

THE TOMBS

Pilot

Written by

Jody Shenn & Brendan McGinn

(Revised draft)

FADE IN:

INT. THE OLD TOMBS - DAY

FROM BLACKNESS

Intense string music plays...

A table covered with half-filled plates, wine jugs and yellowed playing cards, and around it: a large round man in a slightly ripped loose suit, the self-satisfied WARDEN BISSERT, surrounded by an array of unbuttoned MEN with rolled-up sleeves, jackets hung over their chairs.

In close-up: the silver is hotel silver, monogrammed with initials that are not Bissert's. A linen napkin tucked into the collar of one of the Men still bears a laundry mark from the officers' mess across town. The wine jug is painted with a Commissioner's seal. Each detail sits in frame a beat longer than comfort allows.

The Men are roaring with indiscernible laughter as BISSERT barks out thoughts. All seemingly have been enjoying the food and drink and continue to do so.

BISSERT

(Speaking quickly while
spreading butter on a
torn piece of bread)

... and if you can believe, he
said... now get this, he said to
me he could remember the first
time he'd ever laid eyes on the
Tombs. To me, you know, he said
that. As if he knew anything
about the place...

EXTRA MAN

Why, that's a ridiculous thing to
say to you, innit?

BISSERT

(Eating)

Exactly, my boy. Visitin' some
lowlife and then coming back,
once or twice a year, to see some
other lowlife witness already on
his or her way upstate... That's
nothing. You don't know what it's

like to smell the cave stink in
your sleep, the faceless faces
yawning out at you, like rats...

INT. OLD TOMBS HALLS - CONTINUOUS

A dirt prison yard sits empty, its hard walls rising up
over nobody. Individual bricks in the wall hold in no one.

BISSERT

(V.O.)

But you've heard me say it
before: I'll be back. Albany
thinks the commission even knows
anything about anything. They
don't, even if they did matter.
Tammany or whoever else.

WARDEN JOHANSSON, an imposing and serious man in a gray
prison uniform, walks comfortably down the long, dark
prison hallways, shoulders straight. He passes cells upon
cells full of dirty prisoners, caked in muck with stiff
matted hair. The sound of footsteps and keys follow the
warden.

BISSERT

(Coughing)

It's like with your woman, Murph.
She thinks she's in charge of
you, but we all know the truth –
she don't know, don't we know.
Not that I'd want to know if I
was her. Right?

Laughter escapes from the Men.

EXTRA MAN

(Amid laughter)

Meg don't like the women!

Down the hall, a rough but handsome prisoner, JOHN
SCHNEIDER, peers out from his cell at Warden Johansson,
catching his eye as he passes. Schneider's eyes look
across the hallway to a RANDOM PRISONER, who is looking
across the hallway at YUNG, a Chinese-American prisoner
with soft eyes, who sits with AH LIP IWOZARU, a small
Chinese-American fumbling with the buttons of an
over-sized shirt.

Warden Johansson continues to walk down the long prison halls, his face blank, before arriving at the cell at the end of the hall and stopping.

But his step slows, briefly, as he passes Yung's cell – a half-beat, no more – and his right hand grazes the bars as he goes. He does not look in. He does not need to. The hand remembers. The face reads.

BISSERT

(Through the laughter)

Now, I even started mentioning this because of the question of similarities between the situation and the type of situation – with some similarities but also differences. Which was important in the context of breeds of the dogs. As I was saying, to say that... in any case... whatever you find in a mutt is the same as a true breed...

Johansson jangles his key-ring as he finds the right key and unlocks the cell door and slides it open.

BISSERT

Well, there, Warden...

It turns out to be Bissert's jail cell, with the small squad of slouching Men packed in tightly at a table that they'd somehow brought in.

Johansson and Bissert start to acknowledge each other's presence, with nods and Bissert waving his fat hand sarcastically.

WARDEN JOHANSSON

(Entering, holding out the palm of his hand)

Warden...

BISSERT

Looking for your men, Johansson?

WARDEN JOHANSSON

(Staring past Bissert)

Found three.

WARDEN JOHANSSON
(Coldly addressing the
guards)

Back to rounds, boys. And if you
don't have any, feel free to
offer a break to someone else. I
am in charge here at the
moment...

WARDEN JOHANSSON
(Looking left and
right, casually, until
settling his gaze back
on Bissert)
Until your trial, of course.

BISSERT
Shall it be a speedy one.

WARDEN JOHANSSON
(Nodding head)
Should be, once it gets moving.
Maybe as quick as McKinley's
man... Not that I mean in the
same way, but perhaps you've seen
the papers.

The Men stand and begin to clear the table. A newspaper is
there. The front page announces the execution of
McKinley's assassin, Leon Czolgosz: "ASSASSIN AVENGED AT
AUBURN."

BISSERT
I have... roasted the son of a
bitch already. He reminded me of
a few who've passed through here.
Some still waiting.

BISSERT
(Pausing)
Some of my most loyal customers,
since they wouldn't bother
sending them anywhere. Real pains
in the rear, however. Anarchists
always are. You'll learn.

WARDEN JOHANSSON

Well, that's my problem now, but
they're nobody's customers.

Each Guard pulls on his stiff guard jacket and begins to
button it.

WARDEN JOHANSSON
(Turning to leave, his
face becomes tired)
Do let me know when you need
anything, Bissert.

WARDEN JOHANSSON
(After crossing back
into the hallway)
But please... don't encourage a
habit of dereliction of duty
among my people. I know they
never needed any encouragement.

Bissert looks confused.

WARDEN JOHANSSON
I'm not going to remember too
well about who was here this
time. But it seems an awful risk
to their stations, if I were to
be around awhile. However it all
goes...

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK SLOWLY

INT. THROUGHOUT THE OLD TOMBS - CONTINUOUS

... credits roll...

Our view is of a camera dragged through the long twisty
halls of a big old-fashioned prison, nearly medieval but
also pre-industrial – the Tombs. Halls that seem to never
end, stretching in one direction and then a hard right
turn down another, and then out of the prison itself...

As we enter the outdoors of the city, the scenery melds
into woodcut cartoon stories of stylized future prisoners
in a stylized Fin de siècle New York, committing crimes
and being caught. And guards being violent in empty
spaces. And a flow of people up and down and into and out
of the huge stairs leading past stone colonnades and
into...

THE TOMBS

EXT. OUTSIDE THE OLD TOMBS - DAY

The cartoon gives way to the scene outside the Old Tombs, bustling with mid-morning crowds. A pulsating sea of brown and black suits and hats on men, horse-drawn carriages and hawkers, fill the streets. Women provide pops of color with scarves or silk flowers sewn onto hats.

Working their way easily through the crowd are two bookish young men, PETER MCDONNELL, handsome but with a doubtful posture, and JACOB J. EDGEFIELD, a slender black man with clean-shaven cheeks. They walk past the imposing columns of the Old Tombs, as some little dots climb up into it and others spill out toward the streets.

Jacob J. and Peter McDonnell face the edges of men in long buttoned-up coats pushing ahead, shoulder-to-shoulder with each other, forming a wall with their backs. Standing with his back against a building, a SHADY MAN WITH A THIN MUSTACHE eyes them before pulling a watch out of his pocket and lifting it toward his eyes.

JACOB J.

(Letting Peter
McDonnell catch up to
him)

"Opportunities won, opportunities
lost. Both are opportunities" is
what Mister Dixon used to say.

PETER MCDONNELL

Only as you let him, without so
much as a harsh cough, I'm to
guess? For what benefit exactly
did such an escapade as this...
with the firm receiving delayed
compensation, if any, so far as I
know...

PETER MCDONNELL

(Huffing)

... what earthly benefit does it
play as an opportunity?

JACOB J.

You're just sick of seeing the
firm's name in the papers. I know
you.

PETER MCDONNELL
And I shouldn't be?

PETER MCDONNELL
(Dodging an off-kilter
body coming through the
crowd)
You know I am...

JACOB J.
Yeah, I know — a married man now,
and yet where does that leave us?
Except being three people who
rely on checking in on a project
that we have no real hope of
seeing any stake again in. Like a
group of old ladies, sitting
cross-handed on a widow's peak,
waiting for their whaler men?

JACOB J.
Not that the missus is relying on
anything directly more than your
sorry crumbs of another man's
combs. Our crumbs are gonna be
what they be each week, and maybe
we'll think about other cakes if
the old man ever...

PETER MCDONNELL
Jacob J., your attitude is once
again anything but helpful, no
matter your education or reading
list.

JACOB J.
It is helpful in the long run,
don't you think?

As they attempt to cut across the road, the crowd grows
thicker again. Jacob J. hops between pushcarts before
blending in with the people. Peter McDonnell tries to keep
up.

The scene of men and women shows us the current fashions of the business class. A few flushed faces pass the architects, giddy from a lunch of martinis.

And then...

...it becomes clear that there are also poorer men and women – low-paid workers, the unemployed and impoverished, some wearing rags. They exist in this world too.

ON ANOTHER SIDE OF THE CROWD

The Shady Man With a Thin Mustache is watching men pass.

He peels off the wall in pursuit of a SHORT CHUBBY MAN in a vest and coat, topped with a bowler cap. He reaches the Short Chubby Man and, with a turn of his head, slips his hand in and out of his coat pocket.

The Shady Man turns and, clutching his hands to his chest, hurries off, his big feet clomping one over another. Until one smacks the other as he reaches the crowd, leaving him stumbling into it.

Between the footfalls, he looks up to see a POLICEMAN rushing over, blowing his whistle. He's calling to the Short Chubby Man, as six or seven others part the crowd and snap their necks in the policeman's direction.

Seeing him there, the Policeman begins to cut through the crowd with his hands. Raising a billy club, he shouts "Make way!" as he knifes his way toward the Shady Man on the ground.

The Policeman kneels down and grabs the shirt collar of the Shady Man, who rolls his eyes back, angry to have been caught.

DISSOLVE

EXT. STREETS OF NEW YORK CITY - DAY

Having made their way across, Peter McDonnell and Jacob J. look up at another huge building rising before them... half-finished upon closer inspection... The New Tombs.

Workers in blackened overalls – several with age-wrinkled Asian faces and more with black and brown – work. Some kind of construction is being done by them, though it isn't clear what.

PETER MCDONNELL

I mean, what's going on here,
with the president dead and the
anarchists now too? And Withers
and Dixon... it was once a great
firm. How did they even lose it?
Tammany barely means anything
anymore...

PETER MCDONNELL

And... you know, we can barely do
more than that church upstate,
and watching them finishing up
Dixon's genius here.

JACOB J.

How about this? I don't know
about the odds, but at least
we're still pulling straws. I
know you need more money for your
family, but I need at least this
money.

JACOB J.

(Gesturing to the New
Tombs)

We work for Withers, but we look
for work, and there could be the
next big dig out there, where you
and I would be strongly set up,
you know?

Men continue to work up against a wall.

EXTRA MAN

(Approaching)

You two are with Withers and
Dixon, yes? Nice to see you.

JACOB J.

(Extending his arm
forward)

And to you. We appreciate the
warm greeting and only wish we
had more of the same to offer in
return.

JACOB J.

(Reaches into his
pocket)

As you know, for some reason...

VERY LOUD BOOM...

As little rocks rain down, an arm drops in front of them.

JACOB J.

Jesus, Mary and Joseph...

Shouting, and a wheelbarrow that was thrown across the yard and onto someone tips over. A beam falls. The Extra Man hurries back to the work area.

PETER MCDONNELL

Anarchists?

JACOB J.

No, that was dynamite. I don't go
near the stuff.

Jacob J. bends and picks up a workingman's cap from the rubble at their feet – not Peter's, not his – and sets it on the low wall of brick between them and the site, crown-up, the way a man's own family would set it down. He does not say anything about it. Peter does not ask.

PETER MCDONNELL

I suppose this means our meeting
is over.

EXT. STREETS OF NEW YORK CITY - DAY

Elsewhere on city streets, a shabbier though similar-looking group of people flow by like a river.

It's loud, and the footsteps, jabbering and grunts, animal noises, clinks and thuds, of the city are each part of the scene.

SEAN O'SHEA, a young short Irish man with a crooked nose, and his sister EMILY O'SHEA, fair-skinned except for when angry like then, bicker through the streets...

Note, if you care to: Sean walks on the street side of her without thinking about it, between her and the horse traffic. He has done it since he was nine. He does not know he is doing it now. Emily's hair, pinned up this morning, is working its way loose a little at a time with each turn of her head.

EMILY

I honestly don't know, Sean –
you've been lying about it
anyway.

SEAN O'SHEA

Emily... you're going to need to
repeat that if you mean it.

EMILY

A liar, Sean. If not on this,
then something else. It's fair to
say that.

SEAN O'SHEA

Well then, how can you say that
and ignore that it was just the
one night? One night I wanted to
be out.

EMILY

You never lied about it when mama
was...

They turn down their street, interrupted by the loud
[BOOM] from the Old Tombs, a few blocks over. There is no
deepness to the sound of the explosion as it is too far
away. Birds pass by overhead, and Emily hurries to catch
up to Sean, who pays it no mind.

EMILY

Wait up now... I also remember
that you'd said you wouldn't walk
so fast when I asked.

SEAN O'SHEA

As if you had.

EMILY

Hmmm... maybe I meant to and
became distracted.

SEAN O'SHEA

(Slowing)

Yeah, maybe your head's too high
up in the clouds! Always
dreaming.

EMILY

Well, walk slower with me now,
because I'd like to ask why you'd
be out so late, probably making
horns at the moon.

They approach a worn tenement on Cherry Street, their home, and head in, with Emily jauntily jumping ahead through the door.

At the threshold she lifts both hands and re-pins the loose hair in one practiced motion, without breaking stride. She does this the way another woman might cross herself before entering a church.

INT. LITTLE O'SHEA APARTMENT - DAY

MOTHER O'SHEA, a frail senior woman with blank eyes pointed at the ceiling, lies in her bed.

On the small table beside her, a black wooden mantel clock – the one thing in the room that has money left in it – ticks, and ticks, and ticks. It is the loudest sound the room will have all day.

The door opens, and Emily and Sean O'Shea enter. Mother O'Shea continues laying there.

Emily heads over through the tight wooden room before Sean O'Shea is finished taking off his boots. Emily leans forward...

EMILY

(Kissing mother)

Morning, mother.

Mother O'Shea mutters and grasps weakly at her hand. Emily's back tenses, presumably because of the actual coldness of her mother's leather digits.

Sean O'Shea arrives over Emily's shoulder, begins whispering coos.

SEAN O'SHEA

(Kissing mother)

Hey, Ma. Feeling alright now?
There was such a boom before with
the building – did you even hear
it here?

EMILY

I'm just saying, Sean, maybe you could think of me at least once every moon or two. Not just because I would've wanted to know if I should have canceled my plans with Margaret. And hey, if you could control yourself a little more, we could eventually leave this dirty pit.

SEAN O'SHEA

Did ya ever think: maybe I earned a right to go out, drink a few, being stuck here most nights with you two? I controlled myself enough until the crews at the docks stopped hiring.

SEAN O'SHEA

(Looks down at his mother)

Not that it's ever been a shame being with ya, Ma. Never at all. And ya'd never call me a liar and a bum.

Emily is smiling. He has a point.

SEAN O'SHEA

Besides, I ain't never begrudging when you go out with, em, oh – what's-his-name...

EMILY

No.

SEAN O'SHEA

Strange sorta name. Surprised I didn't remember it.

EMILY

No, I mean no, don't bother bringing him up. You were right like you said you'd be.

SEAN O'SHEA

Even Mom knew a lawyer boy from
Baltimore wouldn't be long for
you... Ain't that right, Ma?

The siblings crack, warming back up to each other.

Their good mood fades as they look back down on their
mother, who is still muttering and staring off in the
distance.

SEAN O'SHEA

(Pulling her away, in a
whisper)

And don't say nothin', but I
maybe found a chance to earn some
coin – real money, ya know – with
these guys. Ones I was telling
you about. My drinking companions
ain't without a little knowledge
about the world.

EMILY

Sean, I don't really mean
anything...

Mother's muttering becomes louder and more distinct. She
can be heard to say, "That really is like Ballycastle, I
don't care what you say..."

EMILY

It's ok, Ma, it's ok. We're here.
It's now... Sean and me... here
in New York, where you came with
Pa.

Mother's mutters continue increasingly quietly about "Pa,"
looking off toward the wall but obviously seeing something
else. She turns her face to look at her children.

POV from Mother O'Shea, looking up at Emily and Sean.

SEAN O'SHEA

(Softly)

We don't mean nothing by it, the
fighting. It's just how we are,
like you and Uncle Patrick...

EMILY

(Reaching down toward
her mother)
Right then, Ma? You know how
Irish boys can be? Know how to
needle ya, don't they?

EMILY
(Pulling up covers)
The thing about Sean is, though,
he doesn't really mean it. You
know Sean – he's rough like
that...

The blanket is accidentally dragged by Emily over her
mother's face, and the screen goes black. She tugs it back
down and tucks it near her mother's chin.

SEAN O'SHEA
It's Emily, Mom – what you know
is how she's prone to sometimes
fanatical thinkin'.

The sounds drift away and Mother O'Shea's eyelids fall
closed.

The clock ticks on, alone in the frame, for a beat after
the black.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. THE OLD TOMBS - DAY

IN CELLS

Water is dripping in the prison dirt.

Sitting in adjoining cells, JOHN SCHNEIDER, YUNG SENG and
AH LIP IWOZARU await Schneider's new cellmate.

In other cells, there are: a few disgruntled EASTMAN GANG
MEMBERS; two Irish thugs, PADDY BOWERS and SHANAHAN; a few
BLACK GUYS who keep to themselves; and a handful of
CHINESE MEN.

They shout silly insults and banter through the bars. (ad
libbing)

PADDY BOWERS
You're so stupid, Shanahan, you'd
probably bring your pistol to
court and say it's your defense.

Yung and Schneider lean on opposite sides of a shared wall, facing the bars. There are two beds in each room with a table, a water pitcher and some scraps of food on plates, a few pages of a newspaper. Clothes hang drying on string.

Note: they will never be in the same shot in this scene. Yung presses his ear to the wall to listen; when Schneider speaks, the camera stays on Yung. When Yung answers, the camera stays on Schneider. The two men are most intimate when they cannot see each other.

Ah Lip dozes on one of the beds, an arm slung over his eyes.

YUNG

(In a hushed voice)

So, any guesses on what type it's going to be?

SCHNEIDER

(Agitated)

Some type of loser, I'm sure.

YUNG

Well, Eastman gang, Five Pointer, drunk, or pervert – at least join me in hoping he doesn't snore. I already can't get any sleep like this, and it's starting to ruin me.

SCHNEIDER

It's less peaceful than I expected.

YUNG

Same with me.

YUNG

(Listening to sounds of people chattering and light moaning)

Or at least less fully loud...

SCHNEIDER

Just...

SCHNEIDER

(Quieter)

...just listen. Just remember — we keep staying together with this, hands together, and we won't be here any longer when the time comes. Say the opium must've not been ours. Say we know nothing about the other thing. And they don't have anything else that possibly holds up any better. Which means we'll be outta here, right? I think. And it can't be much longer till we get a trial.

YUNG

Just wish I could get some sleep is all.

SCHNEIDER

(Taking a breath)

Right. I know. Of course.

SCHNEIDER

(Looking at the back of the cell)

How's your man holding up?

YUNG

(Glances at Ah Lip)

Ah Lip's fine, as usual. Can sleep through anything, that's for sure. Remember, he even slept the whole way here in the wagon. He's good like that, Ah Lip.

YUNG

(Looking down the hall)

And I don't have to worry that during meals he'll fall in with the wrong crowd. Because he's Ah Lip Iwozaru, and he goes only where he wants.

SCHNEIDER

Not much of a talker, but I know
he thinks it's getting to be a
bit much that not being true.
Like I said, though, we'll be
outta here soon.

The sounds of keys and doors opening and closing, the
muffled sounds of rowdy guards.

TURNKEY SULLIVAN
(Off-screen)
Right this way. Bring that
outhouse-smelling virgin rag-rat
down here.

TURNKEY SULLIVAN
(Shouting at the cells
across from Yung and
Schneider)
You! You be quiet now and get
back over at your beds...
Everyone is trying to get some
sleep, for their afternoon naps.

TURNKEY SULLIVAN
(Watching spit from the
cell land in front of
his boots)
McMahon, we're going to teach
these ones some manners once
we're finished dumping this shit
here on someone's floor.

Prisoners roll their eyes. MCMAHON and two OTHER GUARDS
drag in a struggling THIN MAN by the elbow.

Schneider's cell door is opened and the Thin Man is
dragged in and thrown off the ground and on top of a bed.
He's bleeding from busted skin and the edges of dirty,
black and blue marks – clear signs of a beating.

TURNKEY SULLIVAN
(To Schneider)
Don't worry. Won't be here long.
Real special case. Trial
tomorrow.

Sullivan closes the door and gives Schneider a once-over.

TURNKEY SULLIVAN

And don't forget, Dutchie... I'm
still keeping my eye on you.
Never no one innocent in here
ever, because we make the rules
and that's what we say.

Sullivan raps his nightstick violently against the bars,
which rattle low and long.

TURNKEY SULLIVAN

You and your Chinamen. I'm
watching that you stay fitting-in
here in the Tombs.

Yung also spits toward Sullivan through the bars. It lands
square on his right foot. Sullivan starts laughing widely
and gestures to McMahon to take care of Yung next.

TURNKEY SULLIVAN

(To McMahon off-screen)

And this one too. McMahon, you
know what's more sinister is that
the Tombs needs to operate this
way. You'd surely say that, am I
right? Teaching lessons but never
learning – that's what the truth
is around here.

SCHNEIDER

You're only stuck with us because
we're stuck here. How much longer
we need to stay anyway? Get us
out of your hair.

He takes a step forward toward the jail door.

TURNKEY SULLIVAN

I'll check in with the
magistrate, for you.

TURNKEY SULLIVAN

(To McMahon)

But, McMahon, you know what –
don't take too long with his
Chinaman friend, we've got other
things to do.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. OLD TOMBS - HALLS - CONTINUOUS

"Hail to the Spirit of Liberty March" has started playing, but not overpowering.

Elsewhere in the Tombs, MORE GUARDS are gathered talking against a chipped wall.

EXTRA MAN

(Grinning)

Not that I asked for him to show
it to me.

They fall quiet as Warden Johansson shows up. He nods to them and passes through.

They return to chatting, but keep their posture a bit more erect.

After a moment, Turnkey Sullivan walks in and they gesture in the direction that the Warden had gone.

TURNKEY SULLIVAN

(Lighting a match off
the chipped wall)

What'd I miss?

EXTRA MAN

Walked through like he was
leaving his own wake. Nodded.
Didn't stop.

TURNKEY SULLIVAN

(Pulling on the smoke)

That's what we wanted, isn't it?
A Dutchman keeps his books and
his wife in the same drawer.
He'll leave us be so long as we
leave his drawer be. Not like
Bissert – Bissert had to know the
color of your wife's stockings
before he'd sign the roster.

MCMAHON

You sound like you like the man.

TURNKEY SULLIVAN

I like him fine. He don't pray,
don't sing, and don't ask after
my soul. Which is more than I can
say for the other one.

EXTRA MAN
Father Milton?

TURNKEY SULLIVAN
(A short, humorless
laugh)
Milton's mistake is thinking he
works here. The Church don't run
the Tombs. Chaplain's only good
for the last rites, and even then
I'd sooner hear a hammer. You put
a man of God in a place like
this, he starts confusing the
animals for parishioners.

MCMAHON
And the animals?

TURNKEY SULLIVAN
Animals don't want scripture,
McMahon. They want silence, and a
little meat when they've earned
it. That's the whole of the
arrangement, and it works so long
as nobody writes it down.

He flicks the match to the floor. The guards snicker and
straighten as footsteps pass somewhere down the hall.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE TOMBS - DAY

Warden Johansson withdraws a thin cigar from his lapel and
lights it, as he steps away from the somewhat less
bustling street and over to where the worker was blown to
bits. He ambles over to the other workers, ready to
grumble.

FOREMAN JONES, a weather-beaten man with a thick gray
mustache, and a few workers – including WORKER PENCE, a
man who was neither old nor young – engage Johansson in
inaudible discussion. Music falls.

WARDEN JOHANSSON

(Looks out to the town,
smoking from the cigar)
...and then?

FOREMAN JONES
The mick sent the powder up, but
Kovacs didn't know, and when he
opened the can, ash fell from his
cigar, and...

WARDEN JOHANSSON
(Ashing his cigar)
And?

WORKER PENCE
(A bit too exuberant)
Boom, sir.

WARDEN JOHANSSON
(Sighing)
The Pulitzer and Hearst boys will
have a field day with this. Any
come sniffing 'round yet?

FOREMAN JONES
A man from The World was by
earlier, before.

WORKER PENCE
But we's chased him away.

WARDEN JOHANSSON
Eh? Well, any more come by, you
send them my way. That
understood? Next thing I know,
they'll be asking about how much
this alone has delayed things.
Let's not let it be a piece of
prominently placed gossip.

FOREMAN JONES
(Eyeing Pence)
Perfectly, sir. Understood, that
is.

Warden Johansson takes a minute to survey the scene.

WARDEN JOHANSSON

(Gestures to the
explosive site)
Who was he, anyway?

FOREMAN JONES
Who, Kovacs? Didn't know him,
really. Just off the boat.

WARDEN JOHANSSON
Family?

FOREMAN JONES
No, he was a kid.

WORKER PENCE
Or no, we don't think so.

FOREMAN JONES
A Hungarian.

WORKER PENCE
Never met a Hungarian before, had
I.

WARDEN JOHANSSON
(Grumbling)
Suppose if there is any family,
we'll be hearing from the widow's
fund. You let me know if there's
anything else we can do to help
out of our budget, if something
comes up and the union can't
handle it.

FOREMAN JONES
Appreciated. We'll just look to
keep things moving forward, so
you can get your sheep wandering
over a little faster.

WARDEN JOHANSSON
Thank you. I do think they could
use a new field along with a new
shepherd.

FOREMAN JONES
Don't you worry. We like you.
We'll take care of it, Warden.

Your job is just to let us know
if any strong arms come around
that might want to join up with a
strong union. Reformed ones, of
course.

WARDEN JOHANSSON

You mean prisoners or guards?

He steps back and looks down the street.

WARDEN JOHANSSON

City needs neither of them more,
I guess – so you're free to take
'em if I come across any.

FOREMAN JONES

Only don't bother...

FOREMAN JONES

(Coughs, spits)

...with that fat one who had your
job. We already put enough in his
paw of a hand.

WARDEN JOHANSSON

Good to know, Jones, right? Good
to know.

The camera pulls away down the street...

FADE TO BLACK

INT. MADAME LOTUS - DAY

A curtained door swings open to a wide space, casting
sharp blinding white light.

Madame Lotus is richly furnished – velvets and reds and
painted wood, and low to the ground. Sorted piles of
wealthy white men and thin Asian men lay slumped on
cushions or sipping tea at little tables and booths.

The tinkling sound of "Cindy, I Dreams About You" crackles
through the air.

CHAPLAIN MILTON, a clean-shaven man in a priest's collar,
is seen kneeling and closely talking to a customer, too
drugged to understand but nodding along amiably. He makes
a sign of the cross over him, then approaches the bar

where CLAIR, a conically shaped older woman with color in her cheeks despite the wrinkles, is polishing glassware while keeping an eye on everyone.

A principle for the whole scene: Clair's gaze does not rest. While Milton speaks to her, her eyes flick past his shoulder – to the kitchen door where her daughters sit, to the booth where the Magistrate's wife is waiting, to the curtain where Shen stands, to the one cushioned man who has not stirred in an hour. She is the audience of her own room.

Milton puts his hands on the bar, sees a glass of water near him, and sneers at it.

CLAIR

(Hushed)

Come now, Father – you don't expect to win any parishioners for Our Lady of St. Stanislaus Bishop here, do you?

CHAPLAIN MILTON

'Tis not parishioners we're interested in, Clair.

CLAIR

No? You come for the ambiance? Or rather... the stirring conversation with our clientele, perhaps?

CHAPLAIN MILTON

(With a hint of arrogance)

Saving souls is not an idle pursuit.

CLAIR

Oh, is it our souls that need saving now?

CHAPLAIN MILTON

When is it not?

CHAPLAIN MILTON

(Hanging his head, his voice goes raspy)

Look around you, Clair. This is a
den of sin, sloth and decadence.
"They gave him vinegar to drink,
mingled with gall..."

CHAPLAIN MILTON

(Coughs)

Desperate souls who should be
called to a greater purpose –
not, uhh...

Clair stares at him as she begins to pour a beer. She
knows his weakness and places it on her side of the bar.

A SULLEN CHINESE BARTENDER walks up to the bar and she
waves him to replace her behind it.

CLAIR

(In Chinese)

Take this spot while I teach this
man to find his peace.

EXTRA MAN

(In Chinese)

Hope it is not Jesus again –
always wishing and bothering
people.

CHAPLAIN MILTON

Not to end up in the Tombs, or to
end up here and given a bed and a
pipe to wallow away their
god-given lives.

Clair walks past him and motions him to join her.

CLAIR

(Handing him a beer as
he catches up)

I know you find the smoke in here
intolerable... The truth is I let
you try, at least. But what souls
don't want to be saved won't be
getting saved.

CHAPLAIN MILTON

Well, that's as true as when St.
Patrick walked in Cork...

CLAIR

(Amused)

Ha! Which one?

IN THE KITCHEN

The crooning sound of "When You Were Sweet Sixteen" jingles lightly.

Her daughters, VICTORIA and TABITHA, sit in the kitchen, eating buttered muffins.

Through the open kitchen door, the girls can be watched from the bar – and, once, during Tabitha's line about the man with the gold tooth, we catch Clair, far off, watching. Neither daughter turns. They know.

TABITHA

(Reaching across the table)

Now, sister... do tell me that you know more about what became of the rough-looking man with the gold tooth who was in here last week? He seemed to be friends with those customs men, you know.

VICTORIA

He did come in with them but didn't smoke, and hasn't been back. Probably another foreign associate of theirs.

TABITHA

Too bad – he was handsome in the right places. Those cheeks...

VICTORIA

Too handsome for you, Tabitha. And likely too allergic to manufactured winsomeness, as well.

TABITHA

And how about you, then, Victoria? I haven't heard you talking of your man.

VICTORIA

If it were your business,
 Tabitha, you would already know
 of the unexpected and unfortunate
 events that have left him unable
 to see me, who knows for how
 long, if not forever.

TABITHA

You don't seem very upset.

VICTORIA

Like our mother... I try to keep
 myself busy.

VICTORIA

(Looking to the
 distance)

Which reminds me... were we not
 supposed to visit the bank today
 on her behalf? I should check
 with her and make sure we don't
 end up with more cash there than
 she wants.

TABITHA

Aaaaw, do we have to? Why does it
 even matter?

VICTORIA

We might have enough customers
 here at all times to fend off any
 robbery, but I'm not sure any of
 them could be convinced to put
 down their dream sticks. Except
 for those who're already fast
 asleep underfoot.

IN THE MAIN ROOM

MAGISTRATE OMMEN, a puffy man with a stretched but sharp
 suit, moves through the opium smoke. He joins his wife in
 a booth.

CHAPLAIN MILTON

By the way, I'm especially none
 too happy with your competitors
 these days, because of the
 rebellion. I was there a few

years ago, you know.

CLAIR

Yes, Father Milton.

CHAPLAIN MILTON

I hear from my people that it was brutal – Christians stuck through with swords by the Boxers...

CLAIR

One might think they could like that.

CLAIR

(Leaning in to booth)

Your honor. It is indeed an honor to see you. I hope things have been well.

OMMEN WIFE

(Flopping forward)

And what about me, Clair?

CLAIR

And to you too, your highness.

OMMEN WIFE

Oh stop, Clair – don't call me that.

MAGISTRATE OMMEN

Now, now, my dear...

CHAPLAIN MILTON

(Interrupting)

Well, Clair, I must be going and... Ah, Judge Ommen, good evening, and to you, ma'am. Should I expect you Sunday?

MAGISTRATE OMMEN

Well, Father, as you know, I will see what I can do given my other obligations to the state. The rule of rendering unto Caesar, if I'm not mistaken.

MAGISTRATE OMMEN

(Looking toward wife)

But I hope to make it work with both of us, duty permitting. Who would miss one of your man's sermons?

CLAIR

Well, don't you listen to him about that. I've been telling him he'd have better luck not scheduling things before my busiest night.

CLAIR

(Shooing)

So shoo now, and see them then if you will.

CHAPLAIN MILTON

(Pulling on coat, with a nod of his head)

Bless you, Clair. That was indeed my plan, as mentioned. I'll see you all soon.

He exits the elaborate curtained door.

FADE TO WHITE

INT. STILLMAN HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Buff DELIVERY MEN are dropping off a refrigerator at JAMES STILLMAN's large, well-apportioned literal Park Avenue home in Manhattan, a lavish multi-floored apartment.

The Delivery Men struggle to carry the huge appliance inside, but make it, eventually, with some challenging pushing up stairs. Outside, horses pull wagons.

As ANNIKA and the rest of STILLMAN'S STAFF witness them finally bringing it into the kitchen, Stillman gloats.

STILLMAN

(Delighted)

And there it is – bring it in, bring it in. This is what I've been so excited about: true home refrigeration. It's a revolution.

Don't you see, Annika?

ANNIKA

(Just business)

I would think, if you say so...

STILLMAN

I don't trust any food that
doesn't need to be kept cold
after it's been ripped out of the
ground, or cut down in the field
– or murdered... if it's kept
cold, time doesn't move for it;
it doesn't age.

STILLMAN

(To Delivery Man, as he
stands hunched over on
his knees)

Refrigeration, my boy – you must
get it, right?

EXTRA MAN

(Panting)

Certainly, sir. If you'll just
please sign the bill of sale,
we'll...

For a breath, Stillman's eyes rest on the Delivery Man: the sweat dark between his shoulder blades, the open collar, the vein at his throat. A beat longer than a gentleman's glance. Then Stillman turns back to the white enameled machine, as if to a warmer object.

A low, organ-like hum begins. The compressor has woken. It is a sound no one in this room has heard in a house before – unsteady, mechanical, pitched somewhere between a cello and a refrigerator's later century. It will live under every line that follows, and under the photograph scene at the close.

STILLMAN

(Sticking face in chest
and blowing lightly to
see if it'll make cold
smoke)

...be going on your way? But I
must ask first if you've ever

seen something so beautiful.

STILLMAN

(He stands tall and
waves to the rectangle
on the floor)

The "end of ice boxes" and all
that. Regardless, I'd like to see
it a little colder.

STILLMAN

(Calling past the
Delivery Men)

Annika, if you would take a few
steps to avoid me being poisoned,
I'd gratefully appreciate it.

Annika steps forward.

STILLMAN

Does that feel cold at all to
you?

EXTRA MAN

(Breaking)

It'll be a few hours, at least,
sir. We can come back to inspect
it again.

STILLMAN

And if you've lugged it all this
way and broken it, that would be
my fault as your customer? Far
from fair dealings.

Annika sticks her hands into the metal box. A look comes
over her face.

ANNIKA

It does... it does feel a bit
cold, doesn't it?

EXTRA MAN

Yeah?

ANNIKA

Just a bit, but I caught it.

STILLMAN

Well, good then – that's all we needed.

STILLMAN

(To the Delivery Men,
who have mostly
collected themselves)

I trust you gentlemen can see
yourself out.

EXTRA MAN

(Retreating)

Yes. Thank you again, sir.

STILLMAN

But I do expect you back here if
my meats can't get cold enough
for the money I paid. Seven
hundred dollars. Enough to buy
three of each of you.

Annika moves toward the door.

STILLMAN

(Waving his hand in the
box)

No, Annika – stay here and tell
me where you felt it...

STILLMAN

(To the rest of the
staff)

...and the rest of you, get back
to doing something productive for
me before I need to go to the
bank.

Annika regretfully must turn back.

STILLMAN

(Calling out)

And if any of you see those
grandchildren of mine, tell them
to come and feel the chill...

The staff disperses. The delivery men's footsteps recede
down the stairs. Stillman stands alone with his new
machine.

He goes to a sideboard drawer, slides it open, and takes out a small silver-framed photograph: a young woman in a Paris hat, SARAH ELIZABETH STILLMAN – his wife, who has lived in France for nearly every year of their marriage. He studies her a moment, the way one studies a map to a country one has no intention of visiting. Then he sets her back in the drawer, face down, and slides it shut.

He returns to the refrigerator and rests a palm against its flank, approvingly, as one might rest a palm against a horse.

FADE TO WHITE

INT. THE STILLMAN PARLOR - MOMENTS LATER

IN THE PARLOR

A soft glow fluffs the parlor room.

ANNIKA looks out the wooden window, which shows just blue sky and an occasional bird to her.

She sits alone on a couch amidst the long and lazy shafts of sunlight that reach across the polished floor. Far-away sounds like shouts and thumps are muffled and distant.

Annika looks at the piano on the other side of the room.

A thin film of dust lies on the keys – she does not, when she crosses to it, wipe it off. A sheet of music sits open on the stand, yellowed at the edges, the fold of a page still holding the exact shape of the last hand that turned it. She lifts one finger and almost – almost – strikes a C.

Preceded by loud clomping and playful squeals, the STILLMAN GRANDCHILDREN AND FRIENDS, ages 6-8 and dressed like little rich imps, push open the door.

STILLMAN GRANDCHILDREN AND FRIENDS

Annika, Annika, will you take us
out! To the park! You always
spring us from this! Yay,
freedom!

ANNIKA

All right, all right, children.
We can go – I have nothing else
to do. But your grandfather's out

at his bank for now, and when he comes back I want you to give him some more attention in exchange. Even those of you who are not related here, wherever you come from. Like you, boy.

(The children look amongst themselves, confused.)

ANNIKA

Tell him you like the refrigeration machine, okay?

STILLMAN GRANDCHILD

A referegation machine?

As Annika stands, ignoring him, the Stillman Grandchildren and Friends mutter approval.

One small girl – the YOUNGEST – hasn't moved with the others. She is watching Annika's hands the way children watch moths. When Annika turns, the girl reaches up and touches the thin gold band on her finger.

YOUNGEST STILLMAN GRANDCHILD

Annika, why do you still wear that if the man has gone away?

A beat. The piano sits silent across the room. A shaft of sunlight sags against it.

ANNIKA

(Simply, as if answering about the weather)

So he hasn't.

The child considers this with perfect seriousness, then runs off to join the others.

She begins to cut through them and heads toward the far door.

ANNIKA

I'll be getting my jacket then. But I want you to tell your nanny where we're going this time. Don't want her scared like last time. Your mother, Ms. Sarah, neither. Running all over the

neighborhood like a...

ANNIKA

(Looking down,
considering)

And we can't stay for long
because your grandfather will
only be out for a short while...
and it'll be getting darker
sooner than later, or so you
children will tell me. Even if
there's only innocent things
about you, you know better than
staying out late in this city.

She opens the door and steps out.

The children hurry after her.

ANNIKA

But I can give you an hour.

The room is empty. Just the fiery sunlight peeking out
from the windows keeps it from feeling completely stale.

FADE TO WHITE

EXT. STREETS OF NEW YORK CITY - EVENING

With the sun going down through the blocks, Chaplain
Milton walks back through the city.

He passes the spot where Sean and Emily fought. The carts
have mostly packed up and left. The streets are mostly
empty.

He passes the empty construction site at the New Tombs,
heading toward the Old.

INT. THE OLD TOMBS - EVENING

Entering the rock-solid building quickly, Milton sees
Johansson only in the distance, down a hallway. He shouts
a greeting...

CHAPLAIN MILTON

Warden Johansson! Did you hear
about the execution up in Auburn?
Nearer my G-d to thee, indeed.

... but Johansson doesn't respond.

Milton looks down the long Tombs hallway, follows it, turns a corner, only to almost bump into and bow to the TOMB ANGEL, a frail elderly woman.

She swats him away as he reaches toward her; he tries to assist her again, but she's already shuffling down the hall again.

He looks up to see a door with a cross window, pushes it open.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. PETER LUGER'S - LATER

Brooklyn. An old German bierhall converted, one steer at a time, into a temple of meat. The tile on the walls is still from the Kaiser's ambitions. The low ceilings smother the lamp light rather than illuminate.

A hum of men talking and dishes being used surrounds the room, coming from every direction.

Important: these men are speaking over a room, not in one. Cutlery on porcelain. A waiter calling in German. A laugh from another booth that does not belong to them. Every time Stillman has something to say to Morgan specifically, he will lean in. Not a gesture of intimacy – a gesture of acoustics. Morgan will not lean back.

A player piano plays ANDANTE et SCHERZO by Louis Ganne.

Across tables, nearly every man is smoking and most are a little heavy, but also all well appointed and at least somewhat dignified.

Steel plates of steaks are being brought out of a dimly lit kitchen. A meaty steam rises up from the trays.

HILL

Before we eat this beautiful
steak, let me say: between you
and me, gentlemen, I find this
arrangement that we have reached
to be perfectly acceptable in all
ways.

HILL

(Grabbing the dripping
steak with his fork and

knife)

Like the farmer that raised this
steer, I think it's hard to argue
that we should be praised – at
least by ourselves.

The waiter nods, places the plate on the table, and
withdraws from their presence.

EXTRA MAN

It's been ok, sure...

JP

I can't disagree. It was
fortuitous.

STILLMAN

(Loudly)

I, for one, think it deserves
another toast.

STILLMAN

(Raising glass)

To Northern Securities...

JP

(Glumly)

It has been an effective
resolution of our previously
competing interests. Any
resolution of the sort is worth a
drink.

He waves a waiter over, who fills his wine glass.

STILLMAN

Do you hear that Teddy had been
here just earlier? I suppose he's
in town, then.

JP

Not sure he's left since the
shooting.

STILLMAN

I suppose he's still in town,
then.

EXTRA MAN

Surprised I haven't seen him.

EXTRA MAN

Probably best to not walk around with a target on his back. I'd be holed up until they were sure that any further assassins were rounded up.

STILLMAN

Has he stopped by yet to kiss the ring, JP?

JP

That wouldn't be for me to say.

STILLMAN

Let me ask you: you don't think he'll have it in for us in the private sector, do you? He'll have to have something of a soft spot for his hometown, like any man – any good American man – right?

EXTRA MAN

He'll have to, if you ask me. And he's not opposed to wealth, that's for sure. A shame about Alice, of course. Such a sweet, pretty girl, with spunk.

EXTRA MAN

Probably be a Gibson Girl these days.

JP

He'll come for us – he'll have to. That's who TR is, and always has been.

EXTRA MAN

These days, it's just good to have some order. Roosevelt knows what he's doing, I'm sure.

STILLMAN

As much as anyone could. It's a strange position to be in – what with the anarchists and other non-natives coming in.

EXTRA MAN

It's something, isn't it?

EXTRA MAN

Anarchists are a real problem, though. I read about it in the Sun – they're everywhere these days. So it's a good thing we don't need to go to Jersey again until the train out.

STILLMAN

Think about it: anarchists out there, the entire universe coming together in here. With you gentlemen.

JP

I've got no use for the former, but I haven't seen them yet get in the way of the latter. Let the government go chasing the terrorists.

EXTRA MAN

I'd heard from a courier that he'd heard a loud boom while downtown, but I haven't heard anything more about a bombing, and there's a good chance he was drunk.

STILLMAN

JP, I've no doubt you would profess your love for anarchy if Teddy ever crosses you and one of them gets a shot off at him.

STILLMAN

(Looking at him)

And no, I don't mean because I wonder if the electric chair

would even phase you. Can you imagine?

EXTRA MAN

I think he means you'd sizzle, Pierpont.

JP

Don't you think you've made enough widows? The ones who toss themselves out the windows when cornered yourselves in silly stock maneuvers. Knowing I was here... I would eventually be around...

STILLMAN

Alright, JP – you made your point. And it's a point I think you know we all concede, which is why we're here more or less.

EXTRA MAN

I thought it was for the wine and steak and further discussion of the Rapid Transit Tunnel and this new Pennsylvania Railroad fantasy. But I seem to have been left wanting of all three at this point.

EXTRA MAN

(To a black man in a white tuxedo)

Boy! Get all of us more of the same things until we say to stop. Shouldn't nothing be easier.

The man nods, then speed-walks out of the area.

EXT. STREETS OF NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

Sean walks at night through the city's streets.

"Honeysuckle and the Bee" plays.

The city at night is poorer.

Sean steps out of the way as some boys stumble past in the other direction, joking and clutching bottles.

He continues down a darkened alley and at the end of it, sees the light of Malone's, a crowded bar, maybe making enough sound that Sean could hear it faintly from where he stood.

He sees an OLD FRIEND stumbling out of the bar. The Old Friend stands up a little taller, straightens out his shirt, and then stumbles some more from the establishment.

SEAN O'SHEA

(To himself)

Ah, Finn. Been up to no good too,
I see.

As Finn recedes down the cobbled street, Sean O'Shea steps out of the alley's shadows. He heads toward the bustling beacon across the street.

The closer Sean gets to the door, the louder and brighter the scene inside seems.

The sound of "Just One Girl" on a piano starts up.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. THE OLD TOMBS - NIGHT

The fire of the lamplight dances.

Schneider, Yung and Ah Lip seem relaxed as they discuss their predicament. Ah Lip is mostly silent and the most relaxed.

The Shady Man With a Thin Mustache is resting his forehead against the bars across from them.

YUNG

(To Schneider)

What do you think is wrong with
him?

SCHNEIDER

Looks pretty inconsequential to
me overall. Can't be a Monk man
looking like that. And don't look
like no Five Pointer to me. I'd
say just a normal burglary, like
from his neighbor's apartment, or

something like that. Won't be here long.

YUNG

I mean, well... look, it's written across his face... he's a pickpocket. Clear as day. Just etched there. Don't you think, Ah Lip? He's even got his hand reaching for his pocket now.

AH LIP

(Gathering his thoughts)

Sure.

YUNG

But what I was referring to mainly... was his way of being. The suffering. That look there. What's causing that?

SCHNEIDER

A wife, maybe?

YUNG

I was thinking more of a girlfriend. Maybe pregnant?

SCHNEIDER

Maybe. Probably young, if so.

AH LIP

Why?

SCHNEIDER

Not too young, or anything like that. Just young.

YUNG

Probably.

EXTRA MAN

(Without moving his head)

You know, I'm right here. I can hear you.

SCHNEIDER

(Reassuringly)

It's ok. I've been embarrassed before. Me being to actual jail from here... well, it would be a blessing to some of my loved ones.

YUNG

If they even knew you'd left. I cannot believe they still think you're shooting photos in Peru. With those big ugly men.

SCHNEIDER

That's true, but that's the point.

PADDY BOWERS

(From afar)

You boys, you have some strange conversations.

PADDY BOWERS

(Pauses)

And I can't believe you could ever think he could've been with us.

SCHNEIDER

(Calling back to him)

Oh no, never did – he's not nearly looking like enough of a goon moron. And I'm sure he'll appreciate our advice to stay away from the likes of you if he wants to stay out of here.

EXTRA MAN

I don't care.

YUNG

You should listen to him, son. He was living a clean life until he met me.

SCHNEIDER

Pretty clean.

YUNG

By the way, it's true – you should be out of here soon if you're just a pickpocket, so don't worry about it.

SCHNEIDER

They'll either send you up or let you go in a day or two.

EXTRA MAN

Yeah?

SCHNEIDER

Pickpocket? Sure. Burglar? Probably pretty quick too.

AH LIP

Sometimes.

EXTRA MAN

'K then.

EXTRA MAN

(Finally looking up)
Why you guys in here, then?

YUNG

Supposedly they found an abundance of opium when they raided our place.

AH LIP

Very unfortunate.

EXTRA MAN

How long does that take, until you can see a trial?

YUNG

Still counting, kid.

The Shady Man retreats back into his cell.

SCHNEIDER

(To Yung)

So you did it again. Only three weeks and counting here, and you're really getting your guessing down. Too bad nobody's still running numbers.

YUNG

Listen, John... past three weeks are probably the best you've done gambling in a year, and I keep winning.

SCHNEIDER

Ah, whatever. My money is my problem. And it so happens that I currently have no problems. So I have no problems.

YUNG

Next time, John. We'll get it and get out, and all have lots of problems.

DISSOLVE

INT. WITHERS AND DIXON OFFICES - NIGHT

Peter sits at his bench in the Withers and Dixon offices, working under candle and gaslight.

He stands to take a break, then wanders into someone's office – DIXON's. The great mahogany desk sits under a film of dust the cleaners haven't dared. A half-rolled plan for Trinity Church. A photograph of a much younger Dixon standing beside Withers at some gala, the two of them grinning like boys caught with a stolen cake.

Peter's eyes travel. An ashtray – heavy, brass – holds not cigar ash but a curl of something thinner, darker. Scrapings. Pipe residue of a kind Peter has seen once, down by the docks, and pretended not to. He does not touch it.

JACOB J.

(From the doorway,
quietly)

You know, I never thought I'd say it – but I miss the old man. He

was really teaching me.

PETER MCDONNELL
Mr. Withers?

JACOB J.
Mr. Withers. Most of a year in
the ground, and I still look up
when the door creaks.

PETER MCDONNELL
That was only because he was
waiting on you to help him
finally do away with Dixon.

JACOB J.
Never really disliked Dixon, you
know. They'd just gotten old. One
of them had the good sense to go
first.

PETER MCDONNELL
(Still looking at the
ashtray)
Where has Dixon been, Jacob J.?

JACOB J.
(A beat, understanding)
Where he's been all month. Not
here.

PETER MCDONNELL
His coat smelled of something
last Tuesday that wasn't tobacco.

JACOB J.
I noticed.

A silence between them. Neither names the thing.

PETER MCDONNELL
(Reaching on desk)
I tell you what – if you can find
me a way to help us keep these
jobs here, I'll help you with
whatever that British kook was up
to...

JACOB J.

The main thing was how to get jobs, actually...

JACOB J.

(Moving back toward the door)

But anyway – sorry for ruining your moment of reflection. It was out of character, but deserved.

PETER MCDONNELL

But I'm serious...

JACOB J.

I know, and I can't take it anymore – it's like a phonograph skipping back over and over. The Fin de siècle games have come and gone, and it's ok, we're still alive. The truth is, we're still employed, still standing here...

PETER MCDONNELL

(Shouting at Jacob J.'s back)

You know I only mean for us to pay heed to this shit. I don't really worry about it so much.

PETER MCDONNELL

(To self)

But, Christ on a cross, I hope it's not a problem – Rachel's never gonna forgive me...

Peter follows Jacob J. back into the drafting room.

JACOB J.

(Lowering his voice)

Look at this.

PETER MCDONNELL

(Looking at the blueprints on the table in front of him)

Pretty splendid, actually.

JACOB J.

This is why we do this. You see all of this... these slightly gothic touches...

JACOB J.

(He gestures to a section of the skeleton)

That was my friend Withers. My mentor. Me – a Negro kid from Framingham, Massachusetts – working with one of the greats like this. Wild dreams, my friend.

PETER MCDONNELL

(Softly)

Your mother still keep that picture up?

JACOB J.

Over my old drafting bench. Robert Robinson Taylor, cap and gown, '92, the year MIT let him out the front door instead of the back. She cut it from the Herald and pinned it there the same afternoon. Said to me – I was twelve – 'Jacob Jefferson, if a Black man can go to that school, a Black man can do anything they ask.' She'd built the whole staircase in her head before I'd taken a step.

PETER MCDONNELL

Seems she was right.

JACOB J.

(A small, tired smile)

Seems she was. Seems she was also about fifteen years too early.

PETER MCDONNELL

City Prison was like that for you, I know. I'm sorry you're

still waiting for it.

JACOB J.

That's the most important lesson here – what I call the architect's dilemma. You need to wait. You do, you wait, you do, you wait. You do...

There's a night sky outside the window.

PETER MCDONNELL

Ok, ok, I know, I know. At least I'm not a thug.

JACOB J.

That's the spirit. Will you come out with me, after all then?

PETER MCDONNELL

(Turning back to his desk)

Sorry, Jacob J., but I must trudge on with this.

JACOB J.

For someone who's worried about whether his next payday is coming in, you sure do work a lot.

PETER MCDONNELL

(Smiling)

I said I know, Jacob. That's an awful version of the truth.

JACOB J.

And you know I'm not afraid to say it to you, buddy.

PETER MCDONNELL

Nah, Jacob J. You never have been.

That night sky outside the window is dark.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. DOCKS - NIGHT

It's later. Sean walks by the docks, watches some girls.

INT. MADAME LOTUS - MOMENTS LATER

Obscured by cigar smoke, Clair talks to her daughters. A few customers are sprawled out around them, while a few others chat or play cards.

CLAIR

Now, what did I tell you girls
about asking me to tell you
things?

TABITHA

That we shouldn't do it, of
course.

VICTORIA

(Properly)
Or rather...

VICTORIA

(Opening her palms to
her sister)
...that we shouldn't need to.

CLAIR

Correct. And it's true, no doubt,
that I ask you to do a lot, but I
really need you to not be here
all hours.

TABITHA

It's so hard to sleep, Momma.
You'd have to electrify me like
that bad man who shot the
president, it's so loud here.

VICTORIA

If we don't go up, she's worried
people will take us for whores,
Tabitha. When it starts getting
late, it's not the regulars, but
a strange bitches' brew.

On the floor, a banker, a sailor and a thin white-haired
man sit puffing on long pipes. Clair watches them, like a
good business owner.

CLAIR

C'mon now, Tabby – both of you
need to get your beauty sleep,
too.

TABITHA

Well, right Mama, I guess if you
put it like that, I'll just cover
my head with the pillow.

TABITHA

(Leaving)

We'll see you tomorrow.

VICTORIA

Good night, Mama.

VICTORIA

(Lingering)

Let me know if you find out where
Shen has been hiding the key for
the stuff, and I'll help count it
next time.

EXT. DOCKS - MOMENTS LATER

The docks at night are so quiet, with big ships bobbing in
the water, barely making a sound.

Though not as quiet as all that, once the ear settles:
ropes tight and then slack against their cleats, a hull
making its small complaints, a bell somewhere down the
line that no one answers, a gull asleep on a crate. The
silence is human, not elemental. The waterfront is awake;
only its workers are still.

Peter McDonnell walks by. He spies a few SHIP MEN on the
ship, milling about.

One of the Ship Men walks down the gangplank with a small
brown paper package. The Sullen Chinese Bartender from
Madame Lotus approaches him, and offers his hand to
receive the package.

He tastes the white powder inside, nods his head, and
watches as the other Ship Men load a barrel for carrying
down.

Peter has stopped. He does not mean to have stopped. His
collar is turned up against a cold that is not, quite, the

weather. He does not look at the Bartender; he looks at the barrel. A long beat. He knows something now he did not know an hour ago, and his face does not quite settle around it.

Peter, having continued to walk, heads back into the thicket of the city.

As he walks, the quiet of the docks fades behind him and the city's noise rises to meet him – a bell, a shout, a drunkard's laugh, a carriage wheel – not the silence reclaiming him, but the volume.

INT. THE OLD TOMBS - MOMENTS LATER

"Maple Leaf Rag" plays.

Right there in the entry to the Old Tombs, Warden Johansson watches day guards leave and night guards arrive. He takes out another thin cigar and lights it while he watches. The guards all nod to him. He grunts out a few names.

Still smoking, Warden Johansson moves further into the prison and walks down the halls again, silently. He looks in on Schneider and Ah Lip (Yung is turned to the wall), and then some other cells. He looks in on Bissert, and sees the large man on a small cot, sleeping, and shakes his head, before continuing on.

Finally Warden Johansson arrives at a little door, and enters to find a little room. Closing the door behind him, he sits on a cot and takes off his boots and socks, before lying down.

Before he's even fully prone, he sits up to unholster his gun and places it on the table next to him.

He lifts a small framed photograph from the gun. Throughout this moment the camera stays on Johansson's face. The picture remains a soft blur at frame edge – a silver rectangle and a suggestion of a figure in it, nothing the audience can read. We will not see her this season. The blur is the point.

WARDEN JOHANSSON
(Taking a picture off
of it)

Sorry, sweetie. I don't want to
be here either.

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - LATER

The room is simple – just a dresser, a dusty brown glow, and a few papers at a desk with a closing lid. The stars are outside their windows.

The details that make it Peter's, not anyone's: a wooden drafting square leans against the dresser. A pencil, sharpened with a pocketknife, rests on the nightstand. And tacked above the headboard – low enough that Peter's head, when he lies back, will almost touch it – is the elevation drawing of a small white church. Upstate. His. Unbuilt.

Through the thin curtains, the Sixth Avenue El passes. Its lamps strobe across the room in long, hot bars – across the wall, across the ceiling, across Peter's face, across Rachel's hair – and are gone. Every eight minutes, another one. He does not flinch at them. He does not appear to hear them.

Footsteps suddenly stomp overhead, then start again, then stop.

Peter, wearing an old-timey sleeping outfit, looks up as he tiptoes into bed, fleeing the chill.

In bed is his wife, RACHEL, her kinked black hair spread across her side of the bed.

PETER MCDONNELL

But honey, I don't know – it doesn't matter... the Tombs gets delayed one day or a week and it's still eventually going to be up, and hopefully, Withers and Dixon will still be recognized with our final payment. But then what?

RACHEL

Now, Peter. What did my mother tell you about worrying like that?

PETER MCDONNELL

What was it? A gumza Torah?

RACHEL

"Gam zu l'tova." This too is for the good.

PETER MCDONNELL
Even you don't trust your
mother's sayings.

RACHEL
I still think she was right about
you.

PETER MCDONNELL
I'm serious, Rachel. There's no
one left that can win a
commission. We got a bunch of
architects with nothing to put up
in the sky.

RACHEL
Does this city even need anything
more to go up?

PETER MCDONNELL
Better than it is down here, hon.

PETER MCDONNELL
(Her hands cradle his
face)
Except for you, of course.

They kiss.

RACHEL
You keep telling me that.

RACHEL
(Turns over)
You know you can leave the job –
it's not a prison, and you'll
still have me here.

He draws close. The lamp gutters once, steadies.

PETER MCDONNELL
(Quietly)
My aunt would say it was foolish,
coming down here. She said a
McDonnell builds barns, not
towers. She said your mother had
the right of me – a boy whose
people were killed by a train has

no business in the city of
trains.

RACHEL

My mother liked you.

PETER MCDONNELL

Your mother liked me better than
her son-in-law. That isn't the
same thing.

Rachel smiles without turning. Outside, the Sixth Avenue
El rumbles past – a sound he once could not sleep through,
and cannot sleep without.

RACHEL

Schoharie is still there, Peter.
If it's there you want to be.

PETER MCDONNELL

Schoharie was there the day my
folks left it, and it was still
there the day someone brought me
back. That's the whole trouble
with a place like Schoharie. It
keeps.

PETER MCDONNELL

I know.

Stomping starts again.

PETER MCDONNELL

Do they never tire out?

RACHEL

Don't get me started... I can't
believe she keeps them locked up
like that.

She turns back and kisses him again. They begin to make
love.

Outside the window, the city night again.

FADE OUT.

END OF PILOT

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Dramatis personae and their trajectories across the first season.

THE O'SHEAS

Lower East Side. A tenement on Cherry Street.

SEAN O'SHEA (22. *Docker-turned-Five-Pointer.*)

Short, crooked-nosed, sharp-tongued when sober and dangerous when not. Lost his work when the crews stopped hiring. Lies to his sister about where he goes at night, though she guesses the honest part.

Arc. What looks like a chance to earn a few nickels draws Sean deeper into Kelly's orbit. By episode two he is beating a Numbers winner for half his winnings. Madame Lotus's elder daughter, Victoria, arranges a deal with him for the oleomargarine heist. When it goes wrong in the finale, Sean is the one left holding it – standing before Magistrate Ommen at the Bridge of Tears.

EMILY O'SHEA (26. *Caregiver. Would-be fugitive.*)

Her mother's keeper. An irrational optimist; fair-skinned except when angered. Keeps California folded in her head like a letter she hasn't finished writing.

Arc. Rides trolleys she cannot afford and reads every Help Wanted notice in the Sun. As her mother weakens and her brother disappears into the gangs, she answers an advertisement from a Park Avenue household – and, in the final episode, finds Annika Ludestin at the door.

MOTHER O'SHEA (*Frail. Failing.*)

Came from Ballycastle with a husband who is no longer. Mutters the old place, louder as her grip slackens.

Arc. Does not survive the season.

THE ARCHITECTS

The Firm of Withers and Dixon.

FREDERIC CLARKE WITHERS (*Died aged 73, earlier in 1901. In memoriam.*)

The old English gothicist of New York: Jefferson Market Courthouse, the Church of the Transfiguration, an altar at Trinity. His hand is on the most honest buildings in the city. He was Jacob J.'s mentor before his death.

Arc. A presence by absence. His death is the hole in the firm; the New Tombs is the last of his drawings his apprentices will see to ground.

WALTER DIXON (65. *Deteriorating.*)

The surviving partner. A genius drafted by the New Tombs commission, now rarely at his desk. His coat smells of something that is not tobacco.

Arc. Dixon's slide into the pipe – and into Madame Lotus specifically – becomes visible to Peter and Jacob through the middle of the season. He will not survive 1903; the audience is meant to feel that coming.

PETER McDONNELL (26–28. *Apprentice; everyman.*)

Eager, Irish-Italian, upstate-born – Schoharie. Lost his parents to a train derailment as a child; raised by an aunt. Married to Rachel, a Jewish woman from the Lower East Side. She has not conceived.

Arc. Peter carries the firm's decline more than he carries himself. Witnesses a drug handoff at the docks in episode one and, by midseason, has put the firm's troubles and the docks' business under the same roof. In the finale, he is the one who keeps a version of Withers and Dixon standing.

JACOB JEFFERSON EDGEFIELD (22. *Apprentice; quietly, the strategic mind.*)

A Negro kid from Framingham, Massachusetts. MIT-trained, two classes behind Robert Robinson Taylor in the same hallway. His mother pinned Taylor's graduation photograph above his drafting bench the week it ran in the Herald. Willing, disappointed in Withers, totally savvy.

Arc. Suggests in episode eight that they quit; does not. Mingles at the Dutch Historical Society to be seen. In the finale, he stands near Annika Ludestin – neither quite looking at the other.

RACHEL McDONNELL (Peter's wife. Lower East Side.)

Her mother's sayings are both her defense and her weapon. Cannot conceive, will not talk about it.

Arc. Steady throughout. The Rosetta stone for Peter's anxiety; her patience is the season's quiet measure.

THE STILLMAN HOUSEHOLD

Park Avenue.

JAMES JEWETT STILLMAN (51. *President of the National City Bank.*)

The cold center of the season's cold gravity. Makes people afraid without raising his voice. Colonial in spirit. Ambiguously unhappy, ambiguously unmarried, possessive of his refrigerator in ways he is not possessive of his wife.

Arc. Conspires with Morgan, Hill, and others to form the combination that will – in a few years – be trust-busted. Cruel to his son at the family dinner in episode two. Dismissed by J.P. Morgan in episode nine; plots his revenge. The finale closes on Roosevelt's speech against him.

SARAH ELIZABETH STILLMAN (*née Romrill. 45. His wife.*)

Has lived in Paris for most of their marriage.

Arc. Unseen. Her presence in the pilot is a drawer that opens once and closes face-down.

JAMES A. STILLMAN (*28. The son.*)

Distant. The object of his father's dinner-table cruelty.

Arc. A recurring witness to his father's cruelty. Begins, late in the season, to understand himself in relation to it.

SARAH STILLMAN ROCKEFELLER (*29. Eldest daughter.*)

Married William Goodsell Rockefeller.

Arc. Appears at the Dutch Historical Society; at family dinner; in the background of the finale's closing tableau.

ISABEL STILLMAN ROCKEFELLER (*25. Second daughter.*)

Married Percy Rockefeller in April of this year.

Arc. Appears where Sarah appears, one step behind.

CHARLES CHAUNCEY STILLMAN (*24. Unremarkable, which is its own remark.*)

In the house. Around the edges of every scene there.

Arc. Nominal only in the pilot; more substantive later as his father's heir.

ERNEST GOODRICK STILLMAN (*17. The youngest. Still at home.*)

Still at home.

Arc. The child's-eye view of the household's quiet horror.

ANNIKA LUDESTIN (*40s. Household manager.*)

Widow of a broker who jumped during the Panic of 1901. Carries her ring still.

Arc. The quietest and most important arc in the season. Moves from staff – ignored, resourceful, a pair of hands – to the figure toward whom other plots collapse. In the finale, opens the door to Emily O'Shea.

THE STILLMAN GRANDCHILDREN AND FRIENDS (*Ages six to eight.*)

Dressed like rich imps. One of them – the youngest – sees more than she should.

Arc. The innocent witnesses. The youngest becomes Annika's small confidante.

THE BANKERS

Peter Luger's; Delmonico's; private rooms at the National City.

J.P. MORGAN *(The old lion.)*

Dismissive, gouty, bored of men who try to flatter him. He and Stillman have reached an understanding in episode one.

Arc. By episode nine the understanding has become a grievance. Morgan dismisses Stillman's latest proposal; Stillman does not forget.

JAMES J. HILL *(Stillman and Morgan's partner in Northern Securities.)*

Celebrating a cease-fire that will not last.

Arc. The reminder, each time he appears, that the arrangement these men have made is already historical.

GEORGE F. BAKER, JACOB SCHIFF, et alia *(At the booths.)*

The other men who will, when the dust settles, be trust-busted.

Arc. Recurring in a chorus. Not individuated until the Roosevelt reckoning.

MADAME LOTUS

The opium den. Mott Street.

CLAIR *(38. The mother. Widowed ten-plus years.)*

Runs the Madame Lotus with quiet authority. Speaks Mandarin. Knows which magistrate's wife is smoking at which hour, which chaplain was at which massacre. Wants a manse up the Hudson and will have it.

Arc. Moves from guarded proprietor to conspirator. Her suppliers are in the Tombs; the oleomargarine heist is her workaround. When it goes wrong in the finale, she has already begun her pivot. She wants it all, and by season's end she has made the first visible move.

VICTORIA *(25. The elder daughter.)*

Gibson Girl beauty; dead eyes; driven. Feels restrained by her mother and by the law. Has ideas about prostitution as a revenue line. Makes side deals.

Arc. The season's darkest engine. Her deal with John Schneider goes bad. Her deal with Sean O'Shea — the oleomargarine heist — goes worse. Begins the season a usurper; ends it as her mother's co-conspirator.

TABITHA *(20. The younger daughter.)*

Perky, shallow; the place would be bankrupt if she ran it. Flirts with boys at the Dutch Historical Society. Her boyfriend learns about the margarine deal.

Arc. The leak. How Inspector Galbally gets his scent.

SHEN *(The sullen Chinese bartender.)*

Keeps the keys. Meets the ships.

Arc. The conduit between the den and the docks; the name Clair's daughters ask after when the money doesn't tally.

CHAPLAIN JOHN MILTON *(Priest. Drinks.)*

Was in China during the Boxer Rebellion; speaks of it without visible feeling. Visits Madame Lotus to save souls and stays for the beer. A pain in the ass to Warden Johansson.

Arc. Loses his fight with the Warden over whose house the Tombs is. By late season he is writing the book he will publish in 1909 – under another name.

THE TOMBS – WARDENS, KEEPERS, LAWYERS

The old prison; the new prison rising beside it.

EX-WARDEN BISSERT *(Enormous. Disgraced.)*

Held the Tombs for decades on graft and appetite. Dines in his cell while awaiting trial.

Arc. Episode three he is sent up river. His absence is the room in which Johansson has to govern – and the cautionary tale Sullivan takes to heart, a little too late.

WARDEN JOHANSSON *(50. The current warden.)*

Former police captain from the farming-centric Bronx, then the Custom House. Dutch by name and temperament; a reformer of the quiet kind. Has a photograph in his private room he speaks to before he sleeps. A hidden shame beneath the uniform.

Arc. The season-long project of fitting the Tombs for its own replacement. By episode three he has beaten a prisoner, which he said he would not. The hidden shame grows less hidden every week; the photograph he speaks to, by season's end, has a name the audience can almost hear.

TURNKEY SULLIVAN *(42. Weak link.)*

Allegiances to the Irish gangs. Defends Johansson slightly – and from a distance. Contemptuous of the Church; contemptuous of the prisoners.

Arc. Sullivan is the pipe between the Tombs and the street. How Paddy Bowers knows what he knows. How the guards know what is coming. In episode four he is plotting something Johansson has not yet named.

McMAHON (*A guard. Loyal to Sullivan.*)

Does Sullivan's unpleasant work.

Arc. Along for the ride.

MAGISTRATE OMMEN (*Judge at Essex Market Court.*)

His wife is an opium patient at Madame Lotus. He is in on the oleomargarine arrangement – or knows enough not to ask. Hands down sentences at the Bridge of Tears.

Arc. The face of corrupted law. Recognizes an anarchist in episode six and is advised by Victoria not to worry. By the finale, Sean O'Shea stands before him.

INSPECTOR GALBALLY (*Italian police inspector.*)

Sharper than he looks.

Arc. Introduced in episode five at the Tombs. By episode eight he is in court as a witness. Throws a case under anarchist pressure in the back half of the season.

REBECCA FOSTER – "THE TOMB ANGEL" (*Elderly, nearly senile. Widow of a Civil War hero.*)

Fifty years in New York. Brings newspapers and snacks to the women in the cells. Prays over the men whether they want it or not.

Arc. Dies in 1902 – late in the season. A public death; a public funeral; a city that pretends, for a week, to care.

THE TOMBS – THE PRISONERS

In the cells.

JOHN SCHNEIDER (*German. Handsome. Sometimes called "Dutchie."*)

Known as The Photographer. Lives in the Bronx – 168 East 168th Street, a set of numbers that means something to his suppliers. His family still believes he is shooting photographs in Peru.

Arc. Released in episode five; Johansson leads him out himself. Waits outside the gates for Yung and Ah Lip in episode seven. A letter from an R.H. Taylor in Albany appears in his pocket – the season's longest unresolved thread.

YUNG SENG (*Chinese-American. The talker.*)

Soft-eyed. An opium supplier. Boxer sympathizer. Ratted out Ah Lip and doesn't quite know it.

Arc. Out of the Tombs by episode seven. Back on Clair's payroll; back in Schneider's orbit; back in the same trouble, only sharper.

AH LIP IWOZARU (*Chinese-American. Almost silent.*)

"Iwozaru" – the monkey who speaks no evil. Never ratted anyone out. Is okay with having been ratted out.

Arc. Out with Yung. Knows what he knows. The season's still point.

PADDY BOWERS (*Irish thug. Eastman man.*)

A thug with a memory for grudges.

Arc. Episode four flashback: cheering and booing as Bissert is led away. Learns, slowly, to live in peace with the Eastman men already in the cells. Released in the finale; returns to Monk.

SHANAHAN (*Thug the second.*)

Grows "prison shrooms" in the damp corner of his cell.

Arc. Sent upstate in the finale.

THE STREETS – THE GANGS

The feud between the Five Pointers and the Eastmans.

MONK EASTMAN (*The Eastman Gang.*)

Recently shot in the stomach; surviving. In a turf war with the Five Pointers over the numbers racket. Incorporates Irish.

Arc. Encroaches on the Five Pointers' business all season. The oleomargarine heist is – among other things – a move against him.

KELLY (*The last leader of the Five Pointers.*)

Gives the rousing speech in episode two; the speech that calls Sean O'Shea to the work that destroys him.

Arc. The season's loudest voice in the smallest room.

THE SUB-CAPTAIN (*Kelly's lieutenant. Crazy. Charismatic.*)

The man who does Kelly's violence for him.

Arc. The season's reminder that below every speechmaker is a knife.

THE RED-HAIRED VIKING IRISHMAN (*A warrior of a soldier.*)

The Five Pointers' wedge. Silent; enormous.

Arc. Appears when the blow is coming.

OTHER FIGURES OF 1901

Named; spoken of; delivering the season's close.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT (*President of the United States.*)

Spoken of, written of, sworn at through the whole season.

Arc. Appears, at last, to deliver the closing speech – the one the bankers have feared since the pilot's steakhouse scene.

ROBERT ROBINSON TAYLOR (*MIT '92.*)

The first accredited Black architect in the United States. Jacob J. Edgefield's absent patron saint.

Arc. Never on screen. The photograph above Jacob's old drafting bench; the name he answers to when Peter asks what his mother believed.

"FATHER MONROE" (*A byline.*)

The name under which Chaplain Milton will publish his book in 1909.

Arc. The season's quiet joke: the man losing the fight for the Tombs is, eight years from now, the man who names it.

— END CAST —

THIS SEASON ON THE TOMBS

End-of-pilot trailer. Fast cuts; propulsive music.

CUT TO BLACK. SILENCE. THEN –

A single cello note holds. A match strikes in darkness. In its light, WARDEN JOHANSSON's eyes. Held. Cello opens into strings.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

This season... on The Tombs.

– RAPID MONTAGE –

The New Tombs, half-built. A worker hammers. CUT – BISSERT laughing at his own joke, mouth full. CUT – SEAN O'SHEA in a crowd of flat caps, listening to someone we cannot yet see. CUT – CLAIR at her bar, watching. CUT – STILLMAN's hand on the refrigerator. CUT – the Sixth Avenue El, strobing past a window. CUT – MOTHER O'SHEA, her eyes open. The clock ticks.

KELLY

(to a barroom)

The Five Points made this city. And this city –

is going to remember who made it.

CHEERING. A bottle smashes. SEAN's face in the crowd – rapt.

– MUSIC BUILDS –

VICTORIA at Madame Lotus, closing a back-room door. A ledger. A small brown paper package changing hands at the docks. SHEN nodding. A barrel of oleomargarine being rolled across a warehouse floor.

CLAIR

(quietly, to her daughters)

Every room. Every man. Every secret in this city

passes through this door eventually. I want it all.

STILLMAN across a polished table from J.P. MORGAN. Morgan is already rising. Stillman's glass is still full.

J.P. MORGAN

No.

STILLMAN, alone in the aftermath. The compressor hums.

STILLMAN

(to no one)

Then I will make him remember my name.

– CUTS QUICKEN –

EMILY O'SHEA on a trolley, cheek to the glass, the city blurring past. CUT – PETER and RACHEL, a doctor's office, a closed door, her hand on her stomach. CUT – JACOB J. at his drafting table, setting down the pencil.

JACOB J.

Peter.

JACOB J.

We should quit.

CUT – DIXON slumped in a velvet booth at Madame Lotus, pipe at his lip. PETER, in the doorway, seeing him. PETER does not move. CUT – PADDY BOWERS, cheering. Booing. BISSERT being led away in cuffs through the Tombs' gate. CUT – JOHANSSON, a prisoner on the floor, his own hand closed into a fist he did not plan to close.

JOHANSSON

(to himself, broken)

I said I wouldn't.

CUT – the Tomb Angel in her bed, her hand still. A newspaper on the nightstand. A black wreath on a prison door. CUT – MOTHER O'SHEA's eyes closing, the clock alone in frame.

– MUSIC TIGHTENS –

TABITHA laughing with a boy at the Dutch Historical Society. The boy's eyes narrow – a flicker of calculation. CUT – INSPECTOR GALBALLY opening a file. CUT – SEAN and VICTORIA in an alley. Close.

VICTORIA

You'll go in quiet. You'll come out rich.

SEAN O'SHEA

And if it goes wrong?

VICTORIA

(smiling)

Then you'll come out.

CUT – crates splintering. Gunfire. Running. A barrel bleeding its contents across cobblestones. CUT – SEAN, hands raised, on his knees. CUT – GALBALLY, arriving too late on purpose.

– MUSIC SWELLS –

A gavel. MAGISTRATE OMMEN, at the bench, looking down.

OMMEN

Sean O'Shea. You come before me today?

SEAN raises his eyes. The courtroom is silent. Beyond him, in the gallery, EMILY – her hair pinned up, not one strand loose.

CUT – JOHN SCHNEIDER walking out of the Tombs into daylight. He does not look back. YUNG and AH LIP following, blinking. CUT – SCHNEIDER opening an envelope. A single folded letter. A signature. His face changes.

SCHNEIDER

(reading)

R. H. Taylor... Albany...

CUT – THEODORE ROOSEVELT at a podium. Flashbulbs. The bankers in the back of the room, their faces stone.

ROOSEVELT

The man who has piled up a great fortune –
the man of mere wealth –
is not the man who is most useful to the
Republic.

STILLMAN's jaw. J.P. MORGAN's hand closing around his cane.

– MUSIC CUTS OUT –

Silence. A black frame. Then: ANNIKA LUDESTIN, opening a door on Park Avenue. EMILY O'SHEA on the step, coat damp, answering the advertisement. The two women regard each other. Something passes between them that neither has a name for yet.

The door closes. Held on the closed door.

– FINAL CARD –

THE TOMBS

This season.

One last image, already fading: a photograph in a silver frame.
A woman we do not quite see. JOHANSSON's thumb at its edge.
Hold. And —

CUT TO BLACK.