself to concentrate.

ANGLE ON MR.

Certain of Celie's terror, he is absolutely serene as the razor slides down his other cheek.

ANGLE ON CELIE

She sees the mailman looking into his pouch as he approaches the mailbox. Torn between fear and curiosity, she continues shaving Mr. But her eyes are drawn back to the mailbox. (The mailman is reflected in the kitchen window).

ANOTHER ANGLE

Celie wipes her sweaty brow. Only Mr.'s throat is still lathered. She dips the razor in the bowl of hot water and continues.

ANGLE ON MR.'S THROAT

With a few deft strokes she shaves his throat, leaving only his Adam's apple covered with cream. OS she HEARS the clang of the mailbox opening. She SEES the mailman putting a few letters into the box. OS Mr. curses.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Mr. leaps from his chair. A tiny trickle of blood runs down from his Adam's apple. Mr. raises his hand to strike Celie. She cringes, expecting a blow. Mr. watches her cower, and realizing his power over her, he just laughs instead and walks away. As soon as Celie realizes that she isn't going to be beaten, her attention is drawn back to the mailbox. She SEES the mailman walking away.

CONTINUED

35  
Cont

ANOTHER ANGLE

Unable to contain herself any longer, she rushes toward the kitchen door.

36

EXT. MR.'S HOUSE - YARD - DAY

36

Celie looks around for Mr. but the coast appears to be clear.

CELIE'S POV - ANGLE ON THE MAILBOX

The black crow is still perched on top of the mailbox and it waits until the very last moment before flying away with a nasty cackle. Celie opens the mailbox. It's empty.

MR. (OS)

What you doin?'

ANOTHER ANGLE

Celie jumps with fear. Mr. stands behind her. He has an axe in his hand, and his eyes are fixed on hers.

CELIE

I was gon check the mail, see if there a letter from Nettie.

MR.

Well, there ain't. Notin but notices.

Mr. positions himself next to the mailbox and slaps the handle of the axe softly into his open palm.

MR.

Don't want you messing with that box (indicates the mailbox) again though, understand?

CELIE

Yes, suh.

And Mr. walks away.

Celie SEES the mail in Mr.'s back pocket.

ANGLE ON A FLYER

The wind blows the flyer over the fields, up the porch steps, until it sticks to the screen door.

ANGLE ON THE FLYER

CONTINUED

36      The flyer shows a black and white picture of Shug and it  
Cont      reads: SHUG AVERY AND HER ORCHESTRA AT THE LUCKY STAR.

37      INT. MR.'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

37

Mr. is combing his hair in the mirror. In the B.G. sitting on the bed we see Celie watching him. Mr. finishes combing his hair which is greasy with pomade. He squints his eyes and grimaces in disgust.

MR.

Too much grease.

ANOTHER ANGLE

With Celie watching, he plunges his head into a big bowl to try to wash it out again.

DISSOLVE:

38      INT. MR.'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DUSK

38

Celie sits on the bed spitting on Mr.'s shoes and hitting them with a quick rag. Mr. hops around the room in just his pants, trying to put on his sock.

MR.

Where's the other one?

CELIE

Look in the drawar.

Mr. searches through the drawer.

MR.

They don't match, where the black one?

CELIE

It's in there.

MR.

(overjoyed)  
Here it is!

Mr. puts on the other sock.

MR.

Celie!

CONTINUED

38  
Cont

He points at his foot.

ANGLE ON HIS FOOT

His big toe sticks through the sock.

ANGLE ON CELIE

She almost smiles because he looks like such a little boy.

CELIE

Give it here.

Mr. throws her the sock.

MR.

And don't forgit the shirt need  
ironing.

DISSOLVE:

39 INT. MR.'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DUSK

39

Mr. stands in his pants, darned socks, and a stiff white  
shirt. It's just a choice of jackets now. A black one or  
a blue one.

Shug's picture is prominently displayed on a dresser.

MR.

(while putting on the black  
one)What you think, the blue one or the  
black one.

CELIE

I like the black one.

Mr. looks at her like she is dirt, puts on the blue one and  
marches out of the room in his socks. He is back within a  
second. Celie silently holds out his shiny black shoes  
which he takes without a word. Mr. moves back in front of  
the mirror and brushes the lapels of his jacket. Mr. looks  
at his shirt cuffs. In a panic he begins to rifle the  
drawars. \*

MR. \*

Now where are my cufflinks? \*

ANGLE ON CELIE'S HAND \*

She opens her fist. The cufflinks are in the palm of her  
hand. While putting on the cufflinks Mr. squints in the  
mirror. \*

CONTINUED



39  
Cont

MR.

(while undoing his tie)  
I hate this tie. This tie don't go  
with anything I'm wearing.  
(almost absentmindedly)  
I used to have a blue one. Now where  
could that be?

ANGLE ON CELIE

Proudly, she holds up the blue tie, which Mr. puts around  
his neck.

CELIE

(dryly)  
Anything happenin'?

MR.

(like he is mad)  
What you mean. I'm just tryin'  
to git some of the hick farmer off  
myself...any other woman be glad.

CELIE

I'm is glad.

MR.

(impatient)  
What you mean.

CELIE

You look nice, any woman be proud.

Mr. softens for a moment.

MR.

(a little uncertain)  
You think so?

Celie fixes the kerchief in Mr.'s pocket.

CELIE

Yeah.

40 EXT. MR.'S HOUSE - PORCH - MAGIC HOUR 40

Celie watches Mr. bounce off the porch and walk through the  
fields towards the road.

41 EXT. ROAD - MAGIC HOUR 41

SOUND OVER: SHUG SINGING SOMEWHERE IN THE DISTANCE. Mr.  
hurries down the road with the tall poplar trees. When

CONTINUED

41 the wind rustles through them he holds on to his pomaded  
Cont hair.

42 EXT. MR.'S HOUSE - PORCH - MORNING 42

Celie and Harpo stand on the porch and look for Mr. but no one is coming down the road. Mr.'s children join them.

LOUISE  
Daddy ain't back yet.

CELIE  
He will be soon.

LOUISE  
That's what you said yesterday.  
Soon was yesterday. Today is later.

43 EXT. MR.'S HOUSE - FIELD - AFTERNOON (NEXT DAY) 43

Celie and Harpo are hoeing the field. The blades slap into the clay with a rhythmic sound. They stop working when they see Mr. stagger down the road. You don't have to get close to him to know he smells of liquor, cigarettes, and another woman's perfume. Celie and Harpo look at each other and continue working.

44 EXT. MR.'S HOUSE - FIELD - DUSK 44

MR.'S POV - FROM THE PORCH

The sun sets. Celie and Harpo walk back as slow as the day was long. Behind them the plow sticks from the furrow like an anchor. Both of them are burned by the sun.

ANGLE ON PORCH

Mr. just sits on the porch. He don't even rock no more. Harpo, who hurts in places he didn't even know he had, drags himself up the porch steps. Celie keeps right on going into the house.

45 EXT. MR.'S HOUSE - PORCH - MORNING 45

It's a Sunday morning and the whole family sits on the porch in their Sunday best. Church bells peal (O.S.) in the distance.

CONTINUED

45  
Cont

## ANGLE ON CELIE

She is dressed in her work clothes and tries to haul two huge buckets of water up the steps. She sweats and she groans and almost loses her balance.

## ANGLE ON LOUISE, (7 years old)

She watches Celie and then her brother Harpo who sits next to his father.

LOUISE

Why you don't help Celie?

Harpo looks at his father.

HARPO

Women's work.

DISSOLVE TO:

46 EXT. MR.'S HOUSE - PORCH - MORNING (GEORGIA 1916) SUMMER 46

## ANGLE ON THE YOUNGEST GIRL (LOUISE, 14)

She can't believe what she just heard.

LOUISE

Say what?

## ANGLE ON HARPO

He has grown seven years older. He has a hint of a beard and his voice has deepened.

HARPO

Women's work.

## ANGLE ON THE HOUSE

The house looks great, its just been painted, and the flowers bloom in the flower boxes.

## ANGLE ON THE FAMILY

They have all aged seven years.

## ANGLE ON CELIE (21 years old)

She is twenty and looks even more defeated and slovenly as she drags the heavy buckets of water to the kitchen.

CONTINUED

46  
Cont

MR.  
(barks to Celie)  
Celie! The barn need sweepin'.

CELIE  
(defeated)  
Yes suh.

And she continues to shuffle toward the kitchen.

MR.  
And Celie....

CELIE  
Yes suh?

MR.  
We be wantin' supper early tonight.

CELIE  
Yes suh.

Celie almost makes it into the kitchen when Mr. calls her once more.

MR.  
Oh, and Celie, I need some fresh shirts for the morning.

CELIE  
(sighs)  
Yes suh.

MR.  
Before I forgit, my horse needs brushin' 'cause I'm gonna ride her tonight.

CELIE  
Yes suh.

MR.  
Oh, and put up a scarecrow in the north field.

47 INT. MR.'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 47

Celie is fixing supper. She looks out the window. She SEES the Sheriff talking to Mr. out in the field, while two of his deputies lead a handcuffed Bubba away. The Sheriff and his deputies, one of the deputies is a hunting buddy of Pa's, are wearing civilian clothes with badges.

CONTINUED

47  
Cont

CELIE (V.O.)

Sheriff come and took Bubba.  
Mr. didn't seem to care. When I  
ast him about it he say "Bubba a  
bad seed that I tried to raise as  
best I could, now the Sheriff is  
gon' try...."

48 INT. MR.'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

48

Celie sweeps the floor with a kerchief on her hair.

ANGLE ON THE BROOM

In the dust before the broom lies a small strip of yellowed paper.

ANGLE ON CELIE

She reaches down and picks it up.

ANGLE ON THE STRIP OF PAPER

On the strip of paper it reads: "SKY"

ANOTHER ANGLE

Celie recognizes the strip of paper as one of the strips that she and Nettie used. A sadness settles on her face. It has begun to rain outside. She looks out the window. She SEES Mr. scurrying toward the mailbox, open it and stuff the contents in his coat pocket.

ANGLE ON CELIE

She turns away from the window and resumes her sweeping and shakes her head.

CELIE (V.O.)

She said she write, but she never  
write. She say only death could  
keep her from it...maybe she dead.

49 EXT. MR.'S HOUSE - PORCH - DUSK

49

Celie stands on the porch in the cool evening breeze and watches the muddy road. She SEES Harpo walking two steps behind a big, pregnant girl (SOFIA - 18 years old) who splashes resolutely through the mud.

CELIE (V.O.)

Dear God, Harpo in love with a girl  
called Sofia. Now she be big. Mr.

(MORE)

CONTINUED

49  
Cont

CELIE (V.O.)  
say he want to have a look at her.  
I see them coming way off up the  
road. They be just marching hand in  
hand, like going to war. She in  
front a little.

50 INT. MR.'S HOUSE - PARLOR - EVENING

50

Celie sits close to Mr. who still has that faraway look in his eyes. They sit stiffly like they are posing for a photograph or waiting for someone. Harpo, in his Sunday best (which isn't much), ushers a very pregnant Sofia, who looks bigger and sturdier than ever, into the parlor.

HARPO

(to Mr.)

This here is Sofia and I am gon to marry her.

Mr.'s mouth only gets grimmer.

SOFIA

(to Mr.)

How you?

MR.

Look like you done got yourself in trouble.

SOFIA

Naw, suh, I ain't in no trouble ... big though.

MR.

Who the father?

Celie, appalled by Mr.'s rude question, is about to say something but he cuts her off with a threatening hand.

Sofia smiles at Harpo. \*

SOFIA

Harpo.

MR.

How he know that.

SOFIA

(smiles at Harpo)

He know, cause he the only one. \*

CONTINUED

50  
Cont

She takes Harpo's hand and kisses the back of it.

Harpo doesn't know where to put his eyes.

MR.

(to Celie)

Celie, git me some lemonade.

Celie leaps to her feet as if stung by a bee and almost jogs over to the kitchen.

ANGLE ON SOFIA

She watches Celie in amazement.

ANGLE ON MR.

MR.

(merciless)

Young womens no good these days.  
Got they legs open to every Tom,  
Dick and

(with a little smile)

Harpo.

Harpo looks at his daddy as if he never seen him before.

MR.

No need to think I'm gon let my boy  
marry you just cause you in the  
family way. He young and limited.  
Pretty gal like you could put  
anything over on him.

Harpo groans and puts his face in his hands like somebody very tired. Sofia's face gets even more ruddy, but instead of getting up she just laughs. Celie returns with the lemonade and hands it to Mr. He takes a sip and hands it back to her.

MR.

(without looking at Celie)

Ain't cold enough.

Celie scurries back to the kitchen.

ANGLE ON SOFIA

She watches Celie and shakes her head sadly.

SOFIA

What I need to marry Harpo for. He  
still living here with you. What  
food and clothes he git, you buy.

CONTINUED

50 ANGLE ON CELIE  
Cont

She stands in the doorway of the kitchen and listens with wide open eyes to Sofia before going in.

MR.

(crafty, slowly as if  
revealing a secret)

'Cause I know your daddy threw you  
out...ready to live in the streets I  
guess.

Celie rushes back into the parlor with a frosted glass of lemonade and hands it to Mr. like a retainer to a king. Mr. takes another sip and then puts the glass on the little table next to him.

Celie waits anxiously, but as there are no other orders, she takes her place watching Sofia all the while.

SOFIA

Naw suh, I ain't living in the  
street. I'm living with my sister  
and her husband and they say I can stay  
with them for the rest of my life.

ANGLE ON CELIE

She is in awe of Sofia.

ANOTHER ANGLE

She stands up and rises to her full imposing solid height.

SOFIA

Well, nice visiting, I'm going home.

Harpo gets up too.

SOFIA

(to Harpo)

Naw Harpo, you stay here.

(with a little laugh)

When you free, me and the baby be  
waiting.

51 EST. SHOT - CHURCH - DAY

51

52 INT. CHURCH - DAY

52

ANGLE ON HARPO'S TOES

CONTINUED



52  
Cont

He stands on his toes.

CELIE (V.O.)

Dear God, Harpo went and brought  
Sofia and the baby home. They got  
married in the church.

Harpo is dwarfed by Sofia's sisters like a water boy by a  
Pro Bowl defensive line. He tries to draw himself up real  
tall.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The preacher (Shug's father) a wiry little man, has to  
raise his voice over the cries of the baby girl that Sofia  
holds in her massive arms.

PREACHER

(shouts)

And you Sofia, will you take this  
man, Harpo, as your lawful wedded  
husband.

ANGLE ON THE WEDDING PARTY

They are a noisy group; babies, about 6 of them between 3  
months and 2 years old, are wailing, children run up and  
down the aisles, men and women are talking, flirting, and  
making dates. \*

The baby wails.

SOFIA

(rumbles)

I do.

53 EXT. MR.'S LAND - DAY

53

ANGLE ON A LITTLE CREEK HOUSE

CELIE (V.O.)

Harpo fix up the little creek house  
for him and his family. Mr. used it  
as a shed but now it's sound. Got  
windows now, a porch, back door,  
plus it cool and green down by the  
creek.

A ladder stands against the house. Harpo is on the roof,  
swinging a hammer and whistling.

ANGLE ON THE WINDOW

CONTINUED

53 Cont Celie and Sofia are fixing things up inside, laughing and talking to each other. Celie moves to the window and holds two pieces of curtain against it.

54 INT. CREEK HOUSE - DAY

54

Celie and Sofia look up. THEY SEE Harpo through a hole in the roof. Harpo is hammering and whistling.

SOFIA

(calls to Harpo)

Harpo, come down a minute. I need you to hold the baby.

HARPO

(whose voice is at least an octave higher than Sofia's, replies with a great deal of self importance)

Can't you see I'm busy.

Celie's mouth drops open with amazement when Sofia replies.

SOFIA

I can see you busy making a racket. Now come on down here.

HARPO

(his voice rising)

Damn it Sofia, I'll come down when I'm good and ready.

At that moment Harpo falls through the roof (leaving a gaping hole in his wake) and lands in front of Sofia and Celie. Harpo gets to his feet with a sheepish expression on his face and dusts himself off. Sofia (once she sees that he is alright) hands him the baby before walking away with Celie.

HARPO

What do you want me to do with it.

SOFIA

(looks over her shoulder and laughs)

I don't know. Try feedin' it. Then try fixin' the mess you made.  
'Cause I can smell the rain comin'.

Harpo looks at the baby in his arms as if it were a strange animal. O.S. thunder rumbles in the distance. Harpo looks at the gaping hole in the roof.

CONTINUED

HARPO

54  
Cont

Damn.

55 EXT. MR.'S FIELD - DAY

55

Mr. and Harpo are walking behind the horse and plow through the furrow.

HARPO

How can I make Sofia mind. I tell her one thing, she do another. Always back talk.

Mr. don't say a thing, just clacks his tongue to the horse when they hit a rock.

HARPO

(lowers his voice when imitating Sofia)

I tell her she can't be all the time going to visit her sister. Us married now, I tell her. Your place is here with the children. She say, I'll take the children with me. I say your place is with me. She say you want to come? And she keep primping in front of the mirror.

Mr. takes his pipe out of his mouth.

You ever hit her?

Harpo looks down at his hands.

HARPO

(low and embarrassed)

Naw suh.

MR.

(laughing)

Well how you spect her to mind. Wives is like children. You have to let 'em know who got the upper hand. Nothing can do it better than a good sound beatin.

(beat - as he puts his pipe back in)

Sofia thinks too much of herself anyway. Need to be taken down a peg.

56

INT. CREEK HOUSE - DAY

56

Sofia and Celie are in the kitchen sitting around the table.

SOFIA

Now my sister's husband, he is a good man understand, but he needs his sleep, that the only thing that make him mean, when he don't get his sleep.

Harpo comes into the kitchen with a take charge expression on his face.

HARPO

Sofia, I need something to eat.

SOFIA

Pie is in the pantry.  
(ignoring Harpo, turns her attention back to Celie)  
Now they just got another little baby and it cries allllll night...

Harpo interrupts with a sullen expression on his face.

HARPO

Ain't you gonna git it for me.

SOFIA

(surprised)  
Why, something wrong with you?

Before Harpo can reply, the baby starts wailing upstairs.

SOFIA

Now it's my own baby cryin'.

She runs upstairs.

HARPO

I ast daddy why he beat you...he said cos she my wife and she stubborn. How come you so stubborn?

CELIE

Just born that way I reckon.

HARPO

(with more interest than compassion)  
How can you stand it?

CONTINUED

56  
Cont

CELIE

I make myself wood. I say to  
myself, "Celie, you a tree".

(pause)

That's how come I know trees fear  
man.

Harpo considers that for awhile. O.S. they hear Mr. chop  
wood somewhere on the property.

HARPO

Celie, what I gon do 'bout Sofia?

CELIE

(looks around furtively)

Beat her.

57 EXT. CREEK HOUSE - DUSK

57

Celie, with two of the little ones in tow, Delia (age 8),  
and Earl (age 7), approach Harpo and Sofia's little creek  
house where all the windows are lit up. She HEARS the sound  
of breaking glass. Celie rushes to the living room window  
(the putty is barely dry on the new window) and looks  
inside. She SEES Harpo and Sofia fighting like two men.  
Every piece of furniture is turned over. Every plate is  
broken. The curtains are torn and the mirror is shattered.  
Harpo slaps Sofia. She reaches down and whacks him across  
the eyes with a piece of stove wood. He punches her in the  
stomach and she doubles over, but comes up with her hands  
right in his privates and he rolls on the floor.

Sofia darts into the kitchen and Harpo scrambles after her.

ANGLE ON CELIE

She and the children, who think it's the best show they  
have ever seen, run over to the kitchen.

CELIE AND CHILDREN'S POV (FROM KITCHEN)

Sofia waits for Harpo, and the moment he rushes into the  
kitchen she hits him over the head. But Harpo is tougher  
than he seems and shakes off the blow. Now they roll over  
the kitchen table, which collapses under their weight, and  
land on the floor. Sofia gets up first, Harpo grabs her  
foot, but is left with her shoe which he hurls after her.

ANGLE ON THE STOVE

Their meal, left unattended, is burning up and filling the  
kitchen with blue smoke.

CONTINUED

57  
Cont

## ANGLE ON CELIE AND THE CHILDREN

They rush over to the pantry through the windows.

## CELIE AND CHILDREN'S POV (THROUGH PANTRY WINDOW)

A shelf full of canned fruit crashing down. The glass jars shatter.

Sofia knows how to fight -- she punches Harpo in the stomach and when his head comes down she meets it with an upper cut. Harpo doubles over. Sofia flees and he hobbles after her while cursing.

## ANGLE ON CELIE AND THE KIDS

They run back towards the living room.

Harpo has both hands around Sofia's neck. Together they roll over a couch. Sofia comes up first and waits for Harpo flat footed like a prize fighter. She throws a straight right to his nose and when his head snaps around she hooks with a nasty left. This combination sends Harpo staggering backwards toward the window.

## ANGLE ON CELIE AND THE KIDS

They watch Harpo fall backwards through the living room window. Enraged, he gets to his feet and looks at the shattered window.

HARPO

(furious)

You really gon git it now.

And he charges back inside.

Celie and the children have had enough and hurry back towards the main house.

58

## EXT. MR.'S HOUSE - PORCH - DUSK

58

Celie and Mr. are rocking side by side. They SEE the little creek house. THEY HEAR the sounds of pots and pans being thrown and plates breaking. After a while the small figure of Harpo is hurtled from the house like a cowboy from a saloon. He dusts himself off and goes back inside for more.

## ANGLE ON MR.

He smiles as if to say "that's my boy".

CONTINUED

59  
Cont

MR. (Cont'd)  
 musta chased you 'round the field  
 a heap of times.

HARPO  
 No, no, just kicked me once or twice.

MR.  
 I tell ya, sometimes, sometimes we  
 gotta deal with all the mules in our  
 mind.

HARPO  
 Lord knows that's the truth.

60 EXT. SOUTHERN FIELD - DAY

60

Celie has just dressed a scarecrow in some of Mr.'s old clothes and stands back to admire her work. She looks around to make sure nobody is about. She SEES Harpo and Mr. in the distance working the northern field.

ANGLE ON CELIE

She addresses the scarecrow.

CELIE  
 Ain't you gon order me around some.  
 (laughs a little)  
 What's the matter, cat got your  
 tongue? You might think you scare  
 me...but you don't...no suh...you  
 don't scare me at all.

She SEES some crows pecking at the ground nearby.

ANGLE ON CELIE

She laughs.

CELIE  
 Don't scare the crows neither.

Celie turns her back on the scarecrow, but keeps on talking.

CELIE  
 Don't scare the crows, don't scare  
 me.

And she turns back to face the scarecrow. She SEES Sofia standing next to the scarecrow. Her eye is black and closed like a fist.

ANOTHER ANGLE

CONTINUED

58  
Cont

## CELIE AND MR.'S POV - ANGLE ON THE CREEKHOUSE

This time Harpo comes flying through the living room window and lands with a resounding thud on the porch. When he gets up THEY HEAR the tinkling sound of dozens of shards of glass dropping from his hair and clothes.

HARPO

(screams)

Sofia, I just put in a new window!

Once again he disappears inside the house which is soon followed by a high-pitched, blood-curdling scream.

## ANGLE ON MR.

He grins and nods in approval, and turns to a thoroughly unnerved Celie.

MR.

Git me some lemonade.

Thinking that Sofia is being killed and a similar fate awaits her, Celie leaps to her feet and scurries inside.

59 EXT. NORTHERN FIELD - DAY

59

Mr. and Harpo are tending to the pearl millet crop in the northern field. In the B.G. Celie can be seen. Harpo looks beat up and sports a big bruise under his eye.

MR.

What happen to you?

HARPO

(laughing a little  
too hard)

That mule, that stubborn mule...

(points at his eye)

Kicked me right here and busted my  
lip and messed up my eye.

MR.

Yeah, looks kinda bad. It all sound  
kinda bad too.

HARPO

Ol' Joey, always has been a stubborn  
mule.

MR.

Oh, I've seen some stubborn mules,  
but that a pretty stubborn one. He

(MORE)

CONTINUED



60  
Cont

Celie jumps with fright.

SOFIA

Here your curtains, here your thread, and  
a quarter for letting me use them.Sofia shoves the curtains and thread into the hands of a  
thoroughly intimidated Celie.

CELIE

(protests weakly)

They yourn, I glad to help out. Do  
what I can.

SOFIA

(sadly)

You told Harpo to beat me.

CELIE

No I didn't.

SOFIA

Don't lie.

CELIE

I didn't mean it.

Sofia glares at Celie. Sofia was mad, but now she is sad.

SOFIA

(with a sigh)

All my life I had to fight. I had  
to fight my daddy. I had to fight  
brothers and uncles. A girl ain't  
safe in a family of men. But I  
never thought I'd have to fight in  
my own house. I loves Harpo. God  
knows I do. But I'll kill him dead  
before I let him beat me. Now, if  
you want a dead son-in-law, you keep  
on advising him like you are  
doing....

(puts her hand on her hip)

I used to hunt game with a bow and  
arrow.

ANGLE ON CELIE AND SOFIA

Celie looks at Sofia.

CELIE

You feels sorry for me, don't you?

CONTINUED

69  
Cont

SOFIA

Yes, ma'am, I do.

CELIE

Well, sometime I feel sorry for my own self 'cause Mr. git on me pretty hard....

(beat)

And I have to talk to Old Maker. But he my husband. This life be over soon, but heaven last always.

SOFIA

Girl, you ought to bash his head open and think 'bout heaven later.

And Sofia turns around and walks away, leaving Celie lonelier than ever.

61 EXT. RAILROAD TRACK - EARLY EVENING (DUSK)

61

There is just enough light left in the sky to distinguish color as Celie walks past the railroad tracks. O.S. she hears the whistle whine. She SEES a train (THE PANAMA LIMITED) steam down the tracks. The Pullman cars are pink and the windows are brightly lit. Behind those windows rich white people can be glimpsed...men in dark suits and hats, beautiful women in lacy, off-the-shoulder dresses sit at dining tables decorated with fresh flowers. And all the waiters are black, dressed in spotless white.

ANGLE ON CELIE

The light of the windows flashes on her face as she stands gaping.

CELIE (V.O.)

Dear God, I saw all them rich white folk floatin' by in that pink train. And I knew as sure as I stood there that I'd never ride...the Panama Limited.

CELIE'S POV - ANGLE ON THE TRAIN

On the little platform of the last club car stands a black Pullman waiter in his starched white house jacket. He throws something at Celie. It flickers like gold.

ANGLE ON CELIE

She runs to the track. She SEES what looks like three gold coins lying on the track.

CONTINUED

61  
Cont

## ANOTHER ANGLE

Celie picks up the gold coins, but she can tell by the weight that they aren't real.

C.U. ON HER HAND. She peels the gold foil back and we see that the coins are made of chocolate.

## ANGLE ON CELIE

She eats the chocolate while balancing on the rail with her arms spread out.

## LONG SHOT ON CELIE

She claps her hands together.

CELIE (V.O.)

Us never part  
Us have one heart  
There ain't no land  
There ain't no sea  
Can keep you away from me.

O.S. the train whistles whines in the distance.

62 EXT. MR.'S FIELD - DAY

62

Dark, portentous clouds gather over Mr.'s farm. A dog howls.

## ANGLE ON THE PORCH

Celie and the children (Delia and Earl) stand on the porch. \*

CELIE (V.O.)

Dear God, I never forget this day.  
Nothin' moved. The air was so heavy  
and still me and the children  
thought a twister was comin'.

Thunder claps in the sky and a sudden wind blusters.

A lemonade pitcher falls off a table and shatters on the porch.

The screen door rattles.

## ANGLE ON A STALL \*

Mr.'s frightened mare kicks the stall door.

CONTINUED

62  
Cont

ANGLE ON SOME DOGS

They howl with fear.

ANGLE ON THE COW

It moos, nervously.

ANGLE ON THE MAILBOX

The mailbox clatters in the gust. The broken flag spins around. Weeds bounce off the pole.

ANGLE ON THE PORCH

Celie draws the children closer.

CELIE'S POV - ANGLE UP THE ROAD

A dust cloud hangs over a little rise.

CHILDREN AND CELIE'S POV - ANGLE ON THE ROAD

Mr. is coming over the little rise. He is running next to his plow horse which pulls a wagon. A body covered with a fur coat (SHUG) lies on top of the boards.

ANGLE ON THE WAGON

Mr. jogs next to the horse which he holds by the bridle. As they turn onto his property one of the wagon wheels grazes the mailbox.

ANGLE ON HARPO

Harpo comes running from the creek house. Mr. calls to him.

MR.

Harpo!

Harpo looks in the wagon. Celie doesn't know whether to stay outside or run inside.

HARPO

Who this?

PA

The woman that should have been your mammy.

HARPO

Shug Avery?

CONTINUED

62  
Cont

MR.  
Help me git her back into the house  
(bellows)  
Celie, Celie.

Celie runs into the house. \*

63 INT. MR.'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY 63

Celie is frantically trying to get out of her old dress.

MR. (O.S.)  
(bellows)  
Celie, Celie.

Celie puts her old dress back on. She glances in the mirror. She SEES that she looks haggard and worn with an old kerchief tied around her head.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Celie spits on her fingers and tries to wipe some of the dust from her face.

MR. (O.S.)  
(screams)  
Celie, come down here.

Celie looks in the mirror one last time.

CELIE  
Oh Lord.

And she runs from the room.

64 EXT. MR.'S HOUSE - PORCH - DAY 64

Celie stands on the porch. She SEES: THE WAGON. A high heeled shoe dangles from a foot that sticks out from a fur coat that hs seen better days. Then Shug Avery rises and climbs down between Harpo and Mr. Her fur slips, a claw like hand grabs it and pulls it tight. Even hanging on Harpo and Mr. Shug looks dressed to kill.

ANGLE ON CELIE

She watches Shug.

CELIE (V.O.)  
She looks so stylish. It like the  
trees all round the house draw  
themselves up tall for a better look.

CONTINUED

64 Shug gets close enough to the porch so that Celie can get a  
Cont good look at her.

CELIE (V.O.)

I see all this yellow powder caked  
up on her face. Red rouge. She  
look like she ain't long for this  
world but dressed well for the  
next.

When Mr. has dragged Shug half-way up the stairs he look at  
Celie.

MR.

Celie, this here Shug Avery. Old  
friend of the family. Fix up the  
spare room.

Celie seems frozen on the spot. She tries to move, but she  
can't.

MR.

(sharp)  
Git moving.

CELIE

(hurried V.O. like we are  
inside her mind)

I can't move. I can't move. I need  
to see her eyes. I feel like once I  
see her eyes my feets can let go of  
the spot they stuck.

MR.

(even sharper)  
Celie, git moving, now!

And then Shug looks up. Her eyes are big, glossy and  
feverish. She looks Celie up and down.

SHUG

(cackles)  
You sure is ugly.

And Celie runs inside the house.

65 INT. MR.'S HOUSE - SPARE ROOM - NIGHT

65

CELIE'S POV - THROUGH A CRACK IN THE DOOR

Save for a shaft of moonlight, there is no light in the  
spare room.

CONTINUED

65 We can SEE the vague outline of a bed and we can HEAR Shug's  
Cont laboured breath. A dark shape sits near her in a chair. It  
could be Mr. It could be Celie.

SHUG

(in a sinister half-whisper)  
Turn loose my goddamned hand. What  
the matter with you, you crazy? I  
don't need some weak little boy  
can't say no to his daddy hanging on  
me.

She coughs. Something rattles in her chest.

SHUG

I need me a man, d'you hear...a man.

Her cackle, which turns into a cough, sends the dark shape  
across the room, as it passes through the shaft of  
moonlight we SEE that it's MR.

CUT TO:

66 INT. MR.'S HOUSE - SPARE ROOM - NIGHT (MINUTES LATER) 66

Mr.'s face can be glimpsed as he lights his pipe.

SHUG

I don't want to smell no goddamn  
stinking pipe Albert.

ANGLE ON A LITTLE TABLE

The moonlight hits the little table as Mr. places his pipe  
on top of it.

67 INT. MR.'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT 67

Celie has been standing by the spare room and watching Shug  
and Mr. through a crack in the door. She gathers her  
nightgown around her as she creeps back to the bedroom.

CELIE

(whispers with wonder)  
Albert?

68 INT. MR.'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING 68

Celie is in the kitchen when Mr. comes in.

ANGLE ON MR.

CONTINUED

68  
Cont

He looks haggard, vulnerable and small.

ANOTHER ANGLE

CELIE

(indicates Shug upstairs)

What happen to her?

MR.

You don't want her here, just say so.  
 Won't do no good. See, I loves Shug  
 Avery. I loved her since the first  
 time I laid eyes on her. And I never  
 stopped lovin her since.

CELIE

(almost too quickly)

I wan her here.

(beat)

I just wan to know what happen.

Mr. looks away. His adam's apple bobs up and down a few  
 times.

MR.

Nobody fight for Shug.

Something in Mr. touches Celie and she walks up to Mr. to  
 touch his shoulder in a gesture of sympathy, but just as  
 she is about to touch him, Mr. moves away.

MR.

(almost to himself)

She so weak. She got to eat.

(fervently)

She got to eat.

Mr. starts rummaging around the kitchen.

CELIE

(eager)

I'll fix her something.

MR.

(preoccupied)

Naw, I'll do it.

ANGLE ON CELIE

She sits down with an "I have to see this" expression on  
 her face.

ANGLE ON MR.

CONTINUED



68  
Cont

Mr. acts as if he knows his way around his own kitchen. He opens some drawers, lifts a few lids.

MR.

Celie, where the bisquits.

CELIE

Same place they always be.

Mr. is too proud to say "where is that" so Celie watches him bumble about for a little longer.

CELIE

In the warmer.

Mr. opens the warmer on top of the stove. Then he opens every drawer in the kitchen looking for a knife before he finds one.

ANGLE ON CELIE

She is really enjoying herself watching Mr.

Mr. slices the bisquits and then cuts himself.

MR.

(sucking on his thumb)

Damn.

CELIE

Are you sure....

MR.

(cuts her off)

Naw, I'll git it, I'll git it.

Resolutely Mr. goes back in the pantry again. (O.S.) we HEAR Mr. rummaging.

MR. (O.S.)

Celie!! Where you been hidin' the milk.

CELIE

First shelf to the left

(whispers to herself)

Albert.

Albert returns with the milk, finds a glass without any help. He is getting ready to put the bisquits in the oven. He tests the heat of the oven with his hand.

MR.

It ain't hot enough.

CONTINUED

68  
Cont

CELIE

It's plenty hot.

MR.

No it ain't.

Behind the oven he finds some old newspapers. He opens up the oven door, which is already hot and puts the newspapers inside. Just for good measure he adds some logs.

MR.

Damn oven still ain't hot enough.

Mr. opens the doors and throws in some kerosene, which causes him to leap back from the flames that are reaching out of every opening. But Mr. quickly regains his composure, and puts the bisquits in the oven.

CELIE

What you doing?

MR.

(snappish)

What it look like I'm doing.

(he looks over his shoulder  
so he can glare at Celie)

I'm heating the bisquits!

When Mr. looks back at the oven he SEES that the bisquits have caught on fire. Mr. tries, with his bare hands, to retrieve the bisquits from the oven. He burns his fingers, the bisquits fall onto the floor, and he jumps around, blowing on his fingers.

MR.

Where the skillet?

Celie just points at the skillet, which hangs almost in front of Mr.'s eyes. Mr. slams the skillet onto the stove and adds about half a pound of butter.

MR.

Where the eggs at again.

CELIE

They be in the pantry.

Mr. rushes over to the pantry.

## ANGLE ON THE SKILLET

The butter is turning brown at an alarming rate. Mr. rushes back into the kitchen with two eggs. He cracks the eggs and puts them in the skillet.

CONTINUED

68  
Cont

MR.  
(as if inspired, shouts)  
Coffee! I know she love coffee!

He rushes over to the grinder.

ANGLE ON CELIE

She can barely keep from smiling.

ANGLE ON MR.

He pours the beans into the grinder, spilling most of them onto the counter. He smells something burning, turns to Celie.

MR.  
Somethin's burning.

CELIE  
Maybe that be the eggs?

MR.  
(panicked)  
The eggs!

He rushes over to the stove.

ANGLE ON THE SKILLET

The butter is burning. The eggs are shriveled and black.

ANGLE ON MR.

He curses and grabs the skillet, and once again, burns his hand. Celie smiles as Mr. hops through the kitchen, clutching his burned hand.

69 INT. MR.'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING (A MINUTE LATER) 69

Mr. walks through the kitchen with a tray. One of his hands is bandaged. Two charred pieces of biscuit, some blackened, shriveled eggs, a dab of jam, and a glass of milk are on the tray.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Celie follows Mr. out of the kitchen.

70 INT. MR.'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - MORNING 70

Celie climbs halfway up the stairs and watches Mr. enter Shug's room.

CONTINUED



75  
Cont

## ANGLE ON SHUG'S ROOM

The door is almost closed. Celie pushes the tray into the room through the crack in the door.

SHUG (O.S.)

(barks)

I told you I don't wan nuthing'!

Celie cowers in the stairway.

## CELIE'S POV - ANGLE ON THE WALL

She SEES the stains on the wall where Shug threw Albert's breakfast.

CELIE (V.O.)

I just stands back and I wait to see what the wall is gon look like. See what kind of colors Shug's gon put there now.

## ANOTHER ANGLE

The door flies open. Celie covers her head, expecting the food to come flying. Instead Shug pushes the empty tray from the room.

## ANGLE ON MR.

He stands mid-way up the stairs.

MR.

How you git her to eat?

Celie creeps down the stairs.

CELIE

(whispers)

Nobody can stand to smell home cured ham without tasting it...if they dead they got a chance, maybe.

Celie and Mr. have reached the bottom of the stairs. Mr. turns to her.

MR.

I been scared, so scared.

And Celie turns into the kitchen, and Mr. to the parlor.

76 INT. MR.'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

76

Shug lies in a long white bath. Her body long and black, nipples like plums. Even skinny and sick, she is all woman. She holds a bottle of gin in her right hand, and a cigarette in her left, and she has her "Don't mess with Shug" look in her eyes. Celie, holding a brush, a towel, and some soap, can't help but stare at her.

SHUG

(hisses)

What you staring at? Never seen a nakid woman before?

CELIE

No Ma'am.

With an evil grin, Shug puts her hand on her hip and bats her eyes at Celie.

SHUG

Well, take a good look, honey. Even if I is just a bag of bones now.

77 EXT. MR.'S HOUSE - PORCH - LATE AFTERNOON

77

Mr. is out on the porch. He SEES a group of four church going old ladies with big hats, gloves, and parasols, in the yard. Three men, dressed in their Sunday best (high stiff collars and bowler hats) stand off to the side.

ANGLE ON MR.

He doesn't know what to make of it. The old ladies mill about the yard and point at the house. Mr. calls from the porch.

MR.

Can I help you ladies?

The largest lady draws herself up even taller.

LORETTA

(indignant)

Albert, you harbouring the whore of Babylon in your house!

MR.

(with a tight little smile)

Sounds like you jealous, Loretta.

The ladies squeal with anger and indignation.

Celie is washing Shug like she is made of glass, while humming her little song under her breath. Shug lights another cigarette and takes another swig from her bottle of gin. Fever sweat pearls on Shug's forehead and there is a delirious gleam to her eyes. \*

SHUG

You have any kids?

CELIE

Yes Ma'am.

SHUG

(sharp)

How many, and don't "Yes Ma'am" me.  
I ain't that old.

CELIE

Two.

SHUG

Where is they?

CELIE

I don't know.

Shug gives her a funny look and puts her bottle of gin on the edge of the bath. Suddenly delirium overtakes her.

SHUG

Who're you?

CELIE

Celie.

SHUG

(laughs)

You sure is ugly.

Shug reaches for her bottle of gin.

CELIE

You ain't well enough to drink or  
smoke, you know.

The delirium fades out.

SHUG

Mind your own goddamned business. I  
feels fine again. Just had to eat.  
Now, put in some more bubble bath.

CONTINUED

78 Shug points at a bottle of bubble bath and Celie dutifully  
Cont pours it in the bath.

SHUG

And some scent.

Celie takes another bottle and pours that in the bath also.

CELIE

Do you have any kids?

SHUG

Yeah. They with my Ma and Pa.  
Never knew a child that came out  
right unless there was a man  
'round. Childrens gotta have a Pa.

CELIE

Do you miss 'em?

SHUG

Naw, I don't miss nuthin'.  
(beat)  
Did your Pa love you?

CELIE

No.

SHUG

My Pa loved me.  
(beat)  
My Pa still love me 'cept he don't  
know it.

Celie moves behind Shug and begins to brush her hair, which is the shortest, kinkiest hair she has ever seen. Shug's reverie comes to an end when Celie runs the brush through her hair. Celie takes extra care now. She undoes every tangle with her fingers before using the brush. Shug relaxes. Celie hums her little song. Shug cocks her head. She hums along and then once she has the melody down turns it into a blues which she half sings. Something scares Celie about the song and she stops brushing Shug's hair.

SHUG

What's the matter with you?

CELIE

(downcast eyes)  
Preacher told me not to listen to  
that music. Say it low down and  
dirty.

Shug lights another cigarette.

CONTINUED



78  
Cont

SHUG

Did the preacher say that?

(beat)

Well, he be right about that, 'cause  
it is.(draws out the words with  
relish)

Low down and dirty.

(beat)

How is the old coot? Still preachin'  
against smoking and drinking?(has a puff of her cigarette)  
and a swig from her gin  
bottle)

CELIE

(looking at Shug's smoking  
and drinking with disapproval)

Yes Ma'am.

SHUG

(grimly)

Well, that figures. Didn't 'spect  
him to change.

Delirious, she assumes a preacher's voice. She raises herself from the tub and points her finger at the ceiling in the style of a southern preacher. \*

SHUG

(in the preacher's voice - it is  
as if the preacher has taken  
possession of her)The blues is a dish that been cooked  
up on the hot furnace of hell. do you  
know what I'm talkin' 'bout girl?It put a teardrop in the eye of the  
Lord and a smile on the face of  
Satan...(suddenly she laughs and  
her eyes glaze over. She  
turns to Celie)

You sure is ugly.

Shug sags in closes her eyes. Celie pours some more bubble bath into the tub, but also empties the contents of the gin bottle in the water. And splashes some water on Shug's cigarettes. But Shug, who is drunk, besides being feverish, doesn't notice.

79

EXT. MR.'S HOUSE - PORCH - DAY

79

The three men walk up to the porch, tip their hats, and mount the steps.

CONTINUED

79  
Cont

TOBIAS CARTER

Afternoon Suh, my name is Tobias  
Carter and I wonder if you be so  
kind as to give this to Miss Avery.

He hands Mr. a bouquet.

LUCIOUS BROWN

Suh, my name is Licious Brown, and I  
have some letters for Miss Avery.

And he hands Mr. a small packet of letters.

JEREMIAH JOHNS

And I am Jeremiah Johns, I am an old  
friend of Shug's and I know how much  
she loves these.

And he hands Mr. a box of chocolates. The suitors never  
expected Mr. to be so nice. They beam and doff their  
hats. Mr. goes inside.

80 INT. MR.'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

80

Mr. walks into the kitchen, rips open the box of chocolates  
while humming under his breath, pops a piece in his mouth,  
opens the door to the stove and throws the letters onto the  
fire.

81 INT. MR.'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

81

Shug reaches for her cigarette and finds them soaking wet.  
She puts one in her mouth anyway.

SHUG

(growls)

What am I suppose to do now, blow  
bubbles though these?

And she reaches for her gin bottle, only to find it empty.

SHUG

What the...

(and she looks at Celie)

Celie puts her hand in front of her mouth as if she made  
some dreadful error.

CELIE

I thought it was bubblin oil.

CONTINUED

81  
Cont

SHUG

(explodes)

Girl, you ugly AND STUPID. Now I  
wanna drink, I wanna smoke, and I  
wanna sing.

And she belts out some nasty song at the top of her voice.

82 EXT. MR.'S HOUSE - PORCH - LATE AFTERNOON

32

Mr. smiles sweetly at the anxious suitors as he emerges  
from the house.

MR.

She asleep, maybe come back some  
other time.

At that moment they HEAR Shug's voice singing O.S. Mr.  
rolls his eyes to heaven as the suitors dash from the porch  
and run to the side of the house in order to be directly  
under the bathroom window.

LUCIOUS BROWN

(shouts)

Shug, come down, it's Lucious. My  
dear kin' Miss, has you any  
objections to me revolving the wheel  
of my conversation around the axle  
of your understandin?

JEREMIAH JOHNS

(shouts)

Kin' lady, since I have been  
travelin' up hill, valley, and  
mountain I never sees a lady that  
suit my fancy more so than you does.  
And Tobias, the most love sick of them all, chimes in.

TOBIAS CARTER

Shug, it is Toby, your sweet honeyman.  
Kin' Ma'am, I have desire and quick  
temptation to jine my fence to your  
plantation.

ANGLE ON THE LADIES

In order to drown out Shug's blues, Loretta pulls a  
tambourine from her pocketbook and they start up a hymn.

ANGLE ON MR.

He wrings his hands.

CONTINUED

83 INT. MR.'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

83

Shug HEARS Tobias's voice.

TOBIAS CARTER (O.S.)

It's Toby, Shug!!

Shug rises from her bath with the bubbles sticking to her skin, like the yeti.

SHUG

(delighted)

Honeyman!!!

Celie tries to stop her.

CELIE

I think you should stay here.

SHUG

Git out of my way. Can't you hear that a real man is calling me?

(beat)

Honeyman, I am coming down

And she throws a bathrobe over her wet body so that the bubbles squeeze from her sleeves and her cleavage. She opens up her makeup case. It's a real battered road case that folds out into many different compartments. It contains a mirror with pictures of Mr. and Honeyman pasted to it, and a sterno burner to heat her curling iron with. Delirious, she tries to put on some makeup, but she misses her mouth and puts eyeliner on her temples.

84 EXT. SIDE OF MR.'S HOUSE - DAY

84

Crazed with love, Tobias hears Shug O.S.

SHUG (O.S.)

Toby!!!!

He leaps onto the lightning rod and begins to climb toward the second floor window.

ANGLE ON MR.

Slyly, he quickly unscrews the bolt that keeps the lightning rod fastened against the side of the house.

ANGLE ON TOBY

Just as he is about to reach the second floor window, the lightning rod gives way and Toby crashes to the ground.

85 INT. MR.'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

85

Celie tries to keep the door shut, but Shug is too strong for her. The door flies open and Celie is squashed against the wall. Shug storms outside. She SEES a mirror reflecting her image. A wild looking woman with her hair going every which way, wearing a bathrobe with bubbles coming out of it.

ANGLE ON SHUG

She faints.

86 EXT. MR.'S YARD - DAY

86

A wiry prosperous looking old man (OLD MR.) comes harumping into the yard. And he brandishes a vicious looking walking stick that he wields with such expertise that the stick seems like an extension of his arm. He scurries over to the ladies with the hats, who are still singing.

OLD MR.

(bellows)

SHUT UP!

LORETTA

Your son has his whore up in that house.

Mr. taps Loretta's ample posterior with his stick.

OLD MR.

His 'ho - his business --- now git!!

Loretta pushes the stick away.

LORETTA

We'll see about that!

(lifts her arms like a conductor to the other ladies)

Ladies...one, two, three.

But just as they break into the hymn again, Old Mr. lifts the hem of Loretta's skirt with his stick, revealing her many pettycoats. Loretta screams. Old Mr. cackles.

OLD MR.

I told you, git.

And he lifts another lady's skirt with his stick. Holding onto the hems of their skirts the ladies run from the yard.

CONTINUED

86  
Cont

LORETTA  
(over her shoulder)  
I'll see you in church.

Like two turrets Old Mr.'s eyes swivel toward the suitors.

ANGLE ON THE SUITORS

As Toby is still dizzy from the fall he took, Jeremiah steps forward to address Old Mr. and he draws himself up trying to look as officious as possible. Old Mr's walking stick whistles through the air, and like D'artagnan with his rapier, he strips Jeremiah first of the flower he wears in his lapel, and then of the gold watch he carries in his vest pocket. Jeremiah is dumbstruck as he looks at the watch and flower on the ground.

OLD MR.  
Your head is next.

The suitors take Old Mr's word for it and they run for their lives (after Jeremiah picks up his watch from the ground). Cackling, Old Mr. climbs the steps of the porch. He ignores Celie and turns to young Mr., whom he pokes in the chest with his walking stick.

OLD MR.  
Just couldn't rest til you got her  
in your house, could you?

Mr. looks at Sofia and Harpo's house.

CELIE  
Won't you have a seat. How 'bout a  
cool drink of water.

Old Mr. takes a seat and nods his head to the offer of a cool drink. On the way to the kitchen she HEARS Shug humming her little song and she quickly shuts the window.

87 INT. MR'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATE AFTERNOON

87

Celie pours some water in a glass and watches and listens through the kitchen window that borders on the porch.

88 EXT. MR.'S HOUSE - PORCH - LATE AFTERNOON

88

CELIE'S POV

Mr. and Old Mr. face each other in the rocking chairs. Old Mr. pokes the leg of Mr.'s rocking chair so that Mr. rocks back and forth like a maniac.

CONTINUED

88  
Cont

OLD MR.

Just what is it about Shug Avery  
anyway? She black as tar, she nappy  
headed, she got legs like baseball  
bats.

ANGLE ON CELIE

She spits in Old Mr.'s glass of water.

CELIE'S POV - ANGLE ON THE PORCH

OLD MR..

(relentless)

Why she ain't even clean. I hear  
she got the nasty woman disease.

ANGLE ON CELIE

She twirls the spit in the glass around with her finger.

Mr. turns his head sad and slow to his father.

MR.

You ain't got it in you to  
understand. I love Shug Avery,  
always have, always will. I should  
have married her when I had the  
chance.

Mr. SEES Harpo and Sofia walking across the field, hand in  
hand. Mr.'s expression grows slightly wistful.

89 EXT. MR.'S HOUSE - PORCH - DUSK

89

Celie walks back onto the porch and hands Old Mr. his glass  
of water. Old Mr. is just about to take a sip when he  
thinks better of it.

OLD MR.

Yeah, and threw your life away.  
And a right smart of my money with  
it.

Old Mr. again brings the glass of water to his lips, but  
thinks of something else to say.

OLD MR.

Plus all her children got different  
daddies. It's all just too trifling  
and confuse.

CONTINUED

89  
Cont

MR.

(with fire in his eyes)

All Shug Avery's children got the same  
daddy...(Mr. can feel Celie watching  
him. He feels embarrassed in  
front of his wife)

I vouch for that.

OLD MR.

You can vouch for nuthin'. Shug  
Avery, she done set the population  
of Hartwell County a new high. You  
just one of the roosters, boy.Old Mr. is getting agitated and he gestures with the glass  
of water so it almost sloshes over the rim. Celie just  
can't take her eyes off the glass.

OLD MR.

Well, this my house and my land.  
Your boy Harpo in one of my houses  
on my land. Weeds come on my  
land, I chop 'em up. Trash blow over,  
I burn it.

Old Mr. gets up.

OLD MR.

(with his eyes on young Mr.)

Celie, you have my sympathy. Not  
too many women let they husband  
whore lay up in they house.Old Mr. and Young Mr. have gotten to that point in the  
conversation where there is nothing left to say. Mr. looks  
at Celie, there is a certain warmth between them.

MR.

Celie, hand Pa his hat.

Old Mr. takes his hat, walks to the steps, looks at the  
glass of water in his hand, drains it in one swallow and  
harrumps down the steps.

Mr. and Celie stand together as they watch Old Mr. leave.

CELIE (V.O.)

Next time he come I put a little  
Shug Avery pee in his glass see how  
he like that.

CONTINUED



89      Celie smiles behind her hand. Mr. glares at her and the  
Cont     smile quickly fades.

90      INT. MR'S HOUSE - STAIRS - AFTERNOON

90

Shug creeps down the stairs.

ANGLE ON CELIE

She sees Shug creep down the stairs.

91      EXT. COUNTY ROAD - AFTERNOON (RAIN)

91

It's a dark and blustery afternoon and the clouds race past a pale, brooding sun as Shug walks toward the church. A black dog bounds out of nowhere and only the long chain around its neck keeps it from sinking its teeth in Shug's leg. Shug gathers her coat around her and shivers. She SEES the church ahead. An unlit lantern sways over the door in the wind.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Like a pilgrim seeking sanctuary, Shug knocks on the door and then opens it.

92      INT. CHURCH - AFTERNOON

92

The preacher is sitting in the front pew going through Sunday's sermon. Shug's shadow falls across the aisle. The preacher looks up. He SEES Shug.

SHUG

Hello.

The preacher looks her up and down. His flinty eyes grow a little colder behind his gold spectacles. Shug walks down the aisle and sits in the pew closest to the altar. Shug's voice echoes through the church.

SHUG

How you been?

The preacher doesn't answer.

SHUG

(coughs)

I been sick, maybe you heard.

(beat)

But I feels better now. Staying

(MORE)

CONTINUED

92  
Cont

SHUG (Cont'd)  
with Albert and Celie.  
(beat)  
They been takin' care of me real  
good.

Shug look around her and gets up. Her steps echo through the cold little church.

SHUG  
Place brings back memories.

Slowly she walks back to the place where the choir stands. She SEES a photograph of herself as a young girl standing in the middle of the choir. There is a desparate quality about the way Shug talks, like she is trying to keep the silence from closing in on them.

SHUG  
I used to stand right here ...  
watching you ... best preacher in  
this world, way you turned a phrase,  
made your voice rise and fall, way  
you looked in your blue suit with  
the girls cuttin' they eyes at you.  
Oh it was somethin' to see. Then  
you'd smile at us girls back here  
and say, "Ladies, Spirit in the Dark  
if you please". And we'd sing ...  
sing our hearts out.

PREACHER'S POV - ANGLE ON SHUG

Shug grips the rail with her thin hands, her knuckles are ashen, her nails are chipped, eyes sad, clothes tattered and worn. Once she must have looked like a little girl, but she sure as hell doesn't look like one now. Shug scrapes her throat and sings the first bar of "Spirit in the Dark". For a moment she sounds great and young, then she coughs and stops.

ANGLE ON THE PREACHER

He takes a few steps toward her before he catches himself and stops. Shug tries to smile. She walks up to him.

SHUG  
It's alright. I know that you can't  
talk to me anymore now that things  
so different ... just thought I'd  
stop by and say hello.

She tries to peck him on the cheek, but the old man turns his face away.

93 INT. MR.'S HOUSE - SPARE ROOM - DAY (GEORGIA 1920) WINTER 93

Celie is sweeping the spare room when she HEARS O.S. the sounds of Mr. and Shug making love. She grows embarrassed and begins to hum her version of "Miss Celie's Blues".

94 INT. MR.'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY 94\*

Mr. and Shug are making love.

ANGLE ON SHUG

She hears Celie hum.

SHUG

(whispers to Mr.)

Your wife can hear us.

MR.

I don' care.

But Shug pushes him away and starts to hum her version of "Miss Celie's Blues".

95 INT. MR.'S HOUSE - SPARE ROOM - DAY 95

Celie HEARS Shug humming her song and they hum together.

96 INT. MR.'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY 96

A frustrated Mr. is about to say something when Shug puts her hand over his mouth and keeps on humming. O.S. we HEAR a blood curdling scream.

ANGLE ON THE CREEKHOUSE

They see the creek house. They hear a window break.

HARPO (O.S.)

Goddammit Sofia, I just put in a new window.

ANGLE ON MR.

He smiles grimly.

MR.

Well, judging by the sound of things, my boy finally teaching her a lesson.

CONTINUED

96  
Cont

SHUG

(imitating Mr.)

Well, judging by the size of his wife, it could be the other way around.

Shug gets out of bed and puts on a bathrobe, leaving a thoroughly frustrated Mr. under the blankets.

97 EXT. CREEK HOUSE - DAY (GEORGIA 1922) SUMMER

97

ANGLE ON HARPO AND CELIE

Celie stands next to Harpo, who sits on the porch steps and whistles, except his whistle sounds like it's lost way down in a jar and the jar is on the bottom of a creek. He SEES his whole life passing in front of him. Because Sofia, her sisters (HORTENSE, FANNY, ODESSA) and his children are all riding on a long, flat wagon on which his whole living room has been placed. The lamps, the table, the screen, everything stands upright and in place, down to the curtains in their frame. And the wagon is slowly moving past him. His little girl, (RUBY, 6 years old) reaches her hand out to him.

RUBY

Daddy, you coming?

HARPO

(sadly shakes his head)

Naw.

ANGLE ON SOFIA

She turns to Harpo.

SOFIA

I really love you, ya know?

ANGLE ON HARPO

He looks at Sofia. He looks at Mr. who is standing about 20 paces away, and looks back at Sofia. Never did a man seem so alone as Harpo when he watches his wife and children disappear.

ANGLE ON CELIE

She walks along side the wagon until it pulls onto the main road. She SEES Mr. and Shug. They are coming back from the mailbox. Mr. has a few letters in his hand, and he barely waves at Sofia.

CONTINUED

97  
Cont

SHUG  
(calls after Sofia)  
Take care yourself now.

CELIE  
(to Mr.)  
Any letter for me?

Mr. just shrugs his shoulders as if to say "how come you still asking me that stupid question".

CUT TO:

98 EXT. CROSSROADS - DUSK - FALL 98

The hecate wind is blowing. A slight young man (SWAIN) with a face like a sharp razor, appears on the crossroads. A guitar is slung over his shoulder like a rifle. He pauses for a moment, and then walks towards the village in the near distance.

99 EXT. MR.'S PROPERTY - LATE AFTERNOON 99

Swain and Harpo are tearing down the creek house.

100 EXT. PORCH - EARLY EVENING 100

Shug, looking like a million bucks, has just finished a basket full of berries. She SEES Swain and Harpo.

Using the wood of the creek house Swain and Harpo are building a Jook Joint in the back of Mr.'s property, within eye shot of the church.

101 ANGLE ON THE LAKE 101\*

Celie is gathering more berries in a basket (identical to the one Shug has on the porch with her) along the bank of the lake.

Harpo and Swain are moving the wood on top of a small barge across the lake toward the jook joint.

ANGLE ON CELIE

She runs along the bank with her basket of berries in one hand.

CELIE (V.O.)  
I ain't heard so much hammering  
since before Sofia left, but every  
evening after he leave the field he  
(MORE)

CONTINUED

101  
Cont

CELIE (V.O. Cont'd)  
knocking down and nailing up.  
Sometime his friend Swain come by to  
help. The two of 'em work way into  
the night. Mr. have to call down  
to tell them to shut up the racket.

CELIE  
(to Swain)  
What you building?

SWAIN  
Jook joint.

CELIE  
Way back here?

SWAIN  
No further back than any of the  
others. Jook joints supposed to be  
back in the woods. Nobody bothered  
by the loud music, the dancing, the  
fights.

HARPO  
Or the killings.

102

EXT. MR.'S HOUSE - PORCH - DAY

102

Celie is sitting on the porch. She SEES Swain, Harpo and Shug in the distance. Shug is walking back from the jook joint toward the house. Harpo and Swain are following her. They are obviously trying to persuade her of something, for they are gesticulating wildly to her. Shug motions to them as if to say "leave me alone", but Swain and Harpo don't give up so easily. They keep on tugging at her sleeve, and making pleading gestures. But Shug just quickens her pace. In a last ditch dramatic effort, both men sink to their knees in the grass by the side of the road. Shug stops and looks at them. Harpo gets up and walks over to a cow covered by a blanket. He pulls the blanket away and reveals a large handbill taped to the cow's side. The handbill reads "SHUG AVERY - TONIGHT AT HARPO'S". Celie can HEAR Shug's deep, throaty laugh traveling over the fields. Celie can SEE Shug make a gesture as if to say "alright, you got me." Harpo and Swain leap to their feet, throw their arms around Shug, and run toward the jook joint like two school boys who just got what they wanted.

103

EXT. JOOK JOINT - NIGHT

103

EST. SHOT: The parking lot in front of the jook joint is jammed with horses and horse buggies.

104 EXT. ENTRANCE - JOOK JOINT - NIGHT

104\*

A powerfully built man holding a baseball bat, checks all the customers for knives and guns.

ANGLE ON THE COUNTER

There are a few guns and several knives lying there.

105 INT. JOOK JOINT - NIGHT

105

Celie and Mr. are sitting down. Mr. is drinking whiskey, Celie a Coca Cola.

ANGLE ON THE JOOK JOINT

The place is packed. People are sitting on the rafters. Harpo stands behind the bar. He can barely keep his hands off his new girlfriend, a light skinned waitress called SQUEAK.

CELIE'S POV

The air is thick with romance and desire. Everybody looks sharp. The creases in men's suits could cut you. Shoes shiny as mirrors. There is a crowd around Shug, mostly men. You can barely see her, but you can sure hear her laugh. O.S. the train goes by and the whole joint rattles and shakes. The passing lights of the train flash on the walls.

ANGLE ON CELIE

She is acutely aware of the fact that there is neither desire nor romance between her and Mr. They sit as far apart as one can and still be at the same table. He doesn't even look at her, just stares into his glass.

CELIE'S POV - ANGLE ON SHUG

She is standing on a little stage, no more than a foot off the ground, with Swain behind her sitting in a chair with his guitar in his lap. A hush falls over the crowd. Swain tunes his guitar.

SHUG

This is a little song a friend of mine once wrote. Name of Bessie Smith, maybe you know it. Called A Good Man is Hard to Find.

And as she sings the song her eyes drift over the crowd until they find Mr. then they hold on him.

CONTINUED

105  
Cont

CELIE'S POV - ANGLE ON MR.

She watches Mr. puff up until he is about to float to the ceiling.

ANGLE ON CELIE

It makes her feel like dirt. She smooths the wrinkles in her hand-me-down dress.

She SEES pity in the eyes of every woman in the place. She sees Mr. glowing as he watches his Shug. Bright black skin glowing under her red dress, her feet in little red shoes. Her hair glows in the light of the lamps. She SEES two lovers kiss each other while leaning against the wall.

ANGLE ON CELIE

Shug's voice and everyone else's eyes seem only to mock her. Tears of sadness and rage seep from her eyes and meet under her chin. But then she hears her name.

SHUG (O.S.)

Celie?

CELIE'S POV - ANGLE ON SHUG

Shug with one hand on her hip.

SHUG

This song I'm 'bout to sing is called Miss Celie's Blues cause she used to sing it to me when I was ailing.

And Shug begins to sing the words along to the tune she has been humming. The song takes Celie right to heaven. She SEES nothing but friendly, even admiring, faces at the tables around her. Shug walks over to her table. Celie smiles behind her hand and Shug gently takes her hand away from her mouth so that for the first time in the movie Celie smiles openly. Only Mr. looks sour and jealous and back to his original size.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Harpo joins them. He sits next to Celie and grins at her. She leans over with a tear of joy in her eyes.

CELIE

First time somebody made something and name it after me.



106

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

106

The preacher is addressing the congregation, made up of about twenty of the most faithful church-goers, including Loretta and her friends. In the distance OS they can hear Shug sing.

PREACHER

Babylon is not some far off place in some dry and dusty desert, no, it's right here, just a few hundred yards from this holy house. Can't you hear them sing, can't you hear them laugh?

And he pauses. Shug's rich bluesy voice wafts into the church and so does far off laughter and applause. The preacher signals the piano player, who has been listening to Shug with a wistful expression on his face.

PREACHER

Mr. Jones, Precious Lord if you please.

By accident, Mr. Jones hits a bluesy first note and the preacher whips a withering look on the poor piano player.

107

INT. JOOK JOINT - NIGHT

107

CELIE'S POV - ANGLE ON SHUG

She keeps her eyes on Celie as she sings, and often smiles at her (she has a very sexy mouth) as if they are sharing some private joke.

ANGLE ON CELIE

She blossoms in the warmth of Shug's attention. Her shoulders are straighter, her eyes have lost their furtive quality, and her whole persona seems less cringing.

ANGLE ON THE DOOR

The door flies open. Sofia prances through the door on the arm of a prizefighter (BUSTER). They are almost the same size. Sofia wraps her huge arms around Celie.

SOFIA

Oh, Miss Celie, so good to see you.

MR.

(glad to see her)  
Here, pull up a chair, have a cold drink.

CONTINUED

107  
Cont

SOFIA

Gimme a shot of white lightning.

CELIE'S POV - ANGLE ON HARPO

Harpo stands next to his girlfriend and looks like he's just seen a ghost.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Sofia points at Buster, the prizefighter.

SOFIA

This Henry Broadnax. Everybody call him Buster. Good friend of the family.

BUSTER

How you all.

But he keeps on looking at Shug who is wearing a gold dress so sheer and tight that it seems painted on her.

BUSTER

Man oh man. Fireman ain't going to get it, somebody call the law.

MR.

(whispers to Sofia)

Where you children at?

SOFIA

(whispers back)

They at home, where yours?

At that point Shug comes over. She and Sofia hug.

SHUG

Girl, you look like a good time, you do.

Then Harpo, seeking security in numbers, comes over. He shoots Sofia his best cool look.

HARPO

What you doing here?

SOFIA

To hear Miss Shug sing and to see what a nice place you built.

HARPO

It just a scandless a woman with children hanging out in a jook joint at night.

CONTINUED

107  
Cont

Sofia's eyes go cool as she looks him up and down.

SOFIA

A woman need a little fun.

HARPO

A woman need to be at home.

Harpo looks over at the prizefighter, but he just picks up his drink and toasts Harpo.

BUSTER

I don't fight Sofia's battles. My job just to love her and take her where she just want to go.

Harpo breathes a sigh of relief.

HARPO

(to Sofia)

Let's dance.

Sofia laughs, gets up and puts both arms around Harpo's neck. They slow drag across the floor.

ANGLE ON SQUEAK

She taps Harpo on the shoulder but he keeps on dancing. She keeps tapping and tapping.

SQUEAK

(in a squeaky little voice)

Who dis woman?

HARPO

You know who this is.

SQUEAK

(to Sofia)

You better leave him alone.

Squeak's voice is so high that a long-eared dog cringes and then slinks out of the joint. \*

SOFIA

Fine with me.

But Harpo grabs her by the arm.

HARPO

You don't have to go nowhere, this is my joint.

CONTINUED

107  
Cont

SQUEAK

What do you mean, your joint,  
thought it was ours.

HARPO

Listen, can't a man dance with his  
wife.

SQUEAK

Not if she left him. Not if he's my  
man.

(to Sofia)

You hear that, bitch?

ANGLE ON SHUG

SHUG

Oh oh.

ANGLE ON SOFIA, SQUEAK AND HARPO

Sofia gives her a hard look, then shrugs.

SOFIA

Like I said, fine with me.

Squeak slaps Sofia in the face. Sofia doesn't slap back,  
instead she balls her fist and knocks Squeak down.

ANGLE ON HARPO

Harpo doesn't know whether to comfort his girlfriend on the  
floor or to talk to his wife, who rubs her knuckles with a  
sheepish expression on her face. At that moment a drunk,  
who was surely inspired by Sofia, leaps on Harpo's back.  
Mr. comes to his son's rescue and decks the drunk, but the  
drunk has a few friends, and they jump Mr.

ANGLE ON SOFIA

With a grin from ear to ear, Sofia rolls up her sleeves and  
sends the drunks reeling with a few well placed haymakers.

ANGLE ON CELIE

She stands frozen in horror when Shug takes her by the hand.

SHUG

Miss Celie, let's git going.

And they race to the door, ducking flying bottles and  
chairs as they go.

CONTINUED

107  
Cont

## ANGLE ON HARPO

He looks like a man whose dream is about to be destroyed. He HEARS a SHARP CLICK. He SEES Swain flicking his ratchet knife open. He SEES Sofia and Buster in the middle of a melee. He SEES a bottle barely missing the mirror. He SEES that his bar is about to be destroyed. He leaps onto the bar.

HARPO

(his voice booms with  
authority)

Hey!!!!

## ANGLE ON THE COMBATANTS

They stop fighting. (The whole fight lasted about 30 seconds).

## ANGLE ON HARPO

He suddenly appears stronger and more confident.

HARPO

(with emphasis)

This my joint. I tore down my own damn house to build it and I still got the blisters on my hands to prove it. And it was a pretty nice house, wasn't it Sofia?

(MORE)

## ANGLE ON SOFIA

She nods her head in agreement.

HARPO (Cont'd)

Yes Ma'am, it was. Brought up our babies there.

(glances at the roof)

Fell through the roof three times, almost broke my back once and then I almost sawed my damn hand off. Me and Swain we work way into the night, didn't we Swain?

(MORE)

## ANGLE ON SWAIN

He nods his head in agreement.

HARPO (Cont'd)

Yes sir. And some in the morning too. Now you boys wanna fight? Well

(MORE)

CONTINUED

107  
Cont

HARPO (Cont'd)

that's just fine with me. Y'all go outside, pitch a rock as far as you can, walk another hundred feet and fight all you want. But this place is mine...and I am proud of it.

ANGLE ON SOFIA

She watches Harpo. She likes what she sees.

ANGLE ON COMBANTANTS

They seem embarrassed. Swain puts his knife away. Mr. puts a broken bottle back on the table. Sofia and Buster pick up two chairs and put them back behind a table.

HARPO'S POV - ANGLE ON THE COMBANTANTS

A remarkable thing happens. Everybody suddenly helps (in total silence) to put the place back together again. Mr. picks up a broom and starts sweeping. The drunks help put the tables and chairs back together and Swain straightens out the bottles behind the bar.

ANGLE ON HARPO

He is still standing on the bar, but his face shows the smile of a man who discovered something very pleasant in himself, authority.

CUT TO:

108

INT. MR.'S HOUSE - SPARE ROOM - NIGHT

108

Celie sits on Shug's bed, hugging her knees. She SEES how Shug has made the spare room her own. A feathered boa is draped over a lamp, beaded dresses hang from the closet door, perfume and make-up clutter the top of the dresser. A Victrola stands on a little table near the bed. Shug enters the room with a bottle of bourbon and two shot glasses.

SHUG

(with a grin)

I found the good stuff, now we gon' have a little party of our own, Miss Celie.

CELIE

What about Mr.

SHUG

Albert? It's gon be light before he can see his way home.

CONTINUED

108      Celie covers her mouth as she smiles.  
Cont

SHUG

Why you always coverin' up your  
smile Miss Celie?

She gently pulls Celie's hand away from her mouth. Celie  
stops smiling.

CELIE

(mumbles)

I don' know.

Shug takes both of Celie's hands in hers so that she won't  
be able to cover up her mouth.

SHUG

(in a teasing, gentle  
manner)

Show me some teeth. Show me that  
pretty smile.

Celie just shakes her head.

SHUG

You need a smiling lesson, girl.  
Ever notice that Mr. gets his  
business over with real quick, then  
calls out for Jesus and goes to  
sleep?

ANGLE ON CELIE

Her mouth twitches. She can't help herself as she breaks  
into the biggest smile and Shug holds down her hands.

SHUG

See? You gotta beautiful smile.

They laugh together. Shug pours them both a drink. Celie  
follows Shug's example and throws the shot down her throat,  
which brings tears to her eyes.

SHUG

(looks around the room)

Well Miss Celie, I do believe it's  
time for us to go.

CELIE

(like the world caved in on  
her)

When.

CONTINUED

108  
Cont

SHUG

September. September a good time to  
go off into the world.

Celie doesn't say a thing, instead her lip trembles and her  
shoulders shake.

SHUG

What's the matter Miss Celie?

CELIE

He beat me when you're not here.

SHUG

(shocked)

Who do, Albert?

CELIE

Mr.

SHUG

(outraged)

What he beat you for?

Celie looks at Shug.

CELIE

He beat me for not being you.

Shug sags as if she has been punched in the stomach.

SHUG

Oh Celie.

(she draws Celie close)

I promise I won't leave until Albert  
won't even think about beating you.

Celie starts to cry.

CELIE

I feels so bad.

SHUG

Why? Because of Albert?

And Celie starts to sob. It's as if all the pain and  
frustration, the longing and the loneliness, comes to a  
surface.

CELIE

My mamma die, my sister Nettie run  
away, Mr. come git me to take care  
his rotten children. He never  
ast me nothing bout myself. He clam

(MORE)

CONTINUED



108  
Cont

CELIE (Cont'd)

on top of me and do his business, even  
with my head bandage. Nobody love  
me.

SHUG

But I love you, Miss Celie.

Shug tries to kiss Celie, but she moves away.

CELIE

You think I am ugly.

SHUG

(shocked)

No I don't.

CELIE

(still hurting from that  
old wound)

That's what you say the first time  
you see me.

SHUG

(truly sorry)

Oh Miss Celie, that was just me  
being me. Just jealous of you and  
Albert. But I think you  
beautiful.

She moves close to Celie and kisses the tears from her  
cheeks.

SHUG

(she murmurs)

Your eyes tell stories I never even  
heard

(touches Celie's cheek)

Your skin softer than a cloud  
(just before she puts her  
lips on Celie)

Now will you please let me kiss you  
'cause I love you and I don't know  
how to say it any other way.

And Celie allows Shug to kiss her on the lips, which she  
does with more gentleness than anything she has ever done  
in her life.

109

INT. MR.'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - MORNING

109

Celie passes by Shug's room. She SEES the room exploding  
with colors and garments as Shug tries to pack all of her  
clothes into one large suitcase. Celie opens a drawer in  
her bedroom while she looks furtively over her shoulder.

CONTINUED

109  
Cont

CELIE (V.O.)

Shug goin' back to Memphis. I'm gon  
go with her. This my only chance to  
break from Mr.'s jail.

ANGLE ON DRAWAR

Celie uncovers a little box that was hidden under some  
clothes. It has some change in it (maybe three dollars in  
silver). She puts the change in her pocket. She gathers  
her quilting needles. O.S. the door flies open with a bang.

CELIE'S POV - ANGLE ON THE DOOR

Mr. stands in the doorway.

ANGLE ON CELIE

She hides the quilting needles behind her back.

MR.

(suspicious)

What you doin'?

CELIE

Nuthin'.

MR.

(narrows his eyes)

It don' look that way to me.

Just as he takes a threatening step toward Celie, he HEARS  
Shug calling him from downstairs.

SHUG (O.S.)

Albert, I need you to sit on my  
suitcase!

Mr. gives Celie a "you lucked out of this one" look and  
turns around.

ANGLE ON CELIE

She breaths a sigh of relief.

110 EXT. ROAD - SUNSET

110

The road is long and flat, the telephone poles grow smaller  
and smaller and the wind kicks up a fine curtain of dust as  
they walk toward a bus stop.

ANGLE ON CELIE

Her mind is racing.

CONTINUED

110  
Cont

CELIE (V.O.)

Should I ask Shug, or should I just  
git on the bus? Just git on the bus,  
not even Mr. gon dare drag me from it  
in front of all those people.  
S'pecially in front of Shug. But  
what if Shug don wan me to come with  
her? Oh Lord! What is I gon do?

MR.

You know, I forgots to tell y'all,  
just got a letter from my cousin  
Charles from up round Gray. His boy  
Cecil escaped from penitentiary.

SHUG

What happen to him?

MR.

Oh, they caught him, beat him so bad  
he don't remember his first name.

ANGLE ON CELIE

Her courage ebbs.

111 EXT. TOWN - DAY

111

ANGLE ON THE MAIN STREET

We see a few cars, horse buggies, and horses. In the  
background we see Swain with his guitar across his  
shoulders.

Sofia and Buster are pumping gas into their car. Sofia is  
wearing a long, black coat with a very stylish hat, and  
Buster sports a Fidora and a coat with a fur collar. Hardly  
anybody is about on Main Street, except for a couple (THE  
MAYOR and MISS MILLIE). They walk by slowly, taking a great  
interest in Sofia's children.

MISS MILLIE

(like they were puppies)  
Look at all these children...  
(digs in her pocketbook)  
Cute as little buttons though, and  
look at those teeth.

The mayor doesn't like the look of Buster and Sofia who are  
waiting for them to move on.

112 EXT. ROAD - SUNSET

112

ANGLE ON BUS

A bus carrying Shug's band pulls up to the side of the road. \*  
We hear music inside, and the band members shout at Shug.  
Shug turns to Celie and Mr. She puts her arms around Mr.

ANGLE ON CELIE

She winces with pain at the sight.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Shug embraces Celie and holds her tight.

SHUG

Miss Celie, you'll always be on my  
mind.

ANGLE ON MR.

He is jealous.

ANGLE ON THE BUS

The doors wheeze open.

ANGLE ON CELIE

She looks at the open doors.

CELIE (hurried V.O.)

This your chance girl. Take it and  
leave all this behind. Just say  
Shug, take me with you. Take me  
with you is all you gots to say.

SHUG'S POV - ANGLE ON CELIE

Shug SEES Celie's mouth moving as if she is trying to form  
the words with her lips, but they won't come out.

ANOTHER ANGLE

SHUG

Something you got to say, Miss Celie?

Celie glances at Mr.

CELIE'S POV - ANGLE ON MR.

He looks like a terrifying jailer.

CONTINUED

112 ANOTHER ANGLE  
Cont

SHUG

(to Celie)  
What's the matter, cat got your  
tongue? Say it girl, don't be  
scared.

CELIE

(her mouth is at war with  
herself)  
I...I...I....  
(with sudden resignation)  
I is gon miss you.

SHUG

(smiling)  
I is gon miss you too, Miss Celie.

And she boards the bus. For a moment Celie seems like she  
is going to make a break for it and takes a step forward.

CELIE'S POV - ANGLE ON THE BUS

The doors close in her face with a hiss.

113 INT. BUS - SUNSET

113

Shug walks through the bus and greets her band members (4)  
the piano player, a drummer, a guitar player, a horn  
player. Shug sits down in the back of the bus and looks out  
the window as the bus pulls away. She SEES Mr. and Celie  
walking by the side of the road. They wave to her.

114 EXT. ROAD - SUNSET

114

CELIE'S POV - ANGLE ON THE BUS

From inside the bus she hears music and laughter, and it's  
moving out of her life.

ANGLE ON CELIE

Celie walks a few paces behind Mr. She looks at the ground  
as she wipes a tear away from her eyes with the back of her  
hand.

CELIE (V.O.)

I wanna scream "Shug, don't leave me  
here. Take me with you to wherever  
you is going!" but I don't say  
nuthin'. I walk home with Mr. and  
do what I'm told.

115 EXT. TOWN - DAY

115

The mayor looks at his watch.

THE MAYOR

(tapping his foot)

Now Miss Millie, always going on  
over colored.

But Miss Millie is not to be deterred. She runs her hand  
through the children's hair. Miss Millie looks Sofia and  
Buster up and down like they are a good buy.

MISS MILLIE

Your children so clean. Would you  
like to work for me, be my maid?

SOFIA

(while leaning on the car)

Hell no.

MISS SOFIA

What did you say?

SOFIA

Hell no.

The mayor, with his chest all pushed out, walks up to Sofia.

MAYOR

Girl, what you say to Miss Millie.

SOFIA

Hell no.

The mayor slaps Sofia.

ANGLE ON SWAIN

He comes running.

SWAIN

Sofia, NO!!!

ANGLE ON SOFIA

Sofia throws a wicked right at the Mayor's chin. The Mayor  
staggers backwards.

SOFIA

(to Buster)

Don't do nothing. Just take the  
children home.

CONTINUED

115 Buster doesn't listen and is about to start duking it out \*  
Cont when Swain nudges Buster.

SWAIN \*

Listen to her, man, it's her only  
chance.

Swain leads Buster and the children away. The children look \*  
over their shoulders. They SEE a crowd of angry white men  
pouring out of every building, running across the street  
toward their mother, cursing and shouting at her.

Through the crowd of white men Sofia sees her children  
(Ruby - 6, Clarence - 5, Hattie - 4, Baby Emma). They are  
lined up (the tallest first) from left to right.

116 INT. JAIL - NIGHT 116

The once proud and beautiful Sofia lies shivering under a  
thin blanket on a cement floor. The light has been knocked  
from her eye, her teeth cracked, her lips swollen. A  
lantern fills the cell with light. We see a hand enter the \*  
frame, dabbing Sofia's wounds gently. CAMERA PULLS BACK to  
reveal Squeak. She has been let into the cell.

117 INT. MR.'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - EVENING 117

Celie lies on her bed and sobs. She HEARS Mr. crying in  
Shug's room. Celie wipes the tears from her eyes and gets  
up.

118 INT. MR.'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - EVENING 118

She hears Mr. crying through the closed door as she knocks  
on Shug's old room, but he doesn't answer. She tries to  
open the door, but it's locked.

She sits in a chair by the window and embroiders some  
flowers on a child's shirt. She looks out the window. She  
SEES the oak tree into which she and Nettie carved their  
initials.

CELIE (V.O.)

Nuthin' ever change around here but  
the trees and the longing I feels in  
my heart for Nettie and my children. \*

119 EXT. VILLAGE - MAIN STREET - DAY (1930 FALL) 119

Celie, who for the first time is beginning to look older,  
steps off the sidewalk with a bag full of groceries in her

CONTINUED

119  
Cont

arms and is almost run over by a speeding car (a cream colored convertible). Sofia can be glimpsed in the passenger seat. Celie looks after the car, which careens down the main street, scattering pedestrians as it goes, and shakes her head.

CELIE (V.O.)

Dear God, they let Sofia out of jail and put her in the next. Now she Miss Millie's maid after all. The Mayor bought Miss Millie a car and now she ast Sofia to teach her how to drive.

ANGLE ON THE CAR

Miss Millie swerves in order to avoid hitting the preacher, who is crossing the road, and the car skids toward the dry good store, where it slows down in the loose sand just before it would have crashed through the window.

In the B.G. the Preacher shakes his head at them.

MISS MILLIE

Oh my, that was exciting, wasn't it Sofia?

Sofia looks at Miss Millie as if she is the most moronic person she has ever laid eyes on.

SOFIA

Yes, Ma'am.

Miss Millie starts the car up again, but when she tries to get it in reverse, she only grinds up the gears.

MISS MILLIE

Oh, why can't I never get it in reverse?

SOFIA

Guess it just takes practice, Ma'am.

Sofia comes around the hood and slips into the driver's seat, and with the owner and the customers watching through the window of the store, she gently reverses the car and backs out onto the street. Miss Millie is very aware of the fact that she is being watched.

MISS MILLIE

(sharply)  
Sofia.

CONTINUED



119  
Cont

SOFIA

Yes, Ma'am.

MISS MILLIE

I want to drive home.

Once again they change car seats.

ANGLE ON CELIE

Celie stands on the side walk. She SEES Sofia in the passenger seat as Miss Millie pops the clutch all the way down main street. Celie walks down main street. She SEES Pa leaning against an expensive car, wearing a silk suit, casually talking to two white businessmen. Celie turns her face away from him and hurries on.

120

INT. MISS MILLIE'S HOUSE - CHRISTMAS DAY - (WINTER)

120

Sofia is scrubbing the floor at the foot of the stairs. Miss Millie bustles in, puts her purse and car keys on the little table by the door and announces:

MISS MILLIE

Sofia, I going to drive you home now.

SOFIA

(dumbfounded)

Home?

MISS MILLIE

Yes, home. You haven't seen your children for a while, have you.

SOFIA

Nome. It been eight years.

MISS MILLIE

Well, that's a shame. Here it is Christmas, you can stay all day.

(proudly)

I will drive myself back.

121

EXT. CREEK HOUSE - DAY

121

With Miss Millie driving, the car pulls up at the creek house. Sofia gets out like she has never seen the place.

ANGLE ON THE PORCH

CONTINUED

121  
Cont

She sees her children (Ruby - 14, Clarence - 13, Hattie - 12, Baby Emma - 8) They are lined up in the same order as when she last saw them, from left to right. But they have aged eight years. Only the oldest ones recognize her. The others are afraid of this strange, large lady standing by the car. Celie appears on the porch. Celie, like Sofia, has aged, but for the better. She is starting to grow into her face. She looks less haunted and more sure of herself and she is developing a beautiful smile which is directed towards Sofia. Celie senses the children's confusion and pushes them gently towards Sofia.

CELIE

This is your Mama, go to her now.

The oldest two fall into her arms, and then everyone follows.

MISS MILLIE

(leaning out of the car)

Sofia, I'll be back at five to pick you up.

The children pull her into the house.

SOFIA

(over her shoulder)

Yes Ma'am.

122 INT. CREEK HOUSE - DAY

122

Celie leads Sofia into the living room. Harpo, Squeak, Mr., Swain, and Odessa embrace Sofia. OS they hear the car start, followed by a grinding of gears. Sofia looks at all the familiar faces.

SOFIA

Well, how y'all been?

A pandemonium of replies follow.

OS more sounds of grinding gears and a revving engine penetrate the living room. A worried Sofia cocks her head.

SOFIA

That lady such a fool with that car.

CELIE

Now don't you worry about it, sit down, let Swain and Harpo take a look.

Only half-convinced, Sofia sits down while her children gather around her. Swain and Harpo leave the room. The

CONTINUED

122 children are watching Sofia. She tries to smile, but then  
Cont her eyes brim over with tears.

CHILD  
Why you crying Mama?

SOFIA  
(between sobs)  
'Cause I don't know you anymore.

And then they all start to cry.

123 EXT. CREEK HOUSE - YARD/INT. CAR - DAY 123

Miss Millie is totally flustered because she can't get the car into reverse and there are too many trees ahead of her to go forward. She SEES the curious faces of Jack and Odessa's children peering into the car, looking at the strange white lady that has the power to deliver their aunt, but can't get her car in reverse.

ANGLE ON MISS MILLIE

Looking in the rearview mirror. She SEES two burly (in her mind) black men (Harpo and Swain) walk towards her car. \*

She quickly closes the windows. The children around the car seem to crowd her. Leering little faces.

124 EXT. CREEK HOUSE - YARD/INT. CAR - DAY 124

Nice as can be, Harpo and Swain lean down by the driver's window. \*

SWAIN  
Need some help, Ma'am? \*

125 EXT. CREEK HOUSE - YARD/INT. CAR - DAY 125

Miss Millie closes the window even tighter and revs the engine so loud that she can't hear Swain's question. All she sees are Harpo and Swain's smiling faces. \*

MISS MILLIE  
(mutters)  
Niggers.

126 EXT. CREEK HOUSE - YARD/INT. CAR - DAY 126

More children are coming out of the house, surrounding the car. Swain and Harpo look at each other. \*

CONTINUED

126  
Cont

SWAIN

(to Harpo)

She cain't git it in reverse.

HARPO

She cain't hear you either. Knock  
on the window.

127 EXT. CREEK HOUSE - YARD/INT. CAR - DAY 127

Miss Millie's nose is red and tears of fear and frustration roll down her rouged cheeks. Her hat is askew and there are stains under her armpits. She flips out and jams her foot on the accelerator.

128 EXT. CREEK HOUSE - YARD/INT. CAR - DAY 128

The engine whines, the car lurches forward, and hits a tree before stalling out. \*

129 EXT. CREEK HOUSE - PORCH - DAY 129

Sofia, Celie and Odessa appear on the porch. They SEE the car up against a tree. The door flies open and Miss Millie leaps out. She is shaken, red-faced and completely irrational. She screams at Swain, Harpo and the children. \*

MISS MILLIE

(like a madwoman)

Don't touch me niggers, don't you know who I am? I am the mayor's wife, I am Miss Millie.

(points her finger at Jack and Harpo)

I have always been good to you people, always gone out of my way for coloreds.

Sofia rushes up to Miss Millie.

SOFIA

Miss Millie, what happened?

Miss Millie points a trembling finger at Swain and Harpo. \*

MISS MILLIE

Those boys tried to attack me.

(turns her fury to Sofia)

Why, after everything I've done for you.

CONTINUED

129  
Cont

SOFIA

(soothing, as if to a child)  
Miss Millie, that my husband and his  
friend, Swain. They just tried to  
help with the car. \*

Miss Millie looks about her. She SEES nothing but confused,  
pitying faces.

MISS MILLIE

(suddenly tearful)  
Oh Sofia, how could you leave me  
alone for so long.

Sofia pats the trembling Miss Millie on the back.

SOFIA

There, there, it's all right.

MISS MILLIE

(looks at the car)  
What am I going to do about the car?

SOFIA

Don't worry. Swain will drive you  
home. \*

Miss Millie sees Swain smiling at her. \*

ANOTHER ANGLE

MISS MILLIE

Oh, I couldn't ride in a pickup with  
a strange colored man.

SOFIA

I'll ask Odessa to squeeze in, too.  
That will give me more time with my  
children.

MISS MILLIE

(cold)  
I don't know her, either.

Miss Millie looks at Sofia and Sofia looks at Miss Millie.

130

EXT. CREEK HOUSE - YARD - DAY

130

Sofia has all her children gathered around her and she hugs  
each one of them.

CHILD

When you coming back?

CONTINUED

130  
Cont

SOFIA

I don't know.

The child bursts into tears. Sofia gathers him into her arms.

SOFIA

Why you cry?

CHILD

'Cause next time you see me you  
ain't gonna know who I am.

SOFIA

(sobbing)

Baby, I'll never forget you, that's  
a promise.

And Sofia walks slowly towards the pickup truck. Inside, Swain and Miss Millie wait for her and she pulls the door shut behind her.

ANGLE ON CELIE AND SOFIA'S CHILDREN.

131 INT. MR.'S HOUSE - PARLOR - EVENING

131

Mr. reads a letter to Celie while wearing a pair of glasses we have never seen before. Celie is working on her quilt. Shug is on the Victrola and all her records are lying next to it.

CELIE (V.O., Cont'd)

Shug making big money now. Dress in  
furs all the time. Silk and satin  
too and hats made out of gold.

Mr. shyly puts his glasses away and shows Celie some  
of Shug's publicity stills that have come along with the  
letter.

ANGLE ON THE PUBLICITY STILLS

They show a glamorous Shug, singing.

132 EXT. MR.'S HOUSE - (GEORGIA 1936) SPRING

132

It is Easter morning. A blue packard glides onto the drive  
way past Mr.'s new tractor.

CELIE (V.O.)

Shug write she got a big surprise,  
and she intend to bring it home for

(MORE)

CONTINUED

132  
Cont

CELIE (V.O. Cont'd)  
Easter. What is it? Us wonder. Mr.  
thinks it's a car for him.

133 INT. MR.'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

133

Mr. and Celie sleep as far apart as possible. OS a horn  
beeps. Mr. leaps out of bed.

MR.

Hot diggidy dog.

Mr. leaps out of bed and throws on a pair of pants. He runs  
out of the door. Celie throws on a dress and stands in front  
of the mirror trying to fix her hair.

CELIE

(hurried VO like she is  
thinking fast)

I stand in front of the glass trying  
to make something out my hair. It  
too short to be long, too long to be  
short, too nappy to be kinky, too  
kinky to be nappy. No set color to  
it either. I give up, tie on a  
head rag.

Celie ties on a head rag and runs out of the room.

134 INT. MR.'S HOUSE - STAIRS - MORNING

134

OS Celie hears Mr. say:

MR. (O.S.)

Shug!!!

SEUG (O.S.)

Albert!

Then she hears nothing and runs out of the porch door.

135 EXT. MR.'S HOUSE - PORCH - DAY

135

Celie runs with her arms wide open, expecting to throw them  
around Shug. She SEES a big, toothy man (GRADY) with red  
suspenders. He throws his arms around Celie.

GRADY

Aw, Miss Celie, I heard so much  
about you. Feel like we old friends.

CONTINUED

135  
Cont

ANGLE ON SHUG

She stands back with a big grin.

SHUG

This Grady, this my husband.

Mr. and Celie look at each other. Both of them die a little on the spot.

SHUG

(prattling)

Us been driving all night. Nowhere to stop you know. But here us is.

She puts her arm around Grady.

SHUG

So how you?

Both Celie and Mr. are on the verge of tears.

CELIE

Us fine

(looks at Mr.)

Got colds though.

SHUG

(looks at the car)

This here is my wedding present to us. Brand new.

(she gives Mr.'s arm a little squeeze)

While we here Albert I want you to learn how to drive it.

(laughs)

'cos Grady drives like a fool!

(laughs)

I thought the police was gonna catch us for sure.

Finally Shug notices Celie and throws her arms round her.

SHUG

Us two married ladies now. Two married ladies and hungry. What us got to eat.

And they walk inside.

Mr. stands on the porch. He looks at Grady and then back at the shiny blue Packard and then he rubs his eyes.



136

INT. MR.'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

136

Shug is leaning against the counter smoking a cigarette and drinking a cup of coffee. Celie prepares lunch. The door to the parlor is open. They SEE Mr. and Grady, both of them already quite drunk. Mr. takes a log and breaks it over his head. Grady takes a lit cigarette and waves his finger at Mr.

GRADY

Watch this.

And he eats the lit cigarette.

MR.

Damn, how you do that.

GRADY

(shrugs his shoulders)

Just a knack I guess.

MR.

One thing we can both agree on though.

GRADY

What's that?

MR.

We both know how to treat a lady.

ANGLE ON SHUG AND CELIE

They both roll their eyes to the ceiling.

SHUG

Mens are such fools, I wonder sometimes how they manage.

(beat)

I am gon git my mail, some people sending agreement down from Memphis.

CELIE

(timid)

Maybe you better wait for Mr.

SHUG

Celie, if I was to wait for Mr. I'd be here til Christmas.

And she walks out of the door.

137 EXT. MR.'S HOUSE - MAILBOX - DUSK

137

Shug walks up to the mail box while singing "Strange Fruit" under her breath.

ANGLE ON THE MAIL BOX

A big black cat is perched on the mailbox and it hisses at Shug when she reaches to open the box. Shug jumps back and picks up a pebble which she throws at the cat. The cat spits with fury, but then jumps into the grass.

SHUG

(to the cat)

Don't fuck with Shug, honey.

Shug opens the mail box and takes a bunch of letters out. She goes through the letters as she walks back to the house.

ANGLE ON THE LETTERS

Most of them are addressed to Mr. One of them is addressed to Shug (c/o Mr.) and one of them bearing stamps of elephants and Queen Victoria is addressed to MISS CELIE.

ANGLE ON SHUG

She looks at the letter addressed to Celie for awhile and then slips it down the front of her dress.

138 INT. MR.'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

138

Shug enters the kitchen.

SHUG

Miss Celie, let's go upstairs.

CELIE

But what 'bout lunch.

SHUG

(urgent)

Forgit 'bout lunch.

And Celie follows Shug. They pass the parlor on their way to the stairs. They SEE Mr. and Grady, both of them completely drunk. Mr. has a piece of firewood in his hands.

MR.

(thickly)

Watch this.

And he breaks the piece of firewood over his head.

139 INT. MR.'S HOUSE - SPARE ROOM - DAY

139

Celie follows Shug into the spare room.

CELIE

What's the matter.

Shug takes the letter from her dress and hands it to Celie.

SHUG

I think you better read this.

Celie opens the letter with trembling hands. Shug sits next to Celie on the bed and reads over her shoulder. Celie begins to read in a halting voice:

CELIE

Dear Celie, I know you think I am dead. But I am not. I been wr....

SHUG

I been writing to you....

CELIE

...over the years but Albert said you'd never hear from me again and since I never heard from you all this time, I guess he was right. Now I only write at Ch...Ch....

SHUG

At Christmas and Easter.

CELIE

...hoping my letter get lost among the Christmas and Easter greetings or that Albert get the holiday spirit and have pity on us.

Shug and Celie look at each other.

CELIE

There is so much to tell you that I don't hardly know where to begin - and anyway, you probably won't get this letter either. I'm sure Albert is still the only one to take mail out of the box.

But if this does get through, one thing I want you to know, I love you, and I am not dead. The lady you met in town, is name Corrine, Her husband name Samuel. They are sanctified religious and very good

(MORE)

CONTINUED

139  
Cont

CELIE (Cont'd)

to me. Their only sorrow in the beginning was that they could not have children. And then they say God send them Olivia and Adam. Yes, their children, sent by God, are your children. And they are being brought up in love. And now God has sent me to watch over them, to protect and cherish them. To lavish all the love I feel for you on them. It's a miracle, isn't it? And no doubt impossible for you to believe. Olivia and Adam are with me, all growing up together. A family!!

Your loving sister, Nettie

Celie puts the letter down, tears stream down her face.

CELIE

(bursting into tears)

Shug, they's alive, alive. I gots two children and they's alive.

OS they hear the sound of gun shots. They look out the window.

140 SHUG AND CELIE'S POV - ANGLE ON MR. AND GRADY 140

They SEE Mr. and Grady shooting at cans with Mr.'s new .22. They laugh and slap each other on the back every time they hit a can.

141 ANGLE ON CELIE 141

She turns back from the window with a look of hatred on her face.

142 INT. MR.'S HOUSE - SPARE BEDROOM - EVENING 142

SHUG AND CELIE'S POV - ANGLE FROM THE WINDOW

They watch Mr. and Grady walk towards the jook joint.

SHUG

(to Celie)

Let's go.

And they walk quickly out of the room.

143 INT. - MR.'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

143

Celie and Shug are going through Mr.'s drawers.

ANGLE ON THE DRAWER

Nothing but socks and underwear.

Working like a pair of thieves in a hurry, they cover the room. They look under the dresser, under the bed, and under the mattress itself. They even go through the pages of the Bible, but there are no letters to be found in any of those places. NOTE: Celie's fear of Mr. is such that whatever article in the room Shug disturbs, Celie straightens out again.

ANGLE ON CELIE AND SHUG (from inside the closet)

Shug holds an oil lamp in her hand as she opens the closet door (which opens with a scarey, drawn-out squeak). They have penetrated the inner sanctum of Mr.'s domain...his closet. The oil lamp casts a shadow of Mr.'s muddy boots and shotgun on the wall. Pictures of pin-ups (white women) are glued against the inside of the closet doors.

CELIE

(whispers)

He coming back soon.

SHUG

(whispers)

You crazy, he in the jook joint.

SHUG AND CELIE'S POV

They move Mr.'s pants, shirts, and suits aside and uncover his trunk.

Shug crouches down and opens the trunk (with another slow, scarey squeak). OS they hear a thump behind them. And it scares the daylights out of them.

CELIE AND SHUG'S POV - ANGLE ON A CAT

The black cat that sat on the mail box slinks through the bedroom.

SHUG

I is getting real tired of that cat.

SHUG AND CELIE'S POV - ANGLE ON THE TRUNK

They move aside some pictures of Shug and begin to dig into the layers and layers of old clothes, but still no

CONTINUED

143 letters. Shug, in desperation, pulls the old clothes from  
Cont the truck until it's completely empty.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Shug and Celie look at each other. Hope begins to fade from their eyes. But then Shug has one more idea. She knocks on the bottom of the trunk. It sounds hollow.

SHUG AND CELIE'S POV - ANGLE ON THE TRUNK

Shug digs her long red nails into the edges of the trunk's bottom and it gives. A false bottom is revealed and under it lie stacks and stacks of letters from Nettie, all addressed to Miss Celie. Some are so old that the envelopes are yellow and brittle. Others appear to have arrived last week. The stamps are exotic and the hand writing exquisite.

CELIE

They're so many of them. What us gon do?

SHUG

(all business)

Go to my room and put them in order by the post mark.

144 INT. MR.'S HOUSE - SPARE ROOM - NIGHT

144

Shug and Celie are sitting on the bed. Shug sorts out the letters by post mark and puts them in neat little piles. Celie opens the first letter with trembling fingers.

Shug sits next to her on the bed and reads over her shoulder.

DISSOLVE TO:

145 EXT. MR.'S HOUSE - PORCH - GEORGIA SUNSET

145

Celie sits on the porch. She SEES Mr. and Harpo working in the distance. She pulls a letter from her dress and begins to read. Celie looks up from her letter at the firey Georgia sunset.

146 CELIE'S POV

146

The red orb of the setting sun. Then, suddenly...a quartet of giraffes gallop silhouetted across the sun. Nettie runs across the red orb of the sun. She is still 14, for that is the way CELIE WILL ALWAYS REMEMBER HER.

CONTINUED

146  
Cont

NETTIE (Age 14 V.O.)

Dear Celie, the reason I am in Africa is because one of the missionaries that was supposed to go with Corrine and Samuel to help with the children and setting up school suddenly married a man...and I came in her place.

147 CELIE'S POV - ANGLE ON MR.

147

Mr. and Harpo walk up the porch steps and so Mr. rises in front of the African sun.

MR.

Hey Celie, what about a cold drink?

ANOTHER ANGLE

Celie gets up from her chair and closes the screen door behind her with a bang. Mr. looks at Harpo as if to say "what's her problem?"

148 EXT. LAKE - DAY

148

The whole extended family is having a picnic. Harpo, Jack and Odessa are barbequing hot dogs and hamburgers. Mr. and Grady are fishing at the other end of the lake (and paying more attention to the bottle of whiskey than to the fish). Shug is teaching Squeak some blues standards, while Swain strums the guitar. Right near them a church picnic is going on, which includes the preacher, Loretta and her ladies, and the rest of the congregation (about 40 people). When the preacher hears Shug and Squeak sing the blues, he sends a withering glance and she stops singing, only Squeak continues. The preacher and the church ladies start up a hymn. Celie sits by herself on a blanket and unfolds another letter. She gets up. She walks away from the others.

149 ANGLE ON CELIE

149

She walks by some bushes. The lake lies in the BG where we SEE the family having a picnic. The bushes grow denser as Celie walks by them, reading the letter as she goes.

NETTIE (14 year V.O.)

Olinka is four days march through the bush from the harbor. Do you know what a jungle is? Well, there are trees and more trees on top of that. And big. They look so big, like they were built. And vines and ferns.

CONTINUED

149 Celie looks up at the Georgia ferns.  
Cont

CELIE'S POV

She SEES something move in the ferns. She hears a crackling of twigs.

ANGLE ON CELIE

Her eyes as big as saucers.

150 CELIE'S POV - ANGLE ON THE BUSH

150

The bush is green and dense. Twigs and branches crackle as an elephant lumbers through the bush.

ANGLE ON NETTIE (14 years old), SAMUEL, OLIVIA, ADAM AND CORRINE (little children).

They watch the elephant coming through the bush from a safe distance. Their porters point excitedly at the beast. Nettie has her arm protectively around Adam and Olivia, whose eyes are as big as saucers.

151 EXT. BUSH - GEORGIA - DAY

151

CELIE'S POV - ANGLE ON THE BUSH

Twigs CRACKLE as a pheasant runs through the undergrowth.

ANGLE ON CELIE

She jumps back from the bush and holds her heart as she watches the pheasant run. Celie puts the letter in her pocket. She walks back to the lake.

152 EXT. MR.'S HOUSE - PORCH - EARLY MORNING

152

It's raining. Celie sits in her favorite chair and pulls out another letter. She begins to read, but her attention wanders to the tin cans that are placed under the leaks in the porch roof.

CELIE'S POV - ANGLE ON THE TIN CANS

The rain drips into the tin cans and makes a pleasant, almost melodic sound.



153 INT. HUT - AFRICA - MORNING

153

## ANGLE ON DRUMS

The drums are sonorous and are in the exact rhythm as the rain dripping into the tin cans.

## ANOTHER ANGLE

We are in the hut of the elders where the young boys of the tribe are being taught how to play the drums.

154 EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

154

Olivia and a young African girl, TASHI, are standing outside the hut of the elders and watch the little boys inside. Olivia makes a move to go inside, but one of the elders wags his finger at her. It's quite clear that this is taboo for girls.

## NETTIE (V.O.)

There is a little African girl called Tashi, and she plays with Olivia after school. "Why can't Tashi come to school?" she asked me. When I told her that the Olinka don't believe in educating girls, she said quick as a flash, "They are like white people at home who don't want black people to learn".

Tashi and Olivia run to a hut.

155 INT. HUT - DAY

155

Olivia and Tashi sit in a hut covered with little strips of paper. A chair is labeled "Chair" in Olinka. The table is labeled "Table" in Olinka. And on the entrance there are three pieces of paper. One that reads "Door" in Olinka, one that reads "Sky" in Olinka, and one that reads "Sun" in Olinka.

## NETTIE (V.O.)

Oh, she is sharp, Celie. Whenever Tashi can get away from the chores her mother assigns her, she and Olivia secret themselves in my hut and everything she learns she shares with Tashi .... sound familiar?

156 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

156

Celie has just left the village and walks toward Mr.'s house by the side of the road with two grocery bags under her arms. In the unforgiving light of the afternoon sun we see how working on Mr.'s farm has aged her. Her hair is graying, she has squint lines around her eyes, and her hands are gnarled from washing and plowing.

NETTIE (V.O.)

Five whole years have gone by and the first thing I should tell you about is the road.

O.S. Celie hears the digging of shovels and the sound of a work song. She SEES a chain gang working on the side of the road (made up of mostly black prisoners). They are straightening out the railroad tracks. They sing a work song (WE HEAR AN AFRICAN BEAT IN THE DISTANCE) while their white overseers and black trustees stand by.

CUT TO:

157 EXT. AFRICA

157

THE AMERICAN WORK SONG MINGLES WITH AN AFRICAN WORK SONG. Native BLACKS are using shovels and trucks to build a road in the jungle, and sing AN AFRICAN WORK SONG while their WHITE overseers stand by.

NETTIE (14 year old V.O.)

The white man is building a road, and it finally reached the Casava fields about nine months ago.

158 INT. GEORGIA CHURCH - DAY

158

THE RYTHMIC HAND-CLAPPING OF THE OLINKA MEN - SOUND OVER. ANGLE ON THE CONGREGATION THEY CLAP THEIR HANDS as the preacher sways back and forth.

ANGLE ON CELIE

She sits as far away from Mr. as possible and stares at her open prayer book.

ANGLE ON THE PRAYER BOOK

The prayer book hides another letter from Nettie.

NETTIE (14 year old V.O.)

But the morning after, we discovered that the road builders had

(MORE)

CONTINUED

158  
Cont

NETTIE (V.O. Cont'd)  
instructions to build the road right  
through the village.

## ANGLE ON THE PREACHER

He leads the congregation into the most MOURNFUL GOSPEL  
SONG.

## CELIE'S POV - ANGLE ALTAR

159 INT. CHURCH - AFRICA 159

SOUND OVER: GEORGIA MOURNFUL GOSPEL SONG. ANGLE ON THE  
ALTAR. A truck drives through the wall and flattens the  
altar.

160 EXT. VILLAGE - DAY 160

SOUND OVER: GEORGIA GOSPEL

A bulldozer flattens the school building.

Samuel, Nettie and Corrine run towards the school building.  
They are followed by Adam, Tashi, and Olivia, who are all  
teenagers now. Soldiers with rifles push Samuel and Nettie  
back. A soldier shoves Tashi as she tries to place herself  
in front of the bulldozer. Enraged, Adam punches the  
soldier. Only Samuel's imposing presence keeps Adam from  
getting beat up. Adam has his arm protectively around  
Tashi's shoulders as she watches the building being leveled.

161 EXT. GROVE - AFRICA 161

SOUND OVER: OLINKA CHANT OF MOURNING MINGLES WITH GEORGIA  
GOSPEL SONG. GEORGIA GOSPEL FADES.

NETTIE (14 year old V.O.)  
But the worst has yet to be told.  
Sweet Corrine died from fever and  
grief. And we buried her in the  
Olinka way.

Four Olinka men hold Corrine's body up. She is wrapped in  
bark cloth. Samuel, leaning on Nettie, Olivia, Adam and  
Tashi (who comforts Adam) follow. They are dressed in white  
native robes and their faces are painted white. The Olinka  
follow the procession SINGING A NATIVE SONG OF MOURNING.  
They bury Corrine under a tree.

ANGLE ON ADAM, TASHI, (Teenagers), NETTIE (14 years old)  
AND SAMUEL

CONTINUED

161 Their tears streak the white paint on their faces as they  
Cont watch Corrine's body being laid to rest.

162 EXT. MR.'S HOUSE - PORCH - MORNING 162

Mr. stands before a daydreaming Celie. He reaches back and slaps her hard.

MR.

Goddamn woman, don't keep me waiting. I need a shave.

And he walks back into the kitchen.

ANGLE ON CELIE

There is a look of murderous hatred on her face. A trickle of blood slowly moves from her nose to her lip.

163 EXT. LAKE - MORNING 163

ANGLE ON SHUG'S NAILS

A nail brush dabs red fingernail paint on Shug's pinkie nail.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Shug sits on the bank by the lake doing her nails. A child walks by.

SHUG

Where's Celie at?

CHILD

She shavin' Mr.

ANGLE ON SHUG

She realizes that something horrible is about to happen. She gets to her feet and starts running toward the house (about a mile away).

164 INT. MR.'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING 164

Mr. is sitting in the kitchen chair with a face full of lather. Celie stands behind him. There's murder in her eyes as she sharpens the razor on the strap.

MR.

What's the matter with you...gotta' fever or somethin'?

CONTINUED

164      Celie doesn't say anything. She stands behind him  
Cont      sharpening the razor.

ANGLE ON THE RAZOR

The razor is being sharpened on the strap and it makes an intense whooshing sound.

165      EXT. AFRICA - MOUNTAIN TOP - MORNING

165\*

ANGLE ON A GUIRO (A SCRAPER)

A musician moves a small stick over the serrated edges of a gourd (in perfect time with the razor).

ANOTHER ANGLE

The sun comes up over a mountain as Samuel marries Tashi and Adam in a mixed Christian and Olinka wedding ceremony.

ANGLE ON NETTIE (still 14 years old)

A tear rolls down her cheek.

166      EXT. LAKE - DAY

166

Shug (we hear her breath sound over) runs toward the house. She stops and takes off her shoes so she can run faster.

167      INT. MR.'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

167

ANGLE ON CELIE'S FIST

Her knuckles are white as she sharpens a straight razor.

SOUND OVER: WE HEAR SHUG'S FOOTSTEPS AND RASPING BREATHE IN PERFECT TIME WITH THE GUIRO AND THE SOUND OF THE RAZOR.

168      EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP - AFRICA

168

ANGLE ON A TABLE MADE OF CLAY

On the little table lie several ceremonial knives with blades sharp as razors.

169      INT. MR.'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

169

ANGLE ON MR.

CONTINUED

169 He turns to Celie.  
Cont

MR.  
Ain't that razor sharp yet!?

170 EXT. ROAD - DAY

170

Shug, with her shoes in her hand, races toward the house.

SOUND OVER: THE SOUND OF THE GUIRO, THE RAZOR, AND SHUG'S BREATHING AND FOOTSTEPS INTENSIFIES.

171 EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP - AFRICA

171

An Olinka elder selects an especially sharp knife. The elder walks over to Tashi and Adam, who are kneeling, while the rest of the tribe is gathered. Samuel holds Nettie's hand in the BG. The elder holds the knife against the sky and mumbles his incantations.

ANGLE ON SAMUEL AND NETTIE

They look worried.

ANGLE ON TASHI AND ADAM

They turn their faces toward the elder.

172 INT. MR.'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

172

ANGLE ON CELIE

She cups Mr.'s chin with one hand.

CELIE  
Hold your head back.

Mr. offers her his throat.

173 EXT. ROAD - DAY

173

Shug puts everything she has into the sprint toward the house.

SOUND OVER: THE SOUND OF THE GUIRO, THE RAZOR, AND SHUG'S BREATHING REACHES A PEAK.

174 EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP - AFRICA 174

CLOSE UP ON TASHI: The elder cuts quickly into Tashi's cheek.

SOUND OVER: WE HEAR THE KITCHEN DOOR SLAM.

175 INT. MR.'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING 175

ANGLE ON MR.'S THROAT

Celie is just about to cut Mr.'s throat when Shug's hand reaches into the frame and takes Celie's hand away.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Shug, breathing hard, holds Celie's hand with the razor in it.

SHUG

(terse)

That razor look dull to me, Miss Celie.

Annoyed, Mr. opens his eyes.

MR.

What? She been sharpening it forever.

SHUG

It still look dull to me.

Mr. leaps up from the chair and wipes the lather off his face with a towel.

MR.

I can't sit still for this.

(beat)

Damn women.

And he stomps out of the kitchen. Celie glares at Shug.

CELIE

I had him, why you stop me?

SHUG

(slowly)

'Cause you ain't goin to jail for him.

Celie considers it and finally puts the razor down.

CONTINUED

175  
Cont

SHUG  
He just ain't worth it, you hear.  
He ain't.

176 EXT. ROCK - AFRICA - DUSK

176

A great African lion howls at the round, white moon.

DISSOLVE TO:

177 INT. KITCHEN - DAY (GEORGIA 1937) EARLY SPRING

177

ANGLE ON A PLATE

The African full moon fits neatly into the round white plate.

SOUND OVER: OLINKA SONG OF MOURNING FADES: SHUG'S BLUES UP

CLOSE UP ON THE RUINED FACE OF SOFIA

ANOTHER ANGLE

She sits behind the plate at the big table like there is no room for her. Her seat is lower than the others. The generic children ignore her and reach across her without excusing themselves. Harpo and Squeak act like an old married couple. And Sofia looks around like nothing interests her anymore. She looks old, bloated, and broken at last. Squeak reaches over and pats Sofia's hand. Old Mr. ignores everybody and just concentrates on his food.

SQUEAK

(to Sofia)

How you feel?

SOFIA

(softly)

Confuse.

HARPO

But ain't you glad to be home?

SOFIA

Maybe.

Shug lights her cigarette and pushes back her chair.

SHUG

Well, it's time for us to go.

ANGLE ON MR.

CONTINUED



177  
Cont

He looks depressed.

ANGLE ON GRADY

He nods sagely.

GRADY

Such good peoples, that's the  
truth. The salt of the earth, but  
it's time to move on.

ANGLE ON CELIE (AGE 42)

She stays still, waiting for the bomb to drop.

SHUG

Celie is coming with us.

MR.

Say what?

SHUG

Celie is coming to Memphis with us.

MR.

Over my dead body.

SHUG

(cooly)

If that's what you want.

Mr. rises from his chair, but Shug pushes him right back  
down again. Mr. looks over at Celie for the first time.

MR.

I thought you was finally happy.  
What wrong now?

CELIE

You a low down dog, is what's  
wrong. It's time to leave you and  
enter into the Creation and your dead  
body just the welcome mat I need.

Everybody gapes at Celie.

OLD MR.

You can't talk to my boy that way.

CELIE

(to Old Mr.)

Just watch me.

CONTINUED

177  
Cont

MR.

Say what?

CELIE

You took my sister Nettie away from me, and she was the only person love me in the world.

Mr. sputters like a little motor.

CELIE

But Nettie and my children coming home soon and when she do all us together gon' whup your ass.

MR.

Nettie and your children? You talking crazy.

CELIE

I got children.  
(draws herself up straight)  
Being brought up in Africa. Good schools, lots of fresh air and exercise. Turning out a heap better than the fools you didn't even try to raise.

HARPO

Hold on.

CELIE

(shoots back)  
Oh, hold on. Hell. If you hadn't tried to rule over Sofia, the white folks never would have caught her.

Sofia is so surprised to hear Celie speak up, she hasn't chewed her food.

HARPO

That's a lie.

SOFIA

(murmurs)  
A little truth in it.

Now all heads swivel to Sofia, who is like a voice speaking from the grave.

CELIE

You was all rotten children, you made my life hell on earth and your daddy here, ain't dead horse shit.

CONTINUED

177 Mr. reaches over to slap her. But Celie catches his open  
Cont palm on the point of her steak knife. A thin trickle of  
blood (but nothing serious) runs down his palm.

MR.

(outraged)

You bitch!

All the women laugh as he sucks at his palm. Squeak laughs  
at Harpo.

HARPO

Shut up, Squeak. It's bad luck for  
women to laugh at men.

Squeak tries hard to keep a straight face. Harpo sends  
Sofia a withering look that is supposed to keep her from  
laughing, but Sofia just laughs harder and louder and wipes  
the tears from the corners of her eyes.

SOFIA

I already had enough bad luck to  
keep me laughing for the rest of my  
life.

MR.

(to Celie)

You're not getting a penny of my  
money, not even one thin dime.

Celie hoots with sarcastic laughter.

ANGLE ON THE CHILDREN

Bubba, the mailman, Jack and Odessa appear in the doorway to  
watch the show. They are amazed at Celie's revolution.

CELIE

Did I ever ast you for money? I  
never ast you for nothing, not even  
for your sorry hand in marriage.

It's silent for a moment.

SQUEAK

I am coming with Shug.

HARPO

You're going where?

Like spectators at a tennis match, all the attention veers  
to Squeak.

CONTINUED

177  
Cont

SQUEAK

I am goin with Shug and Celie. I  
want to sing.

Harpo slams the table with his fist.

HARPO

Listen, Squeak.

SQUEAK

(with dignity)

My name Mary Agnes.

HARPO

(open mouthed)

What?

SQUEAK

I said my name Mary Agnes.

HARPO

(hurt)

How come you never told me that?

SQUEAK

'Cause you never ast, stupid. You  
really think my folks would give me  
a dumb name like Squeak?

SOFIA

Go on and sing girl. I'll look  
after the children 'til you come  
back.

SQUEAK

And look after Harpo too...please  
Ma'am.

Mr. has been glaring at Celie.

MR.

You'll be back. Shug got talent,  
she can sing. She got spunk. She  
can talk to anybody. She can stand  
up and be notice.

(venomous)

But what you got? You ugly. You  
skinny. You shape funny. You too  
scared to open your mouth to  
people. All you fit to do is be  
Shug's maid. Take out her slop jar  
and maybe cook her food. You  
ain't that good a cook either.  
And this house ain't been clean good  
since my first wife died. And

(MORE)

CONTINUED

177  
Cont

MR (Cont'd)

nobody crazy enough to want to marry  
you either. What you gon do? Hire  
yourself out to farm? Maybe  
somebody let you work on they rail  
road.

Mr. lets out a truly satanic cackle. Celie doesn't show any  
emotion. It's deadly quiet around the table now.

CELIE

Any more letters come?

MR.

(truly evil)

Could, could be not. Who's to say.

Celie leaps from her chair and waves a steak knife at Mr.

CELIE

(with all the pent up emotion  
of the years)

I curse you....

(waves the knife close to his  
eyes)

...until you do right by me,  
everything you do will crumble.

Mr. tries to act more defiant than he feels as he keeps his  
eyes on the knife.

MR.

Who you think you is. You can't  
curse nobody? Look at you, you  
black, you poor, you ugly, you a  
woman, you nothing at all.

Shug, sensing that Celie this time is really about to stab  
Mr., rushes between them and leads Celie towards the door.  
Grady and Squeak follow.

CELIE

(over her shoulder to Mr.)

Until you do right by me, everything  
you even dream about will fail.

OLD MR.

Don't listen to her.

And then Shug hustles her out of the door. Mr. glares  
around the table trying to whip everybody back into shape  
with the power of his eyes. One of the children toys with  
his food.

CONTINUED

177  
Cont

MR.

Eat your food.

CHILD 1

You can't tell me what to do. I  
hate this food.

And he turns his plate over on the table. That's all the other children need. Plates are turned over, rolls are flying, anarchy reigns. Mr., sensing his kingdom is crumbling, bangs his fist on the table.

MR.

Stop it right now!

CHILD 1

(laughs at Mr.)

What you gonna do?

OLD MR.

You listen to him!

CHILD 2

(to both Old Mr. and Mr)

Yeah, what you gon do? You old, you  
ugly, and you mean.

CHILD 1

And nobody listen to you anyhow.

The children hoot with laughter, chase at each other around the table and shout at the top of their lungs. Disgusted, Mr. throws his napkin down and leaves the dining room.

ANGLE ON SOFIA

Undaunted, she helps herself to another heaping plate of food.

178

EXT. MR.'S HOUSE - PORCH - NIGHT

178

Mr. intercepts Celie, Shug, Grady and Squeak on the porch. Mr. tries to get at Celie, but Grady pushes him back.

MR.

I never did whip your ass enough.

CELIE

(spits back)

Every lick you hit me, you'll suffer  
twice.

CONTINUED

178  
Cont

MR.

I should have lock you up. Just let  
you out to work.

CELIE

(with her hand on her hip  
a la Shug)

The jail you plan for me is the one  
in which you will rot.

Shug pushes Celie towards the car.

SHUG

(to Celie)

Celie, go to the car.

(to Mr.)

Don't say no more.

But Mr. isn't finished yet. He moves toward Celie as if to  
attack her, but she stops him dead in his tracks by raising  
her hand, like a prophet.

CELIE

Anything you done to me, already  
done to you.

Mr. can't help but shiver as he watches Shug guide Celie  
toward the car.

ANGLE ON CELIE

Celie, with tears running down her cheeks, turns toward the  
house and the man who tormented her so.

CELIE

(shouts)

I'm poor, I'm black, I may be ugly,  
but I am here.

SHUG

A...men.

And she pushes Celie inside the car. Grady slips behind  
the wheel, starts the engine, and they drive off.

ANGLE ON MR.

He stands suddenly very alone on the porch.

MR.

(mutters)

You'll be back, you'll see.

179 EXT. RAILROAD TRACK - DUSK 179

A young black girl is balancing on the railroad tracks. She's softly singing to herself. In the distance she HEARS the whistle of the Panama Limited.

180 INT. PANAMA LIMITED - SMOKING CAR - DUSK 180

ANGLE ON SHUG AND CELIE

They sit across from each other. There's a bottle of champagne in the ice bucket. There are crystal glasses on the table which is covered with the finest white linen and a single red rose stands in a little vase. A black pullman waiter in a white house jacket enters the compartment and pours them some champagne. Celie is dressed like a country girl going to the big city.

181 EXT. RAILROAD TRACK - DUSK 181

The Panama Limited rumbles by. The young girl SEES upper class whites dressed to the nines in the softly lit windows of the pink pullman cars. On the little platform of the last club car stands Celie next to a black pullman waiter in his starched white house jacket. Celie throws what appears to be three gold coins at the little girl standing by the track.

ANGLE ON THE YOUNG GIRL

She runs to the track. She SEES what looks like three gold coins lying on the track. She picks them up.

CU ON HER HAND

She peels the gold foil back and we see that the coins are made of chocolate.

182 EXT. ROAD - DAY - (GEORGIA 1937) FALL 182

Mr. approaches the mail box.

MR.'S POV - THE MAILBOX

Somebody has taken a few pot shots at the mailbox. The black paint is chipped and the metal dented.

ANGLE ON MR.

The sight of the bullet holes disturbs Mr. He fingers them while looking up and down the road. He takes out the mail.

CONTINUED





184  
Cont

OLD MR.

Let me fix you somethin' to eat ...  
you look thin.

Mr. watches as Old Mr. looks for food in the kitchen, but all he finds is some stale bread and some ham that is so old that the color has changed and the sides have curled.

OLD MR.

(surprised and dismayed)

Why there ain't no fresh food in  
this house.

Mr. just walks into the parlor and sits down with a sigh.

185

INT. MR.'S HOUSE - PARLOR - DAY

185

Old Mr. sits opposite young Mr. in the parlor, which like every other part of the house, is a mess. There are dirty glasses on the tables and stacks of unread newspapers in every corner. Mr. pours himself a drink.

OLD MR.

(disapproving)

I hear you spend alot more time at  
Harpo's than in the fields.

Mr. just shrugs his shoulders as if to say "what else is new". There is a long silence between them.

OLD MR.

Well, I guess I just brought you up  
wrong.

MR.

(disinterested)

How's that Pa?

OLD MR.

(explodes)

How's that? I'll tell you ... the  
fields overgrown, animals ain't  
cared for, the house's fallin' apart  
and what you doin' 'bout it ...  
NUTHIN. Why you just sittin' here  
drinkin'...ruinin' your life.

MR.

My life already ruined.

(gestures around him)

Look at this house, it's dead.

There ain't no Shug, there ain't no

(MORE)

CONTINUED

185  
Cont

MR (Cont'd)

Celie, there ain't no children,  
there ain't no laughter, there ain't  
no life...there's just me.

OLD MR.

I never heard such nonsense in my  
life...

(crafty)

I know just what you need...you need  
a woman. Some little girl to take  
care of you.

Mr. gets up.

OLD MR.

Somebody to fix your meals, iron  
your shirts, clean your kitchen.

Mr. takes his father by the elbow and guides him out of his  
chair toward the door.

MR.

Pa, it's time to go.

OLD MR.

Listen to me, boy, I know what you  
need.

Mr. guides Old Mr. toward the door.

OLD MR.

You need a woman, that'll solve all  
your troubles.

Mr. opens the door and gently pushes Old Mr. out the door.

186 INT. MR.'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

186

Mr. opens the closet door and places Nettie's letters in  
the trunk.

ANGLE ON THE TRUNK

There are about another dozen letters scattered inside the  
trunk. Mr. picks up his suit, which lies crumpled on the  
floor. He curses under his breath as he sees the wrinkles  
in the jacket and pants. He takes off his work pants. His  
legs are skinny and old under his boxer shorts. He puts on  
his suit pants. He pulls a white shirt from the closet, but  
when he buttons it in the light, he notices that it hasn't  
been ironed. Mr. puts on his shoes (the toes are scuffed)  
and he tries to shine them with a corner of the bedspread.

CONTINUED

186 ANGLE ON THE MIRROR  
Cont

Mr. stares in the mirror (with a picture of Shug stuck under the frame) with distaste. His jacket is rumpled, his shirt is wrinkled. He touches the grey in his hair and the bags under his eyes. Then he sucks in his stomach and squares his shoulders. O.S. HE HEARS something coming up the stairs.

MR.

(hopeful)

Celie! Celie, that you?

He turns around. He SEES his slightly diabolical looking goat (that was nibbling on the garbage) standing in the door way. The animal stands perfectly still and just looks at him.

187 EXT. MR.'S HOUSE - DAY

187

Mr. shoos the goat out of the front door and closes it behind him. He walks toward the jook joint.

188 EXT. JOOK JOINT - DAY

188

It's a dull, grey day. A hint of mist hangs over the fields. There are several cars parked outside the jook joint including a pickup truck from which Harpo and two other men are unloading a brand new Wurlitzer Jook Box. Mr. watches them bring the Jook box inside.

189 INT. JOOK JOINT - DAY

189

ANGLE ON THE JOOK BOX

It glows in all its gawdy red glory and plays Shug Avery's "Miss Celie's Blues".

ANGLE ON THE JOOK JOINT

The decor of the jook joint has been upgraded. The tables are new and covered with brightly colored tableclothes. Harpo polishes the glasses while Sofia cleans out the grill behind a brand new bar. Mr., the only customer in the place, is drinking like he wants to lobotimize himself. When the song runs out a very unsteady Mr. gets up and staggers toward the jook box. He fishes around in his pocket for another nickle.

CONTINUED

189  
Cont

## ANGLE ON HARPO AND SOFIA

They look at Mr. with that special kind of pity that children reserve for their parents.

## ANOTHER ANGLE

HARPO

That's enough Pa, you just 'bout wore that song out. Why don't you go home, lay down for a spell.

Mr. turns around and glares at Harpo and Sofia, but then his expression softens. He SEES Harpo and Sofia. They are very much a married couple.

## ANOTHER ANGLE

MR.

Nice to see you back together again.

Harpo puts his arm around Sofia's shoulders and they smile at each other as they watch Mr. stagger out of the place.

SOFIA

Maybe you better see him home, Harpo.

HARPO

Oh, he'll be fine.

But Sofia doesn't seem so sure.

190

## EXT. FIELD - DAY

190

A thick ground fog hangs over the fields that lay between the jook joint and Mr.'s house.

## ANGLE ON MR.

The sight of the fog sobers him up a little, but not much.

## MR.'S POV

He can't see more than a few feet in front of him.

## ANGLE ON MR.

He's losing his sense of direction. He stumbles into something (a barbed wire fence) and curses when he hears his pants tear. He stumbles on. He SEES nothing but spooky white stillness around him. He HEARS the almost primal sound of the church bells tolling. He follows the sound of the church bells. He HEARS the train whistle

CONTINUED

190  
Cont

whine in the distance. (It is as if he's hearing the sounds of childhood). He HEARS two young girls laughing and playing in the near distance.

MR.

(calls out)

Celie? Nettie?

The sound of the playing, laughing girls fades away as if they're running from him. Mr. HEARS a voice calling him.

HARPO (O.S.)

Albert! Albert!

ANGLE ON MR.

In his drunken state he thinks his father is calling him.

MR.

(answers)

Pa?...Pa?....

He hears his name being called again.

HARPO

Albert?

Mr. begins to run. He stumbles and falls. The camera pulls back revealing Mr. lying in front of his own house. When he looks up he is almost in tears. He SEES Harpo walking down the porch steps of his own house.

HARPO

What happened?

MR.

I lost my way.

Harpo helps him up. He puts his arm around his father's shoulders and helps him up the porch steps.

191 INT. MR.'S HOUSE - DAY

191

Like a man possessed, Mr. runs through the house with Harpo in tow. Mr. is frantically searching for something. He looks in the parlor, throwing the old papers aside. Then he bounds up the stairs.

192 INT. MR.'S HOUSE - BEDROOM

192

On his bedroom dresser he finds what he is looking for...Celie's letters. He hands them to Harpo.

CONTINUED

192  
Cont

MR.

Send these letters to Celie before  
all this meanness kills me.

193 INT. CHURCH - DAY - (GEORGIA 1943) WINTER

193

CELIE'S POV - CLOSE UP ON PA

He lies with his eyes closed and there is no expression on  
his face.

CELIE (V.O.)

On top of everything Nettie write  
that my real daddy lynched. My mama  
marry this man two years after my  
daddy died. My children not my  
sister and brother. Pa not Pa.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Celie (age 48) stares at Pa who lies dead in an open coffin.  
It's obvious that Celie has spent time in the city. Even  
though she is dressed in black, she looks much more  
sophisticated. There is some grey in her hair, her glasses  
are rimmed with gold, and she wears a pretty brooch on a  
simple, but expensive, black dress. Behind her about 20  
people are spread out over the pews. Some men are in  
uniform and we recognize some of the white farmers (who are  
quite old now) who Pa went hunting with.

CELIE'S POV - ANGLE ON PA'S WIFE

Pa's wife (DAISY), a girl no more than sixteen, stands  
nearby. She holds a little girl by the hand. A child  
holding a child.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Celie walks up to Daisy.

You his wife? CELIE

Yes Ma'am. DAISY

How did he die? CELIE

On top of me. DAISY

CONTINUED

193  
Cont

CELIE

(sighs)

Best try to forgit about that.

The preacher, who has gotten much older, closes the coffin and signals to the pall bearers. Celie walks down the aisle. Sofia and Harpo are waiting for her.

HARPO

I'm real sorry about your Pa.

CELIE

He ain't my Pa, just some stranger.  
I just feels sorry for the devils  
that got to receive him.

Together they walk to the wide open doors that display the winter outside.

194 EXT. CHURCH - DAY

194

The preacher pauses in the doorway to put up his collar against the cold wind. He nods his head toward Celie.

PREACHER

How is Shug?

CELIE

She on tour.

The preacher considers that for a moment, and follows the coffin. Sofia smiles at Celie.

SOFIA

And how is Mary Agnes?

CELIE

She fine. She run off with Grady.

Harpo shakes his head. Sofia links her arm through his and they walk away together, very much man and wife.

195 EXT. CELIE'S HOUSE - DAY - EARLY SPRING

195

Celie walks up the driveway to Pa's house. She doesn't recognize the place, for Pa had done well. She SEES a two story yellow house with green shutters that sits on top of a hill. A cab waits in front of the house.

ANGLE ON THE PORCH

Daisy and her child are waiting for Celie with their suitcases packed.

CONTINUED



195  
Cont

DAISY

Well, I guess you heard that the house is yours.

CELIE

Yeah, but I still don't understand how.

DAISY

Well, Ma'am, it seemed your real Daddy owned this land and the house and the store. And he left it to your Mama, and when your Mama died it passed on to you and your sister Nettie...he left me the money though.

Daisy takes her child by the hand and motions for the cab driver to help her with the luggage.

DAISY

Now, if you excuse me, we have to be moving on.

Daisy and her child walk towards the cab. Celie watches them leave.

DISSOLVE TO:

196

EXT. CELIE'S HOUSE - DAY - SPRING

196

Celie is planting flowers in the front of her house. O.S. she HEARS the sound of hooves. She turns around. She SEES Mr. He is riding his mare and carrying a speckled seashell.

ANOTHER ANGLE

He slips from the saddle and hands Celie the shell like an awkward teenager.

CELIE

(puzzled)

What is it?

MR.

It's a shell.

They stand there for a moment, uncertain of what to do.

CELIE

You want a cold drink?

MR.

Don't mind if I do.

197 EXT. CELIE'S HOUSE - PORCH - DAY

197

Mr. sits on the porch of Celie's house and sips from a cold drink. Both Mr. and Celie smoke a pipe. Celie has placed the shell next to them on a little table. Behind them on the porch, three seamstresses are at work behind three sewing machines.

MR.

(indicates shell)

You know, if you put that to your ear you can hear the sea.

Celie puts the shell to her ear. She smiles.

SOUND OVER: the soft roar of the sea.

CELIE

That's nice.

She puts the shell back on the table again. Some birds flutter around the porch.

CELIE

(points at the birds with a smile)

Look at those birds. Always in a hurry, just like people.

MR.

You use to remind me of a bird. Way back when you first came to live with me. You was so skinny, Lord, the least little thing happen and you want to fly away.

CELIE

You saw that?

MR.

I saw it.

Mr. stares off into the distance for a moment as if he remembers something that happened a long time ago.

MR.

I know you hate me for keeping you from Nettie.

CELIE

I don't hate nuthin' no more...And the way I looks at it, how can I miss Nettie if I still feel her?

(MORE)

CONTINUED

197  
Cont

CELIE (Cont'd)

Maybe like God she changed into a  
different thing that I have to speak  
to in a different way.

ANGLE ON THE PORCH RAILING

A beautiful bird perches onto the railing for a moment.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Both Mr. and Celie look at it for a moment. A silent  
understanding passes between them. And the bird spreads  
its wings and flies away again.

Celie reaches into a wicker basket next to her rocking  
chair and pulls a pair of folkpants from it, along with a  
needle and thread. And as Celie begins to sew, Mr. pulls  
at his pipe. He looks at the sun in the pale blue sky and  
listens to the birds sing.

Mr. sighs. Celie looks up from her sewing and smiles at  
him. Mr. watches her sew for awhile.

MR.

You was even sewing good way back  
then. I 'member the nice little  
dresses Shug always wear.

(indicates the seam-  
stresses)

And now you making a nice living from  
it.

CELIE

(slightly wistful)

Shug could wear a dress.

MR.

(chuckles)

Remember the night Sofia knocked  
Mary Agnes down?

CELIE

Who could forget it?

198 EXT. CELIE'S HOUSE - PORCH - DUSK

198

The sun is setting, the crickets are chirping, and the fire  
flies are beginning to light up.

ANGLE ON MR. AND CELIE

Mr. and Celie are smoking pipes and sewing.

CONTINUED

198  
Cont

ANGLE ON MR.

He has trouble with the needle, but he is game, and they smile at each other. They were never husband and wife, they might never really be friends, but they did share some sort of life together, and that understanding passes between them right now.

ANGLE ON THE SKY

The stars flicker like fire flies.

Celie laughs at the wonder of it all.

CELIE

Here us is, two old fools left over from love, keeping each other company under the stars.

ANGLE ON THE STARS

They flicker like fireflies in the deep blue sky.

199

EXT. CELIE'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

199

It's spring, the wild flowers are in bloom, the swallows swoop through the sky, and Celie is watering her garden. A convertible pulls up the driveway and Shug, dressed like a movie star, steps out from the driver's seat. Celie and Shug runs toward each other.

SHUG

Oh, Celie! I missed you more than I missed my own Mama!

Celie holds Shug at arms length to make sure she isn't an apparition.

CELIE

Come on in.

200

EXT. FIELD - DAY

200

With Celie's house standing in the BG, Shug and Celie walk arm in arm through a field of the deepest purple. Shug plucks flowers as they walk.

CELIE

(casual)

Where is Germaine at?

CONTINUED

200  
Cont

SHUG

In college; Wilberforce, can't let  
all that talent go to waste.

(pause)

You know Celie, God loves everything  
you love, and a mess of stuff you  
don't....

(beat)

But more than anything, God loves  
admiration.

CELIE

You saying God vain?

SHUG

No, not vain, just wanting to share  
a good thing. I think it pisses God  
off if you just walk by the color  
purple

(gestures around her)

in a field and don't notice it.

CELIE

You mean it want to be loved, like  
the Bible said.

SHUG

Yes Celie, everything wants to be  
loved. Us sing and dance, make  
faces, give flower bouquets....

(she hands the flowers she  
has gathered to Celie)

...just trying to be loved. Look at  
that tree....

ANGLE ON TREE

The tree is in full flower.

SHUG (Cont'd)

...ever notice that trees do  
everything to git attention we do  
'cept walk.

Celie laughs.

SHUG

You know, I feel like singing  
tonight.

And they walk through the fields together that bleed from  
purple into honey yellow and fresh green grass.

201 EXT. JOOK JOINT - PORCH - LATE AFTERNOON

201

EST. SHOT: The parking lot is filled with cars. \*

The jook joint looks more crowded and prosperous than ever. In front of the stage it looks like a family reunion as Celie, Sofia and Harpo, Jack and Odessa, and Mr. are all sitting around a table near the stage. The spotlight hits the stage and Shug comes out in a red dress with spaghetti straps.

SHUG

(with a big grin)

Well, it been a while...ain't it?

(she turns and smiles at

Swain, who backs her up)

...hasn't it? Now it's been a few years since I sung this song, but I still remember it well. It's called "Miss Celie's Blues".

The crowd roars as Shug begins to sing.

ANGLE ON CELIE

She beams.

202 INT. CHURCH - LATE AFTERNOON

202

It's Saturday night and everybody that isn't in the jook joint is in church. In the back of the church the choir stands assembled. The preacher leads the congregation in a silent prayer when Shug's voice O.S. can be heard. The preacher reacts to his daughter's voice as if he had been stung.

PREACHER

(to the choir)

Ladies, help drown out these sounds of sin.

The preacher starts off "Spirit in the Dark" and the choir follows.

203 EXT. JOOK JOINT - PORCH - LATE AFTERNOON

203

ANGLE ON SHUG

She has just finished the song and the applause has died down. O.S. they hear the sound of the choir. A couple of people laugh. Shug just shrugs her shoulders and starts in on the next song, but really belts it out this time.

204 INT. CHURCH - LATE AFTERNOON

204

To the preacher's great chagrin, he can still hear Shug's powerful voice soar over him and the choir.

PREACHER

(admonishing the choir and  
the congregation)

Louder now, let the Lord really hear  
you sing.

And the choir goes into overdrive.

205 EXT. JOOK JOINT - PORCH - LATE AFTERNOON

205

The full power of the choir hits the jook joint like a gust of wind.

ANGLE ON SWAIN

He SEES Shug beginning to get distracted by the sound of the choir. She fumbles a line and sings behind the beat. She turns to Swain, a hint of a tear in her eyes, and motions to him to stop playing.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The choir (O.S.) has silenced the patrons of the jook joint.

ANGLE ON SHUG

She stands and listens to the choir (O.S.)

SHUG

(moved, she rambles a bit)  
Yeah... "Spirit in the Dark", I  
remember that... we used to sing that  
song...

(sensing that she is about  
to get maudlin, Shug  
brightens)

Hey... let's help 'em out.

And she jumps off the stage.

206 INT. CHURCH - LATE AFTERNOON

206

The preacher and the choir are in a near frenzy. The preacher smiles to himself, he has drowned his daughter out. All he can HEAR now is the choir. Then (O.S.) a beautiful distant voice begins to sing lead.

- 207 EXT. JOOK JOINT - PORCH - LATE AFTERNOON 207
- Shug stands on the porch of the jook joint, facing the church, singing the lead part of "Spirit in the Dark". It's as if she IS THE VOICE of all the outcasts that stand behind her on the porch.
- ANGLE ON THE PORCH
- Celie, Mr., Harpo, Sofia, Jack and Odessa stand in between the bar room brawlers and the loose women that frequent the jook joint. And they all face the church and sway to Shug's voice.
- 208 INT. CHURCH - LATE AFTERNOON 208
- From the pulpit the preacher searches for the voice (O.S.) that he HEARS singing lead.
- 209 EXT. JOOK JOINT - PORCH - LATE AFTERNOON 209
- While singing, Shug walks down the steps. Celie and the others follow her.
- 210 INT. CHURCH - LATE AFTERNOON 210
- Using his arms like a mad conductor, the preacher whips his choir and congregation to new heights. But he HEARS the voice (O.S.) that sings lead coming closer and growing louder.
- 211 EXT. ROAD - LATE AFTERNOON 211
- Shug marches toward the church at the head of the procession.
- ANGLE ON THE PROCESSION
- Their faces are lit by the flickering candles they hold in their hands. It's as if Shug's voice has them under a spell.
- ANGLE ON CELIE
- She walks directly behind Shug. She SEES boys leaping over the fence of a neighboring farm so they can join the procession. She SEES lovers forsake lover's lane and run toward them.



- 212 INT. CHURCH - LATE AFTERNOON 212  
Exhausted, the preacher stops singing, yet the voice (O.S.) keeps on coming closer and closer and getting stronger and stronger.  
ANGLE ON THE CHOIR  
The girls in the choir look at each other as their voices begin to wane and they still hear the voice (O.S.) outside.
- 213 EXT. CHURCH - LATE AFTERNOON 213  
The ranks are still swelling as Shug marches the procession past the white picket fence (the dog that once snapped at her now cowers). She SEES the lantern that hangs over the doors like a beacon.
- 214 INT. CHURCH - LATE AFTERNOON 214  
The preacher's eyes are fixed on the doors as the voice (O.S.) is so close now.  
PREACHER'S POV - ANGLE ON THE DOOR  
The doors of the church fly open and Shug in her reddest dress stands in the doorway, lit from behind by a few dozen candles.  
ANGLE ON THE CHOIR  
They stop singing and just gape.  
ANGLE ON SHUG  
She is singing a cappella now and with the red dress straining around her hips, she delivers the most soulful, heart rendering rendition of the last verse of Spirit in the Dark as she slowly walks up the aisle, never taking her eyes off her father. The congregation and patrons of the jook joint are united in their admiration for her voice.  
ANGLE ON A PATRON  
He takes his hat off and nudges the man next to him to do the same.  
ANGLE ON SHUG  
She has reached the pulpit and with her face tilted up toward her father, she holds the last note for what seems like an eternity. The note ends in a sob.

CONTINUED

214  
Cont

SHUG'S POV - ANGLE ON THE PREACHER

She SEES her father high above her in the pulpit.

ANGLE ON SHUG

She stretches her arms out towards him like a sinner begging for redemption.

SHUG

See Daddy, sinners have soul.

ANGLE ON THE PREACHER

He rushes down the steps of the pulpit and takes Shug into his arms, and to comfort her he starts to sing "Amazing Grace". Shug can hardly believe that her father has taken her in his arms, but then she joins in as they slowly start walking down the aisle.

ANGLE ON THE CHOIR

They join in.

ANGLE ON THE PATRONS

Led by a profoundly moved Mr. and Celie, they sing along.

ANGLE ON SHUG AND THE PREACHER

Arm in arm they walk down the aisle, their beautiful voices soaring in perfect harmony.

ANGLE ON THE CHURCH

The patrons of the jook joint and the congregation have become one as they sing and clap their hands.

215 EXT. MR.'S HOUSE - DAY

215

Mr. walks to the mail box and retrieves a letter from the U.S. Immigration Department that is addressed to Celie. He thinks for a moment, and then opens it. While walking back to the house he reads the contents. His face brightens and then darkens again. Then his pace quickens.

216 EXT. MR.'S GARDEN - DAY

216

Mr. is digging up a box in the garden which he opens and takes something from.

- 217 INT. MR.'S HOUSE - DAY 217  
Mr. is wearing his best suit and tie and studies himself in the mirror.
- 218 EXT. IMMIGRATION BUILDING - ATLANTA - DAY 218  
Mr. parks his pickup truck. He SEES a great seal carved over a building that reads "U.S. IMMIGRATION AND NATURALIZATION". He takes a deep breath and goes inside. \*
- 219 INT. HALL - IMMIGRATION BUILDING - DAY 219  
We move down a long hallway, past office doors and World War II war posters. We SEE a glass door reflecting the cars and pedestrians outside. Inside that office Mr. sits in front of a large desk with an immigration official behind it. The official doesn't look at Mr., but just fills out a form. Mr. seems small and insignificant in that large office where the sun pours through the floor to ceiling windows. Finally the immigration official deems to speak to Mr. The official waves his hands as if to say "No, absolutely not."  
  
ANGLE ON MR. (THROUGH THE GLASS DOOR)  
  
Mr. pulls a roll of hundred dollar bills from his pocket and starts peeling them off. The official glances at the door and then back at Mr. before getting up and drawing the shade down over the door and blocking our view.
- 220 EXT. PORCH - CELIE'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON 220  
Celie pours Harpo, Sofia, Shug, the preacher, Odessa, Jack and a score of children lemonade on the veranda.  
  
CELIE'S POV  
  
She SEES the driveway, it is narrow and bordered on either side by fields of waving purple flowers.
- 221 EXT. FIELD - LATE AFTERNOON 221  
Mr. sits on his mare in a field nearby. He shades his eyes and searches for something in the distance. He SEES a car emerge from the southern sun that rises over the horizon.

222 EXT. - CELIE'S HOUSE - PORCH - LATE AFTERNOON 222

Celie hears a car stop by the end of the driveway (O.S.). She shades her eyes and looks toward the driveway. She SEES a car at the end of the driveway. Back lit by the white hot disk of the sun, a woman emerges from the car. Her long African robe billows in the wind and the back light of the sun turns the robe into a gauzy flame.

223 EXT. FIELD - LATE AFTERNOON 223

Mr. steadies his mare as he looks down upon the driveway. Four more people emerge from the car.

224 EXT. CELIE'S HOUSE - PORCH - LATE AFTERNOON 224

Celie gets up and shades her eyes. She SEES five people walking toward the house.

CELIE'S POV - ANGLE ON THE PEOPLE

They seem to be walking straight from the center of the huge white sun that hangs behind them. Their robes flowing behind them like huge African banners, as they wade through a sea of purple flowers. Only the man in front wears a black suit with a broad rimmed hat.

Shug stands next to Celie as they look at the people walking up the driveway.

SHUG

You expecting anyone?

CELIE

Naw, probably just some folks that lost their way.

CELIE AND SHUG'S POV - ANGLE ON THE PORCH

The wind, the sun and the waving field of purple conspire to make it seem like five African kings and queens are floating through the flowers of Dixie.

Celie takes a few steps, her eyes fixed on the driveway as she is beginning to realize that these people haven't lost their way.

CELIE'S POV - ANGLE ON THE DRIVEWAY

With her robes dancing in the wind, a smallish woman takes the lead and waves at Celie.

Celie walks down the steps.

CONTINUED

224  
Cont

CELIE  
(whispers)  
Nettie!

She SEES a forty five year old woman coming toward her. She is dressed like an African queen. Celie doesn't recognize the plump body under the robes, nor does she recognize the graying hair, but she knows those bright loving eyes, for they have haunted her for thirty odd years.

ANGLE ON CELIE

CELIE  
(screams)  
NETTIE!!!!

ANGLE ON NETTIE

She spreads her arms.

NETTIE  
(shouts)  
Celie!!!

ANOTHER ANGLE

Celie's legs buckle as she tries to run toward Nettie, but she picks herself off the ground in no time.

ANGLE ON SAMUEL, OLIVIA, ADAM AND TASHI

They look at each other while following Nettie.

ANGLE ON ADAM AND TASHI

With their ritual scars on their cheeks, they smile at each other as they follow their mother.

ANGLE ON CELIE AND NETTIE

They stand a few feet away from each other, just to look and to marvel, and then they fall into each others arms.

ANGLE ON THE VERANDA

Shug leads the others down the steps.

ANGLE ON THE DRIVEWAY

With Celie and Nettie in the middle, the two families meet and hug each other.

225 EXT. FIELD - LATE AFTERNOON 225

Mr. watches it all. He SEES Nettie and Celie introduce their families, and he HEARS their laughter.

226 EXT. CELIE'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - LATE AFTERNOON 226

ANGLE ON CELIE AND NETTIE

They still hold each other while everyone mills about.

227 EXT. FIELD - LATE AFTERNOON 227

Mr. turns his mare around and trots away when he hears (O.S.) the sound of hands clapping. He looks over his shoulder. He SEES Nettie and Celie standing in the middle of the field of purple, surrounded by their families, and they are playing patty cake.

ANGLE ON CELIE AND NETTIE

Celie and Nettie have tears in their eyes.

And then time falls away.

CLOSE UP ON NETTIE AND CELIE'S HANDS

Their hands are small, old and wrinkled, but they meet without error.

CELIE AND NETTIE (V.O.)

(in fourteen year old voice)

Us never part  
Us have one heart  
Ain't no land  
Ain't no sea  
Keep you away from me.

228 EXT. FIELD - LATE AFTERNOON 228

ANGLE ON MR.

He canters through the golden fields of Georgia.

THE END