

KAZAN

by

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Elia Kazan and Arthur Miller

"A director must get his shot. We are desperate people."

- Elia Kazan

INT. MARTIN BECK THEATRE. 302 WEST 45TH STREET - NIGHT

We are slowly moving above the EMPTY SEATS of a majestic Broadway theater. The lights are heavenly. Serene. God-like.

CAMERA DESCENDS at the front of the stage like curtains closing. Finding one person. **ELIA KAZAN**, 33. He stands on the edge holding A SCRIPT. His back to the empty house seats. Deep concentration and thought. A ragged face of Mitteleuropa roots carries the scars of a poverty stricken, immigrant upbringing; and a rage in his eyes... hidden behind a smile.

He calls this THE ANATOLIAN SMILE.

ELIA KAZAN

This is an immigrant's story. An immigrant family who suffered and sacrificed. Who now wait for their first born American son to return home from college. Only to learn... he never will. That's the American tragedy, isn't it? We struggle to make this country our home, and once we do, we can never go back. It's life. Perfect. Therefore we must make this play ours. And no one goes home until we do. Got it?

(voices: "yes, Elia.")

Ok then. Places. From the top. Go.

MUSIC CUE: "Caledonia" by Louis Jordan: A SERIES OF MANIC, ABRASIVE DISSOLVING SHOTS: The CHAOS of a Broadway play's first rehearsals. Stagehands missing props. Actors collide on stage and with overlapping lines.

AN UTTER SHITSTORM: Tears are shed. Marks are missed. A script is thrown. We clearly see the cover page. It reads,

"No Villain: A One Act Play"

Written by ARTHUR MILLER

Performed by GROUP THEATER

TITLE CARD: **MARTIN BECK THEATER, BROADWAY, 1945.**

AS DISSOLVES PROGRESS, Kazan becomes a lighthouse in the storm. Unheard direction turns furrowed brows into smiles of revelation. A wave from stage right to stage left gets grateful nods. The light beam finally hits its mark.

Determined, hyper-focused, and emotional. HE HOLDS ALL POWER.

HE IS THE DIRECTOR.

MORE DISSOLVES: The play finds a groove. Lines are delivered, set changes perfectly paced. Shared laughter and joy. Mistakes met with glee rather than scorn as before.

The closing line delivered. The actors freeze.

A LONG MOMENT. Everyone side-eyes Kazan, who has returned to his place at the edge of the stage. They wait for judgement.

ELIA KAZAN (CONT'D)  
 Stage lights dim. Curtain closes.  
 House lights come up. Take a bow.  
 We got it.

The members of Group Theater applaud.

INT. BACKSTAGE. MARTIN BECK THEATRE - DAY

Kazan has a young ACTRESS pinned in a corner for a private session. His intimacy indicates deeper interests than ACTING. And it's very much reciprocated.

ELIA KAZAN  
 We're working on that scene later,  
 right? You and me?

ACTRESS  
 Of course, Elia.

A dark-eyed, **LEE STRASBERG**, 50s, appears nearby.

LEE STRASBERG  
 Gadge. A word?

And all of Kazan's power disappears.

HALLWAY, LATER,

Kazan storms trailing Strasberg.

ELIA KAZAN  
 You're shutting down my play! Why?

LEE STRASBERG  
 Because we are finally on Broadway.  
 Because ticket sales are up.  
 Reviews in the *Times* are glowing,  
 and I have no intention of  
 returning to playhouses that are  
 part-time heroin dens. And Gadge...  
 it's not your play.

ELIA KAZAN

You were the one who taught me that  
a director must own his work.

LEE STRASBERG

I did. But you don't own this one.

ELIA KAZAN

Ok then. Arthur Miller's play.

LEE STRASBERG

It's not his play either.

ELIA KAZAN

If it's not the writer's play and  
it's not the director's play, then  
whose play is it?

They stop outside a closed door.

LEE STRASBERG

The Men From Detroit.

"THE MEN FROM DETROIT" - a source of rage for Kazan.

LEE STRASBERG (CONT'D)

We get their money. They get their  
say. And unfortunately... they  
don't get Arthur Miller.

Strasberg opens the door.

INSIDE, **THE MAN FROM DETROIT**. A strangely skinny, skeletal,  
non-threatening man waits; looks more Accountant for Hire  
than Muscle Man. On the lapel of his dark suit, his only  
source of power: A COMMUNIST PARTY PIN.

Kazan sits as Strasberg shuts the door.

INSIDE THE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Kazan and Strasberg with The Man From Detroit at the table.

THE MAN FROM DETROIT

Because Arthur Miller is glib,  
boastful, arrogant, and entitled.

ELIA KAZAN

Show me a well-balanced writer.

LEE STRASBERG

Plenty of other plays out there.

ELIA KAZAN  
He's the best we've read!

LEE STRASBERG  
And I agree.

ELIA KAZAN  
Then why are we having this  
conversation!

THE MAN FROM DETROIT  
Because he's not one of us.

The Man from Detroit pulls out a manilla folder. Kazan reels,  
You got to be kidding me!

THE MAN FROM DETROIT (CONT'D)  
(contents of the folder)  
His father owns a textile factory  
in Harlem. And enjoys his second  
home in Salem, Massachusetts, yet  
struggles to pay his 400 employees  
a livable wage.

ELIA KAZAN  
You'll kick a man because of his  
father?

LEE STRASBERG  
Artists live differently, Gadge.  
When we're hungry we don't eat.  
When we hurt we don't heal.  
Suffering yields creation. Without  
it, we are not artists.

THE MAN FROM DETROIT  
And Miller's never suffered. Once.

The Man From Detroit tosses Kazan's script into the trash.

Kazan bounds out of his seat to the door.

LEE STRASBERG  
Where are you going?

ELIA KAZAN  
To get Arthur Miller.

Kazan freezes at...

THE MAN FROM DETROIT  
Walk away from, you walk away from  
greatness. Time to choose.

THE MAN FROM DETROIT (CONT'D)  
There is no in between, Gadge.  
You're with him or with us. Choose.

Kazan hesitates. Leaves.

ARTHUR MILLER (PRELAP)  
*I don't understand.*

INT. POP'S DINER. 44-29B KISSENA BLVD. FLUSHING - NIGHT

Slouching, Kazan shares a booth with his near exact opposite **ARTHUR MILLER**, 33. Prim and proper; mannerisms manicured like the hedges around his father's estate. Unlike Kazan his face is solid, built on a foundation of a full belly and wealth.

If getting passed by Group Theater is disappointing to him, Miller doesn't show it. He gorges on his pancakes.

Kazan eats nothing.

ARTHUR MILLER  
"The Man from Detroit?"

ELIA KAZAN  
That's what they want to be called.

ARTHUR MILLER  
Ridiculous thing to call yourself.

ELIA KAZAN  
They're the money guys.

ARTHUR MILLER  
So he's a producer?

ELIA KAZAN  
Not exactly.

ARTHUR MILLER  
You give money to produce  
something. And it gets produced,  
you're a producer. The price for  
getting your name on the playbill.

ELIA KAZAN  
These guys prefer to stay behind  
the curtain.

A LONG BEAT as Miller tries to figure it out...

ELIA KAZAN (CONT'D)  
(whispered)  
They're the Communist Party.

ARTHUR MILLER  
Communists!

ELIA KAZAN  
Jesus Christ, lower your voice!

ARTHUR MILLER  
I associated with communists?!

ELIA KAZAN  
For like 30 days.

ARTHUR MILLER  
You're a communist?!

ELIA KAZAN  
I was a communist.

ARTHUR MILLER  
When did you quit?!

ELIA KAZAN  
Like 30 minutes ago.

ARTHUR MILLER  
My father's gonna have a heart  
attack.

ELIA KAZAN  
Nobody's gonna have a heart attack.

Miller looks out into the steamy Broadway night. The cabs.  
The marquees. It feels like heaven out there.

ARTHUR MILLER  
Really needed this.

Miller pushes his near full plate away. Kazan eyes it.  
Practically licks his lips. But doesn't eat.

ELIA KAZAN  
You've got money. You've got a  
wife. You're the luckiest man in  
the world. What else could you  
possibly need?

A LONG BEAT, Miller stares out at the theater marquees.

ARTHUR MILLER  
Can I show you something?

## EXT. BROOKLYN WATERFRONT DOCKS - JUST BEFORE SUNRISE

The night is cold and damp. Fog horns blow. Some close and shrill. Others distant and hauntingly muted.

Cars pass above on the towering Brooklyn Bridge, unaware of the mighty fire of creation lit below them.

A FIRE ROARS, Miller and Kazan sit on the rocks watching the ships and gathering workers below. Kazan pulls out a whisky flask. Takes a swig. Offers it to Miller. He waves a no.

But a fire twinkles in his eyes.

ARTHUR MILLER  
Wife will smell it.

ELIA KAZAN  
*"A woman's tongue is the only tool  
that grows sharper with use."*

ARTHUR MILLER  
Washington Irving. *"Happy the man  
who has a good wife. He lives twice  
as long."*

ELIA KAZAN  
Goethe. *"The calmest husbands make  
the stormiest wives!"*

ARTHUR MILLER  
Thomas Dekker.

Both men smile. The spark of brotherhood ignited.

ELIA KAZAN  
(re: the docks)  
This is it? This is what you wanted  
to show me? A place where a hen-  
pecked husband can hide from his  
Puritan wife?

Miller eyes dockworkers on the distant waterfront. They gather like animals in a flock. Hands in pockets. Smoking cigarettes. Collars pulled up tight from the cold.

ARTHUR MILLER  
See those dockworkers down there?  
Every morning the same 100 men  
gather on that dock. 100 men  
begging for 25 jobs. Every one of  
them has the God given right to  
work. To make something of their  
day. To feel worthy of life.

ARTHUR MILLER (CONT'D)  
To return home feeling like they've  
achieved something. Did something  
great. But the brutes who run the  
dock only award the most obedient,  
easily controlled men with those 25  
jobs. 75 go home with nothing.  
Never even got the chance.

(beat to breathe)  
That can't be me. I don't need  
luck, Elia. I need direction.

ELIA KAZAN  
You are most definitely a writer.

Another offer of the flask. Miller takes it. Doesn't drink.  
Somewhere, a steamship howls in the GLEAMING SUNRISE.

ELIA KAZAN (CONT'D)  
143-06 27th Ave. You know it?

ARTHUR MILLER  
Flushing. Yeah?

Kazan stands to leave.

ARTHUR MILLER (CONT'D)  
We're gonna do *No Villain*?

ELIA KAZAN  
You and I are gonna do something  
bigger, better. The greatest script  
in American theater history. We are  
going to light this town on fire.  
You got that script in you?

ARTHUR MILLER  
Yeah.

ELIA KAZAN  
See you in the morning.

Kazan leaves into the rising sunlight. To himself:

ARTHUR MILLER  
It is morning.

EXT. KAZAN APARTMENT. FLUSHING - MORNING

Miller comes up the street with his TYPEWRITER CASE. Kazan  
bounds down the steps touching none of them. Sees the  
typewriter.

ELIA KAZAN  
I though you had the script!

ARTHUR MILLER  
I said I had it in me!

A momentary stutter. Kazan ushers Miller inside.

INT. KAZAN APARTMENT. FLUSHING - DAY

A family in squalor. Kazan guides Miller through the battlefield of toys, dirty plates, and stuffed animals.

**MOLLY KAZAN** enters. She has the artist's aura of a dreamer. Dreams on hold until the dishes are done and her husband is satisfied. The last generation of her type, and soon the bridge to the next. She carries a tray of coffee.

ELIA KAZAN  
Arthur. My wife Molly Day Kaz--

ARTHUR MILLER  
--Thacher! You're Molly Day  
Thacher! You wrote The Egghead!  
Played at the Barrymore! That was  
wonderful. It--

MOLLY KAZAN  
I didn't think anyone saw that!

THE SOUND OF ROAD CONSTRUCTION seeps from outside.

ELIA KAZAN  
Goddamn, road work! One moment of  
silence is too much to ask!?

Molly leaves. Kazan yells some curt words out to the city. Slams the window closed. Turns back and spots Miller setting up his typewriter. Gently. Caressing it like a lover.

Kazan resets. Takes out a deck of cards. Starts shuffling.

ELIA KAZAN (CONT'D)  
Alright. What's our play about?

ARTHUR MILLER  
What's every play about?

ELIA KAZAN  
Power. And Screwing.

ARTHUR MILLER  
Truth.

ELIA KAZAN

Nobody gives a shit about truth.

ARTHUR MILLER

People value truth more than they  
value life itself.

ELIA KAZAN

You're thinking of screwing.

Miller laughs. Kazan does sleight of hand tricks with the cards. Partially showing off. Miller watches.

ELIA KAZAN (CONT'D)

Poker?

ARTHUR MILLER

Not with you. The Greek Tragedy  
Triad: Life, Power, and Truth. Life  
and how to live it. Power and the  
people who wield it. And how that  
Power destroys Truth. And  
eventually... destroys Life.

ELIA KAZAN

Gin Rummy or Kings in the Corner?

ARTHUR MILLER

Truth, Power, and Life. That's what  
the theater has given people for  
twenty five hundred years. Which is  
why we're going to give them the  
exact opposite.

Kazan pauses dealing cards. *What do you mean?*

ARTHUR MILLER (CONT'D)

You and I are gonna give them Lies.  
Impotence. And Death.

Kazan's all in. Reconvenes dealing the cards.

ELIA KAZAN

Kings, it is.

Miller smiles. Takes his cards.

*SEAMLESS MONTAGE: OVER "BLACKSMITH BLUES" BY ELLA MAE MORSE.*

1) MILLER'S BEDROOM, Miller types like a madman on the play.  
A fire in his eyes and the sun in his belly.

WE SEE HIS WORDS glide across the screen. The lines of Willy Loman, Biff, Hap, and Linda born.

ARTHUR MILLER (V.O.)  
*This is a love story. Failing salesman Willy Loman and his oafish son Biff. Willy put all of his dreams into his boy. Just to realize the only chance his son has at becoming a success in this world, is by sacrificing his own. Willy commits suicide to give his son a chance at life!*

ELIA KAZAN (V.O.)  
*Title?*

ARTHUR MILLER (V.O.)  
*Death of a Salesman.*

Miller RIPS the page out of the typewriter and hands it to...

2) KAZAN'S APARTMENT, Kazan reads the pages. Marks them up.

ARTHUR MILLER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*Group Theater gave you a nickname.*

ELIA KAZAN (V.O.)  
*"Gadge." Short for "Gadget." A handy tool to have around.*

Miller finds an old Kazan family photo album... dissolves...

**ARCHIVAL IMAGES OF EARLY 19TH CENTURY IMMIGRANTS ARRIVING IN NEW YORK CITY. STOREFRONTS, NEIGHBORHOODS AND COMMUNITIES BORN. PEOPLE MAKING AMERICA THEIR HOME.**

ELIA KAZAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*My father brought me to this country when I was three. He loved America. Dreamt that someday it'd love us back. And dreamt that hard work and fierce determination would lead to the greatest award of all: that we'd make this country our home. Opened Brooklyn's only authentic Persian Rug shop. A little American empire. For a brief moment, he had it. Had it all.*

**ARCHIVAL IMAGES OF 1929 POVERTY. CLOSED STORE FRONTS. BREADLINES AND BROKEN HEARTS. WOMAN WEEPING OVER STARVING CHILDREN. MEN BEGGING FOR JOBS THAT DON'T EXIST.**

ELIA KAZAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*Then the Stock Market crashed. So  
 did my old man. He lost it all. His  
 store. And his home. Died never  
 getting them back. That's why I've  
 got to do this.*

ARTHUR MILLER (V.O.)  
*Got to do what?*

ELIA KAZAN (V.O.)  
*Win. Win it all back. Because...*

ONE OF THE OLD MEN DISSOLVES TO... Kazan, reading the page.

ELIA KAZAN  
*"A Salesman's got to dream, boy."  
 Arty, that's incredible!*

He tosses the page into the air. It lands on the floor of...

3) THE MOROSCO THEATER, THEATER MANAGER picks up the discarded play pages of the previous show as Kazan and Miller stroll down the aisle of the EMPTY BUT GLAMOROUS theater.

**TITLE CARD: THE MOROSCO THEATER, NOVEMBER, 1946**

Miller takes in the sheer size and elegance of it all.

ELIA KAZAN (CONT'D)  
 Theater does its own marketing?

THEATER MANAGER  
 A hearty budget at that.

ELIA KAZAN  
 Double it and we'll pay you back  
 from the box office.

THEATER MANAGER  
 A specific market in mind, Gadge?

ELIA KAZAN  
 Definitely. And don't call me  
 Gadge.

4) OUTSIDE MARTIN BECK THEATRE. 302 WEST 45TH STREET, Where we once saw Kazan leave after the vote.

Posters for Arthur Miller's *Death of a Salesman* adorn every building and billboard. Purposefully. Tauntingly.

The Man From Detroit studies one. "Directed by Elia Kazan"

5) THE MOROSCO THEATER, CHAOS! Stagehands busy like bees securing the stage set. Lee J. Cobb onstage with Mildred Dunnock and Arthur Kennedy running a scene. Costume making last minute changes. Because it's...

**TITLE CARD: TWO DAYS BEFORE OPENING NIGHT**

COBB

(as Willy Loman)

"Other people! That's what's ruining this country! Smell the stink from that apartment--"

ELIA KAZAN (O.C.)

--Let me stop you right there.

Kazan leaps to the stage. The master approaching the pupil. Cobb is a method actor. He stays in character as Willy: a soft speaking, emotional starved, weak man.

ELIA KAZAN (CONT'D)

What do you smell? That stink.  
Entering your home. What is it?

Cobb breathes in deep. Grimaces. Doesn't want to answer.

ELIA KAZAN (CONT'D)

It's failure, Willy. Your sons are home. Your family is together. Wife is cooking dinner. And all you can smell is failure.

NEW ANGLE, Miller emerges from the darkness, hearing...

ELIA KAZAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

*The failure you've smelled your entire life. What was yours and yours alone. Is now on your boys. It's the opinions of others.*

Miller has to snap himself out of it.

ELIA KAZAN (CONT'D)

That's why you cracked that son of a bitch at the convention in the head for calling you a shrimp. It--

ARTHUR MILLER

--doesn't make sense. The guy called him "walrus," not a shrimp.

ELIA KAZAN

Walrus? Arty! No! Has to be shrimp!  
The cadence of the line! The  
alliteration! It--

Cobb snaps out of character. Deep, strong, and manly.

LEE J. COBB

I'm 225 pounds, Elia.

ARTHUR MILLER

He's 225 pounds! He's no shrimp!  
He's a walrus, Elia. Sorry, Lee.

ELIA KAZAN

Yeah, you're right. He's no shrimp.  
He's a walrus. Changing it to  
walrus everybody! Sorry, Lee.

All actors change their scripts. Miller returns to the darkness of the empty seats with a smile, but...

...THEY ARE NOW PACKED WITH THEATER GOERS DRESSED TO THE NINES. In awe of the masterpiece onstage.

TITLE CARD: **OPENING NIGHT, FEBRUARY 10th, 1947**

CAMERA FOLLOWS MILLER up the aisle hearing from the stage...

MILDRED DUNNOCK (O.C.)

*"I made the last payment on the house today. But you won't be home to see it. But at least we're free now, Willy. We're free."*

6) BACK OF THE THEATER, CONTINUOUS Miller, NOW IN A TUXEDO, steps out of the darkness. A FLUTE plays a sad song to close the show. The AUDIENCE ROARS. The house lights come on.

THE CROWD IS DEAFENING. Miller swaggers back down the aisle through a STANDING PACKED HOUSE all the way to the stage.

Miller bows. Then motions to the side of the stage. Kazan steps out, but in a suit and tie - NO TUX FOR HIM.

Both men wrap their arms around each others' backs and bow to the STANDING PACKED AUDIENCE.

7) THE STAGE. AN EMPTY HOUSE. The AUDIENCE ROAR still echoes through the room. Eternal. Miller and Kazan lie on their backs staring at the stage lights. Two children floating in a pool. Two embryos in the womb.

ARTHUR MILLER

*"Whoever condemns the theater is an enemy to his country."*

ELIA KAZAN

Voltaire. *"The theater produces fornication, intemperance, and every kind of impurity."*

ARTHUR MILLER

St. John Chrysostom.

The camera SLOWLY RISES into the stage lights. As if Kazan and Miller's souls rise into heaven. We hear from below...

ARTHUR MILLER (O.C.) (CONT'D)

*"All the world's a stage. And all the men and women merely players."*

Kazan gonna mess around with his newfound best friend.

ELIA KAZAN (O.C.)

*Give me a hint.*

ARTHUR MILLER (O.C.)

*Shakespeare, you moron.*

ELIA KAZAN (O.C.)

*Never heard of the guy. Must be in Group Theater.*

They burst into laughter.

ELIA KAZAN (O.C.) (CONT'D)

*We got an opening night party to go to, my friend.*

#### 8) OUTSIDE THE MOROSCO THEATER, NIGHT

Kazan and Miller joyfully bound outside like kings of the world. Kazan spies something across the street that Miller doesn't and freezes. Miller takes a few steps before...

ARTHUR MILLER

*Keeping up with me or what?*

ELIA KAZAN

*I'm gonna beat you there!*

Miller smiles and races on without Kazan.

ON KAZAN, staring across the street, his joy fades. A rage and need overcomes him like a dark cloud.

Above his head the Morosco Theater marquee reads:

ARTHUR MILLER'S DEATH OF A SALESMAN  
 "The Greatest Play of the Year" - *The New York Times*  
 Dir. E. Kazan

CAMERA PANS to a movie theater across the street.

THE MARQUEE. GLOWING IN THE NIGHT in HUGE LETTERS. It reads:

*THE GREATEST DIRECTOR IN THE WORLD*  
**CECIL B. DEMILLE'S**  
 MASTERPIECE OF SCREEN:  
**UNCONQUERED!**

*END MONTAGE*

INT. MILLER'S UPPER EAST SIDE MANHATTAN APARTMENT - DAY

MUSIC: NAT KING COLE'S "STARDUST" plays on a record player.

A BLACK TIE AFFAIR: We see all the familiar actors, stagehands, and theater flunkies.

A cake almost as large as the Morosco's stage reads:  
*"Congratulations Arthur! 1949 PULITZER PRIZE!"*

TITLE CARD: **TWO YEARS AND 737 SHOWS LATER**

**CHARLIE FELDMAN** enters. A California Bred Tanned Beauty in comparison to the vampiric pale New Yorkers in winter. Movie producer. But a Times Square pimp if born here.

Feldman doesn't care as he passes by Miller being told...

ELDERLY FLUNKIE  
 You're the future of the American theater.

HAUGHTY FLUNKIE  
 A Broadway star!

Feldman spots Kazan (dressed in his fancy-casual clothes, still no black tie tuxedo for him) alone in the kitchen.

Feldman grabs a cocktail meant for someone else. Swaggers to Kazan.

KITCHEN

With an oily smile...

CHARLIE FELDMAN  
Elia Kazan. Charlie Feldman.  
Remember me from Tennessee?

ELIA KAZAN  
Never been to Tennessee.

CHARLIE FELDMAN  
Williams! Tennessee Williams  
introduced us.

ELIA KAZAN  
(of course)  
Movie producer at Warner Bros.. You  
made Tenn's play *The Glass  
Menagerie* into a film, right?

CHARLIE FELDMAN  
I like to think the best in the  
business made Tennessee's play into  
a film, Elia. I'm just the lucky  
son of a bitch who finds them and  
puts them together.

An invitation? Kazan leaps on it.

ELIA KAZAN  
What brings you to Broadway,  
Charlie?

CHARLIE FELDMAN  
Your Biff Loman. Arthur Kennedy.  
One of my most beloved actors. Why  
I cast him *Menagerie*.

Kazan subtly deflates. *Of course...* Kennedy. But...

CHARLIE FELDMAN (CONT'D)  
What I saw tonight, was brilliant.  
Visceral! Biting! Think you can do  
that behind a camera?

ELIA KAZAN  
Of course. Too bad Hollywood  
doesn't have the balls to let me.

CHARLIE FELDMAN  
Ok. You're one of them.

ELIA KAZAN  
One of who?

CHARLIE FELDMAN  
Working class, Broadway people.  
Heady, intellectualists. Hates  
Hollywood and our trite garbage.  
You got a more important message,  
that you must share with the world.

ELIA KAZAN  
That's why I'm a director.

CHARLIE FELDMAN  
Then why are you here? This is a  
writer's town. They get their name  
on the marquee in lights. They get  
the award. But Hollywood? It's a  
director's town. Your name gets on  
the poster. You get the award.

He slides forward. Words only for him.

CHARLIE FELDMAN (CONT'D)  
Theater dies, Kazan. The curtain  
drops, the audience leaves, and the  
only remnant it ever existed is the  
script. And your name ain't on  
that. You want "Elia Kazan" stapled  
onto the world's conscience as the  
greatest American director of all  
time, come with me. Because there's  
only one award that makes that  
happen... Oscar.

Something ignites inside Kazan. Eyes glow from deep within.

CHARLIE FELDMAN (CONT'D)  
I can make you the greatest  
director the world has ever known,  
Elia Kazan. Stage and screen.

Miller arrives. Happy to break up the conversation. Kazan  
extinguishes the flame.

ARTHUR MILLER  
Hi! I'm Arthur Miller. You are?

CHARLIE FELDMAN  
A fan. Make sure you let Elia here  
polish that Pulitzer, Mr. Miller.

Miller and Kazan watch Feldman walk out.

ARTHUR MILLER  
Who was that?

Kazan gives Miller a forced smile.

ELIA KAZAN  
I'm gonna go get really, really  
drunk.

LATER - THE PARTY IS OVER

**MARY SLATTERY MILLER** carefully watches the MAIDS clean up. Dressed like a Puritan Wife, her hair pulled back tighter than her lips. Her cold eyes dart with equal judgement to...

MILLER AND KAZAN found a quiet spot. Huddled up in a corner.

ARTHUR MILLER  
Mary and I just bought this place!  
We have a kid on the way! We can't  
move to Hollywood!

ELIA KAZAN  
I know.

We feel collaboration die on a vine.

ELIA KAZAN (CONT'D)  
One year. One picture. And I'm back  
in New York and we're at it again.  
Something bigger than *Salesman*.

Mary approaches with Kazan's jacket. His unspoken invitation to get out of her home. Drops it on the arm of his chair.

ELIA KAZAN (CONT'D)  
Thanks, Mary. I haven't been this  
excited to see a party end since  
the Nuremberg Trials.

Kazan leaves. Mary shoots Miller a "told you so" look.

Miller collapses into a chair. Looks out to the Manhattan night. Mary leaves to scrutinize the cleaners.

Miller stares out at New York City. And cries.

FADE TO: INT. THE BROADHURST THEATER. HOUSE SEATS - LATER

An immaculate Broadway theater hosts the worst play of all time. Half empty seats. Feet are tapped. Watches checked. Exits lusted like lovers by disloyal husbands and wives.

TITLE CARD:

**THREE YEARS LATER  
THE BROADHURST THEATRE, BROADWAY  
FINAL DRESS REHEARSAL. INDUSTRY INVITE ONLY.**

ACTORS on stage desperate to keep their dignities intact. We recognize LEE J COBB from *Salesman*, but no longer the method actor in the moment. He is grossly uncomfortable and awkward.

LEE J. COBB  
*Then you shall drive all the wolves  
out of the country, my boys!*

Miller stands backstage. Malnourishment has added a decade to his face. His play falls apart in front of him.

LEE J. COBB (CONT'D)  
*The fact is the strongest man in  
the world is he who stands alone!*

The curtain closes. A splattering of polite applause. Muffled under the thick fabric. There is no curtain call. No final bows. The actors simply meander away into the darkness.

Miller lowers his head.

FAILURE.

INT. THE BROADHURST THEATER. HOUSE SEATS - LATER

Actors, their agents, and insiders do their best to mingle. The STINK OF FAILURE in the air. No one wants to be near it.

Mary waits. She overhears a nearby conversation from two familiar faces...

HAUGHTY FLUNKIE  
 What was he thinking? Arthur  
 Miller... directing! And another  
 man's play at that!

ELDERLY FLUNKIE  
 The man has been floundering ever  
 since you-know-who left town.

HAUGHTY FLUNKIE  
 What will you give it? Two weeks?

ELDERLY FLUNKIE  
 I'd give it cyanide, if I could.

They laugh. Miller emerges from backstage. They scurry away.

MARY SLATTERY MILLER  
 Mr. Shubert wants to talk.

NEW ANGLE: **MR. SHUBERT**, 80s, sits in the back. A kind old man whose theater knowledge drips from his pores.

As they head up the aisle to the old man...

MARY SLATTERY MILLER (CONT'D)  
 Don't be smug.

ARTHUR MILLER  
 I'm not smug.

AT SHUBERT'S SEAT, The Millers sit in the row before him.

MR. SHUBERT  
 Arthur! Arthur! What was that?

ARTHUR MILLER  
 I accept full blame, Mr. Shubert. I thought I had it in control.

MR. SHUBERT  
 So did the captain of the Hindenburg. What are you doing? Why are you directing another man's play? You're Arthur Miller!

ARTHUR MILLER  
 I thought the American public could learn from a classic work that resonates in the modern fascist political climate--

Mary squeezes the back of his neck - don't be smug.

ARTHUR MILLER (CONT'D)  
 I need more time. If we delay opening night another week, I--

MR. SHUBERT  
 You can't follow up a Pulitzer with this! It'll ruin you. So I'm shutting this down.

Actors sigh in relief. Miller bursts out of his seat.

MR. SHUBERT (CONT'D)  
 Where is he going?

MARY  
 He never knows.

INT. PETE'S TAVERN - MOMENTS LATER

The oldest drinking hole in town and still holds the charm.

Miller slides up to a bespectacled **CLIFFORD ODETS** at the bar.

CLIFFORD ODETS

O. Henry wrote "Gift of the Magi"  
in that booth in 1905. Bemelman  
wrote *Madeline* on the back of  
napkins in the stool I sit now.

ARTHUR MILLER

What's your point, Clifffy?

CLIFFORD ODETS

This is a writers bar. You must be  
lost.

ARTHUR MILLER

Enough! The money and the Mrs  
already gave me an earful.

Delaney The Bartender delivers two tequila shots.

CLIFFORD ODETS

To the money and misses. And what a  
miss it was tonight!

They do shots. Miller's gut punched. Odets is Rocky Marciano.  
More tequila shots arrive. Two for Odets. One for Miller.

CLIFFORD ODETS (CONT'D)

Why do we write, Arthur?

Odets slams another shot. The liquor hits him.

CLIFFORD ODETS (CONT'D)

Because it's safffffff. If we  
try something on the page and it  
doesn't work, we can toss it away  
with no one the wiser. When writers  
fail, we fail alone.

Odets takes another shot. THWACK! Slams the glass on the bar.

DELANEY THE BARTENDER

Hey Clifffy! Knock it off! Wouldja!

CLIFFORD ODETS

But directors get one shot. And  
everyone's watching! So they must  
make that shot.

CLIFFORD ODETS (CONT'D)  
 Or they don't get another one.  
 Directors cannot fail. They are  
 desperate people.

Odets slams the final shot. **THWACK!**

CLIFFORD ODETS (CONT'D)  
 You and me? We're neurotic, self-  
 destructive, narcissists. We're  
 writers! But far from desperate-

Delaney yanks him off the stool.

EXT. PETE'S TAVERN. EAST 18TH STREET - NIGHT

Odets and Miller 86'd outside. Miller looks down every street  
 around him. Never so lost in his life.

CLIFFORD ODETS  
 Drop the directing. Get back to the  
 desk where you belong.

ARTHUR MILLER  
 Haven't written in three years.

CLIFFORD ODETS  
 Maybe you are desperate. An idea  
 will come. They always do. Ever  
 been to a sake bar?

ARTHUR MILLER  
 Lack of ideas isn't the problem.

Miller pulls a thrown out newspaper from the ground. The  
 front page story reads: "McCarthy Hunts Government Reds."

ARTHUR MILLER (CONT'D)  
 Case in point. This article series.  
 Right here. "Crimes on the  
Waterfront." The working conditions  
 on the Hoboken docks. Printed one  
 every Sunday for the last two  
 months. Each deserves to be on  
 stage. This one. A longshoreman's  
 story. His life and religion is the  
 docks! But he's murdered after  
 standing against the corruption of  
 the dock bosses!

CLIFFORD ODETS  
 So write the damn play and get him  
 to direct it.

ARTHUR MILLER  
Get who to direct it?

CLIFFORD ODETS  
For the Pulitzer Prize Winning  
People's Greatest Playwright, you  
sure are a stupid bastard when it  
comes to them. Kazan. Go get Kazan.  
In Hollywood. And bring him home.  
(he taps the newspaper)  
But good luck. You'll need it.

Miller looks at the newspaper. It announces A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE has been nominated for Oscar in all categories, Brando, Malden, Hunter - and ELIA KAZAN for BEST DIRECTOR.

RAPHAEL I NIXON (PRELAP)  
*Mr. Kazan. Were you at any time a  
member of the Communist party?*

INT. OLD HOUSE OFFICE BUILDING. ROOM 226 - DAY

In a sterile, mundane federal building. FIVE COMMITTEE MEMBERS check their watches between looking at Kazan. As passionate as getting your driver's license. A formality.

ELIA KAZAN  
While I was in Group Theater. Yes.  
But not anymore, sir.

**TITLE CARD: OLD HOUSE OFFICE BUILDING. ROOM 226  
CLOSED SESSION - SEALED TESTIMONY  
JANUARY 14th, 1952. THREE MONTHS BEFORE OSCARS**

RAPHAEL I NIXON  
Were others in Group Theater  
members of the Communist Party?  
Harold Clurman, John Garfield,  
Clifford Odets?

ELIA KAZAN  
We did not discuss such things.

RAPHAEL I NIXON  
Was Group Theater a Communist run  
organization?

ELIA KAZAN  
Lee Strasberg ran Group Theater.

RAPHAEL I NIXON  
Was Lee Strasberg a member of the  
Communist Party?

ELIA KAZAN  
We did not discuss such things.

RAPHAEL I NIXON  
Was membership in Group Theater  
dependent upon membership to the  
Communist Party?

ELIA KAZAN  
Joining the Communist Party was my  
choice. So was leaving it.

The Committee members share a glance. Shrug. Satisfied.

RAPHAEL I NIXON  
Thank you for your time, Mr. Kazan.  
You are free to go. And good luck  
at the Oscars. We're cheering for  
you.

ON KAZAN, A cocky smile. Nod of the head. Slips away.

ROY BREWER (*PRELAP*)  
*Oscar nominations, Mr. DeMille.*

INT. DEMILLE'S OFFICE - DAY

A room of dark mahogany strengthened by time. Like the man  
who uses it. **CECIL B. DeMILLE**, 70, yanks on opaque, rough  
curtains, failing at opening them. His back is to...

**ROY BREWER**, 54, a sad swollen looking man, patiently waits  
for his next order from the Hollywood Master. He offers  
DeMille a copy of the *Hollywood Reporter*.

CECIL D. DEMILLE  
Did you see it?

ROY BREWER  
Which one?

CECIL D. DEMILLE  
The one written by a shameless  
homosexual and directed by a  
Broadway socialist.

ROY BREWER  
Streetcar? It was pornographic!

DeMille yanks on the curtain hard.

CECIL D. DEMILLE

I used to pick two pages from the  
Bible and this town would let me  
make a motion picture out of it.  
Now this. "*The old has passed;*  
*behold! The New has come.*"

ROY BREWER

Good line. Should put it in your  
next picture, Mr. DeMille.

CECIL D. DEMILLE

It's from the Bible, you moron.

DeMille yanks the curtain. Brewer tries to save himself.

ROY BREWER

(absolute disgust)

*Elia Kazan.* This... *Marlon Brando.*  
They're transients. They won't  
last. They never do.

CECIL D. DEMILLE

Not from New York, are you?

A DARK BEAT. DeMille stares through the curtain crack. The  
sliver of California sunlight splitting his face.

The devil whispers in his ear. SCHEMING.

ROY BREWER

There was a subcommittee meeting  
last week. An executive session.  
Sealed testimony. No charges filed.  
He's going to win, Mr. DeMille.

CECIL D. DEMILLE

Call a mandatory meeting with the  
directors. Have Reagan do the same  
at SAG. And find out who's one of  
us with the writers. Then let Ms.  
Hedda Hopper know Cecil B DeMille  
has a story for her next column.

ROY BREWER

About?

CECIL D. DEMILLE

Closing down the ports, Mr. Brewer.  
Closing down the ports.

DeMille RIPS the curtain off the rods. Sunlight bursts  
through... BLINDED BY...

## EXT. LOS ANGELES MUNICIPAL AIRPORT - DAY

The California sun slams into the tarmac. Passengers deplane a Continental flight directly onto the runway and into CAL terminal. No jet bridges exist in the world yet.

Kazan exits the plane. Waiting for him is MOLLY and TWO SONS - Chris (8) and Nick (5). Nick races across the concrete and embraces his father. A large smile and kiss for Molly.

## INT. KAZAN'S HOME. CULVER CITY - DAY

Nick and Chris slip in first. Holding back smirks and find hiding spots. Something's up. We hear Kazan and Molly approaching outside. A gaggle of SHUSHES.

Kazan enters directly into a PACKED SURPRISE PARTY. Fishing themed. A large banner reads "OFF THE HOOK" in the background. Kazan feigns shock. And is embraced.

Molly hangs back, letting her husband absorb the spotlight.

## EXT. KAZAN'S HOME. BACKYARD. CULVER CITY - NIGHT

The party still rages on inside. Chris and Nick spy out their bedroom windows past their bedtimes... down at...

Kazan drinks beers with Feldman and his agent **ABE LASTFOGEL** (40's), a wheeler and dealer who always holds a smile.

ABE LASTFOGEL  
What did you tell them?

ELIA KAZAN  
--Hang on. Prying eyes.

Kazan grabs a handful of pebbles and chuckles it at the boy's bedroom window. They duck, giggling at being caught. Kazan wipes his hands clean.

ELIA KAZAN (CONT'D)  
Told them the truth. Just not the truth they were looking for.

Gets laughs.

ELIA KAZAN (CONT'D)  
Word from the Academy?

ABE LASTFOGEL  
Are you kidding me? The audiences loved it!

ABE LASTFOGEL (CONT'D)  
 Everyone in this town loved it!  
 Loved Brando! Critics loved it--!

CHARLIE FELDMAN  
 --And you came in under budget so  
 the studios love you too--.

ABE LASTFOGEL  
 It's in the bag, Elia! This is it.  
 As your agent, let me be the first  
 to welcome you to the mountaintop.

Drinks all around.

ABE LASTFOGEL (CONT'D)  
 DeMille's called a meeting with the  
 directors guild by the way.  
 Tomorrow at Warner Bros.

CHARLIE FELDMAN  
 (not sitting well)  
 About what?

ELIA KAZAN  
 Fear mongering. Get us all in a  
 tizzy about the Red Menace! Old  
 bird singing the same song he  
 always sings. No one cares.

Kazan goes back to his beer. Feldman, far more cognizant of potential risk, needs a beat before joining in.

#### INSIDE THE PARTY - SIMULTANEOUSLY

**EDDIE DYMTRYK** chain smokes. Head down. Covering his cigarette with a cupped hand like a criminal. Sweats profusely.

Kazan slides up to Molly. Puts the moves on her.

ELIA KAZAN  
 When do you plan on pulling the  
 plug on this little shindig?

MOLLY KAZAN  
 These people love you, Elia.

ELIA KAZAN  
 I'd love them too if they'd get out  
 of my house so I can make love to  
 my wife!

He kisses her neck. Molly giggles. Pushes him away. Kazan stumbles at her rejection of him. Common, he buries it.

ELIA KAZAN (CONT'D)  
Gonna check on the boys.

He leaves. Passing Dymtryk...

EDDIE DYMTRYK  
Elia. Got to talk to you.

ELIA KAZAN  
Not now, Eddie.

Kazan moves on. Dmytryk curses and leaves the party.

INT. NICK AND CHRIS' BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER (LATE NIGHT)

The boys in separate beds. Kazan slips inside. Nick is awake. He sits on the bed. Runs his fingers through his son's hair.

NICK KAZAN  
When are they leaving?

ELIA KAZAN  
Was just asking your mother that.

NICK KAZAN  
You did something bad?

ELIA KAZAN  
What makes you say--

NICK KAZAN  
Mommy said you had to go to  
Washington because you did  
something bad.

ELIA KAZAN  
Remember when I told you that when  
I was a kid, we didn't have much  
food? Money? And a home?

Nick nods.

ELIA KAZAN (CONT'D)  
Well, when I got older these people  
came along and said, no one should  
live like that. Everyone should  
have food. Everyone should have a  
home and a job. I agreed, so I  
joined them.

NICK KAZAN  
Why was that bad?

ELIA KAZAN

Nothing. But these guys ended up being bullies. You can believe what you want in this country, you just can't be a jerk about it. And these guys, were real jerks about it! So I left.

NICK KAZAN

Are you in trouble?

ELIA KAZAN

I don't get in trouble. I make trouble!

A mischievous grin and growl makes the boy laugh.

ELIA KAZAN (CONT'D)

I'm home now. And nothing's gonna take me away again. Promise.

HIS EYES SLIDE AWAY FROM HIS BOY TO THE HALLWAY DOOR...

NEW ANGLE, A YOUNG WOMAN waits for him in the hall. A bright RED BOW tied in her curly strawberry blonde locks. Draping around her gorgeous face. A single bleach job away from being rechristened into an icon: This is **MARILYN MONROE**.

ELIA KAZAN (CONT'D)

Good night, my son.

He kisses him on the head. Kazan slips into the hallway. SMASHES...

EXT. KAZAN'S HOME. CULVER CITY - MOMENTS LATER

A steamed up car rocks outside the house. Kazan and Monroe fuck inside. Nothing romantic about it. Primal and animalistic.

LATER, INSIDE: Monroe buttons her dress back up. Kazan leans against the laundry machine. Wiping sweat from his brow.

MARILYN MONROE

It's really gonna happen isn't it?  
Oscar and everything?

Kazan says nothing.

MARILYN MONROE (CONT'D)

Elia Kazan. The world's greatest director of stage and screen. Don't forget about me, will ya?

ELIA KAZAN  
How could I ever forget you,  
Marilyn?

They kiss.

BACK AT THE PARTY

Molly has a polite conversation with a friend. She spots Nick spying at the top of the stairs - and shoos him back to bed.

Her eyes search the room for her husband. And doesn't see him. But knows where he is. AND what he's doing. She buries her sadness, fakes a smile, and sips her drink.

EXT. WARNER BROTHERS STUDIO GATES - DAY

THE GOLDEN SUN over Burbank, California. Green lush distant rolling hills. Tan studio buildings resembling aviation hangars line the streets like soldiers standing at attention.

**TITLE CARD: WARNER BROTHERS STUDIO, BURBANK, CALIFORNIA**

Kazan arrives in a 1951 MERCURY MONTEREY. Smiles at MIGUEL the guard, who listens to a baseball game on a small radio.

ELIA KAZAN  
How're the brothers doing, Miguel?

MIGUEL  
At each other's throats. Joe struck out. Dom hit a dinger. Boston's up.

ELIA KAZAN  
Damn them Red Sox, Miguel.

MIGUEL  
Damn them to Hell, Mr. Kazan.

Miguel opens the gates. Kazan drives into the studio.

EXT. WARNER BROTHERS LOT - DAY

Where Hollywood comes alive. Hustle and bustle of studio pages, massive light rigs and cameras on dollies. Divas rush to set surrounded by extras from a sci-fi movie.

Kazan strolls through the glamorous chaos. **HUMPHREY BOGART** appears at his side, matching his stride.

BOGART  
(Bugs Bunny impression)  
Myehhh... What's up, doc!

ELIA KAZAN  
Boston. By three games.

BOGART  
You ain't in New York anymore. Let  
your beloved Bronx Bombers go.

ELIA KAZAN  
When this city gets its own team.

STUDIO 24's DOOR IS KICKED OPEN. TWO GRUFF GOVERNMENT AGENTS  
escort a crying Eddie Dymtryk out.

ELIA KAZAN (CONT'D)  
Jesus, was that Eddie Dymtryk?

Bogart puts an arm around Kazan. Steers him back to walking.

BOGART  
Don't get involved. When're you and  
I making a movie together? Bogart  
and Kazan. Come on! The box office  
would go nuts over it!

ELIA KAZAN  
Can you do a Mexican accent?

BOGART  
Yer gonna make me audition in front  
of the extras?!

Kazan smiles. Walks away.

BOGART (CONT'D)  
Take care of yourself. Y'hear?

Kazan enters the studio. Bogart drops the worst Mexican  
accent ever:

BOGART (CONT'D)  
Badjeez! We down nee no steekin'--  
you're a hack, Bogie.

CECIL D. DEMILLE (PRELAP)  
*Action, gentlemen!*

INT. WARNER BROTHERS THEATER - DAY

DeMILLE thunders at a podium to a packed house.

## TITLE CARD: THE SCREEN DIRECTOR'S GUILD OF AMERICA

Kazan is the last to arrive. Slides through seats. We hear his comrades saying "Congratulations, Kazan!", "Incredible job!" and "Heard it's a shoe in!" as DeMille rants:

CECIL D. DEMILLE  
We must take action against outside  
elements who've molested the  
sanctity of this beloved industry!

Kazan sits next to **BILLY WILDER** and **JOSEPH LOSEY (BRITISH)**; naughty school boys in the back of DeMille's classroom.

BILLY WILDER  
Oscar nominated and late to Guild  
meetings. Who'ya think y'are?  
Orson?

JOSEPH LOSEY  
Speaking of apes. Saw *SUNSET BLVD*  
last night, Billy. Wonderful job.  
Wonderful. Question: why did Norma  
Desmond have an ape in her house?

BILLY WILDER  
She was fucking the ape, Joe.

CHUCKLES. Kazan dives into his notebook. Off to work he goes.

BILLY WILDER (CONT'D)  
Hi-ho! Hi-ho! How does one follow  
up the critically acclaimed best  
film of the year, huh?

ELIA KAZAN  
With the greatest film of all time.

Raspberries and rolled eyes.

JOSEPH LOSEY  
Don't know what you love more:  
making movies or making people hate  
you.

A FEW ROWS IN FRONT, **GEORGE STEVENS** turns back. The type of guy who never rubs his sunscreen all the way in. Has a loud whisper:

GEORGE STEVENS  
Elia! Brando! Who's his agent?

CECIL D. DEMILLE  
MR. STEVENS!

DeMille's pointed finger quiets the room.

CECIL D. DEMILLE (CONT'D)  
In my hand is a list of every guild member who secretly swore communist allegiance in DC over the last four weeks!

OH SHIT! Around the room. Kazan closes his notebook.

CECIL D. DEMILLE (CONT'D)  
I demand these men reveal themselves! And sign a loyalty oath to God, Country, and Guild! AND ANY MAN WHO REFUSES WILL HAVE HIS NAME RELEASED TO THE AMERICAN PUBLIC AS A TRAITOR TO THIS COUNTRY!

MADNESS ERUPTS. German Fritz Lang springs from his seat.

FRITZ LANG  
I've been here for twenty years, DeeMeel. For zee ferszt time, I am frightened. Thees eez fascism!

CHAOTIC APPLAUSE. DeMille bangs a gavel to no effect. The room quiets as A HUMBLE MAN stands. The leader with no gavel.

JOHN FORD  
I'm John Ford. I shoot westerns.  
(the room chuckles)  
I agree with you, Cecil. Like every man in this room, I love this country. And know communism is no good. But perhaps we could find a more... American way of doing this?

Calmness. Cooler heads prevail. Then a foppish man stands up.

VINCENTE MINNELLI  
You're a dirty cocksucker, DeMille!

The room explodes in rage. Losey turns to Kazan.

JOSEPH LOSEY  
That's the American way, right there!

CECIL D. DEMILLE  
Rossen! Dymtryk! Kaz---

Someone unplugs his mic.

Kazan escapes. Best to not be seen. Stevens grabs him.

GEORGE STEVENS  
Brando's agent? Give me a name!

ELIA KAZAN  
I told him not to get one!

GEORGE STEVENS  
Why would you tell him that?

ELIA KAZAN  
So he doesn't get stuck in shitty  
song and dance movies like yours,  
George!

Kazan leaves.

GEORGE STEVENS  
You're a snake in the grass, Kazan!

EXT. WILLIAM MORRIS AGENCY - DAY

Hollywood and Vine. A former lemon grove turned into the sweet center of bustling Hollywood's Golden Age.

Kazan's Mercury Monterey sits outside the Taft Building.

INT. LASTFOGEL'S OFFICE. WILLIAM MORRIS AGENCY - DAY

Kazan comes to a door. ABE LASTFOGEL - AGENT etched into the frosted glass. Kazan hears from inside...

JEFF COREY (IN THE OFFICE)  
*Reagan was banging on the podium  
like he was Hitler!*

Kazan enters. Finding Lastfogel pacing behind his desk. Across sits **JEFF COREY**, (40) Old world, old soul.

ELIA KAZAN  
Actors Guild? DeMille was doing the same with the directors! Abe, what the hell is going on?

ABE LASTFOGEL  
*Elia, you know Jeff Corey. Home of the Brave? My Friend Flicka?*

ELIA KAZAN  
Abe, what the hell's going on?

ABE LASTFOGEL

There was a meeting. The Motion Picture Producers, Motion Picture Association of America, and all the studio heads in attendance.

A HEAVY BEAT... AND?

ABE LASTFOGEL (CONT'D)

It was agreed. Anyone who at anytime associated with the Communist Party is deemed "non-hire-able" in Hollywood. Period.

*HOLY SHIT!*

ABE LASTFOGEL (CONT'D)

McCarthy wants--

ELIA KAZAN

McCarthy! I thought we were talking about the studios!

ABE LASTFOGEL

McCarthy wants every Hollywood Red to name themselves and name others. And he wants it on television. It's politics.

JEFF COREY

That's not politics. That's theater.

Secretary enters with a note. Hands it to Lastfogel.

ABE LASTFOGEL

Now the Writers Guild is onboard.

ELIA KAZAN

There's no way Mank okayed that!

ABE LASTFOGEL

They ousted him as guild leader when he was overseas. Make no mistake, gentlemen. This was orchestrated.

SECRETARY

You're two o'clock is on the phone.

ABE LASTFOGEL

I'll be in touch.

Corey leaves. Kazan lingers. The phone rings incessantly.

ABE LASTFOGEL (CONT'D)  
I have to answer this!

ELIA KAZAN  
What about the Oscar? Voting is in  
six weeks! I--

ABE LASTFOGEL  
Lay low. Keep your name out of  
people's mouths. I'll see what I  
can find out.

Lastfogel picks up the line. Before he leaves, Kazan hears:

ABE LASTFOGEL (CONT'D)  
Marlon! Thanks for calling back.  
No, no. Calm down. You're in good  
hands now. MGM's doing Caesar and  
you are their Marc Antony.  
Shakespeare and Brando. The names  
make you untouchable!

OUTSIDE, Kazan digests what he just overheard. Corey waits.

JEFF COREY  
My place. Tonight. Spread the word.

EXT. KAZAN'S HOME. CULVER CITY - DAY

Kazan returns home. A 1945 CADILLAC CONVERTIBLE blocks his  
driveway. It's filled with scripts and garbage.

He notes A BROKEN TAILLIGHT. A bumper held with BALING WIRE.

INT. KAZAN'S HOME. CULVER CITY - DAY

Kazan enters. A thunderous voice from somewhere inside.

BIG VOICE (O.C.)  
...and I told Bogie the water would  
make him shit his pants for days!

He makes his way to the KITCHEN finding the big voice belongs  
to **SP EAGLE** "Sam" (50s) failing to regal Molly with his  
Hollywood tales, practically pinning her into the corner.

SP EAGLE  
If you want the audience to feel  
the jungle you got to be in the  
jungle! Yes, we went over-budget.

SP EAGLE (CONT'D)

But you should've seen the green of  
the trees and blues of the river on  
screen! It looked great!

MOLLY KAZAN

Elia!

SAVED! Eagle turns. A brilliant toothy smile.

LIVING ROOM - LATER

Eagle sits on the couch pitching to Kazan.

SP EAGLE

Picture the tan Middle East desert  
carpeting a blue cloudless sky!  
Wide! Across the screen! It's gonna  
look great! And so will you and I  
walking down the aisle at the  
Pantages someday!

He crosses his legs. Kazan notes Eagle's sole is separating  
from his shoe.

SP EAGLE (CONT'D)

Sinatra wants to do it. He--

ELIA KAZAN

This script have financing, Sam?

Eagle deflates. Uncrosses his legs.

EXT. KAZAN'S HOME. CULVER CITY - SUNSET

Kazan escorts Eagle to his car. Eagle clutches the script.

SP EAGLE

A few hundred thousand dollars. Not  
like Harry Cohn doesn't keep that  
in his pocket like chump change.

ELIA KAZAN

I can give you a couple of bucks--

Eagle gets right up in Kazan's face.

SP EAGLE

You know what the best thing is  
about this miserable town? It  
doesn't care about you. Or your  
past.

SP EAGLE (CONT'D)  
 It only cares about what you can  
 give it right now! That's why I  
 love it so much.

Based on Kazan's reaction... so does he.

SP EAGLE (CONT'D)  
 Arabia. Think about it.

Eagle tips his hat. Leaves.

MOLLY KAZAN (PRELAP)  
*Kids are asleep.*

EXT. KAZAN'S HOME. CULVER CITY - NIGHT

Kazan on the porch, notebook twisted in a fist. A whisky in  
 the other hand.

Molly comes outside, she offers him a script.

ELIA KAZAN  
 You wrote another play?

She wishes she had.

MOLLY KAZAN  
 Frances gave it to me.

ELIA KAZAN  
 My agent's wife and my wife are in  
 cahoots now?

MOLLY KAZAN  
 You should be more concerned why  
 you and your agent aren't.

That hits. Kazan caves in. Reads the script's cover page:

THE GOLDEN WARRIOR

by

BUDD SCHULBERG

He drops it on the floor in rejection.

MOLLY KAZAN (CONT'D)  
 What's the problem?

ELIA KAZAN  
 It's written by Budd Schulberg.

MOLLY KAZAN

Ok?

ELIA KAZAN

He's a rat, Molly. Named his New York publishers to HUAC.

MOLLY KAZAN

Were they in the mob?

ELIA KAZAN

Mob? No, they were communists! They told him to make his book "less American." Schulberg liberated Nazi concentration camps. Nobody tells a guy like Budd Schulberg to make anything "less American."

MOLLY KAZAN

Wrote a great script about the mob!

ELIA KAZAN

His dad runs Paramount so that prick can slap his name on any script on daddy's shelf and take all the credit for it. And, besides, great scripts don't make great movies; I do.

BEAT, somewhere a train horn whistles. He eases down.

MOLLY KAZAN

You told me once you wanted to make your father proud. Be the best! The greatest director of stage and screen the world would ever know! And I promised to be at your side. Every step of the way. Until you got it. But Elia. This country is changing. People here are changing. We should go home. New York. Where we belong. We can go to that place in Vermont where we rode the horses! We--

ELIA KAZAN

You've been at my side? Every step of the way?

MOLLY KAZAN

You know I have.

ELIA KAZAN

Ever seen me step backwards?

He treads to the Mercury Monterey and pulls out.

INT. MILLER'S UPPER EAST SIDE MANHATTAN APARTMENT - NIGHT  
TIGHT, A typewriter SLAMS letters into paper like explosions.

Miller sits at his desk. The article "*Crimes on the Waterfront*" next to him. Heavily annotated - like a conspiracy theorist's web of connections that only a writer's mind can make sense of.

A cover page next to it...

THE HOOK

Written by Arthur Miller

And Directed by

Elia Kazan

Miller beams. HIS BABY CRIES in another room. Mary might be yelling for him somewhere else. He hears none of it.

He types the final line of his masterpiece... it bleeds across our screen...

*The dockworkers gather around him...*

JEFF COREY (PRELAP)  
Who here grew up with an empty  
stomach, huh?

INT. JEFF COREY'S LIVING ROOM. 1973 CHEREMOYA AVENUE - NIGHT

This room will become the womb of Hollywood's next generation. His future pupils will be legends: Fonda, Beatty, and Nicholson. Now, he teaches A ROOMFUL OF FORMER REDS.

*...and the curtain falls.*

Losey looks for Kazan. MIA. Another skipped meeting?

JEFF COREY  
Who didn't watch our immigrant  
fathers slave their entire lives  
just to lose their jobs and homes  
after the Stock Market crashed, yet  
the greedy capitalist bosses  
profited?

A VOICE (BACK OF THE ROOM)  
 It's not about communists! It's  
 about immigrants!

JEFF COREY  
 We didn't turn our backs on this  
 country! It turned its back on us!  
 The Party fed us. Kept us clothed.  
 Kept our families together when the  
 lack of the American dollar tore it  
 apart. But if we spoke our minds?  
 The communists would take it all  
 away! We were young. Looking for  
 truth! And quit The Party the  
 moment we saw it!

*Here! Here!*

Corey holds up a copy of *The Hollywood Reporter*. The headline  
 reads, STUDIOS START PURGING STAFFS.

JEFF COREY (CONT'D)  
 These are our friends, gentlemen.

*INT. MILLER'S UPPER EAST SIDE MANHATTAN APARTMENT - NIGHT*

*Miller watches snow fall on Central Park. A suitcase packed.*

JEFF COREY (PRELAP)  
*They once brought out the best in  
 us. We hope for the best in them.*

*He puts the finished script in his satchel and leaves.*

RETURN TO: INT. JEFF COREY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A VOICE  
 And if someone rats? Says our names  
 to HUAC! Then what do we do, huh?

ELIA KAZAN (O.C.)  
*Gozomuz Yok.*

*REVEAL, Kazan in the far back, hiding in a dark corner.*

ELIA KAZAN (CONT'D)  
 Something my dad used to say. From  
 the old country. Gozomuz Yok. Know  
 nothing. See nothing. Say nothing.  
 They ask us what we know. We know  
 nothing. Ask us who we saw. We saw  
 nothing. Ask us to speak...

VOICES AROUND THE ROOM  
*We say nothing.*

ELIA KAZAN  
 Gozomuz Yok, boys... Fuck em.

EXT. JEFF COREY'S HOME. 1973 CHEREMOYA AVENUE - NIGHT

The Members leave. Slipping away into the night aware of possible prying eyes. Kazan shakes hands with all. "Gozomuz Yok!" A pledge of solidarity. The last to leave is...

ELIA KAZAN  
 Gozomuz Yok, Joseph.

JOSEPH LOSEY  
 Not me, Elia.

ELIA KAZAN  
 (threatening)  
 You're gonna rat on us?

JOSEPH LOSEY  
 I'm not gonna rat! This is  
 insanity. An American insanity, and  
 I am not American. I'm going home.  
 To England where I can do what I  
 love. And you should do the same.  
 Goodbye Elia

He leaves.

HOUSE REP (PRELAP)  
 All rise!

INT. HOUSE CHAMBER. WASHINGTON DC - DAY

HOUSE REP  
*The House Committee on Un-American  
 Activities calls Mr. Arthur  
 Zwerling. Stage name: Jeff Corey.*

The opposite of what we saw when Kazan testified. Television cameras cover the packed chamber. PUMPING EVIL ENERGY. VENDETTAS OPENLY POSTED. MADNESS. The room's a powder keg - and it's packed with flaming, opportunistic, ladder climbers.

Corey sits in the witness chair. He wears DARK SUNGLASSES and a DARKER growl. A swarthy, smug McCARTHY scowls down at Corey, positing himself to be visible for every camera.

JOSEPH MCCARTHY  
Why the fake name, Mr. Zwerling?

JEFF COREY  
Arthur Zwerling doesn't exactly  
roll off the American tongue.

JOSEPH MCCARTHY  
So you admit you're not American.

JEFF COREY  
I admit I'm a Jewish-American--

JOSEPH MCCARTHY  
--Mr. Zwerling. Previous testimony  
named you attending a Hollywood  
Communist Party meeting in 1944.  
Can you tell us the nature of this  
meeting and who was in attendance?

JEFF COREY  
The meetings I attended that year  
were about sinking Nazi U-boats.  
Because in 1944 I was onboard the  
USS Yorktown fighting a war. And I  
saw scared, yet brave men willing  
to die to protect the freedoms of  
this great country at those  
meetings. But I didn't see you.  
Where were you in '44, Mr McCarthy?

The room shudders. Expecting retaliation... but... ANOTHER  
SENATOR whispers into McCarthy's ear. He smiles.

JOSEPH MCCARTHY (O.C.)  
You're reluctance to cooperate with  
the United States has been noted  
and you are hereby dismissed from  
these proceedings. Good luck to you  
and your career, Mr. Zwerling.

He slams down the gavel.

INT. JEFF COREY'S LIVING ROOM. SANTA MONICA - DAY

AFTER HIS TESTIMONY, Corey calls contacts. Casting agents.  
Getting desperate. Finding himself out of job. He weeps in  
his chair. His wife HOPE and his KIDS comfort him.

INT. CHASEN'S RESTAURANT. BEVERLY BOULEVARD - DAY

Bogart and LAUREN BACALL are denied a table.

MAITRE'D  
I am sorry Mr. Bogart. Mrs. Bacall.  
We are full tonight.

BOGART  
Full? Ed! I see a dozen tables--

Bacall pulls at his sleeve. Noting a headline in Hedda Hopper's column: BOGEY A RED? A photo of him with others, including KAZAN.

BOGART (PRELAP) (CONT'D)  
*I'm sorry, kid.*

INT. KAZAN'S HOME. CULVER CITY - DAY

Kazan's on the phone. STUNNED.

BOGART (FROM THE PHONE)  
Just couldn't nail that accent.

CLICK as Bogart hangs up. A SLOW PUSH in on KAZAN. A fuse inside him being lit.

EXT. WARNER BROTHERS STUDIO GATES - DAY

Kazan's Mercury Monterey races to the gate. Miguel the Guard stops him. The messenger hoping to not get shot.

ELIA KAZAN  
(manic)  
How 'bout them Yankees--

MIGUEL  
I'm sorry, Mr. Kazan. I can't--

CHARLIE FELDMAN (O.C.)  
--Jack Warner doesn't want you on  
the lot anymore.

REVEAL, Feldman smokes a cigarette on the other side of the gate. Kazan steps out of his car and barges towards him.

Cars line up behind the Monterey to get inside the studio.

ELIA KAZAN  
I'm bringing Jack Warner his first  
Oscar since CASABLANCA!

CHARLIE FELDMAN  
You're bringing him nothing but a  
headache!

ELIA KAZAN

No one's talking. Nobody's gonna  
say my name!

CHARLIE FELDMAN

And nobody ever will! Unless you do  
something about it. Volunteer!  
Testify. In public this time!

ELIA KAZAN

And if I don't?

The queued cars start honking. Angry drivers yelling.

CHARLIE FELDMAN

Lotta people waiting to get in  
behind you, Elia. A lot.

He crushes his cigarette under his foot. Leaves.

INT. DALE'S FOOD MART. PASADENA AVENUE - DAY

Molly pushes a shopping cart down the aisle. A man in a suit and hat trail her. Echoes of the Man From Detroit.

She turns a corner. Finding another man feigning admiration for an orange. His eyes fall away from her. NOW SHE KNOWS.

AT THE CHECKOUT, she feels them everywhere.

CHECKOUT GIRL

Ma'am! I can't take this.

Molly wakes up. Sees the Checkout Girl holds her check.

MOLLY KAZAN

I'm sorry! Did I forget to sign?

CHECKOUT GIRL

Ma'am! You're on the list!

She shows Molly a posted LIST OF BOUNCED CHECKS. But she's more drawn to what's next to it, a poster on the wall:

***AMERICANS... DON'T SUPPORT COMMUNISTS!!!***

***YOU can DRIVE the Reds OUT OF TELEVISION, RADIO, and  
HOLLYWOOD BEFORE THEY DESTROY AMERICA...***

Realizing the grocery world has stopped to watch her. She abandons her cart and leaves. Three men duck out behind her.

INT. HOLLYWOOD STATE BANK, HOLLYWOOD BLVD AND 20TH - DAY

Molly sits with the BANK MANAGER. He has the books in front of him, but purposefully held away from her.

She feels prying eyes in the window behind her.

BANK MANAGER

You have no money with us. Your husband cashed out and closed your accounts last week, Mrs. Kazan.

MOLLY KAZAN

He would've told me! He--

BANK MANAGER

--signed here. Gave the reason as... moving to New York.

MOLLY KAZAN

That's obviously not my husband. Someone forged his signature! He--

She reaches for the accounts. Bank Manager closes the books.

MOLLY KAZAN (CONT'D)

I want to see my statement!

BANK MANAGER

Then speak to your husband.

Powerless, Molly bursts out of her seat.

INT. KAZAN'S HOME. CULVER CITY - DAY

The Dominoes' "Do Something For Me" plays on the radio.

IN A SIDE ROOM, Kazan's on the phone with Lastfogel.

ABE LASTFOGEL (ON THE PHONE)

We're a talent agency, not a loan service!

ELIA KAZAN

How am I gonna feed my kids? Keep a roof above their heads?

ABE LASTFOGEL

I'll front you the cash personally. Don't say your agent never did anything for you.

ELIA KAZAN  
I owe you, Abe.

*INTERCUT: INT. LASTFOGEL'S HOME - NIGHT*

*Lastfogel sits alone in his lavish living room. In his hand is a cigarette, burning but unsmoked. Ashed to the filter.*

ABE LASTFOGEL  
*Then give McCarthy what he wants.*

Kazan's head snaps up.

ABE LASTFOGEL (CONT'D)  
*Testify. Name names.*

ELIA KAZAN  
You know I can't do that.

ABE LASTFOGEL  
*Then call me when you can.*

*Lastfogel hangs up. Looks off camera.*

ABE LASTFOGEL (CONT'D)  
*I did what you asked. Bastards.*

*REVEAL, Brewer and FBI AGENTS watch him from a corner.*

INT. KAZAN'S HOME. CULVER CITY - NIGHT

ON TELEVISION, Sen. Joseph McCarthy. Watched by Molly and the kids. Kazan joins them on the couch.

SEN. MCCARTHY (ON TV)  
*Today we are engaged in a final, all-out battle between communistic atheism and American Christianity.*

MOLLY KAZAN  
What did the bank say?

ELIA KAZAN  
We're fine, Molly.

MOLLY KAZAN  
There was a man today. At the grocery store. A government guy!

NICK KAZAN  
A G-man! Cool!

Little Chris stands up. Points a pretend Tommy Gun at his parents. Riddles them with imaginary bullets.

ELIA KAZAN  
Damn it! Chris! Sit down!

MOLLY KAZAN  
He followed me. The store. The bank. To our front door!

**INTERCUT: EXT. KAZAN'S HOME. CULVER CITY - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

*Molly cowers near a man in a suit. He mouths as we hear...*

MOLLY KAZAN (PRELAP)  
*The studio owns the house! Said we could lose our home! And more!*

*The MAN pushes one of the Kazan's kids' BIKES into the street, nearly crushed by a passing car. A threat.*

**RETURN TO: EXT. KAZAN'S HOME. CULVER CITY - NIGHT**

MOLLY KAZAN  
Our home! The roof above our--

ELIA KAZAN  
Studio doesn't own the house.

MOLLY KAZAN  
They executed the Rosenbergs!

ELIA KAZAN  
I wasn't a Soviet spy, Molly! Who do you think I am!?

MOLLY KAZAN  
What did he mean by "more" then?  
The kids? Does he mean we could lose the kids?

Both Kazan children start to cry.

ELIA KAZAN  
I said, don't listen to--!

The DOORBELL RINGS. Outside stands the silhouette of a man like the man who trailed Molly at the store. She stands up. Fists clenched. A fighter inside.

ELIA KAZAN (CONT'D)  
Get upstairs.

She hesitates, then obeys.

Kazan creeps to the door. Takes a baseball bat out from behind a coat rack. BEAT for battle. He swings the door open.

ELIA KAZAN (CONT'D)  
Stay the hell away from my wife!

--on the other side is... ARTHUR MILLER. With a huge smile on his face. And suitcase at his feet. And a script in hand.

ARTHUR MILLER  
I mean, I'll try. But no promises.

A BEAT, Kazan wraps his arms around his best friend.

INT. KAZAN'S HOME. LIVING ROOM. CULVER CITY - NIGHT

Miller places a CHECK on the coffee table. His shoes are off, placed next to THE RUG. Like they were back in New York.

Molly hands Miller a cup of coffee. Kazan sits on the other side of the room, unable to look Miller in the eye.

ARTHUR MILLER  
Of course, Mary and I'll give you the money.

ELIA KAZAN  
Thanks, Arty. I owe you.

ARTHUR MILLER  
Said I'd give you the money. You owe me nothing.

Miller places the script for *The Hook* on the table.

ELIA KAZAN  
Eh tu, Brute?

ARTHUR MILLER  
*The Hook!* The dockworkers hook these hooks on their...

ELIA KAZAN  
"hook these hooks?" Quite the wordsmith, Arty!

ARTHUR MILLER  
...they use it to lift more weight than they can on their own.

ARTHUR MILLER (CONT'D)  
They're hooked to their cargo like  
they're hooked to the docks. That's  
the name of the play. "The Hook."

ELIA KAZAN  
You're bringing me a play?

ARTHUR MILLER  
What else would I bring you?

ELIA KAZAN  
I don't want to go back to New  
York!

ARTHUR MILLER  
Well, no one wants you out here!

Kazan rises and makes himself another drink. Hiding his Anatolian Smile.

Miller sees it reflecting in the silver of the cocktail station. Twisted and evil.

ARTHUR MILLER (CONT'D)  
Oh! I missed that!

ELIA KAZAN  
You missed what?

ARTHUR MILLER  
That! That smile. Right there.

ELIA KAZAN  
I'm not smiling! I'm ragingly  
pissed off at you!

ARTHUR MILLER  
Behind a smile.

A BEAT PASSES IN SILENCE. SO DOES KAZAN'S ANGER.

ELIA KAZAN  
My father did that. He called it  
The Anatolian Smile.

ARTHUR MILLER  
What've you got to be pissed about?

ELIA KAZAN  
You coming out here! Giving me  
money! Then tossing a Broadway play  
on my table saying I owe ya  
nothing!

ARTHUR MILLER  
You don't owe me anything!

ELIA KAZAN  
Then why are you giving this to me!

ARTHUR MILLER  
Because we're a team! Because  
you're my best friend! The script  
is yours. Do what you want with it.

Kazan steadies. The gears in his mind clanking away.

ELIA KAZAN  
I want to go after McCarthy.

ARTHUR MILLER  
You want to go after McCarthy then  
we go after McCarthy. We start from  
scratch! Ditch this like we did *No  
Villain!* A new story! Something  
nobody's seen before!

He clears the table. Grabs a pen and paper.

ARTHUR MILLER (CONT'D)  
Been reading about the Salem Witch  
Trials. 1623. Four little girls  
bring madness to the town. Men and  
women hanged for telling the truth.  
The liars put on pedestals. The  
commonality between our world and  
theirs is unsettling! Politics as  
religion! False puritanism!  
Corruption! It--

Kazan finishes his cocktail prep. Returns to his chair. He  
didn't make Miller one. He picks THE HOOK up from the floor.

ELIA KAZAN  
No time. We're doing this.

ARTHUR MILLER  
I can do a rewrite! Easy! Flip it  
so one man stands for truth!  
Against lies and corruption! The  
New York Theater going after that  
pathetic rat Joseph McCarthy!

ELIA KAZAN  
Politics isn't religion, Arty. It's  
theater. Can't beat it with a play.  
We're in Hollywood now. We're  
making a movie!

Kazan smiles authentically.

INT. FORMOSA CAFE - DAY

A nervous Lastfogel's shaking fork sinks into his wasabe potatoes. Kazan and Miller enter and join him. Lastfogel never looks up at them.

ELIA KAZAN  
Won't meet me in the office?

ABE LASTFOGEL  
Nothing wrong with getting out once  
in a while, is there?

ELIA KAZAN  
Abe! Stop looking at your damn  
wasabe potatoes!

He does. Scans the room for prying eyes.

ABE LASTFOGEL  
I told you to lay low.

ELIA KAZAN  
And I told you I wanted you to meet  
my best friend. Arthur Miller.

Lastfogel looks at Miller. Must be hard for a Hollywood agent to be starstruck, but Lastfogel is.

ABE LASTFOGEL  
Art Miller! Greatest playwright of  
his generation! The million dollar  
man! Welcome to Los Angeles!

ARTHUR MILLER  
Excited.

ABE LASTFOGEL  
Big things out here for a guy like  
you. Have you ever thought of  
writing for the silver screen?  
Doing something with--

ELIA KAZAN  
We already got something.

Lastfogel realizes they're a package deal. No need to shmooze. He smirks. Wipes his mouth. Pushes the potatoes away. His hunger now is all about the script.

ABE LASTFOGEL

A movie? Written by Arthur Miller  
and directed by Elia Kazan? About  
what?

ARTHUR MILLER

We're gonna go after--

Kazan puts his hand on Miller's chest, stopping him.

ABE LASTFOGEL

Gonna be hard to get a studio deal  
if I don't know what it's about.

ELIA KAZAN

Our names make it a deal. Add  
Brando and we're untouchable.

"Untouchable?" Miller cocks an eye at Kazan's curious word  
choice. Forgets it when his eyes catch the door.

HIS POV: A FAMILIAR FACE enters. MARILYN MONROE with a group  
of giddy girlfriends. He's immediately smitten.

ABE LASTFOGEL

(tantalized)

Brando and Kazan. Reunited. Now  
with Arthur Miller? I'll make some  
calls. Talk to Warner Bros and  
Feldman. We'll--

ELIA KAZAN

Charlie's not one of us. Go to  
Columbia with this one.

Lastfogel silently agrees. Leaves the table.

Kazan slides across to take up his seat. His back now to the  
entrance. Miller can't stop looking at Monroe.

ELIA KAZAN (CONT'D)

Columbia Studios chief Harry Cohn  
keeps a photograph of Mussolini on  
his desk to remind people who  
they're talking to! Son of a bitch  
is probably pissed off McCarthy's  
the one striking fear in this town  
and he's not!

ARTHUR MILLER

--Who is she?

Kazan turns around. Spots Monroe. Downplayed...

ELIA KAZAN  
 Actress. Name's Norma Jean  
 Mortensen. Goes by... Marilyn.  
 Marilyn Monroe now. One of  
 Charlie's girls. Come on. We got  
 work to do.

Kazan rises. Puts on his coat. He exits. Monroe whispers a  
 "Hi ya, Elia!" as he passes. Kazan nods.

Miller a beat behind him. He and Monroe lock eyes and drop a  
 flirty smile as they pass each other.

She plays coy, but watches the door close behind him.  
 And returns to having a great time with her friends.

EXT. COLUMBIA STUDIOS LOT - DAY

Sneery **HARRY COHN**, studio pit bull titan, sits under a  
 canopy. A STUDIO PAGE waves a fan for him.

HARRY COHN  
 What the fuck is this horseshit!?

REVEAL, HIS POV - A lackluster Washington DC being set up in  
 front of a painted matte backdrop.

Kazan, Miller, and Lastfogel stumble towards Cohn.

ABE LASTFOGEL  
 Some Hollywood 101 for ya: if Harry  
 Cohn says he's right, he's right.  
 If Harry Cohn tells you you're  
 wrong but you're right? You're  
 wrong. Got it?

ARTHUR MILLER  
 Mussolini.

They reach Cohn.

HARRY COHN  
 Does this look like DC to you?

ABE LASTFOGEL  
 Looks great, Harry!

HARRY COHN  
 Washington Monument is too small!

ARTHUR MILLER  
And on the wrong side of the  
Capitol Building.

HARRY COHN  
It's right where it's supposed to  
be.

ARTHUR MILLER  
Actually it's on the other side.

HARRY COHN  
Didn't say it's where it actually  
is! I said it's right where it's  
supposed to be! Who the fuck is  
this?

ABE LASTFOGEL  
Harry Cohn. President of Columbia  
Pictures. Meet Pulitzer Prize  
winning playwright Arthur Mil--.

HARRY COHN  
YOU STUPID FUCK!

ANGLE, A YOUNG PA dragging a prop cart freezes in fear.

HARRY COHN (CONT'D)  
Are you putting a fucking palm tree  
in the middle of the Washington  
Mall, you dumb shit!?

The PA rushes away to quickly fix his mistake.

HARRY COHN (CONT'D)  
I'd beat the piss out of him if he  
wasn't my sister's kid. A Kazan and  
Miller picture. What's it about?

ELIA KAZAN  
We're gonna take down McCarthy.

On LASTFOGEL, Wait! What!?

ABE LASTFOGEL  
Mmm--m-m--mr. Cohn. I had no idea--

HARRY COHN  
McCarthy will crush you.

ELIA KAZAN  
With Arthur on the page. Myself  
behind the camera. And Brando in  
front of it. We could--

ABE LASTFOGEL  
 Brando can't! He's busy! He's--

HARRY COHN  
 --I like Brando. Get Brando.

ELIA KAZAN  
 He's the best. Only one of the best  
 we'll get on this project. We take  
 down McCarthy and take back our  
 town! As a united front. With  
 Columbia Pictures and the  
 infallible Harry Cohn leading the  
 charge. We can't lose.

A BEAT as Cohn calculates.

HARRY COHN  
 Hey assholes! The Monument's on the  
 other side of the goddamn Capitol  
 Building! Fix the fucking thing!  
 (to Miller and Kazan)  
 Too risky to cut you a check and  
 have you on the books.

Miller hides a scoff.

HARRY COHN (CONT'D)  
 Keep the politics on the page and  
 out of your mouths. Bring it back  
 to me when it is done. The best  
script there ever was... and  
 Columbia will back the picture. But  
 if McCarthy or anyone else finds  
 out about it before it's on my  
 desk, I'll hunt you down and cut  
 your throats myself.

He stands.

HARRY COHN (CONT'D)  
 And get a producer.

ABE LASTFOGEL  
 I'll start calling--

HARRY COHN  
 Charlie Feldman.

That wasn't a suggestion, it was an order. Cohn walks off.

ABE LASTFOGEL  
 Congrats, boys.

Miller watches Cohn approach an UNDERAGE ACTRESS. He guides her like a grandpa, but rubs her ass like a dirty old man.

ELIA KAZAN  
Welcome to Hollywood, Arty.

Miller needs a beat. Wondering what he got himself into.

CHARLIE FELDMAN (PRELAP)  
No.

INT. CHARLIE FELDMAN'S PERSONAL SCREENING ROOM - DAY

Feldman watches screen-tests of Monroe. Kazan and Miller sit behind him. Miller soaks in the larger than life Monroe.

CHARLIE FELDMAN  
Cary Grant called Marilyn  
personally to be in this film!  
Wants her to play a pin-up girl!  
Might as well play a hooker! Dirty  
prick's trying to fuck her!

ELIA KAZAN  
Being a pin-up girl was how you  
found her. Right, Charlie?

Feldman picks up a phone next to him.

Kazan turns back to Miller with a smirk on his face. Notes Miller's INFATUATED with Monroe - drinking her image.

Kazan knows his friend is in love. He turns back. Looks up at the screen himself. Wheels turning.

CHARLIE FELDMAN (INTO THE PHONE)  
Janet. Call 20th Century Fox and  
tell them in no goddamn universe  
will I let my girl be in a movie  
called "Monkey Business."

He hangs up.

ELIA KAZAN  
We've got something for you.

CHARLIE FELDMAN  
Jack Warner doesn't want it.

ELIA KAZAN  
Columbia does.

CHARLIE FELDMAN  
Quick to flip sides, are we?

Kazan hands him the script. Feldman skims it for a few beats. Dumps it into the neighboring chair.

CHARLIE FELDMAN (CONT'D)  
Reads like a play.

ARTHUR MILLER  
Because it is a play.

ELIA KAZAN  
Arty's gonna jazz it up for the screen.

CHARLIE FELDMAN  
You're a screenwriter now?

ARTHUR MILLER  
It won't top "Monkey Business," if that's what you mean.

A BEAT, Feldman steams at this smug prick.

ARTHUR MILLER (CONT'D)  
Story comes from this article series in the--

ELIA KAZAN  
Arty-- what---?

CHARLIE FELDMAN  
--Article series?

ARTHUR MILLER  
"Crimes on the Waterfront." A *Times* weekly. Came out last year.

ELIA KAZAN  
You didn't tell me it came from an article series!

ARTHUR MILLER  
Why would I?

CHARLIE FELDMAN  
You need the rights from *The Times*.

ARTHUR MILLER  
I don't need someone's permission to write my story!

CHARLIE FELDMAN  
It ain't your story if you don't got the rights!

ARTHUR MILLER

The basic story was in *The Times*,  
everything else is mine!  
Characters, scenes, lines. Mine!

Miller looks at Kazan for support. Doesn't get it.

ARTHUR MILLER (CONT'D)

I'm not going to ask permission to  
do what I want to do! No! No way.

CHARLIE FELDMAN

--Arthur, can we have the room?

A BEAT, Miller leaves. Overprotective, he takes the script with him as if fearing they'd do something to it.

ELIA KAZAN

It's not his best, but neither was  
*Streetcar* for Tennessee and look  
what we did with that!

CHARLIE FELDMAN

Do you have an Oscar in hand for  
*Streetcar* yet? Neither do I!

OUTSIDE THE ROOM, Miller listens at the doorway as the argument continues on. He finds an end table filled with photos of Feldman and Monroe, arm in arm, kissing.

INSIDE,

CHARLIE FELDMAN (CONT'D)

You're scheming.

ELIA KAZAN

I am not scheming.

CHARLIE FELDMAN

You're scrappy. Always scrapping.  
What are you scrapping, Elia?

A BEAT, THE TRUTH POURS OUT...

ELIA KAZAN

The Oscar votes are in a month. I  
want Miller's script to hit the  
town right before that. Take  
everyone by surprise. Let them know  
what we're doing.

CHARLIE FELDMAN

What are you doing?

ELIA KAZAN  
Taking down McCarthy.

CHARLIE FELDMAN  
You don't give a shit about  
McCarthy! You think people will  
hear about this and it will lock in  
Oscar votes for Streetcar. That's  
what you give a shit about!

Gozomuz Yok.

CHARLIE FELDMAN (CONT'D)  
Nobody fights the government and  
wins. Especially not Arthur Miller.

ELIA KAZAN  
What is your problem with him?

CHARLIE FELDMAN  
Did he bring a movie script to you?  
No. He brought you a play. His  
play! Why? Because he needs you  
more than you need him.

ELIA KAZAN  
He's the greatest writer of our  
generation!

CHARLIE FELDMAN  
I'll throw a brick out that window  
and kill three who are the same!

Kazan deflates.

ELIA KAZAN  
The names, Charlie. Kazan and  
Miller. It's gonna do something!

Feldman waves his hand. A reluctant deal.

CHARLIE FELDMAN  
You get a place for that asshole to  
work. Keep him busy. Out of sight.  
Until it's done. And Kazan, it  
better be magnificent!

Kazan leaves. But before he does...

CHARLIE FELDMAN (CONT'D)  
And I'm buying the rights to those  
articles! He cannot own this story!  
He's just a writer, for Christ's  
sake!

OUTSIDE, Kazan spots Miller sneaking a peak at a photograph of Monroe. Kazan says nothing.

INT. HOLLYWOOD STATE BANK, HOLLYWOOD BLVD AND 20TH - DAY

Kazan deposits Miller's check with a CUTE BANK TELLER, Hollywood starlet wannabe, 20. Her adoring eyes fall on him. Fucks him with her cooing words...

CUTE BANK TELLER  
...and seeing Vivien Leigh on screen again. I so loved *Gone With The Wind* as a little girl...

Kazan notices she reads Arthur Miller's name without a hint of recognition.

CUTE BANK TELLER (CONT'D)  
And when Stanley was yelling "Stella! Stella!" my heart melted!

She stamps the deposit. Slides the receipt back to him, making sure her hand falls on his. He allows it.

CUTE BANK TELLER (CONT'D)  
What else can I can do, Mr. Kazan?

One of her fingers curls on his hand. Kazan smirks.

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR

EILEEN BARTON (SINGING)  
Come in! Well! Well! Well! I haven't seen you in many a year!

EXT. BUNGALOW. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - DAY

MUSIC CUE: Eileen Barton's "If I Knew You Were Comin' I'd've Baked a Cake" begins...

Kazan removes the "FOR LEASE" sign out front and lays it down flat. Miller follows behind. His typewriter case in hand.

ARTHUR MILLER  
Feldman paid for this? For me?

ELIA KAZAN  
Check it out!

He puts his key into the lock.

INT. BUNGALOW. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - MOMENTS LATER

The front door opens. Kazan struggles to get the key out the lock as Miller enters. His attention goes straight to the pool out back.

ELIA KAZAN

It's yours! For as long you're on  
the script. Everything inside--

ARTHUR MILLER

There's someone out back.

Kazan feigns confusion. He's not a good actor.

ANGLE ON, THE POOL, the "someone" rises to the surface. A skinny dipping Marilyn Monroe. She YELPS at being caught.

ELIA KAZAN

Everything outside too.

Kazan grabs a towel and brings it to her. Her shyness doesn't exist.

Miller puts his typewriter case down and tramps to the pool.

INT. LOS ANGELES CITY HALL - DAY

Roy Brewer listens in as a CITY COUNCIL MEETING plunges on. A smiley, brunette Councilwoman ROZ WYMAN speaks into a microphone about the city's EMINENT DOMAIN REGULATION.

City Councilman GIBSON spots Brewer. Hurries to join him.

COUNCILMAN GIBSON

She wants to bring a baseball team  
to LA. A broad into baseball.  
Whoever heard of such a thing?

ROY BREWER

Where do we stand on the ordinance?

COUNCILMAN GIBSON

One hold out. One vote holds us  
back from making all Communists and  
subversives register with the city  
police. One. Roybal.

ROY BREWER

Reagan will get him. He's been  
interested in politics recently.

Brewer gathers his things.

COUNCILMAN GIBSON  
Heard about Arthur Miller?

Brewer freezes. *Arthur Miller?*

INT. DEMILLE'S OFFICE - DAY

All the curtains have been yanked off the rods. The room is blinded by light.

ROY BREWER  
Kazan bought a bungalow in the Hills. Next door to that new It Girl. Marilyn Monroe.

CECIL D. DEMILLE  
Left his wife and kids for a woman?  
Bold move. Even for Kazan.

ROY BREWER  
It's not for Kazan. It's for a friend of his. Arthur Miller. They were spotted at the Formosa together. They're doing something. A movie.

DeMille simmers on that. He nods the go-ahead for an unspoken order. Brewer leaves.

EXT. BUNGALOW. HOLLYWOOD HILLS. BACKYARD - DAY

Miller and Monroe intimately discuss life and love by the pool. Their relationship simmers to a boil before our eyes.

The most beautiful conversation two people could have. If only we could be a part of it.

INSIDE, Decorated with red construction paper hearts to celebrate VALENTINE'S DAY. Created by Miller and Monroe.

Kazan watches the couple through the kitchen window. He spots Miller's script on a table.

Reads the cover page:

THE HOOK

A Film Written by Arthur Miller

Directed by Elia Kazan

Kazan smiles. Until he reads a random page from the script.

ELIA KAZAN (PRELAP)  
What is this?

LATER,

Miller keeps a full eye on Monroe still by the pool. Dying to be with her. Half engaged with Kazan.

ARTHUR MILLER  
THE HOOK! Jazzed it up for you.

Kazan rises. Rubs his chin.

ARTHUR MILLER (CONT'D)  
What's wrong with it?

ELIA KAZAN  
It's nothing. Just...

ARTHUR MILLER  
It's just what, Elia? Say it.

ELIA KAZAN  
Arty! It's-- It's your story. Do what you want with it. Just finish it. In two weeks. Please!

Miller only takes a beat to ponder his meaning. Then he's up and headed back to Monroe. Kazan looks at all the hearts on the walls.

And rips one down.

INT. KAZAN'S HOME. BEDROOM. CULVER CITY - CONTINUOUS

Kazan studies his tux in the mirror. Molly sits on the bed in drab housewife wear. Young Nick films with a SUPER 8 CAMERA.

**TITLE CARD: MARCH 6TH, 1952. ONE WEEK BEFORE OSCAR VOTES.**

MOLLY KAZAN  
Arthur's made himself at home in the bungalow? Getting along with the neighbors?

"The Bungalow" A place of poorly hidden secrets. She straightens her clothes. Pretties up. Kazan dodges that.

ELIA KAZAN  
(re: his tux)  
What do you think?

MOLLY KAZAN  
Black and white. Timeless.

A KNOCK AT THE FRONT DOOR.

ELIA KAZAN  
Nick. Go get it.

The boy leaves.

ELIA KAZAN (CONT'D)  
I think I need to go more modern.

MOLLY KAZAN  
Just no ruffles. Please. Your  
grandkids will have to look you in  
the eye someday.

She rises. Joins him in the mirror.

MOLLY KAZAN (CONT'D)  
What about me? What do I wear?

ELIA KAZAN  
What you got is fine.

Nick returns. Sheepishly.

MOLLY KAZAN  
For the Oscars? Maybe Judy'll--

NICK KAZAN  
Someone's here.

ELIA KAZAN  
Well, let them in!

NICK KAZAN  
They already were. They say they're  
from Detroit?

Kazan and Molly share a look... There's no way...

KITCHEN, MOMENTS LATER

TIGHT, an old dark jacket. Two PINHOLES and a faded circle  
where a COMMUNIST PIN was once staked proudly.

Hard Times. The Man From Detroit sits at the kitchen table without his pin. His jacket now tattered. An EMPTY COFFEE MUG in front of him.

Kazan bursts in still in his tuxedo.

THE MAN FROM DETROIT  
Gadge! You clean up well.

ELIA KAZAN  
What do you want?

THE MAN FROM DETROIT  
Coffee.

ELIA KAZAN  
Try Cuba.

The Man from Detroit rises to the coffeemaker and starts making a pot. He knows where the coffee and filters are kept.

THE MAN FROM DETROIT  
Good to see you too. We read  
Arthur's script. *The Hook*.

ELIA KAZAN  
You didn't read shit--

THE MAN FROM DETROIT  
It's a love story between a blue  
collar dockworker and a beautiful  
blonde. Shallow Hollywood garbage.  
Perhaps Miller's too distracted by  
his Hollywood surroundings?

ELIA KAZAN  
What do you want?

THE MAN FROM DETROIT  
Same as you.

ELIA KAZAN  
Bullshit.

The Man From Detroit flips on the faucet to fill the carafe.

THE MAN FROM DETROIT  
You won't win, Gadge. When Miller's  
lackluster script hits the town you  
will become a laughing stock, and  
you'll be all alone. Vulnerable.  
And then McCarthy will crush you.  
You need us, Gadge.

Kazan slams the faucet off.

ELIA KAZAN  
Get out of my house. Back door.

The Man From Detroit leaves through the front.

EXT. KAZAN'S HOME. CULVER CITY - DAY

The Man From Detroit sits inside a dark car. Kazan and Nick stand on the lawn watching them. Nick holds a SUPER 8 CAMERA.

THE MAN FROM DETROIT  
Gonna be a director like your pops,  
Nicolas? Want to know something  
interesting? Film degrades. It  
dissolves over time like salt in  
water. Remember that.

Kazan and Nick watch THE DARK CAR leave the driveway. All the way until it disappears around a corner. Only then Kazan breathes. Until he sees...

Nick has a COMMUNIST PIN on his shirt. Snatches it.

Kazan charges to the garbage. Freezes--

ANGLE: A VAN down the road revs up and goes down the opposite direction of the street of the Men From Detroit.

And now the neighbors are watching him. Everyone is watching him. Nowhere is safe.

EXT. ROUTE 66. DESERT FAR OUTSIDE LOS ANGELES - DAY

The Communist Party Pin tossed into the desert. IT LANDS IN THE DUSTY ROADSIDE. Kazan's car races away.

EXT. BUNGALOW. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - DAY

Kazan's car rips into the driveway too fast, smashing the front fender and causing it to fall off. He gets out and heads into the building. Tripping over rocks.

INT. BUNGALOW. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - MOMENTS LATER

Kazan hears MONROE AND MILLER MAKING LOVE behind a closed door. MILLER's TYPEWRITER falls prey to his eyes.

He races over. Rips the paper out of the machine, knocking over a vase of roses, SMASHING it into the floor.

Miller pops out of the bedroom in a bathrobe.

ELIA KAZAN  
Who'd you give this to?

ARTHUR MILLER  
Nobody! It's not done.

ELIA KAZAN  
Someone read this!

ARTHUR MILLER  
That's the only copy!

Monroe steps out of the bedroom. Bleach blonde now.

ELIA KAZAN  
You're rewriting this entire thing!

ARTHUR MILLER  
I am not!

ELIA KAZAN  
(re: Monroe)  
You got nothing better to do!

The most hurtful thing he could ever say to her. Personal.

MARILYN MONROE  
Elia!

ARTHUR MILLER  
Watch your mouth!

ELIA KAZAN  
The communists were in my house!  
They know about this! They read  
this! And they know about the two  
of you!

MARILYN MONROE  
Communists?

*NEW POV - THROUGH A CAMERA LENS OUTSIDE, zoomed into the bungalow, framing Miller, Monroe, and Kazan. PHOTOS SNAPPED.*

BACK IN THE BUNGALOW, Monroe grabs her stuff to leave. Miller tries to stop her.

MARILYN MONROE (CONT'D)  
 I can't be here! I can't let people  
 think I'm-- I have a career now!

ARTHUR MILLER  
 Marilyn! Wait---

She kisses him and she's gone. Kazan checks the door locks.  
 The windows. Closes the curtains.

ELIA KAZAN  
 They broke in or bugged this place.  
 Listened while we worked the story.

We hear a car leaving out front.

ARTHUR MILLER  
 Nobody bugged this place!

ELIA KAZAN  
 They know where I kept my coffee!  
 They know the script sucks!

ARTHUR MILLER  
 You think *The Hook* sucks?

ELIA KAZAN  
 Of course not! It's fine! It's--

ARTHUR MILLER  
 It's fine!? That's worse!

ELIA KAZAN  
 It's a movie script, Arty! The  
 writing means nothing! It--

Miller scoffs. He charges into the bedroom. Kazan follows.

ELIA KAZAN (CONT'D)  
 Art! You don't know how film works!

INT. BUNGALOW. BEDROOM. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - CONTINUOUS

Kazan enters mid-sentence...

ELIA KAZAN  
 ...it gets fixed in production.  
 Like rehearsals back on Broad--

OH GOD!

REVEAL, THE BEDROOM IS A DISASTER. Beer cans, wine bottles, stained sheets piled on the floor. Dirty clothes. Bare mattress. Messy and grotesque like a sloppy dorm room.

Miller stands in the middle of it. With first clear eyes.

ARTHUR MILLER  
I have to clean up.

ELIA KAZAN  
We don't have time.

ARTHUR MILLER  
She can't see me like this!

ELIA KAZAN  
*FUCK HER! FINISH THE FUCKING  
SCRIPT, ARTY!*

ON MILLER, seeing Kazan's ambitions hanging on his sleeve.

Kazan crumbles. Watching his friend at such a low.

ELIA KAZAN (CONT'D)  
We'll clean it up. Make it perfect.  
Then we'll go get Marilyn and take  
her out to dinner. I'll explain  
everything.

ARTHUR MILLER  
I'm talking about Mary! I can't  
lose Mary and the kids. I need my  
family! I'm going home, Elia.

Kazan is stunned.

STOCKY FBI AGENT (PRELAP)  
*They look like a happy couple,  
don't they?*

INT. CHASEN'S RESTAURANT. BEVERLY BOULEVARD - DAY

THE BUNGALOW PHOTOS are tossed onto a table. Each shows Kazan, Miller, and Monroe. The nudity. The fight. The script. The kiss goodbye.

DeMille holds each in his meaty hands. Hides them when someone passes by. At the table is Brewer and FBI Agents, one we recognize from the VAN OUTSIDE KAZAN'S HOUSE.

VAN FBI AGENT  
Which two are the happy couple?

STOCKY FBI AGENT  
The three of them!

VAN FBI AGENT  
That's not a couple! It's an orgy!

STOCKY FBI AGENT  
I picked the wrong profession. I  
should've been a director!  
(to his crotch)  
Action! Zoom in! Zoom out! Zoom in!  
Zoom in! Zoom out! Zoom in!

LAUGHTER, even Brewer chuckles to fit in.

CECIL D. DEMILLE  
I don't care if you work for my  
good friend J. Edgar Hoover,  
gentlemen. You will be decent in my  
presence, do you understand?

They nod. Offer apologies.

DeMille looks across the room. Sees Bogart and Bacall.

CECIL D. DEMILLE (CONT'D)  
Bring Mr. Bogart up to speed on our  
plans, Mr. Brewer.

ROY BREWER  
Yes, Mr. DeMille.

Brewer wipes his face, leaving behind the oily smirk. He rises and crosses to Bogart. Who tightens as he approaches.

CECIL D. DEMILLE  
There's more to directing than  
yelling "action" and "cut," boys.  
You need to know your shot. And  
capture it perfectly when it  
presents itself. Or else lose it  
forever. That's not just directing.  
That is life.

He holds his hands the way a director would to frame a shot over the photograph. Doing so only puts Monroe and Miller in his frame, cuts Kazan out of the picture.

CECIL D. DEMILLE (CONT'D)  
Do you need me to show you how to  
crop these?

The CAMERA LATCHES onto a WAITER who takes us across the restaurant to Bogart and Brewer. Brewer whispering into Bogart's ear. We don't hear it, but BOGIE is shocked.

REVEAL, sitting behind Bogart is our favorite desperate, down on his luck, producer SP EAGLE. Eavesdropping on every word.

The WAITER drops off his check. He leaves without paying.

SP EAGLE (PRELAP)  
DeMille's gonna fuck you!

EXT. CORNER OF BEVERLY BLVD AND NORTH OAKHURST DRIVE - DAY

On the corner from Chasen's, Eagle's manic inside a phone booth. Looking everywhere for spying eyes.

SP EAGLE  
At Chasen's now. With two agents  
and Roy Brewer! Talking to Bogie!

ELIA KAZAN (ON THE PHONE)  
Agents? Lastfogel and who?

SP EAGLE  
Agents! Kazan! Federal agents!

The Maitre'D comes outside looking for him. Waving his bill in the air. Finds him.

MAITRE'D  
No skipping out this time, Mr.  
Eagle! You must pay! You must pay!

INTERCUTS: INT. KAZAN'S HOME. CULVER CITY - DAY

Kazan's terrified on the phone that... "you must pay!"

SP EAGLE  
DeMille's giving the Oscar voting cards to McCarthy! He's gonna out everyone who votes for you!

ELIA KAZAN  
He can't do that!

SP EAGLE  
He doesn't have to! He just needs to tell everyone he will!

SMASH TO: THE PHONE RECEIVER DANGLES OVER THE SIDE.

INT. WILLIAM MORRIS AGENCY LOBBY - DAY

Kazan bursts towards Lastfogel's office. SECRETARY tries to intercept him.

SECRETARY  
Mr. Kazan, he's not here--

ELIA KAZAN  
Where is--

SECRETARY  
He said he'd call you!

Kazan leaves.

INT. HARRY COHN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

THE FRAMED PHOTO OF MUSSOLINI sits on a desk. Harry Cohn behind it talking to Brewer and FBI AGENTS.

HARRY COHN  
...you think I give a shit?

Before him lies all the bungalow photos of Miller and Monroe. Passionate, romantic, sensual. They look happy.

HARRY COHN (CONT'D)  
You know how many writers I got  
boning starlets behind their wives'  
backs? How many directors I got  
nailing the writers' wives!?

ROY BREWER  
You hired Elia Kazan to direct a  
film, Mr. Cohn. Elia Kazan is a  
Red. You broke a loyalty oath.

HARRY COHN  
My loyalty is to the studio! To  
making movies! To making enough  
money that the studio can make  
another one! No matter the cost!

Brewer reaches into his valise case and tosses another photograph onto Cohn's desk. Last resort.

ROY BREWER  
You know this girl?

Cohn picks up the photograph in SHAKY HANDS.

FLASHBACK, SEEN BEFORE, The YOUNG STARLET he puts his hands on on-set of BORN YESTERDAY.

REVEAL, THE PHOTOGRAPH, the same girl. DEAD ON THE HIGHWAY.

ROY BREWER (CONT'D)  
Fourteen years old. Want to see the  
next photo I have of her? Took it  
in your bedroom last--

Harry Cohn lays down the Mussolini photo. *Whadda ya want?*

ROY BREWER (CONT'D)  
Edward Dmytryk had a change of  
heart. Tomorrow he will name names  
and be released from prison. He  
will be eligible to work in  
Hollywood again.

HARRY COHN  
I have no open director positions--

ROY BREWER  
You will. Or we stop by Hedda  
Hopper's office for a nice chat.  
Have a good day, Mr. Cohn.

Brewer and the Agents leave.

Cohn's cold eyes latch onto...

REVEAL, Lastfogel and Feldman in a corner. Lastfogel sighs.

EXT. GRIFFITH PARK - DUSK

Kazan looks to the city. Abe Lastfogel steps out of a car.

ABE LASTFOGEL  
Your turn to meet in secret?

Gozomuz Yok.

ABE LASTFOGEL (CONT'D)  
Brando can't do *The Hook*. He's tied  
up in a musical with Sinatra.  
Sinatra's wife Ava keeps showing up  
in Brando's trailer. Someone's  
gonna get hurt.

ELIA KAZAN  
Is it true?

## ABE LASTFOGEL

Feldman owns the film rights to the articles. It's his story now. He and Cohn are firing you tomorrow morning. Putting Dmytryk in your place who'll hire another writer.

Kazan looks out to the Hollywood Hills.

## ABE LASTFOGEL (CONT'D)

Time to choose. Name names and keep doing what you love. Or don't and move on. Choose! Now!

Kazan becomes increasingly uncomfortable. Almost writhing in agony. His soul is on fire. Then it becomes ice.

## ELIA KAZAN

DeMille. I want to talk to DeMille.

INT. BUNGALOW. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - DAY

Miller types by himself. Each keystroke forcing a grimace. He looks outside and sees Monroe get picked up by Feldman.

REVEAL, Miller has A TRAIN TICKET to NYC next to him.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD FOREVER CEMETERY - DAY

DeMille sits on a bench gazing upon a large, vine covered mausoleum. Kazan joins him. A SILENT BEAT.

## ELIA KAZAN

(re: the mausoleum)

Cut! That's a wrap, people.

## CECIL D. DEMILLE

(deadpan)

I didn't expect you to be funny.

## ELIA KAZAN

What did I do to you? What was so bad that you had to crush me the moment I got out here?

DeMille's silent. Kazan sighs. DeMille looks across the lawn.

## CECIL D. DEMILLE

Paramount Studios is over there.

## ELIA KAZAN

I know where Paramount is.

CECIL D. DEMILLE

Their employees park in the cemetery when the car lot is full. Sometimes they park on top of the graves.

ELIA KAZAN

Well ain't that sad.

CECIL D. DEMILLE

My friends are buried here, you snide prick. It's more than sad, it's inhumane.

(beat to calm)

*"It is appointed for man to die once. After that comes judgement."*  
It's [from the Bible--]...

ELIA KAZAN

Hebrews 9:27.

DeMille's impressed. Kazan fixes a patch of grass with his foot. His way of apologizing. Impresses DeMille more.

A BEAT, as close to a changing heart as DeMille will get.

CECIL D. DEMILLE

This town. This industry. This is The Dream Factory. The Magic Store. And you and I are the magicians. The dreamers of dreams. Not the studios. Not the people who park their cars here. Not them. Us.

Kazan cocks an eye at the rarely over-sentimental old man.

CECIL D. DEMILLE (CONT'D)

But people grow. And stop believing in magic. And most dreams end up forgotten. But not ours. What we dream lasts forever.

The old man leans in for emphasis:

CECIL D. DEMILLE (CONT'D)

What we say, and what we do while we are here, matters, Elia Kazan. I only wish I had time to dream more.

DeMille hobbles to stand up. Kazan stops himself from helping the old timer. Respect.

CECIL D. DEMILLE (CONT'D)

I believe you could become the greatest director of your generation. Perhaps of all time. The Communists? Group Theater? They did not. You have all the cards. Time to play them.

ELIA KAZAN

What about Arthur Miller?

CECIL D. DEMILLE

He's a writer. You are the director. Direct him.

DeMille leaves, passing gravestones a rickety old man.

INT. BUNGALOW. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - DAY

Miller's shaking fingers prick at the typewriter. An empty bottle of whisky at his side.

Kazan appears in the doorway.

ELIA KAZAN

You want to feel old?

ARTHUR MILLER

I mean... no?

INT. LOS ANGELES SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL. THEATER - NIGHT

Amused, Kazan and Miller stand in the back of the theater.

A packed house for *Death of a Salesman*. A 15 year old with baby powdered hair and a familiar distinct nose and a smooth, speedy monotone voice of DUSTIN HOFFMAN perfectly delivers:

YOUNG DUSTIN HOFFMAN

*After the highways, and the trains,  
and appointments, and the years,  
you end up more dead than alive.*

ARTHUR MILLER

He's good. A good Willy Loman.

ELIA KAZAN

My buddy Harry Hoffman's kid. Was a prop supervisor at Columbia. One of the first to get purged. Now he sells furniture in Van Nuys.

ARTHUR MILLER  
That poor bastard.

ELIA KAZAN  
Make THE HOOK more American.

ARTHUR MILLER  
More American? And what is that  
supposed to mean?

ELIA KAZAN  
It--

Someone in the back row SHHH's them.

ARTHUR MILLER  
I'm an American. I wrote it. It's  
American.

ELIA KAZAN  
Jesus, Arty. Just make it less pro-  
communist.

ARTHUR MILLER  
Pro-communist? It's about unionized  
dockworkers. Fighting injustice!  
What's more American than that?

SHHH!

ELIA KAZAN  
It could be considered socialist.

ARTHUR MILLER  
The 40 hour work week is socialist!  
Minimum wage is socialist! Social  
security! Medical leave! America is  
socialist!

SHHH!

ELIA KAZAN  
Just make one of the dockworkers a  
communist and the other guys find  
out so they toss him into the river  
or something!

ARTHUR MILLER  
You mean someone like you?

A FURIOUS BEAT

ELIA KAZAN

Just put it in the fucking script  
to appease DeMille and Cohn, and  
I'll never shoot the damn thing!

ARTHUR MILLER

Because the writing means nothing.  
Forgot about that.

Miller creeps out of the auditorium. Kazan drops the The Anatolian Smile. Follows Miller out.

EXT. LOS ANGELES SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT

A banner for "Arthur Miller's Death of a Salesman" drapes over the entrance as Kazan and Miller exit the building.

Kazan can't keep up with Miller as...

ELIA KAZAN

I'm going to testify to HUAC. And  
you're coming in with me.

Miller freezes. WHAT!?!?

ELIA KAZAN (CONT'D)

We go in. Executive session. Closed  
to all. No one will know.

ARTHUR MILLER

I would know.

ELIA KAZAN

They ask us who we saw. You saw me.  
I saw you. And we walk away  
untouchable to this town. We name  
each other. And we're done!

ARTHUR MILLER

None of that is the truth.

ELIA KAZAN

Nobody gives a shit about truth!

ARTHUR MILLER

They do about screwing.

ELIA KAZAN

Nobody's gonna get screwed.

ARTHUR MILLER

You were a communist for a year but  
you'll be remembered forever as a--

ELIA KAZAN  
 YOUR NAME IS ON THAT BANNER, ARTHUR  
 MILLER! YOUR NAME ECHOES THROUGH  
 ETERNITY! NOT MINE! YOURS!

ARTHUR MILLER  
 Wow, Gadge.

ELIA KAZAN  
 Do not call me, Gadge!

ARTHUR MILLER  
 Then stop being everyone's gadget.

The audience streams out of the theater.

ELIA KAZAN  
 Finish the script. Give it to me  
 when you're done. I need it. Now.

Miller is still for a moment. Pale. Then he steps closer to his former best friend. Nose to nose. Like fighters in the ring. Ready to put him in his place.

ARTHUR MILLER  
 I'm going home.

Miller leaves disappearing in the darkness.

ABE LASTFOGEL (PRELAP)  
 Is he finishing the rewrite or not?

ELIA KAZAN (PRELAP)  
 He didn't say.

INT. KAZAN'S HOME. LIVING ROOM. CULVER CITY - NIGHT

Kazan's on the phone. His agent on the other line.

ABE LASTFOGEL (ON THE PHONE)  
 You want to go back to New York and  
 do plays then do it. But you'll  
 lose everything! Everything you've  
 ever done out here. Gone! Elia.  
You. Will. Lose. Everything.

Kazan hangs the receiver on his shoulder. Terrified and confused as to what to do. Molly stands in the doorway.

ELIA KAZAN  
 I don't know what to--

MOLLY KAZAN

Yes, you do.

INT. NICK AND CHRIS' BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Kazan enters. Holding a glass of water. Both Nick and Chris are asleep. The type of sleep people can have when they have no cares in the world.

Kazan sits on Nick's bed. Puts the water on top of a stack of baseball cards on a nightstand.

He fidgets. Agitated. Nervous. Broken. He takes in his kids' room. The drawings. The toys. The life. The home.

Crossing to the boys dresser: a drawing of Nick's. Their house. The family. Big smiles. The home. An American flag on the porch.

Nick, still asleep, rolls over and drinks from the water glass. Then falls back into a deep, childlike safe slumber.

There, in the dark, as a father, Kazan makes his decision.

EXT. UNITED STATES CAPITOL BUILDING. WASHINGTON DC - DAY

Brewer meets Kazan on the steps.

ROY BREWER

Name yourself. Group Theater, The Men from Detroit, and anyone associated. Strasburg, Odets. All of them. And Arthur Miller.

ELIA KAZAN

Nobody knows? Nobody knows a thing?

ROY BREWER

Take it easy! We keep it hush hush.  
You give us what we want, and  
you'll get exactly what you want.  
Elia! You got my word!

Brewer heads up the steps. Kazan takes one last look around Washington. He sees TOURISTS, IMMIGRANTS, AND A TAXI... waiting for him at the bottom of the steps. The door is open as a WOMAN steps out.

Kazan watches it. His escape. But it leaves... passing the WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

ELIA KAZAN

You'll get what you want. The truth. But you won't get Arthur Miller.

Kazan storms by an even stormier Brewer.

INT. CAPITOL HEARING - DAY

Kazan sits in front of HUAC. Ready to testify.

ON SCREEN: **APRIL 9th, 1952**

He takes a deep sigh. Pulls the microphone closer to him.

ELIA KAZAN

Gentlemen. I wish to amend the testimony which I gave before you on January 14 of this year, by adding to it this letter and the accompanying sworn affidavit.

A FLURRY OF PHOTOS TAKEN. Flashes blind him. He flinches.

Brewer rises in the back and heads to the lobby.

ELIA KAZAN (CONT'D)

What we were asked to do was fourfold:...

CUTS TO:

INT. PAYPHONE IN THE LOBBY - DAY

Brewer's on the phone.

ROY BREWER

Hedda. Get your pen ready.

CUTS TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES UNION STATION - DAY

A train is ready for boarding. Miller waits for his turn. Reading and marking THE HOOK. He spots a NEWSPAPER nearby...

ELIA KAZAN (OVERLAP)

1. To educate ourselves in Marxist and Party doctrine. 2. To help the party get a foothold in the Actors Equity Association.

HEDDA HOPPER'S HEADLINE, "Elia Kazan Testifies: Names New York Reds. Read his FULL TESTIMONY."

CONDUCTOR  
Final destination?

ARTHUR MILLER  
Home. New York City. Thank you.

Miller almost drops THE HOOK into a garbage can. Stops himself. Puts it in his suitcase. Boards the train for home.

RETURNS TO:

INT. CAPITOL HEARING - DAY

Kazan continues. Wiping sweat from his quivering upper lip.

ELIA KAZAN  
3. To support various "front"  
organizations in the Party; And  
4.....

His voice cracks. He clears his throat and chugs water, as if trying to drench the guilt out of his mouth. A BEAT.

ELIA KAZAN (CONT'D)  
And 4. To try to capture Group  
Theater and make it a communist  
mouthpiece. Other active communists  
members of the Group Theater acting  
company were the following.....

**VARIOUS SHOTS:** The newspaper lands on the front steps of every Broadway theater on the strip. Then the hands of Bogart, Corey, Losey in England. They all shake their heads.

ELIA KAZAN (PRELAP) (CONT'D)  
They printed it?

INT. KAZAN'S HOME. CULVER CITY - DAY

MANIA! Kazan slams pages of the same newspaper. Intently staring into it like a puzzle's clues hidden inside. A stack of HATE MAIL on his table.

Molly holds a crying child. Trying to soothe both.

ELIA KAZAN

(reading the letters)

"I will continue to greet you warmly in public but know that I join my fellow actors in damning your name as a stool pigeon." And this one! "Take your commie pinko ass and go back to Russia!" They despise me! The Right and the Left!

MOLLY KAZAN

(re: the child)

Elia! Stop!

ELIA KAZAN

Molly! These were sent from INSIDE THE STUDIOS! From inside this town! Holy shit! What have I done? Nobody's gonna work with me! Nobody! It's over! I'm done!

Kazan is too stunned to hear her.

MOLLY KAZAN

Who, Elia! Who would do this!?!?

On KAZAN, tightening.

ROY BREWER (PRELAP)

Hello, Mrs. Miller. I'm from the Motion Picture Alliance for the Preservation of American Ideals. I know that's quite a mouthful.

INT. MILLER'S UPPER EAST SIDE MANHATTAN APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mary flips through photographs with quivering hands. Photographs of Monroe and Miller having sex.

Roy Brewer sits across from her. He smirks with glee. Sliding another photo to Mary.

ROY BREWER

But not nearly as much of a mouthful as this photo here.

Mary's quivers turn into a damn earthquake.

MUSIC: "Wheel of Fortune" by Kay Starr over intercutting:

INT. KAZAN'S HOME. BEDROOM. CULVER CITY - NIGHT

Kazan puts on his tuxedo jacket under the watchful eye of Nick. He catches the boy's loving glances in the mirror.

EXT. PANTAGES THEATER - DAY

Kazan exits a limo with Molly. The crowd parts for him. Nobody wants to be seen or connected. Reporters snapping photos. Nobody says a word.

**TITLE CARD: MARCH 20TH, 1952 - OSCAR NIGHT**

He reaches Feldman. They cross into the theater.

Kazan looks behind him at the gathered crowd - divided, some cheer for him, others stare in absolute abhorrence.

THE SOUND OF FLASHBULBS becomes THE SOUNDS OF BROKEN DISHES.

CUT TO:

MILLER'S UPPER EAST SIDE APARTMENT - NIGHT

The Oscars on the television. Miller dodges thrown plates and cups. The kids cry. Mary's manic.

He tries to console her. She grabs her two kids and rushes into the bedroom. Slamming the door and Miller outside.

RONALD COLEMAN (PRELAP)  
*The Oscar for Best Actress goes to*

CUT TO:

INSIDE PANTAGES THEATER

RONALD COLEMAN  
Vivien Leigh. For Streetcar!

Kazan applauds in his seat. He hugs Leigh and watches her take to the podium. Waiting his turn.

CUT TO:

GRAND CENTRAL STATION

Monroe steps off the train. Miller grabs her hand.

ARTHUR MILLER  
We're not staying here.

MONROE  
Where are we going?

CLAI'RE TREVOR (PRELAP)  
Best Supporting Actor goes to...

CUT TO:

OSCARS

Karl Malden accepts his trophy as we hear...

CLAI'RE TREVOR (V.O.)  
Karl Malden! For Streetcar!

Kazan smiles. Looks down the row at Feldman. THEN...

GEORGE SANDERS (O.C.)  
Kim Hunter. Streetcar Named Desire!

Hunter rises. Kazan applauds harder. CLOSER.

CUT TO:

HAVANA, CUBA. BEACH - NIGHT

Waves reach Monroe's toes. Miller tosses the newspaper announcing Kazan's testimony into a fire pit. Then THE HOOK.

JOE MANKIEWICZ (PRELAP)  
And the Oscar for Best Director...

CUT TO:

OSCARS

Kazan shifts in his seat. Leans forward to stand up more efficiently, gracefully, quicker. A quick look at Brewer--

JOE MANKIEWICZ  
George Stevens! An American in  
Paris!

Our loud whisperer George Stevens leaps to his seat in front of a stunned Kazan. Shakes hands all around him. Kazan too dazed to see it offered to him. He falls back in his seat.

CUT TO:

EXT. PLAYA BOCA CIEGA BEACH. HAVANA, CUBA - NIGHT

THE HOOK burns in a fire pit. Monroe and Miller walk down the beach holding hands. The glowing ashes rise into the night.

Indistinguishable from the stars above.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

A FAMILIAR VOICE BREAKS THE DARKNESS:

YOUNG JACK NICHOLSON (PRELAP)  
*But, soft! What light through  
 yonder window breaks!*

EXT. JEFF COREY'S BACKYARD. 1973 CHEREMOYA AVENUE - NIGHT

A makeshift theater stage. Lamps you'd find in a living room used as stage lights.

Two young actors with familiar faces, both in their late teens, reenact a familiar scene:

YOUNG JACK NICHOLSON  
 Alas! It's a grow house! And Juliet  
 is the sun!

A circle of seated students LAUGH at...

YOUNG DENNIS HOPPER  
 Romeo, O' Romeo. Whatcha need,  
 Romeo? Got Durban Poison, Afghani,  
 Lamb's Bread, Acapulco Gold...

YOUNG JACK NICHOLSON  
 I'm no pilot, yet I would adventure  
 for such merchandise!

YOUNG DENNIS HOPPER  
 Look, man. Why don't you cool down  
 a bit before we do this, huh? Some  
 serious bad vibes from you, man.

YOUNG JACK NICHOLSON  
 Oh! That you should leave me so  
 unsatisfied!

The students BURST INTO LAUGHTER AND APPLAUSE.

Jeff Corey emerges. He looks older now, perhaps it's the youthful faces around him, or the hardness of his new life.

JEFF COREY

Resurrecting Act 2, Scene 2 between a weed dealer and his star-crossed beatnik buyer? Clever.

(to the students)

We channel the intentions of our characters - to embrace their need and desires with that of our own.

That is Method Acting. It's Russian. It's Stanislavski. It's Broadway. It's Marlon Brando. Names forever intertwined. To Romeo love is a drug. An addiction. And he will sacrifice everything to attain that drug, including the ones he loves. He--

He spots KAZAN watching from the side of the house. So do the students. Murmur under their breath: "Rat." "Squealer."

JEFF COREY (CONT'D)

Take ten. No, make it five.

LATER,

Students rehearse in the background. Corey makes Kazan a drink from an outdoor cocktail bar. He eyes the top shelf liquors first...

ELIA KAZAN

Great little setup you got here.

JEFF COREY

When the fire department doesn't try to shut me down.

ELIA KAZAN

Studios still send you talent to teach Method Acting, eh?

Corey chuckles. Switches to bottom shelf liquors.

JEFF COREY

I teach people, not things. And these people found me on their own.

ELIA KAZAN

Any of them good?

JEFF COREY  
 Will be. Dennis and Jack you just  
 saw. Warren and Jane over there.  
 But the one to watch is that one.

He points at a sullen, withdrawn **JAMES DEAN (22)**. Pouty eyes  
 and lips. Separated from the others. A beautiful outcast.

JEFF COREY (CONT'D)  
 That's James. James Dean. He's  
 hungry. Angry. Never satisfied. He  
 could be great. Plus the ladies go  
 ga-ga for him.

ELIA KAZAN  
 Never hurts.

Corey hands Kazan his bottom-shelf drink. He made nothing for  
 himself. They start a stroll to the front of the house.

JEFF COREY  
 Let's go for a little walk. No work  
 from the studios?

ELIA KAZAN  
 Not since the Oscars. No talent  
 wants to work with a loser.

JEFF COREY  
 Or a cooperative informant.

ELIA KAZAN  
 (stutters at that)  
 I guess there was no choice. In  
 what we did. The outcome is the  
 same. Someone's gonna shame you. No  
 matter what you do.

JEFF COREY  
 I have no shame.

ELIA KAZAN  
 Neither do I.

JEFF COREY  
 Then why are you here?

Kazan says nothing. Corey chuckles.

JEFF COREY (CONT'D)  
 There's always a more decent  
 choice. Even when the outcome is  
 the same.

ELIA KAZAN

I didn't come out here to have an ethics debate, Jeff.

JEFF COREY

And I'd never invite you over to have one.

They stop at the gate. Corey looks back at his students.

JEFF COREY (CONT'D)

These people will never understand you. Or why you did what you did. To them, you always had a choice. And chose wrong. That's how they'll remember you. Forever.

ELIA KAZAN

So fucking what? They're kids!

JEFF COREY

And my roots. This is my home.

Corey shuts the gate. Kazan's on the other side. Realizes that Corey's "little walk" was to lead him off his property.

JEFF COREY (CONT'D)

Go back to yours.

Corey leaves calling the names of his students to gather. Kazan seethes. Leaves. Backyard LAUGHTER plays him out.

INT. KAZAN'S HOME. CULVER CITY - DAY

SHOTS OF KAZAN making phone calls. Lastfogel, DeMille, Brando, Feldman, Cohn. No one takes his call. Getting desperate. Pacing the room. Rubbing his face. The town has closed its doors on him.

Molly enters. Sits on the chair's arm. Kazan rests his head on his wife. She kisses the top of his head.

IN THEIR SILENCE, they make a decision...

...to go home...

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS - BROADWAY, 1950's.

- Names on Marquees. Legendary performers and performances. *Guys and Dolls, The King and I, My Fair Lady, The Sound of Music, Gypsy, Our Town.*

- Lines of THEATER GOERS running down blocks. The glory. The height. The Magic.

INT. MOROSCO THEATER - DAY

*The Flowering Peach* is in rehearsal. The manic and the jitters of the pre-opening night.

Kazan enters with Molly holding hands.

CLIFFORD ODETS (O.C.)  
Gadge? Gadge, is that you?

REVEAL, Clifford Odets watches from the theater seats. Sickly and frail. But happy to see his old chum.

CLIFFORD ODETS (CONT'D)  
Hi ya, Gadge.

INT. MOROSCO THEATER. STAGE WINGS - MOMENTS LATER

Kazan and Odets have a moment alone.

ELIA KAZAN  
(re: the stage)  
What's this?

CLIFFORD ODETS  
*The Flowering Peach!* It's... it's a  
modern take on the Noah's Ark  
story. It's good. It's a... uhm...

A BEAT, then both burst into laughter.

CLIFFORD ODETS (CONT'D)  
Oh God it's so bad, Gadge! It's  
horrible! I can't believe I even  
wrote this! What was I thinking!?!?

ELIA KAZAN  
No more Gadge, Clifffy. Ok?

CLIFFORD ODETS  
(a silent understanding)  
Hear about Miller? Mary left him.  
Took the kids to Connecticut.

INT. MILLER'S UPPER EAST SIDE MANHATTAN APARTMENT - DAY

Miller sits at his typewriter. Staring off into space. Blank pages all around him.

CLIFFORD ODETS (V.O.)  
*He married Marilyn Monroe, can you  
believe that! THE Marilyn Monroe!*

*Monroe wraps her arms around him from behind. Kisses his  
cheek. Miller tries to write after she leaves. Nope.*

ELIA KAZAN  
*Good. Good for him.*

CLIFFORD ODETS  
*And he's working on something. Says  
it's for you. Call him.*

He hands Kazan a phone number on a napkin. Kazan smiles.  
Nothing Anatolian about it. His friendship rekindled.

ELIA KAZAN  
*He's finishing The Hook? Arty,  
Arty, Arty.*

CLIFFORD ODETS  
*Says it'll be bigger than Salesman!*

ELIA KAZAN  
*He's writing a play?*

CLIFFORD ODETS  
*Of course he's writing a play! He's  
Arthur Miller! And it's for you!*

Kazan considers it. A *play*? Sighs in resignation. He folds  
the paper to put in his pocket. Pauses---

CLIFFORD ODETS (CONT'D)  
*I guess I should thank you.*

ELIA KAZAN  
*I gave your name to McCarthy. What  
could you possibly thank me for?*

A LONG BEAT. Kazan sits still stunned as...

CLIFFORD ODETS  
*You turned us into heroes! We were  
going to testify, ya know? All of  
us! Name you. Name each other. The  
world would see us as stool pigeon  
assholes, but, hey, we'd be able to  
work! But then you come along. And  
you testify for us! You named us  
and the Men From Detroit scattered  
as far away as they could. And we  
come out looking like heroes.*

ELIA KAZAN

And Arty knew about this?

CLIFFORD ODETS

Arty knew about what?

ELIA KAZAN

That you were going to testify.

CLIFFORD ODETS

You know how he gets! Mr.  
Principled, Abe Lincoln. He--

Kazan crushes Miller's phone number in his hand.

Kazan storms out to the stage. Mid-rehearsal, he knocks the script out of the hands of the LEAD ACTOR.

Kazan passes Molly. She chases him out.

EXT. BROOKLYN WATERFRONT DOCKS - NIGHT

Kazan and Molly are in the same spot Kazan once shared with Miller. The water is serene. The cars pass on the Brooklyn Bridge above.

But Kazan storms in a deep seething anger the likes we've never seen. A titanic rage launching a thousand ships.

ELIA KAZAN

He tried to fuck me, Molly!

MOLLY KAZAN

Arthur would never--

ELIA KAZAN

He knew they were going to testify!  
That they were going to name me!  
And then I'd be called to McCarthy  
and he knew I'd say nothing and my  
Hollywood career would be OVER!

He smashes a piece of driftwood into the mighty arm of the Brooklyn Bridge. A feeble attempt to take it down. For Molly, the idea of Miller setting up Kazan is preposterous.

MOLLY KAZAN

Why? Why would Arthur do that?

ELIA KAZAN

For his play, Molly! His fucking  
Hook play! This was his plan the  
entire time!

ELIA KAZAN (CONT'D)  
 Make me fail out here to force me  
 home back east. To do HIS PLAY! So  
 HE can be Mr. King Shit Broadway  
 again! Piece of shit can't do  
 anything on his own! That disloyal,  
 cheating, betraying cocksucker  
 wanted to RUIN ME!

MOLLY KAZAN  
 You still have your name.

ELIA KAZAN  
 Not until it's on a damn Oscar!

A RUCKUS OFF SCREEN. They look back.

Behind them sits a ROUGH WATERFRONT BAR. How we didn't see or  
 hear it before is baffling! Laughter and mayhem inside.

Kazan launches towards it.

INT. MONTERO'S WATERFRONT BAR - MOMENTS LATER

The sharpest contrast from the serenity of the waterfront  
 itself. Full of half-tanked longshoreman and switchblade boys  
 who'd slice your throat for looking at them the wrong way.

HOARSE LAUGHTER and GLIB JOKES as Molly and Kazan enter.

Those 75 men Miller once pontificated going home a failure  
 after making nothing of their lives? They don't go home.

They come here.

Kazan spots the source of the ruckus. A FISTFIGHT.

Three ROUGH DOCKWORKERS fight ONE MAN. He has a bloodied  
 broken nose... probably for the fourth time in his life. His  
 dark curly pile of hair spits sweat down his face.

ELIA KAZAN  
 Jesus Christ.

MOLLY KAZAN  
 You know that man?

ELIA KAZAN  
 Yeah. I know that man.

THE BLOODY MAN is defeated. But he keeps throwing punches  
 into the air. Until exhaustion beats him and he collapses.

ELIA KAZAN (CONT'D)  
It's Budd Schulberg.

CORNER BOOTH - MOMENTS LATER

**BUDD SCHULBERG** (The Bloodied Man) shares the booth and beers with his THREE PUGILIST PALS. All four chummy and liquored up, draped on each other like boys who just fought a war.

BUDD SCHULBERG  
(drunken rant)  
Fuck Hollywood. I ain't goin' back!

Kazan and Molly sit across from the tipsy foursome. Someone CACKLES nearby, catching Molly's attention.

MOLLY KAZAN  
This is it, isn't it?

BUDD SCHULBERG  
So what? I named those commie  
assholes for ruining my book. What  
are they gonna do to me? Huh? My  
father runs Paramount Studios!

MOLLY KAZAN  
From your script! *The Golden  
Warrior*. Where the dockworkers go  
when they don't get the job! This  
is where Terry takes Edie!

Schulberg watches her. A twinkle in his sobered eyes.

ELIA KAZAN  
Who the hell is Terry and Edie?

Schulberg and Molly share a wry look.

MOMENTS LATER

IN THE BOOTH, Molly is alone with the THREE PUGILISTS. Teaching her how to take shots. And she's very good at it.

Kazan and Schulberg sit at the bar.

BUDD SCHULBERG  
Spent a year researching my script  
here. Terry Malloy's the *Golden  
Warrior*. A dockworker who gets  
pushed too far by the mob.

BUDD SCHULBERG (CONT'D)  
 Emboldened by the waterfront  
 Priest, he takes the entire thing  
 down. I guess Miller read the same  
 articles I did.

(looking at Molly)  
 She's a good woman. Keep her.

ELIA KAZAN  
 Married?

BUDD SCHULBERG  
 Enough ex's to field a baseball  
 team.  
 (to the bartender)  
 Hey Nettles! Two Glockenheimers.

Nettles the Bartender drops off two Glockenheimer beers.

BUDD SCHULBERG (CONT'D)  
 Germans. Couldn't kill me with  
 bullets. But they'll get me with  
 liver failure.

He chugs the beer down the hatch. Elia does the same.

BUDD SCHULBERG (CONT'D)  
 Now you're alive.

He waves for more beers. Bartender obliges.

BUDD SCHULBERG (CONT'D)  
 (partially belittling)  
 So let's tighten your tale of woe  
 here: you're an immigrant kid. Your  
 dad wants to make this country his  
 home. He fails. So you give it a  
 shot. Fall in with communists. Quit  
 communists. Move to Hollywood.  
 Career is threatened because of  
 communists. You testify to McCarthy  
 to keep your career and win that  
 Oscar. Do everything you're told to  
 win that Oscar, but lose it anyway.  
 Leave anything out?

ELIA KAZAN  
 Can't believe you caught all that  
 with that much booze in you.

BUDD SCHULBERG  
 Punches to the head can do that for  
 a man. What the hell do you need an  
 Oscar for?

ELIA KAZAN

My father wanted us to be American.  
I thought if I--

BUDD SCHULBERG

You thought an Oscar would make you  
American? Get outta here with that!

ON KAZAN, *Gozomuz Yok.*

BUDD SCHULBERG (CONT'D)

Alright. Why'd ya lose then?

ELIA KAZAN

Cuz I was a communist. Why'd you  
testify to HUAC?

BUDD SCHULBERG

Because they were communists.

ELIA KAZAN

So were you.

BUDD SCHULBERG

I also signed the Nazi death  
warrants at Nuremberg and liberated  
Auschwitz. You ever been in a fight  
before, Kazan?

Schulberg cracks his knuckles. Kazan shakes. Wondering if he  
crossed a line.

BUDD SCHULBERG (CONT'D)

You can beat any man if he fears  
you. But if you fear him, he'll  
knock your ass out every time.

Schulberg drunkenly leans in.

BUDD SCHULBERG (CONT'D)

You didn't lose the Oscar because  
you were a communist; you lost  
because nobody feared you.

Schulberg chugs his beer and SLAMS it down on the bar top.

BUDD SCHULBERG (CONT'D)

But, oh boy, they should now.

Kazan soaks in that for a beat.

BUDD SCHULBERG (CONT'D)

And here we are. The grittiest  
Hollywood director, a drunken war  
veteran scribe, in this shit hole  
with a story to tell. A neither of  
us have the right to tell it.

He tosses his empty beer bottle across the room. Gets no  
reaction from anyone.

ON KAZAN, the wheels turning.

ELIA KAZAN

I know who does.

INT. CHARLIE FELDMAN'S OFFICE. BURBANK - DAY

Schulberg and Kazan sit across Feldman. He swings a croquet  
mallet around half-heartedly directly at...

ELIA KAZAN

Ya kidding me, Charlie?

CHARLIE FELDMAN

It's called CinemaScope.  
Widescreen! All the new directors  
use it. Warner Bros. set its entire  
output to it for the next three  
years. There's no money in the  
budget for your little Waterfront  
story. Maybe next year. Or...

ELIA KAZAN

Or?

CHARLIE FELDMAN

You buy the rights. From me. Do it  
yourself.

He takes a swing at an imaginary ball that would hit Kazan if  
it existed.

INT. HOLLYWOOD STATE BANK, HOLLYWOOD BLVD AND 20TH - DAY

Cute Bank Teller snaps her head up. Excited to see her ticket  
to fame and fortune... flirty...

CUTE BANK TELLER

Mr. Kazan, what can I do for you?

ELIA KAZAN

Home mortgage officer.

INT. MILLER'S UPPER EAST SIDE MANHATTAN APARTMENT - DAY

Monroe drapes out the window. A PHOTOGRAPHER snaps her photo as she smiles above Central Park below.

INSIDE HIS WRITING ROOM, Miller stares at his typewriter's empty page. Blocked.

A man slips inside his apartment, long faced, with an athlete's build and gangster's stare. **JOE DIMAGGIO**. He has a NEWSPAPER tucked under his arm. He places it on a side table.

The PHOTOGRAPHER greets DiMaggio warmly.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Marilyn. Meet my good friend. New York Yankees centerfielder, Joltin' Joe DiMaggio!

MARILYN MONROE

How do you do, Joe?

His best smile.

JOE DIMAGGIO

Mrs. Miller. Ever been to a ballgame before?

MARILYN MONROE

No, I haven't, Joe.

He kisses her hand. Miller crumples another ball of paper in the back room. Monroe winces at it.

BACK TO MILLER, he yanks out another sheet of paper and stacks it alongside others. Behind him, Marilyn and DiMaggio slip down the hallway and leave the apartment together.

Miller puts in a new sheet of paper as...

THE DOOR SLAMS. Miller turns

ARTHUR MILLER

Marilyn?

He steps out of his writing room to the apartment.

ARTHUR MILLER (CONT'D)

Norma Jean---?

Realizes he's alone. Checks the newspaper DiMaggio left behind:

VARIETY HEADLINE: "HUAC informant Kazan Returns With 'Crimes on the Waterfront' script written by Budd Schulberg."

INT. MILLER'S UPPER EAST SIDE MANHATTAN APARTMENT - NIGHT

The apartment is TRASHED. So is Miller. Alone on the phone.

ARTHUR MILLER

If one word from that rat fink  
turns up in my story, I swear--

INTERCUTS WITH:

INT. KAZAN'S HOME. CULVER CITY - DAY

Kazan on the phone.

ELIA KAZAN

I bought the rights from Charlie  
Feldman. It's my story now.

ARTHUR MILLER

With my money!

ELIA KAZAN

You said do what I want with it. Do  
yourself a favor, Arty. Get that  
19th Century Puritan wife back.  
Take her to Salem for a week or  
so... see if you can convince her  
you're a good man again.

Kazan hangs up.

Miller hangs up. Stares at an empty women's closet. Calm.

THEN HE EXPLODES. Rage and suffering and hunger bursts out.

- TRASHES THE ROOM

- TRASHES THE CLOSET

- TRASHES THE BOOK SHELF. BOOKS TUMBLING.

- RAISES THE TYPEWRITER ABOVE HIS HEAD TO SMASH--

Stops. Thinks.

EUREKA!

He crosses over to the fallen books. Leafing through them.  
Finds the ones he's looking for. Stacks them.

THE SPINES, *The Salem Witchcraft Trials, The Devil in Massachusetts, The Witches: Salem, 1692. Tryals Demonic and Un-Natural of New England.*

*Miller sits at his desk. Aligns his typewriter with his chest. Takes a deep breath.*

*He TYPES a single letter... then another... and another... fast... then faster... then faster... INSPIRED.*

ALONE. INSPIRED. ON HIS OWN

RETURNING TO: KAZAN'S LIVING ROOM, Kazan hangs up looks at Molly. Gives her a cold nod. Walks into the KITCHEN. Finding Schulberg waiting for him at the breakfast table.

BUDD SCHULBERG  
We still need a money guy.

END INTERCUTTING:

EXT. SP EAGLE'S HOUSE. BEL AIR - DAY

TIGHT ON, ANOTHER BUMPER we've seen elsewhere: held up with bailing wire, and a broken taillight. SP EAGLE's CAR.

Kazan and Schulberg bounce up the steps.

INT. SP EAGLE'S HOUSE. BEL AIR - DAY

Barren inside. You can see where the elegant paintings once adorned the walls. Bare wires dangle from where a crystal chandelier once hung. Dog shit on the floor.

BEDROOM, SP Eagle is drunk in bed. Silk sheets pulled over his head. Kazan and Schulberg sit in chairs at the foot.

ELIA KAZAN  
Sam! Sam, I swear to God you're gonna love it. We shoot it in black and white. Timeless! It's gonna look great!

SP EAGLE  
It's not gonna look great, it's gonna look like black and white horseshit. It's gonna look old!

ELIA KAZAN  
You said we'd be walking down the aisles of the Pantages together!

SP EAGLE  
With my Arabian movie!

ELIA KAZAN  
We do this first! Then your Arabian movie. Picture it! The New York harbor with the skyline across the - Sam! Even in black and white! It's gonna look [great]---

Eagle tightens the blankets in an act of defiance.

Schulberg rolls the script up. Wallops Eagle with it like a prisoner's sock full of soap.

BUDD SCHULBERG  
GET! THE! HELL! UP! AND! READ!  
THIS! SCRIPT!

Eagle reluctantly bounces out of bed. The guy is WELL IN THE BAG. Dark circles under his eyes

SP EAGLE  
I'm up! I'm up!

He drags the tossed script onto his bed.

SP EAGLE (CONT'D)  
Somebody... brew me some coffee.

ELIA KAZAN  
How do you take it?

SP EAGLE  
Irish. With a little bit of coffee.

LATER, Kazan enters carrying a tray of coffee and whisky.

Eagle's on the phone. Sobered and in mid-pitch. The Golden Warrior script open in front of him. Schulberg's beaming, the script in his lap.

SP EAGLE (CONT'D)  
(pitching into the phone)  
Gritty, dark, black and white.  
Classic! The greatest script I've ever read and I'm not just sayin' that. An Elia Kazan picture.  
(beat to listen)  
Marlon! Marlon! I know you won't work with a rat, but this is gonna be timeless! It's KAZAN! It's gonna be the greatest film in the history of cinema! And you are the lead!

SP EAGLE (CONT'D)  
 (a defeated beat)  
 I understand. I do. I guess I'll  
 offer it to my second choice guy.  
 (beat)  
 Who? Oh! Frank. Old Blue Eyes.

Eagle gives a whimsical wink at Kazan. Kazan smiles.

SP EAGLE (CONT'D)  
 (into the phone)  
 Bringing it to you now! Wait. What  
 conditions?

EXT. MARLON BRANDO'S HOUSE - DAY

Eagle exits TRIUMPHANT. Kazan and Schulberg eager to hear...

SP EAGLE  
 Brando gets to leave the set every  
 day at 4 to see his therapist.

ELIA KAZAN  
 I can make that work. Ok. A studio.  
 Columbia. We go to Harry Cohn and--

SP EAGLE  
 Cohn's a vindictive prick! Won't  
 work with me after Queen went over  
 budget! No way!

BUDD SCHULBERG  
 He'll work with you. Or he goes to  
 prison. He's been skimming from the  
 top for the last twenty years.

SP EAGLE  
 How do you know that?

Kazan hops in the drivers seat, Schulberg at his side. Eagle  
 in the back.

BUDD SCHULBERG  
 My dad has his financial papers.  
 He's the head of a rival movie  
 studio! He's a vindictive prick  
 too! All of them are.

Kazan smirks. They drive off.

EXT. KAZAN'S HOME. BACK YARD. CULVER CITY - DAY

A SCRIPT READ/ RUN-THROUGH. Everyone there, but no cameras.

Set up much like Jeff Corey's, Kazan directs **MARLON BRANDO** and **EVA MARIE SAINT** through a scene. Saint's glove falls off. Brando, impromptu, picks it up and tenderly tries to put it on his own meaty hand.

WATCHED by Molly... through the kitchen window.

Saint looks SO MUCH like Marilyn Monroe.

Molly straightens her dress. The phone rings. She answers it.

Kazan hears the phone ringing from outside.

KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Kazan pours himself a coffee. Eager to get back out there. Completely unaware of Molly seething doing dishes.

ELIA KAZAN

My God! The chemistry between those two! Did you see what he did with the glove? I got to remember that when we shoot in Hoboken.

MOLLY KAZAN

Why are these people in my home? Why isn't this happening at a studio? You haven't been paid in two years! Who's paying for this?

Gozomuz Yok. He sips his coffee.

MOLLY KAZAN (CONT'D)

The bank called. Did you mortgage our home? Did you risk our home, the roof above our children's heads, to do this? A movie! This--

ELIA KAZAN

I did.

MOLLY KAZAN

Why did you do that?

ELIA KAZAN

Because it's mine.

Kazan puts his coffee down and leaves. She watches him return outside and talk to his crew. He goes straight to Saint, puts his hands on her hips. Easing her into the next scene.

Molly finishes her final dish and puts it in the drainer.

The rest of the dishes she leaves soaking in the sink.

Molly's done with the dishes.

INT. HARRY COHN'S OFFICE - DAY

A steadfast Cohn peers over his beloved Mussolini photograph.

HARRY COHN

No.

Schulberg, Kazan, and Eagle stare the titan down. Schulberg seethes at the photo of the Italian dictator he once sparred with. Lost his friends to. He's becoming enraged.

ELIA KAZAN

It's an incredible package deal! We got the best in this city! We have Brando. We have Leonard Bernstein composing! The best of the best!

HARRY COHN

(re: Eagle)

That son of a bitch went half a million dollars over budget on his last picture and almost killed my two biggest stars with dysentery!

The trio seethe.

HARRY COHN (CONT'D)

And funny how Arthur Miller's not in this. Coward runs out of town the moment he's told to make my picture more Americ--

Schulberg explodes. Backhands the Mussolini photograph off the desk. It smashes against a back wall.

BUDD SCHULBERG

My dad has your financial papers, you crook.

HARRY COHN

Go fuck yourself!

BUDD SCHULBERG

Want to open the books on African Queen numbers here or down at the courthouse, you embezzling crook?

HARRY COHN

I own everyone in that courthouse!

ELIA KAZAN

Shut up. Both of you shut up.

As calm... and as terrifying... as all Hell.

ELIA KAZAN (CONT'D)

We're not going to the courthouse. We're not gonna open any financial papers. Instead, we're going to the town. To let everyone know that we're telling my good friend Joseph McCarthy that Harry Cohn, President of Columbia Pictures, turned down three patriotic men--

HARRY COHN

Three patriotic rat finks who stabbed their friends in the back! This town will love me for it!

ELIA KAZAN

Turned them down because they broke the photo of a Communist Anti-American dictator that he kept on his desk.

HARRY COHN

You won't say shit to McCarthy.

ELIA KAZAN

I don't have to tell McCarthy a thing. Just tell everyone I will.

Cohn gulps.

SP EAGLE

The New York skyline above the Hudson! The gray buildings, the blue sky and water. It's gonna--

ELIA KAZAN

Black and white, Eagle.

SP EAGLE

It's gonna look great, Harry!

EXT. HOBOKEN DOCKS - DAY (CLOUDY)

It looks horrible. Kazan and his Director of Photography **BORIS KAUFMAN** stare at a dark, gray sky across the harbor - the city of New York barely visible through the fog. REAL DOCKWORKERS linger about as extras. Shivering.

BORIS KAUFMAN  
Can't see Manhattan back there. We  
wait for the fog to lift. Then--

ELIA KAZAN  
This is it. This is the shot. Let's  
get it. Now.

ON KAUFMAN, huh?

ELIA KAZAN (CONT'D)  
ALRIGHT PEOPLE, LET'S SET IT UP--

Kazan turns to get everyone at their marks. Spots a DARK CAR with TWO DARK SUITED MEN inside. Eagle arrives.

SP EAGLE  
(re: the car)  
The mob. The real mob. They control  
the docks. Been payin' them off to  
let us film here. I wasn't gonna  
tell ya, Kazan. I'll take care of--

Kazan storms towards the car. Nearby Schulberg sees what's happening and pursues him. So does Eagle.

Kazan grabs one of the dockworkers' HOOKS from a table without missing a stride. Wields it like a weapon.

ELIA KAZAN  
Hey! Hey!

The Men in the car open the door for a fight.

Kazan SLAMS the HOOK into the HOOD of the car. Piercing the hood multiple times. Steam bursts from the engine. The Men leap back into the car and it skids away.

The Dockworkers cheer and gather around Kazan. Accept him as their own.

ELIA KAZAN (CONT'D)  
(sweaty and out of breath)  
Let's get to work!

The crew and dockworkers cheer and do as they're told. Schulberg pats Kazan on the back.

INT. COLUMBIA PICTURES - SCREENING ROOM - NIGHT

Kazan, Eagle, and Schulberg watch the final cut of the film:

A beaten *TERRY MALLOY/MARLON BRANDO* stumbles into the Hoboken dock. His fellow dockworkers follow him like Moses to the Promised Land. Finally handed the God given right to work.

**CREDITS APPEAR ON THEIR SCREEN:** "CRIMES ON THE WATERFRONT: FIRST CUT" Written by Budd Schulberg. And produced by SP EAGLE. Directed by Elia Kazan..."

The film pauses. Kazan's name larger than life on screen.

Eagle and Schulberg turn to face Harry Cohn in the back of the theater. His hand removes his glasses. Wipes his eyes.

He rises. Schulberg springs up to greet him - ready for the accolades. Smiling, Cohn saunters to the filmmakers.

Eagle and Kazan stay seated.

Cohn passes Schulberg and his outstretched hand. Straight to the seated Kazan. Schulberg dies inside.

HARRY COHN  
It's perfect, Kazan. Like life. The  
greatest American film of all time.  
I'll see you at the Pantages.

The titan turns to leave. Schulberg still in shock. Stops...

HARRY COHN (CONT'D)  
Change the name. "On The  
Waterfront." Sounds better.

Schulberg helplessly watches Eagle have a whispered conversation with Kazan. Last minute changes.

He grabs his things and leaves.

MOMENTS LATER, Kazan and Eagle go over any last minute cuts with the film's editor, GENE MILFORD.

ELIA KAZAN  
Cut all of Rod's improvised lines  
from the cab scene. Keep the focus  
on Brando. The Coulda Been A  
Contender speech. Anything that's  
not about Rod's betrayal to his  
brother, I want scrapped.

GENE MILFORD  
You got it, Elia.

Milford leaves. Eagle follows. Stops at...

ELIA KAZAN

Put your name on this, Sam. Your  
real name. Not SP Eagle. *ON THE  
WATERFRONT*: An Elia Kazan Film.  
Produced by... Sam Spiegel.

SAM SPIEGEL/SP EAGLE

It's your story. Do what you want.

He plods away. Pauses.

SAM SPIEGEL/SP EAGLE (CONT'D)

My Arabian movie is next? The TE  
Lawrence film. Right, Elia?

Kazan slips deep into his seat. Keeps his eyes on the screen.

Eagle notes Kazan is steadfast SILENT. In awe of the screen  
in front of him. Paused with ELIA KAZAN's name blazing on it.

ELIA KAZAN

Play it again. From the top.

The film restarts as Eagle leaves.

DISSOLVES TO:

INT. PANTAGES THEATER, BALLROOM - NIGHT

It's OSCAR NIGHT. The Pantages Theater Ballroom BOOMS with  
tuxedos and ballgowns as Hollywood's elite descend from the  
theater for a night of regal fanfare.

"**ELIA KAZAN'S**" is spelled out in enormous six foot letters  
with *ON THE WATERFRONT* beneath it. Smaller. It looks so  
similar to the DeMille marquee we saw back in New York.

PANNING, A NEVER-ENDING ROW OSCAR WINNER TROPHIES ON A TABLE

All for ON THE WATERFRONT, we can read...

- Best Editing, GENE MILFORD
- Best Art Direction, RICHARD DAY
- Best Cinematography, BORIS KAUFMAN
- Best Actress, EVA MARIE SAINT
- Best Actor, MARLON BRANDO
- Best Writing, BUDD SCHULBERG

- Best Picture, SAM SPIEGEL

And...

- Best Director, ELIA KAZAN

**TITLE CARD: PANTAGES THEATER, OSCAR NIGHT, MARCH 27th, 1955**

We swirl with the elite for a few beats as they sip their champagne, tell their war tales, and celebrate.

IN THE BACKSTAGE WINGS

Kazan and SP Eagle/Sam Spiegel, both in tuxedos, working on the next big Hollywood project. Both men are relaxed. Kazan holds his OSCAR TIGHT in CROSSED ARMS.

SP EAGLE/SAM SPIEGEL  
You can have anyone in this town!  
Get yourself an established name!

ELIA KAZAN  
Don't need one, Sam.

Kazan spots ARTHUR MILLER approaching. Miller holds a script.

ELIA KAZAN (CONT'D)  
Find the kid. Bring him to me.

Kazan shoves Eagle off with a gesture of his head. Eagle leaves, passing Miller, but doesn't make eye contact.

Miller and Kazan meet. A PAUSE, as the two former best friends regard each other. Kazan GLOATINGLY holds his Oscar in front of him, perhaps like a shield to protect him.

Miller does not look at it, he searches the face of his best friend for something that we don't see... HUMANITY.

ARTHUR MILLER  
Hello, Elia.

ELIA KAZAN  
Where's the misses?

ARTHUR MILLER  
She left me for a ballplayer.

ELIA KAZAN  
Damn those Yankees.

And now... Miller doesn't see it either. Stops looking.

ARTHUR MILLER  
Can I ask you something?

Kazan says nothing.

ARTHUR MILLER (CONT'D)  
Group Theater. You could Broadway  
immortal. You read hundreds of  
plays. And you walked away from it  
for *No Villain*? But then you walked  
away from that as quickly as--

ELIA KAZAN  
--for a different play of yours  
that didn't even exist yet?

Miller shuffles his feet. *Why?* Kazan is unsettlingly calm.

ELIA KAZAN (CONT'D)  
Why Arthur Miller? Why not Clifford  
Odets? Erwin Pescator? Nellise  
Child? Or Bill Saroyan? Why not any  
other playwright? Say your name.

ARTHUR MILLER  
Arthur Miller.

ELIA KAZAN  
Again.

ARTHUR MILLER  
Arthur. Miller--.

ELIA KAZAN  
--Athena Shishmanoglou, my mother.  
Her father, Murda Shishmanoglou. My  
father? Giorgios Panagiotis  
Kazanjoglous. Son of Elios Christos  
Kazanjoglous. Also my name.

ARTHUR MILLER  
Elia, I'm not following--

ELIA KAZAN  
How the fuck do you become an  
American with a name like mine?

Miller shudders.

ELIA KAZAN (CONT'D)  
The Greeks in Turkey were conquered  
people. They wore fezzes. Those  
little Turkish pill hats, to blend  
with their oppressor.

ELIA KAZAN (CONT'D)

The facade they belonged. The first thing my father did in this country was change our names. Giorgios Panagiotis Kazanjoglous became George Peter Kazan and Elios Christos Kazanjoglous became Elia Kazan. Wear a fez. Blend in with your oppressor. The illusion you belong.

ON MILLER, he stiffens. Starting to see it.

ELIA KAZAN (CONT'D)

Arthur Miller. It sweetens the American tongue like honey. Nobody struggles, starves, or suffers with a name like that. It can't be anything but correct, honest... loved. It's a name to build an American empire on!

Before Miller can retort, Kazan chokes an unnerving smirk.

ELIA KAZAN (CONT'D)

You were my fez, Arthur Miller. That is all you ever were. And I don't need it anymore.

ARTHUR MILLER

You're American now? Because of this! This "On The Waterfront!" This is your story? A kind hearted, golden warrior takes down corruption, tells the--

ELIA KAZAN

--truth? Yes it is.

ARTHUR MILLER

You molested the truth.

ELIA KAZAN

I built that pedestal you're standing on, you pretentious prick.

ARTHUR MILLER

Then say my name and knock me off!

ELIA KAZAN

You knocked yourself off when you fucked the first woman who wasn't your wife cuz she looked at you the right way. Got news for you, Arty: she looks at everyone that way!

Miller punches Kazan. And immediately regrets it. Kazan stumbles, but doesn't fall.

He rubs his bleeding mouth. White knuckles his Oscar. Laughs.

ELIA KAZAN (CONT'D)  
I beat the Communist Party! I beat McCarthy! I dodged the Blacklist and I won. I won it all.

ARTHUR MILLER  
McCarthy didn't create the Blacklist. Hollywood did. To protect itself from outsiders. Like you. You sided with your oppressor. And they awarded you for doing what you always do: as you are told. You're not wearing your fez anymore. You're holding it.  
(beat for that to soak in)  
You destroyed careers. Ravaged friendships. Ruined families--

ELIA KAZAN  
--who ruined yours?

Miller's gut punched. Even Kazan knows he crossed a line. Two wounded men. One internal, the other external.

ARTHUR MILLER  
This is yours. It will make your name echo through eternity, Elia.

Kazan is still. Miller's a dam. Holding back all his rage and sadness. He shakes the script in his hand. *Take it.*

Kazan finally takes the script from his best friend.

ELIA KAZAN  
You want me to direct it? Arty, I--

ARTHUR MILLER  
You'll never direct it. I want you to read it. So you know how your name will be remembered. And what I think about stool pigeons.

Miller releases his script to the director.

It trembles in the hands of Elia Kazan.

The Cover Page reads:

"THE CRUCIBLE"

A PLAY

WRITTEN BY ARTHUR MILLER

"FOR GADGE"

Kazan heads SNAPS UP. No smile can hide this rage. A pathetic last attempt to hurt his former best friend.

ELIA KAZAN  
I FUCKED MARILYN FIRST!

Miller smiles at something behind Kazan we don't see.

ARTHUR MILLER  
You only fucked yourself. Goodbye,  
Elia.

He leaves with his dignity intact. Kazan turns around...

MOLLY is behind him with both Nick and Chris by the hand.

MOLLY KAZAN  
Every step of the way until you got  
what you want. Take a bow, Elia  
Kazan. You got it.

She outs her wedding ring on a table. Disappears around a corner. But not before Nick looks over his shoulder at his father.

A BEAT ON KAZAN - ALONE. He white-knuckles his Oscar. His reflection in the golden trophy. His face is twisted, distorted, and ugly. He tries his Anatolian Smile, but the bent Golden Reflection only enhances his rage.

He sucks it in. Stoic as Eagle returns with a familiar face.

SAM SPIEGEL  
Elia. Meet James Dean. James. Elia  
Kazan. The greatest American  
director of our time.

A nervous James Dean takes his hands out of his tuxedo pants and offers Kazan a shake. Kazan doesn't offer his.

JAMES DEAN  
I'm a big fan of your film. All  
your films. You're the best. Would  
love to be in one. Brando. He--

ELIA KAZAN

What do you want?

JAMES DEAN

Wanna be like him. Brando. He's the best. Gonna be a legend. He--

Kazan stares at Dean - digging for the truth.

JAMES DEAN (CONT'D)

I want to be better than him. The best there ever was. And ever will be. And I don't care who's gotta die to make that happen.

Kazan smiles. If there's any regret or rage inside him about anything he's ever done, we don't see it anymore.

ELIA KAZAN

You got a good name, kid. I can make it become a legend.

CUT TO BLACK

ELIA KAZAN (OVER BLACK) (CONT'D)

You and I are gonna live forever.

MUSIC CUE: "I Cover The Waterfront" by Billie Holiday

**POST SCRIPT - OVER ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE:**

*Arthur Miller's The Crucible won the Tony Award for Best Play that year. Along with Death of a Salesman it's recognized as one of the greatest additions to the 20th Century American Theater Canon.*

*He would not write another play for almost a decade.*

*Elia Kazan's name became synonymous with McCarthyism. He continued directing in Hollywood with incredible success, but never won the Oscar again.*

*In 1989, the Library of Congress selected ON THE WATERFRONT for eternal preservation in the American National Film Registry.*

*At the end of his life, the Academy honored Elia Kazan with the Lifetime Achievement Award. Only half of the Hollywood stars in attendance stood up for him or applauded.*