

COMPANY TOWN

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FADE IN:

EXT. GRAYTON, OHIO - DIRT PATH - DAWN

Beautiful spring morning. Close-up on athletic running shoes pounding the ground. Then a bird's-eye view of the town.

JASON GRAY, 35, handsome, athletic build on his daily run. Jason runs through every part of town.

JASON (V.O.)

Grayton, Ohio. Population 27,452.
Soon to be 27,453 because the
Gordons are expecting their third
today.

EXT - COUNTRY ROAD ALONGSIDE A HIGHWAY

JASON (V.O.)

Grayton. Six miles east and west;
four miles north and south. I can
run it without breaking a sweat.

EXT - SOUTH SIDE OF TOWN

Neighborhoods of modest small houses appear.

JASON (V.O.)

Small, well-kept houses on the
south side. Mostly factory
workers.

EXT - STREET SURROUNDING A FACTORY

Gray Industries, an old metal turbine engine factory building, dominates the landscape. Resembles an old Pittsburgh steel mill the size of an airplane hangar. High gray aluminum walls turning brown from years of exposure. High ceilings and huge bay doors.

JASON (V.O.)

Gray Industries. My family business. We make jet engines for the government. We employ half the town.

EXT - DOWNTOWN MAIN STREET

Stores are closed due to the early hour.

JASON (V.O.)
Downtown. Local shops.

EXT - PERIMETER OF A GOLF COURSE

The clubhouse lays ahead.

JASON (V.O.)
The country club that my family belongs to. Tough for me to stomach at times.

EXT - NORTH SIDE OF TOWN

Affluent neighborhood. Bigger and bigger houses appear.

JASON (V.O.)
I was born here. Grew up here. Came back to work at the family factory after Ohio State.

Jason stops running at the front of his luxury condo.

JASON
This is my expensive condo. North side of town. I live with my fiancé, Kimberly.

INT. JASON'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

Jason, showered after running, lies on his back in bed. Facing Jason on top, his fiancée, KIMBERLY WHITE, 28, a narcissistic, shallow model slowly rides Jason. Kimberly obviously likes the dirty talk, more like a play-by-play announcer.

KIMBERLY

Ooooh. Ooooh. Oh, baby. I'm gonna take you for a ride. Yes, a nice long ride. Now giddy-up!

Kimberly increasingly rides Jason.

Jason turns his head and looks at the digital clock on the bed stand: eight-ten a.m.

Kimberly continues to ride Jason, this time backwards. She has one arm up as if riding at a rodeo.

KIMBERLY

Ooooh. Ooooh. I am riding you like a horse. With your big horse cock.

Jason is surprised and confused. He tries to keep up with the proceedings.

KIMBERLY

You are such a stallion and all mine. My stallion. Ooooh. Ooooh.

Jason looks at the clock beside the bed. Another hour has passed. Kimberly faces him again.

KIMBERLY

Ooooh. You are my cowboy. My horny cowboy.

JASON

Cowboy? I thought I was the horse. Now I'm a cowboy?

A few minutes later, Kimberly - satisfied - dismounts.

INT. JASON'S APARTMENT - DRESSING AREA - MORNING

Jason showers again. Shaves. Dresses. Jason looks in the mirror. He has trouble tying his tie because Kimberly annoys him from the bed.

KIMBERLY (O.S.)

Don't forget we have the Simpsons tonight and the Johnsons Friday

night. And for God's sake, be nice to them.

JASON

I know, I know. Mary and John, and Sally and Michael.

KIMBERLY (O.S.)

Martha and Jack, and Susan and Mitchell, but you were close. And we're having dinner with my parents and your father on Saturday night.

JASON

Ah, paying homage to the matchmakers.

KIMBERLY (O.S.)

That's right. You wouldn't have me without them.

JASON

(under his breath)

Well, I guess I need someone to blame.

KIMBERLY (O.S.)

What?

JASON

I said, I guess we can watch the game.

KIMBERLY (O.S.)

What game?

JASON

Never mind.

Jason finishes tying the knot. Kimberly enters.

KIMBERLY

Don't wear that ugly tie. Wear the one I got you for your birthday. And don't you dare get it dirty.

Jason undoes the knot and takes the tie off. He puts on the new tie and finishes dressing.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)

Come back to bed. How about I ride you like an elevator?

JASON

Now I'm an elevator? Sorry, I've got to get to the factory. You know what they say: 'Lord loves a working man.'

Jason runs out the door.

KIMBERLY

(screams out after him)

You know what I say: 'The Lord is an idiot.' Just show me the money!

INT. JASON'S APARTMENT, HALLWAY - MORNING

Jason passes an elderly woman in the hallway who may or may not have heard the lovemaking session. He tips an imaginary cowboy hat:

JASON

Howdy, ma'am.

The woman raises her eyebrows, at first flustered. Then she gives Jason a mischievous smile.

EXT. GRAYTON - BLUE COLLAR NEIGHBORHOOD - MORNING

GRAYTON, OHIO. Union men head off to work; fathers kiss their families as they grab their lunch pails and head off to work. Clothes lines in modest yards; school buses drive kids to school in this close knit town.

EXT. SOUTH SIDE ROAD HEADING TOWARD FACTORY - MORNING

Workers carpool and drive to work in their beat up cars and pick-up trucks on a dirt road. Clouds of dust from

their tires kick up into the air. Country music working songs play on their radios.

EXT. NORTH SIDE ROAD HEADING TOWARD FACTORY - MORNING

Jason drives on a nicely paved road in a modest sports car. 'I'm a Rhinestone Cowboy' comes on the radio. Jason looks at the radio with a quizzical face. He changes the station.

Jason's car heads toward Gray Industries in the distance.

EXT. FACTORY GATE - MORNING

Jason stops at the guard gate. JOSEPH, 63, salt-and-peppered hair black man, sits in the guard booth.

JASON

Mornin', Joseph.

We notice Jason knows all employees by name.

JOSEPH

Mornin', Mr. Gray.

JASON

Joseph, How many years have you been working here?

JOSEPH

Twenty-three years, Mr. Gray.

JASON

And how many years have I been asking you to call me 'Jason'?

JOSEPH

Ever since you were a kid. Every morning for, let's see, twenty-three years, Mr. Gray.

JASON

And how many more years will I be asking you to call me 'Jason'?

JOSEPH

Well, Mr. Gray. I'm due to retire
in two more years.

JASON

I see.

Jason pauses. Ponders.

JASON

Same conversation tomorrow?

JOSEPH

Absolutely, Mr. Gray.

Jason and Joseph smile and wink at each other as Jason
drives through.

INT. FACTORY FLOOR - MORNING

Jason hustles inside the factory through the huge, dirty
factory floor bustling with workers. Jason greets each
employee he sees by name in rapid succession.

JASON

Mornin', Murph.

MURPHY

Mornin', Jason.

JASON

Mornin', Tex.

TEX

(nods his head)

Mornin'.

JASON

Mornin', Rory.

RORY

Jason.

JASON

Mornin', Todd.

TODD

Mornin' Jason.

After hustling through greetings, Jason climbs the stairs up into the executive offices of his father, JEREMIAH GRAY, 63, a distinguished white-haired gentleman.

INT. JEREMIAH GRAY'S OFFICE - MORNING

A large glass window overlooks the factory floor. Managers, MIKEY MOORE, GLEN BERRY and MATT ALLEN, are standing in line. Jason arrives late and jumps over the couch.

JEREMIAH

(still looking out the window)
Jason, my son, if only your mind
moved as well as your body.

The managers all look at Jason who in turn looks innocently down at his shoes.

JEREMIAH

OK, people, today we're going to
talk about leadership.

Jeremiah turns to look directly at Jason from time to time.

JEREMIAH

You have to inspire people. You
have to give 110% of yourself,
and have others want to give
their 110% too.

Now Jeremiah directly looks at Jason for most of the time.

JEREMIAH

Earn the respect of people to
follow your decisions. Do that,
and you're a leader.

Jeremiah stares at Jason.

JEREMIAH

Be a leader, young man, er, I
mean be leaders, men. And always
do what's right.

Jeremiah takes his stare off of Jason and quickly looks
at the rest of the managers.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

That's all for now.

The managers look confused. Jason scratches his head.
All of a sudden, emergency sirens blow and red lights
flash throughout the factory.

INT. FACTORY FLOOR

Below, the popping sound of metal anchors separating
from the cement floor can be heard as a large piece of
equipment the size of an army tank unmoors from the
ground. The moving piece of machinery traps a lone
factory worker, Andre Santos, into a corner. Santos is
about to be crushed to death. The size of the equipment
blocks other workers from getting to Santos or the shut-
off button. They look on helplessly.

INT. JEREMIAH GRAY'S OFFICE

Jason looks at the others around the office. No one
moves. Jason makes wide eyes and gestures with his head
at the others for them to do something. The other
managers stay still.

Jason reluctantly springs into action. He sheds his suit
jacket and bounds down the long staircase three steps at
a time toward the scene.

INT. FACTORY FLOOR

While running, Jason takes off his tie. Halfway down the
stairs, he uses the tie like a rope to sling over an
overhead water pipe and jumps off the stairs, one hand
on each end of the tie.

JASON

(screaming)

Sh - i - i - i - i - t!!

High above the factory, he zip-lines along the length of the pipe to the end of the factory.

JASON

Sh - i - i - i - i - t!!

Jason finds himself balancing on a three-inch ledge jutting out from a side wall. All eyes are on Jason. He looks around trying to figure out what to do next. He secures his tie to another pipe, this time tying one end around it. From there, he swings down holding the other end of the tie. He looks like a reluctant Tarzan.

JASON (CONT'D)

H-o-l-y sh - i - i - i - t!!

As Jason swings down, the machine continues to head toward Santos and gashes a part of Santo's arm. As the machine is about to completely envelope Santos, Jason continues to swing and barely presses the shut-off button on the corner wall with his foot. The machine comes to a halt. The tie knot comes loose from the pipe and Jason falls ten feet to the ground, and lands with a thump right next to Santos. The tie flutters down from the air and lands comically across Jason's head.

JASON

(calmly)

Hello, Andre.

Santos stares incredulously at Jason.

JASON

(to the men on the floor)

Secure that thing! Get cement blocks under those wheels!

The men rush to secure the equipment.

As Jeremiah Gray watches from the glass office window above, Jason uses his tie as a tourniquet on Santos' bleeding arm.

The men pull Jason and Santos out into the center of the factory floor. Several workers approach Jason.

MURPHY

Not bad, Jason. You should be in a work shirt, not a suit and tie. I should get you a union card.

TEX

That was some action for the boss' son. Great job.

TODD

Um, uh. I, uh. Um. Wow!

Speechless, Todd bear hugs Jason.

DALE SHAW, 42, red-veined bulbous-nosed union president, pulls Jason aside and whispers into Jason's ear.

SHAW

What the hell did you think you were doing? Next time you want to show off, you just let me handle it. I don't give a fuck if someone dies down here. Don't stand me up in front of my men.

Shaw pokes a finger into Jason's chest.

JASON

But, I . . .

Shaw leaves to join his men.

EXT. FACTORY PARKING LOT - MORNING

Word spreads to town about the accident. Concerned families arrive at the factory parking lot gate. Medical workers load Santos into the back of the ambulance. The EMT's return Jason's tie, covered with dirt and blood. Jason has a cut on his cheek. Dirt and grease cover Jason's hands and face. The crowd parts in half as the ambulance drives away with the injured employee.

Everyone thanks Jason. The factory whistle blows and the employees go back into the factory. The families head back home.

Jason stands in the middle of the parking lot rubbing the dirt out of his eyes. He then looks around to talk

to somebody, anybody, but realizes he is all alone with no one in sight. He sighs.

INT. JEREMIAH GRAY'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

JASON

What's up, dad?

JEREMIAH

That was some heroics this morning.

JASON

Well. You know me. My body moves better than my mind.

JEREMIAH

(grimaces at the wisecrack)
Anyway, how is Kim? How's the engagement going?

JASON

I feel like I'm engaged to her father.

JEREMIAH

It may start as a marriage of convenience, but a marriage nonetheless. Remember what I said, do what you think is right.

JASON

Thanks, dad. Easier said than done, right?

Jason and Jeremiah give each other a quick hug / pat on the back. Jason heads for the door.

JEREMIAH

And keep up the good work.

JASON

Thanks, dad.

INT. JASON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jason arrives home after the day at work - and the rescue. He enters the apartment still a little dirty and bloody. The destroyed tie hangs untied around his neck.

KIMBERLY (O.S.)

Jason, I'm in the kitchen.

Jason enters the kitchen and says nothing. He painfully sits down.

KIMBERLY

Oh my God, what happened. . . to.
. . . to. . . your tie?

JASON

There was an accident --

KIMBERLY

I just bought you that tie.

JASON

I saved a man's --

KIMBERLY

It's completely destroyed.

JASON

Uh, I'm sorry, I guess.

KIMBERLY

Sorry isn't good enough. That tie symbolizes a special bond between us. It 'ties" us together. If the tie gets ruined, we get ruined. Get it?

JASON

(confused by the psychology)
Uh, OK. I guess you're right. It all happened so fast and I had no time to think.

KIMBERLY

That's the problem with you, Jason. You don't think.

Kimberly lays the tie out in worship and gets cleaning liquid.

KIMBERLY

Honestly, sometimes I think you care more about that factory than me.

Jason stares ahead as he considers that thought. Kimberly leaves.

KIMBERLY (O.S.)

Now, get in that shower, please. Cocktail hour at the club begins at six o'clock.

INT. "PADDY'S BLUE COLLAR PUB" - NIGHT

Crowded bar. Loud music plays from a juke box. Baseball games on TV's. Company managers and rank-and-file union workers play darts, drink beer and enjoy a night out at the bar.

Mikey Moore wins a game of darts. He celebrates by buying a round of drinks.

MIKEY

Clem, a round of drinks for everybody! Anybody for a rematch?

A chorus of cheers ensues. CLEM, the bartender, pours drinks.

CLEM

Mikey, when are you going to realize that the guys let you win because you always buy drinks when you win?

Mikey winks knowingly at Clem.

MIKEY

Call it 'proactive labor-management relations'.

INT. GRAYTON COUNTRY CLUB COCKTAIL PARTY - NIGHT

Jason, neatly dressed in a sport coat, leans at the bar. A bandage covers his cheek. An empty tip cup sits on the bar.

JASON

Hey, Lou. Beer, please.

The bartender, LOU, gives him a beer.

JASON

Thanks, Lou.

When Lou turns his back, Jason puts a twenty-dollar bill into the empty cup and retreats to a corner.

Kimberly chats with a group of people in the center. DON FARNSWORTH, approaches Jason in an attempt to make small talk.

FARNSWORTH

Jason! How's it hanging?

JASON

Hey . . . you.

FARNSWORTH

Don. Don Farnsworth.

JASON

Of course. Don. How are you?

FARNSWORTH

Great. Just closed on a huge deal. You ever think about getting into real estate? You know what they say: 'Don't wait to buy real estate, buy real estate and wait'.

JASON

Who exactly is 'they'?

The club man looks perplexed and has no response. He moves on, confused.

Another man approaches Jason.

CLUB MAN #2

Jason. How are you?

JASON

Good. Yourself?

CLUB MAN #2

Good. Play golf today?

JASON

Nah. You?

CLUB MAN #2

Yeah. Shot an 82. Back nine killed me.

JASON

Yeah. That sand trap on the 14th hole is a killer. Steepest bunker in the state.

CLUB MAN #2

I don't know. I just haven't been hitting them that good lately.

JASON

I read an article in Golf Magazine that if you sleep with your hands wrapped in baby wipes the night before, it'll take three strokes off your game. Something about lanolin and the feel of the club in your hands.

CLUB MAN #2

Really? Damn, I'm gonna do that tonight! Thanks, Jason, Thanks!

The man strolls away delighted. Jason smirks.

Lou comes over and hands Jason a fresh beer.

LOU

Baby wipes, Mr. Gray? Really.

JASON

It's the best I could come up with.

LOU
You know his name?

JASON
Nope.

LOU
Didn't think so.

Lou leaves. A nearby busgirl, SASHA, clears off a cocktail table. Jason notices the girl uses her pinky and fourth finger to handle the glasses. Upon closer look, her other three fingers are black and blue and swollen.

JASON
Sasha, what happened to you?

SASHA
Nothin'.

JASON
Come on. I can see.

SASHA
Please don't tell Mr. Daly. He'll send me home.

JASON
I won't tell. Let me see that.

Jason gently takes her hand and touches the affected area.

JASON
Does this hurt?

SASHA
(winces)
Yeah, a little. . . A lot.

JASON
Can you bend it?

SASHA
Not really.

JASON

You see a doctor about this?

SASHA

Got no doctor. Got no insurance.

Jason writes something on the back of a napkin.

JASON

Now, you call this doctor tonight when you get home. Not tomorrow, tonight. Tell him I sent you. And don't worry about the bill.

SASHA

Thank you, Mr. Gray.

Sasha leaves.

Jason's cell phone vibrates. Jason checks all his pockets until he finally finds it on the last ring before going to voicemail.

JASON

(into phone)

Hello? I can't hear you. Hello?

WILLIE (V.O.)

Jason? This is Willie. I've been trying to call you. I don't know how to tell you this. . . but your father had a heart attack. He's gone, Jason. I'm sorry.

Jason puts one finger in his ear and bends away from the noise of the crowd.

JASON

(into phone)

What? What are you saying??

WILLIE (V.O.)

Your father had a heart attack. He's gone, Jason. He's gone.

Jason drops the cell phone as he stares straight head. People chatting and laughing pass through his line of vision - but he doesn't see them.

EXT. GRAVESIDE FUNERAL SERVICE - DAY

Jason wears a plain black suit. Kimberly wears a dress suitable for a prom. Hundreds of townspeople gather around the gravesite, ten people deep. Every union member and their family are there. Glen Berry talks with Jason before the service.

BERRY

Hi, Jason. My deepest condolences. You know we all loved your father.

JASON

Thank you, Glen. You've probably known him longer than most.

BERRY

Yup. He hired me right out of high school. Lent me money for college.

JASON

The doctors won't tell me much about his health. Something about his heart.

BERRY

What I've gathered is that your father knew something was wrong. But you know your dad. He kept it all inside of him. Never liked to show weakness.

JASON

What was with that crazy speech the other day? Leadership. 110%. Do the right thing?

BERRY

That, my young friend, was his last message to you.

People quiet down as the priest approaches.

PRIEST

Jeremiah Gray was a kind, caring man. He cared for his wife, Dolores, who he will now meet in Heaven. He cared for the company, the union workers, their families, and all of Grayton.

The priest looks at Jason. Their eyes lock.

PRIEST

Jason, as his only living heir, his great spirit is passed unto thee.

The priest raises his bible and recites.

Pray with me. Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff. . .

Off to the side, Jason notices a man dressed in a \$1,000 suit whom he has never seen before. He also notices a familiar unkempt and unshaven little man.

EXT. GRAVESIDE FUNERAL SERVICE - LATER

After most people have left, the well-dressed man hands Jason an envelope. Jason peeks inside the envelope. A first-class round trip airplane ticket sits in the envelope. The back of the business card reads:

(close-up shot of handwriting on the back of the card):
"MEET ME IN NEW YORK ASAP. IT IS ABOUT YOUR FATHER."

Jason looks up to talk to the mysterious man, but the men - and the limousine - have driven away.

EXT. LA GUARDIA AIRPORT - MORNING

Jason's airplane lands on the runway.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY FINANCIAL DISTRICT - DAY

Jason explores the streets of lower Manhattan, passes the Merrill Lynch bull. He focuses on Occupy Wall Street protesters and watches them for a while. He hands a few dollars to a homeless person. He sees another and then another. Jason arrives at the entrance to the offices of Barone Enterprises.

INT. OFFICE OF BARONE ENTERPRISES - DAY

DOMINICK BARONE, a large Italian man, 50-ish, black hair, tanned skin, a long scar on the left side of his face, greets Jason. The extravagant office has finely appointed furniture and exquisite rugs.

BARONE

Mr. Gray. I apologize for the timing but this is an urgent matter. You might say a matter of life and death . . . yours.

JASON

I don't understand.

BARONE

My people have identified an undervalued company - Gray Industries. Our government needs more fighter planes for our war on terror and your company will be most likely needed to make those engines. I want your company.

JASON

I appreciate the offer, but I'm not interested.

BARONE

Wait. Please, not so fast. A little birdie has told me about a damaging piece of information about your father. It seems that the U.S. government might be interested in how your company overbilled certain invoices.

JASON

That's a lie!

Barone punches Jason in the stomach as he is held by two henchmen. Jason doubles over in pain.

BARONE

Don't raise your voice to me!

Barone points to the little unkempt man, WILBUR JONES.

Recognize your former bookkeeper, Mr. Jones? He has incurred a debt and cannot repay me. So he tells me about improper billing practices at your company. Remember, government fraud has no statute of limitations. Your company would be ruined.

JASON

My father would have never done such a thing!

Barone hands Jason a letter.

BARONE

Here is an official letter from the Inspector General's office confirming the violations.

JASON

I still say 'no'.

Barone punches Jason in the face as he is held again by henchmen. Jason rocks backwards.

BARONE

I give new meaning to the term 'hostile takeover'. I grew up not far from here, Mulberry Street to be exact. Think of me as the 'corporate mafia' complete with lawyers and investment bankers.

Barone and his henchmen rough Jason up even further.

BARONE

And I've got two other investors.

Barone shows Jason a gun in his shoulder holster.

BARONE

Smith and Wesson.

Jason spits up blood and has difficulty breathing. The henchmen prop up Jason to sit at a table. A contract and pen await him.

BARONE

In anticipation of your cooperation, my lawyers have drafted the appropriate documents. I am a businessman, not a thief. An unconventional businessman, yes, but a thief, no.

Barone hands Jason a check.

BARONE

Here is a check for three million dollars representing the purchase price for my fifty-one percent ownership of the company.

Jason looks at the papers. Barone hands him a telephone.

BARONE

Your accountant is on line two.

Jason goes into another room and has a talk with his accountant. He agonizes over signing the papers. Finally, he gives in.

BARONE

(to his henchmen)

OK. Clean him up. We have a meeting in a half hour.

ADJACENT CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Jason enters a large mahogany room with an open circle conference table. Six men in fancy suits with flip charts and powerpoint presentations sit around the table. The henchmen seat Jason in a swivel chair in the

center of the circle, surrounded by the suits. Jason swivels to face the first speaker.

SUIT #1

You'll stay on as the face of the company. Mr. Barone will make all major decisions. Should you interfere, there will be consequences.

Jason swivels to face the next speaker.

SUIT #2

An 'asset purchase' is different than a 'stock purchase' which requires a new owner to assume a labor contract. A union contract need not be recognized in an asset purchase. Collective bargaining begins from scratch. The current wages and benefits become irrelevant.

Jason swivels to face the next speaker.

SUIT #3

We will be demanding union givebacks and massive layoffs to make the company more profitable.

Jason swivels to face the next speaker.

SUIT #4

If the union balks at our labor negotiations, they can be locked out and the entire workforce can be replaced by permanent replacements. There are plenty of unemployed people ready to work.

Jason swivels to face the next speaker.

SUIT #5

Or, worst case, we can shut down the factory, sell off the assets, pocket the cash from the pension plan, and put the company into bankruptcy.

Jason swivels to face the next speaker.

SUIT #6

It's simple. We buy the company's assets, you stay on as president with a generous salary. We reduce labor costs and increase profits by 25 percent.

BARONE

So we take a few hundred union casualties along the way. Fuck the 99 percent-ers.

Barone grabs his crotch.

BARONE

Occupy 'this'!

Everyone laughs, except Jason. Instead, Jason throws up from the swiveling and the whirlwind business lesson.

As Jason regains his composure, a door opens and MAJOR BURLEY, early 60's, professional union buster, enters. Mean, short, bespectacled, bow-tied man. The room goes silent.

BURLEY

What does everyone think is so goddamn funny?

No response from anyone.

BARONE

Ah, Mr. Burley. Please allow me to introduce you to Mr. Jason Gray, your new company president.

BURLEY

Nice to meet you. Now stay the fuck out of my way. I'm running this show.

Burley exits. The room stays silent.

EXT. CLEVELAND AIRPORT - NIGHT

Jason's airplane lands on the airport runway.

INT. JASON'S CAR - NIGHT - TRAVELING

JASON

(on car phone)

I'm just leaving the airport.
I'll meet you at the restaurant.

KIMBERLY (V.O.)

Okay. See you then. How did your meeting go?

JASON

Fucking crazy. I'll fill you in at dinner.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - VALET PARKING - NIGHT

Jason pulls up and the valet takes his car. Jason tips him twenty dollars.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Kimberly waits at their table. Jason enters the restaurant. Jason sits.

KIMBERLY

Good news. I was appointed to the arts gala committee. Oh, I know it will mean we have to contribute oodles of money but I am so excited! Marybeth Johansson will be so pissed that I got it over her. I . . .

JASON

Kim, Kim! Please. For once let me get a word in edgewise.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB RESTAURANT - OUTSIDE P.O.V. - NIGHT

Seen through the window, Jason's lips move and his hands gesture. He pretends to punch himself in the stomach and head several times. He mimes a gun with his hand.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB RESTAURANT - NIGHT

JASON

This guy means business. He'll shut the company down in a heartbeat. Shit, he'll kill me in a heartbeat.

KIMBERLY

You take the money and be a good boy to these nice corporate people. Fuck the union and fuck the union members. That is, if you want keep fucking me.

JASON

Our children won't inherit the company.

Kim slides her hands down the sides of her hips.

KIMBERLY

Who said anything about children? Those rug rats will ruin my figure. Anyway, my daddy always says that money makes the world go 'round.

JASON

Whatever you say, Kim.

KIMBERLY

Jason, look around you. This is the life you've been led to live. Embrace it. Don't be a martyr. Stop worrying about the little guy. Look out for number one for a change.

JASON

You're right, fuck the union. Why should I hang my neck out? This guy is going to make us rich.

Jason signals for the waiter.

JASON

Bradley, please bring us a bottle
of your finest champagne. We're
celebrating tonight.

Bradley brings the bottle of champagne and pours two
glasses.

JASON

Unless lightning strikes me,
nothing is going to change my
mind. Lightning.

INT. "PADDY'S BLUE COLLAR PUB" - NIGHT

At a table in the rear, a dozen union members drink beer
and listen to their union leader, Dale Shaw.

SHAW

. . . so I'm 17 years old. The
instant I get my union card, I
tell my father that I'm heading
to the tattoo parlor. And that,
my friends, is how I got the
first ever Gray Industries
Workers Union tattoo.

Dale shows them the tattoo.

SHAW

Back in the day, we had a manager
named Herb who didn't get the
'union thing". He tried to make
us do things that weren't in our
contract. One day, he asked us to
fix the coffee machine in the
manager's lounge. So we rigged it
up so that whoever used it the
next morning would cause a flood.
I don't have to tell you who that
was.

POCKETS McGUIRK, 26, a rather dimwitted young union
member excitedly follows along with the story. Pockets

earned his nickname because the clothes he wears seem to have an inordinate amount of, well, pockets.

POCKETS

Who? Who?

SHAW

Herb, you idiot.

A few seconds later the joke resonates with Pockets and he laughs.

POCKETS

OK. I got one. Two guys and a union worker were fishing on a boat, when Jesus walked across the water. The first guy asked, "Jesus, I've suffered from back pain all my life ... could you help me?" Jesus said, "Of course, my son," and when he touched the man's back, the pain was gone.

The second man, who wore very thick glasses asked if Jesus could do anything about his near blindness. Jesus tossed the man's glasses into the lake. The man's eyes cleared and could see perfectly.

When Jesus turned to heal the union worker, the guy put his hands up and yelled, "Don't touch me! I'm on workers compensation!"

The other men stare at Pockets disapprovingly.

POCKETS

No, wait. That ain't right.

Shaw's wife, GLORIA, 38, a beautiful, but broken down woman, stands to the side. She approaches the group.

GLORIA

Dale, can we leave now?

SHAW

(drunk)
Buzz off. Can't you see I'm
talking business here?

His big hand pushes her face away. She falls to the ground. She turns red from embarrassment. The other men dare not protect her from their union boss.

EXT. "PADDY'S BLUE COLLAR PUB" - NIGHT

While Jason drives home, he sees a man and woman arguing outside a bar. The man roughs up the woman. The man goes back into the bar. Jason doesn't see it is the union president. Jason continues to drive past. He stops, thinks for a few seconds, and at the last moment makes a fateful decision to turn the car around. Jason pulls up to Gloria.

JASON
Excuse me. Do you need any help?

GLORIA
No, I'm fine.

She recognizes him.

GLORIA
You're the Gray kid, right?

Jason gets out of the car.

JASON
Here, let me take a look at that
bruise.

Jason dabs at Gloria's bleeding cheek with his handkerchief.

GLORIA
I'm the one who should be looking
at your bruise.

JASON
Ah, it's nothing.

GLORIA
It looks more than just nothing.

JASON
I'll get over it.

GLORIA
Don't get used to it.

EXT. SIDEWALK NEAR "PADDY'S BLUE COLLAR PUB" - NIGHT

Jason and Gloria share an awkward moment of silence.
They walk down the street.

JASON
Does that guy act like that all
the time?

GLORIA
My husband? Only when he drinks.
Which is all the time.

JASON
Husband? Geez. Can I help?

GLORIA
Maybe. Soon. Very soon.

They pause for a moment.

EXT. PARK ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Jason and Gloria continue to walk and talk.

GLORIA
I'm sorry about your father. He
was a great man.

JASON
Thank you. But I thought his
dying would be the hard part.

GLORIA
What do you mean? Do your bruises
have anything to do with it?

Jason doesn't answer.

EXT. RIVERWALK - NIGHT

JASON

Can you keep a secret?

GLORIA

You should only know how many secrets I've kept. I'm the wife of a union president, remember?

JASON

You're Dale Shaw's wife?

Gloria nods.

EXT. PARK BENCH - NIGHT

There is a long silence before Jason decides to spill his guts to Gloria.

JASON

Well, I was in New York City today . . .

Jason tells her the Barone story. They remain on the park bench for a very long time.

EXT. PARK - MORNING (DAWN)

Jason and Gloria walk and talk until sunrise.

JASON

If the company gets shut down, the union is busted, the town is lost, and people will lose their paychecks, their mortgages, their houses. It will be the end of Grayton as we know it.

GLORIA

Grayton is a family. They go to work every day and they go home to their wives and kids. They don't ask for much. A roof over their heads. A new bike for one

of their kids. So why let one scumbag take that away?

JASON

Why do you stay with Dale?

Gloria stares at him indignantly.

JASON

Oh my God. I'm so sorry.

GLORIA

No, you're right. But why let this Barone guy get away with it? Why not go along on the outside but plot against him on the inside?

JASON

And how will I do that?

GLORIA

I think you'll know it when you see it.

EXT. SIDEWALK NEAR "PADDY'S BLUE COLLAR PUB" - MORNING

Jason looks lost. Gloria kisses Jason on the cheek. No response from Jason.

GLORIA

Hey, cheer up. Good always wins, right? You will find a way out of this mess. Who knows - maybe we can help each other someday.

Gloria walks away, but turns and gives him a reassuring look. She backtracks her steps and kisses him long and hard on the lips. Indeed, lightning has struck.

INT. TODD PARKER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

TODD PARKER, 21, a new union worker, naïve, idealistic, sits at the screen of his home computer taking an online college course on labor-management relations.

PARKER

(reading aloud to himself)
 "The Clayton Act states that the labor of a human being is not a commodity and the law does not forbid the existence of labor organizations."

INT. GRAY INDUSTRIES MANAGERS MEETING ROOM - MORNING

A dozen management-level employees, including Moore, Berry and Allen assemble. They rivet upon the ominous man at the head of the room, flanked by two henchmen.

BURLEY

Gentlemen, we are going to squeeze the union negotiators at the bargaining table, forcing workers out on strike, and harassing union members. They have no experience with violence, with being lied to, with manipulation. Control employees by using fear of losing their jobs, health benefits, the roofs over their heads.

Jason and the managers remain stunned and silent. Allen applauds. Allen stops applauding as the others give him a cold stare. Burley gives Allen a nod as Allen's enthusiasm is not lost on Burley.

BURLEY

In the meantime, here is what I want you to do: bust their balls.

[MONTAGE OF FACTORY SHOTS WITH BURLEY NARRATION
 INTERSPERSED WITH SHOTS OF PARKER READING HIS COMPUTER]:

INT. FACTORY FLOOR - DAY

Moore points at his watch and directs a union worker to put down his cup of coffee and get back to work.

BURLEY (V.O.)

Every time an employee takes a break, tell him to get back to work.

INT. TODD PARKER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Parker sits at his computer reading aloud to himself.

PARKER

"The law gives unions the right to organize workers without being harassed or intimidated by employers."

INT. FACTORY EMPLOYEE DOOR ENTRY - DAY

Berry directs a union worker to button his shirt to cover a union logo on his undershirt.

BURLEY (V.O.)

Any time you see a union t-shirt, they have to cover it up.

INT. FACTORY LOADING DOCK - DAY

Allen directs a union worker to take off his baseball cap containing a union logo.

BURLEY (V.O.)

Every time you see a union hat, make them take it off.

INT. TODD PARKER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Parker sits at his computer reading aloud to himself.

PARKER

"It is an unfair labor practice to interfere with the formation of a labor union, and to interfere with employee rights to organize."

INT. FACTORY BREAK ROOM - DAY

Allen rips down union fliers off a bulletin board and crumbles them into a ball in front of three union workers.

BURLEY (V.O.)

Every union flier posted on the bulletin board, take them down.

INT. GRAY INDUSTRIES MANAGERS MEETING ROOM - DAY

BURLEY (CONT'D)

The only way to bust a union is to lie, distort, manipulate, threaten and always attack. Later this week we will be informing the union of our demands. That is all, gentlemen.

Burley exits.

INT. TODD PARKER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Parker sits at his computer reading aloud to himself.

PARKER

"The duty to bargain in good faith is an obligation to actively participate to find a basis for agreement. This implies a sincere desire to reach an acceptable common ground."

INT. GRAY INDUSTRIES LABOR NEGOTIATIONS ROOM - DAY

The seats on the union's side of the table have been purposely lowered so the union representatives look up at management's side of the table. The sunlight behind the people on the management's side of the table silhouettes them as the union representatives' eyes glare into the sun.

BURLEY

My name is Major Burley. There has been a change in ownership of the company. Barone Enterprises is now the majority owner. I am authorized to speak for the company.

The union representatives squint into the sun and await Burley's further words.

BURLEY

The assets of the company have been purchased. New ownership is not required to recognize your union contract. We will give you job security if you agree to cut wages and benefits across the board by 20 percent.

SHAW

Wait a minute. We're not going to accept that.

BURLEY

We have managers ready to perform your functions and replacement workers are being assembled as we speak.

SHAW

Fuckin' scabs! We'll strike. Let's see 'em get through our picket line!

BURLEY

They can and they will. Not only will we use replacement workers, but we'll also use your union members who cross your picket line because they can't survive without a paycheck.

JASON

Hey guys, how about we . . .

BURLEY

(to Jason)

How about you shut your mouth.

SHAW

This is absurd. We'll go to the
National Labor Relations Board.

BURLEY

If you do, it'll delay the
process for years. You'll be long
dead before the case gets
resolved.

Shaw has no further retorts.

BURLEY

This meeting is over. Now get out
of here. We'll be in touch.

BURLEY

(smiling ironically)
And thank you for engaging in
these good-faith negotiations.

Burley turns to leave. Shaw jumps out of his chair and
charges at him. Burley's two henchmen hold back Shaw.
Everyone looks at Jason but there is nothing he can do.

INT. UNION MEETING HALL - NIGHT

Union members start trickling into a hastily called
meeting. The sparsely furnished union hall contains
folding tables, a couple of desks, folding chairs, a
makeshift bar.

Pockets and a few of the other guys shoot the breeze
while waiting for the union officers to arrive.

FRANK

Freakin' managers have been
busting balls all day. It's like
we can't stop to rest for one
minute before they're on our
backs.

POCKETS

OK, here's a joke. Here's a joke:
A road crew foreman calls into
the shop. The foreman says 'We

have a problem'. The union boss says 'What's wrong?' The foreman says 'We forgot our shovels.' The union boss says 'I'll be there as quick as I can. Lean on each other until I get there.'

The others stare at him disapprovingly.

POCKETS

No, wait. That ain't right.

Shaw and the union officers enter. Shaw takes the lead.

SHAW

Prepare for war, men, we're going on strike!

Union vice-president, TIM THOMAS, 35, a bright, articulate and honest man, tries to be a voice of reason. He recommends taking the deal.

THOMAS

Hold on. If we don't accept, they'll lock us out, and replace us all in a New York minute. We'll all be out of work. This whole town will be out of work.

SHAW

Well, you've heard their plan. I, for one, don't feel like rolling over and getting wage cuts shoved up my ass.

SKIP

But I've got twins on the way. My wife got a phone call that our health plan may be cut back by the company.

LESTER

They can't do that!

THOMAS

Yes, they can. They're not required to recognize us. They bought the assets of the company,

not the union contract. New ownership, new rules. Barone and Burley have dropped the bomb.

SKIP

What about Jason helping us?

LESTER

Nah, Jason ain't nothing like his old man.

SHAW

We'll I ain't standing for it without a fight! Who's with me?

Only a few supporters raise their hands.

SHAW

You're all chicken shit.

THOMAS

All in favor of accepting wage cuts say 'aye'.

A loud majority of voices say 'aye'.

THOMAS

All against?

A small minority of voices say 'nay'.

THOMAS

The vote to accept the wage reduction is approved.

THOMAS pounds his gavel.

EXT. STREET ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF TOWN - DAY

Jason runs his early morning route except this time he finds himself detouring slowly past Gloria's house.

INT. GRAY INDUSTRIES, STAIRWELL - DAY

Two management level employees speak with Jason.

MOORE

Jason, I can't treat our guys the way Burley wants us to. Hell, these are my friends. I'm godfather to one of their kids. My cousin is in the union.

BERRY

I'm not gonna lie and I'm not gonna threaten. I've known these guys for 20 years. Your father wouldn't stand for this. Your father would do something. Your father . . .

The managers see a tear form in Jason's eye. Berry puts a hand on Jason's shoulder.

BERRY

I'm so sorry, Jason. I didn't mean it that way. You know we all miss him.

JASON

No, no. You guys are right. Listen, just do what they say.

BERRY

Matt Allen seems like he's enjoying it.

MOORE

That guy's got issues.

BERRY

So what's the plan?

JASON

I'm working on it. I'm working on it.

INT. TODD PARKER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Parker sits at his computer reading aloud to himself.

PARKER

"The company is required to confer in good faith with respect to wages and other terms of employment. It is a violation to unilaterally modify conditions."

INT. GRAY INDUSTRIES - LABOR NEGOTIATIONS ROOM - DAY

The union's seats have been purposely lowered. The sun silhouettes management's side.

SHAW

Let's get this over with, Burley. We don't like it but we accept the 20 percent reduction.

BURLEY

Hmmmm. Did I say 20 percent? I was thinking instead maybe 30 percent, 40 percent. In fact, how does 'minimum wage' sound?

JASON

(stands up)

Wait a minute. What happened to 20&?

Burley's men shove Jason back into his seat.

BURLEY

(to Jason)

Shut up, kid. I'm in charge.

BURLEY

(to Shaw)

Minimum wage. . . or no wage!
Take that back to your members.
Now get the hell out of here!

Shaw jumps at Burley. Both sides react. Punches fly between Burley's henchmen and the union representatives without damage to either side. Finally, the union representatives leave.

INT. GRAY INDUSTRIES, ANTE-ROOM - DAY

Jason confronts Burley.

JASON

What the hell was that all about?
Minimum wage? We didn't discuss
that.

BURLEY

You get to discuss nothing. You
are a puppet. Never disagree with
me in a meeting ever again. You
got it?

Jason does not reply.

BURLEY

I said 'you got it'? One phone
call from me and Barone blows the
whistle on your father's billing
scam.

Jason nods his head.

That's what I thought. So keep
your mouth shut and don't talk;
don't think. I hear you're good
at that.

Burley pulls out a tape recorder and plays a
conversation between Kimberly and Jason:

JASON (RECORDED VOICE)

Uh, OK. I guess you're right. It
all happened so fast and I had no
time to think.

KIMBERLY (RECORDED VOICE)

That's the problem with you,
Jason. You don't think. Honestly,
sometimes I think you care more
about that factory than me.

JASON

You bugged my apartment?

BURLEY

Just doing our due diligence
before the takeover. We turned it

off a while ago. Don't try to mess with us. You're playing in the big leagues now.

Jason leaves. Burley sees Allen passing in the hall. Burley calls Allen into the room.

BURLEY

Your name's Matt, isn't it?

ALLEN

Yes, sir.

BURLEY

You seem to be the only one who 'gets' things around here.

ALLEN

Just doing what's best for the company, sir.

BURLEY

Do me a favor. Keep an ear out for things. Feel free to let me know what's going on over on the union side. OK?

ALLEN

Will do, Mr. Burley.

INT. TODD PARKER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Parker sits at his computer reading aloud to himself.

PARKER

"An employee's right to strike is a critical component of labor Law. Economic strikes are protected activity."

INT. UNION MEETING HALL - NIGHT

Union members pack into the meeting hall. Shaw and Thomas sit at the head table. Arguments wage in many small pockets around the room.

SHAW

Order! Order!

Everyone continues to argue.

SHAW

I said 'Order'!

No one pays attention to the order. Everyone continues to argue.

The muscular Sergeant-at-Arms rises, picks up a chair and throws it at a large water cooler, sending it flying into a row of metal folding chairs. The loud crash stops everyone in their tracks.

SERGEANT-AT-ARMS

Now shut the fuck up and sit the fuck down!

Everyone quiets down.

SHAW

As you know, Barone and Burley are out to get us. They've offered for us to work for minimum wage. Does anyone see any other option but to strike?

Jason enters through a side door and joins them at the head table. All eyes are on Jason.

JASON

Striking has consequences.

DALE

Who invited you?

THOMAS

Let's listen to what he has to say.

JASON

Striking has consequences.

LESTER

So does getting fucked up the ass.

JASON

The company can permanently replace you. If and when the strike ends and the replacement worker is still there, you are not entitled to get your job back. You'll still be out of work.

SHANE

What about pay for serving picket line duty? We need something to live on. Even if it is just to get by.

THOMAS

We've never had to budget for a strike fund because under Jeremiah Gray we never needed one. So if we do strike, there is nothing in our bank account to pay strike pay.

POTTER

What about those of us who are willing to work for minimum wage?

SHAW

I can answer that: (a) you'll get fined by the union for crossing a picket line and (b) we'll kick the shit outta ya.

POTTER

I'll resign from the union first. I need a paycheck.

Some other members agree and cheer.

THOMAS

Wait, quiet! Don't you see what's happening? You're playing right into their hands. 'Divide and conquer'. We've got to stick together, one way or the other.

Shouts of agreement.

LESTER

Jason, what can you do for us?

JASON

I'm trying. But my hands are tied. I'll think of something.

SHAW

Enough bullshit. Anyone wants to quit the union, fuck you, then quit. But at least let's show some strength. I do hereby declare a vote to strike and set up a picket line as soon as possible.

THOMAS

Anyone against striking?

Some rumbling, but mostly silence.

THOMAS

All in favor of striking?

Loud noises erupt and hands raise in an overwhelming consensus to strike.

THOMAS

The vote to strike is approved.
And may the Lord have mercy on our souls.

Thomas pounds his gavel. Slowly, a faint chant of 'Strike, Strike!' begins.

EXT. UNION MEETING HALL - NIGHT

The chant becomes louder and louder until it is so loud that Matt Allen hears it from his hiding place in the bushes outside the union hall.

INT. JASON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jason searches under lamps and behind pictures looking for a surveillance bug. Kimberly walks into the

apartment. Jason puts his finger up to his lips so Kimberly will be quiet. He points to something inside a lamp shade.

JASON
(whispering)
Shhhhhhh.

They go outside onto the terrace.

JASON
This place might be bugged.

KIMBERLY
Bugged? Jason, you're scaring me.

Jason goes back into the apartment and rips a mini microphone from a wire. He shows it to Kimberly.

JASON
I found it. We should be okay.

KIMBERLY
Let's take the money and run.
Fuck the company, fuck the town.
We'll go to LA or Miami or New
York.

JASON
No. I'm staying right here.

EXT. SHAW'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jason drives up and down Gloria's street. Finally, Gloria sees Jason's car passing. She comes out onto the sidewalk.

GLORIA
Lost, fella?

JASON
No, just looking out for you.

GLORIA
Oh, my. I have my very own
stalker.

JASON

Seriously, how are you tonight?

GLORIA

He's long passed out from the drinking before he can do any damage.

Gloria turns around and looks at her house. She turns back to face Jason.

GLORIA

Take me away from here. Before the neighbors see that I'm fraternizing with the enemy.

Gloria gets into Jason's car.

EXT./INT. JASON'S CAR - NIGHT

Under the stars, Jason and Gloria sit in Jason's convertible car on a mountain overlooking the town.

JASON

I come up here a lot to think. I can't believe my great-grandfather started this town from scratch. I feel the weight of the world on my shoulders to keep it going.

GLORIA

And you will.

Gloria takes Jason's hand.

GLORIA

See that blinking traffic light? I got my first job there as a teenager working at Fred's Country Store.

JASON

Oh yeah, I can beat that story. See that big turbine engine factory over there? I got my

first job there too. . . at the
age of seven.

They laugh. They get serious and quiet.

GLORIA

I should have left this town long
ago. My father died and my mother
couldn't afford to send me to
college. That job at the country
store lasted a lot longer than I
thought it would. Then good ol'
Dale woos me into the good life.

JASON

When did he start getting
abusive?

GLORIA

About six months after we got
married. I wanted kids. He
didn't. He was always a heavy
drinker. It started small and
escalated. I need to get out.

JASON

I will help you. I swear.

They get quiet again. Gloria changes the subject.

GLORIA

What's happening at the factory?

JASON

They've got me on a short leash.
I can't get near the accounting
department to look at our
records. And, Burley went all the
way down to minimum wage even
after the union accepted a 20
percent cut.

GLORIA

The union voted to strike.

JASON

I know. I was there.

GLORIA

Tim Thomas should be the president. He cares about the members. Dale is a paranoid control freak who only looks out for himself . . . and collecting union dues.

JASON

There's never been a strike here. This is spiraling out of control. I gotta do something.

Jason and Gloria lean their heads together and look out over the town.

INT. TODD PARKER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Parker sits at his computer reading aloud to himself.

PARKER

"The Anti-Strikebreaker Law makes it a felony to use persons employed for forceful tactics in labor disputes."

INT. FACTORY PARKING LOT GATE - NIGHT

Strike Force Security personnel arrive in black SUV's. Large security guards emerge. One of them hands out equipment: walkie-talkies, mace, shielded masks, clubs, etc. A commander deploys them around the property. They move with army-like speed under the cover of night.

[SERIES OF SHOTS OF UNION MEMBERS PREPARING FOR THE STRIKE]:

INT. MURPHY'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Murphy directs union members to spray paint anti-management slogans on wooden boards, nail them onto sticks.

MURPHY

That's right. 'S-T-R-I-K-E' in big letters. 'We Want a Fair

Deal'. 'Gray Industries Unfair to
Workers Union'. 'Union Busters'.
Draw a circle with a line through
it. Yeah, that's right.

INT. LESTER'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Union members make bedsheet banners, t-shirts with
similar slogans.

INT. GEORGE MASON'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Union member, GEORGE MASON, wears a welder's mask. He
welds thick, homemade triangular metal spikes to flatten
truck tires. Pockets positions himself next to George
and watches.

GEORGE

You see, no matter how you throw
them, they always land with a
nail pointing up.

George tosses the invention on the work table and a
spike points up. He picks it up and tosses it again. It
again lands spike-side up.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

My dad taught me that trick in
Chicago when I was a kid. Never
thought I'd ever have to use them
here.

POCKETS

I don't believe it. I'm gonna
take one outside in the parking
lot and throw it. That's
impossible.

Pockets leaves and a few minutes later, George hears the
POP of one of Pockets's tires blowing out. He looks out
the window and sees Pockets next to his truck looking at
the air escaping from the flat tire. George shakes his
head in amusement.

EXT. LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD DUGOUT - NIGHT

Tex rummages through a little league dugout. He hands baseball bats to Rory.

RORY

I heard about these Strike Force Security guards. They're huge - and armed.

TEX

They use sticks, we use sticks. They use bats, we use bats.

RORY

I don't know about this. This could be dangerous.

TEX

Damn right it could. Time to man-up, bro. It's go-time.

INT. GRAY INDUSTRIES, WAR ROOM - NIGHT

A dozen computers, banks of telephones, anti-union fliers and posters fill a conference room. Photos of Shaw, Thomas and other union sympathizers hang on a wall like a police line-up. A bank of surveillance monitors cover another wall. Burley wears a headset.

BURLEY

(into headset)

Strike Force 1. Do you read me?

STRIKE FORCE 1 (V.O.)

Yessir. All clear, sir.

BURLEY

(into headset)

Strike Force 2. Do you read me?

STRIKE FORCE 2 (V.O.)

All quiet, sir.

The room looks like a telemarketing center. Burley's team dials union members' houses.

BURLEY AIDE #1

(into phone)

Mrs. Johnson? This is Gray Industries calling. We would like to confirm the status of your health coverage. No, no, there's no problem at the moment. But, of course, strikers can have their health benefits suspended, and well, we wanted to make sure you're aware of all the facts. That's all, ma'am. Have a pleasant evening.

EXT. GRAY INDUSTRIES PROPERTY - NIGHT

Several union members hide under a surveillance camera. Pockets attempts to spray a canister of paint onto the camera but he holds the spray can backwards and sprays his entire face blue. His cohorts do what they can to prevent themselves from laughing too loud.

LESTER

Hey, Pockets. Why so blue?

Pockets wipes the paint from his eyes and sprays the camera.

INT. GRAY INDUSTRIES, WAR ROOM - NIGHT

Allen enters and whispers something into Burley's ear. Burley nods. Allen leaves. Burley in turn whispers into Aide #2's ear. Aide #2 looks up a telephone number and dials.

BURLEY AIDE #2

(into phone)

Mrs. Potter, please. This is Gray Industries calling to see if everything is alright. There's nothing to be alarmed about but word has it that some of the union members are retaliating against other union members for not supporting the strike. We wanted to make sure that you and

your family are safe. That's all,
ma'am. Have a pleasant evening.

EXT. GRAY INDUSTRIES PROPERTY - NIGHT

Several union members launch paint bombs toward the building. Security guards chase them away.

On the other side of the building, two union members cut through a fence and sneak by security guards. They cut telephone wires.

INT. GRAY INDUSTRIES, FACTORY WAR ROOM - NIGHT

The telephone lights in the war room go dead.

BURLEY AIDE #1

Shit.

EXT. POTTER RESIDENCE - NIGHT

A dark colored car pulls up in front of the Potter residence. One of Burley's men douses the car with gasoline. The other man lights a match and tosses it onto the car as it immediately ignites into flames. They run back into their car and drive away. Several seconds later, the car explodes as the fire reaches the gas tank.

EXT. GRAY INDUSTRIES PROPERTY - NIGHT

Security guards rush to the cut lines but the two union members are already gone, barely. One guard grabs the last man's leg as he tries to get away over the fence. The union member gets away as the guard holds an empty shoe in his hand.

EXT. GRAY INDUSTRIES PARKING LOT GATE - MORNING

Jason looks out of office window onto the parking lot as Strike Force security guards set up wooden barriers along the property line. Strikers establish picket

lines. Strikers hold a wide array of homemade signs. Strikers chant slogans. Shaw holds a megaphone.

SHAW

What do we want?

UNION MEMBERS

A contract!

SHAW

When do we want it?

UNION MEMBERS

Now!

SHAW

What do we want?

UNION MEMBERS

A contract!

SHAW

When do we want it?

UNION MEMBERS

Now!

Buses carrying replacement workers approach the factory gate to start their shift. Strikers throw triangular nails onto the driveway as the buses enter the parking lot. The buses' tires POP with flat tires. Strike Force security guards escort the replacement workers the rest of the way into the factory to start work amid shouts from the picketers. Picketers throw garbage at the replacement workers.

UNION MEMBERS

(chanting)

Scabs go home! Scabs go home!

The day continues with strikers on the picket line while the replacement workers work in the factory.

INT. GRAY INDUSTRIES - HALLWAY - EARLY EVENING

Jason runs into Matt Allen in the hallway.

JASON

Matt, I'm leaving for a few hours. Call me as soon as possible if something goes wrong. Call me if anything happens.

MATT

Sure thing, boss.

INT. JASON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Kimberly and Jason get ready for another cocktail party.

JASON

I'm not sure I should be at a party while men are picketing outside the factory. I don't trust those Strike Force guys.

KIMBERLY

Now, honey. We had our little talk about those nice people from New York. Let them do their thing and you sit back and take the money.

JASON

I feel so guilty. At least I've got Matt Allen calling me if anything goes down.

KIMBERLY

Oh, everything's going to be fine. Come on. Let's go. I'm on the committee. The art gallery is over in Evansville.

JASON

What if someone gets hurt? I should be there.

KIMBERLY

Damn it, Jason. This is the last time I'm going to tell you. Fuck'em. Now let's go!

JASON

You really don't care, do you?

KIMBERLY

Nope.

Kimberly leaves the apartment ahead of Jason. Jason looks introspectively into the mirror. Jason gets a text on his cell phone:

J. - Keep up the charade. Smash
'em from the inside. - G.

EXT. GRAY INDUSTRIES PARKING LOT GATE - NIGHT

As darkness sets in, benign union picketing turns into mayhem as things go wrong and escalate into violence. Tempers flare. A company guard instigates a union hot-head. All hell breaks loose as Strike Force Security and union members clash in a heated confrontation.

STRIKE FORCE GUARD

Hey, you - get your hands off
that fence.

TEX

Fuck you. I'll keep my hands on
the fence - just like I had them
on your wife last night!

Another guard comes over and whacks the fingers sticking through the fence.

A union guy spits on the guard.

A throng of union members start shaking the fence, trying to topple it.

A guard sprays mace on a union guy.

Everyone yells and screams.

Another union guy throws a bottle at the guards. The bottle smashes and a piece of glass flies into a guard's eye.

A section of the fence breaks apart. Union members tumble through onto the ground on company property. Strike Force guards hit the union members as they scramble on the ground.

All hell breaks loose. Huge melee. Union guys have baseball bats. Guards have billie-clubs. Punches and sticks fly.

Parker naively taunts the guards behind a part of the fence that hasn't fallen down.

PARKER

Ha, ha. You can't touch me.
Violence is prohibited by the
labor laws in this country,
buster.

Out of nowhere, an unidentified arm holds a knife. Through the fence, someone stabs Parker in the stomach during the violent scuffle.

UNIDENTIFIED VOICE

Fuck the law.

Stabbed, the young picketer drops to the ground, unnoticed in the chaos.

Union people are beaten everywhere. The union members are no match for the trained guards.

Police sirens SOUND in the background. Union workers retreat. Things calm down. After a short time, Tim Thomas discovers Parker's body. An ambulance arrives to rush Parker to the hospital.

INT. ART GALLERY - NIGHT

Jason plunks himself at the bar at a boring black tie event unaware of the melee. There is a baseball game on a small TV behind the bar. Kimberly is once again the centerpiece of a group conversation. Jason sneaks off to the employee backroom to watch the game.

EMPLOYEE BREAK ROOM

JASON

You guys mind if I watch the game?

A catering staffer flips through the channels. Live news coverage of the melee appears on the screen for a second.

JASON

Whoa. Turn that channel back for a second, please.

The staffer changes the channel back.

SUZI CHOY (on TV)

Good evening. This is Suzi Choy reporting from Gray Industries. It appears as if a riot of some sort is winding down . . .

Jason bolts to find Kimberly.

ART GALLERY FLOOR

Jason hastily grabs Kimberly away from a group of people.

KIMBERLY

Jason, what in God's earth has gotten into you?

JASON

There was trouble at the picket line. It looks a like a massacre.

KIMBERLY

Darling, whatever are you talking about?

JASON

There's a massacre at the factory. Don't you ever listen to me?

KIMBERLY

I'm sorry, but I have people to entertain.

JASON

I need the car.

KIMBERLY

Take it. I'm staying.

Jason shakes his head as Kimberly turns back to her guests. Jason runs out of the hotel to his car.

EXT. JASON'S CAR - NIGHT - TRAVELING

Jason speeds through Evansville and Grayton heading to the factory. Runs red lights. Honks his horn. Nearly causes an accident. But Jason arrives too late.

EXT. FACTORY PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Jason sees the remnants of destruction left in the path of the riot. A TV news van is parked at the gate. Lights from several police cars flash on the scene. Jason approaches POLICE CHIEF MORGAN.

JASON

What the hell happened here?

MORGAN

We've been monitoring the situation as best we can but our hands are tied. It's private property. The union tried to get tough with the Strike Force people and were beaten back.

JASON

Anyone hurt?

MORGAN

Lots. You know, Jason, I go way back with your father but we can't choose sides. Once we got word that there was a crime committed, we cleared everyone out.

JASON

Crime? What crime?

MORGAN

You don't know? Todd Parker was
stabbed. He's at the hospital.

INT. JASON'S CAR - NIGHT - TRAVELING

Jason speeds to the hospital, frantically pounding the
steering wheel.

JASON

(on car phone)

Burley, what happened? Where are
you?

BURLEY (V.O.)

I'm at my hotel. I was sleeping.
What are you talking about?

JASON

There was a riot on the picket
line, that's what happened. Your
men are out of control.

BURLEY

My men? Don't blame that shit on
me. It's those fucking union hot-
heads, that's who.

JASON

A kid was stabbed. I'm on my way
to the hospital.

BURLEY

Calm down. I'll get dressed and
meet you there.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Jason and Burley stand next to Parker's bed as he lays
unconscious with nose tube, IV's and ventilator. Jason
stares at Burley, jaw clenched.

BURLEY

I wish that I could have been
there. My men were under strict
orders.

Todd's parents enter. The mother cries and pounds on Burley's chest.

MOTHER PARKER

You animal! You evil human being!
Get out! Get out!

Burley leaves and smiles once outside the room.

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

Jason waits with Todd's parents in the waiting room. Hours later, the doctor tells Todd's parents that their son is dead. Jason bows his head.

INT. JASON'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jason dresses for the Parker funeral. Kimberly is in the next room.

JASON

The Parker funeral is in an hour.

KIMBERLY (O.S.)

But Jason, I have my committee luncheon to go to.

JASON

One of my men died for God's sake.

Kimberly enters the room.

KIMBERLY

But Jason -

JASON

I said a man died!

KIMBERLY

I'm not going.

Jason sits down, head in hands.

JASON

We're done. Get out of this apartment. I can't do this anymore.

KIMBERLY

What! That's absurd.

JASON

Oh, so now you hear me.

KIMBERLY

Oh yeah, you know what? I'm sick of your bleeding heart bullshit. Why can't you show that much caring toward me?

JASON

Because they deserve it and you don't. You are nothing but a cold-hearted, selfish bitch.

KIMBERLY

Don't you dare talk to me like that!

JASON

Fine, get out. I'm done talking.

Kim breaks down. But she gets herself together and composes herself. She lifts her chin high in the air.

KIMBERLY

I see. Well I think you've made yourself very clear.

Kimberly removes her engagement ring from her finger and throws it at Jason. The ring hits the floor.

KIMBERLY

I'll have someone help me with my things later. Good luck with your war on poverty. Good-bye!

Kimberly huffs out of the apartment. Jason is alone - again.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY

Everyone in town goes to the viewing. Photos abound of Todd with his family. Todd at work. Todd at a company softball game. There's even a group photo of employees, with Jeremiah Gray in the center.

People line up to console the grieving family. Jason pays his respects.

Much to Gloria's dismay, Shaw glad-hands everyone and uses the situation to garner more political support among his union members.

SHAW

You see, I told you these union busters would stop at nothing.

TEX

Fight fire, with fire, I say. We have to stand strong. There is no way in hell we accept a minimum wage offer.

SHAW

That's right, my friend. That's right.

INT. FUNERAL HOME, WINDOW - DAY

From a window inside the funeral parlor and from a distance through the bushes, Gloria sees Shaw lean into a parked limousine down the street.

EXT./INT. BARONE'S LIMOUSINE - DAY

Barone and Burley sit inside a limousine. Barone's window is rolled down just enough for Shaw to awkwardly stick his head in sideways.

BARONE

(hands an envelope to Shaw)
Here, this check will keep you fat and happy for a long, long time.

BURLEY

Dominick, you don't have to do this. I have everything under control.

BARONE

(to Burley)

Sorry, Major, I like a good old fashioned guarantee.

BARONE

(to Shaw)

Make sure you call off the strike and agree to accept our offer at the final bargaining session.

SHAW

No problem, Mr. Barone. I have executive authority to approve all contracts in emergency situations that I deem in the best interests of the membership. There is nothing the members can do to stop me. It'll be signed, sealed and delivered.

BURLEY

(to Shaw)

One last thing. I'm pushing the meeting up. Tell your men they're on forty-eight hours' notice. The clock is ticking.

INT. FUNERAL HOME, WINDOW - DAY

Gloria sees Shaw walk away from the limousine. The limousine drives away.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY

Word spreads among the union members that the company will be making an announcement in forty-eight hours.

Jason overhears the news. Jason goes outside and dials Barone.

EXT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY

JASON

(into phone)

Mr. Barone? Jason Gray here. Word has it that Burley has fast-tracked the final bargaining session to forty-eight hours. That's this coming Friday morning.

INT. BARONE LIMOUSINE - DAY

Barone gets Burley's attention and mockingly points to the phone.

BARONE

(talking into phone)

Jeez. I had no idea. The guy's gone rogue. Oh well, there's no turning back now. Besides, we'll both be richer than originally planned, partner.

JASON (V.O.)

But Mr. Barone . . .

BARONE

You're not getting soft on me, are you kid? I assume that I do not have to send my people down to remind you of our plan, do I?

EXT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY

Frustrated, Jason gives his middle finger to the man on the other end of the phone.

JASON

No, sir. I'll keep my mouth shut.

BARONE (V.O.)

Sorry, kid. It is what it is. Sit back and enjoy the ride. It'll all be over soon.

INT. HOTEL BAR - EVENING

Jason confronts Burley at his hotel bar.

JASON

You moved up the final decision.

BURLEY

Yeah. I figured why wait. I got another gig down south next week. Some poor bastards in Alabama or Mississippi or somewhere.

JASON

Why do you hate unions so much?

BURLEY

My father was a trucker. He was killed by Teamsters for refusing to join their union. I was ten years old. I saw him being beaten to death.

JASON

One bad union doesn't make them all bad.

BURLEY

It's the principle. I vowed to avenge his death by defeating unions at every turn. They beat my father, now I beat them - all of them.

JASON

How much do you want to go away? To leave Gray Industries alone?

BURLEY

You can't afford me. Barone pays me more than you ever can. Besides, it's not about the money. Like I said, it's the principle.

JASON

This union never did anything to hurt you or the company. We've

had labor peace for fifty years
before you came along.

Jason thinks for a while and looks Burley in the eyes.

JASON
How much is enough?

BURLEY
It's enough when I'm dead.

JASON
You can't do this! You'll ruin
everything in this town.

BURLEY
Sorry, kid. You'll hear my
decision at the final meeting.
Let everyone in. I want the
entire union membership to hear
what I have to say.

JASON
How do you sleep at night?

BURLEY
Oh, I sleep just fine. Just like
the night Todd Parker was
stabbed.

Burley winks at Jason. Burley throws money on the bar
and leaves Jason to ponder those last words.

EXT. OVERHEAD SHOT OF GRAYTON - EVENING

The night before the final deadline, the town of Grayton
is quiet. In the homes of the union members, workers
consider crossing the picket line and breaking ranks
with the union in the hopes of keeping their jobs.
Husbands and wives discuss their lives.

[SERIES OF SHOTS - IN UNION WORKERS' HOMES]:

INT. MURPHY'S KITCHEN TABLE - EVENING

An older couple sits at their kitchen table. A stack of
bills stands piled up on the table.

MURPHY

I've been a union member for thirty-five years. My father was a member for forty years. He'd roll over in his grave if I crossed the picket line.

MURPHY'S WIFE

We can't go without a paycheck any longer.

MURPHY

I ain't no scab. They'll have to pry the picket sign out of my cold dead hands before I cross it.

MURPHY'S WIFE

We're already behind on the mortgage.

MURPHY

I can't.

MURPHY'S WIFE

The bank will take our home. We raised three grown children here. This is our life.

MURPHY

I just can't. I can't.

Murphy breaks down in tears. His wife can only hold him.

INT. SANTOS' KITCHEN TABLE - NIGHT

Andre and Maria sit in the kitchen. Their children play in the next room.

ANDRE

If I cross the line, we'll be scarred for life in this town.

MARIA

All this nonsense about union solidarity. We can't survive on

welfare. Plus how are we going to feed four children?

ANDRE

'Four' children?

Maria pats her tummy.

MARIA

I was going to tell you today.

Andre touches her tummy, too. They hug.

MARIA

We can get by on minimum wage. I'll go to work. I'll clean tables at night at the country club.

ANDRE

Who'll watch the kids?

MARIA

I'll watch the kids during the day when you're at work, and you'll watch the kids at night when I'm at work.

ANDRE

OK, let's do this. Tomorrow I resign from the union and report to work at the company.

INT. JASON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jason and Gloria sit on the couch.

GLORIA

I'm leaving him. I'm packing later tonight after he passes out. I take my bags and leave him with divorce papers.

JASON

I knew you'd leave him. Kimberly and I are done forever.

GLORIA

I'm sorry.

JASON

Don't be. She and I weren't
destined to be together.

GLORIA

Well, I can certainly tell you I
wasn't destined for Mr. Wonderful
either.

They remain silent for a little while.

GLORIA

What are you going to do about
Barone and Burley?

JASON

The fight is over. I tried to
talk sense into Burley but he is
without a soul. And Barone
doesn't give a shit. It's over.
I've destroyed my father's
company and a fifty-year old
union.

GLORIA

Don't say that. Let's think.
Barone is an opportunistic dirty
blackmailer. Remove the threat,
remove the problem.

JASON

Even if I could get rid of
Barone, that still leaves me
Burley. He's got binding
authority. He's unstoppable.

GLORIA

First things first. What proof
did Barone have other than the
word of a whistleblower?

JASON

He showed me a letter from the
government and I heard it from
our accountant.

GLORIA

Did he show you anything else?

JASON

Yeah. A gun.

They lay quiet a little while longer.

JASON

I can't believe that my father would let something like that happen.

GLORIA

Well, there must be something about it in your father's office. And if it's being taken for granted, then maybe there is a way you can prove it's false.

JASON

I've tried looking but they have me on lockdown when I'm in my office. I'm going to my father's office to look around. D-Day is twelve hours away. I'll call you later.

Distraught, Jason leans over to Gloria. Jason kisses Gloria on the forehead as Gloria closes her eyes expecting a kiss on the mouth.

EXT. JASON'S APARTMENT DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Burley's men sit in their car outside Jason's apartment. They see him get in his car.

EXT. A FEW BLOCKS FROM JASON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Burley's men follow Jason in his car. Jason notices them in his rear view mirror. The men pull up next to Jason's car.

BURLEY HENCHMAN #1

Sorry, Mr. Gray. Direct orders.
Mr. Burley doesn't want you
getting around to any last minute
screw-ups. You're on lockdown
until tomorrow morning's
announcement.

JASON

I've got things to do.

BURLEY HENCHMAN #1

Not tonight. You're not to go
anywhere except to the 7-Eleven.
You going to the 7-Eleven, Mr.
Gray? If not, you best turn
around and head back up to that
nice apartment of yours. OK?

JASON

Sure, guys. I understand. You're
just doing your jobs, right?

The men smile, relieved that this shouldn't be
difficult.

JASON

In fact, I do need a couple of
things at the store. Let's go.

INT. 7-ELEVEN STORE - NIGHT

The men follow Jason into the store parking lot. Jason
gets out of the car, nods to the men and shows them two
fingers indicating that he'll be back in two minutes.
Jason enters the store.

Jason pretends to shop around. Places items on the
counter and goes back for more items. Jason keeps an eye
on Burley's men outside in their car. Jason dangles a
twenty dollar bill in front of the clerk.

JASON

I'm going to ask you a question.
You are not to point when you
answer it. OK?

CLERK

OK.

JASON

You got a back door in this place?

CLERK

Right between the ice machine and the Slurpee machine.

Jason drops the twenty dollars onto the counter.

Jason goes to the Slurpee machine and lingers. All of a sudden, he runs. He runs out the back door. He runs behind the dumpster, up over a wooden fence, through a neighbor's yard and into a residential neighborhood. He heads south, running as fast as he can.

Burley's men come into the store to look for Jason. They see the open back door with no one in sight. They head for their car and make chase. They drive on a street parallel to Jason's direction.

EXT. SIDE ROAD - NIGHT

Jason runs on the back paths of his jogging route to avoid his pursuers. Only the golf course separates him and the rear of the factory. Jason juts off the road and heads for the country club.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

A full moon illuminates the otherwise dark night. Jason finds himself at the unlit country club driveway entrance. He runs up the winding road toward the clubhouse.

The henchmen's car engine suddenly roars behind him. Jason makes a sharp right turn and runs onto the golf course. The car jumps the driveway curb and gives chase across the well-manicured grass.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - NIGHT

The car destroys the grass, leaving tire marks in its path as it navigates the golf course.

Jason runs down a fairway while the car drives on the fairway next to him, separated by a thick row of trees. All of a sudden, the car finds a break in the trees, crosses fairways and gets behind Jason. The car nips at Jason's heels.

Jason spots flag #14 up ahead on the green. He looks for the famous sand trap bunker and heads for it. As the car is about to run over him, Jason dives into the steep bunker which is hidden by a large bluff.

Jason lands safely in the sand. He keeps his head down. But the driver is unaware of the sudden steep hill at night. The car takes off like a motorcycle flying off a daredevil ramp. While Jason lies flat in sand, the car goes airborne twenty feet high into the air.

The car lands at a forty-five degree angle, its front end literally nosedives itself, headlights first, into the soft grass of the putting green - one foot from the hole flag. It looks as if someone buried a half car. No movement comes from the embedded car.

Jason crawls out of the sand trap and looks at the damage.

JASON

I'd hate to have to replace that
divot.

He hobbles toward the factory.

EXT. FIFTY YARDS BEHIND THE FACTORY - NIGHT

Jason hides in the heavy bushes and watches the security guards make their rounds.

Joseph, carrying a rifle, comes from behind Jason and puts a hand on Jason's shoulder.

JOSEPH

Evenin', Mr. Gray.

Jason turns around startled.

JASON

Joseph! You scared the shit out of me.

JOSEPH

You woulda been more scared if I fired this here rifle at you. I thought you was some big critter.

JASON

What are you doing here?

JOSEPH

I may be askin' you the same question, Mr. Gray.

Joseph grins at Jason.

JOSEPH

Look behind you. That's my house.

JASON

You live fifty yards from work?

JOSEPH

This used to be Gray property. Old work shed. Your daddy done gave me the deed. He wouldn't take a nickel from me. I offered, Mr. Gray.

JASON

I'm sure you did, Joseph. My father was really something wasn't he?

JOSEPH

He sure was Mr. Gray.

Jason and Joseph reflect for a minute. Joseph looks around for Jason's car.

JOSEPH

How'd you get here?

JASON

I ran. Burley's men have orders not to let me out of my apartment. Man, they got this place locked down tighter than Fort Knox. There's no way I can get in there without being seen.

JOSEPH

What would you say if I told you that I've got my own Underground Railroad?

JASON

Joseph?

JOSEPH

Yes, Mr. Gray?

JASON

Would it be inappropriate if I kissed you on the lips right now?

JOSEPH

I'll take a handshake - later.
For the time being, follow me.

Joseph overturns an old wooden picnic table in his backyard. Joseph leads Jason down a ladder and into an old supply tunnel.

INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNEL - NIGHT

Jason and Joseph walk.

JASON

You can't go with me. I won't risk you getting caught. I won't allow it.

JOSEPH

OK. The tunnel ends in the janitor's room. The door may be locked but you can open it from the inside.

JASON

I'd like to give you that
handshake now.

Joseph sticks his hand out to be shaken, but Jason puts his hands on Joseph's cheeks, cradles Joseph's face, and gives him a big kiss smack dab on the lips.

JOSEPH
I'm suin' for sexual harassment.
Now get on your way.

Jason turns to navigate the tunnel. Jason turns back around to look at Joseph.

JASON
Oh, one more thing. Can I borrow
your car?

INT. GRAY INDUSTRIES - NIGHT

Jason opens the janitor's door and sneaks upstairs to his father's office, hiding from guards along the way.

INT. FACTORY OFFICE OF JEREMIAH GRAY - NIGHT

Jason reminisces about his father, looks at the photos of himself as a kid with his father at his side. Photos of his father at company picnic with employees and their families. His father holding newly-born union workers' babies. Jason touches his father's favorite possessions. Tears develop in Jason's eyes.

Jason flips through a stack of unopened mail on his father's desk. Nothing helpful. Jason throws it all on the ground. However, an envelope from the U.S. Government Inspectors Office falls out from being mistakenly stuck inside a trade magazine. Jason opens it:

(close-up shot of letter):
"Letter of Exoneration Finding No Improper Billing.
Investigation Closed".

JASON
(reading to himself)

"Dear Mr. Jeremiah Gray. Thank you for your inquiry about potential billing issues. Please accept this determination of no improper conduct on your part. A computer error flagged your account for no reason. Please accept our apologies for any inconvenience this may have caused. Sincerely, Alfred Jones, Inspector General."

Jason pumps his fist in the air. Jason calls Gloria.

JASON

(into phone)

Gloria, I think I've got Barone over a barrel. I've got a letter of exoneration in my hand that clears the company.

GLORIA (V.O.)

Like I said:

JASON

Get rid of the threat, get rid of the problem.

GLORIA (V.O.)

Get rid of the threat, get rid of the problem.

JASON

I'm afraid to see what Barone is going to do with that weasel Smith now that there's no whistle to blow.

GLORIA (V.O.)

That's not our problem. What about Burley?

Jason looks up as he hears footsteps and keys rattling.

JASON

(whispering into phone)

What a second. Someone's coming.

Jason douses the light and hides under the desk. A guard paces the hallway, stops at the door, and jiggles the door knob. Locked. The guard moves on.

JASON

Burley is still going to do what he always sets out to do. He has a vendetta against unions that you cannot imagine.

GLORIA (V.O.)

So, what are you going to do about him?

Jason accidentally leans on the TV remote control and the TV turns on. Jason startles himself. He hits the mute button and waits for sounds of guards. Nothing.

Out of the corner of his eye, Jason catches the recap of the week's news on TV-3.

JASON

Like I said, I'm still work-...

GLORIA (V.O.)

Jason? Jason, are you there?

Jason drops the phone. He rewinds the TV and turns on the sound. It is a re-broadcast of the night of the picket line violence.

Reporter SUZI CHOY, situates herself outside the factory gate.

SUZI CHOY (on TV)

Good evening. This is Suzi Choy and we are at Gray Industries. It appears as if a riot of some sort is winding down . . .

Partially out of the camera frame's view, Jason sees a blurry figure sneaking away in the background of the crowd.

Gloria's voice comes from the phone on the floor.

GLORIA (V.O.)

Jason? Jason, are you there?

Jason raises the telephone.

JASON
 (to himself)
 That son-of-a-bitch. He said he
 was sleeping.

GLORIA (V.O.)
 Jason, I can hardly hear you.
 What are you talking about?

JASON
 I have a hunch. Meet me at the
 News-3 TV station. We need to see
 all the raw footage - every
 camera angle - of the picket line
 reporting.

GLORIA (V.O.)
 Ok. I just have to stop at my
 house on the way. To take care of
 personal business.

JASON
 I understand. Be careful.

GLORIA (V.O.)
 I will.

JASON
 I love . . .

But before Jason can finish his sentence, Gloria
 innocently hangs up. Jason hears the click of the
 telephone call ending.

JASON
 . . . you.

INT. JASON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Gloria crouches against a wall.

GLORIA
 I love you, too.

INT. SHAW'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

On the way to the TV station, Gloria stops at her house and packs her belongings in her bedroom. Shaw awakens drunk and heads upstairs to confront her.

SHAW

What the hell are you doing?

GLORIA

Packing my bags. I'm leaving you.

SHAW

The hell you are.

GLORIA

I'm serious, Dale. Get out of my way.

SHAW

Why, you ungrateful . . .

Shaw takes a swing at her head but misses. Gloria hits him with her suitcase. They fall from the living room and tumble down the stairs to the landing below.

INT. SHAW'S HOUSE, FOYER - NIGHT

Shaw moves first and grabs Gloria by the throat. He chokes her. She tries to reach for something, anything, to hit him with but she can't reach the fireplace poker.

He sees her looking at it. It gives him an idea to use the poker.

He lets go of her throat. Gloria gasps for air, helpless.

Shaw raises the iron poker.

SHAW

Here's what I think about you
leaving me . . .

Shaw holds the iron rod over his head ready to strike Gloria. Jason comes barreling through the front door. Jason grabs the rod and Shaw and Jason struggle.

Gloria regains her senses, grabs a vase and smashes it over Shaw's head. Shaw falls to the ground, unconscious.

GLORIA
You saved my life.

Gloria hugs Jason.

JASON
No, you saved mine.

They look at each other lovingly. They look at Shaw on the ground.

GLORIA
He'll be out cold for a while. He won't remember a thing tomorrow.

JASON
Let's get you cleaned up.

GLORIA
What should we do with him?

JASON
Nothing - for now.

EXT. SHAW'S HOUSE, DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Jason puts Gloria's suitcase into Joseph's car.

INT. SHAW'S HOUSE, FOYER - NIGHT

While Jason waits in Joseph's car, Gloria stuffs the divorce papers into Dale's coat pocket which hangs in the foyer. She feels something inside the pocket. She pulls out Barone's bribery check and takes it with her.

EXT./INT. JOSEPH'S CAR - NIGHT

Gloria approaches Joseph's car. She takes the check and plasters it on the front windshield right in front of Jason's face.

GLORIA

Bingo!

Jason reads the check from the inside of the car.

Gloria removes the check and gets into the car.

GLORIA

I found it in Dale's coat pocket. A check for \$250,000 made payable to Dale Shaw from Barone Enterprises. My soon-to-be ex-husband was on the take.

JASON

Ah, so the fix was in. Barone's insurance policy.

GLORIA

Dammit. I thought I saw Dale near Barone's limo at the funeral. I should have thought something was up.

JASON

That must have been when the timeline was moved up. OK. Two down and one to go. We've got Barone with the Solicitor General's letter; and we've got Dale with proof that he's dirty and was ready to sell the union down the river. Keep your fingers crossed. We need three out of three for this to work. Major Burley, here we come!

Jason and Gloria fasten their seat belts. Jason steps on the gas and speeds toward the TV station.

EXT. NEWS-3 TV STATION ENTRANCE - NIGHT

A skinny young intern with glasses, ANDREW, is locking up when his head turns right into Gloria's cleavage. The intern is smitten.

GLORIA
(babytalk)

Oooh, look at those heavy keys.
 You must be soooo stwong to carry
 all those heavy keys. Could you
 pwease let us into your cute TV
 station? Pwetty pwease?

ANDREW

Oh. Uh. Sure. Yeah, sure. Of
 course, sure thing.

GLORIA

Well, thank you. Thank you very
 much. I'm Gloria and this is
 Jason.

ANDREW

Andrew.

GLORIA

Pleasure to meet you, Andrew.

Gloria smiles at him. He stares back at her, frozen - at
 her cleavage that is. Gloria points two fingers to her
 eyes.

GLORIA

Andrew, eyes up. Focus. We need
 all the footage from the night of
 the picket line violence.

ANDREW

That's easy. I can pull those for
 you.

INT. NEWS-3 TV STATION - NIGHT

Jason, Gloria and the intern enter the station. After a
 while, the intern sleeps in the corner. Jason and Gloria
 review raw footage of the picket line incident.

JASON

Jeez, they take hours of footage
 and edit it down to a one minute
 segment.

Jason and Gloria continue to watch a TV monitor.

SUZI CHOY

(on TV)

What you see behind me is the aftermath of a bloody night of picket line violence. One man stabbed, dozens injured. Police continue to investigate. This is Suzi Choy, News-3. Now back to the studio.

JASON

(dejected)

Dammit. Where is it? We've been through everything.

GLORIA

Wait, there's a tape on the floor.

Gloria picks up a tape from the floor.

CLOSE-UP OF LABEL: "SOUND CHECK / GRAY PICKETING"

GLORIA

It's labeled 'sound check'.

Gloria hands it to Jason and he pops into the viewer. They see Suzi Choy holding a microphone at her waist. She picks her teeth with her fingernail. She holds a compact mirror and applies make-up.

JASON

This must have been when the TV crew first got there. The police must have never seen this.

Jason and Gloria watch the monitor. While Suzi Choy applies lipstick, Jason and Gloria watch the melee in the background in the heat of battle. They see a blurry Major Burley in the background stabbing Todd Parker and slinking away. Jason rewinds the video and freezes the frame the instant a knife enters Todd Parker's body. He turns a dial and sharpens the contrast. Jason zooms in on the image on the screen. On the other end of the knife. . . is Major Burley.

JASON

Gotcha! The police never looked
on the cutting room floor.

Jason cracks open his cell phone and dials Police Chief
Morgan.

INT. MORGAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Police Chief Morgan and his wife sleep in their bed. The
telephone rings and Morgan knocks it off the night
table. Morgan picks up the receiver.

MORGAN
(into phone)

Morgan.

Morgan looks at his sleeping wife who rolls over. Morgan
turns on his light.

JASON (V.O.)

Chief Morgan. Jason Gray, here.
Please send one of your men to
the TV-3 news station. There is
an envelope with a copy of video
footage of the picket line
murder. Then be at tomorrow's
final bargaining session. I'll
fill you in further in the
morning.

MORGAN

Jason, what are you trying to
pull here? We tried to look at
company's surveillance tapes, but
someone sprayed them all with
paint. They were useless. So were
the TV tapes.

JASON (V.O.)

The TV station had raw footage
literally on the cutting room
floor. A figure was virtually
undetected in the blurry
background of a chaotic crowd -
unless you knew what you were
looking for.

MORGAN

Who was undetectable?

JASON (V.O.)

Trust me, Chief - for my father.

MORGAN

Say no more, kid. We'll be there.
See you in the morning.

INT. NEWS-3 TV STATION - NIGHT

Jason and Gloria stare at the curled up intern in the corner.

JASON

You might as well wake up
Sleeping Beauty over there. It's
showtime.

EXT. FACTORY PARKING LOT - MORNING

On the morning of the final bargaining session, Jason talks to Thomas outside in the parking lot. They finish talking and Thomas leaves as Barone's limousine pulls up.

Jason marches up to Barone's limousine. Barone gets out of the rear seat.

BARONE

Morning, Jason. Ready to become
rich today?

JASON

Remove the threat, remove the
problem.

BARONE

What are you talking about?

JASON

You were so quick to disparage my
father's name that you didn't do
your due diligence. Blackmailing

me with government fraud? Well,
choke on this!

Jason shoves a copy of the Letter of Exoneration into Barone's suit breast pocket.

As Jason touches Barone's jacket, Barone's bodyguard charges toward Jason. Suddenly, the bodyguard stops in his tracks. Moore, Berry and a dozen managers line up in the background behind Jason twenty feet away with large wrenches, hammers and an assortment of menacing tools twirling in their hands.

Barone retrieves the letter and reads it to himself. He is speechless.

JASON

The deal is off. The contract of
sale I signed is null and void.
I'll expose you for the low life
that you are if you challenge me.
Tear up the contract.

Barone thinks of challenging Jason. Barone pulls the contract out of his coat pocket and tears up the contract. The pieces of paper fly in the air. Jason gives the three million dollar check back to Barone. Barone rips that up as well.

JASON

Now get the hell out of here.

BARONE

That's OK, kid. There'll be
another sucker like you somewhere
around the corner. Burley is your
problem now. That guy is crazy.

JASON

Oh, and one more thing . . .

Jason punches Barone in the stomach.

JASON

I owed you one.

Barone doubles over.

JASON

And this is for my father.

Jason kicks Barone and sends him reeling into the open door of the limo. Jason closes the door and raps on the hood. The driver speeds off.

INT. BARONE'S LIMOUSINE - MORNING

BARONE

(to driver)

Let's pay a visit to Wilbur Jones.

INT. FACTORY FLOOR - MORNING

Hundreds of workers assemble on the factory floor for what could be a fatal announcement.

FACTORY UPPER LANDING

A microphone and podium perch on a landing jutting out above the factory floor. Burley prepares to address the workforce. Jason and Shaw flank Burley on either side.

BURLEY

May I have your attention. The company has decided to exercise its legal right to not recognize the union. All workers are to be fired and replaced effective immediately.

The place erupts with anger and surprise. A lot of confusing movement and discussion takes place on the floor. Jason grabs the microphone.

JASON

Hold on everyone. Mr. Burley is in no position to make this decision. My name is Jason Gray and I'm the President of this company! As of this morning, Mr. Barone is no longer an owner of this company.

Burley's two henchmen approach Jason but the armed managers appear as well, with their tools in hand. The managers hold the henchmen at bay.

Everyone awaits Jason's next words.

JASON

Furthermore, Mr. Burley, too, will be leaving us shortly. I direct your attention to the overhead monitors.

TV screens play the raw news video footage of Burley stabbing Todd. The screenshot pauses on the image of Burley's hand on the knife as it cuts into Todd Parker's body. The image freezes. The crowd gasps.

UNION MEMBERS

Get him! Murderer! Get him. Don't let him get away!

The police approach Burley from one side. Burley makes a run for the other end of the landing. He climbs up a ladder and onto a catwalk.

FACTORY CATWALK

Like a maniac, Burley goes out ten feet onto the catwalk and straddles a guard rail.

BURLEY

You all killed my father and now I'm gonna kill you!

Burley pulls a gun from his jacket pocket. He aims the gun on the open union crowd below. Burley fires the gun but misses. Bullets hit the far wall. Workers scramble and duck.

Police fire several shots in return but they ricochet off the metal catwalk with a clang.

Burley sights Jason watching the action alone and trains the gun directly on Jason. He slowly pulls the trigger halfway. At the last moment a large metal hook connected to a chain grabs the back of Burley's jacket, lifts him

off his feet, and suspends him in mid-air. The gun drops. Burley dangles helplessly in the air.

FACTORY FLOOR

Andre Santos controls the other end of the chain, his arm in a sling. Santos lowers Burley into the hands of the police. Jason, who saved Santos earlier, and Santos, who just saved Jason, nod knowingly to each other.

Police handcuff Burley.

MORGAN

Major Burley, you're under arrest
for the murder of Todd Parker.

BURLEY

(derangely screaming)
No union! Unions are bad. Save
your souls!

JASON

Your union busting days are over,
Burley.

The police lead Burley away.

After the commotion, the room settles down. Jason commands everyone's attention. The huge factory falls silent.

FACTORY LANDING

Jason again grabs the microphone.

JASON

(slowly taking off his jacket)
My dear co-workers, I apologize
for the past several weeks. There
are three pieces of business to
attend to today. First, I do
hereby establish a Todd Parker
college scholarship fund for all
employees' children.

Polite cheers and applause.

JASON

(slowly taking off his tie)
Second, as to the collective bargaining agreement currently in place, I do hereby offer a three year extension, with five percent annual increases.

Grand cheers and applause.

JASON

(slowly rolling up his sleeves)
Third, you may want to consider a change of union leadership. Please look again at the overhead monitors.

A blow up image of the bribery check made payable to Dale Shaw fills the TV screens.

FACTORY FLOOR

The membership shouts down Shaw.

TEX

Traitor!

MURPHY

Get him!

LESTER

Shaw, you son-of-a-bitch!

FACTORY LANDING

Angry men arrive on the landing to get Shaw off the dais. Shouting union workers lift Shaw over their heads. The mob brings him down below to the floor and carries him out of the building.

Once again, Jason commands the microphone.

JASON

Tim Thomas, please come to the podium.

Cheers from the crowd for the well-liked Thomas. Thomas heads to the podium.

JASON

Tim, in return for the wage increase, will your members commit to giving 110% to make this a better company?

Thomas takes the microphone.

THOMAS

As president-elect, I do hereby authorize a voice vote to accept the company's contract offer and the union's commitment. All those in favor -

Before Thomas get the words 'say aye' out of his mouth, a thunderous chorus of 'ayes' rises up. Men cheer and clap and raise their hands. Jason and Thomas hold their joined hands up in victory. The men below hug and high-five each other.

EXT. FACTORY DOOR - DAY

Matt Allen leans against the doorway as Jason heads out of the factory into the glorious sunlight

ALLEN

Great speech, Jason.

JASON

It's 'Mr. Gray' to you. And by the way, you're fired.

EXT. FACTORY PARKING LOT - DAY

At the parking lot gate, the workers come out to tell the good news to their wives and children who have assembled. Hugs and kisses abound.

The whistle blows and the workers head back into the factory to start up the machines. The families disperse. Once again Jason stands all alone with no one in sight.

From a distance, Jason sees Joseph at the gatehouse. Joseph nods to Jason signaling him to turn around. Jason turns around.

After the crowd clears, one person remains - Gloria. She walks and then runs to Jason who takes her in his arms. They embrace and kiss lovingly again and again. Finally, Gloria draws back, her eyes filled with tears. She gathers herself.

GLORIA

I love you. I love you.

JASON

I love you.

They continue to embrace.

After a few moments, they stare into each other's eyes. They start walking with arms around each other.

GLORIA

I heard you gave away the shop.
You're a lousy negotiator.

JASON

I may be a lousy negotiator, but
I'm a great kisser.

They stop and kiss again - for a long time.

EXT. GRAYTON, OHIO - DAY

Rolling aerial shot of the couple kissing in the factory parking lot, pulling away into the town of Grayton, through the clotheslines, through the children playing in the backyards, and up into the sky.

[EPILOGUE - GRAPHIC ROLLS OVER THE SCREEN]

TITLE: TWO YEARS LATER:

INT. BARONE ENTERPRISES - DAY

Barone sits in an empty, furniture-less office

TITLE: Dominick Barone is under investigation by the Federal Securities and Exchange Commission for violations of the Racketeer Influenced Corrupt Organization Act involving several corporate takeovers. The New York City Police are also investigating Barone's involvement in the disappearance of Mr. Wilbur Jones.

INT. OHIO STATE PENETENTIARY - DAY

Major Burley sits in a prison cell.

TITLE: Major Burley will most likely serve the rest of his life in prison for the murder of Todd Parker. His insanity defense appeal is still pending.

EXT. JIFFY LUBE - DAY

Dale works under a car.

TITLE: Dale's divorce from Gloria was quickly finalized. He now earns minimum wage.

INT. GRAY INDUSTRIES - UNION MEETING HALL

Tim Thomas leads a union meeting.

TITLE: Tim Thomas was re-elected president of the Gray Industries Workers Union.

INT. GRAY INDUSTRIES - FACTORY FLOOR

Jason looks out over his office window at a bustling factory floor.

TITLE: Productivity increased 130% since Jason Gray declared a new labor/management paradigm at Gray Industries. The company also obtained three new government contracts.

EXT. GRAY HOUSE - BACKYARD

Jason and Gloria play with their son in a baby swing.

TITLE: Jason and Mrs. GloriaGray are the proud parents of a two-year old son, Jerry, and a baby girl is expected early next year.

FADE OUT.

THE END