

MOTOR CITY

by

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TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. DETROIT AVENUE - DAY

A wide boulevard. Deserted this sunny autumn morning, except a few 1930S CARS. Old newspaper blows across the street.

In the distance, we hear MANY VOICES SINGING. They're GETTING CLOSER.

VOICES (O.S.)

*We shall not, we shall not be moved
We shall not, we shall not be moved
Just like a tree that's standing by the
water
We shall not be moved...*

Suddenly, a MASS OF PEOPLE come around the corner. WORKING CLASS FOLKS, mainly men. Hundreds of them!

They're in cheap suits or shirtsleeves, fedoras or newsboy caps. Most wear YELLOW BUTTONS pinned to their shirts.

Many hold PLACARDS and BANNERS emblazoned with slogans. "Get Wise, Organize!" "Union Way Means Higher Pay!" "Make Detroit a Union Town!"

A group of WOMEN AND CHILDREN march under a banner that reads: "U.A.W. Women's Auxiliary."

A gang of TOUGHS WITH BASEBALL BATS sing loudly. They all wear Army-style garrison caps which read U.A.W. LOCAL 202.

Near the front is JOE WHITE (24). He wears suspenders and a loose necktie. His sleeves are rolled up over broad forearms.

JOE

No sign of 'em, Mr. Heller!

Beside Joe, MORT HELLER (55), stocky and intelligent, walks with the help of a cane. He wears a shabby suit. On his hand, which rests on the head of his cane, is a MASSIVE RING, with the seal of the C.I.O.

JOE (CONT'D)

We caught the bastards by surprise.

A HIGH ANGLE ON THE MARCHERS

as they TURN THE CORNER onto another wide avenue. Their way is blocked by a ROW OF PARKED POLICE CARS, lights flashing.

ON THE COPS

massing in front of their radio cars.

In front stands Police Captain HOWIE TANNER (38), with parted hair. He wears an impeccable blue uniform, with brass buttons and Sam Browne belt.

ON THE MARCHERS

A hush falls as they come to a halt, fifty feet from the cops.

Heller looks grim. The Toughs in army hats, led by TOM KALUZA (36), start massing around him and Joe.

Kaluza is beefy and broad shouldered, with a rogue's smile, full of charisma. Instantly likeable. He slides on his BRASS KNUCKLES.

KALUZA

Hiya, Joe.

JOE

Tom.

Just then, POPPING sounds from the police line. Canisters of tear gas begin to fall. Kaluza ties a handkerchief around his mouth and nose. Joe takes off his tie.

KALUZA

Ready for some fun?

HOOF BEATS. A murmur of confusion. Then a WAVE OF COPS ON HORSEBACK -- led by Howie Tanner -- breaks through the CLOUD OF TEAR GAS.

The crowd SURGES FORWARD, led by Joe, Kaluza and Heller. They collide with the riders.

CHAOS!

A BATON HITS JOE on the side of the head, knocking him down.

Jabbing with his CANE, Heller knocks a YOUNG POLICEMAN from his horse and PUNCHES him WITH HIS GIANT C.I.O. RING.

The union men FALL BACK. A dozen fallen men, including Joe, lie IN THE MIDDLE.

The cops regroup and CHARGE AGAIN.

ON JOE

Severely dazed, face bloody, he struggles to stand.

ON HOWIE TANNER

as he closes on Joe. He raises his baton high to strike.

ON A FRECKLED BOY (9)

He unpockets a large MARBLE and loads it in his SLINGSHOT. He draws back. Closes one eye to aim.

THROUGH THE FORK of the slingshot -- Tanner. The Boy FIRES. Tanner takes it RIGHT IN THE FACE. He FALLS off his horse.

ON A GROUP OF WOMEN

led by MAGDA PAKULSKI (45), matronly in a polka-dot kerchief.

They PUSH THROUGH THE RETREATING MEN, carrying four large crates -- now they're RIGHT IN THE PATH OF THE CHARGING HORSES!

MAGDA

Now!!!

The women TIP OVER THE CRATES and THOUSANDS OF BALL BEARINGS SPILL ACROSS THE STREET.

With terrified WAILS, the horses LOSE THEIR FOOTING. The whole wave of mounted police GO DOWN!

ON HOWIE TANNER

flat on his face on the ground. Flailing horse legs behind. Groaning, Tanner lifts his head and spits blood -- A TOOTH COMES OUT TOO. He feels the GAP where his LEFT FRONT TOOTH used to be.

TANNER

Dammit...

He struggles to his feet. Turns shakily, looks around. Horses down, marchers surging forward, cops on the ground getting stomped, cops running...

Tanner starts running too.

ON JOE WHITE

blood on his face, rallying the men to charge again.

JOE

Come on!!! Come on!!!

Led by Joe and Tom Kaluza's gang, the marchers surge forward
TOWARD THE LINE OF POLICE CARS.

ON HOWIE TANNER

Tanner and the other fallen cops reach the police cars first.

TANNER

Get ready! Get ready!

He pulls out his SERVICE REVOLVER. Other cops take aim with
their PISTOLS AND SHOTGUNS.

The Union Men RUSH ON.

Tanner STARTS FIRING... and a VOLLEY OF GUNFIRE explodes from
the police line...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. PRINTER SHOP - NIGHT

A pair of headlights come towards us as a car pulls up by the curb. It stops just as its FRONT LICENSE PLATE fills the frame. At the top: MICHIGAN - '36.

Joe -- with a HUGE, SWOLLEN BLACK EYE -- gets out. He flicks a cigarette away.

INT. PRINTER SHOP - NIGHT

TWO YOUNG WORKERS put large boxes of HANDBILLS on the counter. Joe lays down five bills on the table in front of the fat, balding PRINTER.

The handbills' headline reads, "8 Union Men Dead in Bridger Rally Massacre! Company Values Profits More Than Your Lives!"

PRINTER

They were waiting for ya.

Joe just nods. The Printer puts the money in the register.

PRINTER

Betcha a dollar to a doughnut
you've got yourselves a rat.

JOE

Tell me something I don't know,
pal.

EXT. U.A.W. LOCAL 202 UNION HALL - DAWN

A three-story brick building on a busy intersection. Joe's car pulls into the parking lot. MEN start unloading the boxes of handbills as Joe runs into the building.

INT. UNION HALL - DAWN

A NOISY commotion fills the union offices. Blue-collar men dart about. Female secretaries type. Joe finds Mort Heller in the middle of it, talking on the telephone.

HELLER

-- a cowardly attack on the
defenseless workers and their
families! That's right, cowardly.

(MORE)

HELLER (CONT'D)

Of course, you can quote me!

Heller hangs up. With his hand, he turns Joe's head aside so he can see his bruised eye.

JOE

It's not that bad.

(then)

Somebody talked.

HELLER

So who knew the route?

JOE

The shop stewards didn't tell the membership till the last minute.

HELLER

Then it was one of the stewards.
You'll do what we discussed?

Joe takes FIVE MANILA ENVELOPES out of his jacket pocket. Heller nods.

HELLER

Good.

(beat)

Dickie Stein didn't make it.

Joe bows his head in real pain.

HELLER (CONT'D)

We just heard from the hospital.

(beat)

You'll have to choose a new secretary-treasurer.

JOE

Me?

HELLER

I'm an outsider here, Joe. You're the one they trust.

Joe, looking intimidated by the responsibility, nods...

INT. FORD MOTOR COMPANY - TOOL AND DIE WORKSHOP - DAY

A clean, brightly lit workshop. One wall is decorated with the FORD LOGO.

A DOZEN MEN wearing white shirts, neckties, and aprons work methodically at large work benches.

Some use calipers to mark out designs on metal pieces, others are refining die castings with chisels.

CARY BYRNE (24) moves from one bench to another, consulting on the other men's work. He wears a shirt, tie and vest.

MAC (O.S.)
Ho ye, young fella!

Cary looks up. LIAM MacDONALD (52) -- a.k.a. "MAC" -- smiles at him. He's a heavy-set, good-natured Scotsman. He's wearing an overcoat.

CARY
Mac! What the hell're you doing here?!

MAC
Checking up on ye, lad. Youngest tool and die crew chief at Ford's!

CARY
Night-shift crew chief.

MAC
And to think I taught ye everything ye know.

CARY
I heard there was some trouble over at Bridger. You involved?

MAC
I'm a diemaker, Cary, nae an assembly worker. I already got my union.
(joking)
Thinking of finally joining?

CARY
Mr. Ford takes good care of us.

MAC
Aye. Listen, ye've got to talk to yer friend.

CARY
Why? What's he done now?

MAC
I dinna kin, but I'm fear'd for him. Luther came round, looking.

CARY
You warn him?

MAC
Being seen with Joe now's more
than my job's worth. He's yer
friend, lad.

INT. FORD - TIME CLOCK ROOM - DAY

Cary punches out. Mac's beside him.

EXT. BRIDGER AUTO BODY FACTORY - MAIN GATE - DAY

Cary, driving a MAROON 1937 FORD, pulls up in front of an
ENORMOUS FACTORY. It's GRAY, BOXY, and EXCEEDINGLY UGLY.

The sign over the main gate reads: BRIDGER AUTO BODY.

Cary joins a SEA OF WORKERS with lunchpails who are arriving
for the morning shift. UNION ORGANIZERS are distributing the
HANDBILLS.

His head turns as he passes a PRETTY YOUNG WOMAN giving a
speech from a soapbox -- SIOBHAN O'DOWD (17). She's waif-ish,
with unkempt hair and a worn dress. There's something MANIC
AND UNSETTLING about her eyes.

SIOBHAN
(shouting)
Enough of speed-ups! Enough of
lay-offs! Enough of bribing the
foreman to keep your job! Join the
U.A.W.!

INT. BRIDGER FACTORY - ENTRANCE - DAY

Cary is swept along by the crowd. The factory is CAVERNOUS.
Unlike the immaculate Ford workshop, Bridger is DARK AND
DIRTY. There are thousands of machines.

CARY
Kaluza!

Tom Kaluza pushes his way over.

KALUZA
Hiya, Byrne! Long time!

CARY
You seen Joe?

KALUZA
Try the foundry.

CARY
What's he doing way the hell down
there?

KALUZA
Damned if I know. That's the way I
saw the plug-uglies heading. Smart
money, Luther wants to catch him
in the act.

INT. BRIDGER FACTORY - MOMENTS LATER

Cary runs. Overhead, a conveyor brings auto body parts on
hooks to waiting WORKERS. Suddenly, someone GRABS Cary. He's
pulled behind a machine.

CARY
Jesus Chri-- !

It's Joe.

JOE
Walk slower. Attracts less
attention.

CARY
Luther's looking for you.

JOE
I know.

Joe lets go. They start to walk.

JOE (CONT'D)
You came to warn me?

CARY
You're surprised?

JOE
A little.

CARY
I got you this job, I'm not gonna
let you screw it up.

INT. BRIDGER FACTORY - CUT AND SEW SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

An ALL-FEMALE WORK CREW cuts fabric with hand-guided band saws. As Cary waits, Joe talks to Magda. She speaks with a thick Polish accent.

MAGDA

You shouldn't be here. They have your name.

Joe holds up his MANILA ENVELOPES. Magda nods -- she understands why Joe risked coming.

JOE

I'll need your help tonight.

MAGDA

You can count on me.

JOE

I know. Your little trick saved our asses.

MAGDA

Plenty of heroes yesterday. I hear even Heller. He put a dent in copper's head with that stupid ring.

Joe and Magda both laugh.

MAGDA (CONT'D)

But I still don't trust him.

JOE

We got a lot to learn from the C.I.O.

MAGDA

C.I.O., I don't mind so much. But Heller?

(gives Joe a peck on the cheek)

You're the only Communist I like.

INT. BRIDGER FACTORY - UPHOLSTERY SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

Joe and Cary cut through a workshop where men are sewing cotton cushioning to metal chair frames.

CARY

The diemakers can't protect you if you're organizing the rank and file.

JOE

Luther's gotta catch me first. Or find somebody fool enough to sign his name to a statement.

CARY

Take a vacation, let Mac smooth it out with Luther --

JOE

No! You came all the way from Dearborn for *this*?

CARY

You know what I'm risking?! I just bought a new car, for Chrissake, I've almost got the good life! If anyone at Ford knew I talked to you --

JOE

When we were kids, you wanted to save the world.

CARY

We're not kids anymore.

INT. BRIDGER FACTORY - ASSEMBLY LINE - MOMENTS LATER

SLIM (35) and ARK (24) lift the rear segment of an auto body from a moving hook and rivet it to the car's base with a handheld rivet press. They have to work fast -- the conveyor belt beneath them keeps advancing at 5 m.p.h.

Slim is taller, confident. Ark is small, deferential, and chews tobacco. Both have hillbilly accents.

Joe and Cary walk up. Slim shakes Joe's hand, then he's straight back to work.

SLIM

Joe White, man of the hour!

JOE

How you doing, Slim?

(to Ark)

Arkansas. Can Slim and me talk a minute?

Ark spits a tobacco plug at Joe's feet and goes back to work. Joe pulls Slim aside.

JOE
I need you Wednesday morning.
Dawn. A C.I.O. courier's bringing
us some money.

SLIM
How much we talkin'?

JOE
A million.

SLIM
Jeeee-sus! Are you -- (shitting
me)

Ark whistles loudly. Joe pulls Cary out of sight.

BEHIND NEARBY MACHINE

Peeking out, Joe sees LUTHER (40). He's a tough, mean man in a white shirt and bowtie. He leads a HALF DOZEN THUGS.

CARY
(whispers)
A million bucks?

JOE
Shh!

Luther exchanges a few words with Slim. Slim points. Luther and his men exit in that direction.

CARY
Joe, you can't trust these guys.
For all you know, they told the
cops where --

Joe leaves their hiding place.

BACK AT THE ASSEMBLY LINE

He hands Slim one of the MANILA ENVELOPES.

JOE
The time and place. It's all
there. See you Wednesday.
(to Ark)
Thanks for the warning, Ark.

ARK

Ain't no big deal. I hate them
dumb peckerwoods.

JOE

Then why not join the union?

ARK

Dunno. Seems un-American.

SLIM

It ain't un-American, how many
times I got to tell you?

(to Joe)

Just tell us this here's a white
man's union. Promise we ain't
gonna take no niggers.

Joe looks Slim right in the eye. He looks 100% sincere.

JOE

Absolutely not.

INT. BRIDGER FACTORY - FOUNDRY - DAY

LEROY HAYES (30), an African American, is holding ANOTHER ONE
OF JOE'S ENVELOPES. He's tall and athletic, with a mustache.
He's talking with Joe and Cary.

LEROY

You ain't told those hillbillies
you done let colored folks in the
union, did ya? They ain't gonna
sit still for it!

JOE

(to Cary)

You know who this man is? Leroy
Hayes! Shortstop for the Detroit
Stars! Can ya beat that?

Behind them, a RIVER OF MOLTEN METAL is being ladled into a
mold by a CREW OF BLACK WORKERS.

CARY

Detroit Stars?

LEROY

(sick of explaining)

We in the Negro National League.

JOE
(super excited)
The Negro National League!!!

LEROY
Joe, you the only white man in
this damn place ever seen me play!
Stop changing the damn subject!

JOE
You're either with us or you're a
scab, Leroy. Those dumb
hillbillies know that!

Leroy scowls.

JOE (CONT'D)
So how's next season looking?
Gonna go all the way?

LEROY
Could be, could be. Long as I
don't breathe too much of this
shit!

Joe and Cary begin to leave.

JOE
(over his shoulder)
You need the union, Leroy.

LEROY
Yeah, almost as much as it needs
me.

JOE
See you tomorrow night, pal!

INT. BRIDGER FACTORY - ASSEMBLY LINE - MOMENTS LATER

Cary trails Joe.

CARY
Tomorrow night? You said Wednesday
to --

Cary suddenly grabs Joe's arm to stop him. They're face to
face. Cary's eyes ask the question. Joe's expression answers.

CARY
Is it really that bad?

LUTHER (O.S.)

There!

Cary and Joe's heads snap around to see Luther and his men, 20 feet away. THEY RUN!

Luther is in hot pursuit, dodging between clumps of workers.

Joe and Cary HURDLE THE CONVEYOR BELT between two half-finished auto bodies. They disappear from sight.

INT. BRIDGER FACTORY - PAINT SHOP - DAY

Luther and his men burst in. A MIST OF PAINT fills the room. AFRICAN AMERICAN WORKERS, with bandanas tied over their mouths, spray paint onto finished auto bodies.

Luther coughs. Gropes to find his quarry in the mist. Suddenly, MOVEMENT!

LUTHER

There!

Choking on fumes, Luther and his men stumble forward.

INT. BRIDGER FACTORY - CUT AND SEW SHOP - DAY

Luther and his goons push through the double doors into the shops. They're covered in paint. Magda and the other women look up from their work. Completely surprised.

LUTHER

We're looking for two men!

MAGDA

I see no one.

Luther hesitates. Scans the room. Leads his men out.

Magda lifts the WIDE SWATH OF FABRIC she's cutting to reveal Joe and Cary hiding underneath.

MAGDA

They have gone.

Panting, Joe and Cary climb out. They're covered in a light coat of paint. Cary wipes Joe's face with his handkerchief.

CARY

So there's no million bucks?
You're telling each shop steward a
different time.

JOE

When Luther's men show up, we'll
know who squealed.

INT. BRIDGER FACTORY - PRESS ROOM SHOP - DAY

TWO MEN load curved piece of SHEET METAL into a machine. A
GIANT PRESS slams down, stamping out the rear end of a car.
Joe and Cary enter.

JOE

Hola, Jorge!

One of the men, JORGE RODRIGUEZ (45), stops working. He's a
small, burly Mexican man, wearing overalls.

JORGE

Hola, Joe.

Cary holds his nose.

CARY

What is that?

JORGE

The men, they don't have time for
the bathroom so they do it right
on the floor.

(to Joe)

The speed-up's killing us.

JOE

It's top of my list, mi amigo.
Where's Yaman?

JORGE

I thought you were getting rid of
him. This is the only shop with
two stewards.

JOE

You're preaching to the choir, but
if we drop him, we lose all the
Syrians. It's just temporary.

YAMAN HANNA (50), a graying Syrian man, comes in. He has a
GIANT GAUZE BANDAGE wrapped around his RIGHT HAND.

YAMAN

(to Joe)

As-salam alaykom.

JOE

Wa alykom as-slam. How's that
finger?

Joe lifts Yaman's bandaged hand. HIS RING FINGER IS GONE. Just a spot of blood in the dirty gauze.

YAMAN

Sewed up good as new. And I know
what you're going to say, but I
have mouths to feed.

Joe hands Jorge and Yaman an envelope.

JOE

(handing them envelopes)
I need both of you tomorrow night.
A lot of money's at stake.

YAMAN

(with pointed look at Jorge)
What about the stool pigeon?

JORGE

If you want to accuse somebody
-- !

JOE

Easy, you two! I'll take care of
the stool pigeon. You just be
there.

Jorge returns to work. Joe and Cary start to leave. Yaman catches up.

YAMAN

How much longer?

JOE

If I get rid of Jorge, we lose the
Mexicans.

(beat)

I'm in your corner, Yaman. You
gotta be patient.

INT. BRIDGER FACTORY - HINGE PRE-ASSEMBLY - DAY

Joe crosses a workshop where WOMEN IN KERCHIEFS assemble car door hinges. He scans for pursuers. Cary follows behind.

CARY

You're in over your head!
Everything's on the line, and you
can't even trust these people!

JOE

If you don't understand, fine. But
I could use some support from my
brother!

CARY

(without thinking)
I'm not your --

Cary breaks off -- he knows he said the wrong thing. Joe looks
furious and hurt.

JOE

I think you've said your piece.
Get out of my factory.

Cary nods. He walks away.

INT. BRIDGER FACTORY - METAL POLISHING SHOP - DAY

Kaluza, mid-conversation with Joe, is having a BIG BELLY
LAUGH. Behind him, men with circular polishing tools shine up
auto bodies.

KALUZA

(still laughing)
Where the hell did the C.I.O. get
a million clams?

JOE

Money's money.

KALUZA

With that kinda dough, we could
strike till 1940!

Joe hands Kaluza the final ENVELOPE.

JOE

Only if it gets here. Day after
tomorrow. I'm counting on --

Joe hears a DISTANT COMMOTION. Shouts. Men are leaving their
posts to see what's going on.

INT. BRIDGER FACTORY - ASSEMBLY LINE - DAY

Joe pushes through a CROWD OF OTHER MEN and sees Luther's
goons lift Cary off the floor.

LUTHER

Where's the other man?

One of the goons punches Cary in the stomach.

LUTHER
Where's Joe White?

Joe is frozen -- should he help? He and Cary lock eyes.

Joe turns and WALKS AWAY. Behind him, he hears Cary cry in pain as Luther's men start to beat him. Joe closes his eyes.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. DETROIT CITY HALL - DAY

One of those austere, self-important, City Beautiful edifices that Midwestern cities loved at the dawn of the 20th century.

INT. MAYOR CAL CARTER'S OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE ON HOWIE TANNER. He's NOT LISTENING to what's going on. His tongue probes the gap left by his missing tooth.

CARTER (O.S.)

-- totally, absolutely unacceptable! Literary Digest says the President might lose! And even if he wins, I'll never be elected governor on his coattails if I'm known as the Bloody Mayor!

(beat)

Am I boring you, Captain Tanner?

Tanner snaps to attention.

TANNER

No, Mr. Mayor!

A WIDER ANGLE reveals Tanner is standing next to the POLICE COMMISSIONER (59) in a large, fancy office.

Mayor CAL CARTER (45) is chewing them out. He's a shrewd, active, well-manicured man who looks handsome in a suit. Not one hair out of place.

He's holding up the Detroit News. The headline reads: "9 Dead in 'Cowardly' Police Attack."

CARTER

Good.

(points at Commissioner)

Because I'm starting to think the Commissioner promoted you to Captain too fast, you trigger happy son of a bitch!

Carter tosses the paper to his aide, ALAN SIMS (33), fussy and effeminate.

ALAN

What Cal's trying to say is: go after the U.A.W. all you want after the election. But for the next month, we'd thank you to show some restraint.

CARTER

Precisely. Well put, Alan.

The Commissioner exchanges a glance with Tanner.

COMMISSIONER

You expect us to do nothing?

CARTER

Did I say do nothing?

ALAN

Of course not.

CARTER

There's plenty you can do. We've got a group of characters in black hoods with the, with the --
(points at his forehead)
What do you call it?

ALAN

Skull and cross --

CARTER

(over)
-- skull and cross-bones on their forehead. They're killing darkies and union men, and you haven't got one goddamn lead, have you?

COMMISSIONER

No sir.

CARTER

No sir! Yet you seem to know when the union guys are gonna take a shit before they do!

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

A stone building with a row of police cars out front.

INT. POLICE STATION - TANNER'S OFFICE - DAY

Tanner hangs his hat and sits at the desk. He picks up the phone, dials 0. As the line quietly RINGS, Tanner absent-mindedly fingers the gap in his teeth.

TANNER

Hamtramck 4-3-5-9 please, honey.

INT. BRIDGER AUTO BODY FACTORY - FELIX BRIDGER'S OFFICE - DAY

ELSA KRAUSS (39), a prim, blonde secretary in a CONSERVATIVE DRESS, opens the door. On the frosted glass: "Felix Bridger, President, Bridger Auto Body."

ELSA

Mr. Bridger?

FELIX BRIDGER (32) looks up from a desk full of papers. The young CEO wears a three-piece suit. His MUSTACHE doesn't make him look much older.

ELSA (CONT'D)

Captain Tanner, sir.

FELIX

Thank you, Mrs. Krauss.

Felix picks up his phone. Elsa lingers.

FELIX

Yes, captain?

INTERCUT FELIX AND TANNER

TANNER

You're going to have to do your own dirty work for awhile.

FELIX

If you're trying to renegotiate our --

TANNER

It's not the money, Felix. The mayor's on the warpath.

Felix grimaces.

TANNER (CONT'D)

If there was anything I could do,
I would. You know that, right?

FELIX

Take care, Eddie.

Felix hangs up. END INTERCUT.

Felix thinks for a moment, head bowed. Elsa waits.

FELIX

Mrs. Krauss, I need a few minutes
with the mayor this afternoon.

ELSA

Right away, sir.

INT. BRIDGER FACTORY - ASSEMBLY LINE - DAY

Luther and his goons race along the line. Covered in paint.
Searching. Cary -- hands in pockets, eyes downcast -- walks
oblivious from behind a machine, RIGHT INTO THEIR PATH.

WE'RE BACK IN THE CHASE SEQUENCE.

Cary sees Luther. Jumps. Tries to escape. No good -- the goons
seize him before he takes two steps.

LUTHER

Who are you?
(slaps Cary)
C.I.O., is that it? Here to
organize?

CARY

No!

LUTHER

Then tell me your goddamn name!
(nothing)
Last chance, fella.

Behind Luther, Joe pushes through the crowd. Cary looks at him
beseechingly. Joe turns and walks away. HORROR on Cary's face.

LUTHER

Have it your way.

Luther's Goons start to beat Cary.

INT. FELIX BRIDGER'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Elsa Krauss stands at the WINDOW, peeking through the Venetian blinds. Another secretary -- HEIDI (20), mousy and bespectacled -- is typing.

HEIDI
What ya looking at?

ELSA'S POV

Through the blinds, a second-story view of the factory's MAIN GATE. A Rolls Royce idles in the roundabout. Beside it, Felix talks to Kaluza. Things looks TENSE. Felix gets in the Rolls.

WIDER ANGLE

Elsa leaves the window. Gets her coat.

ELSA
Heidi, I'm going out for lunch.
Cover the phones.

HEIDI
Have fun.

INT. CHEAP APARTMENT - DAY

CLOSE ON ELSA -- She's flushed, breathing hard.

ELSA
Ohhh! Oh God yes!
AhhhhHHHHHHGGGGHHHHH!!!

She's fully clothed, leaning against a wall. Someone's head MOVES under her dress.

ELSA (CONT'D)
(gasp)
Lord Jesus, keep going -- yes!

MUFFLED WORDS from her lover.

ELSA
Then Captain Tanner phoned. The mayor --
(gasp)
The mayor blew his stack. Ohhh!
Ordered the cops... hhh... to
leave you alone. Yes, right there!
(MORE)

ELSA (CONT'D)

Oohhh, yes... Mr. Bridger's at --

(gasp)

-- City Hall. He wants Carter...

hhh... to do some kind of campaign event... at the factory. God, why do I tell you these things?

Joe's face pops out from under her dress.

JOE

(breathless)

For the adventure.

ELSA

I said, don't stop!!!

She pushes him back under.

ELSA

(panting)

You're right... My life... hhh... was so boring! I've never even... been out of Michigan!

JOE

Gorky is hardly Leningrad.

ELSA

Who cares, you were there. You were --

(gasp)

-- all over. Oh God, where --

(gasp)

Where'd you learn that?

JOE

Amsterdam.

ELSA

(coming again)

AAAGGHHHHH!

EXT. OLD WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

It's closed. The whole neighborhood is deserted at this hour. A block away, an old Studebaker sits within sight of the warehouse's loading dock.

I/E. STUDEBAKER - CONTINUOUS

Joe is in the driver's seat. Magda is the passenger. Heller sits in the back. Joe watches the LOADING DOCK through BINOCULARS. Jorge is waiting there.

MAGDA

You test all the stewards.

JOE

That's right.

MAGDA

But no test for me.

JOE

You'd burn that factory to the ground, if I asked you.

Joe lowers the binoculars and looks at Magda. They both hold the look.

MAGDA

He did it again. One of my girls is in the family way.

HELLER

(leans forward)

Here's Yaman.

Joe raises the binoculars. He watches as Yaman climbs the stairs of the loading dock. He greets Jorge. Yaman tries a door -- locked.

JOE

No company men so far...

HELLER

Let's give it an hour.

EXT. OLD WAREHOUSE LOADING DOCK - LATER

Jorge and Yaman stand some distance apart. Jorge seems nervous. Yaman, calmer, watches him.

JORGE

Something's wrong.

YAMAN

Relax.

JORGE

What if they've been arrested?

YAMAN

It's just a delay.

Yaman winces. He brings his WOUNDED RIGHT HAND to his chest, cradles it with his left. Waits for the wave of pain to pass.

JORGE

Does it hurt?

YAMAN

What do you think?

Yaman crosses to sit down on a crate near Jorge. The pain seems to lessen.

YAMAN

You know the worst part? I lost my wedding ring. Looked all over. Luther's boys cleaned up so fast, no one even knows what happened to my finger. My wife's been giving me hell all week.

Jorge just nods.

I/E. STUDEBAKER - NIGHT

Heller looks at his watch.

HELLER

All right. I'm satisfied.

Joe starts the engine. Puts the car in gear.

JOE

Who you think it'll be?

MAGDA

The Negro, Hayes.

HELLER

I say Tom Kaluza.

MAGDA

Ridiculous.

HELLER

He's been seen talking to Felix Bridger.

MAGDA

Tom and Bridger in school
together, everyone know that.

The car pulls away.

INT. BRIDGER FACTORY - PRESS ROOM SHOP - DAY

Mayor Cal Carter stands at a microphone. Felix and Luther are beside him. Behind him, the GIANT PRESS is silent. A RED RIBBON spans its gaping maw.

CARTER

I'm proud to be here, in spite of
the recent tragedy!

A crowd NEWSPAPERMEN and PHOTOGRAPHERS watch. Press passes in the hatbands of fedoras. The occasional flashbulb POPS.

The shop's WORKERS, including Jorge and Yaman, listen from the side, hemmed in by COMPANY GOONS.

CARTER (CONT'D)

We've known tough times, but the
Motor City always comes roaring
back! In five weeks, I hope you'll
send me to Lansing as your
governor! We'll show 'em how we do
it!

Workers CHEER. Felix and Luther APPLAUD POLITELY.

CARTER (CONT'D)

Now, it's my privilege to help
christen the great press behind me
-- newly machined for the 1937
Ford!

Felix hands Carter a LARGE PAIR OF SCISSORS. He cuts the red ribbon. Luther flips the switch. The press COMES TO LIFE. Cameras FLASH.

Carter and Felix grab work gloves out of A GIANT BIN OF GLOVES. Together they STRUGGLE to lift a piece of SHEET METAL into the press.

CARTER

(to his aide)

Alan! Give us a hand!

Alan grabs GLOVES FROM THE BIN. He tries to put them on. He CAN'T GET HIS FINGERS INTO ONE.

CARTER
C'mon, Alan! Quit monkeying
around!

Alan peers into the glove. Sees something. Eyebrows knit, he fishes it out.

It's a **SEVERED FINGER!!!**

Alan SHRIEKS!

The finger falls from his hands. It SKITTERS ACROSS THE FLOOR, bloodless and discolored. A WEDDING RING just above the stump.

In the group of workers, YAMAN CRANES HIS NECK to see.

YAMAN
(to Jorge, next to him)
That's my finger.
(shouts)
HEY!!! My wedding ring!!!

COMMOTION amongst the Newspapermen.

Alan, distraught, rushes INTO CARTER'S PROTECTIVE ARMS.

Shouted questions. Furious scribbling. Photographers falling over one another for pictures.

Felix, hands over his mouth. Luther shouts in vain for calm.

Yaman tries to run forward. The Company Goons shove him back. Jorge rallies the other Workers. TOGETHER, they push through.

Yaman PICKS UP THE FINGER. He holds it up, smiling broadly.

YAMAN
My wedding ring!!!

EVERY CAMERA FLASH in the room GOES OFF SIMULTANEOUSLY.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. BRIDGER FACTORY - ASSEMBLY LINE - DAY

Cary is SURROUNDED by Luther and his paint-covered Goons.

LUTHER

Have it your way.

The Goons begin BEATING CARY. He SCREAMS in pain. A FIST IN THE FACE sends him SPRAWLING.

EXT. BRIDGER FACTORY - MAIN GATE - DAY

Luther's gang DRAGS Cary out the door. They dump him on the ground. Kick him a few more times. Luther comes out.

LUTHER

Hold up, boys.

(to Cary)

One last chance. Who are you?

(no answer)

Where's Joe White?

CARY

I don't... know any Joe White.

LUTHER

Okay, boys. Let's send a message.

The Goons closes in. Then, a MIRACLE! Siobhan -- the SOAP BOX GIRL from in front of the factory -- shows up outta nowhere. She gets between Cary and the gang.

SIOBHAN

Leave him alone!

TALL GOON

Get lost, sweetheart!

The Tall Goon tries to grab Siobhan. In a flash, she pulls a BLACKJACK. Hits him. He crumples. The gang pulls back. From the rear, Luther LAUGHS.

LUTHER

(pushing to the front)

I think she's sweet on you, fellas!

SIOBHAN
He's had enough.

 LUTHER
... Maybe he has.
 (to Cary)
Tell your friend White we'll be
seeing him.

Luther leads his men back inside. Siobhan helps Cary up. They hobble away, Siobhan supporting Cary.

 SIOBHAN
You all right?

 CARY
Yeah.

 SIOBHAN
What were you doing in there?

 CARY
Nothing.

 SIOBHAN
Sure. You know Joe White, I guess.

Cary looks at her -- can he trust her?

 CARY
A little.

 SIOBHAN
Do me a favor. Tell him I helped
you. Siobhan. Siobhan O'Dowd.

 CARY
Why get mixed up in this nonsense,
Siobhan?

 SIOBHAN
I can help.

 CARY
(beat)
I think I can make it from here.

Cary stands on his own and walks away. In frustration, Siobhan kicks a tin can that's on the ground.

INT. BRIDGER FACTORY - ASSEMBLY LINE - DAY

An AIR HORN blows, signaling shift change.

INT. BRIDGER FACTORY - ENTRANCE - DAY

Leroy Hayes stands in a LINE OF MEN waiting to punch their time cards. He wears a BALL CAP -- white, blue bill, a STAR in the center. Slim and Kaluza wait ahead of him.

EXT. BRIDGER FACTORY - MAIN GATE - DAY

Leroy and A HUNDRED OTHER MEN walk under the FACTORY GATE toward a waiting STREETCAR. Nearby, in the ROUNDABOUT, a Rolls Royce. Next to it, Leroy sees Kaluza talking to Felix.

KALUZA

It's not the first time I been
shot at, Felix.

EXT. PARADISE VALLEY, DETROIT - DAY

Leroy hops off the STREETCAR. Street signs read Mack Ave. and Hastings St.

He walks up the street, brow furrowed. Everyone he passes is AFRICAN AMERICAN. A MARQUEE overhead reads, "Opens Fri. Oct 2: Duke Ellington and His Orchestra, On Stage In Person."

INT. FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH - DAY

A few scattered BLACK PEOPLE are praying in the pews. In the center aisle, REVEREND NATHANIEL HAYES (60) speaks quietly to an OLD LADY. Leroy walks right up and interrupts.

LEROY

Did you tell somebody?

REV. HAYES

(to Old Lady)

Excuse me, Miss Henrietta.

Hayes pulls Leroy aside.

REV. HAYES

Ain't seen you round here much,
Leroy. There's been rumors. You
and a white woman.

LEROY
Did you *tell* somebody?

REV. HAYES
(hesitates)
I done what I thought was --

Leroy MOANS in dismay and throws his hands in the air.

LEROY
How could you do that, Dad?! Nine
people is dead!

HEADS TURN in the pews. Leroy talks more quietly.

LEROY (CONT'D)
It's my fault! I shouldn't'a said
nothing!

REV. HAYES
(hugs him)
It ain't your fault, son. Things
just done got out of hand, is all.

LEROY
Why'd you gotta do it?

EXT. FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH - MOMENTS LATER

Leroy and Reverend Hayes stand on the steps of the church.
It's Romanesque, with an impressive steeple. Hayes lights his
pipe.

REV. HAYES
Henry Ford and Theodore Bridger,
rest his soul, been good to
colored folks. Not too many other
men pays us a fair wage.

LEROY
A fair wage is exactly what we's
fighting for!

REV. HAYES
Fair wage for who? For white
folks! Look around you!

In the street before them, Leroy sees playing children
playing, women running errands, fruit vendors, panhandlers.
All BLACK...

REV. HAYES (CONT'D)
This is what we got to protect!
(MORE)

REV. HAYES (CONT'D)

We's squeezing four families in a flat. We's paying higher rent besides, 'cause they don't let us live nowhere but Paradise Valley and Black Bottom!

(yanks off Leroy's cap)

You oughta be playing ball for the Tigers, not the Stars! This is our fight! That there union's a white man's fight!

Hayes look at the street for a moment.

REV. HAYES (CONT'D)

Loyalty, son. Bridger's been a loyal friend to us. Those union men...?

(laughs derisively)

So, you find out something else...

Leroy TAKES OUT THE ENVELOPE that Joe gave him. Hayes trails off as he sees it.

REV. HAYES

Do you know something else, son?

Leroy turns the envelope over in his hands. He appears to consider it. Then he PUTS IT BACK IN HIS POCKET.

LEROY

I don't know nothing.

Leroy takes his cap from Hayes. He walks away.

EXT. BEER GARDEN COURTYARD - EVENING

The open-air yard is full of BLUE COLLAR MEN. They sit at long, wooden tables under a canopy of yellow and red oak and maple leaves. SAUSAGES roast on the grill. A small BRASS BAND is playing.

Ark stands with a group of his HILLBILLY FRIENDS. He waves a SMALL SAUSAGE in front of him in pantomime horror.

ARK

(mock shrieking)

My finger, my finger!!!

The men LAUGH.

At the next table, Cary and Mac watch Ark for a second, then go back to their own conversation.

MAC

So, they hannae recognized ya?

CARY

(shakes head)

Joe was right. No one talked.

MAC

To living to tell the tale.

Mac raises his glass. Cary does not. He's LOOKING at something behind Mac. Mac turns round. Sees SIOBHAN, picking her way through the crowd.

MAC

Who's the wee lass, Cary?

CARY

Somebody I met.

Siobhan sees Cary. Smiles. He smiles back. Mac tosses back the rest of his drink.

MAC

Appears I must be goin'. Pleasure
as always, lad.

Mac leaves. Siobhan comes towards Cary. He runs a quick hand through his hair. As she reaches him, he stands. And then she STEPS UP on a chair -- then ONTO THE TABLE TOP.

SIOBHAN

(top of her lungs)

Auto workers of Detroit! Join the
U.A.W.! You have nothing to lose
and everything to gain!

Throughout the courtyard, a variety of reactions -- cheers, boos, moans of annoyance. Cary's not sure what to do. Siobhan soldiers on.

SIOBHAN (CONT'D)

Enough of speed-ups! Enough of
lay-offs! Enough of bribing the
foreman --

Ark and his group are on their feet.

ARK

Pinko! Red!

SIOBHAN

(stumbling)

Enough of bribing the foreman to
keep your job!

ARK
Nigger lover!

SIOBHAN (CONT'D)
Join together with your fellow
workers. You may feel powerless!
But you're not! There's --

Ark grabs at her skirt, trying to pull her down.

ARK
Get on down from there!

Cary SHOVES Ark away. Ark's friends have his back.

Siobhan sees tussles breaking out throughout the courtyard.
Alarmed, she JUMPS DOWN. Ark tries to grab her again. He RUNS
RIGHT INTO CARY'S FIST.

As Ark's friends stop him from falling, Cary and Siobhan FLEE.
They run through the BRAWLING CROWD for the exit.

EXT. BEER GARDEN - CASS AVENUE - EVENING

Cary and Siobhan run across the avenue. Ark and his gang come
out of the beer garden. They chase after.

Cary points at HIS CAR at the curbside. He and Siobhan clammer
in. Cary starts the car and GUNS it. They speed away with Ark
running right behind.

INT. CARY'S CAR - EVENING

Cary drives FAST. Siobhan, in the passenger seat, looks back.
Satisfied, she turns front. She LAUGHS. Cary looks at her.
Annoyed.

SIOBHAN
We struck a blow for the cause!
Doesn't it feel great?!

CARY
I don't really care about the
cause.

SIOBHAN
I don't believe you. Here -- turn
right!

Cary turns.

SIOBHAN (CONT'D)

If you don't care, why'd they beat
the tar outta you the other day?

 CARY

I was covering for Joe. He's
making a big mistake.

 SIOBHAN

Next left.

Cary turns left.

 SIOBHAN (CONT'D)

You coulda got killed helping him.
What's he, your brother or
something?

 CARY

 (beat)

We grew up together. He used to
live with us.

 SIOBHAN

He didn't have a family?

 CARY

His mom died. She worked at a
textile mill in New Jersey. Jewish
woman. I guess Dad met her in his
I.W.W. days, I dunno. So he
brought Joe to live with us when I
was ten.

 SIOBHAN

Who was his father?

Cary hesitates.

 CARY

 (true, yet incomplete)

I don't know.

They stop of a traffic light. Cary notices for the first time
that all the PEDESTRIANS ARE BLACK.

 CARY

Where're we going?

 SIOBHAN

 (points to an alley ahead)

In there.

I/E. CARY'S CAR / ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

Cary eases the car down the alley. Ahead, Leroy comes out of a recess. Siobhan rolls down her window. Leroy leans in the window and KISSES SIOBHAN. Cary GAPES.

LEROY

You's late. What you doing with
this fool?

SIOBHAN

He's our ride.

I/E. STUDEBAKER / OLD WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Joe, Magda and Heller sit in their Studebaker. Heller watches through the binoculars as CARY'S CAR pulls up by the warehouse loading dock. Siobhan and Leroy get out.

MAGDA

What's this nonsense? Did you tell
him bring his friends?

HELLER

(passes binoculars to Joe)
You know the driver?

JOE

(looks)
Yeah, I know him. Who's the girl?

HELLER

She used to work in West Virginia.
Good little organizer.
(off Joe's incredulous look)
She's got a way with the men. Gets
under their skin, makes 'em feel
like they gotta protect her.

Joe looks through the binoculars again. Sees Siobhan chatting with Cary through the driver's window. Cary's moonstruck expression.

JOE

I buy that.

Cary drives away. Leroy and Siobhan wait. Joe lowers the binoculars.

HELLER

She doesn't need any protection,
believe me.

INT. OLD PICK-UP TRUCK - NIGHT

Slim sits in the driver's seat. He holds JOE'S ENVELOPE in his hand. He's reading the note inside.

The PASSENGER DOOR OPENS. Slim JUMPS, crams the note back in the envelope. It's Ark. He's got a BLACK EYE.

ARK

What ya got there?

SLIM

Nothin'.

(sees Ark's black eye)

What the hell'd ya do to yerself?

EXT. CHURCH PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A small, wooden church. Barely three stories tall, steeple included. The PICK-UP parks in the dark lot. Slim and Ark get out, head toward a SIDE DOOR of the church.

SLIM

You're imagining things.

ARK

I seen Joe White give you the damn envelope! And I reckon it ain't none of my business, but I reckon, whatever it is, it's big. You gotta tell him, Slim.

Slim stops, just as they reach the side door.

SLIM

No! Look at me, Ark -- No.

ARK

You gotta!

SLIM

I ain't gonna. I told him too much. Nine people died!

He goes in.

INT. CHURCH SANCTUARY - CONTINUOUS

Ark follows Slim through the door.

ARK

That weren't your fault!

Howie Tanner and EIGHT OTHER MEN stand around the altar. They wear BLACK SILK ROBES.

Tanner flashes Slim and Ark a GAP-TOOTHED SMILE.

TANNER

What wasn't Slim's fault?

Tanner looks at Ark. Ark looks at Slim. Neither say anything. Tanner's eyes narrow.

TANNER

Fresh news from Bridger?

SLIM

Thought the mayor told you to lay off.

TANNER

No mayor can tell me I've gotta look the other way for Reds and subversives. There's something I oughta know, isn't there?

Slim gives a nonchalant shrug. Tanner turns to Ark.

TANNER

Arkansas?

ARK

No.

(beat)

It's just... we mighta heard something.

TANNER

What might you have heard?

ARK

Nothing. Just...

SLIM

We heard, maybe... they're letting niggers in.

TANNER

Doesn't surprise me a bit.

(to everyone)

Shall we start?

Tanner and the rest of the men gather round the altar. THEY PUT ON HOODS -- like KKK hoods, but BLACK, with a SKULL AND CROSSBONES on the forehead. Slim and Ark put on hoods too.

TANNER

Our father --

The others join in unison.

ALL

-- who art in heaven. Anoint and protect this, thy holy Black Legion. Make strong our arms. Make swift our swords. Bless the United States of America, and the pure white race.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. BRIDGER FACTORY - METAL POLISHING SHOP - DAY

Tom Kaluza is in mid-conversation with Joe.

KALUZA

With that kinda dough, we could
strike till 1940!

JOE

(handing him the envelope)
Only if it gets here.

Sounds of a DISTANT COMMOTION.

INT. BRIDGER FACTORY - ASSEMBLY LINE - DAY

A CROWD OF MEN from behind. They're watching something. Kaluza pushes through. Cary's on the ground, fetal. Luther and his Goons are STOMPING HIM.

Kaluza watches. SMIRKS.

INT. BRIDGER FACTORY - ASSEMBLY LINE - DAY

An AIR HORN blows, signaling shift change.

INT. BRIDGER FACTORY - ENTRANCE - DAY

Kaluza inserts his timecard into a slot. KA-CHUNK. As he leaves, he passes Slim and Leroy in line behind him.

EXT. BRIDGER FACTORY - SIDE GATE - DAY

Kaluza walks towards the streetcar. In the ROUNDABOUT, Felix is getting into the Rolls Royce. He spots Kaluza.

FELIX

Tom! Hold up!

Felix comes over. Kaluza looks uncomfortable.

FELIX (CONT'D)

I heard you were right up front
when the shooting started. You all
right?

KALUZA

It's not the first time I been
shot at, Felix.

Leroy passes by. He gives them a SUSPICIOUS LOOK.

KALUZA

I can't be seen with you.

FELIX

Relax. They know we go way back.

KALUZA

If we're such good friends, what
about that foreman job?

FELIX

(laughs)

Mildred's on your case again,
isn't she? That's a tough woman to
satisfy!

Kaluza smiles -- it's a sneer, really.

KALUZA

Mildred's fine.

FELIX

Glad to hear it. Give her my best,
will ya? I've got to get to City
Hall.

EXT. CARY'S HOUSE - DAY

Joe knocks on the door of a small house on a residential
street. No answer. He takes a key from his pocket and goes in.

INT. CARY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Cary hits a large BLOCK OF ICE with an ice pick. He WINCES in
pain. Joe appears at the kitchen door.

CARY

You're gonna end up dead, you know
that?

JOE

... Maybe it's worth it.

Cary shakes his head. He raises the pick again.

JOE

Let me.

Joe starts breaking up the ice.

JOE (CONT'D)

If you want to save me so bad,
help me win. I know you still
believe in it.

CARY

Sure. Of course. But you don't
work on the line! We're diemakers,
it's not our fight.

Joe says nothing. He wraps the ice in a towel and hands it to Cary. Cary ices his ribs.

INT. CARY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Joe helps Cary lie down on a sofa. He pulls up a chair.

CARY

You know, if they figured out who
I am --

JOE

They didn't.
(off Cary's doubtful look)
I've got my sources.

CARY

They will. There's gotta be a
thousand people who still remember
me.

JOE

Nobody's gonna talk.

Joe pats Cary's shoulder.

JOE (CONT'D)

Just go to work like everything's
normal.

INT. FORD TOOL AND DIE WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Cary sits at a work bench, sand-molding a machine part. MR. FLETCHER (45), a balding executive in a nice, blue suit, approaches. Cary holds his breath -- expecting the worst.

FLETCHER

Byrne?

CARY

Yes, Mr. Fletcher?

FLETCHER

Fantastic job on the crankshaft
dies. Top notch work!

CARY

Thank you, sir.

Fletcher walks on. Cary breathes a sigh of relief.

INT. KALUZA'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Tom Kaluza sits in a dark, spare dining room. He's in his undershirt, smoking a cigarette. Through the front window, he sees a 1932 CADILLAC pull up in front of the house.

EXT. KALUZA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Kaluza comes out on the porch. MILDRED KALUZA (37) gets out of the rear of the Cadillac, waving goodbye to friends inside. She wears a fur coat and jewelry, and carries shopping bags.

KALUZA

You're late.

MILDRED

I bought a new coat! Wait'll you
see. It's fox!

KALUZA

(re: coat she's wearing)
You bought that one last year.

MILDRED

Exactly!

She goes in. Kaluza angrily throws his cigarette into the yard.

INT. KALUZA'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Mildred puts her bags down. Turns on more lights. Kaluza comes in.

KALUZA

Mildred, we can't afford this.

MILDRED

You're about to be promoted.
 (off Kaluza's angry look)
 I don't see why you're taking this
 tone with me, Tom. Tell ya what --
 let me talk to Felix. I've still
 got some pull.

KALUZA

Don't I know it.

MILDRED

Oh, *honestly!* High school is
 another life, you went with plenty
 of girls!

KALUZA

He'll want something in return.

MILDRED

There's plenty you could tell him.

KALUZA

(shouts)

NINE MEN ARE DEAD 'CAUSE OF WHAT I
 TOLD HIM!

Kaluza turns and raises his fist to punch a wall. Stops. His
 hand drops to his side again. Mildred wraps him in her arms.

MILDRED

It wasn't your fault.

KALUZA

I coulda got killed too.

Mildred holds him tighter.

MILDRED

You know I don't pal around with
 those people 'cause I like it.
 It's just good to have friends in
 high places. Come with me to see
 Felix. Please.

Kaluza looks uncertain.

EXT. BRIDGER FACTORY - MAIN GATE - MORNING

Smoke rises from the ugly factory into a brightening sky.
 Felix waits in the roundabout, flanked by Luther and Elsa.

A TOWN CAR pulls up. Cal Carter gets out, Alan and a small
 entourage. Carter takes Felix's hand. They pose for photos
 with BIG, FAKE SMILES.

FELIX
 (grandly)
 Mr. Mayor, thank you for accepting
 --

CARTER
 (in an undertone)
 Let's cut the crap, Bridger. We
 both need some good press after
 Sunday. You've gotta bargain with
 these people.

FELIX
 (quiet)
 We won't recognize a union.

CARTER
 It's the law of the land now,
 Felix.

FELIX
 How 'bout we wait for the Court to
 rule on that, sir.

They smile angrily at each other as the FLASHBULBS POP OFF.

INT. BRIDGER FACTORY - PRESS ROOM - DAY

Alan SHRIEKS! The finger falls from his hands. It SKITTERS
 ACROSS THE FLOOR, bloodless and discolored. Felix, looking
 ILL, covers his mouth with his hands.

YAMAN
 (over the din)
 HEY!!! My wedding ring!!!

INT. FELIX'S OFFICE - DAY

Elsa is straightening Felix's desk. She picks up a paper.
 Reads it. Outside, FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING. Elsa tucks the paper
 INTO HER BLOUSE as Felix and Luther barge in.

Elsa picks up a CUP OF COFFEE and offers it to Felix. In a
 rage, he SWATS it from her hand. It BREAKS on the wall. Elsa
 YELPS.

FELIX
 Dammit! Damn it all! Right into
 the union's waiting arms! The
 mayor *and* the goddamn newspapers!

As Felix rants, Luther looks pensive.

FELIX (CONT'D)

We have to deal now. We've got no choice!

LUTHER

Of course we do.

FELIX

Enlighten me.

Luther gives Elsa a pointed look. He takes her forearm. Half leads, half drags her to the door. Shuts it on her.

LUTHER

We do what I advised from the beginning.

FELIX

(beat, softly)

No.

LUTHER

There's no choice now.

(beat)

If your father was still alive, we'd have done it a long time ago.

INT. FELIX BRIDGER'S ROLLS ROYCE - NIGHT

Felix sits in the back seat with Luther. Anxious. On his lap, the evening edition of the DETROIT FREE PRESS has a photo of Yaman on the front page, holding up his ring. The CAPTION: "What God has joined together, let no man separate."

FELIX

Hirsch did hits for Capone, didn't he?

LUTHER

Might have. Why? You nervous?

FELIX

No.

LUTHER

Thing to remember is, Ziggy Hirsch needs you more than you need him. These kike gangsters lost half their business when hooch became legal. They're hungry.

EXT. HIRSCH'S DELICATESSEN - NIGHT

The Rolls pulls up in front of Jewish deli in a humble storefront. The sign over the door is peeling.

INT. HIRSCH'S DELICATESSEN - NIGHT

CLOSE ON a very sharp knife, impossibly fast and accurate, cutting thin slices of pastrami.

ZIGGY (O.S.)
So, my old friend Teddy Bridger's little boy needs my help with his union problem.

Felix, looking intimidated, watches the blade work.

The man wielding it is ZIGGY HIRSCH (41). Handsome. Wavy hair slicked back. Dead eyes. He wears a soiled deli apron over a bespoke suit. A tall bodyguard, ABE (37), stands behind the deli counter with him.

ZIGGY (CONT'D)
Except, unlike his old man, Junior's always been too good to talk to me, man to man. Figures. I lost my monopoly. I got problems with the wops. Junior feels he doesn't need to be respectful.

Ziggy finish chopping and VIOLENTLY STABS the knife into the cutting board. Felix and Luther both flinch.

LUTHER
Of course that's not what Mr. Bridger --

FELIX
It's true, isn't it?

Silence. Ziggy is stunned at Felix's nerve.

FELIX (CONT'D)
A businessman's got to look at his situation objectively. Pride can't enter into it. I had a setback today. That's the only reason I'm here. But you've had some setbacks too. You need the money badly.

Ziggy looks furious. But then he smiles.

ZIGGY

Well, well. The apple doesn't fall far from the tree.

(to Abe, re: pastrami)

Wrap this up for the kid!

(to Felix)

You like pastrami? You never had pastrami this good!

Ziggy comes around the counter. He balls up his apron and tosses it carelessly away.

ZIGGY (CONT'D)

So, these gadflies. What should I do to them?

FELIX

I just want you to scare them.

ZIGGY

Scare 'em? If the cops couldn't scare 'em, what makes you think I can?

FELIX

I don't want any more deaths.

ZIGGY

(shrugs)

Sure, Junior. You're the boss. Scared it is.

EXT. BRIDGER FACTORY - EVENING

A cold evening. Dead leaves blow across the sidewalk by the gate.

INT. FELIX BRIDGER'S OFFICE - EVENING

Elsa hands papers to Felix. He signs them. She puts them in a folder.

ELSA

Anything else, sir?

FELIX

No, Mrs. Krauss. Have a good evening.

Folder under her arm, Elsa crosses to the door. Opening it, she sees Kaluza and Mildred waiting in the outer office.

ELSA

Mr. Bridger? The Kaluzas are here.

FELIX

Send them right in.

Elsa motions them in. She stays in the doorway to listen.

FELIX

That'll be all, Mrs. Krauss.

Elsa hesitates, unwilling. No choice. She closes the door behind her. Felix comes around his desk. Leans against it.

FELIX

What can I do for you, Tom?

MILDRED

Tom feels you've taken everything he's done for you for granted. He wants his promotion.

FELIX

Well, Tom might be overestimating how important he is.

KALUZA

I told you about the march.

FELIX

Please. Half your shop stewards told us that. Your union's got more moles than my great-uncle's farm.

KALUZA

Well, how about that organizer Luther's boys beat up the other day?

FELIX

What about him?

KALUZA

Did you know he works at Ford's?

Felix can't hide the surprise.

KALUZA (CONT'D)

That's right. Cary Byrne. Tool and die man. And I know tons more. I know where they get their money.

MILDRED

But he's not saying a word until we've got your signature on a contract.

KALUZA

You need us, Felix.

FELIX

(smirks)

Need you? I just made a deal that will bury this union. Why would I need you?

MILDRED

Tom, would step outside so we can talk.

KALUZA

I'm staying right here.

Mildred looks exasperated. She takes Felix by the sleeve and leads him into the ...

OUTER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Mildred shuts the door on Kaluza. She and Felix are alone.

MILDRED

You promised him.

FELIX

If I promote him, he's a boss. A boss can't be in the union. So how does promoting him help me?

MILDRED

I'm tired of my husband getting shot at for your convenience! He has good information. You give Tom what he deserves, or we walk.

FELIX

Tom Kaluza doesn't deserve anything.

(lowers his voice)

Face it, Mildred. You chose wrong.

Mildred's so angry she's shaking. She opens to office door, where Kaluza is waiting.

MILDRED

Tom, we're leaving.

EXT. BRIDGER FACTORY - EVENING

Mildred stomps away from the factory. Kaluza tries to keep up.

KALUZA

What do we do now?

MILDRED

Go meet the courier.

KALUZA

What? I didn't bury four friends at Archangel so I could help the Reds could move into my hometown!

MILDRED

(stops)

If the union gets the money, Felix is in a corner. He'll be desperate.

Kaluza looks doubtful. Torn.

MILDRED (CONT'D)

Do what's best for us, for a change!

EXT. OLD WAREHOUSE LOADING DOCK - NIGHT

Kaluza waits, scowling. Stomps his feet on the pavement against the cold night. Lights a cigarette.

I/E. STUDEBAKER - NIGHT

Joe, Magda and Heller watching. Joe checks his watch.

JOE

There. One hour. He's clean.

MAGDA

I tell you.

Joe GETS OUT of the car. Heller gets out after him.

HELLER

Are you sure this is the right choice? The Party would say --

JOE

Is this decision about the U.A.W., or the Communist Party?

Heller doesn't answer.

JOE

Kaluza's popular. It's the right choice. You're the one who said I had to start leading.

Heller nods slowly.

HELLER

You better go ask him, then.
(then)
I'm going back to New York.

JOE

New York?!?

HELLER

We're in good hands here. I'm proud of you, Joe.

EXT. OLD WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Kaluza hears FOOTSTEPS. He spins, dropping his cigarette. Fists up. It's Joe.

JOE

Just me.

KALUZA

Goddammit. You scared the --
Where the hell you been, where's the courier?

JOE

No courier.

KALUZA

No courier?

JOE

Somebody sold us out, Tom. I had to know I could trust you.

Kaluza looks DUMBFOUNDED. He knows he narrowly escaped, and can't keep it off his face. But Joe doesn't see it.

JOE (CONT'D)

We lost Dickie Stein the other day. How'd you like to be secretary-treasurer?

KALUZA

Me?!? Well -- damn, Joe!
(MORE)

KALUZA (CONT'D)

(then)

But I dunno. What's Heller got to say about this?

JOE

It's not his decision.

KALUZA

'Cause I won't toe the Party line.

JOE

Heller's been a big help. But he's not one of us. I know how you feel about the Party, Tom. But I picked you 'cause that's what's best for the union. What do you say?

Joe extends a hand. Kaluza takes it. They shake.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

INT. FORD TOOL AND DIE WORKSHOP - NIGHT

At a work bench, Cary is sand-molding again. Mr. Fletcher enters. Cary smiles at him. Fletcher keeps SCOWLING.

Felix and Luther come through the door behind Fletcher. Luther's eyes LIGHT UP as he sees Cary.

Cary -- afraid, trapped.

INT. FORD - FLETCHER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Fletcher, Felix and Luther lead Cary, like a prisoner, into the spacious office.

FLETCHER

You know Ford's policy on unions,
Byrne.

CARY

Yes sir.

FLETCHER

There's never been a union at
Ford's and there never will be.
Bridger supplies forty percent of
our auto bodies. It's an extension
of Ford.

CARY

Sir, I'm not --
(sighs heavily)
I'm not in a union. A friend of
mine got himself mixed up in it,
and I went there to talk sense
into him.

FLETCHER

I wish I could believe that.

Cary looks at the ground. After a few seconds, he starts LAUGHING. Fletcher watches.

CARY

You know, I graduated high school
the worst year of the Depression.
Half the country's out of work,
and I'm supposed to go get a job.
And I *did*. I did. I worked hard.
(MORE)

CARY (CONT'D)

Became crew chief. Bought a house.
A car. I've never been in a union.
Never needed one. I did it all by
myself and I'm damn proud of it.
Damn proud.

Fletcher exchanges a look with Felix and Luther.

FLETCHER

(to Felix)

That's good enough for me.

FELIX

Then it's good enough for me too.
Thank you, Mr. Byrne.

Cary starts to go.

FELIX

We'll just need the name.

Cary stops. Turns.

FELIX (CONT'D)

Your friend -- who is he?

FLETCHER

Seems perfectly reasonable to me,
Cary.

A long silence.

LUTHER

All right, let's make this simple.
It's Joe White, isn't it?

FELIX

We need a signed statement. Prove
what you said's true, Bryne. Keep
your job.

Cary looks from Felix to Fletcher. Indecision on his face.

EXT. BEER GARDEN - MORNING

Cary and Mac sit at a table. The courtyard's mostly empty at
this hour.

MAC

So did ye do it?

CARY
 (shakes his head)
 They fired me.
 (beat)
 What do I do?

MAC
 I dinnae know. Flint, maybe.

CARY
 (shakes head)
 G.M. wouldn't touch me.

MAC
 (sighs)
 A war's brewing, that's sure. We
 been trying to stay above it all.
 Out of the way. But it's nae good,
 is it? Everyone's gonna have to
 take a side 'fore it's done.

INT. U.A.W. LOCAL 202 UNION HALL - BULLPEN - MORNING

Yaman shows Magda his wedding band, now on a chain around his neck. Leroy chats with Jorge. Siobhan sits on a desk, legs crossed Indian-style. Joe and Kaluza ENTER from the office.

JOE
 Listen up. Mort Heller's going
 back to New York. He's made me
 acting president till the
 membership can elect officers.
 This morning, Tom Kaluza accepted
 the post of acting --

Joe breaks off as Slim comes in. He SEES LEROY.

SLIM
 (to Joe)
 What the hell's that spear chucker
 doing here?

LEROY
 (quiet but audible)
 Dumb hillbilly.

JOE
 HEY!!!

Leroy and Slim are startled into silence. Joe gives them each a firm look -- first Leroy, then Slim.

JOE

He's here for the same reason
you're here, Slim! 'Cause you both
passed the test. We need everybody
on the same side now! We don't
gotta like each other. But we do
gotta trust each other.

Joe raises his voice, addressing everybody now.

JOE (CONT'D)

Bridger's got all the cards. They
got spies everywhere. They got an
army of thugs. They got the cops
in their pocket, and a bunch of
crazies in black hoods hunting us
down. What do we got? Each other!
So look at the man beside you. He
passed the test. That's a man you
can trust with your life!

As he speaks, Kaluza, Leroy, Magda, Yaman, Siobhan, Jorge and
Slim look at one another. We can see Slim's guilt, Leroy's
distrust, Kaluza's uneasiness, Magda's confidence...

JOE (CONT'D)

Now, don't kid yourself. This'll
be --

The door opens. Cary enters. Tentative. Hands stuffed in
pockets.

Joe hesitates. Then, with a wave of his hand, beckons Cary in.

JOE

You all know Cary Byrne. Cary's
like my brother.

INT. HELLER'S MOTEL ROOM - MORNING

A GREYHOUND BUS TICKET on the nightstand: Detroit-New York.
HELLER'S HANDS -- with his BIG C.I.O. RING -- fold clothes.
Lay them them in a suitcase on the bed.

There's a SOUND outside. Heller freezes. He goes to the
window. Using HIS CANE, he parts the drapes.

BANG!!!

A SHOTGUN BLAST sprays BUCKSHOT through the window and into
the wall. Heller LOOKS OUT. Abe, the gangster, stands in THE
ALLEY with TWO SMOKING BARRELS. Curses. He missed!

Using his cane, Heller hobbles across the room. He reaches in
the suitcase. A .38 REVOLVER comes out.

At the same instant, CRASH! The door is kicked in. Ziggy CHARGES IN with a SAWED-OFF. Heller turns, tries to aim. Ziggy BLASTS HIM. Heller takes BOTH SHELLS IN THE CHEST. He's thrown back, rolls over the bed, lands on his back on the far side. He lies there, eyes wide. GASPS. CHOKES.

Ziggy appears above him. Casually tosses his SHOTGUN ON BED. He glances at the RING on Heller's finger.

Ziggy KNEELS on HELLER'S WRIST. He pulls the POCKET SQUARE from his breast pocket and STUFFS IT IN HELLER'S MOUTH. Heller MOANS.

Ziggy draws his BUTCHER KNIFE from inside his jacket. Abe RUNS in. Sees what Ziggy's doing. Turns away.

The blade CUTS INTO HELLER'S RING FINGER at the root. BLOOD GUSHES onto the dirty wood floor. MUFFLED SCREAMS.

EXT. UNION HALL - DAY

Magda comes out. There's a CARDBOARD BOX on the doorstep. She picks it up, looks inside. SCREAMS. Dropping the box, she runs back inside.

A second later, Joe and Cary run out. Cary picks up the box.

Inside: HELLER'S FINGER WITH IT'S BIG C.I.O. RING.

A VERY WIDE ANGLE

of Joe and Cary's HORRIFIED reaction from across the wide avenue. We PAN, coming to rest on ZIGGY AND ABE in a BLACK CAR, watching.

ABE

You think Bridger Junior'll be mad?

ZIGGY

(grins)

Why? They don't look scared to you?

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF PILOT