

SUTTON'S

"Pilot"

Written by

J.W. Newberry

ON BLACK

Trumpets BLAST with vibrato atop the rumbling rhythm of drums and other swinging "big band" instruments.

INT. BOULEVARD ROOM - NIGHT

A handful of couples jive to the lively music on the dance floor in front of the band, lit by magnificent chandeliers. These elite white folks scream of robotic imitation, nonetheless, they're having fun.

SUPER: Chicago, 1938

Overlooking the dance floor, at a dinner table in the second row, sits ARTHUR SUTTON, Caucasian Male, 70s, every bit of his youthfulness stolen by the American dream.

ARTHUR

Dinner with my favorite gals. This
is what it's all about.

Sitting to his right is DOROTHY "DOT" SUTTON, Caucasian Female, 40s, in a long skirt and matching blouse, her blonde hair in a wavy bob cut. Not feeling quite as sentimental.

DOT

Doesn't make up for all the years
you were out with your *other*
favorite girls while we sat at home
with mother.

She takes a drink of her brandi.

Sitting on Arthur's left is RUTH SUTTON-FERNSBY, Caucasian Female, 30s, wearing a colorful dress, her dirty blonde hair in tight finger curls. Much warmer and more fashionable than her older sister.

RUTH

Oh stop that.

She places a hand on her father's, and looks at him lovingly.

RUTH

Dot, you should bring Gemma out
next week. Charles has been wanting
to come dancing too.

ARTHUR

(to Dot)

Ah yes.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Bring the live-in maid out for a dance. You take after me more than you think.

He winks.

A lavishly dressed couple in their fifties approaches the table. All smiles. The man bends over to shake Arthur's hand.

MAN

(to his wife)

Dear, this is Mr. Sutton.

The man's wife curtsies.

WIFE

Pleasure, Mr. Sutton. Looking forward to the Spring catalogue this year.

ARTHUR

Of course. You'll be one of the first to get it.

MAN

(to Dot and Ruth)

Ladies. Have a lovely evening. Our own two daughters are at home right now, no doubt reading about *your* social endeavors with envy.

RUTH

Oh how sweet.

CLOSE UP on Dot as she takes another drink, stone-cold as the couple walks away.

The band finishes their song to cheers and applause. BENNY, the band leader, lowers his clarinet and steps up to the microphone.

BENNY

Thank you, thank you. We're now off for a short break and will be back after *this*!

He and the band members exit the stage as "IVORY" MULLINS, African American Male, 60s, a burly and passionate showman, vamps on the piano.

Shimmying out, center stage, is MARITA THOMAS, African American Female, 20s, a mathematician of rhythm. She taps a time-step cuing Ivory into a jazz tune, and then erupts into a flurry of calculated beats with the tap shoes on her feet.

The crowd has retreated to their tables and the bar, filling the room with chatter over the performance.

Back at the Sutton's table, Dot has zoned out at the tap dancing on stage.

RUTH

How's it going in your department?

No response.

RUTH

Dot, how's it going over at the catalogue house?

Dot turns to Ruth. Arthur cuts in before she can answer.

ARTHUR

Now, now. No work talk while we're out having fun. How about some ice cream?

DOT

I'm about ready to go, thanks.

She turns her attention back to Marita and Ivory's performance. Marita does a kick into a jump off the stage. She slides across the dance floor with pizazz and ends with a spectacular series of tap steps, impossible to decode.

Dot and a few others applaud. A HECKLER smoking a cigar down at a table in the front row, proclaims loudly to his buddy for all to hear:

HECKLER

Get Benny and his guys back out there!

Marita struts over to him, tap shoes clacking on the floor. She takes the cigar resting on his ash tray and puts it out on his hand.

HECKLER

Ow! What the shit?

She angrily exits the room.

Up on stage, Ivory stops playing the piano.

IVORY

God dammit.

INT. BOULEVARD ROOM LOBBY - NIGHT

Dot spots Marita fumbling through her pockets, cigarette in hand. She takes a hit of her own cigarette and joins her.

DOT

Here.

Dot holds a Zippo pocket lighter out in front of her and sparks a flame. Marita looks up.

MARITA

Praise be.

She lights her cigarette. They inhale the tobacco in unison.

DOT

Nice performance.

MARITA

At least I went out with a bang.

DOT

I like your spunk.

MARITA

It gets me fired.

DOT

You have any trouble getting another show, you're welcome to come work for me.

MARITA

Oh please.

Dot blows smoke.

DOT

I help manage a store. There's comfort in a forty-four hour work week.

Marita changes into her walking shoes.

MARITA

(wary)

Oh I know who you are.

She stands up.

MARITA

And I know you don't want *me* near your business.

DOT

My department could use more ladies. And I have a friend who owns a handful of night clubs. Bohemian types. More pleasant clientele. So if things go well... I don't know. Just a thought.

Dot heads toward the lobby staircase.

MARITA

You serious?

She turns back.

DOT

Eight on Monday morning. The catalogue house across from Sutton's store.

She disappears down the stairs.

MARITA

(impressed)

Okay.

INT. STEVENS HOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Dot descends the stairs. BO LIAO, a Chinese-American Male, late 20s, prudent, observant, and lanky with ruffled black hair, approaches her holding a notepad and pencil.

BO

Miss Sutton! I'd like to request a comment.

DOT

A comment on what? Another failed family outing?

BO

Oh I'm just pulling your leg.

Dot smiles. The gentlest we've seen her. Bo tucks his notepad and pencil into the pocket of his trench coat.

DOT

How are you Bo?

She leads him through the lobby. He lowers his voice.

BO
I've been hearing some talk of guys
wanting to walk out on the store.
Is it true?

They exit the hotel.

EXT. STEVENS HOTEL VALET - CONTINUOUS

Dot's passing warmth disappears.

DOT
I'm too tired to do this tonight.

Their breath turns to fog in the cold air.

BO
I understand. Sorry.

He hangs his head. She grabs his hand as he turns to walk away.

DOT
Talk soon. Okay?

He smiles a little, nods, and leaves her.

EXT. DOT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

In her 1936 Cadillac, Dot rolls into the driveway of her modest two-story Brownstone mansion. Light shines from one room on the second floor.

INT. DOT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dot takes her jacket off and drapes it on the arm of a rocking chair in the corner. She pops her heels off with a groan and tosses them at the foot of a full-length Cheval mirror.

In glides GEMMA FISHER, Caucasian Female, early 30s, an enlightened socialite, free flowing brunette hair, wearing a nightgown and slippers. She sets two cups of tea on the bed side table.

GEMMA
I'm out of sugar.

She sits on the bed and stirs some cream into each cup.

Dot has slipped out of her skirt and into a nightgown. She joins Gemma on the bed.

DOT

Good show.

Gemma hands her a cup of tea and they sip.

GEMMA

Get anywhere?

DOT

No talk of work when he's out with his *gals*. He seems to care so much about pleasing us all of a sudden that I may actually be closer to a promotion than ever before.

GEMMA

That's...good?

DOT

He ought to trust his own blood. Instead he's got a bunch of uninspired dopes-- Oh, now you've got me heated.

Gemma takes her hand.

GEMMA

An heiress has no place in an office like that. We could be out doing practically *anything*.

Dot hands her cup to Gemma to set on the bedside table.

DOT

I thought you meant to leave that life.

GEMMA

That's different. My parents were unbearable. No more appearances at sponsored engagements or dreadful dinners with wealthy crooks.

Dot situates her head on her pillow.

DOT

He'll give it to me soon.

Gemma hesitates and then goes through the motions of giving Dot a kiss on the cheek before turning their bedside lamp off.

GEMMA
Good night.

INT. MARITA'S STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Marita and Ivory traipse up the creaky stairs of their shared three-flat.

As Marita stops at the door of her second-floor unit, Ivory turns to her.

IVORY
Come up to mine if you want. Got a new plaything.

INT. IVORY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ivory mutters from his kitchenette.

IVORY
Water for you?

MARITA
Uh huh.

He drops two ice cubes in a glass of scotch.

IVORY
Whiskey for me.

He hands her the glass of water and sets his scotch on an old weathered upright piano.

He cranks a Radiola machine. The vinyl record on it starts to spin round and round. He sits at the piano and starts to play and sing.

IVORY
(singing)
*Took the street car from
Bronzeville on Sunday mornin. To
the church on Madison, they don't
warn ya. They don't like to boogie
there. No they don't like to boogie
there.*

MARITA
(grinning)
If you play too loud I can't hear
the record.

IVORY

Just watch.

(sings again)

*So from now on baby, I'll stick to
Bronzeville you hear?*

He gets up from the piano, shifts the needle on the record and flips a switch.

The song he just performed plays back. He smiles at the sound of his own voice.

MARITA

Wow. That's some nifty shit. How'd you pay for that thing?

IVORY

Never you mind. You would be talking about money after that stunt tonight.

MARITA

Everybody wants to play with "Ivory" Mullins. You won't have any trouble. And Dot Sutton herself asked me to come work for her. She might even get me booked at some clubs.

IVORY

Dot Sutton herself? Yeah we'll see. If you can't hold on to a job you'll be back at your mom and pop's farm.

MARITA

Don't be saying that. I'm not about to be dancing for farm animals again.

IVORY

You dance for animals now.

MARITA

These animals pay me!

They drown in laughter.

EXT. SUTTON'S DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

The brisk Wintertime streets of Chicago bustle with business. Sutton's Department store and its executive offices tower over the North branch of the Chicago River.

INT. EXECUTIVE LOBBY - DAY

Marita exits the elevator on the twelfth floor and approaches the front desk. ABIGAIL the nosey secretary, Caucasian Female, 60s, looks up from behind it.

ABIGAIL

Lost?

MARITA

I'm here for Dot Sutton.

Marita walks right past her toward the offices.

ABIGAIL

(gets up)

Excuse me.

Marita looks into an open door, catching the attention of a well-dressed man with the sharpest jawline she's ever seen. He's mid-conversation with someone.

MARITA

Is Miss Sutton in?

ABIGAIL

Could you wait back here?

The man comes out to the lobby. This is CLIFFORD "CLIFF" DOYLE, Caucasian Male, 40s, slicked back auburn hair, bred for business.

CLIFF

It's okay Abigail.

MARITA

I'm Marita. I'm starting work with Miss Sutton today. I thought I'd walk over with her.

Cliff smiles, amused.

CLIFF

Wrong building honey. Dot's office is over there, down in the warehouse.

He Looks out the lobby window at the rugged industrial building across the street.

MARITA

(perplexed)

Oh.

EXT. CATALOGUE HOUSE - DAY

Marita walks toward an open warehouse loading door. Some men are loading wrapped furniture into a truck. She passes them into...

INT. CATALOGUE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A sprawling, musty, concrete warehouse with shelves full of home goods as far as her eyes can see. A worker pushes a tall brass lamp on a cart.

MARITA

I'm looking for Miss Sutton.

The worker nods toward a nearby door, and continues their push.

CUT TO:

INT. CATALOGUE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Marita knocks on the door.

No answer.

Knocks a little louder.

DOT (O.S.)

I've thirty more seconds!

Marita backs away, startled. A drop of water hits her nose. She looks up at the beams in the ceiling high above. Another drop. She steps back again.

DOT (O.S.)

Come in.

INT. DOT'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Marita enters. Dot is sitting at her desk with her eyes closed. She opens them.

DOT

Oh. You. Hello.

MARITA

I was across the street. I was going to walk over with you.

DOT

Well, you've found my dungeon. I told you the catalogue house.

MARITA

I just figured you'd have an office up in the tower.

DOT

Yeah, you'd think. Being that I'm the namesake of this god damned store.

MARITA

The nice man with the...very sharp jaw line explained that your office is over here.

DOT

Little shit. He loves that.

MARITA

Do you have files you want me to sort or something?

She looks around the office. It's pretty bare. One neat shelf of books, and a lone file cabinet.

DOT

No, you'll be fulfilling orders out on the floor!

Marita stares at her.

MARITA

What.

INT. CATALOGUE HOUSE - DAY

Dot walks Marita through the warehouse. CARMEN, a Latina woman, 40s, with her hair up in a bandana, **roller-skates** past them.

DOT

Carmen, get Marita here some Levi's!

CARMEN

Yes Miss Sutton.

Marita does a double-take as Carmen disappears on the roller-skates.

DOT

Quickest way to get around. Workers started skating over at Ward's, and naturally it caught on over here.

They come upon some men flipping a large wooden table onto a push cart.

MARITA

Damn.

DOT

Don't worry, you'll be retrieving the lighter things. Clothing, fabrics, interior design materials mostly.

Dot stops them at a chalk board that has a bunch of rows and columns with names and order numbers on it. She grabs the **whistle** around her neck and BLOWS IT LOUD.

Marita flinches.

Carmen and twenty other workers roller-skate up to them.

DOT

People, you're behind. Skip the next break and catch up. We'll evaluate at closing.

With eye-rolls, shrugs, and mumbles, they skate away.

Dot leads Marita down an isle full of bird baths.

MARITA

People order *bird baths* from Sutton's?

DOT

People order everything from Sutton's dear. How do you think we grew to compete with Ward's and Sears? Our catalogues are woman's best friend. Hell, they're man's best friend too. You know how to roller skate?

CUT TO:

INT. CATALOGUE HOUSE - DAY

Angle Up on Marita trying to balance on roller-skates. We follow her as she staggers along. She's wearing a pair of Levi's jeans now.

MARITA
(under her breath)
Like dancing. It's like dancing. I
have better balance than this.

She swipes at a shelf and launches herself down the aisle.

MARITA
(passing some clocks)
Oh shit.

She spreads her legs out to stop herself. Her legs keep spreading into the splits, but she pulls herself right up just before hitting the ground.

MARITA
(panting)
Okay. Where are you at.

She scans the shelf of clocks, finds the one she's looking for, and takes it.

MARITA
Got ya.

INT. CATALOGUE HOUSE - DAY

Marita finishes packaging the clock in a cardboard box. She places it on a pallet.

MARITA
One down.

Carmen appears holding a big rolled up rug.

CARMEN
Nice job. You've got until lunch to
do the next thirty.

Marita looks at the chalk board.

MARITA
What!?

INT. WALNUT ROOM - DAY

Dot sits across from Arthur in a spacious dining room with high ceilings and an ornate fountain in the center. Shoppers walk along the balconies above them.

DOT

Why all the way to Marshall Fields
for lunch?

ARTHUR

I come here once a month ever since
I opened up my own store. Can't
forget where you came from.

DOT

No. I can't.

She realizes the whistle is still around her neck, clenches it, and tucks it away in her pocket.

DOT

You know, today's Monday.

ARTHUR

Oh it is, is it? Everything blends
together these days.

DOT

Mondays were always off limits
while you were busy catching up on
business.

ARTHUR

Off limits to what?

DOT

You. Sneaking into your office for
coffee. Squeezing in a game of
checkers after lunch.

(proud)

Look at me now.

ARTHUR

Isn't it all enough for you? I
worked my ass off and now you don't
have to.

DOT

I'm the only person who *truly* knows
how you think, and you're wasting
me.

ARTHUR

A wise man knows he must surround himself with minds unlike his.

DOT

And what happens when you're gone?

Arthur winces at this thought.

A pause.

ARTHUR

Dotty, You'll always have a place at Sutton's. In the type of leadership position you want so badly... the men wouldn't respond well.

DOT

Ward's has Anne Swainson in charge of Industrial Design. She's a damned executive.

ARTHUR

Well, we're not Ward's.

DOT

(sly)

You normally like to think so.

Arthur scoffs and waves at a waiter.

ARTHUR

Can I get my check?

(to Dot)

You want a hand in designs? Fine. Come to the design meeting tomorrow.

DOT

The *executive* design meeting?

ARTHUR

Observe. And give me your thoughts after.

The WAITER brings their check.

DOT

(lively)

We'll take some ice cream. One scoop of peppermint each.

The waiter nods and departs.

ARTHUR

I actually brought you here to discuss a more pressing matter. Your workers are organizing. Not good.

Dot looks down at the table.

DOT

Do you know how soon?

ARTHUR

I expect never. You're not going to let it happen.

DOT

No, I'm not.

INT. CATALOGUE HOUSE - DAY

Marita and Carmen walk by JASPER, Caucasian Male, 30s, grubby from the day's work, PISSING on the wall.

MARITA

What in God's name--

CARMEN

Really Jasper?

Jasper looks over his shoulder.

JASPER

What? Our breaks aren't long enough to walk down to the loo and back. Take it up with the old lady. Oh wait. All she cares about is the bottom line.

ELDEN, Caucasian Male, 60s, waddles over.

ELDEN

He's right. S'why I keep a bucket nearby. I could go on and on about the malarkey here, but the immoral story is that the suits would rather us have a high turnover than work here long enough to organize.

JASPER

And joke's on them, cause we're gonna.

MARITA

Organize like a union? What happens here that doesn't happen everywhere else?

JASPER

What a worker accepts across the river at Montgomery Ward's doesn't matter to me. I'd like to work in this here warehouse without being treated like a slave.

Marita stares at him. *Really?*

CARMEN

I at least want the impossible quotas to stop. You have to meet the quotas to keep the job, but if you meet the quotas, the goal goes up, up, up every week.

ELDEN

And don't be fooled. She might have you doing the easy stuff today. You'll get your shot at the heavy shit in a couple weeks. I visit the doctor for my back every other month.

He hobbles away. Marita reflects on this.

INT. CATALOGUE HOUSE - LATER

Marita stands at her fulfilling station. She cross references a shovel in Sutton's Winter 1937-38 Catalogue with a separate long list of items and their warehouse locations.

She roller-skates a few aisles away, stops for a moment, and looks toward the other end of the warehouse. Hundreds of workers move about like a machine sputtering out of oil.

She turns into an aisle and whistles as she skates to the shovels. She swipes one as she rolls by and continues on her way.

As she approaches the end, she hears...

DOT (O.S.)

What is that smell?

Marita does an about face at the sound of Dot's voice and rolls back the way she came from. Dot pokes her head around the corner.

DOT

Marita. Come take a walk with me.
You're finished here for the day.

Marita attempts to twist her body back around, but FALLS
right on her butt.

MARITA

Yes ma'am.

EXT. SUTTON'S DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

Dot leads Marita across the street to the store.

MARITA

(still sore from falling)
So what are we doing?

DOT

I thought you should see the store.
What we're all about.

MARITA

Oh, I snuck in there a few times as
a child.

They pass through a revolving door and into...

INT. SUTTON'S STORE ENTRANCE - DAY

A gentleman in a suit greets them with a smile.

GREETER

Good day Miss Sutton.
(to Marita)
Hello.

DOT

(smiling back)
Yes it is.

Two ladies at the nearby makeup section look over at Dot and
whisper to each other.

MARITA

(smiling at the Greeter)
Hello.

Dot wastes no time. Marita walks faster to keep up.

Dot leads her up the grand staircase to the...

INT. SUTTON'S STORE SECOND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Sales Associates are busy helping dozens of business men with their shopping.

They come upon a section filled with suit jackets. Dot stops.

DOT

I used to run up here as a little girl. The moment I'd arrive at the store.

She takes hold of a suit jacket hanging on the rack in front of her.

DOT

I wanted to find a suit just like Daddy's.

She runs her hand along the suit's silky arm.

DOT

I wanted to be him.

Marita stands there, not knowing what to say. Dot returns from the memory. She starts to walk again, and Marita follows.

INT. SUTTON'S STORE SECOND FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Dot and Marita pass a sales associate sliding a customer's foot into a new shoe.

DOT

There's a special quality of service the customer expects with Sutton's. The same quality my father strove for when he delivered mail-orders in a wooden wagon to his first customers.

MARITA

What about the employees. Do they get treated well too?

DOT

Sounds like you made some fast friends today.

They arrive back at the grand staircase.

MARITA

How do I get a job in here?

Dot side-eyes her. *Not a chance.*

INT. MARITA'S PLACE - NIGHT

Marita lays spread-eagle in the middle of her living room.

PEARL, a large and charismatic African-American Female, 40s, sits next to her in a chair folding laundry out of a woven basket.

PEARL

You didn't stretch before they put
you in those roller skates?

MARITA

I didn't have time to think.

Marita raises her right leg in the air, attempting to pull it back toward her chest. She GROANS.

Pearl finishes folding a dress and sets it on the floor in a neat stack of clothes.

PEARL

I'm not about to be giving you a
massage every night after this new
job of yours.

MARITA

Ugh. Job. Just tell me about *your*
day.

She turns over on her stomach with one side of her face against the floor.

PEARL

Little rascals been coming over to
the laundromat after school at the
end of my shift. Unplugging all the
machines when I'm trying to tidy
up!

MARITA

They're just distracting you.

PEARL

Distracting me for what?

MARITA

They're after the change to take
down to the penny arcade.

PEARL
How do you know that?

MARITA
Cause I used to do it when you and
Ma weren't looking.

Pearl gasps and throws a towel at her.

PEARL
Come on over here. I'm not getting
down on the floor.

Marita crawls over and sits in front her. Pearl starts to
massage her shoulders forcefully. Her back CRACKS.

MARITA
Pearl!

PEARL
Whoops. Sorry.

MARITA
Gentle. God damn.

PEARL
Mind yourself.

She eases up and Marita sighs.

MARITA
I forgot what it was like to do
something without feeling.

PEARL
You were blessed.

MARITA
When I'm on a *stage* I can be doing
something just for me. They don't
even know.
(closes her eyes)
And it feels good. *So good.*

PEARL
Oh, I've seen people eat it up.
You're like a magic man.

Marita opens her eyes.

MARITA
Making money off my own happiness.

PEARL
(still massaging)
Mm.

MARITA
That's what I'm gonna roller skate
for.

PEARL
Hey, power to you. But like I said,
I ain't a gonna be your masseuse.

She stops massaging and pats Marita on the shoulders.

MARITA
(gets up off the floor)
That's a shame, cause it worked so
well that I might tap my way over
to Ivory's gig.

PEARL
You're crazy. Now tell me about
Dorothy Sutton.

MARITA
Well.

EXT. BO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A five story brick apartment building, clad in fire escapes, sits within the Printer's Row neighborhood. Lights glow from the windows of the building and it's neighbors.

INT. BO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Fingers. Clack. On. A typewriter. One. Finger. At. A time. They pause. And then quicken. The faint industrial noise of printing machines echoes from the buildings nearby.

Bo Liao types away at his kitchen table. He's on a roll until-

A CAT leaps onto the table.

Bo jumps out of his chair.

BO
Ah!

The cat rubs its back against his typewriter. Bo walks toward it one step at a time and then squats down to level with it.

BO
I'm busy. Git.

He snaps his fingers toward the open corner window. The cat purrs.

BO
Go on.

It scurries to the window and out onto the fire escape.

A knock at the door. He sighs and answers it.

It's Dot holding a greasy brown paper bag.

BO
I finally sat down to write. And
you come to me with food. For that,
I cannot be mad.

He steps aside. Dot walks in, sets the bag on his coffee table, and plops down on his old tattered couch.

DOT
I'm pooped.

Bo looks through the bag.

BO
What we got?

Dot shoos his hands away and reaches in to pull out two Polish sausages in buns.

BO
Ketchup?

DOT
That one's mine.

BO
Better be.

He takes his sausage from her. It's loaded with grilled onions and pickle relish. He sits straddling a backwards chair and scarfs down his food.

DOT
Savor it a little. I paid top
dollar for these down on the
corner.

She takes a small bite.

DOT

I almost got three in case your father was here.

BO

Oh he's been busy being Mister Civic over in Chinatown.

DOT

I remember when *this* was Chinatown. My mother used to bring me to get noodles two blocks over.

BO

You people and noodles.

A printing machine in the building next door GROWLS through the window.

DOT

(over the noise)

You ought to find some place quieter.

BO

Publishing knows no bounds. I'm up all night writing anyway.

DOT

The paper paying you yet?

BO

Just to run the presses. You think the Chicago Daily News is going to run the byline: Bo Liao?

DOT

Reminds me, I brought you something.

She reaches into her coat pocket and pulls out two rolls of photograph film.

As she hands it to him, he notices the whistle around her neck.

BO

Put that away.

DOT

What?

He gestures at it.

DOT

Oh.

She takes it off and tucks it in her coat.

BO

Thanks for this.

He takes the film over to the table.

BO

Can't promise it'll photograph
things you'll like.

DOT

Well...

BO

(grins)
There's the catch.

He sits back down across from her.

DOT

If you happen to still know anyone
at Wards or Sears, maybe you could
get in and do a little reporting.

BO

At Wards I might. What type of
stuff are we talking?

DOT

Unreleased catalogues...Plans,
strategies.

BO

You didn't bring me food cause
we're friends. I'm hurt.

DOT

Oh Bo, you think I came all the way
to this noisy place just for
business?

She pulls his little chess board and pieces out from under
the coffee table and starts setting them up.

BO

Ahh. I've got a deadline.

DOT
(grins)
Type over here. We'll put a good
spin on it.

She slips her shoes off and gets comfortable.

EXT. CATALOGUE HOUSE - DAY

A hoard of Sutton's warehouse workers, including Marita, are served plates of eggs and bacon from three men at a wooden folding table on the sidewalk.

Dot arrives. Some of the workers clear the area revealing a banner draped from the table that reads: "Committee for Industrial Organizations (CIO)."

She stares them down for a moment, and then continues inside.

INT. CATALOGUE HOUSE - DAY

Dot addresses TWO HUNDRED WORKERS. Marita stands next to Carmen among them.

DOT
You've all been to one of our
stores. You or a friend have
ordered from our world famous
catalogue. The relationship between
this company and it's customers is
a special one. And I want you to
know that the relationship between
Sutton's and its employees is just
as special.

She paces in front of them.

DOT
Putting a union between us would
destroy that relationship.

Murmurs come from the crowd.

DOT
I *smelled* that there's a toilet
issue. I've put in a request to
have two more toilets installed,
equidistant across the warehouse.

Jasper steps forward.

JASPER

That's real nice, but it's barely a start.

DOT

Then please, indulge me in your other concerns.

JASPER

How about guaranteed breaks besides lunch? No exceptions.

Elden croaks up.

ELDEN

Better health insurance. Our policy is a weak answer to Ward's and they did it twenty-five years ago. This work takes a toll on our bodies.

Dot's face turns red. She blurts--

DOT

Why didn't you work at Ward's, or Sears, or Fields then!?

Silence.

ELDEN

Because Sutton's means something to me. I've been working here since you were a child. Sutton's is family.

DOT

Well I'm glad that my father was here providing you a family while I was at home with my dying mother. You know what, you all picket or strike or quit. But I promise I'll hire scabs to replace you within a week!

Dot purses her lips, realizing that she's gone too far. She walks away in a huff.

Marita and Carmen look at each other. *Damn.*

INT. PELICAN BAR - DAY

Dot and Bo sit across from each other scrunched in a tiny booth at a dimly lit dive bar. Enough bodies and chatter for anyone to ever notice what they're up to.

Beads of sweat mark Dot's forehead. Her hands tremble as she picks up peanut after peanut. She cracks the shells open with her teeth and chews.

Bo pulls out a folder and sets it on the table.

BO
You okay?

DOT
Fine.

She wipes her forehead with a napkin.

BO
Alright so I couldn't get a photo
of the Spring catalogue, but here.

He opens the folder revealing a photo of a catalogue cover that reads "Ward's Wallpapers."

He slides another photo out from under that one. A catalogue page of beautiful assorted wallpapers and their descriptions.

Dot raises her eyebrows.

DOT
Really.

BO
Yep.

Dot closes the folder and hides it on the seat next to her.

DOT
Thank you.

BO
Were you planning a similar type of
thing?

DOT
Now we are.

BO
(shrugs)
Sneaking those shots wasn't easy.

DOT
Yeah, yeah. Here you go.

She smirks and hands him a wad of cash.

BO
You wanna stay for a burger?

DOT
Can't.

She takes the folder and leaves Bo in the booth alone. He picks up a peanut, bites down on the shell, and winces.

INT. BOARD ROOM - DAY

Cliff entertains Arthur and three other executives around a table in the center of the room.

CLIFF
So I come home the other night and say hello darling, what's for dinner? I look over and Susan's sitting in the parlor reading the *Sears catalogue*!

The men put on a show of playful disappointment.

ARTHUR
And what'd you tell her?

CLIFF
I said honey, it's bad enough I come home starving to no food. You could at least be reading the catalogue that gives us the discount.

They roar with laughter.

GODWIN RATLIFF, Caucasian Male, 70s, Arthur's confidant, stirs drinks at a mini bar in a corner of the room.

GODWIN
Now Cliff, I've run out of oranges.

CLIFF
You and my wife would make a great pair in the kitchen.

ARTHUR
Godwin, you're fired.

The men chuckle like low-pitched baboons while Godwin passes out their drinks.

Dot walks in, interrupting their tomfoolery. They fall silent. Godwin clears his throat.

GODWIN

Dotty. Your father didn't mention
you were joining us. Good to see
you.

ARTHUR

She's just going to be observing
our discussion today.

DOT

Good to see you too Uncle Godwin.
You tending bar?

CLIFF

He's trying to.

Leftover laughter. Dot takes a seat.

DOT

Don't mind me.

ARTHUR

So the Interior Design department.
I am looking to expand our
inventory.

CLIFF

I've secured some new vendors.

He passes some packets around the table.

CLIFF

I don't think interior is the best
place to be expanding right now.

He presents a big poster with sketches of women using various
gardening and outdoor tools.

CLIFF

Our biggest growing customer base
is the housewives of the suburbs.
And gardening is going to be hot
come spring and summer.

Godwin adjusts his glasses and squints at a woman on the
poster.

GODWIN

Biggest is certainly right. The
ladies in these adverts seem to get
more plump every year.

The other men look it over.

Dot tosses her folder on top of Cliff's poster.

ARTHUR
What's this?

She stands and opens it for all to see.

DOT
This is an inside look at what
Ward's is working on. Father's
right. We need to focus on interior
design.

The men are perplexed. She pushes the top photos aside to
reveal another.

DOT
This is a wallpaper catalogue
they're launching next season.

She has their interest now.

GODWIN
What, a whole catalogue full of
wallpaper designs?

CLIFF
(smiles)
This is actually good news. We'll
be ushering in new hobbies that
will hook our customers, while
Ward's is peddling paper for them
to plaster to their walls one time.

ARTHUR
How'd you get hold of these?

DOT
I know people. It's clear your
intuition is right. We need to
compete with this.

ARTHUR
Eh, let's see this gardening bit
again.

He pushes Dot's folder to the side and looks over Cliff's
packet and poster. The other men lean in attentively.

Dot swipes her folder off the table and leaves them.

EXT. CHINATOWN - NIGHT

Bo walks up to a tiny shop that pales in comparison to the boasting Merchant building next door flanked by two elegant pagoda towers.

He spots a hunched man in a cardigan through the storefront window. This is his father PENG LIAO, Chinese Male, 60s.

INT. SHOP - EVENING

Peng is busy trying on hats. Bo walks in and greets him.

BO
Baba. I'm here.

Peng turns around, an oversized fedora hanging over his eyes. Bo pushes it up out of his face.

PENG
(a big smile)
All the way from Printer's row.

BO
Well you said it was urgent.

PENG
Yes, I found you this wonderful hat. Let me see.

BO
Seriously?

Peng browses a hat rack full of more fedoras.

PENG
Ah-hah!

He grabs one and puts it on Bo's head.

PENG
This works.

BO
I'm not a hat guy.

Peng puts his arm around him.

PENG
(discreet but playful)
People recognize me now. I'm an important man.

PENG (CONT'D)

When we're out and about around
here I can't have you looking like
a hoodlum.

BO

Uh huh.

PENG

Come with me. And bring the hat.

He walks to the door and calls out to the cashier.

PENG

Xiexie.

INT. BANQUET HALL - EVENING

Peng and Bo enter a decorated room filled with round tables
and Chinatown's elite civic leaders. Everyone cheers.

CROWD

Happy birthday!

Peng waves his hands at them with a big grin on his face.

PENG

Thank you all so much.

Bo looks spooked. *Shit.*

BO

(under his breath)

Sorry dad. Happy birthday.

Peng continues returning smiles to everyone.

PENG

It's nothing.

A hefty Italian Mafia Man in a fancy suit approaches and
shakes Peng's hand forcefully.

MAFIA MAN

Many happy returns Mr. Liao. I look
forward to working with you.

Bo raises his eyebrows. *Oh dear.*

PENG

Of course. This is my son. He works
at the Daily News.

Bo smiles nervously as the Mafia Man grabs his hand.

MAFIA MAN

Oh really.

INT. IVORY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Marita, Jasper, and fifteen other warehouse workers sit cramped, drinking Schlitz beer and listening to Ivory play his piano. Old Elden boogie woogies by himself.

IVORY

(over the music to Marita)

Go on, dance with the man!

Marita sways over to Elden. They join hands and move to the music. The others cackle and then join in.

FADE TO:

INT. IVORY'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

A record plays on Ivory's Radiola machine under the chit chat of the group. The dancing has ended and cigarettes are lit. Jasper coughs through the smoke.

JASPER

We start tomorrow. See how long they can go without us. What they're willing to give. They don't budge? We vote to unionize.

LORNE, a tubby Caucasian male, mid 30s, interjects.

LORNE

Sure maybe a union can get us higher pay, but then what? We'll pay it back in dues. I don't know about rushing into this.

JASPER

Yeah we all know you bend over for the old lady.

LORNE

I'm just saying, some of you were begging for this job five years ago. I'm glad to have it. But if you think we've got a chance at faring better, then I'm behind you.

Marita pipes up.

MARITA

You know, I kinda feel sorry for her. Just a bit.

Everyone stares at her.

MARITA

She seems a little lost. I don't even see why she's there.

JASPER

Oh you don't know the lady. She gets off on workin us to the bone.

LORNE

Don't let her suck you in.

JASPER

Lorne, shut up. You're Dot's bitch.

Everyone laughs. Even Marita.

INT. DOT'S PARLOR ROOM - NIGHT

Dot walks in to find EDOARDO, a mid 30s, handsome Italian man with luscious hair, his arms around Gemma, teaching her how to play the piano.

Gemma stops mid song.

GEMMA

Dot. Nice of you to join us. This is Edoardo. He has a show running at the opera house.

Dot holds up a large tote bag.

DOT

Just out browsing wallpapers.
(to Edoardo)
Thanks for visiting. Did you have a coat?

She extends her arm toward the doorway.

INT. DOT'S PARLOR ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Dot and Gemma return.

GEMMA

You didn't need to send him away like that.

DOT

I'll be getting ready for bed. I don't need a guest here at this hour.

GEMMA

Well he's very talented and cultured. I think you'd like him.

DOT

Why don't you sit and play a song for me.

GEMMA

No, I don't care to play for you right now.

Dot gets a mere inch from her face.

DOT

(mockingly seductive)

Go on. Show me what he taught you.

Gemma plants a long sensual kiss on her lips. She doesn't waver.

DOT

Your wry sense of humor was one of the first things I loved about you.

GEMMA

What are you doing Dot? Out aimlessly roaming around at night. Twiddling your thumbs in that dingy office every day, waiting for your father to promote you. See the world with me. Find a new calling.

DOT

I was searching for wallpapers. And Sutton's is my life. It is my family. It's my name.

GEMMA

Listen to yourself. You're out shopping for wallpapers to please men who *already* don't take you seriously. You could leave tomorrow and it wouldn't change a damned thing. You'll always have your seat on the board. And your father will always love you as his daughter.

DOT
That's not enough!

Gemma walks over to the piano, and starts to play:

GEMMA
(singing obnoxiously)
*The way you wear your hat. The way
you sip your tea. The memory of all
that. No, they can't take that away
from me!*

Dot isn't amused. She walks out of the room and up the stairs without another word.

INT. DOT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Gemma sleeps peacefully. Dot tosses and turns next to her.

INT. CATALOGUE HOUSE - DAY [DREAM SEQUENCE]

A PRE-TEEN DOT is scolded by her father. Dutch Angle on him yelling in her face.

ARTHUR
You're losing me money! Fix it.

He storms off. We punch out to reveal FIFTY CHILDREN ages seven to thirteen, with dirty faces and ragged clothes, standing before her. Some are tired, some are confused.

Dot BLOWS her whistle at them. It's the whistle we've seen before.

PRE-TEEN DOT
Listen here. Work faster or your
pay gets docked.

They stare at her in silence. She blows the whistle LOUDER. They flinch. A YOUNG BO LIAO starts to cry.

PRE-TEEN DOT
Alright, we'll work through lunch.
Move!

She turns away from them and her expression melts into angst.

END DREAM SEQUENCE.

EXT. CATALOGUE HOUSE - DAY

Rain pours from the cloudy sky. Dot steps out of her parked car and opens an umbrella.

She begins to walk toward the warehouse, but stops in her tracks. She looks across the street at--

More than ONE HUNDRED of her employees holding signs and chanting.

Reporters take notes. Photographers document the scene.

Among them is Bo. He lowers his camera and makes eye contact with Dot. She scoffs at him and heads into the warehouse.

INT. DOT'S OFFICE - DAY

Dot naps at her desk, with her whistle draped around her neck.

A loud THUD jolts her awake. She rips the whistle off and sets it on the desk in front of her.

Arthur violently opens the door and barges in. Dot rises from her seat.

He becomes eerily calm.

ARTHUR

Sit.

Dot sits. Arthur looks down at her.

ARTHUR

You said you had it handled.

DOT

I gave them a talking to.

ARTHUR

You gave them one speech?

DOT

I thought I connected with them.
I've been busy.

ARTHUR

Busy? You have one job down here
and it's to keep this warehouse
running.

DOT
Last evening I got us some
wallpaper vendors.

Arthur pounds his hand on her desk.

ARTHUR
I don't want to hear anymore about
your silly wallpapers!

He picks up her whistle and BLOWS it screeching in her face.
She closes her eyes.

And opens them. Arthur's still there. He sits on the corner
of her desk and places the whistle in front of her.

ARTHUR
Did you learn nothing from me?

DOT
(timid)
I learned a great deal.

A small tear escapes her eye, but she wipes it away. Not
quick enough to sneak it past him.

ARTHUR
You wonder why I don't give you a
seat in the tower.

Dot snuffles and dabs under her eyes with a handkerchief.

ARTHUR
No, no. That was harsh of me.

He gets off the desk and extends a hand down to her.

ARTHUR
You deserve a chance.

She takes his hand and stands face to face with him. He
sighs.

ARTHUR
Get those workers off the street,
and back to fulfilling orders. And
I'll let you advise me on competing
with Ward's this summer.

DOT
Thank... you.

Arthur walks to the door and stops.

ARTHUR
If the strike continues, we're
hiring scabs.

INT. DOT'S PARLOR ROOM - DAY

Dot walks in with a wet umbrella in one hand and a bag of groceries in the other. She leans the umbrella against the wall.

DOT
Hello? Gemma?

She walks over to the bottom of the stairs and calls up.

DOT
I bought some things. Thought we
could cook something up together
before I head to Ruth's!

No answer.

INT. DOT'S BEDROOM - DAY

Dot walks in to find her room tidied up. There's a pearl necklace and a note on the bed. She takes them in her hands.

The note reads: "If your dreams come true, I should be sad that I won't be there when they do. With love, -G."

She stands there, still.

EXT. FERNSBY HOUSE - EVENING

Dot takes her time walking through the rain. She's getting soaked and she doesn't care.

She goes up the front stairs of her sister Ruth's neo-Boroque Greystone mansion. A stone man and woman that serve as columns, look down on her as she knocks on the front door.

INT. FERNSBY HOUSE - EVENING

Ruth is wearing a beautiful gown. She leaves Dot alone in the entranceway.

RUTH (O.S.)
The children ate hours ago. I'm
sure they'll want some popcorn.

She rushes back in whilst putting on earrings.

RUTH
Children!

A small boy and girl, ages seven and nine, run down the stairs straight into Dot's arms. These are NATHANIEL and SYLVIA. She hugs them.

SYLVIA
Aunt Dotty, what are we going to see?

DOT
We're going to see a cartoon.

NATHANIEL
A whole movie cartoon?

DOT
(grins)
Yes dear.

Ruth puts coats on the children in a hurry.

RUTH
Nothing new. Charles takes forever to get ready for these things.

CHARLES FERNSBY, Caucasian male, 40s, stoic and proper, Medical Doctor for Chicago's elite, makes his way down the stairs, putting on cufflinks.

CHARLES
I can't be looking shabby in front of my most prized patients.

He grabs a fedora and coat from a coat rack as Ruth opens the front door.

CHARLES
Dot. Forget your umbrella?

DOT
I suppose I did.

Ruth ushers Dot and the children outside.

CHARLES
Have fun you three.

EXT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

Dot and little Nathaniel and Sylvia walk out of the theater under its bright flashing neon marquee that reads: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarves."

Sylvia finishes off her popcorn as they walk. Nathaniel holds Dot's hand tight.

NATHANIEL

The witch lady was scary.

DOT

It was only make believe darling.

SYLVIA

I thought she was neat.

Down the sidewalk in front of them, a newsreel REPORTER stands, talking into a wired microphone in front of a film camera.

REPORTER

And at this site, next week, there will be a special screening of *In Old Chicago*. Twentieth Century Fox's biggest picture yet. In fact, quite possibly the biggest picture of all time.

The reporter recognizes Dot. He walks toward her as far as his wired microphone will allow him to, while his camera man pans over to them.

REPORTER

Here is Dorothy Sutton, the daughter of Chicago business magnate, Arthur Sutton! Miss Sutton do you have any words to share about your father's untimely death?

He points the microphone in her face. She's confused and falls into an empty gaze.

REPORTER

Miss Sutton?

She snaps out of it and rushes herself and the children away from him.

NATHANIEL

Aunt Dotty, what's that man talking about?

DOT
(dread)
I don't know dear.

She grabs their hands as they continue up the street and into the darkness.

INT. FERNSBY HOUSE - NIGHT

As Dot brings Sylvia and Nathaniel into their home, Charles swoops in and hugs the children.

CHARLES
There's my little rascals. What do we say?

SYLVIA & NATHANIEL
Thank you.

CHARLES
Alright, off to bed we go.

He leads them up the stairs.

Ruth walks into Dot's arms and cries into her shoulder. Dot holds her tight, in silence.

RUTH
(through sniffles)
They think it was a heart attack.

INT. DOT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dot takes an old suit jacket out of her wardrobe. She runs her hand along the collar. It still has a Sutton's tag attached to it.

She puts the suit jacket on and examines her reflection in the full-length Cheval mirror.

She stares back at herself, tall and composed.

And then collapses to the floor... and sobs.

EXT. CATALOGUE HOUSE - DAY

Dot drives past the picketing workers who are much less energetic than they were the day before. She looks ahead, ignoring them, and drives to the Department store tower.

INT. EXECUTIVE LOBBY - DAY

Abigail, the secretary, grabs a bouquet of flowers off her desk when she sees Dot enter the twelfth floor.

ABIGAIL
I'm so sorry Dot.

She offers her the flowers.

Dot notices the low voices of the executives coming from the board room nearby. She walks to it, past Abigail and the flowers.

INT. BOARD ROOM - DAY

Dot walks in to Cliff finishing up a speech in front of Godwin and seven executives and board members.

CLIFF
(with a smile)
Again, thank you. Good things
ahead.

Their attention turns to Dot.

GODWIN
Somebody get Miss Sutton a drink.
(to Dot)
On behalf of everyone Dotty, my
sincerest condolences. Those
flowers out there are for you. I
was going to have Abigail send them
over.

As Cliff heads to the mini bar...

DOT
(to Cliff)
I'm good thanks.
(to the others)
What was this spiel about?

Cliff does an about face and goes to his seat.

GODWIN
The board has selected Cliff to
steer the ship ahead.

DOT
I'm on the board.

Godwin continues with care.

GODWIN

We thought you deserved some time to mourn.

DOT

Mourn? You all could have mourned a bit as a company before naming a new president.

CLIFF

Everyone felt that waiting could send a bad message to shareholders.

Godwin shushes Cliff with his hand.

DOT

I must tell you that only a day ago, my father had decided to bring me in to advise.

He forces a smile at her.

GODWIN

I have no doubt your time up here will come, but you do have your hands full with the strike right now.

CLIFF

(offering kindness)

And we have full confidence in your ability to resolve it. However, if it doesn't end, I have a contact who can bring in replacement workers. Ready to help.

DOT

You twits. You think your camaraderie is enough to run this company? Father spent his whole life making careful decisions with an intuition that you'll never be able to replicate. And I'm the closest thing you've got.

Cliff rolls his eyes.

GODWIN

Go home and rest dear.

If Dot hadn't had enough before, she's had enough now.

DOT

I won't be at home resting while
your fraternity of alcoholics runs
my company into the ground!

GODWIN

You're not thinking straight. It's
best for you to leave now.

DOT

You're a bunch of vultures. All of
you!

Cliff stands up from his seat.

CLIFF

Get out!

Dot stares across them all with shame and tears in her eyes.
None of them say a word. She walks out, enraged.

INT. EXECUTIVE LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Dot takes the bouquet off Abigail's desk and tosses it in a
trash bin on her way to the elevator.

Abigail stops typing and watches in shock as she leaves.

INT. DOT'S OFFICE - DAY

Dot is alone at her desk, again. The lights are off. Silence.
The whistle sits in front of her.

A knock at the door. She ignores it.

The door opens. It's Marita. She walks in.

DOT

Is it over?

MARITA

I'm sorry about your dad.

DOT

First week on the job that I gave
you, and you're on strike.

MARITA

You all clearly had a lot of issues
before I walked into this building.

MARITA (CONT'D)

The roller skating is kinda fun,
but I didn't come here looking to
strain these dancing legs with
labor. I've seen enough to know
there's some bullshit going on here
Miss Sutton.

DOT

You know they made that prick
Clifford, president? My father
hasn't even been put into the
ground.

MARITA

(amused)

That's one wild mind you've got, if
you thought those men were going to
put you in charge today. Why not go
home and mourn your daddy in peace?

DOT

This is where I knew him.

Marita walks around the desk, bends over, and gives Dot an
incredibly awkward hug.

MARITA

If you think you're going to run
the company one day, you might want
loyal employees.

EXT. CATALOGUE HOUSE - DAY

The striking workers stop their chanting and marching, as
Marita comes out of the warehouse with Dot trailing behind
her.

She crosses the street to join them. Dot doesn't follow.

DOT

(from across the road)
I see you. And I hear you.

JASPER

We see you too!

DOT

My father always considered this
company his family... but the Board
stopped us from doing what is
right. I am going to keep trying to
get you a raise.

ELDEN

Try?

JASPER

You'll have to do better than that.

She realizes that their disparity is wider than the street between them.

DOT

Marita, tell them.

Marita crosses her arms and stares back. Dot's gotta pull out the big guns. *Alright.*

DOT

Marita, I'd like to congratulate you on a ten cent raise. Oh, and you're booked to perform tomorrow night at the Peacock Club.

Marita considers this for a long moment. All eyes on her.

She joins Dot across the street. The other workers BOO and HISS.

JASPER

Scab!

Marita lowers her head and hurries back into the warehouse.

DOT

Anyone else? Ten cents. For now.

ELDEN

Hey, hey, higher pay!

CROWD

(chants)

Hey, hey, higher pay!

INT. PEACOCK CLUB - NIGHT

CLOSE ON Marita's feet tapping to a smooth and sporadic jazz tune.

She's tap dancing next to a tacky jukebox in the corner of a dimly lit club, filled with eclectic bohemians.

Nearby on a lavish red sofa, Edoardo the Italian opera star holds a marijuana blunt in Gemma's mouth (*yes Dot's Gemma*) as she takes a big hit.

They lie back intertwined and admire Marita's dancing through the smoke.

The song ends and a new one begins. This one eerie and sensual. As Marita stops dancing and removes her tap shoes, Gemma holds the blunt out to her.

GEMMA
(softly)
Want a hit?

Marita kneels on the ground in front of them. Gemma places the blunt in her mouth and she inhales. And exhales.

Gemma takes Marita's hands and guides her up onto the sofa.

Marita's eyes meet Edoardo's. They kiss. Gemma lies back and watches them while smoking in ecstasy.

EXT. PELICAN BAR - NIGHT

Jasper, Elden, and other Sutton's warehouse workers walk drunkenly out the door, having a good time.

FOUR MEN IN SUITS stand waiting for them, gripping wooden two-by-fours in their hands. They surround the drunk workers.

ELDEN
You fellas joining the party?

The men in suits abruptly start BEATING the workers with the two-by-fours. They're too drunk to fight back. After many groans and bloody coughs from the workers, the assailants get into a car and speed away.

JASPER
(on his hands and knees)
Fuckin Union busters.

EXT. CHICAGO DAILY NEWS - MORNING

Bo walks out to Dot from a giant, Art Deco, throne-shaped building on the Chicago river.

A GUST of wind blows his fedora out into the water in front of them. He watches the hat float away as he buttons up his trench coat, shivering.

DOT
Here. You'll be able to buy a bunch more of those.

She hands him an envelope full of cash. He takes it and feels that it's heavier than usual. He furrows his brow.

BO

They didn't read the will *already*?

DOT

No, they didn't read the will. They did appoint Cliff Doyle as president.

BO

Yeah, I heard. They sent over a press release this morning.

DOT

(sarcastic)

Wonderful.

(a pause)

Bo, a lot of people are going to have something to say about the future of Sutton's. And while they're busy blabbing or speculating or even praising, I want you to dig up every bit of dirt you can find on Clifford Doyle. I want you to report on how he took the highest position without the support of Arthur Sutton's heir, and how he has an escalating labor strike on his hands. I am going to take him down. And when the others are crying for a leader who has the magnetism and ardor of my dead father, I'll be there. Waiting.

Bo walks to the riverbank and looks upstream at the magnificent structures of industry. Dot snaps out of her rage and joins him.

DOT

Bo?

BO

I guess I'm a hat guy now.

The wind whips their hair about and we remain fixated on the two of them as the camera rises among the buildings and glides backward up the river. Past Sutton's Store. Past the iconic Wrigley building and Tribune tower. And finally in view: the entire 1938 Chicago skyline from Lake Michigan.

END OF SHOW