

# **REDS**

by

**Warren Beatty  
and  
Trevor Griffiths**

ALSO BY  
WARREN BEATTY

NO PICKUPS THIS  
FOR CASE PAGE XC  
REED

The film is woven together by OLD NARRATORS. These are people in their late 80's and early 90's talking today about the past. Most specifically about the events that take place in the film between 1915 and 1920 and about the characters in the film which include JOHN REED, LOUISE BRYANT, EUGENE O'NEILL, EMMA GOLDMAN and others. These OLD FACES will give us historical information and help to convey the passage of time.

as  
cast

Their VOICES act as a sort of score for the film, coming up unexpectedly on the track and fading out.

Underneath the VOICES will be tinted still-photographs of the NARRATORS when young, photographs of the period, intermingled with photographs of the leading actors, and action sequences.

We learn that John Reed was from a middle-class family, that he went to Harvard and then in rapid medley we are told that he was a hero, that he was a fool, that he was a saint, that he was a devil, that he was complex, that he was simple, but the thing they all agree on is that he was a passionate man. We learn that he was, by 1915, one of the most successful and famous journalists in the world.

We hear that he was thrown in jail in Paterson and taught the strikers the Harvard DKE song, that he went to Mexico... as we hear of these events, we SEE the PHOTOS... and a live action sequence of:

CASO

JOHN REED PLAYING CARDS WITH SOME MEXICAN COMPANEROS as they urge him to drink a half full bottle of Sotol, which he does. One of them says, "Good for you. Now you are with the men", and there is a gunshot. Then a bullet hits the wall, and they all run out of the building and continue running, Reed losing his sombrero, his canteen, his belt, as he keeps on and on running through several dissolves, on and on and on, until he finally lands in a German trench in the First World War. He looks over the top of the trench and sees a battlefield of corpses. Reed walks through the carnage, past the maimed, disfigured young men, the mud and destruction as the dry old VOICES of HAMILTON FISH, ANDREW DASBURG, etc. say Reed was deeply affected by seeing the war.

INT. FIELD HOSPITAL - FRANCE

Reed listens to French-speaking soldiers who've been mangled in battle (subtitled), as they argue heatedly about why they are fighting the war.

A soldier whose left arm has been amputated answers Reed's question:

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A-1 CS&S

SOLDIER  
(subtitled French)  
We fight to keep France free.

INT. FIELD HOSPITAL - GERMANY  
The scene repeats itself in the German language.  
And the answer to Reed's question is:

CS&S

SOLDIER  
(subtitled German)  
We fight to keep Germany free.

A-3  
CS&S

INT. ART GALLERY. PORTLAND, OREGON.  
TRULLINGER  
Louise Bryant watches the response of an upper middle-class group to the canvas in front of them.

A young painter keeps his distance at the other end of the room.

CS&S

MR. RUDACILLE  
(for Louise's benefit)  
I think I see what he intends here. This is very interesting. You certainly know how to spot talent.

CS&S

Louise and FRANK the perspiring painter exchange a look from opposite ends of the room.

CS&S

JANE  
(she refers to her program)  
"Slaughter of the Innocents".  
very nice.

Confusion and resistance from the group as Louise refers to a second painting. Woodward stares at it.

CS&S

LOUISE  
What do you think of it, Mr. Woodward?

MRS. WOODWARD  
(unasked)  
Well, I find the form and content at odds with one another. But I do think his colors are quite good.

CS&S

A-3

LOUISE

Uh-huh...

WOODWARD

I don't like it.

LOUISE

(moving away to another canvas)

You may not like it as a painting. But you better buy it as an investment.

MRS. RUDACILLE

(she looks across the room at Frank)

He's certainly a fine looking man.

The group moves on. It includes Paul Trullinger, Louise's husband. They arrive at a larger canvas. It is a collage of newspaper clippings, photographs, etc., and in the center a perfectly painted nude female. The group quiets. The nude is quite clearly Louise Bryant Trullinger. Her husband takes her arm and moves her quietly away from the group.

A-4 CS

TRULLINGER

(in a low, angry voice)

I thought you said this wasn't going to be on display.

LOUISE

I never said that.

TRULLINGER

I thought it was understood. For God's sake, Louise, you're my wife. Don't you realize how embarrassing this is to me? Don't you care?

LOUISE

I can't tell him what he can and can't show. He's an artist.

TRULLINGER

And you're very devoted to art. Just as you're very devoted to writing. Just as you're very devoted to anything that will make you the center of attention. Anything that will shock.

MRS. RUDACILLE  
(coming up to them)  
Well, it's very nice, Mrs.  
Trullinger. All of it.

MRS. WOODWARD  
And he's done a very nice  
portrait of you. Captured your  
smile exactly.

TRULLINGER  
Well, that's very gratifying to  
hear, isn't it? Isn't it,  
Louise? Louise has great faith  
in Frank's talent.

JANE  
Are you going to the Liberal Club  
tonight?

MRS. WOODWARD  
Oh, I wouldn't miss it for the  
world. I do hope there won't be  
a scene.

MRS. CANNING  
Who's speaking?

MRS. WOODWARD  
Margaret Reed's boy.

JANE  
Are you going, Louise?

LOUISE  
Yes. I've got to go home and get  
dressed.

She walks away. Gives the painter a kiss on the cheek at the  
door and leaves.

TRULLINGER  
Possibly you read her piece in  
the "Oregonian" last week. She  
also had a piece in the "Blast".

JANE  
Really? Well, with Louise here,  
nobody can say Portland's behind  
the times.

INT. ASSEMBLY ROOM - PORTLAND LIBERAL CLUB →

A banquet.

Rows of well-heeled Portlanders at two lavish Victorian tables listening to an oratorical speaker. Many faces from the art gallery. One of them is Louise.

A-4

SPEAKER

What is this European war about?

A-5

Cliff

If you believe as I do, ladies and gentlemen, that this war is about the defense of freedom and democracy everywhere, then you must ask yourself a further question. Are freedom and democracy worth fighting for? Patriotic Americans believe in freedom. God knows our forefathers have demonstrated that fact. And unless we are willing to take arms to defend our heritage, we cannot call ourselves patriotic Americans.

Louise stares at Reed. Finally catches his eye. They enjoy a moment of contempt for the speaker.

SPEAKER

I'm proud to be free. And I'm proud to be an American. And if the man we elected president decides our freedoms are being threatened, and that the world must be made safe for democracy,

*when called*

I know I won't be alone in heeding the call to patriotism. I'm proud to fight to keep America free. What is this war about? Each man will have his own answer. I have mine. I am ready to be called. Now tonight we have with us the son of Margaret and C.J. Reed of Portland, who has come back to tell us about this war which he has witnessed first hand. And I for one see no reason why we here at the Liberal Club shouldn't listen to what he has to say. What would you say this war is about, Jack Reed?

*Charles Jerome Reed 1855-1912*

JACK

(he stands and looks around the room)

Profits.

(he sits)

MC

A-5

Nothing happens. Then a single person begins applauding. It's Louise. A few momentarily join her out of embarrassment, and then stop. A barbershop quartet abruptly fills the breach by singing "You're A Grand Old Flag". Louise defiantly picks up her notes and leaves. Jack watches her.

INT. STAIR AND HALLWAY - PORTLAND LIBERAL CLUB

Louise stands, in half shadow just inside the door, staring at the stairway. Footsteps, voices. Jack, Chairman, and committee members descending. She watches the handshakes. Jack, turning collar up, walks toward her.

JACK  
(seeing her)  
Hello.

LOUISE  
(emerging)  
Excuse me. My name is Louise Bryant. I wondered if you'd give me an interview.

JACK  
An interview?

LOUISE  
I'm a writer. I had a piece in "The Blast" recently...

JACK  
Berkman's "Blast"?

LOUISE  
Yes.

Pause. Jack checks his watch.

A 7

JACK  
When do you want to do this?

LOUISE  
Now. I have a studio downtown.

JACK  
(almost to himself)  
And you wondered if I'd give you an interview.

CPA

AS THEY WALK AWAY

TESS DAVIS, next-door neighbor of Louise and Trullinger, says Louise was known as a stick of TNT in Portland. ALOID C. RAMP, 92, classmate at University of Oregon calls Louise a

They do walk  
LATE - TWO  
9:00 (this is what)

cutie pie. ADELE NATHAN, 87, calls Louise a "hellion" and says a place like Portland could never hold her.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT

LIT BY COLD MOONLIGHT, THROUGH LARGE WINDOW. DOOR OPENS, LOUISE IN, JACK STANDS SILHOUETTED IN DOORWAY. LOUISE CROSSES TO GAS FIRE, LIGHTS IT. JACK DRIFTS TO THE WINDOW AND GAZES OUT.

LOUISE  
Has Portland changed much since you left?

JACK  
I wouldn't think so.

LOUISE  
I'll bet your mother's glad to see you.

JACK  
My mother's glad when I'm not in jail.

He watches her lighting the gaslamps around the room gradually revealing its layout and contents. There's an easel by the large window, a canvas up. On a wide, book-and-paper-strewn table, a typewriter; on the walls, shelves of books and magazines. She finishes up by the kitchen area, fills a kettle, places it on the stove.

A 3

LOUISE  
Do you want a drink?

JACK  
What about you?

LATER

The OLD VOICES go over LOUISE INTERVIEWING JACK. One VOICE says that as a child Jack had a kidney disease that kept him out of school a lot, but he became so active when he grew up he sure made up for lost time. LUCITA WILLIAMS, 90, talks about how attractive Reed was to Louise. "I guess today you'd call him a 'hunk'." Gene, Reed's third cousin, gives the family legend of their meeting.

CS&J  
CS&J

A SHOT OF A NUDE PHOTOGRAPH AMONG SOME PAINTINGS.

LOUISE IS FURIOUSLY TAKING NOTES.



JACK

The last man I heard say he's fighting to keep his country free was a German mill hand who'd had his legs blown off, and the one before that was a French peasant who lost his sight in the same battle. The mill hand was out of work when he went into the Army, the peasant was making the equivalent of ten dollars a week --

*not bad in  
1915 -*

but they were fighting each other to keep their countries free. Who do you think's going to do the fighting in America? Morgan? Rockefeller? Their profits have already gone up 200% and are going to double and triple and quadruple again from the manufacture of armaments if the United States enters the war. No, the fighting's going to be done by the mill hands, the unemployed, the farmers, the working man who's already been robbed of everything he has and now they'll make a soldier out of him to defend their loot. But who he should really be fighting are the 2% of the people in this nation who own 60% of the wealth. And he should be fighting them in the streets if he has to. If we're going to get into a war, that's the war I'm interested in. A war on starvation and inequality and unemployment. That's the only war I'll fight in.

(looking at the  
nude photograph)  
Is that you?

LOUISE

Yes.

JACK

Really.

LATER

Louise returns from the kitchen area and sits across from Jack. He stares at her.

13

LOUISE

(finally)

I like photography. I love to  
paint, too.

(a moment)

I use this place as a studio. I  
live in a house on the river.

JACK

Really.

LOUISE

Oh yes.

She looks down, nervously squares off her papers, neatens  
her portfolio, lines up her pencils.

Aunt

LOUISE

Mr. Reed...

JACK

Jack.

LOUISE

This is going to be very hard for  
me.

JACK

Oh?

LOUISE

I have something to confess.  
I...I want something more from  
you than an interview.

JACK

(sitting up a  
little closer  
to her)

Oh?

LOUISE

Oh, this is so difficult for  
me...

JACK

(understanding)

Uh-huh.

LOUISE

And it probably happens to you  
all the time.

JACK  
(putting his hand  
on the table near hers)  
No it doesn't.

LOUISE  
But... I admire your work so much  
and I... please believe me that  
I've never done anything like  
this before...

He moves around the table and sits beside her on the couch.

JACK  
I do.

LOUISE  
Jack...

JACK  
(putting his arm  
on the couch behind her)  
Yes? Louise?

Louise takes her entire portfolio and sticks it into his  
left arm.

LOUISE  
Would you read my work and tell  
me what you think?

He sits with portfolio. She rises.

LOUISE  
Please don't feel you have to. I  
just... I've read everything  
you've written and I respect your  
opinion so much.

JACK  
(rising with the  
portfolio)  
I...I'd be happy to.

LOUISE  
Thank you. I hope it isn't an  
imposition. It is, I know... but  
I'd be so grateful.

JACK  
(he's now beside her)  
Not at all I'm happy to do it..

LOUISE

(looking into his eyes)

Thank you. I'll get your coat.  
(on her way to the closet)

And I hope you won't be gentle with me. I really would like to know exactly what you think.

(handing him the coat)

I'm a serious writer. You can be tough.

JACK

(staring down at his coat and the portfolio)

Oh, yes.

LOUISE

It was good of you to take the time for this interview.

JACK

Yes. So, I'll read these.

LOUISE

Thank you.

JACK

I'll read them right away.

LOUISE

Thank you.

JACK

(staring at his coat)

You want me to leave?

LOUISE

(helping him put on his coat)

I've taken too much of your time.

She moves outside. He follows.

JACK

Can I see you tomorrow night?  
I'm leaving the next day.

LOUISE

I'm busy tomorrow night.

JACK

I see.

Aux-1

LOUISE

So, if you have time, let me know what you think. I'll send you a copy of the interview.

JACK

Yes. Well...goodbye.

LOUISE

Goodbye.

She goes back in and closes the door. He stands for a moment with the portfolio and leaves.

INT. CARL AND HELEN WALTERS PORTLAND HOUSE

Ten or twelve PEOPLE, including Jack's mother and brother and brother's wife and several people he's known since childhood. Conversation isn't coming easily. Jack Reed is different to them now and he is uncomfortable and out of place. The sound of rocking chairs.

*Margaret Reed*

*HARRY REED*

B-1  
CS&F  
CS&F  
CS&F  
CS&F

MRS. REED

(his mother)

Jack, dear, remember Mr. Hardison? He used to be over at the First Baptist Church on the hill?

JACK

Yes.

MRS. REED

Well he's over in Seattle now at the big Westover Hills Church. They have four children now.

JACK

Really.

More sounds of rocking chairs.

MR. PARTLOW

(an older man, hard of hearing)

What brings you out here, Jack? Just come out to see your Mother?

JACK

(speaking louder)

Well, Mr. Partlow...I'm raising money for this magazine I write for.

CS&F

B-1

MRS. REED  
 (sotto voce)  
 Darling, please don't get into a  
 political discussion.

MR. PARTLOW  
 What?

JACK  
 (loud)  
 I'm raising money for this  
 magazine I write for.

MR. PARTLOW  
 Magazine?... What magazine?

JACK  
 (loud)  
 It's called "The Masses".

MR. PARTLOW  
 The what?

JACK  
 (louder)  
 "The Masses".

MR. PARTLOW  
 "The Masses"?

JACK  
 (loud)  
 Yes, sir.

MRS. PARTLOW  
 Jack, remember Mr. Hardison's  
 sister? The one that had the  
 bad arm?

MR. PARTLOW  
 Is that religious?

JACK  
 (loud)  
 No, sir.  
 (to Mrs. Partlow  
 softer)  
 Bad arm?

MRS. PARTLOW  
 Oh yes. Don't you remember?  
 Her name was Miriam. She didn't  
 eat meat?

HARDISON

CS&J

JACK

Oh, yes.

MR. PARTLOW

Sounds religious.

MRS. PARTLOW

Well, remember the fellow that was courting her? Used to sell spool thread? Came from down around Eugene?

JACK

Right.

MRS. PARTLOW

Well, what was his name?

CARL WALTERS comes up to them.

CARL WALTERS

Jack -- heard you made a few people mighty unhappy down at the Liberal Club last night.

MRS. REED

Now, Carl, we're not going to get into politics. We're here to have a good time.

MRS. PARTLOW

What was his name, Jack?

Helen Walters enters the living room.

HELEN

Folks...

She has Louise by the arm. Jack is stunned to see her. Louise is amused.

HELEN

Mrs. Reed, this is Louise Trullinger.  
(they shake hands)

MRS. REED

How do you do?

HELEN

And this is John Reed, and Mrs. Partlow... Mr. Partlow... Harry Reed... Alma Boyle.

B-2

CSWCSWCSW

LOUISE  
How do you do.

JACK  
How do you do.

MRS. PARTLOW  
Are you Paul Trullinger's wife?

LOUISE  
(reluctantly)  
Yes.

MRS. PARTLOW  
Well, isn't that something.  
(to her husband)  
He did Frank Crone's bridge.  
~~Mrs. Trullinger~~, your husband is  
the best dentist in Portland.

LOUISE  
(inaudibly)  
Thank you.

JACK  
(coming to life)  
Really.

Louise is appalled at the revelation.

MRS. PARTLOW  
Oh, yes. Absolutely. And I  
think he did a plate for Uncle  
Grover, didn't he? Didn't Paul  
Trullinger do Uncle Grover?

INT. DINING ROOM - WALTERS' HOUSE.

B-7

Dessert. Claret. Jack stares across the table at Louise,  
who pretends to talk to the man on her left.

HARRY REED  
Old Man Ashton Broyhill looks  
like he's gonna be able to sell  
that 25 acres near Farley's  
Point.

MRS. PARTLOW  
Well now, Uncle Welton will just  
be delighted. Who do you

HARRY REED  
Du Pont. They want to build a  
big plant.



A WOMAN

Your brother's got himself quite a bride, hasn't he, Jack?

B-3 ess

MISS ALMA BOYLE

With all your travels, Jack, I guess you just don't have the time to think about bringing a wife back here.

CARL WALTERS

Little Harry's got you beat on that score, Jack, you better get a move on.

ALMA BOYLE

(laughing a little)

I imagine you've had your share of offers.

A MAN

Oh, now don't get Jack started on that. Socialists don't really see the point of it. Isn't that right, Jack?

CSW

ALMA

The point of what?

THE MAN

Marriage.

HELEN

Now, come on. You know Jack's always spoiling for a fight about how people who believe in marriage don't believe in love. Don't you work him up.

A MAN

No way you'll win that one, Jack.

CARL

I've been married for fourteen years and it's cold outside. So don't go trying to get me into an argument about free love. Show some pity.

Some relieved laughter round the table.

MR. PARTLOW

George Waldorf! That's it!  
George Waldorf! Sold spool  
thread, come from down around  
Eugene.

MRS. PARTLOW  
George Waldorf. Now I have tried  
to remember that name.

MR. PARTLOW  
Well, he died.

EXT. CANAL - NIGHT - MOONLIT

*which one*  
*Holy City?*  
Jack and Louise walk slowly along the bank. The sound of the hymn "Jerusalem" comes from a nearby church. They walk together in silence. She wears his fur-collared topcoat over her shoulders.

Jack has stopped, looks out across the canal.

JACK  
Shall I take you straight home?  
Or would you like to swim?

She stops. Looks at him.

LOUISE  
Would you?

JACK  
No, but I'd like to see you with  
your clothes off, Mrs.  
Trullinger.

She holds a moment longer, then turns and walks towards the hump bridge that spans the canal.

He watches her as she reaches the bridge wall. She spreads his coat on the ground. TURNS AWAY FROM HIM AND BEGINS TO REMOVE HER CLOTHES.

Over this we hear an OLD WOMAN'S voice:

BLANCE HAYES FAGEN  
I don't know if I'd call it an  
affair. I slept with him once.  
He had nice hands.

HE REMOVES HIS CLOTHES AND THEY START TO MAKE LOVE as the hymn from the church blends into Toback's 97-year old grandfather singing a parody of the same hymn.

INT. LOUISE'S STUDIO - MORNING.

Jack pretends to be asleep as he watches Louise busy in the kitchen. She sees he's awake.

B-4

LOUISE  
 (rushed)  
 Hi. The coffee's on the stove.  
 There's the icebox. Toast...  
 preserves... peach, apple  
 butter and uh,..damson.

She grabs her coat and crosses to collect folders.

LOUISE  
 Do you have your ticket? You'll  
 leave at 4:45, won't you?  
 Shouldn't you spend some time  
 with your Mother this morning?  
 And will you send me my stuff  
 when you've read it? Let me know  
 what you really think.

She stops at the door, comes back to him sitting up in bed  
 and kisses him lightly on the cheek.

B-5

LOUISE  
 (looks him in the eye)  
 Thank you.  
 A bientot.

She puts on her coat straightening the folders on the way  
 to the door and goes out.

JACK  
 Louise!

He jumps out of bed with a sheet around him and runs to the  
 door.

JACK  
 Louise! Wait!

She's gone. He runs to the window and calls.

JACK  
 Louise?

She's trundling away determinedly. She stops and turns.

LOUISE  
 What?

JACK  
 Would you mind coming back here  
 for a minute?

LOUISE  
 For a minute.

She comes back to the building and up the stairs. Back in sight, she seems visibly upset.

B-5

LOUISE

What?

JACK

Listen, I've got to be in New York...

LOUISE

You don't have to explain. I know you have to go.

JACK

I'm not explaining.

LOUISE

There's no need to.

JACK

Well, good because I'm not.

LOUISE

Good. Then don't worry about it.

JACK

Okay.

...why don't you come with me?

(goes to stove and  
coffee)

Do you want to?

A moment.

JACK

Will you?

LOUISE

Do you mean that?

JACK

Yes.

LOUISE

What as?

JACK

What as?

LOUISE

What as, your girlfriend?  
Your mistress?

B-5

JACK

I'm not sure I know what you mean.

LOUISE

I mean...what as?

JACK

Why does it have to be as anything?

LOUISE

I don't want to get into some possessive kind of relationship where I can't... I want to know what as.

JACK

It's nearly Thanksgiving. Why don't you come as a turkey?

Louise stares at him, frozen.

WE SEE LOUISE PACKING, DECIDING WHAT TO TAKE, WHAT TO LEAVE. INDECISIVE. FRIGHTENED, AS:

TESS DAVIS tells of Louise leaving Trullinger.

PHOTOS OF GREENWICH VILLAGE. POLLY'S RESTAURANT, ARTISTS, STUDIOS, WASHINGTON SQUARE. As Norma Millay (Edna St. Vincent's sister) and Georgia O'Keefe talk about Bohemianism and art in the Village.

PHOTOS OF EMMA GOLDMAN AND MAX EASTMAN (THE ACTORS WHO PLAY THEM), MARGARET SANGER, SCOTT NEARING, BIRTH CONTROL DEMONSTRATIONS. Joshua Kunitz, 83, Scott Nearing, 96, Hugo Gellert, 89, talk about political ferment, political celebrities, and the hopes for a new age that abounded in the Village. Ken Chamberlain, 87, tells of artists coming from all over America to the Village.

AND, WE SEE LOUISE WITH TWO BAGS NEAR THE FLAT IRON BUILDING.

EXT. - JACK'S APARTMENT HOUSE - EVENING

Louise stands on sidewalk, two bags by her feet, looking up at house, then down to a card in her hand.

INT. - JACK'S APARTMENT HOUSE

She carries her bags up the stairs to the top of the building.

B-6

2  
CS&J  
11/10/55

3  
CS&J  
11/10/55

Arrives finally at Jack's door. A sign says PROPERTY IS THEFT. WALK IN. She knocks, knocks, again, tries the handle, pushes into the apartment.

INT. - APARTMENT

It's a riotous mess of books, magazines, pamphlets, photographs, work-in-progress, letters and papers. A phonograph with it's big horn. The furniture is sparse and bizarre: a large furry rocking horse, its eyes missing; full of books; an ancient, battered love-seat; a rifle and ammunition. She stands a moment, absorbing it.

LOUISE

(calling)

Hello.

(waits)

Hello.

(nothing)

She wanders, bags in hand, into the adjoining room, the bedroom. Puts down the bags. Removes her coat. Studies the big, rumpled brass bed.

INT. - APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Lit by several gas lamps. Louise stands by his long work table, staring at photographs of the Paterson Pageant. She leaves the photographs, takes in the unfinished strike article in the typewriter, several posters, rests finally on a heap of correspondence, searches it with her fingers until she arrives, two-thirds down, at the Western Union Telegram. "Arrive Friday at 6 Penn Station. Will make my own way. Louise."

INT. - APARTMENT - BATHROOM

She studies the toiletries on the ledge. A razor, soap, toothbrushes. She stops at the next bottle, takes it down, reads the label. It's expensive perfume.

INT. - APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DARK

Louise sleeps on the bed, fully dressed. Voices in the next room. She's jerked awake, blinking, disoriented, when she hears the voice of an older woman, engaged in violent-sounding argument.

EMMA GOLDMAN

There is no such thing as too radical. There is radical. And either "The Masses"...

MAX EASTMAN

...there is such a thing as radical to the point where we no longer attract artists of the calibre...

JACK

...of Davis and Sloane? We're too radical for the magazine cover of Davis and Sloane!

MAX

Yes!

EMMA

That's shit!

MAX

(talking over her)

The sole mission of "The Masses" is not...

JACK

It is!

MAX

Goddamit, let me finish my sentence.

EMMA

Your sentence is not worth finishing. The sole mission...

JACK

(over her)

"The Masses" has one mission...

EMMA

Shut up, Jack. The sole mission of "The Masses" is to speak for the masses. Not the artists. The masses. The discussion is closed.

JACK

Want some coffee?

EMMA

Is it Chase and Sanborn?

JACK

Yes. Oh. No. I'm out of coffee.

B-3

CS

CS

EMMA

Then I'm going.

B-5

EASTMAN

It's late. I'll walk with you.

EMMA

You don't have to walk with me.  
I won't hurt anybody.

Max and Emma start out.

Louise turns away from the crack in the bedroom door.

Jack closes the door to the apartment and re-enters the living room, reading the pamphlet.

Louise moves to clear the doorway and reach the bed.

Jack enters, turns up a gas lamp, half-crosses the room, undoing shirt buttons, reading the pamphlet, before he sees her where she lies propped up against the wall.

JACK

(stunned)

Well... well... I'm so ~~good~~.

That's great. It's today, isn't it?

Well, that's great. I'll just be a second.

(takes pamphlet into living room and leaves it)

It's great to see you.

We're going to have a showdown at the magazine this week. Some people are a little timid on the war. We've got some good pieces, though, and we're printing them. Listen, I finished your articles. They look good.

He's back in the bedroom.

LOUISE

Thank you.

(pause)

I guess I... Mind if I sleep here tonight?

JACK

(arrested)

Well...where else would you sleep?



B-9

INT. - NEW YORK LIBERAL CLUB

A PLAYER PIANO. FRENETIC DANCING.

JACK ENTERS WITH HIS ARM AROUND LOUISE AND BEGINS TO INTRODUCE HER TO PEOPLE. HE TALKS TO ALL OF THEM, HIS ARM AROUND LOUISE.

FLOYD DELL

(leaning past Jack to Louise)

What do you do, Louise?

LOUISE

I write.

FLOYD

Great. Would you slide the bread down this way?

Ella Wolfe, 82, says when Reed came into a room everyone turned. Andrew Dasburg, 93, who later had an affair with Louise, says their relationship was doomed because Reed loved himself too much to love anyone else. Besides he wasn't good enough in bed for Louise who was a hellcat. Lucita Williams, 90, says all the girls loved Jack Reed.

INT. - BAR RESTAURANT - NEAR WATERFRONT

JACK IS BOISTEROUS WITH BEER-DRINKING DOCK WORKERS AND SEAMEN. LOUISE AT THE TABLE WITH HIS GROUP OF FRIENDS, INCLUDING MAX EASTMAN AND FLOYD DELL. A WHORE APPROACHES JACK AND HE GIVES HER SOME MONEY.

WHORE

Hey, Jack, if I unionize the girls can we get in "The Masses"?

FLOYD

Let me reverse that question.

Several dock workers applaud and reverse the question.

JACK

(to Louise)

You want something else, honey?

LOUISE

No. Beer is fine.

MAX

Of course she wants something else, you fool. She's been

(CONTINUED)

CS81

CS85

CS87

CS88

Oregon in 1914-15-

liquor laws?

no - New York

CS89

B-9

MAX (cont'd)  
sitting with one glass of beer  
for an hour.

(to Louise)  
Harvard turned him into a total  
boob. Would you like some wine?

LOUISE  
I really do like the beer.

MAX  
What a well-mannered girl. And a  
very good painter too, I hear.

LOUISE  
I write.

MAX  
Oh. Good for you. Would you  
like some coffee, Louise?

INT. - BREVOORT

Jack and Louise at dinner at a large table already occupied by  
Max Eastman and Ida Rauh, Hutchins Hapgood and Neith Boyce,  
Eugene O'Neill and the Boardman Robinsons. Jack engrossed  
with Emma Goldman although his arm is around Louise's  
shoulder.

CSW  
CSW  
CSW  
CSW  
2 CSW

EMMA  
Miss Bryant, Jack tells me you  
write. What do you write about?

LOUISE  
Oh... everything.

EMMA  
You write about everything?

LOUISE  
Everything and nothing. I guess.

EMMA  
I see.  
(turns away from Louise to  
Max)  
So what about Davis and Sloane?  
Did they quit?

B-9

O'Neill watches Louise's embarrassment.

INT. WASHINGTON SQUARE APARTMENT

EVERYONE IS TALKING AT ONCE. LOUISE IS BY-PASSED. JACK REALIZES THAT SHE IS LEFT OUT.

JACK  
 (to Louise)  
 What do you think of Berkman,  
 Louise?  
 (to the others)  
 Louise wrote an article for "The  
 Blast".

LOUISE  
 I never met Berkman.

The voice of Norma Millay says sex was a religion in the Village and Jack Reed was a priest. Kenneth Chamberlain says Reed was a "bully-boy" and a "snow-off" and that he felt sorry for "poor little quiet Louise" who always looked sad.

INT. - CROWDED COFFEE HOUSE

Jack has his suitcase with him and keeps glancing toward the door. A man walks by the table and stops.

WHIGHAM  
 Jack, how are you?

JACK  
 Oh, Horace, this is Louise Bryant. Louise, this is Horace Whigham.

*Editor of  
 Colliers*

*CRS  
 B-10*

They shake hands and exchange how-do-you-do's.

WHIGHAM  
 Still getting arrested, Jack?

JACK  
 I try.

WHIGHAM  
 And what do you do, Louise?

LOUISE  
 (flat)  
 I write.

WHIGHAM

Really? What are you working on?

LOUISE

It's impossible to describe.

JACK

She just did a goddamn good piece  
on the influence of the Armory  
Show.

WHIGHAM

Is that a fact?

LOUISE

Yes.

WHIGHAM

Well, I certainly would love to  
read it. Give me a call at  
Colliers, Miss Bryant. Let's  
have lunch on Thursday. Love to  
talk. All right?

LOUISE

Fine.

He moves out.

LOUISE

(turns to Jack)

Please don't do that.

JACK

He's the editor. I've known him  
a long time.

LOUISE

I can speak for myself.

JACK

So can your work.

FLOYD

The taxi's waiting, Jack.

LOUISE

The taxi's waiting, Jack.

JACK

I'll see you at the end of the  
week, honey.

B-10

LOUISE  
 (after a moment, smiling)  
 I guess I should call him about  
 Thursday, huh?

He kisses her and leaves.

INT. FACTORY - BALTIMORE

Jack is with a fourteen year old Italian girl.

MARIA  
 Well, I used to go to school, and  
 then a man came up to my house  
 and asked my father why I didn't  
 go to work. The man say you give  
 me four dollars and I will make  
 the papers from the old country  
 saying you are fourteen.

A MAN  
 Jack, I found the guy who started  
 the riot.

JACK  
 Hold him for me. Go ahead,  
 Maria.

MARIA  
 So my father gave him four  
 dollars and in one month came my  
 papers that I was fourteen. I  
 went to work and about two weeks  
 got hurt in my head.

JACK  
 What part of your head?

MARIA  
 My head.

JACK  
 How were you hurt?

MARIA  
 The machine pulled off my scalp.

JACK  
 Your scalp?

MARIA  
 Yes, sir.

CSJ

CSJ

C-1 CSK

EDITOR  
Jack, an interview with a  
fourteen year old girl and some  
Wobblies...

JACK  
Nobody. And nobody rewrites my  
stuff.

EDITOR  
It sounds like propaganda, Jack.

JACK  
No, it doesn't. It sounds like  
the truth. You just don't like  
the sound of it.

EDITOR  
That's not fair.

JACK  
It's true.

EDITOR  
Goddammit, Jack, we stand for  
something here, too.

JACK  
Yes, you do. In peacetime you  
stand for peace. In wartime you  
stand for war. Give it to me.  
(he grabs the manuscript)

EDITOR  
Where're you going to run it?

JACK  
Where they'll print it the way I  
wrote it.

EDITOR  
"The Masses"?

JACK  
You're goddamn right.

EDITOR  
And who's going to pay your rent?

Louise alone. A clock ticks. A faucet drips. A cockroach  
walks over the stack of white paper next to the typewriter.  
She types over one of her old pieces.

EXT. PLANT

Jack is talking to a well-dressed plant manager.

MANAGEMENT MAN

Look, I don't truck with any labor unions. But at least the A.F. of L. has some rules. These goddamn I.W.W. Wobblies are animals. They got niggers in their union. Last week they told us they were taking in women and they want 'em all to get the same pay or strike. They'll break us if we don't break them first.

JACK

Break them?

MANAGEMENT MAN

You're goddamn right. We believe in the law.

INT. I.W.W. HEADQUARTERS

Jack sits in on the strike meeting.

FIRST WOBBLIE

It's a question of food.

SECOND WOBBLIE

If we don't strike now...

A VOICE FROM OUTSIDE

Cops!

Everyone heads for the hallway and up the back stairs. A few Wobblies momentarily hold the line on the first floor and are clobbered by the police who then chase the rest of the workers up the stairs. From the second landing, Reed pours two buckets of soapy water down the steps causing the police to lose their footing, then joins the other members as they scramble out the door.

INT. AN EDITOR'S OFFICE - WASHINGTON

Jack is sweating profusely and periodically kneads a pain in the small of the left side of his back.

JACK

(livid)

Nobody cuts my stuff.

Emphasize his  
sick neck  
here.

OS&amp;T

OS&amp;T

OS&amp;T

EXT. PHILADELPHIA STREET

At a newsstand Reed tries to buy "The Masses", and is told that deliveries have been stopped at the post office.

INT. - CONVENTION HALL - SOCIALIST PARTY

JACK

...We've been knocked off the subway stands in New York. The magazine distributing company of Boston refuses to distribute us...

CHAIRMAN

Would the ~~delegate~~ mind identifying himself.

JACK

I'm not a delegate, Mr. Chairman. I'm John Reed an associate editor of the anti-war magazine "The Masses"....

CHAIRMAN

(interrupting)

This is a delegate meeting of the Socialist Party. The chair must have your credentials.

A man and woman recognize Reed and start to move toward him for a closer look.

JACK

Mr. Chairman. We need your help. If I could address...

CHAIRMAN

I'm sorry, you have no credentials, Mr. Reed. You're perfectly welcome to remain on the floor. The chair recognizes only accredited delegates not journalists.

(he turns from Reed to another part of the hall)

The chair recognizes the delegate from Indiana.

The man and woman get to Reed.



J-2  
C885

WOMAN  
You're John Reed the writer?

JACK  
Yes.

WOMAN  
(laughing)  
What're you doing here? Going  
into politics?

INT. WASHINGTON SQUARE APARTMENT

Louise takes off and puts on one dress after another. Her portfolio sits on the desk, neatly tied.

INT. CAFE

Louise sits at a table with Whigham. She hands him the portfolio, he opens it.

WHIGHAM  
How is Jack? I do hope he's  
being more careful about what he  
writes. I'd hate to see him not  
be able to get into print.

LOUISE  
Oh, I think he'll do O.K.

WHIGHAM  
(conspiratorially)  
Did you tell him where we were  
having lunch?

LOUISE  
I will. He's out of town now.

WHIGHAM  
Oh.  
(he looks through  
her portfolio)

C-2

LOUISE  
That's the piece on the Armory  
Show.

                  WHIGHAM  
Yes...yes, I ought to take more  
time with these.

                  LOUISE  
Yes, of course.

                  WHIGHAM  
What about dinner?

                  LOUISE  
                  (slowly)  
Dinner? I guess so.

                  WHIGHAM  
Jack wouldn't mind?

                  LOUISE  
Why would he mind?

                  WHIGHAM  
                  (carefully)  
Well, I know we're all grown-ups.  
But Jack's an odd duck. I never  
know just how he feels about  
things.

                  LOUISE  
Are you saying you need Jack's  
permission to make a pass at me?

                  WHIGHAM  
                  (trying to laugh it off)  
No, no, no. Of course not...  
                  (more serious)  
...but I would be more  
comfortable if you didn't mention  
it to him.

EXT. JACK OUTSIDE WASHINGTON SQUARE APARTMENT HOUSE

INT. WASHINGTON SQUARE APARTMENT HOUSE

Jack makes his way up darkish stairs with his bags. He hears a baby crying on the second stairway, stops, listens a moment and goes on up to the next floor. He enters the apartment.

JACK  
Louise?

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DARK

A candle is lit. She turns to his voice. Says nothing.  
He comes into the kitchen, sees the table set for dinner.

JACK  
Welcome back.  
(senses something  
is wrong)  
What's the matter?

LOUISE  
(putting glass  
down)  
It's all right.

JACK  
What is it?

LOUISE  
It's nothing.

She sits at the table. He follows.

LOUISE (cont'd)  
Did you know Whigham was taking  
over from Hovey at the  
Metropolitan?

JACK  
That was in the cards. Why?

LOUISE  
I saw him yesterday.

JACK  
Oh, that's right. How did it go?

LOUISE  
We mostly talked about you, of  
course.

JACK  
Did he offer you work?

LOUISE  
No, but he made a big point of  
saying what good friends you and  
he have become over the years.  
It was a fascinating lunch.

She leaves the room.

J-3

We follow her through the living room to the bedroom. She sits on the bed, face to the wall.

INT. KITCHEN

Jack sits on, disturbed.

INT. BEDROOM

Louise lies on her back in the moonlit bed in the dark room staring at nothing. He stands sat the doorway.

JACK

What is it?

(nothing)

Is it us? Is it me?

LOUISE

Me.

JACK

What?

LOUISE

Nothing. You said you'd be back Tuesday...it's Saturday.

JACK

I said the end of the week.

LOUISE

The end of the week is Friday.

JACK

Louise, do you think I like running around listening to the sound of my own voice?

LOUISE

Look, this isn't your problem, it's mine. Look at me. I'm becoming the thing I like least, a boring, clinging, miserable... I'm like a wife. Who'd hurry home for that?

JACK

Louise...

J-2

LOUISE

I'm just living in your margins.  
I don't know what I'm doing here.  
What my purpose is.

JACK

Tell me what you want.

LOUISE

I want to stop needing you, Jack.

JACK

Well...

LOUISE

Listen, I want you to know  
something. I asked Whigham if  
he'd send me to France.

Silence. He sits on the bed. They don't look at each other.

JACK

Is that what you want?

LOUISE

Yes.

JACK

Why?

(no answer)

What are you doing?

LOUISE

I can't work around you.

JACK

Why not?

LOUISE

I'm not taken seriously when  
you're around.

JACK

What do you mean you're not taken  
seriously?

LOUISE

(turning away)

This is not good.

JACK

Do you mean I'm taken more  
seriously?

J-3

LOUISE

Do you mean you're not? You know what I'm saying. And you know it's true. Be honest with me.

JACK

Maybe if you stopped taking yourself so seriously, somebody else would have a chance.

LOUISE

Thanks.

JACK

Why should you be taken seriously before you've done serious work?

LOUISE

I've got to find another place.

JACK

I'm not sure I know what kind of work you're serious about.

LOUISE

(turning back to him)  
Well, I don't care. And I'm really not interested in whether your friends take me seriously or not. I don't think we like the same people, Jack, or the same kind of life. I want to be on my own. I may have found a place on Houston Street.

JACK

Go ahead. Be on your own. I don't give a damn. You're on your own anyway.

LOUISE

I know you don't give a damn.

JACK

(shouting)  
WILL YOU TELL ME WHY THE HELL I SHOULD GIVE A DAMN?

LOUISE

YOU SHOULDN'T. DON'T GIVE A DAMN. I DON'T GIVE A DAMN EITHER. I'M LEAVING.  
(she walks out)

JACK  
O.K. ALL RIGHT. LEAVE!  
(she slams the door)  
I'M LEAVING TOO!

He drives his fist through the door. She stands in the living room. Silence. He lies down on the bed, rubbing his bruised hand.

LOUISE  
(finally)  
Is this what it's like?

JACK  
I guess so.

She returns to the bed. He makes a hollow for her between arm and chest.

JACK  
It's the same with me, honey. Sometimes I don't know what to take seriously. I don't know what I'll be or do one month from now, Louise. I don't know what I am. I never did. I've been trying to finish one poem for three months. Let's get out of New York. Just the two of us.

yes he was  
poet.

EXT. BEACH - SUNSET

JACK AND LOUISE WALK WITH THEIR ARMS AROUND EACH OTHER. And narrators tell us about Provincetown, that here were the beginnings of the Modern American Theatre, etc.

argh

EXT. - DAY - THE BEACH AT PROVINCETOWN

Louise and Reed. She reads his poem aloud, in an attempt to shift his attention from politics to her.

LOUISE  
How vast your voice is grown  
That was so silver soft.  
Dim dies the candle-glory of your face  
Though we go hand in hand, I am alone.

I like it better.

JACK  
(not listening)  
Thanks, you know there are a lot  
of poor people who really do

(CONTINUED)

*26th Pres.  
1858-1919*

JACK (cont'd)  
think Teddy Roosevelt's the  
answer. They don't notice he  
stopped talking about poverty  
years ago. Now he's just an old  
colonel looking for a war to  
fight.

LOUISE  
(dully)  
No kidding.

INT. PROVINCETOWN PLAYHOUSE

Jack is onstage in rehearsal. He is dressed in an elf suit.  
Louise is in the auditorium watching as the director (Chrystal  
Eastman) tries to get his attention. CSJ

*1862-1948  
R. Pres. candidate  
1916*

JACK  
(to Floyd Dell)  
This country's going crazy.  
Charles Evans Hughes has no  
foreign policy and no domestic  
policy. Apart from that, he  
would be fine. The level of  
ineptitude is...  
(to Chrystal Eastman)  
Wait a minute... What's my part?  
I thought I was playing the  
turnip.

THE REHEARSAL CONTINUES AS:

An old narrator tells us Jack always wanted to be somewhere  
else and we see him in front of the cottage he shares with  
Louise. He carries a suitcase. Floyd Dell calls.

FLOYD  
The taxi's waiting, Jack.

LOUISE  
The taxi's waiting, Jack.

He kisses her goodbye and hurries off as Alice Roosevelt  
Longworth (95) tells us about the increasing fever to enter  
the war. We see snapshots of him at political conventions:  
Wilson, Hughes, Roosevelt, etc. CSJ

EXT. BEACH

WE SEE LOUISE NOW ALONE READING A LETTER.



28th. Paul  
1952-1924

V.O. JACK'S LETTER VOICE

Maybe Wilson means it. Maybe he won't get into the war. Anyway, what we need is more time to organize opposition, and the only person we'll get any time from is Wilson.

She hears chatter drifting from a group of women in the next hollow of the dunes.

FIRST WOMAN'S VOICE

Did you see her play?  
Did you?

SECOND WOMAN'S VOICE

So? Just because somebody's sleeping with somebody is no reason for not doing their play.

LOUISE RISES AND HEADS DOWN THE BEACH TOWARD HER COTTAGE. Adele Nathan, 87, tells us Louise and Jack were terrible actors. Blanche Hayes Fagen mentions sexual mores of Provincetown and about sleeping with Jack when she directed his play. Adele Nathan says that Jack and O'Neill scandalized the cape by swimming naked. Heaton Vorse tells us O'Neill swam for solitude. That Jack was away from Louise all the time. That he didn't concentrate on writing because he was so caught up in politics.

INT. - COTTAGE - PROVINCETOWN

Louise enters and startles a slightly drunk O'Neill in the living room looking through a cabinet.

LOUISE

Hello.

O'NEILL

Where the hell is the whiskey?

She points out the other cabinet, he gets the whiskey, she watches. He's on his way out.

LOUISE

(impulsively)

What are you working on, Gene?

O'NEILL

At the moment? Section.

LOUISE  
Well, if you need any ice, let me know.

O'NEILL  
Yeah.

He takes a long look at her and walks to the door.

O'NEILL  
Say hello to Jack.

LOUISE  
He's in Chicago.

He stops and turns.

O'NEILL  
Jack's in Chicago? Since when?

LOUISE  
Two weeks.

O'NEILL  
Oh....  
Maybe I do need ice. One cube  
should do it.

She walks into the kitchen. He sits on couch.

LOUISE  
(calling)  
You don't have a girlfriend, do you?

O'NEILL  
A girlfriend?

LOUISE  
Yes.

O'NEILL  
No. I don't have a girlfriend.

Louise re-enters with a glass in one hand and an ice cube in the other.

LOUISE  
No..I didn't think so.

O'NEILL  
I have some friends who are girls. I might even have some girls who are friends.

LOUISE

Would you like me to pour the  
scotch in the glass with the  
cube?

O'NEILL

Why not.  
(he hands  
her the bottle)  
Jack's in Chicago, huh?

LOUISE

That's right.

O'NEILL

Why aren't you?

LOUISE

He has his things. I have mine.  
(she hands him the  
glass of Scotch)

O'NEILL

What things do you have?

LOUISE

What do you mean?

O'NEILL

Tell me about the things you  
have.

LOUISE

My work. For one.

O'NEILL

(he looks at her)  
He's a son of a bitch, isn't he?

LOUISE

What do you mean?

O'NEILL

Leaving you alone with your work.

LOUISE

Do you think I mind?

O'NEILL

You should. That's the one thing  
we mustn't be left alone with --  
our work.

LOUISE  
You may feel that. I don't.

O'NEILL  
Good. Don't let these village radicals keep you from being what you should be.

LOUISE  
What should I be?

O'NEILL  
The center of attention.

There is a pause.

LOUISE  
Don't women usually make you the center of attention?

O'NEILL  
Not for long...after a while they all seem to resent it.

LOUISE  
You must have been with some very competitive women.

O'NEILL  
Let's say possessive.

LOUISE  
Oh. Possessive. That's something else.

O'NEILL  
Is it?

LOUISE  
It's a waste of time.

O'NEILL  
Don't you think most people are possessive?

LOUISE  
I'm not.

O'NEILL  
Really?

LOUISE  
Neither is Jack for that matter.

O'NEILL

Oh yes, that's right. You and Jack have your own things.

LOUISE

You don't believe that?

O'NEILL

You don't get jealous, you and Jack?

LOUISE

Jealousy is a useless emotion.

O'Neill says nothing.

LOUISE

And a poisonous one.

O'NEILL

What's the antidote?

LOUISE

Freedom.

O'NEILL

You're right. I don't believe that.

LOUISE

Don't you?

She leans slowly forward and kisses him.

Old narrators talk about Eugene O'Neill and what everybody assumed was happening with Louise. Adele Nathan (87) says she thinks there was a menage a trois with Jack. Blanche Hayes Feigan and Norma Millay conjecture on that. Lucita Williams says "I knew all about Louise and O'Neill and I never forgave her for it." Their voices continue over

~~O'NEILL AND LOUISE MAKING LOVE.~~

INT. COTTAGE - PROVINCETOWN - NIGHT - A PARTY

Aux-2-4

There are about fifteen people including Louise and O'Neill. Louise is singing "Ida - Sweet as apple cider", accompanied by Floyd playing the uke. O'Neill is drunk and too openly attentive to her.

EXT. COTTAGE

Jack gets out of a car, carrying his suitcase, approaches

Aux-2-4

the house, stops and looks through the window at the fun...as O'Neill reaches over, takes a sip of Louise's drink and gives it back to her. There is applause for her finish and O'Neill grabs her hand as she steps away and pulls her aside.

A VOICE

"O.K."  
"Who's next?"

Jack stands outside looking in at O'Neill and Louise as they share a private exchange. O'Neill buttons a button on her blouse.

( FLOYD ) *C. Ramp*

Hutch.

( HUTCH )

I just recited two-thirds of the Mikado. How quickly we forget.

*Ref. to comic opera by G.E.S.*

( NEITH )

It's Gene's turn. You do something, Gene.

*Who? Check Cost*

Jack opens the front door.

HUTCH

Jack!

Everyone turns to the door. Louise is motionless. A momentary silence covers the room.

JACK  
(to Louise)

Hi.

LOUISE

Hi.

There is a pause. They gaze at each other.

LOUISE  
Welcome back.

MAX  
(suddenly)  
Grab a brush, Jack.  
You're right after Gene. Come on, Gene.

VOICES  
"Yeah. Go ahead."  
"Let's hear it."

LOUISE  
(to Jack)  
You hungry, honey?

JACK  
No, no, fine.  
(he puts the  
suitcase behind  
a chair)  
I ate on the road.

VOICE  
Quiet for Gene.

SECOND VOICE  
Shh. Go on, Gene.

O'NEILL  
(looking at Louise)  
~~"Wine comes in at the mouth  
And love comes in at the eye.  
That's all we shall know for truth  
Before we grow old and die.  
I lift the glass to my mouth  
I look at you and I sigh."~~

There is applause. Jack sips his wine.

VOICES  
"Who's next?"

SECOND VOICE  
"Jack, you're just in time."

THIRD VOICE  
"Yeah, come on Jack. You're up."

MAX  
Jack is next. Go on, Jack.

HUTCH  
Do the poem you're writing for  
Max.

WOMAN  
Jack's writing a poem for Max?

HUTCH  
I hope to kiss a pig he is.

O'NEILL  
But Jack's not interested in  
poetry any more. Tell us about  
Chicago, Jack. Tell us about  
your real work.

CSJ

CSJ

CSJ

CSJ

Jack reacts to O'Neill's sarcasm. So does Louise. She doesn't like it.

MAX  
(quietly)  
You've got to do something, Jack.  
C'mon.

VOICES  
C'mon, Jack.

Jack gets up. He doesn't say anything for a moment. The sound of a wave breaks on the beach.

JACK  
How vast your voice is grown  
~~that was so...~~

He can't continue. There is a tense silence in the room.

JACK  
(finally)  
I've been working on one goddamn  
poem ever since we've been up  
here...

A silence. A nervous laugh from someone in the room.

JACK  
Chicago? My real work? Maybe I  
don't know what my real work is.  
All I know is what I love. I  
love beauty and chance and  
change.  
(a long pause)  
I haven't been here because down  
in Washington they're getting  
ready to send a bunch of boys off  
to Europe to be shot.

He sits. The room is silent.

VOICES ALL AT ONCE  
"Well, Jack, you certainly know  
how to brighten a party".

"No, no, he said a very good  
thing. What time is it?"

O'NEILL  
I thought it was a very good  
speech. Good speech, Jack.



C-7

VOICES

"Yes, well, it's home for me."

"Good, Jack. Made me feel like  
shit."

"C'mon, Floyd. I'll take you  
home."

"It's late, Hutch, I have to get  
up early."

Etc.

And the group uses it as an opportunity to disperse.

O'NEILL

(with sarcasm)

Hutch, hand me that bottle, will  
you? Very impressive, Jack.

He takes the cap off the bottle and replaces it.

EXT. - COTTAGE - NIGHT - LATER

Mist. Wisps of farewells drift up and out, as last guests  
leave.

INT. - COTTAGE - NIGHT

O'Neill waits before leaving.

JACK

(his hand on O'Neill's  
shoulder)

Want another drink, Gene?

A moment.

O'NEILL

I guess not.

JACK

Think we'll still be friends when  
all this is over?

O'NEILL

All what, Jack.

JACK

The war. Change.

O'NEILL  
I don't know, Jack.  
(pause)  
I hope so.

Louise slowly places her hand on Reed's.

JACK  
I guess nobody understood what I  
was trying to say.

LOUISE  
I did.

O'Neill leaves without speaking.

INT. COTTAGE - BEDROOM

Louise in bed, awake in the semi-dark. Faint pick of typewriter in next room. She checks time on bedside watch: 4:10. She rises and crosses to look into the den.

INT. COTTAGE - DEN

Reed working at typewriter, lit by small lamp in darkened room, diminishing a little the sense of shambles. He types slowly, staring between words through his windowed reflection to the fog and night outside. Suddenly he presses his fist against the left side of his back. His face contorts with pain. He loosens his belt.

LOUISE'S VOICE  
(from bedroom doorway)  
Jack? Are you all right?

JACK  
I'm fine.

LOUISE'S VOICE  
Would you like some cold tea with  
lemon?

JACK  
(still working)  
No thanks.

LOUISE'S VOICE  
(as before)  
I'll have some anyway.

We hear her open a cupboard, take down a jug and glass, pour, slice two pieces from a lemon. She pads back into the dim

half-light of the den. She looks at a yellow piece of paper that has the corner torn off. 2-12

LOUISE  
Are you working on this?

JACK  
That's a poem. I'm working on an article.

A moment.

LOUISE  
I'd like to hear your poem.

JACK  
I guess Gene's the poet.

Silence. She sips her tea, not happy.

LOUISE  
May I read it?

JACK  
I didn't finish it.  
Sure.

She crosses to kneel between his legs.

LOUISE  
Finish it.

JACK  
(gently pushing hair out  
of her eyes)  
Would that...make you happy?

LOUISE  
(softly, her head  
brushing his thigh  
repeatedly)  
I'm happy.

She's almost crying. He lifts her face upwards, kisses her lips with care, then her eyes.

JACK  
You get some sleep. You look  
beat.

LOUISE  
(taking his hands,  
cradling them)  
Jack?

JACK

Mm.

LOUISE

(her eyes filled  
with tears)

There's something I have to tell  
you...

JACK

(pushing damp wisps of hair  
from her eyes)

You don't have to tell me  
anything.

A long moment.

JACK

Louise.

LOUISE

What?

JACK

Do you want to get married?

THEY EMBRACE.

INT. CROTON - COTTAGE - FRONT ROOM

LOUISE AND MR. MUELLER UNROLL THE CARPET. FURNITURE HAS BEEN  
PILED IN THE OTHER ROOMS.

LOUISE

Thank you, Mr. Mueller.  
(she hands him a bill)  
If you could come back after  
supper...

HE NODS AND WALKS OUT. THROUGH THE DOOR SHE SEES A FIGURE  
STANDING AT THE FRONT GATE STARING AT HER. IT'S O'NEILL.

She walks to him. They stare at each other.

O'NEILL

I need a drink.

They walk silently to the living room. She takes a bottle  
from a cabinet. Puts it with a glass in front of him. They  
sit across from each other.

CAF

LOUISE

Do you want ice?

He pushes the drink away.

O'NEILL

I don't want a drink.

Louise. He's a frightened man. He doesn't think he can be anything but a third-rate poet, so he's going to wind up being a second-rate politician. He's a man who doesn't know what he wants. He doesn't know what he wants to do and he doesn't know what he wants to be. And he's going to get himself killed trying to find out and you're going to find yourself trampled. And you'll deserve it.

She's silent.

O'NEILL

Don't do it.

LOUISE

I'm sorry, Gene.

O'NEILL

Don't marry him.

LOUISE

We've already done it.

(after a moment)

We've decided to spend all of our time together. We're going to work together... We took a lease on this place so we wouldn't have to go back to the city.

O'NEILL

Really? Where is he?

LOUISE

Washington.

He downs the drink. And stands.

LOUISE

Gene, I'd like to be friends.

O'NEILL  
I am your friend.

He leaves.

Lillie and Arthur Mayer, both in their 90's. Talk about difficulties of keeping relationships going, and that Reed and Louise said they didn't believe in marriage. So they did it anyway and didn't tell anybody. Lucita Williams says that people looked down on marriage. Norma Millay talks about free love and how people we're hypocritical about it. Heaton Vorse says as a kid he couldn't keep it straight who was married to who in Provincetown. Hugo and Mrs. Gellert say they got married for tax reasons.

AS O'NEILL WALKS AWAY WE HEAR:

Harvey O'Connor, 82, tells us that the U.S. entered the war partly because the Czar had been overthrown in Russia and that if Russia stopped fighting, the Germans would win. Scott Nearing tells of speaking against the war, losing his job, having his office ransacked by the police, going to jail.

Harvey O'Connor says Wilson won on a platform of "He kept us out of war" and got us in six months after the election.

WE SEE PHOTOS OF PATRIOTIC PARADES AND ARMAMENTS AND PREPAREDNESS.

OLD MAN'S VOICE

He went to Washington for his honeymoon and stayed for a month.

INT. A HALL

Emma Goldman and others on the platform. Reed in the first row of the audience. He looks sick. The hall is in pandemonium - hissing, booing, shouting, stamping, banners rising, etc.

A speaker attempts to be heard in support of Wilson's declaration of war. Reed pushes his way up to the platform and drags the microphone from him.

JACK

Jack Reed, New York.  
(cheering from  
some sections)

This is not my war and I'm not  
going to support it.  
(the roar grows)

(CONTINUED)

2  
EJST

? 2  
EJST

EJST

EJST

JACK

This is not my war and I'm going  
to have nothing to do with it.

The hall erupts. Police attack the stage, to seize the microphone. Reed tries to prevent them, is seized and dragged on to the floor of the hall.

INT. POLICE STATION - WASHINGTON - DAWN

Reed sits in a cell, with six or seven others. He is doubled over in pain. He goes over to the toilet bowl, urinates...and then stands looking down, blankly. There is blood in his urine in the bowl.

INT. HOSPITAL WARD

Jack in one of the four beds. He is ready to be wheeled out for surgery. Louise sits between his bed and one belonging to Ben, about 55. Jack is both groggy and euphoric from drugs.

JACK

(manic)

At about 250 for the operation, and four dollars a day for six weeks here, it's something like 400 dollars. But he says I'll feel so much better I'll get more work done, so what the hell... I'll make a profit.

*Where was surgery?*

LOUISE

Ah-hah. I knew you were in this for the money.

JACK

Honey, there's no point in your staying in some run down boarding house. This thing'll be over in a couple of hours. You ought to go back to New York. They're all wonderful here. They can do anything. God...this is the first time in so long I've got no pain at all. They gave me...hey, what's the name of that stuff you gave me?

Atropine and Morphine

CAS

JACK

Atrophine and morphine. That's it. Give my wife some. She looks pale.

(to Louise)

Hey, that reminds me. I want to talk to you about going to China.

Orderlies start to wheel his bed out.

INTERN

You're going for a little ride.

JACK

I'm on a little ride. Atrophine and morphine for everyone, boys. It's on me.

INTERN

Righto.

JACK

(to Louise)

I'll be right back, honey.

She watches the bed wheeled down the aisle and out into the corridor and turns, sits, picks up a magazine, and looks out the window. Ben (behind her in the bed next to the one Jack was in) watches her in silence.

BEN

(finally)

Look at it this way. They take out kidneys all the time. You can get by with one kidney. You just gotta be careful, that's all.

*was this it?*

She turns and listens.

BEN

No spicy food. No alcohol. Lots of fluid. Plenty of rest. You got to keep your resistance up... like a sore throat you got to watch for any infection because it can spread to the other kidney...but if you live careful, keep warm, eat right, get your eight hours of sleep...

She turns and gazes out of the window in anguish.



OVER LOUISE'S FACE we hear the old narrators say that Reed was never very strong physically and that he ran himself ragged. That Louise also was in poor physical condition for a time and it was rumored later she had had an abortion. WE SEE LOUISE, by the window, staring out. She is alone and she has been weeping.

INT. LONG HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - JOHNS HOPKINS HOSPITAL -  
BALTIMORE

TWO FIGURES, A MAN AND A WOMAN, APPEAR AT THE TOP OF IT, WALK RATHER CAREFULLY TOWARDS CAMERA. THE WOMAN, A NURSE, CARRIES A SUITCASE. IT TAKES TIME TO RECOGNIZE THE MAN AS REED; HE WALKS GINGERLY, SPRING GONE; HIS FACE IS PALE, DRAWN.

OLD NARRATORS over this:

They talk about Reed now that America was in the war. They speculate that Louise had her abortion while Reed was in the hospital, that the doctor was named Lorber. That she swore him to secrecy.

EXT. - THE CROTON HOUSE

Louise enters with a bag of groceries.

INT. - CROTON HOUSE

She goes through to the kitchen. Puts the groceries on the table, checks the oven and turns to unload the bag. She senses the presence of someone and is startled when she turns and finds Jack sitting in the far corner of the living room.

LOUISE  
You said 7:30

He makes no move across the room to her.

JACK  
You look pale.

She puts down the groceries, goes to the oven and begins to take out something.

LOUISE  
I made a deep dish apple pie for  
dessert and I've done a salad.

(CONTINUED)

LOUISE (cont'd)  
 Fresh tomatoes are in. I thought  
 I'd make plain spaghetti. They  
 said no spicy food. Can you  
 drink ginger beer?

(he does not  
 answer)

Oh...I'd have to go out again for  
 ginger beer.

(he says nothing)

Is it OK for you? Ginger beer?

JACK  
 (standing)  
 Louise.  
 (she turns)

JACK  
 Do you have anything to tell me?

LOUISE  
 What do you mean?

JACK  
 Did you have an abortion...

She throws the apple pie against the wall and sweeps the  
 salad off the table.

LOUISE  
 (livid)  
 I knew I couldn't trust Harry  
~~Lorber~~. He's one of your  
~~friends.~~

JACK  
 Is it true?

LOUISE  
 Yes.

JACK  
 How? I don't know how you can do  
 that without talking to me.

LOUISE  
 It's my body.

JACK  
 What the hell are you talking  
 about? It's my child.

C-14

LOUISE

(louder)

Is it? Is it? Why do you think  
I didn't tell you about it. I  
don't know that it was your  
child.

A long moment.

JACK

It was mine.

LOUISE

I was having an affair with  
another man.

JACK

It was mine.

LOUISE

(louder)

I was having an AFFAIR WITH  
ANOTHER MAN!

JACK

Do you think that's what matters  
now? Do you think that's why I'm  
angry?

LOUISE

Yes.

JACK

I'm angry about you having an  
abortion. You didn't tell me.

LOUISE

Why should I tell you? What time  
would you have for a baby? And  
that's not why you're angry.  
You're angry that I slept with  
someone else.

JACK

Oh, c'mon, do you think I didn't?  
(she looks at  
him, stunned)  
It doesn't matter, it doesn't  
mean anything.

LOUISE

Who?

JACK  
What do you mean, who?

LOUISE  
Who was it?

JACK  
Who was it?

LOUISE  
Who was it?

JACK  
What do you want? A list?  
It doesn't mean anything.

She walks out.

JACK  
What means something is...  
Where are you going?

No answer. He follows her into the other room.  
She's packing.

JACK  
Where are you going?

LOUISE  
I'm not sure.

He walks out and walks back in again.

JACK  
It's late. Where are you going?

LOUISE  
I don't want to talk about it.

JACK  
Well, I want to talk about it.

LOUISE  
You said it all, Jack.

JACK  
What? What did I say? What did  
I say now that we both haven't  
said a hundred times?

LOUISE  
Please forward me...  
Wheeler, The...  
Syndicate. I'll have the rest of

(CONTINUED)

LOUISE (cont'd)  
my things collected in the  
morning.

JACK  
Do you have any money?

LOUISE  
I don't want your goddamn money.

JACK  
I thought you wanted us to give  
each other freedom.

LOUISE  
(hard)  
I thought you loved me.

JACK  
I do.

LOUISE  
You love yourself. Me you fuck,  
when you're not fucking other  
people.

She takes the framed photograph of Emma Goldman and breaks  
it over the bedpost.

LOUISE (cont'd)  
How many were there? Oh my God.  
Freedom? You mean I should be  
like you and not give a damn...?

JACK  
(grabbing her)  
And not give a damn? Does it  
feel like I don't give a damn?

LOUISE  
Let go.

He releases her. He sits. She sits. Suddenly exhausted.

LOUISE  
I feel sick.

JACK  
(stands)  
I'll get you some water.

LOUISE  
(stands up)  
No.

JACK  
You need sleep.

LOUISE  
Thanks.

JACK  
(watching her)  
Louise, listen. Louise...

LOUISE  
You son of a bitch. You son of a  
bitch!

She picks up her case, walks towards the door, puts it down again, begins gathering some files and papers. Stacks and tidies them. Stops.

JACK  
What is this about, Louise? What are we doing?

LOUISE  
I don't know. I thought you needed a partner in your life. But I was wrong. As long as you get your two shots of limelight every day, you don't need a thing.

SHE PICKS UP THE BAG AND LEAVES.

HE WALKS INTO THE BEDROOM, CLOSES THE DOOR BEHIND HIM.

INT. CROTON HOUSE - BEDROOM

REED BACKED AGAINST BEDROOM DOOR. THE FRONT DOOR BANGS.  
AS LOUISE WALKS AWAY THE VOICES OF THE NARRATORS COME IN.

---

EXT. SHIP

OVER LOUISE LEANING ON RAIL, LOOKING AT THE DEAD ATLANTIC.

John K. Wheeler tells of sending Louise to France for his syndicate. Lowell Thomas and Arne Swabeck tell of submarines stalking Allied ships.

INT. PARIS - CAFE - NIGHT

Louise sitting alone. She carefully reads a rejection letter.

---

OK  
2  
OK

and then sits until the waiter gives her the check. She counts out some change for him and has to look for more. She empties her purse to pay.

C-I

## V.O. LOUISE'S LETTER VOICE

Dear Jack, life has been so hectic and so exhilarating, I've barely had time to sleep let alone reply. I'm glad you think I did the right thing coming here. I know I did...I think I might even be developing a minor reputation among the journalists of the left. What there are of them. Anyway, they think my articles are great.

*letter?*  
*ack?*  
*©?*

INT. FACTORY - JACK, EMMA GOLDMAN, WORKERS

The workers are listening to Jack.

JACK

No American President has tricked the American people like Woodrow Wilson has.

And Samuel Gompers and the leadership of the A.F. of L. has tricked you.

*1850-1924*

*- yes -*

His VOICE continues as the shot changes to Jack in the street with the workers in an anti-war demonstration.

JACK'S VOICE

...now the question is how many of you are going to go die in France while Wilson and the A.F. of L. are sipping tea together in the White House.

A COP FROM BEHIND KICKS THE SOAP-BOX OUT FROM UNDER HIM AND A DOCK-WORKER BITES THE COP ON THE LEG.

Andrew Dasburg says that Jack was ineligible for the draft because of his kidney, and that he was a hypocrite for urging others to oppose.

Jacob Bahn, 81, says Reed was a terrific speaker: "I didn't understand English at the time but you could tell he was with the people".

*esq*

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - FRANCE

LOUISE READS HIS LETTER.

c-1-1

## V.O. JACK'S LETTER VOICE

Dear Louise, hope I can get to feeling like writing again. I seem to be entirely out of it. The only publication that will print what I have to say now is the New York Mail.

*letter actual?  
@?*

She reacts to the nearby explosion of a shell.

## V.O. JACK'S LETTER VOICE

*y* { I'm shocked to find how far I've fallen from the ardent young poet who wrote about Mexico. But, please God, I intend to get back to poetry and sweetness some way. Everyone wants to know how you are. But please don't read this as pressure. Write when you want to.

INT. MAGAZINE OFFICE

EDITOR

We're a liberal magazine. Fair. But we're patriotic. And this piece...

(to his assistant)

What's the title again?

ASSISTANT

"Knit A Straight-Jacket For Your Soldier Boy".

*"Molly"*

EDITOR

(clearing throat)

Yes. This piece is a little... Thank you, Molly.

She leaves.

EDITOR

...a little radical for us. Look, Jack, I don't want to kid you. You know what I think of you as a writer. Your pieces are.... literature. But they don't want your name in the magazine.

INT. HOSPITAL IN FRANCE (A different one)



Louise is with an American soldier. He's missing an arm. She asks the same question Jack asked at the beginning of the movie. c-1-2

LOUISE

What do you think the war is about? Why do you think you're fighting?

AMERICAN SOLDIER

To keep America free.

INT. PRESS CLUB NEW YORK - NIGHT

Reed makes his way into the crowded, noisy dining room of the Press Club.

Pete Van Wherry holds forth loudly at a table near Reed.

PETE

(drunk, manic:

he talks fast)

The Bolsheviks, Sandy, The Bolsheviks. And believe me, my friend, if they get in you can bend right over and kiss your ass goodbye because they'll quit the war. Do you understand? They'll just quit that's all. Quit the goddamn war. Zappo. No more Eastern front. If you don't want to be on the Champs Elysees when 500,000 Krauts come barrelling out of Fouquets you better hope Mr. Kerensky picks up some strength against the Bolsheviks.

(he recognizes Reed)

Holy shit! Red Emma!

JACK

Go to hell, Pete. Hi Sandy.

PETE

Jack! You son of a bitch! How are you? Will you tell frog face here how much fun our boys're gonna be havin' if the Ruskies get out of the war.

(he realizes who he's talking to)

(CO...)

C I I

PETE (cont'd)

On second thought, maybe you're not precisely the person to explain that. How's Louise, goddamnit. Not too good I hear. Tell her forget about it. John K. Wheeler wouldn't know a story if he fell over it. Tell her I said so. I like Louise. What the hell're you doing. You're just drivin' 'em crazy aren't you. They think you're a Goddamn German now that you love the Bolsheviks, don't they? I love it. Give 'em hell, Jack. Hey! Wait a minute boys.

Gimme a yes or a no, Jack. Just a yes or a no. ~~The German government is secretly financing the Bolsheviks and sent Mr. Lenin into Russia in a closed train.~~

~~The German government is not~~ secretly financing the Bolshiviks and did not send Mr. Lenin into Russia in a closed goddamn train.

C-I B

JACK

Absolutely.

The waiter waits.

PETE

A yes or a no.

JACK

I'll have a Rupert. .uh... wait... you got any orange juice?

PETE

(interrupting)

You bet your sweet petootie you'll have orange juice. I'm trying to tell these boys Mr. Lenin is a very serious piece of business. Bourbon and branchwater.

WAITER

Sloe gin, ~~bourbon~~ and branchwater, orange juice.

C&amp;P

Conversation swells up among the others at the table.

JACK

So why wouldn't John K. Wheeler know a story if he fell over it?

PETE

He's a dummy, that's why. I just hope Louise doesn't feel bad that's all. I don't like to see her get hurt. Wheeler's OK, I guess.

JACK

Pete, I don't know what you're talking about.

PETE

(a moment)

Oh, Jesus, I hope I didn't let the cat outa the bag. I guess Louise doesn't know.

Jack looks at him.

PETE

Uh... Well, what the hell. Bill Parsons told me Wheeler either let her go or was gonna let her go. She hasn't written anything he could use except for some story about the New York Cop who went over there to drive the Police Department ambulance.

JACK

When did you hear this?

PETE

First of the week.

JACK

How can she get published? She's against the war.

AS JACK CONTINUES TO TALK TO PETE  
the narrators begin to describe the horrors of the war.  
OVER their VOICES, WE SEE SHOCKING PHOTOS OF THE CARNAGE.

EXT. INN - FRENCH COUNTRYSIDE

Shelling can be heard in the distance. Reed gets out of a taxi and sees the placards on the door. It says: FIELD HOSPITAL. The Inn has been made a hospital for the

wounded.

INT. COUNTRY INN

He approaches the unattended desk. There is misery throughout the floor. Shelling can be heard in the distance. Reed waits a moment. He goes up the narrow stairs and finds a room the nurses use for themselves.

He knocks.

LOUISE (V.O.)

Entrez.

He opens the door, not sure he should go in. The room is empty. An open door to the bathroom.

LOUISE (V.O.)

Laissez rester la sur la table, *Leave it on the table, please.*  
s'il vous plait. Merci. *Thank you.*

Reed is tense. She enters in a rush -- her blouse is unbuttoned -- and freezes when she sees him.

JACK

Oh... sorry.

LOUISE

How did... what are you doing here?

JACK

Excuse me.

He turns and leaves shutting the door. After a moment, a knock. He comes in again.

JACK

Hello.

LOUISE

Hello.

There is a moment.

JACK

(finally)

Well... Look. Here's the thing.

LOUISE

I can't talk to you now.

JACK  
I'll just take a second. Louise,  
I'm going to Russia.

LOUISE  
Oh. Did you enlist?

She lights a cigarette, something she's unused to doing.

JACK  
Look... Here's the thing... I  
know you're doing good work here.  
Wait...I'm saying I've read your  
pieces and they're good.

LOUISE  
Thanks.

JACK  
Louise. If you want recognition,  
you're not gonna get it here.  
Nobody will. And I don't think  
you're gonna learn much more  
here...

LOUISE  
Thanks. I appreciate your  
advice.

JACK  
If you want to be where  
something's going to happen, go  
to Russia.

We hear a couple of shells in the distance. It increases  
his urgency.

LOUISE  
Thanks, I'll remember that.

She reaches for an ashtray.

JACK  
You're not listening to me. The  
provisional government can't last  
in Russia. Kerensky is finished.  
The Bolsheviks are going to win.  
They're going to pull Russia out  
of the war.

LOUISE  
(indicating the ashtray)  
Would you hand me that?

c-i-s

JACK

(urgent)

Louise, you've got to have enough sense to be in the right place at the right time. Look...there are entire battalions of the Russian Army deserting the battlefront. There are thousands and thousands of Russian exiles...Jews, socialists, all of them going home. This time it's going to be a revolution. This time it's going to be the real thing. And as soon as it happens in Russia it's going to happen in Germany. And when it happens in Germany it's going to happen everywhere else.

LOUISE

So?

JACK

Come with me, Louise. I need you. As a professional. I'm not talking about anything else. We should be in Petrograd.

LOUISE

Are you the world's only journalist with a social conscience? You don't have to tell me what's happening in Russia.

JACK

But we can work as partners.

LOUISE

I don't want to work with a partner. If I go to Russia I'll go by myself. I'm here by myself.

JACK

Louise, Russia is not the safest place in the world. A woman alone in Russia...

A huge shell bursts. Reed falls to the floor. The room shakes. He looks up. Part of the slate roof slides off behind Louise standing with her arms raised at the window.

As he picks himself up from the floor she has a slight smile on her face. The smoke rises behind her.

LOUISE  
I've got a meeting, Jack.

JACK  
Yeah...Well...I won't keep you.

He puts a train ticket on the table.

JACK  
The seat's already reserved.

LOUISE  
Don't waste your money, Jack.

JACK  
You can change the date. Go by yourself.

She puts the ticket in his hand.

LOUISE  
Take it, Jack. Don't be silly.

He forces the ticket back to the table.

JACK  
Go to your meeting. I've got a taxi waiting. I hope.

He starts out. Turns and stops.

LOUISE  
Good luck. You look good.

JACK  
Yeah...you too.

LOUISE  
(after a moment)  
The taxi's waiting, Jack.

JACK  
Yeah.

He goes. We stay with her for a moment.

WE SEE HIM WALK AWAY.

INT. MOVING TRAIN

Jack is on a train that is moving out of a station. The seat opposite him is empty. He gets up, looks down the corridor. She's not there. He checks compartments. She's nowhere. He comes back to his seat and notices next to him a trim, wiry man in his mid-forties with serious eyes.

VOLSKI

Are you going all the way to Petrograd?

JACK

(distracted)

Yes. Think we'll get through?

VOLSKI

~~If we get past the British, the Swedes, the Finns, the Germans,~~  
the counter-revolutionaries,  
it's easy.

We see Louise at the end of the car coming up behind Jack.

VOLSKI

Traveling alone?

JACK

Yes...I am. You?

VOLSKI

Yes...you need to learn to speak Russian?

JACK

Yes.

VOLSKI

Do you want to ask me some questions?

He moves his feet to accommodate the bag being put on the floor. The priest opposite Volski moves sideways, to let the newcomer in.

VOICE

Excuse me.

He looks up and sees Louise.

She sits across from him and speaks very quietly and privately to him.

LOUISE

Now here's the thing, Jack.  
You're an old hand, so I'd be a

(CONTINUED)



D-2

LOUISE (cont'd)  
 goddamn fool not to take you up  
 on this offer.

Noticing Jack's reaction, Volski discreetly busies himself in a large paper bag on his knee.

LOUISE  
 ...Here's what I want. I want to write my own copy, I want to sign my own name to it, I want to be Miss Bryant, not Mrs. Reed, I want to be responsible for my own time and my own actions. I've saved up some money and I think being together should mean working together. And I don't want to sleep with you because I think it will confuse the issue. I'm not ready for that and I don't think you're ready for it either. That's it.

JACK  
 Fine.

He exchanges a look with Volski. They both look at Louise. Volski offers her some salami and mustard on bread from the bag. She takes a piece, thanks him. He offers Jack some.

JACK  
 No thank you. I don't eat spicy food.

D-3

EXT. MOVING TRAIN - FRANCE

EXT. A SHIP - BALTIC SEA

INT. SHIP

Jack watches Louise talk to people in the crowded hold. This is the first time he's seen her as a compassionate journalist trying to get a story.

EXT. MOVING TRAIN - SWEDEN

INT. TRAIN

Louise beside Jack involuntarily sleeps on his shoulder. She

wakes up with a start and moves away from him.

EXT. TRAIN - FINLAND

INT. SLOWING TRAIN

IT'S PACKED WITH RETURNING EXILES, CHILDREN, BIRDS, ANIMALS, A BRITISH ARMY OFFICER.

Arne Swabeck, 89, who has an accent, tells us how Russian exiles from all over the world went back to Russia after the Czar was toppled and that they hoped to build a Socialist society in Russia.

JACK SITS ACROSS FROM LOUISE, LOOKS AT HER. HE WANTS TO SAY SOMETHING. SHE'S READING. LOOKS UP. WAITS. HE HAS DIFFICULTY STARTING. SHE GOES BACK TO THE BOOK.

JACK  
Russian border...

LOUISE  
(looking up again)  
Yes?

JACK  
(after checking  
right and left for  
privacy. Volski seems  
to be asleep)  
All right ... Look ... There're  
these two Russian peasants.  
They're walking down the road and  
they see a frog in the ditch. So  
the first one says "See that  
frog? I betcha five rubles I can  
swallow that frog". The second  
one says "Five rubles you can  
swallow that frog? You gotta  
deal". The first fellow picks it  
up and he swallows it. So the  
second fellow has to give him the  
five rubles...

Louise listens, waiting for the point. So does Volski, discreetly. The train slows.

JACK  
Um... So they keep walking ...  
another three or four miles and  
they see another frog. The  
second fellow says "See that

(CONTINUED)

JACK (cont'd)  
 frog? I betcha five rubles I can swallow that frog." They shake on it and he swallows the frog. So the first fellow gives the second fellow his five rubles back. So they walk on a little and the first one stops and he thinks for a second and he says "Why did we eat the frogs?"

There is a long pause.

LOUISE  
 Interesting story.  
 (she goes back ,  
 to her book)

Volski removes a piece of spicy meat and a pickle from a slice of bread and hands it to Jack.

JACK  
 Thank-you.

An official walks through the train announcing the passengers will have to disembark. As the train finally comes to a halt the train on the next track comes into focus. Jack blanches and Louise turns to look out of the window beside her. A few feet from her head is the naked behind of a dead soldier being loaded from the adjoining train to a cart. Behind that body are more. Jack takes her arm and they walk to the end of the car.

As they disembark they see the ground in the station area is covered with the bodies of injured and dying soldiers.

A chubby fifteen year old looks up at them and gives Louise his right forearm for support. His left forearm is missing. Around the stump is a red arm band.

BOY  
 Good day, Madam. Good day, Sir.  
 Welcome to Russia. I will speak English for you. In this army unit many Bolsheviks.  
 (he slows his star proudly)  
 Bolsheviks make war to end.

EOS

WE SEE JACK AND LOUISE PICK THEIR WAY THROUGH THE WOUNDED MEN. THE SIGHT IS ONE OF UTTER HORROR.

Harvey O'Connor says that Russia was a very primitive country that couldn't keep up with the level of warfare, that the leader of the Provisional Government, Kerensky wanted to keep them in the war, that the soldiers "weren't having it" and were deserting by the thousands. Ella Wolfe says Kerensky was too weak a person to lead Russia. Will Weinstone cries "Only the Bolsheviks could make peace."

PHOTOGRAPHS OF JACK AND LOUISE

PHOTOGRAPHS OF PETROGRAD.

Sounds of polite trios playing Mendelssohn. Babble and chat.

INT. FASHIONABLE RESTAURANT - PETROGRAD - NIGHT

Painted prostitutes plying the army officers; handsome aristocratic women with little gold or silver sugar boxes in their bags. Young officers in gold-trimmed crimson with ornate Caucasian swords.

Outside we see the most desperate poverty.

Inside Jack and Louise interview a huge mound of a man with beard and vastly expensive clothes.

LOUISE  
Mr. Lianazov, you've been referred to in America as the Russian Rockefeller.

LIANAZOV  
I'm flattered.  
(to passing waiter, indicating bottle)  
Wine.  
(to Louise)  
Excuse me. Russia is in trouble. The February Revolution was a good thing, but you've seen for yourselves how it's... degenerated. We must stay in the war at all costs. If we turn our backs on our allies, with whom will we do business? Besides, the war is our biggest industry. Kerensky is a good man but a weakling. What Russia needs is a strong man...

JACK  
A Lenin, perhaps?

LIANAZOV  
(laughing as the  
wine arrives)  
You foreigners, you're all  
alike. Let me tell you  
something...These famous  
Bolsheviks are all cowards to a  
man. The first sign of trouble  
and they'll melt like snow in  
spring. Lenin indeed!  
(holding glass  
up in mock toast)  
In some ways revolution, my  
dears, is a sickness...

JACK  
(returning  
toast with  
a glass of water)  
...which many thousands of  
people would be honored to die  
from.

LIANAZOV  
(chuckling)  
Your friend is a romantic, Miss  
Bryant. Does it not worry you?

LOUISE  
(easily, but  
decisive)  
My friend's a socialist, Mr.  
Lianazov. Do I look worried?

INT. PETROGRAD APARTMENT

Jack is reading her work.

JACK  
They're going to cut you down  
to four or five hundred words.  
This starts like you've got  
five thousand.

He underlines something.

JACK  
Is this your lead?

LOUISE

I'm not sure.

JACK

You're not sure? Well be sure.

LOUISE

How can I be sure?

JACK

You know how you feel about it. What's the most important thing he said?

LOUISE

I know what you think. You think the "strong man" stuff.

JACK

The strong...? No. I think "the war is our biggest industry" stuff. But it's not important what I think.

(he compare the  
two beds on  
opposite sides  
of the room)

Which one is my bed?

(looks at her)

I'm saying pick your lead and take their breath away with it.

(pointing to  
the one on  
the left)

I'll take this one.

He turns and hits his head on the light fixture.

EXT. PETROGRAD APARTMENT

As Jack and Louise leave the building they speak for a moment to the Babushka who points to a line of shivering women queueing up for bread and milk. The line is extremely long and is guarded by other militiamen.

They move to a group of citizens listening to an orator. Louise points to the roof of a tall building where a tiny red spark glows and wanes. It is a man with a rifle. The group spreads out, looking up.

A SHOT OF SMOLNY

Manny Komroff identifies Smolny Institute as the headquarters and

D-10

powerhouse of the revolution.

INT. CORRIDOR OF SMOLNY INSTITUTE

Armed Red Guards move bundles of leaflets, placards, ammunition boxes, weapons, food along corridors. Jack and Louise ~~move among~~ them.

INT. MEETING ROOM

Above the heads of hundreds of workers', soldiers' and peasants' delegates, we see Trotsky at the podium, smiling at the bedlam he's just created. Jack and Louise and the young translator find places close to the rostrum. OKS  
ESES

Sections of the audience are waving fists or papers at Trotsky in outrage, while others jeer them. Trotsky waits, enjoying it hugely.

The translator asks a man close to him what caused the commotion, then relays to the Reeds.

TROTSKY

(finally; in Russian;  
the young man translates  
for the Reeds)

Comrades, the Kerensky government  
promised the peasants land. Did  
they get it?

(crowd shouts 'no')

The Kerensky government promised  
the workers bread. Did they get  
it?

(crowd shouts 'no'  
louder)

The Kerensky government promised  
the people peace. Did they get  
it?

(huge shouts of 'no'.  
Pandemonium)

Jack motions to Louise who grabs two small posters for them to write notes on.

TROTSKY

(with translation)

The Kerensky Government can never  
fulfill the needs of Russia  
because they are the servants of  
the capitalists who need the war.

INT. THE WINTER PALACE - KERENSKY, JACK, LOUISE

D-10 (E)

Jack and Louise interview Kerensky through a translator. We hear their voices simultaneously.

TROTSKY'S VOICE

Only the worker's own government - the Soviets - are free from their control. Only the Soviets make peace. The power is ours for the taking. History will not forgive us if we fail to take it now. The longer we wait, the greater the chances for Kerensky to rally the forces of counter-revolution. The revolutionary movement is at hand. We must form a Military Revolutionary Committee whose sole task is to prepare for insurrection...

KERENSKY

And you may tell the American people that I, Alexander Kerensky, will never yield to Bolshevik...  
Etc.  
Etc.  
Etc.

EXT. RESTAURANT

JACK AND LOUISE PASS A SPEAKER ON THEIR WAY BACK TO THE APARTMENT AS CROWDS MILL. THIS SPEAKER'S VOICE MERGES WITH THE VOICES OF TROTSKY AND KERENSKY AND THEIR INTERPRETERS. EVERYONE IS TALKING. MAKING SPEECHES. EVERYBODY HAS AN OPINION. GENERAL BEDLAM.

INT. PETROGRAD APARTMENT - NIGHT

H-3

The lights are off. Louise and Jack lie in their separate beds in the moonlight.

LOUISE

You think it's a good handle?

JACK

(trying to sleep)

I wouldn't use it. But I'm not a liberal.

LOUISE

I am?

JACK

What?



LOUISE

A liberal?

JACK

Really? You'd call yourself a liberal?

LOUISE

Is that what you're saying, Jack? Are you calling me a liberal?

JACK

No, no.

LOUISE

Because I'm not a liberal, Jack. I'm trying to be objective. I'm a journalist.

JACK

Nothing wrong with a liberal journalist.

He turns over to go to sleep.

JACK AND LOUISE INTERVIEW TROTSKY, ZINOVIEV, RADEK.  
And narrators describe the tension of Petrograd.

2  
0850

INT. PETROGRAD APARTMENT

Jack works furiously at his typewriter. Louise sits silently at hers watching him. She's wearing a plain cotton nightshirt. He finishes in a state of high excitement and crosses to the bathroom.

JACK

Trotsky! It's all Trotsky!  
They're going to do it now!

She hears sounds of him brushing his teeth in the bathroom. She rises, goes to her bed, and stops short. She looks at Jack's bed, crosses to it and carefully climbs in. She reaches up and turns off the light. After a moment the bathroom light goes off and Jack emerges. He crosses to his bed and stops short when he finds her in it.

JACK

(confused)  
Oh. Did you want this one?

He goes to the other bed and gets in.

JACK INTERVIEWS LENIN AND LOUISE INTERVIEWS KOLLANTAL  
 As narrators describe the suspense of waiting to find out whether the Bolsheviks would make their move. They tell how Jack got close to Lenin and they talk about Lenin.

H E

2  
(5)

EXT. SMOLNY - NIGHT

As Jack and Louise and a crowd of workers, soldiers and peasants pour out of the building and down the staircase, canvas covers are removed from four machine guns on each side of the doorway. Armored cars with red flags stand under the trees while motorcycles and trucks move in and out of the courtyards.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

Jack, Louise and the interpreter make their way toward a factory on the other side. They pass through bread-lines, old men, nursing mothers, blackened faces, dirty kids, a few thin fires wisping through the chill air. Some are crowded around a speaker in hot discussion. Rag wrapped feet, angry desperate eyes. The lit factory building is bulging and bouncing with the din of cheering, argument, laughter.

INT. FACTORY - NIGHT

As they burst into the factory, hundreds of workers, men and women, are cheering and clapping for a speaker. Smoke, sweat, danger. A rough podium and platform dominate the floor. The Reeds are brought near the platform as their translator describes what is happening.

SPEAKER  
CRAP

INTERPRETER

These are munitions workers. They're arguing about whether to strike. They're against the war but they don't want to leave their Russian brothers at the front with no weapons. They are afraid that their motives will be misunderstood in other countries.

JACK

Don't they know that the feelings of the soldiers and workers from other countries are the same as their own?

Louise turns and stares at Jack. In the corner of the translator translates this to a man on the side of the podium. The man gives the translator an answer and the speaker at the podium continues simultaneously.

INTERPRETER

They have no contact with these workers from other countries. They are told the workers support the war in other countries.

JACK

Well, they are not told the truth, in that case.

The translator again with the man and again an answer.

INTERPRETER

He says if that were true they would be planning a revolution in the west.

Louise is taking notes, but her eyes are on Jack.

JACK

Some of us are planning a revolution in the west...

Louise reluctantly writes down Jack's remark. The translator and the man again. Again an answer.

INTERPRETER

He says, "Do you wish to speak to the assembly?"

Jack is startled.

JACK

I...no...no, I have no official position here. I have no credentials.

The translator interprets this and then turns to Jack.

INTERPRETER

He says he'll call on you next...

JACK

But I have no credentials...

Translator and man who has spoken to the chairman by now.

INTERPRETER

He says the chairman says everyone has credentials here.

The chairman has introduced Jack who is pulled up onto the

CSB

platform with the translator at his side. Polite applause. The Russians mainly interested in the oddity of an American speaking to them. D-12

JACK

I only want to say...your motives for striking will not be misunderstood.

The translation begins. He gains attention gradually. We cut back and forth to Louise watching him.

JACK

This is the way that workers from Germany, France, England, and the United States will END the war.

More translation which now continues over everything he says. D-13

JACK

The eyes of workers everywhere are on you now. They will be moved by what you do here in the way that I am moved. They will follow you. They are waiting for your leadership.

The assembly is now swelling in its reaction to him.

JACK

I bring you greetings from the workers of America who stand ready to join you in the fight for peace.

The translation and huge applause and cheering.

JACK

Down with the Imperialist world war.

Translation and the crowd repeats it.

JACK

Workers of the world unite.

Translation and the repeat of the crowd.

JACK

Long live revolutionary Russia.

Translation and repetition.

"The Internationale" bursts out spontaneously around the factory. The workers embrace Jack as he steps down. His eyes meet Louise's and hold. D-13

"The Internationale" will continue over the following sequences.

EXT. PETROGRAD STREET - NIGHT D-14

Jack and Louise, in a truck with soldiers, hurl handfuls of pamphlets into the street. Louise watches Jack and he sees her watching him.

JACK

I'm not a journalist any more. I don't want to be objective. I'm part of this now. I know what my real work is.

LOUISE

(after a moment)  
Why did we eat the frog?  
(they kiss)

INT. PETROGRAD APARTMENT

They get into the same bed.

INT. PETROGRAD APARTMENT

Jack and Louise in bed are awakened by an excited Babushka with a Russian newspaper. CASH

JACK

(reading)  
Oh. Shit!

LOUISE

What is she saying?

JACK

Get dressed. Get dressed. The Bolsheviks took over. We came 5,000 miles and we slept through it.

EXT. PETROGRAD STREET - DAY

Jack and Louise cross a street for a newspaper. They pass a

big armored car with the engine running and oil smoke pouring out of it. A small boy has climbed up the side of the thing and is looking down the barrel of the machine gun. D-15

The man with the armload of newspapers is surrounded by frantic people tearing at each other for the news.

INT. WINTER PALACE

Jack and Louise re-enter the room where they interviewed Kerensky. They find workers and peasants.

INT. SMOLNY INSTITUTE

A large assembly room, packed with weary, bruised and bandaged but excited Soviet delegates.

Jack and Louise, writing furiously on the backs of posters, see Lenin mount the podium and stand for a moment in total silence. The room bursts into cheering, stamping, calling, throwing hats, papers, etc. Lenin waits.

We see Trotsky, Zinoviev, Stalin

CHET

LENIN

(finally; matter-of-fact,  
in Russian)

We shall now proceed to construct  
the Socialist order.

The thunder starts up again.

JACK

What?

INTERPRETER

(shouting)

He said: "We shall now proceed  
to construct the socialist  
order."

E-1

EXT. SHIP AT PIER - DAWN - FOGGY

"The Internationale" stops.

INSERT RUSSIAN POSTERS AND PAMPHLETS WITH JACK'S NOTES ON THEM.

OFFICER: ...

(over the shot)

All right, you can put your  
clothes back on...

The posters and pamphlets are scooped up by the hands of several officers. E-1

INT. - CABIN OF SHIP

Jack stands naked in cabin. Two customs officials and an Army lieutenant stand some feet from him. The agents are unpacking his trunks and searching them fairly diligently. Jack steps into his trousers, smiling casually, unflustered.

Jack sits watching. A table separates him from the three men. The customs officials open the large trunk containing his documents, papers, drafts, mss, posters, leaflets, etc.

LIEUTENANT  
(to the agents)  
Confiscate them. I'll take  
them with me to Washington  
tomorrow.

JACK  
(quietly)  
On whose authority?

LIEUTENANT  
On the authority of A. Mitchell  
Palmer, Attorney General.

JACK  
Forgive me, gentlemen, I  
thought I was returning to  
America.

INT. OUTSIDE CUSTOMS E-2

Louise waits with Max Eastman for the official to finish with Jack.

EASTMAN  
(to Louise)  
Looks like a happy couple to me.

LOUISE  
(smiling)  
I think we've found a way to make  
it work.

MAX  
My God! What is it?

LOUISE  
No separations.

CSJ

*When?*

MAX

Is that all?

E-2

Jack makes his way to them.

JACK

They took my manuscript. They took my goddam manuscript. All my notes. Everything I've written. Can they do that?

EASTMAN

They can do anything now, Jack.

AS THEY WALK AWAY

Averill Harriman tells about the end of the war and the switch from anti-German feeling to anti-Bolshevik... The Red scare...

WE SEE LOUISE BRYANT FINISH TAKING THE OATH BEFORE A SENATE COMMITTEE. SHE HAS A SHORT HAIRCUT NOW AND HER STYLE OF DRESS HAS CHANGED WITH THE YEAR.

Scott Nearing says that the government was terrified that Bolshevism would catch on in the American working class. Eve Teinberger says that anyone who had anything at all good to say about Russia was immediately branded a Bolshevik. And that Jack and Louise insisted on testifying on what they had seen.

esr

INT. - SENATE ROOM

SENATOR OVERMAN  
(of North Carolina)

Do you believe there is a God?

LOUISE

I suppose there is a God. I have no way of knowing.

SENATOR OVERMAN

Do you believe in the Christian religion?

LOUISE

Certainly not. I believe all people should have whatever religion they wish, because that is one of the things...

esr



E 2

SENATOR OVERMAN  
(interrupting)  
You are not a Christian, then.

LOUISE  
I was christened in the  
Catholic church.

SENATOR OVERMAN  
What are you now, a Christian?

LOUISE  
I suppose that I am.

SENATOR OVERMAN  
And do you believe in Christ?

LOUISE  
I believe in the teachings of  
Christ. Am I being tried for  
witchcraft?

~~PHOTOS OF ARMISTICE DAY AND WILSON IN EUROPE.~~

Scott Nearing tells us about Versailles and how England,  
France and America divided up the spoils of war and made  
Hitler inevitable.

INT. CROTON HOUSE

Jack sits typing.

JACK  
(as he types)  
...and then Trotsky with titanic  
mirth...

PHOTOS OF WRECKED I.W.W. OFFICE.

Harvey O'Connor tells us of 101 I.W.W. leaders arrested.

PHOTOS OF BISBEE I.W.W. HERDED INTO CATTLE CARS.

PHOTOS OF STRIKERS ATTACKED BY POLICE.

Art Sheilds tells how strikes swept the country in the year  
after the war.

THE STYLES AND THE SEASONS CHANGE ON EACH PHOTO INDICATING  
THE PASSAGE OF TIME.

INT. - SENATE ROOM

CSG

SENATOR NELSON

Are you a capitalist or a proletarian?

LOUISE

I'm poor. I suppose I'm a proletarian.

Reed brings her a glass of water.

SENATOR NELSON

Do you advocate a Soviet government for this country?

LOUISE

No.

SENATOR NELSON

Do you approve a Soviet government for this country?

LOUISE

No, I don't think it will work.

Lowell Thomas says the country was returning to normalcy.  
PHOTOS OF SPORTS, PICNICS, DANCES, ETC.

SENATOR NELSON

Do you believe in a Soviet government for Russia?

LOUISE

It's none of my business. It's their affair and I think it's a scandal that the United States Government after 17,000,000 dead, should now be sending its young men to Russia to do some more dying. Would we welcome Russian soldiers here to settle our internal problems?

SENATOR NELSON

Miss Bryant, it's not the American Government that is on trial in this Committee.

LOUISE

Oh I understand, Senator, the only people who're on trial here are the ones who'r permitted to speak the truth about Bolshevism.

E-2.

CLSF

E-3

SENATOR NELSON

Really, Miss Bryant. We've tried to treat you as a lady.

LOUISE

I don't want to be treated as a lady. I want to be treated as a human being.

Dame Rebecca West describes the deportation of Emma Goldman and four hundred other political undesirables on the S.S. Buford.

OVER PHOTOS OF ACTRESS WHO PLAYS EMMA GOLDMAN.

JACK SITS AT HIS TYPEWRITER, CAREFULLY ERASING THE LAST LETTER OF A WORD. HE CONTINUES TYPING THE WORDS "TEN DAYS THAT SHOOK THE WORLD".

SENATOR KING

Isn't it true that a number of people, John Reed and yourself included, worked for the Bolsheviks after the insurrection?

LOUISE

Senator King, I am not a politician. I work as a journalist. I wrote 32 articles, all published in American papers. I don't propose to answer for John Reed. My husband is here and perfectly capable of answering for himself.

Hugo Gellert says Masses were on trial for sedition, but they looked and acted so American and wholesome and funny that they were acquitted.

INT. CROTON HOUSE - JACK

As he corrects his galleys, Louise brings him a cup of coffee.

JACK

Goddammit!

LOUISE

What?

JACK

They keep changing my punctuation.

088!

088!

Will Weinstone tells that on the first anniversary of the revolution Jack made four speeches even though he had the flu. E-4

INT. SENATE ROOM

SENATOR NELSON

Miss Bryant are there no decent God fearing Christians at all among these people?

LOUISE

Does one have to be God-fearing and Christian to be decent?

SENATOR OVERMAN

You're not here to ask questions, Miss Bryant. If you don't want to answer ours you're free to leave.

LOUISE

All right. Let me say this. On women: There is equal suffrage in Russia which is more than you can say for this country. On religion: The Bolsheviks believe that it is religion and particularly Christianity that has kept the Russian people back for so many centuries. If any of you had ever been to Russia and seen the peasants you might think they had a point. Finally, on the subject of decency: the Bolsheviks took power with the slogan: An end to the war. Within six months they made good their promise to the Russian people. The present president of the United States went to the country in 1916 on a no war ticket. Within six months he had taken us into the war and 115,000 young Americans didn't come back. If that's how decent, God-fearing Christians behave, give me Atheists any time.

APPLAUSE FOR LOUISE BREAKS INTO PANDEMONIUM AS JACK TAKES WITNESS SEAT. CHAIRMAN TRIES TO RESTORE ORDER. BAILIFFS WADE INTO CROWD ETC.

~~INSERT of a book "TEN DAYS THAT SHOOK THE WORLD" by JOHN REED. The angle widens to reveal it in the window of a bookstore.~~ E-4

OVER this, Ella Wolfe says when "Ten Days" came out everyone "read it religiously" and that it was the best book ever on the revolution. Art Sheilds says it raised journalism to art and it was the best action reporting ever done. Arne Swabeck says Reed became known as the American closest to the Bolsheviks. Will Weinstone says that Lenin gave it official endorsement as the best history of the revolution. Scott Nearing says before he went to Russia Reed was a playboy and when he got back he was a dedicated revolutionary.

INT. SENATE ROOM E-5

OVERMAN

Have you in any of your speeches advocated a revolution in the United States?

JACK

Yes.

OVERMAN

You are in favor of a revolution in the United States?

JACK

Yes.

OVERMAN

A revolution by force?

JACK

I don't know how it will be attained.

OVERMAN

Do you not in your speeches leave the impression with your audiences that you are talking about a revolution by force?

JACK

Possibly.

OVERMAN

Do you mean to give that impression?

E-2

JACK

No. If the will of the great majority of the people is not done by law, it'll be done some other way. That's all.

OVERMAN

Do you not know, Mr. Reed, that the use of the word 'revolution' in the ordinary meaning carries the idea of force, arms, and conflict?

JACK

Well, unfortunately whenever a profound social change has occurred it has been accomplished by force.  
Can you name me one that hasn't?

INT. CROTON HOUSE - THE KITCHEN - JACK

He stands, holding a raw turkey by its leg and looking down at a cookbook in front of him. On the stove are pots and pans of variously cooking food. The rest of the kitchen is a disaster area: every container and utensil has been used.

There is the SOUND of a door slamming o.s.

LOUISE'S VOICE

Jack?

JACK

Stay out! Stay out! Stay out!

INSIDE THE DINING ROOM Louise sits at the table on which is a birthday cake. She counts the candles suspiciously.

INSIDE THE KITCHEN the turkey, now wrapped in a towel, lies on the sink as Jack drops a mound of diced vegetables into a pan of boiling grease. The grease erupts with a gust of smoke and a loud sizzling sound.

INSIDE THE DINING ROOM, Louise sits gripping the arms of her chair, watching the smoke flow out from around the kitchen door and calls brightly.

LOUISE

I had an offer today to lecture in St. Louis and San Francisco, but I turned them down. I don't want to go any further away from here than New Jersey.

LOUISE (cont'd)  
 (there is no answer)  
 Jack?

E-5

JACK  
 Stay out! Stay out!

INSIDE THE KITCHEN Jack stands fanning the smoking pan. He grabs a pot holder, picks up the pan, and the pot holder catches fire. He quickly drops it into the pan, runs to the sink, gets a glass of water and throws it into the pan to put out the pot holder. The pan goes up in flame.

INSIDE THE DINING ROOM Louise sits listening to the sounds of running footsteps and little crashes from the kitchen. The smoke is thicker now.

LOUISE  
 (with forced  
 cheerfulness)  
 Can I help?

JACK  
 No, no! Stay out!

INSIDE THE KITCHEN the pan now sits on the window sill, the smoke wafting out of the open window as Jack attempts to stuff the turkey with oyster-almond dressing. He holds the turkey between his knees and pounds the stuffing in with the small end of a hammer.

LOUISE'S VOICE  
 I found a wonderful fabric for  
 covering the couch...

INSIDE THE DINING ROOM Louise stares anxiously at the kitchen door.

LOUISE  
 ..It was only nine cents a yard.  
 (there is a pause)  
 It was a remnant.

JACK'S VOICE  
 All right. First course. Sit  
 down. Sit down and close your  
 eyes.

She closes her eyes. He comes out holding a large platter with a lid on it.

JACK  
 Are they closed?

LOUISE  
Yes.

JACK  
(setting the  
platter down)  
Okay.

She opens her eyes. He takes the lid off. On the platter are two small flat things. They are burnt.

LOUISE  
(bravely)  
Oh. My. That's...

JACK  
Go ahead.  
(he waits tensely  
as she takes a  
tentative bite)  
What do you think?

LOUISE  
Mmmmm.

JACK  
(taking a bite  
himself)  
Really?

LOUISE  
Mmmmm.

JACK  
(leans over and  
kisses her on  
the mouth)  
Are you serious?

LOUISE  
Mmmmm.

JACK  
(as he rises  
and starts toward  
the kitchen)  
Thank God. You know, I was going to flambee them out here, but somehow they flambeed themselves in the pan. They look a little burnt, but I actually think it's better to have them crispy on the outside. On the inside they're practically liquid.



He returns with an entire platter of little burnt things and puts them in front of Louise.

JACK

I put a turkey in the oven so we have a while.

LOUISE

Mmmm.

JACK

Eat up, there're plenty more where those came from.

The phone rings. He sits looking at it, then walks over and picks it up.

JACK

Hello.

(he listens)

Tonight? Oh, shit.

(he listens)

Hold on.

(to Louise, his hand over the phone)

The organizer they found in ~~Rochester~~ has to go back tonight and I have to meet with him. I'll only be an hour. I'm sorry, honey.

LOUISE

No, no. If you think it's important.

JACK

(into phone)

I'll be there in twenty minutes.

(he hangs up)

Louise slumps as he prepares to leave.

INT. SMALL LABOR HALL - NEW YORK

ABOUT 100 LEFT WING SOCIALIST PARTY DELEGATES PRESENT, WITH AN EXECUTIVE OF ELEVEN. THE EXECUTIVES SHARE A LONG TABLE AND A MICROPHONE ON A SMALL STAGE. JACK STANDS WAITING ON THE FLOOR FOR THE NOISE TO DIE DOWN, SOME OF IT APPLAUSE, THE REST ANGER AND DERISION. LOUISE SITS BESIDE HIM. Will Weinstone says that Reed's group wanted the left wing to take over the Socialist Party and the Foreign Language Federations didn't want to bother with it. Arne Swabeck contradicts him.

Ella Wolfe says she doesn't remember what the left wing wanted but that the old men who ran the Socialist Party weren't going to let these young upstarts take it away from them.

Two old NARRATORS explain the 2nd conference of Left Wing Delegates to the Socialist Party of America. That some claim they were expelled by the Right and others claim they seceded.

The few cheerers are Americans, the largely bearded deriders are members of the Slavic and other foreign-speaking federations. Russian, Estonian, Lithuanian and Polish imprecations rock the hall. Louise's face is impassive as she watches the proceedings. Jack's is alive with excitement.

JACK

We'll see.

American delegates call "Let him speak"; the Slavs call "Vote, Vote, Put the motion, etc."

CHAIRMAN

(rising)

Comrades...Comrade delegates...

(he's barely heard,  
shouting, a huge voice)

All right, you bastards, sit down and shut up or somebody's gonna get rough...

Some vestige of order returns.

CHAIRMAN

That's better. Jesus. Jack Reed is an elected member of this executive and a fellow socialist...

VOICE

Yeah, sure, for how long?

ANOTHER VOICE

Make the motion.

CHAIRMAN

Shut up. The chair don't recognize you. Go ahead, Jack.

JACK

We can't split off from the Socialist Party now. Together we represent more than half of it. We can still win control

(CONTINUED)

CSW

2  
CSW

E C

JACK (cont'd)  
 of the Party if we stay with it  
 for two weeks until the  
emergency convention in  
Chicago. I'm asking for two  
 weeks.

He sits. Cheers from supporters, catcalls from opponents.  
 Louise examines the face of a fat Polish meatcutter next to  
 her. Louis Fraina's called. He's short, swarthy, Italian,  
 tough.

CSA

E-7

FRAINA  
 Jack Reed's wrong. We don't have  
 a chance in the world of taking  
 the Socialist Party away from the  
 right-wing bosses. We're  
 Bolsheviks. I say we've got to  
 split off now.

Cheering from Slavs, etc. People come and shake  
 his hand, kiss his cheek.

CHAIRMAN  
 Will you get back there, what  
 is this, an opera?  
 (order again)  
 OK, let's see your hands. For  
 the motion to secede and set up  
 a new Communist Party.

About two thirds put hands up.

CHAIRMAN  
 Against?

The rest. Few abstentions.

CHAIRMAN  
 Awright, dat's carried.

Some uproar.

JACK  
 Mr. Chairman, Mr. Chairman....

The Chairman huddles a moment with other committee members.

JACK  
 Mr. Chairman...

CHAIRMAN

OK, I'm adjournin' this session  
for half an hour. And no  
drinkin', OK?

The meeting begins to disperse, stretching, noisy, arguments  
rippling from row to row. Fraina approaches Jack, who's  
putting on his jacket.

FRAINNA

Looks like you're in a  
minority, Jack.

He walks away.

LOUISE

Jack, I don't think you should  
go any further with this.

JACK

You're wrong. Honey, I've been  
in a minority before.

INT. CROTON HOUSE

A group of seven or eight party members, Jack and Louise.  
They are very much in contrast to the Provincetown group of  
artists we saw earlier in the film.

WAGENKNECHT

The point is how to control that  
convention without Fraina's  
people.

JACK

We don't need Fraina's people.  
If we can get every one of our  
men to show up we can storm the  
hall and take the seats.

MCALPINE

(to Eddie)

Did Levine say how many he could  
contact?

EDDIE

Levine? He didn't show up.

CAST

CAST

CAST

the empty bottle with the Christmas ribbon around it.

INT. JAILER'S QUARTERS

The jailer is pouring over Reed's poetry as he walks up the steps from Reed's cell.

[ JAILER ]  
(in Finnish)  
He writes poetry all day.  
What is the Bowery?

0850

The guard shrugs his shoulders. Snow is visible on the window.

INT. SHIP - COAL HOLD

Louise, coal-blackened, still in coalhold, lying on a pile of oily rags in the darkness. The ship lurches.

The spurt of a match, and a hand reaches forward to get Louise.

[ VOICE ]  
(whispering)  
Quick, for Chrissake, we only  
have a moment.

0850

The hand takes Louise's and they flee through the night on the ship.

Louise is clinging to a ladder in an iron shaft leading to the deck. Above her head is a brass grate from which foul water drips down on her head and down her back. Feet pass to and fro across the grate, men talking. After a moment, the grate is opened and Louise is pushed from behind by the man below her and is grabbed by the man above and lifted out onto the deck.

Louise, surrounded by two sailors, goes down the cargo gangway and disappears into the night.

INT. JAILER'S QUARTERS - SPRING OUTSIDE

Reed ushered in. His skin covered with ulcers. The counsel is present.

COUNSEL  
An exchange has been negotiated  
by the Soviet government. They

(CONTINUED)

67

COUNSEL (cont'd)  
 have released three Anti-  
 Communist Finnish professors.  
 You will not be granted a  
 passport. You have 24 hours to  
 leave Finland.

JACK  
~~And Sweden has an extradition  
 treaty with the United States?~~

COUNSEL  
 (nodding)  
 Yes, you have no choice.

JACK  
 I have to get word to my wife.

EXT. A BARGE - DAWN

Louise crosses a bay from Sweden to Finland. It is bone cold, foggy and she is exposed to the elements. We see her huddle among the cargo trying to get out of the wind. One of the men on the barge brings her some salt fish and bread. She eats ravenously.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Louise and her guide, half running, half staggering. Louise is exhausted, soaked from the rain and the ground is extremely muddy. Louise is told to go ahead. Down below, in a large field, a motor car waits in the dusk.

EXT. PETROGRAD STREET STATION

Reed is ushered to car by two young Bolsheviks

JACK  
 Can you take me to a cable  
 office? I'm trying to reach my  
 wife.

2  
 CRST

INT. CABLE OFFICE

Jack sits sweating, tense. He has his hand on the right side of his lower back. The cable operator comes to him from the back of the office.

CABLE OPERATOR

Now.

(he sits across  
from Reed)

We've tried the name Reed, the  
name Bryant and the name Gormley.  
And there is nothing. But we can  
promise you, Comrade Reed, we  
will be ever watchful. We will  
be on the alert. Vigilant.

JACK

Thank you.  
    (he turns to one  
    of the young Bolsheviks)  
Where is the Bureau of  
Immigration?

INT. BUREAU OF IMMIGRATION

A 250 lb. Tartar sits behind a massive desk. Peers over his  
spectacles and hands a list to Reed who mops his face with a  
handkerchief.

TARTAR

(in Russian; the  
Bolshevik translates)  
Very few Americans have come to  
Petrograd in the past six weeks.

The Tartar offers Reed some tea. Reed stands to go.

JACK

No, thank you. I appreciate your  
kindness.

The interpreter translates and they leave.

EXT. PETROGRAD STREET

Reed's car pulls up in front of an apartment building.

INT. EMMA GOLDMAN'S APARTMENT

She walks away from window to kitchen and puts water on the  
stove to boil. There's a knock at the door. She goes and  
opens it.

JACK

Want a job as a bodyguard?

EMMA

Jack!

They embrace. She stands back.

EMMA

Let me look.

JACK

E.G. Do you know anything about Louise?

EMMA

She left New York sometime after Christmas. Albert Rhyss-Williams tried to reach her.

JACK

Where did she go?

EMMA

No one seemed to know, Jack.

She sits.

JACK

Where is Rhyss-Williams?

EMMA

I don't know. He left in a rush two weeks ago. He didn't say goodbye.

JACK

Did he say anything about O'Neill?

EMMA

Oh, Jack.  
(he sits)

JACK

What do you think I should do?

EMMA

Wait. There's nothing you can do.

JACK

Maybe there's someone else I could ask.

EMMA

She knows you're out of the country illegally, Jack. She must know you'd get seven years if you went back.



JACK  
I don't understand where she...  
(he drops his head)

Emma sits silently across from her old friend.

EMMA  
She has her own life, Jack. I  
think you shouldn't be too hard  
on her. She's a young woman.  
Don't expect too much.

There is a moment. He rises.

EMMA  
I think you have to wait, Jack.

A moment.

JACK  
I'll come back.

EMMA  
You could use some sun.

He starts out. She takes a can out of a bag she's been holding.

EMMA  
Chase and Sanborn. Want some?

JACK  
No. I'll come back.

EMMA  
Jack.

He stops at door and turns.

EMMA  
It's better here than  
Leavenworth.

He leaves.

INT. PARTY HEADQUARTERS - SEVERAL BOLSHEVIKS IN UNIFORM

JACK  
(at the breaking point)  
I want to know if there is anyone  
in our underground in Finland or  
Scandinavia who might know  
whether she has been seen.

COMRADE

This is difficult to...

JACK

Do you have any contact with the American Embassies in these countries?

COMRADE

Our own contacts are not always reliable.

JACK

Maybe I should go there.

COMRADE

You might as well go to Spain or France. Or Africa.

There is a moment.

COMRADE

Comrade, you must be hungry. Let us take you to eat.

INT. MOVING CAR

Reed with three Bolsheviks.

DRIVER

Comrade Lenin has said he would have traded fifty professors for you.

JACK

That's a lot of professors.

He realizes they're in front of the old apartment.

JACK

Could you stop here for a minute?

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - PETROGRAD

Reed gets out of car. He tells them he will walk. He sees the same old Babushka. He asks if it's O.K. to go upstairs and look.

INT. THE OLD PETROGRAD APARTMENT

Reed enters the room where they spent their happiest moments.

CAS

CAS

There are now toys on the floor. He reminisces silently among the familiar objects?

The faint echo of "The Internationale". He breaks down. There are voices outside. The music stops. He collects himself.

The door opens, revealing a young Russian couple followed by a rambunctious seven year old girl.

JACK  
(in Russian)  
I'm sorry. I used to live here.  
I wanted to see it.

MAN  
Yes. I understand.

JACK  
(extending hand)  
John Reed.

MAN  
(impressed)  
Andre Zacharentko. My wife. My  
daughter Natasha.

They all shake hands.

JACK  
Thank you. They are waiting for  
me in the street.

He goes.

INT. JAIL - FINLAND

Louise stands in front of jailer's desk.

TRANSLATOR  
He says he ~~doesn't~~ know. He  
assumes your husband went back to  
United States.

EXT. LOUISE OUTSIDE JAIL

She doesn't know where he is.

INT. ASSEMBLY HALL

Lenin chairs, Radek on his left, the 26-man commission.  
Zinoviev sits to one side, an observer. Reed is agitated.

Fraina sits opposite him, halfway down the table. Lenin speaks. An interpreter stands by, on call, and very occasionally used.

LENIN  
(continuing)

...the A. F. of L. is the organization we should seek to influence and to eventually control.

Reed indicates he wants to speak. Lenin nods.

JACK  
(heated)

Comrade Chairman, as one of the few Americans appointed to this labor commission, I must say that for fifty years the A. F. of L. has conspired with big business to prevent radical change from taking place.

*When AF of L organized?*

Real revolutionary workers quit the A.F. of L. a long time ago to form the I.W.W. The leadership of the I.W.W. is in jail now and if this International Congress fails to support them they will be finished and no one in America will be happier than the leadership of the A.F. of L. So I must insist that my amendment to your proposition be called to a vote.

Reed takes out a small folded paper containing some white powder. He empties the powder into a glass, adds water and drinks it as the translation rattles on. Lenin nods, impassive and tilts an eye in Radek's direction.

RADEK

It is precisely because the A. F. of L. has conspired with big business that we must gain control of it. The A.F. of L. is the primary labor organization in the United States and many times larger than the I.W.W. A revolutionary strategy must work through and with the broad mass of the people. Had you read Marx more attentively, Comrade Reed,

*KARL* *German political plot.*  
*1918-1883*

(CONTINUED)

RADEK (cont'd)  
 you would not now be prolonging  
 the work of the Commission with  
 these wildly syndicalist  
 opinions.

JACK  
 (angry)  
 We'll never be able to secretly  
 infiltrate the A.F. of L. Let's  
 be honest. Let us say we're  
 communists in the United States.  
 This is an American matter and a  
 decision for Americans to make.

RADEK  
 Comrades, I move the main  
 resolution on the First Thesis.

Lenin asks for a seconder, gets one with remarkable speed,  
 calls the vote for (18), against (6), abstentions (2). He's  
 moving on to the next business.

JACK  
 Comrade Chairman, there is an  
 amendment on the table, could it  
 please be called to a vote.

Silence. Some disapproval around him, people commenting in  
 several languages.

LENIN  
 Certainly.

It's called. It gets 8 votes for, 18 against.

JACK  
 Comrade Chairman, I want to give  
 notice now that I intend to  
 resign my seat on this  
 Commission.

Zinoviev stands and begins to speak. Lenin waves him down.

LENIN  
 The chair notes Comrade Reed's  
 intention.

Reed and Lenin look at each other for a moment. Lenin almost  
 smiles.

LENIN  
 Commission adjourned for ten  
 minutes.

WAGENKNECHT  
You couldn't get to Lissitsky?

EDDIE  
No. And I'll get Levine  
tomorrow, too.

Reed rises and goes into the kitchen after Louise.

INT. KITCHEN

Reed enters. Louise is pouring a drink. She looks at him.  
He looks away.

LOUISE  
These are the Socialists who will  
change the world? Into what?

JACK  
Tough times. Tough men.

LOUISE  
You'd better get back in there  
and find out about Lissitsky.

Reed stares at her for a moment and walks back into the  
meeting.

EXT. MACHINISTS HALL - CHICAGO

A BANNER DRAPED OVER PORTICO PROCLAIMS THE NATIONAL CONVENTION  
OF THE SOCIALIST PARTY OF AMERICA. KNOTS OF PEOPLE ARRIVING  
FOR THE MEETING. POLICE STAND BY, IN SQUADS.  
Arne Swabek says that all the known left-wingers were given  
the wrong color cards so they couldn't get into the  
conference. So Reed lead a flying wedge and they forced their  
way in. Reed said: "The way to get in is to get in!"

INT. A LARGE VESTIBULE

DELEGATES MILL AROUND THE STAIRWAY, AND THE MEETING HALL ON  
THE FIRST FLOOR. JACK, LOUISE, WAGENKNECHT AND McALPINE ARE  
AMID A LARGE GROUP OF REED DELEGATES.

JACK  
All right...let's go.

They move up the stairway in threes and fours without  
speaking. Reed pushes open the Main Hall doors. Stewards  
leap to bar the way, but are swept aside.

## INT. MEETING HALL

Reed's people bull forward and sit in the seats closest to the platform before the other delegates realize what is happening. Louise lags in the back.

Delegates arguing over seats. Noise. Tension. Germer, the Socialist Party National Secretary, has the microphones.

## GERMER

You will get your seats back, ladies and gentlemen. There's no need for alarm, we'll have these crooks under control soon...

(he mutters off microphone to a steward)

These are the thieves, gangsters and Bolshevik sympathizers who've been trying to get their hands on the party all year long.

A number of main hall delegates applaud Reed's people. Others hiss and jeer as Jack moves toward the platform.

## JACK

(to Germer)

What are you going to do? Have the police clear the hall for you?

He climbs the platform.

## GERMER

I don't need the police.

He and Germer engage in a scuffle over the microphone which Jack takes away from him. Louise turns away.

## JACK

(into mike)

Comrades, fellow delegates, I just want to tell you that these people are imposters.

(pointing at the Executive Council on the platform)

They claim to be the leadership of the Socialist Party of America and they're not... They were thrown out in the election last Spring. The Bolshevik revolution scares them to death and they're

(CONTINUED)

JACK (cont'd)  
just as scared of the American  
working class and they'll resort  
to any tactics to keep it away  
from a truly revolutionary  
leadership.

Police have begun pouring into the hall, rounding up Reed's  
people.

JACK  
You see? When push comes to  
shove they'll even use the  
Capitalist police to stop us.  
But it won't work. If you want  
to know where the real leadership  
of this Socialist Party is, we'll  
be meeting in the basement of  
this building in five minutes and  
you're welcome to join us...  
we're in the basement.

Reed's allies begin to sing "The Internationale" on the way  
out. ~~It is a far cry from the way it sounded in the Russian~~  
factory. Louise watches motionless as Jack leaves the stage  
and begins the long walk out through a double row of cops, one  
of whom pushes him. As Reed pushes back, his face connects  
with the hot dog of a bystander. He comes up to Louise,  
unaware of the mustard on his cheek. A few main hall  
delegates follow him, applauding, slapping his shoulder.

INT. BASEMENT HALL - LOUISE, JACK, DELEGATES

As the delegates push by them into the meeting room, Louise  
suddenly stops.

JACK  
What is it? Louise?

LOUISE  
(with difficulty)  
Nothing. Just...

She reaches up and wipes the mustard off his cheek.

LOUISE  
O.K. Go on.

He goes into the room. She stands for a moment, then goes in  
behind him.



INT. BASEMENT ROOM

Crammed with Reed's contingent. As Jack enters, a rough platform is being set up at one end of the room. A billiard table is moved.

Reed makes his way to the platform table. Some shouts of greeting, handshakes. Louise remains in the back of the room, watching them.

WAGENKNECHT  
 (to McAlpine)  
 Well...O.K. Let's do it.  
 (turning to delegates)  
 Comrades, comrades...

People begin to sit down. Silence emerges. One man remains standing. Delegates turn to look at him and we see it is Fraina.

JACK  
 Hello, Louis. You lost?

FRAINA  
 Not at all. I just thought I might have a word with you people...

JACK  
 Go ahead.

WAGENKNECHT  
 Fine with me.

Louise watches Fraina walk to the front of the room.

FRAINA  
 (to the entire room)  
 I just want you to know that the newly formed Communist Party of America is meeting in Room 42 of this building. And you're all welcome. We think it's time to put the thought of taking over the Socialist Party of America behind us. And in preparing for the coming fight we want to forget our differences in the interests of unity. And without that unity, we won't be as strong as we need to be.

L-9

E-10

JACK

Louis. If you'd been thinking about unity a few months ago we'd be in control of that meeting upstairs. You think there's anybody in this room who doesn't know that with your people we would have had a majority? You took 40,000 comrades out of the Socialist Party because you wanted to run the show yourself... Well go ahead and run it. But you run the show in Room 42. We've got work to do here.

Fraina starts out.

FRAINA

We're in Room 42, comrades.

VOICES

(at the same time)

"Could you hand me the agenda, Frank?"

"....I think we're going to have to talk about recognition from Moscow."

"My God, it's hot in here."

Jack turns to look for Louise and stops. She is no longer there.

JACK

Alfred, I want to move that we immediately constitute ourselves as the bona fide Communist Party and that we call ourselves the Communist Labor Party of America.

His motion is seconded and passed by acclamation and cheers. He nods to the delegates and moves quickly out of the room. He is sweating and holding the right side of his back.

In the hallway he sees Louise at the top of the steps.

JACK

(calling)

Louise?

She disappears through the doors. He walks slowly down the hall and into the men's room. In the background, we hear "Three cheers for Eugene Debs", and "Three cheers for the

*labor organ, 1855-1926*

I.W.W." and "Three cheers for Revolutionary Russia." Jack doubles up in pain as we hear the haphazard singing of "The Internationale".

E-10

INT. MOVIE THEATER

DOOPS - W 1920 ON 1919

E-11

Louise watches a cartoon on screen. The cartoon animals are strangely like the Socialist Party convention. Tears run down her cheeks.

INT. O'NEILL'S ROOM - O'NEILL, LOUISE

He sits silently watching her weep. He tries to put his arm around her shoulders and she pulls away.

O'NEILL

I'm your friend, remember? This is as a friend.

He puts his arm around her. She begins drying her eyes.

LOUISE

I'm sorry. I hardly ever cry.

(she rises)

I have to go.

O'NEILL

Don't worry. I won't tell anybody.

LOUISE

About my crying?

O'NEILL

No. About your being faithful.

I wouldn't want to ruin your reputation.

NARRATORS TELL US THAT JACK REED HAD TO GET RECOGNITION FROM THE COMINTERN IN MOSCOW FOR THE COMMUNIST LABOR PARTY BEFORE FRAINA GOT IT FOR THE COMMUNIST PARTY.

INT. CROTON COTTAGE - LATE AT NIGHT

Louise stands in the doorway to the living room. Jack at the roll top desk.

LOUISE

(angry)

If Wagenknecht understands it so well. Why doesn't he go to Russia?

E-11

JACK  
(heated)  
Louise, the comintern doesn't  
know Wagenknecht. They don't  
know anybody but me.

LOUISE  
It's meaningless. The Communist  
Party, the Communist Labor Party.  
What's the difference?

JACK  
I'll be back before Christmas.  
That you can depend on.

LOUISE  
Take your time. You're so sure  
you can get the endorsement of  
the Comintern for the Communist  
Labor Party. Go get it. You're  
not a writer. You're a  
politician. You and your  
fourteen intellectual friends in  
the basement who are going to  
tell the workers what they really  
want - whether they want it or  
not.

JACK  
Would you rather have Fraina's  
people lead the workers in this  
country? They can barely speak  
English. They're not assimilated  
into American life in any way and  
they don't want to be. They're  
not serious about Bolshevism,  
Louise. To them, being a  
Bolshevik is like eating borscht -  
it's a way of holding on to being  
Russian. It's got nothing to do  
with revolution in this country.

LOUISE  
(incredulous)  
Revolution? In this country,  
Jack?

JACK  
(after a moment)  
That's what I'm fighting about.

LOUISE  
(reasoning)  
Jack, let it alone.

(CONTINUED)

LOUISE (cont'd)

These men don't want what you want.  
They're looking for better jobs for themselves.  
If you want to educate them you're not going to do it running all over the world ranting and raving in convention halls.  
You'll do it writing.

He goes to the window and stares out.

LOUISE

(softly)  
You should be writing, Jack.  
You're an artist.

JACK

(inaudible)  
Oh?

LOUISE

Do the book. Finish your poems.  
Let's fix up the downstairs. We can carpet the linoleum. You can use it as an office. We'd have time for things. Time to think.

JACK

(a long moment)  
I know.

LOUISE

We could live life now. We could have a family.

He goes to the desk and sits. He grimaces with pain and loosens his belt. She watches. He opens a bottle and takes two pills with a glass of water for the pain.

LOUISE

What is it? Honey?

JACK

I have to go.

LOUISE

(mounting hysteria)  
Oh, Jack...please.

JACK

This has to be done now. We can think about living life later.

LOUISE

(livid; out of control)

What life? You mean your life, Jack? This has nothing to do with our life. Let me tell you something. If you leave, I'm living my life. With my friends, and my choices, and my work and my decisions about who I see and why I see them and what I do with them.

You walk out of that door, Jack, and from now on I'm none of your business.

JACK

I'll be back by Christmas.

LOUISE

I'll see you when I see you.

JACK

I'll be back by Christmas.

LOUISE

We'll just take our chances.

The phone rings.

JACK

I'll be back by Christmas.

Louise walks into the dining room.

JACK

Hello?

She stops in the hallway and listens.

JACK

Yes. Friday. Good.

LOUISE WALKS AWAY FROM US SLOWLY UP THE STAIRS. SHE IS CRYING.

EXT. NEW YORK DOCKS - SWEDISH FREIGHTER - GANGWAY - NIGHT

Two officials are checking crewmen through, examining papers, passports.

A man watches from a distance, from the shadow of a wharf building. Nods to McAlpine who walks over to Jack. Jack is in rough seamen's gear.

McALPINE  
 You got the money?  
 (Reed nods,  
 quite tense)  
 Wish I was going with you.  
 (taking out flask)  
 Wanna drink?  
 (he shakes no.  
 McAlpine swigs)

Jack anxiously spots in the distance the headlights of a car that's pulled to a stop near the dock area.

A long whistle - a signal out of shot.

JACK  
 That's it. Isn't it?

McALPINE  
 (reassuring)  
 There's time. We've got a moment.

Jack concentrates on the person who emerges from the car who seems detained at the entrance to the dock area. Now McAlpine looks more closely.

McALPINE  
 Don't worry. If it's Mrs. Reed they have instructions. I'll say goodbye then.  
 (shakes Reed's hand)  
 Goodbye, comrade. Regards to the revolution.

He goes. The first man arrives with Larkin as Reed desperately tries to make out if the figure approaching in the dark is Louise.

LARKIN  
 (breathing hard)  
 Jim Larkin. Here's your passport and papers.  
 (hands them to him)  
 You're Jim Gormly, Stoker. Your contact aboard is Peter O'Donlan. Jump at Bergen. You've got contacts all the way from there.

(CONTINUED)

LAST

LARKIN (cont'd)  
 Should be as safe as a nun's  
 knickers, but go easy in Finland,  
 there's a fearful ould backlash  
 going on dere just now...Right.  
 You'd best be trotting...  
 (hugs Reed suddenly.  
 Kisses his cheek)  
 Have a great ould time of it you  
 lucky bastard you.

Both men leave. The whistle now comes again. Reed stuffs the papers in his pockets. Now he can see the approaching figure is a man.

MAN  
 Comrade Reed?

JACK  
 Yes?

MAN  
 From Mrs. Reed.

He gives Jack the bottle of pills. There is a Christmas ribbon tied around it.

JACK  
 Thanks.

MAN  
 Good luck, Comrade.

JACK  
 Thanks.

The whistles come again.

A moment. He swings off, rounds the corner towards the freighter.

AT THE GANGWAY HE TURNS AND TAKES ONE MORE AGONIZED LOOK AT THE CAR.  
 THEN TURNS AND CONTINUES ONTO THE SHIP.

Arne Swabeck says only Reed was known by the Bolsheviks so he went to get the endorsement of the Comintern for the C.L.P. But he could have stayed at home because they knew all about the split and they wanted unity. Ella Wolfe and Isaac Don Levine say that the Bolsheviks were power hungry and stamped out all opposition. Harvey O'Connor says that the blockade and civil war found the

CAS

F-1

- 2

CAS



Bolsheviks to be authoritarian and dictatorial.

Scott Nearing says that the Allies vowed to "Strangle the Communist infant in it's cradle".

Lucita Williams says that due to the blockade and civil war there was much suffering and starvation.

PHOTOS OF THE TERRIBLE CONDITIONS IN RUSSIA.

EXT. RAILWAY STATION INSIDE RUSSIA

Reed stands on the platform on which a platoon of soldiers, returning from the Yudenitch front, lie sprawled as if dead, their hands and faces frosting.

He walks to the waiting room, full of soldiers and peasants.

EXT. STEEP VILLAGE STREET

Reed stands at the top. He watches an army truck crawling up the street. From houses on each side pour armed soldiers, carrying pots, pans, baskets, small sacks, vases and pisspots filled with grain. Women cling to their arms, cursing and screaming at the soldiers. The soldiers are grim, do the job as best they can. The grain is tipped into the truck like garbage and the empty utensils returned.

VOICE (OS)

Don't stare too long, my dear fellow.

It's a stranger on the platform. He resembles a smiling, elegant carrion bird. The main thing about him is the velocity with which he speaks.

VASILIEV

Those two handsome chappies in the fetching leather topcoats are secret police and will not take too kindly to a foreigner witnessing these unfortunate scenes. That could feel you might draw the wrong conclusions about the way our marvelous revolution is developing. Come, I have it on good authority the train will definitely arrive within the next 24 hours.

They're walking, Reed slightly bewildered at the confident assault on his ears.

CGS

VASILIEV (cont'd)

Actually, all they're doing is collecting grain the peasants have stolen from the collective farm they work for. If the soldiers had ripped their mattresses open they'd have found a great deal more, too. And much money. I'm glad they didn't, as it happens. Among other things, I sell grain to peasants who have none. The soldiers are doing me a favor. Are you English or American? You're one or the other, I can tell by the clothes.

JACK

American.

VASILIEV

I'm delighted to meet you. Allow me to give you my card.

Hands him card. Reed studies it, frowning.

VASILIEV

You know Russian?

(Reed nods)

Any service, whatever you need. I'm in Moscow quite often. If you should need me. Would you excuse me now...

...I have some small business matter to attend to before the train arrives. So nice.

(he shakes Reed's hand, returns)

By the way, I chose to address you because I sensed you were, like me, a gambler. Why else would you be travelling on a Russian train?

And just as suddenly he's gone.

INT. CROTON HOUSE - NIGHT

Louise sits alone at a desk. A noise at the back of the house. It startles her. She goes to the back door and listens. It seems to be nothing. On her way back to the desk she hears another sound in front of the house. Louder. She goes to the front door and waits. There is no sound. She yanks the door

open and recoils at the big face standing there.

MAN

Good evening. By the order of the Attorney General of the United States A. Mitchell Palmer we have a warrant here for the arrest of one John Silus Reed.

LOUISE

Arrest for what?

MAN

Sedition. Where is he?

LOUISE

Sedition? In what instance?

MAN

Lady, don't ask me. Ask Woodrow Wilson. I don't like this job.  
Just tell me where he is.

LOUISE

He's not here.

MAN

(by rote)

Thank you. Do you know this man?

LOUISE

I'm his wife.

MAN

Thank you. Do you know where this... his wife?

LOUISE

That's right.

MAN

Hold on a minute here. Have I got one of these things for you?

LOUISE

I don't know. Do you?

The back door is pushed open and another man enters.

MAN

Cover the outside, <sup>!</sup>Frank!  
Now of course there's no chance of you being a Bolshevik agitator yourself, is there?

LOUISE

Well, just look around the house  
and see how agitated you get.

He begins to stalk through the house.

Carl Reeve tells of reading in the paper that his mother was to be arrested on sight and how she met him at the train station and they fled to Denver and that thousands of other Communists were arrested that week. It was the Palmer Raids and 10,000 Communists were arrested in one night.

EST

INT. MEETING ROOM - MOSCOW

Jack is perplexed as the fifteen people on the Council speak Russian. Once in a while he hears the word "Chicago".

INT. A LARGE ROOM IN A FORMER PALACE

ZINOVIEV

Comrade Reed, the Council has rejected your request. We cannot discriminate between the two American parties.

JACK

Comrade Zinoviev, if the two parties are merged we will be forced to yield control to the larger group. I submit that the Comintern needs a great deal more study to understand the American situation.

ZINOVIEV

The decision has been made.

JACK

I question the lack of adequate representation for Americans on this Council in dealing with American problems.

Radek stiffens.

ZINOVIEV

(smiles)

Americans? We are Communists, comrade, Communists have no country. We have only the international. Possibly you

(CONTINUED)

ZINOVIEV (cont'd)  
don't have enough experience in  
revolutionary practice to  
understand the basics of  
internationalism... or  
international party discipline.

JACK  
Comrade, Americans will not be  
told what to do by a bunch of  
Russians.

ZINOVIEV  
(to Radek)  
Bunch? What is bunch?

RADEK  
Group.

ZINOVIEV  
Ah! With your powers of  
persuasion, Reed, you'll have  
them convinced in no time.

JACK  
The most effective argument  
against the Communist Party in  
the United States would be that  
it's directed by a foreign  
country.

Radek and Zinoviev look at each other. Zinoviev smiles.

ZINOVIEV  
A foreign country, Comrade?  
(he pauses)  
Or the heart of world revolution?

JACK  
I'd like to discuss this  
theoretical question with Comrade  
Lenin.

ZINOVIEV  
(after a moment)  
Comrade Lenin has asked me to  
convey his regrets that he will  
not be able to see you at this  
time.

JACK  
(slowly sits)  
I see.  
(after a moment)  
I'd be grateful if you would help  
me make arrangements to return to  
the United States.

ZINOVIEV  
(slowly)  
I'm afraid that would be  
difficult, Comrade. Perhaps  
conditions will be less hazardous  
in a few months. For the time  
being the Council would like you  
to prepare a background paper on  
the American Federation of Labor.

JACK  
Comrade, there are things that  
can't be learned about America  
from background papers.

There is a moment. He rises and leaves.

Radek and Zinoviev look at each other. They speak in Russian.

RADEK  
How influential is he in America?

ZINOVIEV  
Enough.

INT. BUREAU OF PROPAGANDA

As Reed exits Zinoviev's office, a man, with black eyes and

A-4

high cheekbones, follows him in the corridor.

EXT. BUREAU OF PROPAGANDA

Outside, when Reed sees him, the man changes direction.

INT. TRAIN

Reed stands in a crowded carriage with a good half of humanity. Vasiliev approaches. He puts out his hand. Reed gives him his watch and money. Vasiliev pockets them.

VASILIEV

Thank you, Mr. Reed. Your ticket.

He beckons Reed to follow him. They arrive at a large carriage, rather lavishly furnished as a sort of dining room. A train official stands by the door. Vasiliev hands him several bills discreetly, he and Reed enter. The table is set for two. There are trays of good cold meats and red wine, caviar and vodka. They sit down opposite each ~~other~~ across the table.

VASILIEV

(speaking faster  
than ever)

Help yourself, there is more. As a matter of fact, the tickets we're travelling on came from a fairly senior party official. He gets them free and sells them at half price - he also signs the travel permit. I buy two dozen a month on this train alone, people need to travel, I'm happy to supply the tickets, for a price. So the world turns. There are no good causes, Mr. Reed, only good deals.

F-7

He takes out Reed's watch, places it on the table, to study it.

VASILIEV

May I ask how much you paid for this in America?

JACK

I don't know. It was a gift.

F-7  
VASILIEV

You know what I'll get for it, in Moscow? One sack of sugar, ten loaves of bread, two dozen candles, two bags of lentils and 5 pounds of salt. That's a lot of money.

JACK

What happens if you get caught?

VASILIEV

I get shot.

(pouring more wine)

You know why I'm travelling with you to Finland, I have two consignments of medical supplies being smuggled in this weekend. By the time I have it back in Moscow it'll be worth two million rubles. The only medical supplies getting through the blockade in the Northern sector are mine. It's fitting I should dine here, I'm on government business.

(he scoops the watch into his pocket)

It's people like me who keep the economy moving.

JACK

Maybe you should come to America.

VASILIEV

Maybe I will, one day. This trip I must collect the medicine. I have to discharge my social responsibilities to the sick and the dying.

He laughs, fast, tense, holds glass up.

VASILIEV

To life, eh?

He swigs the wine in a gulp, puts down the glass with a thump. Reed's glass remains unlifted.

VASILIEV

What is it, you don't like life?

JACK

I don't drink.



VASILIEV

What a pity. Are you married, do you have a woman?

JACK

My wife is in America.

VASILIEV

And you're in Russia. For political reasons.

(pause)

Take your pleasure while you can, Mr. Reed. We have a saying in Russia: "You take your first breath for the midwife and your last breath for God - the ones in between are yours." Well, some vodka, I see... A squeeze of lemon? Caviar...

Vasiliev steps across to the window, to stare out. His POV, columns of White cavalry ride alongside the rapidly slowing train.

VASILIEV

Ah.

He takes off his jacket, opens his shirt, removes a large moneybelt, begins taking currency notes, gold and other jewelry from it and laying it on the table.

JACK

What is it?

The train slithers to a halt.

VASILIEV

The train is being held up by counter-revolutionaries. We're in White territory here. No need to worry, they're after money, valuables...

He's checking various hiding places in the carriage. Shots ring out up the train. As Reed starts in direction of shots, Vasiliev puts some jewels and currency in Reed's case. He lights on the polished stove, not in use. Slips more of the stash in that just as the doors burst open and armed Whites fill the room.

VASILIEV

(in Russian)

Welcome, gentlemen, please help yourselves, wine, caviar, money...

He indicates the money belt on the table.

VASILIEV  
We're at your service...

The officer in charge, old, one-eyed, approaches the table, studies it, says something, a young soldier picks up the moneybelt, places it in a half-filled sack he carries. One-Eye studies the carriage, the spread on the table, stares at Vasiliev.

VASILIEV  
(in Russian,  
subtitles)  
You have everything I possess,  
sir. You're very welcome to  
search me if you doubt me, but a  
gentleman's word is his bond...  
I'm travelling to Finland, my  
mother is desperately ill, I fear  
she may die before I arrive, God  
bless her.

(One-Eye says nothing)  
Incidentally, I couldn't help  
noticing the condition of some of  
your horses, captain. If you're  
at all interested, I might be  
able to put my hands on sixty or  
seventy of the finest of animals  
at scarcely more than a nominal  
price...

ONE-EYE  
I would be interested..  
(indicating to door)  
Please...

CSW

Vasiliev bows, nods to Reed, leaves. One-Eye nods  
meaningfully to a guard in the doorway. The guard follows  
Vasiliev out. One-Eye stares across the compartment at Reed.

F-9

ONE-EYE  
(in Russian,  
subtitles)  
I presume you are a Bolshevik  
too?

JACK  
(in Russian)  
My name is John Reed, I'm an  
American journalist...American...

ONE-EYE  
 (taking it; in  
 Russian)  
 You are dining in a section of  
 the train reserved for Bolshevik  
 officials.

JACK  
 (in Russian)  
 My name is John Reed, I'm  
 an American journalist.

One-Eye barks something out, two soldiers take Reed by the arms and begin to lead him to the door. As he's led up the carriage he sees that one of the passengers is the man with the black eyes and high cheekbones who followed him outside Zinoviev's office.

F-10

INT. TINY DAMP JAIL CELL

Reed sits on floor, facing door. He looks sick. Footsteps approaching. Keys. Lock. Door pushes open. A guard admits the counsel. Reed stares at him.

JACK  
 What's the charge?

COUNSEL

Perhaps treason.  
 (Beat)

It's not clear. Helsinki police claim you're a Soviet agent here to carry out agitation work.

JACK  
 Why does the American Consul say he won't see me?

COUNSEL  
Surely you must realize you're  
being kept in jail at the request  
of the United States Government.

JACK  
 How long can they hold me here?

COUNSEL  
In Finland? As long as they want  
to.

OLD NARRATORS

Talk of the confusion about why Reed was held in jail in

ESP

Finland. HIS bad health.

INT. OUTSIDE STATE DEPARTMENT OFFICE

Louise waits under the NARRATOR VOICES. A NARRATOR lets us know that the New York Times said Reed had been executed. Louise is ushered into inner office.

INT. STATE DEPARTMENT OFFICE - CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS

/ OFFICIAL /

Take a seat, MRS. Reed, I'm sorry you've been kept waiting.

*Ed. 5*

She sits, tense, rigid composure overlaying the nausea of panic. He studies the file importantly, almost disdainfully.

OFFICIAL

I've made some... inquiries about your husband... it seems he was arrested in Abo, Finland, and charged with smuggling a certain number of precious stones and foreign currency. Found guilty and fined. He was then held pending certain investigations into his political activities while in that country... That's er... really all we know...

LOUISE

Is he alive?

OFFICIAL

(frowning)

As far as we know, yes. The newspaper reports of his execution appear to be unfounded.

LOUISE

I want him out. Fast.

OFFICIAL

(smiling)

I'm sure you do, Mrs. Reed.

LOUISE

What's your name?

OFFICIAL

Now lock her

LOUISE  
 (standing)  
 You've kept me waiting five days  
 to let me know my husband isn't  
 dead?

(he blusters,  
 she rolls on)  
 I'll give you the weekend and  
 then I'm gonna bring this  
 building down around your ears.  
 Is that clear to you?

OFFICIAL  
 Mrs. Reed, America has no  
 influence in the internal affairs  
 of Finland....

LOUISE  
 Don't insult me with that crap.  
 (she's at the door)  
 America? No influence? Ha.  
 He's an American citizen being  
 held without charge by a foreign  
 power. Would he be lying in jail  
 if his name was Rockefeller? You  
 get him out.

She leaves. The official fumes. Breathes hard. Picks up a  
 phone.

Outside the building she senses someone following her. She  
 turns and he heads the other way.

INT. PROVINCETOWN PLAYHOUSE - GREENWICH VILLAGE

F-11

O'Neill and Louise sit in back of theatre watching rehearsal  
 of "The Moon of the Caribbees". The setting is on board the  
 deck of a ship.

1918

O'NEILL  
 Do you know how difficult it is  
 for a woman to stow away on a  
 ship?

LOUISE  
 He's a sick man, Gene.

O'NEILL  
 Have you talked to the State  
 Department?

LOUISE

It's been eight weeks. They haven't lifted a finger... Any letters are intercepted. If he came back here he'd only go to prison. I have to go.

A long moment.

O'NEILL

Terry can get you a passport and passage to Norway. Maybe your Scandinavian comrades'll be more helpful.

LOUISE

Thanks, Gene.

She stands and goes to the door.

O'NEILL

Louise?

She turns.

O'NEILL

Be careful.

INT. LOUISE - STOWED AWAY IN SHIP'S COAL HOLD

The ship lurches. She is seasick. Crouched under old rags; long coat, fur hat. Overhead, there are sounds of people searching the boat. The footsteps get closer. Louise opens her coat, feels inside her shirt, where a body belt holds currency, letters, documents. She unfastens the belt, hides it under sacking. Lies down quickly, as an upper hatch opens and torchlight flashes down. A moment of nothing, as the light picks around the bin. Then the scuffing of boots, as men walk away. She vomits.

INT. JAIL - BASEMENT CELL - FINLAND

The deterioration in Reed is evident.

His bag has been given to him and he stares at the yellow piece of paper with the corner missing. He has put it into

Reed leaves, pushing through delegates to reach the door.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MOSCOW - NIGHT

EMMA

I'm getting out, Jack. I'm getting out.

Now they've placed secret police in the lobby of the hotel. Did you see them? Leather coats? Hats? God...How is it possible to rule by terror in the name of humanity?

Every single newspaper has been closed down or taken over by the party.

JACK

(his voice is cold...  
there is a hint of  
visciousness)

E.G., maybe it's just too tough. You're entitled to live a different kind of life now. If you want to give up, give up.

EMMA

What's happened to you, Jack? Either this thing is about freedom or it's about nothing. Go out and look for some freedom. You'll find secret police and firing squads.

JACK

This is Civil War.

EMMA

No it's not. It's a dictatorship.

JACK

It's a war. We're fighting the counter-revolutionaries on the inside and the Americans, British and French on the outside. Freedom? Of course you've got secret police.

EMMA

Jack. Nothing works. Four million people died last year.

JACK

Not because of the Bolsheviks. In spite of them. How many new schools are there? How many new houses? How many villages that never had a doctor before now have fully equipped medical centers? How many people have learned to read and write? Do you think this would have happened without the Bolsheviks?

EMMA

Jack...Jack...

JACK

Do you think I always agree with the decisions of the Comintern? But if you want to change something don't you have to agitate...organize? Oppose? What has your whole life meant? (deliberately... harshly)

You're a little confused by the revolution in action, E.G., because up until now you've dealt with it only in theory. You'll get over that. Now cheer up and give me some American coffee.

INT. PROPAGANDA MINISTRY - ZINOVIEV'S OFFICE

Jack enters. Zinoviev is behind his desk with Radek to the side.

JACK

Give me my resignation.

Zinoviev hands it to him. Jack tears it up.

ZINOVIEV

Good. Now...on the subject of the Congress of Oriental Minorities in the south... We want you to go.



G

JACK

You mean I have to go.

ZINOVIEV

Comrade, you don't have to do anything.

JACK

Oh, there are some things I have to do, Comrade. There are some things.

EXT. VOLGA PLAIN - DAY

ARMOURED TRAIN brilliantly painted with revolutionary art.  
Chugs across fertile Volga plains, soldiers and Red guards on watch.

In the foreground, three White Russians with machine guns see the train. They take cover.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

Reed, in the train, sitting alone, some distance from the other luminaries (Zinoviev, Radek, Rosmer, Bela Kun), who drink wine and laugh a lot, happy with themselves. He opens his bag and in taking out a pad and pencil runs across the yellow paper.

2  
C&S

JACK (VOICE OVER)

Thinking and dreaming  
Day and night and day  
Yet cannot think one bitter  
thought away...  
That you and I have lost each  
other.

EXT. VOLGA PLAIN - DAY

The three Whites hurriedly move to a more hidden position.

INT. BALLROOM - MOSCOW

G-1)

Louise Bryant is seated, waiting to be given permission to travel.

A bureaucrat's voice echoes through the room announcing that all travel to the South (Baku) has been discontinued. Louise

rushes to him to plead for some alternative way to travel. There is a crowd of people around him clamouring to be heard. From across the ballroom Louise is recognized by Emma Goldman who crosses the massive room to her.

EMMA

Louise?

LOUISE

(not hearing)

Pashal'sta, pashal'sta.

EMMA

Louise?

Louise turns and sees the familiar face.

LOUISE

Emma.

Oh, Emma.

EMMA

I couldn't be sure from where I was.

LOUISE

Emma.

(she takes her hand)

My God, somebody I know.

(they embrace)

EMMA

I'm happy to see you, Louise.

(pulling back and

looking at her)

Where are you going?

LOUISE

I've been told that Jack's in Baku. But they've stopped train travel to the South.

EMMA

Yes. I know.

LOUISE

I have to find some other way.

EMMA

Louise, they're right. The Whites are everywhere. You'd be risking your life.

LOUISE

What about Jack? He's risking  
his.

EMMA

But he'll be on an armoured  
train. Come here.

She takes her to a bench.

EMMA

Sit down.

They sit.

EMMA

Louise, patience here is more  
than a virtue.

LOUISE

What else can I do?  
There must be....

EMMA

You'll have to wait. He'll come  
back to Moscow.

Louise slumps.

EMMA

(trying to make friends  
with her)

Louise, I've spent all my life  
with men who...

She stops herself.

EMMA

Listen to me. I'm calling you  
Louise.

LOUISE

Oh?

EMMA

I always called you Miss Bryant.

LOUISE

I know.

EMMA

I was wrong about you. I'm  
sorry.

LOUISE

Oh, I don't know. I was so afraid of you, Emma.

EMMA

I must have been afraid of you.

Afraid to take you seriously.  
Not that it mattered to you.

LOUISE

Oh, it mattered. Too much.  
What matters changes though,  
doesn't it?

EMMA

You know... for years, Louise, I had a Swedish boy - a lover, who was 25 when I was 49. And when he left me no one knew what I went through.  
In fact, the truth is I've never been the same. I guess some people think my only lover is the revolution...

She stops. There is a moment.

EMMA

...but I think I know what matters to you now.

LOUISE

I tried to make him matter less, Emma. I guess I thought Jack's lover was the revolution, too. So I thought my work could give me what I needed. And that maybe he and other people would begin to see me as his match. What I thought I needed was to overcome his passion for his work and maybe rise above the great event...the revolution. But now I know my need is something so much...

All I've done for seven months is try to come to terms with what I need.

I need to see him.  
I need to see him one more time.

T-1

EXT. HUGE ASSEMBLY HALL - BAKU - MIDDAY

Fierce sun. Outside in a dust square, an impromptu market and barter place has been set up, bristling with swarthy life. Zinoviev speaks in Russian, a babble of megaphoned translations. Inside the portico the central placard - one of dozens - indicating the principal Comintern speakers with crude, bold paintings: Radek, Bela Kun, Reed, Zinoviev. Zinoviev, at the end of a major performance, the hall seething with the passion of some two thousand men of the East - Turks, Persians, Armenians, Hindus, Chinese - bright-robed, wearing scimitars, yataghans. The hall is fringed by potted palms. Reed is in the praesidium, eyes hooded, face pale, eyes slightly fevered. He looks suddenly old.

ZINOVIEV

(over the above  
in Russian)

...The real revolution will blaze up only when the eight hundred million people in Asia unite with us, when the African continent unites, when we see that hundreds of millions of people are in the movement. We must create a Red Army in the East, to organize uprisings in the rear of the British, to destroy every impudent British officer who lords it over Turkey, Persia, India, China.

(a dramatic pause)

Comrade delegates... I call on you now to kindle a holy war against the imperialist oppressor, your historic foe...

As Zinoviev leaves the podium, very dramatically, the hall explodes, delegates leaping to their feet, spears, scimitars and revolvers aloft, chanting their particular version of Death to Imperialism.

Reed's name is called. He acknowledges the welcome at the podium.

JACK

Comrades. I bring you greetings from the Communist Labor Party of the United States. You know and hate English, French and Italian imperialists.

TRANSLATORS read their texts simultaneously, creating a din of many languages.

T-2

JACK

And you probably think "Free America" will do better. That it will liberate the colonial people and feed and protect them. But, the workers and the peasants of the Phillipines, the people of Central America and of the islands of the Caribbean - not to mention ten million negroes on our own shores... THEY know the meaning of the domination of "Free America". Comrades, trust the American workers, but do not trust American capitalists.

The several simultaneous translations are given to the multi-costumed delegates creating pandemonium.

JACK

There is only one road to freedom. Follow the Red Star of the Communist International. Unite with the forces of the revolution, in this time when the Russian experiment is under constant attack. BUT at the same time realize the necessity of choosing our independent national paths to communism based on the particular conditions of our own countries.

He stops... listens carefully to the translation of this last thought. The TRANSLATORS continue. A TRANSLATOR at the podium speaks quietly to Jack.

/ TRANSLATOR ]

Comrade Reed, I believe my text is confused here.

Jack steps away from podium to another TRANSLATOR. A Turk.

JACK

Could you read in English the last paragraph?

/ TURK ]

"Comrades wait for the word from Russia, eager to be guided by their superior wisdom and experience..."

CSW

CSW

T 2

JACK  
 (exploding)  
 Radek!  
 (he goes over  
 to him)  
 What is this? These are not my  
 words.

RADEK  
 (looking at pages)  
 This is the official version.

JACK  
 "Wait for the word from Russia...  
 eager to be guided by their  
 superior wisdom and experience"?  
 Who is responsible for this?

RADEK  
 Comrade, it's approved. Have you  
 not read it? The translators  
 already have it.

The din of the TRANSLATORS continues as Reed spots Zinoviev,  
 he goes toward him, almost out of control.

T-3

WOMAN  
 Yes, Comrade Reed?

C/S/P

JACK  
 (indicating  
 transcript)  
 My speech...did you do it?

WOMAN  
 I did the German to English...  
 (pointing to  
 another man)  
Alexei did the Russian to German.  
 Is it not good?

JACK  
 Who turned it into Russian?

WOMAN  
 I don't know. The speeches were  
 already in Russian when we got  
 them from Comrade Zinoviev's  
 office.

JACK  
 Thank you.

T-3

WOMAN

I'm sorry for my English,  
Comrade.

He spots Zinoviev moving out of the hall with a cluster of people around him. The din of the TRANSLATORS continues.

T-4

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

The brightly colored train heads back to Moscow.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

There is a party atmosphere on the train. Much food and wine.

Reed comes out of his compartment, moves up the passage of the train. His face and manner are feverish. He peers into two other compartments, continues on. Peers into a third, throws the door open, and enters angrily.

Inside the compartment, Zinoviev sits, surrounded by cognac bottles and accompanied by an aide. Reed stops in front of Zinoviev, staring at him.

esw

JACK

I understand it was you who rewrote my speech. Is that right?

ZINOVIEV

(mollifyingly)

As you know, Comrade, all speeches must be officially approved. Had you not read the official...

JACK

(violently)

LET ME MAKE SOMETHING CLEAR TO YOU, COMRADE ZINOVIEV. NOBODY REWRITES MY SPEECHES. DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME? NOBODY.

He wheels, opens the door and walks out, slamming it behind him. On the way back to his own compartment, he stumbles dizzily as the train rocks; leans for a second against a window, as if about to be sick. He straightens slowly, feels in his pockets for his medicine, goes on down the passage. He re-enters his compartment and begins to search frantically among his things for the medicine. He opens a satchel, takes out one of the small folded papers. Opens a canteen and pours



some water into a tin cup. Empties the powder into the cup, his hand trembling slightly. As he drinks it, Zinoviev enters behind him followed by the aide who carries a bottle of cognac and two glasses. T-4

ZINOVIEV  
(stiffly and formally)  
Comrade Reed. I regret the misunderstanding on translations. Your views on dealing with the Negro question in the United States will be appreciated at Council meeting next week.

The aide puts down the two glasses and pours cognac into them.

ZINOVIEV  
If you will write them this week, you will have opportunity to see transcripts.

Zinoviev takes his glass and lifts it to Reed.

ZINOVIEV  
Let us drink together to the revolution, Comrade.

Reed takes his glass of cognac and empties it silently to the floor.

JACK  
You and I aren't fighting the same revolution.

The aide steps back, shocked.

ZINOVIEV  
(losing his temper; sharply)  
Fighting revolution, Reed? You? You do not fight. You are petty-bourgeois journalist in love with sound of your own voice. Talk to me when you have put in years of struggle. You are not revolutionary. You are tourist. Playboy.

Reed grabs Zinoviev roughly by the lapels. As he does so, a shell rips through the wall of the next compartment. The train jerks to a halt and another shell explodes in the passage outside. Reed grabs a rifle off the rack and begins

LOUISE  
Yes, honey. Go ahead and sleep.

JACK  
Is it Christmas yet?

LOUISE  
No, not yet. Try and sleep.

JACK  
..Nothing is impossible.

LOUISE  
Yes, honey.

JACK  
Do you know what? In five years  
most people in Russia will read  
and write.

(he shivers)

LOUISE  
Are you cold, honey?

JACK  
Give me my coat, will you.

She pulls a blanket up around him.

JACK  
(taking her hand)  
I've been living one hell of a  
life, haven't I?

LOUISE  
(smiling)  
You sure have.  
(she wipes his  
damp face)

JACK  
Do you know when our children are  
ten or fifteen years old they're  
going to look back and say: Look  
what they did in 1917. Nothing  
is impossible. Nothing.

LOUISE  
That's right.

JACK  
It's not a waste.

LOUISE

No. It's not. How many men ever get the chance to be part of a great experience? Or even know what it is until it's too late.

JACK

They don't know it's just having one other person.

She holds his hand tightly, unable to speak. He closes his eyes to sleep.

INT. AN ANTE-ROOM OFF HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - LATER

Louise sits across from two doctors. A nurse translates.

NURSE

Dr. Simeonov asks me to tell you he is doing more tests and will know more about your husband's condition when results are at hand. He wants you to understand your husband will receive best care hospital can give. Doctor is optimistic if influenza.

→ Typhus is problem. We have not correct drugs for treatment of typhus because of American and British blockade of shipping.

CSI  
CSI

yes

The two doctors stand, nod to Louise and leave.

NURSE

Doctor says: Rest. Good to not worry.

The nurse follows them out.

INT. JACK'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Louise dozes sitting up. Jack lies in bed asleep.

EXT. HOSPITAL - ANOTHER NIGHT

Louise, very tired, enters the hospital and makes her way down the corridor. A nurse comes breathlessly to her side.

NURSE

Comrade. Husband awake.

Louise goes quickly into the room. Jack's eyes are open. T-3

LOUISE  
Well, look who's up.

He smiles. There is the tattered piece of yellow paper among his things in his open bag.

LOUISE  
(picking it up)  
What's this? Oh. May I read it?

JACK  
I didn't finish it.

LOUISE  
You will.

JACK  
I'm so thirsty.

She reaches for the water glass. It's empty.

LOUISE  
I'll get you some water.

She takes the glass and goes into the corridor, looks around for someone who can speak English, sees no one, and continues on.

She turns a corner and sees two old peasant women lighting votive candles, is momentarily arrested by the sight of the mourning old women, then continues down the hallway.

She finds a sink, turns on the water, and the glass slips out of her hand and falls to the floor intact...then rolls down the hall. She closes her eyes for a moment...and looks up as a six year old boy brings back the glass and hands it to her.

LOUISE  
Oh...thank you, speciba.

He has a red star on his cap. He runs back to his family. Louise washes and fills the glass and walks toward the main corridor. As she turns the corner she sees Dr. Simeonov's aide rushing into Jack's room. She stops and stands motionless, watching the doorway.

After a moment the young nurse backs out of the room as another intern enters. Louise walks slowly up to her and the nurse puts her hand on Louise's shoulder. T-10

Through the doorway Louise can see Jack and the doctors gathered around him. They disperse as she enters. The nurse leaves, shutting the door, and Louise walks slowly over toward the bed and sits down beside him. T-9

She sees the yellow piece of paper still lying on the bed, puts down the glass, picks up the piece of paper and smooths it out...then sits holding Jack's hand.

Over the shot the voices of the old narrators come up gradually. They talk about what became of Louise and of her unhappiness in Paris. One quotes from a letter written by Louise which has in it the following line: "If you get to heaven before I do, or even after, and you see Jack Reed, tell him I love him."

Ke pacted pearl  
a d h m th 13 ?

LOUISE  
No. No. Please. Please. A  
blanket. That's all.

The older nurse shrugs, accepts it, crosses to a cupboard and brings back blanket.

Louise slips back into tiny hospital room. Bare except for one high-backed wooden chair. She arranges the blanket on the floor.

Reed says something, largely incoherent. She stands. Goes close to him. Waits. His eyes are closed. He says nothing. She goes back to the arrangement of the blanket.

JACK  
You get that?

LOUISE  
What is it, Jack?

JACK  
Village like this. Never even  
had a doctor before. Now look.

LOUISE  
Yes, honey. Go ahead and sleep.

JACK  
Louise....when is...is it  
Christmas yet?

LOUISE  
No, Jack. Rest. Sleep.

JACK  
Do you know when our children are  
10 or 15 years old, they're gonna  
look back and say: Look what  
they did in 1917. Nothing's  
impossible.

LOUISE  
Yes?

JACK  
You know what? In five years  
most people in Russia'll read and  
write.

(he shivers)  
Gimme my coat, willya?

re Reed

0 5

P 149

She reaches down for the blanket and puts it over him. T 7

JACK  
 (pulling her close  
 to him)  
 I've been living one hell of a  
 life, haven't I?

She smiles.

JACK (cont'd)  
 Not many men ever get the chance  
 to be involved in a great  
 experience, do they?

She agrees.

JACK (cont'd)  
 Or even know what it is till it's  
 too late.

They don't know it's just one  
 person.

That's the great experience of my  
 life, Louise.

Louise can't speak. She holds his hand tightly. He closes  
 his eyes to sleep.

INT. AN ANTE-ROOM OFF HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - LATER

Louise is brought in.

Two white coated men and a nurse enter. The nurse  
 translates.

NURSE  
 Dr. Simeonov asks me to tell you  
 he is doing more tests and will  
 know more about your husband's  
 condition when results are at  
 hand. He wants you to understand  
 your husband will receive best  
 care hospital can give.  
 Doctor is optimistic if  
 influenza.  
 Is problem if typhus. We have  
 not correct drugs for treatment  
 of typhus because of American and  
 British blockade of shipping.

Simeonov says something to Louise shaking her hand.

NURSE (cont'd)  
Doctor says: Rest. Good to not worry.

His colleague says something. Smiles goodbye. Follows him.

INT. JACK'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Louise sleeps sitting up. Jack lies in bed asleep.

EXT. HOSPITAL - ANOTHER NIGHT

Louise enters.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Louise, very tired, approaches the nurse's desk. A nurse comes breathlessly to her side.

NURSE  
Comrade. Husband awake.

Louise is surprised. Goes quickly to the room. Jack's eyes are open.

LOUISE  
Well, look who's up.

He smiles. There is the tattered piece of yellow paper among his things in his open bag.

LOUISE (cont'd)  
(picking it up)  
What's this?  
Oh...  
May I read it?

JACK  
(nods)  
I didn't finish it.

Louise reads it.

LOUISE  
You will. One thing at a time.  
Where are your pills?



She finds them on the bedside table.

LOUISE (cont'd)  
Did you take them?

He doesn't speak. She reaches for the water glass. It's empty.

LOUISE (~~cont'd~~)  
I'll get some water.

She takes the glass into the hallway.

Q-2

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

Louise looks around for someone who can speak some English. There isn't anybody.

She goes further down the corridor with the glass in her hand. The older nurse sees Louise needs help and calls the younger one.

Louise goes to find water herself. She turns a corner and sees two old peasant women lighting candles for someone. Momentarily arrested by the sight of the mourning old women she continues down the hallway, rattled.

She finds a sink and in turning the water on the glass slips out of her hand and falls to the floor intact. It rolls down the hall.

Collecting herself for a moment, she turns as a six year old boy brings back the glass and hands it to her.

LOUISE  
Oh... thank you Speciba.

He has a red star on his cap. He runs back to his family.

Louise fills the glass and walks toward the main corridor.

As she turns into the main corridor she sees Dr. Simeonov's aide rushing into Jack's room. She stops.

Motionless, she watches the empty doorway.

After a moment the young nurse backs out of the room as another intern enters. The young nurse turns and sees Louise. Louise walks slowly to the young nurse who puts her hand on her shoulder and takes the glass of water from her. The young intern comes out of the room with a blanket

in one hand and the yellow paper in the other. Louise takes the paper from him. She can see Jack through the doctors gathered around him. They disperse as she enters the room. She sits beside the bed and holds his hand. The doctors and nurse withdraw and shut the door.

Q-2

Gradually the voices of old NARRATORS come up and they talk about what became of Louise. (Things didn't go well.) Janet Flanner's voice mentions Louise's unhappiness in Paris.

And one of the voices is Art Young's quoting from a letter that Louise wrote to him that has in it the following line: "If you get to heaven before I do or even after, and you see Jack Reed, tell him I love him."