

"THE CARPENTER"

FADE IN:

*Before starting our present-day odyssey, let's step back a moment to clarify some pertinent history:*

EXT. REFLECTION ON A RIVER SURFACE (1813) - DAY

As the water gently ripples past, we discern the shapes of SHAKER MEN sawing logs by the shore. That familiar harbinger of human progress, the slow SCREECH-SCREECH of saw teeth ripping into wood, is prominent.

EXT. SHORE OF THE CONCORD RIVER, MASSACHUSETTS - DAY

About twenty men are pushing long, blunt pit saws across the logs. It's excruciating to watch them labor in their sweat-drenched shirts, two by two, with such an inadequate tool. A few curious BLUE JAYS seem to be as unnerved as we are with this lurching back and forth, back and forth. We thank God for OSHA. As for turnaround time on the new home, don't even ask.

Fortunately, on a slight hill overlooking these masochistic endeavors lies a single, solitary --

LOG CABIN.

On the porch, the historical figure SISTER TABITHA BABBITT sits spinning wool with a view of the shore. She quietly observes the grueling labor of her countrymen. Then she looks down at her spinning wheel. And an idea occurs to her.

EXT. SAME PORCH (A FEW WEEKS LATER) - DAY

Sister Babbitt directs a BLACKSMITH as he mounts her new prototype circular saw blade onto the spinning wheel. The Shakers gather around as she demonstrates the concept.

EXT. SHORE OF CONCORD RIVER (A YEAR LATER) - DAY

The first lumber mill in the world makes its debut. Powered by the river current, the planks roll effortlessly through the rotating blade and get stacked like hot cakes. No longer lurching around, the shaker men have a bounce to their step. The entire process is a smooth one and even the warblers have picked up the syncopated can-do rhythm that prevails. Standing off to one side, Sister Babbitt glistens at her important contribution to mankind.

EXT. EIGHTH FLOOR, OFFICE TOWERS UNDER CONSTRUCTION,  
OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA (PRESENT DAY) - DAY

The WHIR of a micron carbide blade rotating at 360 rpm on a panel saw dazzles the human eye as it rips a 3/4 inch miter off a veneered, four-by-eight-foot panel. As the board glides by, a pair of guiding human hands comes into view.

But these aren't the big, gruff, calloused, hairy mitts of your typical tradesman. They belong to one WYLIE FERGUSON, 28, female, with a sturdy build (so to speak), perfectly proportioned curvature, and the eyes of a serial killer. Now to you or me, a saw blade spinning at 360 rpm translates into ten bloody stubs at the knuckles. To Wylie, it's a walk in the park. She lifts the panel off the saw when it's cut and carries it over to a load-bearing column. She positions it between the edges of two other panels already installed. It's a perfect fit.

ELSEWHERE ON THE FLOOR,

TRADESMEN are busy installing plumbing, running wires through conduit, or attaching sheet metal ducts, sprinklers drywall etc. Looking out the highrise windows, we see a CRANE lifting a steel girder onto a twin office tower under construction nearby.

EXT. PARKING LOT, SAME - DAY

Dirt-splattered pick-ups and SUV's are scattered across a wide expanse of newly poured asphalt. Nestled among this rustic cornucopia is a newer-looking domestic sedan bearing U.S. Government plates. It's from that direction that a cell phone RINGS.

INT. SEDAN - DAY

A body stirs to life in the back seat. It lies beneath an apparently absconded airline blanket. A hand therein searches for the phone. Then the head of KATHERINE BRENNER, 38, emerges from slumber. Katherine bears a striking resemblance to Sister Tabitha Babbitt. After checking the caller I.D., she answers in a hoarse monotone.

KATHERINE

You're in trouble... Yes, I found the place. (gazes out at towers) It would be hard to miss. So, Ricky, the superintendent here isn't coming in till nine. Your schedule said to get here at seven.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. OFFICE OF CONGRESSMAN MARK DOLAN, CANNON HOUSE OFFICE  
BLDG., WASH. D.C. - DAY

Beneath the great seal of California, a prickly office  
receptionist, RICKY, cradles the phone while he sorts mail.

RICKY

I see there was some miscommuni-  
cation. This is what happens when  
we turn off our cell phone.

Still in the car, Katherine flips the rear-view mirror into  
position and adjusts her look.

KATHERINE

My mother turned it off at dinner  
last night. I forgot all about it.

RICKY

Sounds like a raucous evening.  
John left a message at your hotel.

KATHERINE

I didn't get any message from John.

RICKY

I must say, Ms. Brenner, you'd  
never cut it at a temporary agency.  
Anyway, the state Division of  
Apprenticeship Standards heard you  
were in town. And apparently they  
have this longstanding agreement  
with the U.S Department of Labor,  
which provides for written  
notification in the event of an  
inspection, and then one of their  
agents has to -

KATHERINE

Ricky, cut to the chase?

RICKY

Someone named Ronald's waiting for  
you on the steps.

Katherine spots a grim-looking bureaucrat, RONALD BERGER,  
pacing at the entrance like a caged orangutan. He's holding  
two hard hats.

KATHERINE

Swell. Remind me what I'm doing  
here, again.

RICKY

You're supposed to be finishing the  
survey for that affirmative action  
bill.

KATHERINE  
 (alighting from the car)  
 It's not affirmative action. That was  
 the eighties, before you were born.

RICKY  
 Excuse me, "The Equal Access to the  
 Nontraditional Workplace" bill.  
 Like I would know anything about  
 that.

EXT. SEDAN - DAY

Katherine opens the driver's door, snares a leather-encased  
 notepad, locks the car and heads briskly toward the tower.

KATHERINE  
 Don't you think it's strange how  
 that person from E.T.A. bailed out  
 on us?

RICKY  
 John said something about her  
 taking stress leave.

KATHERINE  
 Well, she should have waited until  
 she was done with this. I still  
 have jet lag. And the hotel was  
 having a microbrewery convention or  
 something. The guys next to me  
 never went to sleep.

The sound of PILE DRIVING commences. Katherine looks over at  
 puffs of smoke on the site of a third tower in the works.

KATHERINE (CONT.)  
 Anyway... Are you still picking me up  
 at the airport?

RICKY  
 Actually, the Congressman asked for  
 that esteemed privilege.

KATHERINE  
 (wry smile)  
 Is he? You know, this equal  
 opportunity stuff can get extreme,  
 even for me. The idea of defending  
 a woman's right to be - (looks up  
 at an ironworker) a roofer.

RICKY  
 Oh, I know. Imagine a man who  
 thinks he can multi-task. The idea...

Ronald's waving the hard hats to get her attention.

KATHERINE

Alright. Look, I gotta go.

RICKY

Bye.

(after she hangs up)

Like I was keeping you.

EXT. ENTRANCE TO TOWER ONE - DAY

On her way up the steps, Katherine retrieves a pill bottle from her purse. A GARDENER waters some new landscaping.

RONALD

Have trouble finding the place?

KATHERINE

No. Do you think I could get a glass of water before we start?  
(flashes the pills) Allergies.

Ronald considers the request doubtfully. Then he lights on an idea: the gardener's running hose. Katherine sees it.

KATHERINE (CONT.)

It can wait.

INT. EIGHTH FLOOR, SAME - DAY

The elevator doors open and Katherine bolts out like a thoroughbred from the gate and starts looking around at the tradesmen on Wylie Ferguson's floor. With her sleek dress, dark shades and appearance of conviction, she's an immediate sensation with this crowd. Ronald shuffles behind her like a disabled grinch.

KATHERINE

So, Ronald, you're with the free state of California. Tell me - what's wrong with this picture?

Ronald sees nothing wrong, just a lot of white, working class men hard at work. Well, some of them are hard at work. Twenty other pairs of eyeballs are locked on the legs of the visitor. Katherine takes notes.

RONALD

A head count proves nothing. You do recall the two electricians on the fourth floor, the laborer... and now this carpenter.

He means Wylie Ferguson. She's installing another panel on a column. Holding one end of it as she slips in support blocks underneath. Helping her is a gaunt, retirement-age carpenter, HENRY. Wylie tightens two bar clamps to secure the glued panel, then turns to find Katherine watching her.

KATHERINE

You made that look so simple.

WYLIE

Yeah, well, you get a lot of practice around here.

KATHERINE

Amazing.

WYLIE

Is this about my back dues?

KATHERINE

God, no. I'm investigating gender discrimination. Here, let me give you my business card.

*(commences search of purse)*

Do I look a union rep?

WYLIE

You look like you're from Disney World.

KATHERINE

Washington. Same thing. So, is everything going OK out here?

Still searching, Katherine fumbles her nail polish, lipstick and a prescription bottle out onto a dirty concrete slab floor.

WYLIE

Lady, I got to get back to work.

Katherine stops and takes off her sunglasses. She's mystified by the attitude. A beat.

KATHERINE

Alright. *(proffers card)* Call me if you need anything.

WYLIE

Do I look like I need something?

KATHERINE

I don't know. Maybe a semester of charm school. Sorry to bother you.

Leaving Wylie to her column, Katherine and Ronald resume their inspection of the site. Henry takes the business card from Wylie and reads it.

HENRY

Legislative Aide to Congressman  
Mark Andrew Dolan. Sounds pretty  
important.

WYLIE

I'd like to boot her snooty ass  
down the elevator shaft.

HENRY

Nah, I think that gal wants to help  
you.

WYLIE

Nobody's ever helped me do  
anything. Let's go.

She heads backt to the saw and the stack of panels.

HENRY

You the boss..

INT. CORRIDOR APPROACHING ELEVATORS, SAME FLOOR - DAY

Still on the move, Katherine and Ronald maneuver around  
CARPETLAYERS working on the concrete floor.

KATHERINE

The Subcommittee is not going to be  
happy when I testify.

RONALD

A foregone conclusion.

Katherine hits a groove in the cement and steps right out of  
one of her high heels. As she backtracks to reclaim it:

KATHERINE

Ronald, why are we the only ones  
wearing hard hats?

RONALD

Regulations.

Katherine removes the hat, fluffs her hair. This generates  
WHISTLES and CATCALLS. They resume their trek.

KATHERINE

So let's talk regulations. Let me  
see. I don't have my calculator,  
but four women out of a workforce  
of say, two hundred...

RONALD

Ms. Brenner, blue-collar jobs rarely attract a large pool of females.

KATHERINE

Ronald, for twenty-six-fifty an hour, nuns would be leaving the convent. I had no idea the situation was this bad.

Overhearing this exchange, a PAINTER intentionally bumps Katherine, streaking her dress with paint.

KATHERINE (CONT.)

Damn.

RONALD

The bottom line is that the state cannot order any contractor to hire nuns, nor may it compel a labor organization to recruit them.

KATHERINE

Then tell me, what exactly does the state Division of Apprenticeship Standards do?

RONALD

You mean, besides following federal interns around and inhaling sheetrock dust.

She assesses the paint damage gain, checks her watch, and pushes the elevator button.

KATHERINE

You called us, remember? And you know damn well I'm not an intern. Ronald, look around. This isn't some trashcan burning on the sidewalk. We're talking obstruction of civil rights...

EXT. A PASSENGER AIRLINER - DAY

Lifting off from San Francisco International airport.

KATHERINE (V.O.)

In particular, Title VII of the Civil Rights Act of 1964...

INT. COACH CABIN, EASTBOUND AIRLINER - DAY

Katherine swallows two pills with a glass of wine.



KASEY (V.O.)  
 Title IX of the Education  
 Amendments of 1972...

EXT. CAPITOL HILL, WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY

A summertime sizzling post card shot.

KATHERINE (V.O.)  
 The Job Training and Partnership  
 Act...

INT. HOUSE HEARING ROOM, WASHINGTON D.C.

The SUBCOMMITTEE ON EMPLOYER-EMPLOYEE RELATIONS is meeting. Its chair is the distinguished, good-looking California Democrat, CONGRESSMAN MARK ANDREW DOLAN, 47. A lot of not so good-looking, brick-faced LABOR LEADERS fill the chamber. At the witness table, Katherine reads from her report.

KATHERINE  
 Let's see, the Nontraditional  
 Employment for Women Act of 1991.  
 That requires recipients of federal  
 funds to set specific goals for the  
 training and placing of women into  
 nontraditional assignments.

She stops to drink some water and stifle a yawn - more jet lag. Also yawning are members of the all-male PRESS CORPS covering the session. Most are diverting themselves with video games on their laptops. Another doodles a cartoon: Katherine as a scrawny soapbox agitator at the height of her oratory, with Big Labor dead asleep behind her.

KATHERINE (CONT.)  
 In 1992, the Women in  
 Apprenticeship and Non-traditional  
 Occupations Act was passed,  
 authorizing over a million dollars  
 for employers and unions to  
 integrate women into the trades.

But let's go back to 1978 for a second. President Carter issued an executive order that established a goal of 25 percent for integrating women into the trades workforce. Hardly a giant leap towards parity. You may recall that the auto manufacturing industry actually reached a respectable 20 percent.

Mark Dolan's chief of staff, JOHN DECKER, 39, enters the chamber, notices the doodle on the way to his chair behind Mark. He enjoys seeing Katherine lampooned.

KATHERINE (CONT.)

Meanwhile, in the construction trades, the figure has catapulted from a pathetic 2.4% in 1970 to a staggering 2.5% today. (glancing back at audience) The penalties for violating the law, some of you may not be aware of, range from 3 to 5 years in a federal penitentiary and fines of up to \$15,000 per offense.

In the audience, a crew-cut, overweight union representative ROY CRAWFORD, leans towards the man beside him, EDDIE KENT, 60. Eddie has thick brows, a creased, teddy bear face, and is dressed like a Ponderosa rancher.

ROY

Is she serious about this stuff?

EDDIE

Nah, what she needs is a little executive order up in my hotel room later.

An elderly Republican on the committee, CONGRESSMAN YATES, interrupts Katherine in a mint julep drawl.

CONGRESSMAN YATES

Young lady, let me stop you for just a second. I read somewhere that in order to accomplish true gender parity in America, 77 percent of the labor force would have to change jobs.

KATHERINE

Sounds about right. Would you mind if I took yours?

This generates a few suppressed giggles among the committee members.

CONGRESSMAN YATES

Well, first you'd have to move to Alabama. (Entire room LAUGHS.) Now, could you explain to me the relevance of Title Nine?

KATHERINE

Sure. Most trade unions and employers participate in joint apprenticeship programs.

KATHERINE (CONT.)

The apprentices get classroom training, typically at a local community college.

CONGRESSMAN YATES

I see. So you're suggesting that because there aren't many women in these programs, that a crime is taking place.

KATHERINE

Exactly.

Some of the reporters look up from their laptop games.

CONGRESSMAN YATES

But what do the trade unions have to do with it? Don't the companies do all the hiring?

KATHERINE

No. Let me explain how it works. Say you want to work for a company that's unionized. First, you have to go down to the union hall and sign up on a list. The company calls the union, says they need someone, and the union calls the next guy - or woman - whose name is on the list.

CONGRESSMAN YATES

So then the companies don't control who gets hired.

KATHERINE

Usually not, and especially in the case of apprenticeships.

CONGRESSMAN YATES

(indicates Chairman Dolan)

So this bill your boss is promoting will now regulate the hiring procedure?

KATHERINE

It allows the Employment Training Administration to intervene in cases where a pattern of discrimination is indicated.

CONGRESSMAN YATES

Where a "pattern of discrimination" is indicated.

The labor leaders are becoming agitated by this line of inquiry. In fact, their hostility is palpable in the room. John Decker confides something into the chairman's ear.

KATHERINE

If the joint apprenticeship committee doesn't correct the problem within a reasonable time period, then the E.T.A. will cut off its funding.

CONGRESSMAN YATES

Well. Sounds to me like the end of apprenticeship in America.

KATHERINE

I suppose some would call it a radical step. I call it law enforcement. I mean, given the track record of--

CHAIR MARK DOLAN

Congressman, this is a chance to open up the trades to sectors of our population that are associated with the welfare rolls. Young minority men, single mothers -

CONGRESSMAN YATES

Ex-convicts, the homeless, refugees from Guatemala. Who else must we accommodate? No siree, this bill is nothing more than an attempt to reinstitute quotas. I'm having none of it, and I suspect neither will the Supreme Court.

Feeling vindicated by this retort, the labor leaders burst into APPLAUSE and a long standing ovation. Katherine closes the report, lobs her pen down on top of it. A discouraging turn of events, but not unexpected. What's worse, she's discovered a paint stain on her panty hose. As she waits for the clamor to subside, she notices something else.

A LONE TRADESWOMAN

Is squished like a sardine between two overweight union officials. She wears a denim jacket and John Deere Hat, but that pained look in her eye indicates the degree of discomfort she feels sitting with a bunch of old men who don't want her there anymore than they want her on a construction site. For Katherine, the affirmative action survey now has a face, and it's not Wylie Ferguson's.

The clock on the wall reads a quarter to twelve.

CHAIR MARK DOLAN

Ms. Brenner, I think that about covers it. Can we go ahead and insert the report into the record now?

Katherine reopens the document, flips feverishly through the pages.

KATHERINE

Just one moment. I think a few more numbers would underscore the problem.

CHAIR DOLAN

Okey-dokey.

KATHERINE

Consider, shall we, the case of the Plumbers, Local 9 in Philadelphia. Its current president for life is one James Dean Callahan.

In the audience, CALLAHAN, an old geezer with liver spots, snaps to attention at the mention of his name.

KATHERINE (CONT.)

In his 22-year tenure, not a single woman has completed an apprenticeship in Local 9.

The press corps lights up with this cutting disclosure. The video games onscreen are replaced with Microsoft Word and the sound of many nimble fingers laying into keyboards.

KATHERINE (CONT.)

Then there's William Mahoney, president of the Ironworkers Local in Tallahassee. Not one. Jeremy Quinn, Sprinkler Fitters, Local 2 in Charlotte; Martin O'Shaughnessy, Cabinet Makers Local 109 in Jackson. Grady Mulligan, Plumbers Local 16 in Sparks, and Eddie Kent, Carpenters Local 50 of San Francisco.

Unlike his outraged peers, Eddie smiles proudly at being acknowledged for his despicable record. But around him, the irate GRUMBLING reaches critical mass. Mark Dolan has his gavel in the air but can't bring himself to lower it. John Decker stares at Katherine and contemplates murder.

Turning to face her detractors:

KATHERINE (CONT.)

No gentlemen, none of you can escape the inexorable zero.

Emboldened, the woman in the John Deere cap leaps to her feet.

TRADESWOMAN

Yeah! It's about time you creeps got busted. You don't train us at all, and you fire us after three months when you get your statistic.

The union official are on their feet. Mark pounds the gavel. FEDERAL PEACE OFFICERS storm the room and sweep the agitator away in a most uncomfortable fashion. Katherine cringes at the sight of the woman's rough handling. Eddie Kent smiles, taking all the commotion in stride.

EDDIE

She's right about us, you know.

ROY

Yeah, Eddie, the President's gonna send in troops.

As the dust settles over the chamber:

CHAIR DOLAN

This seems like a good time to break for lunch. If there's no objection.

CONGRESSMAN YATES

Why, Mark, she's just getting warmed up.

CHAIR DOLAN

May I remind the ranking member of our full agenda today.

The other Democrats are already clearing out of the chambers. Yates kicks back in his chair and savors the Pandora's Box he's opened.

CONGRESSMAN YATES

I can't wait to see Act Two.

CHAIR DOLAN

This meeting is adjourned until one p.m.

The labor leaders file out like an oppressed race as Katherine's ambushed on all sides by the reporters. As they plaster her with question, she manages to catch a glimpse of the chairman's astounded, livid gaze.