

white man; but I confess that there were times, long ago, when it seemed difficult to be a Negro in a white world.

(beat, as he looks around.)
Here, that feeling is far away.

CUT TO:

7. EXT. (NIGHT) PARIS STREETS— (13 NOVEMBER 1925)

Outside of SHAKESPEARE AND COMPANY (37 Rue de la Bûcherie), a crowd mills about, including Hemingway. PAUL ROBESON (38) stands smoking a CIGAR, towering over SYLVIA BEACH, who has hosted a party in his honor.

Jane (23) stands with ESLANDA ROBESON (30).

JANE NARDAL
I can't believe you gave up
medicine for marriage, Essie.

ESLANDA ROBESON
Well, I gave up medicine, but for
different work — not for marriage.

She shrugs.

They watch Paul smiling down at a woman, probably Freda Diamond, in the crowd.

JANE NARDAL
So this is not your first trip
here?

ESLANDA ROBESON
No, actually, I came earlier this
year alone. Stayed at a whorehouse
by mistake.

The women laugh.

ESLANDA ROBESON (CONT'D)
Paul and I just saw the Revue
Negre, by the way. It was rotten.

JANE NARDAL
I'm so glad I'm not the only one
who feels that way.

ESLANDA ROBESON
 Negrophilia. Parisians are just mad
 about the crudity.

JANE NARDAL
 I have so much more to say about
 that.

Paul lets out the beginning of a song.

JANE NARDAL (CONT'D)
 Uf, but if I don't leave now, I'll
 never leave. Good night. Til soon.

She kisses Eslanda on the cheeks and begins to walk off,
 Robeson's amazing bass baritone trailing her.

PAUL ROBESON
 Swing low...
 Sweet chariot...

MAURICE SATINEAU (33) starts after her.

JANE NARDAL
 I'm just walking home.

MAURICE SATINEAU
 And I will walk you home.

The walk northwest along the Seine.

JANE NARDAL
 (shrugs)
 So what did you do all day?

He can barely keep his eyes off of her.

MAURICE SATINEAU
 Thought about you.

JANE NARDAL
 You know I won't even introduce you
 to my sister until you tell me
 something true.

He reaches out for her.
 She abruptly turns south onto Rue Bonaparte.

MAURICE SATINEAU

What is this about Paulette? Don't you already have parents to protect you?

JANE NARDAL

Don't you?

They pass the Galerie Pierre (13 RUE BONAPARTE) and pause.

Inside the glass storefront, PAINTINGS from Jean Arp, Giorgio de Chirico, Max Ernst, Paul Klee, André Masson, Joan Miró, Picasso, Man Ray, and Pierre Roy hang on the walls. ANDRÉ BRETON (29) gestures theatrically as he talks to TSUGUHARU FOUJITA (39.)

JACQUELINE LAMBA (15) and DORA MAAR (18) hang out outside. Young girls, they smoke, and Lamba in particular makes eyes at the men, who are too wrapped up in their scene to notice. It is the first Surrealist painting exhibition.

JANE NARDAL

Mm, look. They have some Picassos.

MAURICE SATINEAU

Everyone wants a piece of him.

JANE NARDAL

As he wants a piece of everyone else, not the least, Africa.

Satineau reaches out to touch Jane again, but she nimbly now begins to walk.

JANE NARDAL (CONT'D)

Surrealist... Communist... My sister always says she's escaped joining up with a group because we are already Catholic.

Satineau is giving up for the evening.

MAURICE SATINEAU

We are already West Indian, too.

JANE NARDAL

We are always already political.

CUT TO: