

EUNICE CARTER

Written by

D. C. Murphy

From the biography

Invisible

By

Stephen L. Carter

EXT. ATLANTA, GEORGIA - DAY

The spring of 1899 brought WILLIAM and ADDIE HUNTON, an attractive, thirty-year-old, African American couple, to Atlanta. Addie is noticeably pregnant. They are holding each other in front of their new house.

WILLIAM

We built a fine house in a fine neighborhood.

ADDIE

Not bad for the children of slaves.

WILLIAM

College-educated children of slaves.

William slowly spins around looking.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

I feel safe here. Half of our neighbors are white, but I feel safe. And they seem to accept us. Atlanta is not like the rest of the South.

ADDIE

This is middle class. Most are business owners. . . . Don't expect to be invited to dinner.

WILLIAM

You're probably right. . . . But still, a good place to raise our children.

Addie looks down and rubs her belly. William notices. He takes her in his arms.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Now, this one going to make it. We can't lose three. You're going to take it slow and easy.

Addie forces a smile.

INT. HUNTON RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Addie is further along in her pregnancy. She is in the kitchen preparing dinner when William returns home from work. He greets Addie with a hug and a kiss. He has a newspaper in his hand.

ADDIE

Chicken for supper.

WILLIAM

(solum)

Sounds great.

ADDIE

And peas and fresh cornbread. It will be ready in ten minutes. And there's fresh sweet tea.

WILLIAM

Okay.

ADDIE

Is something wrong?

WILLIAM

I'm thinking about canceling my trip to Tokyo.

ADDIE

What! Canceling, why? That's two months away, the baby will be born by then.

WILLIAM

I know.

ADDIE

We have a maid lined up. I'll be fine. What good are you around a little one anyway?

WILLIAM

That's not it.

ADDIE

Than what? You're not sick, are you?

WILLIAM

Addie, I'm sick all right.

He unfolds his newspaper and shows her an article.

ADDIE

Sam Hose. It says he killed his employer in a fight. And they hung him.

WILLIAM

(solum)

A mob of five-hundred men hung him. Five-hundred white men. . Maybe we should move.

ADDIE

Give up on Atlanta? We came here to help Negros. Our work is important.

WILLIAM

I know but I travel so much and so do you.

ADDIE

Our family will be fine. We can get a good housemaid.

WILLIAM

I didn't tell you the worst part. You'll never see it in the papers. At least not any newspaper in the South.

ADDIE

What?

WILLIAM

(somber, staring down)

They cut him. They cut him up!

ADDIE

(puzzled)

They cut him?

WILLIAM

(angry)

It's worse. They cut off his parts and are now selling them in the stores! The white stores!

ADDIE

(gasp)
Oh, my god!

WILLIAM

The white stores are selling
everything, his ears, feet, skin,
everything!

Addie stares. A tear forms.

ADDIE

What kind of animals would do that?

William shakes his head. Sweat forms on his brow.

WILLIAM

(angry)
Democrats!

EXT. ATLANTA, GEORGIA - DAY

A hot June day of 1906 and Atlanta is a city alive with commerce sparked by the rebuilding after the Civil War.

Addie, nicely dressed, is walking down the street pushing three-year-old, WILLIAM JR. in a stroller. Skipping along is seven-year-old daughter, EUNICE. Eunice is also nicely dressed. They are carrying shopping bags.

The street is alive with shoppers. Whites and Negroes greet Addie and Eunice with a nod and a smile.

The trio passes a DRY-GOODS STORE. MR. ANDERSON, a respected, middle-aged Negro business owner, is standing in his doorway watching the people walk by.

MR. ANDERSON

Why, good morning Mrs. Hunton,
going to be a hot day. Nice to see
you and the kids out.

ADDIE

Yes, it is Mr. Anderson, that's why
we're getting our shopping done
early. It might rain this evening.

MR. ANDERSON

That it might. The air sure is salty. . The peaches are in, the first of the season. They'll sell fast.

ADDIE

I better take a look. I need a few other items.

INT. DRY-GOODS STORE - DAY

Addie and Eunice are at the counter paying for their goods.

MR. ANDERSON

That will be eighty-seven-cents. I don't see anything for the young ones. Dear, why don't you grab a piece of that licorice and one for your brother. The kids are growing like crazy.

EUNICE

Thank you, Mr. Anderson.

ADDIE

Yes, they are. Thank you, Mr. Anderson.

MR. ANDERSON

Surely welcome, you enjoy those peaches now! Tell William hi for me. And I'll see you Sunday for our meeting.

ADDIE

I sure will. See you Sunday.

MR. ANDERSON

I'll bring my wine.

EXT. ATLANTA, GEORGIA - DAY

Addie, William Jr., and Eunice emerge from the store and continue their stroll down the street.

Addie waves to a white female walking on the opposite side of the street as she waves back.

ADDIE
Sure is a beautiful day, kids.

They come upon the DOWNTOWN DINNER.

ADDIE (CONT'D)
Kids, how about one of Emma's sweet rolls.

EUNICE
Ummm, I'm hungry.

INT. DOWNTOWN DINNER - DAY

They enter and take a seat and are greeted by EMMA PEARL, a white, always smiling, rotund, owner of the restaurant.

The patrons are a mixture of races.

EMMA
Good morning ladies, how are we this morning? And my little man is getting bigger.

ADDIE
Why we're doing fine Emma. How's everything with you?

EMMA
Busy and my feet are killing me.

Eunice giggles.

EMMA (CONT'D)
And why aren't you in school today, sweetness?

EUNICE
There is no school at Summertime, silly!

EMMA
Oh, that's right. I'm getting old, losing track of the time of the year. What can I get you two?

EUNICE
How about a couple of your sweet rolls. And coffee for me and milk for Eunice and the boy.

EMMA

Got it. Be right back.

Emma retrieves the order.

EMMA (CONT'D)

There you go, fresh this morning.

EUNICE

Thank you, Emma.

On-screen.

THE ATLANTA OF 1906 WAS A CITY ADJUSTING TO LIFE AFTER THE CIVIL WAR. AFRICAN AMERICANS MOVING TO THE CITY ARE COMPETING WITH WHITES FOR RECONSTRUCTION JOBS. THEY EVENTUALLY BECOME BUSINESS OWNERS AND PROSPERED ALONG WITH THE WHITE POPULATION.

WHITES AND BLACKS INTERMINGLED INTO EACH OTHER'S BUSINESSES AND LIVES EXCEPT WHEN IT CAME TO POLITICS.

BLACKS WERE NOT ALLOWED.

INT. ALONZO HUDSON BARBERSHOP - DAY

The HUDSON BARBERSHOP is the nicest shop in Atlanta. The business is decorated in the finest furnishings of the day. There are a dozen barber chairs and a crew of black barbers caters mostly to the White elite.

The business is located on a busy street and the activity at the shop is nonstop. The front of the shop opens onto the street. This is a local hangout.

Alonzo acknowledges the white customers with a smile and a snappy, "yes, sir."

Addie is pushing the stroller past the barbershop. ALONZO HUDSON, the owner, comes out to greet her.

Alonzo is a thirty-year-old, educated, sophisticated, Negro.

ALONZO

Addie, Addie wonderful seeing you out with the kids.

ADDIE

Afternoon, Alonzo. I had to get out of the house. Too hot to stay at home.

ALONZO

That is for sure. And the bugs are out.

Alonzo walks with Addie out of ear-shot.

ADDIE

Business is good.

ALONZO

It has been for a while. I don't want anything to shake it up.

ADDIE

The Negro is finally making his way.

ALONZO

As long as whitey is happy. Are we on for our meeting after church Sunday?

ADDIE

Yes, we are.

ALONZO

Tell William I'll bring my clippers, give him a trim.

ADDIE

It won't be long before he'll be able to come right to your shop.

ALONZO

That day is coming. See you Sunday.

Addie nods and smiles.

EXT. HUNTON RESIDENCE - NIGHT

The HUNTON RESIDENCE is a well-cared-for two-story brick. The yard is immaculate.

Addie, Alonzo, and Eunice are nearing home.

Next door neighbor, MARY WRIGHT, a sixty-year-old Southern lady, is out in her yard tending to her flowers.

ADDIE

The flowers are doing great this year.

MARY

(startled, turns)

Oh, hi Addie, what are you and Eunice doing this evening?

ADDIE

We were doing a little shopping downtown. Hope it cools down some tonight.

MARY

My back tells me we're in for a hot spell. I may have to sleep on the back porch.

ADDIE

Your back is never wrong. Have a wonderful night.

MARY

You have a good night too.

ADDIE

Oh, I'm making a peach pie, I'll bring you over a piece tomorrow.

MARY

I'll put the coffee on.

INT. HUNTON RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Supper at the Hunton house. Addie, Eunice, and husband WILLIAM, a tall and muscular man, are having a quiet meal on a quiet night. William Jr. is in a highchair.

ADDIE

You are quiet tonight.

WILLIAM

I was thinking about the upcoming election.

ADDIE

Why? It doesn't include us.

WILLIAM

No, but it should.

ADDIE

Yes, it should.

WILLIAM

Damn, white people.

ADDIE

We're going to have to fight if we want Eunice and William to have it better. And Atlanta is the place to put up a fight. Look at you, starting the first black chapter of the YMCA.

WILLIAM

Yeah, we're two educated Niggars.

ADDIE

Now, be positive, times are changing.

WILLIAM

Yeah, but the whites always have the upper hand. I don't know if the whites are ever going to let blacks have a fair chance.

ADDIE

Not if we don't fight for it.

WILLIAM

Hard to fight when you've got two racist running. . . And you can't vote.

ADDIE

Someday.

INT. UNIVERSITY HALL - NIGHT

A crowded COLLEGE HALL at the University of Georgia.

The 1906 Governor's Democrat debate between Clark Howell, slender and tall, and HOKE SMITH, middle-age, and overweight, is underway.

The hall is completely packed with standing room only. All of the audience is white and male.

Banners across the stage read, "Hoke Smith - Democrat for Governor," - Howell for your Democrat Choice."

The Confederate flag is prominently displayed. The stars and stripes are not.

HOKE

If you find your way to elect me
your governor, you have my pledge
to do everything in my power to
advance the white race.

The crowd roars. And half of the hall chants, HOKE, HOKE, HOKE!

HOKE (CONT'D)

We may have lost the war, but we
are not defeated! To hell with the
North! To hell with Lincoln!
Lincoln is dead!

The crowd roars, louder and longer.

HOKE (CONT'D)

We can not have the Negro gain a
hold on America! I have a plan to
stop them from voting! My opponent
does not! . . Hell, they're too
dumb to vote!

He laughs, the crowd roars.

HOKE (CONT'D)

Is it really good for us to do
business with them, is it? If they
become too prosperous, well, hell,
we better not let that happen.

The crowd roars.

HOKE (CONT'D)

I have a plan to tax the niggars
out of politics!

The crowd roars. The chants, Hoke, Hoke, Hoke start again.

INT. ALONZO HUDSON BARBER SHOP - DAY

A busy day at the barbershop, all of the chairs are full.

Enters Hoke Smith smoking a cigar.

He passes out cigars as he campaigns walking through the shop. He pins campaign buttons on everyone, black and white alike.

HOKE

Hello, gentlemen! Great morning.

Everyone acknowledges him with smiles and handshakes.

CUSTOMER 1

Good to see you, Hoke.

CUSTOMER 2

Morning, Hoke.

HOKE

Morning, boys!

CUSTOMER 3

Hey, Hoke!

HOKE

Now, all of you get out and vote!
You don't want that damn Howell in
charge. You know you can't trust
him to promote your businesses as I
do.

Alonzo is in the back speaking with an employee when he sees Hoke walk in.

ALONZO

Now, if you take some of your wages
and invest in some safe stocks, you
can secure your future.

EMPLOYEE 1

Yes, sir, Mr. Hudson, if you say
so. . . .What's a stock?

ALONZO

I have to go talk to this guy, give him my best Negro.

Alonzo moves to the front sporting a big grin.

ALONZO (CONT'D)

(his speech turns Negro)

Yes, sir, Mr. Hoke, yes, sir! Nice to see you again, Mr. Hoke!

The employee Alonzo just left, is grinning to himself.

ALONZO (CONT'D)

What can I do for you this fine morning?

HOKE

A shave and trim-up the sides. A governor has to look the part.

ALONZO

Will do, Mr. Hoke! Nice morning, Mr. Hoke! I will take care of you myself, Mr. Hoke!

HOKE

Wonderful morning! There is one other thing you could help me with, Alonzo.

ALONZO

Anything, Mr. Hoke!

HOKE

You know, there's a lot of Negroes who can vote. And you know how much I supported the Negroes.

Several of the patrons exchange a look and a smirk. The barbers do not react.

ALONZO

Yes, sir, Mr. Hoke. No one gives more support.

HOKE

And no one supports businesses more than me.

ALONZO

Right again, Mr. Hoke.

HOKE

If you could get some of your fellow Negroes to vote for me, well, that could only be good for your business.

ALONZO

Yes, sir, I will sir!

HOKE

Good boy, Alonzo. I know I can count on you.

ALONZO

Yes, sir, Mr. Hoke!

INT. ATLANTA JOURNAL - EDITORS OFFICE - DAY

Hoke is at his desk speaking with his writers, JAMES HENNING a youthful southern boy, and MARTY WELK, middle-aged and showing it.

HOKE

This is a tougher campaign than I thought it would be. People like Howell.

JAMES

Is the nigger vote going to help?

HOKE

I don't think so. Not enough of them are able to, can't read or write. And we don't want to encourage them.

MARTY

Howell is closing in. He gave a speech at the hall giving the Negroes hell. The crowd went nuts.

HOKE

I need to unite the whites, somehow. Get more on my side.

MARTY

Go after the blacks. Hell, we could write some articles on shit they've done.

HOKE

Like what?

MARTY

It would have to be something serious. Something more than robbery. . . . It would have to be an assault of some kind.

JAMES

Niggars attacking white women, that will do it.

MARTY

Blacks raping white women, that could get out of control.

HOKE

So, a few niggars get hurt, hell, we're getting more in town every week! They breed like rats!

JAMES

That's for damn sure!

HOKE

People are angry at the niggars for taking the jobs. Who would care? I control the press. Spark the fire. Some of them are getting too damn rich! . . Write me a few articles.

JAMES

(excited)

All right!

EXT. ATLANTA, GEORGIA - DAY

On a street corner, a young boy is selling the ATLANTA JOURNAL.

A white male stops to purchase the paper. He pauses to read the front page.

Under the fold he spies the by-line, "Negro man attacks a white woman." His eyes widen.

He pauses to show another white male the article before continuing down the street.

The second male quickly purchases a newspaper and takes off down the street.

EXT. TAVERN - DAY

A dimly lit DIVE BAR in the middle of the day.

The white patrons are as expected for the middle of the day, alcoholics losers.

In burst the man with the newspaper.

MAN 1

Look, look at this!

He shows the newspaper to the crowd.

MAN 2

What does it say?

Man 1 reads.

MAN 1

"A Negro male accosted a white female in a field on the south edge of town!."

The crowd becomes agitated.

MAN 2

What does that mean?

MAN 3

Damn, Niggars, take our jobs and rape our women!

MAN 2

(yells to the crowd)

The Niggars came from the devil!

MAN 3

(yells to the crowd)

We gotta kill some of 'em before they kill us!

MAN 1

We better put them in their place!
I can't get a job because of them!

MAN 2

How many of our women have to be
raped!

MAN 3

They're animals!

After more yelling, the crowd settles down to more drinking.

EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY

The other white man is showing the newspaper to a crowd of white men and women waiting for a bus. Anger fills their faces.

EXT. ATLANTA, GEORGIA, DAY

A young, female Negro is pushing a stroller down the street.

She encounters a white teenage male walking towards her from the opposite direction. Upon seeing her his expression turns to anger.

As he walks past her he shoves her into the street tumbling the stroller. The baby cries. The woman rushes to the baby's aid.

The teen continues down the street, laughing.

EXT. ATLANTA, GEORGIA - NIGHT

On a dark night, an old rusted pick-up truck is slowing driving on a city street.

Three young white boys are in the front and three white boys are in the bed, clubs in hand.

They come up behind two Black teens walking down the street.

The truck comes to a sudden halt. Without provocation, all of the white teens jump out of the truck and chase the black teens catching one on a lawn. They start to beat the teen.

Four of the teens stand around yelling as two teens beat the black teen.

TEEN 1

You god-damn-niggars, die, damn-it die!

TEEN 2

Hit em' in the head! Hit em' in the head! . . Kill him!

TEEN 3

(laughing)

Look, he's squealing like a pig.

TEEN 1

Kick him!

TEEN 4

Let's get him in the truck, we'll take him outside of town and hang him!

A black neighbor emerges from his home shotgun in hand.

NEIGHBOR

Get off him!

He blasts his gun in the air stopping the beating.

Teen 1, hate in his eyes, starts for the neighbor. The neighbor cocks his gun. The teens retreat.

Neighbor start coming out of their houses, guns, and clubs in hand.

TEEN 3

Come on, let's get out of here, we've had our fun.

TEEN 1

Damn, niggars!

TEEN 3

Kill the niggars!

TEEN 4

We're going to burn you all out! Niggars!

They depart yelling. The neighbor and several others come to the aid of the teen.

INT. DOWNTOWN DINNER - DAY

The dinner has a full crowd. Addie, William Jr, and Eunice enter. At first, Addie does not notice that the patrons are all white. The patrons are suspiciously staring at them. Addie notices. Several of the patrons are reading the morning newspaper.

An open newspaper shows the headline, " FOUR NEGROS ATTACKED A WHITE WOMEN!"

Emma approaches their table. Her normal jolly self is gone.

Addie notices her scow and the staring patrons. She becomes concerned.

ADDIE

Hi Emma, is something wrong?

EMMA

(tense)

Is something wrong! I guess you haven't seen the paper.

She grabs a paper off a table and shoves it to her. Addie reads and gasp.

ADDIE

This can't be! Are they sure?

EMMA

Of course, they're sure, it's in the paper. This town is about to explode!

The patrons, hearing this exchange, start to whisper among themselves. Addie looks around sensing the tension.

EMMA (CONT'D)

You can't eat here.

ADDIE

(startled)

But, we've been eating here for years. . . This doesn't have anything to do with us!

EMMA

(louder)

You can't eat here! Things are going to change around here! . . . That's what happens when we treat your kind like humans.

Addie gasp. Eunice stares, mouth open.

ADDIE

Our kind! Well, this is uncalled-for, you've known us for years!

EMMA

(angry)

Leave! Don't make trouble!

Eunice appears stunned, does not speak. Addie, angry, eyes tearing, grabs Eunice's arm, and leads them out of the dinner. The patrons stare and mumble.

EXT. ATLANTA, GEORGIA - DAY

Addie is pushing the stroller and tightly holding Eunice's hand as they hurriedly walk down the street. Addie has a scared look on her face and is looking around.

EUNICE

Mommy, why was she so mean to us?

ADDIE

(tense)

I don't know, honey. She must be having a bad day. Let's hurry and get home!

They walk until they come upon Mr. Anderson's dry-goods. Stunned, Addie stops to look at the windows smashed and the word, "NIGGAR," in red paint sprawled across the front.

She grabs Eunice's hand tighter and takes off in a fast trot.

They walk past burning and looted black businesses until they are out of the downtown area.

They continue winding through the residential streets. Addie is pausing in the shadows to look over her shoulder. A scared look on her face.

In the distance, she sees a fire. They continue towards the fire until, at the end of a block, a white mob is around a burning car. The word, "Nigger," fills the air. A body lays on the street.

They change directions and sprint down another street. Terror fills their faces.

As the sun starts to set, they arrive at their house. The neighbor, Mary, now has a sign that reads, "NO NIGGARS." The tears start again as Addie stops and stares briefly before hustling William Jr. and Eunice into the house.

EXT. HUNTON RESIDENCE - NIGHT

They enter the residence. Addie is frantic. Eunice is scared.

EUNICE

(near tears)

Where is daddy! I'm scared!

ADDIE

(worried)

I know honey, daddy will be home soon. Let's leave the lights off. Why don't you sit by the window and watch for your papa? You must be starved. I'll fix something.

Time has passed and Addie, William Jr., and Eunice are huddled on the floor, in the dark, by a window. An empty plate sits nearby.

EUNICE

When is daddy coming?

ADDIE

(solum)

Soon, dear, soon.

EXT. ATLANTA, GEORGIA - NIGHT

William is on the street hiding behind a tree, a wild scared look in his eyes. He has been attacked. His suit is torn to shreds and he has cuts and bruises.

He dodges from tree to tree as he makes his way down the street.

At the end of a block, he spies the same burnt-out auto with a body next to it that Addie had seen. It is eerily quiet as the rioters have gone.

He slowly creeps forward. He approaches the body. He gasps. It's Mr. Anderson.

WILLIAM
(quietly to himself)
Such a nice man.

After a second, he continues on his way.

He arrives at his house. Seeing him coming, Addie rushes to unlock the door. He falls inside.

INT. HUNTON RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Eunice is hysterical. Addie goes to his aid.

ADDIE
(frantic)
William, you're alive. Oh, Thank god, you're alive! Sit here, let me clean you up. Where are you hurt?

WILLIAM
Barely, I escaped. They've gone mad. You heard.

ADDIE
The black boys who attacked that woman.

WILLIAM
Yeah, if it happened? I was asking questions, they didn't like that. Men I've been able to talk sensibly to in the past, are suddenly animals.

ADDIE
Who attacked you?

WILLIAM

Some of the faces were familiar.
Mostly it was a blur of whites
screaming Nigger over and over and
beating me. I was lucky they only
had clubs.

ADDIE

Oh, god!

WILLIAM

They wanted to kill me. . . For no
reason.

Eunice, scared, and trembling, approaches William.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Oh, baby, my sweet baby, come to
your daddy, everything will be all
right.

He brings her into his arms.

ADDIE

What do we do? There are riots all
over the South. I didn't think it
would happen here.

WILLIAM

Go North.

ADDIE

We've got to get out of here first.
. . . Did you see the sign in
Mary's yard?

WILLIAM

No, what?

ADDIE

No niggers.

WILLIAM

Mary, really. Oh my god, they are
insane! We have lived next to her
for years. . . We moved here
first!

ADDIE

I nursed her back to health when
she had the pox.

Eunice is clinging to her daddy as Addie continues to clean
him up. The room is lit by moonlight.

WILLIAM

We can't raise our baby here. Not
in the South. The war is still
raging.

ADDIE

After this, I doubt they let Negroes
go to school. We'll have to start
our own. . . You may be right, we
need to get out of here.

A faint noise outside slowly becomes louder. Addie moves near
the window.

ADDIE (CONT'D)

They're coming!

Eunice, trembling, clings tighter to William. William places
her behind the sofa.

WILLIAM

Stay there.

Williams springs into action and locks the door.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Okay, keep down. Keep quiet. Thank
god we live in a mixed
neighborhood. It must be hell in
the fourth ward.

They huddle by the window, peeking out. William has retrieved
his shotgun.

A band of white youths with torches and clubs in hand is
walking down the middle of the street.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Very quiet, now.

William and Addie are sweating. Eunice is trembling.

ADDIE

Oh, god, they're going to burn us out.

The youths slowly move past the Hunton house. One of the youths points at Mary's sign. They continue down the street.

William lets out a big sigh. Addie and Eunice are sobbing.

WILLIAM

Looks like Mary saved us after all.

Later that evening. William is crouched by a window keeping guard. Addie, Eunice, and William Jr. are asleep on the floor.

A tap on the back door startles William and awakens Addie. William hushes Addie and grips his shotgun as he slowly heads toward the back door. Addie slides the children off her lap and joins him.

ADDIE

(quiet)

Careful.

William looks out the window and quickly unlocks the door. In fall Alonzo, battered and bleeding.

WILLIAM

Grab him.

Addie helps him in as William locks the door and peers out.

ADDIE

Alonzo, Alonzo, let's get you in the kitchen.

Addie switches into high gear as she tends to Alonzo's wounds. He has a gash on his side. William moves from window to window, peering out. Everyone whispers when they speak.

ALONZO

(out of breath)

They destroyed my store. I made a run for it but they caught me.

ADDIE

Animals.

ALONZO

They cut me with my own razor! Men who have been my customers for years.

ADDIE

Stay still. I may have to sew you up.

Alonzo clinches.

WILLIAM

What is going on out there? How bad is it?

ALONZO

It's bad. The fourth-ward is on fire. I could see it from downtown. What the hell started this?

WILLIAM

Hoke, that racist bastard, Hoke! He's going after the successful Negros.

ALONZO

There's no difference in Democrats! Hoke is the worst. He's been planting stories for months. Stirring up the whites.

WILLIAM

We better stay put.

ALONZO

Do you have another gun?

WILLIAM

No this is it.

ALONZO

I saw thousands heading toward the fourth-ward. Guns, clubs, pitchforks, you name it. So much hate.

ADDIE

Just because we exist.

ALONZO

I don't know who it was but I saw
one man being shot on the post
office steps.

WILLIAM

I saw poor Mr. Anderson shot dead
and his car burnt.

Addie gasp.

ADDIE

(wails)

Oh, no, not Mr. Anderson! . . . He
must have been coming here!

INT. BROOKLYN, NEW YORK - DAY

Dressed in clothes that look like they were worn for days,
dirty and exhausted, the Hunttons arrive by railway to
Brooklyn, New York.

Stepping off the train, the Hunttons are greeted by a busy
city, home to all races from all over the world.

Standing on the platform, they reflect.

ADDIE

(reserved)

What a busy place. Much bigger than
Atlanta.

WILLIAM

(excited)

Look at this, look at this, Addie!
Look how alive this city is.

ADDIE

That it is.

WILLIAM

Opportunity, Addie. The theater,
museums, universities, it's all
here.

ADDIE

(tired)

It was what I hoped Atlanta could
be.

(MORE)

ADDIE (CONT'D)

It was our home for a long time. I miss it. Our children were born there.

WILLIAM

Time to move forward Addie. We're safe here. We can advance here. Our children can go to school with kids of all colors.

EUNICE

Are there bad men here daddy?

WILLIAM

Not like where we left sweetness.

EUNICE

(whining)

I'm hungry.

ADDIE

We have to get settled as soon as we can. She hasn't slept for more than two hours at a time. She wakes up scared.

WILLIAM

Let's make our way to the YMCA. My new job is waiting for me. We have a place there until we get settled.

ADDIE

We need to get Eunice settled and in school as soon as we can.

WILLIAM

Yes.

ADDIE

And something to eat, the kids are starved.

WILLIAM

Yes, something to eat.

INT. SMITH COLLEGE - DAY

Addie is smiling broadly as she and William Jr. are in the audience watching Eunice graduate.

The ceremony is over and the family and many friends are gathered on the lawn outside the hall. Addie has her arm around Eunice.

ADDIE

How could a mother ask the good lord for anything more? Your father, God rest his soul, is looking down from heaven and smiling. He would be so proud!

EUNICE

Thank you, mother.

ADDIE

My daughter is following in my footsteps. She graduates from college. No easy task for a woman let alone a Negro woman.

The crowd reacts. Addie puts her other arm around William Jr.

ADDIE (CONT'D)

She did better than me, a Bachelor and a Masters in four years. And my son is on his way to college!

GUEST 2

She takes after her mother. Such a smart woman!

GUEST 3

How exciting, starting your new life!

GUEST 1

Now, what is next for you dear?

EUNICE

I'm not really sure. I'll probably go into social work, like my mother.

GUEST 1

Just like your mother, you'll be great at whatever you do. Make sure you join all the best clubs.

ADDIE

Everyone, let's move this party to our house.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Eunice is marrying LISLE CARTER JR. The church is full and expensively decorated. The guests show their success by dressing in the finest of the day.

EXT. HALL - DAY

The festivities are underway and the happy couple is greeting guests at the hall. Lisle is giving a toast.

LISLE

To my wonderful bride. You have made me such a happy man. Knowing you will be there by my side taking care of our children as I forge a new life for us. Your new life as my wife and mother of our children has started.

The crowd roars.

Eunice has a serious look, forces a smile.

INT. CARTER RESIDENCE - NIGHT

The Carter residence is a large, upscale apartment in Harlem. The decor is from all over the world. It is located in one of the nicer buildings in the city.

A noticeably pregnant Eunice is setting the table.

Enters Leslie, dressed in a dentist smock. They greet with a kiss.

LISLE

Oh, supper, I'm starved! I missed lunch, too busy today. I'm getting more patience. How are you feeling?

EUNICE
I'm fine, the baby's kicking me
now.

She puts his hand on her stomach.

EUNICE (CONT'D)
He hears your voice.

LISLE
He?

EUNICE
That's what mamma says.

LISLE
You make such a great mother. We're
starting our family. I'm so happy
to have you taking care of us.

EUNICE
Take care of you? Well, I guess.
But I was thinking I would go back
to school.

LISLE
(shocked)
Back to school! With a newborn!
Whatever for? You don't have time.
You have a family now.

EUNICE
I was thinking of law school.

LISLE
(scoffs)
Law school! You're a wife and
mother now. Who's going to raise
our children?

EUNICE
I can do both, my mom did. We could
get a maid.

LISLE
A maid? . . I had to marry a smart
woman.

EUNICE

You knew who I was when you asked me to marry you.

LISLE

I thought you being a caseworker, you would be a good wife and mother.

EUNICE

(stern)

And I will. It's bad enough I have to fight white men but too not get support from my own husband!

LISLE

(louder)

You're married now, to me! I make more than enough. You don't have to work! Who you was is who you was. Who you are now is my wife!

EUNICE

(louder)

I am not a servant! I don't mind washing your clothes and fixing your meals and cleaning your house, but I have to do for myself!

LISLE

I should have listened to my mother.

EUNICE

(louder)

And what!

LISLE

(calms)

She said not to marry a woman with ambition.

EUNICE

I was an activist when you met me, remember!

LISLE

I know, I know.

EUNICE

I will do my duty and entertain the local ladies and join all the right clubs and I will raise our children, but I will have my time too!

LISLE

Just like your mother, traveling all over the country!

EUNICE

Just like my mother!

INT. CARTER RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Eunice is hosting a brunch with the prominent ladies of Harlem. Eunice has set a nice table with the help of her maid. A dozen ladies have attended and are dressed in their finest.

The mundane conversation bores Eunice.

FEMALE 1

Now you must keep up on the latest styles. This year it is everything Egypt. My family will be taking a vacation there this year.

FEMALE 2

As the wife of one of the most prominent business owners in Harlem, you need to keep up on these things.

FEMALE 1

That's right. Everyone will be looking to you for the latest fashions.

Eunice forces a smile.

FEMALE 3

You're so lucky, your husband is an up and comer.

EUNICE

Yes.

FEMALE 3

He has ambition just like my
Harvey.

FEMALE 4

You will be invited to all the most
important parties.

Eunice forces a smile.

FEMALE 1

And you know, you will have to host
parties of your own.

Eunice forces a smile.

INT. CARTER RESIDENCE - DAY

Addie and Eunice are having tea. A two-year-old Lisle Jr. is
playing among the ladies.

ADDIE

He's a wild one. You were like
that, into everything, very
inquisitive. Your brother was just
the opposite, quiet. With him, it
was books from the start.

EUNICE

He's more than I and the housemaid
can handle. I don't know how you
did it.

ADDIE

You do what you have to do. It was
important as it is today for us to
have young ones. We must advance
our race in order to survive.

EUNICE

Being a wife and mother is not what
I see for myself.

ADDIE

It's the most important thing for a
woman. And for our race. You can do
other things. Your kids will grow.
. . . Look at me.

EUNICE

I always do. I'm thinking of enrolling in law school.

ADDIE

(suddenly excited)

Of course! Of course, you should.

EUNICE

An opportunity will come for you. That's how I got to go to Haiti.

ADDIE

Getting a law degree will give you the key to open many doors.

EUNICE

It's what I always wanted.

ADDIE

You are doing it the right way. A woman has to take care of her husband and children. Nothing says a woman can't become what she wants. Kids grow and husbands grow old.

EUNICE

That's right mamma.

ADDIE

I'll be going to Mexico for the Carnegie Endowment for Peace and then I'm going to Prague with Jane Addams. When I get back, you can help me organize the Pan-Africanist Congress. That will get your feet wet. You will see how much good you can do.

Eunice smiles, shakes her head in agreement.

EUNICE

I need something, mamma.

ADDIE

I know you do, dear.

EXT. 139 WEST 135TH STREET - DAY

A storefront on a busy commercial street in Harlem. The all glass-front has the words, "Women for Hoover."

A busy crowd is moving in and out.

INT. 139 WEST 135TH STREET - DAY

Eunice occupies the larger desk in the back of the room. The all-Negro volunteers are moving about making campaign signs, etc. Eunice is in charge.

EXT. HARLEM - STREET CORNER - DAY

Eunice is among a small group of supporters with signs that read, "Fiorello La Guardia for Mayor."

Eunice is handing out fliers. The flier reads, "La Guardia," "Don't vote for me if you can't vote for Delany."

INT. CARTER RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Eunice and Leslie are hosting a rally. A banner reads, "Hubert Delany, for Harlem's House of Representatives."

The apartment is crowded with a mix of races. All are well dressed and distinguished looking. The speech is lively.

DELANY

Thank you all for coming. Thanks for your support. I am happy to announce that I have gained the support of Hamilton Fish Jr.

The crowd roars and applauds.

DELANY (CONT'D)

He has scheduled a stop in Harlem to endorse me.

The crowd applauds.

DELANY (CONT'D)

My campaign would not be possible if not for all of you. And a special thank you to Mr. Hoover and Mr. La Guardia for their support!

More applause.

DELANY (CONT'D)

And a special thanks to Eunice
Carter, the hardest working
campaigner I've ever had!

Enthusiastic applause.

Eunice takes a bow.

EUNICE

Thank you all for coming. We are
united and we can not be defeated!

The crowd roars.

EUNICE (CONT'D)

We are not going to let those damn
racist Democrat's at Tammany Hall
keep us down any longer!

The crowd erupts.

EXT. HARLEM - STREET - DAY

A street in front of the Delany campaign office.

It's a sunny day and people are filling the street. With the
election just days away, activity at the Delany campaign
office is intense.

Suddenly the noise of the street is drowned out by loud drums
and horns blaring and men yelling.

From down the street, we see a parade of ten white men in
blackface. The front man and the back man are carrying signs
that read, "Do you really want a NEGRO in congress!"

People on the street stop and stare. Shoppers come out to the
street to watch the spectacle.

The parade pauses in front of the headquarters before
disappearing down the street.

INT. - HALL - NIGHT

A hall is decorated for the Delany victory celebration. People are wall to wall. The crowd is mostly black with a sprinkle of white people.

A radio is on.

RADIO

And the winner for the House of Representatives for the twenty-first district is Democrat, Joseph Gavagan! Gavagan beat out the Negro Republican challenger by two-thirds of the voters!

The crowd goes silent except for a spattering of sobs.

INT. FORDHAM UNIVERSITY - DAY

Graduation day for Eunice. A packed hall. Eunice is on stage receiving her diploma. One of only a handful of blacks. Lisle and six-year-old Lisle Jr. along with Addie and several friends are in the audience.

ADDIE

Her papa would be so proud! I wish he was here.

GUEST 1

That he would be. He always encouraged you and the kids.

ADDIE

Yes, he did. He loved his kids. And he loved teaching them.

GUEST 1

She's on to great things.

ADDIE

She's already there. First black female to graduate from Fordham Law. So proud.

GUEST 1

A chip off the block.

GUEST 2

And she's doing so much for her
race.

ADDIE

(proud)

Yes, she is.

INT. GRAND JURY ROOM - NEW YORK CITY - 1930 - DAY

A Grand Jury of all white men is in session. The jury is
mumbling to themselves. The judge addresses the jury.

JUDGE

Have you any questions for this
witness.

The jurors exchange a look. The jury foreman rises.

FOREMAN

Your honor, we, . . .

JUDGE

Yes, what is it?

FOREMAN

We would like the prosecutor and
witnesses to leave the courtroom.

JUDGE

What, well, that's certainly not
necessary!

FOREMAN

Yes, sir, it is.

JUDGE

(pause)

Why doesn't everyone take lunch.
I'll see what the jury wants.

The courtroom clears.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

I'm all yours.

FOREMAN

We thought we would be here to
prosecute real crime, not
shoplifters and car thieves.

JUDGE

I see.

FOREMAN

So far all we have is petty thieves, where are the big crimes?

JUDGE

I've had the same thought. Seems like we're wasting our time. It's like I'm back in juvenile court. This is what District Attorney Dodge brings us. Nothing I can do about that.

FOREMAN

We're wasting our time.

JUDGE

(pause)

I can't disagree. Okay, you're right. I'll see to it. You're dismissed until you hear back from me.

INT. JUDGES CHAMBERS - DAY

The judge is in a conference with GOVERNOR LEHMAN and three white male aides.

GOVERNOR LEHMAN

What is the crisis that calls me to your chamber, judge?

JUDGE

My jury has revolted. They know the cases are not what they are here for.

AIDE 1

It's, Dodge!

AIDE 2

That son-of-a-bitch is as corrupt as they come.

JUDGE

Yes, I have heard the whispers.

AIDE 3

If we're going to get anywhere with organized crime, we have to get rid of Dodge.

AIDE 2

Let's convene a Special Prosecutor, take it out of his hands.

JUDGE

Who? I have doubts you can find someone. No one wants to go against the mob.

AIDE 1

Everyone is scared.

AIDE 3

I could give you a few names.

GOVERNOR LEHMAN

Republicans only. No one from Tammany Hall. You won't find an honest man there.

AIDE 3

That's for certain.

GOVERNOR LEHMAN

Organized crime has a stranglehold on this city. It's going to take an extraordinary bunch to take them down.

JUDGE

We need to find the right leader.

GOVERNOR LEHMAN

I'll work on it.

INT. GOVERNORS OFFICE - DAY

The governor is in a conference with aide 1 and aide 2.

GOVERNOR LEHMAN

Well, that's four up and four down. Nobody wants the job.

AIDE 1

The mob wins. Scared everyone.

GOVERNOR LEHMAN

We can't let that happen. They have too much of a stranglehold on New York, hell the whole state.

AIDE 2

Corrupt politicians, corrupt cops, It's been that way for a long time.

GOVERNOR LEHMAN

Do we not know anyone else?

AIDE 1

There is one guy, he's in private practice. He was a D.A. and an ex-Fed. I knew him then. He's hard-hitting and he hates the mob. Oh, and he's ambitious. . . He got tired of the corrupt cops and quit. He went for the money.

GOVERNOR LEHMAN

Yes, I know of him, you're talking about, Dewey. He quit.

AIDE 1

When he was a Fed., He was successful in putting Wazey Gordon away. He got him for bootlegging.

GOVERNOR LEHMAN

I'll try anyone. See if you can get him in here.

AIDE 1

Yes, sir.

INT. GOVERNORS OFFICE - DAY

The governor and THOMAS DEWEY are in conference.

GOVERNOR LEHMAN

Thank you for coming in.

DEWEY

Thank, you, governor. I was surprised to get your message.

GOVERNOR LEHMAN

You're here because you're highly thought of as a prosecutor.

DEWEY

You know I'm in private practice now? Is there something you need an attorney for?

GOVERNOR LEHMAN

Not exactly, at least not for myself.

DEWEY

Okay.

GOVERNOR LEHMAN

I understand you're an anti-mob guy. You hate those guys as much as I do. Corruption is everywhere, all through the government. From the lowest levels on up.

DEWEY

That's what I found out.

GOVERNOR LEHMAN

I don't blame you for getting out. Unfortunately, it's my job to do something. I don't know what, something. . .I could be like the rest, corrupt.

DEWEY

But that's not you. That's the same problem I had. So that's why I'm here. . . My practice is going great. I'm not looking for a change. Especially one that could get me killed!

GOVERNOR LEHMAN

That's the same I hear from everyone.

DEWEY

How many have turned you down?

GOVERNOR LEHMAN

Four, you're five.

Dewey lets out a heavy sigh.

DEWEY

I understand that. Do you have a plan?

GOVERNOR LEHMAN

Just to hire someone to do the job.

DEWEY

I see.

GOVERNOR LEHMAN

The person who busts the mob will be a national hero. . . The press already knows you from your days as a federal prosecutor. That could be a big help.

DEWEY

Yes. . . . I would need a big squad. That would take a big budget, attorneys, support staff, and cops.

GOVERNOR LEHMAN

Okay, no problem.

DEWEY

What I would want, if I take the job, is complete separation from the DAs office. I mean a separate building. I don't want them to know anything.

GOVERNOR LEHMAN

Okay. I will appoint you, Special Prosecutor, that will give you the power you need.

DEWEY

And I pick all the men.

GOVERNOR LEHMAN

Of course.

DEWEY

I'll have to think it over.

GOVERNOR LEHMAN

I understand, a big undertaking. It could be a step towards this office. The press would make a hero out of whoever bust the mob. . They already love you.

Dewey shakes his head.

DEWEY

Yes, it would.

GOVERNOR LEHMAN

Think of it as finishing what you started. That would make good press.

DEWEY

Yes, it would.

EXT. NEW YORK - DAY

On a sunny day, Dewey and WILLIAM HERLANDS, a white male and fresh out of law school, assistant, move about the sidewalk looking up and down the street.

They are talking among themselves and pointing in different directions and at the WOOLWORTH BUILDING.

They are joined by another middle-aged white male. They enter the Woolworth building.

INT. WOOLWORTH BUILDING - DAY

Dewey and the men are going from one empty office to another.

Turning the lights on and looking inside briefly. In the offices that face the street, they look out the windows for a few seconds.

Dewey is talking to William. He nods approval.

DEWEY

This looks right. Right location,
right size.

WILLIAM

Good view.

REALTOR

This is one of the biggest office
buildings in Manhattan. Great
location. Location is everything.
What business did you say you were
in?

DEWEY

We're with the government.

REALTOR

The government. What part?

DEWEY

Not the IRS.

REALTOR

Then, what. I do need to know what
the building is to be used for.

DEWEY

The prosecutor needs more space for
its lawyers.

REALTOR

I see.

DEWEY

Just routine stuff. Lawyer stuff.

REALTOR

I see.

DEWEY

The lawyers have a lot of paperwork
preparing for court.

REALTOR

I see.

DEWEY

They need more space.

INT. WOOLWORTH BUILDING - DAY

A table and chairs have been set up in one of the largest offices. Dewey is behind the table, papers in hand. William is sitting across the table from him.

WILLIAM

We are all set. The first ten are here.

DEWEY

Let's get started. We have a lot to look at. Show the first guy in.

William, paper in hand, opens the door, yells out. Outside the office, a dozen chairs are occupied by white men. All wearing suits.

WILLIAM

Henning, you're up.

EXT. NEW YORK - STREET CORNER - DAY

A police officer is walking a beat.

A squad car pulls up to the curb. A Captain exits the vehicle. Officer PERRY approaches the vehicle.

CAPTAIN

Perry?

PERRY

Yes, Captain?

He hands him a piece of paper.

CAPTAIN

Message for you.

PERRY

For me?

CAPTAIN

Looks like you've got a special assignment or something. Anything I should know about?

PERRY

(looking at the paper)
I have no idea.

CAPTAIN

Better do what they say, some guy
named Dewey wants to talk to you.

PERRY

Yes, Captain.

CAPTAIN

Must be something, they don't want
you wearing your uniform when you
go to this meeting.

PERRY

Okay, Captain.

INT. SQUAD ROOM - LOCKER ROOM - DAY

The same Captain is seen handing an identical paper to
another officer. A conversation ensues that we can not hear.

INT. POLICE PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

A police cruiser pulls into a garage. As an officer exits his
vehicle, William emerges from the shadows and hands him a
piece of paper. A brief conversation and William disappears.
Leaving the officer staring at the paper.

INT. WOOLWORTH BUILDING - DAY

The hall outside Dewey's office has the same scene. Filling
all but one chair are young white males, dressed in suits.

Eunice is sitting on the end chair.

Time has passed and Eunice and one male are the only ones
left. A man exits Dewey's office.

INT. DEWEY'S OFFICE - DAY

DEWEY

Who's left.

WILLIAM

A Sean Cook from the DAs office and
that nigger lady.

Dewey looks up from his desk.

DEWEY

That's Negro. I didn't know she was here. Did you leave her for last?

WILLIAM

Well, she's a nig, I mean black, Negro. I couldn't call her before all the men.

DEWEY

(lets out a sigh)
You mean white men.

WILLIAM

Well, yeah.

DEWEY

Okay, let in this Cook and then the lady.

WILLIAM

Yes, sir. . But, why the Negro, lady?

DEWEY

That Negro lady is one of the best prosecutors in the state. She is the first black woman to get a law degree from Fordham, that's something.

Time has passed and Eunice is shown into the office. Dewey's rises, smiles, and offers his hand.

DEWEY (CONT'D)

So sorry to keep you tell last. My assistant, well, you know.

EUNICE

I expect it.

DEWEY

You have a very impressive record.

EUNICE

Is that why I'm here?

DEWEY

Yes. We have a big job to do. I've checked you out thoroughly.

(MORE)

DEWEY (CONT'D)

I know where you came from. . . You were seven I believe when you left Atlanta?

EUNICE

Yes.

DEWEY

So, you remember a lot.

EUNICE

I try to forget.

DEWEY

I understand. . . I know you have worked for the Republican party, how do you feel about the Democrats?

EUNICE

What I went through, forgiveness is not possible.

DEWEY

That's what I was counting on. This town is dominated by Tammany Hall!

EUNICE

That is where the trouble comes from.

DEWEY

They're all gangsters. The mayor, the judges. Most of the cops are taking something they shouldn't.

EUNICE

What can be done? I've been told, that's the way it is.

DEWEY

I don't know, but we have to do something. . . We have the backing of the governor.

EUNICE

A Democrat who isn't a criminal.

DEWEY

There are few.

EUNICE
Not in the south.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Dewey, with William next to him, is at the head of a long table. Eunice and Twenty white males, all in their late twenties and all wearing suits, are at the table.

DEWEY
First of all, I want to thank all of you for volunteering for this assignment. I'm sure you know its importance or you wouldn't be here. You all have one thing in common, as far as I can tell you are incorruptible. . . . We will be taking every precaution to keep your identities secret. Do not discuss anything with your families! . . . You each will have your own private office in this building. No one will know what the other is working on unless there is a need to. Secrecy is most important. . . Your safety is most important.

INT. DEWEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Dewey is at his desk. A knock at the door.

DEWEY
Come in.

Enters one of the twenty, Daniel McCoy.

DEWEY (CONT'D)
Have a seat. . . I am handing out assignments. This is for you and for you only. Not to be discussed with anyone. I mean anyone.

DANIEL
Yes, sir.

DEWEY

Your target is one of the biggest,
Dutch Schultz. Do you know of him?

DANIEL

Yes, sir. Said to be one of the
biggest mobsters in the city.

DEWEY

Can you handle it?

DANIEL

Yes, sir. That's why I became a
prosecutor.

DEWEY

Good. I want you to fish-out the
tax evasion angle on this one.

DANIEL

Yes, sir.

DEWEY

Start with where he lives, how he
lives. Where he spends his money.
Learn everything you can about
Schultz.

DANIEL

Yes, sir.

DEWEY

If anyone else is working on
something that crosses over to your
assignment, then I will coordinate
it with you.

DANIEL

Yes, sir.

INT. DEWEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Another one of the twenty, Milton Reed, is in a conference
with Dewey.

Milton Reed has youthful excitement.

DEWEY

Welcome aboard, Mr. Reed.

MILTON

Thank you for choosing me, sir.

DEWEY

You've had good luck prosecuting lower-level crooks, are you ready for the big time?

MILTON

(excited)

Yes, sir, thank you, sir.

DEWEY

Good.

MILTON

This is exciting, sir. I know you're a serious man. I followed your career. You put Waxey Gordon away.

DEWEY

(chuckles)

That was a few years ago.

MILTON

Bootlegging, I believe.

DEWEY

Yes, that is right. And that's what we have in mind.

MILTON

Sir, if I might ask, why did you leave the government? You were having great success as a Federal prosecutor.

DEWEY

I saw the writing on the wall. Corruption was everywhere, hell, Dodge, was one of the most corrupt prosecutors of all time. And a lucrative practice on Wall Street helped was hard to pass up.

MILTON

And now you're back?

DEWEY

It looks like we have a chance this time. The governor is on our side.

MILTON

Thank you for the opportunity.

DEWEY

Now, your assignment. The numbers racket.

INT. DEWEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Eunice enters. Dewey is studying a file. Eunice is reserved.

DEWEY

Eunice, I am so glad you agreed to this assignment. I have a lot of trouble trying to figure out these stats.

He folds the file and hands it to her.

DEWEY (CONT'D)

Your, assignment.

EUNICE

Thank you. What is it?

She opens the file.

DEWEY

Prostitution.

EUNICE

Prostitution? Nobody pays attention to prostitution. Is the mob even involved in prostitution?

DEWEY

Why not, they are into everything else, why not prostitution?

EUNICE

A new angle. And me being a woman, does that play into this?

DEWEY

That's why I have you. A woman going after prostitution, why not? What a great headline.

EUNICE

That's going to be half of the battle, the press.

DEWEY

That's right. I think they'll love you.

Quiet pause.

EUNICE

I do wonder why you took this assignment?

DEWEY

I thought I was out of this but what happens if no one does anything?

EUNICE

That's what we have now.

DEWEY

Corruption everywhere. It's like a plague. I'm assigning this to you because you can do it. And you do know Harlem, you live there.

EUNICE

Tammany Hall is a good place to start. Prostitution, huh.

DEWEY

It's big and it's illegal.

EUNICE

(Nodding approval)
And no one is paying attention.

DEWEY

Pull a secretary from the pool but make sure she knows nothing. William has an office for you.

(MORE)

DEWEY (CONT'D)

And let me know if there's anything else you need. And, Eunice, my door is open. Good luck.

INT. EUNICE'S OFFICE - DAY

Eunice walks into a small, bare office at the end of the hall. She walks around the office before sitting at her desk, a folder in hand.

EUNICE

Where do I start?

INT. EUNICE'S OFFICE - DAY

Eunice's office is now cluttered with graphs and charts pinned to the walls. Her desk is piled high. Eunice is studying a file. A white female secretary is at a small desk in the corner.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

An upscale conference room in the home of mob boss Lucky Luciano.

Luciano is at the head of the table surrounded by several white men in suits. Half of the men are smoking cigars and all are drinking.

LUCIANO

Gentlemen, we have an ongoing problem. Word has come to me that this Dewey is trying to make a name for himself at our expense. He's coming at us and has the backing of the governor and they have put together a bunch of cops and lawyers to get us.

The men nod agreement.

MAN 3

Is your source dependable?

LUCIANO

Yes, an old source.

MAN 1

Yeah, he's been after, Dutch. Dutch wants to get rid of him.

MAN 2

Killing a fed, no, not me! That would bring hell down on us!

MAN 3

Dewey has been after Dutch for years. Almost had him last year.

LUCIANO

But he didn't. He got out of that.

MAN 1

Dutch won't give up.

LUCIANO

I spoke with Dutch about this, I pleaded. He is a determined man.

MAN 4

It costs him a fortune in lawyers and bribes. Pissed him off.

MAN 2

To Dutch, it's become him or Dewey, a vendetta. I know he's had Dewey followed. He's getting ready.

LUCIANO

And he's not coming to us. That could be bad for all of us. These things have a way of turning on us.

MAN 4

Look what happened to Waxey, damn Dewey! We have to be careful!

MAN 1

You know Dutch, he won't give up.

LUCIANO

I know.

MAN 3

Dutch kills Dewey, we're all out of business.

MAN 5

Or worse.

MAN 3

We have a good thing. We own the politicians. They have to protect us. Hell, Dewey would have to put half of them in prison right along with us.

MAN 1

That's right.

LUCIANO

Then we're all in agreement? Dutch has been off the rails for a while.

MAN 5

Do you think that will get Dewey off our backs?

LUCIANO

Dewey hates him, maybe.

MAN 2

With Schultz, you will have to deal with his associates. This will be big.

LUCIANO

I'm not stupid! I know that. I know who they are.

MAN 6

What about his territory?

LUCIANO

We'll divide it up between the men in this room.

The men perk up.

MAN 1

Dutch is out of line, he's become a liability.

MAN 2

Yeah. He's not being smart. I think this Dewey thing is making him looney.

MAN 3
He's careless, that could cost us.
There's a lot to be divided up.

The men all nod in agreement.

LUCIANO
Okay, then.

INT. LOUNGE RESTROOM - NIGHT

Dutch Schultz enters a restroom in an upscale lounge.

In walks two unidentifiable men. At a urinal, Dutch is shot multiple times. Dutch lays dying.

The two shooters run through the lounge shooting. Dutch's men respond. Three men lay dead.

EXT. LOUNGE - NIGHT

A hectic scene as a body is being loaded into an ambulance.

OFFICER 1
Is that really the Dutchman?

OFFICER 2
Sure is.

OFFICER 1
He's not dead?

OFFICER 2
Almost. A slow ride to the hospital
should do it.

INT. DEWEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Dewey is sitting at his desk, head in his hands. The morning newspaper is laying across his desk.

The headlines read, "DUTCH SCHULTZ SHOT DEAD!"

A knock on the door.

DEWEY
(irritated)
Come in!

Enters, William, and three of the twenty attorneys.

WILLIAM

Do you have the paper?

Dewey points to the newspaper.

DEWEY

I didn't anticipate this.

MAN 1

I'm surprised. I thought he was unapproachable.

DEWEY

Only to his friends.

WILLIAM

Now, what boss?

MAN 2

Are we done?

DEWEY

Done! Oh, son, that would be a mistake. That's not how it works. The next one is up to bat! That's Luciano.

WILLIAM

You've been on The Dutchman for years, do you think that's why this happened?

DEWEY

I hope so.

WILLIAM

In that case, it looks like you won.

Dewey slowly raises his head, breaks out in a grin.

DEWEY

I guess so. . . .That's how the press should read.

MAN 3

What now boss?

DEWEY

Shift everything to Luciano.
Nothing changes. Hit em' hard!
They're starting to crack!

WILLIAM

Yes, sir!

INT. DEWEY'S OFFICE - DAY

A knock on the door.

DEWEY

Come in.

Eunice enters.

EUNICE

Are you busy?

DEWEY

No, come in, I stepped into your
office earlier and saw all those
charts. Interesting. Something to
do with occurrences and money flow?

EUNICE

That's right. Following the money
and the clients. I was looking at
all the cases in the last two years
and something has changed.
Something in the business is
different.

DEWEY

What are you thinking?

EUNICE

They started to organize. Or
someone was organizing them and
taking a cut. I found that a lot of
the girls had the same attorneys.

DEWEY

Okay.

EUNICE

I would like to pull in some of the girls and maybe the johns to see what I can get them to say.

DEWEY

They won't talk. They're too scared.

EUNICE

I know. Unless we show some strength. They need to know we're serious.

DEWEY

Okay, I'm all for showing strength.

EUNICE

I have to figure out where the brothels are.

DEWEY

I can help you with that.

EUNICE

I located some, I think, by going through arrest records.

DEWEY

Not a bad idea. What are these, back-room whorehouses?

EUNICE

No, well some are, and some are in the finest hotels. You know what clients we're going to find there?

DEWEY

Some of the city's finest. That will make a big splash in the papers. That's what we want.

EUNICE

We don't know who we will catch. Politicians, reporters, whoever.

DEWEY

I know. I'm counting on it.

EUNICE

Make noise.

DEWEY

Have you ever heard of the
Committee of Fourteen?

EUNICE

I believe they compiled a list of
prostitutes. Wasn't that some time
ago?

DEWEY

Prostitutes, pimps, brothels, they
got it all. Yes, a few years ago.
They folded for lack of funds. The
work they did still exist.

EUNICE

Really, Okay? That would save me a
lot of work.

DEWEY

I can get you that list. It shows
the brothels and the known
prostitutes. Everyplace from bars
to hotels to private homes.

EUNICE

Why does it still exist?

DEWEY

No one wanted to throw that much
work away. I'll make arrangements
for you to see it.

INT. NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY

Meeting Eunice at the library is a former committee
secretary, GEORGE WORTHINGTON.

GEORGE

Mrs. Carter?

EUNICE

Yes, Mr. Worthington.

GEORGE

Nice to meet you. I think we have just what you need.

EUNICE

Mr. Dewey said you have a file for me?

GEORGE

A file. Many files actually. We were quite thorough.

EUNICE

Why did the committee quit?

GEORGE

Funds ran out. People lost interest. No one knew what to do with the information, until now. No DA would go after them. We locked them away here.

He leads her through the library until they come to a back room. He takes a key from his pocket and unlocks the door.

A twenty-foot by twenty-foot room with shelves from floor to ceiling crammed with files, index cards, etc.

Eunice stares. Slowly walks in.

EUNICE

Not all of this?

GEORGE

Two years worth on the side shelves. The back shelf is from the first Committee.

EUNICE

You were thorough! Are all of these prostitutes?

GEORGE

Prostitutes, pimps, johns, bars, hotels, parking lots, it's all there.

EUNICE

Okay, looks like I'll be here a while.

GEORGE
You don't have any help?

EUNICE
No, just me.

GEORGE
Here's the key. It's all yours.
Make sure you get the key to Dewey
when you are done.

EUNICE
Thank you, yes, sir.

Eunice takes the key and pulls a file and starts to read as he departs.

INT. NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY - FILE ROOM - DAY

On another day, Eunice has a table and chair set up and is studying a file and taking notes.

INT. NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY - FILE ROOM - DAY

Another day and more of the same.

INT. NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY - FILE ROOM - DAY

Another day and more of the same.

INT. EUNICE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Eunice is at her desk examining a file. The files and clutter have grown. Eunice sits back with a knowing look in her eye.

INT. DEWEY'S OFFICE - DAY

A knock on the door.

DEWEY
Come in.

Eunice enters, file in hand.

EUNICE
Mr. Dewey.

DEWEY

Yes, Eunice, what do you have.

She hands him the key.

EUNICE

I won't need this anymore. I think I have it figured out.

DEWEY

Okay. What do you find out? I heard you were surprised.

EUNICE

A lot more than I thought. Very good work. Too bad no one followed up with indictments.

DEWEY

A different time. What is your determination?

EUNICE

Everything changed about two years ago when the syndicate started charging the girls ten dollars a day. The girls don't like it and I may be able to get some to talk.

DEWEY

Do you think you can?

EUNICE

It's worth a try. I have also compiled a list of the attorneys who have been bailing them out. There's a couple that sticks out. I could pressure them.

DEWEY

Okay. They may have something to say if we threaten their license.

EUNICE

They know who hires them.

DEWEY

That's right. Good, good.

EUNICE

I'm thinking of something big.
Something that will shake them

DEWEY

I'm listening.

EUNICE

If we want to be taken seriously,
we have to hit them all at the same
time or the word will be out. We
need an all-out raid.

DEWEY

An all-out raid, of the brothels?

EUNICE

Yes.

DEWEY

I don't know, seems a little
excessive. Will we really get
anything out of it?

EUNICE

I'm counting on it.

DEWEY

It could backfire on us. We don't
want bad publicity.

EUNICE

It's a chance. Maybe our only
chance. We need to turn some
people. The wiretaps have not been
much use.

DEWEY

We're not getting much off any of
the taps.

EUNICE

The mobs on to that.

DEWEY

If we have to take them by
surprise. We'll need a lot of cops.
Utmost secrecy. If the word got out
it would be embarrassing.

(MORE)

DEWEY (CONT'D)

We might not be able to recover.
The press would have a hay-day.

EUNICE

You wanted hard-hitting. This would
get their attention. This would
shake-up some of the girls.

DEWEY

We have some cops on our team,
we'll need a lot more. I'll work on
it.

INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY

Twenty uniformed officers have assembled in the squad room.
They are being addressed by a SERGEANT.

SERGEANT

Get in line. Quiet down. I know
some of you have worked a full
shift, too bad, you're still on
duty!

Some quiet grumbling.

SERGEANT (CONT'D)

Welcome to the world of special
assignments, whatever that is.

OFFICER 1

Sergeant, Is this normal?

SERGEANT

Normal, normal, you didn't sign on
for normal. This is a first for me.

SERGEANT (CONT'D)

When I call your name come up and
get your envelope and return to
your seat. Do not open your
envelope! . . Reed, Watson, Johnson-
Ron, Johnson-Calvin, Billings,
Barton, Mostello, Ryan, Hill,
House, Cantor, Blaine, Walker,
McCabe, Hodges, BATES, Coors,
Holiday, SMITH, and HASKIN.

The last man sits.

SERGEANT (CONT'D)

On the backs of your envelopes,
there is an address. Go to that
address before eight-fifth-five,
this evening, understand, don't be
late! At eight-fifty-five open your
envelope. Follow the instructions.
Now, you know as much as I do!

Looking confused at their envelopes, Officer Haskin raises
his hand.

SERGEANT (CONT'D)

I said you know as much as me!

HASKIN

You don't know why we were chosen?

SERGEANT

That's what I said.

BATES

Has this ever happened before?

SERGEANT

Not in my world. A mystery to me.

SMITH

Do we know where these came from?

SERGEANT

Hell, no! Nobody tells me nothing!
They appeared out of nowhere on my
desk. A little fairy brought em'. .
. No get out of here, I gotta do
this two more times!

EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT

A chilly night and we see officer Reed, pacing, looking at
his watch.

A repeated scene with officer Bates.

A repeated scene at a market with officer Haskin.

Eight-fifty-five shows on officer Haskin watch. He opens his
envelope.

He reads. "From the office of the Special prosecutor - Thomas Dewey. Proceed to 386 W. 36th street in full gear. Meet up with fellow officer{s}. Conduct a raid on the brothel at this address. Make arrests of ALL individuals found at this address. Book them into central booking. Wait for further instructions."

It was signed by Thomas Dewey.

The letters for Reed and Bates are identical except for the address. Bates letter reads, "8332 Broadway, and Reeds letter reads, The Grand Hotel."

EXT. 386 W. 36TH STREET. - NIGHT

A squad car pulls up. Officer Haskin is leading two unidentified officers into the building.

Time has passed and the three officers are escorting handcuffed women and men of both races, to their squad car.

EXT. THE GRAND HOTEL - NIGHT

Three squad cars pull up in front of the hotel. Officer Reed and five unidentified officers rush the hotel.

Time has passed and a paddy wagon is out front. The officers are escorting handcuffed white men and women of both races, out of the hotel.

INT. CENTRAL BOOKING - NIGHT

A mad scene of officers, johns, and prostitutes as several of the raiders converge on the percent.

The officer's desks are full as report writing is underway. Followed by booking. Officers and their captives are standing around waiting for an open desk.

SERGEANT

(loud)

Okay, everyone, it's late, I know
you want to get home. Write against
the wall if you have to.

Haskin and fellow officers enter with their captives. Haskin approaches the sergeant.

HASKIN

Sergeant?

SERGEANT

What don't you understand, Haskin?

HASKIN

Well, Sir, it's just that these people we picked up.

SERGEANT

Yes?

HASKIN

Most of them look pretty rich. And they're mad.

SERGEANT

Of course, they're mad!

The sergeant looks over at Haskin's group. Looks puzzled.

SERGEANT (CONT'D)

They do look rich. Where did they come from?

HASKIN

The Grand hotel.

SERGEANT

The Grand Hotel! No kidding, we raided the Grand Hotel, well I'll be damn!.

HASKIN

What now sergeant?

SERGEANT

Book em'. Then take them down to the Woolworth building and hand them over to the DA. You're done after that.

HASKIN

Yes, sir!

EXT. WOOLWORTH BUILDING - NIGHT

The street around the Woolworth building is abuzz with activity. Paddy wagons and squad cars are stopping in front to unload their passengers.

Still handcuffed, they are led into the building.

JOHN 1

(Agitated)

What the hell are we doing here?

OFFICER 1

You'll find out! Get moving!

JOHN 1

What the hell, this has never happened to me before!

PROSTITUTE 1

Can't someone pay a fine for me?

OFFICER 2

Not this time, doll. Now get going.

INT. WOOLWORTH BUILDING - NIGHT

The inside is as the outside, hectic. There is a line at the elevator.

An officer is leading a young prostitute to Eunice's office.

INT. EUNICE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Eunice is at her desk. A knock on the door.

EUNICE

Come in.

The officer, a prostitute by the arm, enters. A confused look on his face when he sees Eunice and starts to back out.

OFFICER 1

Ma'am? I must be in the wrong place.

EUNICE

Officer, no, no, you're in the right place.

OFFICER 1
I was told to bring her up to the
DA?

EUNICE
That's me.

He stares.

EUNICE (CONT'D)
You can leave her with me. And take
the cuffs off.

OFFICER 1
Yes, ma'am.

He departs.

EUNICE
Hello, I am Assistant District
Attorney, Carter.

JOAN
(snooty)
I have someone who bails me out.
They should be here anytime now.
Wherever we are?

EUNICE
No one is coming. No one knows
you're here.

JOAN
(nervous)
What are you doing, why am I here!
I have protection. I pay ten bucks
a week!

EUNICE
I know. I know all about your
protection money. What I don't know
is how it's paid and to whom.

JOAN
I ain't saying nothing!

EUNICE
(intense)
Do you see what's going on outside?
(MORE)

EUNICE (CONT'D)

Do you see all that action? Have you ever seen anything like it?

JOAN

(defiant)

What is this! How can you keep me here! I pay to get out of this shit!

EUNICE

Not anymore. Times are changing. The governor and the mayor have decided to do something. We want your help.

JOAN

(somber)

They'll kill me.

EUNICE

Look around, we'll protect you.

JOAN

What if I don't?

EUNICE

You're nobody we want, none of the girls are.

JOAN

This ain't no parade! And what are you anyway? You ain't no cop. No black woman is a cop!

EUNICE

As I said, I'm a DA. I want your help.

JOAN

(cocky)

A woman DA. And a black woman, can't happen.

EUNICE

It has.

JOAN

I ain't going against nobody!

Eunice opens a file, reads.

EUNICE

Mary Wagnor from Minnesota.

JOAN

Where did you get that?

EUNICE

I know everything about you, Mary or Sunshine or Sunny. How about if we stick with, Mary. Seven times you've been arrested for prostitution in the last two years.

JOAN

Who counts. Fines were paid on all of those. That's what I pay my ten dollars a week for!

EUNICE

What you don't see, what your lawyer didn't tell you is we can put you away for a long time as a chronic offender.

JOAN

How, how, long?

EUNICE

Years. You have two kids I believe. They could be out of school before you get out.

JOAN

I'm just a girl who's trying to make a living. Why me?

EUNICE

Look around, it's not only you. I only want your help. Just a little information. You won't be the only one. . . . We brought in everyone, even the johns.

JOAN

Doesn't sound like I have a choice.

EUNICE

Make the right choice, Mary.

Eunice is interviewing another prostitute. A conversation ensues that we can not hear.

The scene is repeated several times with prostitutes, madams, and johns.

INT. DEWEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Trial preparations are underway. Coaching witnesses and preparing graphs.

Prostitute Mary is sitting across from Dewey. William is sitting across the room. Mary is nervous.

DEWEY

Eunice tells me you are one of the good ones. You want to change your life.

MARY

I hope there's more than me.

DEWEY

Oh, there are. Many. This is the start of the end of organized crime. We are just getting started.

MARY

Where are they?

DEWEY

I have over seventy witnesses all stashed away and guarded. Like you will be. Some are in offices on this floor right now. Being coached like you are. After this, William will take you and your children and your mother, to a safe house.

MARY

Okay.

DEWEY

Detectives will be stationed outside. Everything you need will be provided. Everywhere you go will be guarded.

MARY

All right, as long as my kids and mom are safe.

DEWEY

You have my word. Now, I want to go over your testimony. Make sure everything is in order.

MARY

Yes, sir.

DEWEY

I have Eunice's notes, she is quite thorough.

MARY

She was nice. She understands.

DEWEY

Yes, she does. Now you paid your dues to a man named Charlie, is that right?

MARY

Charlie, that's right, Charlie. I never met him it was always Jimmy from the bar I paid my ten dollars too.

DEWEY

Well, where does Charlie come in?

MARY

It was always referred to as Charlie's money.

DEWEY

I see.

MARY

And Charlie's men would come by every Monday and pick it up.

DEWEY

These were the men you identified for Mrs. Carter?

MARY

Sure are. Same men every week.

DEWEY

Very good.

One at a time, witnesses enter Dewey's office.

This is repeated several times.

EXT. HOT SPRINGS, ARKANSAS - RESORT - DAY

On a clear sunny day, on a golf course, Lucky Luciano is teeing off. He is approached by six federal agents. His men close in.

AGENT 1

Mr. Luciano.

LUCIANO

(tense)

What's this!

AGENT 1

Mr. Luciano, we have a warrant for your arrest.

LUCIANO

(angry)

What the hell for! You're nuts!

AGENT 1

We have a warrant for your arrest for the crime of compulsory prostitution.

Luciano pauses and moves his face closer to the agent and starts laughing. This prompts his men to laugh.

LUCIANO

What the hell is that! I ain't got nothing to do with whores!

With a nod from agent one, the other agents move in and handcuff Luciano.

LUCIANO (CONT'D)

(angry)

Get my damn, lawyer!

EXT. FEDERAL COURTROOM - DAY

Dewey, William, Eunice, and attorney GEORGE LEVY are leaving the courthouse. They are mobbed by the press. The questions come rapid-fire.

REPORTER 1

Mr. Dewey, you just indicted the biggest mobster there is, are you afraid for your safety?

REPORTER 2

How does it feel to see your face in Life magazine?

REPORTER 3

Can we have a photo of you and your team?

DEWEY

Sure.

Dewey, William, and George crowd together. Eunice is left in the back.

INT. FEDERAL COURTROOM - DAY

The Lucky Luciano prostitution trial is underway.

A circus-like atmosphere in the courtroom. Every newspaper in the country and several from around the world, are represented.

Dewey is the lead attorney with George Levy by his side. Eunice is in the mostly white audience.

The courtroom of Judge Philip J. McCook is heavily guarded.

Dewey is cross-examining madam, Joan Jordon.

DEWEY

Now, Miss Jordon, you testified that your occupation is madam, is that right?

JOAN

Yes, that's right.

DEWEY

And you were given immunity for testifying, is that right.

JOAN

Yes.

DEWEY

How do you know, Jimmy Frederick?

JOAN

Jimmy likes to push me around. He hit me with a blackjack once, split my head open.

DEWEY

I see. Why did he do that?

JOAN

He was shaking me down. He wanted some for himself.

DEWEY

Shaking you down?

JOAN

Yeah, Jimmy collects for the combination.

DEWEY

The combination, do you know what that is?

JOAN

The mob, I guess. I know he worked for Mr. Luciano, everybody did.

Time has passed and Dewey is questing MILDRED BALITZER.

DEWEY

Mrs. Balitzer, you are the wife of Pete Harris, is that right?

MILDRED

Yes, I am.

DEWEY

And what is his occupation?

MILDRED
He's a booker.

DEWEY
A booker?

MILDRED
Yes, he makes dates for the girls.

DEWEY
For the prostitutes?

MILDRED
That's right.

DEWEY
And do you know who he works for?

MILDRED
Sure do, Charlie Lucky!

DEWEY
Charles Luciano.

MILDRED
The one and only. Everyone works
for Charlie Lucky.

DEWEY
You don't like Mr. Luciano, do you?

MILDRED
Hell, no! I hate him. He had my
boyfriend killed twenty years ago,
I ain't never forgot!

Times has passed and Dewey is questing prostitute THELMA
JORDAN.

DEWEY
Now, Miss Jordon, you're a
prostitute?

THELMA
That's right.

DEWEY
And how do you know, Ralph Liquori?

THELMA
The pimp!

DEWEY

The pimp?

THELMA

Yeah, that's his name, Ralph the pimp.

DEWEY

Yes, it is.

THELMA

He tried to strangle me once when he thought I was holding out.

DEWEY

Holding out what.

THELMA

Their cut. The mob has to have their cut. They kept wanting more and more until there was nothing left!

INT. FEDERAL COURTROOM - DAY

The courtroom is packed. Tension fills the air and there is a soft murmur throughout. Dewey and George are at the prosecutor's table. Eunice is in the audience. One of only a few blacks and one of only a few women. The judge takes the bench.

JUDGE

I have read the jury's decision and have affirmed it. Would the jury foreman like to read the verdict?

Luciano has a confident smirk.

JURY FOREMAN

We the jury find Lucky Luciano guilty of the crime of compulsory prostitution.

A gasp throughout the courtroom. Luciano looks stunned as his attorney whispers in his ear.

Dewey glances over at Eunice. A wink and a knowing look.

EXT. FEDERAL COURTROOM - DAY

Dewey, George, and Eunice are leaving the courthouse. They have two police officers guarding them.

A crowd of reporters rushes to meet them. Much to Dewey's surprise, they are there for Eunice. He is pushed aside.

REPORTER 1

Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Carter, over here.

Dewey has a scow as the reporters crowd around Eunice.

REPORTER 1 (CONT'D)

Mrs. Carter, what's it like to be the only female to go after, organized crime?

EUNICE

I'm just part of a team of very good prosecutors.

REPORTER 2

How did you get chosen for this assignment?

EUNICE

You will have to ask Mr. Dewey.

Dewey and William are off to the side within earshot. The reporters do not acknowledge them.

REPORTER 3

When will this wrap-up?

EUNICE

Mr. Dewey is in charge. That is his decision.

REPORTER 2

Aren't you afraid the mob might come after you?

EUNICE

I, we're protected.

Dewey and William and one of the officers, walk away leaving Eunice with the reporters.

DEWEY

I guess she deserves this.

GEORGE

It was her idea.

The end.

(CONT'D)

(CONT'D)

(CONT'D)

(CONT'D)

(CONT'D)

(CONT'D)