

Pullman

written by

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based on real events
& characters created by Victor Hugo

OVER BLACK:

The soft Irish lilt of an adult woman begins over SCRIBBLING.
This is JENNIE.

JENNIE (V.O.)
Some of this is family legend.
Most of it you'll find in history
books... if you're willing to look
hard enough.

FADE IN:

A weathered MAP OF THE UNITED STATES appears.

JENNIE (V.O.)
What you've gotta understand is
the moment we were in - as a
nation - as the 20th century crept
closer.

HISTORIC photos with a "Ken Burns" zoom effect appear - first
of COVERED WAGONS, then of IMMIGRANTS DEPARTING LARGE SHIPS,
and finally a TIME-LAPSE series of BUILDINGS RISING in 19th
century Chicago.

JENNIE (V.O.)
The frontier was closed and the
promise of possibility was
bringing huddled masses from
across the globe to America.
Immigrants like my Gran poured off
of boats and into cities. Cities
that rose on the backs of working
men and women.

INT. PULLMAN FACTORY FLOOR - DAY

LARGE TABLES fill the room, and 12 WOMEN stand at each table.
One SEAMSTRESS, about 17 years old has long, reddish-brown hair
and light freckles on her face. This is JENNIE.

JENNIE (V.O.)
The work was hard and much of it
still needed to be done by hand.

Jennie STITCHES a SEAT COVER, her FINGERS COVERED IN THIMBLES.
The difficulty of the work shows on the faces of the women
standing around the table.

At the front of the factory floor stands a LARGE SIGN, reading:
"PRICE PER PIECE:" in front of two nails, where the frequently-
fluctuating wage is updated like a baseball scoreboard.

A HEAVY-SET FOREMAN with a HANDLEBAR MUSTACHE updates the board, lowering the "PRICE PER PIECE" from "\$.05" to "\$.02".

The women groan. ANGER and DISMAY appears on Jennie's face.

JENNIE (V.O.)

The ones in power were getting greedy. The rest of us were getting desperate.

As he passes by her on his way out of the room, the Foreman GROPES Jennie's butt. She turns to respond, but STOPS HERSELF before saying anything.

JENNIE (V.O.)

It wasn't going to be long before there was a fight. Before workers and bosses came to confrontation. For fair treatment. For fair pay. For our future.

On Jennie's BALLED UP FIST at her side...

FADE TO BLACK:

Title Over Black: PULLMAN

FADE IN:

INT. HULL HOUSE FOYER - MORNING

CREDITS roll in SUPERS over a LAVISH CHANDELIER in the FOYER of a large mansion.

GOLD MOLDING surrounds the ceiling and red carpets adorn the stairs and hallways.

SUPER: "Chicago, 1894"

JENNIE (V.O.)

For their part, some samaritans in the city started a revolution in social work to help poor folk.

JANE ADDAMS exits a room at the top of the stairs. The distinguished woman is in her early 30s and wears an ELABORATE GREEN dress. Though still young, Jane's face is weathered, her skin is pale, her eyes deep-set, and her posture proper.

JENNIE (V.O.)

Ladies of means like Jane Addams founded places of refuge and enlightenment like Hull House.

(MORE)

JENNIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Places where the rich could offer
the poor education and culture.

INT. HULL HOUSE CLASSROOM - DAY

A FULL CLASSROOM pays attention to a TEACHER at the front of the room. The teacher is an older woman who POINTS to a LARGE PHOTO of THOMAS JEFFERSON.

JENNIE (V.O.)
It was a place where those of us a
generation or two off the boat
could learn something about our
new home. Where we could find help
- and community.
(beat)
It was also an infirmary where the
guilt of success and inheritance
could be bandaged by philanthropy.

INT. HULL HOUSE HALLWAY - DAY

MICHAEL bursts from another upstairs room. He isn't yet 20, and the smattering of facial hair he was hoping would make him look older and more distinguished is having the opposite effect. He wears a SUIT with a VEST, which he is still buttoning up.

JANE
Michael! They're waiting!

MICHAEL
Coming Aunt Jane!

Michael runs down the stairs, catching up with Jane at the bottom.

JANE
It sends the wrong message when we
make our friends wait for us,
Michael. Especially when they are
clients of Hull House. Your time
is no more valuable than theirs.

Jane fixes Michael's shirt collar, tucking it beneath his jacket. He SQUIRMS at she does.

A YOUNG WOMAN giggles at the sight as she walks past. Michael flashes her a CHARMING SMILE.

MICHAEL

I'd much rather stay here and help out.

INT. HULL HOUSE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

They move through the house as they speak.

The mansion is full of people - a majority of which are WOMEN, each of whom catches Michael's attention as he and his aunt walk through the house. Michael SMILES and WINKS at many of the women they pass.

They pass by an open door where an ENGLISH CLASS is being taught to a GROUP OF IMMIGRANTS by a YOUNG WOMAN.

JANE

That very well may be your preference, but we've had another letter from your grandfather's attorneys requesting an update.

MICHAEL

I've not broken the terms of his ludicrous will.

JANE

Be that as it may, they are also asking for some evidence of progress on your coursework.

MICHAEL

I've not said I'm going to return to university to finish my coursework, and doing so was never part of the agreement.

JANE

You know they will look for any excuse to disinherit you, Michael. Just... be careful.

(beat)

And even if it doesn't ultimately result in course credit, you would do well to learn what you can from your companions today. Those boys have been coming to Hull House since we opened. Try and see the Fair through their eyes.

(beat - whispered)

But be careful with Redson.

MICHAEL

I know Aunt Jane.

INT. HULL HOUSE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Michael and Jane walk through the KITCHEN, where THREE WOMEN chop, stir and prepare food.

Michael picks up an APPLE from a table. One of the cooks sees him out of the corner of her eye and smiles, but doesn't look up. She is about Michael's age and has FRIZZY HAIR and DARK SKIN. This is LILY.

LILY
Pick a good one, Mister Linn?

He was confident with other young women as he walked through the house, but this young woman makes Michael BLUSH.

He has a similar affect on her. Lily SMILES and bites her lip.

MICHAEL
(gulp)
Mornin' Lily.

LILY
Mornin' Michael.

Lily stares as Michael takes a BITE from the apple and walks out of a back door.

Another COOK gives Lily a DISAPPROVING GLANCE.

EXT. HULL HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Michael exits the large BRICK MANSION and sees three young men, all about his age, waiting for him.

The first is a tall redhead who walks with a straight back and his chest out. This is ERIK REDSON.

The second is a portly and bearded young man who takes a swig from a FLASK that is quickly tucked back into his jacket. This is GERARD SULLIVAN.

The third is a small and bookish young man with THICK GLASSES and HOLES in his pants. This is JEROME "FITZ" FITZGERALD.

ERIK
'Bout time.

MICHAEL
Sorry.

FITZ
Did you get 'em?

Michael pulls four tickets out from his coat pocket.

MICHAEL
Courtesy of Hull House.

GERARD
Hot dog! The world awaits!

EXT. WORLD'S FAIR ENTRANCE

The four young men walk beneath a sign reading: "WORLD COLUMBIAN EXHIBITION: WELCOME TO THE CHICAGO WORLD'S FAIR"

EXT. THE WHITE CITY - DAY

CLOSE UP: The Republic - a Statue of Liberty holding both arms aloft. There is a PROUD EAGLE in the statue's outstretched hand at the zenith of the 24-foot gold masterpiece.

The statue is standing in the center of what used to be JEFFERSON PARK, and is now THE WHITE CITY. The glowing WHITE facades of ELABORATE GRECO-ROMAN BUILDINGS encircle a LARGE RECTANGULAR REFLECTING POOL.

Electric FOUNTAINS spray gymnastic streams of water above the pool.

DOMES, COLUMNS and MASSIVE BUILDINGS make the White City look simultaneously classic and futuristic.

Michael and his friends walk through the spectacle. The place is PACKED with people.

The four young men are mesmerized as they wander, their jaws agape.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND (PRE-LAP)
Here, in view of magnificent evidences of American skill and intelligence, we need not fear our future.

EXT. WORLD'S FAIR MAIN STAGE - DAY

PRESIDENT GROVER CLEVELAND stands at a DAIS that is covered in RED, WHITE and BLUE BUNTING. He is something out of a political cartoon - rotund with a walrus mustache wearing tuxedo with tails.

Cleveland bellows, but without amplified sound, only those within an earshot can hear him.

DROVES of people crowd around the stage, trying to hear the President's opening address. BLEACHERS behind the stage enclose the dais in a mass of humanity in front of the GIGANTIC DOMED ADMINISTRATION building.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND

Great men have built these
splendid marvels. Men who deserve
the thanks of the day.
Men whose names are synonymous
with the progress that surrounds
us. Carnegie. Frick. Homestead.
Pullman and Pillsbury.

At the back of the crowd, Michael and his friends try to get a glimpse of the main stage.

GERARD

Can't hear a damn thing.

ERIK

Ain't missing much.

MICHAEL

How would you know if we can't
hear?

ERIK

Show me one politician not in it
for themselves, I'll show you the
blessed virgin's boyfriend.

FITZ

Cleveland ran with working men,
actually.

MICHAEL

My aunt says Cleveland ain't all
bad.

ERIK

Cleveland doesn't know or do shit
for the working man. You want to
talk about the working man?

Erik heads off, away from the main stage.

MICHAEL

Ugh. *Then* can we see the belly
dancers?

EXT. WORLD'S FAIR LABOR CONGRESS - DAY

The foursome approach a small stage sitting underneath a banner that reads: "WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXHIBITION: LABOR CONGRESS".

ERIK

I've seen these folks at the stock houses and rail yards since I was a boy. Told yer aunt we'd show you what this fair looks like when you ain't got a trust fund. This is it, Rich Boy. Pay attention.

At the center of the stage stands EUGENE VICTOR DEBS, a lanky 38-year old with deep blue eyes and nearly no hair left on top of his head. He speaks with passion to a CROWD OF DOZENS and they can't take their eyes off of him.

DEBS

Standing upon this mound of vision, I realize the gigantic strides and possibilities we can achieve.

Dirty, hard faces of working men and women look on as Debs speaks. The crowd is mostly made up of RAGGED JACKETS and SIMPLE DRESSES - still their "Sunday best" but a notable downgrade from the President's crowd at the main stage.

Near the back of the crowd, a small group of young seamstresses from the opening watch the speech. Jennie Curtis is among them. From across the crowd, Michael NOTICES Jennie, a SMILE appearing on his face as he does.

Jennie sees Michael staring from across the crowd. She is BASHFUL and can't hide a SMILE as she pretends to watch the speech and not notice Michael's gaze.

DEBS (V.O.)

Here the world may learn how inert and dead is the thing we call capital until it is touched by the vitalizing power of labor.

EXT. ABOVE CHICAGO WORLD'S FAIR - DAY

High above Jackson Park, the FAIRGROUNDS are HUGE.

DEBS (V.O.)

Here, Chicago, the wonderful
interoceanic city of the continent
might have drained her coffers
until the Alpine pile of money
amazed the nations of the earth,
but Jackson Park would have
remained a barren land.

Swooping down into the Fair, a kaleidoscope of innovation
fascinates LARGE CROWDS.

DEBS (V.O.)

But, touched by the hand of labor,
behold the transformation!

EXT. CHICAGO WORLD'S FAIR - CONTINUOUS

--There is a FERRIS WHEEL, exhibits featuring EARLY LIGHT
BULBS, NEON SIGNS and ELECTRIC MOTORS.

--Magnificent BUILDINGS and GARDENS, ARTISANS and VENDORS
spread throughout the fairgrounds.

--HUGE PYRAMIDS OF BEER CANS and CONDIMENTS feature and
introduce brands that would become synonymous with American
capitalism: "Pabst," "Heintz," "Wrigley" and "Aunt Jemima."

DEBS (V.O.)

Visiting wonderers may search in
vain for something that kings,
aristocrats, plutocrats, the rich
and titled snobs of the earth have
made. No! All things in the White
City combine to eulogize labor,
and workingmen's organizations.

Erik is CAPTIVATED by Debs' speech. Fitz and Gerard look BORED.
Michael is trying hard to pretend he isn't still staring at
Jennie.

EXT. WORLD'S FAIR BEER GARDEN - DAY

Michael, Erik, Gerard and Fitz sit around a table in a crowded
outdoor BEER GARDEN. Umbrellas are set up around circular
tables to offer shade and everyone has a GLASS STEIN in front
of them.

Fitz takes a SWIG.

FITZ

You know, I think I like the Pabst
better.

GERARD
You're crazy. Budweiser is
definitely winning the
competition.

MICHAEL
I'm with Fitz. I read they brewed
this special for the fair.

ERIK
So what did you think?

GERARD
I just said - Bud.

Erik deadpans at Gerard.

GERARD (CON'T)
Oh, about the speech?

ERIK
Yeah. About the speech.

GERARD
Heard more. Understood less.

ERIK
He was talking about how workers
are strong because they cannot
build things without us. He's
right about that, by the way.

MICHAEL
(finishing his drink)
Bunk.

ERIK
What?

MICHAEL
Bottom fact - he's full of it. He
completely dismisses the work of
great men.

ERIK
Great men? You mean those bankers
and high on their nut grouzers you
ran with before Chicago? I see no
man as great who doesn't have
callouses on his hands.

Fitz laughs.

MICHAEL

Off that, will ya? And what do you know about great men's callouses? I'm talking about legends and heroes - Alexander the Great and... I don't know... George Washington. Great men who bring people together for common purpose. Men who have achieved great things because they were leaders - because they had vision. We're nothing without those great men.

ERIK

The hell we ain't. Ideas are ether. Only work has value.

MICHAEL

'Course work has value. I just don't believe that any of this--
(he gestures at the Fair
around him)
--is possible without great men.

In the BACKGROUND of the four friends' conversation is a table where two LARGE MEN sit. One is tall and skinny, with THICK STUBBLE. This is CLAX. The other man is at least 300-pounds of solid lug-head. This is GOMER. They are joined by TWO WOMEN whose eyes wander, obviously not having a good time.

ERIK

What you're talking about ain't history. It is rank uh... what's the word?

FITZ

Paternalism.

ERIK

Paternalism! It's gapeseed written by those great men themselves.

FITZ

But what's wrong with paternalism? Good families have good fathers, right?

Michael WINCES at the comment.

ERIK

We're not talking about raising kids, here.

(MORE)

ERIK (CONT'D)
 We're talking about treating the
 people who you need to do a job
 with respect.

MICHAEL
 Exactly! We're talking about the
 same thing. Great men providing.

By this point, Gerard has entirely checked out of the
 conversation. Instead, he SMILES at one of the women at the
 adjacent table. She SMILES back.

ERIK
 What's wrong is that it never,
 ever actually works like that.
 Bosses don't provide. They screw.

MICHAEL
 Bull. What's the town to the
 south? The la-di-dah rail car
 company?

ERIK
 Pullman?

MICHAEL
 Pullman! That's it. It's supposed
 to be something.

Erik points at the TRANSPORTATION BUILDING across the
 courtyard.

ERIK (CON'T)
 Let's find out.

Michael and Erik put down their steins and stand. Fitz and
 Gerard stay seated.

GERARD
 I think we need a closer look at
 this beer competition.

Fitz SHRUGS.

FITZ
 I'll make sure he doesn't cause
 any trouble.

ERIK
 Good luck with that.

As Michael and Erik walk away, Gerard BLOWS A KISS to the woman
 at the next table and WINKS at her.

CLAX notices and STANDS, angry.

As Michael and Erik walk away, Clax approaches Gerard, his FIST BALLED UP. Gerard is taking a sip of his beer doesn't see the incoming punch.

INT. WORLD'S FAIR TRANSPORTATION BUILDING - DAY

Michael and Erik enter the massive TRANSPORTATION BUILDING.

There is a CARNIVAL BARKER underneath a banner reading "Pullman Palace Train Cars", SHOUTING with the rapid cadence of an auctioneer.

CARNIVAL BARKER
Chicago, it has been said, is the
"Rome of our Railroads" - the
beating heart of commerce in our
Nation, through which capital and
goods are pumped out like the
sanguine livelihood of our
country.

The TRANSPORTATION BUILDING is full of RAIL CARS, EXHIBITS, DISPLAYS with TRACKS and even a full-sized TRAIN CAR on in the center of the room.

CARNIVAL BARKER (O.S.)
Just miles south of this
Exposition sits the town of
Pullman - a shining city built by
and bearing the proud name of one
of this fair's most generous
benefactors.

Erik TAPS Michael on the chest and points to the BARKER, making sure his friend is listening.

CARNIVAL BARKER
Here, you can see the future of
American industry, where men can
live in harmony as they do their
part to produce the wonders that
will carry us into the new
century.
Step up my friends and tour the
town of the future!

ERIK
(with a smile and wink at
Michael)
Catch on, Rich Boy.

Erik strolls up to the TICKET BOOTH like he owns the place. An ELDERLY CLERK puts his HAND UP to signal him to STOP.

ELDERLY CLERK
Train's pulling out, son. Come
back tom-

Erik STARTS SPRINTING PAST THE CLERK, BUMPING and spinning the old man around in the process.

ELDERLY CLERK
Hey!

MICHAEL
Are you kidding me?

Michael starts sprinting after the train car, RUNNING PAST THE CLERK.

MICHAEL
(to the clerk)
Sorry!

Michael catches up to the train car, but it is moving quickly. He reaches for the BACK RAILING, but as the TIPS of his FINGERS touch the railing, his HAND SLIPS.

Michael's hand FALLS in slow motion and Erik's reaches out and GRABS Michael's ARM.

Erik PULLS Michael onto the train and puts his FINGER TO HIS LIPS, signaling Michael to be quiet.

EXT. TRAIN CAR - CONTINUOUS

Michael and Erik cling to the outside of the train car, hiding from those inside.

INT. TRAIN CAR - CONTINUOUS

A PORTER hears something in the back of the car, he TURNS TO INVESTIGATE.

Michael and Erik DUCK in time to avoid being seen.

EXT. TRAIN CAR - CONTINUOUS

Carefully, the pair peak into a window and see GEORGE PULLMAN addressing a group of well-dressed TOURISTS.

About 60-years old, Pullman has a goat-like TUFT of GREY HAIR on his CHIN and wears an EXPENSIVE PINSTRIPE SUIT WITH TAILS.

PULLMAN

...and do not forget that the marvel you are about to see is in service of the luxury in which you now sit.

He's not kidding when he calls it "luxury." The train car is full of CARVED ROSEWOOD, AXMINSTER CARPETS, POLISHED BRASS, FRINGED VALANCES and HEAVY DRAPES and CURTAINS.

PULLMAN

I am enormously proud that my name - my companies' name that is - has become synonymous with the luxury train car. As rail connected our country, those of means faced a conundrum. How could we reach the vast distances of America without suffering the indignity of uncomfortable accommodations? Hence, the Pullman car was born. Capable of not only sleeping four in spacious comfort, but finally, we can travel in the same standard to which we have become accustomed to living. Porters are at your beck and call. The best-trained Negroes with the whitest teeth you've ever seen! And the service, it has been said, is impeccable. This is America, ladies and gentleman. Only the best for those who work for it.

Pullman's speech is well-timed. The train car arrives at the end of its short trip.

PULLMAN

Now please, join me on the platform outside for a brief presentation before you tour the town at your leisure.

EXT. PULLMAN TRAIN PLATFORM - DAY

Michael and ERIK exit from the TRAIN CAR onto a WOODEN PLATFORM, pretending they were with the group.

Michael's JAW falls agape and his EYEBROWS RISE as he sees:

--BRICK BUILDINGS - mostly two-story bungalows, with some four and five-story apartment buildings mixed throughout the town.

--Beautiful SHADE TREES casting shadows on GRASSY PARKS and TOWN SQUARES - all neatly maintained.
 --BRIGHT FLOWER BEDS lining sidewalks.

The town is pristine, quaint and picturesque. It is a post card that defines Mayberry, decades before Mayberry was conceived.

On the train platform, Pullman CLEARS HIS THROAT and then raises his voice to address the group.

PULLMAN

Welcome, all, to Pullman Town!
 Welcome to the most modern and sizable company community ever constructed. You behold before you an innovation, from which all that is ugly, discordant and demoralizing has been eliminated.

Michael looks down at a BROCHURE and reads: "Pullman workingmen have clearer complexions and whiter eyes."

PULLMAN (CONT'D)

Here, the employees of my Pullman Palace Rail Car Company --

Pullman gestures to the north, where stands an ORNATE CLOCKTOWER on top of a FACTORY.

PULLMAN (CONT'D)

-- live and enjoy leisure time in a beautiful town, created and maintained by the company itself.

TOURIST

How do you mean maintained?

Pullman gets a big SMILE.

INT. PULLMAN LIBRARY - DAY

The front doors of the Pullman Library open, presenting DOZENS of stacks of BOOKS.

While full of books, the library is DEVOID of people.

PULLMAN (V.O.)

Our library has more than 5,000 books, which I personally donated...

EXT. PULLMAN ATHLETIC FIELD, LAKE CALUMET - DAY

Beautifully maintained ATHLETIC FIELDS stand on the shore of a CALM LAKE on a gorgeous SUNNY DAY. The grass is recently cut and BALLFIELDS have been drawn with newly painted CHALK LINES on the fields.

The fields are also EMPTY.

PULLMAN (V.O.)

The shore of Lake Calumet hosts playing fields, a tennis court, boating facilities and a seasonal ice rink...

A TENNIS COURT is located beyond the fields, and there is a DOCK with small ROWBOATS tied to it stretching into the lake.

None are in use.

EXT. PULLMAN ARCADE - DAY

The Pullman Arcade is a block-long single-story BRICK BUILDING. Storefronts include signs for "DRY GOODS", "BARBER", "LINEN" and "GENERAL STORE".

PULLMAN (V.O.)

Our Arcade is the first shopping mall built in these Middle Western States. Our schools are exemplary and for the youngest children of employees, completely free. I dare say, here live the most fortunate employees I've ever known and there mayhaps have ever been.

EXT. PULLMAN TRAIN PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

Back at the train platform, Erik sees his opportunity, ELBOWING his way to the front of the group.

ERIK

Mr. Pullman - you make this seem like charity.

Michael CRINGES in embarrassment.

Pullman laughs.

PULLMAN

Then you mishear me, my boy!
(MORE)

PULLMAN (CONT'D)
 Capital will not invest in
 sentiment! This town will
 introduce a new era of industry
 and labor - proof of the
 commercial value of beauty.

Michael goes back to studying the brochure.

Underneath a MAP OF THE TOWN is a quote from "Mrs. Duane Doty, wife of the town manager". In ELABORATE CURSIVE, the quote reads: "We have never had any patience with the oft repeated dream of Rousseau, that 'All men are created equal, etc...' The first great law of nature is the inequality of man."

Michael NUDGES Erik and shows him the quote and hopefully distract him from his embarrassing interruption. Erik brushes off his friend and continues addressing Pullman.

ERIK
 If not sentiment then benevolence?

Pullman hears Erik, but doesn't respond.

ERIK (CONT'D)
 I'd call it well-wishing feudalism
 at best.

The crowd is SILENT. EYES WIDEN throughout the group.

Pullman STARES DAGGERS.

Erik GULPS and looks around to the rest of the group's DISAPPROVING LOOKS.

ERIK (CONT'D)
 I mean no offense, sir, of course.

Pullman's JAW CLENCHES. His next words come out careful, measured, but ANGRY.

PULLMAN
 I take offense, boy. I do take
 offense indeed. The object of this
 town is to invest in my employees.
 It is to attract workingmen of
 character. It too, helps us
 exclude all baneful influences on
 our workingmen.

As Pullman continues his rant at Erik, Michael sees Lily leaving a single-story home down the street.

Michael is SURPRISED to see Lily and after a momentary glance back at Erik, he slips away from the group.

EXT. PULLMAN STREET - DAY

Michael jogs after Lily, who is walking in the opposite direction.

MICHAEL
Lily?

Lily stops and SPINS, surprised to see Michael.

LILY MICHAEL
What are you doing here? What are you doing here?

LILY
Same as I do at Hull. Some cooking, some cleaning.

MICHAEL
Huh. Had no idea.

LILY
Well, you never asked.

MICHAEL
Must be a hell of a journey.

LILY
Not too bad by bike. Real pain if I gotta walk, though.

Erik approaches.

ERIK
(to Michael)
Thanks for slinking off back there? And who is this?

MICHAEL
Sorry, sorry. Lily, Erik.

ERIK
Haven't I seen you before at Hull House?

LILY
Depends on how much you pay attention to the help.

Lily offers her hand and Erik has a moment of PAUSE before timidly taking in and shaking gently.

MICHAEL

Let me ask you something - Erik here just got into it with Mister Pullman. What's it really like here?

LILY

I don't work in the factory - I'm just extra help some of the workers brought in. But I hear a lot. They ain't happy.

(to Michael)

There's a meeting tonight, if you want to come.

ERIK

What kind of meeting?

LILY

Sounds like the kind that management don't want to happen.

ERIK

Sounds like fun.

LILY

Across the tracks. Turner Hall in Kensington. My friend says they'll be meeting there after dark.

Erik SMILES at Michael.

INT. TURNER HALL, KENSINGTON - NIGHT

Michael and Erik enter the large room. Usually a venue for community dances and other gatherings, this meeting room can fit maybe 150 people. It is standing-room only tonight, however, as nearly 200 pack into the LOUD, SWEATY room.

Michael sees Lily in the back of the room and WAVES. She works her way through the crowd to reach him.

LILY

You came!

MICHAEL

(nodding back to Erik)

You intrigued my radical friend.

LILY

Come on, I wanna introduce you to someone.

Lily GRABS Michael's hand and PULLS him through the crowd after her. She can't help but SMILE at the contact.

Erik gets LOST in the crowd behind them.

LILY
Tom! Tom, over here!

An older man with a THICK BEARD turns. Nearly 60, he has more grey hair than black in his mustache and beard. This is TOM HEATHCOTE.

HEATHCOTE
Lily! What brings you to a workers meeting?

LILY
Wanted to introduce you to someone.
Thomas Heathcote, I am pleased to present Mister Michael Linn.

Michael extends his HAND and Heathcote heartily SHAKES it.

LILY (CONT'D)
Michael lives and teaches at Hull House. He and a friend took the tour and were asking me about what it is really like to work for Mr. Pullman.

HEATHCOTE
Ah! All friends of Hull House are welcome. I hear from Lily that Miss Addams is doing exceptional work.

MICHAEL
Pleased to meet you, sir. Thank you, sir.

HEATHCOTE
Please, call me Tom. I'm a mechanic for Chrissakes.

Michael smiles.

LILY
My older sister came up with Mr. Tom here, and we've been friends since I was little. He's the one who helped me get the jobs down this way.

Erik catches up to and rejoins Michael.

MICHAEL

This is my friend Erik Redson.

Erik and Tom shake hands.

ERIK

Nice to meetcha, Tom.

LILY

Mister Tom's been leading these meetin's of late.

ERIK

You're a union?

HEATHCOTE

Many of us are members of different trades, but that's not what this is. What we're talking about tonight is a company-wide walkout. A wildcat strike.

ERIK

Wow. Why?

HEATHCOTE

The wages Mister Pullman pays out with one hand, he has always taken back with the other. Since the depression, though he's not even giving us enough to afford paying him back to live where we have to live to work here.

MICHAEL

What good does it do him for his employees not to be able to live?

HEATHCOTE

It's exactly that kinda optimism that I hope helps us avoid a strike. Especially since the higher-ups don't sound supportive.

MICHAEL

Higher ups?

Heathcote NODS toward a man standing near the front of the room. This is GEORGE WASHINGTON HOWARD.

Short, heavy-set Howard is in his late-40s and has a well-kept FULL BEARD and THINNING HAIR. A former soldier in the Indiana Infantry Regiment of the Union Army, HOWARD maintains a soldiery upright posture and speaks a mile-a-minute.

HEATHCOTE (O.S.)

That's Mister George Washington Howard, Vice President of the American Railway Union. They just won a big victory at the Great Northern Railway strike in St. Paul, but he keeps telling us that the union is still too young for the demands another strike will put on them.

Michael hears what Heathcote says, but doesn't pay attention to a word. Instead, his attention is entirely captivated by the YOUNG WOMAN passionately arguing with Howard.

The young woman is the seamstress who was groped in the opening, JENNIE CURTIS.

Jennie gesticulates wildly as she ARGUES with Howard, WAVING HER HANDS around as she debates with the taller and older man.

Michael is transfixed, in a daze, unable to stop staring.

MICHAEL

Excuse me.

Michael walks ahead, the CROWD parting before him and clearing a path to where Jennie and Howard are arguing. SOUND FADES as Michael's walks toward Jennie.

Michael approaches, and as he reaches arm's length from their conversation, Jennie gesticulates wildly, sending her hand flying out and accidentally SMACKING Michael in the side of the head. SOUND FLOODS BACK on contact.

Michael is KNOCKED a half-step back. Jennie turns and puts her HAND TO HER MOUTH.

JENNIE

Oh my goodness I am so sorry!

She offers Michael her hand. He HOLDS it, but doesn't SHAKE.

MICHAEL

I was just coming over here to say that you strike me as an amazing woman.

Jennie CHUCKLES.

JENNIE

As bold as that is, you have my sincerest apologies for making the former part so literal.

Jennie's tone is incredibly CALM and MEASURED with Michael, especially considering that she was on the verge of a shouting match a moment ago.

Michael just nervously SMILES at Jennie, unsure how to respond. They share a moment.

MICHAEL

I'm sorry to interrupt.

JENNIE (CONT'D)

Not at all. I was just explaining to Mister Howard here that the working conditions and deplorable behavior by management at Pullman demand that his new union support our workers.

HOWARD

(rapidly)

And I was just explaining to this... young woman here that we lose power when we make threats we cannot back up.

Howard begins to walk away and Jennie follows, continuing to pester him.

Michael is left spellbound.

Lily and Erik find Michael in the crowd.

ERIK

There you are. Was that...?

MICHAEL

That was...

He's still in a trance.

ERIK

He's with the ARU?

Lily stares nervously at Michael, trying to read his face.

MICHAEL

He's... uh... yeah. He's with the big union, I think...

He turns to Lily.

MICHAEL

Who was that?

LILY
Like you said, he's with the big
union.

MICHAEL
No, the woman. Who is the woman he
was with?

Lily glances toward Jennie. She stares at the young woman and
on an EXTREME CLOSEUP of Jennie's deep BROWN EYES...

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. THOMPSON'S TAVERN - NIGHT

The deep BROWN EYES of a young girl are filled with tears. This
is YOUNG JENNIE and she is standing in a dim TAVERN.

From across the dark room, a mixed-race girl about the same age
as Young Jennie plays with a DOLL and watches the scene from
the shadows. This is YOUNG LILY.

Young Jennie looks up at her father, MISTER CURTIS, who is
speaking with a greasy, lanky man in his early 40s. The greasy
man is THOMPSON.

MISTER CURTIS
It shouldn't be long. I'll wire as
soon as we get to the sanitarium.

Young Jennie looks back over her shoulder. Through the doorway,
Young Lily can see JENNIE'S MOTHER sitting in a CARRIAGE with a
BLANKET over her legs. She looks PALE and COUGHS into a
handkerchief.

THOMPSON
Happy to help a neighbor.

Thompson holds his hand out with a GREEDY SMILE. Jennie's
father hands him a JAR filled with BILLS and COINS.

MISTER CURTIS
This should be more than enough
for her room and board while we're
away.

Thompson SHAKES the JAR and SHRUGS.

Jennie's father KNEELS down.

MISTER CURTIS
Listen to Mister Thompson.
(MORE)

MISTER CURTIS (CONT'D)
Your mother and I will be back
soon as she's better.

YOUNG JENNIE
Please, papa. I want to come.

MISTER CURTIS
The sanitarium is no place for a
child. We won't be long, Jennie.
Just until your mother recovers.

Mister Curtis HUGS her, stands and leaves, closing the DOOR
with a THUD behind him.

Thompson tosses a BROOM at Jennie's feet. It lands on the
ground with a SMACK that STARTLES the young girl. There is
HEARTBREAK in her eyes.

From around a corner, Young Lily goes back to playing with her
DOLL.

INT. THOMPSON'S TAVERN, 1885

Young Jennie is wearing ragged clothes and SCRUBBING THE FLOOR
while Young Lily is in a NEW OUTFIT and playing with a NEW
DOLL.

Thompson STUMBLES out of the room and once he does, Young Lily
begins to help Young Jennie with her chores.

INT. THOMPSON'S TAVERN, 1886

Young Lily and Young Jennie play with DOLLS together, GIGGLING.

INT. THOMPSON'S TAVERN, 1887

Mister Curtis comes through the door. His eyes RED from tears.
He's alone.

Young Jennie's father GRABS HER BY THE HAND and takes her out
of the room.

Young Jennie looks back over her shoulder as she leaves and she
and Young Lily share a longing gaze.

Young Lily stares ahead, her HEART BREAKING, TEARS welling up
in her deep BROWN EYES...

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. TURNER HALL, KENSINGTON - NIGHT

Lily's deep brown eyes stare out at the organizing meeting in Kensington.

LILY
I don't know her. She's no-one.

MICHAEL
(to himself)
She's much more than that.

Michael is STARING at Jennie. Lily is STARING at Michael.

On a small STAGE near the front of the room, Heathcote SHOUTS at the crowd.

HEATHCOTE
Everyone! Everyone, please! Calm down!

The crowd begins to hush.

HEATHCOTE (CON'T)
Thank you. Thank you all for being here.
We... we are joined this evening by Mister George Howard of the American Railway Union.
Mister Howard.

Some POLITE APPLAUSE comes as Howard CLIMBS to the stage. Everyone turns their attention to the stage. Everyone except Michael, who cranes his neck so he can see Jennie on the other side of the room.

HOWARD
Thank you, Mister Heathcote.
(to the crowd)
I know that you are frustrated. I have seen and heard about the unacceptable conditions under which you are being forced to labor. But I caution you in the most severe terms - we cannot strike without power. The last thing you want to do is make things worse without any hope of them getting better.

GROANS from the crowd. A WORKER SHOUTS.

WORKER 1
Worse?
(MORE)

WORKER 1 (CONT'D)

How in da hell could it be worse?
They're bleedin' us dry with every
bloody payday.

HOWARD

I know, I know. But any action
demands process, and until your
concerns have been deliberately
consolidated and agreed upon by a
committee in a democratic manner,
the ARU cannot consider supporting
any threats of worker action.

WORKER 2

The hell you mean by process?

HOWARD

A committee must be formed. Formal
grievances must be presented to
management and if management is
not willing to acquiesce, a formal
vote of the committee must be
taken.

HEATHCOTE

But would the ARU consider support
if we did go through that process?

HOWARD

Well, yes, technically we could,
but...

HEATHCOTE

Then I move to form a committee to
present our grievances to
management.

WORKER 3

Second!

The crowd shouts "AYE" in unison.

The shout surprises Michael, snapping him out of the trance he
was in looking at Jennie.

HEATHCOTE

Any volunteers?

Jennie looks around at the crowd as people slowly put their
hands into the air. Her eyes catch Michael's.

He gives her a small, warm, encouraging NOD and SMILE.

With a deep breath, Jennie TIMIDLY puts her hand in the air.

INT. PULLMAN HEADQUARTERS BOARD ROOM - DAY

Forty people file into a LAVISH BOARD ROOM. There is a HUGE CONFERENCE TABLE with 20 seats on each side.

The workers are wearing their best SUNDAY SUITS and BOWLER HATS. They sit on one side of the table, with Heathcote at the center. A row of workers stand behind each of the seated representatives.

Jennie sits near the end of the table, one of only four women in the group.

On the other side of the table are two men. The first is George Pullman, who remains seated, silently glaring across the table. Next to him stands THOMAS WICKES. Wickes is roughly-50 years old, with a TRIANGULAR GREY CHIN PATCH and MUSTACHE and speaks with a thick English accent. Wickes greets the workers as they enter and then takes his seat next to Pullman.

WICKES

Mr. Heathcote, if I may address you as a representative and spokesman of the committee?

Heathcote looks nervously up and down the table at his colleagues. A few NOD, a few SHRUG.

HEATHCOTE

Uh... yes, sir. That would be fine...

WICKES

Exceptional my good man. Now, how may I help you?

HEATHCOTE

Um, Mister Wickes. Thank you for seeing us. We bring, um, concerns from our co-workers at the factory.

WICKES

Yes, I understand. And I do obviously appreciate your time. But in the interest of it, please do present your colleagues' concerns.

HEATHCOTE

Well, you see, ever since last year, we've been getting less. Getting less for piecework - less in salary. But the rents, you see, are still as high as ever.

Wickes LEANS INTO the table, listening intently. Pullman stares stoically.

WICKES

I see... I can and do understand your perspective. I do. But the simple fact is that the car building operations are not, and have not, been making money. Frankly, with our recent slump, it would be more profitable to close our works over winter. But we didn't. We kept the factory operating to keep men - yourself included Mr. Heathcote - working. We simply could not afford to maintain wages at the previous rates - it is impossible.

HEATHCOTE

If the plant had closed, our men could have moved out of the town, Mister Wickes. They could have avoided severe rents and found jobs elsewhere.

WICKES

May I remind you, Mister Heathcote, that you and your colleagues owe more than \$70,000 in back-rent? And that the company has graciously not urged collection of this back rent, despite it being entirely within our legal rights to do so?

Murmurs from the workers. From down the table, the WORKER sitting next to Jennie SHOUTS OUT.

WORKER

The hell you haven't! I've had so much rent deducted from my last check I only earned \$2 for two-weeks work. How the hell am I supposed to feed eight kids on \$2 for two weeks?

As more men MURMUR, Jennie gently TOUCHES the Worker's arm and gives him a REASSURING LOOK. He calms down.

HEATHCOTE

Gentlemen - please. I apologize for his outburst, but... well... the numbers paint a picture. I pay \$17 in rent for a home that would cost me \$8 outside of Pullman, but as an employee I understand I gotta occupy company housing. So I can barely afford to feed my family, and I believe my colleagues asked me to speak because my experience is - uh - universal. The numbers don't lie, Mister Wickes, and...

(gulp - a nervous look at Pullman)

...any honest man can see it.

WICKES

Interesting... times are extraordinary Mister Heathcote. We have more than \$4 million invested in idle Palace cars that are doing nothing but depreciating in our yards. We have been operating at a loss to keep you and your compatriots here employed.

HEATHCOTE

Well... I understand that the companies' books may paint a different picture than what we believe we know. We are company men, Mister Wickes. If what you say is true, I don't think a man here wouldn't stand by Mister Pullman. May we suggest a...a...arbitration as a means of findin' a fair resolution?

WICKES

Arbitration? Hmmm... I do say...

To SURPRISED LOOKS on the other side of the table, Pullman's frustration with the meeting finally boils over.

PULLMAN

Mister Heathcote. I am happy to hear any grievances you may have about your working conditions.

(MORE)

PULLMAN (CONT'D)

If your supervisors are not treating you well, I want to know about it. But there will be no talk of wages or rents here. Any changes are impossible. Just impossible.

HEATHCOTE

Mister Pullman -

PULLMAN

Now, if you would be so kind as to return with your grievances put to writing, I will address them individually and on the basis of each's merit.

HEATHCOTE

But... but Mister Pullman!

Pullman STANDS.

PULLMAN

Good day, sir.
(to the group)
I thank you all.

Heathcote is stunned. He doesn't know how to react. He looks up and down the table at his colleagues and stands up with a DEFEATED SHRUG.

The workers follow his lead and FILE out of the room, SHOULDERS SUNK and FACES SULLEN.

Jennie PAUSES for a moment before leaving and TURNS to address Pullman and Wickes. She OPENS HER MOUTH TO SPEAK but STOPS HERSELF before any words come. She continues out of the room, staring at the floor and the door closes behind her.

Pullman and Wickes both sit back down.

PULLMAN

How long have you worked for me, Thomas?

WICKES

I... I do believe it has been nearly two and a half decades, sir.

PULLMAN
 If I ever hear the word
 "arbitration" out of your mouth
 again, that tenure will expire
 immediately. Am I understood?

WICKES
 Yes, sir.

Pullman stands. Though not tall, he LEANS IN to HOVER OVER Wickes.

PULLMAN
 In the matter of what I decide to
 pay my employees, or what I charge
 for rent at properties of which I
 am the owner, there is nothing to
 arbitrate.

WICKES
 Yes, sir.

PULLMAN
 Nothing to arbitrate! You
 understand me?

WICKES
 Yes, sir.

PULLMAN
 Good. Now, make sure I have a list
 of every man and woman who
 attended this meeting on my desk
 within the hour.

WICKES
 But sir...

Pullman GLARES at him.

PULLMAN
 Is there a problem?

WICKES
 No, sir.

INT. PULLMAN FACTORY - DAY

A HORN sounds at the Pullman Factory. The rumble of loud MACHINES fill the cavernous warehouse. HUGE WINDOWS add light to the space.

Thomas Heathcote, wearing GOGGLES and an OIL-STAINED APRON, struggles with a WRENCH to tighten a bolt on the undercarriage of an PARTIALLY-COMPLETED RAILCAR.

INT. PULLMAN FACTORY - DAY

Jennie and TWO DOZEN SEAMSTRESSES work at LARGE TABLES, stitching SEAT COVERS.

A FOREMAN, old, grouchy and weathered, walks past and GLARES at Jennie. This is LEWIS. Next to Jennie stands a short red-haired young woman. This is MARGARET.

MARGARET

Oooo. Bosses be staring daggers
'atchya. Whatcha all do, then?

JENNIE

(hushed, careful)
Not supposed to talk about it
here.

Margaret catches on and WINKS. She doesn't see it, but Lewis now stands behind Margaret. Jennie sees him over Margaret's shoulder and on Jennie's glance, Margaret TURNS, scared. She stares at her feet.

MARGARET

(trembling)
Sorry, Mister Lewis. Was just...

LEWIS

Fraternizing means demerits, Miss Finnegan. And any more demerits and you will owe the company on your next paycheck - do you understand me?

Margaret looks up to protest, but on meeting Lewis' INTENSE EYES, she immediately retreats, terrified by his stare. She GULPS hard.

MARGARET

Yes, sir.

Lewis turns to Jennie and growls.

LEWIS

Curtis. Middleton wants to see you
in his office.

Jennie looks confused and nervous.

INT. PULLMAN FACTORY - CONTINUOUS

From an OFFICE near where Heathcote works, Middleton YELLS.

MIDDLETON
Heathcote!

Thomas can't hear over the NOISE of the room. He continues working.

MIDDLETON
(louder)
Heathcote! Get yer ass down here!

Heathcote puts down the wrench and walks down the stairs.

INT. PULLMAN FACTORY OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Heathcote KNOCKS on the open door as he enters the office.

HEATHCOTE
Mister Middleton.

MIDDLETON
Heathcote. You're done here.

HEATHCOTE
I'm... sorry?

MIDDLETON
Your services are no longer
required.

Middleton hands Heathcote two slips of paper.

MIDDLETON (CONT'D)
This is your final paycheck and a
pink slip to make it official.

HEATHCOTE
But... I've... I've been here for
years! And my family... How...?

MIDDLETON
That will be all, Mister
Heathcote. You can vacate the
premises immediately or I'll have
security take you out. I gotta
move on - you ain't the only one
getting the boot today.

HEATHCOTE
But...

Heathcote's head tuns down to the final paycheck. Three dollars. He lets out a deep, defeated sigh as he turn to leave.

At the door, Heathcote sees a LINE of workers all heading toward Middleton's office. Each and every one of them is from the committee that went to Pullman and Wickes, including Jennie.

HEATHCOTE
(realizing)
God have mercy.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. DEWDROP TAVERN BACK ROOM, KENSINGTON - NIGHT

The back room at the Dew Drop Tavern isn't supposed to hold more than 40 people, but nearly twice that are PACKED in.

Jennie stands in the middle of the room, one of only four women there, barely visible in the crowd.

Near the back of the room, Michael and Erik struggle to fit into the crowded room.

Michael sees and POINTS OUT JENNIE to Erik, WHISPERING SOMETHING to his friend. Erik SMIRKS and NODS in agreement at whatever Michael just told him.

CIGAR SMOKE hovers over GAS LANTERNS on the wall and the room is HOT, SWEATY, ANGRY and LOUD.

HOWARD
Gentlemen, ladies. Please, please
calm down.

The crowd ignores him. Most of the people in attendance CLUTCH PINK SLIPS.

HOWARD
Please, if we could just
discuss...

HEATHCOTE
(shouting)
Everyone, please!

The crowd hushes.

Howard waves a SLIP of paper over his head as he beings to speak.

HOWARD

Thank you.
I have a message here from
President of the American Railway
Union, Mister Gene Debs. Mister
Debs knows you are frustrated but
advises that you must remain
patient, that you must consider
carefully, and that you must act
prudently.

WORKER 2

We're past prudence!

WORKER 4

(from the crowd)
Prudently? Patiently? Carefully?
Can't eat those, Mister Howard.
Can't live in 'em neither.

HOWARD

You cannot rush into a strike.

WORKER 1

We cannot afford to do nothing,
Mister Howard.
Pullman and Wickes, the bastards,
made crystal what will happen to
anyone who brings gripes to them.
Booted. Bounced. Blacklisted. What
choice do we have left?

HOWARD

Droves of unemployed men
throughout the nation are ready to
scab. All a strike will do is add
you to their ranks.

Michael has snuck his way through the crowd so he is standing
next to Jennie. He's close enough that he hears her MUTTER to
herself under her breath.

JENNIE

(muttering)
And they will suffer as we have,
until they can take it no longer
and will join us in standing up to
these fat and greedy wretches.

MICHAEL

(whispering)
Say that.

Jennie is surprised and EMBARRASSED that someone heard. She
BLUSHES, but doesn't respond.

HOWARD
Mister Debs advises...

Michael gives Jennie an ENCOURAGING NOD. She takes a DEEP BREATH.

JENNIE
(voice raised)
Then let Mister Debs come and see.

The crowd HUSHES and TURNS toward Jennie.

Howard GLARES in her direction.

HOWARD
The ARU cannot support a
stoppage...

JENNIE
Whether we have your support or
not, Mister Howard, we have no
choice but to act - to stand. The
honor of every man in this room is
at stake. The livelihoods of
thousands more as well. We... we
must act.

Enthusiasm and APPLAUSE build in the crowd. It feels like ELECTRICITY.

JENNIE (CONT'D)
We have been pushed. We have been
disrespected. We have been treated
as disposable inanimate cogs in a
machine instead of the men and
women that we are.

The crowd is captivated by Jennie's every word.

JENNIE (V.O.)
Every person in here demands
respect. But more than that, the
collective we represent - the
common purpose we share - demands
respect. Workers demand respect.

The crowd is SILENT, waiting for her to continue.

Their faces are hopeful, excited, nervous.

Jennie sees their faces. Her FIST BALLS UP at her side.

JENNIE (CONT'D)
(resolute)
I say we strike.

The crowd ERUPTS into CHEERS, which soon become a CHANT.

CROWD
Strike! Strike! Strike!

Jennie THROWS her FIST IN THE AIR with each SHOUT.

CROWD
Strike! Strike! Strike!

Defeated, Howard slinks out of the back of the room.

INT. KENSINGTON PUB BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Howard TAPS out a TELEGRAM.

The TAPPING of the telegram FADES into the CLANGING from a noisy factory.

INT. PULLMAN FACTORY - DAY

SEAMSTRESSES, including Margaret, look nervously at each other while they work.

A MECHANIC hammers at train cars and GAZES TOWARD A CLOCK.

SUPER: Thursday, May 11, 1894

After a tense moment, the workers TRADE LOOKS and NODS.

Workers begin to stand, one after the other. They PUT DOWN THEIR TOOLS and calmly WALK OUT.

EXT. PULLMAN FACTORY GATE - DAY

JENNIE (V.O.)
Pullman and Wickes swore the firings were a mistake. That it wasn't retribution. No one believed them.

Workers FILE OUT OF THE FACTORY, crowds celebrate together outside the factory's front gate, where they meet Jennie, Heathcote and the other recently-dismissed employees. They hug, chat and clap each other on the back.

Middleton emerges from the factory's main doors. He silently walks toward the gate and POSTS A SIGN.

He turns and GLARES DAGGERS at the crowd on the other side of the gate.

Insert: Sign: "These Works Are Closed Until Further Notice"

A BOISTEROUS, SUSTAINED CHEER erupts from the crowd.

EXT. PULLMAN ATHLETIC FIELD, LAKE CALUMET - DAY

JENNIE (V.O.)
I don't think we ever felt so much
like a community as it did in
those early days of the strike.

DOZENS of Pullman employees are gathered at the park. The SUN is out and the atmosphere is festive, as people play games on the grassy fields, throw baseballs back and forth, and relax on picnic blankets.

Every person at the gathering wears a WHITE LAPEL RIBBON.

JENNIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
It was beautiful.

INT. HULL HOUSE KITCHEN - DAY

Lily wears an APRON and is CHOPPING VEGETABLES at a counter when Michael BURSTS into the kitchen.

MICHAEL
Did ya hear?

Lily gives him a CONFUSED LOOK.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
They walked out! Pullman's on
strike!

Lily goes back to CHOPPING.

LILY
Huh. Good for them.

MICHAEL
Good for them? Lil - this is huge!
This is... Well, it's big!

LILY
Mister Tom was pretty excited
about it. Guess they are
celebrating with a picnic today.

MICHAEL
Let's go!

LILY
What?

MICHAEL
I love a picnic! C'mon, it will be fun.

LILY
You want to go... with me?

MICHAEL
I'd love to, thanks for asking!

Lily chuckles.

LILY
I shouldn't. Have some things to finish up here.

MICHAEL
(with a big, charming smile)
C'mon, Lil.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - DAY

Michael and Lily walk side-by-side along train tracks.

LILY
Mind if I ask you something, Mister Linn?

MICHAEL
Sure, Lil. What's up?

LILY
Why are you so into these Pullman folks, anyway?

MICHAEL
How do you mean?

LILY
What's going on down there got to do with you? Why you so...

MICHAEL
Curious?

LILY
Curious. Yeah. So what - it's like what, some kinda lesson you're learning?

MICHAEL
No, nothing like that. They seem
like good people.

LILY
Plenty of good people around.

MICHAEL
What's your problem with them?

LILY
Got no problem. Some of them are
some of my favorite folks. I was
still little when my family moved
up here. Most of 'em like Mister
Tom were kind to us. And that
ain't nothin' 'round here.

MICHAEL
I thought you were from Chicago.

LILY
Yes and no. Ma had a run-in with
an Innkeeper near here that
produced yours truly... but I was
born in Georgia. We came back when
I was little.

MICHAEL
Where's your ma at now?

Lily kicks a PEBBLE down the tracks.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Lil?

LILY
She's gone. Not more to it than
that. Been gone a while.

MICHAEL
I'm... I'm sorry. My mom died when
I was little, too.

LILY
Didn't say she was dead.
(switching to a playful tone)
And don't pretend like we don't
all know your story, Mister
Michael Linn. Your Aunt wouldn't
stop yapping about ya for weeks
before you came.

Michael lets out an awkward chuckle.

MICHAEL
Ugh. I'm sorry about that.

LILY
She means well. Kinder than any
White ladies I've met, too.

MICHAEL
She's pretty great.

LILY
(sincere)
And from what I can tell, you're
worth the attention.

A cat may as well have tackled Michael's tongue. Lily is
LOOKING AT HIM, EAGER to see his response.

He gulps.

She playfully PUNCHES him in the SHOULDER.

LILY
Oh get over yourself Mister Linn.
Just playing with ya.

Michael lets out a FULL, NERVOUS LAUGH.

MICHAEL
You're a crack-up.

They walk in silence for a few steps.

LILY
Because I coulda sworn you keep
showing up because you have a
little thing for someone who
spends some time down that'a way.

Michael BLUSHES, but doesn't respond, so Lily continues. Her
voice is EAGER.

MICHAEL
(coy)
What makes you say that?

Lily raises an EYEBROW at him.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
(with a big sigh)
Ah, damn. You got me.

Lily's grin is as big as it has ever been.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
And you're sure you don't know who she is?

LILY
She?

MICHAEL
The woman. At the meeting the other night.

It occurs to Lily that Michael wasn't talking about her. She FORCES A SMILE.

LILY
She... oh... um... no, don't know who you're talking about.

They walk in a now awkward silence for a few steps.

Lily picks up the pace and walks a few steps ahead of Michael.

LILY (CONT'D)
We shouldn't be too far now.

EXT. PULLMAN ATHLETIC FIELD, LAKE CALUMET - DAY

Lily and Michael arrive at the picnic, festivities still in full swing. MUSIC plays and DOZENS are having a blast.

They stop by an UNATTENDED TABLE and put on WHITE RIBBONS left out in a BASKET.

Lily HELPS Michael put his PIN on his VEST, BITING HER LIP as she fastens it. He is looking out at the picnic and doesn't notice her stare.

Lily SCANS the picnic, sees Heathcote on a PICNIC BLANKET and POINTS HIM OUT TO MICHAEL. They approach Tom.

LILY
Mind if we join?

HEATHCOTE
Lily! Of course, of course! You're just in time for the show.

Michael and Lily sit on Heathcote's blanket. Heathcote offers each a BOTTLE OF BEER, which both happily accept.

MICHAEL
Show?

Michael takes a sip of his beer.

HEATHCOTE
Gene Debs himself is on the way.

MICHAEL
I think I saw him speak at the
fair.

HEATHCOTE
Corker, ain't he? True vision in
that man.

MICHAEL
Yeah... yeah, he's... a great man.

Michael keeps GLANCING around the park.

HEATHCOTE
Some folks are showing him around
town and then he's coming here to
say a few words. But no guarantees
on the ARU actually supporting us.

MICHAEL
Why wouldn't they?

LILY
Sure they're in a union - but
they're still White, ain't they?

Michael is surprised at Lily's candor and looks around
awkwardly.

Heathcote ROLLS HIS EYES at Lily and looks back at Michael.

HEATHCOTE
Not the first time Lily and I have
debated the complicated
relationship between workingmen's
associations and Black folks.
She knows she right so she keeps
bringing it up.

Lily puts a BOTTLE to her LIPS, but before she drinks she
sneaks in a response.

LILY
Being repetitive, redundant or
annoying don't make me any less
right.

Michael CHUCKLES and take a sip of his beer.

As he drinks, his eyes linger on Lily, who is GORGEOUSLY LIT in
the sunlight.

HEATHCOTE

But to answer your question,
Michael... Mister Howard keeps
telling us that they are too young
and not yet powerful enough to
guarantee that a larger strike
would be successful.

LILY

That them?

A CARRIAGE pulls up to the park.

Howard is the first to emerge. Then a WOMAN, about 40 and well-dressed. This is KATE DEBS. Next, Eugene Victor Debs steps down from the carriage. As he looks out on the crowd, a BIG, WARM SMILE spreads across his face.

Then, Jennie emerges from the carriage. Michael is SURPRISED at her having been in the carriage.

The crowd treats Debs like a celebrity, and he doesn't make it more than a few steps before he is SHAKING HANDS with Pullman workers.

Debs doesn't move through the crowd like a celebrity or politician, however. Every hand he shakes comes with EYE CONTACT and making sure he heard his new friend's name.

BURLY WORKER

Oi! Calm down!

The crowd calms.

DEBS

Thank you, thank you all. Please
first allow me to introduce the
light of my life and my better
half, Mrs. Katherine Debs.

Applause from the crowd. Katherine WAVES.

DEBS (CONT'D)

I'm not going to waste your time
flapping my gums here on a day
like this. So let me say
unequivocally - I am with you
heart and soul in this strike.

Applause from the crowd.

DEBS (CONT'D)

A rich plunderer like George Pullman is a greater felon than a poor thief. He is no more than any lowly codfish, coal oil and bucket shop snob. His actions against you are a terrible and stark illustration of the corporate greed that has prevailed in this country.

Enthusiastic NODS ripple throughout the crowd. They're hooked.

DEBS (V.O.)

May your bravery strip the mask of hypocrisy from the pretend philanthropist and show him to be an oppressor of labor. A palace car nabob who profits recklessly on the backs of hard working men and women.

The crowd APPLAUDS LOUDLY.

DEBS (CONT'D)

Now, I realize that the question of the day regards the ARU's formal support for your inspiring action. My heart and my soul neither command nor demand ARU policy, and we are proudly an open and democratic institution. In just a few days, we will host our first ever convention of delegates, just north of here in Chicago.

The crowd offers polite CHEERS. The workers' faces look HOPEFUL.

DEBS (CON'T)

I ask that you send representatives to present the conditions vindicating the necessity of your cause and let our delegates vote whether to support your cause.

HEATHCOTE

Thank you, Mister Debs.

DEBS
 (playfully)
 I swear to God, Tom - if you call
 me "Mister Debs" again, it'll be
 the last time you do it with
 teeth!

Chuckles from the crowd.

HEATHCOTE
 Gene, sorry. Gene.
 Thank you for coming here and for
 your kind invitation that we will
 of course happily, uh... we'll
 accept.

Cheers from the crowd.

DEBS
 Excellent! Exceptional! Now, I
 believe there was a picnic
 underway!

EXT. PULLMAN ATHLETIC FIELD, LAKE CALUMET - EVENING

An employee PLAYS THE GUITAR as Pullman employees and
 neighbors, EAT, LAUGH and enjoy each other's company.

Lily and Heathcote lounge on a blanket. As they chat, she keeps
 an eye on Michael, who is mingling with workers.

Jennie stays close to Debs and his wife - who now both WEARING
 WHITE LAPEL RIBBONS - introducing them to her neighbors. Debs
 and Kate fit in like they've been part of the community for
 ages.

As Debs SHAKES HANDS with an EMPLOYEE, Michael approaches. He
 SMILES at Jennie, who BLUSHES in response.

MICHAEL
 Excuse me, Mister Debs.

DEBS
 Bold introduction, considering the
 threat I made to Tom earlier!

Michael CHUCKLES NERVOUSLY.

MICHAEL
 I... uhhh...

Debs EXTENDS HIS HAND.

Michael STARES at it for a moment before grabbing and SHAKING.

DEBS

Gene Debs. Nice to meetcha.

MICHAEL

Michael. Victor Michael Linn...

Michael CRINGES, not sure why he just gave his full name. Debs SMILES.

DEBS

Victor? My middle name is Victor!
After the French writer. My
parents were fans and I guess they
passed it along to me with the
name.

MICHAEL

Mine's after my father... well,
after my father's father, I
guess... actually it's Victor
Michael Linn... the Third.

Debs SHRUGS as Michael TUGS at his collar.

DEBS

Admittedly reeks of the old world.

MICHAEL

My Grandfather's the one who
called me Michael. It was more so
the association with my father
that he didn't appreciate, I
think.

DEBS

How so?

MICHAEL

My Aunt always says that fathers
rarely point the blame in the
right direction when their
daughters fall in love with
radicals.

An AWKWARD MOMENT of silence ensues. Michael WINCES with
embarrassment.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I have no idea why I just told you
that. I apologize.

Debs CLAPS him on the shoulder with a CHUCKLE.

DEBS
 No need, my boy. No need. I
 appreciate the personal candor.

Michael keeps GLANCING over at Jennie.

MICHAEL
 (to Debs)
 I'd love to help with...
 (gestures around)
 ...all of this... if you'd have
 me, of course.

DEBS
 Well, thank you, my boy. But
 striking workers should not be in
 the employ of the ARU.

MICHAEL
 I'm not a striking worker.

DEBS
 Oh? What then brings you...?

Michael looks at Jennie again. Debs catches the glance this
 time and NODS with a small SMIRK.

JENNIE
 You work at Hull House, yeah?

MICHAEL
 How'd you...?

JENNIE
 You told Tom.

MICHAEL
 You asked about me?

Michael BLUSHES and SMILES.

DEBS
 Hull? I'm a big fan of Miss Addams
 and her work.

MICHAEL
 She's my aunt.

DEBS
 You don't say! I thought the
 aforementioned Auntly wit and
 wisdom sounded familiar! Have you
 ever worked for a labor
 organization or union, Michael?

MICHAEL
I have not, no.

DEBS
Ever been a member of one?

MICHAEL
Can't say that I have.

DEBS
Well... never too late to see the
light. How would you like to help?

MICHAEL
Umm... I'm a fine stenographer.
Efficient enough at sending and
transcribing telegrams, too.

DEBS
Tell you what - why don't you
serve as my clerk during this
upcoming convention? It works out,
I am always looking for a good
secretary.

Michael sees Jennie's IMPRESSED LOOK at the offer.

MICHAEL
It would be my honor. Thank you so
much Mister Debs.

Debs jokingly makes a FIST and PRETENDS like he's about to
throw a punch.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Sorry, sorry. Gene. Thank you.
Thank you so much.

From across the picnic, Lily looks on NERVOUSLY.

INT. ULRICH'S HALL LOBBY, CHICAGO - DAY

Heathcote, Jennie and FIVE WORKERS enter the lobby of Chicago's
Ulrich's Hall. The lobby is full of BOOTHS set up by local
unions, though no one is attending to them.

JENNIE (V.O.)
Oh, I remember the nerves as we
walked into Ulrich's Hall. The
pressure.
(MORE)

JENNIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 The burden of our brothers
 depending on a small group simple
 mechanics and seamstresses
 convincing men we'd never met not
 just support us in spirit, but in
 action. To risk their livelihoods
 - for us.

Inside the theater, a large crowd ARGUES and SHOUTS.

JENNIE (V.O.)
 And I remember how I got through
 it.

Michael exits from the MAIN HALL DOORS.

MICHAEL
 Good, you're here.

HEATHCOTE
 Michael! So glad to see you.

MICHAEL
 You too, Tom. Gene asked me to
 meet you here and answer any
 questions you had before you
 address the convention.

HEATHCOTE
 Anything we should know?

MICHAEL
 Well... it's much more divided in
 there than I would have expected.

HEATHCOTE
 How do you mean?

MICHAEL
 They've been in heated debate most
 of the day.

HEATHCOTE
 What about?

MICHAEL
 Admitting Negroes into the union.

HEATHCOTE
 The hell? That's crazy. Why
 wouldn't they? War is long over.
 We won.

MICHAEL

That's what Gene said. Well, that a few other choice words about hypocrisy and equality. But there are a lot of men who worry about alienating the West. Near half these men won't call a Black man his brother, no matter what.

HEATHCOTE

Damn fools. They talk of the ARU being open to all.

MICHAEL

That's been the argument. It came down to an almost evenly divided vote. 112-110 in favor of exclusion.

HEATHCOTE

Lily's never going to let me hear the end of this.

Michael checks his WATCH.

MICHAEL

We have a minute before heading in.

HEATHCOTE

Water?

MICHAEL

Fountain behind you.

Heathcote goes for a drink. As they wait, Michael turns to Jennie, who is BITING HER NAILS.

MICHAEL

Nervous?

JENNIE

Ha. No. Well some. I'm just scenery, though, ain't I?

MICHAEL

Oh, I meant Tom.

Jennie lets out an EMBARRASSED LAUGH.

JENNIE

Oh, dear. Yes, I think his willies got willies. That's a lot of people in there.

MICHAEL
Only about 300. What's the worst
300 people can do?

JENNIE
Ask the Persians who met Leonidas.

Michael responds with a confused look.

JENNIE (CONT'D)
Sorry, my father filled our
shelves with histories and
classics. Leonidas was a Spartan
commander at a mountain pass in
Therm--

MICHAEL
(with a chuckle)
--Thermopylae. Yes, the Hot Gates.
I love history. My mother used to
read it to me when I was young.

They share a SMILE.

Heathcote returns. SWEAT is starting to form on his brow.

HEATHCOTE
About time?

Michael looks at his WATCH.

MICHAEL
Just about. Gene will introduce
you and then ask you to say a few
words.

Heathcote takes a GULP of air.

HEATHCOTE
Got it.

INT. ULRICH'S HALL - CONTINUOUS

Michael opens the doors and the group walks into Ulrich Hall's main auditorium.

The room has auditorium-style seating facing a stage, which is flanked by HEAVY CURTAINS. Every seat would be filled, if anyone was actually sitting. Instead, men in SUITS and BOWLER HATS murmur and mingle in the audience.

Rows of men are also seated behind a LECTERN, which stands in the middle of the stage. On the front of the lectern is an ARU LOGO.

As the Pullman workers walk down the aisle toward the stage, Debs begins his introduction.

DEBS

Now, delegates, we turn to the matter of the Pullman Strike.

Amidst HUSHING and quieting murmurs, delegates take their seats in the auditorium.

DEBS (CONT'D)

There is one thing far more deplorable than strikes and war. It is when men accept degrading conditions and wear collars and fetters without resistance. When a person surrenders their honest convictions, their loyalty to principle, they cease to have a soul.

A few "hear hear"'s come from the crowd and a smattering of APPLAUSE in agreement.

DEBS (CONT'D)

George Pullman was very rich. His employees were very poor. But they concluded that the town of Pauperdom was better than Pullmandom, and in a moment of righteous energy, quit work.

MONTAGE: Shots of workers toiling in Pullman factories:

- A SWEATY YOUNG MAN stokes a SMOLDERING FIRE under a LOUD MACHINE.
- A room of YOUNG WOMEN pull and stretch LARGE SHEETS OF LEATHER.
- A MIDDLE-AGED MAN gets his hand caught in a MACHINE. He SCREAMS in pain.
- A SUPERVISOR GLARES at workers from his office with disdain.
- The INJURED WORKER stares at a DISMISSAL NOTICE.
- An OLD MAN WITH ONE HAND wipes sweat from his brow as he HAMMERS BRASS fittings into a CABINET in a RAILCAR.

DEBS (V.O.)

This gave Pullman, the plutocrat with a soul so small that a million of them could dance on the little end of a hornet's stinger, an opportunity, by refusing them fair wages, to suck their blood to the last drop and coin it for the gratification of his pride and the enlargement of his pomp.

The Pullman strike is a terrible illustration of corporate greed, and heartlessness, and pharisaical fraud which for years has prevailed in this county, and which has created conditions in the presence of which the stoutest hearts take alarm.

On the old man wiping his brow...

MATCH CUT TO:

Heathcote wiping his brow.

Tom is now in full FLOP SWEAT. The group of Pullman workers has reached the stage and stands awkwardly as Debs finishes his introduction.

DEBS (CONT'D)

We invited here working men and women from Pullman to address our convention. To inform our consideration of action in support of the Pullman Strike. I am proud to present to you a committee of workers from Pullman, represented by Mister Thomas Heathcote.

Heathcote is nearly hyperventilating by the time he reaches the lectern.

HEATHCOTE

Th-thank you. Thank you for uh... for uh... having us here today.

The crowd is unforgiving.

DELEGATE 1

You're the spokesman?

Some laughs.

HEATHCOTE

I apologize for my nerves. I come to you on behalf of thousands of workers at the Pullman Palace Car Company.

W...we walked out...

The rent was too high, and... he cut pay.

DELEGATE 2

How's that different from anywhere else in America?

Laughs from the crowd. The interruptions are shaking Heathcote.

HEATHCOTE

We... we met with management. They refused to even... uh... consider negotiation or arbitration.

DELEGATE 3

Why would I take food out of my family's mouth to feed you?

The crowd gets more restless. Jennie looks at Heathcote nervously.

HEATHCOTE

(sheepishly)

Well, uh... solidarity dictates that the conditions...

Murmurs from the crowd escalate and Heathcote is barely audible over the unrest.

Jennie steps to the lectern and places a HAND on Heathcote's shoulder. He turns to look at her with PANIC in his eyes. She NODS and he steps back.

Jennie takes a DEEP BREATH.

JENNIE

Gentleman, gentleman, please.

The crowd quiets a bit.

JENNIE (CONT'D)

My name is Jennie Curtis. I've been asked to lead the Girl's Local at Pullman. I'm here - we're here - because we have no other option but to ask for your help.

Jennie pauses and looks around the room.

JENNIE (CONT'D)

We are born in Pullman houses. We are fed from the Pullman shops, taught in Pullman schools, catechized in Pullman Church and when we die we shall go to the Pullman Hell.

I have worked as a seamstress at Pullman for five years. My father, God rest his soul, gave his final 13 years to the company. When he got sick, it was months between when he couldn't work and when he died. But we lived in Pullman housing during his illness, and so we were in debt by the time he passed. I couldn't afford to eat and pay back my father's debt - there was simply not enough work to come out even with what they were willing to pay, and every attempt I made to ask for help from the bosses was met with insults and slurs.

DELEGATE 4

That bloodsucker robbed a girl!

Jennie looks down and makes EYE CONTACT with Michael. He SMILES at her. She holds his gaze as she continues...

JENNIE (CONT'D)

Humble, obscure, and unlettered you may be, in your valor and sacrifices you can bear testimony of divinity in human nature. Such battles are not less glorious than those of Thermopylae.

Every delegate in the Hall is silent, captivated.

Jennie's voice starts to raise as she goes on, pouring PASSION into her address.

JENNIE (CONT'D)

We walked out because we had no other choice. We walked out because a merry war - a dance of skeletons bathed in human tears would continue forever if we didn't.

The crowd responds to Jennie's growing enthusiasm, APPLAUDING with increasing enthusiasm of their own.

JENNIE (CONT'D)

We ask you to come along with us. Because we are not just fighting for ourselves, but for decent conditions for workers everywhere. We are asking you to resist tyranny with us now, and in doing so, to fight the battles for workingmen in all future time. We are asking you to join us. To stand with us for the sake of all of our collective future. We are asking you to win a victory the bosses won't ever forget.

The crowd is RILED UP.

JENNIE (CONT'D)

Support our strike. Declare a boycott of Pullman cars. Stop the movement of any train that would carry a Pullman. Show this tyrant what happens when working people unite.

The crowd is in a FRENZY.

Michael is BEAMING with pride.

Debs GRABS Jennie's hand and RAISES IT like she just won a prize fight.

JENNIE (V.O.)

The vote was unanimous. They gave Pullman five days to agree to fair arbitration before the boycott began.

(beat)

Wickes' response was more direct than that last time.

INT. PULLMAN HEADQUARTERS - DAY

A SMALL GROUP of workers including Heathcote and Jennie, stand in front of Wickes, who stands in the doorway of his office with his hand on the open door.

WICKES

There is NOTHING to arbitrate!

Wickes SLAMS the door in their faces.

EXT. TRAIN PLATFORM - NIGHT

It is the middle of the night. Lanterns illuminate a train platform.

George Pullman and his WELL-DRESSED WIFE board a train with LARGE SUITCASES in tow.

JENNIE (V.O.)

Pullman was so confident that the bastard skipped town. Vacationed in New Jersey for most of the summer.

EXT. CHICAGO STREET - DAY

The sun is out on a hot summer day in Chicago. VENDORS line the street, selling FRUITS, VEGETABLES and BREAD.

Gerard and Fitz walk through the crowd.

Every person - SHOPKEEPERS, CUSTOMERS, PASSERSBY - is wearing a WHITE LAPEL RIBBON.

JENNIE (V.O.)

But he underestimated the empathy of working people throughout the nation, and the animosity we all felt for the bosses. The ARU - all 100,000 of them - had agreed to stop hooking up or allowing passage of any trains with Pullman cars attached.

EXT. RAIL YARDS ACROSS AMERICA - DAY

In a brief MONTAGE, a combination of HISTORIC PHOTOS and NEWSPAPER HEADLINES show a series of TRAINS sitting idle on tracks across the nation.

JENNIE (V.O.)

That stopped rail service throughout the nation. Even as stores went un-stocked, fuel went undelivered and travelers were left stranded. The public - the people - supported the workers.

INT. ARU ULRICH'S HALL HEADQUARTERS - DAY

The office space above Ulrich's Hall has large WINDOWS that allow in ample natural light. The office is divided into separate workspaces, but without doors in any of the frames, it feels very cozy.

Michael connects a WIRE to a TELEGRAM MACHINE.

Behind him, Debs types on a TYPEWRITER.

A half-dozen other ARU EMPLOYEES arrange DESKS and CHAIRS in the small office space.

EXT. CHICAGO STREET - DAY

Jennie stands on a SOAPBOX in front of a sign reading "SUPPORT PULLMAN WORKERS". She delivers an impassioned speech to a CROWD of two dozen onlookers on the BUSY STREET.

Michael watches with a proud smile on his face from the crowd.

JENNIE (V.O.)

While Gene and the ARU team set up in an office above Ulrich's Hall, I split time speaking at rallies, turning out support for the strike and making sure girls were out with the men who had been asked to guard the factory.

From the other side of the street, Lily sees Michael watching Jennie and continues on down the street.

EXT. PULLMAN FACTORY GATE - DAY

Below the large CLOCKTOWER at the Pullman factory, HUNDREDS of Pullman employees stand on a PICKET LINE surrounding the factory.

JENNIE (V.O.)

A rotation of 300 employees stood watch to make sure no tanked up lunkhead or company man could do anything to the factory that would be blamed on strikers. For the duration of the strike the grounds would go untouched.

(beat)

The unity on display scared the bosses.

(MORE)

JENNIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 And it absolutely terrified the
 politicians.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

The Oval Office is still decades away from being built, and President Cleveland meets with advisors in a rectangular room with WHITE walls and a BEIGE carpet.

Cleveland's DESK is large and messy, FILLED WITH STACKS OF PAPERS and a SMALL VASE OF RED, WHITE AND BLUE FLOWERS.

Large windows fill the wall behind Cleveland with light, and he is nearly in silhouette.

Three men sit in CHAIRS facing Cleveland's desk.

The first is ATTORNEY GENERAL RICHARD OLNEY. Nearly 60, Olney is short and wide, with a thick mustache and nearly always has his ARMS CROSSED.

The second is tall, bald and timid. This is VICE PRESIDENT ADLAI STEVENSON I.

The third is a YOUNG MAN who takes copious notes throughout the meeting.

OLNEY
 Chaos at our doorstep, Mister
 President. Anarchy!

CLEVELAND
 Now Mister Olney.

OLNEY
 Mister President, just months ago
 we had to use force on Coxley's
 Army on our doorstep. Do you think
 that will be the last mob of
 unemployed rabble who marches to
 Washington asking for a handout if
 we allow unions like this ARU to
 persist?

Cleveland is CALM and MEASURED in his reponse.

CLEVELAND
 Mister Olney do you know how many
 Presidents in the history of these
 United States have been elected to
 non-consecutive terms?

Olney coldly STARES back at Cleveland.

CLEVELAND (CONT'D)

You are looking at the entire list. And do you know how I won my second term?

OLNEY

Mister President -

CLEVELAND

With the support of the working people, Mister Olney. With Gompers and his Federation of Labor, Mister Olney. Now you want me to order the United States government to proactively break a strike? When no laws have been violated?

OLNEY

Mister President, forget about their unions! The ARU and Debs and his lot are a threat to *our* Union. Their boycott is a direct attack on our way of life, on the good and decent people of this country - on *our* people.

Stevenson tries to interject with a FINGER RAISED but fails to break in.

CLEVELAND

I am not unsympathetic to how this boycott is affecting those of means, Mister Olney. But I have to ask, are you advising me as my Attorney General, or as counsel to the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad?

OLNEY

Mister President, you agreed when first asking me to serve as your Attorney General that I would be permitted to continue practicing law, including on behalf of railroads. If your position on the matter has changed, I will be happy to resign my public position and focus exclusively on my law practice, which frankly would not be a difficult decision.

CLEVELAND

No, no, no. Sheath your saber, sir.

(MORE)

CLEVELAND (CONT'D)
I only doubt the strategy of
moving too aggressively.

STEVENSON
Mister President, the railroad
General Managers have formed an
association to manage their
response to the strike. Perhaps...

OLNEY
(interrupting)
Sir - allow me to send a man to
Chicago. A deputy who can observe
and advise this General Manager's
Association.

CLEVELAND
Do you have someone in mind?

Olney SMILES a devious grin.

INT. ARU ULRICH'S HALL HEADQUARTERS - DAY

The ARU Headquarters is now fully furnished and a HALF-DOZEN
ARU STAFF working at DESKS.

It is HOT and the WINDOWS are OPEN to let in air, but people
are still SWEATING. Jackets are off and sleeves are rolled up.

Debs sits at the head of a CONFERENCE TABLE in the center of
the room. Heathcote, Howard, Jennie and Michael are all at the
table as well.

HOWARD
Pullman is built for this. He has
the capital to withstand and is
still bringing in revenue from the
sleepers he has out there.

HEATHCOTE
Wickes ain't budging. Every time
we try to meet he says there is
nothing to discuss, as we are no
longer employees of the company.

DEBS
As long as those sleepers are
moving, Pullman can last.

HOWARD

Then the only hope is the boycott putting enough pressure on Pullman.

MICHAEL

What more pressure can we add? We've had statements from the Civic Federation of Chicago, from Governor Altged and Mayor Hopkins. Even my Aunt Jane tried to speak with Pullman to negotiate.

JENNIE

She did? What he say?

MICHAEL

Nothin. Refused to talk with a woman.

Jennie shakes her head in disbelief.

JENNIE

Every time you think he's as awful as could be...

DEBS

The longer this takes, the deeper the hurt is going to be felt in Pullman. Miss Curtis, how are the support networks holding up?

JENNIE

I just came from the downtown storefront where the Relief Committee has been accepting donations. The food pantry has been a godsend.

Michael SHUFFLES through a STACK OF PAPERS in front of him.

MICHAEL

Mayor Hopkins was going to donate...

JENNIE

...he dropped it off this morning. Nearly \$1,500 in produce, tons of meat to go around and about \$1,000 in cash.

HEATHCOTE

Wow.

JENNIE

Generous, but perishable.
We also received a supply of
tobacco to...

(reading from a card)

"Solace the minds of anxious
strikers."

DEBS

Well, as generous as the Mayor and
Civic League have been, that won't
last.

MICHAEL

I could talk to my Aunt to see if
there are any stones we haven't
turned with the upper crust.

HEATHCOTE

Miss Adams has already been so
generous.

DEBS

She has. But her friends haven't
coughed up much. Doesn't hurt to
ask.

JENNIE

I could come, too.

Michael SITS UP in his chair. Debs notices.

DEBS

I think that's a great idea, if
Mister Linn agrees.

Michael BLUSHES.

MICHAEL

Yes. Um... of course. Of course.
That would be great.

EXT. DOWNTOWN CHICAGO STREET - DAY

Michael and Jennie walk side by side in the middle of a CROWDED
Chicago street.

HORSES pull CARRIAGES; VENDORS and SHOPKEEPERS hock FOOD and
TRINKETS; people ride BIKES; and CROWDS OF PEOPLE fill the
COBBLESTONE AVENUE.

Michael and Jennie stroll through the crowd, chatting, smiling,
laughing.

INT. HULL HOUSE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Michael and Jennie sit next to each other on a PLUSH SOFA, opposite Jane Addams.

Lily enters holding a TRAY with a TEAPOT and THREE CUPS.

Lily is surprised to see Michael and Jennie, and though no one else in the room notices. She has a PAINED EXPRESSION at seeing them sitting next to each other on the couch.

JANE
Thank you, Lily.

LILY
Anything else Miss Addams?

Jennie hadn't paid attention to Lily until she speaks. After hearing her voice, she looks up and gives a look of FAINT RECOGNITION, not entirely sure from where she knows Lily.

JANE
I don't think so. Thank you.

Lily exits, PAUSING to look back over her shoulder one more time at Michael and Jennie.

MICHAEL
Thank you again for making the time, Aunt Jane.

INT. HULL HOUSE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Lily ducks around a corner, into a hallway. She CUPS HER HAND OVER HER MOUTH and fights back tears. They quietly force their way out anyway.

JENNIE (O.S.)
Michael speaks so highly of you, I really wanted to join him today. I can't tell you how much we all appreciate your support.

Erik walks across the end of the hallway. He sees Lily quietly crying, though she doesn't see him. He pauses for a moment but then continues on without saying a word.

INT. HULL HOUSE LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

JANE
I have supported the workers, Miss Curtis.
(MORE)

JANE (CONT'D)

In truth, I do not support a work stoppage that exacerbates such suffering as the boycott has.

JENNIE

But surely you agree that our demands to Pullman are reasonable?

JANE

I wholeheartedly agree with your request for arbitration and have attempted to make this clear to Mister Pullman personally.

JENNIE

Yes, Michael mentioned it.

JANE

(as she takes a sip of tea)
You and my nephew seem to have grown close, Miss Curtis.

Jennie BLUSHES.

JENNIE

Michael has been a wonderful support to all of us at Pullman these last weeks. I know Gene appreciates his work as well.

Now it is Michael's turn to BLUSH.

MICHAEL

I'm very happy to help. It's why I came to Chicago, right Aunt Jane? To have this sort of experience?

JANE

Not exactly what I had in mind. And I can only imagine the velocity at which my father would be spinning in his grave if he learned you were working for Gene Debs.

JENNIE

(surprised)
You don't approve?

JANE

On the contrary, dear.
(MORE)

JANE (CONT'D)

Making my father spin in his grave has been my motivation for much of my life's work.

Jennie laughs.

JANE (CONT'D)

But the tyrant left a cloud over his grandson. Unfortunately our Mister Michael here is entirely dependent on a trust left on the condition that he stay on the straight and narrow.

JENNIE

I'm no lawyer, but how on Earth could that be enforced?

JANE

Lawyers were in no short supply in my father's company, and I assure you, Mister Linn and I have fully explored legal remedies. But alas, if he is incarcerated or otherwise engages in behavior stipulated in my father's will as immoral or inconsistent with the values befitting his class, well... not only will he be as poor as the fine folks we serve here, but he will be saddled with his father's debts, which I understand to be quite significant.

Michael is SQUIRMING in his seat the entire time Jane is oversharing with Jennie.

MICHAEL

Thank you for that, Aunt Jane.

JANE

Oh, relax. We're all friends here.
(to Jennie)
Now, how can I help you today?

MICHAEL

We are hoping to gin up more support for the Relief Committee.

JENNIE

You have been so generous, which we of course appreciate. But people are starting to go hungry.

JANE

The Civic League will continue to support Pullman employees, and I will divert what resources I can to the Relief Committee.

JENNIE

That would be amazing, Miss Addams. Thank you.

MICHAEL

But we're really hoping for help from some of your rich friends.

JANE

The growth of class bitterness this strike has made most obvious. That spells doom for our city and makes the work I have hoped to achieve here - our best efforts - even more inadequate. I will do all I can to encourage my colleagues in society to consolidate their professed ideals in family and social life with the greed that dominates their business affairs. But I can promise nothing but my request.

MICHAEL

Thank you, Aunt Jane.

JENNIE

We so sincerely appreciate it.

EXT. DOWNTOWN CHICAGO STREET - MAGIC HOUR

Jennie and Michael walk back down the busy street, again side-by-side.

MICHAEL

She likes you.

JENNIE

She's incredible.

MICHAEL

You're...

He stops himself, biting his lip.

He takes a deep breath and then slowly reaches over to HOLD JENNIE'S HAND.

First, their PINKIES touch. Still looking straight ahead, she lets slip a SMALL SMILE.

Then SHE MEETS HIS REACH and HOLDS HIS HAND.

They make eye contact and both smile as they walk hand in hand.

EXT. BOARDWALK - SUNSET

Jennie and Michael walk along a LAKESIDE BOARDWALK. They talk and laugh as they walk.

INT. HULL HOUSE HALLWAY - EVENING

Lily DUSTS the top of PAINTINGS in the hallway.

ERIK (O.S.)
Are you okay?

Lily is STARTLED and spins around to see Erik standing behind her.

LILY
You're Michael's friend. The radical.

Erik frowns.

ERIK
We met in Pullman. Erik.

LILY
(polite, dismissive)
Nice to see you, Erik.

ERIK
Are you okay?

LILY
Of course. Why do you ask?

ERIK
I thought I saw tears earlier.

LILY
If you did they were meant for me alone.

ERIK
Of course. Apologies.

He starts to walk away but stops.

ERIK (CONT'D)
Why not just tell him?

LILY
I'm sorry?

ERIK
You ain't hiding this thing you
have for Michael very good.

LILY
Sir...

ERIK
You never know.

LILY
I know enough. The damn union he's
so obsessed over ain't even okay
with folks like me.
I lost my chance with him the
second I was born. Ain't no place
for me. Not with him. Not for us.

Erik considers what she said for a moment.

ERIK
Then why pine?

Lily doesn't respond.

EXT. HULL HOUSE FRONT STEPS - DAY

A clean-shaven Michael struggles to drag a SUITCASE and a LARGE TRUNK up the stairs leading to Hull House's front door.

Lily walks past Michael, rushing up the steps. He looks up as she passes him. Michael DROPS the SUITCASE and JOGS up the remaining stairs to beat Lily to the door.

He opens it for her. Lily is SURPRISED at his chivalry. She gives him a WARM SMILE.

INT. HULL HOUSE HALLWAY - EVENING

Back in the hallway, Erik turns to leave. Before he does, he stops and speaks without turning.

ERIK (CONT'D)
He's a tourist. He's visiting.
Spectating. Slumming it to see how
his lowers live.

LILY
I know.

ERIK
He's...

LILY
I know.

ERIK
But then why...

The tension mounting, Lily finally EXPLODES at Erik.

LILY
Don't you get it? I wish I didn't
but I do. Since I first saw him
and he showed me a small kindness
and it meant something and now I
can't help it. Ain't no choice in
it! Never has been.

Erik is taken aback.

ERIK
No, I guess there ain't.

LILY
He's... He's just...

ERIK
(understanding)
Yeah...
(deep sigh)
He sure is.

EXT. CHICAGO STREET - EVENING

Michael and Jennie walk arm-in-arm past FOOD VENDORS and CARTS
set up along the street.

MICHAEL
So how does a seamstress so
effortlessly work in Spartan war
references to an impromptu speech?

JENNIE
That was your doing, actually.

Michael smiles.

MICHAEL
I was hoping that was the case.
(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(beat)

It was a good metaphor - this battle needs leaders like Leonidas if we are going to win. Thank god for great men like Gene, right?

Jennie stops dead in her tracks.

JENNIE

I'm sorry?

MICHAEL

(confused)

I just meant that we we're lucky for leaders like Gene.

JENNIE

You think Gene is to credit for our progress?

MICHAEL

Well... yeah. Ain't he? Every movement has leaders and Gene is ours.

JENNIE

The hell he is.

(to Debs)

Not that I don't appreciate everything Gene and George and the rest of 'em have done, but they ain't the ones going hungry.

MICHAEL

Never said they were.

JENNIE

Yeah, but you're fawning over Gene like he's the second coming. He's no greater than anyone else involved and he'll be the first to tell ya.

MICHAEL

You're sure sour when your ornery.

Jennie WITHDRAWS her arm from Michael's at the comment.

JENNIE

(angry)

And you're still a boy looking for
your daddy if you think this is
all about great men and not
everyone else.

Michael is wounded. He gives Jennie a HURT look.

She realizes she went too far.

JENNIE (CONT'D)

I'm... I'm sorry. That didn't come
out right. But...

MICHAEL

The hell else could it have meant?

JENNIE

Michael - look - I'm sorry.

MICHAEL

Yeah. I get it.

(beat)

It's late. I gotta get back to the
office. Can you get home from
here?

JENNIE

Michael, I'm really sorry. I
just...

MICHAEL

It's fine.

JENNIE

I... Yeah, I can... the inn I'm
staying at is right there.

MICHAEL

Great.

Michael STORMS off, leaving Jennie behind with a forelorn look
creeping across her face.

INT. ROOKERY BUILDING BANQUET ROOM - DAY

A LARGE WOODEN CONFERENCE TABLE stands in the center of an
ELEGANT and LAVISH room, complete with GOLDEN MOLDING and
MARBLE FLOORS.

SUPER: *Railroad General Managers Association, Chicago*

Around the table sit TWO-DOZEN IMPECCABLY DRESSED OLD WHITE MEN. Wickes is amongst them.

At the head of the table sits a THICK-JAWED 46-year old Irishman named JOHN EGAN. Egan is built like a truck and GROWLS as he speaks.

EGAN

Gentlemen.... Active recruiting of replacement labor has been underway in the East.

The men at the table lightly pound their fists on the table in approval.

EGAN (CONT'D)

Make no mistake - the ARU and Eugene Debs are threats to our very way of life. We must mean business. And I do. We will have this damn ARU. We will have Debs.

More POUNDING ON THE TABLE in approval.

Egan WAVES toward the door and a CLERK opens it. EDWIN WALKER enters. Walker, in his early-30s has a neatly-maintained goatee and is dressed in an EXPENSIVE SUIT.

EGAN (CONT'D)

With that, I am pleased to introduce Mister Edwin Walker, a special deputy of Attorney General Olney who has been dispatched here to coordinate with us. Mister Walker.

WALKER

Thank you, Mister Egan. Gentlemen of the General Managers Association. You represent nearly a billion dollars in capital, 40,000 miles of rail and 221,000 employees. Your organization was built specifically to act unitedly in the face of labor upheaval, and Attorney General Olney has instructed me to offer you the full support of his office to ensure that happens.

A FAT BOARD MEMBER interrupts from across the table. This is DONALD FONTAINE.

FONTAINE

Full support? Full support would include federal troops to end this nightmare before it began.

WALKER

Mister Fontaine - as I am sure you are aware, we are thoroughly hamstrung in our ability to dispatch regulars to a domestic incident, especially without the support of Governor Altged, which I do not anticipate any time soon.

EGAN

What does Mister Olney expect us to do? Allow mobs to run roughshod over Chicago?

WALKER

Not at all, Mister Egan. Mister Olney has empowered us to deputize marshals to assist in our endeavors.

EGAN

From where should we recruit these deputies?

FONTAINE

And under what pretense are you justifying the legality of this?

WALKER

The mail, sir. Protecting the mail. Obstruction of which, as you all well know, is a federal crime. Every train that we attach a mail car to allows us to force passage of said train. And more importantly, it tempts the mobs to obstruct.

FONATINE

And the Marshalls?

INT. TAVERN BACK ROOM - NIGHT

Egan sits at a table in a SHADOWY tavern. He drinks from a METAL MUG in front of him.

Three men approach Egan's table. He looks up at them and there stands Thompson, Clax and Gomer.

WALKER (V.O.)

I suggest starting with the ranks of the unemployed. Surely there are enough desperate men around here who read dime store novels and want to play at Earp or Hickcock.

Egan tosses THREE TIN STAR BADGES on the table.

Thompson, Clax and Gomer each pick up a badge and pin it to their shirt. Each of the three smiles a NERFARIOUS GRIN.

INT. ROOKERY BUILDING BANQUET ROOM - DAY

WALKER

Hand them a badge and a revolver and point them in the direction of any man who would not do his duty to move a train with mail attached. Let the authority we grant them do the rest.

EGAN

We will have Debs.

More FIST POUNDING as greedy, pleased smiles appear all around the table.

INT. ARU ULRICH'S HALL HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Debs sits at a DESK, reading through a STACK OF TELEGRAMS. It's late and the office is otherwise empty. CANDLELIGHT and LANTERNS offer the only light in the dim office.

Michael enters, anger still all over his face.

DEBS

How did it go with Miss Addams?

MICHAEL

Fine. She'll donate again and will ask her Civic League friends for their help supporting the Relief Committee.

DEBS

Excellent. Very good work.

Michael sits at a DESK on the opposite side of the room and begins reading a MEMO.

DEBS (CONT'D)

You and Miss Curtis seem to be an effective team.

Michael doesn't look up from what he's reading.

DEBS

Everything okay, son?

MICHAEL

Jennie - Miss Curtis... She's unlike anyone I've ever met. And I can't stop thinking about her... She offended me tonight and still, she's like a tune I can't shake from my skull.

DEBS

Offended you?

MICHAEL

We argued.

DEBS

(with a wry smile)
I see. Sounds familiar.

MICHAEL

Familiar?

DEBS

When I first met my Kate, we sparred rhetorically at a town meeting. And I must say, I left feeling somewhere in between embarrassed, humbled and head-over-heels in love.

Michael puts down the memo he was holding and thinks about what Debs said for a moment.

MICHAEL

You think?

DEBS

I wasn't there, but sounds to me like she was pulling your pigtails, son. And I don't think you'd care so much about what she said if you didn't feel the same way. The two of you haven't been very subtle in your glances around here.

Michael allows himself a deep sigh and his head falls into his hands.

MICHAEL
God help me you're right.

Debs walks over and PATS Michael on the shoulder.

DEBS
There are worse things than
realizing you are in love with
someone, Michael.

MICHAEL
I just... I don't know how to tell
her. I love talking with Jennie
about normal, everyday things and
would be happy to do so forever...
but the thought of trying to tell
her - to her face how I feel...
I'm lost.

Debs smiles, walks across the room, grabs a THICK BOOK from his desk and walks back over to Michael's desk. He drops the BOOK in front of Michael with a THUD.

DEBS
Most people will tell you to look
to poetry or song, but for me, it
has always been this novel.

Michael picks up the BOOK and examines it.

MICHAEL
It's French?

DEBS
Written by a Frenchman, yes. My
parents read it to me in the crib,
and something must have stuck.
Between those covers you'll find
lessons about class struggle,
redemption, obsession, and more
than anything else, love.

Michael flips through more pages.

EXT. TRAIN ENGINE - NIGHT

A TRAIN sits idle on a TRACK in the middle of a DESOLATE FIELD.

DEBS (V.O.)

I was a fireman for the Vandalia
Line from Indy to St. Louis when I
was a teenager.

On top of the ENGINE is a COAL-COVERED TEENAGER laying with his
head on a KNAPSACK, reading a THICK BOOK by LANTERN light. This
is YOUNG DEBS.

DEBS (V.O.)

There would be nights where we had
to sit idle, far from a station.
Mr. Hugo's words kept me company,
and taught me the most important
lessons I think I'll ever learn.

INT. ARU ULRICH'S HALL HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

MICHAEL

Which were?

DEBS

I learned that the only way the
lower classes in this world have a
chance is by working together.
That what happens to you matters
to me, because our shared humanity
is the connection - the catalyst -
that has allowed us to evolve and
grow as a people. That love is the
adhesive that holds us all
together and that calamity follows
societies which realize it too
late.

MICHAEL

And it has romance?

Debs smiles.

DEBS

And it has romance.

Michael examines the book further.

DEBS

Enjoy.
And if you wouldn't mind another
suggestion?

MICHAEL

Of course not.

DEBS
Bring her red roses.

MICHAEL
That isn't a little cliché?

DEBS
Admittedly. But for good reason.

Michael SQUINTS a confused look at him.

DEBS (CONT'D)
You see, after the February
Revolution in France, it was the
workers who had triumphed.
Revolution and the idea of
throwing off the yoke of a king
wasn't new in France of course -
there had been turmoil and
uprising for a generation. But it
was the worker's victory - a
triumph for labor that set off a
series of similar uprisings
throughout the European continent.

Michael LEANS IN toward Debs.

MICHAEL
The Revolutions of 1848, right?

DEBS (CONT'D)
Very good! After the French had
established the Second Republic
they needed a flag, and since the
workers had taken up the banner of
the Paris Commune - a red banner -
they used that. Though they
eventually relegated the red to
only a third of the French flag,
the color's association with the
commune, with the idea of common
people coming together and being
willing to help each other out of
care, concern and compassion for
their fellow man - that stuck.
After that, the color red and the
rose itself would forever and
always be associated with the
understanding that we are stronger
together, that I am my brother's
keeper, that a man's legacy is
defined by the love he shares and
leaves in this world.

(MORE)

DEBS (CONT'D)

That passion and commitment are
the greatest love you can offer -
the most selfless love you can
give the world, or anybody in it.
Give Miss Curtis a rose because it
means, simply and in completely
earned cliché, love.

Debs puts on his COAT and HAT.

DEBS (CONT'D)

I'm heading back to the hotel.

MICHAEL

(flipping through the book)
I'll close up here.

Debs walks toward the door.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Gene?

DEBS

Yeah?

MICHAEL

Thank you.

Debs responds with a warm smile. He TIPS his CAP and exits.

EXT. CHICAGO STOCKYARDS - NIGHT

It is dark and quiet in the middle of the night at the massive stockyards complex. A dozen different rail tracks spread out across the facility. Trains sit idle on most.

A group of a DOZEN MEN sneaks between the trains. Thompson, Clax and Gomer in the group. The rest are BURLY men.

They all wear STAR BADGES on their JACKETS.

CLAX

This one?

THOMPSON

No. They said only old ones and
the empties.

GOMER

(yells)
Found one!

THOMPSON

Shhhh!

Thompson inspects the train car Gomer identified.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)

Yeah, this'll do.

The men position themselves in a line on one side of the train. In a hushed voice, Thompson directs.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)

On three. One... two...

They LIFT, causing the car to ROCK bank and forth. They use the momentum of the rocking train and TIP THE TRAIN CAR OVER. It CRASHES.

Thompson takes out a BOTTLE. He stuffs a RAG in the top and turns it upside down to soak the rag. He LIGHTS the MOLOTOV COCKTAIL and throws it at the OVERTURNED TRAIN CAR.

The fire engulfs the train car.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)

That's one. They said at least a dozen. Keep looking.

Across the yard, Gomer CUTS a FIRE HOSE with a LARGE KNIFE.

From the SHADOWS, Lily witnesses the destruction. FLAMES light her face as she HIDES and WATCHES.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT

President Cleveland's office is lit with ELECTRICITY.

Cleveland sits behind his desk, RECLINED in his chair with a CIGAR in his mouth. Olney is on the other side of the desk, perched on the edge of a chair facing Cleveland.

OLNEY

The escalation leaves us no choice, sir. This sort of wanton destruction cannot stand. You must send troops to Chicago.

CLEVELAND

I agree with you, Mister Olney. But Governor Altged will have a field day if we mobilize federal troops over his objection.

(MORE)

CLEVELAND (CONT'D)

May we really act under such thin legal justification?

OLNEY

May we act, sir? You are the President of the United States, sir. He is a Governor of a state in YOUR union! You may act as you see fit, sir. Leave the justification to me.

Cleveland stares across the table, taking a long drag off his cigar.

CLEVELAND

Then I leave it to you, Mister Olney.
Don't make me regret it.

INT. ARU ULRICH'S HALL OFFICE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

The ARU office is full, but silent. A dozen people, including Debs, Jennie, Heathcote and Howard all read.

DEBS

The trap is set.

HEATHCOTE

I don't understand how a judge can issue an order preemptively. You haven't broken any laws.

HOWARD

It's called an Omnibus Injunction. It allows a court to enjoin actions that are normally legal under penal law.

HEATHCOTE

Ain't trying to be a bonehead, but I understand less after what you just said.

DEBS

It means the trap has been set. If any of us communicate with any affiliate of the ARU - anyone participating in the boycott in any way, shape or form, we will be in violation of this injunction and subject to arrest.

HEATHCOTE

How can they say who we can talk to?

JENNIE

And how are we to keep the boycott organized and peaceful if we cannot communicate with anyone?

HOWARD

And there's the trap.

JENNIE

If they are issuing this injunction, doesn't that mean that troops are coming to enforce it?

Everyone shares NERVOUS GLANCES around the table.

DEBS

With any luck, Governor Altged will be able to assert jurisdiction and state troops will help keep order and prevent any escalation of mob violence.

HOWARD

Either way, this injunction means most of us will be spending some time behind bars before this is all over.

DEBS

Yes, it does.

(beat)

Years ago I recognized my kinship with all living beings, and I made up my mind that I was not one bit better than the meanest on earth. I said then, I say now, and I'll say again - while there is a lower class, I am in it, and while there is a criminal element I am of it, and while there is a soul in prison, I am not free.

Debs turns to the rest of the group.

DEBS (CONT'D)

Listen - all of you... if you are not an elected official of the American Railway Union it is unlikely you would be subject to arrest as long as you are not present in the office when whomever it is arrives to follow through on this injunction. I sincerely thank you for your service, but I think it is best if we maintain only a skeleton crew until we have a better sense of how the government plans to enforce their missive.

Everyone looks around the table at each other, but no one stands.

INT. ROOKERY BUILDING BANQUET HALL - NIGHT

The General Managers Association headquarters is empty, except for Egan, Walker and a SOLDIER dressed in a BLUE UNIFORM with POLISHED BRASS BUTTONS. This is CAPTAIN THOMAS MAIR. Mair is in his early 40s and has a FULL BEARD hiding SUNKEN EYES and a WEATHERED FACE.

The three men stand around the large table in the center of the room, pointing at MAPS laid out on the table.

INT. ARU ULRICH'S HALL HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

The office at ARU headquarters is still full and lively. People work busily.

Jennie seems distracted and keeps glancing at the door.

INT. HULL HOUSE HALLWAY - NIGHT

Lily walks past Michael sitting on a BENCH in the hallway and holding a BOUQUET OF ROSES in one hand and a PIECE OF PAPER in the other.

LILY
(Nodding to the roses)
Hey there, loverboy.

MICHAEL
(despondent)
Not now, Lily.

LILY
Everything okay?

Michael holds up the piece of paper.

MICHAEL
Another letter from my
Grandfather's lawyers. I'm to quit
my work or risk my inheritance.

LILY
Seems like an easy choice, right?

Michael doesn't respond. Lily sits next to him on the bench.

LILY (CONT'D)
So what's with the flowers?

MICHAEL
I was trying to impress someone
but now I don't know - it feels
 cliché - like it's too much.

LILY
Who you gotta impress? You're
Mister Michael Linn. Progeny of
Philadelphia. You're smart, you're
good looking. Hell, you're even
rich. Why you gotta impress
anyone?

MICHAEL
You think I'm good looking?

Lily playfully JABS his shoulder.

LILY
(with a simile)
You have your moments.
(beat)
Look - I'm just saying. You're
great. I don't know why you chose
those folks as your pet cause, but
just because you did don't mean
you gotta impress any of 'em.

She inches her hand closer to his, but isn't yet making
contact.

MICHAEL
I've told you - it ain't like
that, Lil. It ain't a pet cause.
These people... they're fighting
for something big. Something
important.

LILY

This is America, Michael. Lots of those fights about if you want to look for 'em. Why these folks?

MICHAEL

They're good people. They do it... they do what they do - risk what they're risking for each other out of ... well, out of love, I think.

Lily INCHES her fingers closer to Michael's hand. She's looking at him and BITING HER LIP. He's looking straight ahead, oblivious.

LILY

I mean... that's not nothing. Love's supposed to be... its supposed to be selfless, right?

Michael STANDS with an EPIPHANY.

MICHAEL

You're right, Lil! It's selfless. Not worship. Not admiration. Not about leaders or great people - it's about the people they care about and how they show it. That what Gene meant - it's selfless. You're right, Lily. God, I'm an idiot.

LILY

What? What just happened?

MICHAEL

I gotta... I gotta go.

Michael TAKES A STEP toward the door before SPINNING, bending down and GIVING LILY A KISS ON THE CHEEK.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Thank you. Thank you.

Michael runs out the front door, leaving Lily holding her cheek, CONFUSED.

Lily looks down and sees the BOUQUET sitting on the couch next to her. She PLUCKS out a ROSE and smells it.

EXT. CHICAGO STREETS - NIGHT

Michael RUNS through the streets toward the ARU headquarters.

INT. ARU ULRICH'S HALL HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

The ARU office is still full of people working at desks. LANTERNS light the room.

Michael enters and walks across the office to Jennie.

MICHAEL
Miss Curtis, a moment?

Jennie looks up at him. RELIEF on her face.

INT. ULRICH HALL AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Jennie comes from a STAGE DOOR and back onto the stage where she gave her speech weeks ago. Michael is behind her.

Before she has even turned around, Jennie is speaking RAPIDLY.

JENNIE
Listen - I'm so sorry about what I said before.

MICHAEL
Jen. I know... I...

She turns toward him.

JENNIE
Let me finish.

MICHAEL
Sorry.

JENNIE
I was so worried when you weren't in the meeting before. But now... you can't be here. You have to go.

MICHAEL
What do you mean? I don't understand. You can't really expect me to walk away.

She steps toward him and reaches out to HOLD BOTH OF HIS HANDS. They are now face-to-face.

JENNIE

Michael - just listen to me. You can't stay. Gene made clear - there's going to be arrests sooner rather than later. Your Aunt stopped by looking for you. She's worried. She said your grandfather's attorneys... she asked me to tell you... Michael, you'll lose everything if you get swept up with Gene and the rest.

MICHAEL

Jennie, I know. I...

JENNIE

Let me finish.

MICHAEL

Sorry.

JENNIE

I care for you. I think that you might care for me too. You have helped Gene and the rest of them and I'm so happy you did because it meant we could meet. It meant you could help bring out a part of me I didn't even know existed. I want to be with you because you make me want to learn more - to be better. But you can't risk everything. You have to think of your future.

Michael stares at her. Processing what she just said.

MICHAEL

(nervously)

"The power of a glance has been so much abused in love stories, that it has come to be disbelieved in. Few people dare now to say that two beings have fallen in love because they have looked at each other. Yet it is in this way that love begins, and in this way only."

Jennie blushes, slowly inching toward Michael's face as he speaks.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I'm not staying with Gene or the rest of them, Jen. I'm staying with you. I'm not losing anything. I'm finding the world. Since the first moment I saw you, that much was certain. No choice left in it.

She kisses him. Deep and passionate, the world around them seems to freeze.

INT. MICHAEL'S ROOM IN HULL HOUSE - NIGHT

Jennie and Michael enter the room and Jennie goes to the WINDOW to turn off a LANTERN.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE HULL HOUSE - NIGHT

From below, Lily sees Jennie putting out the LANTERN in Michael's WINDOW.

She turns and begins walking away, TEARS streaming down her face.

INT. MICHAEL'S ROOM IN HULL HOUSE - NIGHT

Jennie and Michael have nervous, slow, tender and passionate sex.

EXT. CHICAGO STREETS - NIGHT

Lily stands atop an ARCHED BRIDGE.

She stares down at the water below, HUMMING a slow, sad tune to herself as she PLUCKS the petals off a ROSE and drops them into the water below. Her humming echos, her voice as clear as a softly-played flute.

The sun begins to rise over the CHICAGO SKYLINE.

INT. MICHAEL'S ROOM IN HULL HOUSE - MORNING

Lily's hauntingly beautiful humming continues as the rising sun starts to fill Michael's room.

Michael and Jennie lay HALF AWAKE, cuddling in bed.

From afar, there is a RHYTHMIC BEATING coming from down the street, mixing seamlessly with Lily's humming.

Michael and Jennie look at each other. The beating - MARCHING - is getting closer.

Michael gets up from bed and goes to the window.

EXT. CHICAGO STREET - SUNRISE

AMERICAN FLAGS and RED WHITE AND BLUE BUNTING line buildings up and down the street in preparation for Independence Day.

The SILHOUETTE OF A FLAG flutters in a morning breeze, the still rising sun shining through.

Below the flag, SOLDIERS MARCH down the middle of the street. They wear BLUE UNIFORMS with BRASS BUTTONS and hold RIFLES.

SUPER: Independence Day, 1894

MICHAEL (PRE-LAP)
Regulars. Those are regulars.

INT. MICHAEL'S ROOM IN HULL HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

JENNIE
Please tell me you mean state
troops.

Jennie gets up from the bed, wrapping herself in SHEETS as she walks to the window.

MICHAEL
No, those are federal regulars.

JENNIE
Oh my God.

MICHAEL
Cleveland sent in the troops.

They look at each other for a moment, both of their eyes growing WIDE in realization.

JENNIE
Cleveland sent in the troops.

INT. MICHAEL'S ROOM IN HULL HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Michael and Jennie hurriedly get DRESSED.

JENNIE

I need to get to the depots by the rail yards.

MICHAEL

I don't like the idea of you being anywhere near those soldiers.

JENNIE

I won't be. I'm just going to make sure there aren't any union folks out in the yards.
Will you be at Ulrich's?

MICHAEL

Yeah. I'm sure Gene is going to have a lot of incoming today.

JENNIE

Are you sure?

Michael grabs her hand and brings her in for a KISS.

INT. ARU ULRICH'S HALL OFFICE HEADQUARTERS - MORNING

Michael walks in to the office, which is already FULL of staff. Men and women type at TYPEWRITERS, TAP OUT TELEGRAMS and point at MAPS of CHICAGO.

Debs is at the center of it all, seemingly overseeing and assisting in everything at once.

MICHAEL

(joking)

Geez, Gene. Thought you sent folks home? Doesn't anyone listen to you around here?

DEBS

I guess not. Thank God, right?
Have you seen 'em?

MICHAEL

Yeah. They marched by Hull House this morning. Looked to be headed to the stockyards.

DEBS

That's what we're hearing too.

MICHAEL

Where do you need me?

DEBS

We're trying to track their progress so we can make sure our people are nowhere near wherever they go. I need you on the telegram and making sure every scout's report shows up on the map.

MICHAEL

Got it.

Michael sits at a DESK in front of a TELEGRAPH MACHINE and immediately starts SCRIBBLING an incoming message.

EXT. CHICAGO RAIL YARDS - DAY

On Loomis Street, near the edge of DOWNTOWN CHICAGO, a LARGE GRASSY HILLSIDE overlooks a WIDE SERIES OF TRAIN TRACKS.

The grassy area is FULL OF PEOPLE enjoying a SUNNY day with PICNICS for the holiday.

There is RED, WHITE and BLUE BUNTING, a BRASS BAND PLAYING JOHN PHILLIP SOUSA tunes, and people PLAYING CATCH with BASEBALLS and FOOTBALLS amidst the picnic blankets. VENDORS have set up booths selling FOOD and DRINKS.

Everyone, either at the picnic or coming and going from NEARBY PUBS is wearing a WHITE RIBBON.

Fitz and Gerard walk through the crowd. Gerard has a the remnants of a BLACK EYE.

FITZ

I don't think I've ever seen a Fourth this crowded before.

GERARD

Everyone scrapped plans to leave town 'cause no one wants to get stranded.

FITZ

Makes sense.

GERARD

Damn boycott.

FITZ

(agreeing)
Damn boycott.

EXT. CHICAGO STREETS - MORNING

A company of 40 NATIONAL GUARDSMEN, under the command of Captain Mair, march in formation.

The soldiers take positions around a WRECKING TRAIN. It is a massive ENGINE with a HUGE TRIANGULAR BATTERING RAM at the front and CRANE mounted on the back.

Lily sees the soldiers and runs the other direction.

As she turns a corner, Lily COLLIDES with Erik.

ERIK

Lily! Where are you going?

LILY

(pointing behind her)
Soldiers that way. I'm trying to get out of town.

ERIK

Lots of 'em?

LILY

Lots.

ERIK

Well if you pass by Ulrich's Hall, you should tell the ARU folks there what you saw. Michael asked me to keep an eye out for troops and report back if I saw anything.

LILY

Michael's there?

INT. ARU HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Lily runs up the stairs, pushing through VOLUNTEERS and ARU OFFICIALS to find Michael.

LILY

Michael!

MICHAEL

Lily! What are you doing here?

LILY

Your friend said to report the troops here.

MICHAEL

What did you see?

LILY
About 40 of 'em getting a wreckin'
engine ready about 12 blocks north
of here.

Michael SCRIBBLES on a PAD of paper.

MICHAEL
Wait, did you say wrecking engine?

LILY
Yeah. Big one with the crane and
cattle catcher up front.

MICHAEL
Oh, God.

Michael runs over to Debs.

MICHAEL
Gene! Gene! We're wrong. They're
headed for the rail yards!

DEBS
What?

MICHAEL
We just got a report that 40
soldiers were getting a wrecking
train ready north of here. They
aren't going to the stockyards.

DEBS
They mean to clear the tracks in
the rail yards.
(realizing)
But the people out for the
holiday...

Debs starts barking instructions in no direction in particular.

DEBS
Get word to everyone we have out -
soldiers headed for the rail
yards. Avoid the area at all
costs.

Michael's hand covers his mouth.

MICHAEL
It is going to be chaos.
(realizing)
And Jennie is going to be in the
middle of it.

Michael rushes to the door and then STOPS. His breathing is HEAVY, PANICKED.

Across the room, Michael sees Lily still waiting by his desk. He rushes to her.

MICHAEL

Lily, you are truly the answer to a prayer.

LILY

(under her breath)
And that sentence was for me.

MICHAEL

Sorry?

LILY

Nothing. What's going on?

MICHAEL

The soldiers you saw are headed for the rail yards. With so many people already out for the Fourth, it is going to be chaos when they get there. There's going to be violence.

LILY

Oh, God.
Let's go then. Let's just get out of town. There's a farm outside of the city. My sister used to work it and I still know the owner. We can--

MICHAEL

--okay, good. If you're leaving town, can you get to the rail yards first? I think Jennie might still be there and if she is, I need you to tell her that soldiers are coming and she should meet me here.

The words pierce Lily like an arrow.

She stands STOIC and does her best to hide it, but can't completely shield the anguish from her face. No tears come - yet.

Michael, distracted by the MAP on the wall, doesn't notice.

LILY
 (swallowing hard)
 And why can't you go to her
 yourself?

MICHAEL
 She could be on her way here
 already. If you don't see her at
 the rail yard, don't spend time
 looking. Just get out, you hear?
 The soldiers are coming. Chaos is
 coming.

Lily takes a deep breath. Her voice QUIVERS.

LILY
 But I thought...
 Come with me. It will be like a
 vacation. I've never had one.
 I'd... I'd really like it to be
 with you...

Michael turns to looks at Lily. It finally sinks in.

MICHAEL
 Lily... I...

Lily turn away, embarrassed.

LILY
 No, it's okay. I'll get your
 message to Jennie.

MICHAEL
 No... Lily... I... you... you
 don't have to.

LILY
 (still holding back a
 waterfall)
 Rail yards, yeah? I'll stop by on
 my way out of the city.

MICHAEL
 Lily, please. I... I didn't
 realize.

LILY
 Would it have changed anything if
 you had? Would it have given me
 any chance of being part of your
 world? Of having any of the
 happiness I get to see on your
 face - on her face? Nah.

(MORE)

LILY (CONT'D)
 No, it wouldn't. That's a
 happiness I'll never know.

Michael pauses to consider his response. The pause is all the answer Lily needs.

LILY (CONT'D)
 Thought so.
 I'll get her your message.

She walks toward the door and stops before she leaves. Then, without turning,

LILY (CONT'D)
 Good luck, Mister Linn.

Wiping a TEAR from her cheek, she leaves.

EXT. CHICAGO RAIL YARDS - DAY

Fitz and Gerard chat with TWO WOMEN near a tent advertising "PINTS". They all have DRINKS in hand.

In the distance, the sounds of an oncoming train grow. Gerard POINTS off into the distance. A PLUME OF SMOKE rises over the IDLE TRAINS on the tracks.

An engine is coming.

CROWDS start to gather at the BOTTOM OF THE HILLSIDE to get a better look at the TRAIN, which is FLANKED BY 20 SOLDIERS ON EACH SIDE. The soldiers JOG along with the train, RIFLES in hand.

VOICE FROM THE CROWD
 Those are regulars!

Crowds continue moving closer, until they are BLOCKING THE TRACK the engine is on.

The engine slows to a stop about 50 feet short of the people on the tracks, but the crowd continues and CITIZENS are soon standing FACE TO FACE with the armed soldiers surrounding the engine.

On top of the engine, Captain Mair cups his hands shouts at the crowd.

MAIR
 This engine is going to clear
 these tracks.
 (MORE)

MAIR (CONT'D)

By order of the United States
Government, these tracks are going
to move trains today.
We are not here to harm anyone,
but we will not tolerate this
lawlessness any longer.
Disperse. At once.

The crowd FREEZES. People in the crowd share NERVOUS LOOKS, but
no one retreats.

SOLDIERS stare ahead, focused but emotionless.

It is a standoff.

EXT. CHICAGO RAIL YARDS - CONTINUOUS

Lily pushes her way through the crowd, craning her neck to try
and find Jennie.

Frustrated, Lily CLIMBS a LAMP POST and looks out over the
crowd. In the back of the crowd, she sees Jennie speaking with
a PULLMAN WORKER.

Lily PUSHES her way through the crowd toward Jennie until she
is standing behind her.

JENNIE

Don't you understand? They want us
to give them any excuse.

PULLMAN WORKER

Don't need an excuse when we're
right.

JENNIE

This ain't about what's right.
It's about doing what's smart.
Please...

The workers give each other NERVOUS GLANCES.

LILY

Jennie.

Jennie turns around. Faint recognition appears on her face.

JENNIE

You're... from Hull House...
right?

Lily SIGHS.

EXT. CHICAGO RAIL YARDS - CONTINUOUS

Fitz and Gerard are in the middle of a mass of humanity.

GERARD

What's going on? Can't see a damn thing.

FITZ

Me neither.

They push closer to the front of the mob, until they are only a few rows back from the front lines.

VOICE FROM THE CROWD

You don't have enough, Captain!
There are more of us than bullets
in your guns.

MAIR

That may be, but we have bayonets
as well.

As he speaks, MEN FROM THE GROUP OF MARSHALLS WHO OVERTURNED TRAINS push their way toward the front of the crowd.

Gomer, Clax and Thompson, all with Deputy stars proudly on their chests, move as part of a group of nearly 50 MARSHALLS to STAND WITH THE SOLDIERS.

Though still outnumbered by the mob, it is now a much more balanced confrontation.

MAIR

We also have railroad men.

SHOUTS of anger come from the crowd.

VOICES FROM THE CROWD

--Traitors!
--Scum!

EXT. CHICAGO RAIL YARDS - AFTERNOON

The sun is getting low, but the day is still HOT. Both SOLDIERS and PEOPLE IN THE CROWD mop their brows.

Fitz TAPS Gerard's chest. He STARES at Clax and Gomer.

FITZ

Isn't that...

GERARD
 Sonofa... Yeah, that's the
 bastard.

As he speaks, Gerard touches his still-bruised eye.

Fitz bends down and picks up an EMPTY BOTTLE.

Gerard GRABS THE BOTTLE from Fitz and THROWS IT.

The BOTTLE spins in slow-motion as it flies through the air. It STRIKES Clax in the SHOULDER, SHATTERING as it does. Clax is more confused than at all injured.

Mair sees the bottle hit Clax.

MAIR
 (to himself with a deep sigh)
 God have mercy.
 (shouting)
 Make ready!

The soldiers RAISE THEIR WEAPONS.

MAIR
 Take aim!

The crowd FREEZES.

MAIR
 Fire!

Soldiers fire a volley into the crowd. SIX PEOPLE from the front line fall.

There is a moment of shock. The crowd is SILENT and STILL.

At once, HALF of the crowd ADVANCES on the soldiers in a STAMPEDE. The OTHER HALF RETREATS. It is CHAOS.

The CRACK of GUNSHOTS echos over SHOUTING. People FALL, lost in the crowd.

Men in the front lines are STABBED WITH BAYONETS.

The soldiers are soon OVERWHELMED by the WAVE OF HUMANITY RUSHING FORWARD.

Clax is HIT in the TEMPLE with a ROCK. He DROPS.

Gomer CLUBS people indiscriminately, inflicting as much harm as possible.

Gerard and Fitz are separated by the mass of people.

Fitz is sucked down and TRAMPLED underneath the crowd.

FITZ'S GLASSES are CRUSHED.

Gerard turns, looking for his friend. As he searches the chaos, Gerard is CLUBBED with the BUTT OF A RIFLE by an unseen assailant. He DROPS, lost beneath the crowd.

EXT. CHICAGO RAIL YARDS - CONTINUOUS

In the back of the crowd, Lily GRABS Jennie's hand and the pair begin to work against the crowd, trying to get away from the chaos.

Jennie gets KNOCKED to the ground, TWISTING her ANKLE as she falls. Lily helps her up as the crowd SWELLS.

Still holding TIGHT onto Jennie's hand, Lily PULLS her into a BOXCAR.

INT. BOXCAR - CONTINUOUS

Lily and Jennie HIDE behind CRATES in the boxcar as GUNSHOTS, SHOUTING and the ongoing BRAWL continues outside.

They HOLD EACH OTHER as the sounds of violence outside slowly move further away.

JENNIE

I think it's moving out of the yards.

Jennie WINCES and holds her ankle.

LILY

Are you okay?

JENNIE

Think so.

Jennie tries to stand and COLLAPSES.

JENNIE (CONT'D)

Ow!

Lily EXAMINES Jennie's ankle.

LILY

I don't think it's broken.

JENNIE

It hurts.

LILY
You'll be fine.
(beat)
You really don't remember me, do
you?

JENNIE
I'm... sorry. I...

LILY
Why would you?

Jennie's eyes reveal a hint of recognition.

JENNIE
No...
Lily? Is that really you?

LILY
Hi Jennie.

Jennie HUGS her.

Lily is SURPRISED and while she doesn't hug Jennie back, she
doesn't recoil either.

JENNIE
Oh my god, Lily. I can't tell you
how many times I thought about you
after my dad came and got me.

LILY
Why would you think of me?

Jennie is taken aback by Lily's statement.

JENNIE
We were sisters. I know it was
silly, but I felt safer when you
were there. Like there was someone
who understood what the world
looked like in the same way I did.

LILY
Sisters? You've got to be kidding
me. You don't get to say that. We
weren't sisters and we weren't
friends. You were just some white
girl my terror of a daddy cashed
in on.

JENNIE
I'm sorry, Lily. I'm sorry I never
came back for you. You have to
understand...

LILY

What, Jen? What do I have to understand? That you got out and got to live a normal life with? That you get everything you want? That you even get Michael?

JENNIE

Michael? What about Michael?

LILY

He sent me here.

JENNIE

What? My Michael?

LILY

Your Michael? I love him, Jen. I have since he first came to Hull House. I loved him since before you met him.

Jennie is silent. Processing.

LILY (CONT'D)

I love him but he loves you.
(defeated)
And that's that.

JENNIE

Lily... I... I don't know what to say. This is so much.

LILY

Nothin' to say about it.
He asked me to come here for you.
He wants you to meet him at Ulrich's.

JENNIE

Lily - Lil. I...

LILY

Look, we don't need to pretend there is something between us. We used to play together when we were kids. That's it.

JENNIE

It meant more than that to me. I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry I left.

Lily wipes tears from her face.

LILY
 (to herself)
 Oh, the hell with it.
 (beat)
 I don't hate you, Jen. I should.
 But I don't. I miss you.
 You know what I do hate? I don't
 know if I'm more jealous of you or
 of him.

Jennie wells up with tears.

JENNIE
 Lil...

LILY
 I keep calling people hypocrites,
 telling folks they ain't who they
 think because they don't do as
 they say. But last night I told
 Michael that love is selfless.

JENNIE
 I...

LILY
 (realizing)
 Last night I told him that love is
 selfless and he went to you.

JENNIE
 I'm so sorry.

They embrace.

LILY
 (pulling away)
 No, no. It's okay. It's how it is.
 Now we have to get you safe. I
 made a promise - a choice.

Lily stands to leave.

JENNIE
 Where are you going?

LILY
 For help. You won't make it far on
 that leg.

Jennie attempts to stand.

JENNIE
 I can... Ahhhhh!

She collapses.

LILY
No, you can't. Just stay here.
I'll be back with help.

JENNIE
Lil... please... be careful.

Lily responds with a NERVOUS SMILE and leaves.

EXT. CHICAGO RAIL YARDS - MAGIC HOUR

Lily SNEAKS through the rail yard, ducking behind an OVERTURNED BOXCAR to hide from the remnants of the mob.

Down the tracks, groups of MEN are ROCKING TRAIN CARS BACK AND FORTH and TIPPING THEM OVER.

DOZENS of OVERTURNED CARS are scattered throughout the rail yard.

RIOTERS construct MAKESHIFT TORCHES with STICKS and RAGS SOAKED IN THE OIL FROM OVERTURNED BOXCARS.

A GROUP OF RIOTERS shares a LIGHTER, IGNITING a HALF-DOZEN TORCHES.

MEN with TORCHES run through the rail yards, LIGHTING OVERTURNED BOXCARS ON FIRE.

EXT. CHICAGO RAIL YARDS - SUNSET

As the sun sets, PLUMES of SMOKE from the rail yards DRIFT over nearby streets. While the FIRES offer LIGHT, the SMOKE makes it hard to see who anyone is.

The SILHOUETTE of a CROWD of 1,000 EMERGES from the SMOKEY RAIL YARD. They carry TORCHES and march together down the COBBLESTONES of an otherwise empty Loomis Street. Most have BANDANAS covering the bottom half of their faces. Erik is in the crowd.

EXT. LOOMIS STREET - NIGHT

In a WIDE INTERSECTION down the block, a MASSIVE DEPLOYMENT of POLICE, SOLDIERS and DEPUTY MARSHALLS stand in FORMATION. They FILL the SQUARE, each grasping either a RIFLE, BATON, or other WEAPON.

The square the group has mustered in is lined with AMERICAN FLAGS and BUNTING. It is dripping in Americana.

The sounds of the approaching crowd grow louder.

WALKER
Stand no nonsense. If threatened,
take aim and shoot to kill.

The YOUNG SOLDIER and POLICE OFFICER share a NERVOUS GLANCE.

WALKER (CONT'D)
And don't stop shooting until this
madness ends.

A MARSHALL SMILES at the promise of violence.

EXT. LOOMIS STREET - NIGHT

The CROWD FROM THE RAIL YARDS stops, sensing danger ahead.

FIREWORKS LIGHT UP the SKY, OUTLINING the TROOPS in SILHOUETTE
in the SMOKE.

There are about 100 troops, and the crowd has them outnumbered
10-1. But men with GUNS are still men with GUNS.

The people in the front line of the CROWD each instinctively
STEP BACK.

There is a TENSE MOMENT of pause.

Erik stands a few rows back from the front of the crowd. His
HANDS ARE SHAKING.

From the back of the CROWD, someone THROWS A TORCH.

The TORCH spins in the air and then lands harmlessly in between
the TROOPS and the CROWD, revealing them to be no more than 50
feet apart.

AMERICAN FLAGS silently sway in the breeze as they dangle from
windows lining the street.

There is a pause, then... GUNFIRE.

Many in the crowd FALL. Some in the crowd FLEE. Some PUSH
FORWARD.

The SOLDIERS and POLICE advance on the crowd.

Any distinguishable lines between sides are lost in a MELEE.
The troops have RIFLES with BAYONETS, and the crowd fights back
with CLUBS and STONES.

Erik STUMBLES through the melee. Though SMOKE, he sees a POLICE OFFICER about to CLUB a MAN ON THE GROUND. Erik surprises the officer, PUSHING him to the ground right before the officer's club comes down.

The officer is SWARMED by men, who savagely KICK and STOMP him.

SHOTS are fired from WINDOWS overlooking the street.

STONES and FURNITURE are thrown from windows at the troops.

Erik WAVES HIS ARM FORWARD, attempting to rally the crowd. His nerves have given way to excitement. He picks up a RIFLE from the ground, HOLDS IT HIGH IN THE AIR and SCREAMS.

The crowd CHEERS.

Gunfire CRACKS.

Erik looks down and sees BLOOD coming from his GUT. He FALLS.

The crowd ADVANCES over him, continuing their march. No one stops to help.

EXT. CHICAGO STREETS - NIGHT

A FURIOUS group of HUNDREDS, many holding TORCHES, march through a street.

The crowd SMASHES STOREFRONT WINDOWS and is HOOTING and HOLLERING as they march.

INT. ARU ULRICH'S HALL OFFICE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Debs, Michael and ten other ARU officials and volunteers watch through the large second-story windows as the crowd advances through the street.

DEBS

Dear God.

Michael's face reveals a look of HORROR and FEAR as he sees the crowd with torches. Without a word, he heads for the door to exit.

EXT. THE WHITE CITY - NIGHT

HUGE WHITE CLASSICAL BUILDINGS, COLUMNS and STATUES, and of course, the GOLDEN REPUBLIC STATUE all stand at the center of the World's Fairground. The picturesque White City is empty. Serene. Calm.

The GLOW of TORCHES and rising NOISE signals the crowd's arrival.

Angry crowds THROW TORCHES at the BUILDINGS. The CHEAP PLASTER melts away quickly, revealing WOOD SCAFFOLDING BENEATH.

The scaffolding CRUMBLES in the inferno, bringing huge buildings COLLAPSING into themselves.

EXT. CHICAGO STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Michael searches through streets, pushing his way through crowds toward the rail yard.

EXT. CHICAGO STREETS - NIGHT

Lily cautiously approaches the AFTERMATH of the Battle at Loomis Street.

OVERTURNED CARTS and STOREFRONTS BURN, lighting the BLOODBATH. BODIES LAY MOTIONLESS in the street.

TWO POLICE OFFICERS move from BODY to BODY, poking at each with NIGHTSTICKS.

OFFICER 1 uses his FOOT to turn a BODY over.

OFFICER 1
Not breathing.

OFFICER 2
Found one.

OFFICER 1
Slap on the irons and haul 'em to
the wagon.

In the background behind the officers, Lily turns a corner onto the street.

OFFICER 2 sees her.

OFFICER 2
Hey!

Lily TAKES OFF in a SPRINT.

Both police officers give chase.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS

Lily turns down an alleyway, SLAMMING her SHOULDER into the BRICK WALL as she takes the tight turn too quickly.

She looks ahead - a DEAD END.

Lily turns to see both Police Officers blocking the alley's only exit. She's TRAPPED.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

Lily!

Lily recognizes the voice and smiles, bright and hopeful.

Officer 1 turns to see Michael.

OFFICER 1

Freeze!

Michael looks down the street. The corner isn't far. If he ran he could make it. He turns back toward the alley.

MICHAEL

Let her go.

OFFICER 1

You're under arrest.

Officer 2 moves into the alley and ROUGHLY GRABS Lily by the ARM.

Officer 1 moves toward Michael.

Michael takes a deep breath. He balls up his fist and...

...PUNCHES OFFICER 1.

The cop didn't see it coming and the punch lands with miraculous precision, connecting with his JAW and sending him to the street.

Officer 2 draws his REVOLVER from his belt and AIMS at MICHAEL.

Michael stares down the BARREL of the gun.

The cop beings to SQUEEZE the TRIGGER...

...Lily HITS Officer 2's arm as the GUN FIRES. The BULLET SPARKS off the COBBLESTONES near Michael's feet.

Officer 2 turns and SHOVES Lily, sending her FLYING INTO THE WALL and then to the GROUND.

Officer 2 AIMS his REVOLVER at Lily.

He pulls the TRIGGER.

Michael JUMPS IN FRONT OF THE BULLET.

Michael falls back into Lily. She SCREAMS.

Officer 2 reaches down to PULL Michael off of Lily. She GRABS the Officer's SLEEVE, pulling DOWN HARD, bringing his FACE into the BRICK WALL.

With BLOOD POURING from his NOSE, Officer 2 and Lily TWIST in a SCUFFLE against the alleyway wall.

A GUN SHOT echos.

The officer Falls LIMP.

Lily pushes him off of her.

Lily KNEELS at Michael's side. His breathing is getting short.

LILY

You came.

MICHAEL

I...

LILY

I know. I know. She's safe. She's okay.

Michael begins to CRY as he tries to speak.

MICHAEL

I'm so sorry...

LILY

Michael.

MICHAEL

You were right, Lil. Love. Please see that her life is filled - that your lives are filled... with love.

Lily SOBS.

LILY

I will. I will.

MICHAEL

I never... I never brought her roses...

Michael forces a faint SMILE and reaches up to TOUCH LILY'S FACE. But his hand doesn't make it. He dies in her arms.

EXT. THE WHITE CITY - NIGHT

The HUGE TRANSPORTATION BUILDING COLLAPSES IN ON ITSELF.

A YOUNG HOOLIGAN THROWS a TORCH at the BASE OF The Republic. The statue begins to burn.

INT. BOXCAR - NIGHT

Jennie sits by herself in the boxcar. She PEERS through CRACKS in the side of the car and SEES a group still LIGHTING OVERTURNED BOXCARS on FIRE and moving closer to her car.

Jennie stands and tests her ankle, but WINCES in pain.

Suddenly, the DOOR of the BOXCAR OPENS.

Jennie DUCKS behind a CRATE.

LILY

Jennie?

Jennie comes out from behind the crate. She sees Lily - bruised, covered in blood and still in tears.

JENNIE

Oh my God, Lily. What happened?
Are you okay?

She can't. Only tears come. Lily looks at her with big, sad, sobbing eyes.

JENNIE (CONT'D)

What happened, Lily?

Lily HUGS Jennie, WEEPING.

EXT. CHICAGO STREETS - NIGHT

Crowds LOOT storefronts.

HOOLIGANS SMASH WINDOWS and throw MOLOTOV COCKTAILS.

Fires rage across the city.

EXT. THE WHITE CITY - JUST BEFORE DAWN

The Republic statue is BURNING. The statue MELTS AWAY, revealing that the golden icon was cheaply-gilded plaster and wood.

MATCH CUT:

EXT. THE WHITE CITY - MORNING

Behind the BURNED OUTLINE of the REPUBLIC, morning comes.

SMOKE and RUBBLE dominate the landscape. The White City is decimated. The area now resembles the RUINS OF ANCIENT ROME.

Buildings are collapsed, columns toppled, WHISPS of SMOKE raise from the rubble.

EXT. CHICAGO STREETS - SUNRISE

Lily and Jennie walk side by side. Jennie's arm is around Lily's shoulder and she is using her as a CRUTCH.

Both have faces covered in SOOT and streaked by TEARS.

They LIMP together through the battle zone that has replaced downtown Chicago.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - MORNING

President Cleveland sits silently reading a NEWSPAPER at his desk. He is reclined in his chair and has his FEET up on the desk.

An AIDE walks in and hands Cleveland a note. His eyes grow WIDE as he reads it.

CLEVELAND
(grumpy)
Get me Olney.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - MORNING

Olney sits across the DESK from Cleveland.

OLNEY
A few dozen dead, hundreds more injured, and most significantly, untold property damage throughout the downtown area of Chicago, sir.

CLEVELAND

The soldiers were supposed to...

OLNEY

The soldiers did exactly what they were supposed to do, Mister President. This is our chance.

CLEVELAND

Men are dead, Mister Olney.

OLNEY

There are only a handful of casualties so far, sir. Hardly enough to make the impression we need.

CLEVELAND

I do not think you are adequately grasping the significance...

OLNEY

The kill shot is loaded, Mister President. We will have Debs! I fully understand the significance of our task. We must have Debs or we will have anarchy.

Cleveland stares ahead, not making eye contact with Olney, considering the advice.

JENNIE (V.O.)

The violence had just begun.

EXT. RAIL YARDS ACROSS AMERICA - DAY

JENNIE (V.O.)

Cleveland issued an order that amounted to martial law.

FULL DIVISIONS OF SOLDIERS march through American streets.

JENNIE (V.O.)

Anywhere that had seen any disturbance of rail service was overwhelmed by federal troops. Police and deputy marshals created "dead lines" 100 feet from all rail tracks.

A YOUNG MAN wearing a WHITE RIBBON and carrying a PICKET SIGN makes a run toward a LOCOMOTIVE.

JENNIE (V.O.)
Anyone who crossed was shot.

A SOLDIER shoots the young man dead before he gets close to the train.

A young man's WHITE RIBBON is SPLATTERED with RED BLOOD.

EXT. CHICAGO RAIL YARDS - DAY

Soldiers JOG alongside trains as they move through the RAIL YARD. A small crowd watches, but doesn't engage.

JENNIE (V.O.)
The only hope we had left was
elevating the boycott to a general
strike.

Another train starts moving. A GOLD GATLING GUN is attached to the top of the back boxcar.

INT. ARU ULRICH'S HALL HEADQUARTERS - AFTERNOON

Debs sits at a DESK in an otherwise empty office. He reads a TELEGRAM with a DESPONDENT look.

JENNIE (V.O.)
But that help wouldn't ever come.
And worse...

There is a KNOCK at the door. Debs stands, calmly walks over to the COATRACK and puts on his COAT and HAT and then answers the DOOR.

Walker and SIX POLICE OFFICERS stare down Debs. Walker has a SPLIT LIP and BLACK EYE. He holds up a PAIR OF HANDCUFFS.

JENNIE (V.O.)
They finally had Debs.

INT. ROOKERY BUILDING BANQUET HALL - EVENING

General Managers sit around a table, LAUGHING, CLAPPING each other on the back and POPPING CHAMPAGNE.

Egan, Walker and Wickes gregariously shake hands and smile.

JENNIE (V.O.)
Gene served six months for
supposedly violating the
injunction.
(MORE)

JENNIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Most of his staff and deputies
 served three.

EXT. JAIL CELL - DAY

Debs sits in a jail cell, reading a RED BOOK.

JENNIE (V.O.)
 But it turns out jailing folks
 unfairly only tends to make them
 more radical.
 Gene would run for President of
 the United States as the Socialist
 Party's candidate five times.

A series of photos of the REAL EUGENE DEBS fade in, showing him speaking to supporters in his various campaigns for President.

JENNIE (V.O.)
 In 1929, he got nearly a million
 votes - from another jail cell.

INT. CONGRESSIONAL HEARING ROOM

A large MARBLE and WOOD room is filled with reporters and onlookers. At the front of the room is a DAIS, at which sits a HALF-DOZEN OLD WHITE MEN.

JENNIE (V.O.)
 A commission heard testimony and
 prepared a report on the strike.

A series of quick cuts shows the parade of characters from the story - Jennie, Heathcote, Middleton, Wickes, Pullman, Olney, Debs.

Each sits at a LARGE WOOD TABLE looking directly ahead, with a large crowd of spectators and reporters seated behind them.

JENNIE (V.O.)
 We all went and said our piece.

EXT. PULLMAN'S SEASIDE RETREAT - DAY

Pullman sits alone on a BALCONY overlooking an empty, gloomy shoreline. His SULLEN STARE leaves little doubt about his mental state.

JENNIE (V.O.)
 Pullman was ostracized by the capitalists his stubborn refusal to arbitrate had cost. He remained bitter to the end.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

Cleveland sits alone at his desk, reclining and smoking a cigar. His eyes are filled with REGRET.

JENNIE (V.O.)
 Cleveland's career was done for without the support of working men. He couldn't even get his own party's nomination when he ran for re-election.

EXT. THE WHITE CITY - DAY

The burned out statue of The Republic stands in the ruins of Jefferson Park. The once-lively fairground and symbol of promise now decimated and smoldering.

JENNIE (V.O.)
 The Pullman Strike was a turning point in the labor movement in America. It both revealed and changed the relationship between working people and the bosses in this country forever. But it wasn't the end of the story, Michael. Not by a long shot.

INT. HULL HOUSE NURSERY - DAY

A VASE of RED ROSES sits on a DESK near the window in a second-floor nursery. A WHITE RIBBON is tied in a bow around the vase.

Jennie sits at the desk, writing a letter.

JENNIE (V.O.)
 Someday, Michael, you'll ask about your father. You'll want to know how you got your name. And you'll wonder why your Aunts and I have made solidarity - real, inclusive solidarity - our mission. That's why I wrote you this letter, why I wanted to record our family story for you.

(MORE)

JENNIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Because there's no way to answer
 those questions unless you know
 what happened in Pullman.
 Because your father would want you
 to know that there's no way to
 move forward unless we understand
 the truth of what's come before.
 The ugly parts and the good.
 Because I have hope in my heart
 that you will grow up
 understanding that the only path
 to salvation is solidarity, and
 the root of solidarity is, more
 than anything else... love.

Jennie puts her pen down and stands up from the desk.

Lily stands next to a ROCKING CHAIR, holding a TODDLER in her arms and swaying back and forth gently. Jennie sits down next to her in the chair.

Lily carefully hands Jennie the sleepy toddler and walks over to the desk. She picks up a THICK BOOK from the desk, opens it, and begins reading aloud.

LILY
 So long as there shall exist, by
 reason of law and custom, a social
 condemnation which...

EXT. HISTORIC FOOTAGE - CONTINUOUS

HISTORIC PHOTOS and B-ROLL fade in, showing MARTIN LUTHER KING JR leading the JANITORS STRIKE in Memphis and CESAR CHAVEZ marching with FARM WORKERS in California.

LILY (V.O.)
 ...in the midst of civilization,
 artificially creates a hell on
 earth and complicates with human
 fatality a destiny that is
 divine...

EXT. MODERN DAY FOOTAGE - CONTINUOUS

In MODERN DAY, REAL-LIFE FOOTAGE, STARBUCKS, AMAZON, and HOTEL WORKERS holds picket signs and cheer at rallies.

MICHAEL (V.O.)
 ...so long as the three problems
 of the century - the degradation
 of man by the exploitation of his
 labour, the ruin of women by
 starvation and the atrophy of
 childhood by physical and
 spiritual night are not solved.

INT. HULL HOUSE NURSERY - CONTINUOUS

Jennie places the toddler in a WOODEN CRIB with the initials
 "VML IV" CARVED into the headboard.

Jane enters the room and joins the two women in looking
 dotingly at the toddler in the crib.

EXT. MODERN DAY FOOTAGE

TEACHERS stand on picket lines and people MARCH IN THE STREETS
 holding SIGNS in support of working people.

DEBS (V.O.)
 So long as, in certain regions,
 social asphyxia shall be possible;
 in other words and from a still
 broader point of view, so long as
 ignorance and misery remain on
 earth...

INT. HULL HOUSE NURSERY - CONTINUOUS

The toddler smiles at those looking down on him:

JENNIE (V.O.)
 ...there should be a need for
 stories such as this.

FADE TO BLACK: