

THE UPRISING"

FADE IN:

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

A wide stretch of the river at very close range and has us easily deceived into thinking this might be an open sea.

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

THREE SMOKESTACKS BILLOWING SMOKE

Another close shot convinces us that we're staring at the Titanic. But as our camera pulls back, we discover the stacks belong to a large factory on the Hudson River.

GURLEY (V.O. CONT'D)
This was the time of corporate
monopolies. A few enterprising men
had amassed incredible fortunes
simply by combining companies to
eliminate competition.

EXT. MANHATTAN SKYLINE, NEW YORK - DAY

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

GURLEY (V.O. CONT'D)
These combinations were known as
the Great Trusts.

EXT. RAILROAD YARD, SOUTHERN ITALY - DAY

A mob of angry RAIL HANDS clashes with POLICE, throw rocks at their stern-faced MANAGERS watching nearby.

GURLEY (V.O. CONT'D)
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.

EXT. VILLAGE OUTSIDE DAMASCUS, SYRIA - DAY

A bucolic setting, lush with unpicked fig and olive trees. The village itself is nearly abandoned. Among the last to leave is the ROUMI FAMILY. They're boarding a mule-driven wagon outside a store. Among the passengers are ALI and MRS. ROUMI, both in their early forties; JOHN, 18; and beautiful JULIA, 16. Julia takes a last glimpse of the home she's leaving behind.

GURLEY (V.O. CONT'D)

As in times past, people began migrating to the New World in large numbers. In Syria and elsewhere, villages disappeared virtually overnight when the market for their agriculture simply collapsed.

AN ADVERTISING BILL

blows off the back as the vehicle lurches ahead. The flyer depicts a happy immigrant worker in America toting bulging money sacks from a textile mill into a bank.

GURLEY (V.O. CONT'D)

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

EXT. HARBOR OFF ELLIS ISLAND, NEW YORK - DAY

The steamship Canopie chugs away from the island towards Manhattan. It's loaded with IMMIGRANTS, including the Roumis. Everyone's out on deck getting their first view of the Manhattan cityscape that looms in the distance.

EXT. STEEL MILL, PITTSBURGH - DAY

A picket line of STEELWORKERS surrounds the entrance gate as PINKERTON GUARDS escort a terrified contingent of REPLACEMENT WORKERS into the yard.

GURLEY (V.O. CONT'D)

But here in the states, we had troubles of our own. Perhaps the only real opportunity in those days existed in law enforcement...

A mob of REPORTERS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS is on hand to document the confrontation. The workers don't care much for these fellows, either, shooting spitballs their way.

GURLEY (V.O. CONT'D)
 ... and of course, in the growing
 field of journalism.

EXT. THE MERRIMACK RIVER - DAWN

It's the same stretch we saw before, but this time the view incorporates the surrounding wilderness. On shore, a DEER looks up, as if startled by our camera. We follow the river as it makes its way to the edge of --

THE GREAT STONE DAM, LAWRENCE, MASSACHUSETTS

The floating snow piles are stacking up like a log jam against the dam's edge.

GURLEY (V.O. CONT'D)
 By January of 1912, a storm of protest had gathered momentum from around the world. And it would 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. Further down the waterway, we arrive at --

A CITY OF BRICK TEXTILE MILLS,

packed along the edge of both the canal and the river.

GURLEY (V.O. CONT'D)
 Lawrence, Massachusetts.

INT. DYE ROOM, WASHINGTON MILLS, LAWRENCE - DAY

Ali Roumi and son John submerge heavy sheets of material into boiling vats of purple dye. OTHER WORKERS labor beside them in the intense heat.

INT. DRAWING FRAMES ROOM, EVERETT MILLS

Frames worker 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: Stay away from me, you moron.

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

Across from Camille, a demure and hardworking ANNA LA PIZZO 27, monitors her machines with seasoned efficiency. Her frames draw up the thread onto large spools that spin and accumulate thread. Anna spots a full spool and steps over to replace it with an empty one.

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, an OVERSEER looks on.

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.

OVERSEER
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.

OVERSEER
They're sure gonna be in a tit when they find out about the pay cut.

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; sporting a groomed mustache and heavy dark brows) lays a sheet of accounting figures down on a mahogany table. A gold chain hangs from the vest of his precisely tailored woolen suit. A group of COLLEGE-AGED STAFFERS sit at their desks, stealing looks at a clock that reads 12:15. MR. SHERMAN, 48, Wood's assistant, is really the only attentive listener.

WOOD

The lower cost to process the wool was offset in this case by the cost of the newer machines, in addition to the reduced output, naturally, during the period of installation.

But thereafter the ratios should reverse themselves. The increased margin of profit begins to "kick in", as they say, if everyone is doing their job. Does that make sense?

(The staffers nod.)

And to make sure everyone is doing their job, I asked you last week to start compiling these reports on a weekly basis. Now pass those forward, if you would.

A few sheets are delivered to the boss. Most of the young men, however, avert their gaze, not having done their assignments. One of them, EDWARDS, is lost in a daydream.

WOOD (CONT'D)

Be advised, gentlemen, that 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. Edwards, are the new fire hoses set up?

EDWARDS

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

WOOD

I want them all replaced now. Tomorrow at the latest. Is that clear? We don't need a repeat of the Triangle Fire in Lawrence.

EDWARDS

God help us.

WOOD

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

EDWARDS

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

WOOD

Baloney. Do you think every businessman has a crystal ball?

EDWARDS

(eyes the reports)

No, sir.

WOOD

Accidents happen. Regrettably, people die. Sherman. Hours of operation.

SHERMAN

As you all know, effective January First, a new state law lowered the maximum workweek from fifty-six to fifty-four hours for women and children.

WOOD

I assume a notice went up in all the departments.

More guilty faces. Wood walks over to the window, restraining his temper. Clarifying:

SHERMAN

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 shall be issued when?

SHERMAN

This Friday, Mr. Wood.

WOOD'S WINDOW POV

Pretty Josephine Lis is sauntering down the sidewalk below, flanked by TWO GIRLFRIENDS. They're on their lunchbreak. Lis looks up at the window and sees Wood staring at her. She gives him the same glare she gave her foreman, keeps walking.

GURLEY (V.O.)

The son of a Portuguese immigrant, William Wood controlled America's Wool Trust. This included most of the factories in Lawrence. If the workers planned to take him on, they were going to need some help.

STREET

Lis turns back to glance at the window. But Wood is no longer there.

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

The entrance to the popular bohemian rendezvous is adorned with nautical paraphernalia: ropes, a helm, buoys, etc. Through its rustic doors stride many chatting pairs of WELL-TO-DO WOMEN. They're dressed in multiple layers and thick woolen coats on this chilly afternoon.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALL, SAME

The room's decor is in keeping with the mariner's theme we saw outside. Old nautical maps cover the walls. The same chatty pairs pass through double. In place of chairs, they sit at long tables and benches recycled from old sailing vessels. A CLUB DIRECTOR stands before them.

CLUB DIRECTOR

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".

GURLEY (V.O.)

(embarrassed; apologetic)

That would be me.

ANTEROOM

Through a small doorway, the main attraction checks her look and straightens her clothes. ELIZABETH GURLEY FLYNN (in her youthful prime, with a mischievous gleam, magnolia face and swarm of deliciously wild dark hair) wears a full black skirt, white blouse and a man's red tie.

DIRECTOR (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 a side door. Vorse is dressed in stylish duds befitting a Broadway premiere.

MARY

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

GURLEY

(impressed)

How do you do.

MARY

Would you have time for an interview later?

GURLEY

Oh, I promised to be home by four. We're having a sendoff dinner for a family friend. He's going back to Ireland.

DIRECTOR (O.S.)

Now please welcome Miss Elizabeth Gurley Flynn.

MARY

Of course. Would you possibly be free sometime next week?

GURLEY

I think so.

Gurley hurries off to make her curtain call.

HALL - A LITTLE LATER

The packed room hangs on Gurley's every word. Mary sits among them, not quite as caught up in the oratory. She looks, notices many parlor types here. There's a LESBIAN COUPLE, and a wide variety of fashions, some more appealing than others.

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'D)

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 in unison. Gurley theatrically drifts along
 a wall, glancing at the maps. One of them depicts the abrupt
 ends of a flat earth, with sea serpents lying in wait. She
 stares at it and pauses. Finally:

GURLEY (CONT'D)

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, I might submit to him", she seems to be
 musing.

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

It's nighttime as a thunderstorm rumbles in the sky. A gust
 of wind beats down the dandelions in the sidewalk cracks.
 But the dandelions still manage to hang on.

INT. DINING/LIVING ROOM, FLYNN FLAT - NIGHT

Gurley sets to rights the room after a dinner party.
 There's a BABY in a crib watching her every move. On the
 walls are portraits of James Connolly and other heroes of
 the Irish resistance. There's also a photograph of her at
 age 16, autographed by Alfred Stieglitz. Next to it, a N.Y.
Times article headlined "Mere Child Talks Bitterly of Life",
 with a photo of Gurley at age 14 preaching from a soap box.

Gurley's mother, ANNIE GURLEY sits at a sewing table, hand-stitching a pocket on a man's custom-made suit. Quite a few other projects stacked on her work table suggests she's a professional seamstress. Gurley stops to admire the photograph of Connolly.

GURLEY

It's a shame Connolly is leaving now. We could sure use him.

ANNIE

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

GURLEY

(picking up 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 returns the baby to the crib and now massages 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.

ANNIE

Then you named your son after another man.

GURLEY

My attorney in Spokane... Fred did get me out of jail, it was the least I could do. At the meeting today, I heard more rumors about a strike in Lawrence.

ANNIE

Is the IWW getting involved?

GURLEY

They haven't asked us yet. 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. And in the dead of winter.

GURLEY

Better a little hardship now than a lifetime of grief. If I'm asked to go there, will you willing to watch Fred?

ANNIE

Your sister and I will take care of him. You're too much of an idealist for your own good.

GURLEY

(gazes at portraits)

Perhaps I've been drifting with the wrong crowd.

EXT. TENEMENT BUILDING, COMMON STREET, LAWRENCE - NIGHT

A 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 without the use of a level. Despite its ramshackle, discouraging appearance, we hear a lively BANTER in multiple languages from all quarters.

INT. KITCHEN, ROUMI'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. Roumi and Julia (the Syrian immigrants we met earlier) gaze down at two round cakes of dough in a frying pan.

MRS. ROUMI

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

JULIA

How are they called?

MRS. ROUMI

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 as ITALIAN SHOPPERS act like they own the place. The women compare prices and give the SHOPKEEPER grief. Two older busybodies, MARIA and PAULA, sit on crates against a wall. Maria spies out the window.

MARIA

Luigi Gitano, another no-account like his brother!

PAULA

Compared to the rest, Luigi is an angel.

MARIA

An angel in jail stripes.

PAULA

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

Overhearing this, ROSA LUCHERO, (35, hefty, a no-nonsense spitfire) injects herself into the conversation, a frail toddler in tow, ANTHONY, and a teenage son, JOHNNY. Johnny wishes he were somewhere else.

ROSA
 Why you talking about weddings
 when we're 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 to feed us.

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 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
 now to vote for strike.

The other women chime in that their husbands are also at the meeting to do the same. 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. It's a large hall, filled to the brim with UNION MEMBERS. A handful of women at the back. Many Italians and Poles, pockets of Germans, Syrians, Jews, Irish and French Canadians. The president, JOSEPH CARUSO (38, cheap suit, slightly neurotic), tries to restore order from chaos.

CARUSO
 Please, we havea the motion on the
 floor. Please to "pipe down".
 Now, let us to vote. All in favor,
 saya 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'D)

Against?

The Germans and Canadians oppose. Ali Roumi and the Syrians don't vote either way, 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

Greta joins Josephine Lis to start a line of workers (all Polish women and girls) behind a table and chair manned by a bespectacled PAYMASTER with stacks of envelopes in open file boxes. He hands Lis and Greta their envelopes. They open them. A BEAT as they look at each other. Then Greta unties her apron, throws it on the floor. Lis follows suit. They head for the exit.

PAYMASTER

Ladies, your shift is not over.

One by one, the other workers get their paycheck, toss their aprons and leave the shop.

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. A sea of workers converges on the stairwells.

DRAWING FRAMES

Before leaving, Anna La Pizzo lingers briefly at what used to be Camille Teoli's station. The 13-year-old is nowhere to be seen. But a few strands of her long, dangling hair remain caught in the gears of one of the machines. There's a sign on it: "DON'T USE - POLICE."

EXT. EVERETT MILL - DAY

The workers pour out of the factory. Johnny bolts ahead in the direction of a canal bridge and dashes across it.

INT. SHOP FLOOR, EVERETT MILL

Now deserted. Aprons are strewn across 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 mulls over this development, finally stands on a chair and 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 again, the man weighs priorities, decides to pursue the town crier.

JOHNNY

Short pay! Everyone out!

FOLLOWING JOHNNY

as he races through the departments. The mostly Italian workforce complies without hesitation.

WEAVE ROOM

As other workers file out, Rosa has to bully Paula and Maria into abandoning their stations.

EXT. WASHINGTON MILL GATE/TRESTLE BRIDGE - DAY

A stream of workers crosses the bridge. They don't look upset, though. In fact, they roil with the enthusiasm of sports fans leaving an arena.

SIDE OF FACTORY

A small mob of Italian men stays behind to throw snowballs at the windows. Caruso is just stepping outside when he hears GLASS BREAKING. He runs over and corrals the men, herds them towards the bridge.

EXT. CITY HALL, LAWRENCE CIVIC CENTER - DAY

Greek Gothic architecture. The trees in a large civic commons across the street are draped in snow.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE, SAME - DAY

A portrait on the wall of Abbott Lawrence, the city's founder. MAYOR MICHAEL SCANLON, (38, squeaky clean, intelligent face) writes quietly at his desk when a FIRE BELL starts ringing. He goes over to the window. It's quiet in the commons. He returns to his desk, dials his phone.

MAYOR SCANLON

Hello, this is Mayor Scanlon.
Would you please connect me to
Captain Nelson... Yes, I'll wait.

EXT. INTERSECTION OF MILL AND CANAL STREETS - DAY

A police car pulls up to the intersection, now blocked by a sea of celebrating strikers. In the crowd, Ali and John Roumi are relieved to meet up with Julia and Mrs. Roumi.

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

INT. WINDOW OF AMERICAN WOOLEN COMPANY OFFICE

The young staffers we met earlier look down at the chaotic scene of strikers filling the streets. Far from being concerned, they revel in the proceedings like spectators at a parade. Mr. Sherman isn't there.

EDWARDS

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

EXT. AYER MILL, LAWRENCE - DAY

Located behind the Washington Mill. We see the famous Ayer Clock towering overhead. Another STRIKE MOB rushes the gate. But this time, the COMPANY FOREMEN are ready for them. They point their spanking new fire hose at the mob and fire. The water spray hurls the workers backwards. The soaked mob backs away, now shivering and scared of freezing.

EXT. MILL AND CANAL STREETS

Another police car pulls up. Mayor Scanlon and CAPTAIN NELSON (53, stern red-faced visage) disembark with TWO POLICE OFFICERS. They watch the crowd as if they themselves were foreigners in a strange land.

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 TEENAGE BOYS flee the scene.

SCANLON

Perhaps you're making too much of this, Nelson. I suspect the mills didn't bother to explain to these people what the new state law would entail as far as wages. 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 men over to the Washington Mill.

CAPT. NELSON

Go on, follow McGinnis. I'll send another car or two shortly. Here's one now.

Nelson's two officers head off with McGinnis the police car pulls up. Now a SERGEANT MCCLAREN reports.

SERGEANT MCCLAREN

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

CAPT. NELSON

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. 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 and Sgt. McClaren depart, leaving Scanlon on his own. The mayor stares at the mass of jubilant strikers and ponders this conundrum. Rosa Luchero is nearby, with Anthony in tow again. The toddler waves to Scanlon. Scanlon waves back.

EXT. WOOD TEXTILE MILL, NORTH LAWRENCE - DAY

Six stories high, it's the largest in the world. It's gate has been broken through.

POWER ROOM

A few strikers have cornered the chief engineer and at knife point He reluctantly shuts off the main power to the plant. The wheels of industry GRIND to a halt. A hush falls over the factory. Then CHEERS O.S.

EXT. SHAWSHEEN GARAGE, ANDOVER, MASS. - DAY

Andover is a woodsy, upscale settlement a few miles from Lawrence. The snow is falling as William Wood and ERNEST PITTMAN, 41, a contractor, walk between rows of shiny cars packed onto a lot. They move towards a decoratively tiled garage that looms over the area.

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 briefcase)

Our revised plans for the north-end construction.

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

I quite understand. Slows down the progress. So, these are all your automobiles. How many do you own, exactly?

WOOD

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

A car skids through the snowy slush onto the lot, then hydroplanes to a stop. Mr. Sherman leaps out, slips, catches up with Wood.

SHERMAN

Sir, I'm afraid the pay reduction has not been well received.

WOOD

What the devil are you talking about?

SHERMAN

You recall that the Everett pays its workers today. Now there are riots in the streets, broken windows, fire hoses engaged.

WOOD

Fire hoses! 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.

WOOD

What about my namesake?

SHERMAN

I tried the superintendent's office but the line was in use. So I 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 here in Lawrence we have this one trailblazing innovator who thinks Thursday is the day.

(handing Pittman the paperwork)

Why don't you take this over to my house and we'll discuss it later.

PITTMAN

Of course.

WOOD
Sherman, go check on my namesake.

SHERMAN
Right away, sir.

WOOD
Damn this weather.

Mr. Wood's car rolls up with its driver (JEFFRIES). Wood climbs into the back.

PITTMAN
Excuse me, William, but I left my own automobile back at the entrance to the estate. Would you mind if I borrow one of these?

WOOD
Take your pick.

END EXCERPT