

KATHERYN

GO!

He turns and plods toward the house, leaving Katheryn in the garden. It's a long trip, and she studies his every step.

Harry climbs the stairs which lead up to the grand portico. Once he reaches the top step, he stops and lingers.

Katheryn squints in the sunlight, watching Harry... "What is he doing?"

He turns back toward her, and shouts across the lawn...

HARRY

(loud enough for even  
Rockefeller to hear)

I LOVE YOU, KATHERYN ANDERSON!  
I LOVE YOU! I LOVE YOU!

Katheryn smiles. Her face beams in the sunlight.

INT. THE ANDERSON LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY

Inez stands at a wash basin, wringing wet clothes, when she hears...

HARRY (O.S.)

(shouting from outside)

I LOVE YOU!

~~Inez smiles, as she continues her work.~~

EXT. THE AMERICAN RAILCAR FACTORY - CARPENTRY SHOP - DAY

George and Thom give MR. McMASTER, a stern-looking, middle-aged railroad mogul, (and his entourage) a tour of the factory.

Harry tags along.

GEORGE

We can erect as many as ten boxcars  
per day—from the wheels and trucks  
all the way up.

George notices something over the shoulder of Mr. McMaster.

A man with a bandana covering his face, on top of the factory roof, unfurls a huge banner on the side of the carpentry shop which says: AMERICAN RAIL UNFAIR TO WORKERS! WORKERS UNITE!

Horrorified, George nudges Thom. He, too, sees the banner.

Both men quickly try to guide Mr. McMaster and his entourage out of view of the sign.

Start

THOM  
Gentlemen, you may find this  
interesting...

He hastily leads the party to an ornate passenger coach.

THOM (CONT'D)  
This is a top-of-the-line luxury  
coach we are currently building for  
a rail line in Canada. Let me show  
you the fine craftsmanship that went  
into the interior.

Thom leads the men into the railcar, while a distressed George  
Anderson paces outside.

Harry sees the banner above the enormous building and leaps  
into action.

George watches as Harry dashes toward the shop. He scales a  
fire escape hundreds of feet up the side of the building, and  
climbs onto a ledge below the banner.

Harry slowly crosses the ledge, as railcars are being shunted  
directly below him, edging his way until he is directly below  
the banner, the bottom of which whips in the wind just a few  
feet above his head.

After several attempts at hopping on the ledge and trying to  
grasp the flapping banner, Harry successfully yanks it down,  
nearly losing his balance in the process.

George turns his attention back to his potential customer,  
who is now exiting the passenger car.

GEORGE  
So what did you think of the passenger  
coach, Mr. McMaster?

MCMASTER  
Beautiful.

GEORGE  
We employ the best craftsman in the  
world. No detail is too small.

MCMASTER  
I can see that.

GEORGE  
Now, gentlemen, how about lunch?

INT. THE AMERICAN RAILCAR FACTORY - EXECUTIVE DINNING ROOM - DAY

Like his office, George's personal dining room is richly detailed and luxurious.

George sits across the table from Mr. McMaster. Also at the table are members of McMaster's entourage, as well as Tom, and at the far end, quietly listening to the conversation, is Harry.

A waiter pours wine for the men.

GEORGE

You'll be saving a fortune if you sign with my company.

MCMASTER

Of course, money's not the most important thing. My father had a gentleman's agreement with Mr. Pullman that we would always run Pullman cars on our lines.

GEORGE

Let's be honest, no agreement is ever permanent.

This elicits a disapproving scowl from Mr. McMaster, which Harry notices.

MCMASTER

I know the Pullman folks. They're good people. However, I don't know you. I don't know if you're my kind of people.

Two more waiters roll in carts loaded with sumptuously plated food, and begin serving the men.

MCMASTER (CONT'D)

Well, doesn't this look delicious!

George struggles to contain his exasperation, as he puts on a forced smile and declares...

GEORGE

Well, gentlemen, let's eat!

George digs in, but before McMaster eats, he makes the sign of the cross and bows his head to pray, which Harry also notices.

Suddenly, Harry leaps to his feet.

HARRY

Uh... Excuse me, gentlemen... Excuse me.

George shoots Harry a look that says... "What the devil are you doing?"

HARRY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry to interrupt, but Mr. Anderson has a long tradition of allowing one of his staff to say the blessing over the meal, and today was my turn.

(to George)

I'm sorry, sir, I almost forgot.

George is still red-faced with rage at Harry's sudden, insane outburst, but then he notes the approving smile that comes across McMaster's face.

HARRY (CONT'D)

So, please, let us pray.

Mr. McMaster and Harry make the sign of the cross, and George makes a clumsy attempt to mimic them.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Bless us, O Lord,...

Mr. McMaster joins in, and George tries to keep up.

HARRY/MCMASTER/ANDERSON

...and these, Thy gifts, which we are about to receive from Thy bounty. Through Christ, our Lord. Amen.

Again, they cross themselves.

MCMASTER

(to Harry)

So you're a good Catholic boy, are you?

HARRY

Oh, yes, sir. I never miss Mass. My mother makes sure of that.

MCMASTER

Excellent. She must be a good woman.

HARRY

Yes, sir. She's deeply religious.

Harry glances at George, who gives him a look of encouragement.

HARRY (CONT'D)

...as is Mr. Anderson. In fact, that's one of the reasons I wanted to work for him. He's a devout Catholic and a great family man.

McMaster looks across the table at George with new admiration.

MCMASTER

Oh really?

HARRY

Yes, in fact, not only is he my boss, but he's also going to be my father-in-law.

At this, George momentarily chokes on his food.

MCMASTER

Is that so? Well, well, well....

(to George)

Keeping the family in the business and the business in the family, eh, Anderson? Smart. Very smart.

GEORGE

Well... Yes.

MCMASTER

Now, that's what I like to see—a family business.

GEORGE

Well, that's just what we are—one big, happy family.

MCMASTER

Excellent. When we're through eating, I'll have another look at that contract.

George give Harry a look that says... "Well done!"

INT. THE AMERICAN RAILCAR FACTORY - MR. ANDERSON'S OFFICE -  
DAY

Harry enters.

HARRY

I was told you wanted to see me, sir?

GEORGE

Have a seat.

George is exultant, as he pours two whiskies.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
McMaster just signed the contract,  
thanks, in no small part, to you.

He hands Harry a whiskey.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
You're a remarkable young man. Fast  
on your feet. A gifted bullshit  
artist. You've got balls of iron,  
son.

HARRY  
Thank you, sir.

GEORGE  
I can see that you could be very  
valuable to me.

HARRY  
I'm glad I could help.

GEORGE  
One question though... you had him  
with the devout Catholic act. Why  
did you throw in the bullshit about  
you being my future son-in-law?

Harry shrugs.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
You see, that's where you fouled it  
up. What if, down the road, he finds  
out you never actually married my  
daughter?

HARRY  
There's a simple solution to that.

GEORGE  
Which is?

HARRY  
I marry your daughter.

George laughs.

GEORGE  
Boy, I said you were quick on your  
feet, but Christ almighty.

He suddenly sobers up, realizing Harry's not joking.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
You agreed that you would leave  
Katheryn alone.

HARRY  
No agreement is ever permanent.

Harry wanders around the office. He examines some framed  
Anderson family photos on a table, as...

GEORGE  
You've been in my employ for less  
than a week and you're already  
finagling your way into my family.  
I'll bet you think you'll be running  
the place by the end of the month.  
This was your plan all along, wasn't  
it, boy?

Harry's eyes land on a photo of Katheryn. She's lovely.

HARRY  
Believe me, sir, falling in love  
with your daughter was most definitely  
never my plan.

GEORGE  
The other day you said that I failed  
to produce a daughter worth marrying.  
What's changed?

He picks up and studies the photo of Katheryn, while George  
studies him.

HARRY  
I took a second look.

George takes a slug of whiskey and leans back in his chair.

Harry sets down the photo of Katheryn and picks up a photo of  
Dickie.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
Mr. Anderson, I'll get straight to  
the point. You need a son to help  
you run this company... a son who  
will learn the ropes from you and  
will, yes, someday take it over.

GEORGE  
I have a son.

HARRY  
Do you?

He puts in front of George's face the framed photograph of Dickie posing in a crushed velvet suit with an enormous orchid boutonniere on the lapel, and topped with an opera cape draped across his shoulder.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
(off the photo)  
Do you see balls of iron on him?

George looks away from the photo. Point taken.

~~INT. UNKNOWN LOCATION - DAY~~

~~KATHERYN'S FACE~~

~~appears unsure and a little bit nervous.~~

~~HARRY  
Relax. I've got you.~~

~~As Harry lifts her body, as she wraps her arm around his neck.  
They are in...~~

~~INT. A TENEMENT HALLWAY - DAY (CONTINUOUS)~~

~~It is their wedding day, and Harry carries Kathryn across the threshold of a nasty, run-down apartment.~~

~~INT. APARTMENT - DAY (CONTINUOUS)~~

~~Harry carries his bride into a small, dreary, one-bedroom apartment.~~

~~He sets her down, and she leans against a table while Harry retrieves her crutches from the hallway. With the use of the crutches she is able to walk around the apartment quite nicely.~~

~~She examines the place.~~

~~HARRY  
Is it okay?~~

~~KATHERYN  
Of course, darling.~~

~~But her face betrays her disappointment.~~

~~HARRY  
I know it's nothing like what you're accustomed to, but it's just until I can save up enough money to build us a real home.~~

Stop