

COMPANY TOWN

"Pilot"

Written by
Samantha Levenshus

Samantha Levenshus
Santa Monica, CA

slevenshus@me.com
(210) 364-0868
www.levenshus.com

TEASER

EXT. PULLMAN TOWN, 1894 - DAY

Horses NEIGH as they pull a carriage through streets of picketers with signs: "I AM A MAN!" "STUCK BETWEEN PULLMAN AND THE POOR HOUSE."

The carriage turns a corner and we see THEO SMITHTON (24, African American) on a SOAPBOX. His speech is a magnetic call to action for the growing CROWD of African Americans.

THEO

We must work together if we want to
work at all!

The carriage passes a BUST of railroad magnate, George Pullman. The word "TYRANT" is painted across its base.

INT. CARRIAGE - CONTINUOUS

GEORGE PULLMAN (60s, Caucasian) peers through a window. His distinguished good looks are usually matched by his charisma, but at this moment, his eyes are stone-cold.

He is accompanied by his WIFE (50s) and children, TWIN BOYS (19) and a GIRL (22). He pulls a curtain over the window.

Suddenly, a GUNSHOT.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - CONTINUOUS

A shaky HAND clutches the smart end of a smoking GUN. The MAN (45, Caucasian) attached wears a PORK-PIE HAT and a look of surprise. He takes off running.

Across the platform, JEREMIAH RHODES (30s, Caucasian) fingers a bullet hole in his coat's shoulder and stalks the gunman.

We spot the BODY (27, Caucasian) of a man in a 3-piece suit on the ground, blood and dirt caked from hat to jaw.

The gruesome sight almost distracts us from the softness of his features - or more accurately, HER features.

Suddenly, a GASP restores her to consciousness. THOMAS HOWE (24, Caucasian) yanks her to her feet. The RINGING in her ears makes his shouts inaudible.

DISGUISED WOMAN

Tom?

He pulls her toward a staircase at the end of the platform. They pass by a train with "PRINCIPIA" written on its side.

INT. PRINCIPIA, MOTOR CAR - CONTINUOUS

An ENGINEER opens a pocketwatch to check the time. The car SHAKES. He looks out the window and crosses himself.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - CONTINUOUS

A large group of WHITE MEN ram themselves against the train car, attempting to up-end it. They struggle and try again.

INT. CARRIAGE - CONTINUOUS

Pullman speaks forebodingly as they approach the station.

PULLMAN

If ever you were to heed me, let it be now. When we arrive, the police will escort us to the platform. Keep your heads down until we're aboard the train. Understood?

His family nods. The carriage comes to a stop.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - CONTINUOUS

The disguised woman and Thomas hurry down the steps, but halt as the Pullman's exit their carriage, surrounded by police.

They turn around and run back up to the platform. The disguised woman stops suddenly.

DISGUISED WOMAN

Wait! Where's Bert?

THOMAS

Suddenly you care?

She slaps him with all the force she can muster. Then, the EAR-SPLITTING CRASH of twisting metal resounds as the train car FLIPS onto the TRACKS.

PLUMES of black smoke rise from the engine into the air.

TITLE CARD: Company Town

END OF TEASER

ACT I

EXT. UNION PACIFIC TRAINLINE - DAY

The SMOKE emanating from the Principia becomes the steam coming from a locomotive as its cars barrel into a tunnel.

CHYRON: 2 Months Earlier.

INT. TRAIN, DINING CAR - CONTINUOUS

Passengers enjoy polite conversation or read the paper.

Alone at a table sits ANGELICA TYLER, smart and ambitious enough to confound the politics of the men who devised the corset she wears. She writes observations in a notebook.

A PORTER (40s, African American), delivers a cup of tea.

PORTER

Anything else I can get for you?

Angelica shakes her head with a smile. Without her suit and hat, we hardly recognize her as the disguised woman from the platform, but there's no denying this is her.

She takes a long sip of tea and closes her eyes for a moment.

PULLMAN (O.C.)

Perfect day on the rails, isn't it?

She opens her eyes to find GEORGE PULLMAN staring at her from a table across the aisle.

She smiles and nods in the affirmative, then goes back to her writing. Pullman makes his way to Angelica's table.

PULLMAN (CONT'D)

First time aboard?

ANGELICA

I am on a return trip, actually.

Pullman slides into the seat across from Angelica without an invitation. She bristles slightly at the intrusion.

The Porter returns with a coffee for Pullman. Angelica continues writing.

PULLMAN

And have you enjoyed your travels
thus far?

(MORE)

PULLMAN (CONT'D)
(to the Porter)
Thank you Jacob.

PORTER
Course, sir.

The Porter continues his work.

ANGELICA
The trip has been lovely, thank
you. I have a beautiful compartment
and the Porters are remarkably
attentive.

PULLMAN
They do add to the experience,
don't they? Makes you understand
why the South was so upset by
Lincoln's proclamation.

He laughs, amused with himself.

PULLMAN (CONT'D)
You see, the Southern Negro is
perfectly suited to this work.
(no response)
By that I mean he is more adapted
to wait on people with a smile than
we are and can live on lower wages.

This catches Angelica's attention.

ANGELICA
Is that right?

PULLMAN
Quite. Though I do suggest that if
you are happy with the service, you
offer a tip.

ANGELICA
A tip?

PULLMAN
A small sum of money to show your
appreciation and keep them honest.

ANGELICA
How fascinating.

She scribbles in her notebook. He doesn't like being ignored.

PULLMAN

(sternly)

If not for your gender, I'd think I
were speaking with a journalist.

She catches the severity in his tone and puts her notebook
and pen in a pocket.

ANGELICA

I wonder, might I speak candidly?

PULLMAN

Please do.

ANGELICA

You said the Negroes can live on
less, but what about the White men
who build these cars?

PULLMAN

I've heard the factory workers make
honest wages.

ANGELICA

They do, however, those of us whose
husbands work in the factory are
required to live in Pullman Town.

PULLMAN

A lovely place to live!

ANGELICA

Yes. Lovely and expensive.

PULLMAN

Your husband works in the factory
then, Mrs...

ANGELICA

Tyler. Angelica Tyler.

PULLMAN

George Pullman.

Beat. She takes a sip of her tea.

ANGELICA

Yes, I know.

A thin smile makes its way across Pullman's face.

PULLMAN

Very cheeky, Mrs. Tyler.

ANGELICA

I hope you don't mind, Mr. Pullman.

He considers a moment, then lets out a congenial chuckle.

PULLMAN

You would get along with my daughter. Always pushing buttons.

ANGELICA

I hope we'll have occasion to meet.

PULLMAN

Join us this evening at the dedication for the new train.

The train's SQUEALING BREAKS signal the end of their trip.

ANGELICA

I should gather my things.

As they stand, the train LURCHES and Angelica loses her balance. She GRABS onto Pullman to keep from falling.

PULLMAN

Careful, dear. These trains can be dangerous.

ANGELICA

I'd better find my way back to solid ground before I wind up in trouble then, hadn't I?

She walks away and discreetly retrieves her notebook and pen from her pocket. She scribbles as she walks.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

Pullman exits the train car and is assisted onto the platform by QUINCY SMITHTON (50s, African American), a people-pleaser who humbly carries his pride in his stature.

QUINCY

Welcome home, Mr. Pullman.

PULLMAN

Thank you, Quincy. How are things coming along for the ceremony?

QUINCY

Looking good, Mr. Pullman.

PULLMAN

And Theo? He's prepared?

QUINCY

Yes, sir. My Theo'll be the best lead Porter you ever seen. Can't thank you enough for giving him the chance.

Pullman pats Quincy on the back and the two walk towards another car on the train.

PULLMAN

Well, I did watch him grow up on this platform. I'm happy to offer the opportunity. How's Mae?

QUINCY

Glad to have Theo home! Making a big-ol' welcome back lunch today. Twenty years I been out on the trains and not once did I get a welcome home meal, but Theo - man - every time.

PULLMAN

Mothers and their sons.

QUINCY

And Mrs. Pullman?

PULLMAN

She keeps busy with her socials and the children. The twins are a handful as I understand it.

QUINCY

Boys will be boys...

The men continue talking as they board a train car.

From another door on the train, Angelica is helped to the platform by Quincy's son, THEO, whose rebellious nature is hidden behind an infectious smile. We recognize him as the man from the SOAPBOX.

Angelica looks around, but doesn't see her husband amongst the crowd.

ANGELICA

Could you take my things to the overlook? There's a tip in it for you.

THEO
Course, Ma'am.

As she approaches the overlook, past a sign that reads
"WELCOME TO PULLMAN TOWN", we see the town expand below.

A CLOCKTOWER stands regally at the center above the Pullman
Factory.

INT. PULLMAN FACTORY - CONTINUOUS

MEN in overalls work along an assembly line. MEL paces the
floor and anxiously looks over the machinists' shoulders. We
recognize him by the PORK-PIE HAT he wears.

At the end of the long table, BERT TYLER (30, Caucasian)
sweats as he bolts two pieces of metal together. He is the
kind of contemplative man that others are wont to follow, his
concentration evident by the TONGUE hanging from the corner
of his mouth.

THOMAS, who we've met before, approaches with a glass of
water for Bert. He is bullheaded, fiercely loyal, and too
smart for his own good, but those qualities also make him the
best friend anyone could hope for.

BERT
Thanks.

THOMAS
Sure, buddy.

Bert gulps down the water.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Angie gets home today?

BERT
Yep.

THOMAS
Nervous?

BERT
Tom, she's my wife.

THOMAS
Right, right.
(beat)
Nervous?

Bert eyes Thomas.

BERT

A little.

Panicked YELLS come from the next room. They run toward the commotion.

INT. PULLMAN FACTORY - CONTINUOUS

SMOKE and SHOUTS rise from a huddle of FACTORY WORKERS. Thomas grabs Bert's shoulder to hold him back, but Bert shakes him off and rushes into the horde of men.

At the center, a lathe malfunctions - hundreds of SPARKS fly out of control and men struggle to beat out the ashes. Bert grabs a WRENCH and PICK from the worktable.

INT. TRAIN, PULLMAN'S PRIVATE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Pullman sits in a plush chair. Quincy presents a pair of shoes and Pullman nods approvingly.

PULLMAN

I'd like to wear my tails tonight.

Quincy begins to lace the shoes onto Pullman's feet.

QUINCY

Yes, sir. Cufflinks?

PULLMAN

The gold ones Carnegie gave me. I expect he'll be in attendance.

(annoyed)

Been breathing down my neck of late about this damned economy. Doesn't think I understand the meaning of fiscal responsibility. Didn't I build this company from the ground up?

QUINCY

Yes, sir.

PULLMAN

That's right! Sometimes you have to spend a little to make a little. He'll see this evening, won't he?

QUINCY

Yes, sir, it'll be a grand party.

PULLMAN

Perhaps it would be best if you and
Theo stayed at the station today.
Go over things before tonight.

This is a direction, not a suggestion.

QUINCY

Course, Mr. Pullman.

PULLMAN

Surely, Mae will understand.

QUINCY

I'm sure she will.

PULLMAN

Good. Tell the kitchen to provide
lunch for you two. That'll be nice,
yes? Father and son eating together
on the job.

Pullman stands and walks out of the car leaving Quincy
kneeling on the ground.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - CONTINUOUS

Angelica sits atop one of her trunks. The sun beats down on
her and in her corset, the heat is unbearable.

Mr. Pullman walks toward the stairs to leave.

ANGELICA

Mr. Pullman!

He turns toward her. She scrambles to her feet.

ANGELICA (CONT'D)

Are you heading to the factory?

She offers him a large flirtatious smile.

INT. PULLMAN'S CARRIAGE - DAY

We're bumping along with Angelica and Pullman.

ANGELICA

Ordinarily I wouldn't have taken
the sleeper car, but my father
insisted. You see, I'd been
visiting my family in Detroit.

She moves the window curtain to look outside.

PULLMAN
And what does your father do?

ANGELICA
He is building a horseless
carriage.

Pullman laughs aloud.

PULLMAN
A what?

ANGELICA
It works like your locomotive, but
smaller, with no tracks.

PULLMAN
That's absurd.

ANGELICA
But can you imagine? A civilian can
captain the thing on their own.

PULLMAN
By trade then, your father is a--

ANGELICA
An inventor.

PULLMAN
How unique. Has he had any success?

ANGELICA
He helped invent a farming product
called barbed wire.

PULLMAN
(amused)
Yes, I'm familiar with it. And
thank you for explaining! I was
wondering how a factory worker's
wife could afford my sleeping car.

ANGELICA
Well, we make do.

PULLMAN
Did you enjoy your time in Detroit?

ANGELICA
I did. There's so much to do there!

PULLMAN

Quite. Detroit is one of my favorite cities to visit.

ANGELICA

You might find this interesting-- last week, I attended a rally for the Women's Suffrage movement!

PULLMAN

Suffrage?

ANGELICA

It's a women's movement that--

PULLMAN

Yes, I'm well aware who the Suffragettes are. I read the news. They are trying to upset the way of the world.

ANGELICA

I don't know about that, Mr. Pullman--

PULLMAN

No, you don't. Precisely my point. I cannot understand why the fairer sex suddenly wants to concern themselves in the affairs of men.

ANGELICA

I'm sorry I upset you. I assumed, with your progressive views on the hiring of Negroes you'd enjoy hearing about the movement.

PULLMAN

You assumed wrong.
(shaking his head)
A married woman. It's improper.

ANGELICA

Some would say it's improper for me to be sharing your coach.

Pullman leans back in his seat and picks up a newspaper.
Their conversation is over.

INT. PULLMAN FACTORY - CONTINUOUS

Bert is still at work on the lathe, which smokes heavily now.

BERT
Something's jammed in the gear.

He looks to the group of men huddled nearby.

BERT (CONT'D)
I could use some help here!

The lathe sparks. Bert looses his grip on the item in the machine.

BERT (CONT'D)
Dammit.

Thomas pushes through the crowd and tries to pull Bert away.

BERT (CONT'D)
I've almost got it. Give me a hand!

THOMAS
You're out of your mind. Come on.

Thomas tries to help Bert up, but Bert turns back to the lathe, determined to fix the problem.

EXT. PULLMAN FACTORY - CONTINUOUS

Angelica and Pullman exit the carriage.

PULLMAN
Well, Mrs. Tyler, I hope you'll
settle back in comfortably at home.

ANGELICA
Thank you for the ride.

PULLMAN
Both of them.

ANGELICA
Yes, both of them. Though I bought
a fare ticket for the first.

PULLMAN
(contemplative)
Careful dear, there's a fine line
between cheeky and impertinent.

Suddenly a nearby window BLOWS OUT. SMOKE billows through.

END OF ACT I

ACT II

INT. PULLMAN FACTORY - CONTINUOUS

Angelica COUGHS as she runs through the smoky lobby to the workroom. She REACHES out to a MAN as he passes.

ANGELICA
Have you seen Bert Tyler?

The man shakes her off.

Through the smoke we see men tending to CUTS from shattered glass and BURNS from the blast.

Angelica GASPS as she notices a BODY lying still. Is it Bert?

A rough hand GRABS her by the arm and tries to drag her away.

FACTORY MAN
Ma'am you shouldn't be in here.

ANGELICA
Stop! I need to find my husband.

Pullman, HANDKERCHIEF over his mouth, enters, looking for Angelica through the smoke. He spots her and the damaged machinery at the same time.

FACTORY MAN
This is no place for a lady.

ANGELICA
Let. Me. Go!

With all her might she KICKS him off and RUNS further into the factory. Pullman begins to follow, but instead refocuses and makes his way toward the lathe.

He steps over the BODY on the ground as if it were a stray piece of scrap-metal. His foot lands in a pool of BLOOD.

PULLMAN
Dammit!
(violently)
Are we Neanderthals? Would someone
cover that man with a sheet?

Pullman sees Mel and makes a beeline toward him, tracking blood across the floor with each step.

PULLMAN (CONT'D)
What the hell happened here?

MEL
We're still trying to determine--

PULLMAN
--Is the equipment alright?

MEL
I have a man working on it.

PULLMAN
When will production resume?

MEL
I - I don't know, Mr. Pullman.

PULLMAN
(mocking him)
"I - I - I" I don't know is not an answer. I expect someone held responsible for this.

MEL
Yes Mr. Pullman, I understand.

PULLMAN
I'll await a full report then?

Mel nods.

PULLMAN (CONT'D)
Good. I'll be in my office.

Pullman exits. Mel looks warningly at Thomas, who stands by the damaged lathe.

Bert, seemingly unharmed, is at work on the machine.

THOMAS
Leave it alone, Bert.

BERT
I can't. Someone sabotaged it.

THOMAS
You're paranoid.

BERT
Got it!

Bert removes a chewed up METAL SCRAP from the gear.

BERT (CONT'D)
I swear if you'd have let me, I could have stopped the explosion.

THOMAS
Okay Bert. Next time I'll let you
get blown-up.

Thomas helps Bert to his feet.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Hey, weren't you supposed to get
Angie from the station?

BERT
Damn. What time is it?

THOMAS
Go.

He looks at the metal scrap in his hand.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
I'll take it to the office.

Bert hands it over. A MAN enters across the room.

MAN
Anyone by the name of Tyler here?

Bert waves his hand.

INT. PULLMAN FACTORY, LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Angelica sits on a bench and taps her foot anxiously. The door swings open and there is Bert.

ANGELICA
Bert! I was so worried.

She makes her way toward him, puts a hand on his cheek.

ANGELICA (CONT'D)
Look at you, you're a mess!

BERT
I wanted to look nice when I picked
you up.

She lets out a relieved laugh. He loves it when she laughs.

ANGELICA
You're okay then? Not hurt?

BERT
I'm fine. Better than fine now that
you're back.

He places a gentle hand on her cheek.

BERT (CONT'D)
How did you get here? Where are
your things?

ANGELICA
Mr. Pullman offered me a ride in
his carriage.

BERT
Mr. Pullman?

ANGELICA
We met on the train. He invited us
to the dedication for the new train
tonight!

BERT
Are you joking? Please tell me
you're joking.

Silence. Angelica looks at him, confused.

BERT (CONT'D)
My boss, Angelica? My boss?!

ANGELICA
I don't see what the problem is.

BERT
You wouldn't.

ANGELICA
Well, I'm terribly sorry for
whatever it is I did to offend you
Bert. I stupidly thought you would
be excited to see me.

BERT
Don't do that, don't turn it on me.
I figured that after some time away
you'd stop acting so--

ANGELICA
So what?!

The heat between them is palpable.

He KISSES her, passionately, hotly. He PUSHES her against the
lockers. She CARESSES his back as he lifts her SKIRTS.

He UNBUCKLES his belt, PANTS falling to the ground.

ANGELICA (CONT'D)

Wait.

Angelica looks toward the door. He kisses her neck.

BERT

It's okay, no one's coming in.

ANGELICA

I can't.

Bert lets go of her, frustrated.

BERT

Of course not.

He pulls his pants up. Buckles his belt.

ANGELICA

I'm sorry. I'm just not...ready.

BERT

I'll get your things.

He walks out of the locker room and slams the door.

INT. PRINCIPIA SLEEPING CAR - CONTINUOUS

Quincy and Theo walk through a lavish new sleeping car.

QUINCY

Each compartment is made to be as comfortable as possible while the train continues its journey.

THEO

You know I have been on sleeping cars before, right?

QUINCY

(proudly)

Yes son, but never as Lead Porter.

Theo lets out an exasperated sigh.

QUINCY (CONT'D)

Let your old man take some pleasure in showing you his trade. Please.

Theo nods. Quincy ushers him into a sleeping compartment. Inside there is a seating area and a bed. Quincy pulls sheets and a pillow from a cabinet.

QUINCY (CONT'D)

This compartment can be shared by two passengers.

THEO

Yes, father. I know.

Quincy shoots him a look - "Give me a break." He hands Theo the linens and releases a panel from above the bed revealing a second mattress.

QUINCY

You have to secure the panel on the sides before making up the bed.

(beat)

And now you make up the bed.

Quincy waits for Theo to make a move.

THEO

Seriously? No one is sleeping in here tonight.

QUINCY

It's important to make sure you've been properly trained, son.

Quincy moves a stool to the foot of the bed.

THEO

There probably won't even be an event tonight after the explosion.

QUINCY

I expect it will go on as planned.

THEO

I heard someone died.

QUINCY

Enough, Theo. Would you please do what I've asked?

Theo steps onto the stool, annoyed, and makes the bed.

QUINCY (CONT'D)

There are always people watching. Don't expect you're ever alone when you're on a Pullman Palace Car.

THEO

(petulant)

Well, sometimes you are.

QUINCY
You never know who's been hired to
keep an eye out on your journey.

THEO
(sarcastic)
Are you a spotter, Pop?

QUINCY
(good natured)
You never know, Theo. I might be
taking mental notes right now on
how poorly you're folding those
corners. Let me show you.

Quincy gets up and shows Theo how to fold a hospital corner.

QUINCY (CONT'D)
Proud of you son.

The men share a loving smile, but before the moment can
become emotional, Theo pipes up.

THEO
Want to show me how to prep the
place settings in the dining car?

QUINCY
(playfully)
I expect I'd better.

Quincy leaves the compartment, but stops a beat to straighten
a painting on the wall.

Theo watches him go, then adjusts the painting again, leaving
it off-balance.

INT. PULLMAN FACTORY, OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Pullman is in a tense conversation with Mel.

MEL
With all due respect, sir, a man
was *killed* in the blast. The men
need some time to recover.

PULLMAN
Someone has to make the hard calls
here. If the factory stops, no one
gets paid. Do you want to explain
to those men's wives why their
children have no food on the table
come Sunday?

MEL

No sir, I would advise--

PULLMAN

Advise? Melvin, you forget your station. You're a supervisor of *my* employees, not an advisor.

MEL

Yes sir, I realize.

Pullman softens a moment to explain his point passionately.

PULLMAN

We do important work here, Melvin! Connecting the country! It's not for us to stand in the way of progress when something goes awry. No, we should rally! Get the men back to their stations and make the next great train car. Our work is bigger than any one of us.

MEL

I'm not sure the men will agree in this situation.

PULLMAN

Then they can find another place of employment.

MEL

Sir, I--

PULLMAN

I am through talking about this. We're in a recession, there's work to be done, and these men are being paid for their time. If they'd prefer not to be, we will replace them.

MEL

Yes, sir.

Melvin turns to leave.

PULLMAN

And Melvin, you're replaceable too.

MEL

Yes, Mr. Pullman.

Mel leaves the office.

INT. TYLER HOME, BEDROOM - DAY

QUICK CUTS:

-SHOES are placed along the floorboards.

-The BEDSHEETS are pulled up and smoothed.

-DUST is wiped off a desk and replaced with PAPER, a PEN, and a bottle of INK.

Angelica opens the curtains, allowing light into the room.

The home appears barely lived in.

She takes a 3-BREASTED SUIT from her trunk and HIDES it behind a dress in the closet.

BERT (O.C.)

I'm not much of a housekeeper as
you can see.

Angelica turns around quickly, caught off guard.

BERT (CONT'D)

Sorry, didn't mean to startle you.

ANGELICA

Oh, that's alright.

BERT

I shouldn't have gotten so cross,
Ange. I'm really glad you're home.

ANGELICA

And I am glad to be here.

BERT

How was your trip?

ANGELICA

Good. My parents say hello. They'd
like for us to move to Detroit...

This is a non-starter for Bert. Angelica takes a book from her trunk and flips to the middle where a few pamphlets sit.

ANGELICA (CONT'D)

I went to an event last week. Put
on by the American Railroad Union.

She hands him the PAMPHLET: "All Of Us, American written by
Tyler Elliot"

BERT
Angie, I don't want to-

ANGELICA
This group has organized to make
the workplace better. After today--

BERT
This is what you did at home? I
thought you were healing.

ANGELICA
I was, but I also needed--

BERT
A distraction.

ANGELICA
That's not what this--

BERT
Yes it is, dammit! It's a
distraction from me. From him.

Angelica shoots daggers at him with her eyes, then shakes it
off and moves toward the kitchen. Bert follows.

ANGELICA
Are you hungry? I can make dinner.

BERT
Am I... what?

ANGELICA
Perhaps some tea? I suppose it is a
bit early for dinner.

She takes a teacup from a cupboard and hands it to Bert.

BERT
You must be joking.

She begins to ready the teapot.

BERT (CONT'D)
You were going to rallies, enjoying
yourself? All the while--

ANGELICA
It was not for enjoyment. It was--

BERT
You left me alone to pick up the
pieces after Elliot--

ANGELICA
Can we just have a nice night?

BERT
He was my son too, Angelica!

ANGELICA
You wouldn't talk to me!

BERT
I had to keep going! Put food on
the table! I didn't have the luxury
of running away!

The moment the words exit his lips he regrets them.

ANGELICA
Luxury? I assure you, nothing about
this has been luxurious!

BERT
I didn't mean--

ANGELICA
--and I came back! I'm here, aren't
I? Aren't I?!
(beat)
Don't make me out to be the
villain. I'm not the...

Angelica shakes her head and numbly starts for the door.

ANGELICA (CONT'D)
I'm going to the ceremony.

BERT
(defeated)
Angelica, don't do this again.

ANGELICA
Do what?

BERT
Leave.

There's a tense moment.

ANGELICA
I won't be late.

As the door slams closed behind her, Bert throws the teacup
he's been holding against the wall. It SHATTERS.

END OF ACT II

ACT III

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DUSK

HARRIET PULLMAN (50, Caucasian), the kind of woman who can move mountains with gossip, arrives at the top of the stairs.

Behind her are THE TWINS (19), GEORGE JR. and WALTER, who race up the stairs followed by FLORENCE (22), holding up her shoes and skirts in an attempt to beat her younger brothers.

Harriet turns to see the commotion quickly approaching.

HARRIET

Florence! You know better.

Florence stops momentarily on the stairs, then continues running, passing WALTER just before the final step.

WALTER

Not fair! I didn't think we were still playing.

FLORENCE

You should know by now never to assume I've listened to Mother.

HARRIET

I swear, I don't know where you came from.

Pullman walks out of a train car to the platform.

PULLMAN

Florrie!

Florence runs toward her father, nearly tackling him with a hug. She whispers in his ear.

FLORENCE

Promise to never leave me with her again!

He smiles at her affectionately. The boys make their way toward him as well. Pullman inspects their fingernails.

PULLMAN

Good to see you boys.

GEORGE JR.

(with a nod)

Father.

Harriet, unamused by her children's behavior, makes her way to Pullman's side and offers her cheek to him for a kiss.

HARRIET

You're not wearing that suit, are you dear?

PULLMAN

Lovely to see you too.

Theo approaches the family.

PULLMAN (CONT'D)

You all remember Theo?

The family nods.

FLORENCE

Hello Theo.

THEO

(tipping his hat)
Ms. Florence.

PULLMAN

Theo is our newest Lead Porter.
He's going to show you around the Principia while I get dressed.

Pullman kisses Florence on the head.

INT. HOWE HOME - DUSK

Bert paces the floor in Thomas's tenement home. Thomas sits on his couch watching.

THOMAS

So, are you going to tell me why you're paying me a visit instead of lounging in bed with your wife?

Bert stops to say something, but can't, he's too wound up. He punches the air.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Whoa, buddy. Okay. I've got something that might help.

Thomas goes to his kitchen and pulls a BOTTLE from a cabinet. He offers it to Bert who examines it.

BERT

Where'd you get this stuff?

THOMAS

A friend.

BERT

You know what would happen if
someone caught you with this?

THOMAS

You gonna rat me out?

BERT

Course not.

THOMAS

Want a drink?

Bert shrugs and pulls the cork from the bottle.

INT. PRINCIPIA SITTING CAR - CONTINUOUS

The Pullman family sits in cushioned chairs as Theo points
out some of the finer points of the car.

THEO

And the painting above your head,
Walter, is of the Pioneer, the car
that put the Pullman Palace Car
Company on the map when it appeared
in the funeral train of President
Abraham Lincoln.

HARRIET

Theo, we know pretty much the
entire history of George's company.

THEO

Of course I --

HARRIET

This really has been a bit of a
waste of time, don't you think?

FLORENCE

Mother!

WALTER

I heard there would be champagne.

HARRIET

Not until the ceremony begins.

GEORGE JR.

You promised we'd get to hear the
Porter Quartet.

THEO

They should start soon Mr. George.

HARRIET

Theo, do you think we might take
our seats for the ceremony now?

THEO

Of course Mrs. Pullman. This way.

Theo extends an arm and the family walks toward the door.
Florence gives Theo an apologetic shrug as she passes.

EXT. PULLMAN TOWN - CONTINUOUS

The sun is about to set. Angelica walks along the
cobblestone, looking at her feet and muttering to herself.

ANGELICA

What the hell am I doing here? Just
breathe. It's going to be okay. And
if it's not, Detroit wasn't so
bad...

She stands near the back of a CHURCH and takes a few steps
toward a STAIRWAY to the basement. She begins to pull a piece
of PAPER from her pocket.

MEL (O.S.)

Angelica Tyler?

Angelica shoves the paper back in her pocket and turns to see
Mel approaching.

ANGELICA

Oh, hello!

MEL

I didn't know you were back.

ANGELICA

Just today.

MEL

Welcome home! I'm sure Bert is
thrilled!

ANGELICA

Thank you.

MEL

It's good to see your face.

ANGELICA

Yours as well.

MEL

What are you doing out tonight?

ANGELICA

Enjoying a walk before supper.

MEL

Well, I'll let you continue. See you soon, Angelica.

He leaves and Angelica turns, leaving the basement door... and whatever lies beyond it, behind her.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - LATER

A QUARTET of Porters SING "Pullman Passenger Train". The Pullman family poses for a photograph. FLASH.

Mr. Pullman kisses Florence on the forehead and takes his spot on a makeshift stage. The microphone SQUEALS as he approaches.

The rows of seats in front of it are filled with a bustling who's who of high society.

PULLMAN

Thank you all for joining us tonight. When I founded the Pullman Palace Car Company, I knew we had important work to do.

Angelica makes her way up the steps to the station platform, and finds a place toward the back of the crowd.

INT. PRINCIPIA DINING CAR - CONTINUOUS

Pullman's speech can be heard within the train car, lit only by the lamps outside.

PULLMAN (O.S.)(CONT'D)

Our innovative designs have made it possible for more businessmen to travel each day, thus more business is done, and our country prospers.

Theo does his best Pullman impression as he moves through the dining car.

THEO
(as Pullman, giving a
speech)

These cars are the perfect place to keep our Negro neighbors in their place. Yes sir, no sir, they continue to wait on us as they always have. They ain't pickin' cotton no more, but they sure give a good shoe shine.

He adjusts a table setting and moves to the next train car.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - CONTINUOUS

Pullman continues his speech.

PULLMAN (CONT'D)
The comfort our cars provide has allowed men to travel without stopping for a good night's sleep and fathers make it home for dinner with their families more often.

He looks to his family. The boys, his wife, and an empty seat. Where is Florence?

INT. PRINCIPIA SLEEPING CAR, COMPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Theo walks into the compartment he made up earlier.

FLORENCE (O.S.)
This is a very well made compartment, Porter.

A smile creeps over Theo's face.

THEO
I'm glad it's to your liking, Ms. Florence.

He turns to see Florence reclining on the lower bed. He offers her a hand and she stands in front of him.

FLORENCE
You can call me Florrie, you know?

Florence kisses him.

THEO
Yeah, I know.

He kisses her back.

INTERCUT BETWEEN THE COMPARTMENT AND THE STAGE

Pullman continues his speech.

PULLMAN
At Pullman Palace Car Company we
are always working to create a
better train and I believe with the
Principia we've succeeded.

Theo takes Florence around the waist and pulls her close to him.

PULLMAN (CONT'D)
When you step inside, you'll see
all the remarkable upgrades that
have been made for your comfort.
I'd like to show you one of the
most exciting improvements now.

Theo and Florence move to the bed. He kisses her neck and she breathes heavily.

PULLMAN (CONT'D)
People ask why we work so hard. We
do it for our sons, our daughters,
so they will have a brighter
future.

Pullman glances to Florence's empty chair again.

PULLMAN (CONT'D)
Going forward, each new Pullman Car
will be lit with electric lights!

A CLICK is heard and the Principia is illuminated with light.

FLORENCE
The lights!

THEO
It's a new feature.

FLORENCE
Very nice, Porter.

THEO
Why, thank you, Ms. Florence.

Florence giggles as Theo kisses his way down her body until he is able to climb under her skirt.

FLORENCE
I've been meaning to ask about your
last letter. You used a phrase...

THEO
Shhh...

FLORENCE
But I want to...what are you--?
(she gasps, surprised)
Oh!

He glances up at her with a mischievous grin.

THEO
Shhh...

FLORENCE
(with gumption)
Don't stop!

He playfully throws her skirts entirely over his head.

Outside, the crowd CHEERS as PORTERS pop champagne.

PULLMAN
This latest improvement is yet
another achievement in our mission
to bring this great nation together
in a way that has never before been
possible.

Florence CLUTCHES a pillow and her body SEIZES in ecstasy.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - CONTINUOUS

Pullman steps down from the stage and shakes hands with businessmen as he moves through the crowd. ANDREW CARNEGIE extends his hand, which Pullman accepts.

PULLMAN
Carnegie, nice to see you.

CARNEGIE
Congratulations on the new train.
What a beauty!

PULLMAN
Thank you. If you'll excuse me--

Pullman tries to move on, but Carnegie steps in his path.

CARNEGIE

We need to discuss the financial situation we've encountered.

PULLMAN

I made it clear to the board that--

CARNEGIE

Don't feed me the company line. We are both pragmatic men. I think we can speak candidly, don't you?

PULLMAN

Tomorrow, in my office. When there aren't so many people around.

CARNEGIE

Something has to be done.

PULLMAN

All that needs to be done now is to find my Lead Porter and invite my guests aboard the train. You'll excuse me.

Pullman looks at him sternly, to which Carnegie stares back in a tense struggle for power. Carnegie finally steps aside.

CARNEGIE

Tomorrow then.

Pullman hurries through the crowd and boards the train.

INT. PRINCIPIA SITTING CAR - CONTINUOUS

Pullman looks around, no one in sight.

We follow his shoes as he moves to the next car.

INT. PRINCIPIA SLEEPING CAR, COMPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Theo tidies himself up, but Florence continues to kiss him.

FLORENCE

That was amazing. What was that?
You're amazing.

THEO

Tell me this, how come women wear so many layers?

Florence laughs. She kisses him and pulls him onto the bed.

FLORENCE
About that phrase I mentioned...

THEO
Yes?

FLORENCE
(whispering)
I love you too.

Theo's grin covers the entirety of his face.

THEO
I've got to get going. If I'm not
there to greet the guests, I'll
lose my job.

He kisses her. As he gets up, there is a loud SPLITTING sound as the seam of her dress tears under his weight. The sound is loud.

FLORENCE
What was that?

They get to their feet. In her corset, Florence can't bend to see where the dress is torn.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)
How bad is it?

Theo looks at the large hole in the side of her dress.

INT. PRINCIPIA SLEEPING CAR - CONTINUOUS

The shoes move down the hallway, passing the compartment, but then: VOICES. The shoes backtrack

INT. PRINCIPIA SLEEPING CAR, COMPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Theo tries to lift the dress and fold it into the hole, so it's not as conspicuous.

The door to the compartment swings open.

They are CAUGHT.

END OF ACT III

ACT IV

INT. PRINCIPIA SLEEPING CAR, COMPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Florence darts behind Theo. Quincy stands in the doorway, stunned.

QUINCY
This cannot be...

THEO
Pops, I-

QUINCY
Theo, you need to stop talking
right now, son. Miss Florence, are
you okay?

FLORENCE
Hi Quincy, yes, I'm fine. Just a
bit embarrassed.

QUINCY
You should get back to the party.

FLORENCE
Yes, that's probably the best idea.

She looks to Theo with an "I'm sorry" shrug and quickly makes her way out of the compartment.

THEO
I know this looks--

QUINCY
When I said don't talk, I meant it.

THEO
But you have to let me--

QUINCY
What exactly do I have to let you
do? Explain? There is no explaining
this away, Theo.

THEO
We love each other.

QUINCY
You--? What? How are you this
naive, son? What if Mr. Pullman had
found you?

THEO

It shouldn't matter. Slavery's been dead for decades. I'm a free man, just like Pullman's sons.

QUINCY

You're Black.

THEO

And she loves me.

QUINCY

That woman is going to marry a rich White man and if she tells a soul about you - ever - God help you son. You're not just out of a job, you'll be strung up and killed in front of the damn church.

THEO

I need more than just not being a slave! Don't you see we're not any better off now than before.

QUINCY

I watched my Pop beaten bloody until he passed because he spoke up for my ma when she was too sick to work. I listened to my sister scream as a white man raped her over and over again, watched as they yanked her child from her breast and there was nothing I could do about it. Don't you ever tell me we're not better off. You stupid, selfish, arrogant child.

Quincy begins remaking the bed.

THEO

Pop, I--

QUINCY

Go get ready for the guests.

THEO

I...

QUINCY

Go!

Theo heads out the door and Quincy sits on the bed for a moment, resting his head in his hands.

INT. PRINCIPIA DINING CAR - CONTINUOUS

Theo enters the Dining Car and nearly runs into Pullman.

THEO
Oh, I'm sorry sir.

PULLMAN
I certainly hope you'll be less clumsy around the customers. Have you seen Florrie aboard? It seems she missed my speech.

THEO
Ms. Florence? Not since I showed your family around earlier.

PULLMAN
Well this has been a perfectly useless conversation.

He takes a deep breath and looks at the new car they're standing in. It's grand, beautiful.

PULLMAN (CONT'D)
(referring to the car)
What do you think of her? Beauty isn't she?

THEO
(with a smile)
If there's one place I love being, it's inside a Pullman.

Pullman claps Theo on the back.

PULLMAN
Good on you. Let's bring the party aboard.

They head toward the front of the train.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - CONTINUOUS

Angelica sips her champagne. She spots Florence stealing looks from the back of the train and approaches.

ANGELICA
Pst. Coast's clear.

Florence gestures, "Are you talking to me?" Angelica nods. Florence steps quickly onto the platform.

FLORENCE

Thank you. I was waiting for the right moment.

Harriet marches up.

HARRIET

Florence, where in God's good name have you been? You completely missed your father's speech.

FLORENCE

I'm sorry Mother, I was just--

ANGELICA

Having a lovely conversation with me. I do apologize for keeping her, I can be rather long winded.

HARRIET

And you are?

ANGELICA

Angelica Tyler. I met your husband on my train ride back from Detroit and he said that I absolutely had to meet Florence here.

HARRIET

I see.

Harriet notices the ripped seam in the dress.

HARRIET (CONT'D)

What in the world?

FLORENCE

Oh, this? It's not really so bad.

HARRIET

Your corset is exposed! We'll have to get you home at once.

FLORENCE

No! I haven't even had a glass of champagne yet!

ANGELICA

What if we board the sitting car? If we stay seated, no one will see that tear.

FLORENCE

Yes, yes. That's what we'll do.

Behind Harriet, Pullman stretches out from the conductor's window at the front of the train.

PULLMAN
All aboard!

Harriet turns as FIREWORKS explode and the crowd CHEERS.

HARRIET
Very well. Hurry up.

Harriet turns. Florence and Angelica follow behind.

FLORENCE
Thank you for that.

ANGELICA
Perhaps later you'll tell me how
you tore your dress?

Florence blushes.

INT. HOWE HOME - CONTINUOUS

Bert and Thomas sit on the floor, they drunkenly SING:

BERT AND THOMAS
Dinah won't ya blow, Dinah won't ya blow,
Dinah won't you blow your horn!

BERT	THOMAS
Someone's in the kitchen--	No one's in the kitchen with Dinah

BERT
No. Someone's in the kitchen

THOMAS
No one's in the--

BERT
It's someone. Someone's in the
kitchen with Dinah.

THOMAS
...I think you're right.

BERT
I definitely am.

They laugh until all that's left is silence.

BERT (CONT'D)
It's tough, you know? With Ange. I
didn't know what to say after...
and I don't know what to say now
that she's home.

THOMAS
What happened?

BERT
She went to some rally in Detroit
and now she wants me to join a
Union. Can you believe that?

THOMAS
A Union?

BERT
I know! Not as though she's ever
worked a day in her life.

Bert wanders toward the window.

THOMAS
Maybe you should hear her out.

BERT
What are you talking about?

THOMAS
Some of the guys and I, we've been
talking about the way things are.

BERT
Things are fine.

THOMAS
They're not, Bert.

Something GLIMMERS by the window -- a chewed up METAL SCRAP.

BERT
What's--
(accusingly)
You said you'd bring it to the
office.

Bert turns the metal scrap over in his hand.

BERT (CONT'D)
Tell me this wasn't you.
(beat)
Tom, you better speak up real
quick.

THOMAS

It wasn't. But I knew about it.

BERT

You have got to be kidding me. You killed someone!

THOMAS

Revolutions aren't free.

BERT

What in the hell are you talking about?

THOMAS

It wasn't supposed to happen that way.

BERT

It coulda been me, Tom!

THOMAS

But it wasn't.

BERT

So it doesn't matter then?

THOMAS

Of course it matters!

BERT

Why would you do that?! Don't you have a roof over your head? It's a good job.

THOMAS

Would you pull your head out of your ass? Can't you see we deserve more? To be treated better than dogs.

BERT

I'm not a revolutionary! When'd it become a crime to just be a man?

Bert kicks the wall, frustrated.

INT. PRINCIPIA SITTING CAR - CONTINUOUS

Angelica and a tipsy Florence sit and sip their champagne.

FLORENCE

For women to vote? Father would hate that!

ANGELICA

I got that impression, yes. It's already happening all over the country though! Women in Colorado, for example, will be able to vote in this year's elections!

FLORENCE

No!

ANGELICA

Yes! I want to start a group for the movement here.

FLORENCE

Oh wow!

ANGELICA

You're interested then?

FLORENCE

Absolutely. Oh! We can meet at my hotel!

ANGELICA

The Florence? That's...

FLORENCE

Yes, named for me. Father went a little overboard with that gift.

ANGELICA

My husband and I went when we first moved here.

FLORENCE

Husband?

ANGELICA

Yes, Bert. He's at home tonight.

FLORENCE

Why? Is he not a fan of champagne?

ANGELICA

Not at all.

(whispers)

More of a whisky man.

Florence laughs and so does Angelica.

ANGELICA (CONT'D)

It would have been nice to have him here. We haven't been out for an evening in quite some time.

FLORENCE

Why's that?

ANGELICA

Oh, life gets in the way.

Florence finds this sentiment funny.

FLORENCE

What does that mean?

ANGELICA

It's difficult to explain.

Florence looks to Theo with a smile and lifts her empty glass, signaling for a refill.

FLORENCE

Well, you're lucky. If I could attend a party on the arm of the man I love...

ANGELICA

The man you love?

Florence blushes as Theo arrives with champagne.

THEO

Hello ladies. I hope you're enjoying yourselves this evening.

FLORENCE

Very much, thank you.

Across the room Harriet stands by her husband's side and eyes them suspiciously.

HARRIET

Dear, I think it's time we find Florence a husband. I thought she'd grow out of the wild behavior, but it appears this is what we have to work with.

PULLMAN

Florrie is a lovely girl.

HARRIET

She disappeared for the entirety of your speech and returned with a large rip in her new dress. Not everyone's definition of lovely.

PULLMAN

Well, spirited.

HARRIET

Not so easy to find a husband for "spirited".

PULLMAN

Enough. I am not forcing someone on her.

HARRIET

You always take her side. Perhaps if you had spent more than a week with us in the past few months, you'd take my concerns more seriously.

PULLMAN

I'm not doing this here, Harriet.

Pullman walks away and joins Florence, Angelica, and Theo.

PULLMAN (CONT'D)

Mrs. Tyler. I'm impressed you came.

ANGELICA

Thank you for the invitation.

PULLMAN

Is your husband here?

ANGELICA

Unfortunately, he was otherwise engaged this evening.

PULLMAN

That's too bad. I trust you're enjoying yourself?

FLORENCE

Theo is taking good care of us.

Pullman doesn't take his eyes off Angelica, which confuses Florence.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)
Angelica and I are having tea
tomorrow!

PULLMAN
Are you?

ANGELICA
Yes, and looking forward to it.

Florence finishes her glass of champagne.

FLORENCE
Another round, Angelica?

Angelica breaks the stare between herself and Pullman.

ANGELICA
My husband will be expecting me
home. Would you excuse me?

FLORENCE
Of course. I'll see you tomorrow!

Pullman takes Angelica's hand and kisses it then takes her
seat as she exits. He turns his attention to Theo.

PULLMAN
Don't you have matters to attend
to?

FLORENCE
Theo was just checking that we had
everything we needed.

PULLMAN
From what I hear, you need a
seamstress.

Panic flashes quickly through Theo's eyes.

FLORENCE
Just a small rip.

PULLMAN
Yes, I heard it happened when you
inexplicably chose to excuse
yourself from my speech.

Pullman takes her hand, but she pulls it back.

FLORENCE
It's nothing to worry about. What
difference does it make?

PULLMAN
I don't like being embarrassed.

FLORENCE
It was an accident.

PULLMAN
Enlighten me as to the details.

THEO
She was--

PULLMAN
(to Theo)
I don't see what you have to do
with this. Why are you still
standing here?

FLORENCE
He saw the accident.

PULLMAN
Really?

FLORENCE
Yes, I came on the train because I
realized I'd left a kerchief aboard
when we had our tour.

THEO
She bent down to look for it and--

FLORENCE
And Quincy wasn't paying attention
and stepped on my dress as I stood.

PULLMAN
Quincy tore your dress?

THEO
It was an accident.

PULLMAN
I thought you hadn't seen her?

Theo, caught in his lie, looks to Florence, pleading. Then--

DRUNK (O.S.)
Murderer!

A DRUNK WOMAN (60s, Caucasian) in a black dress pushes
through the crowd.

The train grows quiet. The drunk POINTS at Pullman.

DRUNK (CONT'D)
You killed my son!

A Porter quickly takes the woman's arm to escort her off the train, but she pulls away.

DRUNK (CONT'D)
He was working in the factory. He--

Pullman motions to Theo for help as he approaches her.

PULLMAN
I am very sorry for your loss,
ma'am, but now is not the--

DRUNK
He gave 16 years to you. His whole
life. For what?! A new train car?
This party?!

She grabs a glass of wine from a nearby table and throws it on Pullman.

DRUNK (CONT'D)
You're a monster!

Theo and another Porter lift the woman and carry her from the car as she yells.

Harriet rushes to Pullman's side.

HARRIET
Are you alright?

She takes his handkerchief from his pocket and begins dabbing at the stain.

PULLMAN
Dammit, Harriet. Leave it alone.
(to the crowd)
Another glass of champagne for
everyone! Please enjoy yourselves.

The party begins again as Pullman makes his way through the crowd to leave the train car--and a deflated Harriet--behind.

INT. HOWE HOME - LATER

Bert sits on the couch. Thomas stands in the doorway.

THOMAS
Don't punch me for saying this...

BERT
Saying what?

THOMAS
I've never seen a person as torn up
as Ange was when Elliot...when
he...

BERT
It's okay to say it, Tom. He died.

THOMAS
Yeah. I think you should try to
listen to what she has to say about
this Union stuff.

BERT
I don't see what one has to do with
the other.

THOMAS
She's trying to keep you safe. I
doubt she could take another loss.
(beat)
You should come to a meeting.

BERT
Tom-

THOMAS
Just think about it. We're meeting
at Greg's in the morning. Your
shift isn't until the afternoon,
right?

BERT
Right, but it's not my--

THOMAS
Think about it.

A tense moment, and then Bert nods and heads for the door.

INT. PRINCIPIA, PULLMAN'S PRIVATE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Pullman buttons up a fresh shirt. Quincy enters the car.

QUINCY
I'm sorry, Mr. Pullman. A passenger
stopped me and I had difficulty
getting away.

PULLMAN
Yes, well, I've almost finished,
but you can help with my tie.

QUINCY
Of course, sir.

Quincy fixes the tie around Pullman's neck.

PULLMAN
Nothing is going right today.
(beat)
Were you planning to tell me about
the incident earlier?

QUINCY
Incident?

PULLMAN
With Florence.

Quincy pauses momentarily, unsure what to say.

QUINCY
I hadn't planned to. No.

PULLMAN
Why not?

QUINCY
With all due respect, he's my son,
sir.

Quincy finishes knotting the tie.

QUINCY (CONT'D)
I don't agree with his actions, but
I know he means well. And I know
it's not right, but he loves your
daughter.

PULLMAN
What are you talking about? Loves
my...

Pullman puts a version of events together in his mind. He
starts to leave.

QUINCY
Mr. Pullman, what are you going to
do? They're just kids, sir.

He follows Pullman out the door.

EXT. PRINCIPIA, VESTIBULE - CONTINUOUS

Quincy GRABS Pullman's arm, pleading.

QUINCY

Please, we're both reasonable men.
Both fathers who love their
children. They grew up together.
Surely you can understand--

PULLMAN

Let go! And never compare yourself
to me, you hear? Not ever! I built
everything I've ever owned. You're
just... antique farm equipment that
got lucky and lived off of my
generosity. There is nothing
comparable between us. And your son
is nothing but an insect under my
foot. I'll be damned if that nigger
makes a fool of me--of Florence.

Quincy is taken aback by this response, but when Pullman
heads for the door to the next car, Quincy grabs him by the
arm, pleading.

QUINCY

Please, Mr. Pullman, just take a
moment and--

Pullman PUSHES him hard.

PULLMAN

I said let go of me!

Quincy loses his footing and FALLS from the vestibule. He
hits his HEAD hard on the TRACKS below.

Pullman, shocked, rushes to the edge of the vestibule. Below,
Quincy breathes erratically. Pullman prepares to get onto the
tracks, but stops short.

He looks Quincy in the EYES, straightens his suit, and turns
to reenter his private train car.

BLOOD pools on the TRACKS and Quincy's eyes roll back.

END OF ACT IV

ACT V

EXT. PULLMAN TOWN - NIGHT

Angelica walks the streets of the quiet town, lit by the glow of street lamps. She smiles at a FACTORY WORKER boarding up a broken window at the factory. Above him, the CLOCKTOWER reads ten-twenty-five.

She turns a corner, and suddenly her walk becomes more urgent. She hurries past the FLORENCE HOTEL, careful to make sure no one is following behind her.

She approaches the CHURCH and walks down the stairs she left behind earlier. She takes a final glance around, removes the PAPER from her pocket and slips it under the door.

She KNOCKS four times and listens at the door. FOOTSTEPS approach on the other side. Angelica races up the stairs and we hear the CREAK of the door opening as she turns a corner.

INT. PRINCIPIA SLEEPING CAR - CONTINUOUS

Harriet walks by GUESTS on the sleeping car, looking for her husband. She exits through the back door to the vestibule.

Suddenly, a SCREAM.

A MAN runs toward the back door and throws it open.

EXT. PRINCIPIA, VESTIBULE - CONTINUOUS

Harriet clutches the wall of the vestibule.

HARRIET
Call a Doctor!

The man lets the door close as he takes off.

Pullman opens the opposite door from his private car.

PULLMAN
What's all the commotion?

Harriet goes to him, hugs him.

HARRIET
There's been an accident.

She buries her head in his chest. Pullman looks to the tracks where Quincy lies unconscious.

PULLMAN

My God!

HARRIET

How could this have happened?

Theo bursts through the door with a DOCTOR in tow.

THEO

Someone said they needed a doctor.

PULLMAN

I'm so sorry Theo.

Theo moves toward the edge of the vestibule and sees Quincy.

THEO

What? No! Pops!

Theo hurries onto the tracks.

THEO (CONT'D)

Come on! Doctor, help!

The Doctor steps down to the tracks and takes Quincy's pulse.

DOCTOR

He's alive. We need to get him to my office. I can't do much more than stop the bleed here.

THEO

Let's go.

PULLMAN

Theo, you need to make sure everything is in order here, so the party can continue.

THEO

My father is--

PULLMAN

Your father would want you to handle your job.

THEO

(to Doctor)

Is he going to be okay?

DOCTOR

He lost a lot of blood.

THEO
Will he live?

DOCTOR
I'm going to do my best.

Theo nods and hops back onto the vestibule.

THEO
Please don't let him die.

Theo gets to work as the Doctor pulls gauze from his bag.

PULLMAN
(to Harriet)
Darling, why don't you get the
children ready to go home? This has
been quite enough excitement for
you tonight.

HARRIET
Yes, it has been.

She enters the train car.

PULLMAN
I think it's best if he goes to the
Negro hospital in town instead of
your office, don't you?

DOCTOR
My office is closer, he'll have a
better chance there.

PULLMAN
He'll be more comfortable amongst
his own people. I'll get the
carriage ready.

Pullman steps out of the vestibule onto the train platform.

INT. TYLER HOME - LATER

QUICK CUTS:

-A BURNER ignites.

-A TEA KETTLE is set atop the burner.

-A DUST PAN holding shards of SHATTERED TEA CUP is emptied
into a trash can.

Angelica takes a seat at the desk in her bedroom.

ANGELICA
(contemplates)
Women's place. Women's world. Ah!

She writes at the top of a piece of paper: "A Place At The Table written by Tyler Elliot". She caresses the name TYLER ELLIOT lightly with her finger.

The sound of the door LATCHING catches her attention and she hides the paper at the bottom of her pile.

Angelica greets Bert with a smile and checks the kettle. He walks behind her and puts his arms around her waist.

BERT
Only six hours into having you here
and I'm already on my second
apology.

ANGELICA
I can't be the person I was, Bert.
And I don't want to be. I can't
stay here and promise and obey and
cook and clean. I need more than
that now.

BERT
I know.

Angelica turns and looks at him.

ANGELICA
And we have got to stop turning our
grief on each other. I'm sorry I
left, but I'm back. And I'm not
going anywhere.

BERT
I love you.

She puts her arms around his neck. She can smell the whiskey on his breath. She smirks.

ANGELICA
Have you been drinking?

BERT
A little.

ANGELICA
Bert Tyler, I'll be! Breaking the
rules! It's so unlike you.

She kisses him on the cheek.

ANGELICA (CONT'D)

I love you too.

She kisses him on the lips. Her hands move through his hair. He picks her up, bringing her to the kitchen table. This time, she helps to unbuckle his belt.

BERT

You sure?

ANGELICA

Let's not let life get in the way.

(whispers in his ear)

I want you.

He doesn't need her to say it twice. He drops his pants, yanks her bloomers down and is inside her. They move together as the tea kettle WHISTLES.

EXT. PULLMAN TOWN - DAWN

The sun rises over the tenement homes in Pullman Town.

INT. TYLER HOME - MORNING

Bert kisses Angelica, softly waking her from sleep.

ANGELICA

Mmm...I missed you.

BERT

Me too.

They kiss.

BERT (CONT'D)

Say, want to go for a picnic today?
Like we used to?

ANGELICA

I actually have lunch plans
already. What if I make something
nice for dinner?

BERT

I'm working a late shift.

(beat)

Where are you going for lunch?

ANGELICA
(hesitantly)
Florence Pullman invited me for
tea.

BERT
Pullman?

ANGELICA
We met last night. We're going to
discuss starting a group for
women's suffrage in town.

BERT
(shaking his head)
Are you trying to lose me my job?

ANGELICA
Of course not! But you go to work
every day and I'm left here with my
thoughts. I have to do *something*.
(beat)
Are you going to say anything?

BERT
(sincerely)
No. I'm listening.

She nods and continues tentatively.

ANGELICA
I so badly want things to be
better, Bert. When we have another
baby, we have to be able to afford
medicine...

This is the first he's heard her talk about trying again.

ANGELICA (CONT'D)
And I know you don't like to cause
trouble, but I have to try to make
a difference. If I don't, who will?

He takes her hand as she continues...

INT. PULLMAN FACTORY, OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Pullman and Carnegie sit at Pullman's desk.

CARNEGIE
The company simply isn't doing as
well as it used to. The board is
concerned--

PULLMAN

Bull - Andrew. You're concerned.

CARNEGIE

Fine, I'm concerned. We've had three quarters of downturn.

PULLMAN

It's due to the economic panic. People will calm down and our numbers will bounce back.

CARNEGIE

And until then? How are you going to help the bottom line?

PULLMAN

We cut wages at the Detroit plant in '78, we can do the same here.

CARNEGIE

Without decreased productivity?

PULLMAN

I'll increase hours.

CARNEGIE

The employees won't like it.

PULLMAN

They're like children, they may get unruly, but when all is said and done they'll see I have their best interests at heart.

CARNEGIE

And if they don't?

PULLMAN

Then we'll find new employees.

CARNEGIE

Perhaps we need to find new management.

The men glare at each other.

CARNEGIE (CONT'D)

I've invited a man here to ensure things stay in line. A Pinkerton.

Pullman's jaw drops in disbelief.

CARNEGIE (CONT'D)
Just until the financial situation
has been managed. We need to ensure
the men on the line stay put.

PULLMAN
Absolutely not.

CARNEGIE
The Pinkertons helped put an end to
that god-awful strike a few years
back.

PULLMAN
By shooting at people. They made
the problem worse.

CARNEGIE
If you want my continued support,
the Pinkerton man stays.

PULLMAN
Don't put me in a corner, Andrew.

CARNEGIE
Or what?

PULLMAN
I don't like being handled.

CARNEGIE
And I don't like my investments
failing.

Pullman seethes, but issues a small nod.

PORTER (PRE-LAP)
I got a robe, you got a robe, All
o' God's chillun got a robe.

INT. TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

A Porter sings "All God's Chillun Got Wings" as he prepares
the sleeping car for service.

PORTER
When I get to heab'n I'm goin' to
put on my robe, I'm goin' to shout
all ovah God's Heab'n...

He makes up a bed. His song underscores the next few scenes.

INT. HOSPITAL - MORNING

Theo wrings Quincy's blood-stained hat in his hands as he stares down at the floor by Quincy's bedside.

INT. PRINCIPIA DINING CAR - CONTINUOUS

The Porter peeks into the kitchen to see that all is running on time. The chef and wait staff are busily at work.

INT. TENAMENT HOME - CONTINUOUS

Thomas addresses a group of MEN.

THOMAS

We deserve better than just getting by! We work hard and should get to negotiate for our wages. A sick day should not mean termination! We need to take a stand.

Thomas sees Bert sneak in the back and nods at him.

INT. PRINCIPIA SITTING CAR - CONTINUOUS

The Porter fluffs the pillows on the chairs.

PORTER

Heab'n , Heab'n, Ev'rybody talkin'
'bout heab'n...

He exits the train, stepping onto...

EXT. TRAIN STATION - PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

He looks out at the city of Pullman.

PORTER

I'm goin' to walk all ovah God's
Heab'n...

It's a beautiful morning.

Behind him, a train pulls into the station and PASSENGERS are helped off.

JEREMIAH, who we recognize by his distinctive coat (even without the bullet hole), exits the train and approaches the Porter.

JEREMIAH
Where can I find the Florence
Hotel?

PORTER
Center of town, just a block from
the factory. Can't miss it.

The Porter eyes the silver badge on Jeremiah's collar. We can see that it reads: PINKERTON NATIONAL DETECTIVE AGENCY.

JEREMIAH
Thank you kindly.

Jeremiah tips his hat and continues on his way.

INT. TYLER HOME - CONTINUOUS

Angelica, fresh from a shower, opens a drawer to get dressed and finds a Christening ROMPER. She smells the garment. It's a punch to the gut. She sits on the floor and spreads the romper out as her grief consumes her.

Her head spins and she tries to catch her breath. She crawls across the room and pulls herself up onto the chair at her desk, leaving the romper on the floor behind her.

She begins to write, putting the pieces of herself back together with each word.

INT. HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

Theo stands by Quincy's side.

Quincy's hand moves. His eyes flutter and then fly open.

THEO
Doctor! We need a doctor in here!

Quincy tries to speak, it's difficult.

THEO (CONT'D)
Just hold on Pops.

Quincy continues his struggle. He pulls Theo close and whispers in his ear. Theo's eyes go WIDE.

A doctor and several nurses enter the room and push Theo out of the way as they set to work.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - CONTINUOUS

The Porter still stands on the platform, singing his song. He watches as a carriage pulls up to the station.

PORTER
I'm goin' to walk all ovah God's
Heab'n.

Pullman gets out of the carriage and helps Florence out.

PORTER (CONT'D)
Morning, Mr. Pullman.

PULLMAN
Morning. Everything running on
schedule today?

PORTER
Yes, sir.

Pullman nods as he and Florence continue toward the train.

FLORENCE
I thought you were taking me to the
hotel for tea?

PULLMAN
I wanted to ask you again about
last night and thought this a more
appropriate place.

FLORENCE
Last night?

PULLMAN
The tear in your dress?

FLORENCE
I told you--

PULLMAN
You told me it was Quincy.

FLORENCE
Yes. Angelica is expecting me at
the hotel. Don't you think we
should be going?

They near the entrance to the train car.

PULLMAN
What did I do, Florrie? To make you
embarrass me this way?

FLORENCE
What are you talking about?

PULLMAN
The twins I'd understand, I've
always been disciplinarian, but you
and I... I always thought we shared
a kindred spirit. I've taken your
side and kept your confidences.

FLORENCE
Father, I--

Pullman puts a hand up to stop her, his eyes low.

PULLMAN
It's clear to me I've ruined you.

FLORENCE
(confused)
Ruined me?

PULLMAN
This is my fault. There are rules
to the world, an order to things
and without order, chaos erupts. I
should have been a better father.

FLORENCE
I don't understand.

PULLMAN
Get on the train Florence.

FLORENCE
Where are we going?

PULLMAN
You're going to live with Aunt
Emily in California.

FLORENCE
Me? I'm...
(it hits her)
You're sending me away?

PULLMAN
I'll be out to visit.

FLORENCE
No! You can't! I won't go.

Pullman looks to the Porter, signaling him to help.

PULLMAN
It's for your own good.

Florence begins to plead.

FLORENCE
No! I'm sorry. I'm sorry father,
please don't do this!

Another Porter approaches and the two take her arms. Pullman turns and walks away.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)
No! Please!
(through tears)
Father, at least let me say
goodbye!

Pullman turns back to her. The Porters release Florence who runs to her father and throws her arms around him.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)
(hysterical)
I love you! Please don't make me
go. I'll be good. I'll be a good
girl! I promise! Please.

Pullman holds her close for a moment and takes in the smell of the daughter he loves. He kisses her on the head.

PULLMAN
Time to go now.

FLORENCE
No! You can't do this!

She hits him on the chest and he grabs her wrists to stop her. He nods to the Porters who approach and pull Florence onto the train.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)
No! Stop it, let me go!

PULLMAN
This is for the best. You'll see.

She looks at Pullman with nothing but hate.

FLORENCE
I will never forgive you for this.

And she means it.

Pullman turns and walks toward the overlook, tears welling in his eyes. This pains him more than he expected.

INT. PRINCIPIA, PULLMAN'S PRIVATE CAR - CONTINUOUS

The Porters escort Florence into the car.

PORTER
Please let me know if you need
anything on the journey, Ms.
Florence.

Florence stands numbly looking at the grand room.

PORTER (CONT'D)
Ms. Florence?

She doesn't respond. The Porters leave the private car.

The moment the door closes, Florence runs to the bed at the back of the car. She climbs onto it and reaches for the WINDOW above it.

She unlocks the window at both sides and PUSHES until the window's hinges are fully extended.

She HITS it with all her might - once, twice, three times. And then the hinges give slightly... A WAY OUT.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - CONTINUOUS

Pullman looks out over his town. Smoke rises from the chimney at the factory.

PORTER (O.S.)
When I get to heab'n I'm goin' to
put on my shoes, I'm goin' to walk
all ovah God's Heab'n.

Behind Pullman, the train pulls out of the station as the Porter finishes his song.

SMASH CUT TO:

BLACK.

END OF PILOT