

ARCHITECT

E1 - ASHES TO ASHES TO ASHES

WGAW Registration: 2110785

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A docudrama based upon historical figures and time frames.

INT/EXT. WISCONSIN FARM HOUSE - NIGHT 1871

Four-year-old FRANK Lloyd Wright is sleeping. Mother, ANNA, 35, enters the room to wake him up.

ANNA
Darling

FRANK
Stirs

ANNA
Whispers in his ear.
Wake up my darling.

FRANK
Mother?

ANNA
Yes, sweetheart. Get up. I have
something you need to see.

Frank rolls out of bed and Anna takes him by the hand. They walk out of the house.

EXT: GRASSY HILL - MOMENTS LATER

Anna and Frank stop the top of the hill. Anna lifts Frank up in her arms and points to the horizon. There is a red hue to the sky.

ANNA
Look.

FRANK
Is that the sun?

ANNA
No, the sun has set behind us.

FRANK
What is it?

ANNA
In Welsh we call it Taliesin.

FRANK
Talie...

ANNA
Taliesen.

FRANK
What does it mean?

ANNA
In English, shinning brow.

FRANK
Shining brow?

ANNA
Yes. It's the Lord's speaking to us.

FRANK
What is he saying?

ANNA
We need to find your Taliesin.

EXT. CHICAGO WATER TOWER - MOMENTS LATER

It's the great Chicago fire. The is smoke floating across the water tower as the fire rages in the background. There are sounds of people screaming and the chaos that goes with it.

INT EXT. TOBIN HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Two-year-old KITTY Tobin is standing on the floor crying as father SAM, 32, and mother FLORA, 30, are evacuating their home. Chaos is heard from the street. Flora has some possession under her arm. Kitty is crying.

SAM
Flora! There's no time!

FLORA
Oh, Lord Sam, I'm scared.

SAM
No time! We got to go! Kitty!

FLORA
Where is she?

Sam picks up the child.

SAM

I got her. Drop those things! It will slow us down. I think we can make it to the lake.

He tries to calm the baby as he grabs Flora's hand.

FLORA

Oh, Sam! It's hell on earth!

SAM

Run darling! Faster than the wind!

FADE TO BLACK

GRAPHIC: 1985

EXT: THE VALLEY - AFTERNOON

A CARETAKER at the Frank Lloyd Wright historical Wisconsin Taliesin is working outside. He hears vehicles in the distance near the Wright family cemetery.

EXT: THE VALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

A well dress man, Lawyer CURT is standing in the middle of a family cemetery on a hill at a unique granite grave marker. He kneels and brushes a grave with the marker:

ALICE LLOYD WRIGHT

BELOVED MOTHER OF

FRANK, JANE, AND MAGINEL

SHE LOVED THE TRUTH AND SOUGHT IT

He is watching as a car, a panel van, a police car, and a backhoe are being followed by workers to the family plot.

EXT: THE VALLEY - MOMENT LATER

An entourage arrives. WESLEY Peters and SERGEANT BERGSEN get out of their vehicles and walk to CURT.

An officer has a large envelop in his hand. Workmen have stayed back. Wesley and Curt acknowledge each other. No hand shakes.

WESLEY

Curt.

CURT

Wesley.

Wesley shrugs, turns to the police officer, and nods to him.

WESLEY

Sergeant Bergsen.

The sergeant hands the envelop to Curt, and he opens and reads it.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

It's all in order.

CURT

I'm sure. I'm just an observer.

WESLEY

I understand.

CURT

I doubt that. It's their father,
for God's sake!

WESLEY

It's her husband. Her last wish.
It's the Foundation's obligation to
Mrs. Wright.

Curt looks at the papers. Nods and steps back.

CURT

This isn't over.

Wesley motions to the workers to come forward. They exhume the body from the burial plot.

EXT: THE VALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

One worker removes a steel designed epitaph from the top of a rough natural stone slab. The head of the slab is a vertical arrowhead stone piece with only the point at the head of the burial top stone.

The worker removes the grille and looks at Wesley.

WESLEY
Leave it here.

He looks at Curt.

CURT
I'm sure Unity Church Association
will appreciate it.

WESLEY
The Foundation has other plans.

The worker lays the piece on the ground. The epitaph in its
simple deco framework states:

FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT, 1867 1959

FADE OUT.

EXT. MADISON CREMATORIUM - THAT NIGHT

Wesley pulls up the same car and is followed by the panel van
that was at the cemetery. The panel van pulls up to the
receiving door. Wesley is met by the crematorium owner
SORENSEN, 40's, and two workers. Wesley is carrying papers
and a decorative box.

SORENSEN
Mr. Peters.

WESLEY
Mr. Sorensen

Wesley hands Sorensen some papers which are reviewed.

SORENSEN
Everything appears in order. When
do you wish to have his ashes.

WESLEY
I will wait.

Wesley hands him an envelope. Sorensen opens it and sees
cash.

SORENSEN
It will take about an hour.

Wesley turns and signals to the driver. He hands Sorensen the
decorative box. The driver and the two workers position the
van to remove Wright's exhumed casket into the building.
Wesley lights up a cigarette while this takes place.

INT/EXT - WESLEY'S CAR - DAY

Wesley is driving his car into the sunset. The radio is on. On the passenger seat is a decorative box. The car's has an Arizona license plate.

EXT: THE VALLEY - LATE AFTERNOON

Graphic: Spring Green, Wisconsin - 1932

65-year-old FRANK Lloyd Wright and third wife OLGA, 34, former dancer and Russian emigrant, are at the Wright family plot. There is a space between them as Frank is standing at his mother's marker. There is a defined, reserved open space near her. Frank looks around.

OLGA
Any thoughts?

FRANK
No. No changes when the time comes.

OLGA
I will see to it. There is time.
Much time, my dearest.

FRANK
Yes.

She steps forward and extends her hand. He takes it. She steps in one direction, but he stops and lets go. He walks solitarily to one more modest piece of stone. As they walk toward the marker, OLGA looks away. He stops at the marker. It reads:

Mamah
Bostwick
Cheney
1869 - 1914

Frank's eyes water.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. TALIESIN - DINING ROOM - NOON - FLASHBACK 1914

MAMAH Cheney, 45, and two friends from Chicago are about to have lunch at FLW's home, Taliesin.

MAMAH
I'm so glad you came.

FRIEND 1
Oh Mamah, we so do look forward to
being in this place.

FRIEND 2
Yes, it's...very special

FRIEND 1
It speaks without speaking...

MAMAH
If that were only true of Frank,
well, sometimes..

GROUP
Small laughter

MAMAH
He should be coming back in a week.

In the distance, a scream is heard. The women stop their
conversation and look in the sound's direction.

INT. TALIESIN - MOMENTS LATER

Former servant JULIAN Carlton, Mid-40's, is walking through
the house towards the dining area. He is carrying an axe in
his right hand.

He enters the room with the three women. Mamah sees the
recently fired servant, but not immediately the axe.

MAMAH
Julian, you're back....

The women realize they're in danger.

GROUP
Screams

FADE TO BLACK

INT. TALIESIN - DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Mamah and her friends' bloody and hacked bodies are on the
floor as JULIAN sets fire to the room around the bodies.

INT. STUDIO - CHICAGO - EARLY EVENING

FRANK is going over drawing with a CLIENT, white 40's, in the studio. There is a sound of rapid food steps outside the studio. Then, two men are heard arguing outside.

STUDIO JAMES (O.C.)
I must see him!

A STUDIO JAMES, out of breath, enters the room interrupting FRANKS meeting.

STUDIO JAMES (CONT'D)
Mr. Wright!

FRANK
James, I'm in...

STUDIO JAMES
Mr. Wright!

Turns back to his client.

FRANK
If you'll excuse me.

He gets up and points to the employee to follow him to another part of the studio.

FRANK (CONT'D)
James, this interruption. It's unacceptable..

STUDIO JAMES
Taliesin. It's burned down.

FRANK
What?

STUDIO JAMES
Set on fire. Burned.

FRANK
Mamah?

STUDIO JAMES
I'm so sorry....

Frank takes slow and staggered step back, turns as if to go the client, raises a hand against the wall. Pauses.

FRANK
I've lost an essence which I shall
not recover.

He looks back at STUDIO JAMES.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Clear out your drawing area. Your
presence is no longer needed in
this studio.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. THE VALLEY - LATE AFTERNOON - 1932

Frank and Olga are walking back to their car. As they walk, Frank takes quick glances that the small stone Unity Chapel now near the family plot. He sees the building as his first drawing that began his architectural path.

OLGA
It is well, my darling.

FRANK
You give me your gifts for life

OLGA
As you.

FRANK
It will never stop now.

OLGA
With the Fellowship, those elements
that will secure your legacy to
legend. The Fellowship and the
autobiography now published.

FRANK
Yes, yes, yes.

OLGA
You will have no peer in the annals
of American architecture.

FRANK
I've never had one.

OLGA
And you never will.

They smile as he looks at the chapel one more time.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT UNITY CHAPEL - LATE SUMMER DAY 1887 - FLASHBACK

The Unity Chapel near the cemetery is being constructed. FRANK is home from college and helping in the construction. It is midday and the few construction workers have stopped for lunch. Frank's mother, ANNA Lloyd Wright, 49, has brought water for the workers. Frank has a satchel and sketch pad beside him on a bench.

EXT. UNITY CHAPEL - LATE SUMMER DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Frank's uncle Jenkin "JENKS" Lloyd Jones and contracted Chicago architect Joseph Lyman SILSBERER are arriving by livery carriage to review the progress on the chapel. JENKS smiles at they get closer to the project.

SILSBEE

It appears that the reports are accurate.

JENKS

Yes, well on schedule. The congregation is pleased.

SILSBEE

How could they not be? You are the minister of All Saints.

JENKS

Blessed to be, as we by your gift of your vision for this chapel.

SILSBEE

Our mutual view of His need for us to share our natural gifts.

(Pause)

There's Anna, my sister with nephew Frank.

Anna and Frank recognize Jenks and approach the carriage, and wait for the men to step off.

JENKS

Anna

ANNA
Minister Jones. Welcome home.

JENKS
Anna.

Anna can see by Silsbee's dress, that he is of stature and importance.

ANNA
We must observe formalities before your guest.

JENKS
Joseph, my sister Anna Lloyd Wright.

SILSBEE
Mrs. Wright, Joseph Lyman Silsbee. Architect for your chapel.

ANNA
Mr. Silsbee, we are all aware and blessed for it. Welcome.

Frank cannot take his eyes off Silsbee's suit and accessories.

SILSBEE
I am pleased to be among our fellowship, and at least a day out of Chicago.

JENKS
And this is my nephew Frank.

SILSBEE
Frank.

Silsbee extends to shake hands.

FRANK
Frank Lloyd Wright

SILSBEE
Frank Lloyd Wright

FRANK
Yes, sir.

SILSBEE
A little flair. So noted.

JENKS

Frank, can you show the livery where he can wait this afternoon until we are finished. And take my bags to the house.

FRANK

Yes uncle.

ANNA

Would you gentlemen care for any water and a bite to eat?

The men look at each other.

JENKS.

Water will be fine, Anna, thank you.

She walks off to get them water. The men walk to inspect the progress on the chapel.

EXT. UNITY CHAPEL - AFTERNOON

Jenks and Silsbee come out of the Chapel. Silsbee spots Frank on a bench sketching.

SILSBEE

I am pleased.

JENKS

Yes, I am more pleased now than a few hours ago.

Silsbee looks over to Frank on the bench.

SILSBEE

If you don't mind, I'll take that moment to your nephew a moment.

JENKS

Thank you, Joseph. He listens well.

SILSBEE

How old?

JENKS

Nineteen.

SILSBEE

Still a youth.

JENKS
I'll have someone bring the livery
driver around.

Silsbee nods and walks over to Frank.

FRANK
Mr. Silsbee.

SILSBEE
Frank..Lloyd..Wright.

FRANK
Yes, sir.

SILSBEE
Your uncle tells me you're going to
school in Madison to become an
architect.

FRANK
Yes.

SILSBEE
Do you know *why* you want to be an
architect?

FRANK
I want to create and build
structures that will make a
statement.

SILSBEE
Can I see your sketch?

FRANK
Drawing.

SILSBEE
Sketch.

Frank hands his sketch pad. Silsbee looks at the current drawing and a couple pages behind. They are rough sketches of only the chapel building before them. He hands it back to Frank.

SILSBEE (CONT'D)
As I said, a sketch. But some
promise.

FRANK
Promise?

SILSBEE
They're sketches until you see all
the forces in the works creation.

FRANK
Sir?

SILSBEE
I believe there is one of my
"renderings" of the chapel here.

FRANK
Yes.

SILSBEE
If you ever get to Chicago, or
after you complete school, I'd like
to see if you have a better idea of
what architecture is really about.

The livery arrives with Jenks. Jenks gets out to say goodbye
to his contracted architect.

FRANK
Why Chicago?

SILSBEE
Any architect worth their craft and
gifts works and competes there.
It's the center of our
universe..for now.

Silsbee shakes Frank's hand.

SILSBEE (CONT'D)
Good luck, Frank Lloyd Wright.

FRANK
Thank you, sir.

Jenks and Silsbee shake hands.

JENKS
Again, we're very pleased.

SILSBEE
Pleased clients is the objective of
our work. You'll be back All Saints
for service?

JENKS
Yes, I have the sermon in my head
already. Ephesians 2:21.

Silsbee nods, smiles, and departs. Jenks puts his hand on Frank's shoulder.

JENKS (CONT'D)
Who spoke?

FRANK
He did.

JENKS
Did you learn anything?

FRANK
Yes.

JENKS
Your mother wants you to be an architect. Is that what you still want?

FRANK
Yes.

JENKS
Well, you'll be back in Madison soon.

FRANK
Yes.

(Under his breath.)

My school is in Chicago.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT/INT. - UNITY CHAPEL - AFTERNOON 1932

Frank and Olga are walking back to their chauffeured car after the cemetery visit. The waiting chauffer assists them into the vehicle. They are calm as they get in the car.

OLGA
Back to Taliesin.

CHAUFFER.
Yes, Mrs. Wright.

INT/EXT. CAR INTERIOR - MOMENTS LATER

Olga is looking out the window.

OLGA
Fourteen students, tuition, and
more resources for you.

She pats him on the hand.

FRANK
Yes. It will help, in many ways.

He looks out as they approach Taliesin.

OLGA
Any further thoughts of Arizona?

FRANK
Winter is coming.

OLGA
Yes. We could do the same there.

FRANK
Yes. The desert provides for those
who respect and know who to use it.

OLGA
It could be *our* Taliesen.

He shows a faint smile.

FRANK
West.

OLGA
West?

FRANK
Taliesin-West.

OLGA
Yes, Taliesin West.

FRANK
I'll have Arthur contact some of
our clients have interests in
Phoenix about the appropriate
location.

OLGA

Yes, he's very discreet.

FRANK

I'll have him check my schedule.
We'll go soon. Fall is about on us
here.

OLGA

Yes, it will be good in the desert.
I can't stand snow and the cold any
more. It takes me back to a place I
can hardly remember. Except the
winters. Anyway, our best years are
still ahead of us.

They smile at each other as they arrive at Taliesin.

INT. TALIESIN - EVENING

Students of the Fellowship Studio have entered the theatre section of Taliesin for an end of the semester concert. There is a piano in the "stage" area. They are standing in conversation. Student Hugh Duffey, 20's, is standing at one wall, looking at the red tinged limestone pieces scattered amongst the white limestone pieces. Olga approaches Hugh. Frank is not in the room yet.

HUGH

Mrs. Wright.

OLGA

Do you know much about limestone,
Mr. Duffey?

HUGH

How it's organically created? Heat,
pressure, and time.

OLGA

That could be said about everyone
in this room. But, here on the
stone. This color?

HUGH

Not really.

OLGA

Heat as well. In this case, fire.

HUGH

The fire?

OLGA

Yes. This room was once the dining area. Mr. Wright kept the stones when he rebuilt it into our theatre.

Frank enters the theatre, and the attendees turn in his direction, and he motions for them to be seated. As they do, he sits at the piano and plays a few bars of Bach. He stops and turns to young architects and stands.

(Note: FLW speaks of himself in third person.)

FRANK

The beloved mother was correct when she taught the boy how music provides us nourishment and reflection for our organic spirit and aspirations. For that child, it was filled with music for the ages and the era. In our last evening together for a while, please welcome a guest to Taliesin, Oscar Levant.

Levant enters the room to applause, notes appreciation, and opens by playing "Sonatina for Piano." Frank watches and thinks back to his childhood.

FADE OUT -
FLASHBACK

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT 1885

MUSIC

(Piano of same Bach melody as previous scene. It is Frank's musician father downstairs.)

16-year-old Frank Lloyd Wright's upstairs bedroom. There's the Celtic cross, and pictures of cathedrals which his mother has made sure were on his walls during his entire youth. There are colorful geometric blocks on a desk, along with printer blocks of different fonts. On the open door is a sign that reads "Sanctum," and a sign below it, "Keep Out." There are many books. Frank is lying on his bed. *Aladdin and the Arabian Nights* is by his side. Anna's footsteps are heard, and she stops in the doorway.

ANNA

I'm glad your home.

FRANK

Oh, Mother, I'm all right. I was just thinking.

ANNA

Thinking?

FRANK

Oh, how wonderful the lives of some people are, and what wonderful things happen to them. And we live along just the same every day. Nothing ever happens.

ANNA

You are a young man, but so young. It may seem the same to you, but we know with the Lord's guidance our faith in what he creates for us every day. Even ever so slow. Look about you. The family needs help on the farm now, it that time use that gift for my desire for the life I want for you. Now you're home for school.

(Pause)

FRANK

But next summer....

ANNA

No more running away?

FRANK

No more.

ANNA

One more summer, then college.

FRANK

One more.

They smile and embrace each other.

ANNA

Goodnight, sweetheart. I love you.

FRANK

I love you.

Anna walks out of the room and closes the door. She gets on her knees and makes a silent prayer, as Bach continues to be heard from downstairs.

INT. WRIGHT HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Anna comes down the stairs as looks at her husband WILLIAM, 53, white beard playing the piano. His seventeen years older looks much older. Anna sits down at the kitchen table and looks at her husband. He feels her eyes and stops playing and turns to her.

ANNA

Mr. Wright.

WILLIAM

Mrs. Wright.

ANNA

Mr. Wright, I am a woman of faith and have been a dutiful wife in this marriage.

WILLIAM

Dutiful throughout. Is there something you wish to discuss?

ANNA

Yes. It is my observation that with the departure of your grown children from the previous Mrs. Wright, your husbandry, either as a minister or teacher of music has never been sufficient, and it has become even less with my Frank, Jennie, and Maginel.

WILLIAM

Is there a point to this issue? I am your husband, Mrs. Wright.

ANNA

You are an embarrassment, Mr. Wright.

WILLIAM

An embarrassment?

ANNA

I have to work. My son provides me his wages from the family farm, as well as some occasional assistance from my brothers.

WILLIAM

I do the best with what the Lord has provided me.

ANNA

Soft hands, a soft mind, and an icy heart to my three children.

WILLIAM

It is a marriage of mutual need.

ANNA

Only a need of yours. Mr. Wright. Leave us. I will manage with the children. Go your way. We will never ask you for anything except this home. The savings on my earning as a teacher have put into this, and I have put into it in so many years of my life.

WILLIAM

Mrs. Wright..

ANNA

No! We will never ask you for help. If you ever send us anything, send it. If you cannot, we will do the best we can."

INT. TALIESIN - NIGHT

Return to the Levant concert in the theatre. Frank's eyes are moist at the conclusion. The students stand to applaud the artist. Levant looks at Frank for his approval of the performance. Frank offers Levant a Japanese style bow to show the artist his approval.

INT. TALIESIN - DAY

Frank is in his studio/office. There is a soft knock on the door. Arthur Holden enters.

FRANK

Arthur.

ARTHUR

Mr. Wright. There's a Mr. Kaufman on the phone.

FRANK

This is urgent?

ARTHUR
I've had a brief conversation with
him. I believe it is in your
interest to speak with him.

FRANK
This is Edgar Kaufman, our
Pittsburgh philanthropist?

ARTHUR
Yes.

Frank nods and points to another desk with a phone to receive
the call. Arthur leaves the room.

(Phone rings)

FRANK
Hello, Edgar.

EDGAR
Is this Frank Lloyd Wright?

FRANK
There's only one.

EDGAR
Really? Because the famous one I've
heard about. The famous one my son
just had to attend his school. Then
one that has \$40,000 of my earnest
money, hasn't done shit in three
months about my home that I have
neither seen nor heard about.

FRANK
Edgar, you sound upset.

EDGAR
Show me what you've done!

FRANK
Edgar?

EDGAR
Show me what you've done so far.

FRANK
When you like to see it?

EDGAR
In four hours.

FRANK
Four hours? Where are you?

EDGAR
I'm in the fucking Milwaukee. In
four hours I better see what you've
done, or a check for \$ 40,000.

FRANK
Not a problem.

EDGAR
Which?

FRANK
I'm not writing checks today.

EDGAR
See you in three.

Click of the phone in Frank's ear.

FRANK
Arthur!

Arthur returns to the office.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Did you take notes?

ARTHUR
Yes, sir.

FRANK
What have we done so far?

ARTHUR
Nothing since the site visit.

FRANK
That's what I thought. Topography
chart?

ARTHUR
Yes?

FRANK
Photos?

ARTHUR
When you were there with Mr.
Kaufman's son.

FRANK
Junior.

ARTHUR

Yes.

FRANK

He didn't say so, but Junior will probably be with him. Set the studio up for a presentation.

ARTHUR

But we have nothing.

FRANK

So did Aladdin..

ARTHUR

Sir?

FRANK

I need two draftsmen and our best artist: Tovish, Elmore, and..Reagan. Reagan's Jewish, right?

ARTHUR

I believe so. Does it matter?

FRANK

Not to me. Send everyone else home. Set up two big presentation boards. Lay out the chart and photographs next to the boards. Give the three the background, and we'll begin in ten minutes.

INT. TALIESIN - GROUP STUDIO - MOMENTS LATER

The one end of the studio is set up as Frank requested, as students are leaving the room. Arthur is at the other end. Frank is at the presentation board and looking at the photos and the topo chart. He visualizes the home on the presentation boards as the work team approaches. He begins to draw lines on one of the large boards. The three students sit at the three nearest draft boards.

FRANK

Gentlemen, you were selected to be here because you demonstrated some talent and vision to its founder. Today, you are being directed to compress those gifts for a presentation for one of the fellowship's patrons.

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

You have two and half hours to complete a full rendering for a full presentation in three hours. Time is not our ally. Here's what we are creating.

Visualization of Frank expressing his ideas and drawing them on one of the drafting tables. As he points to one of the draftsmen-students he wants the concept articulated on paper. Midway through the session, the artist draws the vision on the second large board.

INT/EXT. TALIESIN - AFTERNOON

The sedan with Edgar and Junior approach Taliesin's front door.

EDGAR

Okay, Junior. You ready to see if your architectural idol is really a genius?

JUNIOR

You will see something we've never seen before.

EDGAR

I fucking better see more than that.

INT. TALIESIN - GROUP STUDIO

Frank is looking at the large board as Arthur walks up behind him.

ARTHUR

The Kaufmann's have arrived.

FRANK

Give me a moment.

ARTHUR

Sir. We will be in the foyer.

FRANK

Gentlemen, I am pleased with this effort for the fellowship. Arthur will notify you if this work has been accepted by our patron.

The three leave the studio, Frank covers the boards by flipping another blank drafting sheet over their work. Frank walks to the foyer to meet the Kaufmanns.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Mr. Kaufmann.

EDGAR
Mr. Wright.

FRANK
Junior, welcome back to Taliesin.

JUNIOR
Thank you. I regret the circumstances.

FRANK
Not to fret. Taliesin is a school. Architecture is the business of the school.

(Pause)

FRANK (CONT'D)
And to that end, if you will, please follow me.

They walk to the big board. Arthur follows but keeps a distance. He sits at a drafting table and will take notes of the conversation. There are two chairs in front of the board for the Kaufmanns to sit as Frank makes his presentation with a theatrical flair. The photos and topographic chart are still on the other board. The prelim sketches have been covered. A large blank cover sheet is over the final rendering.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Edgar, when I met Junior to discuss this home for you, he said it would be special. He said it would be a unique challenge. He suggested we might not be able to do it.

(Pause)

When I received your call this morning, I must confess that I was more than a little hurt. Offended, really. As if the architect had done nothing about your dream.

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

A dream of bringing together nature in composition of strength and serenity in one place. But here we are...

We slowly walks to the board.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Edgar and Junior, the architect presents to you "Fallingwater."

The Kauffmann's are silent. There is a concept rendition, three levels of floor plans, and elevation diagram of the home. Edgar stands and walks up to the board. As he looks at it closely, his eyes water. Junior stands. Edgar turns and embraces his son. He turns and looks at Frank.

EDGAR

Junior's right. You are a fucking genius.

FRANK

Yes, and a little more than that.

JUNIOR

There's nothing like it.

FRANK

It what this architect delivers. It has some challenges. Some additional costs not expected.

EDGAR

I don't care. Build it!

Frank looks at Arthur, who smiles.

FRANK

And so our work really begins. It will be a significant statement about you as an important part of the architect's portfolio of his patrons.

EDGAR

Portfolio. How many?

FRANK

Not many. Well, those that choose to say I have a Frank Lloyd Wright masterpiece.

EDGAR
A masterpiece.

FRANK
Edgar..

EDGAR
E. J., please.

FRANK
E.J., Arthur will show Junior and
you to my office to discuss the
project. I'll be there momentarily.

Arthur leads the new patrons to Frank's office/studio. Frank
turns and admires the rendering.

FRANK.
Now that's a sketch.

FADE OUT.

Reprise of Frank and Silsbee meeting.

SILSBEE
Can I see your sketch?

FRANK

Frank hands his sketch pad. Silsbee looks at the current
drawing and a couple pages behind. They are rough sketches of
only the chapel building before them. He hands it back to
Frank.

SILSBEE
As I said, sketch. But some
promise. If you ever get to
Chicago, or after you complete
school, I'd like to see if you have
a better idea of what architecture
is really about.

EXT. WISCONSIN COUNTRYSIDE - EVENING

Frank is walking to a place on a ridge overlooking the
farming valley. It's where he will eventually build Taliesin.
He's taking in the smell and sounds of a place he is about to
leave.

EXT/INT. ROBIE LAMBS'S HOUSE - LATER THAT EVENING

Frank is going to see his friend ROBIE, 18. As he approaches, he can hear and see his friend playing a violin through a window. He raps on the window. Robbie stops and motions for him to come inside. Robbie puts down the violin and reaches for his crutches. He has lost the use of his legs. He still gets up to greet his best friend.

FRANK

Hello.

ROBIE

This is unusual.

FRANK

Yes, but I needed to talk to you.

ROBIE

Money?

FRANK

Not initially, but money is a part of it.

They sit down.

ROBIE

What is it? Your mother?

FRANK

No.

ROBIE

Well, I know it's not a girl.

FRANK

(Embarrassed smile.)
No.

ROBIE

Well.

FRANK

I need to leave. I'm leaving.

ROBIE

Leave?

FRANK

I'm going to Chicago.

ROBIE

But you haven't finished college.

FRANK

It's a waster of time. I've learned more about architecture at Professor Conover's office than any of the classes. Honestly, I can't really remember a thing from those engineering classes. They require no imagination!

ROBIE

Well, I know you well enough not to waste my time trying to persuade you against something when you've already decided.

FRANK

I'm asking you not to tell anyone for a few days.

ROBIE

When are you doing this?

FRANK

In the morning.

ROBIE

Have you planned this out? I mean, where are you going to stay? How are you going to find a job?

FRANK

I don't know. I'll figure it out.

ROBIE

And money?

FRANK

Well, I do have to buy a train ticket.

Robie points to a box on a self. Frank gets up and retrieves it for him. Robie opens it, and hands him all the money that's in it.

ROBIE

Frank, you've been my only genjine friend. Here. I've seen your magic in persuading people when we had nothing for our little printing and other projects. This isn't much.

FRANK

Thank you.

ROBIE

It's not a loan. I know better.

Frank stands and shakes Robie's hand. Frank pulls an envelop from his pocket and hands it to Robie.

FRANK

It's a loan. Give this to my mother when she comes by.

Robie smiles and shakes his head.

ROBIE

Come see me if you ever come back to the Valley.

FRANK

I don't know..

ROBIE

Oh, you'll be back. Goodbye, Frank.

FRANK

Goodbye, Robie.

Frank leaves the house, and can hear the Bach from Robie's violin.

EXT. CHICAGO TRAIN STATION 1886 - DAY

Frank steps out of the Northwestern Railway station and experiences the full cacophony of a new American city exploding in growth and construction. Frank pulls out a slip of paper with Silsbee office location: 1235 South Wabash. He starts walks toward downtown with two bags of his worldly possessions.

EXT/INT. SILSBEE OFFICE - MORNING

Frank sits in the office doorway of Silsbee's studio. Silsbee draftsman CECIL Corwin, 20's, sees Frank standing as he arrives for work.

CECIL

Good Morning.

FRANK

Good Morning.

CECIL

Can I help you?

FRANK

Yes, I am here to see Mr. Silsbee about a drafting position

CECIL

You know Mr. Silsbee?

FRANK

Yes, we met at his Unity Chapel commission in Wisconsin.

Cecil extends his hand.

CECIL

Cecil Corwin

FRANK

Frank Lloyd Wright

CECIL

Frank. Was Mr. Silsbee expecting you?

FRANK

Why?

CECIL

I wasn't aware we were looking to add another draftsman.

FRANK

He suggested when I was in Chicago to come see him. That this was the place to become an architect of importance.

CECIL

Of Importance? Mr. Silsbee said that?

FRANK

Yes.

CECIL

Does sound like something Mr. Silsbee would say. Maybe about himself.

FRANK

He was very clear. If I want to be an architect, this was the only place to be.

CECIL

Well, there's no shortage of work,
that's for sure. Come on in and
have a seat. I can't tell you when
Mr. Silsbee will arrive.

The two men walk into Silsbee's studio.

INT. SILSBEE STUDIO - MORNING

Silsbee arrives to find Frank sitting in a chair. There are three draftsmen working in the studio. Cecil hears the brief conversation between Silsbee and Frank. Frank stands up as soon as Silsbee comes enters. Silsbee stops, pauses.

SILSBEE

Well, well, Mr. Frank Lloyd Wright.

FRANK

Mr. Silsbee.

SILSBEE

Sit down, Mr. Wright. Who took you
in this morning?

FRANK

Sir?

SILSBEE

Who brought you into the studio?

FRANK

Mr. Corbin.

Silsbee looks at Cecil. Cecil does not look up.

SILSBEE

Mr. Corbin.

Silsbee looks at Cecil and walks past him and into the office. The clock on the wall is 9:05.

INT. SILSBEE OFFICE

Silsbee has a desk and drafting board and his walls have renditions and some cathedral photos. He looks at his watch. It's 9:30 am.

SILSBEE

(Loud voice)

Mr. Corwin

Cecil at his drafting table.

CECIL

Shit.

He gets up and goes into Silsbee's office and stands in front of Silsbee at this desk.

SILSBEE

You know the rules about bringing people into this studio.

CECIL

Yes, sir. I thought.

SILSBEE

You did not think.

CECIL

Yes, sir.

SILSBEE

Do you know who Mr. Wright is?

CECIL

No, sir.

SILSBEE

Of course you don't. He's the nephew of a very important client. Now you've put me in a delicate position.

CECIL

Yes, sir.

SILSBEE

No, I don't think you could grasp that fact.

CECIL

Yes, sir.

SILSBEE

I am docking you a day's pay for this transgression. Go back to work.

CECIL

Yes, sir.

Cecil returns and Silsbee get up from the desk and stands in the doorway of his office.

SILSBEE
Mr. Wright.

Frank gets up and walks towards Silsbee. He glances at Cecil, but Cecil does not look up. Frank follows Silsbee into his office. Silsbee sits. Frank stands.

SILSBEE (CONT'D)
Rather bold of you Mr. Wright.

SILSBEE (CONT'D)
Frank Lloyd..

SILSBEE (CONT'D)
None of that shit in here with me,
Mr. Wright.

FRANK
Yes, sir.

SILSBEE
Why are you here?

FRANK
I want to be an architect.

SILSBEE
Why are you here?

FRANK
I want to do more than sketch.

SILSBEE
Why are you here?

FRANK
I'm asking for a job

SILSBEE
Was that hard?

FRANK
What?

SILSBEE
Asking?

FRANK
No.

SILSBEE
Why didn't you go back to school?

FRANK

I'll learn more here than I would ever learn in Madison. Engineering is boring.

SILSBEE

Maybe, but it is fundamental if you plan on building. Anything.

FRANK

True. But they're boring.

SILSBEE

Who are?

FRANK

Engineers.

SILSBEE

Have you done any real drafting?

FRANK

Yes, sir. Every afternoon for one of my professors. Engineering classes in the morning. Drafting in the afternoon.

SILSBEE

Paid?

FRANK

Yes sir, to help support my mother.

Silsbee pauses.

SILSBEE

Mr. Corwin!

Cecil looks up from his desk, as the other draftsmen looks at him and each other. They have nervous smiles of better him than us. Cecil leaves his desk slowly and enters Silsbee's office.

SILSBEE (CONT'D)

Mr. Corwin, it seems your uninvited guest, Mr. Wright, believes himself to be a draftsman.

CECIL

Yes, sir.

SILSBEE
Give Mr. Wright a drafting table
and have him work on your most
pressing assignment. I have to go
see a client. Don't go home until I
return.

CECIL
Yes, sir. Mr. Wright.

Frank follows Cecil out to a drafting table where Cecil sets
him up as Silsbee leaves to meet prospective clients and
Frank's uncle, the minister Jenks Jones.

CECIL (CONT'D)
(Muttering to himself)
Nice going asshole. You just fucked
yourself.

INT. MINISTER JENK'S OFFICE - EARLY AFTERNOON

Jenks door is open. Silsbee knocks and steps in the doorway.
Jenks looks up.

JENKS
Mr. Silsbee.

SILSBEE
Minister Jenks.

JENKS
Did we have an appointment?

SILSBEE
No, but something has come up, and
I thought you should be made aware.

JENKS
That is?

SILSBEE
Your nephew showed up on my
business doorstep looking for work.

JENKS
I would like to tell you I'm
surprised, but my initial reaction
is disappointed. However..

SILSBEE
Not really surprised..

JENKS

His mother and our family expected him to finish school.

SILSBEE

He thinks he'll learn more here.

JENKS

I'm sure he thinks that. Being a farmer or in the ministry was never to be his calling. His mother's plans for him made sure of that. I appreciate you bringing this to my attention.

SILSBEE

What else can you tell me?

JENKS

As any child, he's a product of his upbringing. I won't say a tireless worker, but he will work beyond being tired. He retains what interests him; mostly music, art, and finding ways of keeping people...enraptured. An inheritance from his father. That did not translate into becoming a man who provides.

SILSBEE

Provides?

JENKS

His father's self-indulgences never resulted in a stable home for six children. Frank had a nomadic existence with a Baptist preacher father who couldn't keep the attention of his flock. So what are you going to do?

SILSBEE

This conversation is not what I expected. I don't have to decide today. I'll see if he is still at the studio when I get back.

JENKS

Oh, he'll be there. He's not thinking of anything else. Thank you for your sensitivity and coming.

(MORE)

JENKS (CONT'D)

I'll need to get in contact with his mother. No doubt, he just left.

SILSBEE

No doubt. That he has in common with many of us who've arrived in Chicago.

EXT/INT. - CHIICAGO ATHLETIC CLUB - LATE AFTERNOON

Architect Louis SULLIVAN, 32, is arriving at the entrance of the exclusive Chicago Athletic Club. He passes Silsbee on the street. Silsbee recognizes him. Sullivan is unaware of Silsbee in Chicago. Sullivan enters the lobby and is greeted by concierge Howard CILGALLON, early 30's, who recognizes the new face and has been waiting for his arrival.

CILGALLON

Ah, Mr. Sullivan. Welcome to the Chicago Athletic Club. I'm your concierge for the club, Howard Cilgallon.

They shake hands as Sullivan pulls a card from inside his suit.

SULLIVAN

Mr. Cillgallon,

CILGALLON

Howard, please.

SULLIVAN

I have an invitation from a Mr. Thomas Bryan

CILGALLON

Yes, sir. Mr. Bryan and his associates are waiting for you.

SULLIVAN

Associates.

CILGALLON

Yes, several of Chicago's men of influence. Such as yourself.

SULLIVAN

Sir, I am an architect.

CILGALLON
Precisely. This way Mr. Sullivan to
Mr. Bryan's salon.

They walk over and enter an elevator..

INT. MEETING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Businessman executive Thomas BRYAN, 50's, politician DeWitt Clinton CREIGHER, 60's, and railroad executive Edward TURNER, 60's, are sitting at a round table. They're just shooting conversation about the new republican mayor as the Cilgallon knocks on the door.

TURNER
Our guest has arrived. Come in.

The three stand up.

CILGALLON
Mr. Turner. Louis Henry Sullivan.
Architect partner of Adler and
Sullivan.

TURNER
Thank you Howard. Mr. Sullivan,
welcome.

SULLIVAN
Mr. Turner.

TURNER
May I introduce a couple of our
members? Mr. DeWitt Clinton
Creigher, Chicago Public Works, and
our next mayor of Chicago.

GROUP
(Smiles and smug
chuckling)

SULLIVAN
Mr. Creigher. What Chicagoan in my
work is not aware of Mr. Creigher?
Good afternoon, sir.

Hand shake.

CREIGHER
Mr. Sullivan.

BRYAN
And my good friend, and important
in the future of Chicago, Mr.
Edward Turner, CEO of the Illinois
Central Railroad.

SULLIVAN
Mr. Turner.

TURNER
Mr. Sullivan, welcome.

BRYAN
Let's all be seated and familiarize
Mr. Sullivan with our quest. We
have our libations. Mr. Sullivan?

SULLIVAN
Bourbon. Neat.

BRYAN
Howard, can you have ours
refreshed?

CILGALLON
Yes, Mr. Bryan.

Cilgallon leaves as they settle back into their chairs.

BRYAN
I'll get right to it, Mr. Sullivan.

SULLIVAN
Please.

BRYAN
There's been a modern industrial
miracle, Mr. Sullivan. A beacon of
what's possible.

SULLIVAN
Sir?

BRYAN
Chicago, Mr. Sullivan. Chicago.
Twenty years ago and only a handful
of buildings stood among the ashes
of the great fire. Now we have
skyscrapers. Now we're where the
new modern West and a new world
begins. We feed, we build, we
imagine the possible.

Creigher and Turner tap on the table.

CREIGHER

We know this to be true. But we need to take the next step.

SULLIVAN

Where does that include Adler and Sullivan?

TURNER

No, sir. The question is where does that *include* you?

SULLIVAN

Sir?

BRYAN

It's just talk now, but there's going to be a World Colombian Exhibition in the United States. A demonstration.

CREIGHER

To the world!

BRYAN

Yes, DeWitt. To the world. To promote the American dream. American vision. American strength. Resilience and limitlessness. Everything that's already happened in Chicago since the fire.

CREIGHER

And is still happening.

TURNER

And Mr. Sullivan, when we've spoken to our peers about the impressive new buildings around us your name is the one of the names we hear.

BRYAN

Repeatedly. Your name and participation will bring gravitas to our quest. You've been to Paris; the Beaux-Arts school.

SULLIVAN

Only one year.

TURNER

You have what others do not.

SULLIVAN

Gentlemen, is there an ask in all this?

BRYAN

More of a persuasive recruitment that will be beneficial to everyone sitting at our table.

CREIGHER

The federal government is about to announce a competition for a city to host the exhibition.

TURNER

It means lobbying, presentations, and the best imagination that will destroy the competition.

BRYAN

It means utilizing the greatest talent in Chicago to do that. And we, Mr. Sullivan, at this table believe your contributions can make a difference in this competition.

There's a knock on the door. A woman enters the drinks. She is upscale for the time and sexually alluring. She serves silently and leaves.

SULLIVAN

I thought this was a exclusively men's club.

TURNER

It is. A club for privileged gentlemen of our station.

Bryan pulls an envelop from the inside of his waistcoat.

SULLIVAN

What's this?

TURNER

Your personal membership to the club, and all its privileges.

SULLIVAN

I uncertain what I'll say to the partners.

TURNER

Mr. Adler will be appreciative of the added business received going forward.

BRYAN

Mr. Cilgallon will provide you an overview of the club's amenities, and your special privileges.

Sullivan opens the envelop and reads the one-page document.

SULLIVAN

Gentlemen, this is an unexpected honor and privilege.

CREIGHER

Not to worry, Mr. Sullivan, you'll earn it.

INT. SILSBEE STUDIO - EVENING

Silsbee arrives back at his studio. Corbin is at his table, and Frank is still drawing. Silsbee walks up to Frank.

SILSBEE

Mr. Wright, you can stop. Please leave and come back in the morning. We'll have that conversation about architecture and possible work for you in Chicago.

FRANK

Here?

SILSBEE

In Chicago.

FRANK

Thank you, sir. Mr. Corwin. Good night.

Frank leaves.

SILSBEE

Well, Mr. Corwin. What say you?

CECIL

Look, sir.

Cecil goes to another table where there is a noticeable stack of finished drawings. Silsbee walks over.

CECIL (CONT'D)
He did all of this!

SILSBEE
All of this?

CECIL
Yes! All of it.

SILSBEE
Did you review it?

CECIL
Yes. It's all correct. Plans,
elevations, all of it. I couldn't
do that in two days.

SILSBEE
Three.

CECIL
Yes sir.

SILSBEE
Okay, Mr. Corwin. Go home.

CECIL
Thank you, sir.

Cecil leaves as Silsbee continues to review the drawings.

EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Frank is watching Silsbee studio waiting for Cecil to come out.

FRANK
Cecil. Over here.

Cecil motions for Frank to be quiet even in the street noise,
and goes over to him.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Well?

CECIL
He didn't say anything.

FRANK
Nothing?

CECIL
Not a word.

FRANK

Well, what to you think.

CECIL

I know I still have a job. You think your uncle said something, like give you a job.

FRANK

Nah. For certain, he said something. But he would have said work, not job. Then he would have said how disappointed he was. Nothing about trying to support my mother.

CECIL

Well, he did say come back in the morning and working in Chicago.

FRANK

Not here?

CECIL

I don't think that's likely.

FRANK

Not hiring a client's son.

CECIL

I don't thank that's in his personal code. Look, I don't know about you, but I'm hungry.

Frank put is his hand in his pocket, and looks up at Cecil.

CECIL (CONT'D)

Hell, I'm putting you up for the night. I might as well feed ya too.

FRANK

I'll pay you back.

CECIL

Yes, you will.

INT. SILSBEE OFFICE - MORNING

The draftsmen are at work on their boards. Frank is waiting as Silsbree arrives.

SILSBEE

Mr. Wright, my office please.

FRANK

Yes, sir.

They enter Silsbee's office. The architect sits at his desk. Frank stands.

SILSBEE

Mr. Wright, after speaking with you uncle, and reviewing your work, I've decided to extend you the opportunity to experience actual architectural work.

FRANK

Thank you, sir.

SILSBEE

You should know, your uncle had no part in this offer of employment.

FRANK

I am sure he'd prefer that I had gone back to school.

SILSBEE

That is between Minister Jones and you.

FRANK

Yes, sir.

SILSBEE

Your pay will be eight dollars a week.

FRANK

Eight dollars?

SILSBEE

Eight dollars. Yes or no, Mr. Wright.

FRANK

Yes.

SILSBEE

Paid work hours are 7am to 6pm. Half-hour lunch. See Mr. Corwin about keeping a record of your time. He'll set you up at a table and you can assist him on his project. Welcome to Chicago architecture.

FRANK
Thank you, sir.

Frank leaves the office. Cecil looks up to see Frank coming to him smiling. Cecil smiles back.

INT. ALL SAINTS CHURCH - DAY

It's Sunday Service at All Saints, and Jenks is the presiding minister. Catherine Lee Tobin, KITTY, 16, red hair, is sitting in the front with her parents. Frank is in the back. Minister Jenks is sitting in his chair awaiting the conclusion of a hymn. Jenks rises and walks to the pulpit and looks among the attending. He sees Frank. He motions for the assembly to sit. Kitty is one of the last to do so. Frank locks his eyes off the red-haired young women. She sits.

JENKS
Good Morning my friends. It is
great to be in the Lord's presence.

(Recognition pause)

I was visited this week by a friend who is responsible for the building we call our church home. He brought news from my family home in Wisconsin, and news about our family home at All Saints. It was about the same family member. I speak of this because in the Bible we can reflect upon our lives, because it tells us stories of other families in similar circumstances. A child had suddenly left their parent. Unexpectedly. Not surprisingly. But predictable when your child decides to venture in a world he knows nothing about. And as Proverbs 22:6 tells us, "Train up a child in the way he should go; even when he is old, he will not depart from it." The parent did exactly this, but we still feel the heartbreak through our Lord's guidance and the child's action.

EXT/INT. WRIGHT HOME - DAY

Anna Wright is outside the home when Jenks arrives.

ANNA
Welcome back, brother.

JENKS
Anna. How are you?

ANNA
I would have thought the Lord would have taught you better to than ask the obvious.

JENKS
You not a church member. You're my sister.

ANNA
Well, come in. I'm sure your thirsty.

JENKS
Parched.

They go inside and sit at the kitchen table.

ANNA
How is he?

JENKS
He looks good. I don't ask him much at this point.

ANNA
Still working for Mr. Silsbee?

JENKS
Yes. Anna, it's only been a month.

ANNA
Still staying with ..

JENKS
Mr. Corwin. Yes, they've become chums.

ANNA
That's good.

JENKS
Yes. Being alone in Chicago is not good.

ANNA
Being alone is not good.

JENKS
(Sighs)
He's very busy in the job, much
like the farm. If he's not working,
it's Sunday. That seems to be
where he socializes.

ANNA
What type of socializing?

JENKS
He's signed up to participate in a
Gilbert and Sullivan production of
Pirates of Penzance with our
members.

ANNA
At All Saints.

JENKS
Yes, an extension of our music
program.

ANNA
At least he has time to have a
musical outlet.

JENKS
What to you mean?

Anna gets up and walks to a small stack of paper, and brings them back to the table. She hands them to Jenks.

ANNA
Here.

JENKS
What's this?

ANNA
Bills from Madison.

JENKS
Madison?

ANNA
My son did a little bit more than
go to classes and send me a little
money from that afternoon
architectural job.

JENKS
How much is here?

ANNA
About \$600.

JENKS
I'll talk to him. I'll take care of
it.

ANNA
Thank you. I would like to go to
Chicago soon.

JENKS
I'm sure he would like the
surprise.

ANNA
When is the performance?

JENKS
In a couple months.

INT. MUSIC REHEARSAL - AFTERNOON

The All Saints Unitarian musical director has assembled the players for their first rehearsal of the Gilbert and Sullivan operetta "Pirates of Penzance." KITTY, 16, is sitting with her friends, TELMA, 18, and BEA, 17. Frank is among the men auditioning.

TELMA
What to you think?

KITTY
Think?

BEA
The new boys.

KITTY
Most of them I recognize.

BEA
What about the Minister Jones'
nephew.

TELMA
The slender boy over there.

KITTY
The minister nephew?

TELMA
Oh, Kitty. You tease us.

KITTY
He's hard to miss. He's different.

BEA
How so?

KITTY
He's appears to be a bit of a peacock.

BEA
Have you introduced yourself?

KITTY
A proper young woman is not so reckless.

TELMA
Proper young lady.

KITTY
Always.

BEA
Yes. Above everything. We are proper women.

GROUP

The church musical director walks in with a pianist. The group chats stop, the director reviews the list of everyone that signed up.

MUSIC DIRECTOR
Ladies and gentlemen, thank you for interest in participating in our production of Pirates of Penzance. I am familiar with many of you, but with have some fresh faces. Our new players, please raise you hands and step forward. When I call your name, please state your role interest in our production and one talent.

Corchoran.

CORCHORAN
The pirate king, and dance.

MUSIC DIRECTOR
Sing and dance. Miss Johnson.

JOHNSON
A performer, and I speak French.

MUSIC DIRECTOR
French pirate....

GROUP
Faint laughter

MUSIC DIRECTOR
Mr. Wright.

FRANK
Frank Lloyd Wright. A performer and piano.

MUSIC DIRECTOR
Three word full name.
You know the operettas mister three words?

FRANK
Yes.

MUSIC DIRECTOR
How many?

FRANK
All of them.

Telma nudges Kitty.

TELMA
Frank Lloyd Wright.

KITTY
Indeed. He has a little flair about himself.

MUSIC DIRECTOR
The first part of today's rehearsal is just to auditions for roles, and later we see how can dance as a pirate. Pirate King, Mr. Corchoran.

CORCHORAN
Sir?

MUSIC DIRECTOR
With Cat-Like Tread. Sing.

CORCHORAN

But I

MUSIC DIRECTOR

Sing.

CORCHORAN

I need to hear the pianist.

MUSIC DIRECTOR

We need to *hear* only you. Sing the chorus.

CORCHORAN

Come friends, who plough the sea

Truce to navigation

Take another station

Let's vary piracy

With a little burglary

The Director cuts him off. Looks at his clipboard

MUSIC DIRECTOR

Thank you. Mr. Donovan. The Pirate King please.

INT. MUSIC REHEARSAL - LATER

The director has the troop lined up for a walk through of their dance to "With Cat-Like Tread." Kitty and Frank are part of the pirate chorus and dancers. The director has placed them next to each other.

MUSIC DIRECTOR

My players. Let's see how you sound and move. Mr. Corchoran, lead on as the Pirate King. Positions.

The players set themselves as the director sits by the pianist. They barely get into the tune when Frank is overzealous with his imaginary sword, loses balance and knocks Kitty down and falls over her. The group rushes to make sure they are not hurt. Frank only has heard the name, Kitty.

BEA AND TELMA

Kitty!

MUSIC DIRECTOR

Mr. Wright!

Kitty and Frank on the floor gather themselves. She looks at Frank with initial annoyance.

FRANK

I so, so, sorry. Are you alright, Kitty?

KITTY

I believe so. Catherine.
Catherine Lee Tobin.

FRANK

I sorry. I heard Kitty.

KITTY

Mr. Frank Lloyd Wright. You've not earned that privilege.

MUSIC DIRECTOR

Mr. Wright.

FRANK

Sir.

MUSIC DIRECTOR

Maybe you would like to assist Miss Tobin off the floor.

FRANK

Certainly. Miss Tobin.

MUSIC DIRECTOR

Kitty. Can you continue?

KITTY

I will do so.

MUSIC DIRECTOR

Fine. Mr. Wright what were attempting to do.

FRANK

Why to be a swashbuckling pirate.

MUSIC DIRECTOR

I see. If you want to continue with this production. Less swash. No buckle.

FRANK

Less swash.

MUSIC DIRECTOR

And?

FRANK

No buckle.

MUSIC DIRECTOR

Miss Tobin.

KITTY

Yes, no more buckling

GROUP

Laughter.

EXT. TENEMENT BALCONY - NIGHT

Frank is sitting on the balcony of Cecil's apartment. The night sounds of Chicago go on. Cecil comes out.

CECIL

Nice night.

FRANK

Is it?

CECIL

For me right now, yes. I don't think about work. Too much, anyway.

FRANK

It's work for you, isn't it.

CECIL

Isn't it for you?

FRANK

It's a path.

CECIL

What are you really thinking?

Frank looks at the lights of the city.

FRANK

Right now, I think about the Valley. I can feel the wind coming over the rises. I see the grasses and trees move with it. Even in it's silence, the naturalism speaks to me.

(Pause)

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

There's magazine and newspapers at the studio. Can we bring them home?

CECIL
I wouldn't ask.

FRANK
I'm not making enough.

CECIL
I won't argue with that. I know you're more productive than any of us already.

FRANK
I think we're better. You're better than you think. There's a lot of work going on.

CECIL
So?

FRANK
Important projects.

CECIL
So?

FRANK
I don't think Silsbee in that game.

CECIL
Pardon me Frank, but Jesus Christ! You've only been here three months!

FRANK
I know, but there's a young woman.

CECIL
How young?

FRANK
Does it matter? I want to be with her.

CECIL
So..What is it you want?

FRANK
More than I anticipated when I got on that train to Chicago.

CECIL
What are you going to do?

FRANK
Asks Silsbee for a raise or go on
strike.

CECIL
Oh, I'd like to see that. A one man
strike. I'll call the press.

FRANK
I know my worth!

CECIL
Well, I'd like you to have that
raise.

FRANK
When I get it.

CECIL
I know.

THE END

