

"THE UPRISING"

EXT. THE MERRIMACK RIVER (WINTERTIME), MASSACHUSETTS (1912)

Looking at a wide stretch of the river, we are deceived into thinking it might be an open sea.

ELIZABETH "GURLEY" FLYNN (V.O.)
1912. The year the Titanic crashed
into an iceberg.

THREE SMOKESTACKS BILLOWING SMOKE

Another very tight shot gives us the impression we're staring at the Titanic. But pulling back, we discover a large factory along the Hudson River.

GURLEY (V.O. CONT.)
This was the time of the great
monopolies. A few enterprising men
amassed huge fortunes by combining
companies to eliminate competition.

EXT. MANHATTAN SKYLINE - DAY

Grainy newsreel footage of the skyscrapers shows New York at the height of the industrial age. In the distance to the west, we see those same smokestacks.

GURLEY (V.O. CONT.)
The resulting combinations were
known as the Great Trusts.

EXT. RAILROAD YARD, SOUTHERN ITALY - DAY

A mob of angry RAIL HANDS clashes with POLICE.

GURLEY (V.O. CONT.)
As for the rest of us, needless to
say there were problems. The world
economy was in a tailspin. Europe
was besieged by unemployment and
strikes.

A VILLAGE OUTSIDE DAMASCUS, SYRIA - DAY

An almost bucolic setting, lush with fruit and olive groves. But the village itself is nearly abandoned. Boarding a WAGON packed with all their belongings is the RAMEY FAMILY (ALI, 38; MRS. RAMEY, son JOHN, 18, and beautiful JULIA, 16). Julia takes a last glimpse of the Eden she's leaving behind.

GURLEY (V.O. CONT.)

In Arabia and elsewhere, villages disappeared virtually overnight when the market for their agriculture collapsed.

AN ADVERTISING BILL

blows off the back of the wagon. It depicts a happy immigrant textile worker in America toting money bags from a mill directly into the bank.

GURLEY (V.O. CONT.)

So some made the journey to America, hearing of opportunity.

EXT. HARBOR OFF ELLIS ISLAND, NEW YORK - DAY

The steamship Canopie chugs towards Manhattan, loaded with Italian immigrants.

EXT. STEEL MILL, PITTSBURGH - DAY

A picket line of STEELWORKERS surrounds the entrance gate as Pinkerton GUARDS escort SCABS into the yard.

GURLEY (V.O. CONT.)

But we had our own labor crisis. Perhaps the only real opportunity in those days existed in law enforcement...

A contingent of REPORTERS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS trails behind.

GURLEY (V.O. CONT.)

... and of course, in the growing field of journalism.

EXT. THE MERRIMACK RIVER - DAWN

The same stretch we saw before, but this time the view incorporates the surrounding wilderness. On shore, a DEER looks up, startled by our camera. We follow the river to the edge of --

THE GREAT STONE DAM, LAWRENCE, MASSACHUSETTS,

where snow piles are stacked up like a log jam.

GURLEY (V.O. CONT.)

But finally a storm of protest had gathered momentum around the world. And it would all come to a head in a place few people had even heard of.

On the other side of the dam, the river branches off into a canal, and beyond that --

A CITY OF BRICK TEXTILE MILLS

is packed along both the canal and river.

GURLEY (V.O. CONT.)

Lawrence, Massachusetts.

INT. DYE ROOM, WASHINGTON MILLS, LAWRENCE - DAY

Ali Ramey and John submerge heavy sheets of material into boiling vats of purple dye with OTHER WORKERS.

INT. DRAWING FRAMES, EVERETT MILLS

Pretty JOSEPHINE LIS (18, Polish) is not intimidated by the lecherous FOREMAN eyeing her with a cigar in his mouth. She meets his stare with defiance: Make my day, moron.

Down the aisle, CAMILLE TEOLI, 13, grapples with the gears on her machine. The task just completely overwhelm her. She doesn't notice her long, untied hair is dangling close to the moving parts.

Across from Camille, demure and appealing ANNA LA PIZZO 27, monitors her machines with an adept, seasoned efficiency.

INT. WEAVE ROOM

A stone-faced polish weaver in her fifties, GRETA, waits skeptically while one of her looms is serviced.

AT GRETA'S LOOM

An English LOOM FIXER applies soap to the belts. Beside him, his supervisor, O'ROURKE looks on complicitly.

LOOM FIXER

She'll run two hours faster now.

OVERSEER

Enough to get us the bonus?

LOOM FIXER

I'm not doing this for my health.

O'ROURKE

You sure it ain't gonna chew up the cloth?

LOOM FIXER

Long as their hands keep up.

The fixer gestures behind him at Greta.

O'ROURKE

They're sure gonna be in a tit when the bosses announce the paycut.

LOOM FIXER

Better them than us.

INT. ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES, 2ND FLOOR, AMERICAN WOOLEN COMPANY, LAWRENCE - DAY

The hand of C.E.O. WILLIAM WOOD, (50; with a groomed mustache and thick brows) lays a sheet of accounting figures down on a varnished mahogany desk. A gold chain dangles from his fashionably tailored woolen vest. Around him, college-aged STAFFERS sit at their desks, getting lectured. Most are sleepy, or bored. MR. SHERMAN, 48, Wood's balding assistant, is the only attentive listener.

WOOD

The lower cost of the wool was offset in this case by the cost of the newer equipment, and naturally, the reduced output during the period of installation. But thereafter the ratios should climb, then surpass their median levels. Finally, the increased margin of profit should begin to "kick in", as they say, if everyone is doing their job.

(MORE)

WOOD (CONT.)

And to make sure everyone is doing their job, I have asked you to compile these reports on a weekly basis. Now hand them to me now so I can take a look forward.

A few sheets are passed forward. Most of the young men, however, avert their gaze, as if to suggest the dog ate their homework. The boss is irritated.

WOOD (CONT.)

It is precisely such figures I refer to when calculating your salaries. Make sure you have them on Sherman's desk by the close of business. Mr. Edwards, are the new fire hoses set up?

One of the young staffers, EDWARDS, pipes up.

EDWARDS

Yes, Mr. Wood. Except the superintendent at Ayer Mill says the old hoses will do for another year.

WOOD

I want them replaced, Mr. Edwards. All of them. We don't need a repeat of the Triangle Fire in Lawrence, now do we?

EDWARDS

God help us.

WOOD

That blunder cost Blanch and Harris a year's inventory. Idiots.

EDWARDS

(incredulous)

Sir, I think they were damned lucky to beat the manslaughter charges.

WOOD

Baloney. The businessman doesn't have a crystal ball.

EDWARDS

(eyeing Wood's accounting sheets)

No, sir.

WOOD

Sherman. Hours of operation.

SHERMAN

Yes, sir. As you all know, effective January 1st, a new state law has lowered the maximum workweek from 56 to 54 hours for women and children.

WOOD

I assume a notice went up in all the departments.

Some guilty faces. Wood paces towards the window, trying not to lose his cool with this less than committed crew.

SHERMAN

(clarifying)

Due to the large number of operatives affected by this change, the new hours must apply to the entire workforce.

WOOD

And the first paycheck showing the reduction will be issued when?

SHERMAN

Friday, sir.

WOOD'S WINDOW POV

Pretty Josephine Lis saunters down the sidewalk with TWO GIRLFRIENDS on their lunch hour. She spots the spy in the window and gives him the same look she gave her foreman.

GURLEY (V.O.)

The son of a Portuguese immigrant, William Wood controlled the Wool Trust, a mass of factories along the Merrimac River and in several states. If the workers planned to take him on, they would surely going to need some help.

EXT. POLLY HALLIDAY'S RESTAURANT, GREENWICH VILLAGE, NEW YORK - DAY

The entrance to the popular bohemian rendezvous is adorned with nautical paraphernalia: ropes, helm, navigation equipment. Into its rustic doors stride chatting pairs of mostly well-to-do FEMALE CLUBMEMBERS. They're dressed amply in multiple layers to fend off the winter chill.

EMCEE (V.O.)

The Heterodoxy Club is delighted to have someone with us today whom the New York Times refers to as "that ferocious socialist haranguer from the East Side".

INT. UPSTAIRS FOYER, SAME

The same women pass through double doors into a hall.

GURLEY (V.O.)

(embarrassed; apologetic)

That would be me.

ANTEROOM

ELIZABETH GURLEY FLYNN (in her prime, with a mischievous gleam, magnolia face, a swarm of deliciously wild dark hair) awaits the end of her introduction and other business. She wears a full black skirt, white blouse and a man's red tie.

WOMAN EMCEE (O.S.)

In reality, she's an organizer for the IWW, that notorious new union which bargains not only for the rough and ready miners of the west, but also immigrant workers, colored people of the south, and women.

A reporter, MARY HEATON VORSE, 36, locates Gurley by way of entering a side door.

MARY

Excuse me. I'm Mary Heaton Vorse, with *Harper's Magazine*.

GURLEY

(impressed)

How do you do.

MARY

Would you have time to meet for an interview later on.

GURLEY

Oh, I promised to be home by four. We're having dinner for a family friend.

WOMAN EMCEE (O.S.)

Now please welcome Miss Elizabeth Gurley Flynn.

MARY

Would you possibly be free sometime next week?

GURLEY

I think so.

Gurley hurries off for her curtain call.

HALL - A LITTLE LATER

The decor is in keeping with the mariner's theme we saw outside. The club members sit at long tables and benches recycled from old sailing vessels. Among them, some of the most unconventional women of that era: bohemians and artists, a lesbian couple, a few elite parlor types.

GURLEY

A male friend recently said to me, "Well if we give women their rights then they won't be treated so chivalrously."

The audience balks at this claim.

GURLEY (CONT.)

Chivalry. A man walks a pretty girl home from a party. Meanwhile the less attractive ones have to trot off alone. He'll carry an umbrella for a lady, but will he carry a baby?

The ladies SCOFF, practically in unison. Now Gurley theatrically drifts along a wall, glancing at the old nautical maps posted there. One of them illustrates the abrupt ends of a flat earth, with sea serpents lying in wait. She stares at it and pauses. Finally,

GURLEY (CONT.)

Truth be known, our sex has not advanced in civilization as far as men. Our progress has been retarded, first by false doctrines, second by lack of education, third by the laws, and fourth... by our own submission.

As the crowd meditates on the maps, Gurley sizes up a suave-looking YOUNG GENTLEMAN curiously looking on from the doorway. Hmmm, maybe I would submit to him... Seated at the back of the room, Mary Heaton Vorse notes this weak spot in the otherwise unwavering vitriole.

EXT. A ROW OF WORKING CLASS FLATS, EAST SIDE, NEW YORK -
DUSK

A breeze beats against the dandelions that bloom through
cracks in the sidewalk.

INT. DINING/LIVING ROOM, FLYNN FLAT - NIGHT

Gurley sets to rights the room after an apparent dinner party. There's a BABY in a crib watching her every move. On the walls are portraits of James Connolly, Parnell and other heroes of the Irish resistance. There's also a photograph of her at age 16, autographed by Alfred Stieglitz, and a series of news clippings. One from the N.Y. Times reads "Mere Child Talks Bitterly of Life", with a photo of her at 14 standing on a soap box.

Her mother, ANNIE GURLEY (reserved, old-world charm) sits at her sewing table, hand-stitching a pocket on a man's custom-made suit. Other projects stacked on her work table indicate that she is a professional tailor.

Gurley stops to admire the photograph of Connolly.

GURLEY

It's a shame Connolly is leaving
us.

ANNIE

His heart's in Ireland. I imagine
he'll want to lead another
rebellion. What did Fred's father
have to say in his letter?

GURLEY

(plays with the baby)

He's found a job at last in one of
the copper mines.

ANNIE

Has he.

GURLEY

He wants me to give up agitating
and settle down with him in Butte.

ANNIE

Sounds like a once in a lifetime
opportunity.

GURLEY

I hope so.

Gurley finishes her chore, now meanders over to the sewing table to massage her mother's shoulders.

ANNIE

I should never have let you go out west at that age.

GURLEY

The Federation of Miners paid me twenty dollars to speak!

ANNIE

But you didn't have to marry the first one you met.

GURLEY

He wasn't the first. Besides that, he was an organizer.

ANNIE

Then you named your son after another man.

GURLEY

My attorney in Spokane... While I was out today, I heard the rumors about Lawrence were true.

She exchanges a funny face with her baby, sets him back in the crib.

ANNIE

Is the IWW getting involved?

GURLEY

Only if the workers ask us to come. Imagine shutting down all those mills.

ANNIE

You sound almost wistful, darling. A strike can be a terrible strain if it goes on too long.

GURLEY

Better a little hardship now, than a lifetime of grief.

ANNIE

I think you're too much of an idealist for your own good.

GURLEY

(looks again at portraits)
Perhaps I've been drifting with the
wrong crowd.

EXT. TENEMENT BUILDING, COMMON STREET, LAWRENCE - NIGHT

This long wooden, paint-chipped tri-story is listing to one side. And it's not alone. The entire neighborhood appears to have been erected overnight a few years before. Despite the ramshackle and depressing look, we hear a lively BANTER going on in multiple languages.

INT. KITCHEN, RAMEY'S APARTMENT, SAME - NIGHT

Cramped and cluttered. Paint peels from the walls. A chunk of window pane is missing, the opening stuffed with a cloth. Mrs. Ramey and Julia (the Syrian immigrants we met earlier) gaze down at two round cakes of dough in a frying pan.

MRS. RAMEY

I smell something delicious next door, so I go and ask, and she show me how to make.

JULIA

How are they called?

MRS. RAMEY

"Donuts".

EXT. ITALIAN PRODUCE MARKET, TENEMENT DISTRICT - NIGHT

A trampled path through muddy slush leads up to the door.

INT. MARKET - NIGHT

The store is equally trampled by Italian women. They compare prices and give the SHOPKEEPER grief. Two older busybodies, MARIA and PAULA, sit on crates against a wall.

MARIA

(spying out window)
Luigi Gitano, another no-account
like his brother!

PAULA

Compared to the rest, Luigi is an
angel.

MARIA

An angel in jailstripes.

PAULA

No, Maria, he's a good boy. My Isabel should marry him before he get away.

Overhearing this, ROSA LUCHERO, (35, a no-nonsense spitfire) injects herself into the conversation. Rosa has a frail toddler in tow, ANTHONY, and a teenage son, JOHNNY. Johnny is a little mortified to be surrounded by females but nevertheless listens intently.

ROSA

Why you talking about weddings when everyone about to strike?

The other shoppers smell a fight, gather around. Among them is the demure frames operator, Anna La Pizzo.

MARIA

No gonna strike, Rosa. We all gonna freeze to death without the mills.

Maria rubs her fingers together to gesture cash. Rosa pulls her toddler forward.

ROSA

This one's already frozen.

PAULA

But if we don't work the two hours, why should they to pay us?

ROSA

They don't hire us by the hour. By the week.

SHOPPER

Two hours equals four loaves of bread. My husband go to meeting to vote for strike.

The other women agree. Getting into Paula's face:

ROSA

If pay is cut, you gonna stoppa the devil. Understand?

INT. FRANCO-BELGIAN HALL, LAWRENCE - NIGHT

An "IWW Local 12" banner hangs from one of the rafters. About EIGHTY UNION MEN are assembled - A lot of Italians, but there are pockets of Germans, Poles, Jews and French Canadians. The president of the union, JOSEPH CARUSO (38, cheap suit, slightly neurotic), tries to restore order from chaos. With each nationality debating in its own language, it's like a reenactment of the Tower of Babel.

CARUSO

Please, we have the motion on the floor. Please to "pipe down". Now, let us to vote. All in favor, say aye.

Those who speak English comply immediately and say "Aye", while the rest pause to listen to the translation. Then Italians and Poles say "aye" (or the equivalent).

CARUSO (CONT.)

Against?

The Germans and Canadians oppose, and the Syrians don't vote at all so it's hardly a mandate.

CARUSO

(doubtfully)

Then we gonna strike this Friday.

INT. WEAVE ROOM, EVERETT MILL, LAWRENCE (JAN. 11TH) - DAY

The cloth has jammed in one of Greta's "adjusted" looms. Annoyed, she attends to it. Then another loom jams. She glares at O'Rourke, the overseer. This is your doing.

PAYMASTER (O.S.)

Come get your pay.

SHOP FLOOR

A line of other Polish women and girls wait to received their checks from a bespectacled PAYMASTER.

HEAD OF LINE

Greta and pretty Josephine Lis are first to open the envelopes and check the amount. Immediately, Greta unties her apron, throws it on the floor. Lis follows suit and they both walk out.

PAYMASTER

Ladies, your shift is not over.

One by one, the other workers, get their paycheck, tear off their aprons, and vacate the shop floor.

WARP AREA

Rosa Luchero's son Johnny observes the walkout, sets off hollering.

JOHNNY

Short pay!

The workers react. Levers come down. Machines grind to a halt. Everyone exits *en masse*.

DRAWING FRAMES

Before leaving, Anna La Pizzo lingers briefly at what used to be Camille Teoli's station. There's a sign taped over the machine: "DO NOT USE - POLICE." Several strands of the Teoli's hair are still visibly caught in the gears.

EXT. EVERETT MILL - DAY

The workers pour out of the factory. Johnny bolts ahead in the direction of the canal bridge, races across it.

INT. SHOP FLOOR, EVERETT MILL

Now deserted. Aprons are strewn flat on the floor like so many dead bodies.

EXT. WASHINGTON MILL, LAWRENCE - DAY

It's just across the bridge. Johnny unhinges the front gate and darts inside the building.

INT. SHIPPING ROOM, SAME - DAY

Union president Joe Caruso is operating his box-packing machine when Johnny rushes up and whispers to him.

CARUSO

(aghast)

But today is Thursday!

JOHNNY

The Everett always pays on Thursday.

Caruso gets over it, stands on a chair, clears his throat.

CARUSO

Shut off your machines. The strike begins now.

The SHIPPING DEPT. OVERSEER flashes Caruso a threat of immediate beheading. But as Johnny takes off hollering, the man has to weigh priorities. He decides to pursue the town crier.

JOHNNY

Short pay! Everyone out!

FOLLOWING JOHNNY

as he races through the departments. The mostly Italian workforce complies immediately.

WEAVE ROOM

As others file out, Rosa has to bully Paula and Maria into abandoning their stations. Reluctantly, they give up.

EXT. WASHINGTON MILL GATE/TRESTLE BRIDGE - DAY

A stream of workers cross the bridge. They roil with the enthusiasm of sports fans leaving an arena after the local team wins the game. Of course, a few stay behind to throw snowballs at the windows. Caruso is half way across the bridge when he turns back at the sound of GLASS BREAKING.

INT. SHOP FLOOR, WASHINGTON MILL - DAY

A group of sabotage-minded strikers cut the belts of the looms and dump carts of material onto the floor. Caruso tries to intervene but there are too many of men.

ACCOUNTING OFFICE

Clerks watch the sabotage through a window as the SUPERINTENDENT reaches for the phone.

EXT. CITY HALL, LAWRENCE CIVIC CENTER - DAY

Greek Gothic architecture. The large civic commons is visible across the street.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE, SAME - DAY

The room reflects the perfect order of a diligent public servant. A portrait on the wall of Abbott Lawrence, the city's founder. MAYOR MICHAEL SCANLON, (38, squeaky clean, intelligent face) is quietly at work when his phone rings.

MAYOR SCANLON

Hello, this is Mayor Scanlon...
 What's that... I can barely hear
 you...A ruckus? Well, I'm sure
 Capt. Nelson would be happy to
 dispatch a few officers. But why
 are you calling me?

INTERCUT WITH:

ACCOUNTING OFFICE, WASHINGTON MILL

A group of terrified CLERKS (all male) huddle around the superintendent's desk.

SUPERINTENDENT

(into phone; frantic)
 A few officers! For God's sake
 man, sound the riot call.

SCANLON

Why, is it as bad as that?

SUPERINTENDENT

(covering phone; to others)
 What an irrepressible idiot. (to
 mayor) Sir, this is matter of life
 and limb.

SCANLON

Well, then, of course.

Scanlon hangs up the phone and goes over to look out the window. All is quiet. Not even a leaf stirring in a tree. Regardless, he returns to his desk and starts dialing.

EXT. LAWRENCE FIRE STATION - DAY

A FIREMAN rings the bell.

EXT. INTERSECTION OF MILL AND CANAL STREETS - DAY

A police car pulls up to the intersection, now blocked by a sea of celebrating strikers. No one pays any attention to the car. In the crowd, Ali and John Ramey are relieved to meet up with Julia and Mrs. Ramey.

OFFICERS MCGINNIS AND COLLINS (both older Irishmen) alight from the vehicle in a state of awe. They pass through the crowd without incident and cross the trestle bridge.

EXT. WINDOW OF AMERICAN WOOLEN COMPANY OFFICE

Wood's young staffers from the meeting earlier look out on the chaotic scene below like spectators at a parade.

INT. A.W.C. OFFICE

An atmosphere of general mirth prevails here. Sherman, the boss, is not there.

EDWARDS

What do you say, fellows? I've got a hundred dollars on the strikers.

EXT. THE AYER MILL, LAWRENCE - DAY

Located behind the Washington Mill, we see the famous Ayer Clock towering overhead. A STRIKE MOB rushes the gate. This time, the FORMEN are ready. They turn their new firehose on the strikers, who are hurled backwards, soaked to the bone. Not a good feeling on this frigid day.

EXT. MILL AND CANAL STREETS

Another police car pulls up. Mayor Scanlon and CAPTAIN NELSON (53, a stern red-faced visage, gluttonous) disembark with two other officers.

SCANLON

They seemed to have declared a holiday.

CAPT. NELSON

Undoubtedly there are labor agitators behind this, provocateurs and the like.

At this moment a snowball splatters against the captain's not unsubstantial chest. Two teenagers flee the scene.

SCANLON

Perhaps you're making too much of this, Captain. I suspect the mills neglected to notify in advance about the cut in pay. It wouldn't surprise me at all.

Emerging from the crowd, officers Collins and McGinnis make their way to the captain.

MCGINNIS

They're smashing up everything in sight, Captain. You'd better get a squad in there.

Nelson turns to the officers who arrived with him.

CAPT. NELSON

Go on, follow McGinnis.

McGinnis and Collins reluctantly lead the two men back through the crowd. Another police car pulls up and out steps a SERGEANT MCCLAREN.

SERGEANT MCCLAREN

We just got word that a mob of Italians is headed over to the Wood Mill with knives and bricks.

CAPT. NELSON

(to mayor)

So, a little passing tantrum.

SCANLON

Alright then, what do you suggest?

CAPT. NELSON

Assemble your city council and declare a state of martial law --

SCANLON

Have we the manpower to enforce such a decree?

CAPT. NELSON

If you will allow me to finish, sir. After you have declared the emergency, you will call the governor and ask him to dispatch a regiment of troops.

SCANLON

I see.

With that, Capt. Nelson takes everyone but Sergeant McClaren and the mayor back to his car. They pile in and the car skids off down the slick street. Scanlon stares at the mass of jubilant strikers loitering around him and cannot believe his eyes.

EXT. WOOD TEXTILE MILL, NORTH LAWRENCE - DAY

Six stories high and four football fields long, the largest woolen mill in the world. The gate has been broken through.

POWER ROOM

A few strikers have cornered the chief engineer and at knife point force him to shut off the main power to the plant. The wheels of industry now literally GRIND to a halt. A hush falls over the factory.

EXT. SHAWSHEEN GARAGE, ANDOVER, MASS. - DAY

Andover is a woodsy, upscale settlement next to Lawrence. The snow is falling lightly as William Wood and ERNEST PITTMAN, 41, a contractor, walk between two rows of shiny automobiles on a lot. They are oblivious to events in Lawrence as they approach a decoratively tiled garage.

PITTMAN

I couldn't bare it, William, cut off from my peers, working alone the way you do.

WOOD

Most businessmen prefer to drift in groups, don't they?

Pittman extracts paperwork from a case, hands it to Wood.

PITTMAN

Our revised plans for the north-end construction, and the architect's letter concerning your Florida estate.

WOOD

They're like a chariot team - two, four, six horses abreast. But I can't travel that way, all hitched up to others.

PITTMAN

So these are all your automobiles. How many do you own, exactly?

WOOD

Frankly, Mr. Pittman, I've never had time to count them.

Mr. Sherman drives onto the lot, hydroplanes to a stop. Leaping out of the car, he immediately slips and falls, regains his feet and scrambles up to Wood. Out of breath:

SHERMAN

I'm afraid the wage reduction has not been well received, sir.

WOOD

What the devil are you talking about?

SHERMAN

There are riots in the streets, broken windows, firehoses engaged.

WOOD

Firehoses! Sherman, are the mills running?

SHERMAN

As far as I know, the Ayer Mills and the Upper Pacific are still in operation. The Washington and the Prospect are nearly shut down.

The snow is falling harder now.

WOOD

What about my namesake?

SHERMAN

I tried the superintendent's office but the line was in use. I then dispatched a clerk on foot.

WOOD

You should have gone yourself.

(hollering into the garage:)

Jeffries, get with it, man. The rest of the world pays their help on Friday. But in Lawrence we had to have this one trailblazing innovator who thinks that Thursday is the day.

(handing Pittman the paperwork)

Why don't you deliver these back at the house and we'll discuss it later.

PITTMAN

Of course.

WOOD

Sherman, go see about the Wood Mill.

SHERMAN

Right away, sir.

WOOD

Damn this weather.

Mr. Wood's car appears, with its driver (JEFFRIES). Wood starts climbing in the back.

PITTMAN

Excuse me, William, but I left my own automobile at your house. Would you mind if I borrow one of these?

WOOD

Take your pick.

End excerpt

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