

INT. SWIFT MEAT PACKING PLANT - CONTINUOUS

Struggling upside down against the chain, the pig SQUEALS on and on as the Worker pulls a long knife from his belt.

The camera shifts away as the SQUEAL ABRUPTLY STOPS, replaced by a SPLATTER of liquid on the wooden floor.

The Factory Worker wipes his blade as the now dead hog moves on, deeper into the factory.

BLOOD, thick and viscous on the wooden floor, is washed away with buckets of water and a push broom.

EUGENE WILLIAMS (male, 17, black), dirty up to his knees in a mixture of bloody sawdust, pushes the broom a little too vigorously.

Red water SLOSHES on the feet of a close knot of pale faced people that can only be described as "TOURISTS."

They are led by a small, rat faced man, MITCH (male, 30's).

The group of Tourists YELP and try to avoid the blood.

MITCH
Watch it, boy!

Several of the Tourists look ready to faint, but there is also a thrill here.

And Eugene's off, pushing his broom, leaving the group.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Eight thousand head a day here in the Yard. And nothing wasted. Sure, we got the tinned meat, sausages, ham hocks. But, also soap, oleomargarine, hairbrushes, "everything but the squeal" as Mr. Swift used to say...

Eugene moves on down the line.

Only men work the lines, segregated by ethnicity, each with their own specific job as hogs move through the factory.

Most are a mix of Irish and Eastern European, but there are several large groups of black workers.

MATTHEW WILLIAMS (male, 50s, black), remarkably clean, towers over the other men.

Matthew shuffles awkwardly on a crippled left leg.

EUGENE
(smiling at Matthew)
Hey Dad.

Matthew nods, barely looking up from his work.

He is an artist with the knife, separating bone from flesh with no wasted motion.

Next to Matthew, a more compact man, BYRON (male, 30s, Black) takes sections to a mechanical bone saw.

Byron waves to Eugene.

BYRON
Eugene. Get these to the
smokehouse?

He gestures to an overfull cart of ham-hocks.

Eugene obliges, pushing the cart along the line. Several other men move spare bits of meat and fat from a large wheelbarrow into a sausage grinder.

CLARENCE
Hey Gene!

Clarence (the running boy from the cold open) feeds large fatty chunks into the grinder.

When Clarence takes his eyes off the grinder, the machine nearly yanks his hand away.

REDGE (male, 40s, Black) SLAPS Clarence's arm.

REDGE
Come on now, Clarence. Watch it!

Off Eugene goes, pushing the cart, cycle continuing on as the hogs move down the disassembly line.

He only gets a few more feet when--- SHOUTS ERUPT behind him.

A long, low BELLOW OF PAIN, sounds less like a man and more like a wounded animal.

Eugene turns, expecting it to be Clarence, but the shouts are coming from further up the line, toward the knife-men.

EUGENE
Shit.

A SIREN HOWLS, the mechanical wailing shuts out all other noises and a great GRINDING OF GEARS is followed by a METALLIC CLUNK as the machines stop.

Pig carcasses swing everywhere, CREAKING back and forth on their chains.

The SIREN WAILS on.

Eugene lets go of the cart and walks back.

All the men have stopped work. Many pull out a cigarette or stretch sore muscles.

This is old hat, nothing to see here.

Around one section, people clump, watching something.

It's Matthew's section.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

Dad...

Eugene runs, pushing his way forward.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

Who is it? What's happened?!

A group bars his way, onlookers.

It's the tourists, mumbling, trying to get a better view.

MITCH

Stay back now, don't crowd.

Someone on the other side BELLOWS in pain.

EUGENE

Dad?!

Eugene becomes frantic, pushing people out of the way.

Finally, he is through the crowd.

Ahead, Byron has his arm trapped in the machine belt that pulls the bone saw. Like a wolf with a leg in a trap, he desperately pulls at the trapped arm, SCREAMING.

Matthew has a pole jammed in the machine, using it to lever the gears that have Byron's arm trapped.

Someone turns off the siren and an eerie HUSH falls.

MATTHEW

Ready?

BYRON

Get it out! Get it out!

Byron pulls at his arm frantically.

MATTHEW

Stop! Byron!

But, Byron can't hear him, he's going to do anything he can to get free, including ripping off his own arm.

Letting go of the pipe, Matthew reaches across and SLAPS Byron across the face.

CRACK!

The trapped man stops, blinks with confusion.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Hold him!

Redge and Eugene hold Byron tight as Matthew strains with all his might.

GROANS from Matthew as veins pop out on his head, muscles stretching, METAL GRINDING.

Then--- POP!

The gears turn backwards and the belt lets go of Byron's arm, he falls backward as they try to hold him up.

BYRON

Oh, thank Jesus, that's better.

He's in shock.

Byron looks down at his arm, a torn and tangled mess, white bone showing through the sinew.

BYRON (CONT'D)

What is that?

Byron looks from his good arm to his shredded arm, confused.

Redge throws a coat over it, covering it up.

EUGENE

Don't you worry, we got you.

BYRON

Redge?

REDGE

Yeah, Byron. We got you.

Then, the pain and realization hit Byron all at once.

He lets out a LOW KEENING WAIL.

Then, he's SILENT, wobbling as he allows Redge to escort him off the factory floor.

Eugene stands nearby in shock. Matthew limps over, lays a hand on his shoulder.

Dazed, Eugene looks up at his father's large face.

MATTHEW

What do we say?

Matthew turns him to face the bone saw. All is quiet, nothing moving, the blood painted over the dark maw of the machine.

EUGENE

(as if reciting prayer)

The blades be thirsty, eyes up. The gears be hungry, hands up.

MATTHEW

And?

EUGENE

Listen up or she'll grind you down.

MATTHEW

Good man.

MITCH

Gettin' your money's worth today!

Mitch ushers the "tourists" away.

QUINTEN (male, 40s, white) is the foreman; military haircut and crisp, white shirt in contrast to the dirty factory.

He speaks in a clear, loud voice that carries everywhere.

QUINTEN

Show's over, back on the line!

Men shuffle back to their places, mumbling.

A group of large Irish men stand off to one side, all in butcher's smock and white undershirt with suspenders.

In front, a hulking brute, ROBERT MCCOLLOUGH (male, 30s, Irish), spits on the ground.

ROBERT
Damn waste. That's why you don't
give em types the knife.

It's unclear if he's saying this to his fellows, or to Matthew and Eugene.

QUINTEN
Three!

Eugene takes a step toward Robert, ready to pounce, before he's caught by his father and hauled back.

MATTHEW
Ignore him.

Smiling, Robert shows off a row of yellow, rotting teeth.

QUINTEN
Two!

Robert twirls his knife casually between his fingers, showing off for Eugene, then turns, heading back to his position.

ROBERT
Yeah boy, listen to your pa.

QUINTEN
One!

Quinten pulls the main lever and, with a GRIND OF GEARS, the disassembly line moves again, carcasses swing forward.

Eugene takes his broom and bucket over to the bone saw, the human and pig blood wash away all the same.

The machines and pneumatic pipes HISS and SNAP.

INT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

A train's wheels GRIND and turn, HISSING steam as they SQUEAL to a slow halt.

People mill about the open air station as the train arrives.

It bustles with families, vendors, hawkers. The crowd is a complete mix of races and ethnicity.

Most of the passengers meet up with families and friends.

Several black families clump together amidst a collection of suitcases, clothes, books, furniture.

Everything they have in the world.

A portly man, REMI (male, 40s, Italian) sizes them up while he counts bags and people.

REMI

Moving in or passing through?

NATHAN (male, early 30s, Black), very Southern and unsure of himself in this environment.

NATHAN

Sir?

REMI

You lot look like you're moving in.
I got plenty of vacancies, great
part of town.

NATHAN

We just arriving.

REMI

Course you is, course you is. Well
ol' Remi will take care of you, set
you up right and proper.

Remi eyes the young women in the group hungrily.

From the crowd behind Remi, ABIGAIL WILLIAMS (female, 50s, Black) steps forward. A strong, no nonsense woman with a newspaper under her arm, cross around her neck.

With her is SARAH WILLIAMS (female, fifteen, Black) in a demure dress. Sarah is organized and studious, but was dragged here against her will.

REMI (CONT'D)

(flashing a toothy grin)

I was just speaking with these
folk, Miss Gail.

ABIGAIL

Strange, they don't look like your
people, Remington.

The group behind Nathan are confused.

REMI

Got a place all set up for them,
don't we?

ABIGAIL

The building on Mitchell? I don't
suppose you mentioned the tannery
next door?

She turns to the group.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

(faux conspiratorial)
The smell never comes out.

Remi looks from Abigail to Sarah, then the group. Scowling,
he moves to another unsuspecting family.

Abigail watches him go, then turns, all business.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

C'mon then, how many?

NATHAN

Ma'am?

ABIGAIL

(counts)
Twelve. Thirteen? Any more of you
on the train?

Nathan's wife, BEE (female, 30s, Black), speaks up. Her young
SON (four or so) hides behind her long skirts.

BEE

Oh, we're not all together.

ABIGAIL

Sure you are. Mississippi right?
Tupelo area?

NATHAN

Well, yes ma'am. But we're not one
family.

Abigail pulls out the newspaper, the *Chicago Defender*. A
headline reads "*Lynching in Tupelo Mississippi*".

ABIGAIL

(reading)
"Emmanuel walked off the train,
still in his uniform because he
didn't have anything else to wear."
(MORE)

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

He was finally coming home, home to Tupelo where he grew up. Where his family was waiting for him after he'd been gone so long. That was when the three white fellows noticed him. Emmanuel Wallace had spent a year of his life training in the Texas sun, another two fighting in the trenches overseas. He'd survived boats, bullets, chlorine gas, artillery fire, and bayonets. He'd traveled over fifteen thousand miles in service to his country, but it was those last few miles home that got him killed."

Silence for a long beat.

Abigail reaches out, placing her hand on Bee's arm.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

You're relations now. And relations gotta stick together.

The families all look at one another, confused.

Sarah studies her notebook, face screwed up in consternation.

SARAH

There's a spot at the Brady, might hold ten?

ABIGAIL

The Brady will do fine.

Abigail turns, walking away and leaving Sarah to motivate the group properly.

One man stands out in the background, JACK WILLIAMS (male, 20s, Black). Jack is well put together, clean shaven, military haircut. Full Army dress, a duffle over his shoulder and a wooden crate in his arms.

Neither Abigail or Sarah see him.

SARAH

(to the group)

We're from the church, you've heard of Olivet?

MURMURING. Yes, some of them have heard of it.

"RED SUMMER" sample

by Josh Wilcox

Abigail passes a NEWSPAPER VENDOR, the booth a myriad of images in stark black and white.

The Newspaper Vendor drops a stack of papers with a SLAM.