

HOMESTEAD

written

by

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TITLE: The following historical events took place in the Mon Valley, just six miles upriver from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

FADE IN

INT. HOUSE - DAY

An open window lets in a breeze that laps gently at white muslin drapery. In a sparsely furnished room, a young doctor examines a man named GRISWOLD, who looks to be in his late sixties.

DOCTOR

You can relax your arm,  
Mr. Griswold.

GRISWOLD

I ain't seen nobody since Dr.  
Kroner died. Seems like my body

is just startin' to give out. I've been twenty years at the furnaces and workin' a twelve hour day all that time, seven in the week. We go to work at seven in the mornin' and we get through at night at six. We work that way for two weeks and then we switch to the long turn. That's when we go on at seven Sunday mornin' and through the whole 24 hours up to Monday.

DOCTOR

How old are you, Mr. Griswold?

GRISWOLD

Just turned 38 on Saturday.

We return to the window and then through it to the

BACK YARD

A bedraggled middle-aged woman sits on a bench and soaks laundry in a large wash tub. A ramshackle boardinghouse looms up behind her. Utilizing plenty of rawboned elbow grease, she uses a washboard to scrub away at a pair of long johns. She sloshes them around in the tub before wringing them out. She finds an empty spot on the clothesline and hangs them up. Despite the back breaking work, they are still deeply stained with black soot and are not much cleaner than when they entered the wash.

EXT. MILL - EARLY MORNING

Billowing black emissions pour from one of the many towering smoke stacks that loom over dozens of mismatched factory buildings.

The factory whistle blows.

Tired and filthy from their nights work, hundreds of men stream from the plant and through the factory gates.

The men comprising the next shift filter pass them from the opposite direction.

They enter under a metallic arch that has the words HOMESTEAD STEEL cut into it.

The whistle continues to blast away.

TITLE: 1892

EXT. HOTEL MONONGAHELA - DAY

A white, six-story building on a downtown street.

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM

Preparations are being made for a function. A long oaken table is carried in along with accompanying chairs. Skirting and bunting is attached. An American flag is affixed to the back wall. Water is poured. Papers are shuffled.

Five older men sit behind the table. A gavel comes down with a bang.

CONGRESSMAN

Congressional Investigation  
2447 will now come to order.  
Please state your name and  
occupation.

In a series of quick close-ups, three men stand into frame, raise their right hands and identify themselves. HUGH O'DONNELL is a relatively slight young man (in his early thirties). He has brown hair and his face is adorned with a walrus mustache. He speaks in calm measured tones, but can't totally mask a sense of strain.

O'DONNELL

Hugh O'Donnell, heater in  
the 119 Inch Plate Mill,  
Carnegie Steel, Homestead  
Works.

JOHN MCLUCKIE is a stocky young man in his-mid thirties. His black hair is plastered flat to his head. He wears round rimless spectacles and sports a mustache less conspicuous than O'DONNELL'S. He is slightly disheveled and always seems to be vaguely annoyed.

## MCLUCKIE

John McLuckie, steel worker,  
member of the Amalgamated  
Association of Iron and Steel  
Workers, Mayor of Homestead.

HENRY CLAY FRICK is in his early forties at this time. He is dressed impeccably and sports a full graying beard. His most distinguishing feature is a pair of icy cold blue eyes. He speaks in a businesslike emotionless tone, with an occasional hint of irony.

## FRICK

Henry Clay Frick, Chairman  
of Carnegie Steel.

The gavel comes down again.

## CONGRESSMAN

Mr. McLuckie, can you educate  
us as to labor's relationship  
with the Carnegie Company  
before this time?

## MCLUCKIE

It had been satisfactory until  
the company forced the union  
out at the Edgar Thompson Works  
in Braddock. In the process,  
the workers not only lost  
representation, but "gained"  
a 12-hour work day and had a  
sliding wage scale forced on  
them.

## CONGRESSMAN

What is this scale you refer  
to?

## MCLUCKIE

The worker's wages were tied to  
the price of Carnegie steel. If  
he was able to command top rates,  
then the paychecks went up.  
However, if industry competition  
dictated tighter margins, then  
those wages could fall rather

precipitously. I should make it clear that the union was never as strong in Braddock as it was in Homestead. We attributed the disparity to the fact that Mr. Carnegie had built Edgar Thompson from the ground up and therefore had a tighter rein on the original work force.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

TITLE: BRADDOCK, PA. THREE YEARS EARLIER over

EXT. LIBRARY - DAY

An expansive gothic building on a fine piece of greenery is the center of a celebration. Groups of finely clad ladies and gentlemen roam the grounds chatting and sipping champagne. Men dressed in work clothes timidly wander in and are guided to seats well away from the honored guests.

LATER

A town official is at the podium. Various dignitaries are seated behind him including ANDREW CARNEGIE, a jovial, elfish man with white hair and a white beard. Seated beside him is HENRY CLAY FRICK.

OFFICIAL

And now I would like to introduce the esteemed gentlemen who has made possible this magnificent building, a library which shall bear his name. Let us greet Mr. Andrew Carnegie.

Warm applause. CARNEGIE climbs up to the podium and acknowledges the audience.

LIBRARY STAIRS

One librarian type speaks to another as they observe the proceedings.

## LIBRARIAN

It's all well and good that he funded the building, but would it hurt him to pitch in for a few books?

## PODIUM

CARNEGIE quiets the crowd. He speaks with only the slightest hint of a Scottish brogue.

## CARNEGIE

Welcome, welcome, everyone. It is wonderful to see all of you. This is the first of what I hope are many such dedications throughout the area. Although I now aimlessly roam the earth, my heart must be directed to Pittsburgh, the home of my youth and birthplace of my success.

I am particularly pleased to see a contingent of workers from our Edgar Thompson works here today to witness my enthralling speech making. Never before have your superintendent Mr. Frick and myself taken such pride in our business as this year. With our new policies instituted, we have banished jealousy and mistrust and ushered in a feeling of mutuality and partnership.

You will have to work harder, no doubt, but, be sure that the owners must work harder as well.. Unfortunately, not all in our employ share in the spirit of cooperation. Union activity at our Homestead works has consistently undermined our ability to achieve many of our initiatives. It may have been

determined that management is  
the enemy, but at Homestead,  
the real enemy of labor is labor.

EXT. LIBRARY GROUNDS - DAY

Reporters rush toward CARNEGIE and FRICK as they walk down  
a path lined with horse drawn carriages. JOHN WILSON pushes  
his way to the front.

WILSON

Mr. Carnegie, I'm Wilson  
from the "National Labor  
Tribune." I'd like to get  
your thoughts on the upcoming  
contract negotiations at  
Homestead.

Other reporters try to get their questions in at the same  
time.

CARNEGIE

I cannot understand any of  
you. We are now going to  
Homestead. You may meet us at  
the front gate and make your  
inquiries there.

EXT. MILL - DAY

A thick haze hangs like a shroud over the steel works.  
A group of reporters - including WILSON - follow CARNEGIE,  
and FRICK as they maneuver through and around the maze of  
buildings. Everyone's shoes are covered with yellow dust.

CARNEGIE

Can you imagine such a  
business, gentlemen? The  
plants that make up The  
Carnegie Company are on the  
verge of outstripping the  
entire country of Great  
Britain in the production of  
steel. The work here never  
stops. A great labor force is  
required and, by God, we have  
one. We are now employing



13,000 in ten facilities  
throughout Western  
Pennsylvania.

REPORTER

What's it like to be one of  
the world's wealthiest men?

CARNEGIE

Yes, Mr. Frick, how does it  
feel to be one of the world's  
wealthiest men?

FRICK

You know very well that the  
question was not directed  
toward me.

CARNEGIE

Ah. . .quite. There's only one  
reason to acquire a good deal  
of money and that is to give  
it back. Any man who dies rich  
is a scoundrel in my opinion.

WILLIAM ABBOTT joins the tour. He is a large round man in  
his late thirties. He is a bit out of breath on his  
arrival.

ABBOTT

(to Carnegie)

Welcome, sir.

CARNEGIE

Well, there you are. I thought  
perhaps you had caught wind of  
my visit and feigned a heart  
ailment.

ABBOTT

Oh no, sir, I would never. . .

CARNEGIE

I trust everyone knows Mr.  
Abbott, our superintendent  
here at Homestead.

WILSON

Mr. Carnegie, in your comments today, you referred to union activity in derogatory terms, but as late as 1885 you wrote "The right of the working man to form trade unions is a sacred one."

CARNEGIE

I stand by that. The right is unassailable. Where things go astray is when the troublemakers infiltrate and poison the mind of the loyal worker. Boys, you must remember that I'm now a mere stockholder in this company. I have entrusted what I've built into the very capable hands of these gentlemen. If I'm asked for advice, I advise. Otherwise I shut my yap.

FRICK'S sour expression suggests otherwise.

WILSON

We'd be happy to talk to Mr. Frick if he would talk to us.

FRICK

I'm talking right now and I'm saying good day, gentlemen.

FRICK abruptly leaves the group. CARNEGIE looks after him admiringly.

CARNEGIE

The man is a marvel. He is tireless as he is resolute. Plus, his last name starts with an "F" which I always find to be a great attribute. "F" is a marvel. Everyone should have an "F".

The men move on. As they do, a train coming from the opposite direction passes them by and enters directly into the furnace. The conductor jumps from the engine and opens the gates of his coal car. Workers approach with wheel barrows, load the coal and then dump it in a bin near the massive open hearth furnace.

IMPRESSIONISTIC MONTAGE highlighting the controlled chaos of 1889 steel production.

Like javelin throwers, laborers wearing long coats and smoked glasses, hurl a mixture of coal, limestone and pig iron into the conflagration of the furnace and then make a hasty retreat from the intense heat.

The brick structure rumbles, hisses and throws out sparks of blue and orange.

The tapping hole of the furnace is cleared allowing a cascade of molten liquid to spew freely.

It flows into huge ladle, which is hauled off by a hydraulic crane.

Laborers toil in hellish pits separating slag from scrap.

Supervisors yell instructions at the top of their lungs fruitlessly trying to be heard over the ceaseless din.

Young boys push large, unwieldy carts up the railroad tracks.

A laborer stands side by side with his supervisor, who is outlining instructions from an unwieldy manifest. A spark from the furnace lands on the manifest setting the document on fire. A burning page flies away and lands on the man's clothing. He rolls around in agony as his fellow workers attempt to smother the flames with a blanket.

EXT. HOMESTEAD MILL - DAY

The badly burned worker is carried on a stretcher manned by two men on either side.

EXT. CEMETARY - DAY

A coffin being carried much in the same fashion, this time toward an open grave. After it is lowered, JOHN MCLUCKIE approaches the grieving widow and hands her an envelope.

MCLUCKIE

This is from Mike's union brothers. Remember what I was tellin' you now. Don't hesitate to call on us if you ever need anything.

As MCLUCKIE walks away, he spots HUGH O'DONNELL headed toward the cemetery gates.

MCLUCKIE

Huey, wait up.

EXT. DOWNTOWN HOMESTEAD - DAY

MCLUCKIE and O'DONNELL stop to enter a tavern. From the second floor of the building, a slatternly looking young woman dressed only in undergarments shouts down from her balcony.

WOMAN

Are you coming up, McLuckie?

MCLUCKIE

Jesus, Nora, I just got back from a funeral. (to O'Donnell)  
Let's go someplace else.

They walk one door down to another tavern. MCLUCKIE tries the door. It's locked.

MCLUCKIE

Why the hell is he closed in the middle of the day?

O'DONNELL

We just buried his brother, John.

MCLUCKIE

Oh shit, yeah.

O'DONNELL  
How about the Rolling Mill?

MCLUCKIE  
Fine.

They walk one more door down to the ROLLING MILL SALOON.  
MCLUCKIE stops abruptly.

MCLUCKIE  
I still owe Mrs. Finch twenty  
dollars. Let's just go to the  
Hunkie bar.

TITLE: FIRST WARD. SLOVACK COMMUNITY

OF THE 3800 WORKERS AT HOMESTEAD, 2500 WERE IMMIGRANTS FROM  
EASTERN EUROPEAN COUNTRIES. over

O'DONNELL and MCLUCKIE walking through an impoverished  
neighborhood made up of shabby two-story frame hovels  
sitting above unpaved streets. Forlorn women huddle on the  
front steps with their ill clothed toddlers. Older children  
romp around in what appears to be raw sewage. People  
holding buckets stand in line to use a water pump.

The two steelworkers enter WASILEFSKI'S tavern, a two story  
building featuring a handsome gothic archway.

INT. WASILEFSKI'S

MCLUCKIE and O'DONNELL are seated in a booth. Around them,  
Slovaks drink, play billiards and squeeze out Transylvanian  
lullabies on ancient accordions. MCLUCKIE takes some folded  
papers from his jacket pocket and hands them to O'DONNELL.

MCLUCKIE  
We had contract talks yesterday.  
That's management's first and  
last offer. I will tell you that  
there was a noticeable lack of  
"hurrahs" and tossing of hats.

O'DONNELL  
A sliding wage scale? 12-hour  
work days? It looks like  
Braddock all over again.

MCLUCKIE

It just could be a lot of bluster, but I'm not taking any chances. I want a committee made up of the heads of each lodge so everyone is properly represented. I want you to chair the committee.

O'DONNELL

Yes. . .of course.

The two men stare at each other for a moment.

O'DONNELL

What do I do?

MCLUCKIE

Call a meeting. Make sure everyone knows what the hell is going on. Don't be shy about demonstrating the collective dissatisfaction. to the men in charge. Pile up some horseshit outside the mill, throw some copies of "The Police Gazette" on top and proclaim it the "Carnegie Library of Homestead."

O'DONNELL

I'm going to make my first executive decision and say no.

MCLUCKIE

Eh, you're soft, O'Donnell. I think I've made a tragic mistake.

O'DONNELL

Sad to say, we can never have a Carnegie Library.

MCLUCKIE

Why's that?

O'DONNELL

They're a consolation prize  
after you've been put you in  
your place. If you get one, it  
means you've lost.

INT. BILLIARD ROOM

O'DONNELL and MCLUCKIE are now playing pool. At a nearby table are JOSEPH SOTAK and PETER FARES. SOTAK is a stocky man in his late thirties with a hang dog expression. FARES is in his late twenties and is a little more fresh-faced. He decides to introduce himself while MCLUCKIE is in the middle of a shot.

FARES

(broken English)

Do you know us? I'm Peter  
Fares and these eez Joe Sotak.

MCLUCKIE strains to be civil.

MCLUCKIE

Okay.

FARES

We work een da the number two  
furnace.

MCLUCKIE

I know.

SOTAK speaks to MCLUCKIE in a Slovak language.

SOTAK

(subtitled)

You bury Conley today?

MCLUCKIE

What?

FARES

He say, "You bury Conley this  
morning?"

MCLUCKIE

Yeah.

SOTAK asks another question.

FARES  
 (translating)  
 There going to be a strike?

MCLUCKIE  
 What difference is it to him?  
 Are you going to put your  
 goddamned squeezebox down long  
 enough to support us?

FARES translates. SOTAK answers.

FARES  
 He say, "Why should I? I not  
 member in union."

FARES soaks in what he's just translated and turns and fires some sharp words in SOTAK'S direction. The two men begin to argue.

O'DONNELL  
 (to Fares)  
 Tell him it's just not about  
 union labor. We want to protect  
 the rights of every worker at  
 Homestead.

FARES translates. SOTAK responds.

FARES  
 He crazy. Sotak say he don't  
 need protection. He good worker.  
 He pick up more spit than  
 anybody.

The men return to their respective games.

MCLUCKIE  
 Stupid Hunkies.

O'DONNELL  
 He's not entirely without a  
 point. How can we expect  
 support when they have no



opportunity to be part of the union?

MCLUCKIE

The union is for the skilled, elite craftsman. Plus, it helps if you speak the language.

O'DONNELL

I don't know. . .all they have to know is "dues" and "strike".

END FLASHBACK.

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM

FRICK

Prior to acquiring the Homestead plant, the bulk of the labor troubles we've encountered were not from the steel mills, but the work stoppages at the coke mines. When the latest contract expired it was concluded that we had every right to ensure continuity in our operations.

Quick flashes of violence being perpetrated on the strikers, including gunfire and beatings.

FRICK

The last strike continued to May, at which time, we succeeded in re-starting with non-union workers. From that time, we've had no trouble at the mines.

CONGRESSMAN

These "non-union" workers. . . they are what the workers refer to as "scabs" or "black sheep?"

FRICK

Yes. Those are some of the more polite names.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. O'DONNELL HOME - DAY

O'DONNELL and a three other men approach a modest, but well-kept house with a picket fence. While O'DONNELL goes around back, the other men noisily situate themselves on the front porch.

BACKYARD

Rows and rows of clothes are hanging from the line.

O'DONNELL  
Nellie, are you back here?

NELLIE  
(O.S.)  
I'm here somewhere.

Five young children - four girls and a boy - race past him. Shouts of "Hi Dad!"

O'DONNELL  
Be careful out here. Stay  
out of your mother's way.

NELLIE O'DONNELL peeks out from behind some bed linen. She is her late twenties, blonde and wholesomely attractive. She continues to hang clothes while she talks.

NELLIE  
How can five children possibly  
get in your way?

O'DONNELL  
I'll be happy to put them to  
work at the mill. I think Frank  
is near old enough.

NELLIE  
Don't even joke about it.

O'DONNELL  
The son has to follow the father.  
I'm pretty sure it's in the town's  
bylaws.

NELLIE

Would not surprise me at all,  
O'Donnell. Did you have your  
meeting today?

O'DONNELL

It's on the front porch in about  
two minutes. If you hear gunfire,  
come running.

NELLIE

I was in town this morning. Not  
surprisingly, the mill was the  
main topic of conversation. No  
one is pining for a strike, but  
the good news is that most people  
are fully behind the union.

O'DONNELL

It's too early to tell what will  
happen. It should all work itself out  
if everybody keeps their head.

NELLIE

I worry that we have five mouths  
to feed, but then I see Mrs.  
Keller with her twelve kids.

She reaches into her basket to pull out more laundry.

NELLIE

It just amazes me that men who  
are smart enough to create what  
they've created can be so reck-  
less. While they're scheming to  
get wealthier, they've managed  
to lose sight of all the families  
involved and the town itself.  
Don't you dare give in to the  
bastards.

O'DONNELL

Maybe you should run this meeting.

NELLIE

Tell them I'll be there just as soon

as I hang your underwear.

INT. KITCHEN O'DONNELL HOME

NELLIE is putting the finishing touches on a pitcher of lemonade. We follow her out the front door to

EXT. FRONT PORCH O'DONNELL HOME - DAY

The union men are talking, laughing and smoking, but quiet down as a lady has entered.

NELLIE

I thought you gentlemen might like some refreshments.

O'DONNELL

Great. Just put it on the bannister. I want you meet a few of the new neighborhood kids. That's Martin Murphy. He represents Open Hearth No.1. That's Thomas Crawford and that's Hugh Ross. Tom is down at the Rolling Mill and Hugh is at the 33 Inch Beam Mill.

NELLIE

I know your wife Mr. Crawford. How I she doing after the baby?

CRAWFORD

She's doing well. I'll tell her you asked.

NELLIE

Well, anything else you need, just holler. I'll be out back.

NELLIE returns inside.

MURRAY

O'Donnell, how did you get such a pretty wife?

O'DONNELL

Sears & Roebuck catalog.

MURRAY

That's where I found mine. . .  
near the back with the  
saddles.

O'DONNELL

So they want to work us 12  
hours a day instead of eight and  
then pay us less. Anybody in  
favor?

MURRAY

Is this the same wage scale  
they've foisted on all who  
slave for them?

O'DONNELL

Same thing. I'd prefer to  
avoid it, but it might be a  
bone we can throw them.

CRAWFORD

It's profit sharing, they say.

MURRAY

I fail to see the connection.

ROSS

It's a bunch of bullshit.

CRAWFORD

I can't see accepting it under  
any circumstance. What the hell  
does the price of steel have to  
with wages?

ROSS

Yeah, why are we even talking  
about this? We shouldn't have  
to cave in on anything.

CRAWFORD

They'll have to bargain  
eventually. They'll have to

because they will fail in any attempt to introduce scab workers into Homestead. I don't care how many goddamned private armies they hire.

MURRAY

I swear if priests walked off the job in this state, the Lord Almighty would bring in strike-breakers.

CRAWFORD

We're dealing with something more fucking powerful than God.

ROSS

I say we plant some dynamite in the No.3 Furnace and really see it light up.

O'DONNELL

No! No! No! That's all wrong! How we approach this will not only effect what happens next month, but what happens in Homestead a hundred years from now. These men we're dealing with aren't monsters. They can be reasoned with like any civilized men.

NELLIE cheerfully brings out a large bowl of cherries, sets it on the banister and ducks back inside.

O'DONNELL

Are you trying to listen in?

NELLIE

Nothing of the sort.

She quickly retreats inside.

ROSS

Cherries?

MURRAY

My God, O'Donnell! You're  
married to a Carnegie spy!

NELLIE

(from inside)

I heard that!

EXT. MILL - DAY

A guard closes the main gates and emphatically clamps down  
the lock.

TITLE: ANDREW CARNEGIE HOME, NEW YORK CITY over

EXT. A FOUR-STORY MANSION - DAY

INT. PRIVATE LIBRARY

CARNEGIE, FRICK and ABBOTT are seated among an overflow of  
books and papers. An elderly woman is serving tea to the  
host.

CARNEGIE

Mrs. Dawson, these gentlemen  
were telling me that there's  
still the necessity for removing  
soot from the window panes, even  
though our plant in Homestead  
has been shut down near to a  
week. Remarkable, isn't it.

MRS. DAWSON

Yes, Mr. Carnegie.

FRICK

The dirt will never leave the  
Monongahela Valley. Certainly  
no self respecting microbe would  
live in that river.

CARNEGIE

Such is the age we live in.  
Perhaps Mr. Frick can unearth a  
painting that depicts Homestead  
before we grimy capitalists  
claimed it. It seems Henry

has become quite the art collector.

ABBOTT

Really? Do you have anything with cows?

FRICK

No.

CARNEGIE

Well, back to business. What news from the front?

ABBOTT

It's difficult being shut down like this. We were already running behind on orders so now there's an enormous amount of catching up to do.

CARNEGIE

Patience, Mr. Abbott. In Braddock, we simply locked the doors and waited. The men came straggling back after a time and they came under terms advantageous to management.

FRICK

We could always call in the Pinkertons?

ABBOTT

The Pinkertons?

CARNEGIE

Yes, the Pinkerton Detective Agency. Police for hire. "We Never Sleep" is their motto. This is not a selling point for me. I imagine them performing their duties between rubbing of eyes and great heaving yawns. They're Mr. Frick's answer to everything.



MEMORY FLASH:

INT. THEATER

FRICK seats in his private box watching a play. The scene on stage depicts a group of man sitting on the black ground of a coal mine. They all have Irish accents. A conspicuous coal cart sits nearby.

1<sup>st</sup> MINER

"So it shall be said that a meeting of the Molly Maguires commenced on this date, 1872. News is that the men in Iroquois County are having trouble with their new superintendent."

2<sup>nd</sup> MINER

"Why can't they take care of it?"

1<sup>st</sup> MINER

"They'd be easily recognized, man."

3<sup>RD</sup> MINER

"Do we bash him or kill him?"

A man wielding a gun pops up from inside the cart. A little too much black dust wafts from his clothes. Emoting wildly, he fails to suppress a cough before uttering his dialogue.

MAN

"You'll do neither. I am Sergeant Frances McClain of the Pinkerton Detective Agency and this is the last meeting of the Molly Maguires, so help me God!"

The audience breaks into applause, but no one is more appreciative than FRICK, who so overcome with emotion, he must stand and applaud.

BACK TO SCENE.

CARNEGIE

Woe to the Frick child who misbehaves. There could be a rapping on their bedroom door that very night.

FRICK

The very presence of guards is often enough to put down an uprising. That's what happened at Braddock. You seemed to approve of their deployment on that occasion.

CARNEGIE

Let's allow Mr. Abbott to handle the situation as he sees fit. Now, I wash my hands of both of you. I'm off to Scotland for the summer. That reminds me. I have photographs of my castle at Skibo. You must see them.

CARNEGIE leaves the room.

ABBOTT

I wish I could retreat to Scotland for the summer.

FRICK

That's his answer to everything.

INT. ABBOTT'S OFFICE

ABBOTT is at his desk rifling through a bundle of orders, several of which have a red "Cancelled" stamped on them. After a moment's thought, he scribbles something on a piece of paper.

INT. MILL ADMINISTRATIVE BUILDING

A young boy, envelope in hand, runs down a spiral staircase.

EXT. OFFICE COURTYARD - DAY

He hops on his bicycle.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

He rides along the banks of the river. Up ahead is the smoke-filled industrial giant, Pittsburgh.

INT. PITTSBURGH GAZETTE NEWSPAPER - DAY

An editor stares quizzically at a piece of paper. He rushes to a second story window and yells down to the message boy.

EDITOR

Boy, tell me again who sent you.

BOY

Mr. Abbott.

EDITOR

Mr. Abbott of Homestead?

BOY

No, Mr. Abbott of Greece, France!

EDITOR

Alright, piss off you little bastard!

The editor walks the item over to the print shop.

EDITOR

They apparently assume that none of their steelworkers can read.

The printer takes the paper from the editor and tosses it in a tray. It reads, "METAL WORKERS WANTED, HOMESTEAD. APPLY THROUGH PITTSBURGH EMPLOYMENT AGENCY."

END FLASHBACK.

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM

CONGRESSMAN

What is the average amount paid for the lower grades of labor?

O'DONNELL

Some make \$3.00, \$2.20, some  
\$2.00 a day and some are paid  
by the hour.. . 14,15 cents  
an hour. Most of the men run  
less than \$2.00 a day.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. WASILEFSKI'S

Sitting at the bar and surrounded by a group of fellow Eastern European laborers, the hulking middle-aged JOHN ELKO displays a copy of that days "Pittsburgh Gazette." Sitting next to him is PETER FARES. Across from the bar, JOSEPH SOTAK and a man named STOSH are playing darts. The dialogue is SUBTITLED.

ELKO

For those of you who have  
chosen to be spectators, I  
wonder if you know what this  
means.

SOTAK

That has nothing to do with you  
or I, Elko. Let new men come in.  
Those are not our jobs being  
auctioned off.

STOSH

Who would want our jobs?

FARES

More than you think, my friend.

ELKO

"Nothing to do with you or I?"  
Is that what you said, Sotak?

SOTAK

You know that is true. Don't  
make it out to be otherwise.

ELKO

Again I ask you to think. These

are their best men, but yet they are ready to throw them away. Why should they keep you or I or any of us?

STOSH

We could replace these men.

ELKO

What?!

FARES

Jesus Christ, Stosh, you couldn't replace me!

ELKO

Listen to this idiot! Do you hear this, Fares? We must come up with a new name for this. He's worse than a scab.

SOTAK

How else can we advance ourselves? How else do we escape this fucking rotten life?!

ELKO

If that's your attitude, how do you propose to ever be a member of this community?

SOTAK

They already treat us like scum! At least we'll be scum with money in our pockets!

ELKO

Fares, where's my new name for this man? I want him to hear it before he passes away from me killing him.

FARES

We will never be rich men, but you can't say that we are not better off here than where we came from.

SOTAK

Better off?! Were you living in a pond?

STOSH

He's right! I am better off. Now I only have to share an outdoor toilet with 60 people instead of 80! Come to America and lessen the amount of people you shit with!

ELKO

Don't you know you have an obligation to the men you work with? In this place, we are useless as individuals. If working men do not band together as one, then the men who rule the world will crush us like cockroaches. And if you act against your fellow workers for the sake of your own personal good, then you are worse than dirt.

FARES

He's a "snatch!"

ELKO

What? Yes, that's what you are . . . a "snatch!"

STOSH

I AM NOT A SNATCH!!

STOSH throws a dart at FARES. It misses him, but shatters a mirror behind the bar. FARES throws a bottle at STOSH and the entire bar erupts into a melee.

INT. UNION HALL

MCLUCKIE, flanked by O'DONNELL and CRAWFORD, stands atop a makeshift platform and addresses a large enthusiastic assembly of laborers. He is flipping through that day's newspaper.

MCLUCKIE

Well, let's see what's in  
the paper today.

The throng cheers.

MCLUCKIE

Looks like parts of Johnstown  
are still flooded.

LABORER

Carnegie and Frick belong to  
a hunting lodge down dat way.

MCLUCKIE

Yeah. . .looks like they shot a  
dam.

Raucous laughter

MCLUCKIE

The Pirates won again.

LABORER

What was the score?!

MCLUCKIE

11 to 9. Say, what's this?

Knowing what's coming, the men respond noisily.

MCLUCKIE

Looks like they need some  
workin' men down at the old  
mill. Anybody here need a job?

Laughter. Hoots of derision.

MCLUCKIE

This shows you what we're up  
against. If we manage to be  
thwarted by this brain trust  
then we don't deserve to be  
employed anywhere. I say this  
with all due respect to Mr.  
Abbott, who I do not count

among my true enemies.

A post-fight JOHN ELKO straggles in with FARES and an assortment of other Slovak laborers. They stand listening in the back of the hall.

O'DONNELL

Our man in Pittsburgh tells us that we should be prepared to welcome these new employees as early as tomorrow. We'll have look-outs everywhere, so no one is going to sneak by us. However, based on the company's recent brazenness, we fully expect they'll arrive on Track 2 at the Homestead station accompanied by a brass band!

Laughter. Applause.

ELKO makes his way closer to the speakers.

ELKO

Send me to station.

MCLUCKIE

Just you, Elko?

ELKO

I get you five hundred men.

O'DONNELL is momentarily taken aback.

O'DONNELL

That should cover it.

CRAWFORD

We'll assign some of our men to go along.

ELKO

We don't need no chaperones.

O'DONNELL

Remember, keep your hands down. If you encounter these men your



job is to simply show them the way out of town.

FARES

We'll send the black sheep back to hell!

O'DONNELL

Just send them back to Pittsburgh. . .that's all we ask.

Cheers.

EXT. PITTSBURGH EMPLOYMENT AGENCY - DAY

A rather motley looking group of would-be replacement workers have collected outside the office. Standing before them is the slightly effeminate MR. DUNNE and a man with a badge on his lapel, SHERIFF MCCANDLESS.

DUNNE

I'm Mr. Dunne from the agency. Sheriff McCandless and I will be escorting you to the mill. There you will complete all paperwork concerning terms of your employment. You will then report to a department supervisor who will assign you to your duties and conduct initial training.

WORKER

There ain't goin' to be no trouble about this, is there?

SHERIFF

There ain't gonna be no trouble.

He spews out a long stream of tobacco juice.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

The train pulls into the station. The SHERIFF leads the group down the platform. As they proceed down a ramp they meet up with several hundred Slovak laborers massed in a formation to block all comers. A few of the scabs dash off into the woods. The Slovaks then begin a dirge-like version of "Baa Baa Black Sheep", sung in their native language.

1<sup>st</sup> BLACK WORKER

What's that they're singing?

2<sup>nd</sup> BLACK WORKER

It doesn't sound good whatever it is.

DUNNE

Everybody stay together!

SHERIFF

Alright, let us through. If you don't know, I represent and uphold the law in this county. I will not tolerate any violations of these laws. Your beef is with Mr. Carnegie, not these men. Understand? Christ, do any of these people even know English?

ELKO

We understand fine.

SHERIFF

Alright. No more singing either.

The SHERIFF leads his party forward. ELKO and several other men standing near the front let the SHERIFF through, but just as quickly close ranks around the other men.

Tensions rise, shouting begins.

One of the replacement workers swings his lunch box at ELKO hitting him with a glancing blow on the side of the head.

Panicked, the scabs break away and head toward the nearby woods followed closely by the Homestead men.

The SHERIFF aimlessly blasts his gun into the air.

Wielding a stick, ELKO takes after the man who struck him.

The chase takes us through the woods and then back out to station where they clumsily clamber over the myriad of railroad tracks.

The scab trips, his head landing on the track, ELKO rattles his stick back and forth in between the rails.

ELKO

I help make these rails! Get  
off! They not pillow for you  
. . .they for train! You ruin  
them. Get off!

The man scrambles up as ELKO approaches.

A train rumbles through the station.

He makes a wild leap and manages to clutch onto one of the train's hand rails.

ELKO takes that same leap, but falls short.

He hangs onto a railing, his feet off the ground.

Unable to hold on any longer, he lets go and falls underneath the train.

A sharp whistle blast.

The train moves on revealing a severed leg laying on the track.

EXT. CEMETARY - DAY

On an overcast, rainy morning, the casket carrying JOHN ELKO is lowered into his grave. A large crowd has gathered at the cemetery to pay their respects. Most conspicuous among them are a contrite JOSEPH SOTAK and a large contingent of the English speaking workers including MCLUCKIE, O'DONNELL and other union men.

O'DONNELL whispers to MCLUCKIE, who then starts an impromptu collection of money from their brethren. The ceremony completed, MCLUCKIE approaches ELKO's widow. She is surrounded by seven small children.

MCLUCKIE

This is a collection from our union. We appreciate what your husband did. If you ever need anything, please don't hesitate to call on us.

INT. TRAIN STATION

The SHERIFF and two other men board the train. A man sitting on a bench with newspaper hurries to the telegraph office.

INT. TRAIN

SHERIFF MCCANDLESS and his two chief deputies ride in a coach compartment.

1<sup>st</sup> DEPUTY

So we're not getting off at Homestead?

SHERIFF

Nope. We're getting off at the Munhall Station. It's closer to the front gate of the mill.

The train chugs into the Munhall Station.

The three men climb off the train where a conductor is waiting for them.

They proceed to the rear of the train where the conductor opens the padlock on a cattle car and slides open the doors. Dozens of men jump out onto the platform.

Crates are also unloaded. They're opened to reveal a variety of weapons, mostly rifles and clubs.

The posse marches out of the station and turn a corner. Their approach slows and then grinds to a halt as the mill comes into view.

There are several hundred people guarding the front gate. O'DONNELL and MCLUCKIE are among the collection of workers and townspeople. Many women are evident - including NELLIE O'DONNELL. Some of them have children by their side or are holding infants in their arms.

Composing himself, the SHERIFF takes a piece of paper from his pocket and steps forward.

SHERIFF

This is an order barring all workers from trespassing on property owned by the Carnegie Company. We are also looking askew at similar gatherings in any other part of Allegheny County. I know you men feel you have a grievance. Maybe if I'm in your in shoes, I'm doin' the same thing. However, I will not tolerate mob violence for any reason. You've already lost a man. Let him be the last.

WORKER

The company brung the trouble!  
John Elko and the rest of us  
should be working our jobs right  
now, but the company wants to  
take them away!

SHERIFF

That is not my concern! Leave  
now or face the consequences!  
You got ten seconds.

The deputies are armed, but so is the mob. Men carry rifles muskets and revolvers. An array of clubs and sticks are also in evidence. The women carry fry pans and rolling pins.

There is a long dead silence as the two sides stare down each other.

Only a few of the deputies raise their weapons. Many of the others stare down at the ground or share uncertain glances.

Finally, one of the SHERIFF's party throws down his badge.

DEPUTY

I don't need this shit.

He walks away. Many others follow in kind. The SHERIFF can only look on helplessly as one by one, his men desert the posse.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM

O'DONNELL

(reading)

It was over nine days after it started. In the end, we accepted the sliding scale, but secured a three year contract and retained the eight hour work day. Additionally, the Amalgamated was recognized as the sole representative of labor at Homestead.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

TOWN SQUARE - DAY

JOSEPH SOTAK is buying an apple and a newspaper from an outdoor stand. He notices a group of foreign workers huddled around a man passing out flyers. Among them is PETER FARES. He spots SOTAK and hands him one of the flyers.

FARES

Back to work, tomorrow, Joseph.

SOTAK looks at the flyer which is printed in a Slovak language.

EXT. STREETS - DAY

SOTAK walks through the squalid back alleys.

INT. HOUSE

He passes through the grim interior and climbs a dark stairway.

BOARDING ROOM

He enters a space that is bare except for nine metal cots. One of them is occupied by a sleeping worker.

SOTAK sits on the bed closest to the window, places his apple on the sill, takes the "Pittsburgh Gazette" from his back pocket and, after a time, begins to read aloud in halting monotone English.

SOTAK

"Outlook wasn't brilliant for  
Mudville nine det day: the  
score stood four to two weeth  
but one inning to play. And  
den when Cooney die at first, and  
Barrows do the same, a sickly  
silence fell pon the patrons of  
de game. . ."

IRIS OUT

IRIS IN

EXT. HOMESTEAD OPERA HOUSE - DAY

A photographer inserts a glass plate into his camera and then steps forward to pose a shot of several men on the steps of the building. Among those being arranged is JOHN MCLUCKIE. In the background is a banner reading "CONGRATULATIONS, MAYOR MCLUCKIE." The shot is taken, eliciting a large puff of black smoke.

Shot of photograph. Written across the photo in white grease pencil is "November 1891." The photo is typical of the time...people staring stiffly into the lens, their eyes ablaze and haunting.

EXT. WOODED AREA - DAY

Laborers emerge from the woods carrying a tall fir tree.

They install it in the courtyard of the mill's administrative offices.

The ladies working in the offices above open the windows and toss down strands of popcorn and other homemade decorations.

The men stare at the adornments blankly.

Several of the women come down to help trim the tree.

A snowball fight breaks out.

Photo of the tree trimmers and the fully decorated spruce scene with "Christmas Tree, 1891" inscribed.

EXT. DOWNTOWN HOMESTEAD - DAY

A parade proceeds through the business district of town.

Amidst the modest pageantry is group of Eastern European workers armed with everything from double barrel shotguns to broomsticks.

The front row of marchers carries a banner reading "Homestead Steel."

The back row carries one reading "Live Forever The United States."

A still photo of the procession. On the bottom is scrawled "New Years Parade, 1892."

INT. ICE RINK

O'DONNELL, his wife and children, among other townspeople, lurch around the cavernous ice palace.

The rink photographer takes a posed shot of the family.

Photo with "February 1892" written on it.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM



CONGRESSMAN

This hearing calls John Potter to testify.

A stocky middle-aged man with short cropped hair emerges from the spectators and sits in front of the committee.

CONGRESSMAN

Mr. Potter, it says here you took over as superintendent at Homestead late last year.

POTTER

That is correct. I replaced Mr. Abbott in January.

CONGRESSMAN

So I'm assuming you would've been involved in the preliminary talks regarding the upcoming union contract.

POTTER

Only in a general way. Each side traded initial proposals and agreed to talk again at a later date.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. WASILEWSKI'S

O'DONNELL, MCLUCKIE, CRAWFORD and ROSS sit at a table, drinking and playing poker. MCLUCKIE approaches the bar for a refill.

MCLUCKIE

Hey, did I tell you guys I bought the mill?

ROSS

Do we still have jobs with your organization, sir?

MCLUCKIE

You'll have to wait and see.

I'll be addressing all of you  
from the belfry tomorrow morning.

O'DONNELL

I don't think there is a belfry.

MCLUCKIE

Oh, that was part of the deal.  
Turns out Andy had an extra  
castle he didn't need. We're  
getting the belfry and a couple  
of moats.

MCLUCKIE gets up and approaches the bar for a refill. A  
reporter named DIXON is waiting for his drink.

MCLUCKIE

Hey, Dixon. I haven't seen  
you around these parts for  
awhile.

DIXON

I'm working for a paper in  
Montreal. Hey, did I hear right?  
You're the Mayor or the Burgess  
or the Burgomaster or whatever  
they call it?

MCLUCKIE

Second time.

DIXON

My God, what is local  
government coming to?

MCLUCKIE

Everybody in Homestead gets a  
turn. It just came back around  
to me.

DIXON

So are you cleaning up the  
place?

MCLUCKIE

If I cleaned it up, it wouldn't  
exist.

## BILLIARD ROOM

MURRAY and SOTAK involved in a game of billiards. After completing a shot, MURRAY closely examines his cue.

MURRAY

These cues are all made from a different wood. Look at yours. The ones on the rack are all different.

SOTAK

Eets what. . .a custom. . .in Hungary. To collect wood from each tree in forest bring you growth for your business. . .it bring success to the man who run shop.

MURRAY

I guess it works. He does more business than a lot of the downtown taverns.

SOTAK

Yes, but story not true. I don't know why all pool cues are that way. He buy them from different places maybe.

MURRAY

Christ-all-Mighty, Sotak, I swear you Slavs all hit your heads on the boat. You people don't act right.

SOTAK

You Americans, you always calling us Slavs. Yes, we come from same part of the world, but there are differences. Krestzler is Ukranian, Fagula is a Pole, Fares is Slovack. These peoples all have different ways and traditions. "We all have our own vampires", we say.

MURRAY

Vampires? What's that. . .some  
sort of doughnut?

SOTAK

No. They undead people who suck  
blood out of your body.

MURRAY

Oh yeah? We call them supervisors  
over here.

POKER TABLE

DIXON has now joined the card game. JOHN WILSON enters the  
tavern.

WILSON

Gentlemen.

MCLUCKIE

Hey, what's up with you guys?  
Dixon just arrived via dog  
sled and now you.

WILSON

Oh, did I miss it? Has your  
contract already been renewed?

MCLUCKIE

There's no story here.

O'DONNELL

And that's exactly what it's  
going to be. . .a renewal.

WILSON

How do you figure?

O'DONNELL

We don't plan to present any  
new demands nor embellish the  
existing ones.

WILSON

Embellish? You third shift

lawyers are great. Aren't you forgetting about the other party?

MCLUCKIE

The other party has a fat new contract with the Navy. A shutdown would not be wise, my friend.

WILSON

That's what separates these boys from you and me, McLuckie. All reason goes out the window when they decide to go on a crusade. Word is they're out to break the union.

O'DONNELL

That's not news either. They tried that three years ago and they couldn't do it.

WILSON

Did you know plans are in the works to take Carnegie's two firms and merge them into a single company? The reorganization leaves one man, and one man alone, with total autonomy over all major business decisions. That would be friend and champion of the American workingman, Henry Clay Frick. There's your difference from three years ago. . .Frick.

EXT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION, NEW YORK CITY - DAY

INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION

HENRY CLAY FRICK steps down the train and maneuvers through the station, his walking stick swinging confidently in his hand.

INT. ART GALLERY

FRICK winds his way through the gallery, pausing occasionally to soak in a piece of artwork.

Three men lift a large canvas off the wall. At the same time, FRICK is pulling a wad of cash from his leather skin wallet.

INT. BANQUET ROOM

FRICK sits alone at a table listening to CARNEGIE as he stands at a dais delivering an after dinner speech.

CARNEGIE

While public sentiment has rightly and unmistakably condemned violence even in the form which there is the most excuse, I would have the public give due consideration to the terrible temptation to which the working man on strike is subjected. To expect that one dependent upon his daily wages for the necessities of life will stand peaceably by and see a new man employed in his stead is too much to expect. Among the best workingmen there is an unwritten law; "Thou Shall Not Take Thy Neighbor's Job."

Applause. FRICK sits and stews.

INT. RESTAURANT

A maitre de escorts FRICK to CARNEGIE's table. The menus reveal that the restaurant is DELMONICOS.

CARNEGIE

Henry, you are always grim, but tonight you outdo yourself. You are positively beaming with grimness.

FRICK

I have no right to tell you what

or what not to say, but I'm not comfortable with the content of that speech and especially not its timing.

CARNEGIE

I apologize for causing you distress, but I don't see the controversy. Everything in the speech is true in the most general of ways. Do you dispute that workers grow sullen if their jobs are taken away?

FRICK

It's just that we may be under more public scrutiny than usual and I wouldn't like to see you invite unwarranted criticism.

CARNEGIE

You're the son I never wanted, Henry. Seriously, please do not let this be a concern. Heaven knows you'll have enough to deal in the upcoming months. It's a shame I won't be here to bare some of the brunt. I'm off to Scotland, you know.

FRICK stares daggers.

FRICK

Yes, I know. At any rate, although it's always good to see you, I'm not sure why I needed to interrupt what is, after all, a very busy schedule.

CARNEGIE

Humor an old man...an old man who just needs some peace of mind.

FRICK

I thought we were in agreement as to the general course this

should take. Have you lost confidence in my ability to implement these strategies?

CARNEGIE

On the contrary. With you at the helm, I know we'll avoid the unsatisfactory compromise that Abbott succumbed to last time.

A battery of waiters intricately maneuver around the table, providing the most elegant of accoutrements and serving a meal fit for two kings of industry.

FRICK

It is helpful that internal and external events have swung more to our favor. Steel prices are depressed, supply is outweighing demand and technology is making certain jobs redundant.

CARNEGIE

Where are we as far as output?

FRICK

The plate steel for the Navy is our only current project of major import. We can easily finish any of that work at Braddock or Duquesne.

CARNEGIE

Granted, but let's roll as much armor plate as possible before the deadline. Have Potter double up on the shifts if he has to.

FRICK

I have also added one further stipulation to our proposal. If they do accept our terms -and, of course, they won't - future contracts will expire in December instead of July.



CARNEGIE

Excellent. Little chance they'll agree to that. Taking strike votes is hardly wise during the hardship months. You can't very well rely on a garden to feed your children at Christmas time.

CARNEGIE stuffs a large piece of lettuce into his mouth. They eat in silence for a moment.

FRICK

There's apt to be a struggle.

CARNEGIE

Yes, yes, one expects a certain amount of resistance. You will win easier than you suppose. Whatever happens, I want you to know that we approve of anything you do, not stopping short of a contest.

FRICK

I am not as optimistic as to its ease. I heard your speech so I know they'll be angry.

CARNEGIE

They've generally been a non-confrontational bunch, but along the way they've developed a sense of equality or partnership or even entitlement.

FRICK

As disagreeable as I expect it will be, it is best to fight it out now and be done with it.

CARNEGIE

Full speed ahead! What's your first move, Admiral?

EXT. MILL - EVENING

A massive wooden fence is being built around the existing wire fence surrounding the works. The planks are 11 feet high and have holes strategically bored through the wood. Reporting for their shift, the union men stop and stare at the construction. Eventually they continue through the front gates, but they never take their eyes off of the structure.

INT. HOTEL

There is a knock on the door of JOHN WILSON. He opens the door to find O'DONNELL in the hallway.

O'DONNELL

They're building a fence at the mill.

WILSON

That's fascinating. Let me know when they start planting the gardenias.

O'DONNELL

You were right about Frick. He's building a wall around the entire expanse of the mill.

WILSON

Come on in, Hugh.

O'DONNELL

No, I need to talk with McLuckie. I'll see you around.

O'DONNELL starts down the hall, but then returns to the doorway.

O'DONNELL

Oh, did I mention it has gun turrets built into it? The boys are already starting to call it "Fort Frick."

END FLASHBACK.

INT HOTEL BALLROOM

CONGRESSMAN

I observed today in looking at the fence that there are a number of holes. They're about five inches in diameter and approximately 25 or 30 feet apart. What was their purpose exactly?

FRICK

I saw a statement in the paper about this and I inquired to Mr. Potter what the meaning of this was. He said that the holes were merely for looking through; to see who was outside.

CONGRESSMAN

For observation?

FRICK

Yes sir; for observation.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. THE ROLLING MILL INN

The grimfaced union men enter the tavern. The bar's owner, a wild-haired crone named MARGARET FINCH is tending bar.

MCLUCKIE

Back room key, Mrs. Finch.

She tosses him the key. Sitting at the bar is a dissipated Irishman named BILLY FOY.

FOY

God bless them! Those are all good men, every last one.

MRS. FINCH

It's going to be a mean summer, Billy.

FOY

The dirty bastards. . .building a wall to hide their treachery.

MRS. FINCH

What are you sayin' man?

FOY

I'm hearin' from some very reliable people that they're tunneling out an underground railroad to shuttle scab workers back and forth between Pittsburgh and the mill.

MRS. FINCH

Who sold you that bill of goods, you dumb Irishman? The barricade is there to keep us from tearing the place down once they try putting men out of their jobs. There's only reason to build a fort. . .to repel attacks. Otherwise, it's not a terribly versatile structure.

FOY

If that's the case, all they're building is a monument to their own stupidity. They can put up the Great Wall of Japan if they please, but they still won't get scabs into Homestead.

MRS. FINCH

And, by chance, if one gets by, I'm ready for them.

She slaps the blackjack against the bar.

INT. BACKROOM

The union leaders are situated around a large square table. Their faces are harshly illuminated by a single gas light.

ROSS

Even the foreigners?

O'DONNELL

Yes, everybody. We're going

to offer the entire work  
force union membership.

ROSS

How are the Hunkies going to be  
members? They can't even talk  
United States. You tell them  
something and they just look at  
you and say "Me no fustay, me no  
fustay."

CRAWFORD

My men aren't apt to readily  
accept this.

O'DONNELL

It has to be all inclusive. This  
just can't be a glorified social  
club anymore.

CRAWFORD

Can you guarantee they won't  
stray? I'm not sticking my neck  
out and then watch half of them  
head back to the motherland while  
we're fighting it out back here.

ROSS

"Me no fustay, me no fustay."

O'DONNELL

They make up the majority.  
We just can't shut them out  
forever. You guys complain about  
them being here, but they're  
doing jobs the natives don't  
want to do.

CRAWFORD

If they're going to have their  
own lodge, one of us has to be  
in residence. We can't trust  
them to handle their own  
affairs.

MURRAY

Better yet, let's just have

Americans in the Hunkie lodge.  
It'll make things a lot  
easier.

ROSS

Them Huns are good scrappers,  
I'll give 'em that.

O'DONNELL

That's no reason to bring men  
into the union.

MCLUCKIE

Maybe not, but Mr. Frick's  
little construction project does  
not exactly fill me with visions  
of turtle doves and olive  
branches.

We will have to surround this  
town. Needless to say, the more  
bodies the better. If all goes  
well, they'll be part of the most  
powerful unionized work force in  
this country, maybe the world. If  
it doesn't, then, at least, we'll  
have one hell of an impressive  
bread line.

MONTAGE:

O'DONNELL and CRAWFORD meet with the leaders of the  
immigrant workers.

In the mill, laborers perform their tasks at an accelerated  
pace egged on by supervisors screaming in their ears.

From the inside of a deserted boxcar, SOTAK and FARES  
address a large crowd standing in an open field.

The spewing fires of the furnaces dramatically light up the  
night.

MURRAY, using a pool table as a desk, hands out union  
badges to a group of workers.

Rows and rows of armor plating are swung in the air by hydraulic cranes.

SOTAK hammers a plaque onto the door of a warehouse building. It reads AMALGAMATED ASSOCIATION LODGE NO. 136.

INT. FURNACE

Trying to keep pace with production demands, workers lose control of a ladle, which empties its contents - hot molten metal - on two men toiling in the pit below. O'DONNELL, among others, climbs down to the hole. What they find are two charred bodies embedded in already hardening tomb.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM

O'DONNELL

We were advised in or around June 24<sup>th</sup> that management had finally agreed to participate in a negotiation session. The meeting was to take place at Mr. Frick's office in Pittsburgh.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. PITTSBURGH - DAY

It's a rainy, miserable day in downtown Pittsburgh. Dressed in their Sunday best, O'DONNELL, MCLUCKIE and MURRAY step down from a street car and dash across the street to a two story office building.

INT. FRICK'S OFFICE

The rain soaked men sit in a conference room and quietly wait. The grandfather clock ticks incessantly in the background. Finally FRICK and JOHN POTTER emerge from an inner office. No handshakes. No formalities. The two men retreat to the other end of the conference table from the union men. FRICK slides a folder down the length of the table.

FRICK

These are the terms. Attached

to them is a report prepared for our firm outlining the wage cuts for each department.

MURRAY

What wage cuts?

O'DONNELL

Who prepared the report?

FRICK

An outside consultant.

O'DONNELL

Where did this consultant get their statistics?

FRICK

From the firm.

MCLUCKIE

Then it's meaningless, isn't it?

FRICK

Those are the terms.

FRICK rises and leaves the room.

O'DONNELL

Where's he going?

POTTER

Mr. Frick has other matters to attend to.

O'DONNELL

What's more important than this Mr. Frick? We have to talk about these wage reductions. You've got to show why these are necessary.

POTTER

They're necessary because you men are making 50% more than workers performing similar



duties at the non-union shops.

O'DONNELL

The consultant you hired. . .was his name Hans Christian Anderson?

POTTER

No, I think it was Feingold.

MURRAY

These numbers can't be right.

POTTER

It's pointless to discuss. Fact is that the wage reductions are non-negotiable.

O'DONNELL

You got anything that is negotiable, John?

POTTER

If you have anything else you want to say, say it now, I can only give you ten more minutes.

MURRAY

They ain't very much time at all, John. It took us longer to get here.

MCLUCKIE

Looks like they don't have much to say to us.

POTTER gets up to leave the room.

POTTER

I think we're done here.

O'DONNELL

Do you think this is fair? Do you think this is giving us a chance to talk the matter over? Back in winter, you told us there would be a willingness to

talk and arrange things in an amicable manner. I don't think this is a square deal, John!

POTTER

I can't help it. It is Mr. Frick's ultimatum.

O'DONNELL

An ultimatum! John, I don't think this is a square deal!

POTTER

There's no further need for conference with you men.

MCLUCKIE gets up, picks up his chair and throws it against the wall.

MCLUCKIE

This is bullshit and even you know it Potter!! You're worse than a liar! You're a fucking liar!!

POTTER

Get him out of here!

MCLUCKIE

If it's war you want, you'll get it! I wouldn't want you to feel like your fort was a waste of money. I know you boys are strapped for cash!

MCLUCKIE hurls another chair at the door POTTER has hastily exited through.

EXT. MILL - DAY

JOSEPH SOTAK is having his lunch on a grassy slope outside of the mill. He is wearing his union badge. Other workers are also scattered about. The construction of vast fence has been completed. It is now being decorated with barbed wire across the top. O'DONNELL walks up the slope toward SOTAK.

O'DONNELL  
Joseph, let's move down.

The men move further down the slope and sit on the ground.

SOTAK  
They put ears in fence?

O'DONNELL  
I put nothing past them, at this point. See Sweeney up there? Talk is he's a company spy. Can't say that he is. What a world when you have to be suspicious of the guys you work with every day of your life.

SOTAK  
You see. . .they start to grate up the sewers.

O'DONNELL  
Yeah, and they're installing outdoor lights too. . .the big electric kind. You have to keep talking union to your men. These people are out to destroy us.

SOTAK  
I talk, Fares talk, we all talk. Right now, we can deliver maybe half the men to you. Because someone take your badge doesn't make them union. There is suspicion. Last month, Potter dismiss 300 of our men with no explanation. Where was union? You are supposed to protect everybody, yes?

O'DONNELL  
We're trying to make it right for everybody. It's tough because there's always the possibility you're going to make things worse when you're just

trying to do good.

SOTAK

Men are scared. They make little money as is. Then, if there's strike, they worry they never get jobs back.

O'DONNELL

I know we're asking a lot. It's always in the back of my head. Who am I to ask these things? But then I remember we're all part of something bigger.

SOTAK

I believe - when it comes time - they will see it that way.

O'DONNELL

There's a town hall meeting called for Sunday. We'd like to see everybody there.

TITLE: JUNE 29<sup>th</sup> over

EXT. HOMESTEAD OPERA HOUSE - DAY

Hundreds of people - men, women and children - workers and townspeople - stream into the building.

INT. OPERA HOUSE

A band onstage is playing "My Country Tis of Thee" as people continue to filter in. NELLIE O'DONNELL and her children take seats near the front.

LATER

MCLUCKIE in the middle of the stage, addressing the audience.

MCLUCKIE

What brings you here this morning? It is Sunday and we should all be in church, but we're here today to see if we

can't move forward as men.

In the balcony, SOTAK and FARES among others are feverishly translating the remarks to the mass of foreign workers in attendance.

MCLUCKIE

I, among others, have been guilty of a certain naivety. If you explore the history of labor relations in this country, there never seems to be a truly peaceful settlement between the two parties. Mostly, what you generally get is high fences, detectives, company goons and militia.

Upon finalizing our last agreement, I felt that - at the very least - we could walk down this road again without a sniper hiding behind every rock. I see now that the solution we came to was very much of the temporary variety. It was just a delay of the inevitable. I decided to ignore history but my eyes are wide open now. I propose we stare down the past and I propose these men not bulldoze us ever again!

LATER

O'DONNELL TAKES THE PODIUM

O'DONNELL

Some of us have been at the mill since they built it. . .before Mr. Carnegie bought it. I started there when I was 17 years old. Like many of you, I've never done anything else. We've become a part of that mill as sure as the bricks lining the furnace.

At Homestead, we just don't go to work or earn a living. The men of this steel mill are their jobs and you can't separate the two! We have earned the right of ownership because we have invested more than anyone. I have never seen a capitalist die as he counted his money, but I have seen workers die while they made him that money.

So I throw it out to all of you. Were we wrong in not accepting Mr. Frick's ultimatum?!

CROWD

NO!!!

O'DONNELL

We fulfilled our part of the deal. Now the firm is only willing to degrade the lives of their employees. Have they lived up to their contract?!!

CROWD

NO!!!

O'DONNELL

Will we allow outsiders to march into Homestead and steal our jobs?!!

Sections of the crowd rise to their feet including many of the foreign workers. Shouts of "NO!" and "NEVER!" and chants of "STRIKE! STRIKE! STRIKE!" explode from the crowd. Others cheer and stamp their feet. The ubiquitous band re-emerges to blare out a Sousa march.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM

CONGRESSSMAN

So the lockout commenced on July 1<sup>st</sup>?

POTTER

Yes, the day the union contract expired. Despite our best efforts, we could not reach a compromise. Our intent was to shut down only the departments that were reliant on skilled labor while keeping the rest of the mill operating as usual.

CONGRESSMAN

Mr. Potter, I believed you had mentioned there was trouble at the mill even before the work stoppage.

POTTER

Yes, in the lead up to the deadline, we would come to the work in the morning and find effigies of us hanging in and around the plant.

CONGRESSMAN

When you say "us", who are you referring to?

POTTER

Mr. Frick and myself. On one occasion, I was washed down with a fire hose as I attempted to remove them from the rafters.

CONGRESSMAN

You were washed down, were you?

POTTER

Yes I believe I have the report right here.

CONGRESSMAN

Not necessary, sir. We'll take your word for it.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. MILL - DAY

Hundreds of workers have massed in the area directly outside the wooden fence. It is a generally peaceful demonstration, but one bristling with sound and activity.

An effigy of FRICK hangs from a telegraph pole.

Below, O'DONNELL leads a boy by the ear.

O'DONNELL  
Did you do that?

BOY  
Yeah. So what?

O'DONNELL  
Go take it down.

CRAWFORD appears as the boy shimmies up the pole.

CRAWFORD  
Don't be too hard on the boy,  
Huey. That's a future union man.

O'DONNELL  
I refuse to give them any  
ammunition to defame us in the  
press.

An excited MURRAY runs up to them.

MURRAY  
I talked to the Slavs last  
night. All of their men voted  
to strike! They're planning a  
walkout at eleven o'clock.

O'DONNELL  
Eleven o'clock? That's only  
about ten minutes away.

CRAWFORD  
How are they going to  
coordinate that? There's only  
one clock in the entire place.

INT. MILL OFFICES



A laborer mopping the floor glances up at the clock. The time is 10:50. He rests the mop against the wall.

He walks down the spiral staircase and steps

OUTSIDE

where he proceeds across the courtyard to the factory grounds. He expertly picks his way through the vast industrial landscape. Upon reaching his destination - the tower housing the factory whistle - he unlocks a small hatch and hunches down to enter.

He takes out his pocket watch, confirms the time and then yanks on the rope with both hands.

The whistle resonates across the grounds.

INT. - MILL

Awkward glances are exchanged by the laborers as they clumsily attempt to coordinate their efforts.

Leaders step up and set an example.

After a few false starts, tools and wheelbarrows are dropped, and the mass exodus from the mill gets under way.

Some superintendents shriek at the men to no avail. Others look on silently, powerless do anything.

Any stragglers are forcefully brought into line.

EXT. MILL - DAY

The day laborers burst from the various buildings and continue marching through the front gate.

The locked out men cheer as they witness thousands of their fellow workers emerge into the hazy sunshine.

They greet them with hugs and handshakes and then merge into one massive hoard chanting and yelling as they rally near the base of the high wooden fence.

A stoic JOHN POTTER peers out from the windows of the administrative building.

EXT. PITTSBURGH - DAY

FRICK and another man are leaving the downtown office. Reporters descend.

FRICK

I have nothing to say. Our company Secretary Mr. Lovejoy will be happy to speak to you about current labor situation.

LOVEJOY

I will not take any questions, but I do want to stress our principal reason for repudiating the Amalgamated Association. We've simply decided to run this mill ourselves for a change. We contend we have the legal right to operate and control it as we please. For the last several years, these works have been managed by men who do not own a dollar in them. This will stop right here.

REPORTER

What the does the firm plan to do now?

LOVEJOY

There are no plans. We sit and wait. Our officials at Homestead have already started on their vacations.

EXT. BOST BUILDING - DAY

The union men enter the three story structure toting various machines and equipment including telephones and telegraphs.

INT. BOST BUILDING

The first floor is transformed into a communications center while an office on the top floor becomes the conference room.

EXT. BOST BUILDING - DAY

The hatch leading to the roof is opened. O'DONNELL climbs out on the flat roof and admires an unrestricted view of the mill.

EXT. STREETS - DAY

O'DONNELL is accompanied on a walk through town by a litany of reporters.

O'DONNELL

The committee has decided to organize our forces on a truly military basis. 4000 men will be divided into three sectors or watches. Each of these divisions will devote eight hours of the 24 to the task of guarding the plant and the most important posts . . .the riverfront, the water gates and the railway stations. They'll be tasked with filing reports to the main headquarters every half hour.

REPORTER

Isn't this overdoing it a bit?

O'DONNELL

We're not looking for a war. We're just doing everything in our power to protect ourselves. Hopefully, it all turns out to be unnecessary.

INT. FRICK'S OFFICE

FRICK sits at his desk and dictates to a stenographer.

FRICK

"To Robert A Pinkerton, Esq,  
Pinkerton Detective Agency. We  
will want 300 of your guards at  
our Homestead mills as a measure  
of prevention against  
interferences with our plan to  
start up the operations on July  
6<sup>th</sup>. The only trouble we  
anticipate are sporadic attempts  
to prevent replacement workers  
from entering the mill. Possibly,  
there may also be some sort of  
demonstration."

INT. OFFICES OF PINKERTON DETECTIVE AGENCY

A heavysset man with a walrus mustache reads aloud the  
remaining text of the telegram. The plaque on his desk  
reads ROBERT PINKERTON.

PINKERTON

"These guards should be assembled  
at Ashtabula, OH not later than  
the morning of the 5<sup>th</sup>, where they  
can be taken by train. . . (skipping  
ahead). . . we think absolute  
secrecy . . . specific arrangements  
for connections with boats. . . so  
on and so on. Yours truly, Henry  
Clay Frick."

ASSOCIATE

300 men? How are we doing that?

PINKERTON

How many men are there on reserve?

ASSOCIATE

I don't think we have more than  
150. Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Frick  
could not have planned a worse  
time.

PINKERTON

Well, you don't turn down the  
Smith Brothers. Send telegrams

to the branch offices and have  
them round up as many men as  
they can dredge up.

MONTAGE: Pinkerton representatives recruit men in various -  
and in increasingly seamier - locales.

END OF FLASHBACK.

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM

An athletic looking young man named JOHN HOLMAN sits down  
to give his testimony.

CONGRESSMAN

Name please?

HOLMAN

John Holman.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. COLLEGE GYMNASIUM

A table has been set up in the gym for a Pinkerton agent.  
He hands out applications to interested students.

AGENT

Make money for your schooling.  
Join the Pinkertons.

A young man in a collegiate sweater named CHARLES CLAY  
enters the gym. He is half pulling, half pushing HOLMAN -  
who looks like he has come straight from football practice  
- up to the sign-up table.

CLAY

(to agent)

I was here before. . . Charles  
Clay. This is the guy I was  
telling you about.

AGENT

He'll do. Here, fill these out.  
You're in too, right?

CLAY

I'm in.

HOLMAN

I didn't say I was in.

CLAY

Come on, John. It pays good money.

HOLMAN

Yeah, it's good enough, but how long would I have to be away?

AGENT

At least two days. Could be longer.

HOLMAN

So this is a guard job? What are we guarding exactly?

AGENT

For security purposes that must remain unsaid. You'll get the full story once in route. So, how about it. . .you with us?

HOLMAN starts filling out the application.

TITLE: JULY 4th over

EXT. PUBLIC GROUNDS - DAY

A few white linens are scattered about the green as a handful of families conduct holiday picnics. Among them are the O'DONNELLS. The children cavort in the foreground, occasionally pausing to eat something.

NELLIE

This morning Frank asked me why the air smelled funny.

O'DONNELL

It doesn't smell funny. It just smells different.

NELLIE

He's never breathed anything but dirty air. To him, it doesn't seem right. I told him that maybe one day we might live in the country and then he'd get used to it.

O'DONNELL

You told him that?

NELLIE

It's something to think about if things don't work out here.

O'DONNELL

It sounds like you're giving up already. That's not like you.

NELLIE

Things just feel different this time.

O'DONNELL

It will come out alright at the end. We just have to keep everybody together.

NELLIE

That can be a hard thing to do with no money coming in.

O'DONNELL

Believe me, I know how fragile this all is. One misstep and the whole thing could go up in our faces. On the other hand, if we can hold out Homestead could be a blueprint for labor efforts all over the world.

NELLIE wipes off the mouth of one of her daughters then sends her off to play.

NELLIE

If this goes on into the winter, it may be a good idea to send

the children to live with my  
brother for awhile.

O'DONNELL

You don't need to worry. It'll  
be over, one way or another, by  
that time. The children should  
stay and enjoy the funny  
smelling air while it lasts.

EXT. ROOF OF BOST BUILDING - NIGHT

MCLUCKIE is perched atop the roof peering through a pair of  
field glasses. Fireworks pepper the sky. JOHN WILSON climbs  
out to join him.

WILSON

So there you are.

MCLUCKIE

I was shocked to discover they  
weren't holding the company  
picnic this year, so I found  
myself lost and adrift.

WILSON

At least you have plenty of light.

MCLUCKIE

The rockets red glare. Call me  
suspicious, but I don't put it  
past them to sneak in scabs on  
Independence Day.

WILSON

It makes sense, I suppose,  
although my guess is they'll wait  
until tomorrow to avoid holiday  
pay.

MCLUCKIE

I won't be able to celebrate the  
4<sup>th</sup> until I know whether or not  
the Declaration of Independence  
is still in force in this neck of  
the woods. You see, H.C. Frick  
wasn't consulted when that



document was drawn and he may think it's necessary to revoke its provisions.

The modest fireworks continue in the Homestead sky.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. FRICK HOME - NIGHT

Much more elaborate pyrotechnics are on display over the estate of HENRY CLAY FRICK. A grand celebration is being held on the sprawling acreage surrounding the home. FRICK watches the show with his wife, children and guests. A butler emerges from the house to whisper something in FRICK's ear.

INT. FRICK HOME

SHERIFF CONNORS is waiting in the foyer. Rangy and laconic, the SHERIFF has the look of a Western lawman in an Eastern setting. FRICK strides in to greet him and guides him to the

DEN

FRICK

Good of you to come out on the holiday, Sheriff Connors.

SHERIFF

How can I be of service, Mr. Frick?

FRICK

I have become increasingly concerned with threats, veiled and otherwise, emanating from our ex-employees. I fear something unpleasant is going to occur at the mill, which could ultimately prevent us from its use and enjoyment.

SHERIFF

What are the nature of the threats?

FRICK

Oh, you know, blowing things up and the like. It just may be overheated rhetoric, but, at any rate, I don't wish to take any chances. I have arranged for a number of Pinkerton guards to land on the day of the 6<sup>th</sup>. They have been employed to protect the property. I would like you to deputize them so they might perform their duties without restriction.

SHERIFF

I hesitate to do that, Mr. Frick.

FRICK

Do you see a problem?

SHERIFF

The cost for one thing. No offense, but I recall my predecessor having a hell of a time collecting from Mr. Carnegie for the last bunch we had to ordain.

FRICK

I was unaware of the expense. What other options do I have?

SHERIFF

Well for one, you can utilize the authority of my office. I am more than happy to take a few of my regular men out to the mill for a look-see.

FRICK

That would certainly be acceptable to us. Obviously, it would be preferable if local law enforcement could take a hand.

SHERIFF

Me and a couple of the boys  
will take a walk up there  
tomorrow morning and check  
things out.

FRICK

Thank you for your help.  
Good night.

FRICK walks the SHERIFF out of the den. LOVEJOY steps from the bathroom in time to see the Sheriff leave. LOVEJOY falls in with FRICK, who is walking toward the rear of the house.

LOVEJOY

That may have been the first  
man to enter your home wearing  
boots.

FRICK

Oh, our new Sheriff? He was  
just volunteering to make an  
inspection of the mill.

LOVEJOY

What's the point of that?

FRICK

It will demonstrate the  
inadequacy of his department in  
dealing with such matters and  
will allow why we were forced to  
employ private law enforcement  
to protect our interests.

The two men return

OUTSIDE

just in time to witness the grand finale.

TITLE: JULY 5<sup>TH</sup> over

EXT. BOST BUILDING - DAY

INT. BOST BUILDING

SHERIFF CONNORS, along with two of his deputies face O'DONNELL, MCLUCKIE, ROSS, MURRAY and CRAWFORD in the first floor office.

SHERIFF

I don't care if you boys have any objections or not. I've been called upon in my official capacity to ensure there's no active threat to this facility.

MURRAY

Protect it from what. . .bird-shit? What the hell do you think is going on here?

O'DONNELL

Why don't we take this upstairs in the conference room, Sheriff?

SHERIFF

I think we're okay here.

MCLUCKIE

It's only one flights of stairs, Sheriff. It's just like walking up to the gallows.

O'DONNELL

How about deputizing some of our men? We'll even be willing to post a bond of \$10,000 for each and every one of them. They know the grounds and, after all, who has a more vested interest in keeping the mill safe and functional?

The lawmen trade incredulous stares. The SHERIFF pauses to light a cigar.

SHERIFF

Well, boys, I thank you for the offer and perhaps I'll take you

up on it someday, but, just now,  
I prefer to have my own men here  
if I find it to be necessary.

MCLUCKIE

You can't say we didn't offer.  
Mr. Ross and Mr. Crawford,  
please take the Sheriff on the  
grand tour.

SHERIFF

We don't need an escort.

MCLUCKIE

There's a lot of angry workers  
out there, Sheriff. It's best to  
have an escort.

EXT. MILL - DAY

CRAWFORD and ROSS walk along on either side of the SHERIFF  
and his men as they explore the grounds outside of the  
wooden fence. He gets less than welcoming glances from the  
workers guarding the works. Feigning competence, The  
SHERIFF peers around knowingly and every so often stops to  
check out the planks in the fence.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

The touring party noisily climbs the stairs. O'DONNELL,  
MCLUCKIE and MURRAY are seated at the conference table.

O'DONNELL

Well?

SHERIFF

We didn't find anything. . .  
but I'm still installing  
deputies here.

MURRAY

But you said. . .

SHERIFF

It's for your benefit as well  
the company's. After seeing  
the number of men around this

mill, I think it wise for law enforcement to have a presence.

O'DONNELL calmly rises from his chair.

O'DONNELL

Very well. Sheriff Connors, the last meeting of the Advisory Committee has just been concluded. We have resolved to formally disband. You are our witness.

The Committee, from this point forward, will not be responsible for any disorder or any lawless acts perpetrated in this Borough. Do you understand? Our responsibility ceases from this very moment. I now declare the Advisory Committee dead.

The men remove their Committee badges from their lapels and toss them into a pile on the table. O'DONNELL stands, picks up a stack of papers.

O'DONNELL

These are the records kept by the Committee since its inception.

He places them in the fire place and sets them ablaze.

O'DONNELL

This is your problem now, Sheriff. Do you have anything else to say to us?

The shadows of the flames flicker across the grim determined faces of the union men. The dumbfounded SHERIFF slowly begins to back out of the room.

SHERIFF

I have nothing else. Good afternoon.

EXT. BOST BUILDING - DAY

The SHERIFF joins his deputies waiting outside.

SHERIFF

Let's get the hell out of here.

They start up the road, but stop in their tracks at the sight of a group of club wielding strikers congregating ominously up ahead. They turn and head the other way, their pace quickening. They make a quick left turn into a wooded area. They're almost running now as they try to escape the real or imagine danger. Eventually, they emerge down at the

RIVER BANK

A tall gaunt black man standing on a skiff slowly rows toward them.

MAN

I'll take you to the other side  
for a quarter.

The SHERIFF tosses him a coin.

SHERIFF

Here's a dollar. Keep the change.

TITLE: July 6<sup>th</sup> 2:00 A.M. over

EXT. DOCK - NIGHT

HOLMAN, CLAY and the other new recruits carry their duffel bags to a pair of covered barges.

A tugboat named LITTLE BILL is being attached to the barges. JOHN POTTER walks up the gangplank of the tug and approaches the boat's captain, WILLIAM RODGERS.

POTTER

Captain Rodgers, I'm John  
Potter from the Carnegie  
Company.

RODGERS

Welcome aboard, Mr. Potter.

The barges have been christened THE MONONGAHELA and IRON MOUNTAIN, respectively. Dock hands load supplies onto the vessels, which are complete with bunk beds and kitchen facilities. Already on board are crates with the Winchester Rifle logo and multiple cartons of ammunition.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM

CONGRESSMAN

Now, Mr. Frick, was there any law in this State that would authorize you to go outside of said State and import a body of armed men for this purpose?

FRICK

I cannot say.

CONGRESSMAN

Were you advised that there was any statute authorizing any such procedure on your part?

FRICK

Of what?

CONGRESSMAN

Bringing in such a large body of armed men.

FRICK

I did not bring in a body of armed men.

CONGRESSMAN

Who brought them?

FRICK

I did, but they were not armed when they arrived in Pennsylvania.

CONGRESSMAN

Were the guns placed upon the boats at the time they arrived?



FRICK

No, sir.

CONGRESSMAN

Where were the guns taken aboard?

FRICK

Across the river in Allegheny, I believe.

CONGRESSMAN

Then the men were uniformed and armed after reaching this location?

FRICK

I believe they were actually armed on the way to Homestead.

CONGRESSMAN

. . .on their way to Homestead then?

FRICK's attorney leans over and whispers in his ear.

FRICK

Apparently the arms were on the boat already while it was lying in dock.

CONGRESSMAN

So did you or did you not furnish the arms?

FRICK

Well, I think I've answered that question.

CONGRESSMAN

I don't believe you've even come close to answering that question, Mr. Frick.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. DOCK - NIGHT

On the dock, CAPTAIN HEINDE and CAPTAIN COOPER of the Pinkertons gather their troops for a quick briefing. HEINDE is a large man with curly black hair, full beard and a booming voice. COOPER is completely bald, sports a handlebar mustache and has a gruff voice and manner. They are both wearing white blouses with the letter "P" embroidered on them. In the background are the swaggering Pinkerton "regulars", guards employed full-time by the agency.

HEINDE

I am Captain Heinde and this is Captain Cooper. You will report to us directly. If you can't find us, see any of the men behind me. There's plenty of experience here.

COOPER

You men have been employed to protect private property. The element of danger which is usually found in such expeditions will be entirely lacking here. No doubt, a few brickbats will be thrown at you and your mother will be compared to certain unpleasant things. . .but that should be the worst of it. I suggest you try to get some shuteye as we won't be leaving for our destination until approximately 2:30 AM

INT. O'DONNELL HOME

O'DONNELL returns home to find his wife and kids already asleep for the night. He climbs into bed, exhausted, but can only stare up at the ceiling.

INT. BOST BUILDING

ROSS, CRAWFORD and MURRAY are manning the communications center.

EXT. MILL - NIGHT

Workers patrol the grounds around the factory. Among them are SOTAK and FARES.

EXT. SCOTLAND - DAY

ANDREW CARNEGIE sits contently in a rowboat and fishes in his own private lake. His castle looms on the background.

INT. FRICK'S HOME

An ornate door is unlocked and opened to reveal a large room displaying a selection of FRICK's art collection. FRICK leads in a group of elegantly clad men and women.

MAN

And to think this used to be the broom closet.

FRICK

This was actually another dining room, but I needed more wall space and you can only dine so much.

WOMAN

This is a magnificent work, Henry.

FRICK

Yes, that's "The Polish Rider" by Rembrandt. It depicts a mounted soldier defending the Eastern Europeans from the Turks.

One of the male guests peers in closely at one of the paintings.

MAN

Goya.

FRICK

I like that one very much. It, fairly obvious, is a contemporary study of the forge of Vulcan.

2<sup>nd</sup> MAN

Does he work at Homestead, Henry?

FRICK

Not anymore he doesn't. This one is from a lesser known artist named Turner. I find it to be a very interesting combination of oil and watercolors.

WOMAN

What is it called?

FRICK

"Arrival of a Packet Boat."

ANGLE ON

Painting of a sailing ship drifting into a ghostly looking port.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. RIVER - NIGHT

The barges continue down the river.

INT. IRON MOUNTAIN

Many of the men are asleep on their bunks. They are now wearing their Pinkerton uniforms.

INT. LITTLE BILL

POTTER emerges from below deck. CAPTAIN RODGERS is at the helm.

RODGERS

Well, we're through Lock One without much trouble.

POTTER

What time will we be arriving in Homestead?

RODGERS

Around 4:00 AM, I should think.

POTTER

Fine. I'm going to try to catch a quick nap.

The vessels continue up river.

Slowly, the atmosphere begins to change.

Dense fog starts to roll in.

Disembodied voices can be heard trickling down from the shores.

Some are barely audible whispers. Some are sharp yells.

The sounds of running and the rustle of foliage cut through the quiet of the night.

A little spooked, RODGERS moves his rifle closer to him.

INT. BOST BUILDING

The telegraph boy takes down a message and hands it to CRAWFORD.

CRAWFORD

"Watch the river. Steamer with barges left here." Where's here?

MURRAY

Look at the initials. That's Lyman, He's down around the Smithfield Street Bridge in Pittsburgh.

CRAWFORD picks up the phone.

CRAWFORD

(into phone)

There'd something coming our way. You should send out the patrol boat now.

EXT. RIVER - NIGHT

THE EDNA, the union's steam boat chugs down river intermittently disappearing into the fog.

Eventually, the crew catches glimpse of a light in the distance. Both boats continue on their course getting closer and closer to each other.

Spotting THE EDNA, RODGERS sounds his whistle. The union craft continues coming until it virtually parallel to the LITTLE BILL.

They're close enough for the respective captains to exchange stares.

THE EDNA continues down the full length of the barges, disappears into the fog and then emits several sharp blasts from its whistle.

Silence.

Then, shots ring out.

Flashes of red light from the shores.

A bullet ricochets off the side of the tugboat.

INT. THE MONONGAHELA

POTTER and the Pinkerton men are roused from their sleep. HEINDE climbs down into the sleeping quarters to calm the situation.

HEINDE

We're taking some random  
gunfire from land. They're  
shooting into fog. They might  
as well be aiming their guns  
in the air.

EXT. LITTLE BILL - NIGHT

One of the windows of the cabin is shot out.

INT. BOST BUILDING

CRAWFORD reads the message.

CRAWFORD

We've got two covered barges

on the way. Wake everybody up!

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

MURRAY runs out of the office into the downtown district where he stops at the tower housing the Homestead Electric Light Company.

The shrill blast from the rooftop steam whistle pierces the night air.

INT. O'DONNELL HOME

O'DONNELL eyes flash open.

ELSEWHERE

The citizens of Homestead spill out of their beds.

Rifles are taken down from their racks.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

The townspeople bolt from their homes and dash toward the sound of the whistle. Some of them finish dressing as they run.

EXT. O'DONNELL HOME - NIGHT

O'DONNELL rushes out followed closely by NELLIE.

NELLIE

I'm going with you.

O'DONNELL

No! Stay here with the children.  
I'll be back as soon as I can.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

Individual factions are now merging into an oversized mob.

INT. ROLLING MILL INN

MRS. FINCH lurches downstairs in her night clothes and claims her blackjack from behind the bar.

EXT. BOST BUILDING - NIGHT

MURRAY, CRAWFORD and ROSS have positioned themselves outside of their headquarters to guide the oncoming traffic.

MURRAY

Go down to the river!

CRAWFORD

The scabs are coming! Go greet the boat!

EXT. RIVER - NIGHT

The boats are nearing the landing point. CAPTAIN RODGERS glances toward the shore.

HIS P.O.V.

A mass of humanity runs parallel with the boat.

EXT. MILL - NIGHT

The throng's momentum is suddenly halted. The fence surrounding the works is cutting off their route to the river. Some of the men begin to systematically remove the slats. Growing impatient, a good part of the crowd presses up against the structure causing a portion of it to collapse. The slats are scooped up to use as weapons and the mob continues forward.

EXT. BOST BUILDING - NIGHT

O'DONNELL meets up with his cohorts.

O'DONNELL

What's happening?

ROSS

There's two barges headed up river. They come from Pittsburgh.

O'DONNELL

We can't leave the mill unprotected. Make sure it's



still under watch. They might  
be trying to pull us away.  
Come on, we have to get control  
of these people.

EXT. LANDING - NIGHT

The vessels have reached the docking station near the  
mills' water tower and pump house.

Hundreds of townspeople lead by MRS.FINCH are scattered  
about the slope overlooking the river. Many workers stream  
down the landing toward the docking station. BILLY FOY  
falls in with them.

Curses and threats cascade down on the Pinkertons. Rocks  
and stray pieces of metal are thrown at the barges.

O'DONNELL and the other union men push their way through  
the crowd and signal for everyone to stay back.

HEINDE emerges on the deck of the tug boat. He is carrying  
a club. Several others follow him out.

The mob grows silent.

O'DONNELL takes a few non-threatening steps forward.

O'DONNELL

On behalf of 4000 working men,  
I beg of you to leave here at  
once. I don't know who you are  
or where you've come from, but  
I do know that you have no  
business here.

We have not damaged any property  
and we do not intend to. If you  
and men would like, we'll take  
you through the works. We promise  
you a safe return to your boats.  
But, I beg you, don't attempt to  
take these works by force.

HEINDE

We were sent here to take  
possession of this property and

guard it for the company. We don't want any bloodshed, but if your men don't withdraw, we will mow down every one of you and enter in spite of you.

O'DONNELL

What you do here is at the risk of many lives including your own. Before you enter these grounds, you will trample over the dead bodies of honest workingmen.

Other Pinkerton regulars follow HEINDE on the deck. They are all holding rifles. The boat's gangplank is lowered.

HEINDE

We are coming ashore to do what they pay us to do. We are 300 strong. You cannot stop us.

BILLY FOY steps out from the crowd.

FOY

They're no-good Pinkertons, boss. I recognize the uniform. You're a filthy Pinkerton, aren't you fella?

HEINDE

Would you like your head bashed in, sir?

FOY plants himself at the other end of the gangplank.

FOY

You can step on these grounds if you like, but it'll be over my dead carcass.

HEINDE moves forward swinging his club at FOY.

HEINDE

Outta my way.

HEINDE'S boot clips the end of an oar sticking out from underneath the plank. It splinters in two making a loud snapping noise.

Interpreting the sound as a gunshot, one of the Pinkertons discharges his rifle.

A sniper aiming at HEINDE gets the same idea. HEINDE and FOY fall almost simultaneously.

The men on the deck begin firing into the crowd. The workers respond with a barrage of their own. Several Homestead men go down.

INT. THE MONONGAGELA

COOPER and his men retreat to the confines of the barge. Along with the other regulars they aim through the portholes and makeshift portals carved out with their rifle butts.

LANDING

A weaponless O'DONNELL is watching the events from the ground. Crawling away from shore, he scrambles to his feet and thrusts his arms in the air.

O'DONNELL

Stop! Put your weapons down!

A bullet almost takes off his thumb. He drops to his knees more in despair than in pain. He is hauled up by ROSS and CRAWFORD and taken to safety behind a barricade made up of discarded scrap metal.

FURTHER DOWN THE LANDING

The volleys from the barge are becoming heavier forcing the workers to backtrack. MURRAY squeezes off one more shot with his pistol. As he backpedals, he is shot in the stomach and tumbles to the ground.

UPPER LANDING

SOTAK sees MURRAY fall. Crouching down, he scuttles back down the slope amidst a hail of bullets. He reaches MURRAY and rolls him over.

MURRAY

Joe, what the hell are you doing? Get out of here.

SOTAK

Shut up. I get you help.

He grabs MURRAY under the arms and drags him along the ground. Before he can get very far at all, SOTAK is shot in the mouth. Blood cascades down his chin and drips onto MURRAY's face below.

MURRAY

Joe?

SOTAK falls over dead.

ROSS and CRAWFORD run out into the open hoisting their rifles.

ROSS

Come on! Let's kill the bastards and send their bones back to Mr. Frick!

UPPER LANDING

Wrapping his thumb with a handkerchief O'DONNELL runs up to the area where many of the onlookers have gathered.

O'DONNELL

I want all the women out of here! Please return to your homes! I don't want to see anyone else hurt!

He spots someone and pushes through the crowd, eventually reaching a middle-aged woman.

O'DONNELL

Mrs. Schultz, we're going to need doctors. Where's your husband?

She points down to the waterfront.

MRS.SCHULTZ  
He's down there!

LANDING

Hundreds of men charge toward the waterfront behind ROSS and CRAWFORD. After first positioning themselves behind scattered fortifications, they stand and fire volley after volley with their rifles, muskets, pistols, and derringers.

INT. THE MONONGAHELA

Splintered wood and flying bullets send the Pinkertons scattering for cover.

COOPER tunnels back to IRON MOUNTAIN which is housing many of the recent recruits. He finds most of them huddled in corners or hiding beneath their bunks.

The crates containing the rifles are broken open and passed out to the reluctant soldiers. HOLMAN and CLAY stare down at their weapons like they've never seen one before.

LANDING

More and more men enter the battlefield, further intensifying the attack on the barges.

INT. IRON MOUNTAIN

The recruits are making token efforts to participate in the battle, but as the walls explode around them, many of them desert their posts and hunker down on the floor. Others grow hysterical and run around like caged animals or claw at the sides of the boat in an effort to get out.

LANDING

Getting no response from the opposition, the workers stop shooting. Cheers go up from the townspeople watching from above.

INT. THE MONONGAHELA

POTTER helps carry HEINDE back inside and then seeks out CAPTAIN RODGERS.

POTTER

We have to get the injured to a hospital.

RODGERS

And how do you propose we do that?

POTTER

There are no hospitals in Homestead and no doctor is going to treat them. We have to go back to Pittsburgh.

COOPER

If we go back at them now, we can seize the mill and send the wounded back by train.

POTTER

No, I won't be responsible for any more bloodshed. You won't take anymore gunfire. The workers committee will get control of the mob. We'll return as soon as we can.

EXT. LITTLE BILL - EARLY MORNING

The wounded are loaded onto the tugboat. It is separated from the barges, turns and steams down river.

INT. IRON MOUNTAIN

Those who have a view of the river look in disbelief and terror.

HOLMAN

What's that sound?

CLAY

It's the tug. It's leaving. They're leaving us here to die.

UPPER LANDING

The cease fire also allows for the Homestead dead and wounded to be removed from the battlefield. A makeshift hospital ward/morgue has been set up inside the confines of the now broken fence. Those with minor wounds are being bandaged while the more seriously injured are strewn on the ground and being attended to by doctors. The moans of the gunshot victims and the wails of the women on the scene are the only audible sounds.

O'DONNELL and ROSS carry in MURRAY and place him on a pile of hay.

O'DONNELL  
Get him whiskey.

MURRAY  
Jesus, Huey, this is the first  
time you ever bought.

O'DONNELL  
Who says I'm buying? I'll  
be going through your  
pockets as soon as you pass  
out.

ROSS arrives with a bottle. MURRAY takes a slug. O'DONNELL waves to one of the doctors on site.

O'DONNELL  
Doctor Harris!

The medic kneels down to inspect MURRAY's wound.

DOCTOR  
Help me get him and these other  
three men on the cart. We'll  
get them home and have them  
attended to there.

MURRAY is lifted up and out through the opening. At the same time, he sees the lifeless body of JOE SOTAK being carried in.

INT. FRICK'S OFFICE

Reporters crowd into the room. FRICK sits serenely at his desk, smoking a cigar. LOVEJOY stands beside him.

REPORTER

Mr. Frick, what do make of the events from earlier this morning?

2<sup>ND</sup> REPORTER

Will this force you to negotiate with the union?

FRICK

The men upon our property are not strikers, they're lawbreakers.

REPORTER

Should the military be brought in?

FRICK

That's up the discretion of local law enforcement. They alone can decide at what point the disorder passes beyond control of the civil power.

LOVEJOY

I think this is nothing less than the death blow of this association, not only in Homestead, but throughout the country. The people committing these acts will find themselves in very dire circumstances. A number of them will be arrested for murder and I need scarcely say there will be no lack of evidence.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM

SHERIFF CONNORS is being questioned.

CONGRESSMAN

Sheriff, were you able to field a posse on the morning of July 6<sup>th</sup>?



SHERIFF

No sir, I was not.

CONGRESSMAN

Why were you unable to do so?

SHERIFF

No one I asked wanted to die  
on July 6<sup>th</sup>, Congressman.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

TITLE: 8:00 AM over

EXT. BARGES - DAY

INT. THE MONONGAGELA

COOPER and his lieutenants are sitting on the floor, waiting and listening. He crawls on his hands and knees to look out a bullet created hole in the side of the boat.

HIS P.O.V

Smoke is rising from the landing. Numerous guns are still trained on them from men pressed behind boulders and the scrap iron barricades now peppering the landscape. Even more townspeople have collected on the hillside.

COOPER sits back and contemplates for a moment. He rises and purposefully strides down the length of the vessel and into the hole leading to the second barge. He finds the recruits are in their usual defensive position.

COOPER

You goddamned fucking faggots!  
Get up off your yellow asses  
and participate in your own  
survival. Because if you don't,  
(pulling out his pistol) you  
will definitely die instead of  
it being a mere possibility.

LANDING

O'DONNELL, ROSS and CRAWFORD watch from their protected position.

ROSS

I think they're done.

CRAWFORD

I don't see any white flags.

O'DONNELL

They would've gone back with the tug if they were finished. I expect they're waiting for the sheriff to provide them safe passage to the mill.

INT. THE MONONGAHELA

COOPER

I'm not waiting anymore. Once I give the go ahead, follow me out. . .and make sure the ladies in the back are right behind you.

COOPER pries open the forward hatch, climbs out and stands atop the barge.

COOPER

Our intent is to proceed - without interference - to the property we were hired to guard. If you value your lives, you'll stand down.

COOPER raps on the top of the barge with his club and then bounds onto shore.

The other Pinkerton regulars begin to squeeze through the hatch.

A shot hits in the sand a few feet in front of COOPER.

COOPER

We're working men just like you!  
Let us do our jobs!

A bullet whizzes over COOPER's head. The Pinkertons return fire setting off another full scale shooting war.

A Pinkerton is gunned down and falls backward into the river.

A laborer climbs to the top of the water tower.

He reloads his weapon and peeks out over the railing.

A bullet splits his forehead and he plummets sixty feet to the ground.

LANDING

A young Homestead man enters the fray wielding a pistol. He trips and discharges the gun into his leg. He staggers back to his feet only to be shot in the throat.

UPPER LANDING

An unarmed man watching from the hill is gunned down. He falls among the horrified and increasingly enraged onlookers.

RIVER

Several workers take skiffs out on the water and take shots at the other side of the craft.

INT. THE MONONGAHELA

A Pinkerton is shot in the back of the head splattering brain matter against the walls of the dormitory.

LANDING

PETER FARES leads a gun wielding pack across the shore.

EXT. THE MONONGAGELA - DAY

COOPER and several other PINKERTONS are taking refuge around the outer rim of the vessel. They alternate standing and firing.

LANDING

One of their shots hits FARES square in the face. His body rolls down to the shoreline.

The attack on the barges intensifies sending COOPER and his men clambering back into the confines of the dormitory. Several of them are wounded in the process.

RIVER

Flying an American flag, the LITTLE BILL comes back into view.

INT. IRON MOUNTAIN

HOLMAN

It's the tug!

The recruits scramble to their feet for a better look.

Shouts of help arise.

LANDING

The mob now turns their firearms toward the tugboat.

INT. LITTLE BILL

A bullet enters the pilot's cabin and plows into the groin of a crewman. Under heavy gunfire, CAPTAIN RODGERS steers the boat away from the vicinity of the wharf and continues steaming up river. The tug rounds a bend and disappears.

INT. IRON MOUNTAIN

The recruits look on in disbelief and desperation.

RIVER

Four of the Homestead men are ferrying a Civil War cannon to the other side of the river.

It is wheeled onto dry land.

Steel scraps are gathered from the heavy grass.

They are loaded into the cannon along with gunpowder and tamped down.

The fuse is lit.

A jagged array of shrapnel slams into the rear of the IRON MOUNTAIN slicing a sizable chunk out of the wooden cover.

INT. IRON MOUNTAIN

A mass panic ensues. Bloodied men search for cover. Some don their lifejackets and attempt to climb out.

Several of the PINKERTON regulars enter the dorm and hold their rifles on those trying to escape.

UPPER LANDING

A railroad flatcar is packed with containers of oil.

It is set aflame.

The brakes are released sending it hurtling down a set of tracks ending at the shoreline. It is on a path that leads directly into the hull of THE MONOGAHELA.

INT. THE MONONGAGELA

The PINKERTON guards are frozen in horror.

LANDING

The flatcar continues its downhill ride.

At it reaches the bottom, it jerks to a halt.

Silence.

The Homestead men let loose with yet another barrage of gunfire.

END OF FLASHBACK.

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM

HOLMAN

These attacks continued well into the afternoon. Either, they were attempting to kill us in the boats or drive us out in open for a better shot. When no

one was looking, we sent up two or three surrender flags, but they were all shot down.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. STREETS - DAY

An exhausted O'DONNELL shuffles back to union headquarters.

INT. BOST BUILDING

Reporters, including JOHN WILSON, are phoning in and telegraphing reports.

O'DONNELL walks through the door.

WILSON

Huey, look at all these wires! Everyone last one of them are in support.

O'DONNELL

Is McLuckie here?

WILSON

Up on the roof.

EXT. ROOF OF BOST BUILDING - DAY

MCLUCKIE is viewing the carnage through a set of binoculars. O'DONNELL slowly climbs out on the roof.

O'DONNELL

Are you going to do anything to stop this?

MCLUCKIE

Stop what? Stop defending ourselves? We didn't lay a wily trap for these thugs to fall into. This event is courtesy of Carnegie Steel.

O'DONNELL

We're no longer "defending" anything. It's turned into a

slaughter.

MCLUCKIE

Huey, the time for talk isn't just over. . .it never began. Now we have their attention.

O'DONNELL

This is exactly what Frick wanted. He would've been happy with a busted down fence. The dead bodies are just a bonus.

MCLUCKIE

No matter. The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania is on our side. Two requests have been made for military intervention have been submitted to the Governor and both have been rejected.

O'DONNELL

That will not hold if things get worse. We're finished if soldiers come marching into Homestead.

MCLUCKIE

The soldiers can't stay here forever. I don't welcome them either, but it wouldn't be the end. Far from it. We simply wait them out.

O'DONNELL

By then the mill will have been entirely stocked with replacement workers.

MCLUCKIE

. . .and then we deal with those men.

O'DONNELL

. . .and then the men who come after them?

MCLUCKIE

Huey, the way I look at it, this is nothing more than an initial skirmish. So, if you don't have the stomach for it, I'd advise you to get out now.

O'DONNELL

I've spent the entire morning watching a river turn red, so don't tell me I don't have the stomach for it. You should come down and see it. It's quite a sight.

MCLUCKIE just stares at him.

O'DONNELL

I'm going back. I still have a thumb and eight fingers to give to the cause.

EXT. STREETS - DAY

O'DONNELL strides past the mill and heads toward the river. Along the way he sees the dead and wounded strewn about the mill grounds.

INT. THE MONONGAGELA

The drained and defeated Pinkertons are lying amidst their own blood and sweat. The wounded are huddled in their bunks, the dead are covered with sheets. Sunbeams crisscross through the cracks and holes in the wood. A lieutenant named SLATER removes his white blouse and sticks it on the end of his rifle. COOPER, who is sprawled out on the floor with a leg wound, raises his rifle.

COOPER

What do you think you're doin' there, Slater?

SLATER

It's over, Captain.

COOPER

It's not over until I say it is.



Put down your coward flag. Help  
will be here soon enough.

SLATER

The sheriff ain't coming. No one  
is coming. We have a couple men  
here gonna bleed to death. It's  
time to get them outta here.

COOPER

Are you boys of a similar mind?

Nods all around.

COOPER

You're even more gutless than  
the other bunch.

SLATER

I didn't sign up for this, boss.  
This wasn't in the agreement.

From his position on the floor, COOPER points his rifle at  
SLATER.

COOPER

I'll kill the lot of you before  
I see you surrender to these  
savages. You'll not taint the  
name of this agency.

One by one, the Pinkerton men rise to their feet and aim  
their weapons at COOPER.

LANDING

The guns are silent. Everybody watches and waits.

EXT. THE MONONGAHELA - DAY

Finally, the white shirt is thrust out from the top of the  
boat.

LANDING

Spotting the flag, O'DONNELL sprints down the landing amid some sporadic gunfire to an area directly in front of the docking station.

O'DONNELL

That's it! It's over! We have their surrender! All weapons down!

O'DONNELL plucks a rifle from the ground, ties his handkerchief to it, climbs atop the pile of metal and waves it in the air.

INT. THE MONONGAHELA

SLATER

Okay, let's get out of here. You coming, Captain?

A now weaponless COOPER retains his position on the floor.

COOPER

They can come and get me. I'm not voluntarily giving myself over to a mob.

SLATER

Do as you like.

The guards slide past COOPER on their way out of the dormitory.

EXT. THE MONONGAHELA - DAY

The Pinkertons begin to emerge from the front of the boat.

IRON MOUNTAIN

The recruits, including HOLMAN and CLAY stumble and crawl from their vessel.

INT. THE MONONGAGELA

COOPER rises to his feet with some difficulty. He limps to the back of the dorm and picks up a pistol left on a bunk. Slowly and deliberately, he primes it, places the barrel in his mouth and squeezes the trigger.

LANDING

The shot puts the Homestead men back on alert. O'DONNELL holds up a hand.

O'DONNELL  
It's alright! Guns down!

The union men approach SLATER.

O'DONNELL  
You'll come with us. I'll send a separate crew to take your wounded.

Hundreds of townspeople swarm down from the hillside to join the workers.

SLATER  
Can you guarantee us protection?

O'DONNELL  
You'll be held in a safe place until the authorities come for you. (turning toward the crowd) I need some more guards to help transfer these men!

A few workers reluctantly step forward. They cluster around the Pinkertons and the formation begins the long walk up the landing.

The crowd parts, creating a narrowing opening to squeeze through.

Many of the prisoners avoid eye contact with the people of Homestead. A few choose to hold their heads up defiantly as they pass a sea of angry faces.

Tension builds in the mob as the march inches forward.

Catcalls.

A rock is thrown.

Rifle butts flash toward the heads of the Pinkerton men.

O'DONNELL and his men push away attackers.

A mass of shouting and screaming faces push inward.

Fists shoot through upraised arms.

MRS. FINCH climbs over the back of others in an effort to make contact with her blackjack.

CLAY'S nose is bloodied.

ROSS holds down the heads of two of his prisoners.

Women spit, kick and claw.

HOLMAN is struck with a rock.

A Pinkerton spits out a mouthful of teeth.

Shins are swatted with sticks.

Women on their knees, crying.

The battering continues up the landing and onto the mill grounds.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM

CONGRESSMAN

What do you believe attributed to the maltreatment of the Pinkerton detectives?

MCLUCKIE

The incident referred to in the newspapers as "running the gauntlet?" If I had to take a mad guess, I'd say it was mainly due to them having shot seven people to death.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. LANDING - NIGHT

The barges are doused with kerosene and set ablaze.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. LANDING - MORNING

As the burnt carcasses of the boats smolder, workers converge on shore to remove the remnants of the previous day's events.

MILL

Men rather sheepishly reconstruct the fallen portion of fence.

INT. FRICK'S OFFICE

SHERIFF CONNORS enters. Concentrating on a ledger, FRICK barely raises his head. The SHERIFF approaches and places a piece of paper on the desk.

SHERIFF

That is my latest request to the State for troops. It's going off to the Governor tomorrow.

FRICK gives it a bored, cursory glance and then tosses it back on the desk.

FRICK

What did you want me to do, Sheriff. . .check the spelling?

INT. CHURCH

In a stifling hot church packed with mourners, an ancient, feisty priest is presiding over the funeral of two of the fallen Homestead men.

PRIEST

I have officiated over many funerals. Yet in all my long

experience, I have never been called upon to serve an occasion filled with such overwhelming sadness.

Why should men who continue to pile up their millions send mercenaries to drive out those who are scarcely earning a living? Their actions stuck a knife into every community in Homestead. Is it any wonder that this injustice created such an uncontrollable rage? This body of men comes down here with rifles and what would you have the Homestead men do?

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

The mourners leave the church and fall behind the funeral procession. As MCLUCKIE walks down the steps, he sees SHERIFF CONNORS across the street. MCCLUCKIE winds his way over to confront him.

MCLUCKIE

Nothing to see here, Sheriff. . . just a bunch of dead laborers.

SHERIFF

I wanted to check on the general tenor of things.

MCLUCKIE

Oh yeah?

SHERIFF

Yeah. Got a chance to talk to some of your men down at the mill.

MCLUCKIE

Really? What was their general tenor?

SHERIFF

Just fine among themselves, but

they act like animals with anyone else. The way they tell it, they're an orderly, law abiding lot of American citizens exercising their rights to defend themselves against their enemies. In the meantime, all authority is being defied and the Constitution is being violated.

MCLUCKIE

The only thing I can see we're guilty of is trying to remain employed. If that's a crime, then go ahead and string us up. Until then, we will continue our staunch refusal to be displaced. We may not be going to Heaven, Sheriff, but it's my guess there'll be a party ahead of us on the way to Hell.

SHERIFF

Maybe so. By the way, I received this wire just before coming out. It seems that the Governor has agreed to send the troops. I thought you might like it as a souvenir.

He pushes it into MCLUCKIE'S hand.

EXT. HOMESTEAD TRAIN STATION - DAY

Much of the town has come out for the expected arrival of the troops. Several brass bands are in evidence. In mayoral greeting mode, MCLUCKIE is looking generally put out and glum, as do the other union leaders. On the other hand, the prostitutes are absolutely glowing.

A train pulls into the station. The bands start to play, then stop when no troops disembark.

MCLUCKIE

Someone better check with the Governor's Office. They were

supposed to be here on the  
12:08.

CRAWFORD  
Maybe they're not coming.

MCLUCKIE  
That would be too easy.

O'DONNELL makes his through the crowd.

O'DONNELL  
I just heard they came in  
across river in Swissvale.

MCLUCKIE  
Another sneak attack. Alright  
. . .let's go.

EXT. OPEN FIELD - DAY

The welcoming committee complete with brass bands traipse across a pasture and approach the base of a hill. MCLUCKIE and O'DONNELL continue up the slope until they reach an overlook directly across the river from the mill. In front of a large tent, SHERIFF CONNORS is conferencing with GENERAL SNOWDON, a small, wiry man with an enormous white mustache.

MCLUCKIE  
General Snowdon, I believe?

SNOWDON simply stares. There is a long, awkward silence.

O'DONNELL  
Sheriff, would you be so kind  
to introduce us to the General?

SHERIFF  
This is General Snowdon.

It's immediately apparent that that Homestead men are out of their element.

MCLUCKIE  
My name is McLuckie. I'm the  
Mayor of Homestead. This is Mr.



O'Donnell. Both of us are steelworkers. We've come to speak for the members of the Amalgamated Association.

SNOWDON

I neither know or care anything about them. I am not here to look after the strikers or your union. Let's be very clear right up front. I do not accept nor do I need the blessings or input of lawbreakers. I want it distinctly understood that we are now in control of this town and your workplace.

O'DONNELL

General, I think that the reference to our union was not to suggest any kind of authority. We're here as representatives of all the people of Homestead. Our citizenship is our proudest affiliation.

SNOWDON

I'm always glad to meet the citizens - the good citizens - of any community.

O'DONNELL

We have been peaceful and law abiding.

SNOWDON

No, you have not! You have not been peaceful or law abiding! Soldiers are rarely deployed in areas where the residents are mindful of the law. Among other things, you have defied and insulted Sheriff Connors. You have refused to deal with him and now you'll have to deal with us.

MCLUCKIE

Having just arrived here,  
perhaps, you are not acquainted  
with all of the facts.

SNOWDON

Sir, I can go further into the  
conduct of you and your men. I  
would suggest you do not insist.

There is a long tense silence. O'DONNELL attempts to soften  
the mood.

O'DONNELL

General, we have four brass  
bands and we would like to have  
them parade in review before the  
camp.

SNOWDON

I don't want any brass band  
business around here!

The two union men exchange defeated stares and proceed back  
down the hill.

MCLUCKIE

What kind of army man is he,  
not liking brass bands?

As the downhill trek continues, the shot widens to reveal  
thousands of white tents as far as the eye can see. Large  
formations of troops march along the camp's periphery.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM

CONGRESSMAN

I believe the strike is now off  
at Homestead?

O'DONNELL

Yes sir. To their great credit  
the men were able to hold out for  
five months. However, due to the  
extended presence of the military,

the company was eventually able to bring in enough replacement workers to renew operations. I believe they're back running near full capacity.

CONGRESSMAN

Have you thus returned to your previous position with the company?

O'DONNELL

No, I will not be returning. Despite their claims to the contrary, a blacklist now exists at Homestead. Myself and many others are now banned from any further employment with Carnegie Steel. Knowing Mr. Carnegie's influence within the industry, I dare say the blacklist could stretch further than his mills alone.

CUT TO

MCLUCKIE testifying.

MCLUCKIE

I do not wish this little affair to be considered a war between labor and capital. This was a war between working men. These Pinkertons were there under pay and the person who employed that force compensated them with money wrung from the sweat of the men employed at the mill. We paid for weapons that killed seven of our people.

CUT TO

FRICK testifying

CONGRESSMAN

If you had known, at the time,

that such a conflict would arise,  
do you think you would've taken  
such actions?

FRICK

I don't think I would have. Of  
course, I never could have  
anticipated such events  
occurring.

CUT TO

HOLMAN testifying

HOLMAN

At no time, were we told that  
a town of 11,000 was waiting to  
kill us.

CUT TO

O'DONNELL testifying

CONGRESSMAN

You say the working people are  
becoming restless. What do you  
mean by that?

O'DONNELL

As far as I can see, they're  
beginning to realize that large  
concerns are disposed to take  
advantage of them and deprive  
them of what they heretofore  
considered their right. . .  
their right to a job. That  
concept seems to be  
disappearing.

CUT BACK TO

MCLUCKIE testifying

MCLUCKIE

Let me ask you a question, but  
you're not on the stand.

CONGRESSMAN

Well, I will go on the stand.

MCLUCKIE

You've been here a few days.  
You've seen the neighborhoods.  
Do our houses seem comfortable?

CONGRESSMAN

It appeared that some were  
comfortable. Some, perhaps not  
as much.

MCLUCKIE

Do any of them appear to be  
owned by individuals who took  
home too much money every week?

CONGRESSMAN

No, they assuredly do not.

MCLUCKIE

Thank you.

EXT. HOTEL MONONGAHELA - DAY

The session is letting out. O'DONNELL and MCLUCKIE walk down the steps of the hotel. They trade vacant stares and then walk off in separate directions.

O'DONNELL'S family is waiting for him. The mill whistle sounds in the background. As the family turns a corner, the

factory comes into full view. O'DONNELL stops and stares. The shifts are changing. Hordes of men are entering the factory passing those on their way home. Thick black smoke is again pouring from the smokestacks.

TITLE: SIX YEARS LATER over

EXT. DOWNTOWN HOMESTEAD - DAY

A parade through the streets of the town. Floats, marching bands, etc. Among those sitting in review is ANDREW CARNEGIE.

EXT. LIBRARY - DAY

A gathering is taking place on the lawn of the new Carnegie Library. The building is even grander than the Braddock structure.

LATER

CARNEGIE at the podium. FRICK, LOVEJOY and POTTER are among the spectators.

CARNEGIE

Few events in my life have filled me with such pleasure as the presentation of this building to the people of Homestead.

This is the first time I have stood before a Homestead audience with peculiar feelings. That should be readily understood. The one great pain of my life rising from business and which has haunted me for years came from the deplorable events of six years ago. They came sweeping across an ocean and even now retains its power to sadden my life.

I hope events such as the one today can help banish the cruel memories forever. By this meeting, by your warm welcome, by these smiling faces, all the regretful thoughts, all the unpleasant memories are henceforth and forever buried.

I think we've proven that the best of all unions is the happy union that now prevails within our company and within this town. From now on, we are to think of Homestead as we see it today.

APPLAUSE

We move away from the ceremony to look across the river at the mill. It is back spewing out its black smoke that seems to engulf the entire sky.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

JOHN GRISWOLD, the steelworker from the opening scene, leaves his home, lunch pail in hand.

As his walk progresses, modern cars traveling along a parkway can be seen in the background.

Continuing on, he passes underneath a now decaying water tower.

Approaching his destination, he looks up and stops short.

In front of him is a large outdoor shopping complex.

He wanders through it, gawking at the retail stores and chain restaurants. Shoppers walk past him, but he is invisible to them.

TITLES: AFTER THE STRIKE WAS QUELLED, LOWER WAGES AND 12 HOUR DAYS BECAME THE NORM AT HOMESTEAD. LABOR ORGANIZATION WAS COMPLETELY BANNED.

CARNEGIE STEEL CONTINUED TO EXPAND WHILE REGULARLY INCREASING PROFITS. THE COMPANY WOULD EVENTUALLY EVOLVE INTO U.S. STEEL.

THE NON UNION ERA FINALLY ENDED IN 1936 WHEN AN ORGANIZATION HEADED BY JOHN L. LEWIS REORGANIZED THE WORKERS.

DUE TO CORPORATE MISMANAGEMENT, UNION DISCORD AND FOREIGN IMPORTS, THE STEEL INDUSTRY BEGAN TO COLLAPSE IN WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA BY THE 1970'S.

THE HOMESTEAD WORKS WAS SHUT DOWN IN 1986 AND RAZED SHORTLY AFTER.

A SHOPPING AND ENTERTAINMENT COMPLEX WAS BUILT ON ITS SITE.

over

a dazed and confused GRISWOLD sitting down on a bench in front of a FINISH LINE store. He can only stare ahead in stunned silence as the foot traffic passes in front of him.

EXT. MONUMENT - DAY

It reads

"ERECTED BY THE MEMBERS OF THE STEEL WORKERS ORGANIZATION COMMITTEE LOCAL UNIONS IN MEMORY OF THE IRON AND STEEL WORKERS WHO WERE KILLED IN HOMESTEAD, PA., ON JULY 6<sup>TH</sup>, 1892, WHILE STRIKING AGAINST THE CARNEGIE COMPANY IN DEFENSE OF THEIR AMERICAN RIGHTS."

FADE OUT

THE END