

NIGHT RIDE DOWN

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. A PULLMAN CAR - CHICAGO STATION (1935)

1

ESSLEY BURTON, a black porter, slips on his white service jacket and fastens the silver buttons... he buffs his shoes with a rag... finally, he puts on a cap with a silver plaque that reads "PULLMAN PORTER", and he adjusts it in a mirror...

INT. ANOTHER CAR - SUNSET

2

Before the passengers board, Essley carries a load of towels through an empty sleeping car where a rookie porter named WOLTERS is "making down" twenty-five berths.

ESSLEY

You get any sleep?

WOLTERS

(happily)

No, but man, I saw Chicago. Hell,
I don't need sleep.

ESSLEY

Then you found the right job.

Essley continues on. Wolters' hands crease the sheets perfectly, stretch the blankets tight, and fluff the pillows.

INT. THE MOVING TRAIN - LATER - NIGHT

3

Now the train rushes through the darkness, and Essley walks down the swaying aisle past seated passengers. He delivers tea to a woman... helps a man adjust a reading lamp...

INT. A COMPARTMENT - LATER - NIGHT

4

Essley straightens up while the occupants are at dinner. He finds a toy dog on the floor and sets it upright on the couch.

INT. THE TRAIN - LATER - NIGHT

5

As the train slows into a small station marked MANSFIELD, Wolters helps a traveler into his jacket and brushes him off with a whisk broom. The man puts a quarter in Wolters' hand.

INT. THE VESTIBULE

6

Essley takes a woman's arm, assisting her down to the conductor waiting outside. Then he sees Wolters.

ESSLEY

Cover for me. I got to make the pick-up.

WOLTERS

Let me go, Essley. I can do it.

Essley smiles faintly at Wolters' enthusiasm. He looks around cautiously, then steps over to the door on the opposite side. He opens it and motions to Wolters, who happily jumps down onto the gravel.

EXT. THE MANSFIELD STATION - NIGHT

7

Wolters heads across the rocks and shining rails toward an empty passenger train being serviced in the darkness. He approaches a Pullman car and speaks to two porters silhouetted in the yellow light of the open door.

One of them hands down a wrapped package, and Wolters sticks it under his arm. He nods to the men and starts back toward his own train in the distance.

Wolters skirts an empty caboose and slows when he sees a fire burning in an oil barrel -- with nobody around it. He continues on, until he sees a huge shadow (thrown by a work light) looming up the wall of the coal tower.

He turns toward a man approaching, barely distinguishable in the darkness. Starting off slowly, Wolters edges away from the approaching figure. A distant train whistle blows.

Then he notices another man emerging from the shadows between two freight cars, and Wolters looks scared. The man is obviously stalking him -- both men are now.

Suddenly the rookie porter bolts and runs. The two men do likewise, pursuing him through the freight yard. Wolters races along a row of empty sleeping cars. Dodging past an open coupling, he drops the package but can't slow.

Running out on the other side, he sees that the men have split up and are closing in on him from both sides -- and there's a third man charging at him straight ahead --

Wolters scrambles under a grain car. Scooting out the other side, he races off toward a row of freight cars. Two of his pursuers dive under the gravel car and tear out after him.

Wolters clambers up a gangplank, dashes across the half-sided lumber car, and vaults over the far rail into the air. He hits the ground, falls and rolls.

Gasping for breath, the porter takes cover next to a carload of cattle -- suddenly he's blindsided by a flying tackle. The livestock lurch back in the car, stomping and bellowing.

Wolters is dragged up from the rocks by three white men. All noises are drowned now by the roar of the approaching SAGINAW ARROW. Wolters struggles as one man locks his arm behind him and the other clutches him by the throat.

The third man rips open the package he dropped. Inside is a stack of newspapers called THE MESSENGER. A headline reads "STRIKE CALLED..." -- the man tosses the bundle aside and grabs Wolters by the front of his white jacket.

Its headlight flaring, the huge express hurtles toward them on the next track. The men strongarm Wolters across the rocks and seem intent on throwing him into the path of the train --

Instead they play a game, holding him, pushing him ever closer to the blurring metal of the cars streaking past --

THUG

(shouting)

Are you union, boy?! Are you
union?!

Wolters struggles, his face inches from the flashing cars, the wind lashing his eyes. The thug repeats his question, and the roar of the train obliterates Wolters' scream --

WOLTERS

NO!!

Suddenly he's shoved head first -- the train vanishes -- and the young porter lurches into empty space, trips and sprawls across the still burning tracks.

Gasping, Wolters looks at the three men stepping across the tracks toward him. He staggers to his feet and runs.

EXT. THE TRAIN

8

Essley swings open the door and jumps down. He sees Wolters approaching -- walking unsteadily -- observed by curious passengers inside the dining car.

Essley goes to him, but Wolters doesn't slow until he grabs him by the arm. The rookie's uniform is filthy and torn, and tears run down his face. He's scared and humiliated.

WOLTERS

Jesus -- they caught me, Essley --

ESSLEY

It's not your fault. Get on the train.

WOLTERS

I'm sorry --

Essley looks around the deserted yard warily.

ESSLEY

Get on the damn train!

The train lurches and starts to pull out. He pushes Wolters toward the open door, and Essley climbs up after him.

INT. THE VESTIBULE

9

Essley slams the door as the train rolls out of Mansfield. Wolters sinks down the wall until he's sitting on the floor, and he buries his head on his arms.

Essley peers out the window. The train lumbers past a burning trash can, and he sees the three men tossing the union papers into the dancing flames -- and the laughter on their faces.

EXT. THE MANSFIELD STATION - NIGHT

10

The huge metal wheels rumble past as the train roars out of the station.

CUT TO:

INT. PHILADELPHIA COURT OF APPEALS - DAY

11

The echo of the train dies. Without spectators or jury, the marble courtroom is tomb-silent while JUDGE LEVILOFF sits at the bench perusing a stack of papers.

At the defense table, Pullman lawyers UNTERMYER, YELLIN and LINK, sit in expensive suits and doodle idly with gold pens. Behind them three assistants sit poised for action.

Across the aisle, W. JETT MINTON, a black attorney in his sixties, crouches behind a jumble of files. Next to him, FRANCIS SYMS, a younger black lawyer, plays nervously with a yellow pencil.

Ten rows behind the Pullman lawyers, WARREN MCCALL (Vice President of Sales, the Pullman Company), sits watching the

proceedings, aware of the gravity beneath the legal maneuvering.

JUDGE LEVILOFF

(quietly)

I see the Railroad Mediation Board recommended arbitration of this conflict... twice... the first time three years ago...

JETT MINTON

(standing)

That's right, your honor. But the Pullman Railway Company refuses to arbitrate, negotiate, or even recognize --

UNTERMEYER

(interrupting)

Your honor, we've established that the so-called Brotherhood of Porters is an illegal union with no real membership --

JETT MINTON

The "Transportation Act" gives railroad company employees the right to bargain collectively --

YELLIN

(interrupting)

And we have shown clearly that the Pullman company leases cars to railroads, but is not itself a railroad so this doesn't --

Suddenly Syms tosses his pencil and jumps to his feet.

SYMS

Hell, we can't seem to win on any grounds. Why is it that none of the laws of this country apply to the 10,000 porters working for their company!

JUDGE LEVILOFF

You're out of order! Sit down!

Warren observes the heated exchange with increasing interest.

SYMS

All this fancy talk about jurisdiction while our men are being

SYMS (CONT'D)
beaten up -- what's it going to
 take, a porter getting lynched
 before --

JUDGE
 Mr. Symns! Now you shut up! You
 hear me?! Your behavior has
 jeopardized your case to a point
 that's going to be fatal! I will
 not sit here and listen to your
 blatant contempt --

As the judge berates the young lawyer, Untermyer, Yellin and Link try to conceal their delight. Yellin turns, looks back across the empty rows of seats at Warren, and smiles.

Warren stares back at him soberly, and Yellin's smile fades. He sees Warren stand up and start to go out. As Warren goes up the aisle he notices someone else --

A dignified-looking black man sits in the last row. This is A. PHILIP RANDOLPH, Executive Director of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters. And Warren feels Randolph's eyes on him as leaves the courtroom.

CUT TO:

EXT. PULLMAN COMPANY HEADQUARTERS - LATE AFTERNOON 12

A Packard sedan rounds the circular drive and stops. Warren gets out and walks up the steps of the ornate brick building.

INT. A HALLWAY 13

Warren heads down the hallway against the flow of office workers leaving for the weekend. He passes large wall photos showing happy passengers boarding Pullman lounge cars.

Warren turns through a door beside which hangs a poster of a smiling porter tipping his hat -- "His Friendly Service is Our Business".

INT. WARREN MCCALL'S OFFICE 14

Two managers work in the room: AIKINS checks schedules on Warren's desk; JENNING shouts on a long distance call. Warren enters taking off his jacket and smiles at his crew.

WARREN
 So am I a liar? I promised down-
 state Illinois two sixty-foot mail

WARREN (CONT'D)
cars and a twenty-two baggage
rolling yesterday --

AIKINS
I just learned they won't be out
of the factory until the third.

WARREN
Well, that ain't gonna fly -- you
tell Blumberg he's got one week to
get 'em out, or I'm coming down to
his shop myself and nailing his --
(looking off)
Jack, buddy -- I swear he can
probably hear you without the damn
phone -- keep it down!

As JENNING mutters on the phone, a SECRETARY charges in --

SECRETARY
Mr. McCall, you're back -- there
was a five o'clock meeting -- in
the boardroom.

WARREN
That's terrific...

He grabs his coat again and heads for the door. On his way he
takes the phone from Jennings --

WARREN (CONT'D)
(on the phone)
Raymond, Warren McCall. What're
you beating up my kid here for?
(listening)
Well, you make him nervous, Ray.
He's knows you're a bigshot and
how important you are to us --
(smiling slyly
at Jennings)
Well, send it back, we'll refit
it. Sure. Anything for you, Ray.

He shoves the phone back to Jennings --

WARREN (CONT'D)
Charge him double overtime.

JENNING
Why?

WARREN
(grinning)
He's a chiseler. And I don't like him.

Warren goes out, and his staff exchange weary smiles.

INT. PHELPS' OUTER OFFICE

15

EMILY (Phelps' attractive, ice-cold, secretary) glances up from filing her nails when she sees Warren enter.

WARREN
So who's in there, sweetheart?

EMILY
Everybody who's anybody.

Amused by her jabs, he buttons his coat --

WARREN
Hey, you should call it a day.
You finished your nails.

He winks, and she shoots him a dour look as he pushes through the door into the boardroom.

INT. THE BOARD ROOM

16

Warren enters the massive board room. The dying afternoon light illuminates six men sitting at one end of a mammoth conference table. HILLMAN, the company's chief legal counsel, finishes his report --

HILLMAN
-- I think the judge'll make his ruling Monday. Our lawyers feel confident that he'll decide against the porters.

ROSS PHELPS
We'll wear them down. They'll give up this idiocy soon.

ROSS PHELPS, President of the Pullman Company, sits at the head of the table. He's a trim man in his late sixties.

WARREN
I wouldn't count on it, Ross.

Ross looks at Warren as he takes his place at the table.

WARREN (CONT'D)

I just came back from that court.

HEYWOOD

What were you doing there? Selling the judge a new lounge car?

There are some chuckles. Warren gives HEYWOOD BROOKS, an ambitious and aggressive vice president, a thin smile.

WARREN

Don't get antsy, Heywood. I know that "legal" is your private domain, but this is shaking up the whole company. Even me.

ROSS

He's right. What'd you see going on, Warren?

WARREN

I think we may win today, tomorrow, but ultimately the stalling tactics are going to end in smoke.

HEYWOOD

And what do you suggest?

WARREN

Be big. Make a deal. Give the porters a few concessions to show that they don't need a union -- but don't let this explode into --

ROSS PHELPS

(interrupting)

Warren -- thank you. I appreciate your concern. But I for one will never sit down and negotiate with any nigger who works for me.

Warren is disturbed, realizing Phelps is deadly serious.

HEYWOOD

(smiling coolly)

Besides, the courts are only one method. We're also increasing our efforts in other areas.

WARREN

Yeah, what areas?

HEYWOOD

Let's just say if a porter so much as thinks about joining this union, he's going to suffer severe... economic hardships.

ROSS PHELPS

(to Warren)

Heywood's handling this, Warren. Stay out of it. Stick to sales, okay? I need you there.

(to the others)

And now let's all go home and enjoy the holiday. See you Monday, gentlemen. Early.

The men rise from the table and leave the room. Warren watches Heywood slipping his notes into his briefcase.

WARREN

I heard something else in court today -- porters are claiming they're getting roughed up -- you know anything about that?

HEYWOOD

Is it your conscience -- or your ambition making you butt into this? I think you're afraid the old man's letting me handle it -- because he plans to move me up when Henry retires.

Heywood smiles as he comes around the table.

WARREN

Heywood, Christ, nobody told you? He asked me to take the job last week.

Heywood stops short -- an instant -- and Warren smiles.

HEYWOOD

Oh yeah, sure.

WARREN

(enjoying this)

But you know he will. And it's driving you nuts. I mean here you played lacrosse with his son at Princeton -- and he's going to promote a guy who started out selling tractors... what a screwy world, huh?

HEYWOOD

We'll see, Warren. We'll see.

Warren watches Heywood's smile die as he goes out the room.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND - DAY

17

A slate-roofed villa sprawls across a lawn that slopes down to the sea. On the veranda an orchestra plays for a hundred guests enjoying an elegant summer party.

INT. THE MANSION

18

A servant lets Warren in, and he wanders into the crowded entrance hall until he's greeted by BENNET CHAPIN --

CHAPIN

Warren, how are you? I haven't seen you all summer.

WARREN

(shaking hands)

It's my first time up. And yes, Bennet, I'll say it before you do, the weather here certainly beats Philly.

MOLLY

Daddy! Daddy!

Warren laughs as ten-year-old MOLLY MCCALL flies into his arms and he lifts her up.

WARREN

Molly, Molly, how are you sweetheart?

He hugs her, and she kisses him before he puts her down.

MOLLY

I didn't know you were coming.

WARREN

It was supposed to be a big surprise. But guess what? When I went to the house, you weren't there.

MOLLY

We got invited to the party.

WARREN

Yes, that's what Cora told me.
Where's your mom?

MOLLY

I don't know -- somewhere. Oh,
look!

Servants bring out trays loaded with party masks for the children, and Molly and her friends grab for their favorites.

INT. THE MANSION BALLROOM - DAY

19

Warren walks through the sumptuous palm-canopied room where the Atlantic shimmers behind the dancing couples. He hears laughter and turns to see his wife Lillian across the room.

At thirty-five, LILLIAN FULTON MCCALL is still the Southern beauty, and she looks happy, dancing with CHARLIE FIRBY and chatting with another waltzing couple.

Warren watches her laugh, holding her stomach, and giggle. She turns and sees Warren. Looking surprised, her smile fades. She excuses herself from Charlie.

Lillian comes up to Warren, and they look at each other tentatively. He leans toward her and they kiss briefly.

LILLIAN

Why didn't you tell me you were
coming up?

WARREN

I was afraid you'd bar the door,
or change the locks, or call the
cops.

He smiles, trying to ease the obvious tension. Then he glances over at her dancing partner across the room.

WARREN (CONT'D)

Who were you dancing with?

LILLIAN

Nobody. Charlie Firby. He's a
real character.

WARREN

I bet.

LILLIAN

Are you jealous?

WARREN

No.

(after a moment)

.... when'd you meet him?

This makes her smile, and he likes seeing that.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE ROAD - LATER - AFTERNOON

20

Silhouetted against the sky, Warren and Lillian walk along the tree lined road. Molly darts around playfully, charges back up to them and puts her arms around their waists as they walk.

EXT. THE MCCALL SUMMER HOUSE - AFTERNOON

21

They approach a rambling clapboard house. Molly runs across the grass to CORA AVERY, her young black nanny, and displays for her the devil mask she was given at the party.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BEACH - SUNSET

22

Warren and Lillian walk on the beach. She bends to pick up a piece of drift wood.

WARREN

I'll put the boat in the water in the morning. We can all sail up to town for breakfast -- if I don't get seasick.

LILLIAN

Molly'll love that.

WARREN

(smiling)

I would've come up sooner if you hadn't banished me.

LILLIAN

You weren't banished. I asked for some time to sort things out.

WARREN

And what'd you decide after your sorting... we got a marriage? Or should I start looking around? Is there a Charlie Firby in your future?

Despite his light tone, he's worried when she doesn't answer.

WARREN (CONT'D)

(sincerely)

Monday go back with me. Please,
if only for Molly. She can't keep
commuting between us.

Lillian doesn't answer for a while.

LILLIAN

How are things at home? You think
I'd notice any changes? Or will
it be just like old times.

WARREN

Are you kidding? I've dropped out
of the rat race, home at six every
night. I'm learning to cook
dinner. And --

(mock seriously)

Lillian... I've started a stamp
collection.

He grins, and she has to laugh as she heads up the sand toward
the house.

WARREN (CONT'D)

I swear I'll give up the houses,
the cars, the country club. Shoot
the horse.

LILLIAN

All your trophies? No you won't.
They're all the proof -- that you
didn't marry me for my money...

She stops at the wooden steps and finds her shoes.

WARREN

No. I married you for your sweet
disposition -- apparently I was
mistaken...

She goes up onto the deck where she stops to look out at the
last light on the sea. Warren follows her up slowly.

LILLIAN

I can't stand seeing you killing
yourself over all these things
that don't count, that just don't
matter.

WARREN

I guess that's easier said when
you've grown up rich...

LILLIAN

Oh, Warren, what're you trying to
prove? You don't get it. I fell
in love with an awkward cheesehead
from Akron who rode on the bus --
ate at the automat -- hated
parties like that one --

WARREN

The ignorant Amos who thought the
fingerbowl was soup --

LILLIAN

(smiling sadly)

Yes. That dopey guy... I loved so
much.

He steps up behind her and puts his arms around her.

WARREN

I missed you.

He kisses her neck and she closes her eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BEDROOM - NIGHT

23

They're in bed and starting to make love. Warren kisses her
shoulder, her breast --

WARREN

Give me... one more... chance...

She closes her eyes, and her fingers grasp his back --

LILLIAN

I don't want to talk now.

WARREN

Well... we're getting somewhere...

Hungrily, their bodies get reacquainted.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE PROVIDENCE TRAIN STATION - AFTERNOON

24

A LaSalle pulls to the curb. Cora and the driver get out of the front. The driver opens the back door, Molly jumps out first, then Lillian and Warren step out. The driver goes back and lifts the trunk for a Redcap.

Lillian bends down and hugs Molly. Warren joins them, carrying his briefcase.

LILLIAN
(holding Molly)
Be sure to call me when you get there.

MOLLY
Promise. Bye.

Molly kisses her mother. Then she takes Cora's hand and they head off for the train, the Redcap following with their bags.

WARREN
You better show up on Wednesday.

LILLIAN
I'll be back sooner, if I can get the house closed up.

She looks at him, and he smiles and shakes her hand instead of kissing her. She laughs.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)
You're nuts...

She gets back into the car and he closes it for her.

WARREN
Don't make me come back up and get you. Another night like last night -- I'm exhausted, aren't you? I can't believe that we --

LILLIAN
(embarrassed)
Warren. Shut up. Go.

He grins as she rolls up the window. He watches the car pull off and starts toward the train.

EXT. THE TRAIN PLATFORM

25

Molly runs along the platform, dodging passengers, conductors

and Redcaps pushing luggage carts. She checks out the porters standing in front of each of the sleeping cars she runs past.

Dressed in blue-serge station coats and dark caps, the Pullman porters welcome their passengers warmly and assist them in boarding.

Cora walks fast, trying to keep Molly in sight. Behind her the Redcap follows with their bags.

Molly finally spots somebody up ahead and starts smiling as she runs toward car number "39".

It's Essley Burton standing in front of "39". When he sees Molly coming, his look softens and he seems pleased.

MOLLY

I hoped you'd be here, Essley!

ESSLEY

Hello, Miss Molly. Welcome back.

He lifts her onto the metal stool so she can climb aboard. He tips his hat and smiles at Cora as she goes up the steps.

ESSLEY (CONT'D)

And always a pleasure to serve you, Miss Cora.

CORA

(coolly)

Just keep moving, Molly...

Essley takes their bags from the Redcap.

INT. PULLMAN CAR 39

26

Essley follows Molly and Cora with their suitcases. They pass rows of berths until they reach the compartments at the end of the car, and Essley opens a door.

ESSLEY

I think they made a mistake this time and gave you a connecting double.

Molly and Cora enter the compartment.

CORA

No, Mr. McCall's going back with us.

ESSLEY
(concerned)

Oh?

He and Cora exchange a meaningful look.

MOLLY
Daddy came up for a surprise
visit. And we're going back
together this time.

Essley puts down their suitcases --

MOLLY (CONT'D)
Aaarrgggh!

Essley pretends to jump when he sees Molly wearing the devil's
mask that she got at the party.

ESSLEY
Lord help me. I better go check
your daddy's room.

He picks up Warren's bag and unlocks the connecting door to
the other compartment.

INT. THE ADJOINING COMPARTMENT

27

Essley enters and puts the suitcase down. He tightens the bed
covers and is checking the linens when Warren comes in.

ESSLEY
Porter Essley Burton, Mr. McCall.
I'll be taking care of anything
you need.

WARREN
That's what I like to hear.

Warren opens the connecting door and sees Molly and Cora just
about to leave. He smiles --

WARREN (CONT'D)
Where you sneaking off to, kiddo?

MOLLY
The observation car. We're going
to watch the sunset.

WARREN
Dinner's at seven. You're my date
tonight, so don't stand me up.

Molly smiles and goes out. Warren turns back into his room.

ESSLEY

If you'd like to give me your suit tonight, I'll press it. And put your shoes out if they need attention. You want me to arrange your personal items, Mr. McCall?

WARREN

Thank you.

Warren hands Essley his shaving kit and notices the expertise with which Essley lays out everything in the small bathroom.

ESSLEY

Best if I reserve a table for you and your daughter. They get real busy at dinner.

Warren has his wallet out and removes a twenty-dollar bill.

WARREN

I got a feeling you're a good man, Essley.

Essley watches Warren crease the twenty-dollar bill and tear it in half. He hands one half to Essley.

WARREN (CONT'D)

Prove me right, and you'll get the other half. Deal?

Essley stares at the torn bill.

ESSLEY

Yes sir. Thank you sir.

Warren has turned away, so he doesn't see Essley's mechanical smile turn bitter and turn off...

INT. CAR 39 - MINUTES LATER

28

A white conductor, LOU RUPP, climbs up into the car. He moves down the aisle checking the berths critically until he sees Essley walking toward him.

LOU RUPP

What're you doing, chasing tips again? You're supposed to be outside on the platform.

ESSLEY

Well, if you don't want me to attend to a vice president of the Pullman Company...

LOU RUPP

A vice pres -- what are you -- ?

WARREN (O.S.)

Conductor?

Rupp sees Warren exiting his compartment with his briefcase.

LOU RUPP

(under his breath)

Jesus...

(loudly)

Yes sir!

Rupp scurries down to Warren, tipping his hat respectfully as he approaches. Essley leaves, enjoying Rupp's servility.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE TRAIN - AFTERNOON

29

Air hisses from the Atlantic Zephyr as the brakes are tested. A dispatcher runs up to the cab of the big 4-8-4 locomotive and passes the engineer his orders.

Down the platform, a conductor named BURGESS checks in both directions and calls out --

BURGESS

All aboard!

INT. THE CAB

30

The engineer adjusts the power lever and pulls the throttle back a couple of notches. There's a tremendous breath and the train starts to move.

EXT. THE TRAIN

31

The rods rise and fall and the massive driving wheels begin to roll. Cars jerk behind in sequence as the slack is taken up, and the thundering cadence of the exhaust grows louder, drowning out everything else as it slowly picks up speed.

INT. PULLMAN CAR 39

32

Walking back to the service area, Essley sees a black station

ATTENDANT run up outside the open door. The man jogs beside the moving train, carrying two bundles of fresh linens.

Essley hurries to the doorway, steps down and yanks the bundles up into the car.

ESSLEY

Cutting it a little close!

ATTENDANT

They just came in! And I got a message from Waterbury -- they need to see you down there.

The man waves once and then he's gone. Essley carries the bundles toward the service area.

INT. SERVICE AREA

33

Essley puts the sheets and towels by the linen closet. He glances down the aisle and sees his passengers milling about, putting away their personal effects.

Then he turns back and unties a stack of fresh linens -- revealing two packages inside wrapped in brown paper. He pulls the hidden packages from the linens, stows them beneath a pile of soiled laundry and closes the cabinet door.

Essley slips off his blue serge station coat and puts on his white service jacket. The CALL BELL rings, the first of a hundred calls he'll answer before dawn, and Essley goes out.

EXT. THE PROVIDENCE STATION - SUNSET

34

The ATLANTIC ZEPHYR roars out of the station, a towering column of steam and smoke billowing from the stack into the rose-colored sunset.

From a bridge, we see the Zephyr increasing speed as it bears south. And we hear its voice, its whistle wailing, two long, one short and one more long wavering call.

CUT TO:

EXT. VARIOUS SHOTS - THE COUNTRYSIDE - EVENING

35

The Zephyr's charging through the countryside toward Connecticut. Birds break from bordering trees... cars wait at a bell-clanging wig-wag as the train thunders past.

CUT TO:

INT. THE CLUB CAR - EVENING

36

Porters in white jackets serve travelers seated at sparkling tables. A porter sets down rice pudding for Molly and Warren.

WARREN

Guess what? Wednesday I'm taking off work early -- and we're going to drive out to the stables to see how fat Buddy's gotten.

MOLLY

(excitedly)

Really? And you'll ride with me? Maybe you can get Sheba.

Burgess, the conductor, passes through the car.

BURGESS

Plainfield... ten minutes to Plainfield.

WARREN/MOLLY

(in unison)

Plainfield... ten minutes to Plainfield...

Burgess walks past a low partition, where Cora sits eating in the Colored Section. A single minister, and a woman with a son in an Army uniform occupy the other small tables.

Back in the white section, HUGH KEELER, a sandy-haired man in his late forties, leans over from his table and interrupts Warren and Molly's conversation --

HUGH KEELER

I'm sorry. What time do you have?

Warren looks at his watch.

WARREN

It's seven forty-five.

(back to Molly)

Last time I got near Sheba, she took a large bite out of my -- trousers --

HUGH KEELER

What does mine say? I forgot my specs again...

Keeler has slipped off his watch and holds it out to Warren,

who takes it reluctantly, looking irritated --

WARREN
(checking it)
Seven forty-five.

He tries to hand the watch back, but Keeler doesn't take it.

HUGH KEELER
That's the new Hamilton.

He slides over to their table and takes an empty chair.
Warren is clearly annoyed as Keeler holds up a pocket watch --

HUGH KEELER (CONT'D)
And it duplicates every movement
of this big old one, inside a slim
18-carat gold case. Also avail-
able in pink gold, silver --

He opens a leather pouch to display six wristwatches --
Warren closes it and smiles icily.

WARREN
This may come as a surprise, but
you're interrupting our dinner.
And I'm not at all interested in
buying a watch.

HUGH KEELER
(quietly)
That's all right, I'm not really
selling them. My name's Hugh
Keeler, and I'm doing some field
work for your company.

Warren's surprised and studies him a moment.

WARREN
Keeler? ... what work?

Keeler looks around cautiously --

HUGH KEELER
It's best if people don't know
what we're really talking about.

WARREN
Well, you've accomplished that.
Because I sure as hell don't.

HUGH KEELER

When I heard you were aboard, I thought I better give you some information -- about this union situation.

WARREN

Oh. I see. What information?

HUGH KEELER

Could we meet at about 9:30 in the club car? If that's convenient for you, sir. I've got a couple of things to attend to first.

WARREN

I guess that'll be all right.

HUGH KEELER

Thanks. Pleasure meeting you. And look at this cutie.

Keeler tousles Molly's hair. Then he opens his jacket to put away the watch case -- and Warren notices the holster and gun Keeler's wearing before he walks off.

MOLLY

If he doesn't sell watches, what does he do?

WARREN

That's what I'm going to find out.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR 39 - LATER - NIGHT

37

Molly reaches under a berth and lifts a pair of men's shoes. She hurries to the next berth and picks up some ladies shoes.

Essley moves down the other side of the car collecting shoes. He sees Molly speeding up, trying to provoke a race, so he obliges and moves even faster.

Trying to keep quiet, they hurry down the car collecting the shoes as fast as they can.

INT. THE SERVICE AREA

38

Molly comes in laughing and dumps the shoes in a pile on the floor. When Essley arrives he smiles and shakes his head.

ESSLEY

Molly, we are in trouble now.
These are all mixed up...

Essley takes out his big lead pencil -- Molly reaches for it.

MOLLY

Can I do it, please Essley? Just
tell me which berth.

ESSLEY

If I can remember. This pair was
fifteen, I hope.

Molly writes the number on the bottom of the sole, so they can
be returned after polishing to their proper berth.

ESSLEY (CONT'D)

These are from nineteen. Look at
the heels on sixteen's...

Essley prompts Molly with the berth numbers as he pulls out
his shoeshine box and opens a tin of polish.

ESSLEY (CONT'D)

Thirty-one.

A drunk passenger named JIMMY SHEBLO appears in the doorway.

SHEBLO (O.S.)

Damn it, what do you have to do to
get a drink of water?!

Essley sees that Molly is frightened.

ESSLEY

Sorry, I didn't hear you ring.

SHEBLO

What the hell you doing in here,
George, hiding?

Essley stands and goes over to the pantry. He pulls out a
carafe and fills it with water.

SHEBLO (CONT'D)

Lazy damn... what's this, you got
a kid doin' your work, George?

Essley steps over to the grinning man, but before he hands him
the carafe he points to a sign on the wall.

ESSLEY

There seems to be a misunderstanding. You see that plaque? It says that this car's attended to by Porter Essley Burton. There's no porter on this car called George... sir.

He hands the surprised man the carafe.

SHEBLO

Yeah, well you listen whatever your name is, I'm goin' to report you to the conductor. Mouthin' off to me...

(as he goes off)

... uppity... nigger...

Essley watches him go, and Molly sees the look of stone cold hatred on his face. He sits down again and picks up his shoe shine brush -- she notices that his hand is shaking.

MOLLY

(frightened)

What was wrong with him?

ESSLEY

It's all right. He just had too much to drink.

MOLLY

Why did he call you George?

ESSLEY

(after a moment)

Some people call all porters George.

MOLLY

How come?

ESSLEY

Well, old George Pullman started his railway car company right after the Civil War. And a lot of the first porters were ex-slaves. So when they went to work for George Pullman, people said he owned them... and they started calling all the porters George.

MOLLY

Well, he can't own you now.

He studies her a moment and seems to soften.

ESSLEY

No, child. He can't.

INT. THE VESTIBULE

39

Warren returns from the lounge with an evening paper and his briefcase. He walks down the aisle until he sees Molly in the service area shining shoes with Essley.

WARREN

(smiling at Molly)

They got you working the night shift, kiddo? Where's Cora? And why are you still up?

MOLLY

I was just helping Essley.

WARREN

Well, Essley's going to have manage on his own, because it's time for your bed. Put 'em down, sweetheart.

Molly hands Essley the shoes.

MOLLY

See you in the morning, Essley.

ESSLEY

Goodnight, Miss Molly. Mr. McCall.

They head for their compartments. Essley turns some shoes over and tries to decipher Molly's scribble on the bottom.

CUT TO:

INT. THE LOCOMOTIVE - NIGHT

40

The engineer sits hunkered in his seat, peering ahead into the windy darkness. When he sees the first lights of the depot he spits a stream of tobacco and closes down the throttle.

EXT. WATERBURY DEPOT - NIGHT

41

The brakes squeal and hiss as the Zephyr slows into Waterbury.

Baggagemen emerge and prepare to load mail and cargo.

INT. CAR 39 - SERVICE AREA

42

Essley reaches into the storage cabinet and pulls out one of the hidden packages.

EXT. THE PULLMAN CAR - NIGHT

43

The train stops. Essley swings open the door and looks across the platform at SAM PETTIT, who waits in the shadows. Essley slips off the train.

EXT. ANOTHER CAR

44

Stepping down from the train, Hugh Keeler sees Essley go off with the other black man, and he follows them at a distance.

EXT. WATERBURY DEPOT

45

Essley and Pettit cross an empty street toward a diner called "RAYONA'S TENDER". Keeler tails them a half-block back.

INT. "RAYONA'S TENDER" - NIGHT

46

In a booth, a black salesman snores with his head against the window. Essley and Pettit pass a couple of black truckers at the counter and enter a back room where four other porters greet them. Essley hands CATES the package.

CATES

The ballots?

ESSLEY

I expect every porter coming through here to vote. I got two minutes, what's the other trouble?

PETTIT

Gabe.

GABE smiles, revealing silver teeth, and opens his jacket, revealing a matching silver badge pinned to his vest.

ESSLEY

Where the hell'd you get a Pinkerton badge?

GABE

I get booked on this special car with what I thinks is a bunch of redneck Shriners -- you know,

GABE (CONT'D)
 bastards geechin' me to see me
 jump -- then I notice none of 'em
 has tickets. And the conductor
 tells me not to sweat it, Pullman
 Company's pickin' up the tab.

ESSLEY
 They were Pinkertons?

GABE
 A whole carload of 'em.

ESSLEY
 Where were they going?

GABE
 Philly. They laughed about
 bustin' some union heads at the
 train station.

ESSLEY
 Where's the phone?

Essley follows Cates to the phone. Essley dials an operator.

ESSLEY (CONT'D)
 I want to call New York. Butter-
 field seven-oh-four.
 (as he waits)
 How the hell the Pinkertons find
 out about tomorrow?

CATES
 Too many things going wrong,
 Essley. I think we got a stool
 pigeon.

ESSLEY
 A porter spying for the company?

INTERCUT - ESSLEY/ A. PHILIP RANDOLPH

47

In a cluttered Harlem law office, Randolph's working late at
 his desk when the phone rings. He answers it --

RANDOLPH
 Hello?

ESSLEY
 Asa, it's Essley. It looks like
 we're going to have some trouble
 in Philly tomorrow.

RANDOLPH

Well, why should tomorrow be any different...?

EXT. THE STREET - NIGHT

48

Smoking a cigar, Keeler lurks across the street from the diner. Then he sees Essley coming out, and he tosses the cigar and heads back for the depot.

EXT. THE WATERBURY PLATFORM - NIGHT

49

Keeler climbs onto the train just as it starts to pull out. Down the platform, he sees Essley jump aboard.

CUT TO:

INT. MOLLY'S COMPARTMENT - NIGHT

50

Molly lies in her nightgown with her head resting on her dad's lap and her doll in her arms. She and Warren watch the night lights floating beyond the window.

MOLLY

-- Mom said she was at the beach when she met you the first time.

WARREN

(remembering)

Your Mom's right... it was at Asbury Park. I was waiting tables, and she said she worked in a department store... You know what knocked me out about her? Her neck. Loved her neck, and her eyes -- your eyes --

(looking at her and smiling)

-- and her chin, and her ears, and her knees --

MOLLY

Daddy...

WARREN

So in the fall I hitchhiked up to visit her, went in the store and up to the perfume counter, and I asked which section Lillian Fulton worked in. Everybody thought that was real funny --

MOLLY

Because the store was called
Fulton's.

WARREN

Yep. I guess I should've put two
and two together, huh? Her old
man owned it, and thirty more like
it --

(after a moment)

And oh how I wish she'd just
worked in the perfume section...

He smiles sadly. Then he gets up and tucks her in. He leans
over and kisses Molly on the forehead.

MOLLY

I love you, Daddy.

WARREN

Goodnight, princess.

Warren turns out the light above her bed. Then he walks to
the connecting door where Cora's been waiting.

WARREN

I have to meet somebody now. If
she wakes up early in the morning,
have her come in and wake me.

CORA

Goodnight, Mr. McCall.

Warren goes into his compartment, and Cora closes the door.

CUT TO:

INT. THE KITCHEN - NIGHT

51

The train's moving fast again. In the kitchen the cooks grab
a bite while they scrub the pots. ANDERSEN, a grey-haired
club car porter, exits carrying a tray full of peanut bowls.

INT. THE CLUB CAR

52

Andersen serves the gentlemen who smoke and chat. He puts a
bowl of nuts by Warren's armchair. Perched on a small couch
across from him, Hugh Keeler looks uncomfortable.

HUGH KEELER

I considered bein' a piano sales-
man. But a fella can't hardly

HUGH KEELER (CONT'D)
carry a piano around. So I came
up with the wrist watches.

He pulls out his watch case and places it on the table.

HUGH KEELER (CONT'D)
And for all anybody knows, I'm
sittin' here trying to sell you a
new timepiece.

Keeler smiles craftily. Warren's less than impressed.

WARREN
That's -- very clever, Hugh. How
long'd you say you've been a
Pinkerton detective?

HUGH KEELER
Five years. And I was a cop for
ten years before that -- and I
swear this porter's union is the
hardest damn case --

Andersen returns from the bar with a bowl of fresh ice for
their drinks. Warren smiles at Andersen.

WARREN
The Pullman company treating you
all right? What about these union
problems you read about?

ANDERSEN
(nervously)
Well, I don't know nothin' about
none of that. No, sir. I stay
way far away from that. It's just
a few young troublemakers...
(after a moment)
Can I get you anything else?

Warren shakes his head, and Andersen makes a quiet exit.

WARREN
See? The sad part is that ninety-
nine percent are these guys are
decent, hardworking -- and don't
want anything to do with the one
percent who are the agitators.

HUGH KEELER
Those are the boys we're after.

WARREN

You know I grew up in a working class family. My father was a bricklayer, a good one. I was thinking about him when I saw the porter in our car doing his job like a real professional.

Keeler smiles slowly like the cat after the canary.

HUGH KEELER

You thought he was pretty good?

WARREN

You could tell he was proud of what he was doing.

HUGH KEELER

Well now, that's funny you should mention the porter in your car, Mr. McCall.

WARREN

Why?

HUGH KEELER

Because he's why we're talking. I wanted to warn you about that porter. It seems you've run into one of the one-percent.

WARREN

What's that supposed to mean?

HUGH KEELER

His name's Essley Burton. He's been taking care of your daughter and the maid each time they go back and forth from Newport to Philly.

WARREN

And?

HUGH KEELER

He's a clandestine union organizer, Mr. McCall. That's his real profession. Essley Burton's one of the biggest fish in the Brotherhood -- and I got enough evidence to fry him good.

Keeler smiles at Warren's obvious chagrin.

CUT TO:

INT. THE LOCOMOTIVE - NIGHT

53

The engineer wipes his gauges and sees the speedometer hovering near eighty. The fireman works like a blacksmith amidst the hot grease and steam, shoveling coal into the firebox until the inferno roars white hot.

EXT. CONNECTICUT COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

54

The train whistles across a bridge. A pasture full of frantic cows flees as the Zephyr heaves into sight, its headlight knifing through the darkness.

INT. CAR 39 - NIGHT

55

The compartment door opens -- Cora steps out into the empty hall and looks back in at Molly who is asleep. She closes the door, and sees Essley standing at the far end of the car.

He's waiting for her. Cora stares at him as the eastbound Erie thunders past. Lights flash over her while she weighs her duties against her desire.

Essley moves to the door to the next car and opens it as a further invitation. Cora finally succumbs and walks up the aisle toward him.

INT. THE SERVICE AREA

56

Lou Rupp, the conductor, watches cautiously: he sees Essley and Cora disappear into the next car, and he follows them.

Rupp stops at the connecting doors. He watches Essley open a compartment door. Cora goes in and Essley follows her.

INT. CAR 27

57

Rupp enters and walks up to the compartment that they just slipped into. He listens for a moment at the closed door. Before he can do anything, he's interrupted --

WOMAN

Excuse me -- conductor -- please?

At the end of the car, an elderly man is coughing. His wife is trying to get him into the men's lounge and needs help. Annoyed, Rupp leaves the compartment door.

INT. THE COMPARTMENT

58

Cora stands against the door. She watches Essley staring out the window at the night lights.

ESSLEY

I hate you having to look after other people's kids.

CORA

You gonna take care of me if I quit?

He looks around at her --

ESSLEY

Why won't you trust me?

CORA

Because I don't know you. I only get you part of one night every two weeks. And I worry that you're hiding things. You talk real fine, but the stories change, Essley --

He moves toward her and touches her cheek.

ESSLEY

I love you. That's the only story.

When he kisses her lips, she tries not to move -- but her arms go around his back and they kiss more urgently...

EXT. A BRIDGE - NIGHT

59

The train howls across the bridge. Beneath the tracks the moon reflects on the Pine River.

EXT. FROM THE ENGINE

60

The front light jumps crazily over the steel rails and shadows the black trees flashing past.

INT. MOLLY'S COMPARTMENT - NIGHT

61

Molly sleeps with her arm cradled around her doll. Through the dark window above her head we see the moon -- and then we see the reflection of the door opening as somebody enters the compartment...

The figure moves up to the window -- and pulls down the blind.
Molly rolls over, awakens groggily and looks up --

MOLLY
I'm tired... take off the mask,
Cora...

Someone wearing a hood over his head looms toward her, and suddenly a hand is thrust over her mouth.

Molly's eyes widen and she looks terrified. A second person in the compartment moves toward her -- another head covered with a dark hood --

As Molly struggles, a chemically-soaked cloth is placed over her face -- she twists her head -- and stops moving.

INT. A COMPARTMENT - CAR 27

62

A car away, Cora lies on the berth and Essley is kissing her. Then she pushes him away and stands --

CORA
I'm sorry -- not tonight -- Mr.
McCall's here this time --

She starts for the door -- and he takes her by the arm --

CORA (CONT'D)
I hate it this way. Sneaking
around...

She continues to the door and he follows her. He holds the door closed and kisses her neck.

ESSLEY
Don't go yet.

CORA
I love you, Essley...

She pulls the door open and steps out into the passageway. He doesn't follow, afraid they'll be seen --

ESSLEY
We're gonna live some kind of
normal life. Not this way.

She nods sadly and goes off. He sees himself in the mirror -- his disheveled uniform -- he kicks the door shut angrily.

INT. CAR 39

63

Cora pushes through the doors and walks down the aisle past the berths of sleeping passengers.

INT. MOLLY'S COMPARTMENT

64

The door opens and Cora slips inside. She closes the door quietly -- and when she turns a gloved hand grabs her mouth and slams her back against the door. Her terrified eyes stare at the man in the hood...

INT. THE CLUB CAR - AT THE SAME TIME

65

Warren studies Keeler as he puts the watches away.

HUGH KEELER

-- they got this whole underground set up. You decide to take a piss, and these porters can spread the word coast to coast before you got your zipper down.

WARREN

When'd you found out they're calling a strike vote?

HUGH KEELER

We heard for sure about an hour ago. And if the porters vote to go out -- they'll stop every damn train in the country.

WARREN

Well, hell, Keeler -- beat up a few more. Scare these boys into line.

Keeler hesitates, sensing that Warren isn't sympathetic.

HUGH KEELER

Those stories are pure exaggeration, Mr. McCall.

WARREN

Are they?

HUGH KEELER

We're investigators -- sure we might question a guy -- but hell, every time a porter knifes another one in a card game we get accused of --

A too-heavily-made up WOMAN sidles up to the table --

WOMAN

Hughie? I been thinkin' about
that platinum watch you offered me
-- show it to me again --

HUGH KEELER

Now's not a good time, honey --

Warren stands to go and sees Honey pick up his drink.

WARREN

Help yourself...

HUGH KEELER

Mr. McCall, I want to explain
about the rumors of violence --

WARREN

No need, "Hughie". I'm calling
your boss in tomorrow to find out
exactly what orders have been
given, by whom, and to do what.

(smiling)

Show her your best stuff. Who
knows? You might end up selling
watches on a permanent basis.

He goes off. Keeler looks frosted and doesn't return Honey's
invitational smile.

INT. CAR 39

66

The train is slowing into Newbridge station. Looking tired,
Warren comes through the connecting doors and catches a
glimpse of something at the far end -- a man is ducking out of
a compartment door and disappears into the vestibule.

Puzzled, wondering if it was his compartment, Warren continues
down the aisle. He reaches his door and finds it unlocked.
He pushes it open as the train lurches to a stop.

INT. WARREN'S COMPARTMENT

67

Warren enters the dark compartment. He's surprised to see
light under the connecting door. He opens it and goes in.

INT. MOLLY'S COMPARTMENT

68

The lights are on, but nobody's in the room. Tangled sheets
spill off of Molly's empty bed. A chill travels down Warren's

spine. Then he notices something out the window --

Two men are running away from the train, one carrying something bulky wrapped in a blanket.

INT. THE VESTIBULE

69

Warren exits the compartment and looks around -- everybody's asleep behind closed curtains. He goes into the vestibule and moves to the trackside door which is standing wide open.

EXT. THE TRAIN

70

Warren jumps down onto the rocks and looks off: the two men are running toward a small paneled truck that bumps over some tracks and disappears behind a row of boxcars.

As his fear grows, Warren starts running. He flies past a row of freight cars, dashes around a storage trolley and stops.

EXT. THE YARDS

71

Warren sees the paneled truck parked on the dark siding. Its rear doors stand open and exhaust from its running engine smokes into the night air. But there's nobody around it.

Warren walks slowly toward the phantom truck, his footsteps crunching on the gravel. He moves closer, peering through the open rear doors into the dark interior --

Then he hears a metal door bang shut. He looks toward a two-story wooden building -- and runs in that direction.

INT. THE ROUNDHOUSE - NIGHT

72

Warren shoves open the door and enters the dark roundhouse where the mammoth locomotives are serviced. He skirts past lubricating equipment laid out below a towering steam engine.

He hears echoing footsteps and takes off again, running past two more shadowy locomotives stationed in the next berths. He stops, turns, looking around anxiously -- and sees something.

His heart pounds as he moves forward. On the floor, wrapped in a blanket, he sees Molly's motionless body -- her hair is spilled out on the oily cement --

Suddenly a hooded figure steps out of the shadows beside her, lunging at Warren with a huge engine wrench. The man swings and Warren dodges -- the wrench collides with a workbench --

Warren slugs his attacker in the stomach and the man drops the

wrench. He growls, swings at Warren and catches him in the side of the head. Warren falls against the locomotive --

Ripping a pistol out of his jacket, the hooded man charges him. Warren kicks him in the groin, slugs him in the face -- and the gun clatters into the service trench beneath the locomotive.

Warren starts back toward Molly. Kneeling beside her, he's surprised by a kick in the head from a second hooded man. Warren flies backwards against a work bench --

The second man lunges at him -- Warren grabs a machinist's oil can and slams its spear-like spout into his gut. The man hollers as he's impaled and yanks it out of his flesh.

Suddenly the first hooded man pounds his fist into Warren's lower back. Warren hollers and turns -- and the same fist punches him in the face --

Warren careens back and falls down the cement steps into the service trench.

THE SERVICING TRENCH

73

Warren crawls to his feet -- from under the locomotive, he looks through the huge wheels and sees the second hooded man dragging Molly toward an open door --

WARREN

No!!

Warren shoves off and starts for the steps -- then he sees his original attacker jump down into the trench after him.

Backing away beneath the oily bowels of the locomotive, Warren turns to see a third hooded figure coming at him from the other end of the trench.

The first man stalks forward, stooping to pick up his fallen pistol. Warren jumps up, grabs onto the engine's truck-frame and, as the man stands, kicks him in the chest.

When the man staggers back, Warren grabs a steam-hose and lashes him across his hooded face. Shouldering the man aside, Warren runs for the end of the trench.

THE ROUNDHOUSE

74

Warren bounds up the steps out the trench -- until a **SHOTGUN BLAST EXPLODES**, blowing bolt-canisters to smithereens in front him. Before he can move, **ANOTHER BLAST DETONATES** calibrating

pressure-gauges on his other side. In the ringing concussion, Warren hears a hoarse muffled voice:

SECOND MAN

Get down!

Warren raises his hands slowly and gets to his knees.

SECOND MAN (CONT'D)

On your face shithead!

Warren sinks forward and lies on the ground. He hears footsteps and feels the metal of a double-barrel shotgun on the back of his head. The other two hooded men come up.

FIRST MAN

This wasn't your stop -- you want your little girl, get back on the fucking train.

WARREN

Just don't hurt her. Don't do anything to --

SECOND MAN

Shut up! There's a note -- do what it says, or she's dead.

Suddenly a small head is dropped near Warren's face -- and he gasps. Glassy eyes stare at him -- a decapitated doll's head -- Molly's doll. Warren doesn't move as the men back away toward the door. And then they're gone.

EXT. THE ROUNDHOUSE - NIGHT

75

The men run to the paneled truck. In a moment, Warren appears at the door to the roundhouse -- he steps out cautiously, then hurries out --

There's a screech of tires, and he sees the truck roar up a dirt road and disappear into the night. Breathing heavily, he looks around -- trying to think. He hears the Zephyr creaking, starting to roll. And he starts running toward it.

EXT. THE YARD - NIGHT

76

Warren tears across the deserted yard toward the lights of the slow-moving train.

INT. CAR 39

77

Warren pulls the door open and vaults aboard. Breathing

heavily, he rushes through the vestibule.

INT. MOLLY'S COMPARTMENT

78

He dodges into the room and looks around. Spotting the envelope on the pull-down table, he grabs it and rips it open.

INSERT - THE LETTER

"Mr. McCall -- We have your little girl..."

Warren stands alone in the car... the engine's roar becomes louder as the train pulls out... becomes deafening...

INT. CAR 40 - THE SERVICE AREA - AT THE SAME TIME

79

Essley opens an ice storage box, grabs his large ice tongs and hauls in a block of ice just put on board. He attacks the block with an ice pick, hacking it into smaller chunks.

He turns and looks surprised to see a porter named HEPPEL hurrying through from the next car. Heppel pulls a cloth bag from his jacket --

ESSLEY

Where the hell you come from?

WOMAN (O.S.)

Porter?

Essley sees a blonde WOMAN coming up the aisle, wearing a coat over her nightgown. Heppel hides the cloth bag.

ESSLEY

Yes mam?

WOMAN

I found this on the floor back there.

She hands him a locket on a chain --

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Now you be sure to turn it into the lost and found.

The woman goes off, and Essley slips the locket into his jacket pocket. The train is rolling now, and Heppel finally shoves Essley the cloth bag --

HEPPEL

That damn conductor spotted me trackside, so I hid in the

HEPPEL (CONT'D)
station, came on two cars back,
and shit... now I'm gonna break my
neck because of the son-of-a-
bitch!

Heppel shoves open the trackside door and jumps off. Essley slams the door shut and fastens the safety lock. Then he goes back into the service area and quickly hides the cloth bag.

EXT. THE NEWBRIDGE DEPOT - NIGHT

80

The train pulls out. After the last car fades into the darkness, the depot is quiet again, and deserted.

INT. CAR 15 - NIGHT

81

Warren slams through the connecting doors and, looking crazed, storms down the aisle.

INT. A COMPARTMENT

82

It's dark -- suddenly there's a heavy pounding on the door. Then there are rustling noises and muffled voices. Somebody gets up to open the door --

Warren pushes into the dark compartment from the lighted passageway. He sees Keeler -- with his pistol drawn. He lowers it slowly. Keeler flips on the light.

Keeler's in his undershirt and trousers. Warren glances at "Honey" who cowers in the berth in her underwear.

WARREN
Get her out of here!

Bewildered, Keeler starts hustling her out of the room.

HONEY
Quit pushin', I got no clothes on!

She grabs her dress and shoes as Keeler scoots her out and closes the door. Warren hands Keeler the ransom letter. He opens it and reads it. When he looks up at Warren, he tries not to sound like he's holding a death sentence --

HUGH KEELER
Jesus. I don't know what... I
mean you always pray to God things
like this never happen --

WARREN
 (his voice catching)
 You used to be a cop. What do I
 do next? What the hell do I do?!

EXT. THE TRAIN - NIGHT

83

The Zephyr races past the sleeping farms of New York state.

INT. WARREN'S COMPARTMENT - NIGHT

84

Warren enters the compartment with Keeler, who's gotten dressed. Warren pushes open the connecting door.

INT. MOLLY'S COMPARTMENT

85

Warren looks around the compartment again, at Molly's bed, at Cora's, which hasn't been slept in. Keeler comes in reading the note again --

HUGH KEELER
 "... take the money and get on the
 Crescent Limited alone to Balti-
 more. You will receive further
 instructions. Follow them and
 your daughter will be returned to
 you safely. Notify the police,
 and you will never see her alive
 again..."

WARREN
 I saw her. They drove off with
 her in a truck at Newbridge.
 There were at least three of them.

HUGH KEELER
 I'll go see what's the first stop
 we can make, and we'll get the
 police in --

He starts for the door --

WARREN
 No.

HUGH KEELER
 Mr. McCall --

WARREN
 I don't want the police. The note
 says if I call the police they'll
 kill her!

WARREN (CONT'D)
 (after a moment)
 I'm going to pay the ransom.

HUGH KEELER
 They want a hundred thousand
 dollars.

WARREN
 I can get it. I mean that's going
 to be the cops' attitude -- more
 worried about the money than about
 my daughter.

HUGH KEELER
 You can't say that, Mr. --

WARREN
 And I don't give a goddamn about
 anybody getting away. They can
 get away, they can take the money,
 I just want Molly back.

HUGH KEELER
 It's your decision, but --

WARREN
 No police.

HUGH KEELER
 I understand.

Warren looks at Cora's bed again --

WARREN
 Where was Cora? Her bed wasn't
 slept in. What happened to her?

Warren goes out the door.

INT. CAR 39

86

Warren comes out of the compartment and sees a conductor
 heading toward the next car --

WARREN
 Hey! Just a minute --

Rupp turns and sees Warren. He comes back immediately --

RUPP
 You need something, Mr. McCall?

WARREN

Did you see my daughter, or her nurse tonight?

Rupp looks confused. He sees Keeler standing behind Warren.

RUPP

Why is something...?

WARREN

I think -- they must've gotten off at Newbridge -- and didn't get back on in time. Did you see them before that?

RUPP

Well, that wouldn't surprise me. That colored girl's been real busy tonight.

WARREN

What do you mean?

RUPP

Well, about ten o'clock I saw her leave your compartment and go off with a porter.

WARREN

Was my daughter with her?

RUPP

No, sir. The colored girl and the porter sneaked off together --

WARREN

Which one -- Burton?

RUPP

Yes sir. I saw 'em slip into an empty compartment and -- I was about to get them out of there when I called away.

WARREN

What were they doing?

RUPP

Your guess is as good as mine, Mr. McCall.

Warren looks at Keeler with murder in his eyes --

WARREN

I want to talk to that porter.

INT. THE SERVICE AREA - SUNRISE

87

Essley pulls out a stack of fresh towels and slips in the wrapped package he received from Heppel. He's closing the cabinet -- when a hand stops him. Essley turns and sees Warren and Keeler.

ESSLEY

Can I help you... sir?

Keeler reaches in and pulls out the hidden package. He rips it open shows it to Warren. Inside is a stack of a mimeographed sheets.

HUGH KEELER

Union ballots. I saw him passing 'em out at every stop. Got your network spreading 'em all over the country, right Essley?

Before Essley can answer, Warren interrupts --

WARREN

When was the last time you saw Molly?

ESSLEY

(caught off-guard)

I don't know. When you took her to put her to bed.

HUGH KEELER

What about Cora?

Keeler opens the linen cabinet. He searches around, finds a book stashed there and reads the title --

HUGH KEELER (CONT'D)

"THE AFRICAN-AMERICAN CRISIS".
There's gonna be one right here,
boy, if you don't tell us the truth --

Keeler continues digging through the lockers. Then he opens the ice box and is about to close it -- when he spots something else.

WARREN

A conductor saw you meet Cora last night -- when she was supposed to be watching my daughter!

Keeler reaches behind the ice and pulls out a bag. Inside the bag he finds a fistful of cash.

HUGH KEELER
This doesn't look like tips.
Where'd you get the money?

ESSLEY
I don't know what's going on here?
I don't have to answer any of
this. Who are you?

HUGH KEELER
Shut up and empty your damn
pockets!

While Essley does so, Keeler searches his white jacket that's hanging on a hook. He discovers something in the pocket and gives it to Warren. A gold locket.

WARREN
(opening it)
Oh Jesus, it's Molly's...

He looks up at Essley and can barely speak.

WARREN (CONT'D)
Where'd you get this?

ESSLEY
I forget -- I mean somebody found
it and turned it in.

HUGH KEELER
Who?

ESSLEY
I don't know. A woman --

Warren steps toward Keeler as if to speak confidentially -- suddenly Keeler grabs at him, but Warren turns quickly and jams Keeler's pistol against Essley's head.

WARREN
What happened to my daughter!
Where is she?!

Essley backs against the wall, feeling the cold steel against his temple. He sees the murderous look on Warren's face.

ESSLEY
I don't know what you're talking
about!

HUGH KEELER
Mr. McCall -- give me the gun.

WARREN
You've been watching Molly, every
time she's ridden the train!

Pulling handcuffs from his pocket, Keeler grabs Essley's wrist
and starts to cuff him.

WARREN (CONT'D)
And Cora -- were you keeping her
out of the way, or was she part of
it too?!

ESSLEY
Part of what -- I don't know what
the hell you're -- ?

WARREN
Molly's been kidnapped you
sonofabitch! And you had
something to do with it, didn't
you? Huh?! Answer me!

Keeler's finishes cuffing him and looks at Warren --

HUGH KEELER
We got him now. Put the gun down!

WARREN
Where is she?!

Warren pulls the hammer back on the pistol. Worried, Keeler
quickly pushes Essley toward the floor --

HUGH KEELER
Get on the floor!

ESSLEY
No!

HUGH KEELER
Get on the floor before you get
your head blowed off!

Keeler pushes him down until he's lying flat on the floor.
Warren is still pointing the pistol at him, but seems to be
regaining his senses.

HUGH KEELER (CONT'D)
He's not going anywhere. Give me
the gun, Mr. McCall. The gun...

Keeler reaches over cautiously and takes it from Warren.

WARREN
I almost killed him...

HUGH KEELER
That wouldn't have helped...

CUT TO:

EXT. PENNSYLVANIA - MORNING

88

Black clouds jigsaw the morning sky. The Zephyr smokes past factories as it nears the Philadelphia station.

INT. THE MAIL CAR

89

Warren stands at the sorting bench with Phil Burgess, the conductor, who is checking a schedule.

BURGESS
We'll pull in in five minutes, and you got the Crescent leaving from Philly to Baltimore at eleven thirty.

Warren sees Burgess glance curiously at Essley who sits handcuffed in a chair while Keeler interrogates him.

WARREN
Thanks. That's all I needed to know.

Burgess goes out, and Keeler comes over to Warren. He notices Warren eyeing Essley, who glares back at him.

HUGH KEELER
He's not going to talk. His whole life's nothin' but lying and hiding things.

WARREN
I've got less than an hour to get to the bank and back on the train to Baltimore.

HUGH KEELER
You're sure you'll be all right on your own?

WARREN
The note said alone.

CUT TO:

EXT. PHILADELPHIA STATION - MORNING

90

Like some giant creature glistening with sweat the locomotive steams into the station. Redcaps tip their carts and start rolling them along the platform.

INT. PULLMAN CAR 39

91

Warren pushes past other passengers and enters the vestibule. He shoves open the door, and people look surprised when he jumps down onto the platform before the train's fully stopped.

EXT. THE PLATFORM

92

Warren hurries past Redcaps and dodges passengers spilling off the train.

EXT. THE TRAIN

93

Essley steps down from the mail car, his white jacket folded over his handcuffed wrists. Keeler shoves him from behind, and they move away. They pass Burgess, the conductor, who watches smugly.

DOWN THE PLATFORM

94

Old porter Anderson also watches Keeler escorting Essley toward the station offices...

EXT. THE PHILADELPHIA STATION - DAY

95

Warren exits the station into the confusion surrounding fifty black men and women carrying picket signs that read "VOTE UNION", "PORTERS UNITE", "FIGHT OR BE SLAVES". Police loiter by squad cars, and more arrive on horseback. Warren shoves through the growing crowd of spectators until he finds EARL, his driver.

EARL

Mr. McCall! What a mess, huh?

WARREN

Where's the car, Earl?!

EARL

Don't worry. I parked over behind Singer's.

Warren takes off in a hurry. Surprised, Earl runs after him.

EARL (CONT'D)

You alone? I thought Molly was coming?

INT. THE TRAIN STATION - DAY

96

Anderson stands in a phone booth near the ticket windows.

ANDERSON

-- I saw it myself. A Pinkerton
had handcuffs on Essley and took
him off the train!

INTERCUT - ANDERSON / RANDOLPH AT WASHINGTON D.C. ARMORY

97

A. Philip Randolph stands by a delegate table at the edge of
the empty convention hall. With him are BARNES and SIMPSON,
two union officers. Behind them, hundreds of chairs wait to
be filled.

RANDOLPH

What'd they get Essley for? What
happened?

ANDERSON

They found some ballots on him.
But I don't think that was it.
Something bigger happened, but
they're being real secret.

RANDOLPH

Find out where they've taken
Essley. I can't afford to lose
him. What about the picketing out
front?

ANDERSON

Our people are out there real
strong.

RANDOLPH

Well, God help them if there's
trouble...

INT. STATION MASTER'S OFFICES - DAY

98

LOTTIE sits among deserted desks, typing glumly. She sees
Keeler open the door and push Essley inside.

LOTTIE

Hey, Mr. Keeler, how's tricks?

HUGH KEELER

I need to use an office.

LOTTIE

Use Mr. Franklin's, he's out sick.
 (grabbing her purse)
 Gee, could you do me a favor, Mr.
 Keeler? Answer the phone for a
 minute so I can go out front and
 see all... the... commotion...

She slows, noticing the handcuffs on Essley.

HUGH KEELER

You go ahead. We'll be fine.

The magnetic pull of potential violence overpowers her curiosity about a handcuffed porter and she scurries out the door. Keeler leads Essley down a hall to an empty office.

INT. THE STATION MASTER'S OFFICE

99

When they enter Keeler glances at the clock on the wall: it's eleven-ten. He pushes Essley toward a couch.

ESSLEY

You're wasting time, putting this
 on me. It's not helping the
 little girl any.

Keeler sits down on a swivel-chair and studies Essley.

HUGH KEELER

You're a smart boy. It must drive
 you crazy waitin' on white people
 day and night, cleaning their
 shoes, their toilets. Must've
 made you angry enough to get even
 any way you could.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK - DAY

100

The Packard skids to a stop. Earl jumps out to open Warren's door, but Warren's already running into the bank.

INT. THE BANK

101

Warren's footsteps echo as he hurries across the marble mausoleum to an assistant manager's desk. DAWKINS is on the phone, and Warren interrupts him.

WARREN

Frank. I need your help.

DAWKINS
(covering the phone)
Hello, Mr. McCall. If you wait
one second, I'll finish with --

Warren puts his hand down on the phone and disconnects him.

WARREN
I don't have a second. This is an
emergency.

Dawkins replaces the phone in its cradle.

DAWKINS
Oh. Well, what can I --

WARREN
I need to withdraw a hundred
thousand dollars immediately.

Dawkins begins to smile -- but it fades when he realizes that
Warren isn't kidding.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BANK VAULT - MINUTES LATER

101-A

A TELLER comes out of the vault with a tray-load of cash in
wrapped bundles. He places the money on a table in front of
Warren. RICHARD SHERMAN, the manager, has joined Dawkins.

SHERMAN
I'm just being protective, Warren.
If you're in some kind of trouble,
we should know what it --

WARREN
(eyeing him)
I'm buying stocks. I think pros-
perity's just around the corner.

Warren stuffs the cash into a briefcase, and then looks up.

WARREN (CONT'D)
I asked for a hundred thousand.

DAWKINS
Mr. McCall, that closes your
account. The rest is in your
wife's private --

WARREN

(interrupting)

Get it.

SHERMAN

I'm afraid that's a trust set up
for your wife by her father --

WARREN

(angrily)

I know what the hell it is! I
also know that it's held jointly,
Richard. I want the rest of the
goddamn money in thirty seconds --
or you're going to see every
Pullman Company account moving
across the street to another bank.

Seeing Warren's intensity, Sherman nods his head and Dawkins
hurries back into the big vault.

CUT TO:

EXT. PHILADELPHIA STATION - DAY

102

The belligerent crowd has swelled with people gawking at the
blacks picketing for the porters. The mood grows uglier as
thugs (Pinkertons) yell insults at the demonstrators.

THUGS

You're lucky to have a job! Go
back to Africa! Don't just
shuffle, boys, dance for us!

The gutter humor elicits laughs from the white crowd.

A taxi tries to edge past the demonstration, and the cabby
honks and shouts at the picketers. Two thugs suddenly charge
a man with a picket sign, knocking him down.

THUG

Move, nigger! Get the hell out of
the way!

The black demonstrators move to the fallen man's defense.
They yell at the thugs and complain loudly to the police --
who make a show of deliberately looking the other way.

INT. THE STATION MANAGER'S OFFICE

103

Keeler stares out the windows at all the travelers hurrying in
different directions.

HUGH KEELER

Kidnapping a new kind of union tactic? A way of puttin' pressure on the Pullman company, terrorizing them?

ESSLEY

What union? I'm not helping you earn your blood money. You're the bounty hunter.

Keeler turns from the windows and looks at Essley.

HUGH KEELER

I'm a specialist in labor unrest.

ESSLEY

You're a hired thug.

HUGH KEELER

Watch your mouth boy.

ESSLEY

I've known hired thugs since I was ten -- in Detroit in the mill strikes. They were the ones who sneaked in our house one night and cut down my father with shotguns.

Keeler studies Essley a moment.

HUGH KEELER

Travelers only see the smile, don't they, Essley? Never the anger, and all the hate. No, this isn't union is it? You're out for yourself here. You came up with a big scheme to grab more money than you ever dreamed of.

Essley ignores Keeler's stupidity and looks up at the clock.

ESSLEY

What happens if McCall doesn't get back in time?

HUGH KEELER

You tell me.

Keeler hears a door open and turns. Through the office's windows he sees two DISPATCHERS enter the reception area. Keeler starts for the door --

HUGH KEELER (CONT'D)
You try anything, you're dead.

The dispatchers see Keeler, and when he steps out of the office they meet him in the hallway --

HUGH KEELER (CONT'D)
You got my message?

DISPATCHER
I don't know what the hell's going on here --

He eyes Essley who sits handcuffed in the office.

DISPATCHER (CONT'D)
-- but it's out of the question.

HUGH KEELER
Warren McCall's a vice president of the company!

2ND DISPATCHER
He can be vice president of fuckin' heaven and earth, and the Crescent moves out in --
(checking his pocket watch)
-- one minute unless we get a call from Percy!

HUGH KEELER
Percy's out gawking at the goddamn picketers! Listen, you tell that sonofabitch engineer if he doesn't hold that train I'm gonna --

DISPATCHER
We don't have to listen to this shit. That train's rollin'.

The two men leave down the hall. Keeler angrily kicks a wastebasket after them.

HUGH KEELER
Goddamn flunkies!

CUT TO:

INT. PLATFORM 11 - DAY

104

Doors are being slammed shut on the Crescent Limited.

INT. THE LOCOMOTIVE

105

The engineer finishes lubricating the running gear under the firebox. Then he climbs up into the cab.

EXT. THE TRAIN STATION - DAY

106

In front of the station, a full-blown riot erupts. The picketers shout and scatter when white thugs start hurling rocks and bottles.

EXT. THE STREET

107

The horn of Warren's Packard blares as it inches through the traffic stalled by people spilling out into the street.

INT. THE CAR

108

Earl lays on the horn again.

WARREN

Jesus, Earl, just stop the car!
We won't get any closer --

Warren grabs the briefcase and pushes open the door. Earl watches him run toward the commotion in front of the station.

INT. PLATFORM 11

109

The conductor makes the last call and climbs aboard the Crescent. Up front, the engine thunders, the rods push the eight big drivers and they begin to roll.

EXT. THE STATION - DAY

110

Police sirens wail and Warren is ensnared in the riot. He hears the crowd shouting encouragement to the thugs who stampede into the picketers to rip apart their signs. When the demonstrators attempt to fight back, they are cornered, attacked and beaten.

A black woman rushes to the police observing the situation. Her screams only succeed in getting her dragged off to a waiting paddy wagon.

Warren shoves his way through the melée toward the station entrance. Suddenly a cop pushes him away --

COP

You can't go this way!

WARREN

I've got a train to catch.

COP

I said beat it!

WARREN

Let me through! You don't understand!

Behind them, the mounted police finally move in. Leaning down from their horses, they swing nightsticks, breaking heads indiscriminately.

Now even the spectators panic and flee. Warren and the cop are hit by a tidal wave of humanity. Warren manages to duck between two horses and runs through the station entrance.

INT. PLATFORM 11 111

The last car of the Crescent leaves the platform behind.

INT. THE STATION 112

Running with the briefcase, Warren dodges arriving travelers and races across the station.

INT. THE STATION MANAGER'S OFFICE 113

Keeler finally spots Warren and moves closer to the window.

HUGH KEELER

Christ -- there he is.

Essley stands up from the couch and watches Warren.

INT. THE STATION PLATFORMS 114

Warren runs past the other platforms until he sees the sign for 11. He flies through the returning Redcaps and runs out onto the platform.

Warren sees the Crescent in the distance. He continues to run to the end of the platform before he admits it's hopeless. Breathing hard, he watches the train gain momentum and disappear into the smokey yards.

INT. THE STATION MANAGER'S OFFICE 115

Keeler starts across the office quickly.

HUGH KEELER

He missed it. So now what the hell is he going to -- ?

Keeler opens the door -- suddenly it's kicked shut. Keeler whirls and Essley slams him against the wall.

Keeler punches Essley in the stomach, and Essley staggers back. Keeler goes for his gun, but Essley swings both handcuffed hands and knocks it away.

Keeler hits Essley twice in the face. Falling back against the desk, Essley grabs a bronzed-award -- a lead-heavy miniature train which he swings and hits Keeler with across the head. Keeler slumps to the floor.

INT. THE PLATFORMS

116

Warren runs toward the station master's offices. He rushes up the steps and pushes open the door.

INT. THE OUTER OFFICE

117

Warren enters -- the place seems deserted. He starts down the hall to the back offices, but there's nobody around. He stops and turns back --

And sees Essley coming toward him with a gun. Warren suddenly swings the briefcase and catches Essley in the stomach. Then he punches Essley in the face, making him stagger. Essley lunges at him and they both hit the floor.

They roll over and Essley grabs Warren by the throat until Warren knees him and Essley falls back. Warren lunges for the gun, but Essley gets to his feet and kicks him in the ribs.

Warren slumps again. Essley grabs the gun, kneels and sticks it against Warren's forehead.

ESSLEY

My turn, Mr. McCall -- how do you like it?

Warren indicates the briefcase on the floor --

WARREN

I don't. Take it -- the money's inside.

ESSLEY

Don't talk to me like that fool Pinkerton!

WARREN
What'd you do to Keeler?

ESSLEY
He's kissing the floor.

WARREN
So what do you want?

ESSLEY
Cora!

Essley pulls Warren to his feet and shoves him against a wall, keeping Keeler's gun aimed at a point between Warren's eyes.

ESSLEY (CONT'D)
You talking about Cora having something to do with this?! She'd die for your little girl! I just hope to God she hasn't already.

Warren looks at the clock and tries to think.

WARREN
I'll have to call the police.
I've got no other choice now.

ESSLEY
One other. The train you missed to Baltimore -- I think I can get you back on it.

WARREN
Why the hell should I trust you?

ESSLEY
Listen -- I don't know what happened to your daughter! Somebody found her locket and gave it to me. And that sack full of money -- that's from fundraisers. You understand?! Bake sales and fish fries the wives put on for the Brotherhood.

WARREN
That's heart-warming but it doesn't prove --

ESSLEY
(interrupting)
I'll tell you something "heart-warming", you bastard -- I may be

ESSLEY (CONT'D)
your last hope of seeing your
daughter alive!

WARREN
(after a moment)
You want me to trust you? Give me
the gun.

ESSLEY
Fuck you.

Essley tosses the pistol down the hall. It skids along the
floor and hits a wall.

ESSLEY (CONT'D)
It comes to trust, now we're
equals.

Warren stares at Essley, and gambles his daughter's life.

WARREN
Just get me on the train.

CUT TO:

INT. THE STATION PLATFORMS - DAY 118

Carrying the briefcase, Warren hurries with Essley through the
people streaming off a commuter train. Essley runs out onto
the last platform and jumps off. Warren follows, and they
hurry across the rocks toward the freight area.

EXT. THE FREIGHT YARDS - DAY 119

Essley and Warren run past lines of box cars. Coming around a
tank car, they see a freight train moving out --

ESSLEY
Come on, that's it!

At the tail end of the freighter are two out-of-service parlor
cars. Essley dashes to the last one and jumps up. Warren
jumps aboard after him.

INT. THE PARLOR CAR 120

Warren follows Essley through the passage doors into a shabby
turn-of-the-century parlor car. Nearly open-air from so many
broken windows, the car has remnants of torn carpets covering
its floors. Stranger still, the car is full of black men.

Twenty PORTERS in street clothes sit in lame chairs and sprung sofas. Where highrollers once laughed and played cards, these men look tired, and silent when they see Warren.

CUT TO:

INT. THE STATION MASTER'S OFFICE

121

Lottie cowers in the hallway, talking hysterically as JENNING, the Station Master, kneels by Keeler's body in the office.

LOTTIE

-- I blacked out when I found him,
I think I'm going to vomit --

JENNING

Lottie, shut up.

Jenning rolls Keeler over. Keeler doesn't move. Jennings finds something in his pocket -- the ransom note.

LOTTIE (CONT'D)

God, there's so much blood -- I
came back all scared from the riot
out in front and boom, there's a
dead guy on our --

Jenning steps into the hall unfolding the note. As he reads it, Lottie SCREAMS! Keeler is rolling over, trying to sit up. Blood runs down his face and he's only half-conscious.

KEELER

Shit... damn... somebody help
me...

JENNING

(reading the note)
Jesus, there's been a kidnapping.
I'll take care of him. Go call
the police, Lottie. Now!

HUGH KEELER

No... don't call... no police...

He tries to get to his hands and knees and Jennings has to grab him to keep him from falling. Keeler passes out again.

JENNING

Just keep quiet, Hugh, we're
getting help.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE PENNSYLVANIA COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

122

The 2-10-4 freighter is rolling fast, pulling the string of empty boxcars, and the two decommissioned parlors.

INT. THE OLD PARLOR CAR

123

In the old ghost car, Warren stands by a tattered armchair, the briefcase full of money on the seat next to him. Wind and smoke buffet him through the broken windows.

He watches Essley conferring with three porters sitting on a ratty couch. The men eye Warren suspiciously as Essley goes back over to him --

WARREN

They said it's going to be close, right?

ESSLEY

Yeah, this train was already late pulling out.

Essley notices Warren watching the porters as they go back to gossiping, or trying to get some rest.

ESSLEY (CONT'D)

They're deadheading. You people in the boardroom know what that means?

WARREN

(annoyed)

Yeah, they didn't get assigned runs, so they're being sent back home --

(looking out the window)

Why're we slowing? This isn't Wilmington yet.

ESSLEY

They didn't get runs because they didn't kiss a conductor's ass, or they couldn't afford to bribe the white dispatcher! So, no run, no pay --

WARREN

Christ, save the speeches for your goddamn meetings -- why in the hell are we slowing?

Essley also looks concerned. Soon they see why the train's slowing -- they pass road repair equipment and crews of Filipinos with picks and sledge hammers.

ESSLEY

(worried)

This is gonna cut it too close.

EXT. A RAISED CROSSING

124

The train finally rolls out of the repair zone and the track crew returns to its work.

INT. THE LOCOMOTIVE

125

The engineer resumes full throttle. He checks his pocket watch and then grabs his clipboard.

CUT TO:

EXT. WILMINGTON DEPOT - DAY

126

A sign on the wall reads WILMINGTON. A handful of ticket-holders board a waiting passenger train. On the side of the dining car it says: *CRESCENT LIMITED *BALTIMORE**

EXT. THE GHOST CAR

127

Essley hangs out the door, squinting into the wind, trying to see the station ahead.

INT. THE GHOST CAR

128

Warren moves aside as Essley swings back into the car.

ESSLEY

I see the Crescent. It's pulling out!

This isn't good news, and Warren looks worried.

WARREN

So now what? Come on, you got all the answers!

Essley looks equally worried.

EXT. THE DEPOT

129

The Crescent Limited lurches forward once, then starts rolling slowly out of the depot, gaining speed.

A family waving goodbye to relatives turns and sees the freighter thundering into view. Steam billows from the locomotive, its big drivers scream as the brakes grab.

INT. THE PARLOR CAR

130

Essley and Warren shout in the open doorway --

WARREN

The Crescent's going to be gone
before we stop.

ESSLEY

We'll have to jump. Give me that.

He reaches for the briefcase, but Warren keeps it --

WARREN

I can handle it.

ESSLEY

You land wrong, you break your
neck. Now if you're smart, you
don't carry no extra baggage.

Warren passes him the briefcase and moves into the doorway.

ESSLEY (CONT'D)

When you hit you gotta be running!

WARREN

I'm running already --

ESSLEY

All right -- go!

EXT. THE TRAIN

131

Warren jumps from the car and lands on the rocks already running -- forward momentum nearly sends him head first, but he manages to keep his balance and veers off toward the Crescent.

INT. THE LOUNGE CAR

132

Essley clutches the briefcase and flies out the door. His legs start pumping and he lurches across the rocks.

INT. THE CRESCENT "BARBER SHOP"

133

A barber and the man in his chair peer out the window, watching Warren and Essley run from the other train toward them.

INT. THE VESTIBULE

134

A passenger stands by the door, staring out the open window. He's surprised to see Essley and Warren run up shouting.

ESSLEY

Open the door!

WARREN

Open the damn door!

The man fumbles around and gets the door open. Warren lunges for the hand rail and pulls himself up. He turns to help Essley who's running alongside the train.

Essley reaches out and Warren takes his arm. Essley jumps aboard -- and drops the briefcase! He swears and jumps off again. Looking panicked, Warren turns and runs into the car.

INT. THE COACH SECTION

135

People are startled when Warren barges in and charges down the aisle, shoving aside passengers and a conductor until he reaches the other end.

EXT. THE TRAIN

136

Essley has recovered the briefcase and is running again. He sees Warren in the doorway and tries to get close enough to jump aboard --

WARREN

Come on!

But Essley's losing the race. He can't make it. Still running, he sees there's only one car left behind him.

INT. THE OBSERVATION CAR

137

Warren bursts into the observation car creating more consternation. Through the window he sees Essley running outside.

EXT. THE OBSERVATION CAR

138

Essley runs beside the last car watching for the door coming up from behind him. It's closed!

INT. THE TRAIN

139

Warren dashes into the connecting passage, throws aside some luggage, unlocks the door and kicks it open. Essley is there and just manages to grab onto the door.

Warren leans out, yanks Essley by the back of his jacket and hauls him into the car. Gasping for breath, choking, Essley lies on the floor with the briefcase. Warren sits beside him, breathing heavily --

WARREN

Let's get this -- straight. Who -
- got who -- on the train?

Essley coughs and tries to catch his breath --

ESSLEY

Yeah -- you done fine --

He reaches into his pocket, pulls out the crumpled half of the twenty-dollar bill, and hands it to Warren --

ESSLEY (CONT'D)

And here's the rest of your tip...

Warren smiles briefly as he looks at the torn bill.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARYLAND - DAY

140

The Crescent Limited whistles through Aberdeen on its way south to Baltimore.

INT. THE TRAIN

141

A conductor named GOODWIN leads Warren and Essley to a compartment. Essley sees two porters watching curiously as he and Warren go inside.

INT. THE COMPARTMENT

142

Warren puts the briefcase on the bed. The conductor eyes Essley, still perplexed by the situation.

WARREN

If this compartment was already
ticketed for me, who booked it?

GOODWIN

I don't know, sir. I can check,
but there's probably no way of
finding out.

The conductor closes the door, and Warren goes to the window and looks out. He turns and sees Essley sitting down on a small chair. They stare at each other.

EXT. FROM A BRIDGE - DAY

143

The Crescent screams beneath camera heading for Baltimore, a sketchy outline on the smokey horizon.

CUT TO:

INT. THE COMPARTMENT - LATER - DAY

144

Warren lies on the bed and tries to rest. Essley rinses his face at the sink. When he finishes, he cleans around the basin, wipes the mirror, and refolds the towel. He sees Warren watching him.

ESSLEY

Habit. Too many miles of habit...

WARREN

(suspiciously)

How long've you been a porter?

ESSLEY

I've been a loyal employee for about seven, eight years now...

WARREN

Loyal? That's a funny term for trying to shut us down.

Essley sits back down on the chair.

ESSLEY

I don't know nothing about that, "sir".

WARREN

You know plenty, Essley. You went to college, didn't you?

ESSLEY

Keeler's a real bloodhound...

He looks at Warren a moment and shrugs.

ESSLEY (CONT'D)

Yeah, I went to Tuskegee. And they handed me my degree.

WARREN

And you ended up a porter?

ESSLEY

(angrily)

Yeah, right, because I was lucky.
Lucky to get any job at all!

(calming himself)

As it turned out, it's taught me a
whole lot more than any school.

WARREN

Like what?

ESSLEY

I grew up being told that a Negro
could be kicked around and had to
accept whatever the white man did.
Building this union's shown me
that doesn't have to be true.

They hear voices outside the door. A woman is talking in the hallway, and a little girl's voice is heard. Warren goes over and opens the door.

A LITTLE GIRL is being pulled away by her GRANDMOTHER. The little girl turns, sees Warren and drags her grandma back.

LITTLE GIRL

See Grandma, he's here now. Are
you Mr. McCall?

WARREN

Yes.

LITTLE GIRL

I'm supposed to give you this.

She pulls a small envelope out of her pocket and hands it to Warren. He rips it open quickly.

GRANDMOTHER

A man back at the Philadelphia
station gave her that and fifty
cents to deliver it. But we
couldn't find you.

Warren is reading the note. Essley speaks up from behind him.

ESSLEY

Who was the man?

She notices Essley and shakes her head.

GRANDMOTHER

Well, I don't know. I'd never seen him before.

WARREN

What did he look like?

GRANDMOTHER

I can't really -- he was tall. Had dark hair I think. He looked like he was traveling.

WARREN

Thank you -- very much.

He looks at the little girl. She smiles and goes off with her grandma. Warren closes the door and turns to Essley.

WARREN (CONT'D)

She's alive. And Cora. They're both alive.

Essley reaches for the letter -- Warren hesitates a moment, then hands it to him. Warren sits down as Essley reads it.

INSERT: A typewritten letter, and also a piece of the "Baltimore Sun" newspaper with a scribbled message from Molly.

WARREN (CONT'D)

That's Molly's handwriting. She wrote it on this morning's paper.

ESSLEY

(reading)

"... Cora's helping me not be so scared..."

Essley looks over and sees Warren sitting with his face in his hands, crying. After a moment, Warren wipes his eyes and stands up. He goes to the window and looks out.

WARREN

Not much longer...

CUT TO:

EXT. BALTIMORE - SUNSET

145

Silhouetted against the late afternoon sun "The Crescent Limited" heads into the city.

INT. THE YARD OFFICE

146

The yardmaster watches the Crescent rumble past as it slows into the station.

EXT. THE STATION - LATER

147

Redcaps wait as the train slides along the platform and groans to a stop. Steam hisses, doors swing open.

INT. THE TRAIN

148

Essley slips out of the compartment and sees people crowding the aisles. He looks back into the compartment where Warren stands with the briefcase.

ESSLEY

Wait a couple minutes, it's all jammed up.

WARREN

The note said I'm supposed to stay in the dining car.

ESSLEY

It's up forward. You think you can handle this?

WARREN

(annoyed)

I can handle it. You think you can stay out of sight?

ESSLEY

Isn't that a porter's specialty?

Essley gives him a cold look, and Warren watches him walk away down the aisle.

EXT. THE TRAIN

149

Amidst the disembarking passengers, groups of baggagemen unload cargo. Armed with brooms, mops and buckets, a squad of black cleaning ladies boards the train.

Essley pushes past the irritable women, and slips off the train unnoticed. Then he hears a voice --

GRANDMOTHER (O.S.)

Wait a minute, porter!

Essley sees the grandmother and the little girl who delivered

the note. He'd rather not get involved, but he glances around cautiously and joins them.

ESSLEY

Yes, mam?

GRANDMOTHER

You know you asked us about the man who gave her that note? Well, Becky's been pestering me.

LITTLE GIRL

I think he worked on the train.

Essley's suddenly more interested and kneels down.

ESSLEY

What do you mean?

LITTLE GIRL

Well, he had a train on his belt buckle. And under his coat, I saw one of those things they keep the ticket puncher in. Like that.

She points at a conductor walking by, punching some remainder tickets. He slips the punch back into a case on his belt.

ESSLEY

You think he was a conductor?

The little girl nods.

INT. A COACH CAR

150

Warren comes down the aisle as the last passengers move out the doors. A family helps an elderly man down the steps, and Warren finally passes into the dining car.

INT. THE DINING CAR

151

Warren enters the empty car, puts his briefcase on a table and looks out at the activity on the platform.

CONDUCTOR

This is it, sir.

Warren turns and sees a grey-haired conductor in the doorway.

CONDUCTOR (CONT'D)

Last stop. We've got to clear the cars now.

WARREN

I was just -- I forgot my briefcase and had to come back for it.

The conductor waits for Warren to leave. Warren opens the briefcase and pretends to check something. But the conductor keeps waiting, so Warren heads toward the vestibule exit.

The conductor watches until Warren disappears, then he goes off in the other direction.

INT. THE VESTIBULE

152

Warren peers around the corner and sees that the conductor has gone. Then he goes back up the aisle and pushes open the door into the kitchen.

INT. THE KITCHEN

153

Warren waits alone in the stainless steel kitchen.

EXT. THE PLATFORM

154

Trying to look inconspicuous, Essley stands smoking a cigarette with three Redcaps. As they talk, Essley watches the dining car. Then he notices somebody on the platform.

A MAN in a dark suit stands by the stairwell down to the toilets. The man is also watching the dining car.

INT. THE KITCHEN

155

The train lurches and Warren looks relieved as it finally starts moving.

EXT. THE PLATFORM

156

Essley sees the train moving. He notices the man in the dark suit walk away quickly, and then start running down the platform.

Three cars have been left behind to be picked up by the next train, but the dining car moves off with the rest. Essley waits until it passes, then leaves the porters.

EXT. THE YARDS - SUNSET

157

The empty Crescent Limited rolls slowly out of the station into the receiving yard. Its brakes squeal and it lumbers to a stop.

EXT. A PULLMAN CAR

158

Two switchmen work on releasing the coupling. They step back and wave, and the main body of the train pulls away.

EXT. THE MARSHALLING YARD

159

The Crescent's engine pulls all but four Pullman cars out of the yards. Then a small switching locomotive backs onto the track and lunges against the four Pullman cars left behind. The switcher begins shunting them to a remote holding area.

EXT. THE HOLDING YARDS

160

Essley is running through the yards. He leaps over some tracks, slides through a line of boxcars and heads for the holding area.

Coming around a loaded flatcar, Essley stops suddenly. He ducks back as two overalled track workers approach. Then Essley takes off running on the other side of the car.

INT. THE DINING CAR - SUNSET

161

Warren exits the kitchen into the dining car. He bends and looks around, but doesn't see anyone. The car moves slowly, and Warren keeps peering out the windows on both sides.

It's her reflection Warren sees first: a sunset-flashing image sliding across a window showing two figures, a small one and one taller --

Warren turns and runs to the opposite side -- and there through the window, he sees Molly.

She's standing motionless just beyond another set of tracks. Cora is at her side with her arm around her.

EXT. THE DINING CAR

162

Warren appears at the door and shoves it open. As the car slows, he jumps down and starts running toward them --

CORA

(shouting)

No! Stop! Don't come closer!

Warren stops and listens --

CORA (CONT'D)

Please, stay there. You come closer -- they said they'll kill us.

EXT. ANOTHER HOLDING LINE

163

Essley moves quietly across the rocks. He stops when he sees Warren standing across from Molly and Cora. The switching engine is moving away, leaving the Pullman cars behind.

Essley looks around quickly in all directions, but there's nobody else around.

EXT. THE DINING CAR

164

Warren calls to his daughter --

WARREN

Molly --

MOLLY

Daddy.

WARREN

Are you all right?

Molly starts crying, and he watches her helplessly.

ACROSS THE TRACKS

165

Cora has her arm around Molly and she shakes her a little.

CORA

No, stop it. You promised me
now... we're gonna be brave.

Molly tries to stop crying, wiping her eyes, whimpering.

EXT. THE HOLDING YARD

166

Essley skirts behind a Pullman car, cautiously creeping closer. Then he sees them --

In the distance, TWO MEN stand behind a freight car. One has a rifle trained on Molly and Cora's backs.

EXT. THE PULLMAN CARS

167

Warren sees a long line of empty freight cars being shunted onto the siding that runs between him and Molly and Cora.

WARREN

Cora, what am I supposed to do?!

CORA

Throw the money into an open car!

Warren watches as the first freight car rumbles past slowly. Through the open door he catches a glimpse of Molly and Cora standing frozen on the other side. Another car passes --

CORA (CONT'D)

Throw it!

Warren swings the briefcase and tosses it into the freight car. The car rolls away.

EXT. HOLDING YARD

168

Essley maneuvers toward the gunmen. Then he hears something else and turns. Police!

Plainclothes DETECTIVES (including the man Essley saw on the platform earlier) and uniformed COPS appear in the distance, running between the freight cars. One of them shouts orders.

Essley watches horrified as the kidnapper with the rifle turns, sees the cops coming -- and OPENS FIRE! Suddenly there's more gunfire.

EXT. THE PULLMAN CARS

169

Warren panics. He sees Cora hugging Molly who is screaming. Caught behind the moving freight cars, Warren is helpless, and when the next open doors slide past --

He sees that Molly and Cora have disappeared. He ducks down, trying to look under the rolling wheels of the cars but can't see anything.

WARREN

No! No!

Warren's agonized shouts are lost under the gunfire.

EXT. REPAIR AREA

170

Essley runs along rows of freight cars. He skids to a stop when he sees a man (FLOYD DRANGER) carrying Molly -- and Cora being dragged, her arm twisted behind her back, by Jimmy Sheblo, the drunk who baited Essley on the train last night.

Essley charges down the row of cars. He tackles the man carrying Molly and they both hit the ground. While Molly screams, Cora sees Essley and starts fighting Jimmy Sheblo.

Essley rolls on the ground, punching the kidnapper -- until he's smashed in the back by a rifle butt. Essley yells in pain -- he's hit again and topples onto the ground.

Essley doesn't see that it was RITA CLAUSEN who hit him (the blonde who gave him the locket on the train).

Essley writhes on the ground, trying to get to his hands and knees. Dranger is about to shoot him, when Sheblo shoves the gun away --

SHEBLO

No, the cops!

He kicks Essley in the face and he crumples. Dranger grabs Molly. Cora screams for Essley as they're dragged away.

EXT. THE YARDS

171

When the last freight car rolls past Warren, he sees that Molly and Cora have disappeared. He charges toward the police who are rushing in.

WARREN

No, don't shoot! Stop shooting!

Furious, Warren attacks one of the cops, and the others have to pull him off.

EXT. THE FENCES

172

Essley's face is bleeding and he staggers toward the fences. In the distance, he spots a light brown paneled truck -- Cora's shoved into the back and the truck pulls away.

Essley falls against the chain-link fence. He watches the truck skid down a dirt road and then disappear under a bridge.

Suddenly there's more gunfire. Bullets kick up around Essley and he turns to see police in the distance -- shooting at him! He pushes off from the fence and lurches for cover.

He dives behind some equipment, then slides and rolls down a rubble-covered hill, landing with a splash in a sump outlet. He manages to get to his feet and runs through the wasteland toward a flood tunnel.

EXT. THE YARDS

173

In the last light, angry cops let Warren vent his desperation.

WARREN

I had her -- she was there -- you screwed it up, you idiots!

COP
I think you better calm down!

WARREN
Who the hell told you to get --

COP
We got called from Philadelphia.

WARREN
You should've stayed out of it!

He starts to walk in several directions, but doesn't know where to go. Then he sees something --

WARREN (CONT'D)
Jesus God, what've you done...?

Silhouetted by the dying sun, a cop trudges along the track, coming back with the briefcase full of cash.

CUT TO:

INT. REAR OF THE PANELED TRUCK - NIGHT

174

Molly's hands are tied, and she lies with her head in Cora's lap. Cora's hands are also bound, and as they bounce along in the darkness, she watches Floyd Dranger, who sits by the rear doors with a rifle across his lap.

Suddenly the truck skids to a stop. Molly goes rigid with fear. There are shouts in the front of the truck. Dranger calls forward loudly --

DRANGER
Hey -- Jimmy?! What the fuck --

He opens the back door, climbs out into the night and slams it closed. Cora and Molly hear more shouting, then the sound of somebody being shoved hard against the truck.

Suddenly the back doors swing open again and Jimmy Sheblo dives into the truck and grabs Cora. Molly starts screaming as Sheblo drags Cora out the truck.

Cora kicks and struggles, and Sheblo punches her in the face. Molly keeps screaming. Rita Clausen appears behind the truck, starts yelling at the others and everything is chaos.

VARIOUS VOICES
-- it's over -- kill 'em now --
no, we got to wait -- fuck that --

VARIOUS VOICES (CONT'D)

-- we get rid of them or we're all dead!

Cora topples head first onto the dirt road. Molly screams "Cora!" over and over hysterically. Sheblo shoves a pistol against Cora's head --

RITA CLAUSEN

No! You idiot!

Headlights appear in the distance, silhouetting the three kidnappers at the back of the truck. They fall silent and watch the approaching lights.

Rita quickly gives orders as the vehicle draws nearer. Sheblo and Dranger yank Cora up roughly, throw her back into the truck and slam the doors.

In the darkness, Molly is sobbing. Cora rolls over and crawls to her. She lies against Molly and tries to comfort her --

CORA

Molly -- I'm all right -- I'm all right...

They hear the other vehicle pass. Then the truck starts, skids back onto the road and accelerates.

CUT TO:

EXT. EASTBOROUGH PRECINCT STATION - NIGHT

175

A black NEWSVENDOR receives a nickel and hands out a late edition. Then he looks across the street at the activity in front of the police station.

INT. THE PRECINCT STATION

176

A desk sergeant yells at a dozen reporters crowding his booking desk. Suddenly tempers flare, a cop and reporter start shoving each other, and a camera smashes to the floor.

Then the press spots Warren entering with detectives, and they swarm around him shouting questions while he struggles to get through the door.

INT. DETECTIVES' OFFICES

177

Warren walks with LIEUTENANT WITHERS and HAROLD NETIK, who's come in from Washington.

WITHERS

-- Mr. Netik is from the Federal Bureau. They've been sent in to assist us.

They pass cubicles in which night division officers toil.

NETIK

We have men out searching the cars from the Philly train. We're trying to question as many of the passengers as we can locate.

Withers opens the door to his office.

INT. WITHERS' OFFICE

178

Warren enters and sees DETECTIVE PRASKIN and STALVEY, another Federal Bureau agent -- he also sees Hugh Keeler who is wearing a bandage behind his ear from Essley's attack.

WARREN

Are you all right?

HUGH KEELER

They sewed me up. Luckily it was only my head.

Withers closes the door and moves behind his desk.

WARREN

You said you're setting up road-blocks?

WITHERS

Nobody's getting out of Baltimore without us knowing it.

PRASKIN

So now we wait to see if there's further contact from the kid-nappers.

WARREN

(angrily)

Why should they contact me again? You arrived shooting, it looked like I called you -- after they warned me not to.

PRASKIN

Maybe if you'd trusted the police

PRASKIN (CONT'D)
from the beginning we could've
done better.

Netik gives Praskin a look to cool down --

NETIK
Tell us about this porter who got
away. Essley Burton. He's a
union --

WARREN
(frustrated)
I don't think he had anything to
do with it. Christ, I told you,
he helped me get back on the
train.

PRASKIN
Probably because he was desperate
to get the ransom payment back on
track.

WITHERS
We've got a warrant out for him,
we're checking boarding houses,
places porters frequent --

WARREN
You're wasting time! I mean they
said they'd kill my daughter, and
for all I know while we're stand-
ing around here --

Warren looks distraught and doesn't go on.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BOOKING AREA - LATER - NIGHT

179

Flashbulbs pop and reporters huddle around Heywood Brooks (the
Pullman V.P) and CHARLES MOONEY (another Pullman executive)
who've just arrived and seem quite willing to meet the press.

REPORTER
Is it true your company is
offering a ten-thousand dollar
reward for any information?

HEYWOOD
Yes. We feel it's an outrage that
because Mr. McCall works for the

HEYWOOD (CONT'D)
Pullman Company this tragedy has
struck his family.

REPORTER
You mean the kidnapping's related
to your problems with the porters?

INT. PRECINCT OFFICES

180

Warren stands at an office window, watching Heywood and Mooney
answering the reporters.

MOONEY
The police's main suspect is the
porter assigned to the car little
Molly McCall was traveling on.

HEYWOOD
We've also been informed that the
suspect's a secret union organizer
for the Brotherhood of Sleeping
Car Porters.

INT. PRECINCT HALLWAY - LATER - NIGHT

181

A cop assists Heywood and Mooney through the door, away from
the reporters. When Heywood sees Warren waiting for them, he
takes his arm sympathetically.

HEYWOOD
Ross wants you to call him right
away -- he's in contact with the
police and the Federal Bureau --

WARREN
(angrily)
I heard you out there. You're
using this as goddamn publicity
against the porters!

Heywood sees Warren's indignation. Then they hear raised
voices -- and see Keeler storming out of Wither's office.

NETIK
Get him out of here! We've got
enough trouble without some five-
dollar gumshoe --

Praskin pushes Keeler down the hall.

HUGH KEELER

You know I quit being a cop
because I got sick of paper-
shuffling assholes like you --

Praskin lunges at Keeler, who shoves him away. Stalvey pulls
Praskin off, and Keeler continues on to Warren and Heywood.

HUGH KEELER (CONT'D)

I'm just gettin' in the way. They
got their own methods.

HEYWOOD

I have to talk to you first.

HUGH KEELER

About the porters? Christ, not
now, I --

HEYWOOD

Listen, you can walk out on the
police, but you still work for me.

HUGH KEELER

I'm going back on the trains to
see what I can learn about his
little girl!

Keeler goes off, and Warren grabs Heywood and by the arm and
looks at him dangerously --

WARREN

Keeler's right. So help me God,
Heywood -- you stay out of this!

A detective calls to them --

DETECTIVE

Mr. Brooks? We got a boy here
says he's supposed to talk to you.

Heywood and Warren see a black man standing down the hall.
(Sam Pettit, the union porter who met Essley at the diner).

HEYWOOD

I got a porter inside the union
working for me. He's found out
how the their strike vote went --

WARREN

Jesus, you think I care about that
now?!

HEYWOOD
(changing tune)
He might've also heard something
about Molly. I'm trying, Warren.
We're all trying.

Heywood walks over to confer with his Pettit, his informant.
Netik comes out of the his office --

NETIK
We located your wife.

WARREN
I have to talk to her first.

NETIK
She's already on her way.

CUT TO:

EXT. EASTBOROUGH PRECINCT STATION - MORNING 182

It's raining. Escorted by three cops, Warren shoves his way
down the steps through the swarm of shouting reporters.

EXT. THE NEWSSTAND 183

Wolters (the young porter from the opening sequence) huddles
under the awning, pretending to read a paper while he watches
Warren run across the flooded street to the JEFFERSON HOTEL.
Wolters tosses the paper and ducks into the rainy alley.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY 184

Warren exits the elevator and starts down the hall. He stops
and knocks on a door. After a moment, Lillian opens it, and
they look at each other sadly.

LILLIAN
You're soaked.

She starts to cry and Warren moves to her and puts his arms
around her. Warren holds her a moment.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)
I had to come... I couldn't just
wait...

INT. THE ROOM 185

Lillian moves into the room, and Warren enters and closes the
door. Then he sees Charlie Firby standing by the windows.

Lillian dries her eyes and tries to talk --

LILLIAN
Charlie came down with me.

Looking tired and irritated, Warren stares at Charlie.

CHARLIE
I didn't think she should be all alone.

LILLIAN
He's just trying to help.

CHARLIE
(starting to the door)
I'll go back to the lobby.

WARREN
Charlie --
(correcting him)
Back to Rhode Island...

Charlie stops at the door, then nods, and goes out.

LILLIAN
Oh god, Warren. I'm just -- so scared -- when the police called, I started shaking and couldn't stop. If anything happens to her -- I'd want to die -- she's so little and helpless --

Lillian covers her mouth with her hand, struggling to regain her composure.

WARREN
I saw her -- she was fine. I saw her standing with Cora.

LILLIAN
They said whoever took her -- might've been watching her on the train -- on the other trips.
(with difficulty)
If she hadn't been going back and forth...

Lillian is crying, and Warren puts his arms around her.

WARREN
It's not your fault. It's mine.
This -- and what's happened with

WARREN (CONT'D)
us -- you were right, I've made a
mess of everything. And now she's
the one suffering.

He lets go of her and sits on the bed. Then he gets up -- but
he doesn't know where to go -- she takes his arm --

WARREN (CONT'D)
I don't know what to do...

LILLIAN
Warren, stop -- you're exhausted.
You're about to fall over. You
haven't slept at all, have you?

She helps him take off his jacket and starts unbuttoning his
shirt. He touches her face gently and pulls her against him.

CUT TO:

INT. THE HOTEL ROOM - LATER - DAY

186

The summer storm continues. The curtains blow into the room.
Warren's finally fallen asleep. Lillian is curled on the bed
next to him, holding him. She's crying silently.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY BACK OF THE HOTEL - DAY

187

An old Dodge splashes to a stop at the curb. Wolters turns
off the motor, and Essley jumps out the other side. Both men
run through the rain to the back of the hotel.

INT. HOTEL BASEMENT

188

Essley and Wolters duck inside from the wet alley. They move
through the luggage storage, past laundry trolleys -- until a
black bellhop spots them and motions to stop.

They wait as the bellhop cracks open a door. It's clear and
they join him, heading for the service elevators.

INT. WARREN & LILLIAN'S HOTEL ROOM

189

Warren lies alone in bed. He hears voices and wakes up -- too
quickly -- it takes him a moment to remember where he is.

AT THE DOOR

190

Lillian's in her bathrobe talking quietly to a black MAID

standing in the hall. Warren arrives from the bedroom, pulling on his shirt.

WARREN

What is it?

LILLIAN

I don't understand what she wants.

When the maid sees Warren she looks relieved.

MAID

Are you Mr. McCall?

WARREN

Yes.

MAID

A man needs to see you.

Warren's puzzled. The maid steps back from the door. Warren moves past Lillian and looks down the hallway --

THE HALLWAY

191

At the end of the hall he sees Wolters. Warren's puzzled. He doesn't know who he is. Then Wolters speaks to someone -- and Essley appears around the corner and starts down the hall toward Warren's room. Wolters waits on guard.

INT. THE ROOM

192

Lillian looks startled as Essley comes into the room. Warren closes and locks the door.

WARREN

Where'd you go? You disappeared.

ESSLEY

I disappeared because the cops were shooting at me! They're still hunting me -- your company's seen to that.

Warren sees Lillian's confusion.

WARREN

This is Essley. He's a friend of Cora's. I told the police you weren't involved --

ESSLEY

(interrupting)

That's not why I'm here. The little girl who delivered the second ransom message -- with the note from Molly?

WARREN

Yeah?

ESSLEY

She remembered something about the man who gave her that note. She told me she thought he was a conductor.

WARREN

Which conductor?

ESSLEY

I don't know. But I think there's somebody who can tell us.

WARREN

Where? I'm going with you.

Warren goes over and grabs his jacket. Essley and Lillian look at each other uneasily.

LILLIAN

Warren -- where are you going?
What's this about?

He holds her by her arms --

WARREN

It's a chance. Maybe a chance.

She sees him join Essley at the door. Warren opens it and looks out, then they both leave.

CUT TO:

(193 - 200 OMITTED)

EXT. THE BALTIMORE ARMORY - DAY

201

The rain has stopped. A marching band blasts through "The Stars and Stripes Forever", and white men with union placards parade in front of the hall. Across the street, cops on horseback keep track of the proceedings.

INT. THE BALTIMORE ARMORY - DAY

202

Kids with sloshing pails of lemonade circulate among the hundreds of sweaty American Federation of Labor delegates who scream and wave signs proclaiming their locals.

INT. THE OLD DODGE - OUTSIDE THE ARMORY

203

Essley drives and Warren sits next to him. They're speeding around the back side of the Armory, and Essley's about to turn in a drive --

WARREN

Watch it!

EXT. THE REAR OF THE ARMORY

204

Essley hits the brakes to avoid colliding with a Police squad car that careens into the drive ahead of them. The Dodge accelerates discreetly and follows it.

The Police car turns right alongside the building and cops start climbing out. The Dodge swings to the left toward the delivery bays.

EXT. THE ARMORY DELIVERY AREA

205

Warren and Essley jump out of the car and run toward a back entrance. White men mill about talking and smoking. But near the doors, Essley spots two black Brotherhood members --

ESSLEY

Ashley, I'm looking for Josh Heppel. He's here with the committee --

ASHLEY

I think I saw him down in the caucus room.

Essley and Warren push their way toward the doors.

INT. THE ARMORY SPEAKER'S PLATFORM

206

The National Chairman pounds on the gavel and shouts at the unruly congregation --

CHAIRMAN

-- as a Special Committee request and speaking off the official agenda, the director of The Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, Mr. Asa Philip Randolph.

No applause. The general pandemonium doesn't abate as A. Philip Randolph steps up to the podium and looks out at the sea of raucous white faces paying him no attention...

INT. THE LOWER CAUCUS ROOMS

207

Warren and Essley dodge past knots of bickering AFL members. They hurry down a hall to a doorway and go inside.

INT. A CAUCUS ROOM

208

They enter a work room littered with deserted tables and typewriters. Nobody's around. They look concerned and exit quickly.

INT. THE SPEAKER'S PLATFORM

209

Randolph looks out at the rowdy, unlistening crowd -- and he says one word --

RANDOLPH

Nigger.

He speaks into a microphone with a deep, trained, almost Shakespearean voice.

RANDOLPH (CONT'D)

Nigger.

The shouting slowly subsides and heads begin to turn toward the platform --

RANDOLPH (CONT'D)

Nigger...

The conversations die and Randolph's presence is felt in the hall. Puzzled labor delegates stare up at him coldly.

RANDOLPH (CONT'D)

There is a train tunnel running from Washington south into Virginia. Porters dread passing through this tunnel because on this side we are called porters, and on the far side we are called niggers. And that is the loathsome word the Pullman Railway Car Company is using on us every day they refuse to recognize our union.

The audience is aloof, but listening.

INT. CONVENTION FLOOR

210

Pushing through the standing crowd, Warren and Essley hurry onto the floor of the convention. On the platform, Randolph continues his speech -- and Warren watches him.

RANDOLPH (CONT'D)

A porter works four hundred hours a month, and he is the lowest paid worker on the railroad --

ESSLEY

There!

Warren follows his look and sees a congregation of fifteen black porters listening to the speech.

Essley and Warren start down an aisle behind the delegates seats -- suddenly Warren grabs Essley and pushes him up some steps. Essley looks around and sees the reason -- two cops go by, circulating through the crowd.

Looking nervous, Essley follows Warren out again and they navigate around toward the porters contingent.

RANDOLPH (CONT'D)

-- he is not paid for the time it takes to prepare the train; he is not paid for departure time --

Essley stops Warren --

ESSLEY

I see Heppel. Let me talk to him, you'll make him nervous --

Warren watches Essley start down an aisle toward the porters. Then Warren's attention is again drawn to Randolph, who never relents despite the resistant crowd --

RANDOLPH (CONT'D)

-- he is not paid for cleaning up after the trip, for deadheading between runs. And he sleeps two a hours a night on a bench in the men's toilet.

Then Warren sees something else which shakes him -- moving through the crowd is another black man -- Pettit (Heywood's union stool pigeon). Pettit stops. He's clearly spotted Essley who has joined the porters and is talking with Heppel.

Warren watches Pettit suddenly back off and look around quickly. Four uniformed cops stand across the sea of delegates. And Pettit starts toward them, going to alert them about Essley's presence.

Alarmed, Warren heads off to try and intercept him --

THE PORTERS CONTINGENT

211

Amidst the jostling crowd, Essley talks with Heppel --

ESSLEY

At Newbridge you came on late --

HEPPEL

Newbridge, hell, what're you -- ?

ESSLEY

You said you almost ran into somebody coming across the tracks to meet me -- didn't you say it was a conductor?

THE SPEAKER'S PLATFORM

212

Randolph continues --

RANDOLPH (CONT'D)

The company claims that a porter is paid through tips -- tips that enslave him! When a man doesn't receive a decent salary, he must bow and scrape and smile, and hold out his hand like a beggar.

DOWN ON THE FLOOR

213

Warren shoves through the crowd, ignoring angry looks and shouts. He keeps his eye glued to Pettit, who is likewise trying to maneuver through the throng -- toward the police.

THE PORTERS CONTINGENT

214

Heppel recalls what he saw the night of the kidnapping --

HEPPEL

-- when I came across I saw four men talking by a truck --

ESSLEY

A tan paneled truck?

HEPPEL

Yeah. They turned a flashlight on me, and I thought I was dead for sure. But they didn't do nothin', so I just kept movin'. But I saw the one with the flashlight -- it was Rupp. Lou Rupp.

ESSLEY

Thanks --

Essley takes off.

HEPPEL

You be careful.

He watches Essley go, then turns back toward the speaker.

RANDOLPH (CONT'D)

Our motto is "Fight or Be Slaves".
And we are fighting now...

THE ENTRANCE TUNNEL

215

There is applause. Pettit breaks free of the throng and is within steps of reaching the police -- when he's suddenly tackled by Warren and knocked off his feet around a corner.

A SERVICE ROOM

216

The doors kicked open and Warren shoves Pettit in. Pettit falls back, grabs a loose metal stair-rail and swings at Warren, catching him across the neck.

Warren staggers, manages to grab the rail and lunges at Pettit. They crash against the wall and Warren holds the rail against Pettit's throat.

WARREN

You were gonna turn Essley in --
stool pigeon -- your singing's
over...

ON THE PLATFORM

217

Somebody steps up behind Randolph and hands him a note. Randolph reads it, then looks out at the crowd --

RANDOLPH (CONT'D)

I have received word that the
porters of America have voted
overwhelmingly -- to authorize a

RANDOLPH (CONT'D)
 strike against the Pullman Railway
 Car Company.

There is bigger applause now.

RANDOLPH (CONT'D)
 Despite intimidation and threats
 of losing our jobs, despite
 violence and threats of losing our
 lives -- we have been strong. Now
 it's your turn.

THE SERVICE ROOM

218

Essley comes into the room with three other porters. Warren follows and closes the door. They see Pettit sitting on the floor, tied with electrical wires to the wall pipes.

PETTIT
 Essley, I didn't have no choice.
 They said they'd fire me!

ESSLEY
 (furious)
 No -- you're taking a leave of
 absence.

PETTIT
 (fearful)
 What do you mean?

ESSLEY
 On account of work-related
 injuries. The ones you're gonna
 receive if you don't tell Brother
 Josephs here what you've told the
 railroad detectives.

ON THE PLATFORM

219

Randolph is finishing his speech --

RANDOLPH
 Today you vote on whether or not
 the A.F. of L. will support us.
 We are praying that you will stand
 strong with us, that you will vote
 to honor our picket lines, because
 with our combined and righteous
 strength we will stop the trains
 and win!

He looks out at the audience and slowly the applause starts to build until it is clear the majority is with him.

BEHIND THE PLATFORM

220

The chairman's voice echoes as the meeting proceeds. Randolph comes down from the platform and sees Barnes and Simpson waiting. He smiles confidently.

RANDOLPH

Brothers, I can hear the river, I
can see the water...

(noticing their
expressions)

So why do you look like I just
gave my farewell address?

Barnes hands Randolph a copy of the "Washington Post". One of the front page headlines stuns him.

INSERT NEWSPAPER: "Child Kidnapped From Train....Police
Suspect Porter.... Illegal Union Activity".

INT. THE ARMORY BACK ENTRANCE

221

Warren and Essley run toward the back doors. They turn a corner -- and slow when they see Randolph and four Brotherhood porters enter from a side hall, between them and the exits --

RANDOLPH

(holding the
newspaper)

What the hell is this, Essley?
They say you had something to do
with it!

WARREN

No, it's lies. That's my daughter
-- I was there --

RANDOLPH

(eyeing him coldly)

I know who you are, Mr. McCall.

BARNES

(to Essley)

In an hour this damn paper'll be
all over the convention.

RANDOLPH

There are eight hundred white men
out there who could turn against

RANDOLPH (CONT'D)
us in a blink of an eye. And this
is all they need!

SIMPSON
It's gonna cost us everything
we've worked for. You've got to
turn yourself in, Essley.

ESSLEY
We know there was a conductor in
on the kidnapping -- we've got to
find him --

WARREN
Listen, we're running out of time.

RANDOLPH
You know how many years I've tried
to get your company to hear me.

WARREN
They took my daughter -- they've
got Cora -- I'm talking about
their lives, damn it!

RANDOLPH
And I'm talking about the lives of
10,000 men and their families!

ESSLEY
Asa, we're walking out of here
now. We're going to find them.

RANDOLPH
Even if it means --

ESSLEY
(interrupting)
I've given you everything I ever
had, Asa. Now you got to give me
just a little time.

SIMPSON
No, we can't, the vote's going to
come up and --

ESSLEY
(to Randolph)
You can hold off the vote. Just
'til tomorrow. Don't make me run
out on you -- because I will.

Randolph looks at him a moment and finally relents.

RANDOLPH

Noon tomorrow.

SIMPSON

No, we can't --

RANDOLPH

I can postpone the vote that long.
But at noon, we're going to offer
the police our help finding you.

Warren and Essley are already starting off toward the doors.

RANDOLPH (CONT'D)

Don't make us come and get you.

Randolph watches them go.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - NORTHERN MARYLAND - DAY

222

Shoes kick up dirt on a gravel road. Lou Rupp walks alone past oily fields. Behind him, up the hill in the distance, the train that he came on steams out of the small depot.

EXT. A SMALL FACTORY - DAY

223

The small, single-story factory is deserted, rust streaks its walls. But as Lou Rupp approaches the place, he hears music.

The strains of "MY LITTLE GRASS SHACK IN KEALAKEKUA, HAWAII" echo from a radio inside. Walking past the tan paneled truck, Rupp goes to a metal door and pounds on it.

INT. THE ASSEMBLY AREA

224

Rita Clausen opens the door and light pours into the shadowy factory. Floyd Dranger gets up from an assembly table littered with half-eaten groceries. Jimmy Sheblo turns off the radio as Rupp enters.

RITA CLAUSEN

Where the hell you been?

RUPP

We're moving the kid.

JIMMY SHEBLO

Moving?! Everything's fucked,
it's time to get out!

RUPP

Shut up. We agreed if somethin' went wrong we'd take cover and wait.

FLOYD DRANGER

Hell, with the cops all over? They got roadblocks, we're trapped here!

RUPP

The cops got no clue. In a month we'll make contact with McCall again -- and when he hears his kid's still alive, he'll crawl on his fucking hands and knees!

RITA

Hell, we'll ask for two hundred grand.

RUPP

Get your stuff. Tomorrow we'll be in Charleston.

JIMMY SHEBLO

So, we take the kid. What about the colored girl?

Rupp just looks at him.

INT. THE BOILER ROOM

225

Molly sleeps on burlap sacks on the cement floor. Her hands are tied in front of her, and her ankles are bound. She doesn't move, sleep her only escape now.

Nearby, Cora jerks her wrists up and down, cutting the ropes on the jagged edge of a motor housing. She shakes the ropes off her wrists and tears at the others binding her ankles --

The door opens. Cora freezes when Dranger and Jimmy Sheblo come into the room -- they see what she's up to.

SHEBLO

(eyeing Cora)

Get the kid.

Dranger grabs Molly, and she wakes up screaming.

CORA

No, let her alone! Molly!

Cora struggles to get up. Sheblo kicks her and she falls back against the wall and crumples. Cora watches Dranger and Rita Clausen dragging Molly away. Then she sees Sheblo lifting a pistol and pointing it at her --

INT. THE ASSEMBLY AREA

225-A

Rita and Dranger drag Molly to the door. A GUNSHOT EXPLODES in the furnace room. They slow until Rupp snaps at them --

RUPP

Move!

EXT. THE FACTORY - DAY

226

Rita and Dranger carry Molly to the back of the paneled truck. Rupp runs to the front, climbs in and starts the engine.

INT. THE FACTORY

227

Jimmy Sheblo splashes gasoline over the tables and machinery. Then he moves to the door and stops to light a soaked rag. When it starts flaming, he tosses it back into the room.

EXT. THE FACTORY - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

228

The paneled truck roars away from the factory and onto the dirt road.

INT. THE FACTORY

229

The blaze spreads, enveloping the dark shapes of the abandoned machinery.

INT. THE BOILER ROOM

230

Cora lies motionless on the floor. Smoke swirls in the room, and suddenly she chokes and gasps for air. Rolling over, she groans from the bullet wound in her chest.

Suddenly the fire explodes along a pool of gasoline flowing under the door. Using her last strength, Cora pulls herself up and looks around quickly --

She sees daylight -- flaring from under a large boiler. She crawls painfully to the screened opening around some drainage pipes that run outside.

While the fire blazes closer, Cora beats at the screen with her hands. She twists around and starts kicking at the screen with her feet. Finally it starts to give way and tears open.

EXT. THE FACTORY - DAY

231

Cora's head appears through the opening. Her dress catches on the jagged opening -- but she finally lunges forward and escapes, dragging herself across the pavement. Then she passes out again as the blaze grows behind her.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BALTIMORE STATION - CARGO AREA - AFTERNOON

232

Essley pulls the car to a stop. Warren jumps out, and they run toward a gate through which cargo trucks pass to get access to the freight trains.

When Essley sees the white transport captain tending the gate, he changes course. Warren follows him over to a fence where Essley calls out to a black station worker inside --

ESSLEY

Pullman delivery!

The worker gets the special signal. He tips back a dolly laden with crates and wheels it to the gate where he distracts the dispatcher with a clipboard full of jumbled paperwork.

The diversion works, and Essley and Warren are able to slip through the gate into the back of the station.

INT. BALTIMORE STATION - AFTERNOON

233

Warren and Essley maneuver through the crowds until a porter named WEBER materializes and grabs Essley by the arm.

ESSLEY

Did you locate, Rupp?

WEBER

Essley -- they found Cora!

ESSLEY

(stopping short)

Jesus, what'd you hear?

WEBER

She's alive. A porter just came off from Albany -- he saw her after the police found her.

WARREN

(dreading the answer)

And Molly?

WEBER
(reluctantly)
They don't know. The kidnappers
went off with her...

WARREN
What about Rupp?

WEBER
He was booked on the Seaboard --
which just arrived -- Dexter's
gone out to watch for him.

ESSLEY
We can catch him at the platform.

Warren and Essley start running for the platforms.

THE PLATFORMS

234

As they approach the platforms, DEXTER, another porter, runs
up past arriving passengers and intercepts them --

DEXTER
Rupp wasn't on the damn train!
They said he switched runs with
another conductor.

WARREN
Christ, where'd he go?

DEXTER
He's on the Carolina coming
through in ten minutes.

WARREN
Which platform?

Warren notices a worried look between Dexter and Essley --

WARREN (CONT'D)
Which platform?!

ESSLEY
It doesn't stop here.

WARREN
What?

ESSLEY
The Carolina just passes through
on the way south...

Warren is devastated. He looks down the platform helplessly.

ESSLEY (CONT'D)
We got one last chance. Come on
we'll --

WARREN
(interrupting)
Cora's all right. You don't have
to do this --

ESSLEY
We're going to find Molly.

When Essley starts running, Warren does likewise.

EXT. THE PLATFORM

235

The two men run out to the end of the platform, jump off onto
the rocks and head into the yards.

EXT. THE YARDS - SUNSET

236

Passing silent cars, they race to a flight of cement steps and
clamber up to a bridge silhouetted against the red sky.

EXT. THE BRIDGE - DUSK

237

Essley and Warren race onto the bridge. As automobiles whisk
by, they look out past the signal bridges at the vacant tracks
receding into the distance.

WARREN
Is that it? I see a train.

ESSLEY
That's it.

WARREN
How do we stop it?

ESSLEY
We don't stop it.

Essley studies the train coming and moves further across the
bridge, trying to judge where it will pass under them.

WARREN
You're talking about jumping?
(realizing he is)
You're talking about jumping...

ESSLEY

Go over to the other side!

Warren sees the train drawing closer and runs across to the other side of the bridge.

ESSLEY (CONT'D)

Get up on the rail. When I call out, you jump!

Warren climbs up onto the cement rail, and Essley watches the approaching train.

Warren waits as the roar of the engine grows louder. He sees Essley watching the approaching train, a mixed freight and passenger. The train screams nearer.

Perched on the railing, Warren's suddenly enveloped in smoke and thunder -- he sees the locomotive shooting out from beneath his legs.

Essley watches the cars blur under the bridge, and he yells --

ESSLEY (CONT'D)

Get ready! NOW!

He sees Warren slide off the rail --

EXT. THE TRACKS

238

Warren falls through the air and lands in a gravel car. When he hits, he topples backwards, flies head-over-heels and smashes against the rear wall.

EXT. THE BRIDGE

239

Essley dashes across the bridge and leaps onto the wall. He swings his legs over and stands on a ledge facing the bridge. The train roars beneath him, and he steps off into the air.

EXT. THE LAST CAR

240

Essley crashes onto the roof of the last pullman car and is knocked off his feet by the train's momentum. He rolls and nearly falls off the end of the train before he manages to grab hold of the transom rail.

INT. FIRST PASSENGER CAR - MOMENTS LATER

241

A door opens and Warren enters the vestibule. Two boys stop playing and watch him hurry back into the coach car. The boys stare out the open door at the gravel car ahead, and wonder where the hell he came from.

EXT. THE LAST CAR - DUSK

242

Essley comes down off the roof and jumps onto the rear platform of a private car at the back of the train.

INT. A PRIVATE CAR

243

A half-dozen PARTY GIRLS sing "On The Good Ship Lollipop" and dance in their underwear. A group of tuxedoed-men clap and leer at the silly performance -- until the back door opens.

Essley enters the car, but doesn't slow to enjoy the show as he heads for the forward door.

VARIOUS MEN

Damn, who the hell?! Hey! Hey!

The laughing party girls pick up the "HEY, HEY" and start chanting it as they continue their risque number.

INT. A COACH CAR

244

Warren walks through the half-empty car. A porter works in the service area, but there are no conductors in sight.

INT. A PULLMAN CAR

245

Warren enters -- and stops when he sees a conductor at the end of the car. It's Rupp. When Warren starts toward him, Rupp exits quickly through the rear door.

Warren runs down the car -- slowed by two ladies trying to use the ladder to an upper berth -- and into the next car.

INT. SECOND PULLMAN CAR

246

Warren moves through the car, checking berths, annoying passengers. He knocks on compartment doors and opens them.

THE MEN'S LOUNGE

247

Warren comes to the lounge door and pushes it open slowly.

INT. THE LOUNGE - NIGHT

248

A passenger drying his hands watches curiously as Warren enters, opens the doors to three vacant toilets, but doesn't enter any of them.

The puzzled passenger slips out the door. Warren finishes his search and also goes to the door. When he opens it -- he's face-to-face with Rupp -- and a large butcher knife!

Rupp attacks. Warren tries to shield himself and gets slashed down the left arm. He groans and slugs Rupp in the stomach. Rupp slumps forward, lashing out with the knife --

Warren dodges it and brings both fists down on Rupp's skull. Rupp's conductor's hat flies off (his head nearly goes with it), and he drops the knife. Warren kicks it aside and moves to grab it, but Rupp tackles him.

They both hit the floor. Rupp punches Warren in the face repeatedly -- suddenly Warren hits him hard in the throat. Rupp gags and grabs his neck. Warren kicks him and he falls back into the stall toilet.

Warren gets to his feet and goes after him -- the door swings out and Rupp sends Warren flying against the sinks. Rupp grabs Warren's head and smashes it against the mirror.

The mirror shatters, and Rupp beats Warren's head against the tile. Warren flails desperately and finally grabs a bottle of toilet water. He smashes the bottle into Rupp's face -- he staggers back, clawing at the glass and alcohol in his eyes.

Warren hits him twice in the stomach, again in the face and Rupp collapses into a corner. Warren grabs the butcher knife, kneels next to Rupp and sticks the knife against his neck --

WARREN

Where's Molly -- ?

Rupp's silent. Warren doesn't hesitate, pushing the knife until it pierces the skin. Blood flows and Rupp screams.

RUPP

No -- she's here -- !

WARREN

On the train?

RUPP

Yes!

The door opens, Warren's attention wavers, and Rupp grabs his knife hand and punches him in the head. The knife is wrenched loose and Rupp dives for it, but Warren kicks him in the face. Rupp finally slumps to the floor, unconscious. Warren backs away and hurries out of the room.

INT. A PULLMAN CAR - AT THAT MOMENT

249

Essley runs through the car and stops by a service area to question another porter.

THE VESTIBULE

250

At the end of the car, Jimmy Sheblo enters through the connecting door. Spotting Essley, he dodges behind the wall.

ESSLEY

251

He leaves the service area and passes through the vestibule. He glances at the back of man (Sheblo) looking out a window, but continues on. After Essley's gone into the next car, Sheblo turns and looks worried.

THE SERVICE AREA

252

The porter is surprised when Jimmy Sheblo steps in on him.

SHEBLO

What'd that nigger want?

PORTER

I don't know what you talkin' --

Sheblo shoves the man hard against the wall.

SHEBLO

What'd he want?!

PORTER

He's looking for a conductor named Rupp.

INT. THE DINING CAR - NIGHT

253

A HUSBAND AND WIFE are half-eating and half-listening to Hugh Keeler as he visits their table and displays his watches.

HUGH KEELER

-- all the mechanisms from my
hundred dollar pocket watch minia-
turized to fit inside this
handsome --

They hear a commotion at the other end of the car.

WIFE

My God, what's that?

Keeler turns in his chair, and looks equally surprised.

HUGH KEELER

Jesus Christ...

They see Warren pushing aside a porter. His jacket is ripped, his arm bleeding, and his shirt stained by blood from the fight in the bathroom. He spots Keeler.

WARREN

Keeler! They've got Molly here --

There's a scream. Warren whirls and sees Rupp entering. He looks worse than Warren -- battered and barely able to raise his pistol to fire at Warren. The GUNSHOT explodes.

It's immediately followed by a second GUNSHOT. Rupp missed -- but Keeler's had better luck, his bullet catching Rupp in the head and knocking him into a table. Rupp rolls off it and crashes onto the floor.

People scream and flee. Warren sees Keeler lowering his gun.

WARREN (CONT'D)

We've got to find Molly -- you've got to help me.

Keeler isn't thrilled to be recruited once again --

HUGH KEELER

I don't suppose you told the cops about this either?

WARREN

Rupp said she's on the train --
(looking past him)
What's in the rear?

HUGH KEELER

Two coaches and a private car.

Two conductors push in past the fleeing passengers.

WARREN

I don't have time to explain --

HUGH KEELER

I'll take care of them.

Warren runs off. Keeler moves forward and looks down at Rupp's body. People still rush about in a panic. Except one. Rita Clausen, who looks panicked as she edges past Keeler.

RITA

Christ, what'd you do?

HUGH KEELER

He was goin' to blow everything.
But we've got another chance.
Just stay away from me.

Rita slips off as the conductors arrive. Keeler speaks to them authoritatively.

HUGH KEELER (CONT'D)

It's all right. I'm a Pinkerton.

INT. THE CLUB CAR - NIGHT

254

Essley hurries through the club car. Then there's a shout --

SHEBLO (O.S.)

Stop him!

Essley turns and sees Jimmy Sheblo coming into the car.

SHEBLO (CONT'D)

He's the one that kidnapped the
little girl!

Silence and all eyes are on Essley. A soldier at the bar moves toward him, other men stand. Essley sees Sheblo coming at him and he backs away. When the soldier grabs at him, Essley elbows him in the stomach and shoves him away.

Essley runs for the door. Another man lunges at him, but a porter trips him. When the man tries to rise, the porter steps on his necktie, and his face hits the carpet. Sheblo ploughs past and rushes to the door.

INT. THE VESTIBULE

255

Sheblo races across the vestibule to the connecting door -- it's locked. He whirls, and Essley punches him in the face.

ESSLEY

You lookin' for George again?
(grabbing him by
the neck)
Where's the little girl?

Sheblo slams Essley in the gut and pulls a gun. Essley grabs his arm and they struggle over the pistol.

INT. A COACH CAR

256

There's a GUNSHOT and people look toward the rear door in horror. Sheblo walks into the car slowly, stops, and topples face forward onto the floor.

Essley hears screams as he enters. He steps over Sheblo's body and sees Warren coming in the other door. They talk as frightened passengers flee past them.

WARREN

I found Rupp. He said Molly's here on the train --

FORREST (O.S.)

Essley! What the hell -- ?

ESSLEY

Forrest --

A porter comes up and looks at Sheblo's body and the gun in Essley's hand.

FORREST (O.S.)

Jesus Christ, everybody's goin' crazy! Some guys two cars up is tryin' to disconnect the rest of the train!

WARREN

(to Essley)

No, I'll go. They've hidden Molly somewhere. You know the train -- find her.

Essley hands him Sheblo's gun, and Warren starts forward.

INT. THE VESTIBULE

257

The floor covering has been ripped off, exposing the coupling. The tracks blur beneath as Floyd Dranger lowers himself into the hole. Keeler hands him a sledge hammer, and Dranger starts pounding at the coupling pin.

INT. A COACH CAR

258

Warren comes forward. Frightened passengers clog the aisles, and it takes a moment for Warren to spot the two men trying to break the coupling connection. One of them is Keeler.

When Keeler sees Warren, he pulls out his gun. Warren stops dead in his tracks. Keeler moves toward him, shoving passengers aside.

HUGH KEELER

This train's about to stop, Mr. McCall. I'm getting off -- you and your nigger friend aren't.

He raises the gun to fire --

INT. THE VESTIBULE

259

Dranger swings the sledge hammer and the coupler-knuckle springs open.

INT. THE COACH CAR

260

The train lurches, Keeler loses his balance and his SHOT goes wild. People scream. Warren raises Sheblo's gun --

Keeler grabs a woman, holding her in front of himself so that Warren can't shoot. Dranger comes up behind Keeler to help -- when he fires, Warren retreats from the car.

EXT. THE TRAIN - NIGHT

261

The last five cars have fallen away from the front part of the train, and they are beginning to slow.

INT. A COMPARTMENT

262

Essley pokes his head out a window and sees the locomotive and main body of the train disappear around a curve. He moves away from the window and searches the compartment, checking anywhere that Molly could be hidden.

INT. THE PULLMAN CAR

263

Essley moves back through the car, pulling down berths, ripping linens out of closets. He yells at the passengers --

ESSLEY

We're stopping! Everybody off!
Everybody get off the train now!

EXT. THE LAST CARS - NIGHT

264

The five cars slowly roll to a stop. Passengers are already jumping off into the darkness.

INT. THE PULLMAN CAR

265

Searching for Molly, Essley checks every row of seats and yells at a woman who's looking out the window.

ESSLEY (CONT'D)

Lady, you have to get off!

The seated woman turns and we see it's Rita Clausen. But Essley continues on.

As he reaches the end of the car, he catches a glimpse of something in the bulkhead mirror -- Rita Clausen's standing up and she's pointing a pistol --

Essley whirls around -- and Rita shoots. Essley's hit, and he staggers back and falls.

INT. THE SERVICE AREA

266

People run screaming. Essley crawls along the floor -- he sees Rita stalking down the aisle, and he rolls into the service area.

Rita comes around the corner, steps into the service area and starts to lift her gun --

Waiting on the floor, Essley yanks on the carpet runner and Rita flies off her feet and hits the wall.

EXT. THE LAST CARS - NIGHT

267

The cars have stopped and people are bailing out, jumping onto the tracks. Conductors help evacuate them.

CONDUCTOR

Look out -- she's rolling!

The cars have stopped on a grade, and now they are starting to roll slowly back down the hill.

INT. THE SERVICE AREA

268

As Essley tries to get to his feet, Rita grabs a silver coffee pot and smashes him in the head. He falls back and Rita continues to attack, beating him viciously in the head with the coffee pot.

When Essley reaches for her pistol on the floor, she stomps on his hand with her high heel shoe and grabs it herself. Before she can shoot, Essley dives forward and swings his arm, slamming an ice-pick down into her foot.

Rita screams -- her high-heeled foot wriggles like a speared fish, impaled to the floor by the ice-pick. Essley grabs her by the neck. She moans pitifully, her eyes bulging in pain --

RITA

God, my foot -- Jesus, please -- !

ESSLEY

Where's the little girl?

RITA

I don't know!

She screams again in pain, and he shakes her by her hair.

ESSLEY

Where is she?

RITA

Keeler and Rupp -- hid her --

ESSLEY

Keeler? Where?!

EXT. THE LAST CARS - NIGHT

269

The cars pick up speed as they roll back down the grade.

INT. THE VESTIBULE

270

Essley drags a limping Rita Clausen into the vestibule. He pushes open the door and, despite her pleas, shoves her out. Her scream fades into the night.

ESSLEY

Watch your step...

Blood soaks his shirt. Grimacing from the gunshot wound, he heads toward the rear of the train.

EXT. MAINTENANCE STATION - NIGHT

271

The five cars are rolling downhill at a good clip now, and they rumble past a small substation.

INT. THE SUBSTATION OFFICE

272

The supervisor rushes in the door and grabs the phone. He dials a number and waits --

SUPERVISOR

Jackie? We got five runaways and they're goin' like hell!

EXT. THE TRAIN - NIGHT

273

From outside, the train appears empty. Then we see Hugh Keeler moving fast through a coach car.

INT. THE BAGGAGE CAR

274

The door bursts open and Keeler runs through the car. After

he exits, the side loading-door slides open -- and Warren's head appears. Hanging outside the train to avoid Keeler, he pushes the door wider and squeezes back in.

THE VESTIBULE

275

Dranger comes into the car and ducks behind the wall. He sees Warren climbing back in after hiding outside.

WARREN

276

He's about to follow Keeler, when he notices a large shipping box and moves to it slowly. The plain wooden box has air holes drilled in its sides.

Warren tries to move the box. Suddenly he hears a thud as something moves inside. He quickly pulls a crow bar from the wall and starts prying the lid open.

THE VESTIBULE

277

Dranger slips out of his hiding spot. He pulls his gun and moves toward Warren who is prying open the box.

WARREN

278

Loosening two of the sides he manages to get his hand in. He forces the top and finally the lock gives way and he opens it.

Warren sees the DOG for an instant before it springs. He jumps aside as the crazed snarling animal leaps through the air and hits the floor running. Barking viciously, the dog is immediately airborne again -- attacking Floyd Dranger.

Dranger shoots and misses. He and the vicious canine both hit the floor. Dranger rolls and screams as the dog rips at his throat. Warren heads for the door.

EXT. THE CARS - NIGHT

279

The runaway cars thunder through a road crossing at sixty miles an hour.

EXT. THE TRACKS AHEAD

280

Coming in the opposite direction, the westbound "FAST MAIL" roars through the night.

INT. THE LOCOMOTIVE

281

The engineer looks out of the cab and looks worried.

ENGINEER

What the hell?

He pulls hard on the whistle.

EXT. THE SWITCH TOWER

282

A SWITCHMAN is running for all he's worth. Hearing the whistle, he glances back, then he gives it his last effort and dives toward the switch-stand --

He grabs the counterweight and heaves it back with such force that he lands on his butt -- but the switch point slides over.

The five runaway cars shoot off the main line onto the receiving tracks -- just as the Fast Mail thunders past in the opposite direction -- the collision avoided by seconds.

INT. THE SWITCH TOWER

283

The yardmaster looks pale from witnessing the near-collision. He yells into the phone --

YARDMASTER

-- Christ, Jackie, we need a blockade at Easton! Move some rolling stock onto the bowl tracks! We don't stop these fuckers they'll plough through city hall!

EXT. THE EASTON TRAIN YARDS - NIGHT

284

The runaways hurtle through the outskirts of the train yards.

INT. THE LAST CAR

285

The site of the decadent party is a shambles as Essley rips apart cabinets and beds -- but still no sign of Molly.

Wind howls through the open door of the rear platform -- which has become the front of the runaway cars. Essley sees the lights of the Easton station ahead.

He jumps to the door and sees bonfires being lit alongside the tracks. He catches a glimpse of yardmen waving lanterns and shouting warnings as the cars careen past.

Essley retreats through the car, going to find Warren -- then he hears something. He swings into the service area and sees a light flashing and hears the low ringing of the CALL BELL.

Essley dashes back to the sleeping compartment and looks in again. It's empty. He checks the call button and doesn't understand -- until he looks down the cord tacked to the wall.

At the bottom it's frayed and dangling, shorting out and sending a signal each time it connects. Essley also sees the jagged edge of the torn ventilation screen.

He falls to the floor and rips away the screen -- there's a small shoe. He crawls to the front of the couch and rips the rest of the ventilation screen away --

Molly lies crumpled in the small space under the couch. Her eyes are wide, her mouth is bound and gagged.

EXT. EASTON TRAIN YARD - NIGHT

286

A shuttle engine pushes four gravel cars out of the holding yard. The shuttle squeals to a stop -- and the engineer and fireman jump out of the locomotive and run for their lives.

INT. A PULLMAN CAR

287

Warren pushes through a door into the car -- and he sees Essley coming with Molly in his arms. She's sobbing.

WARREN

Molly!

ESSLEY

We got to get off! We're gonna hit a blockade!

Suddenly a gunshot shatters the window in the connecting door. Warren sees Keeler coming and he fires back.

WARREN

Get her off! Go!

Carrying Molly, Essley runs to the door and shoves it open. The car is roaring too close a line of empty freight cars, and Essley realizes that he can't jump.

Keeler bursts through the door -- Warren pulls the trigger but the gun's empty. Keeler is about to shoot Essley when Warren lunges at him and knocks him against the wall.

By the door, Essley looks out -- suddenly the freight cars are gone and he sees the moon. There's a clearing before a tall sand tower -- Essley holds Molly tightly and jumps.

EXT. THE CAR - NIGHT

288

Essley and Molly sail out of the car and land hard in the clearing. They roll over and over helplessly until they crash against the sand dump.

INT. THE CAR

289

Warren knees Keeler and wrenches the gun from him. Keeler rips a fire axe from the wall and swings it. It catches Warren in the stomach, and he crashes against the wall.

Warren pulls at the axe which has slashed into his side and pinned his jacket to the wall. He can't move but he raises the pistol and fires.

Keeler is hit in the side and falls against the wall. He sees Warren ready to fire again --

HUGH KEELER

The fucking train's gonna crash!

WARREN

I'm going to kill you first.

HUGH KEELER

You stupid bastard. You gonna kill everybody? They all lied to you. Ask your friend Heywood -- in hell!

Keeler shoves away from the wall and kicks the gun out of Warren's hand as it fires. Then Keeler rushes toward the open door and starts to jump -- but can't! He looks down and sees that's he's caught.

The gold chain of his pocket watch is twisted around the door latch!

Warren manages to rip the axe from the wall and release himself. He jumps for the door on the other side, shoves it open and hurtles out into the darkness.

At the other door, Keeler screams as he pulls desperately at the hundred-dollar gold pocket watch holding him captive...

EXT. WASHINGTON TRAIN YARD - NIGHT

290

When the runaway cars collide with the blockade of gravel cars there is an incredible explosion. The private car is pulverized into a cloud of swirling wood and metal, and the cars behind it shoot skyward at crazy angles, flying airborne and then plummeting earthward in showers of wreckage...

EXT. THE HOLDING YARD

291

Lying on the ground, Warren rolls over and manages to get to his feet. He staggers toward the sand tower.

Ahead he sees men rushing around with lanterns and fire engines pulling into the clearing. Yard men run up to Warren but he won't let them slow him down.

WARREN

My little girl --

EXT. THE SAND TOWER

292

Men kneel on the ground around Molly. She sees Warren coming toward her and tries to sit up. He drops down next to her and takes her in his arms, holding her tightly as she cries.

WARREN

It's okay now -- it's all right,
sweetheart. I'm here.

Warren hugs her and then looks around.

WARREN (CONT'D)

Essley -- ?

He struggles to his feet with Molly. A man offers to take her from him, but Warren won't let him. He stumbles over to where some men are crowded around Essley.

Holding Molly, Warren sinks to his knees beside Essley. A man is wrapping his bloody arm and shoulder, and Essley grimaces in pain as he looks up at them. When he sees Molly, he manages to smile.

Molly reaches out and takes his hand. Essley holds her small hand in his...

CUT TO:

INT. PULLMAN COMPANY HEADQUARTERS - A HALLWAY - DAY

293

Warren walks down the hallway past the publicity pictures of Pullman cars and happy travelers.

INT. ROSS PHELPS' OUTER OFFICE

294

When Emily looks up and sees Warren she smiles at him warmly for the first time --

EMILY

Mr. McCall. You're back. Thank God your daughter's -- oh, they're in a meeting. I'll tell him you're --

Warren is already going through the door into Phelps' office.

WARREN

I'll tell him myself.

INT. ROSS PHELPS' OFFICE

295

Ross Phelps is meeting with Heywood Brooks, Hillman, and two other executives named SCHELL and ADAMS. When they see Warren they all get up and greet him --

VARIOUS VOICES

Warren -- welcome back -- God, what an awful nightmare you went through -- is Lillian okay? How's Molly doing -- ?

ROSS PHELPS

Where've you been? I've had them looking all over for you?

WARREN

I needed some time to think.

ADAMS

What about this Keeler? It's unbelievable.

HEYWOOD

The man was insane. You talked to him and he seemed perfectly normal, and he turns out to be a lunatic.

Warren looks at Heywood. Ross Phelps goes to his desk.

ROSS PHELPS

Anyway, thank God Molly's all right. At least that part of our trouble's over.

HILLMAN

(to Warren)

Did you see the papers? The A.F. of L. engineers and conductors went out on strike with the porters --

ADAMS

They shut down the trains this morning --

ROSS PHELPS

And Randolph demanded -- demanded to meet with us. And of course the goddamn courts backed him --

HEYWOOD

So what? In two days the railroads'll find plenty of scab engineers to take over --

ADAMS

(to Warren)

We're talking about bringing in Filipino porters.

ROSS PHELPS

If the negroes feel they're too big for the job, those little Flips are dying to take over. In the long run, we'll come out of this fine.

Warren just stares at them all.

HEYWOOD

This company's paid out dividends every year of the Depression.

ROSS PHELPS

We'll see how long the porters can go without paychecks.

WARREN

You're wrong, Ross. I told you before, you're going to lose.

ROSS PHELPS

(coldly)

Don't start on that, Warren --

WARREN

I'm sure of it now. Because you know what -- it's not about money for them. And I've seen how strong they are. It might take years, or it may come sooner. But you've lost.

WARREN (CONT'D)
(looking at Heywood)
Nothing turned out the way you
planned.

Heywood looks confused as Warren moves toward him.

HEYWOOD
What do you mean?

WARREN
You told Keeler to discredit the
union. To do anything to destroy
it.

HEYWOOD
Yes, that's what we all agreed --

WARREN
(interrupting)
And he came up with the idea --
(seething)
-- the idea of kidnapping my
daughter and blaming it on a
porter.

HEYWOOD
Sure, I told him to go after the
union, but what he did was
horrible -- he was crazy!

WARREN
You must've realized he was crazy
when he told you his plan --

HEYWOOD
What? Jesus Christ, what're you
saying? That's not true!

Warren grabs Heywood by his jacket and shoves him toward the
wall. Heywood trips against a chair and falls back.

WARREN
You knew about Molly -- you knew
everything!

HEYWOOD
No! I didn't --

Warren grabs him again and slams him against the bookcase.

WARREN

There is a woman -- one of the kidnappers -- who will testify that she was there when you and Keeler discussed it!

This shocks Heywood. He panics when he sees the murderous look on Warren's face.

HEYWOOD

No! I didn't know -- it was --

Warren slugs him suddenly and Heywood lurches along the wall and falls. Warren goes after him again -- the other men try and pull him off Heywood, who is terrified now --

HEYWOOD (CONT'D)

No! He lied to me, damn it! It wasn't -- supposed to go so far --

Warren backs away disgustedly. Hearing this the other men stare at Heywood in disbelief.

ROSS PHELPS

What're you saying?

HEYWOOD

They weren't going to hurt her. Keeler said -- she wouldn't even be scared. And after we broke the union -- they'd let her go. But he was insane! He lied to me. He was after the money for himself!

He breaks down as he relates his pathetic story.

HEYWOOD (CONT'D)

I didn't know what he was going to do. I swear I didn't know!

ROSS PHELPS

Jesus Christ... you idiot. Why?

Warren looks at Ross.

WARREN

Why? To please you, to win points. To get invited to your parties, to inherit your goddamn position.

(after a moment)

If he's responsible for Keeler -- who's responsible for him...?

Warren walks over and opens the door. Netik and Stalvey, the Federal Bureau agents, have arrived and are waiting outside. They enter the office now.

WARREN

He said enough.

Netik and Stalvey approach Heywood. Looking stunned, Heywood is escorted from the office. Warren eyes Ross and the other executives --

WARREN (CONT'D)

It looks like you got some other visitors.

Ross looks out the door and sees A. Philip Randolph and three other Brotherhood officials standing in the reception area.

ROSS PHELPS

I'm going to need your help on this, Warren...

WARREN

You can go to hell, Ross. I don't work here anymore.

INT. THE OUTER OFFICE

296

Warren comes out and sees Randolph staring at him. A look of mutual respect passes between the two men, and Warren walks out of the office. Randolph turns and looks at Ross Phelps.

RANDOLPH

I'm waiting for you to invite us in, Mr. Phelps.

CUT TO:

EXT. PULLMAN HEADQUARTERS - DAY

297

Warren exits the building. Some Brotherhood men stand by two old cars, waiting for Randolph and the others. Essley is with them. Warren walks over and joins him.

WARREN

You're on strike, and I'm looking for a job. We're doing fine.

EXT. THE PARKING AREA

298

Around the circular drive, Cora talks with Lillian and Molly. When they see the men coming, Lillian hugs Cora goodbye, and Molly runs to her dad.

Warren holds her against him, then watches as Essley kneels down and talks to Molly. Then he hugs her and she holds him.

(Over this we hear Molly speaking in a grown woman's voice, recalling distant memories).

MOLLY (V.O.)

He said goodbye to me, and that was the last time I saw Essley Burton. He and my father corresponded for a few years, but their lives went off in different directions, and the letters eventually stopped.

Warren and Essley speak briefly, then just look at each other a moment. They shake hands. Essley watches Warren and Molly walk back to the car where Lillian is waiting.

MOLLY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

My dad started a small manufacturing company. It was hard at first, and he never set the world on fire. But he was his own man and respected for his honesty -- and my mother was always very proud of him.

Warren starts the car. Cora and Essley watch them drive off, and Cora waves.

MOLLY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

After Cora and Essley got married, Essley continued to work for Mr. Randolph and the union, until he grew too frustrated by the slow pace of political change, and he and Cora moved to France.

INT. THE CAR

299

Sitting between her parents, Molly gets up on her knees and turns to look out the back window at Essley and Cora.

MOLLY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It was there that Essley started writing books. Even though he'd left his own country behind, his stories were all about America, and if they were angry, like people say, I think it was because he always had a vision of our real potential.

INT. ROSS PHELPS' OFFICE - DAY

300

On the wall is a large oil painting of a smiling porter bowing graciously as white passengers enter his car.

MOLLY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Or course Mr. Randolph never quit.
After he won recognition for the
Brotherhood of Sleeping Car
Porters --

Beneath the portrait, A. Philip Randolph sits, unsmiling, and lays out the union's demands. Ross Phelps and the other executives listen in pained silence.

MOLLY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
-- he went on to become a leader
of the new civil rights movement.
Years later I saw Mr. Randolph on
television. He was an old man by
then, but he had organized, and
was right there at the head of,
the great Freedom March on Wash-
ington. And that was the day he
introduced Martin Luther King to
the nation.

INT. THE CAR - DAY

301

Molly watches Essley and Cora recede in the distance. Then she turns away and sits down between her parents. The sunlight flickers over her face, and she looks at the road ahead.

MOLLY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
As for me, I've led a pretty quiet
life with my own family... and
that night ride down from Newport
is only traveled now in my
memories.

THE END