

THE BROTHERS O'NEILL

Written by

J.G. Follansbee

6713 42nd Ave. SW
Seattle, WA 98136
206-932-7578

BLACK

Card: Based on actual events

FADE IN:

INT. SEATTLE POLICE DEPARTMENT MUSTER ROOM - DAY

The day shift of the downtown precinct finishes daily muster. CORPORAL SAMSON "SAM" O'NEILL (35) encounters POLICE LT. JACK FLEMING (38), who has a band-aid on his cheek.

SAM
(casually inspecting the
wound)
Did your wife win the fight again,
Lieutenant?

JACK
(unimpressed)
You're a regular Jack Benny, aren't
you, O'Neill?

SAM
The world's topsy-turvy, Jack. A
little humor doesn't hurt.

JACK
See if you can make a joke out of
this.
(hands him a paper)
There's a body down at Pier 40.
Your beat. Hop to it.

Sam meets with his partner, PATROLMAN GEORGE DESCHAMPS (29).

GEORGE
What's shakin', Sam?

SAM
A floater.

EXT. DOWNTOWN SEATTLE - DAY

An early morning fog blankets the streets of Seattle. Stores are closed. A fleabag hotel offers rooms for 25 cents.

Chyron: "Seattle, Washington."

Sam and George duck into a diner offering a two-eggs-and-bacon breakfast for 10 cents.

Sam takes a donut from a display and leaves. The COUNTER MAN eyes him. George takes a donut for himself and lays down a nickel on the counter.

EXT. SEATTLE INDUSTRIAL WATERFRONT - DAY

Sam and George walk the deserted shoreline, finishing their donuts. They turn down Pier 40, quiet except for a group of men working a small derrick.

Chyron: "May, 1934."

A security GUARD watches. An ambulance stands by. The DRIVER and an ATTENDANT loiter near.

A MAN in a small boat secures a line around the shoulders of a floating male body. The derrick operator shifts the controls and lifts the body out of the water. He maneuvers it onto the pier deck.

The body has a cargo hook jammed in its throat. Sam and George peer down at the face.

GEORGE

Shit.

SAM

(speaks to the group)

Who found the body?

GUARD

I did.

SAM

What happened?

GUARD

I was having a smoke, looked down, and there it was. The body.

SAM

See anything? Hear anything?

GUARD

Nothing. Not even a splash.

GEORGE

Shit.

SAM

I'd better call the boss.

GEORGE
What's with the cargo hook?

SAM
A message.

GEORGE
Keep your mouth shut.

SAM
I'd say so.

GEORGE
Things are getting serious.

Sam opens a police call box and picks up the handset.

SAM
Day Shift.

INT. SEATTLE POLICE DEPARTMENT DAY SHIFT OFFICE - DAY

Fleming sits at a desk in a semi-private office. A name plate reads "Lt. Fleming." He answers the phone.

JACK
Fleming here.

EXT. SEATTLE WATERFRONT - DAY

SAM
I'm down on Pier 40. We know him.

INT. SEATTLE POLICE DEPARTMENT DAY SHIFT OFFICE - DAY

JACK
The body?

EXT. SEATTLE WATERFRONT - DAY

SAM
Kelly Jensen.

JACK (V.O.)
Remind me.

A police photographer arrives and takes pictures of the body.

SAM

One of my snitches. My main snitch.
Especially on the union activity.

JACK (V.O.)

Oh, yeah. A drunk. A fag, too.

SAM

He's got a cargo hook jammed in his
throat.

JACK (V.O.)

Interesting jewelry choice. In
fashion this year.

A plainclothes detective arrives and takes notes.

SAM

Look, Jack. I'd like to stick
around for a while. See if the
detectives need anything.

JACK (V.O.)

No can do.

SAM

I feel kind of responsible. I've
known Kelly for more than 10 years.
Almost since I joined the force.

INT. SEATTLE POLICE DEPARTMENT DAY SHIFT OFFICE - DAY

JACK

Your job is to secure the area and
keep away gawkers. Those
longshoremen are unpredictable
these days.

SAM (V.O.)

But do you think--

JACK

You're on the promotion list for
detective, O'Neill, but you're not
a detective yet. I can't have every
uniform hanging around crime scenes
like they were garden parties. And
you're not responsible for every
dead faggot on your beat. The
detectives won't care and neither
should you. Is that clear?

EXT. SEATTLE INDUSTRIAL WATERFRONT - DAY

SAM
Yes, sir.

JACK (V.O.)
Tell the detectives what you know.
Let them do their jobs.

SAM
Yes, sir.

Jack hangs up with an audible CLICK. Sam returns the handset to the police box cradle.

The Driver and Attendant close the ambulance door with the covered body inside.

DRIVER
They're dropping like flies, Sam.

SAM
This one's different.

ATTENDANT
(shrugs)
A trip to the morgue, same as yesterday.

GEORGE
What do we got, Sam?

SAM
Trouble.

The ambulance drives off.

FADE OUT.

BLACK

Card: "The previous day."

FADE IN:

EXT. SEATTLE INDUSTRIAL WATERFRONT - DAY

An ambulance races down a boulevard, skirting the edge of a large bay gripped by clouds and drizzle. On one side, cargo ships, their cranes lifting crates of goods and bags of bulk grain, sit at wharves and piers. On the other side, engines pull trains, spitting smoke and steam on their steel road.

INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

POV: Ambulance DRIVER. Warehouses, office buildings, and residential blocks rise into the distance.

White-collar workers, longshoremen, and the odd tourist lift umbrellas and step over rivulets of rainwater, making their way through the maze of traffic and structures.

The ambulance passes a sprawling shantytown of unemployed men. Pillars of smoke rise from the makeshift homes. A sign says, "Hooverville."

EXT. SEATTLE INDUSTRIAL WATERFRONT - DAY

Four burly, frightened volunteer RESCUERS, all longshoremen in their late 20s and early 30s, rush a man in a makeshift litter up Pier 40 toward the shore. Canvas soaked in blood covers JOHN (28), prone in the litter.

Taking shortcuts through warehouses and dodging men with sacks of grain on their backs, the Rescuers pass others pushing hand-trucks. Onlookers glance at the Rescuers with a mix of pity and fear.

A faint SIREN edges through the ambiance of GANG BOSS SHOUTS, steam WHISTLES, and FOGHORNS.

RESCUER 1

Do you hear it, John? We're almost there.

John, the injured man, doesn't move. His face is slack, but he's alive.

RESCUER 2

Stay with us, John. You're going to make it.

EXT. ASHCROFT & CO. WAREHOUSE YARD - DAY

At the foot of piers 40 and 41 stands the tall, open doors of a warehouse, one of numerous shipping businesses. A large sign announces the name of the owner, "Ashcroft & Co."

Huddled against the rain, several dozen idle longshoremen linger near a shack with a large, closed window. They are a mix of young and old, mostly white, a few black.

A faint SIREN sounds in the distance, drawing the attention of a few.

INT. GANG SHACK - DAY

The GANG BOSS (45) writes in a ledger. He's a big man used to throwing his weight around. A knock interrupts him.

The rear door opens, revealing Sam and George.

The Gang Boss knows what they want.

GANG BOSS

Yeah?

SAM

It's Wednesday.

Muttering, the Boss reaches into a drawer and hands George an envelope full of cash. He's discreet, but resentful.

GANG BOSS

Aren't you going to count it?

George looks back to Sam for approval. Sam nods.

GEORGE

(grinning)

We trust you.

Sam watches the environment around the shack.

GANG BOSS

I don't see why you should.

GEORGE

Because you know what would happen
if you shorted us.

George hands the envelope to Sam, who pockets it.

The Boss shuts the shack door sharply.

GANG BOSS

Blood suckers.

INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

POV: Ambulance Driver. The ambulance arrives at the foot of Pier 40. The Ashcroft & Co. warehouse looms over the scene, with the shack below it.

The four Rescuers arrive with John. Several of the loitering workers crowd around, anticipating the worst.

EXT. ASHCROFT & CO. WAREHOUSE YARD - DAY

Sam and George watch the Rescuers from a distance. Sam removes half the Gang Boss's money and shoves it in his pants. He puts the other half, still in the envelope, back in his raincoat pocket.

The Gang Boss also watches the commotion, but a MAN IN A BLUE CAP distracts him. Blue Cap Man furtively hands the Boss a bottle of whiskey.

The ambulance is waiting for the Rescuers. The Driver and Attendant prepare a stretcher.

RESCUER 1

The ambulance is here, John.
Everything's going to be okay.

The four Rescuers place John on the stretcher. The Driver conducts a cursory exam.

DRIVER

What happened?

RESCUER 2

Crate of machine parts fell on him.

The Driver touches his fingers to John's carotid artery and listens for breath. Shaking his head, he covers John's face.

The Rescuers are shocked.

Sam and George look on impassively.

A few men in the crowd remove their hats. Some murmur to one another, including FREDDIE (50), a graying man in a fedora.

FREDDIE

That's the fourth since winter.
Four men dead.

WORKER 1

Might as well be forty. The owners don't care. We're just an expense to them.

FREDDIE

Worked him to death.

Sam, followed by George, wades into the crowd.

SAM

All right, give the ambulance guys some room.

The workers move aside, resentful, grieving.

The Driver and Attendant load John's body into the back of the ambulance.

EXT. ASHCROFT & CO. WAREHOUSE YARD - DAY

As the ambulance leaves and the crowd disperses, George gets Sam's attention. George rubs two fingers together.

SAM
What, George?

GEORGE
My share, Sam.

SAM
Christ, you could wait until the end of the shift.

GEORGE
C'mon.

As discreetly as he can, Sam pulls out the wad of cash removed from the envelope, counts a few bills, and gives them to George.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Ahh. Stepping out tonight.

SAM
Just stay away from those places with the deviants. Bad for your reputation.

GEORGE
You know me, Sam. How are you going to spend yours?

SAM
Milk for the baby.

EXT. GANG SHACK - DAY

The Gang Boss opens the front window.

GANG BOSS
Shape-up! Shape-up now!

Three dozen or so longshoremen crowd around the Ashcroft & Co. shack, eager for a job, faces full of hope.

GANG BOSS (CONT'D)
 I need 10 men for three hours. Bulk
 cargo. Ship leaves at noon, so we
 have to work fast.

The workers glance at each other.

GANG BOSS (CONT'D)
 (points as he speaks)
 You. You. You.

All the workers reach a hand toward the Gang Boss, who hands
 out brass tokens with numbers the workers exchange for pay.

GANG BOSS (CONT'D)
 (pointing)
 Dick, you'll work the crane.
 Mickey, you'll be in the hold.

The Gang Boss hands out tokens. Men jostle for them.

GANG BOSS (CONT'D)
 Easy, boys.

Freddie pushes forward.

FREDDIE
 Boss, how about it?

GANG BOSS
 You're too slow, Freddie. We need
 speed on this one.

FREDDIE
 I haven't worked in a week.

GANG BOSS
 You're too slow. Move aside.
 (looks over the crowd)
 You. You.

Freddie is crestfallen. Next to him is RANDY O'NEILL (27),
 another longshoreman. He has a presence and energy that makes
 him stand out. Next to Randy is RUSSELL FABER (26), a black
 man. Their eyes meet. Russell shakes his head almost
 imperceptibly, attempting to dissuade his friend.

RANDY
 Boss, give him a job. He needs it.

GANG BOSS
 Shut up, O'Neill. I don't need
 union troublemakers telling me what
 to do.

RANDY

Jesus, you only pick people you like.

GANG BOSS

And I don't like you, O'Neill. You know, I was going to give you the job, 'cuz you're a strong back. But now I'm telling you to get the hell away from here before I tell the cops that you're trespassing.

Sam and George watch from the sidewalk. Sam is more than a little interested in the match between the Boss and Randy.

Freddie urges Randy to quiet down. He doesn't want trouble.

GANG BOSS (CONT'D)

Now, how many have I got? Seven.
Okay. You. You.

The Boss scans the crowd, looking for one more to make ten. He spots Blue Cap Man, who gave him the bottle of whiskey.

GANG BOSS (CONT'D)

You.

Randy laughs, loud enough for all to hear.

RANDY

So that's all it takes, brothers. A little gift of something strong to the weak. That's how you get a job at Asshole. Sorry, Ashcroft.

Blue Cap Man is embarrassed, but he takes the pay token.

RANDY (CONT'D)

(directed at the Boss)

Remember it, my friends, next time you're starving.

GANG BOSS

(getting angry)

Get off the property, O'Neill.

RANDY

(to the crowd)

This is what they are, brothers. Tin-pot dictators who give out jobs for bribes. Power-mad little bullies who decide if you eat or starve.

Some of the jobless workers listen and nod. Others slip away, fearful of trouble.

RANDY (CONT'D)
You can fight this. You have the power.

GANG BOSS
Shut up, O'Neill. Or I'll come down there myself.

RANDY
(to the crowd)
You don't have to take it. Fight it together. It's your dignity, your lives.

As Randy continues, the Gang Boss comes of the shack, muttering. He grabs Randy by the collar and drags the smaller man to the sidewalk and throws him to the pavement at Sam's feet. Randy's face smashes into the concrete.

GANG BOSS
(to Sam)
This man is trespassing on Ashcroft and Company property. I want him in jail. I want him kicked off the waterfront.

Randy gets to his knees. His cheek is bleeding.

SAM
(quietly)
Touch him again, and I'll arrest you for assault.

GANG BOSS
(scoffs)
And how much protection would it take to get me off?

George inserts his nightstick between Sam and the Boss. They separate. The Boss spits in contempt.

Randy rises to his feet. Sam glares at him. Randy cringes and moves off.

Randy runs into his friend, Russell, who touches Randy's arm. They have a moment. They are more than fellow longshoremen.

INT. ASHCROFT AND CO. OFFICES, THE ASHCROFT BUILDING - DAY

ALDEN P. ASHCROFT (61), well-dressed in a slightly out-of-date suit, stands at a floor-to-ceiling window in his paneled office. He's on the fifth floor of a building with his name on it. He raises binoculars to his eyes.

He sees the activity at the shack in front of his warehouse.

He reaches for his desk phone and dials.

INT. GANG SHACK - DAY

The phone rings. The Gang Boss answers.

GANG BOSS

Yeah?

ALDEN (V.O.)

What's the trouble down there?

GANG BOSS

No trouble, Mister Ashcroft. Just some high spirits.

ALDEN (V.O.)

You're moving slow today. Get the men to work.

GANG BOSS

Yes, sir. Right away.

Alden hangs up with a CLICK.

INT. ASHCROFT AND CO. OFFICES, THE ASHCROFT BUILDING - DAY

Alden raises the binoculars and sees the workers heading off to a waiting ship.

He reaches for a desk intercom and presses a button for his secretary, GINNY.

GINNY (V.O.)

Yes, Mister Ashcroft?

ALDEN

I want to talk to Mayor Smith and Chief Howard. Get them here today.

GINNY (V.O.)

Yes, Mister Ashcroft.

Alden returns to the window.

EXT. WATERFRONT SIDEWALK - DAY

The crowd disperses as the Gang Boss closes the shack window. KELLY JENSEN (46) lingers, almost out of sight. He's slight and mousy. He takes a sip from a bottle in a paper sack.

Sam spots him, indicates him to George.

SAM

The mood's ugly today. I wonder if he knows something.

George grins and starts for Kelly, who sees the officer. Kelly tries to leave, but George blocks his way.

GEORGE

Got a minute, Kelly?

Sam comes up.

KELLY

Mother of God. If they see me with you, they'll kill me.

GEORGE

What's wrong, Kelly? You're safe with us.

Sam nods toward a hidden space between two buildings.

KELLY

Make like you're arresting me.

SAM

What? Why?

KELLY

Else they'll think I'm a snitch.

GEORGE

You are a snitch.

SAM

Enough. C'mon.

George twists Kelly's arm behind his back. Sam leads them into the shadows.

SAM (CONT'D)

Alright, Kelly. What do you know?

KELLY

About what?

As they converse, Kelly fingers his ear. Half was lost in an altercation years ago.

SAM

Don't piss me off, Kelly. About the union stuff. What's going on?

KELLY

You saw.

SAM

I didn't see anything but ugly faces.

KELLY

Oh, it's more than that. You know it. I know it.

SAM

That's what I'm asking about.

KELLY

(thinks a moment)

There's going to be a strike. A big one. A really big one.

GEORGE

That's old news. Troublemakers blowing hot air.

KELLY

(eagerly)

It's real this time. Not just talk. They're going to shut down the whole west coast.

SAM

Who told you?

KELLY

The union people. They're passing the word. All up and down the waterfront. A big strike is coming. And it won't be pretty.

GEORGE

You're exaggerating.

KELLY

They're serious this time.
Organizers are coming up from San
Francisco. It's real.

Sam and George look at each other. They believe Kelly.

GEORGE

(menacing Kelly)
You're lying. Exaggerating things.

KELLY

Why would I lie about that? I've
got nothing to gain.

Sam considers Kelly's information. He glances about, reaches into his pants pocket, and removes the envelope of protection money. He slips off a dollar and puts it in Kelly's hand.

SAM

Kelly, if I find out you're pulling
my string, I'll personally rip your
heart out.

KELLY

(licks his lips)
Thanks, Sam. You're always good to
me.

Sam and George leave Kelly and resume their foot patrol.

GEORGE

Is he screwing with us?

SAM

He's scared. We ought to be scared,
too.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. CITY HALL - DAY

Chyron: "City Hall"

INT. SEATTLE POLICE DEPARTMENT LOCKER ROOM - DAY

At the end of their shifts, Sam and George change into civilian clothes. Other officers change around them. Sam finds the protection money and places it out of sight.

SAM

Why don't you come over for dinner, George? Marla always has an extra helping.

GEORGE

No, thanks, Sam. Got a date tonight.

SAM

What's her name this week?

GEORGE

Shh. No kissing and telling.

George departs.

Sam makes his way to an office, labeled "Day Shift."

INT. POLICE DAY SHIFT OFFICE - DAY

Inside the cramped office are three desks. None are occupied. All have nameplates. One says "Lt. Fleming." Checking that no one is watching, Sam opens a drawer to Fleming's desk and drops in the envelope with the protection money.

Just as he closes the drawer, there's a knock followed by the door opening. For an instant, Sam worries he's been caught, but the drawer is closed.

CHIEF OF POLICE JEROME HOWARD (51) steps into the office.

SAM

Chief Howard.

JEROME

Good evening. I was looking for Lt. Fleming.

SAM

So was I.

JEROME

O'Neill, is it?

SAM

Corporal O'Neill. Sam.

JEROME

Academy class of 1920?

SAM

You were my lead instructor.

JEROME

Of course. Sorry I didn't remember your name at first. Hard to know everyone's name when it's the biggest department in the state.

(beat)

Are you coming on or off shift?

SAM

Off, sir.

JEROME

Fine. I won't keep you. Where's your beat?

SAM

Piers 40 and 41. Smith Cove. The warehouses and so on.

JEROME

Then I should probably talk to you, not Fleming.

SAM

Sir?

JEROME

I need to get a read on the docks, the mood. The mayor is nervous as a cat in a room full of rocking chairs. The chamber of commerce people call me night and day. The papers are talking about a big strike. What do you hear?

SAM

Well, sir, I'm just a beat cop.

JEROME

I had your beat for a while. Rough bunch, longshoremen.

SAM

Fleming gets reports every day.

JEROME

You can tell me. It's confidential, of course.

SAM

Well, sir. I'm worried, honestly worried. I have an informant who keeps me up on things. The mood is ugly.

(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)

The workers feel cheated and abused. That and the agitators stirring the pot.

(beat)

There's going to be trouble, more likely than not.

JEROME

I have to report where things stand to the mayor. And his constituencies. I don't want any violence.

(beat)

Do you sympathize with them?

SAM

With whom, sir?

JEROME

The workers. The longshoremen. Or do you side with the shipping companies?

SAM

I'm here to enforce the law and protect the community. I don't take sides.

JEROME

Of course you don't. You're doing good work, O'Neill. Important work. Keep it up.

Jerome departs. Sam swallows, knowing he's dodged a bullet.

EXT. SEATTLE UNION HALL - DAY

The words "Seattle Union Hall" are chiseled into the sandstone façade of a seedy downtown building.

INT. SEATTLE UNION HALL - DAY

A few dozen men and women, mostly under 30, with a small number of black men and women, prepare handmade placards and banners. There's a positive buzz in the air.

The placards and banners read, "Join the Unemployed Council," "Don't let us starve in the midst of plenty," and "Equality for All". Randy O'Neill is among the group. His friend Russell Faber is tending to a cut on Randy's face from the altercation with the Gang Boss.

RUSSELL

You should have this looked at.

RANDY

It's nothing compared to the hurt inflicted on the working people.

RUSSELL

Really, your grandstanding and sloganeering gets annoying sometimes.

Randy brushes Russell off and examines the preparations for the march.

RANDY

Alright, everyone. We're going up to the Ashcroft Building and hold the rich accountable. A revolution is coming. We are the vanguard.

The group cheers their leader.

EXT. SEATTLE UNION HALL - DAY

The demonstrators file out onto the sidewalk. They unfurl their banners and start to sing The Internationale. Visible among the demonstrators are an American flag and the flag of the Soviet Union. A gentle rain falls.

A POLICE OFFICER observes the march and picks up the handset of a police callbox.

EXT. THE ASHCROFT BUILDING - DAY

Chief Howard shakes out his umbrella under the awning over the entrance. He enters the building.

INT. LOBBY, THE ASHCROFT BUILDING - DAY

Jerome leaves his coat and umbrella with the CLERK at the front desk. The lobby reeks of money.

CLERK

Good morning, Chief Howard. Mister Ashcroft and Mayor Smith are waiting for you.

JEROME

Have you seen him? How does he look? Ashcroft, that is.

CLERK
Impatient, sir.

Jerome nods in acknowledgment. He takes the elevator.

INT. ASHCROFT AND CO. OFFICES, THE ASHCROFT BUILDING - DAY

In his office, Alden P. Ashcroft relaxes in a leather wing-back chair. A crystal glass with a finger of whiskey is on a table beside him. He smokes a cheroot.

Seated at a settee is MAYOR CHARLES SMITH (58). He's fidgety, but restrained, as if waiting for orders. He runs his hand over his receding hairline.

Jerome enters.

ALDEN
Jerome. So good to see you. Come in. You know Charles, of course.

JEROME
Mister Ashcroft. Mister Mayor.

ALDEN
Alden, please. I hate unnecessary ceremony. It gets in the way of conversation.
(beat)
A drink, Jerome? Oh, you're on duty, of course. Charles here is a teetotaler. Bad habit, in my opinion. I couldn't survive the day without a taste of good Kentucky bourbon.

JEROME
I got a call from your secretary.

CHARLES
Mr Ashcroft, erm, Alden, has some concerns about the waterfront.

ALDEN
The Shippers Association keeps a close eye on activities among our employees. On the clock and off the clock. Things are reaching a point of no return, you might say.

CHARLES
The union talk is louder than ever.

ALDEN

Let me come to the point. I, that is, the Shippers Association, would like to know more about your plan for dealing with this.

JEROME

About what in particular?

CHARLES

You know what we mean, Jerome. A huge work stoppage is in the offing. Up and down the coast.

JEROME

My job is to enforce the law and keep the peace.

ALDEN

Exactly, Jerome. A disruption of economic activity would sink this city. The whole country is teetering on the edge. I fear the election of this President Roosevelt will send us into the abyss, eventually. We need to protect our little corner of civilization. Don't you agree?

JEROME

My dad was a seaman. Sailed all over the Pacific before he married my mother and settled in Oakland. They started a chandlery. I grew up in that shop. I can still smell the tar and hemp. I know what life on the waterfront is like.

ALDEN

Then you understand how important it is to protect its stability. A disruption in the natural order of things could devastate us. We can't have a repeat of 1916.

JEROME

1916?

CHARLES

You remember, Jerome. City Dock? You were there.

ALDEN

Indeed?

Jerome walks to the window and looks down on the bay. City Dock is abuzz with shipping and pedestrians.

JEROME
(thoughtful)
I was on the Verona as we were
approaching the pier.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STEAMER VERONA - DAY

JEROME (V.O.)
I'd applied for a job as a
policeman. I'd come to Seattle for
my interview. The sun was out, but
the wind was cold off the water.

The steamer Verona, one of dozens of small steamships carrying passengers and freight on Puget Sound, approaches City Dock, the main passenger terminal on the waterfront.

Chyron: "November 5, 1916"

INT. STEAMER VERONA MAIN CABIN - DAY

SS Verona is packed with passengers, including a large number of working men, some with folded banners. They're nervous, watchful. Among the passengers is a young Jerome Howard.

EXT. CITY DOCK - DAY

Several dozen men crowd the dock, many in county sheriff uniforms. Others are men deputized for the action. Leading them is SHERIFF DONALD MCRAE (47), a former shingle weaver who watches the approaching steamship. He and many of the men have fortified their courage with beer.

INT. STEAMER VERONA MAIN CABIN - DAY

The working men are activist members of the International Workers of the World, called "Wobblies." They are on their way to a meeting.

ACTIVIST 1
(warily)
Looks like a welcoming committee.

ACTIVIST 2
Sheriff McRae and his thugs.

ACTIVIST 1
What do we do?

ACTIVIST 2
Let's go outside.

EXT. PASSENGER DECK OF STEAMER VERONA - DAY

The dozen or so activists file out to the deck.

ACTIVIST 2
Unfurl the banner.

Two of the activists display a large banner held overhead. It reads, "AN INJURY TO ONE IS AN INJURY TO ALL."

The commotion gets Jerome's attention.

Activist 2 starts singing a Wobbly song, "Hold the Fort."

ACTIVIST 2 (CONT'D)
We meet today in freedom's
cause/And raise our voices
high;/We'll join our hands in union
strong/To battle or to die.

As the activists sing, Jerome notices a glint of metal in the pocket of one. It's a pistol.

As the Verona nears the dock, he sees the sheriff's deputies mixed with the deputized citizens. Most are armed.

Alarmed, Jerome watches the two groups drift toward a confrontation.

EXT. CITY DOCK - DAY

McRae and his cohort wait as the Verona inches closer. A deck hand throws a line to a worker on the dock. The activists continue singing.

MCRAE
(to the men around him)
Okay, boys. Can't let this Wobbly
gang off the boat. Orders from
above. That's what we're here for.
Keep them on that boat.

The deputies nod nervously. The Verona creeps closer. The singing gets louder.

MCRAE (CONT'D)
 (shouting)
 You can't land here!

The Wobblies ignore McRae.

MCRAE (CONT'D)
 YOU CAN'T LAND HERE!

EXT. PASSENGER DECK OF STEAMER VERONA - DAY

ACTIVIST 2
 (in chorus with the
 others)
 Hold the fort for we are
 coming./Union men, be strong!/Side
 by side we battle onward;/Victory
 will come.

McRae shouts from the dock.

MCRAE
 Who are your leaders?

ACTIVIST 1
 We are all leaders!

The singing grows more enthusiastic. Jerome watches with mounting horror. He knows what's coming. He can do nothing to stop it. He doesn't move.

The Verona kisses the dock.

MCRAE
 Go back!

EXT. CITY DOCK - DAY

McRae curses under his breath. He raises his right hand, as if getting ready to signal, but we don't know what. He lowers his hand to his waist, resting it next to his gun.

A GUNSHOT is heard.

A man in street clothes falls to the ground on the dock. Did he fall from the group of deputies? Or is he a Wobbly?

All hell breaks loose. Volleys of bullets cross from the dock to the boat and from the boat to the dock. Splinters fly, people scream, and men fall into the water.

Jerome drops to the deck as a bullet shatters a window.

The deck tilts as terrified passengers rush to the side. The vessel threatens to capsize.

Jerome crawls along the deck as more shots hit the cabin. A young man sprawls, bleeding from a wound to his ear. Part of it is shot off. Jerome makes his way to the victim.

Jerome helps the man to his feet. The quickest escape route takes them across the gap between the boat and the dock. Together, they leap to the dock, and rush to safety, past bodies and other wounded. They escape the melee.

JEROME

Are you okay?

The man nods, but he's in shock. His ear bleeds profusely.

JEROME (CONT'D)

You're hurt.

Jerome presses his handkerchief against the man's ear. The man brings up his hand and covers Jerome's.

The man looks at Jerome. It's an electric moment for both.

JEROME (CONT'D)

What's your name?

KELLY

Kelly Jensen.

As the chaos dies down, Kelly leaves Jerome at the dock. Jerome wants to follow, but he stays put.

JEROME (V.O.)

Five Wobblies died, and two deputies. People called it a massacre.

Kelly looks back, but he doesn't stop.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ASHCROFT & CO. OFFICES, THE ASHCROFT BUILDING - DAY

Jerome, Alden, and Charles continue their conversation.

ALDEN

You saved a man's life.
Commendable. A brave man under
fire. It's too bad the Wobblies
brought it on themselves.

JEROME

They were singing. Speaking their minds. Going to a meeting. Nothing more.

ALDEN

Someone fired on those deputies.

JEROME

No one knows who fired the first shot.

CHARLES

Gentlemen, let's not fight the last war. We have a new one on our hands.

ALDEN

Well said, Mister Mayor. Chief, the Shipping Association and our city's businessmen want to avoid bloodshed at all costs. But we're depending on you to prevent activities that might lead to a repeat of 1916.

JEROME

My officers aren't a private security force working for the Shipping Association.

CHARLES

That was uncalled for. Mr Ashcroft and the other property owners--

ALDEN

(raises his hand to quiet Charles)

Let me explain my point of view, Chief Howard. I've spent three-quarters of my lifetime building a business that employs hundreds of men and women, puts food on their table, buys medicine for their children. I've done well for myself, to be sure, but I did it with my own hands. What I have is mine. I won't let a few union agitators threaten that.

(beat)

Our country is in the worst economic crisis since our founding. A few people want to take advantage of that.

(MORE)

ALDEN (CONT'D)

They want to destroy everything
we've built over the past 150
years. They want to turn everything
upside down. For what purpose? To
take control. To run things
themselves. To hang people like me.

(beat)

We are only asking you to keep the
peace and enforce the law, as you
said. Can we count on you?

A commotion on the street attracts the attention of the three men. They look down on a protest.

EXT. THE STREET IN FRONT OF THE ASHCROFT BUILDING - DAY

The demonstrators shout and wave their signs and banners. Randy O'Neill and Russell Faber chant and pump their fists.

A half-dozen police officers holding billy clubs stand away from the shouting crowd. Leading the officers is Lt. Jack Fleming.

INT. ASHCROFT AND CO. OFFICES, THE ASHCROFT BUILDING - DAY

Jerome sees two officers on horseback up the street approaching the demonstration. They pull out their nightsticks. They are armed.

JEROME

(softly)

Jesus Christ.

Jerome leaves the office in a rush.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF THE ASHCROFT BUILDING - DAY

Jack Fleming gives the order to attack. The officers on foot wade into the crowd, attempting to break it up. The mounted officers push through, cracking heads with their clubs. Protesters fight back. They start to fall.

Jerome exits the Ashcroft Building and dives into the melee. He tries to pull away officers, shouting at them to stop. He screams at a mounted officer, who almost strikes Jerome with his club. He halts at the last instant, recognizing the Chief of Police.

Fleming appears. Jerome orders him back. The other officers see Jerome and obey.

The demonstration breaks up. Most of the protesters drop their placards and run, including Randy. Demonstrators lay on the ground, some bleeding, some unconscious.

Jerome is furious and frightened. He looks up at the fifth floor window. Alden and Charles return the glance, indifferent to the suffering below.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. A MODEST SINGLE-FAMILY HOME - NIGHT

Sam comes home from his shift. He lives with his wife, MARLA O'NEILL (35), his son SAM O'NEILL, JR. (3), and his mother, THELMA O'NEILL (70), who has dementia.

INT. THE O'NEILL KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sam finds his family in the small, but well-kept kitchen. Sam, Jr., and Thelma sit in the breakfast nook. Sam greets his son and mother. The child plays with his food. Marla washes dishes. The husband and wife kiss is warm, if perfunctory. Marla takes a plate of food from the oven.

MARLA

You're late. I tried to keep it warm for you.

Sam is in a reticent mood.

SAM

I ran into the Chief.

MARLA

Good. Did he say anything about promotions?

SAM

(eating)
It was a busy day.

Marla finishes with the dishes.

MARLA

Sam, I'm worried.

SAM

I've told you there's nothing to worry about.

MARLA

I was down at the market today.
Ruby was there. The mill cut her
husband's hours again.

SAM

I've told you.

MARLA

I just don't want to end up living
in a shanty on a tide flat. There's
all this strike talk. Everywhere.
On the radio. In the newspaper.
Ruby said if the longshoremen
strike, the mill workers might walk
out in sympathy. There was
practically a riot downtown.

Sam, Jr., pounds the table with his spoon. Marla picks him up
and sets him on her hip.

Sam finishes his food. He digs into his pocket and removes a
wad of cash. The bills unfold on the counter.

Marla stares at it. She knows where it comes from.

SAM

What's wrong?

MARLA

Oh, for Christ's sake, Sam.

SAM

I don't know if the city's going to
promote anybody this year. This
damned Depression has hit
everything. I'll do what I have to
do to support my family.

MARLA

(indicates the cash)
But this? It's, I don't know,
bribery.

Little Sam starts to get upset. Marla coos at him.

SAM

Sometimes you have to go along to
get along. I don't make enough
money on salary to be high-minded.
We've got another baby coming.

Marla fishes an animal cracker from a jar and gives it to
Sam, Jr. He takes it and runs into another room.

MARLA
(nervously)
About that.

Thelma, who's in her own world, has barely moved.

MARLA (CONT'D)
I had my period. A few days ago. I
went to the doctor this morning.
(beat)
I'm not pregnant.

SAM
(surprised)
But you missed...

MARLA
The doctor says it's worry. Nervous
anxiety.

Marla's upset, but she doesn't cry. Sam embraces her.

SAM
We'll just have to keep trying.

They kiss. They separate.

SAM (CONT'D)
Any mail today?

He leaves the kitchen.

MARLA
Bills.

Marla considers the wad of cash on the counter.

There's a knock on the kitchen door.

She hastily pockets the money.

Randy O'Neill appears in the door, almost stumbling. He's sullen and morose. Marla greets him, but he brushes past her into the next room. He's followed by Russell Faber.

MARLA (CONT'D)
Russell!

Marla quickly closes the door behind Russell.

MARLA (CONT'D)
What's going on? Are you sure it's
safe, erm, for you to be in this
neighborhood? At night?

RUSSELL

I had to bring him home. He's, erm--

Shouting interrupts the conversation.

INT. THE O'NEILL DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Sam is shouting at Randy, who's collapsed into a chair.

SAM

What the hell are you doing? You're drunk.

Marla comes through from the kitchen, followed by Russell.

SAM (CONT'D)

(shocked when he sees
Russell)

Jesus.

Marla closes the drapes. A black man in a white man's house in this neighborhood is unheard of.

RANDY

The bosses. The goddamn bosses.

SAM

Explain yourself.

RANDY

All of them. Liars. Thieves.

SAM

Marla?

RUSSELL

He's been blackballed, Mister O'Neill.

SAM

Blackballed.

RUSSELL

All the gang bosses. None of them will hire Randy. Not for a day. Not for an hour.

SAM

Shit.

(to Randy)

I told you. I told you a thousand times. This union business was going to bite you in the ass.

MARLA

Sam.

SAM

I let you stay at my house because you're my brother. You couldn't find work in Portland, so you came here. It's been a year, and I've barely seen a dime from you.

MARLA

That's not true, Sam.

SAM

I practically have to hide you because I can't be seen with you. You shame me every time you make one of your crazy speeches about capitalism or imperialism or some other bullshit.

RANDY

All we want is fairness. All we want is justice. All we want is equality.

SAM

All I want is for you to pull your own weight and pay the rent!

(beat)

Look at you. You look like you've been hit by a truck.

RUSSELL

We were at a demonstration. The police broke it up.

RANDY

I was exercising my rights. I have a right to speak my mind. We have to get rid of this whole rotten system that keeps people down. People like Ashcroft live at the top of the hill while people like me have to live in a ditch. It's evil. It's wrong. It has to change.

SAM

And what about people like me? Your family. I'm just trying to keep my family going. Raise my children. Take care of our mother. Pay my bills.

RANDY

Don't you believe in justice?
Equality?

SAM

I believe in making it through the day. I don't have the time or the strength for philosophy or marches or politics.

RANDY

Then what are you living for?

SAM

I'm telling you, Randy, for the last time.

Randy doesn't want to hear his older brother's words.

SAM (CONT'D)

Get a job. If you can't find one here, go back to the logging camps. They like you and your kind. But while you're in my house, you play by my rules.

Sam, Jr., is upset again.

Thelma briefly appears, holding her hands to her ears.

Marla tries to comfort her. She touches Randy's arm as he departs the room.

RUSSELL

I guess I'd better leave.

MARLA

No. Please. You must be hungry. We've plenty of food.

RUSSELL

But--

MARLA

I insist. You're Randy's friend. He might want to talk. Later.

Russell glances at Sam, Sr., who's heard the invitation and assents by saying nothing. Russell takes a seat. He and Sam eye each other uncomfortably while Marla prepares a plate.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE O'NEILL HOME - NIGHT

It's midnight, and Marla can't sleep. Sam is snoring beside her. She hears low voices elsewhere in the house.

Marla rises, puts on her robe, and pads toward the dining room. She passes Sam, Jr., and Thelma, sound asleep. The voices belong to Randy and Russell.

Marla peers around a corner. The two young men are speaking low to each other. Marla wonders at first, but realizes what's going on.

Randy reaches out and grasps Russell's hand tenderly. Neither he nor Russell are aware of Marla's presence.

Marla turns away, feeling the need to give them their privacy. She's unsure how to respond, though she is not surprised at their intimacy.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. DOWNTOWN SEATTLE - NIGHT

Two men are in an alley. A sign for "Northern Steam Baths" blinks. One of the men is Kelly Jensen. His LOVER is hidden by shadows.

The Lover gives Kelly money.

LOVER

I'm afraid this will have to be the last time, Kelly.

KELLY

The last time? Why? Did I say something? Did I do something wrong?

LOVER

No. Except...

KELLY

Is it the money? It's just that I can't find work. Here, take it back.

LOVER

I don't need the money.

KELLY
What is it, then?

LOVER
Kelly, you talk too much.

KELLY
What?

LOVER
How long will it be until you say
something I regret?

KELLY
I don't understand.

The Lover strangles Kelly. During the struggle, Kelly scratches the Lover, digging deep enough to cause a YELP of pain. Kelly dies. In the dim light, the Lover drags Kelly's body to the shoreline. The Lover takes a cargo hook from a pocket. He jams the point into Kelly's neck. He pushes the body into the bay.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. THE O'NEILL BATHROOM - DAY

Sam is in the bathroom, shaving, getting ready for another workday. He's shirtless, a well-built man.

Marla comes to the door, still in her nightgown.

SAM
What?

MARLA
Ask about the detective's job, will
you? You're qualified. You just
have to ask for it.

SAM
Maybe.

MARLA
Sam?

Sam nicks himself. After rinsing off the shaving soap, he stops the bleeding with a bit of toilet paper.

MARLA (CONT'D)
Go easy on Randy.

SAM

Give me one good reason.

Sam starts to brush his teeth.

MARLA

He's your brother, Sam. Go easy on him because he's your brother. I know you don't see eye to eye on things, but he's trying.

SAM

I think I've done enough for him.

MARLA

Sam.

SAM

A year ago, it was just you, me, and Sam, Jr. Then we had to move my mother in. And that's fine.

MARLA

Sam.

SAM

And then Randy's wife walked out on him. Why? Because the guy doesn't know how to work. He hasn't worked 10 days in a row since he moved in. I'm not getting any richer, Marla. And hanging out with negroes. My mom and dad would've kicked him out, no question. I'm tempted, sorely tempted. Talk to him, Marla. Maybe he'll listen to you.

MARLA

Sam, I think he's happy here.

SAM

Happy? Really?

MARLA

Trust me. Call it... a feeling.

Marla leaves. Sam is nonplussed, but shrugs it off.

EXT. SEATTLE WATERFRONT - DAY

Sam and George walk their beat on Pier 40. Longshoremen load and unload the ships tied up along the pier. Sam stops at the derrick where Kelly's body was found.

GEORGE

Too bad about Kelly. I mean, I don't hold to the way he lived, but he didn't deserve murder.

SAM

Yeah.

GEORGE

(indicates longshoremen)

Look at these guys. Some of them could break a man like Kelly in half. It's up to the detectives now.

They move on, but Sam is distracted. He glances back at the derrick.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

What's bugging you, Sam?

SAM

Something Fleming said.

GEORGE

That prick?

SAM

That the detectives wouldn't care much about a dead faggot.

GEORGE

Figures.

SAM

I care. He was a human being, same as you or me.

GEORGE

Don't make trouble, Sam. You know, go along to get along?

SAM

To hell with philosophy.

(beat)

You know, I'm feeling peckish.

GEORGE

There's a new fish place by City Dock.

SAM

I don't feel like fish. You go on ahead. And do me a favor, will you?

GEORGE
(uncertain)
Sure, Sam. Name it.

SAM
Ask around about Kelly. See if you
can figure out what he was doing
the 24 hours before he was found.

GEORGE
Whatever you say, boss.

Sam crosses the street, heading into downtown, leaving George
alone on the sidewalk.

INT. SEATTLE CITY MORGUE - DAY

Sam knocks on a door labeled "City Morgue." He enters a room
with two dissection tables and a bank of sealed cabinets for
bodies. A body lies covered on one of the tables.

DOCTOR MICHAEL ZABKA (51), wearing a white coat and wire-
rimmed glasses, sits at a microscope.

MICHAEL
May I help you?

SAM
My name is O'Neill. Sam O'Neill.

MICHAEL
Are you expected?

SAM
I came down to see if you'd had a
chance to examine a body delivered
this morning.

MICHAEL
Hmm. Oh, yes. The strangulation.

SAM
The what?

MICHAEL
Let me show you.
(beat)
Wait a moment. Are you the
investigator? We don't usually have
uniformed officers asking questions
about a subject.

SAM

I'm not the investigator, but I have a strong personal interest in the case.

MICHAEL

Hmm. Very well.

The coroner slips on a pair of rubber gloves and opens one of the cabinets. He slides out Kelly Jensen's naked body.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

The former Mister Jensen. Now, note the bruising on either side of the neck. Here and here. Also, the hyoid bone is broken.

SAM

The what bone?

MICHAEL

Hyoid. It's a free-floating structure, right about here.

Michael indicates the bone's location between the larynx and chin.

SAM

I was at the scene when Mister Jensen was recovered. He had a cargo hook in his neck.

MICHAEL

You'll see the tears in the flesh of the neck.

Michael points these out. Sam struggles to hide his distress.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Post-mortem wounds. Whoever killed him inserted the hook afterward. Took some strength, too.

SAM

Such as a longshoreman?

MICHAEL

Or someone built like one.

SAM

What happened to the hook? After you removed it?

MICHAEL
The evidence people haven't
retrieved it yet.

Michael finds the hook in a labeled paper sack. He hands it to Sam, who starts to open it.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
You should wear these.

Michael hands Sam a pair of gloves. Sam dons the gloves and removes the hook, which has blood on it. Sam examines it.

SAM
Looks like a thousand I've seen on
the docks.

Michael finds a sheet of paper with another, smaller bag attached. Sam examines the paper.

SAM (CONT'D)
What am I looking at?

MICHAEL
A pathology report. The bag
contains a slide with some tissue I
recovered from under the subject's
fingernails on his right hand. The
blood is type A-B. Fairly rare. Six
percent of the population or so.

SAM
So it was fresh, meaning Mister
Jensen could've, erm, acquired it
during a struggle.

MICHAEL
Possibly. Even likely. How else
would he have gotten it?

SAM
Makes sense. Well, I won't take any
more of your time, doc.

MICHAEL
Think nothing of it.

Sam exits the morgue.

Michael is troubled. He dials the phone.

INT. SEATTLE POLICE DEPARTMENT, CHIEF HOWARD'S OFFICE - DAY

Jerome Howard goes over reports at his desk. His office is filled with mementoes of a career in law enforcement. His phone rings.

JEROME

Chief Howard. Michael. Good to hear from you.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

I got a visit just now from one of your guys.

JEROME

Is that a problem?

MICHAEL (V.O.)

A uniform. A beat cop.

JEROME

Who was it?

CUT TO:

INT. SEATTLE CITY MORGUE - DAY

Michael is on the phone.

MICHAEL

Said his name was O'Neill. He asked about the body he pulled up from Elliott Bay this morning.

JEROME (V.O.)

I see.

MICHAEL

Jerome, I try to be helpful, but protocol is protocol. You need to remind your people there's a procedure. Okay?

INT. SEATTLE POLICE DEPARTMENT, CHIEF HOWARD'S OFFICE - DAY

Jerome leans back in his chair.

JEROME

Sure, Michael. Point taken. I'll look into it.

Michael hangs up with a CLICK.

Jerome dials a number. After a couple of RINGS, the phone is picked up.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

Yeah.

JEROME

One of mine. Sam O'Neill. Needs a reminder about crossing lines. Do you understand?

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

Consider it done.

Jerome hangs up.

INT. SEATTLE POLICE DEPARTMENT LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Sam and George change into civilian clothes.

SAM

Any luck with Kelly's movements?

GEORGE

Kelly was seen at the Northern Steam Baths around midnight.

SAM

Who told you that?

GEORGE

One of the gang bosses.

SAM

What would a gang boss be doing at a known hangout for deviants?

GEORGE

Everyone needs a little relief now and then.

SAM

Was Kelly alone?

GEORGE

No information on that. But people don't go there to meditate, if you get my meaning. Good night, Sam.

Sam ties his shoelaces. He runs into Jack Fleming.

JACK
O'Neill. A word. What did I tell
you about letting the detectives do
their jobs?

SAM
What?

JACK
You sniffed around the morgue,
asking questions.

SAM
I see. Erm, won't happen again.

JACK
The rules matter. Sometimes anyway.
Okay?

SAM
Sure, Jack.
(beat)
I'm heading home, Lieutenant. Say,
if you hear of any overtime or
security work, let me know, will
you?

JACK
As a matter of fact, an outside job
just crossed my desk. Tonight.

Jack hands Sam a slip of paper. He quickly reads it.

JACK (CONT'D)
Be at the muster point at seven.
There'll be sandwiches beforehand.

Sam finds a phone and dials home.

MARLA (V.O.)
Hello?

SAM
Marla, it's Sam. I'm going to be
late tonight. Got some extra work.

INTERCUT BETWEEN THE LOCKER ROOM AND THE O'NEILL KITCHEN

MARLA
Oh good. We need the cash. Your
mother's medicine.

SAM
Erm, is Randy there?

MARLA

He's been out all day. Said he'd be late too.

(two beats)

Is something wrong? What's going on?

SAM

(hesitates)

Just got chewed out by the boss.

MARLA

Oh, Sam. Why?

SAM

Too curious for my own good. Don't worry. Everything's fine.

MARLA

If you say so.

SAM

Love you, too. Kiss the boy goodnight for me, will you?

MARLA

Okay. Love you.

Sam hangs up.

END INTERCUT

INT. SEATTLE UNION HALL - NIGHT

Hundreds of WORKERS, mostly longshoremen, are gathered in the auditorium of the union hall. The sea of white faces is peppered with male black faces and a few women. The mood is raucous and tense.

INT. AN OFFICE BUILDING BASEMENT - NIGHT

Two dozen or so off-duty police officers and others, all white, receive batons and brass knuckles. Sam O'Neill is among them, munching a ham sandwich. Jack Fleming hands him an envelope. Sam takes a quick look and finds a few bills.

INT. SEATTLE UNION HALL - NIGHT

A few men are seated on the auditorium stage behind a lectern with a microphone. All are in their 30s. One of the men is black. Another is a tall, hawk-faced man from Australia, HARRY BRIDGES (33).

Randy O'Neill comes up to the lectern.

RANDY

Okay, everyone. We're going to get started now.

A few faces in the crowd turn his way.

RANDY (CONT'D)

We all know why we're here. We have a big decision to make.

INT. AN OFFICE BUILDING BASEMENT - NIGHT

The gang of men gather round to listen to Jack Fleming.

JACK

All right, everyone. Listen up.

The group quiets.

JACK (CONT'D)

We know what's going on. All the troublemakers and rabble-rousers are gathered in one place. They've got more trouble on their minds.

INT. SEATTLE UNION HALL - NIGHT

RANDY

We've been talking about it for months. Years. The time has come to act. It's time to act!

Cheers from the crowd.

INT. AN OFFICE BUILDING BASEMENT - NIGHT

JACK

Our job is to convince those agitators that we want peace on our waterfront. Most people just want to keep working. It's tough times, and we don't want trouble.

INT. SEATTLE UNION HALL - NIGHT

RANDY

We want change, peaceful change,
that helps everyone. Above all, we
want change, and we want it now.

Applause from the crowd.

RANDY (CONT'D)

But first, before we vote, I know
you'll want to hear some words from
a special guest. He's come all the
way from San Francisco to speak to
you tonight. Because he believes in
our movement for justice and
equality. Gentlemen, I give you the
president of our union, Harry
Bridges!

Roaring approval and applause from the crowd. Harry gets up
and shakes Randy's hand. He approaches the podium as the
crowd cheers.

INT. AN OFFICE BUILDING BASEMENT - NIGHT

JACK

We're not going to hurt anyone,
boys. Is that clear? You can defend
yourself, but we're there to
protect our city. We're not going
to attack anyone, unless we're
attacked. All right? Let's go.

EXT. THE STREET OUTSIDE THE OFFICE BUILDING BASEMENT - NIGHT

Men pour out of the basement into waiting cars and vans. Sam
climbs into one of the vans.

INTERCUT SHOTS AND AUDIO OF ROLLING VEHICLES, SAM, HARRY, AND
THE UNION ACTIVITY

INT. SEATTLE UNION HALL

HARRY

Ladies and gentlemen, I'm only
going to say a few words, because I
know you're anxious to vote. You
know, I didn't want this job. I'm
just a working stiff.

(MORE)

HARRY (CONT'D)

I just happened to be around at the right time, and nobody else wanted the job.

Laughter from the crowd.

Vehicles with Sam, Jack, and the other GOONS travel the streets.

HARRY (CONT'D)

But I took the job, because it's important. Look, we're in tough times. Nobody denies it. But there's never been a better time for working stiffs like us to demand our fair share of the wealth our country creates.

Vehicles head toward the union hall.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Listen to me. Without us, the bosses and the capitalists have nothing. There will always be a place for us somewhere, somehow, as long as we see to it that working people fight for everything they have, everything they hope to get, for dignity, equality, democracy, to oppose war and to bring to the world a better life.

Crowd cheers.

HARRY (CONT'D)

The most important word in the language of the working class is 'solidarity'. We cannot stand still. We cannot retreat. We must go on, or we will go under. Thank you very much.

Crowd cheers. Harry hands the lectern back to Randy.

Vehicles pull into a parking lot. Sam, Jack, and the others pour out.

RANDY

Okay, everybody. We're going with a show of hands, according to the rules.

The group of Goons march down a street. They pass flophouses, bars, and a place called "The Casino Room". They stop at the entrance to the union hall.

RANDY (CONT'D)

All those in favor of a strike
against the shipping and warehouse
owners, raise your hands above your
head.

Virtually all the Workers present raise their hands solemnly. With them is Russell, who also raises his hand.

RANDY (CONT'D)

All those opposed, raise your hand.

No one raises a hand.

RANDY (CONT'D)

In the opinion of the chair, the
motion passes. We strike!

The crowd goes insane.

Outside, on the steps of the union hall, Jack stands in front of the Goons.

JACK

Now!

The Goons charge into the union hall.

END INTERCUT

INT. SEATTLE UNION HALL

Goons pour into the auditorium. A melee ensues, utter chaos, as the Goons swing their batons. Workers defend themselves, throwing punches and chairs.

Randy hustles Harry and the other guests off the stage. Goons chase him. Sam and Randy spot each other. Sam sees what's happening. It's not what he expected, but he's caught in the middle of the battle and can do nothing.

The hall empties, except for groaning bodies.

EXT. THE STREET IN FRONT OF THE SEATTLE UNION HALL - NIGHT

Workers pour out the doors, escaping the violence. Sam, caught up in the moment, chases a YOUNG MAN down an alley. They leave the main body of the riot.

EXT. DOWNTOWN SEATTLE ALLEYS - NIGHT

Sam chases the Young Man. He runs into another Worker, followed by two more Goons. The Workers join up. Sam and other Goons continue the chase.

The Workers duck into the back door of the Casino Room.

INT. THE CASINO ROOM - NIGHT

The Workers scramble down stairs into a cavern-like basement. The NOISE is ear-piercing, a mix of MUSIC and BRAYING VOICES. It's a drunken party. Everyone is dressed to the nines, though some of the party-goers appear a bit off. A band plays on a stage.

Together, the Workers yell "RAID!".

All the patrons turn their heads to the back door, where they see Sam and other Goons.

The crowd bolts. The union Workers escape. Patrons push past the Goons into the alley. One of them, a WOMAN, crashes into Sam, knocking him down. Incensed at the loss of his quarry, he starts chasing the Woman.

EXT. DOWNTOWN SEATTLE ALLEYS - NIGHT

Sam yells "Stop" as he gains on the Woman, who's wearing heels. He grabs her shoulder and shoves her against a wall, knocking her down.

SAM

I told you to stop! Why didn't you stop?

Breathing hard from the run, he reaches for the Woman's hair. As he pulls, it comes off. It's a wig.

The made-up face turns, terror contorting it.

GEORGE

Sam, don't!

Sam is shocked.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Don't hit me, Sam.

Sam glances at the club, still in his hand.

SAM
George?

GEORGE
(smiling, but scared)
I told you I was steppin' out,
didn't I?

SAM
What the fucking hell?

GEORGE
Sam, I can explain.

SAM
What the hell is wrong with you?

GEORGE
With me? What about you? You're
chasing me. You're going to bash my
brains out.

SAM
(indicates George's
clothes, hair, makeup)
But... This...

GEORGE
Looks like you're the one in street
clothes, Sam. What's the matter
with your uniform?

SAM
You're disgusting.

GEORGE
Take a look at yourself, Sam. But
don't worry about it. I don't think
you'll see me again.

SAM
What?

George edges away as Sam remains in place. George gets to his feet and disappears into the darkness.

His energy spent, Sam turns back. Out of the darkness come three young PARTY-GOERS, who were running from the raid.

PARTY-GOER #1
Well, well. I thought I saw you at
the party.

SAM
Who are you?

PARTY-GOER #2
Friends of a friend. A friend who
doesn't like nosey cops.

SAM
You union people?

PARTY-GOER #3
Hardly. Just concerned citizens.
Concerned about you. Your family.
Sam, Jr. Marla. Your sainted
mother.

SAM
(alarmed)
Keep them out of this.

PARTY-GOER #1
Okay. On condition we teach you a
lesson.

Sam tries to defend himself, but he's overcome.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. THE O'NEILL KITCHEN - NIGHT

The kitchen is in semi-darkness. Sam stumbles in. He starts going through the cabinets and drawers, looking for something. The light comes on. Marla appears, bleary-eyed.

MARLA
Sam, what is it?

SAM
Where's that bottle?

MARLA
What bottle?

SAM
The whiskey. The whiskey you use
for sore throats.

Marla finds the bottle. Sam takes it from her and finds a glass. His face is cut and bruised. He pours himself a strong one and downs it.

MARLA
Sam, what happened to you?

SAM
Is Randy here?

MARLA
No.

SAM
Is George here?

MARLA
No. Why would George...?

Marla examines his face. She's alarmed.

MARLA (CONT'D)
You need a doctor.

SAM
I'm fine.

MARLA
Your hands are shaking.

Sam pushes Marla away.

SAM
Marla, what is wrong with the
world?

DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Moving to the dining room, Sam sits at the table near a window that fronts the street.

EXT. A WORKING CLASS SEATTLE NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Shadows of individuals pass in front of Sam's house. The blinds are partially open. Sam is seated at the table. The shadows are watching the house.

INT. THE O'NEILL DINING ROOM - NIGHT

SAM
I've got a murder of a queer that
no one wants to investigate. I've
got a brother that wants to start a
revolution. And now I've got a
partner that dresses like a girl.

MARLA
George.

SAM
Marla, this is serious.

MARLA
Sam, you're an idiot.

Marla reaches for a pile of magazines. She pulls out a women's magazine and thumbs to a page, which has a photo spread. One of the photos shows a woman wearing a style of suit usually seen on men.

MARLA (CONT'D)
Look at this. What the hell is different here from George wearing a dress?

SAM
He's a man. He's a cop.

MARLA
And so are you. Except you look like you were in a knife fight. And lost.

Sam stares at the glass and drinks the dregs.

MARLA (CONT'D)
What's the harm in it? He's still your partner, right?

SAM
I don't know.

MARLA
You don't know? You're dumber than I thought.

The glass window behind Sam shatters. A rock with paper bound by a rubber band lands on the table and rolls to the floor. Sam turns to the window and sees dim faces.

He moves toward the front door and stops.

SAM
Marla, no!

Marla is in bare feet. Shards of glass surround her. Cuts on her feet bleed.

SAM (CONT'D)
Glass everywhere. Don't move.

EXT. A WORKING CLASS SEATTLE NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Sam bolts out the front door. He runs a ways up the street, then down, but the shadows are gone.

Sam returns to the house.

INT. THE O'NEILL DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Sam finds footwear for Marla by the door. She puts it on. Her feet CRUNCH on the glass shards.

Sam reaches for the rock and paper missile. He unravels the paper. It reads, "Fag lover." He crumples the paper.

MARLA

What's happening?

SAM

People are trying to scare us.
They're doing a good job.

Marla reaches for Sam, breaking into tears.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. SEATTLE POLICE DEPARTMENT DAY SHIFT OFFICE - DAY

Jack Fleming sits at his desk, going over a file, which includes an ID shot of George. Jack fusses with a scratch mark on his jawline. Sam enters.

SAM

You wanted to see me?

JACK

I thought I told you to see a
doctor about those bruises.

SAM

I'd rather not.

JACK

Suit yourself.
(beat)
George Deschamps. How well do you
know him?

SAM

We've been partners for about six months. Pretty well, I suppose.

Sam is wary. He doesn't want to talk about what he saw.

JACK

He's called in sick three days now. He hasn't taken a sick day in two years. Is anything going on that I should know about?

SAM

(uncomfortably)
Not that I know of.

JACK

I hope not. I need every man. Go see him. I want him back at work.

SAM

Okay. After my shift.

JACK

Now. The shit's about to hit the fan.

INT. A MODEST APARTMENT - DAY

George lives alone in a studio apartment, typical for a young man. He's unshaven, wearing a loose robe over his underwear. Dishes are piled in the sink. He's listening to the radio.

ANNOUNCER

...reports of sabotage at the Ashcroft dock. Police say vandals defaced the union hall. And they've arrested Communist agitators at local bars frequented by longshoremen...

There's a knock at the door. George opens it slightly, revealing Sam in uniform.

GEORGE

Sam.

SAM

Can I come in?

GEORGE

I don't see why not. But give me a minute to dress before you arrest me for perversion.

SAM

Jesus, George. That's not why I'm here.

GEORGE

Ignoring a lawful order to obey an officer of the law?

SAM

Shut up, George. It's nothing like that.

GEORGE

Don't keep me in suspense, Sam. I've got a nervous disposition.

SAM

Fleming told me to find you. He's worried that you haven't shown up for work.

GEORGE

Fleming? Worried? That asshole only worries about whose boots to lick.

SAM

You ought to come back to work.

GEORGE

Why? So you can make fun of me? Maybe get me beat up or even killed?

SAM

Shit, George. What do you take me for?

GEORGE

A member of our wonderful American society, the best in the world. To people like you, I'm a pervert, a fairy, a man of loose morals. Maybe I am, but maybe I'm not. Maybe I'm just normal in a different way.

SAM

I don't know anything about that. Yeah, maybe I'm confused. And maybe I was upset a couple of nights ago.

(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)

But Christ, does it even matter?
I'm been walking a beat with you
for six months. I feel like you'd
have my back, if things ever got
tight. That's what matters. That's
all that matters in this business.

GEORGE

What are you saying?

SAM

That you're a good cop, a good
partner.

GEORGE

You might have to lie for me.

SAM

I'll keep your secret. Maybe
someday people will be able to talk
about your... thing. Without
getting upset. Without thinking
you're sick. Until then, I'm
keeping my mouth shut. Now, clean
up and get dressed. Fleming wants
you downtown pronto.

George starts to clean up. He changes and shaves.

SAM (CONT'D)

Man, this place is a wreck. You
need a woman in your life.

GEORGE

Who says I don't have several?
(beat)
Any word on the Jensen killing?

SAM

(quietly)
Nothing.

GEORGE

The last couple of days, I've been
asking around. Discreetly. Seems
Kelly had a regular boyfriend.

SAM

Who?

GEORGE

I didn't hear any names. But
definitely uptown.

Sam hesitates.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

SAM

I've been warned to stay away from
the case.

GEORGE

By whom?

SAM

Fleming. And others. They
threatened my family.

GEORGE

Would Fleming do that?

SAM

(thoughtful)

No. That's not his style.

GEORGE

I say we need to find this uptown
boyfriend.

SAM

What about the cargo hook?
Longshoremen are not uptown.

GEORGE

Yeah, it doesn't fit. Unless it's
meant to distract us.

SAM

Maybe.

GEORGE

Sam?

SAM

What now?

GEORGE

Thanks for being a friend.

Sam pats George's shoulder.

EXT. SEATTLE INDUSTRIAL WATERFRONT - DAY

A large group of longshoremen picket at Pier 40. Some carry signs saying "Unfair" and "Hiring Hall Now." Randy O'Neill walks up and down the line encouraging the picketers. Russell points down the street.

They see a number of trucks and police cars.

RANDY

We were expecting this.

(to the picketers)

The scabs are coming. We need to hold the line.

The trucks and police cruisers stop a short distance from the picketers. Police officers, including Sam and George, take positions near the trucks, as if guarding them.

Chief Howard steps out of a police car. He speaks briefly to each man, then at length to George. Sam, some distance away, can't hear, but he sees them conversing.

Behind the police line, longshoremen pour out the trucks and line up. They are expecting work.

JEROME

(to the picketers)

Who's in charge?

RANDY

No one's in charge.

JEROME

I need to speak to someone in charge.

RANDY

If my comrades will let me, I can speak.

Several of the picketers nod.

JEROME

Fine. This is an illegal gathering. You are blocking access to private property. You can protest, but you can't block access. Please move aside so these men can begin the work they were hired for.

RANDY

You mean the scabs?

JEROME

I'm not here for politics. I'm here to enforce the law. If you choose to break it, you face arrest and prosecution.

RANDY

Your law prevents me from making a decent living.

Jerome gestures toward the police officers, who move up slowly, backing up the Chief's threat.

RANDY (CONT'D)

Our union is a democratic organization. Let me ask my comrades.

Randy turns to the picketers behind him. They are silent.

RANDY (CONT'D)

I think you have your answer.

From somewhere behind the picketers, a tomato flies overhead and hits Jerome in the chest. Sam's hand moves toward his gun, but Jerome stays him.

From somewhere behind the police, a rock strikes a picketer, knocking him down. The picketers react with fury. More missiles fly from both sides. One of the officers is struck. Guns are drawn.

JEROME

No! Back! Everyone back!

The police cordon and the scab workers back away. The picketers begin to cheer. A PICKETER jumps on a box with a paper in his hand.

PICKETER

"When in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands..."

RUSSELL

(to Randy)

Are we doing the right thing?

PICKETER

"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their creator with certain unalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness..."

RANDY

Of course we are, Russell. We're going to win.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CITY HALL MEETING ROOM - DAY

Mayor Smith, Chief Howard, and Randy are arguing over a large table. Jerome's coat and shirt are stained with tomato. Sam, George and supporters from both sides watch intently.

CHARLES

(to Randy)

You have to let the men past your picket line.

RANDY

My comrades won't let me.

CHARLES

It's private property.

RANDY

Private property is what's killing us.

JEROME

You're throwing rocks and bottles. You sent an officer to the hospital.

RANDY

We regret that, but there's a cost to justice.

CHARLES

Enough with the holier-than-thou attitude. What the hell do you want?

RANDY

(points to a paper)

I told you.

(MORE)

RANDY (CONT'D)

They're the same ones we gave to the shippers. No more shape-ups. The union dispatches the workers. Every worker must be in the union. One dollar per hour. Thirty hours a week. Overtime if more.

CHARLES

A dollar an hour? In this Depression? It'll break us.

RANDY

Us? Are you for the shippers, or the people?

CHARLES

I'm for peace. But if you keep going this way, I can't guarantee it.

RANDY

Are you threatening us?

JEROME

You have to keep control of your people.

RANDY

You have to do the same.

CHARLES

This is getting nowhere. I'm warning you, Randy O'Neill. If there are any more incidents like today, if your people block legitimate access and commerce, I can't guarantee more people won't be hurt.

The room is in an uproar. Randy and his supporters pour out of the room. Randy nearly walks past Sam, but Sam stops him.

SAM

Randy, what you're doing is...

RANDY

What we're doing is fighting for what we believe in.

SAM

And if someone dies?

RANDY

Then so be it.

INT. ASHCROFT AND CO. OFFICES, THE ASHCROFT BUILDING - DAY

Alden Ashcroft, Mayor Smith, and Chief Howard gather.

CHARLES

They won't listen, Mister Ashcroft.

ALDEN

Of course not. They're revolutionaries. They only care about the revolution. Everything else is a distraction.

CHARLES

What are we going to do?

ALDEN

For God's sake, Charles, be decisive for once.

CHARLES

I'm asking for advice.

JEROME

We continue negotiating. Offer them something. Maybe they'll take half a loaf.

CHARLES

Screw that. You saw them. They're fanatics.

JEROME

They just want a better life.

CHARLES

Are you taking their side?

JEROME

We're a half-step from war. We have to prevent it.

ALDEN

The only thing these people understand is power. I've broken strikes in the past. I'll break this one. Jerome, open the port. Now.

JEROME

I don't take orders from you. Sir.

Ashcroft glares at Charles.

CHARLES

Jerome, do what you need to do.

JEROME

What does that mean?

ALDEN

I don't believe you're as dense as you seem, Jerome. Use whatever means are necessary.

JEROME

What if I say no?

CHARLES

Don't be crazy.

JEROME

I didn't take this job to shoot people, because that's what's going to happen. I saw their faces, Charles. They're not fanatics, but they believe heart and soul that they're in the right. Bullets don't stop that kind of thing.

CHARLES

Listen to me, Jerome. Do as you're told, or I'll find someone who will.

Jerome thinks a moment. He removes a wallet holding his chief's badge. He drops it on the table and departs.

ALDEN

We're better off, Charles. Who can you call?

INT. SEATTLE POLICE DEPARTMENT MUSTER ROOM - DAY

Jack Fleming is on the phone, trying to be heard over the noise.

JACK

Yes, sir. I see, sir. We'll handle it. Don't worry.

Jack gestures for Sam to come forward.

JACK (CONT'D)

Sam, take a couple of men. Go down to the armory. Break out the riot gear.

SAM
The guns too?

JACK
Pass them out to everyone here.
I'll meet you down at Pier 40.

EXT. SEATTLE INDUSTRIAL WATERFRONT - DAY

Sam, George, and dozens of OFFICERS stand guard behind barricades, allowing SCAB WORKERS to load and unload cargo from ships. Two of the Officers carry submachine guns. Two prepare tear gas canisters. Six other Officers sit on horses, ready to don gas masks. Mayor Smith and Lieutenant Fleming supervise.

Two ambulances stand by.

Within shouting distance, a hundred STRIKERS taunt and jeer the Scabs and the police. They carry various signs, including a large banner that proclaims, "An Injury To One Is An Injury To All." Russell holds one end of the banner.

Strikers surround Randy on railroad tracks that front the piers. The Strikers look to him for leadership.

STRIKER 1
I didn't come here to watch scabs
take my job.

RANDY
We have to be patient.

STRIKER 1
For what?

STRIKER 2
To let them starve us out?

RANDY
They're planning something.

A train WHISTLE sounds. A switching engine wants to pass through. It starts to slowly move. Three cars full of scab-loaded goods trail it.

RANDY (CONT'D)
Block the train!

Strikers scramble to stand on the tracks in front of the engine. The engineer blows his whistle in a frantic attempt to warn off the Strikers.

INT. A STEAM ENGINE CAB - DAY

Randy and a Striker get into the engine cab. An ENGINEER stands at the controls. A FIREMAN stands by.

RANDY
(to Engineer)
Stop the train.

ENGINEER
I got to move this freight.

STRIKER 1
Are you another scab?

FIREMAN
This isn't our fight. We don't have
a beef with the shippers.

RANDY
See those guys?

As the engine creeps forward, Strikers stand on the tracks, fear and desperation forcing them to risk their lives.

RANDY (CONT'D)
We're not responsible for what
might happen. You are.

Outside, one of the Strikers trips and falls on the track. Others pull him away, preventing his legs from being severed.

The Engineer watches with horror. He stops the engine.

The Strikers cheer.

AT THE PIER - CONTINUOUS

At the barriers, Sam and the others watch the train halt.

SAM
They've blocked the train.

CHARLES
I've seen enough. Lieutenant
Fleming, you know what to do.

Jack starts to walk among the Officers.

JACK
Get yourselves ready.
(to Sam)
Sam, I hope it won't come to it,
but be ready for anything.

Sam nods solemnly.

Jack raises an acoustic megaphone to his mouth.

JACK (CONT'D)
 (to the Strikers)
 You men. This is an illegal
 gathering. You are ordered to
 disperse immediately. If you do
 not, you will be arrested and
 charged with trespassing.

The announcement is met with jeers. The Scabs scramble away.

JACK (CONT'D)
 Disperse immediately.

A Striker picks up a rock from the track ballast and throws it at the police cordon. Sam dodges it.

Randy scolds the Striker.

JACK (CONT'D)
 This is your final warning. Leave
 the area immediately and there will
 be no arrests.

The Strikers climb on the train engine, as if claiming a trophy.

Jack lowers the megaphone. He nods to the squad of Officers in gas masks. They fire tear gas canisters at the Strikers.

The gas billows around the Strikers. They cough and choke, but hold their ground.

Jack raises his billy club, pointing at the mounted Officers. They've lowered their gas masks over their faces. The horses also have masks. With his club, Jack indicates the Strikers.

The men on horseback walk toward the Strikers. They trot, and then charge. They swing their clubs wildly. Strikers go down.

For a moment, the mounted men seem to break up the crowd. They return to their starting point, but the crowd comes back together. The strike leaders confer.

STRIKER 1
 (coughing)
 We've got to do something.

RANDY
 People are going to get hurt.

STRIKER 1
Losing your nerve?

RANDY
No.

STRIKER 2
You can't win if you don't
sacrifice.

RANDY
It's going to be bloody.

STRIKER 1
Win or lose.

RANDY
Pass the word. We're going to march
to the Ashworth warehouse. Past the
police barriers. We won't be
stopped.

The strike leaders tell the rank and file the plan. Randy steps forward, in front of the Strikers. He begins to walk toward the police cordon.

Sam sees this.

Jack orders another volley of tear gas, which emboldens the Strikers. Like fog, the gas obscures the action. It drifts over the Officers. The ones without masks, including Sam, begin to cough.

A GUNSHOT.

The action seems to freeze. No one can tell where the shot came from.

The Strikers panic. They begin to run toward the cordon, where the air is clearer. The Officers panic as well. Sam tells his men to fall back, but the Strikers threaten to overtake them.

Another gunshot. Everyone ducks. No one can tell where the shot came from.

One of the Officers with the submachine gun fires a wild burst.

SCREAMS from the Strikers.

Total chaos. A complete melee. Police swing their clubs on Strikers' heads. Strikers punch police.

The air begins to clear of tear gas. The police get the upper hand. The Strikers disperse in all directions.

Six bodies lay on the tracks. One of them is Russell's. He's badly wounded.

Randy kneels over him, begging for help. Sam helps Randy carry Russell to the ambulance.

Russell's shirt is torn and bloody. The ambulance driver cuts it away to get at the wounds. Randy holds the shirt.

Russell dies. Randy is completely distraught and furious with Sam. Randy runs off toward downtown.

George and another Officer bring Jack to the ambulance. Jack is barely conscious. His left thigh leaks blood. His face is gray. The ambulance Attendant applies a tourniquet. Sam watches over the scene. Jack turns his head, and we see the bandaged laceration.

SAM

You're going to be alright, Jack.

ATTENDANT

He's lost a lot of blood. He's going to need a transfusion.

SAM

A transfusion?

The word triggers a memory for Sam. He recalls the conversation with the coroner.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

A pathology report. The bag contains a slide with some tissue I recovered from under the subject's fingernails on his right hand. The blood is type A-B. Fairly rare. Six percent of the population or so.

SAM (V.O.)

So it was fresh, meaning Mister Jensen could've, erm, acquired it during a struggle.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

Possibly. Even likely. How else would he have gotten it?

In the ambulance, Sam speaks to a wounded Jack.

SAM
Jack, stay with me.

JACK
I'm trying.

SAM
You're going to need a transfusion.

JACK
Okay.

SAM
What's your blood type?

Jack appears confused.

JACK
Blood type?

SAM
Your blood type, Jack. What is it?
For the transfusion.

JACK
Um. 'A', I think. Yeah, type 'A'.

Sam takes this in. Jack is not Kelly Jensen's killer.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF THE ASHCROFT BUILDING - DAY

Randy runs through downtown, bloody shirt in his hand,
stopping at the building. He goes inside.

INT. LOBBY, THE ASHCROFT BUILDING - DAY

Randy runs to the front desk.

RANDY
Where is he?

CLERK
Sir, I don't know.

RANDY
Ashcroft. Where is Ashcroft?

Two private security guards approach.

RANDY (CONT'D)
Ashcroft!

The Clerk glances upward. Randy rushes past the guards and up the stairs. The guards give chase.

INT. ASHCROFT AND CO. OFFICE, THE ASHCROFT BUILDING - DAY

Randy opens the door, bloody shirt in his hand. Alden Ashcroft sits at his desk with Mayor Smith and a number of aides and uniformed police Officers.

RANDY
Ashcroft! You murderer.

Randy strides toward Alden, waving the shirt. The guards and the uniforms surround him.

RANDY (CONT'D)
You murdered him!

Alden lifts his hand.

ALDEN
I don't know what you mean, young man.

RANDY
You ordered them to kill us.

ALDEN
You're mistaken.

RANDY
This is on your hands.

CHARLES
I assure you there will be an investigation. Those responsible will be brought to justice.

RANDY
Justice? There won't be any justice.
(to Alden)
Not as long as you walk free.

Randy throws the bloody shirt on the table in front of Alden. The guards drag Randy away.

Alden lights a cigar and puffs.

INT. THE O'NEILL KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sam enters the kitchen. He's a bloody mess. Marla rushes to him, crying.

MARLA

Why didn't you call? I thought you were dead.

On the kitchen table is a "Extra" edition of the Seattle Star newspaper. The main headline reads, "Battle of Pier 40," with a photo layout of police with submachine guns and a tear gas cloud over the strikers.

A smaller headline reads, "Six strikers dead; two police critically wounded."

MARLA (CONT'D)

Are you hurt?

SAM

I'm fine. Just tired.

MARLA

Sam. Randy is here.

Sam pushes Marla away and goes into the dining room.

INT. THE O'NEILL DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Sam confronts Randy.

SAM

I ought to take you in right now.

RANDY

For what? Exercising my constitutional rights?

SAM

Attempted murder of a police officer.

RANDY

Six of my comrades are dead. Russell... Why did you have to kill him? I... I loved him. He was my friend.

SAM

I didn't kill him.

RANDY

Of course you did. Your system killed him. You're part of the system. You might as well have pulled the trigger.

SAM

It seems your job is to cause trouble, to incite riots, to destroy property. You think you're so noble, fighting for the oppressed. Breaking windows and stealing trains is something vandals and thugs do.

RANDY

This isn't over, Sam.

SAM

Yes, it is. As far as I'm concerned. I'm sorry about Russell. He seemed to be a good man. He didn't deserve to die. But you don't deserve any further consideration from me. I want you out of my house. Now.

MARLA

Sam, you can't turn out your own family.

SAM

I love you, Randy. But if you're going to wreck my city and call it justice, you can do it from someone else's house.

MARLA

Sam.

SAM

No.
(to Randy)
Get out.

Randy grabs a wrap and heads toward the kitchen door.

INT. THE O'NEILL KITCHEN - NIGHT

Marla stops Randy before he leaves.

MARLA

Give him some time, Randy. He'll cool off. He's just upset.

RANDY

He's probably right, Marla. I'm more of the future than he can stand.

Randy exits.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. SEATTLE POLICE DEPARTMENT DAY SHIFT OFFICE - DAY

Sam sits at Jack Fleming's desk, going over paperwork.

George enters.

GEORGE

(surprised)

Fancy meeting you here.

SAM

They want me to fill in for the lieutenant while he's out.

GEORGE

How is he?

SAM

Recovering. What do you need?

GEORGE

It's Wednesday.

George hands Sam an envelope. Sam lays it on the desk.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Aren't you going to count it?
(winks)

SAM

I trust you.

George sits. They are silent for a moment.

GEORGE

Anything on the Jensen case?

SAM

Frankly, I've got little to go on. A rare blood type. Some skin tissue under Kelly's fingernails. Hints of a secret, probably illegal relationship.

GEORGE

Illegal?

SAM

Homosexual.

GEORGE

The motive?

SAM

Possibly. Like I said, not much to go on.

GEORGE

What about the cargo hook?

SAM

A ruse. To put us off the trail.

They are quiet again.

GEORGE

You heard about the Chief?

SAM

He quit.

GEORGE

Do you know why?

SAM

No.

GEORGE

I can't help wonder if it had something to do with Kelly Jensen.

SAM

Yeah?

GEORGE

Before all the shit went down at the docks, he asked me about Kelly, what we knew about him, the way he lived.

SAM
The way he lived.

GEORGE
Why would the Chief care?

SAM
And you said...

GEORGE
Nothing, really. Just that we were
looking at all the angles. Did I
say something wrong?

SAM
No.
(beat)
You need to get out on the street,
George. I've assigned you Smithy,
until Lieutenant Fleming gets back.

GEORGE
Okay, boss.
(beat)
We'll be walking the beat again,
you and me, won't we?

SAM
We'll see.

George exits. Sam contemplates the envelope full of money. He opens a drawer and drops it in without touching the cash.

EXT. AN UPSCALE SEATTLE NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Sam, in civilian clothes, looks for an address on a street with five and six-story high-end apartment buildings. It's raining hard. He finds the building. At the entrance, he picks up a telephone-like handset and rings the bell for Apartment 4, labeled "Howard". Other buttons have labels, including one that says "Manager".

JEROME (V.O.)
Who's there?

SAM
Chief. It's Sam O'Neill. We spoke a
little while ago.

A pause.

JEROME (V.O.)
Come on up.

INT. AN UPSCALE APARTMENT BUILDING STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Sam climbs stairs to the second floor.

INT. AN UPSCALE APARTMENT - NIGHT

With his back to us, Jerome pulls a robe over a singlet, pants, and shoes. There's a KNOCK on his door.

JEROME

Coming.

Jerome opens the door to Sam.

JEROME (CONT'D)

Sam. Come in.

SAM

Sorry to barge in so late.

JEROME

It's nothing. I was just reading the paper. Let me take your coat. Can I get you anything?

SAM

Nothing. Thanks.

JEROME

Are you sure? Just brought home a bottle of good whiskey.

Sam sees the newspaper headline, "Chief Resigns Amid Dock Violence".

SAM

No, sir.

JEROME

Well, if you don't mind, I'm going to refresh my drink.

Jerome leans down to pour into his glass. Sam glimpses a large bandage under his singlet. The bandage hints of blood.

Sam is startled.

JEROME (CONT'D)

What can I do for you?

SAM

Well, sir. I wanted to talk. I figured you'd be a good one to talk to.

JEROME

I remember you from the Academy, Sam. Thoughtful, smart. We need people like you on the force. Good values, strong family. Just before I quit, I signed the paperwork. Congratulations, Sam. You're now a detective.

Sam is stunned.

JEROME (CONT'D)

Hold on a moment. You might like this.

Jerome opens the drawer to a desk. Jerome removes a leather wallet and a .38 pistol. He opens it and hands it to Sam.

JEROME (CONT'D)

It's my old detective's badge. You're supposed to turn these in when you change jobs, but, well, I couldn't let go of it.

Sam takes the wallet and examines the badge.

SAM

I don't know what to say.

JEROME

Keep it until you get your official badge.

An awkward moment.

SAM

Sir?

JEROME

I insist we have a drink together to celebrate.

Jerome finds a glass and pours. He gives it to Sam. The robe slips a bit, and Sam again glimpses the wound. Sam takes the glass, but doesn't sip.

SAM

Why did you resign?

JEROME

I've seen enough violence, Sam. I saw it at City Dock, back in 1916. I saw it in France in 1918. When I joined the police department, I saw it on the street. It's part of the job, I know, but when the people that run this city start expecting it from me, start demanding it from me to suit their own purposes, that's where I draw the line.

SAM

Ever since the riot down on the waterfront, I've been wondering the same thing, whether I can deliver what people expect. Peace, by any means necessary.

JEROME

Ironic, isn't it? That you sometimes have to kill one man to save another.

SAM

I saw the bodies on the tracks. I saw my brother carrying his best friend's bloody shirt. I saw blood pouring out of Fleming's wound.

JEROME

Hard things. No one would blame you if you decided to do something else with your life.

SAM

Maybe.

(beat)

You know, I couldn't help noticing the wound on your shoulder. Must be painful.

Jerome shifts the robe to cover the wound.

JEROME

I'm alright.

SAM

How did you get it?

JEROME

I was visiting a friend. Things got rough.

SAM

I've been thinking about blood lately. I've learned about blood types. Mine is type 'A'. So is Fleming's. Just out of curiosity, what's yours?

JEROME

(wary)

Mine's A-B.

SAM

A-B, you said.

JEROME

What's your point, Sam?

SAM

Nothing. Maybe. How well did you know Kelly Jensen?

JEROME

I didn't know him.

SAM

You asked George Deschamps about him.

JEROME

I knew Jensen slightly.

SAM

Was he the friend you got rough with?

JEROME

Sam, let me tell you something I've never told anyone. I'm a lonely man. I take intimacy where I can find it.

SAM

I think you knew Kelly. Intimately, you might say.

JEROME

Okay, Sam. I knew Kelly. I met him in 1916. At City Dock.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CITY DOCK - DAY

It's 1916, the aftermath of the riot at City Dock. Jerome presses a handkerchief against Kelly's ear. The man brings up his hand and covers Jerome's.

JEROME

What's your name?

KELLY

Kelly.

As the chaos dies down, Kelly leaves Jerome at the dock. Jerome wants to follow, but he stays put.

Kelly looks back, but he doesn't stop.

Jerome changes his mind and follows Kelly into the old part of downtown.

EXT. DOWNTOWN SEATTLE - DAY

Jerome sees Kelly go into a hotel with 25-cent rooms.

INT. STAIRWAY OF A SEEDY HOTEL - DAY

Jerome climbs the stairs, keeping an eye on Kelly.

Kelly goes into his room. Jerome approaches the door, uncertain. He turns away.

Kelly emerges. They see each other. The electricity in the air intensifies.

KELLY

Did you follow me?

JEROME

Well, I...

KELLY

What do you want?

JEROME

I... I was concerned. Erm, your ear.

KELLY

I was, erm, going out to find a doctor.

JEROME
 Sorry. I should let you go.

KELLY
 It can wait. The bleeding's
 stopped.
 (beat)
 I was going to make some coffee.
 Would you like some?

JEROME
 I could use a cup.

Jerome follows Kelly into his tiny room. The door closes.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. AN UPSCALE APARTMENT - NIGHT

It's 1934. Sam and Jerome talk.

JEROME
 He was the most beautiful man I'd
 ever seen.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN SEATTLE - NIGHT

Jerome and Kelly meet at the Northern Steam Baths. Hand in
 hand, they go inside. They find a private room. They have sex.

Afterward, they speak in the alley. It's raining hard.

JEROME
 I'm afraid this will have to be the
 last time, Kelly.

KELLY
 The last time? Why?
 (beat)
 Did I say something? Did I do
 something wrong?

JEROME
 Kelly, you talk too much.

KELLY
 What?

JEROME
How long will it be until you say
something I regret?

Jerome strangles Kelly.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. AN UPSCALE APARTMENT - NIGHT

SAM
Why did you kill him, Chief?

JEROME
You're jumping to conclusions, Sam.
You know better than that. You have
to have evidence. You have nothing.

SAM
Your blood type matches the type
for tissue found under Kelly's
fingernails.

JEROME
(laughs)
Is that all you have?

SAM
Your wound. From here, I'd say
those were scratches. And they're
infected. Kelly fingernails were
long, and they cut deep.

JEROME
You have nothing, Sam. Maybe I
shouldn't have appointed you a
detective. You'll have to do
better. But you should take
something else into account, before
you ask any more questions.

SAM
What?

JEROME
Your brother, Randy.

SAM
What's Randy have to do with this?

JEROME

One of the interesting things about people like me is that you get to know a lot of other people like me. Your brother is a communist, an agitator, and he's a homosexual. He sleeps with a Negro named Russell Faber.

SAM

Russell is dead.

JEROME

A pity. But all the more, well, juicy. Imagine if the papers got hold of this, and made the connection to you? Randy knows the risks of living in the shadows. Are you willing to pay for his mistakes?

Sam is taken aback.

JEROME (CONT'D)

I regret what happened between Kelly and I. But I have a reputation to protect. I might go to work for another department. Or teach. Or do other things. I'm still relatively young. You, on the other hand, might lose everything, including that shiny new detective's badge.

Sam now sees the truth. He gives back the badge to Jerome.

SAM

You can keep your badge, Chief. I'll wait for my own.

Jerome retrieves Sam's coat.

JEROME

Think about what I said, Sam. Make sure you know what you're doing.

SAM

Another warning, Chief?

JEROME

What?

SAM

You sent some friends downtown to beat me senseless. You threatened my family. Then you or someone you called sent a message through my front window. Took me a minute to figure that out. The union people aren't dumb enough to attack a low-level cop like me. And no one else had received any messages. I asked around. Who else would try to scare me? Kelly's killer, that's who.

JEROME

It's a wild guess, Sam.

SAM

Sometimes guesses lead to the truth.

Sam exits Jerome's apartment.

EXT. AN UPSCALE SEATTLE NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

The rain continues. Sam walks down a sidewalk. Traffic is heavy. He sees a bar with a flashing neon sign.

INT. A NEIGHBORHOOD BAR - NIGHT

Inside the bar, Sam enters a phone booth. He finds a nickel and dials a number.

SAM

Marla, it's Sam. I'm at a bar. I know it's late. I should've called. I'm sorry. I'm fine. Look, did Randy come home? Good. Can I speak to him?

INT. A MODEST SINGLE-FAMILY HOME - NIGHT

Marla hands the phone to Randy.

RANDY

Sam? I know what you're going to say. I'm packing right now.

SAM (V.O.)

I need to talk to you.

RANDY

What?

INTERCUT SHOTS AND AUDIO FROM THE CONVERSATION BETWEEN SAM AND RANDY.

SAM

I want to talk to you.

RANDY

About what?

SAM

I'm sorry about Russell. I mean...
What I mean is... I know he meant a
lot to you.

RANDY

What are you saying?

SAM

What you do and how you live is not
my business.

RANDY

I don't understand. Why are you...?

SAM

Randy, listen. I need to ask you
some things. They're important. For
a case I'm on.

RANDY

Okay.

SAM

Did you know Kelly Jensen?

A pause.

RANDY

A little. I mean, I saw him around.

SAM

Where?

RANDY

Do I have to say?

SAM

Randy, you told me you want
justice. That's what I'm trying to
do here. You have to trust me.

A pause.

RANDY

At the Northern Steam Baths. A few times.

SAM

Ever seen him with somebody?

RANDY

Yes.

SAM

Who was it? Do you remember?

RANDY

Do I have to say?

SAM

Randy, I'm trying to find Kelly's murderer. You have to help me. Who did you see with Kelly?

RANDY

Chief Jerome Howard.

SAM

When did you last see them together?

RANDY

A week ago, maybe less.

SAM

Good. Good.

RANDY

What?

SAM

I'm going to ask you something else. Something hard. Are you willing to swear to what you saw?

RANDY

You mean, like a witness?

SAM

Yes.

Marla is listening in. She nods yes.

RANDY

I guess so. But I want to talk to a lawyer first. And I don't want anything in the newspapers.

SAM

I'll keep it confidential as long as I can.

RANDY

Sam?

SAM

Yeah?

RANDY

He threatened me.

SAM

Howard?

RANDY

He threatened me and other people. He'd expose us if we said anything about his relationship with Kelly.

SAM

Don't worry, Randy. He won't get the chance, not if I can help it.

INTERCUT ENDS

Sam hangs up. He fishes out another nickel and dials.

INTERCUT IMAGES AND AUDIO FOR THE FOLLOWING DIALOG BETWEEN SAM AND GEORGE.

GEORGE

Night desk.

SAM

George? What are you doing there?

GEORGE

Sam! Filling in. Hey, I heard you made detective. They just posted the promotions list. Congratulations.

INTERCUT END

SAM

I need your help. I need you and another uniform at this address.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. AN UPSCALE SEATTLE NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

George and ALEC (30), a uniformed officer, arrive in a patrol car. Sam meets them in front of Jerome Howard's building. They confer.

At the entrance, they greet MISTER OLSEN (65), the building manager.

SAM

Okay, Mister Olsen, we're ready. Let us in.

OLSEN

(searching for the key)
I guess so. This has never happened to me before. I call you guys and you don't come, and now you call me and want in.

SAM

We appreciate your cooperation, Mister Olsen.
(to George and Alec)
You ready?

George and Alec nod. Olsen opens the door.

OLSEN

You be careful, though I don't know what there is to be afraid of in my building.

INT. AN UPSCALE APARTMENT BUILDING STAIRWELL

The three men climb the stairs. They reach Apartment 4. Sam KNOCKS on the door. No response. Sam KNOCKS again.

SAM

Jerome, it's Sam. I want to talk some more.

No response.

SAM (CONT'D)

Jerome...

(beat; to George and Alec)

Break it down.

OLSEN

Now wait a minute.

George kicks the door open.

INT. AN UPSCALE APARTMENT - NIGHT

The apartment is empty. The window is open. The drawer of the desk is open and the .38 is missing.

SAM

The fire escape.

Sam pokes his head out the window. Jerome is climbing down.

SAM (CONT'D)

George and Alec, you go back downstairs. Cover the ground around the building. I'll catch him if he comes back here.

(beat)

George, wait. Give me your gun.

GEORGE

But--

SAM

Just do it.

George complies.

EXT. AN UPSCALE APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

George and Alex reach the front door. They split up. Alec nearly runs into Jerome.

ALEC

Stop! Police! Put the gun down!

Jerome starts climbing back up the fire escape.

Windows open and tenants poke out their heads.

Alec has drawn his weapon, but doesn't fire.

ALEC (CONT'D)
Everyone! Back inside. The man has
a weapon.

INT. AN UPSCALE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jerome reaches the window of his apartment. He spots Sam. He fires a SHOT. It hits the window casing. Sam ducks in time. Jerome keeps climbing.

Sam waits a beat. He sees Jerome reach the roof.

Sam goes out the apartment door.

INT. AN UPSCALE APARTMENT BUILDING STAIRWELL - NIGHT

SAM
(to Olsen)
How do I get to the roof?

OLSEN
I don't know...

SAM
The roof.

Olsen points up the stairwell. Sam climbs to the top and finds a door labeled "Exit to roof". He holds George's gun.

EXT. AN UPSCALE APARTMENT BUILDING ROOF - NIGHT

Sam opens the door. A bullet slams into the jamb. Sam tumbles out and crouches behind a vent.

SAM
Chief!

JEROME
Stop calling me chief. I'm chief of nothing. I don't have anything to say to you. You don't have any evidence.

SAM
Then why are you running?

JEROME
I warned you. I'm going to expose your brother. I'll destroy you and your family.

SAM

Jerome, listen. I have a witness.
He can place you at the Northern
Steam Baths with Kelly.

JEROME

That doesn't mean anything.

SAM

He'll swear to it.

JEROME

Go to hell. I'll see you there.

SAM

Jerome, remember the Academy? You
told us there are things bigger
than each of us by ourselves. There
are things bigger than even our
families and friends. Remember
that?

JEROME

(laughing)

That's what I'm supposed to say.
This is what I really think.

Jerome runs. He fires at Sam. He misses. Sam emerges from his
hiding place and fires once. He hits Jerome, who drops at the
edge of the roof. Half his body is draped over the edge.

Sam runs over.

SAM

Chief.

JEROME

(weakly)

How many times do I have to ask...

Sam looks over the edge of the roof. He sees George and Alec.

SAM

George, get an ambulance.

George waves and moves off.

Sam turns back to Jerome. Just as he's about to speak, Jerome
pistol whips him. Sam loses his balance and sprawls on the
roof.

Jerome brings the rest of his body up to the roof's edge.

JEROME

Sorry, Sam. You might be willing to pay my price. But I'm not willing to exact it.

Jerome pulls himself over the edge and falls to his death.

Sam looks over the edge. Jerome's contorted body lays at Alec's feet.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. A MODEST SINGLE-FAMILY HOME - NIGHT

Sam arrives home. He enters the kitchen. Marla is waiting for him. Randy waits as well.

The two men regard each other. They want to speak, but no words come out.

Randy picks up his suitcase and moves toward the kitchen door.

Sam stops him. He takes the suitcase and sets it aside.

RANDY

What are you doing? You said--

SAM

Never mind what I said. I won't be the one to turn you out.

Sam and Randy embrace.

SAM (CONT'D)

I love you, brother.

Tears flow for both men.

CUT TO BLACK.

CARD: The 1934 Waterfront Strike ended on July 31.

CARD: Two months later, an arbitration panel gave the union nearly all it wanted.

CARD: The longshoremen won a six-hour day, a 30-hour week, and \$1 an hour.

CARD: They also won control of hiring, ending the corrupt 'shape-up.'

CARD: Mayor Charles Smith lost his bid for re-election in 1936.

CARD: The Seattle Police Department's protection racket, known as the "Tolerance Policy," persisted until the 1960s.

CARD: Discrimination against gays and lesbians was prohibited by law in Washington State in 2006.

FADE OUT.